

INFERTILITY

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

DOUG and SARA JOHNSON, an attractive couple in their mid-thirties, lie naked under the covers in their brass bed. The spacious bedroom is elegantly decorated in earthy tones. Music by Chuck Mangione plays on a nearby stereo.

Sara reads a pregnancy test then disappointedly drops it onto the nightstand. Doug is rolling a joint.

SARA

Damn. Doug, this makes no sense. I stopped taking the pill almost two years ago, what's wrong with us?

DOUG

Sara, it's probably just stress. No big deal, we'll just keep trying. Why should we rush into parenthood anyway? We've seen what happens to couples after they have kids. They practically never touch each other again.

SARA

We've been fucking each other silly since college, who cares if sex takes a back seat for awhile. We have great careers, a beautiful home, and we just passed our five-year wedding anniversary. Several years from now we'll be in our forties, for heaven's sake. I want to become a mother before it's too late.

Doug takes a couple of puffs off his joint then offers it to Sara. She waves it away.

SARA

Come on hon, you know we need to cut down on this stuff. It could be hurting our ability to conceive.

DOUG

Oh, plenty of people smoke pot and they have litters of kids. Don't be such a drag.

SARA

I'm not a drag, you're just not taking this seriously.

Sara turns away from Doug. He puts down the joint and moves closer to her, gliding his hand up and down her body. She turns toward him. They giggle and begin making love.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Doug and Sara walk through the supermarket. Sara pushes a shopping cart and gazes intently at women with babies and small children while Doug rolls his eyes upon seeing a small boy throw a tantrum near his frazzled parents.

SARA

Look at her in the stroller over there, isn't she precious?

Doug says nothing as they reach the personal aids aisle. Sara grabs a pregnancy test off the shelf and looks at it.

SARA

Here's hoping.

Doug grabs a bottle of K-Y Intense Lubricant from the shelf and tosses it into their cart.

DOUG

Here's to having fun trying.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A used pregnancy test hits the bottom of a waste can. Sara paces the floor of the bedroom. Doug is lying in bed with his hands behind his head.

SARA

I can't believe it. We get it on at least four times a week. What could be the problem?

DOUG

Well if you ask me, getting it on every night would be better.

SARA

Every night?! Aren't you exhausted? I know I am.

DOUG

You want to increase our chances
don't you? Or don't you like sex
anymore?

SARA

Of course I like sex, I'm just
tired, that's all. We have sex all
the time then I take that stupid
test every month and I'm still not
pregnant.

DOUG

Well how often do you think we'll
have sex once a baby comes?
Probably almost never. So we might
as well kill two birds and enjoy
having it anytime while we're
trying to conceive.

Sara takes a deep breath then climbs into bed. She throws
her arms and legs open.

SARA

Fine, you'd better knock me up
this time.

DOUG

I'll do my best.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Doug arrives home carrying his shoulder case. The large
living room is elegantly decorated in beiges and reds.
Seconds later, Sara walks into the room and begins to
unbutton his shirt.

SARA

Every night for one month. Think
you can handle that?

DOUG

We've met, right?

Doug kisses Sara's chest and lifts her skirt as they move
on to the sofa.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug is buttoning his shirt cuffs when Sara, wearing a
bra and skirt, emerges from the bathroom and grabs his
crotch.

SARA

And every day for a month.

DOUG

That's the chick I married.

Still half-dressed, they move on to the bed.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Sara is exiting the office of her gynecologist, DR. LINDA THOMAS. She is about 50 years old. The nameplate outside the door bears her full title.

INSERT - DR. LINDA THOMAS, OBSTETRICS & GYNECOLOGY

SARA

Thanks Dr. Thomas. I'm so relieved to know I'm still fertile.

DR. THOMAS

Me too. Bye bye Sara, say hello to your husband Doug for me.

DR. BERNARD, 45, is walking by and suddenly looks up.

SARA

I will. He said he was sorry he couldn't make it in with me today.

Dr. Thomas closes her door. Dr. Bernard addresses Sara.

DR. BERNARD

Excuse me, are you by chance Sara Johnson, married to Doug Johnson?

SARA

Yes I am.

DR. BERNARD

Hello, I'm Dr. Bernard. I performed your husband's vasectomy a couple of years ago. When I met him to schedule his operation he mentioned that you were also visiting your doctor for more birth control pills. I trust that's no longer an issue. How's everything working out?

Sara stares stiffly at Dr. Bernard then finally speaks.

SARA

It's working great, thank you.

Sara turns and walks out of the building.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Doug arrives home. He sets down his shoulder case and cocks his head to one side. Marvin Gay's "Let's Get It On" is coming from the bedroom stereo. Doug saunters playfully toward the sound.

INT. BEDROOM

Doug enters the bedroom to find Sara sitting on the bed dressed in lacy lingerie and holding several long silk scarves. A small pail of ice sits on the nightstand.

SARA

Glad you're home. I thought we'd mix it up a bit tonight. Like you said, we have to keep trying. Get undressed and come here, baby.

Doug removes his clothes and smiles slyly as he moves toward the bed. Sara stands up and takes his hand.

SARA

Lie down on your back, baby.

Doug lies down on the bed. Sara ties his wrists and ankles to the head and foot rails of the brass bed with the scarves.

She leans in close as if about to kiss him then holds up a wide piece of duct tape just above his mouth.

DOUG

What the hell?

SARA

Oh, I met Dr. Bernard today. He basically told me I have a baby already.

Before he can answer, Sara tapes Doug's mouth then takes the small pail of ice from the nightstand and slowly dumps it over his naked crotch. He cries out, his voice muffled.

Sara walks to the bedroom closet, throws on a long coat, grabs two suitcases, then turns to her husband.

SARA

Goodbye Doug. If you can't free
yourself, that's okay, just keep
trying.

Doug squirms and pulls hard against his shackles as Sara
exits. After struggling for a time, his body goes limp.

FADE OUT.

THE END