

PARENTAL LOVE

Written by

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EXT. HOUSE, NIGHT

Suburban house. Like every other house on the road.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE, NIGHT

Jemma Singer, 29, is watching television. On the mantelpiece is a valentine's card and next to it a baby listening device, silent apart from the occasional gurgling from a baby sleeping upstairs.

Suddenly there is the sound of the baby laughing to himself. Jemma turns off the volume of the television and listens. She smiles and then gently weeps to herself. The sound from the baby slowly changes, imperceptibly at first, to a sinister laugh, like a chimpanzee on acid. Then abruptly stops.

Jemma looks scared. Suddenly there is a loud banging from the bedroom as if furniture is being hurtled around. Jemma looks terrified.

JEMMA

Josh! Josh!

She runs out of the room.

INT. HOUSE, HALL, NIGHT

She stops at the bottom of the stairs. There is silence from upstairs. She looks back into the lounge.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE, NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

The listening device is on the mantelpiece. There is just silence.

INT. HOUSE, HALL, NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Jemma stands at the bottom of the stairs. She is unsure what to do. Suddenly the banging starts again.

JEMMA

Josh!

INT. HOUSE, BEDROOM, NIGHT

Jemma rushes in. She is panting. Her breath is the only sound in the room. She nervously walks over to the cot. A green glow, from the night light, illuminates the room. A voice startles her.

CALEB

Mummy?

Jemma turns. Her seven year old son, Caleb, is standing, in his pyjamas, at the door.

CALEB (cont'd)  
 Are you all right mummy ? Shall I  
 phone daddy ?

JEMMA  
 No. Don't!

CALEB  
 Daddy says I should phone him if you  
 get upset.

JEMMA  
 He's at the police station. Don't  
 you remember?

Caleb walks over and takes hold of his mother's hand.

JEMMA (cont'd)  
 Your mummy is a bit of a worrier.

Jemma looks into the cot.

JEMMA (cont'd)  
 You're both so beautiful. I had to  
 tell them!

Tears are rolling down Jemma's cheeks. She leans over and  
 kisses the baby on his forehead.

INT. HOUSE, LOUNGE, NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Empty lounge. Next to the baby listening device is the  
 valentine's day card.

JEMMA  
 (from the baby monitor)  
 I just want you both to be happy.  
 Forever.

Inside the card the handwritten message reads, 'Don't tell  
 anyone. I'll fucking come back and smash your head to a pulp.  
 Happy valentines day.'

Sudden sound of a child screaming. Banging. Like furniture  
 being thrown. Silence. Then footsteps slowly coming down the  
 stairs.

It is Caleb. He walks determinedly to the mantelpiece and  
 picks up the valentine's card - his hands are covered in a  
 bloodied pulp.

CALEB  
 Daddy will be so proud of me.

He makes a sound like a rabid animal. Then stops. For a moment  
 his expression becomes that of a frightened seven year old.  
 But it is immediately replaced by a frozen and psychopathic  
 smile.