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JOSEPHINE

Written by
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INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

JOSEPHINE, mid-30s. Her eyes are bloodshot, her shirt wrinkled. Her yoga pants, a faded black, look like they need to be laundered.

The living room floor is strewn with giant Lego blocks of different colors. A BABY sits in the middle, BAWLING.

She digs around the kitchen cupboards, tiptoeing to reach the highest shelf. Small snack packets fall to the floor, one falling on her face.

Finally she finds the can of tiny star-shaped cereal puffs she was looking for. She frantically POPS open the lid, and pours the puffs into a bowl.

She kneels to give the bowl to the baby, who smacks it out of her hand, sending the cookies everywhere. Josephine shifts back to avoid the cookies hitting her face. She looks stunned, offended.

She stands up, only to backtrack onto a block, biting her lower lip to hold back an expletive. She squeals in pain under her breath.

The baby locks eyes with Josephine, its face covered in tears and snot. It continues to bawl with an anger that can only be rivaled by Ares, the Greek god of war.

Josephine CRUMBLES onto the ground. Her body language is the epitome of defeat.

From an aerial view, we see she is surrounded by the plastic blocks and the tiny star-shaped cookies, a poor man's constellation.

Crawling on all fours, Josephine navigates around the blocks, pushing them out of the way. We hear the crunch of the cookies under her knees and hands.

Her eyes glisten with hope as she finds a small plastic pacifier that was hidden under a block. It is covered in lint and crumbs.

She puts the pacifier in her mouth to clean it, and stuffs it in the baby's mouth.

The cries stop. She is overcome with relief.

She crawls onto the living room couch and closes her eyes. Her face relaxes. Her brows un-furrow. There is a moment of serenity.

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The pacifier flies into the scene and SMACKS her on the left side of the face. She doesn't react, let alone flinch.

The cries start again. Josephine turns her body to face the inside of the couch.