

What it Craves

Lynn Hardy

INT. HOME

A dilapidated house is focused on a gloomy day, with a darkly lit kitchen focused on next. An older woman, MAE, is seen rocking in a chair, back and forth while she knits.

MAE

I told my daughter, as soon as I saw that boy, that he would be trouble. They didn't want to believe me, but look at us now, wrap around his finger. They took him in, and now we feed him, bathe him, even gave up our bed so he can sleep. Now we're at his mercy, waiting on him, moving quietly, trying to learn what he wants.

CUT TO:

KATHYRN and DONALD sit in a kitchen, a single light bulb over there head flickering as they try to eat quietly. Donald reaches for the salt and Kathryn glares at him.

KATHYRN

Don't. You'll wake him up.

DONALD

I won't.

Donald knocks over his glass of water as he grabs the salt. Thunder strikes and we see the title card:

MAE

What it Craves.
(Baby cries)

Kathyrn and Donald jump out their chairs.

KATHYRN(TERRIFIED)

The baby! what does he want this time?

DONALD(RESOLUTE)

I'll go get him, and if I can't think of something to calm him down, for the love of God: Have. Food.

Donald leaves to get the baby while Kathryn frantically searches the fridge for food. She grabs a bottle of milk and

holds it up as if she's found a secret treasure. Donald returns with the baby wailing.

DONALD

I tried rocking, burping him and nothing. He won't stop crying. Please tell me you found something.

KATHYRN

Milk!

Donald and Kathryn look relieved. Kathryn tries to feed the baby from the bottle. The child is silent for a moment.

KATHYRN

Did we do it... Did it work?

A beat of silence washes over them, before the baby vomits over Kathryn. Kathryn screams. An up-close shot shows the baby smiling.

CUT TO:

Kathryn, Donald, and the baby sit in a living room, the room destroyed with toys scattered about. The baby is throwing a temper tantrum.

MAE (VOICE OVER)

What my daughter doesn't know is that she has given birth to a demon. A demon that will drive them insane until they give him what he wants: Chaos.

DONALD

I don't get it, he hasn't been quite since he threw up on us. That was the only time he was satisfied.

KATHYRN

... He wants to humiliate us.

DONALD

What?

KATHYRN

He wants to see us torture ourselves for his amusement, like we're in some sick *Saw* movie.

DONALD
He wants us to be his bitch.

KATHYRN(SERIOUSLY)
Take my nose!

Donald looks terrified at the suggestion, while the baby begins to quite down.

KATHYRN
See! He knows we'll do it, this is the only way.

Donald stands up resolutely, and stares down the baby.

DONALD(SERIOUSLY AT KATHYRN)
This is for you.
(playfully at the baby)
I got mommy's nose!

Kathyrn screams as if she's just been amputated. The baby smiles and claps happily.

DONALD(ANGRILY)
YOU SICK FUCK!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE KATHYRN AND DONALD'S HOME

Kathyrn and Donald are driving the baby as he kicks and throws his fist wildly. Kathyrn and Donald both look like zombies, with bags under their eyes.

KATHYRN
We've been driving around for half an hour and the baby still won't stop crying. This isn't working.

Donald slowly nods his head in pain.

DONALD
He knows we're driving in circles.
It's not good enough for him. He wants us to drive farther away from home.
(beat)
Alexa, set course for Texas.

KATHYRN
But we're in Florida!?

The baby quiets down as he hears Alexa confirm the destination.

KATHYRN AND DONALD
Son of a bitch!

Kathyrn and Donald wail as the baby smiles and claps his hands.

Softly fade to black.