

MOMMY LOVES YOU

Written by

Richard F. Russell

Wordmstr007@gmail.com  
910-285-3321  
Copyright 2017

FADE IN:

INT. YVETTE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

YVETTE, 30, attractive, blonde, in skinny pants and T-shirt, another woman on the sidewalk, stands next to a microwave as it counts down.

When it BEEPS, she opens it and pulls out a small bowl that she sets on a pot holder. She picks up the pot holder and blows on the bowl to cool it. Then, she picks up a small spoon and walks out of the kitchen.

INT. YVETTE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modern apartment with scant furnishings, the kind of place every young couple starts with. Yvette crosses the room to where a bassinet sits on a table. She smiles as she leans over the bassinet. In the background drones a TV.

YVETTE

Hungry?

A months-old BABY half smiles and waves its arms haphazardly.

Yvette takes a spoonful of baby food and blows on it before she feeds the Baby.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Do you know how much your mother  
loves you?

The TV sounds an ALARM, and Yvette looks up.

On the TV a banner streams across the screen.

AMBER ALERT            AMBER ALERT

A female ANNOUNCER appears on screen.

ANNOUNCER

Authorities are looking for a six-month old baby who was taken this morning from her home. They are looking for the estranged father, William Frost, who drives a blue Honda Civic. If you have any knowledge of the father or the child, please contact the police.

Yvette turns from the TV and looks at the baby.

YVETTE

We're not going to let anyone take you, are we? No, no, not you.

INT. YVETTE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Yvette pulls on boots before she walks over to a mirror. She slides on a hat and grabs a pair of sunglasses. She regards herself in the mirror a moment before she smiles. Satisfied.

INT. YVETTE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Yvette throws a large diaper bag over the shoulder and takes the baby from the bassinet.

YVETTE

We have to meet someone, don't we?  
And I know you're going to be such a good girl.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Yvette, bag over shoulder, pushes a stroller into the terminal.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Yvette pushes the stroller into the baggage claim area where a hundred people mill about waiting for luggage. She parks near the waiting crowd.

A female SECURITY OFFICER walks over and looks down at the sleeping baby.

SECURITY OFFICER

Cute, how old?

YVETTE

Four months.

SECURITY OFFICER

They're adorable at that age, aren't they?

YVETTE

It seems all they do is poop and sleep.

SECURITY OFFICER

(laughs)

Sounds like a damn fine life.

With a smile, the Security Officer moves on. A few moments later, a WOMAN, a traveler, slides over to look at the baby.

WOMAN

What a pretty baby. Your first?

YVETTE

Yes, and I think I'm getting the hang of it.

WOMAN

I have two. What's her name?

YVETTE

Emily.

WOMAN

Mine are Joey and Claudine.

Yvette moves nervously from foot to foot.

YVETTE

I hate to ask, but could you sort of look after her a moment. I have to...you know.

WOMAN

Honey, that sort of thing never goes away. I'll be right here.

Yvette slides off the diaper bag and places it under the baby.

YVETTE

I'll be right back.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A few WOMEN at the basins. Yvette enters and hurries into a stall.

STALL

Yvette locks the door. She strips off her hat and her blonde wig and her sunglasses. She takes off her jacket and stuffs the wig, hat, and glasses into a sleeve.

She tousles her dark hair and wipes off her lipstick with her jacket. She's a completely different woman.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - BAGGAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Woman gently rocks the stroller and looks down at the baby which is now awake.

WOMAN

Don't you worry. Mommy will be right back.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Yvette hurries through the cars until she finds the one she wants. She unlocks the door and tosses in the jacket. Then, she pulls out her cell phone and dials.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - BAGGAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Woman rocks and coos to the baby. Underneath, inside the darkness of the diaper bag, a tiny light blinks over and over.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Yvette's finger pauses over the last phone number digit. She looks from the phone to the terminal.

Her finger trembles.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - BAGGAGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Woman bends over the stroller and makes a face as another WOMAN comes over.

The baby smiles and gurgles.

EXT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Yvette looks from the terminal to the phone, her finger ready to punch that last number.

FADE OUT.