Sectioned

by Gary Rowlands INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - DAY

Bright and airy.

SUSAN HOPE, nineteen, in the early stages of childbirth winces as she experiences a mild contraction.

NURSE Fredericks, 38, a heavy-set woman with a kind face brings in a huge bouquet of flowers.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Got some flowers from Mr. Wrong for you.

SUSAN

(smiles)

Hey! That's the father of my baby you're talking about.

Nurse Fredericks hands the flowers over.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Beats me what you see in that loser.

Susan ponders this for barely a nanosecond.

SUSAN

Gee. Let me see. Maybe it's his stunning good looks. Or his fantastic sense of humor. Not forgetting his huge cock of course.

The two women look at each other then crack up.

SUSAN

Did I mention he's filthy rich too?

NURSE FREDERICKS

Everyone knows that... even his wife and kids!

Susan shrugs. Smells the flowers. Mmmm...

NURSE FREDERICKS

So you knew he was married?

SUSAN

Hard not to. He's one of the most high profile men in the country.

Susan sees a small envelope attached to the bouquet. She smiles as she tears it open.

NURSE FREDERICKS
You know what they say honey.
Behind every great man...

Susan reads the card. Suddenly, shudders.

NURSE FREDERICKS (checks her watch)
That another contraction?

Susan, too emotional to speak, shakes her head "NO".

NURSE FREDERICKS
Looks like we're in for a long
night. Think I'll grab a coffee.
You need anything you just go
ahead 'n' holler.

She exits.

Susan, stares at the card. It reads: 'GOODBYE'.

Beat.

She rips it to shreds.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Clinic Manager, FRANK CARLISLE, small, fat, bald, prepares what looks like adoption papers as Nurse Fredericks pours herself a cup of coffee.

CARLISLE

Hope you haven't been upsetting our mom-to-be?

NURSE FREDERICKS

Who me?

Carlisle pours himself a Jack Daniels.

CARLISLE

Just remember anything happens to that baby and we kiss a hundred grand goodbye.

NURSE FREDERICKS
Nothing's gonna happen. I've
delivered more babies than you've
had hot dinners.

She stares at his rotund figure.

NURSE FREDERICKS Well, maybe not that many.

Carlisle gives her a look.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Besides, we still get a cool half a mil hush money courtesy of the baby's daddy whatever happens.

CARLISLE

Yeah. Last thing he wants is another expensive paternity suit. Last one cost him over two million.

NURSE FREDERICKS
Is that's what this is for him? A Goddamn cost saving exercise?!

CARLISLE

Pretty much.

NURSE FREDERICKS
I thought he was trying to
protect his wife not his fortune.

She shakes her head.

NURSE FREDERICKS Cheap bastard's just like my ex.

Carlisle shrugs, takes a sip of his JD.

CARLISLE

I just hope we don't have to make a phone call this time.

Fredericks raises her cup.

NURSE FREDERICKS

(sly grin) Here's hopin'.

We hear Susan groan. Fredericks has a huge grin on her face.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Music to my ears.

She slowly drains her cup then goes to Susan's aid. Carlisle watches her leave. Shakes his head.

INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Susan winces from a contraction. Fredericks sits on the end of the bed, holds her hand.

NURSE FREDERICKS Honey, you okay? Want me to get you somethin' for the pain?

Uh-uh. This baby's all I've got. I wanna treasure the moment. Last thing I want is to be all drugged up.

She gently pats her stomach. Smiles contentedly.

Fredericks slaps her five.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Way to go girl. (Smiles)

All three of my boys were born just as mother nature intended.

Susan is wide-eyed.

SUSAN

Six months I've been laid up here and only now do I find out you've got kids! Shit, I never even knew you were married!

Fredericks's face falls for a split second.

NURSE FREDERICKS

I ain't. Not anymore. Little gold digger by the name of Melissa saw to that.

Susan looks in to her eyes. Sees her pain.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Gave my boys a half-sister and me a lifetime of loneliness.

She fights back the tears.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Fifteen years I stood by that man. Watched as he climbed the pro ranks. Soon as he took the title he took my kids.

Susan's eyes are full of empathy.

NURSE FREDERICKS

(ironic smile)

I got me a title too. Undisputed chump of the world... Sucker punched by the man I loved.

Susan holds her hand. Nurse Fredericks snatches it away. Gets up. Leaves the room.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

No sign of Carlisle as Nurse Fredericks pours herself another coffee. Reads a magazine.

We hear Susan shriek and groan in pure agony.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Oh God. Somebody please help me!

Carlisle comes back in to the room.

CARLISLE

How's she doing?

We hear a desperate, ear piercing scream.

SUSAN (O.S.)

AAARGH! The pain. The pain! I can't stand it!

NURSE FREDERICKS

(sips her coffee)
In a little pain I think.

CARLISLE

Well don't just sit there. Do something.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Already on it.

She checks her look in a mirror, then strolls as casual as can be towards the maternity suite.

Carlisle looks anxious as he pours himself another drink.

INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Susan thrashes about on the bed. Nurse Fredericks slowly enters. She has something concealed behind her back.

NURSE FREDERICKS

How ya doin' honey?

SUSAN

Screw mother nature. I need something for the pain NOW!

Nurse Fredericks produces the biggest needle imaginable from behind her back.

NURSE FREDERICKS

You sure?

Susan recoils at the size of it. Hesitates. Nods.

Yes.

She hurriedly throws herself on her side and lifts her nightdress then--

--winces from another agonizing contraction.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Positive?

Susan groans

SUSAN

Yes! Yes! Just hurry the hell up.

Nurse Fredericks smirks as she administers the epidural.

INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Fredericks checks the baby's heart rate on the monitor. Examines Susan.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Why, honey. You only about a quarter the way dilated. You got a long ways to go.

(Shakes her head)
All that fuss about nothin'.

Susan flips her the finger as she leaves the room.

SUSAN

Bitch.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A cheap table lamp illuminates the room. Nurse Fredericks dozes in a chair. Ear plugs in her ears. Carlisle shakes her awake.

CARLISLE

Wake up! Wake up!

We hear Susan scream even louder than before.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Make it stop. Please. Make it go away. Oh God...

Nurse Fredericks opens her eyes.

CARLISLE

Something's wrong. The epidural's not--

NURSE FREDERICKS

What epidural?

CARLISLE

Buy you gave... I saw--

She shakes her head.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Saline... Just saline.

CARLISLE

What the hell's wrong with you?

NURSE FREDERICKS

She'll think twice before opening her legs for another married man that's for sure.

Carlisle grabs her out of the chair.

CARLISLE

Crazy bitch. Get in there now and fix it or so help me I'll...

He shoves her out of the office.

INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Susan lays exhausted and barely conscious. Nurse Fredericks checks the baby's heart rate on the monitor.

NURSE FREDERICKS

(yells)

Frank! Get in here now!

Carlisle charges in, bottle of Jack Daniels still in hand.

CARLISLE

What is it?

NURSE FREDERICKS

Baby's distressed. We need to do an emergency section NOW!

Susan sits up. Weak and barely coherent.

SUSAN

No. No... Please...

Carlisle is froze with fear.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Move it damn it. This baby dies.

You die.

Carlisle snaps out of it.

CARLISLE

We need to put her under.

He looks for something to put Susan out.

Nurse Fredericks lands a vicious uppercut on Susan's jaw almost lifting her off the bed as it knocks her clean out.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Done.

She glances at the monitor - the baby's heart rate weakens by the second. She Snatches the bottle of JD from Carlisle's grasp.

CARLISLE

Hey!

Fredericks looks him straight in the eye as she takes a big swig. Then quickly lifts Susan's nightdress exposing her stomach/pelvic area.

She pours the alcohol over Susan's stomach.

CARLISLE

What the?

He lunges forward. Nurse Fredericks snarls at him. Crash! She smashes the bottle over a metal trolley. Holds the bottle in front of his face.

NURSE FREDERICKS
Back the fuck up. Or the only
thing I'll be delivering is your
intestines all over the Goddamn
floor.

Carlisle steps back.

Nurse Fredericks makes an ugly incision with the jagged end of the broken bottle across Susan's pelvic area..

Carlisle looks away in horror.

NURSE FREDERICKS
Trust me, I know what I'm
doin'... Besides, if it's a boy
we can call him Jack!

She grins as Carlisle throws his hand over his mouth and hurries out of the room.

INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Nurse Fredericks checks the newly delivered baby girl over then wipes her down.

Carlisle enters. Big smile. Pats Nurse Fredericks on the back.

CARLISTE

Well done. I knew you could do...

Something in a stainless steel bowl catches his eye.

CARLISLE

W... Wh... What's that?

He moves closer. Sees a pile of flesh.

CARLISLE

Is that..?

(moves closer)

... please tell me that's the afterbir..? Oh Jesus!

His face is gripped in terror. He turns away. Looks directly at Nurse Fredericks.

CARLISLE

You've hacked out her womb!

Nurse Fredericks shrugs.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Looked cancerous.

CARLISLE

You sick, twisted, bitch!

He grabs the baby from Nurse Fredericks and storms out.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Hey! Where you goin'? We got work to do.

INT. PRIVATE MATERNITY SUITE - LATER

Susan is still unconscious. Fredericks and Carlisle lift her out of the bed and in to a wheel chair.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Fredericks wheels Susan along the corridor, in to another room.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dull, drab, gray room with bars on the window. The only furniture - a bed with restraints attached.

Fredericks and Carlisle lift Susan on to the bed.

CARLITSLE

(re: restraints)

What about these?

FREDERICKS

Nah, this lightweight ain't gonna give us no trouble.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Susan begins to stir. Carlisle, dressed in a white coat, leans over her.

SUSAN

My baby? Where's my baby?

Carlisle strokes her face.

CARLISLE

Sshh. There is no baby. Never was...

Susan glances around the room at the unfamiliar surroundings. Sees the bars on the window.

CARLISLE

... You're a patient at a privately owned institution for the mentally ill. Been here two years.

SUSAN

Where's my baby? I want my baby? Please give me my baby.

CARLISLE

Listen to me. You are not and never have been pregnant.

Susan pulls up her gown and despite the intense pain rips at her dressing and reveals an ugly, jagged wound.

Blood starts to seep from it.

SUSAN

Then what the fuck is this?

CARLISLE

Self-inflicted I'm afraid.

Susan stares at him in disbelief.

CARLISLE

You're not the first patient suffering from a phantom pregnancy to give themselves a section.

NURSE FREDERICKS Any fool can see it's not the work of a professional!

Susan shakes her head. NO! NO! NO!

CARLISTE

You get some rest.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Carlisle picks up the phone, dials. Nurse Fredericks at his side.

NURSE FREDERICKS D'ya think she bought it?

CARLISLE

I hope so for her sake. Or this won't be the only call I'll be making today.

(Into phone)

Ah, Tom. Congratulations! You're now the proud father of a beautiful little girl... Yes. That's right. Seven pounds exactly... No. Sorry. Cash only.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Susan sobs softly. Nurse Fredericks enters.

SUSAN

If this is all some figment of my imagination then what's this...

She pulls back the bedclothes. We see a damp stain on her nightdress over her breast.

SUSAN

... phantom milk?!

Nurse Fredericks is lost for words.

NURSE FREDERICKS

I uh... uh... It happens sometimes.

Bullshit. Give me my baby. I want my baby. NOW!

NURSE FREDERICKS

Look - There is no baby. Never was. She never existed. How many more ti...

SUSAN

She?! I had a girl?!

NURSE FREDERICKS

I... uh...

Susan screams hysterically.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Whoa. Whoa. Calm down.

SUSAN

Give me my baby. Get my daughter this instant or so help me I'll...

NURSE FREDERICKS

Okay. Okay. I'll go and fetch her for you.

Nurse Fredericks scurries out of the room.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlisle puts the phone down just as Fredericks bursts in.

CARLISLE

What the hell's going on in there?

NURSE FREDERICKS

She ain't buying it.

CARLISLE

Well, keep working on her.

NURSE FREDERICKS

She knows... You need to make the call.

Carlisle kicks a chair over in temper.

CARLISLE

Fuck!

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nurse Fredericks comes in holding a small bundle wrapped in a blanket.

Susan holds out her arms. Smiles.

SUSAN

Give her to me. Let me hold her.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Sshh. She's sleeping. You'll wake her.

Susan chokes back the tears. Nurse Fredericks gets ready to hand the bundle over.

NURSE FREDERICKS

Careful now.

She deliberately drops the bundle.

SUSAN

My baby!

Susan tries to catch her baby. Misses. The bundle slowly crashes to the floor with a sickening thud. Susan leans out of the bed tries to gather the bundle up.

SUSAN

My baby! My baby!

Nurse Fredericks pulls a syringe from her pocket and injects Susan in the neck.

Susan barely notices as she desperately gathers the bundle up off the floor. She pulls back the blanket and sees the eyes of a doll looking up at her.

Drowsy, Susan flops back down on the bed. The doll at her side.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Carlisle picks up the phone. Fredericks looks on.

CARLISLE

(into phone)

Mr. Pattel? It's Frank. We got a live one.

(Laughs)

Twitcher? No. No. This one's alive and well... Yeah. Ten thousand. Same as last time.

Carlisle puts the phone down.

CARLITSLE

Kid's on his way.

NURSE FREDERICKS Good. Hopefully he'll make less mess this time. Took me ages cleaning all that blood off the walls.

CARLISLE

Give the kid a break. One day he'll be a top brain surgeon like his old man.

NURSE FREDERICKS Good. Maybe then he'll be able to afford a cleaner.

She walks off in a huff.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Susan begins to come round as Nurse Fredericks preps her for surgery.

NURSE FREDERICKS

(holds up syringe)
This here's a muscle relaxant.
Causes temporary paralysis. This
way I don't have to knock you
out. Means you won't miss the
show. Got a ringside seat to your
own lobotomy.

Susan eyes are full of fear. Nurse Fredericks relishes every second as she slowly moves the sharp point of the syringe towards her.

NURSE FREDERICKS
Course you won't be able to call
out or scream in pain... Oh,
you'll feel the pain. Just won't
be able to do anything about it.

Susan fumbles for something to use as a weapon.

The point of the syringe is only inches away.

Susan grabs hold of the doll's leg. Picks it up. Swings it. Thwack! She smashes Fredericks in the face with it.

Fredericks stumbles back. Stunned. Susan grabs hold of Fredericks's hand and thrusts the syringe in to her stomach.

Fredericks's face registers the full horror of what has happened as she flops on to the bed.

Susan cries out in pain as she clambers out of the bed. She clutches her wound. Winces.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Susan, dressed in Nurse Fredericks's uniform, watches through a crack in the door as TOM, 50, a creepy looking guy, hands Carlisle a huge wad of money.

ТО№

A hundred grand just like we agreed.

Susan's POV - Tom slyly licks the baby's face in a sick, seductive fashion while Carlisle counts the cash.

Susan gasps in horror. Stifles a cry.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Carlisle shows Tom and his new baby "daughter" out.

A young, bespectacled Asian boy, no more than thirteen, bounces in clutching a small medical bag.

CARLISLE

Ah, Imran. Go straight through.

Imran nods.

CARLISLE

You take care Tom. Hope you and your wife enjoy your new daughter.

MOT

Oh we will.

(Smiles at baby)

Trust me. She's going to give me a great deal of pleasure.

Susan slips out of a side door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tom hurries down the street to a waiting limo, baby in his arms. Susan winces in agony as she flounders after him. Blood seeps through her uniform.

SUSAN

Sir... Sir... Tom!

Tom turns around.

Mr. Carlisle needs you back at the office.

Tom looks her up and down. Susan discreetly covers the blood stain with her hand.

SUSAN

Needs you to sign something.
(Big smile)
Make it all nice and local

Make it all nice and legal...

Tom sighs.

SUSAN

It's okay. I'll take her.

Susan holds out her arms. Tom snubs her and stomps back towards the clinic. Susan looks desperate. Unsure what to do.

The baby suddenly starts to cry. Tom reluctantly hands the baby over.

MOT

Wait here.

Susan smiles as she gazes at her baby.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - SAMETIME

Unable to scream, Nurse Fredericks's face is etched in fear as Imran, wearing a surgical mask and gown, approaches clutching a scalpel.

INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - MOMENTS LATER

Susan holds her baby. Gently kisses her forehead.

Through the rear windshield we see Carlisle and Tom race out in to the street. Searching everywhere for Susan and her baby.

FADE OUT