

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I would've done anything...

He begins SHIVERING convulsively.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I came back... I came back...

She battles to form the incision all down David's abdomen. The work of cutting David seems to lend her renewed strength.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Because... I see you, Maggie... I see you.

He goes silent. She works the knife down through his navel. It's a godawful mess.

MARGARET  
David... *David*. Keep talking...

He's motionless. His eyes empty.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Tell me... how much... you love me... how much you've done for me...

Quiet.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
David. *David!*

He's dead. A beat as Margaret takes this in.

Then, a SUDDEN URGENCY. She doesn't have much time.

She discards the knife and leans in, touching the wound with her right hand, pressing her fingertips into the gash, burrowing them inside. Her HOARSE, LABORED BREATHING mixes with the MOIST SOUNDS of her digits penetrating David's belly.

After some digging, Margaret is knuckle-deep. She gives a couple of good pulls to the right, opening the wound some. Then she digs in with her left hand. Soon she's got a strong, two-handed grip on either side of the expanding wound.

She stops, holding onto the walls of the cut. She rests her head on David's chest, closes her eyes, summoning the will.

She sits up and JERKS THE WOUND WIDE OPEN, SCREAMING as she does so. It opens readily.

She stops. Now the wound looks like a HUGE, GAPING MAW.

**BABY BEN - REFERENCE ONLY**

She DIVES IN, POSSESSED, maniacally extracting ENTRAILS and tossing them into a moist pile on the carpet.

She's CLOSE. She can feel it. She's a MACHINE, clearing the guts. She GRUNTS; she gnashes her teeth. She's not recognizably human any more.

Up to her elbows, she TEARS at a BULGING, SWOLLEN THING, splitting it open, peeling the layers, gaining access.

Progress. Progress. Margaret clears a bloody pathway.

Then she HALTS. She sees something.

She sits up, retracts her coated hands. Her face softens. A vague sense of wonder. Something ILLUMINATES her face dimly and warmly from below.

Margaret's eyes glisten and fill with IMMENSE PRIDE.

A little smile. Her face is quite still, yet water GUSHES from her eyes, carving skinny pathways through the drying blood on her cheeks. Her rasping voice is barely audible.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Hey, you.

CUT TO: OH shot. Margaret kneels over David's body, splayed open, surrounded by miscellaneous viscera.

In the chasm in David's middle lies a THREE WEEK-OLD BABY BOY, asleep. He's all bloody, and he's MISSING TWO FINGERS from his right hand, but he's breathing and resting calmly. Looking damn good, all things considered.

Margaret marvels at her boy, every inch the loving mother.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Nice to see you again.

Margaret leans in and collects the baby from David's body.

She holds him close. He fusses a little bit, wakes up.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

I saved you. I saved you.

She lovingly tends to her baby son. Blood pours down her back. The sounds of the street faintly audible in the distance.

FADE OUT.

## BABY BEN - REFERENCE ONLY

97.

142      INT. ABBIE'S ROOM - DAY      142

Abbie finishes packing a bag. LUGGAGE and BOXES sits on the floor. She looks at the bags, her room, nervous. She's done.

She collects herself, walks into the hallway.

143      INT. HALLWAY / KITCHEN / MARGARET'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS      143

Abbie pauses. SOUNDS of activity in the kitchen.

MAN (O.S.)

Abbie?

ABBIE

Yeah.

Abbie enters the kitchen. Peter is there, wearing an apron that says 'World's Okayest Cook', preparing food clumsily.

PETER

Can you ask your mom how many eggs she wants in her omelette?

ABBIE

Sure.

Abbie turns to leave.

PETER

Sure you don't want any? Going to be scrumptious!

ABBIE

No, thanks.

Abbie heads down the hall to her mother's bedroom. She enters, stands near the doorway.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Mom.

ANGLE ON: Margaret sits in a comfortable chair. She holds a sleeping Ben, smartly dressed in a onesie and little hat.

Margaret's face and arms are covered in BRUISES and SCRATCHES. She sits up awkwardly, her breathing strenuous. The BANDAGE over the stitches in her back juts out from under her collar. She looks tired, but content.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

I'm all packed.

**BABY BEN - REFERENCE ONLY**

MARGARET  
(smiles)  
Okay, smidgen.

Her voice is gravely and soft due to the injuries. Abbie hovers, seems to want to say something more.

ABBIE  
Um, Peter wants to know how many  
eggs you want.

MARGARET  
Do you want to hold him?

ABBIE  
Okay.

Abbie walks to Margaret, collects Ben. She stands, holding him a bit awkwardly. He wakes partially, squirms a little.

ABBIE (CONT'D)  
Hey, little fatass. Hey, you.

Abbie touches his nose, cheeks. He reaches up with his right hand and wraps his three remaining fingers around her finger.

ABBIE (CONT'D)  
(whispered shout)  
The claw! *The claaaaw!*

Margaret smiles.

ABBIE (CONT'D)  
Mom. I--

PETER (O.S.)  
All you guys have is mozzarella! Is  
that okay? I guess it'll have to be...

Margaret rolls her eyes at the silly man. Abbie smiles.

MARGARET  
What is it?

ABBIE  
I, well... I want you to know. I  
don't feel scared anymore. You made  
everything okay. So I'm not scared.

MARGARET  
(gratified)  
C'mere.

Abbie approaches.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Closer.

Margaret makes a fist, KISSES it. Then she gently rubs the fist into Abbie's cheek, punching her with the kiss.

ABBIE

Thanks, mom.

Margaret is happy. She watches Abbie bounce Ben. It's perfect.

DOLLY IN on Margaret's face. Her expression is one of love and contentment. Then a flash of consternation in her eyes. A touch of distant panic, as if something in the very back of her mind is softly knocking on the door, trying to tell her something, but she can't quite grasp it.

Awareness seeps into Margaret's consciousness. Her eyes widen. Something frightening, or something glorious. Overwhelming.

Margaret inhales and HOLDS HER BREATH.

CUT TO BLACK