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.