

LULLABY

Written by

Warren Duncan

Warren_duncan@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY

Overcast. Dark clouds move across the sky.

A vacant slide. An empty sandpit.

A gust of wind, and autumn leaves of orange and brown skip across the grass.

The wind, stronger now, blows a rusted merry-go-round into action. It CREAKS as it circles in place.

A swing SQUEAKS back and forth as metal rubs on metal.

DAD, 40, with his back to us is overweight with thinning hair. He pushes the swing for his DAUGHTER, 5, who wears a pink coat covered in multicoloured flowers.

DAD

(sings)

*Hush, little baby, don't say a
word, Daddy's gonna buy you a
mocking bird.*

He continues with the lullaby but WHISTLES the rest.

A newspaper page dances in the wind as it makes its way through the park. The wind dies and it settles on the ground.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"Bring Kaylee home. A families plea."

A family photo of KAYLEE, 5, she wears a pink coat covered in multicoloured flowers. Kaylee's FATHER, 35, thin with a full head of hair, smiles with Kaylee atop his shoulders. Her MOTHER, 35, also smiles.

BACK TO SCENE

The SQUEAK and WHISTLE, hypnotising now.

The stranger's cold eyes and sadistic smile.

The front of Kaylee's coat dotted with blood.

The thread sown to hold Kaylee's lips shut stretches under strain. Blood flows from the needle holes. Skin tears and thread rips.

Defiant, Kaylee SCREAMS.

FADE OUT.