

DEADLY MOM OBSESSION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TAMMY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The mantle above a fireplace holds very few family photos:

-- A little girl (5), glasses, looking very sad sitting on a swing.

-- A woman (30s) standing with the girl (8) in front of a gorgeous mountain view. Both look unhappy considering their surroundings.

-- The girl (16) in a handmade prom dress that makes her look even more frumpy than she is. She stands with her date (16), looking much classier in his rented tux but he's still a geek.

-- A picture of a calico cat wearing a collar with a pink bow and a matching sweater.

A woman's voice over a phone is heard over the shot of the pictures.

WOMAN (ON PHONE)
How's Heather?

A woman's voice inside the room responds.

TAMMY (O.S.)
Still single. I swear, that girl's never gonna get a man unless I pay some poor guy to marry her.

WOMAN (ON PHONE)
I don't understand it. She's pretty enough.

TAMMY (40), aged beyond her years, sits down on the couch next to the cat from the picture. Tammy holds a glass of wine in one hand and a cordless phone in the other.

TAMMY
No man's never gonna know with the way she presents herself.

WOMAN (ON PHONE)
Maybe she could get advice from her friends?

Tammy laughs as she sets the glass on the coffee table. She lovingly pets the cat.

TAMMY

What friends? She's a complete loner.

Someone darts across the dark doorway leading into the kitchen.

WOMAN (ON PHONE)

She must get it from that deadbeat dad of hers.

TAMMY

You got that right. I did my best with Heather, but there are some things you just can't change.

Tammy takes a sip of wine while she waits for a response. None comes.

TAMMY

Gretchen?

Tammy stares at the phone in puzzlement. She hangs it up on the base standing on the end table and goes to the...

KITCHEN

Tammy attempts to turn the light on but the light switch fails. Still toting a confused look, she goes to the counter and turns a light on under the counter. It provides a little illumination in the immediate area but leaves most of the room dark.

Tammy removes a small leftover container from the refrigerator, removes the lid to expose a noddle dish, and pops it into the microwave. She turns it on for one minute.

Next, she locates a can of tuna in a cabinet and uses an electric can opener to open it.

TAMMY

Misty, Mama has tuna for you.

The cat trots into the room and stops. Something she sees behind Tammy causes her to arch her back and hiss.

Open can of tuna in her hand, Tammy turns to look behind her. A kitchen knife impales her midsection. Her eyes go wide. She attempts to speak to someone unseen but the pain turns words into groans.

The unseen attacker's gloved hand twists the knife to purposely cause agony. Tammy collapses, dropping the can of tuna. It splatters.

A pair of legs in black pants sachets up to Tammy. She looks up at someone standing over her.

TAMMY

You...

Her words cease suddenly as she dies. Her eyes seem locked on the unseen intruder. The legs walk away.

The cat cautiously approaches, mainly interested in the tuna. She laps up some of the mess near the growing pool of blood.

INT. MORGAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

A beautiful space with a massive island and plenty of cabinet space. KATHERINE (KATE) MORGAN (mid 40s), super nice and motherly, prepares a home-cooked breakfast at the stove. She dishes out items to two plates.

O.S. A door closes.

Kate glances at the doorway with excited exuberance.

KATE

You're late.

AMY MORGAN (24), bubbly, walks in. She lays her purse on the counter and approaches her mom.

AMY

Two minutes.

Amy arrives by Kate's side.

AMY

You just now have breakfast ready.

KATE

That's because I knew you would be two minutes late, as always.

Amy grabs a full plate and sits at the counter.

AMY

Maybe you should start telling me to be here two minutes earlier so I'll be right on time.

Kate sits next to Amy with her own plate.

KATE

If you arrive after the time I tell you, then you wouldn't be on time, would you?

The two share an amused grin as they dig in to their food.

AMY

You're too smart for me.

KATE

Damn straight.

They eat for a few moments.

AMY

Oh, would you like to go to the mall with me later? I need to find a new date dress.

KATE

Is there something I should know?

AMY

Well, there IS this new client at the office who's been kind of flirting with me.

KATE

How do you KIND of flirt?

AMY

It's hard to explain. He makes up reasons to pass by my desk so he can say hello.

KATE

That wasn't so hard after all.

Amy smiles.

AMY

Mom.

KATE

So he's cute?

AMY

Very. I have the feeling he's working up the nerve to ask me out so I need a new dress, just in case.

KATE

I'd love to go but I have a late meeting. You go on without me this time. I'll be with you in spirit.

AMY

Nice. Well, I think I know your taste pretty well to fly solo.

KATE

Forget MY taste. Choose a dress this young man would like.

The women smile at each other. Their bond couldn't be clearer.

EXT. MALL - DAY

PATRONS come and go from the complex.

INT. MALL - CLOTHING STORE - DAY - SAME

Amy browses the dress department. She chooses a knee-length dress with a flower pattern and holds it up to herself in front of a store mirror.

HEATHER (O.S.)

That is so wrong for you.

Amy looks back and finds HEATHER GREENE (22), glasses, ugly dress, and her hair pinned up adding to her plain appearance. She's a ringer for the girl in Tammy's photos.

AMY

Excuse me?

Heather takes the dress from Amy.

HEATHER

The flowers are so outdated.

Heather returns the dress to the rack and looks through other choices. She quickly finds a shorter black dress with a v-neck meant to show a little cleavage. She holds it up to Amy and smiles.

HEATHER

Now that is much more fitting.

Amy turns to the mirror with the dress and smiles.

AMY

Should I try it on?

HEATHER

I think you must.

Amy hurries off to the dressing rooms.

