

CAESAREAN FICTION

Written in

Subliminal Messages Designed to Make You Do Terrible Things!

FADE IN WITCH LOVERS:

BEDROOM - NIGHT

A very pregnant belly, half covered by a t-shirt. The woman lies on her back in the moonlit room.

WARREN (V.O.)

It started talking to me one week ago.

WARREN (30) lies next to his wife. Poster boy for everyday American, the guy looks harmless.

His wife, KERRY (20s), lies angelic and fragile, the glow of pregnancy visible on her face.

Oh yeah...Warren grips a butcher knife with two hands, terror in his eyes.

WARREN (V.O.)

You probably think I'm crazy, that I wanna kill my wife...but I love my wife more than anything in the world. I would never hurt her.

He glances lovingly at her.

WARREN (V.O.)

Unless it was the only way I could save her.

KITCHEN - MORNING

While Kerry fries eggs, Warren watches her bulging belly.

KERRY

She's kicking up a storm, sweetie, wanna feel?

He shakes his head. Definitely not.

WARREN (V.O.)

It tells me it can come out any time now, any time it chooses. No hospitals, no help. And it tells me the first thing it will do is chew its way out then eat her heart while she watches. What would you do?

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Warren sits in a stuffed chair. Kerry walks over and drapes an arm on him, her womb in his face.

KERRY

You know what he'd say if he could talk?

Warren just looks at her.

KERRY

He'd say we're the luckiest family in the world to have such a wonderful father.

WARREN (V.O.)

It wants me to kill her sister now. A blood sacrifice. Says if I don't it will start chewing.

She kisses the top of his head.

WARREN (V.O.)

Kill her sister! Is it crazy? Am I?

LATER

Kerry lies with her feet in Warren's lap. Beaming with happiness, she doesn't notice his anxiety as he rubs them.

WARREN (V.O.)

I'm not killing her sister. She is a bit of a bitch...I'm not killing her God damned sister!

She swings her legs out of his lap. Jumps to her feet.

KERRY

Let me show you the photo album I'm making!

She takes a step toward the kitchen...collapses in pain.

Warren goes to her, wrought with concern. She curls into a fetal position.

WARREN

What is it?!

She groans, holding her belly.

WARREN
Alright, alright! Just leave her
alone!

CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Warren drives by himself.

WARREN (V.O.)
The thought of that thing inside
her, gnawing away...

Tormented, he shakes his head.

WARREN (V.O.)
I don't know if I can go through
with it. I'm not a killer. I don't
even know how I'll...

OUTSIDE SHEILA'S CONDO - LATER

Warren rings the doorbell.

WARREN (V.O.)
Growing up, Sheila had just about
every guy in the palm of her hand.
That didn't stop her from wanting
any boy her sister dated. Normally
a chick like Sheila would be
totally out of my league.

SHEILA, late 20s, model good looks, a slender blond with
mischief in her eye, opens the door with a huge smile.

SHEILA
Warren! What a nice surprise.

INSIDE SHEILA'S CONDO - LATER

They sit on a luxurious sofa drinking wine.

SHEILA
I think it's a wonderful idea, she
will be so surprised. You are just
so thoughtful, such a darling.

WARREN (V.O.)
Shit got real when Kerry collapsed.
Before that I could almost convince
myself I was just going mad.
(MORE)

WARREN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Maybe some part of my mind had just created the voice because I didn't really want the baby. But just before Kerry collapsed, I heard it laughing. Laughing!

SHEILA
Do you have a room set up for the baby yet? Or will you leave him in the room with you guys for now?

Warren horrified.

SHEILA
Don't freak, Warren, if you do anything, you know, fun with her it's not like the baby will be watching. It's just a baby.

Hands shaking, he spills some wine placing his glass on the table.

Sheila jumps to her feet.

SHEILA
It's ok, I got it.

She retrieves a towel and crouches before him wiping the wine off the carpet.

The back of her slender neck is a short distance from his trembling hands.

SHEILA
You're very tense, it's not healthy. Have you been exercising? I understand this is your first time and all, but you have to find a way to relax. Tension is a killer.

She stands and takes a position behind the couch...begins rubbing his shoulders.

SHEILA
I know how my sister can be when she doesn't feel good, she can be such a bitch, but I'm sure you can understand how difficult it must be to have a little man inside just trying to get out.

The shoulder massage does nothing for his tension.

WARREN (V.O.)
What exactly IS that thing inside
my wife?

SHEILA
Switch!

WARREN
Huh?

SHEILA
My turn. Come on, you gotta give a
little to get a little.

She plops onto the couch and waits expectantly.
Warren reluctantly rises and stands behind her.
Touches her shoulders. Such a fragile neck.

WARREN (V.O.)
I'm not a fucking killer!

SHEILA
Come on, Warren, I won't break...a
little harder.

He kneads her shoulders, producing a groan of pleasure.

SHEILA
When we were kids, I always shared
my clothes with Kerry. She had such
awful taste. Sharing is important,
don't you think? After all, we're
family.

His hands move to her neck.

SHEILA
Don't you think?

He chokes the life out of her.

We hear the LAUGHING thing from his wife's womb in his head.

BATHROOM - LATER

Warren drips water from a sponge over Kerry's head as she
lies in a bath. She coos with pleasure as he washes her hair.

KERRY

I know exactly the moment our child was conceived. You were so cute that night.

WARREN (V.O.)

Why? Why would it make me kill Sheila? Think, buddy, think. If you're gonna save her, you gotta think!

Kerry slides further down into the tub, extending her bulging belly up.

KERRY

Don't forget my bell-y.

Hesitant, repulsed, he drips water onto her stomach.

She takes his hand and pulls it onto her belly, uses it to rub the skin.

KERRY

He knows it's Daddy.

After a moment --

-- he jerks his hand away.

KERRY

What is it?

WARREN

Sisters? I thought you only had one sister?

KERRY

I do.

WARREN

Are you sure?

KERRY

Of course I am. Well, I have a half sister, through my father, but I never met her, so I really don't consider her a sister.

CELLAR - NIGHT

Warren dusts off an old hunting rifle with cloth.

WARREN (V.O.)

This was Dad's. Showed me how to use it when I was twelve. Had the deer lined right up in my sights, but I couldn't do it.

He retrieves a box of ammo, blows dust off the lid.

WARREN (V.O.)

I don't suppose that'll be a problem anymore.

He loads a couple of cartridges. Marches upstairs. We follow.

WARREN (V.O.)

She fucked up. Made a critical mistake.

LIVING ROOM

WARREN (V.O.)

That thing inside my wife said something about revenge and sisters. After Kerry told me about her half sister, I googled her name.

KITCHEN

WARREN (V.O.)

Lizbeth Stevens. Abandoned by Kerry's father as a little girl. Grew up on the wrong side of the tracks, as they say. Makes a meager living...as a fortune teller. A God damned witch.

He arrives at the closed bedroom door. Listens. Quiet.

WARREN (V.O.)

It was she who put that thing in my wife. She who made me kill Sheila. She who will get that thing to kill Kerry...if I don't do something.

He leans the rifle against the wall...opens the door.

BEDROOM

Kerry sleeps like an angel. He tiptoes over to the side of the bed and gives her a gentle kiss on the forehead.

WARREN (V.O.)
Gonna be ok, Kerry. I'm gonna take
care of everything.

He brushes hair from her eyes. A slight smile on her face.
He tiptoes back toward the door. Freezes as he reaches it.
Stops and looks at her belly...horrified.

WARREN (V.O.)
It knows! God help me, it knows!

He slumps into a nearby chair.

WARREN (V.O.)
It says it knows what I'm up to.
That as soon as I leave it will
claw and chew its way out. What the
hell do I do? God, it's gonna kill
her.

Tears and torment on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

BEDROOM

The lights are on. Kerry lies bound spread eagled and gagged
on the bed, terror in her eyes.

Facing her at the foot of the bed is Warren...a large butcher
knife in his hand.

WARREN (V.O.)
I love my wife more than anything
in the world. I would never hurt
her.

She struggles to scream through her gag.

WARREN (V.O.)
Unless it was the only way I could
save her.

GOOD NIGHT, AND
GOOD LUCK.