

Mama  
by  
Gordon Slack

For Impact50, 2019.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

JOHN, 15, sits on a bed. He hits his head with both hands.

JENNIFER, 40s, is next to him. Grabs his wrists.

JENNIFER

Please, come downstairs. Be  
together. We're all scared.

He snatches back his hands, starts hitting his head again.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Stop it!

John slumps his head. Sobs.

JOHN

How can there be nothing when you  
die? What's the point of it all,  
Mum?

JENNIFER

I don't know.

JOHN

Life can sometimes be so mundane.  
Followed by nothing? Forever? Why  
bother?

JENNIFER

Please, please!

JOHN

You moaned at me yesterday because  
I didn't do the dishes. What the  
hell do they matter? Moaning about  
dishes then there's always been  
nothing. For anyone.

Jennifer looks at her watch, puts her hand to her mouth,  
leaves the room.

A RUMBLING noise outside.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Please John. Come and hug your  
sister. Quickly.

John curls up into a ball.

JOHN  
What's the point of anything?  
Nothing. Forever.

A LOUD BANG noise.

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

(Beat)

Blurred colours form. Strange STACCATO NOISES, then deep MUMBLING sounds. A shape moves through the colours.

VOICE  
(high pitched,  
distorted, echoing)  
Mama. Mama.

THE END