

MUMMY'S HERE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DINGY KITCHEN - NIGHT

A microwave door slams shut and a frail, trembling HAND turns the dial to thirty seconds and presses start.

The microwave kicks into life as a hooded WOMAN, skinny in frame, walks to the back of the kitchen.

She reaches out with both arms, touches something on the counter and is met by the sound of a baby crying.

WOMAN

Don't cry. Mummy's here.

The crying stops.

WOMAN

That's it. I know you're hungry, but it'll only take a minute. And I'll make sure it's not too hot. We don't want a repeat of what happened before, do we? You didn't speak to me for weeks afterwards.

The Woman carefully lifts something off of the counter and cradles it gently from side to side.

The crying starts again.

WOMAN

Shhhhh. Mummy's got you.

The microwave beeps and the crying stops.

The Woman puts whatever she's holding down and turns, revealing a face, once pretty, now horrific and practically toothless due to years of meth addiction.

She opens the microwave door, retrieves a beaker of milk, pops open the lid, dips her finger inside and licks it.

WOMAN

(grinning)

Just right.

She carries the beaker over to the counter, lifts something off of it and again, cradles it from side to side as she hums the tune to 'Pop Goes The Weasel'.

She turns around with a hard plastic doll in her arms, wrapped in rags with circular burn marks all over its face.

She tips the beaker up to the doll's mouth and smiles.

FADE OUT.