

MATERNAL INSTINCT

Written by

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It's a beautiful summer day: blue skies, birds and the promise of potential. PLAYER 1, early 30's breaths in the fresh air and walks across a field, BASKETBALL in hand. He's dressed for a casual game.

In the distance, PLAYER 2,3 & 4, early 30s, joke about as they wait by a basketball court. Player 1 makes his way over but stops. Something's embedded in the ground.

He approaches it carefully, stares at it and extends a hand towards it.

Smoke billows from an ALIEN EGG.

It emits a green and purple glow and is covered with a bizarre viscous GOO. Player 1 palms the egg and runs his hand across it. He pulls away. Thick strands of the slime stretch out from the egg and cling to his hand.

Player 1 draws his hand up to his face and examines the curious transparent liquid. He's entranced by the strange substance. It smells strange and almost dances on his hand as it glistens in the light --

-- Muted sounds of someone calling snap them back to reality. Player 2 waves from the court. The others laugh.

Player 1 rights themselves and and grabs the basketball, goo transfers over. He jogs away from the egg. It continues to glow in the foreground and dwarfs all four players as they dap in the distance.

STROLLER WHEELS

obliterate the extraterrestrial egg. Green goo explodes out and spills onto the camera lens.

SMASH CUT

### **MATERNAL INSTINCT**

A child's BLANKET escapes the stroller and coils itself around the 'egg crusher' wheel, it protests and stops.

MOTHERLY HANDS

reach down and work to untangle the blanket. They operate gingerly and meticulously to avoid the sticky mess it's become. The wheel is not happy, it begs for some TLC.

Out comes a crumpled up Plastic Bag, the blanket's placed inside. Laundry for later.

A container of HAND SANITIZER pops open. One hand squeezes a glob into the other, ritualistically they rub together.

A tiny kid flies past. BRIAR, 6, squeals with excitement and plays with a TOY GUN.

PHEW-PHEW-PHEW

Small cries from a restless baby break free from the stroller. Hands tighten around the handle bar. Half eaten snacks and a grubby bottle litter the cup holder and tray.

MOTHER, late 30s, stands before the stroller, her head unimportant. Their

SHOULDERS

rise with a great and bewildered intake of breath, then drop.

She SIGHS and reaches for an overused DIAPER BAG that begs to retire. It's full of all sorts, including a BREAST PUMP, KIDDIE CUTLERY and an EXTRA BLANKET which is put to immediate use in the stroller.

Mother pushes on with great difficulty, that wheel needs tending. Her absence makes-way for the basketball game behind.

3 EXT. COMMUNITY PARK - BASKETBALL COURT - MOMENTS LATER

3

At a court side bench Mother tends to her inconsolable baby. Toys fail, rocking the stroller fails, there isn't enough shushing in the world for this almighty lunged baby.

Her older child gallops around the bench in circles and wields the toy gun.

PHEW-PHEW-PHEW

Invisible monsters are no match for this maverick!

Mother tries to focus. Beside a DIRTY DIAPER she multitasks with formula prep. She shakes a readied BOTTLE, formula shoots out to her side...its askew lid mocks her.

Another deep breath...she fights against losing control.

On court the players continue their game, but it's odd, Player 1 doesn't move with the skill and agility of the others.

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON PLAYER 1

They stare off into the distance, zoned out. Tiny beads of sweat glisten on his face, under eye circles are dark and his lips are pale. A subtle BUZZING noise underlies. Player 3 shoves the ball at him, which snaps him back to reality.

DYNAMIC CUT ON BALL

The ball passes from player to player, each time the action gets closer, louder and more disturbing.

SLOW MOTION: Tiny droplets of goo spray off, like the sneeze of a snot loaded child.

Player 1 stands under the hoop, out of sorts.

SMACK

The ball hits them square in the chest. He's not the least bit phased. The BUZZ has returned.

Beads of sweat drip down Player 1's face.

PLAYER 1 POV

It's blurry. Player 4 looms in, muffled words come out of their mouth.

END POV

At the

COURT SIDE BENCH

Mother struggles to calm the baby while Briar runs wild.

Over shoulder we see the players in a crazed frenzy. This is not what basketball looks like. Player 1 keels over, their body contorts and thrashes about. Players 2, 3 and 4 look on in fear and succumb the same fate.

The now inhuman players, ZOMBIE 1-4, bask in their alien surrounds.

A BEEFY MAN with a 'teacup' DOG walks nearby and doom scrolls on his CELL. He looks up to cross the court. 4 deathly creatures stare back. He SCREAMS, scoops up the dog and runs away.