

A MOTHER'S BURDEN

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FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Constable BETTY (20s), not green but not a veteran, sits in her police car checking paperwork. She speaks into her mic as she looks through her windshield at a small home on the outskirts of town.

BETTY
Dispatch I'm at the location. I'm
not hearing any screaming. I'm
investigating.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Betty knocks on the door, just another routine safety check.

BETTY
Hello, this is the police. We've
had reports of a woman screaming.

She listens to the door. Betty cocks her head, she's heard someone inside.

BETTY
It's best if you open up. If
there's a problem I may be able to
help.

She waits some more, but her patience is wearing thin.

BETTY
It's best that you open up or I'll
have to-

Before she can finish the door is opened by Deborah, a 30 something pregnant woman.

Deborah tries to put on a smile, but her eyes are clearly reddened from crying, hair a mess, and dress stained.

Betty looks her over with concern.

DEBORAH
I'm fine thank you.

BETTY
Ma'am, are you sure?

Deborah tries to close the door as she replies.

DEBORAH

Yes, fine. Really sorry to have taken your time.

Deborah puts her hand up and stops the door. She leans in and whispers.

BETTY

Is he here, inside?

Deborah's eyes widen letting her worry slip, but she tries the plastered on smile again. She rubs her belly.

DEBORAH

Really, it's okay. Just some false contractions.

Betty isn't buying it and steps into the house, Deborah is in no way able to stop her so backs up.

DEBORAH

I'm really sorry, but my boyfriend isn't here. There's nothing wrong, I'm just weak from the pain.

Betty covers her nose against a foul odor, she notices several air-fresheners all over the run down messy room.

Deborah notices Betty's disapproval.

DEBORAH

Sorry about the smell. We've had a sewer problem.

Deborah adds more to her story as if she just thought of it.

DEBORAH

My boyfriend is out getting what he needs to fix it.

Betty continues through the house and notices brown stains on the rug, but says nothing.

BETTY

This doesn't seem like the best environment for a woman about to deliver.

DEBORAH

I understand, but everything will be fine. Can you go now?

BETTY

Are you sure everything is fine. I can help.

DEBORAH

Yes, everything is fine.

She gestures to the open door.

BETTY

If anything does come up be sure to ring one oh one.

Deborah nods her head biting against some pain.

Betty is nearly to the door when Deborah is wracked with a contraction. She screams out clutching her belly.

DEBORAH

No, no, no, not again.

Betty rushes to her side taking her to a seat.

BETTY

I'll get you some water.

Betty heads to a closed side door.

DEBORAH

NO!

Betty stops short of opening the door. Deborah points to a door on the other side of the room.

She returns from the bathroom with a water and a damp rag.

DEBORAH

I don't want this. I don't want this. I'm sorry. Oh God, please help me.

Betty wipes Deborah's brow with the cool washcloth.

BETTY

These don't seem like false contractions.

Betty speaks into her mic.

BETTY

Dispatch, unit 42. I'm in need of an ambulance at-

She starts to rattle off the address when a contraction hits Deborah and the radio goes static. She tries the radio, but get's just static.

BETTY

Damn.

Another contraction hits Deborah and she rolls off the chair onto the stained rug.

BETTY

Those contractions are close.
You're going to deliver soon.

Deborah takes death grip on Betty's arm.

DEBORAH

I can stop it. Yes, I can stop it.
Oh God please stop it!

BETTY

It's coming whether you like it or
not.

Betty strips off her jacket.

The baby is coming. With Betty's aid the delivery is unusually fast.

Deborah doesn't look relieved, she looks devastated. Betty is concerned. The baby lets out a small cry.

BETTY

It's a boy.

She moves to hand the baby to Deborah who lunges forward with a murderous rage in her eyes.

Betty instinctively reels back protecting the baby.

DEBORAH

I have to kill it!

Betty wraps the baby in her jacket.

BETTY

You're just over stressed.

Deborah isn't listening and lunges again after the baby. Betty fights her off with one hand while trying to protect the baby.

BETTY

You need to back off!

DEBORAH

It has to die before he comes. He always comes.

BETTY

Ma'am! Sit down.

Deborah makes another move, but is stopped by what looks like a contraction. She doubles over and clutches her now distended belly and screams in pain.

DEBORAH

It's happening again.

Betty steps forward to help, but Deborah charges.

Betty pivots, hooks Deborah's arm and throws her to the ground. In the process of the Judo move, Deborah's head hits the table with a sickening crack. She drops to the floor like a sack of potatoes.

BETTY

Shit! Shit!

Betty tries her radio again, but still just static. The baby has been silent this entire time.

BETTY

Let me get you taken care of and then I'll call this in.

Betty sets the baby down wrapped in her coat.

She opens the bedroom door and the smell hits her. She cringes back and coughs.

In the room are dozens of babies, all dead, and all in various states of decomposition.

The front door creaks open. Betty turns to see the boyfriend, ALAL (30s), fat, not hideous, but no gift to women.

He regards Deborah's body with only a passing interest.

ALAL

What's happened here?

Betty still stunned by what she's seen. She points a shaking finger at Deborah.

BETTY

She was going to kill the baby.

Alal's eyes light up like a proud father when he sees the pink completely unharmed baby.

ALAL
Oh wonderful. He'll make a
strapping fine lad.

Betty looks at him like he's mad. She points back at the room of death.

BETTY
Did you know?

He glances over, uninterested, as he picks up the baby.

ALAL
Of course.

He looks to Deborah's body and shakes his head.

ALAL
Did you do that?

BETTY
Yes... She was going to kill the
baby.

He sets the baby down and takes a step towards Betty.

ALAL
I guess it had to be done.

She glances up and seems something evil in him and backs up, but is stopped by a table.

BETTY
I...Uh...

He flicks a wrist. The front door slams shut. With another flick Betty is spun and slammed bent over the table.

ALAL
Now I'll need to find a new mother
to make my children.

Betty able to just turn her head. Alal's eyes glow red.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Clothing rips and Betty screams.

THE END