

Cookie Monster

Based on "Pinched Cookies" - the urban legends

1 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING, EARLY SPRING, IN THE NEAR FUTURE

An alarm clock shows 5.59:45 and counting. The second hand brings us to 6 a.m. Nothing happens.

We see SARAH, 42, blonde, asleep in a comfortable bed. Her forearm obscures her face.

2 INT. BEDROOM - THE SAME MORNING

It's 8 a.m. We see sleeping Sarah's back.

3 INT. BEDROOM - THE SAME MORNING

9 a.m. Sarah sleeps on, buried in her pillow.

4 INT. BEDROOM - THE SAME MORNING

11.14 a.m. and Sarah wakes with a start and sits up in bed. She blinks. The high thread count cotton curtains move gently in the breeze. Warm sunlight catches Sarah's blonde hair.

5 INT. STAIRCASE

Sarah's feet are clad in sheepskin totes as she pads downstairs and into the kitchen. We see a note by the kettle:

"Hey, Mum! Have a great weekend!
We'll call when we get to Gran's.
Love, Toby, Russell, Bryony, Pip
and Squeaks.

She pops the radio on - it's Magic FM. Sarah boils the kettle. We see a split screen of toast toasting, sausages sizzling, fridge door opening and the discovery of an empty milk carton.

6 INT. KITCHEN

Sarah grabs tracksuit bottoms from the overhead laundry rack and pulls them over her pyjamas, put on Uggs and a light jacket and exits the house. As she walks down the street, a smattering of hail out of the blue sky.

7 INT. LOCAL CORNER SHOP

Sarah stands at the till with milk.

SHOPKEEPER

(Emptying the till of its
money into her overnight
bag)

Oreos? OREOS? That American shit?
I don't sell any of that fucking
crap! Everyone's in asking for
motherfucking Oreos. "Cookies" my
arse. What's wrong with a
digestive?

A man is on the floor along an aisle, examining eggs one
by one, out of cartons.

MAN FROM OUTSIDE

(bursting into the shop)

This place is gonna blow!

He rushes back out, tripping at the door. Everyone in the
shop follows suit, the egg man cracks some eggs in the
process. Only Sarah is left. She looks round and spots
mini packets of Oreos for sale by the till. Sarah grabs
one and runs out. A screaming body falls from the sky
behind her. Sarah is blinded by a sudden flash of light.

8 EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHOP

PARAMEDIC

(Shining a flashlight into
her eyes)

Sarah? Sarah? Can you hear me?

Sarah is sat on the kerb, clutching her milk and Oreos to
her chest. Emergency vehicles zoom past in both
directions. One crashes into a postbox.

Sarah fills in some forms. Her hands shake. She wanders
off still wearing the emergency foil blanket she was
wrapped in.

9 EXT. THE ROADSIDE

As she walks home, the chaos of the store falls away. The
occasional ambulance or armoured vehicle zooms past.

Sarah comes to a bench that faces a roundabout. She checks
her pocket for her phone but it's not there. It's the last
straw. She sits on the bench, tears open the milk top and
drinks furiously from the milk bottle.

(CONTINUED)

Choppers fly overhead. Like a startled pheasant, a young boy bolts from the shrubbery. He runs up to Sarah, looking stricken. A moment of recognition. Without a word, Sarah offers what's left of the milk and he drinks it hungrily.

BOY

My father has another family in
Stoke.

They sit side by side in silence.

10 EXT. THE BENCH BY THE ROAD

We see time speeded up. Sarah and the boy remain on the bench. Their shadows swing round and clouds change shapes overhead. No more vehicles are seen. No one is about. The sun fades over the red brick cul de sacs. Magic hour is over and it is getting cold. Sarah's jacket is around the boy.

The sound of wolves starting to howl. Zombies shuffle open graves.

Sarah's empty thoughts are interrupted by the sound of the boy tearing open her Oreo packet with his teeth. Laying out the open packet like a banqueting table, he selects one of the two cookies, detaches the two biscuit halves and carefully licks the filling out.

Sarah jumps to her feet, whips out her handgun and shoots the boy dead, right between the eyes.

Sarah retrieves her jacket and walks home.

11 EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Motion sensitive lights come on as Sarah walks up the short path to her house. At the front door, she reaches into her pocket for her keys. Sarah pulls out her unopened packet of Oreos.

END.