

ABORTION

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INT. STRIP CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Inside a small dark room, no windows and only a single narrow door in and out. FRANK, 35, handsome, clean cut and dressed in an expensive suit sits on a comfy looking padded chair.

He's getting a one on one private dance from a beautiful exotic dancer, 25, tall, slim with long blonde hair.

As she performs her lap dance, Frank relaxes back into the chair with a huge grin.

He reaches down to the floor and picks up a large glass of beer.

As the dancer shakes her ass, Frank pours some of the beer onto her.

She leaps up, startled. Spinning around to face him. The exotic mood ruined. She's furious.

DANCER

Hey, what the hell are you doing?

He's still got his stupid drunken grin on his face.

FRANK

Don't stop, keep dancing.

She wags a finger in his face, not impressed at all.

DANCER

Keep your hands to yourself.

FRANK

I didn't touch you.

DANCER

You want me to call security and have you dragged out of here?

FRANK

I didn't touch you.

DANCER

You know what I mean and you know what you did.

FRANK

I paid for a dance, so why aren't you dancing?

She stares him down, hands on her hips.

DANCER
You're just an asshole.

FRANK
I've got more money.

DANCER
We're done.

Frank removes his tie, holds it out in front of him.

FRANK
How about you tie my wrists
together, that way I won't be able
to touch you.

DANCER
You already got told the rules. And
when a woman tells you something
you really ought to listen.

Frank's smile melts away, now he looks angry too.

FRANK
At least let me finish my drink.

She gets right in his face, screaming.

DANCER
Get out!

Frank pours the rest of his beer inside his mouth, but he
doesn't swallow, he just holds it.

She watches him, frowns. Wondering what he's doing.

After a few seconds, Frank releases the beer, spitting it all
out. Spraying it all over the erotic dancers face.

She stumbles backwards, horrified. Frantically wiping the beer
from her eyes.

Frank bursts out laughing. Thinking that he's hilarious.

She takes off her platform shoes, throwing both of them as
hard as she can at Frank. But putting up his arms he
successfully blocks both of them.

She grabs a hold of the door handle, opens it and sticks her
head out.

DANCER (CONT'D)
Security!

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK

Come on, we're having fun.

Within seconds two burly security guards, shaved heads and wearing earpieces enter.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Boys, let me explain.

They're not interested, grabbing a hold of Frank they unceremoniously drag him out.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Frank, hungover and sporting a large blackeye and swollen split lip, slowly wakes up kicking off his soft sheets.

He's still wearing the same clothes he was in last night.

He rolls out of bed, groggy and feeling the worst for wear. Standing up he staggers out of the room.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Frank stands over the top of his toaster, waiting. His eyes heavy, looks like he could fall asleep right here standing up.

His doorbell rings. A loud buzzing sound echoing out all around him.

Frank's eyes snap open. He spins around and looks in the direction of the doorbell. At that moment his toast is done and pops up out of the toaster behind him. This causes him to flinch.

He spins around back to his toaster. He's on edge, feeling anxious.

The doorbell sounds out again. And again he spins around to look out in the direction it came from.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Frank, hunched over feeling suspicious slowly opens the front door to a uniformed delivery man.

He hands Frank a large fancy looking padded envelope.

DELIVERY MAN
Are you Frank Becker?

FRANK
Yeah.

DELIVERY MAN
For you. Take it.

Still looking suspicious Frank reluctantly takes the envelope.

FRANK
Couldn't you have just posted it?

The delivery man shakes his head.

DELIVERY MAN
Needs to be signed for.

The delivery man takes out an I-pad from his bag and gets Frank to sign it. Once he's got his signature he moves away onto the next house and his next delivery.

Frank watches him go.

FRANK
See ya.

Frank retreats back into his house, closing his front door shut and locking it.

He studies the envelope, turning it in his hands. Front and back. There's nothing written on it.

Curious, he rips it open. Inside is a very simple letter. In large letters at the top, 'You have been selected for abortion.'

All the colour leaves Frank's face as he tries to understand what he's reading.

This can't be possible. He reads the letter from top to bottom. His eyes rapidly scanning the paper.

'You have been selected for abortion.'

He looks like he's going to be sick.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

LAURA, 30, dressed in her work uniform with an I.D Badge huge around her neck marches purposely along the street.

A to-go cardboard cup of coffee in one hand, her mobile phone held in the other.

She checks the time, pulls a face and speeds up.

Suddenly Frank, still wearing the same clothes from his night out, dirty and sweaty comes jogging up alongside her.

He aims a hopeful smile at her. Out of breath, but desperate to keep pace with her.

FRANK

Hi.

She's shocked, almost floored at seeing him suddenly beside her but she keeps her fast pace.

LAURA

What the hell do you want?

FRANK

I was hoping to bump into you.

LAURA

Why?

FRANK

To talk.

LAURA

I'm late for work.

FRANK

Laura please.

LAURA

I'm not stopping for an asshole like you.

FRANK

Am I really that bad?

LAURA

Lets see, you stole from me. You lied to me. And you cheated on me, repeatedly. So yeah, I get to call you an asshole.

FRANK

You know you're the only woman I've ever loved.

She frowns at him, utterly furious. Looking like she'd like nothing more than to punch him as hard as she can right in his face.

LAURA
Go to hell.

FRANK
I need to talk to you.

LAURA
Well, I'm not interested.

Frank comes to a sudden halt. This didn't go the way he thought it would.

Laura keeps her rapid pace, determined to get to where she needs to be. All he can do is watch her leave out of sight.

INT. NAIL SALON - DAY

Frank, looking even sweatier and dirtier enters the high end, almost futuristic nail salon. Everything is white. The walls, ceiling, furniture and uniforms.

BETTY, 60, lays back in a comfortable looking padded recliner. A towel wrapped around her head, slices of cucumbers over her eyes and a young woman down on her knees beside her delicately filing her nails.

Frank stands over her, breathing heavy, agitated.

FRANK
Mom?

Betty barely moves, stays laying down, perfectly relaxed.

BETTY
I've made my decision.

FRANK
Don't I get a say?

She chuckles to herself, finding such a statement highly amusing.

BETTY
You have a say? What year is this?

FRANK
This is my life we're talking about.

Betty's face suddenly changes, becoming deadly serious. She slowly sits up, carefully removing the cucumber slices.

BETTY

Yes. It is. But I'm the one who brought you into this world. And that was a mistake. I should never of had you. You have suffered and others have suffered. The truth is I should have had you aborted a long time ago. I wasn't strong enough then, but I am now.

FRANK

Mom...

She cuts him short, wagging her finger.

BETTY

Don't call me that. You have thirty days to get all your affairs in order. That's fair.

She lays back down. Placing the cucumber slices back over her eyes. She allows the young woman to go back to filing her nails.

FRANK

Nothing about this is fair.

BETTY

I've made my decision. My mind is made up.

FRANK

Aren't you at least going to talk to me? Hear me out? Don't I have that much right?

She snarls, unable to relax with him continuing to stand over her like this.

BETTY

If you don't leave right now I'll take those thirty days and turn them into thirty seconds. Your abortion papers have been signed. I'm simply righting a mistake I made thirty five years ago.

Frank is stunned into silence. He begins to cry, tears streaming down his face. He can't help it.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Close to the large double iron gate entrance to the impressive city park, Frank stands high up on top of a pair of step ladders.

Around his neck a homemade sign has been hung. And in his own shaky handwriting he has wrote 'great son, available now, adoption papers ready.'

He sways himself from side to side, still crying and clearly in great distress.

A small group of women have gathered around him. They're pointing and laughing. For those who see him, it's all a big joke, making a fool of himself.

But for Frank, this is life or death.

An elderly lady eating a doughnut steps up close to him, raising her voice.

ELDERLY LADY

Oh yeah, what's so great about you?

Frank tries hard to compose himself, but can't stop the tears from falling.

FRANK

I have a job. Own my own home. I'm still young, I'm healthy. I just need a new mother.

ELDERLY LADY

What's wrong with the one you've got? She doesn't seem to like you much.

The crowd breaks out into more laughter.

FRANK

She doesn't understand. I'm a good son.

The old lady throws her half eaten doughnut at him. Splats into the middle of his face. She's heard enough.

ELDERLY LADY

Whatever.

She waves a dismissive hand at him and walks away.

FRANK

I can be a good son. I just need a second chance.

CROWD MEMBER

And a new mother!

SECOND CROWD MEMBER

I want a son who can sing and dance, lets see what you've got!

THIRD CROWD MEMBER

Come on, do a little song and dance! You must know one song!

The crowd is loving it, throwing out abuse and crying with laughter.

Out of view for Frank, Laura is sitting on a bench enjoying her lunchbreak. A homemade sandwich and a large container of coffee.

Unlike all of the others who have gathered around to watch, Laura isn't laughing. She can't even smile at what she's seeing. Finishing her sandwich she stands up and leaves, a quick shake of her head, pity.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Frank, dressed only in a white vest and white underpants kneels on the floor at the side of a large coffee table.

Scattered across this coffee table are all kinds of junk food, ice cream, sugary drinks, chips and chocolates.

Frank stuffs his face, eating whatever he wants and as much as he can. He looks like he hasn't slept for days. A total wreck.

The sound of his front door being opened by force, broken, locks cut and snapped echo out all around him.

His mouth full of food.

FRANK

Go away.

A team of police officers, both men and women, all young, strong and physically fit burst inside the room. All wearing black they quickly descend onto Frank, wrestling and pinning him face down to the floor.

He tries to put up a fight but it's no use. They put him in handcuffs.

POLICE OFFICER
You have been selected for
abortion. You are now under arrest
under the mother foundation law
1908.

They drag him up onto his feet.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
It is time for your sentence to be
carried out.

He's kicking, screaming and wriggling his whole body. But it's no good they simply drag him out of the room and there's nothing he can do about it.

INT. EXECUTION ROOM - DAY

A large empty room shrouded mostly in pitch black darkness. Frank is strapped into a chair that's lit up by a single powerful spotlight.

This is his execution.

Frank weeps, several strong leather straps across his arms and legs keeping him perfectly still to the chair.

A thick blindfold, black cotton over his eyes.

Two men dressed in white medical styled gowns. In between them a metal tray sat on top of a wheeled trolley. Two syringes, filled with a blue liquid in the middle of the tray.

The two men in white take possession of one syringe each. They take hold of each of Frank's arms. They hover the needles of the syringes close to a vein ready to inject.

A voice plays out from a speaker, a recording. Echoing out around them. Blasting from an unseen hidden speaker somewhere high above their heads.

VOICE
Frank, you have been selected for
abortion by the one who gave you
life. You shall be injected, the
dose will be lethal. And you shall
remain here until dead.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

From then the state will be responsible for your cremation and the scattering of your ashes. In the event...

Suddenly the voice recording comes to a sudden stop. And the spotlight shining down onto Frank changes to a dark red.

Those two men in white, still holding onto their syringes look at each other, completely bemused. Totally unsure about what to do next.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Frank is now strapped to a wheelchair, ropes around his arms and legs. Held tight to the chair. The blindfold is gone.

He's been pushed through a long empty corridor by those same two men in white.

Frank looks frantically around him, trying to get some kind of bearing for where he might be, but frowning and shaking his head, he doesn't have a clue.

He tries to look back at the two men pushing his wheelchair.

FRANK

What's happening?

MAN IN WHITE

You've been adopted.

SECOND MAN IN WHITE

All very last minute.

Frank can't help but smile. After a moment he even bursts out laughing.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Frank's wheelchair is pushed inside an empty waiting room. Rows and rows of hard plastic chairs.

All of them empty except for one.

Laura sits, waiting patiently.

Frank's pushed over to her. The men apply the breaks to the wheelchair then quickly set about freeing Frank's arms and legs.

Frank just stares at Laura, not understanding.

In return she holds out a stack of paperwork. She taps a finger at a scribbled signature at the bottom.

LAURA
That's my signature.

FRANK
What is this?

She stands up.

LAURA
Your adoption papers.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Laura, fresh out of the shower sits across a long couch, legs out.

Dressed in a thick comfy dressing gown with a towel wrapped around her soaking wet hair.

She's relaxing, watching television.

After a moment, Frank enters. He looks refreshed. A new haircut and fresh clean clothes.

Frank carries in with him a tray that has on it a hot drink, sandwich and an array of snacks. All for Laura.

He places them down next to her, then gives her a hopeful smile.

FRANK
Hope you like it.

She chuckles to herself.

LAURA
Are you going to be my perfect child?

He nods, still smiling.

FRANK
Yes mother.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END