

Ignoble
by
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FADE IN:

EXT. DR. WADE MCCORVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A heavy wooden door looms in front of NATALEE, a cute teenage girl with a look of innocence. Her hand rests on the handle, nervous.

A name placard hangs next to the door, it reads: "DR. WADE MCCORVEY, M.D."

She takes a breath.

She pulls the door open and enters.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING AREA

A small room with a stark white floor and walls. Two hard, black chairs rest in the middle of the room, modern and apathetic. A quiet Benedictine chant drifts from overhead speakers.

A very pregnant receptionist, EVON, looks up from the baby stockings she knits.

EVON

May I help you darlin'?

Natalee sheepishly steps to the counter.

NATALEE

I have an appointment with Dr. McCorvey.

EVON

Natalee Bishop?

Natalee nods timidly.

EVON

Please have a seat, I'll let him know you're here.

Natalee dawdles to a chair and sits.

She eyes an abstract, macabre painting of the crucifixion, the only decoration in the room.

Christ is skeletal and pallid. His hands drape from the nails loosely, bloodless. His desolate eyes look heavenward; a crimson tear rolls down his cheek. Christ's head is much larger than his body, almost fetal in its proportions.

The painting holds her gaze.

DR. MCCORVEY (O.S.)
Natalee?

She breaks her stare and turns to see DR. WADE MCCORVEY standing in a hallway. He's a venerable looking man in his early 40s.

She stands and walks to him, head hung low.

He gives her a smile.

Then gently puts one hand on her back and directs her to an open exam room.

INT. EXAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A sterile room with the same black chairs. Natalee sits with her hands between her knees. Dr. McCorvey sits close by.

DR. MCCORVEY
You'll feel a little discomfort.

NATALEE
Dr. McCorvey...

DR. MCCORVEY
Please, call me Wade.

His name seems to echo. She takes a breath.

Then looks up to him. Hesitation.

DR. MCCORVEY
It's okay sweetie.

He smiles, sympathetic.

The corners of her mouth flinch upwards. She holds a blink and nods her head.

NATALEE
Okay.

INT. PROCEDURE ROOM

Natalee, now in a patient gown, sits in an exam chair with her legs spread open by stirrups. She glances over to Dr. McCorvey.

He ties on a surgical mask.

He slips his hands into sterile gloves.

Natalee gazes up to the candescent ceiling and takes a deep breath.

Metal casters of a surgical tray squeak and roll across the hard floor.

The clink of medical instruments sound amplified, surreal.

DR. MCCORVEY (O.S.)
Let's begin.

Natalee's face tightens with discomfort at the metallic winding of an opening speculum.

It stops.

DR. MCCORVEY
You okay?

NATALEE
(through a held breath)
Uh, huh.

Her eyes focus on the ceiling tiles. She balls her fists.

The deafening sound of a switch clicks on a small motor and a distinct suction sound.

Natalee winces her eyes closed as the suction sound turns wet and gurgled. She bites down on one of her fists.

The suction sound continues.

DR. MCCORVEY (O.S.)
What was his name?

Her eyes open with a hint of confusion and anguish.

NATALEE
I hadn't...

His head pokes up between her legs.

DR. MCCORVEY
No, the boy's.

She lifts her head slightly to see him.

NATALEE
Ste... Steven.

He goes back to whatever he was doing.

She breathes heavy as the suction sputters.

DR. MCCORVEY
Did you love him?

She resumes her stare to the sterile, almost glowing ceiling.

The suction stops.

Dr. McCorvey stands up and pulls down his mask.

DR. MCCORVEY
All done.

He looks into her deadpan eyes.

He smiles a sickly sweet smile.

DR. MCCORVEY
Problem solved sweetheart.

He brings the stirrups together, closing her legs. He pats her knee, fatherly.

DR. MCCORVEY
The nurse will be right in to help you to a more comfortable bed. You should be out of here in about an hour.

She tries to force a smile, but can't. She takes a deep breath and nods uncomfortably.

NATALEE
Thank you doctor.

DR. MCCORVEY
Please, call me Wade. The receptionist has something for you when you leave.

He flashes a politician's smile, then exits.

INT. RECEPTIONIST'S DESK

Natalee approaches Evon.

Evon holds out a small envelope.

EVON
This is for you darlin'.

Natalee reaches for it.

NATALEE

What is it?

EVON

Something Dr. McCorvey gives all
his patients.

She smiles.

Natalee takes the envelope and exits.

EXT. DR. WADE MCCORVEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The heavy wooden door slams behind her. She peels open the envelope and pulls out the contents.

She gasps.

She stares down at a Polaroid picture: a bloodied fetus splayed out on a gloved hand. The limbs are distinct but have been separated from the tiny body.

She quivers.

She flips to the next picture.

Her eyes swell with tears as she flips to the last picture.

A close-up of the bloodied fetus' head. A distinguishable profile of a nose and eye bulges.

She traces her finger across the picture.

Natalee leans back to the door and slides down until she's seated on the concrete floor.

She glances back to the picture. Her quivering hand covers her mouth.

NATALEE

I'm sorry.

A tear falls.

FADE OUT.