PSYKYESIS

By

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FADE IN

INT. CHAMBER’S HOME - NURSERY - DAY

An EMPTY CRIB with music themed bedding sits against a baby blue wall. The name BRANDON is stenciled in bright colors. Above the crib totters a mobile of tiny hanging guitars.

A female SOBBING brings us to the floor and...

DREW CHAMBERS (25), runny mascara and a bulging Ramones maternity top. One hand clutches a onesie reading ”Mommy’s Little Rocker”. The other clutches a full bottle of vodka.

Beside her, a phone lights up and rings... and rings again. She answers.

DREW
Hello?

A calm, nurturing voice pipes in...

ANN (V.O.)
(filtered, from phone)
Drew, it’s Ann. You said you’d call me yesterday. What happened?

Drew lets out a pained breath.

DREW
I lost him.

ANN (V.O.)
Oh Drew, I’m sorry.

DREW
He’s still in there. I can feel him moving, but the doctor said there’s no heartbeat.

ANN (V.O.)
Where’s Ted? Is he with you?

DREW
He had to go to work.

Drew CLINKS the vodka bottle against the crib.

ANN (V.O.)
Are you drinking?
DREW
Does in matter anymore?

ANN (V.O.)
It could create complications-

DREW
He’s dead, Ann.

ANN (V.O.)
But you still have to give birth to him. You need be healthy.

Drew lets out an agonized cry.

DREW
I wanna die too.

ANN (V.O.)
I’m coming over, you hear me? Put the cap back on and be ready to meet me at the door.

Drew lets the cell drop to her side.

INT. CHAMBERS’ HOME - FOYER - DAY

Drew, still carrying the onesie and vodka, comes down the stairs into the foyer and heads back down the hall.

INT. CHAMBER’S HOME - KITCHEN

It’s bright, tidy and cozy. All the trappings you’d expect of a modern middle class kitchen.

Drew sets the vodka in the refrigerator, turns and stops...

A sliding glass door leading to the patio is ajar. She regards it oddly, then heads over, closes and locks it.

She scans into the backyard...

It’s fenced-in with a wooded area behind it. Unremarkable.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. CHAMBERS’ HOME - FOYER

Drew moves back to the front door and opens it...

Nobody’s on the stoop. The neighborhood beyond is a modest residential development. Every house looks like the house next to it. Classic McHousing.
She closes the door.

A STUN GUN SLAMS into the back of her neck. Electricity CRACKLES as Drew stiffens and falls to the ground.

The ATTACKER, dressed in a baggy black tracksuit, latex gloves and balaclava, stands over Drew’s unconscious body.

The Attacker pockets the stun gun and draws out a STEAK KNIFE. Kneeling down, it pulls up the Ramones top, fully exposing her baby bump.

The Attacker plunges the knife into her lower abdomen. Blood pours from the incision as the blade saws back and forth.

The knife is set down and hands reach inside the opening... searching... finding... pulling...

A glimpse of an infant’s head as it begins to breach, but the wound isn’t wide enough to slip through. The Attacker takes up the knife again and gashes another three inches.

The baby boy, BRANDON, slips out of the womb and is quickly wrapped in a kitchen towel...

...but something is wrong. There is no crying and his tiny limbs make no movement.

The Attacker pauses for a moment and regards the baby with a sort of silent respect... or sadness.

The Attacker folds the umbilical cord in one hand and slices clean through it, then carries the baby down the hall...

INT. CHAMBER’S HOME - KITCHEN

...through the kitchen and out the sliding glass door.

INT. MCGILL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A BABY SHOWER is in full swing. A GAGGLE OF WOMEN are crowded into the living room, giggling and tipsy on wine coolers. In the corner, a FEW DUDES keep out of the way.

The focus of the group is VICTORIA "TORI" MCGILL (31), a redhead Irish beauty, seven months pregnant and looking like she could pop any moment.

An EAGER GUEST sets a large package in front of Tori, who tears off the wrapping, revealing a baby walker inside.

The Gaggle "oohs" and "ahhs" as Eager Guest starts pointing at the box... eagerly.
EAGER GUEST
It’s got three height adjustments, it folds down easy, and it’s also got speakers on either side and a USB drive so you can hook up an MP3 player to it.

TORI
You hear that, Lionel? It’s got a sound system.

In the corner, LIONEL (35), the button-down software programing type, looks up from his light beer.

LIONEL
Think it can handle some Pantera?

TORI
No, but I’m sure The Corrs will sound great on it.

Tori thanks the Eager Guest and picks up the next gift, a very small, soft package. She reads the tag attached.

TORI
This one’s from May.

Tori smiles over at MAY CARVER (27), a young woman seven months pregnant herself, set just outside the main circle. Her posture stiffens in nervousness.

Tori opens the gift and holds up a small orange hat with some green fraying at the top.

TORI
Oh... that’s very cute.

MAY
(too quiet)
It’s a carrot.

TORI
What was that?

MAY
It’s a carrot... top. It’s carrot top.

There’s an awkward silence, then Tori bursts out in a rich genuine laugh.
TORI
Oh my God, it’s my worst nightmare.
My baby’s Carrot Top! Thanks May.
It’s perfect.

May relaxes a little as Tori is handed the next gift.

EXT. MCGILL HOME - BACKYARD - LATER

A backyard BBQ. The men grill while the women mill about. Activity tables scatter the yard. The yard, the house itself and the wooded area behind it are exactly the same as the Chambers’ residence. Likely the same McHousing development.

May drifts through the crowd, holding what looks like a glass of red wine. She comes to a table where two snobby looking girls, BAD EXTENSIONS and BLEACH JOB, stand examining a sheet of paper with grid lines drawn on it.

BAD EXTENSIONS
What is this?

BLEACH JOB
I think you’re like, supposed to bet on what the baby looks like.

BAD EXTENSIONS
I don’t see a box for ugly.

They snicker to themselves as May watches reproachfully. Bleach Job grabs a pen and one of the sheets of paper. She starts marking boxes as she goes.

BLEACH JOB
Well, let’s see. If it’s a ’she’...
with her dad’s ears... dad’s chin... and mom’s nose... I’d say that’s a pretty ugly baby.

May walks off, leaving the idiots to laugh at each other.

TORI (O.S.)
May!

May turns to see Tori, barefoot and ankle deep in a kiddie pool, sipping on fruit punch. She waves May over.

TORI
Come on in, the water’s fine.

May comes to stand next her, but doesn’t step in. Tori points to the wine glass in May’s hand.
TORI
You’re not drinking, are you?

MAY
No, it’s punch. It just calms me to pretend it’s wine.

TORI
How’re you holding up?

MAY
Okay. Your friends are stupid.

Tori laughs and motions for her to quiet down.

TORI
That’s why I invited you.

She wiggles her toes under the water.

TORI
I liked your present.

MAY
I am sorry about that. I kept looking for something that-

TORI
You don’t have to explain it. We work together, I know your money situation. I’m just glad you came.

She points to May’s belly.

TORI
We’re in the same boat, you and I. We should be spending more time together.

A car horn honks in the distance.

MAY
I’ve told you how Peter is.

HONK-HONK.

HOOONK-HOOONK-HOOONK. Tori looks toward the house.
TORI
What the hell’s going on up there?

Then she notices May’s eyes closed, head dipped.

TORI
Oh for fuck’s sake, that’s him right now isn’t it?

INT. MCGILL HOME - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Tori trails behind May as they make their way to the door.

TORI
You don’t have to leave now. Ask him to come in. He can play horseshoes with the guys.

MAY
Peter doesn’t really like games.

TORI
Oh, well thank God he doesn’t have kids.

May shoots her a look.

TORI
Sorry. It’s just, I’ll be going on maternity leave soon. I wanna be able to see you outside of work.

MAY
I live right in the neighborhood.

TORI
I know...

HONK.

MAY
I’ll figure it out. I promise.

(they hug)

Thanks again for inviting me.

EXT. MCGILL HOME - FRONT YARD

The door opens and May exits down the walk way. PETER (32) dressed sharply, but looking disheveled all the same, peers out impatiently from his Subaru Forester.

Tori watches May go. Eager Guest pops up next to her.
EAGER GUEST
Hey, are we making the boys chug formula or not?

Tori smirks, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

TORI
Yes.

She closes the door.

May reaches the SUV and tosses her purse in the open passenger window.

MAY
I told you, I’m fine to walk home.

PETER
I was out getting us groceries. I thought you might appreciate it.

She starts to open the door when something catches her eye three houses down...

LOUISA TANNER (28) dark-haired, dark-eyed, also seven months pregnant, stands at the end of her driveway, staring at the house... or at May.

PETER
You clinging to the outside of the car, or you wanna get in?

May gets in and the SUV starts forward. As it pulls away, May notices Louisa’s gaze following the vehicle.

PETER
(re: Louisa)
Must be somethin’ in the water ’round here.

INT. CARVER HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Peter and May enter from an adjacent LAUNDRY AREA, carrying bags of groceries.

Peter places his bags on the corner counter by the fridge while May opts for the closer kitchen island which is covered in junk mail and magazines.

PETER
Put ’em here. The island’s a mess.

May starts unloading items (pasta, tomato sauce, cheese) onto the island.
MAY
I’m fine.

Peter tries to straighten up the area.

PETER
Let me get some of this first.

MAY
It’s fine.

May moves the empty bag and clips a magazine. Papers slide as a mountain of mail gives way. The tomato sauce SMASHES against the floor.

Peter BACKHANDS HER instantly.

PETER
GODDAMNIT! What did I say? Looks real fuckin’ fine now, doesn’t it?

May is calm, passive, head down.

PETER
And now I have to go back and get more sauce so we can eat.

He storms off toward the front door.

MAY
We have vine tomatoes. I can make-

PETER
I said I’m getting sauce!

He SLAMS the door behind him so hard the house vibrates. A couple more papers slide off the island.

May kneels down, with some effort, and starts placing shards of glass onto a dirtied magazine.

INT. SUBARU FORESTER - LATER

The Subaru tears down the street and Peter tears open the dashboard, pulling out a pack of cigarettes.

The car lighter pops out and Peter grabs it, lighting his cigarette with the red hot coil. As he goes to put it back-

The car BUMPS over a pot hole.

The lighter falls into a cup holder. Peter tries to pick it out and burns himself.
PETER

Fuck.

The cigarette falls from his lips and disappears.

He fishes the lighter out, shoves it back in and looks up just in time to see a RED LIGHT.

EXT. SUBARU FORESTER

Peter slams on the breaks, skids into the intersection and is T-BONED by a Pickup Truck.

The Subaru fish tails, goes top heavy and tips over, crashing onto its passenger side.

INT. SUBARU FORESTER

Peter hangs in the air, secured by his seat belt. He looks around, dazed. A gash above his eye.

He tries to unfasten his belt, but it’s stuck. From somewhere around the car, the sound of RUNNING LIQUID.

EXT. SUBARU FORESTER

Outside the car, gasoline flows from the ruptured gas tank.

INT. SUBARU FORESTER

Peter sees the fuel pooling under the smashed back window.

He looks to the passenger window... and sees his LIT CIGARETTE laying amongst the broken glass.

He stretches for it, but can’t reach it.

Gasoline trickles under the window, nearing the cigarette.

He hits the belt buckle, desperately trying to loosen the belt, but it holds him fast to the seat.

He reaches for the cigarette again, straining with everything he’s got...

EXT. SUBARU FORESTER

The SUV ERUPTS into flames. Peter SHRIEKS as the intense fire burns him alive.
INT. LAWYER’S OFFICE – DAY

SANDHURST (53), an over-worked lawyer in a small cluttered office, reads from one of dozens of files on his desk.

Across from him sits May, with a far off look in her eyes.

SANDHURST
Unfortunately your husband had significant outstanding debts. Multiple credit lines as well as a five thousand dollar bank loan which he hasn’t made payment on since April two thousand fourteen. There are a lot of people who’re gonna get a crack at his estate before it comes to you.

MAY
Mr. Sandhurst, I’m seven months pregnant-

SANDHURST
I understand the timing’s horrible, but it’s not all bad news-

MAY
Is it too late for me to get an abortion?

Sandhurst straightens up, a bit more urgent.

SANDHURST
Well, let me finish Ms Carver, because I don’t think we’re there yet. Your husband did have a four-oh-one-kay. Company match and he was putting in the max amount. There’s enough there to pay your mortgage for a year. Give you a chance to figure out-

MAY
When I-

He quiets. Waiting.

MAY
When I conceived, it was because Peter forced himself on me. When he found out I was pregnant, he said if I tried to terminate the pregnancy, he would shoot me in the

(MORE)
MAY (cont’d)
head... so I was just wondering if it’s too late to get an abortion.

Sandhurst deflates, absorbing this.

SANDHURST
Legally speaking? No.

May nods, satisfied with the answer. Sandhurst looks back to the file before him.

SANDHURST
Uh... should I continue?

TORI (PRE-LAP)
No.

EXT. MCGILL HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Tori and May sit at the patio table, speaking in tense but hushed tones.

MAY
No?

TORI
Yeah. No. When you started talking I thought you were asking me for advice, but you’re not even doing that. You’re asking for a ride.

MAY
I thought you’d be okay with it. You’re feminist-ish, aren’t you?

TORI
Just because I support a woman’s right to choose doesn’t mean I support you making this choice.

MAY
I’m sure millions of women across the country will be happy to hear that you stand shoulder to shoulder with them in theory.

TORI
Oh, fuck you. I’m sorry what you were going through, but you had earlier options whether you want to admit it or not.
MAY
Like what?

TORI
You could have aborted in secret and faked a miscarriage.

May shakes her head, grabs her purse and stands.

MAY
You know what? I don’t need this. I can have a cab pick me up.

May heads for the door, but Tori stands and cuts her off.

TORI
Wait. Before you do this, there’s something I want to show you.

INT. MCGILL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

May stands by as Tori kneels on the floor by the bed. She reaches underneath, pulling out a large plastic container.

TORI
Don’t tell Lionel about this. He’s not the sentimental type and he already thinks I’m too emotional.

Tori motions for May to sit beside her. May does and Tori opens the container revealing layers of folded clothes. She removes the some shirts from the top layers further revealing a shoe box.

She extracts the shoe box and sets it down.

TORI
The first time I got pregnant me and Lionel were in a bad spot. I wasn’t sure if we would make it, so I did what made sense at the time. I had an abortion.

May glances down.

MAY
What’s in the box?

TORI
Just wait.

Tori takes a breath, as if drawing up strength to continue.
The next time I got pregnant we were better off. It was unplanned, but it was wanted. I even wrote letters to little baby Jared.

She takes out a small, loose stack of hand-written letters. She reads the top one silently to herself for a moment.

TORI
Just about what I was going through. What I hoped for him.
(reading a section)
"You are the reason why Daddy and I work so hard. You are the person that gives me hope when I want to give up."

May listens, respectful. Tori pulls out of the box a BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO with a little medical tab on it.

TORI
That’s Jared’s sonogram from twenty nine weeks. Two weeks later I went into premature labor and lost him.

She pulls an ENVELOPE out of the box with heading that reads "Mount Olive Cemetery".

TORI
Afterward, I had a small service for him. I was hoping it would make it easier, but it just reminded me of what almost was. And it made me wish I could have that first one back. It doesn’t get easier.
(touching her belly)
Until I have this one safe and in my arms, it only gets harder.

MAY
But you wanted that baby.

TORI
You spent the last seven months thinking you were gonna give birth. Don’t you feel anything for it?

May sighs, looks away, choosing her words carefully.

MAY
I don’t want to force myself into this only to find myself a year (MORE)
MAY (cont’d)
from now contemplating something much worse. I don’t like the way I feel, but I won’t ignore it.

TORI
What if you could feel different?

MAY
How?

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Deserted but for a few cars and the orange glow of street lights. An establishment called "BABY MATTERS" sits sandwiched between "Earl’s Liquor Store" and a business selling "All Things Catholic".

Through the display window, SARAH (29), eight months pregnant and ANN LORD (51), matronly, can be seen conversing as they walk across a large exercise area.

Ann stops to push a big blue exercise ball out of the room’s center. It rolls over a few yoga mats and comes to rest near a circle of chairs.

As Ann catches up, Sarah opens the front door...

ANN
...try sleeping on your left side, it should relieve the pressure.

An arrives and hovers at the door as Sarah steps out onto the sidewalk.

ANN
If you do decide to buy something go with a mouth guard. Do not buy a chin strap, they almost never work for sleep apnea. And if none of that takes, use these...

She holds out a tiny plastic package.

SARAH
What’s that?

ANN
Ear plugs for Bill.

Sarah chuckles and takes them.
SARAH
I’m sure he’ll use these plenty
after the baby is born. ’Night Ann.

ANN
Goodnight, Sarah

Ann slips back into the building and locks the door. The lights inside go off as Sarah heads through the parking lot.

She reaches her car and starts digging through her purse.

Behind her, a shadow cuts through the orange hue... slides up slowly behind her car... then SPRINGS FORWARD.

The Attacker rushes her and jams the stun gun into the back of her neck. She yelps in pain and whirls around, but remains on her feet.

The Attacker jabs at her again. The gun CRACKLES, but has little effect. Sarah knocks it away as her assailant tackles her to the ground. She begins to SCREAM.

INT. EARL’S LIQUOR

EARL (55) counts cash from the register.

SARAH (O.S.)
(sounding distant)
HELP!

He looks up and toward the door. Tilts his head to listen.

EXT. STRIP MALL

The Attacker, sitting on top of her as she struggles, looks to find...

...a large CHUNK OF CINDER.

The Attacker grabs and raises it high of their head.

SARAH
HELP!

The Attacker strikes her in the head. She quiets, but continues to move in a numb daze. The Attacker strikes again with skull crushing force and Sarah stills.

The Attacker looks around the lot to see if anyone’s coming, then reaches into their tracksuit pocket, drawing out the STEAK KNIFE.
INT. EARL’S LIQUOR

Earl steps to his glass door and peers out into the lot.

EARL’S POV - Sarah’s car is in sight, but it hides the attack leaving only vague shadow movement to be seen.

He unlocks the door...

EXT. STRIP MALL

...and steps out.

    EARL
    EVERYTHING OKAY?

A MASKED HEAD pops into view over the car hood and looks straight at him.

    EARL
    HEY!

The Attacker makes to flee, halts, returns for the forgotten stun gun and runs off.

Earl sprints into the lot, rounds the car and stops dead in his tracks, his expression one of horror.

    EARL
    Holy shit.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

Blood, congealed to dark brown, stains the pavement beside the back tire of Sarah’s car. An ENGINE MOTOR HUMS and Sarah’s car lifts off the ground...

...as it’s hoisted into the flat bed of a tow truck.

The strip mall is a crime scene now. Police tape sections off the area around the tow truck. A few BEAT COPS guard the tap and keep spectator’s back.

DETECTIVE MENCIA (50s), bearded, tired from a long night’s work, oversees the towing.

LOT ENTRANCE

A Toyota Corolla pulls into the strip mall lot and parks a ways from the crime scene. Tori climbs out of the driver’s seat of her car, followed by May at the passenger side.

The observe the scene for a moment.
MAY
What happened?

TORI
No idea, but it looks like this is as close as we can get.

MAY
Is it even open?

TORI
Only one way to find out.

INT. BABY MATTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Tori and May walk in to find a flutter of activity.

A HALF-DOZEN PREGNANT WOMEN, as well as a few BOYFRIENDS or HUSBANDS, stand at the display window, watching the police.

As they edge in closer, May notices Louisa, Tori’s pregnant neighbor, is part of the group as well.

Tori leans to PATRICE (20s), anxious, six months pregnant.

TORI
Anyone know what’s going on?

PATRICE
Someone was attacked last night.

LOUISA
It was Sarah.

Tori rolls her eyes at Louisa’s intrusion.

PATRICE
You don’t know that.

LOUISA
That’s her car.

Tori and May watch with the rest of them as the tow truck is let through the tape.

TORI
Does Drew know?

Patrice nods back toward the room. Tori and May look to the corner of the room to see...

Drew Chambers, alive, belly now flat, sitting alone, facing away from the window. She appears sullen as she dabs a tissue to her eyes.
TORI
Where’s Ann?

LOUISA
Here she comes now.

Through the window, Ann and Mencia can be seen heading to the building.

LATER

The group sits in scattered chairs facing Mencia and Ann. Tori and May sit beside each other.

ANN
I thought about canceling today’s class, but after speaking with the detective, we thought you should all be made aware of the situation.

Ann steps aside for Mencia and sits in a chair next to Drew. She takes her hand and whispers something to her. Drew nods.

MENCIA
Hello, I’m Detective Mencia with the Gunnison County Police Department. As some of you may be aware already, a member of your group, Sarah Warren, was attack and killed last night just outside the building.

Gasps and light chatter arise. Tori leans forward, worried.

TORI
What about her baby?

MENCIA
The baby is in good condition and currently with his father.

More light chatter.

PREGNANT WOMAN #1
Can you imagine being Bill right now?

MENCIA
Ladies, please.
(waits for quiet)
The reason I wanted to inform you all here is because the nature of the attack is the same as the one that occurred to Drew Chambers.
Gasps. A cacophony of chatter. May leans to Tori.

MAY
What’s going on?

TORI
Drew was attacked when she was pregnant. The attacker sliced her open and ripped the baby right out of her.

May’s jaw drops.

MAY
Jesus Christ, what the fuck have you gotten me into?

Tori waves her off.

TORI
(to Mencia)
Do you know anything more about him?

LOUISA
Could he be a Satanist?

MAY
Satanists are just eighties hysteria.

Louisa glares at May.

LOUISA
The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world-

ANN
(stern)
Ladies, the officer is speaking.

They go silent, waiting for Mencia to continue.

EXT. STRIP MALL – DAY

As cop cars and spectators begin to disperse, May and Tori stand outside Baby Matters, arguing.

TORI
You can’t leave yet. You said you’d give it a couple weeks.
MAY
And you said you were taking me to
Lamaze and baby bonding classes,
not Camp Crystal fucking Lake.

Patrice exits Baby Matters, purse slung over her shoulder.

TORI
Patrice, are you leaving?

PATRICE
Yeah, I’m really freaked out.
(touching belly)
So’s she. She’s kicking up a storm.

TORI
I’m sure it’ll be fine.

She points to a lone cop car still in the lot.

TORI
He’ll be there all the time now.

PATRICE
I appreciate that, but this much
adventure can’t be good for the
baby. I’m going to Minnesota.

TORI
Minnesota?

PATRICE
Yeah. I never thought I’d say this,
but I think I’ll be less stressed
staying with my mother-in-law.

TORI
(disappointed)
Oh, well keep in touch.

They hug.

PATRICE
Don’t worry, the moment I pop, I’ll
be back to show her off.

They separate and Patrice heads to the parking lot. Tori
looks to May with puppy dog eyes.

TORI
You can’t leave alone in there.

May frowns, defeated.
INT. BABY MATTERS - LATER

May, Tori, Ann, Drew and the rest of the group sit in a circle of chairs in the center of the room. A PREGNANT TEEN relates her story.

PREGNANT TEEN
When I told my boyfriend he said it wasn’t his, even though he’s the only one I been with. I told him I’d need his help and he gave me ten dollars and said he never wanted to see me again. Which was dumb cause we have class together. I just need better support.

The women all smile at her. Compassionate. Accepting.

ANN
We’re very happy to have you here. (to May)
How about our other new member? Care to introduce yourself.

May shifts, uncomfortable.

MAY
Um... my name’s May and uh... it’s pretty much the same deal as her.

TORI
(soft admonishment)
Come on, May.

MAY
Okay. I’m seven months pregnant, I was married, but two weeks ago my husband died in a car accident.

Looks of sympathy all around.

ANN
I’m sorry to hear that. That must be very painful.

May shrugs. The ladies exchange awkward glances.

TORI
May was in an abusive relationship. (to May) Go on.

May fidgets.
MAY
I guess I’m here because I never really bonded with the pregnancy. I mean, I never had a choice, so I think I was in denial the whole time. But once Peter, my husband, died, all of sudden I had a choice. And once I had that all I could think was, "Get this fucking thing out of me!" If it wasn’t for Tori here I’d probably be getting an abortion right now.

Dead silence. The women look disgusted. Drew stands and walks toward the back, disappearing around a corner...

...a door SLAMS so hard it RATTLES the display glass.

Ann regards May with a look of resignation.

ANN
We’ll do what we can for you. If you’ll all excuse me for a moment.

Ann stands and heads after Drew.

May glances around. No one will look her in the eyes...

...except Louisa, who leans forward and rests a hand on May’s knee.

LOUISA
I’ll pray for you.

MAY
Thanks.

LOUISA
And I’ll pray that your soul avoids the pit of eternal hellfire.

MAY
(beat)
Right back at ’cha.

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA – DAY

Tori drives as May stews in the passenger seat.

MAY
They all think I’m an asshole.
TORI
You told a bunch of happily pregnant women that you want an abortion. Of course they think you’re an asshole.

MAY
Do you think I’m an asshole?

TORI
Yeah, but I wanna help. Today was a weird day. Thursday will be back to normal. And you’ll be there, right?

MAY
Wearing a helmet and body armor.

INT. CARVER HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

May enters from the Laundry Area and sets her purse on the counter. She reaches inside, takes out her phone, checks for messages, then drops the phone next to her bag.

Next, May opens the door to the fridge and peers inside.

QUICK CUT - A frozen block of lasagna THUDS into the microwave. The door closes and the microwave fires up.

INT. CARVER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

May lays on the couch watching TV. The lasagna sits half-finished on the coffee table in front of her.

ON TV - NEWS CHANNEL PUNDITS distill the day’s events into jibber-jabber nonsense.

May’s eyes grow tired... she begins to fall asleep...

DING-DONG

She hits the remote and the TV displays the time, "10:47pm". She waits...

DING-DONG, DING-DONG

She sighs and struggles to sit up.

FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

May walks to the door, flips the porch light on and peers out the window...

She furrows her brow at what she sees, then unlocks and opens the door...
Louisa, stands on her porch stoop, holding a Bible.

   LOUISA  Hello, May. It’s Louisa from down the street. We met at group?
   MAY     What’re you doing here?
   LOUISA  I told you I would pray for you and I have. All night. I asked the Lord, "How Lord, can I show her the sinful nature of what she considers?" and he spoke to me. "Show her my word", He said.

Louisa holds up the Bible.

   MAY     Isn’t it a little late for this?
   LOUISA  It’s never too late. Tell me, May, have you found the Lord Jesus?
   MAY     (sighs) Not yet, but I haven’t checked the couch cushions.

Louisa glares at her.

   LOUISA  This is not a laughing matter. What you’re contemplating is mortal sin. The MURDER OF YOUR BABY is not—
   MAY     Yeah, that’s goodnight.

May tries to close the door, but Louisa puts her foot in the way and gets in May’s face.

   LOUISA    (quiet but forceful) You can shut me out, but you can’t shut out God’s judgment.
   MAY     Don’t make me push a pregnant lady.
LOUISA
You don’t deserve that baby.

May pulls the door back and slams it on Louisa’s foot.

EXT. CARVER HOME

Louisa yelps and hops back as May slams the door closed, locking it. Louisa smacks the Bible against it.

LOUISA
You’re the one who deserves to have it taken!

The porch light turns off. After a moment of silence, Louisa hobbles away.

INT. CARVER HOME - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streams through a window, illuminating May, who sleeps on a folded-out futon in the center of a sparsely decorated bedroom. A small dresser, end table and lamp are the only other items around her.

May spins under the covers, opens her eyes... grumbles.

INT. CARVER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

May, wearing only a long sleep shirt, exits the Guest Room and feels her way down the dimly lit hall. She passes the stairs, goes a few feet more and enters the bathroom.

INT. CARVER HOME - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lit only by a wall-socket NIGHT LIGHT, May sits on the toilet, peeing. She finishes and stands, pulling her underwear up beneath her sleep shirt.

INT. CARVER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom door swings open silently and May feels her way back into the hall.

She comes to the open door of the Guest Room...

INT. CARVER HOME - GUEST ROOM

Silhouetted by the moonlight, a HUMAN FORM appears to be standing by the window, looking down at the lumpy, crumpled blankets on May’s futon.

May squints through tired eyes, unsure what she’s seeing.
The Form shifts... an arm moves to the mid-section... the Form’s shirt pulls tight revealing...

...a PREGNANT BELLY. The arm moves again...moonlight glints off metal as the Attacker brings out a STEAK KNIFE...

May lets out an involuntary GASP.

The Attacker whirls around.

May throws the door closed...

**INT. CARVER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL**

...and jets down the hall, passing the stairs and bathroom.

The Attacker enters the corridor just as May reaches a door at the opposite end and throws herself inside the...

**INT. CARVER HOME - MASTER BEDROOM**

She slams the door and pushes in the simple PUSH BUTTON LOCK. The door SHUDDERS as it’s hit from the other side.

May moves to a TALL DRESSER, attempting to push it in front of the door.

MAY

Go away!

The dresser won’t budge.

MAY

Go away!

Her eyes light up.

MAY

I HAVE A GUN.

May slides over a four-post, king sized bed, opens the closet and rummages the top shelf.

The pounding at the door stops.

May pulls a small LOCK BOX out of the closet, brings it to the bed’s end table and rifles through the drawer.

The door knob starts to JIGGLE as the Attacker attempts to pick the simple lock.

May finds the key. With panicked hands she opens the box...
It’s contents spill everywhere. A REVOLVER hits the carpet. Bullets scatter around it.

She drops to her knees and grabs the gun, struggling with the ejector rod.

The push button lock POPS UP.

May ejects the cylinder and grabs a bullet as the Attacker crashes through the door.

She loads a bullet, slaps the cylinder in and fires...

The shot SLAMS into the wall just behind the Attacker’s head. The Attacker ducks and retreats, disappearing through the door.

May ejects the cylinder, attempts to pick out the spent case, but burns herself.

She tilts the gun and let’s gravity eject the shell for her. She glances at the doorway...

...pitch black and still.

She starts loading rounds from the carpet, one by one as quickly as possible. She loads the final round, points the gun at the door...

BANG. She accidentally fires off a shot.

May takes a breath, trying to steady herself.

INT. CARVER HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Empty. No signs of movement.

May enters the hall, gun held forward, and moves down the hall, peering into the bathroom as she passes it, then heading to the stairs.

INT. CARVER HOME - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

May descends the steps, reaches for the light switch at the bottom, then thinks better of it.

She heads down the hall.
INT. CARVER HOME - KITCHEN

She stops just outside and peers in...

The sliding glass door is open. Her phone sits on the counter beside it. The room appears empty, but there are blind spots everywhere.

She musters up courage, then makes her move...

She bolts into the kitchen, grabs the phone, then runs down an adjacent hall and into a downstairs bathroom.

INT. CARVER HOME - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Cramped and empty. May locks the door, training her gun on it as she dials and puts the phone to her ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(filtered, from phone)
Nine-one-one, what’s your emergency?

MAY
(hushed)
There’s someone in my house.

EXT. CARVER HOME - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Two parked SQUAD CARS bathe the neighborhood in red and blue light. A handful of neighbors watch the scene from their porch stoop or the end of their driveway.

May leans against the cop car farthest from the house as Detective Mencia interviews her.

MENCIA
And the firearm is yours?

MAY
It’s in my husband’s name, but it’s mine now.

MENCIA
Alright, wait here one moment.

Mencia heads toward the house.

TORI (O.S.)
May?

May turns...
Coming toward her is Tori, wrapped in a pink bathrobe and Lionel, wearing a blue blazer over pajama pants. Tori reaches her and takes her hands, concerned.

TORI
I wanted to see what the hubbub was about. What happened?

MAY
She attacked me.

TORI
Who?

MAY
The same woman who attacked Drew and the other girl.

TORI
How do you know it’s a woman?

MAY
She’s pregnant, Tori.

Tori looks at her, doubtful.

TORI
Why would a pregnant woman want to steal a baby?

Mencia returns as TWO COPS exit her house.

MENCIA
Okay, the house is all clear. You can go back inside. We’ll keep an officer here overnight for you.

MAY
Uh, okay. Can I have my gun back?

MENCIA
Officer Schwartz left it on the kitchen counter for you.

May nods, but Tori doesn’t like this.

TORI
No way. May, you can’t stay here alone after this.

MAY
There’s a cop in the driveway. I should be okay tonight.
TORI
And what about tomorrow night. And
the night after that.

May wants to say something, but without the audience.

MAY
(to Mencia)
Thank you, Detective.

Mencia nods and heads off. May turns to Lionel, who politely
gives them space.

MAY
Tori, tomorrow and the day after
I’m gonna set up a doctor’s visit-

TORI
May, no-

MAY
There’s only one thing this psycho
wants and I don’t have to carry it
for her.

TORI
Lionel works from home. He’ll be
around all the time. We can protect
you. You can protect us. You’ve got
a gun. Please. Don’t leave me alone
in this.

May thinks it over.

TORI
You still owe me two weeks.

May frowns. Decision made.

INT. BABY MATTERS – DAY

The front door opens. Tori enters. May enters behind her...
...and is immediately bombarded by several chatty women.

PREGNANT WOMAN #1
Oh my God, we heard what happened.

PREGNANT WOMAN #2
How’s the baby?
MAY
Fine. As am I.

PREGNANT WOMAN #1
Did you get a good look at him?

PREGNANT WOMAN #2
Was he tall or short?

PREGNANT WOMAN #3
Was he limping?

MAY
What?

PREGNANT WOMAN #3
I was waiting at the bus stop the other day and this really creepy guy with a cane was staring at me the whole time...

MAY
There wasn’t any limping.

PREGNANT WOMAN #1
Did you notice anything about him?

May starts to answer... then becomes aware of all the PREGNANT BELLIES surrounding her.

MAY
No, I didn’t see anything new.

May squeezes past them and makes her way to Tori, who’s set her bag down and started tying up her hair.

TORI
Hey, at least your more popular.

MAY
(sarcastic)
Yes, everyone wants a piece of me.

ANN (O.S.)
May?

May turns to see Ann and Drew approach her.

ANN
I’m gonna have you do something a little different then the rest of the girls.

Ann motions to Drew, who appears calm, but cold.
ANN
Drew will take you to the back and lead you through it.

The two eye each other uneasily.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Drew leads May into the room and motions to an exam table.

DREW
Just lie down and we’ll get started.

May lies down as Drew goes to a cabinet in the corner. May watches Drew take out a stethoscope and magic marker.

MAY
What are we doing?

DREW
Something called baby mapping. It lets us see what position your baby’s in.

MAY
Have all the girls done it?

Drew brings the supplies to the exam table, pulls up a chair and sits down.

DREW
Most of the girls aren’t far enough along yet. Some opt out. Louisa for example. Pull up your shirt.

May does, exposing her whole belly. Drew begins to feel along May’s belly, putting light pressure here and there.

MAY
Why won’t Louisa?

DREW
She says she has religious concerns and her belly is sensitive.

MAY
Her belly is sensitive to religious concerns?

DREW
It’s not my place to pry.
Drew takes the marker and draws a little pinpoint on May’s lower abdomen.

She puts the stethoscope to her ears and sets the receiver on May’s tummy, moving it occasionally... searching.

MAY
Can I ask you something about when you were attacked?

DREW
I suppose.

MAY
Did you see or notice anything that the police didn’t tell us?

DREW
When I was attacked I didn’t see anything at all. One minute I was answering the door, the next there was blood everywhere and my baby was gone.

She makes another pinpoint with the marker and sets the stethoscope aside.

MAY
Did they ever find him?

Drew shakes her head and begins feeling May’s belly again.

MAY
Could he still be alive?

Drew sighs and shakes her head again.

DREW
Brandon suffered from a birth defect. One day the doctor had trouble finding a heartbeat so he did a 3D-Ultrasound.

She pauses from examining May, struggling with her story.

DREW
Brandon’s head hadn’t developed properly. On the scan it looked like it had been caved in on one side. His brain had stopped developing basic motor functions and he passed inside me.
Drew takes a breath, and draws another pinpoint on May, then starts tracing lines on May’s belly.

MAY
Will you try again?

DREW
I can’t. The attack made me sterile. So I hope you understand why it’s hard to watch someone who has everything right in front of her be so eager to flush it down the toilet.

MAY
I’m not trying to hurt people. I’m just not sure I’d be a good mother.

DREW
Said every mother who ever existed.

May looks away.

DREW
What about adoption?

MAY
How can you trust someone just by reading about them on a piece of paper? My mom and dad would’ve looked good on paper. They wanted kids. But they weren’t parents.

May thinks in silence for a moment as Drew continues to draw on her belly.

MAY
I guess I don’t trust anyone, including myself. Deciding to have a child is an act of faith.

DREW
There’s just one catch...

Drew grabs a nearby mirror and holds it up. Reflected in it is the simple OUTLINE OF A BABY, head down in the fetal position, drawn on May’s tummy.

DREW
...you already have a child.

Drew hands the mirror to May, who continues to scrutinize her belly, like the answer to some great mystery is written in code there.
DREW
Has anyone told you the gender yet?

MAY
Girl.

Drew nods, turns to a nearby faucet and fills up a cup of water. She returns to May.

DREW
Drink.

MAY
What is it?

DREW
Just cold water. She seems to be sleeping. We’re gonna give her a little splash.

May drinks the water and hands the glass back.

DREW
You see where the feet are? Put your fingers right there.

May sets her fingers on the sketched out feet.

DREW
You feel her waking up?
(May nods)
Give it a light press.

May pushes with her fingers... then pulls them away suddenly, as if stung.

DREW
She pushing back?
(May nods)
Do it again.

May pushes... and pulls away, though not as suddenly this time. A small smile comes to her lips.

MAY
It’s like she’s kick boxing me.

Drew smiles back with more than a hint of sadness.

DREW
You’re playing with your daughter.

May becomes uneasy. She rolls down her shirt and starts to sit up.
MAY
I, uh... need to use the bathroom.

INT. BABY MATTERS - RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open and May enters the small, two-stall restroom. She goes to the sink, let’s out a sigh and looks at herself in the mirror.

After a beat she lifts her shirt a bit, taking another look at her babies silhouette.

The sound of something hard hitting porcelain echos from the corner stall.

LOUISA (O.S.)
Goddammit... Sorry, Lord.

May looks to the stall... something catches her eye and she moves in closer, peeking through the thin gap of the door.

MAY’S POV - Louisa, faced away from the door, shirt pulled up, struggles with a set of straps that seem to wrap around her stomach and attach at her back, just below her bra.

May watches, puzzled. What’s she seeing?

MAY’S POV - Louisa angles toward the door and her belly comes into view... it’s flesh colored, but PLASTIC-LOOKING with many tiny ripples resembling WRINKLED SILICONE...

Louisa glances at the door-

May jumps back.

LOUISA (O.S.)
Hey! What the hell?

MAY
Sorry.

May scrams...

INT. BABY MATTERS - HALLWAY

...into the hallway, gets to the corner-

Tori pops out in front of her, giving her YELP.

TORI
Whoa, slow down there.

May stops to catch her breath. Looks back to the bathroom.
Tori reaches for May’s shirt and May pushes her hand away.

MAY
I just saw something. Louisa...

TORI
What?

MAY
It looked like she had a fake belly. Like her bump was made of plastic.

Tori’s eyebrows raise.

TORI
Really?

MAY
(nods)
Is it possible she’s not even preg-

The bathroom door opens and May quiets. Louisa enters the hallway, glaring at May, who turns away.

Louisa approaches...

TORI
Oh, wow, feel that!

Tori grabs her belly.

TORI
My baby’s going crazy in there.

She grabs Louisa’s hand as she passes, pulls her over and presses it to her belly.

TORI
Feel that.

Louisa tries to pull away.

LOUISA
No.

TORI
What’re you talking about it? It’s going crazy in there.
LOUISA
You’re going crazy.

Louisa yanks her hand away. Tori reaches for Louisa’s belly.

TORI
Okay, your turn.

Louisa slaps her hand away.

LOUISA
No.

TORI
(persisting)
Oh come on, it’s fun.

Louisa pushes her hand again and backs away.

LOUISA
No one touches my stomach, it’s very sensitive.

TORI
Well, can I see it?

LOUISA
What?

TORI
Your stomach. Sometimes you can see them kicking.

LOUISA
No.

MAY
What’s the problem? Just lift up your shirt.

LOUISA
I don’t walk around flashing my navel at people like some slutty pop tart.

MAY
(mocking)
Oh no, you would never do anything immoral, would you?

Louisa glares at her.
LOUISA
I heard he tried to get you the other day. Shame how that worked out. Poor child doesn’t stand a chance now.

Louisa walks off disappearing around the corner. Tori’s jaw drops open as she gives May a, "Holy shit, she did not just say that" look.

INT. POLICE STATION - MENCIA’S OFFICE - DAY

The shades are drawn in this small, cluttered office as Detective Mencia sits at his desk, pondering something...

On the other side of his desk is May, waiting...

MENCIA
So... you’re saying you no longer believe your attacker was pregnant.

MAY
It doesn’t make sense for a pregnant woman to steal a kid when she’ll have one anyway, right? It makes perfect sense if she’s faking. Whoever she’s trying to fool, she’ll need a baby somehow.

MENCIA
But why would she wear the prosthetic while attacking you?

MAY
Can you imagine if someone saw her without it? If her husband caught her going out the door, or a neighbor out late for some reason sees her and notices she doesn’t have a belly anymore. Besides, she’s wearing it all the time. She’s used to it.

Mencia stands, walks to mobile dry erase board and spins it to face them.

On it is the whole case laid out. Drew’s picture, Sarah’s picture... May’s picture, as well as photos of the crime scenes, including May’s house.

He picks up a marker and writes "Louisa Tanner" on the board, thinks for a moment, then writes "Richard Tanner" next to it.
MENCIA
Alright, I’m gonna go through everything again, taking this new information into account. But right now I don’t have enough for an arrest warrant.

MAY
Can’t you make her lift her shirt?

Mencia caps the marker, sets it down and turns to face her.

MENCIA
That would require a search warrant and we’d need probable cause.

MAY
What would give it to you?

MENCIA
Well, I’m not the judge. But based on Louisa’s statements and actions, I think proof of her false pregnancy could get us a warrant for the rest of her property.

MAY
Will you at least go there and talk to her. Maybe she’ll slip up-

MENCIA
Of course I’m doing that. But based on what you told me, she’s not going to be very cooperative, and if I can’t get any evidence on her now, we’re basically just waiting and hoping she screws up.

EXT. TANNER HOME - DAY

Detective Mencia stands on the porch stoop and rings the doorbell. He waits... listens... knocks.

The door’s yanked open and RICK TANNER (39), scruffy face, wife-beater T-shirt, can of beer in hand, squints through the screen door.

RICK
Can I help you?

MENCIA
Richard Tanner? I’m Detective Mencia with the Gunnison County

(MORE)
MENCIA (cont’d)
Police Department. I was hoping I could speak with your wife.

Rick takes a swig of beer and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

RICK
This about all them girls getting attacked?

MENCIA
Yes, it is.

RICK
She already talked to the police about that.

MENCIA
I realize that, but I haven’t spoken with her personally and as new information comes in, it’s sometimes necessary to revisit key witnesses.

Rick nods, thinking...

RICK
LOUISA! YOU GOT A VISITOR!

He takes another swig of beer.

MENCIA
Thank you. Can I come in?

RICK
Nah, she’ll be quick. She’s just upstairs.

Rick turns away from the door and looks back inside, toward the staircase, waiting.

MENCIA
Congratulations by the way.

RICK
For what?

MENCIA
Being an expectant father.
He doesn’t even bother making eye contact. Just takes another swig. Mencia continues, pretending to reminisce.

MENCIA
I remember when I first saw mine, it was on the sonogram. Doctor spreads some gel on her stomach, slides that little wand around and bam, there it is. The whole world’s different just like that.

Mencia eyes Rick through the screen door.

MENCIA
But I’m sure you know all about that by now.

RICK
Sure.

Mencia looks visibly perturbed by the lack of response.

MENCIA
And then there’s feeling ‘em kick for the first time. I used to put my ear right up to her belly cause you could here him moving around in there sometimes.
(beat)
You ever do anything like that?

Rick chuckles slightly and sips his beer, never taking his eyes off the stairs.

RICK
HEY HONEY, YOU NEED SOME HELP?

LOUISA (O.S.)
I’m comin’, I’m comin’.

Louisa appears at the top of the stairs and descends, keeping a steady grip on the banister.

RICK
You got it?

LOUISA
Yeah, I got it.

Rick tips his beer to Mencia as he heads back in the house.
RICK
Nice talkin’ with you.

MENCIA
Mmm-hmm.

Louisa arrives at the door and shoots Mencia a wide smile.

LOUISA
Can I help you?

EXT. MCGILL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Across the street, the curtains of a window rustle and part as Tori and May peek out.

INT. MCGILL HOME - LIVING ROOM

The girls watch what appears to be a pleasant conversation between Louisa and Mencia.

Behind them, Lionel, on the home computer, turns and looks at them for a beat.

LIONEL
Just an outsider’s perspective here, but if I didn’t know any better I’d say you were the ones being creepy stalkers.

Tori sticks her tongue out at him and goes back to watching.

THE GIRL’S POV - The conversation is getting more animated. Louisa appears offended and Mencia appears defensive.

TORI
What if this doesn’t work?

MAY
We handle it ourselves. I’m not living across the street from that psycho bitch without doing anything about it, I can tell you that.

TORI
Oop, there she goes.

THE GIRL’S POV - Louisa closes the door in Mencia’s face. Mencia turns and heads back to his car.

May heads for the door.
EXT. MCGILL HOME - FRONT YARD

The front door opens and May exits to the porch just as Mencia is reaching his car.

May SLAMS the door behind her...

Mencia glances up and spots her... they lock eyes for a beat, he gives her a subtle shake of the head, "No go" and gets in his car.

May frowns and looks toward the Tanner home...

...to Louisa, peeking out the window at her.

EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

May walks with purpose through the parking lot toward "Baby Matters". Tori keeps up pace just behind.

TORI
Should we go over the plan?

MAY
What plan? I’m gonna grab her shirt and yank it over her head.

TORI
Do you need me to distract her?

MAY
From what?

TORI
Maybe I could take a picture.

May stops at the door.

MAY
Okay, yeah. That’s a good idea.

May opens the door and enters. Tori follows right behind, pulling out her smartphone as she does.

INT. BABY MATTERS

A circle of chairs is already set up as Ann leads a meeting with Drew by her side.

May and Tori slip in silently like college kids late to a lecture and pull a few chairs up to the circle.
...some women find that the pain during water birth is low enough that an epidural isn’t needed.

May and Tori scan the circle for Louisa, but don’t see her.

Of course if something goes wrong, the doctors will want to move you fast, so many hospitals don’t offer water birth. You’ll want to-

Excuse me, Ann.

Yes, Tori?

Where’s Louisa today?

Ann and Drew exchange a secretive glance.

Louisa... didn’t feel comfortable here anymore. Especially with everything that’s been going on. She’ll no longer be joining us.

May and Tori exchange glances as Ann continues her lecture.

She’s not gonna let us get anywhere near her.

Tori bathes in a full tube of warm water while May sits on the closed toilet seat, applying lotion to her legs.

Tori takes a sponge and squeezes the sudsy water over her breasts and belly.

Do you think I should do a water birth? I’ve always wanted to birth naturally, but I have a low tolerance for pain.
MAY
I don’t know. It sounds kind of dangerous to me.

May squirts more lotion on her hand and rubs her thigh.

MAY
I’m gonna have horrible stretch marks. I dry out way too easy.

TORI
I heard one that if you cover Cocoa Butter or Vitamin E oil with Saran Wrap, you can just leave it there to moisturize all day.

MAY
You believe whatever new age nonsense you hear, don’t you?

Tori flicks the sponge at May, splattering her with water.

MAY
(smiles)
Bitch.

May grabs a wad of tissues and starts to dry off. As she does, she develops a far-away expression.

TORI
What’s wrong?

MAY
We’re still living across the street from Psycho Bitch, that’s what’s wrong.

TORI
We’ll be fine. Lionel only leaves to go to the store and you have the gun, which, by the way, you shouldn’t keep loaded under your pillow at night. You’re gonna have a bad dream and shoot yourself in the head.

May lifts the toilet seat and throws the wet tissues in, before grabbing a few more to dry her face.

MAY
There’s got to be another way to prove she’s not pregnant.
TORI
(sarcastic)
Ask her to pee on a stick.

May tosses the tissues away, flushes... and freezes, watching the water swirl and disappear down the bowl.

TORI
Everything okay in there?

May moves to a nearby window, pushes aside the curtain and peers out...

MAY’S POV – Louisa’s house sits right across the street.

MAY
I have an idea.

EXT. MCGILL HOME – BACKYARD – LATER

May walks to the back gate and opens it...

Thick woods crowd the area behind Tori’s house.

TORI
Will you just stop and explain this to me? How do you expect to steal her urine sample?

MAY
When I was a teen I was... troubled. One day my mom decided she wanted to drug test me without my knowledge so she emptied the water out of the upstairs toilet and turned it off so it wouldn’t flush. When I finally went to the bathroom she had a clean urine sample.

TORI
And you want to do that to Louisa?

MAY
(nods)
I can break in while they’re away, empty every toilet in the house, wait for her to pee, collect it and get out.

Tori looks exasperated.
TORI
How’re you gonna break in?

MAY
All the houses in this neighborhood are the same. I’ve seen your locks. I’ve seen mine. I can pick them.

TORI
You can?

MAY
Like I said, I was a troubled teen.

TORI
But there’s two people in that house. How’re you going to know who’s peeing where and when?

May hesitates, nervous to say it.

MAY
I’ll stay overnight. I won’t be able to sneak back out until they’re asleep anyway.

TORI
This is crazy. You want to spend the night with the person who’s trying to gut you and you can’t even be sure you’ll get what you’re after.

MAY
(agitated)
This is fight or flight right now. I will not live across the street from someone who wants to harvest me. Now if you won’t help me there’s only one other option and you know exactly what I’m talking about.

Tori bows her head in thought. May looks back to the woods.

MAY
This whole neighborhood is basically one big cul-de-sac, which means these woods are the same woods that are behind her house. Do you know a time when they normally leave together?
TORI
(defeated)
They usually go shopping on Friday
after Rick gets home from work.
You’d have about fifteen minutes in
drive time alone. But they don’t
always come back with a lot.

MAY
You can keep an eye out. And the
upstairs bathroom is visible from
your bathroom. I just need a way to
watch the downstairs.

May closes the gate and starts back toward the house.

TORI
One last thing.

May turns to Tori.

TORI
What if her husband’s in on it?
What if he’s in on it and they find
you?

MAY
(thinks it over)
I’ll bring the gun.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – LAUNDRY AREA – DAY

An impatient looking Louisa leans on a washer dryer next to
an open door looking into a darkened garage.

She looks down a short hallway with a door on either side...
it feeds into the empty kitchen

LOUISA
COME ON, WHAT’S TAKING SO LONG?

RICK (O.S.)
I JUST GOT HOME FOR CRYIN’ OUT
LOUD! CAN’T A MAN GET DRESSED?

LOUISA
I DON’T KNOW, CAN’T HE?

Rick finally comes into view, plucking his wallet off the
kitchen counter. He heads toward Louisa.
RICK
What’s with you lately? You seem to have attitude all the time.

Louisa smiles with a devious glint in her eyes.

LOUISA
I’m pregnant, I have hormones.

RICK
You’re full of shit is what you are.

They head into the garage, closing the door behind them.

INT. MCGILL HOME - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Tori watches from the window as the garage door opens at the Tanner house and a red FORD EXPLORER pulls out.

She takes out her phone and dials...

EXT. TANNER HOME - BACKYARD

May waits outside the back gate, peeking into the yard. Her phone rings and she answers.

INTERCUT MAY and TORI

MAY
Yeah?

TORI
They’re leaving now.

May opens the gate and enters the yard, closing it behind her. She sets the phone to SPEAKER as she strides toward the back door.

TORI
I was thinking, May. Maybe you should be looking for a murder weapon or something. You know, instead of collecting pee.

May reaches the sliding glass door and pulls out a BUMP KEY... a key with deeply cut, evenly spaced grooves.

MAY
She’s not going to leave a murder weapon or bloody clothes just lying around. I only have so much time.
She puts the key in the lock and takes out a screwdriver. Putting a twisting pressure on the key, she taps it twice with the driver’s handle.

The KEY TURNS and the door slides open.

MAY
I’m in.

TORI
Holy shit, really?

INT. TANNER HOUSE - KITCHEN

May enters, slides and locks the door. She turns...

...and comes face to face with a HUGE HULKING FIGURE.

She SCREAMS, jumps back... and stops...

The figure is a life-size STATUE OF JESUS, arms outstretched, head tilted and gazing upon the ceiling.

TORI (V.O.)
(on speaker)
May? May?! What is it?

MAY
(catching breath)
Jesus.

TORI (V.O.)
What is it?

MAY
Jee-sus!

TORI (V.O.)
What is it!?

MAY
Just call me when they’re coming.

May hangs up the phone and heads toward lower kitchen cabinet. She opens it, takes out a larger BOILING POT and heads toward the foyer.
INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

May ascends the stairs, turns and enters the bathroom

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

She sets the pot in the sink and starts filling it with water. Kneeling down, she turns the water valve off and flushes the toilet.

She opens a cabinet beneath the sink and pulls out a bath towel, placing it on the floor.

She opens the bowl lid... the water has stilled.

She turns the faucet off, takes the boiling pot and slowly pours it into the toilet until the water begins to force through the system.

The toilet flushes again, this time leaving just the barest amount of water in the bowl.

May soaks what’s left up with the bath towel, then tosses it in to the boiling pot.

She pulls herself to her feet, grabs the pot and leaves.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - LATER

The toilet flushes as May waits for the boiling pot to fill with water.

A BUZZING.

May answers her phone.

MAY

What?

INT. MCGILL HOME - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Tori looks out the window.

TORI

They’re home.

MAY (V.O.)

(from phone)

Already?

TORI’S POV - the red Ford Explorer approaches the house.
TORI
They’re pulling in the driveway now.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

May shoves the phone in her pocket.

MAY
Shit.

She dumps the pot of water in the toilet. It flushes and she drops to her knees with the towel, drying out the bowl.

MECHANICAL GRINDING as the garage door opens.

She exits with the towel into the...

LAUNDRY ROOM

She opens a hamper and throws the towel in.

Behind the nearby door... the sound of the garage closing.

May hurries to the door opposite the bathroom and opens it to BASEMENT STEPS.

She starts in, but one quick glance back stops her...

The boiling pot still sits in front of the toilet.

She dashes to it, grabs it and hurries down the hall...

LOUISA (O.S.)
Why didn’t you tell me you went earlier?

RICK (O.S.)
Cause you wanted spaghetti.

KITCHEN

May runs into the kitchen, hurls the pot back into the cabinet and runs back to the...

LAUNDRY AREA

LOUISA (O.S.)
I just want pasta. I don’t care about the sauce.

May reaches the basement door, disappears inside and closes it behind her leaving a DRAFT STOPPER sitting in the middle of the floor.
The door opens and Rick stomps inside, perturbed.

RICK
We were half-way there already. We should’ve just got it.

Louisa comes in behind him and slams the door shut.

LOUISA
I don’t like being in your car. It hurts my back.

She sees the draft stopper on the floor.

LOUISA
How many times have I told you to push this thing back in?

RICK
I didn’t touch it.

LOUISA
Then how is it like this?

RICK
Maybe you kicked it.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – BASEMENT

May watches in near complete darkness as the last sliver of light from the basement door is covered up.

LOUISA (O.S.)
See? How hard is that?

INT. TANNER HOUSE – KITCHEN

Louisa moves into the kitchen as Rick takes the boiling pan from the cabinet and starts filling it with water.

LOUISA
What are you doing now?

RICK
Makin’ pasta like you said.

Louisa heads toward another room.

LOUISA
I’m gonna go lay down.
RICK
Please. Saves me the trouble of havin’ to conk you out.

INT. MCGILL HOME – DINING ROOM – NIGHT

Tori greedily eats her steak and potatoes as Lionel sits across from her, eying her suspiciously.

LIONEL
Every thing okay today? You and May have been acting awfully strange.

TORI
(through food)
We’re fine.

LIONEL
You sure? You’ve spent most of the day in the bathroom and I haven’t seen May in three hours. I knocked on her door and she wouldn’t answer.

TORI
She’s probably sleeping.

On the table, Tori’s phone rings. She answers...

TORI
Yeah.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – BASEMENT

May crouches on the basement stairs near the door.

MAY
I just heard someone go in the bathroom, but I can’t tell who. Can you see from over there.

INT. MCGILL HOME – DINING ROOM

Tori stands.

TORI
(to May)
Hold on.

(to Lionel)
May needs me.
LIONEL
Needs you for what? Why’s she calling?

TORI
It’s pregnant chick stuff.

Tori exits the dining room leaving Lionel looking confused and annoyed. He leans over the table, stabs Tori’s steak with his knife and brings it to his plate.

INT. MCGILL HOME – LIVING ROOM
Tori peers out the curtains at the Tanner house.

TORI
I can’t see anything from here...
Wait...

TORI’S POV – The garage door opens and Rick comes out carrying a garbage bag.

TORI
I see Rick.

INTERCUT MAY

MAY
Alright, good. I need you to come over and ring the door bell.

TORI
Why?

MAY
Distract them. Get them both to the door and I can be out of here in five minutes.

At the window, Tori watches Rick head back inside.

TORI
Alright, hold on.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – LAUNDRY AREA
Louisa exits the bathroom just as Rick comes back in.

LOUISA
The toilet won’t flush.
RICK
I suppose you think that’s my fault.

LOUISA
Wouldn’t it be?

INT. TANNER HOUSE – BASEMENT

May tiptoes down the steps and speaks in an urgent whisper.

MAY
(into phone)
Hurry.

TORI (V.O.)
(from phone)
Just putting on my shoes.

MAY
Come bare foot, dammit.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – LAUNDRY AREA

Rick walks into the bathroom.

RICK
Alright, I’ll handle it.

Louisa hovers in the doorway. Rick goes to close the door and she stops him.

LOUISA
What’re you doing?

RICK
Takin’ a piss.

LOUISA
I just said the toilet’s broken.

RICK
And I just said I’m gonna fix it. Now get out of the way, woman.

He closes the door on her.
INT. MCGILL HOME - FOYER

Tori hurries to the door, phone still to her ear. She opens it and...

      MAY (V.O.)
      (from phone)
      Tori, wait.

      TORI
      What?

INT. TANNER HOUSE - BASEMENT

Back on the stairs, May tilts her head toward the door... the faint SOUND OF PEEING can be heard.

      MAY
      We missed it.

May hangs up, walks down the steps and yanks on a hanging string. A light bulb pops on illuminating the basement...

It’s musty and loaded with junk.

May walks to the corner, removes a damp looking box off of a dusty brown armchair and takes a seat.

INT. MCGILL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lionel and Tori lie in bed, Lionel watching TV as Tori reads a book... or pretends to read, as every few seconds her eyes flit to the window overlooking the Tanner house.

TORI’S POV - The Tanner house is dark except for the living room, where the Tanner’s own TV creates a flickering glow.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - BASEMENT

May sits in the dirty arm chair, revolver in hand and rested on her lap... sleeping.

Noise from the upstairs TV can be heard as muffled sitcom laughter makes its way through the floor boards.

A CREAKING from above than SILENCE as the TV goes off.

More CREAKING... FOOTSTEPS...

May shifts a bit in her sleep.

A BUZZING VIBRATION and May snaps awake.
A moment passes while she wakes, confused where she is. Suddenly it comes to her and she quickly digs out her phone.

    MAY
    (answering phone)
    Tori?

    TORI (V.O.)
    (from phone)
    They’re going to bed.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - LAUNDRY AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The basement door CREAKS open and May sticks her head out. Rick and Louisa’s voices can be heard, far away and indistinct. Probably upstairs.

May slips through and closes the door behind her.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

May ascends the stairs, cautious, one eye down the hall.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Rick pulls the covers up as he settles in bed. Louisa sits next to him, then stops...

    LOUISA
    Damn.

    RICK
    What?

    LOUISA
    I have to pee.

She rises to her feet again and goes to the door.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL

As May reaches the top, the door creaks open, but stops...

    LOUISA (O.S.)
    So what was wrong with the toilet?

May darts into the first door she sees...
INT. TANNER HOUSE - LINEN CLOSET

It’s a linen closet with just enough room to squeeze in.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Rick turns off his bedside light.

    RICK
    Huh?

    LOUIZA
    I said what was wrong with the toilet?

    RICK
    Oh, nothing. The water valve got shut off.

Louisa gives him a look.

    RICK
    It wasn’t me.

Louisa smirks and leaves...

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL

...down the hall, past the closet and into the bathroom.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - LINEN CLOSET

May brings her phone to her ear.

    MAY
    You still there? Can you see her?

    TORI (V.O.)
    (from phone)
    Yeah.

    MAY
    What’s she doing?

    TORI (V.O.)
    Peeing. I gotta tell you, I feel really weird right now.
INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Louisa finishes and pulls her pants up. She hits the handle to flush... nothing happens.

She frowns at it for a beat, then takes a box of tissues off the tank lid and removes it. It’s dry inside.

She looks behind the toilet and finds the water valve. She gives it a twist and water begins refilling the tank.

INT. MCGILL HOME - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

In pitch darkness with the phone to her ear, Tori peers out the window.

    TORI
    We have a problem.

    MAY (V.O.)
    (from phone)
    What?

    TORI
    She’s fixing it.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - LINEN CLOSET

May thinks... then grabs a box of detergent off the shelf.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL

May leans out the closet, throws the detergent box at the bathroom door with a loud THUNK, and slips back in.

INT. MCGILL HOME - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Tori watches Louisa slowly move toward the door.

    TORI
    Wait. She’s leaving. What’d you do?

    MAY (V.O.)
    (from phone)
    I threw a box of Tide at the door.

    TORI
    You fucking idiot.
INT. TANNER HOUSE – UPSTAIRS HALL

Louisa peeks out the bathroom door... sees the detergent box on the floor.

    LOUISA
    Rick?

No response. She exits and hastily makes her way to the bedroom. As soon as she’s out of sight, May darts out of the closet and into the bathroom, shutting and LOCKING the door behind her.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – MASTER BEDROOM

Louisa shakes an almost sleeping Rick.

    RICK
    What?

    LOUISA
    Did you just throw something at the bathroom door?

    RICK
    Would you believe me if I said no?

Louisa moves back to the door, peeks out... and draws back sharply with a fright.

    LOUISA
    Someone’s in the house.

Rick bolts up.

    RICK
    You serious?

    LOUISA
    Yes, they’re in the bathroom. Get the gun.

INT. TANNER HOUSE – UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

May fishes a tiny TUPPERWARE CONTAINER out of her pocket and removes the lid. With a grimace, she dips into the toilet bowl and comes up with it half-full of urine.

She pops the top back on-

KNOCKING on the door.
RICK (O.S.)
Someone in there?

May looks up panicked for a moment, then goes to the window and opens it.

RICK (O.S.)
Whoever’s in there better open up or I’ll shoot you dead.

Rick starts KICKING the door. May puts the phone to her ear.

MAY
You see me?

TORI (V.O.)
(from phone)
Yes.

May stretches the urine sample high out the window.

MAY
You see that?

TORI (V.O.)
Yes.

MAY
Follow it.

May releases the container...

EXT. TANNER HOME - DAY

...it falls and lands amongst the shrubs.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

May turns toward the door, reaches behind her to the revolver tucked in her waistband-

The door CRASHES open and Rick stands in the doorway, gun held forward.

He looks at her, sizing her up.

RICK
What the fuck you doin’ in here?

May stays silent, one hand raised in the air, the other behind her back clutching the handle of her gun.
RICK
Louisa!
(beat)
LOUISA!

Louisa comes to the door beside him... and sees May. Her expression turns icy.

RICK
Call the police.

Louisa nods and heads off.

Behind May’s back, her grip on the gun relaxes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

May sits at a metal table in the empty concrete room.

The door opens and Detective Mencia enters carrying a file. He reads from it as he casually walks toward her.

MENCIA
May Carver, formally May Durrett. In and out of juvy from age fifteen to seventeen. Arrested at eighteen for felony burglary and possession of stolen property. Arrested at twenty for driving under the influence and ordered to 180 days of rehab.

He sits across from her and closes the file.

MENCIA
When you first came to me I gave you the benefit of the doubt. But now... any reason I shouldn’t be looking at you for these crimes?

MAY
The piss in Louisa’s hedges.

Mencia looks confused.

MENCIA
If you think you can get out of this by going all David Lynch on me-

MAY
I broke in to steal a urine sample, to prove Louisa’s faking her
(MORE)
MAY (cont’d)
pregnancy. I dropped it out the window before Rick detained me.

MENCIA
Why didn’t you tell this to the responding officer?

MAY
Because he wouldn’t know its significance, and you do.

Mencia sighs, growing frustrated.

MENCIA
Assuming this is true, we’re right back to where we started. If it’s on her property, I can’t just walk over there and pick it up.

MAY
I know. Can I make a phone call?

Mencia mulls this over, then pulls May’s phone out of his pocket and pushes it toward her.

She grabs it and starts dialing.

MAY
You might wanna wash your hands.

She puts the phone to her ear, waits...

MAY
(into phone)
Did you get it?

EXT. TANNER HOME - SAME TIME

Tori, phone to her ear, paces on the sidewalk in front of the Tanner residence, the sun rising in the background.

TORI
Well, I had to wait for the police to leave, then Lionel was bugging me about how you got arrested-

INTERCUT MAY AND TORI

MAY
Did you get it or not?
TORI
I just went over to look and I can’t find it. I saw it fall. I saw right where it landed, but I can’t find it. Are you sure the police didn’t get it?

May looks Mencia in the eyes.

MAY
No, I don’t think the cops have it.

Mencia shakes his head in confirmation.

TORI
Then Louisa found it. I’m sorry.

MAY
(defeated)
It’s fine.

TORI
What’s going on there? Do we need to bail you out or something?

MAY
I don’t know. I’ll call when I know more.

May hangs up.

Tori puts the phone away and looks back to the bushes at the Tanner house...

Just above them, the curtains in the window part and Louisa stares out at Tori with a sharp, implicating look.

Unnerved, Tori looks away and heads back toward her house.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

May sets the phone down, disappointed.

MAY
It’s gone.

Mencia nods, looking disappointed himself.

MENCIA
This may be surprising to hear at this juncture, but you’re free to go. Louisa asked us not to press charges and indicated she would be (MORE)
MENCIA (cont’d)
an uncooperative witness if we decided to pursue them anyway.

MAY
Why would she do that?

MENCIA
She seemed worried that the threat of jail would cause you to make... an erroneous decision regarding your pregnancy.

MAY
She wants me available. If I’m in jail she can’t get to me.

MENCIA
Would you like me to press charges?

May sighs in disbelief.

MAY
No.

MENCIA
Then take my advice and do whatever it takes to extricate yourself from this situation. Because the truth is... I can’t help you any more.

EXT. POLICE STATION – DAY

Some distance from the busy station, May sits on a bench by the road, phone to her ear. The other end of the line RINGS.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
(from phone)
Women’s Health and Family Planning, how may I help you?

MAY
Hi, my name’s May Carver.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
What can I do for you today, Ms. Carver?

May shifts on the bench, anxious.

MAY
I’m uh... pregnant. Almost eight months now. And I... I’m still not (MORE)
MAY (cont’d)
sure about this, but I was... I was wondering if it would be possible for me to get an abortion.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
I see. Unfortunately our physician isn’t in yet, but if you’d like to tell me the circumstances of your pregnancy, I can relay that information and we’ll get back to you with a decision.

MAY
What do you mean by circumstances?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
How was the pregnancy conceived?

May thinks this over.

MAY
I was raped, I guess.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Are you unsure?

MAY
No... No, I’m sure. It was my husband. He wanted to. I didn’t. I guess that counts these days.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Yes, it does. Is there a specific reason you’ve waited this long?

MAY
He threatened to kill me if I tried to abort.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Is he still threatening you?

MAY
No.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Tell me about your physical health.

MAY
I’m not sick or anything.
RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Have you had any suicidal thoughts or thoughts of self-harm since becoming pregnant?

MAY
(reluctant)
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
And how about the health of the pregnancy?

MAY
What?

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Is the baby suffering from any developmental problems or genetic deformities?

May’s eyes start to water.

MAY
No. She’s healthy. It’s just-

She choking back a sob.

MAY
It’s just me.

EXT. MCGILL HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY

A Black Sedan marked "Call-a-Cab" pulls up to the McGill residence. May steps out and hands the driver some cash.

The cab pulls off as May heads up the walkway.

She stops at the door, her hand on the knob and takes a deep breath, as if dreading what comes next.

She looks up through the door’s glass insert...

MAY’S POV - ...and sees THE ATTACKER, clothed in black, knife in hand, heading up the stairs.

Her eyes go wide. She yanks on the door, but it’s locked. She pounds frantically at the door.

MAY
TORI! TORI, SHE’S IN THE HOUSE!
May runs as fast as her body will let her to the garage and comes to a security panel. She punches the code and ducks inside as the door lifts open.

**INT. MCGILL HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

May races to the kitchen counter and grabs a BUTCHER’S KNIFE from the knife block.

A SHRILL SCREAM comes from upstairs. May runs to the foyer.

**INT. MCGILL HOME - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

May bounds down the hall as Tori screams again.

MAY
LOUISA! I HAVE THE GUN!

May reaches to the door of the master bedroom. It’s LOCKED. She rams the door with her shoulder, but it doesn’t budge.

MAY
YOU HURT HER AND I’LL KILL YOU.

May takes the knife and works the blade in between the door and the jam. She jimmies it... pounds it deeper...

CLICK... the lock releases and May throws the door open...

**INT. MCGILL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM**

Tori lies near the foot of the bed, tears in her eyes and a knife in her stomach. Blood seeps through her shirt.

The Attacker is nowhere to be seen.

May steps cautiously in the room, knife held forward.

MAY
Where is she?

TORI
She ran.

May notices an open window behind Tori, curtains billowing in the breeze. She runs to it and looks out...

MAY’S POV - The window leads to the roof of the back porch. From there it’s a short drop to the grass.

May charges back to the door...
TORI

*Don’t leave me.*

She hesitates for a beat, then closes it and goes to Tori. Tori cradles her stomach, not daring to touch the knife.

TORI

It hit the baby.

MAY

You don’t know that.

May examines it, then grabs a bathrobe off the bed, tears off a strip and covers the area around the knife.

MAY

Just stay still.

**INT. HOSPITAL – HALLWAY – DAY**

DOCTORS and NURSES flit back and forth between the patient rooms in the coolly lit hallway.

May leans against the wall, wringing her hands as she waits. From down the hall, Lionel arrives in a hurry. May approaches and slaps him in anger.

MAY

Where the hell were you, Lionel?!

LIONEL

I went to the store.

MAY

With everything that’s going on, you just went to the store?

LIONEL

SHE FUCKING ASKED ME TO, ALRIGHT? You’re the one who put her on that psycho’s map.

MAY

We were always targets.

LIONEL

No, you were the target, and you had to drag her right into the-

A patient room opens and DR. WEISE (50s) enters the hall.
MAY
Wait, that’s her room.

She starts forward, but Lionel holds her back.

LIONEL
Me first.

He leaves her there, exchanges a few brief, unheard words with Dr. Weise and enters the patient room.

May catches up to the doctor.

MAY
Excuse me. I came with Tori, how is she doing?

DR. WEISE
She’s alive. In stable condition.

MAY
And her baby?

DR. WEISE
(sighs)
I’m sorry, that information’s restricted to immediate family.

MAY
But she would tell me.

DR. WEISE
Then I imagine she will shortly. If you’ll excuse me.

Dr. Weise heads down the hall leaving May frustrated.

Her PHONE RINGS. She takes it out, looks at it for a beat, then answers.

MAY
Hello?

DOCTOR BURKE
Hello. Is this May Carver speaking?

MAY
It is.

DOCTOR BURKE
This is Doctor Burke from Women’s Health and Family Planning. You called earlier and spoke to our receptionist?
May takes a deep breath and leans against the wall.

MAY

Go on.

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - LATER

Lionel opens the door and leans out.

LIONEL
Okay, she wants to talk to you.

A second later May appears in the door. She enters and Lionel exits, giving them privacy.

Tori lies in the bed looking exhausted but healthy, and still supporting a sizable baby bump.

MAY
Are you okay?
(Tori nods)
And the baby?

TORI
It’s fine. Doctor said the knife just missed my uterus.

MAY
That’s good. I bet your relieved.

TORI
(nods)
Lionel called a friend of his from across state. They said we could stay with them until the baby comes. I hate the thought of being pregnant in a strange place, but at this point it’s the only option.

May nods, looking like she wants to say something.

TORI
The doctor said I can leave today if I want. When we get home we’re gonna pack everything we can and leave right off. Lionel doesn’t want to stay in town one minute longer.

MAY
Tori... I’m not coming.
TORI
Well you can’t stay here. You don’t even have a gun anymore.

MAY
I called a clinic in Boulder. They said they’ll do the abortion. They can get me in, in about a week. I’ll ride it out in a hotel.

TORI
May, please. You don’t have to do this.

May takes her hand.

MAY
I appreciate you wanting to help, but it isn’t working. I tried.

Tori yanks her hand back.

TORI
No, you didn’t. You did everything in your power to not try.

May holds in her feelings and heads for the door.

TORI
May, wait.

She does.

TORI
I’ll adopt her. You said you couldn’t trust anyone else to take care of her? I’ll adopt her. You trust me, right?

MAY
(regretful)
I’m sorry, my decisions been made.

May exits without waiting for a response.

TORI
May, wait. May!
EXT. CARVER HOME - DAY

The "Call-a-Cab" pulls up to the house and May exits, handing money to the driver.

    MAY
    Thanks again.

She heads up the walkway.

INT. CARVER HOME - FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

The front door swings open into the dark foyer. May stands there silhouetted by the afternoon sun.

She steps in slowly, looking for anything out of sort, then closes the door behind her and heads up the stairs.

INT. CARVER HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

May marches inside, swinging the door shut behind her and goes to the closet. She rummages around and pulls out a large duffel bag.

She throws it on the bed, goes to her dresser and starts piling clothes in the bag. Once full, she moves to a bedside end table and rips the drawer right out.

Kneeling, she feels for something in the back... and pulls out SMALL BLACK HANDLE with some masking tape.

She discards the tape and presses a button on the handle...

A SWITCHBLADE springs out.

She pushes the blade back in, zips up her duffel bag and hoists it out the door.

INT. CARVER HOME - FOYER

Coming down the stairs, a FRAMED PHOTO catches her eye...

In the picture, May and Peter lie on the sands of a tropical beach, appearing to be happy.

May yanks the picture down and lets it shatter on the step.
EXT. CARVER HOME – MOMENTS LATER

The Carver’s garage door opens and a RED STATION WAGON backs quickly out of the driveway. It SCREECHES to a halt then fires off down the road.

One moment later, a parked GRAY SEDAN with a Jesus Fish decal fires to life and pulls off in pursuit.

INT./EXT. STATION WAGON/ROUTE 50 – DAY

The Wagon travels on a lightly trafficked commercial road.

May drives. No radio. Just a solid stare ahead. She checks her rearview mirror...

The Gray Sedan follows. It’s the only car behind her.

She looks at it, concerned, but keeps driving.

She passes a road on the left... continues... then makes a sharp turn into the parking lot of a convenience store.

The Gray Sedan flies by... it’s TAILLIGHTS spring on.

May loops the car around to exit the lot, clicks on her turn signal and waits, watching the Sedan.

The Sedan pulls into a parking lot, turns around and stops again at the lot’s exit.

Both cars wait for a moment, noses pointed to the road.

May turns back the way she came... The Sedan pulls out to follow her.

The Wagon travels for a bit, then takes the last missed turn... The Sedan takes it too.

May watches her company in the rearview mirror, and let’s out a shuddered breath, her mind racing... thinking.

EXT. ROUTE 50 – EVENING

The sun sets on the horizon as May’s Wagon drives through a heavily commercial strip.

The Wagon pulls right into the parking lot of a diner.

The Sedan pulls left into a fill station and to a pump.
EXT. MABEL’S COUNTRY DINER – MOMENTS LATER

May walks calmly from her car to the diner’s entrance, giving the Sedan only a fleeting glance.

INT. MABEL’S COUNTRY DINER

A WAITRESS (20s) doubling as a hostess greets May.

   WAITRESS
   Welcome to Mabel’s. Just one?

   MAY
   Yeah. Can I sit over here?

May moves right past her to a booth near the front windows and sits, eyes out the window.

The Waitress sets a menu down.

   WAITRESS
   Can I start you off with something to drink?

   MAY
   Just water.

The Waitress moves on as May continues scoping out the gas station across the street.

MAY’S POV – The Sedan sits partially obscured by the pump. The pump’s nozzle and gas tank are visible. But only the hand of the car’s occupant can be seen squeezing the handle.

The Waitress brings by a glass of ice water.

   WAITRESS
   Ready to order?

   MAY
   Not quite.

The Waitress heads off.

MAY’S POV – The occupant’s hand takes the nozzle out, places it back on the pump and screws the gas cap on. The occupant peeks around the side of the pump revealing...

...Louisa, staring at the diner.

May’s gaze snaps toward the table, holds for a moment, then looks back out the window.
MAY’S POV - The Sedan pulls away from the pump and parks at the accompanying Mini-Mart. Louisa heads inside, but not before glancing over her shoulder at the diner again.

May leans back, thinking... then pulls out her phone and dials "411".

MAY
Can I have the number for a Rick Tanner from Gunnison, Colorado? ...You can connect me directly.

(beat)
Mr. Tanner, are you there? This is May Carver, the woman who broke into your house last night. I’m sure by now you think I’m stalking your wife, but I promise you it’s the exact opposite. You might be interested to know that Louisa has been following me across the state for the past two hours. If I were you I’d call her and encourage her to come home because, Mr. Tanner, you will not like what happens if she catches up to me.

May hangs up and takes a sip of water, eyes out the window.

INT. STATION WAGON(MOVING) - NIGHT

A long stretch of dark, empty highway rolls past. A road sign slides by reading "Next Services - 18 miles".

May looks in the rearview...

The Sedan, seen only by its headlights, follows from afar.

May looks to the clock radio... "9:38pm".

She looks back in the rearview, sizing the situation up...

and slams on the gas.

The speed gauge shoots quickly from 65mph to 70 to 80.

EXT. ROUTE 285 INTERSECTION

May’s Wagon approaches the intersection, Louisa’s Sedan just a pinprick in the night, and swings into the turn with screeching tires.
INT. SEDAN

Louisa leans forward to see as the Sedan speeds along. She slows as she reaches the intersection, makes the turn...

...and SLAMS on the breaks.

The Sedan stops just feet away from May’s Wagon, parked in the road, all lights off.

Louisa shifts to park and cranes to see inside the Wagon.

The door FLIES OPEN and Louisa is ripped from the car.

EXT. ROUTE 285 INTERSECTION

May shoves Louisa face down into the dirt road.

MAY
You think you can corner me out here, bitch? You have no idea who you’re fucking with.

LOUISA
(scared)
Don’t hurt me.

May pulls out the SWITCHBLADE, ejects the blade and presses it to the back of Louisa’s neck.

MAY
If you don’t want to get hurt, then leave me alone.

LOUISA
I can’t.

MAY
Why not?

LOUISA
(starts sobbing)
Because I know you’re going to kill your baby.

May’s not buying it.

LOUISA
You’re murdering an innocent child and condemning yourself to hell.
MAY
And you’d like to have her instead?

LOUISA
If you wanted to give her to me,
I’d be glad to take her-

MAY
Fuck you, you psycho cunt. I know
exactly what you’re doing.

May pulls out her smartphone.

MAY
Show me your belly.

LOUISA
No.

MAY
Why not?

LOUISA
It’s an immodesty before the eyes
of God.

MAY
Cut the crap.

May tries to turn her over, Louisa curls into a ball,
hugging her belly desperately.

LOUISA
Stop! Stop!

May yanks at Louisa’s arms violently, attempting to wrench
them away from her body.

Louisa’s screams grow shrill with absolute panic.

LOUISA
PLEASE, NO! PLEASE, NO!

The force of it jolts May to stop. She takes in Louisa
beneath her, now looking like a terrified hurt animal, and
gives up her struggle.

Frustrated, May charges to the Sedan, STABS the front tire,
then moves to the back and SLASHES a gash in another one.

She comes back to Louisa and holds the knife to her throat.
MAY
If I see you anywhere down the road, I’ll stab you in the throat, you understand?

Louisa nods tearfully.

May storms back to her car, gets in and pulls away, leaving Louisa crying in the dirt.

INT. STATION WAGON(MOVING) – NIGHT

May drives fast into the night. Glancing in the rearview...

...she sees nothing but darkness.

She lets out a deep shaky breath and shudders, a load of adrenaline releasing from her body.

She takes a couple breaths, calming down, then suddenly looks to her belly, feeling movement.

She sets her hand on her stomach and rubs it.

MAY
(soothing)
Shhh, it’s okay... It’s okay, calm down. It’s over.

EXT. WOMEN’S HEALTH AND FAMILY PLANNING – DAY

A nondescript building lightly concealed by a line a trees. About 20ft from the door, a man sits on a lawn chair with a sign stuck in the ground next to him reading, "Blessed is the fruit of your womb!"

Parked across the street is the Station Wagon, and inside, May looking at the building with uncertainty.

She finally exits the car, but stays near it, rooted to the ground beneath her.

FEMALE STRANGER (O.S.)
Excuse me, Ma’am?

May turns to see a FEMALE STRANGER (50s), a gentle, compassionate way about her.

FEMALE STRANGER
Do you mind if I...?

She holds her arms out, an intent to embrace. May does nothing stop her.
The Stranger wraps her arms around May, awkwardly at first.

    FEMALE STRANGER
    You looked like you needed a hug.

May relaxes, even returning the embrace a bit.

    FEMALE STRANGER
    You don’t have to do this. I know you’re scared, but please don’t hurt your baby.

A wave of grief washes over May. Tears flood her eyes and she buries her face in the Stranger’s neck, weeping.

May grips tighter as the Stranger rubs her back in a soothing, almost motherly way.

**EXT. MCGILL HOME - FRONT YARD - DAY**

TWO CARS sit in the McGill’s driveway. A light wind rustles the trees and scrapes dry leaves across the pavement.

SUPERIMPOSED: "TWO WEEKS LATER"

May’s Station Wagon flies past, BREAKS, then backs up an parks near the end of the driveway.

May gets out... her belly bump is gone and some of the excess weight already appears to be coming off.

She trots up to the door, throwing an odd glance at the cars that shouldn’t be there.

**INT. MCGILL HOME - FOYER**

The door bell RINGS... then RINGS again... KNOCKING.

Finally, the door opens a crack and May peeks her head in.

    MAY
    Hello?

May enters, closes the door and heads down the hall.

**INT. MCGILL HOME - KITCHEN**

She enters the kitchen and immediately notices the sliding back door open.

She moves to it slowly... step by step... reaches for it...
Lionel stumbles through the door and May scream. Lionel jolts back and nearly falls over. He catches himself in the door with the hand not holding a beer.

LIONEL
(clearly drunk)
Oh. Hey, May.

He stumbles in, chucks the empty beer can in the sink, then grabs another cold one from the fridge.

MAY
Lionel, what the hell are you doing here?

LIONEL
Tori was getting antsy. She wanted to come home.

He cracks open the beer a gulps down a swig.

MAY
So you did?! You can’t just let her come back. You’re putting her in danger. You’re putting the baby in danger.

LIONEL
I’m putting a baby in danger? You know you look real good, May. Lost a lot of weight. What’s your secret?

MAY
(sharp)
I gave birth, Lionel.

Lionel falls silent. He sits on a stool by the island counter and takes a swig of beer.

LIONEL
Well, congratulations. Where is it?

MAY
At the hospital. I didn’t wanna bring her home until I got things squared away. I need to talk to you, sober preferably, and I need to talk to Tori. She upstairs?

LIONEL
She went for a walk.
MAY
Lionel, what the fuck! How can you-

LIONEL
We were fighting, okay? We had a huge fight and she walked out.

MAY
About what?

LIONEL
I don’t even know.

He takes a swig of beer and sets it down.

LIONEL
We’re gonna get divorced.

May looks stricken.

MAY
What? What do you mean? Have you talked about that?

LIONEL
No, but I can tell.

MAY
You’re about to have a baby, you can’t be talking about divorce right now. It’s unacceptable.

LIONEL
Every single day is a new shit storm. You didn’t see it when you were here. She’s different with others. I don’t see how adding a screaming infant to the situation is gonna make things easier for us.

May takes a seat in the stool beside Lionel.

MAY
Lionel, whatever she’s going through right now is just cause she’s freaking out. She’s been through so much. You have too.

Lionel takes a drink.

LIONEL
(dismissive)
What have I been through?
MAY
The abortion. The stillbirth?

Lionel looks at her oddly.

MAY
Tori told me. She said not to mention it to you. That it’s hard for you to talk about.

LIONEL
Well, yeah. It’s hard. But that’s because I have no idea what you’re talking about... Tori never had a stillbirth.

INT. MCGILL HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

May storms into the room and goes straight to the bed. She gets to her knees and pulls out the large plastic container.

She rips the lid off and starts tearing through the clothes as Lionel comes in behind.

LIONEL
May, slow down. What exactly did Tori tell you.

MAY
She said she lost a pregnancy in the last trimester. She said you two named it Jared and even had funeral service.

Lionel looks completely puzzled, and a little wary of May.

May finally finds the shoebox and opens it. She pulls out the stack of letters and hands them to Lionel.

MAY
She said she wrote these while she was pregnant.

Lionel flips through them while May pulls out the sonogram.

MAY
And this was her sonogram from twenty-nine weeks.

Lionel takes it and studies it. He notices a small colored medical tab on the corner, and peels it off...

Underneath is a date... "09/07/15"
LIONEL
This isn’t hers. Look at the date.
(he shows her)
She was in second trimester of this pregnancy then.

MAY
Could she have gotten it confused?

Lionel looks at it again, shaking his head.

LIONEL
What else is in that box?

May pulls out the envelope reading "Mount Olive Cemetery". Lionel snatches it from her and opens it, producing a single sheet of two-fold paper.

MAY
What is it?

LIONEL
It’s a burial form.

May stands and looks over his shoulder.

On the form, the name "Jared McGill" is filled out. The only other writing on the sheet is a series of numbers in the "Location" box reading "Lat: 38.5468 Long: -106.9448".

MAY
What is that?

LIONEL
It’s GPS coordinates.

Lionel pulls out his smartphone.

MAY
What are you doing?

LIONEL
I’m searching them.

Lionel types furiously on his phone...

ON SCREEN: A map loads with a red pinpoint somewhere in the state of Colorado.

LIONEL
Okay. It’s in the state.

May waits patiently as Lionel pinches and taps to zoom in.
LIONEL
It’s Gunnison...
(furrows brow)
It’s in this neighborhood.

He stops. His jaw drops at what he sees.

LIONEL
Holy shit.

MAY
What?

He looks at her, face turning pale.

LIONEL
It’s in the woods behind the house.

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The McGill’s back gate swings open and May charges through carrying two shovels. Lionel lags behind, phone in hand.

LIONEL
I think we should wait to ask Tori.

MAY
No.

LIONEL
There might be an explanation.

MAY
Just tell me where I’m going.

LIONEL
It’s straight ahead, but GPS isn’t that exact. We could be digging for hours and not-

He nearly bumps into May, who’s stopped dead in her tracks.

Before them, a single flower rests on a small smooth stone. Painted on it in red is a heart with the words, "My Love".

May approaches it, carefully lifts the stone and sets it aside, then pushes a shovel into Lionel’s chest.

MAY
Start digging.

They start. Lionel digs reluctantly, treating each clutch of dirt as if it weighed a ton, while May flings it aside as fast as possible.
She sinks the spade and stops...

Peeking out of the dirt is a TINY DECAYED HUMAN HAND.

Lionel looks down in horror as May throws the shovel aside and uncovers dirt by hand.

LIONEL
May, stop... It’s evidence now.

May claws away a final clump of dirt, then becomes still as she and Lionel take in what’s been revealed...

LIONEL
Christ. Someone caved its head in?

MAY
It’s not caved in, it never formed.

She looks to Lionel.

MAY
This is Drew Chamber’s baby.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - DAY

The hall eerily still. The bathroom door closed.

A toilet FLUSHES... a FAUCET RUNS...

Louisa exits the bathroom, heads down the hall and turns into the master bedroom.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

Louisa stands in front of the mirror on her vanity dresser and removes her shirt...

Besides her bra, there is the unnatural, plastic-looking belly and the straps that support it.

She pulls off one velcro strap after another. The PREGNANCY SUPPORT BELT falls away, but the belly it supports remains.

Louisa pinches the side of her stomach and begins to pull away a WET PLASTIC FILM... Saran Wrap coated with Vitamin E oil, or Cocoa Butter. Great for stretch marks.

Behind her... the closet door swings silently open... The Attacker slips out, stun gun ready...
EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE HOUSE - DAY

Lionel pukes behind a tree as May stoops to address him.

MAY
When did you say she left?

He shakes his head, unable to answer.

MAY
What was she wearing?

LIONEL
Uh... I don’t know. Walking clothes.

MAY
What color?

LIONEL
Uh, black shirt, black pants.

May’s eyes go wide and she SPRINTS away... going around the side of the McGill’s fence.

EXT. MCGILL HOME - FRONT YARD

May comes around the front yard, makes a beeline to her car and tears open the passenger door.

She rummages in the glove compartment... and pulls out the SWITCHBLADE, springing the blade into action.

May runs across the street...

EXT. TANNER HOME - FRONT YARD

...to the Tanner’s front door.

MAY
LOUISA!

May tries the door, but it’s locked.

MAY
LOUISA!

She peers in a window, but sees nothing. She runs off, heading to the side of the house.
EXT. TANNER HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

May crashes through the back gate and sprints to the house.

MAY

TORI!

She grabs the door handle and slides it open with ease.

The sound of CRYING stops her cold at the door. It’s the high steady wail of a BABY CRYING.

She hesitates, building courage, then steps inside...

INT. TANNER HOUSE - KITCHEN

She enters the empty kitchen.

MAY

Louisa?

The only response is the BABY’S WAIL. May pushes forward...

INT. TANNER HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The CRYING is even louder now as May reaches the top step. She continues down the hall, toward the source, knife held forward and shaking.

INT. TANNER HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM

May rounds the corner into the room and immediately falls back into the wall, a tremor running through her.

Before her, Tori stands above the unconscious, blood drenched body of Louisa. In Tori’s arms, a BLOODY NEWBORN wrapped in a bath towel.

Tori cradle’s the infant attempting to soothe it, seemingly oblivious to May’s presence.

The baby quiets, its cry turning to a GENTLE COO.

TORI

I think someone wants to say hi.
Say, "Hi, May".

May hyperventilates and collapses to the floor, her legs to weak to hold her.

The Baby coos again as Tori cleans its face with the towel.

May notices the STEAK KNIFE on the window sill behind Tori.
Tori pays no mind as she playfully rubs the Baby’s stomach with her finger.

MAY
Tori... put her down.

Tori shoots May an ice cold glare, challenging.

TORI
Just cause yours was easy to give up doesn’t mean mine will be easy to take.

May shakes her head, sobbing.

MAY
I didn’t... I didn’t do it. I kept the baby.

Tori’s expression changes, a bit warmer... and interested.

MAY
I kept her because... because...

May looks at the blood speckled and obviously unhinged Tori.

MAY
Because I was gonna give her to YOU!

The baby starts to fuss as May’s head falls to her chest.

MAY
Oh God. I was gonna give her to you.

Tori smiles, an essential piece of reality clearly missing.

TORI
You still can.

May looks up, like those are fighting words, and finds the strength to rise to her feet.

MAY
Lionel and I just dug up Drew’s baby. He’s calling the police. You aren’t going anywhere with that child.

Tori’s calm demeanor changes to one of quiet desperation.
TORI
Lionel knows?

May nods. Tori shakes her head and tears flood to her eyes as she looks back to the child. She rocks the child gently in her arms.

TORI
Can I say goodbye, at least.

MAY
(snaps)
SHE’S NOT YOU’RE FUCKING BABY! Now put her down!

The baby WAILS again while Tori grows quiet, resigned.

TORI
It’s a he.

Tori walks forward to the bed and places the crying baby down. She rubs his belly again.

TORI
Shhh... it’s okay.

The baby quiets. Tori turns and heads back to her corner. May immediately fills the gap between Tori and baby. She looks to the child, examining it for injury.

Behind her, Tori picks up the knife from the window sill. May turns and sees. She raises her own knife defensively.

MAY
Tori, don’t make me hurt you.

Tori lends May a heartbreakingly desperate look...

TORI
Please protect my baby.

...then plunges the knife into her own neck.

MAY
NO!

May lunges for her just as Tori withdraws the knife and stabs herself again. May tears the knife from her grasp and chucks it aside as they fall to the floor.

The Baby cries in the background as May tries in vain to cover the wound with her hands.
INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

On a waiting couch, May and Lionel sit side by side in a state of shock. Lionel’s head buried in his hands and May staring blankly into space.

A door opens down the hall and May looks to see...

Rick Tanner exit a patient room holding his newborn. May stands and walks to him as he sits in a lounge chair.

MAY
Mr. Tanner-

RICK
(not looking up)
Go away.

MAY
Is Louisa okay?

RICK
She’s alive... Now go away.

It’s enough for her. She turns and heads back to her seat just in time for Dr. Weise to approach them.

DR. WEISE
Mr. McGill?

Lionel looks up, but is unable to speak. Dr. Weise sits down beside him. May lays a hand on Lionel’s shoulder.

DR. WEISE
First, though we did everything we could, your wife lost too much blood and the injuries were too severe for us to save her.

Lionel nods. This part was expected.

LIONEL
And the baby?

Dr. Weise takes a moment to proceed.

DR. WEISE
Mr. McGill, did you ever accompany your wife to any of her sonograms.

LIONEL
Uh, no actually. I wanted to. I was supposed to be there for the first (MORE)
LIONEL (cont’d)
one, but I had a family emergency
and she went without me. She was
real angry and told me not to
bother coming to any of them. I
thought it was just talk, but every
time she’d have an appointment
she’d remind me of it.

DR. WEISE
I’m not sure the right way to put
this so I’m going to be blunt...
Your wife was never pregnant.

What?  What?

LIONEL

MAY

DR. WEISE
Your wife suffered from a
condition, most commonly seen in
animals, but it happens in people
too, called pseudocyesis. It’s when
the body believes it’s pregnant but
it’s not. All the usual symptoms of
pregnancy present, but there’s
simply no baby.

MAY
How wasn’t this caught?

DR. WEISE
It was caught. I made a call to
Tori’s general physician. She had
been informed of the false
pregnancy during that very first
session. Furthermore, when we
treated her a couple weeks ago we
informed her again.

Lionel simmers.

LIONEL
Why the hell was I not informed?

DR. WEISE
She requested to inform you
herself. Doctor patient privilege
disallowed me from revealing
anything on my own.

Lionel can barely believe what he’s hearing.
LIONEL
She was lying to me?

DR. WEISE
She was lying to herself. Usually notifying the patient of the condition is enough to end the symptoms. I’m not a psychologist, but based on her actions it would appear that she wanted the delusion. Half of her time was spent believing she was pregnant, and the other half of her time was spent actively supporting the delusion.

Lionel stays silent for a long beat. May tears up, seeing how devastated he is.

LIONEL
There was really never any baby?

DR. WEISE
I’m sorry.

Dr. Weise leaves and May sits.

MAY
I’m sorry.

No response from a catatonic-looking Lionel.

MAY
I know this isn’t the right time, but I don’t know when else I could ask... The thing I wanted to talk you about. Well, it still-

Lionel stands and walks off, a blank expression on his face.

MAY
Lionel, where are you-

LIONEL
FUCKING Bitch!

He tears a bulletin board off the wall and hurls it towards an enclosed glass case, SHATTERING it.

LIONEL
STUPID FUCKING Bitch!

FOUR ORDERLIES rush the scene as Lionel demolishes everything in sight in a blind rage.
May grabs her purse and quickly leaves, unable to watch as the Orderlies struggle to restrain Lionel.

**EXT. LAKESIDE PARK – DAY**

Next to a shimmering lake in a large deserted park, May sits on a bench facing the water. In front of her, a baby stroller holds DORA, her sleeping little girl.

May gently rolls the stroller back and forth with her foot. She gazes past Dora, to the rippling water, seeming almost hypnotized by the refracted light that plays off it.

Dora wakes and fusses a bit.

**MAY**

It’s okay, baby. It won’t be long.

As she continues to admire the lake’s surface, SOMEONE approaches from behind and rounds the bench...

...Drew Chambers sits down next to May. She looks non-plused to be there, but softens a bit upon seeing Dora.

**DREW**

So it’s true. You did keep her.

**MAY**

Life’s a crapshoot. I decided to give her a chance.

**DREW**

Whatever happens to her, it’s not by luck.

May nods, and seems to consider something silently.

**MAY**

Before I called you I talked to Ann, and some of the girls. I wanted to confirm a feeling I had about you.

**DREW**

Which is?

**MAY**

That you’re a natural born mother.

Drew bites her lip, holding back tears.
DREW
That’s a cruel compliment.

MAY
It doesn’t have to be. See I know you’re right. Every single thing I do effects her. And I don’t have the faintest clue where to start. If I’m gonna give her this shot, I wanna load the dice.

Drew scrutinizes her as May builds to her next thought.

MAY
So I was wondering... I was hoping you might want to adopt my daughter.

Drew looks blindsided. Her eyes dart between May and Dora, trying to catch up with situation.

MAY
I know well enough that having a child doesn’t make someone a mother. And I’m not that person. Not yet at least. But you? You want it. You’re ready for it. You’re a mother without a child.

Drew looks to Dora in a clear moment of longing before pulling it back some.

DREW
You can’t just say this, May. You have to mean it. It has to be serious.

MAY
I’m very serious. I’ve been in contact with an agency that deals with direct adoptions. I told them about you. They’ll want to meet with you of course, but they said if you were even half of what I said you were, they didn’t think placement would be a problem.

Drew’s eyes well with tears as she starts to accept the reality of the situation.

DREW
You’re sure you want it to be me?
MAY
I didn’t change my mind over night, but the things you said stayed with me. You’re the reason she’s here.

Drew wipes away tears, now fully crying.

DREW
Can I hold her?

MAY
Of course.

May lifts Dora out of the stroller and hands her to Drew. Drew cradles her, becoming completely enthralled with the child in a matter of seconds.

DREW
What’s her name?

MAY
Dora.

DREW
Aww... That’s a pretty name.

MAY
It means ‘gift’.

Drew turns to May with a look of eternal gratefulness.

DREW
Thank you.

May smiles. Nods. Drew turns back to Dora and May watches them together for a bit.

MAY
I’ll let you get to know her.

May stands, takes one last look at mother and daughter, and walks toward the lake.

At the edge of the water, she kicks off her shoes and wades in ankle deep. The wind kicks up.

She shuts her eyes and smiles as the breeze washes over her. Looking, for the first time, completely happy and at peace.

FADE OUT