

THREE FRIED EGGS

Written by

Katie Morris
UP2049600

Address
Phone Number

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

We open on Mrs Hitchcock, She's middle aged, tall and has a mass of long, curly, red hair. Mrs Hitchcock picks up 2 eggs and cracks them into a hot pan. She looks around her kitchen, sunlight pours through over all the animal memorabilia and dated kitchen tiles. She struggles to manoeuvre around the kitchen due to her large pregnant belly, she gives up.

(O.S.)

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Mrs Hitchcock rolls her eyes.

MRS HITCHCOCK

Morning Love.

MR HITCHCOCK

Morning Darlin'.

Mr Hitchcock enters the kitchen, he's older, taller and wider than his wife, he talks in a thick west country accent and has a limp.

Mr Hitchcock sits at the wooden table and opens a newspaper. Mrs Hitchcock places a plate in front of him consisting of three slices of toast and two fried eggs.

MR HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

Ahh thanks love.

MRS HITCHCOCK

Yeah well make the most of it.

Mrs Hitchcock sits down opposite her husband with a bowl of porridge. Mr Hitchcock still hasn't touched his food.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

As soon as the little one comes, I aint' gonna step foot in the kitchen.

MR HITCHCOCK

We better hire a housekeeper then.

Mrs Hitchcock looks up indignantly.

MR HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

I'm Joking, you know ill take care of ya'.

MRS HITCHCOCK

Eat your feckin' breakfast.

Mr Hitchcock looks down at his plate, he looks confused.

MR HITCHCOCK

Love?

MRS HITCHCOCK

Yeah?

MR HITCHCOCK

There's only two eggs.

MRS HITCHCOCK

That's all we had in.

MR HITCHCOCK

But I always have three fried eggs
on three slices of toast.

MRS HITCHCOCK

Just put some feckin' jam on that
slice or something'.

Mr Hitchcock looks dumfounded.

MR HITCHCOCK

That's your special jam though.

MRS HITCHCOCK

Jesus, you know I cant have any
sugar right now! I'm 40 years old
and having a baby, I need to eat
perfectly, the risks are high
enough as it is!

Mr Hitchcock stands and goes to comfort his wife, she buries
her face in his chest.

MRS HITCHCOCK (MUFFLED) (CONT'D)

Go out and look in the chicken pen,
they might've laid some more by
now.

Mr Hitchcock gently kisses his wife's forehead, he then
stands and goes outside.

Mrs Hitchcock closes her eyes, and takes a deep breath in,
she carries on eating her breakfast.

MR HITCHCOCK (O.S.)

BLOODY HELL, WHAT THE FU-! LOVE,
LOVE GET OUT HERE.

Mrs Hitchcock aggressively drops her spoon in her porridge and then chucks the bowl in the sink, before storming out the kitchen.

EXT. FARMYARD, CHICKEN PEN - MORNING

Mr Hitchcock stares at the nesting hatch, breathing heavily, but completely still. Mrs Hitchcock storms over.

MRS HITCHCOCK

What is it.

Mr Hitchcock remains utterly still and speechless, Mrs Hitchcock looks to where her husband gazes.

In the nesting hatch is a huge, scaley black egg.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

What an earth.

DOG (O.S.)

Bark, bark, bark!

Their sheep dog comes bounding up to them, but they pay no attention. The dog sniffs the nesting hatch and springs forward, but falls back immediately cowering and barking.

Mrs Hitchcock grasps her stomach and winces, Mr Hitchcock immediately holds her in a panic.

MR HITCHCOCK

What is it Love?!

MRS HITCHCOCK

I'm not sure, the baby, its moving around like a maniac.

MR HITCHCOCK

You should go back inside.

Mrs Hitchcock gestures towards the nesting hatch.

MRS HITCHCOCK

What the hell is that?!

MR HITCHCOCK

I don't think I wanna know. Lets just go back inside and call some one.

Mrs Hitchcock nods and they begin to head back.

CRACK.

They freeze, Mr Hitchcock is still holding his wife but his body is shaking.

MR HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
Stay here. Don't Move, don't speak,
don't look back.

Mr Hitchcock turns and slowly makes his way to the nesting hatch, he tentatively peers in, the egg has started to hatch. Total darkness oozes out.

For a split second Mr Hitchcock's eyes turn black then glaze over, he begins to whimper.

MRS HITCHCOCK
What is it Darling?!

Mr Hitchcock doesn't answer her, instead he sits down on the muddy grass and starts wailing and crying, he holds his head between his legs and rocks back and forth.

Mrs Hitchcock ignores her husbands instructions and turns around running to him, she falls to her knees alarmed and trying to console her husband.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
What is it!? What happened?!

Mrs Hitchcock lifts up her husbands face, but his eyes refuse to meet hers.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
LOOK AT ME!

Her husband ignores her, he's brings his muddy hands to his face and begins to aggressively rub his eyes. Mrs Hitchcock stands and looks towards the nesting hatch. Their Sheep dog stays beside her growling. Mrs Hitchcock takes a deep breath in, then steps towards the nesting hatch.

The sheep dog gets in front of her still barking, trying to warn her.

The Darkness begin to ooze over the side of the egg hatch, shocking Mrs Hitchcock. Her eyes turn black and glaze over, she resumes making her way towards it. The sheep dog continues barking.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME, YOU
USELESS MUTT!

The dog cowers and runs off. Mrs Hitchcock looks down at her pregnant stomach.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
It wants to talk to you.

Mrs Hitchcock peers over the nesting hatch at the now fully hatched egg.

MRS HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
Hello you.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.