

PRIOR COMPLICATIONS

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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

High above the copy and paste homes all is quiet. Every house dark. Lightless. Except one.

A corner of the house pulsates with a small, red glow. A faint HEARTBEAT flutters. The red glow and flutter match rhythms. The house gets closer. The HEARTBEAT gets louder. The red glow pulses faster.

Closer. Louder. Faster. The HEARTBEAT becomes leathery, sporadic, like the flutter of BATWINGS. Closer-louder-faster. Closerlouderfaster.

INT. SANTOS HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Three windows offer a view into the moonlit backyard. A dim light above the oven illuminates the room. A magnetic knife rack holds multiple knives. A cross hangs on one wall. A analog clock hangs on another.

BATWINGS flutter, uncomfortably loud.

MICHAEL SANTOS, 29, Filipino, a nervous wreck, wearing Pajamas looks out a kitchen window. His sweaty face pressing against the glass leaves smears of moisture. Panicky he moves from window to window and back again, scanning the sky.

BATWINGS fade into the distance.

Michael's sigh of relief fogs the glass. He puts his ear to the window.

The CLOCK ticks. Michael breathes, shallow and quick. He sucks in sharply. Holds it. Listens. It's quiet.

He pulls away from the window. Shakes his head and laughs.

MICHAEL

Tsk. Scared by a freaking drone.  
Some brave Papa you are.

He walks to the sink. Wets his face. The back of his neck.

Outside the window, a large shadow passes over the moonlit lawn.

Michael, unaware, dries his face with a dish towel. He hangs it through the refrigerator door handle. His movements slow. He looks at a twelve month calendar held to the refrigerator by a Mother Mary magnet. Several months worth of days are X'd out. Written two months after the last X are the words "DUE DATE."

Michael lets out an anxious sigh. He takes a deep breath.

A heavy THUD on the roof startles him. Above, SCURRYING.

Michael stares at the ceiling. Eyes tracking the sound.

A woman screams from another part of the house. Michael jumps. He snatches a red-handled chef's knife off the rack and runs out of the kitchen.

INT. SANTOS HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness.

The door bursts open. Michael's silhouette holds the chef's knife at the ready.

A whimper in the dark.

MICHAEL

Where is it?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(whispering)

It's... coming.

Michael's trembling hand flicks on the light switch.

A queen sized bed flanked by a pair of nightstands takes up most of the room. A bureau is set against a wall. The single window's curtain drawn tight. On the bed, DENISE SANTOS, 27, Filipino, thirty-two weeks pregnant, hair plastered to her face with sweat grips the sheets.

DENISE

Don't just stand there! The baby,  
it's...

Denise lets out a long moan.

Michael drops the red-handled knife on the floor and dashes to the bed. He takes her hand.

On the sheet, between her legs, a splotch of red blooms. Michael lifts the sheet.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What do you see?

Michael drops the sheet. He swallows hard.

MICHAEL

A foot. Fuck.

He stands and makes for the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Not again. Not again. Not again.

His barefoot steps on something with a SQUISH. He stumbles and looks to see what it could be.

A finger pokes up through a seam in the hardwood floor.

Michael steps away. The finger uses the seam to follow him. He tries to stomp on it. Misses. With its long, sharp nail, the finger scratches the bottom of his foot. He stomps again and hits his target. He grinds and twists, breaking off the fingernail. The injured digit withdraws below the floor. Michael drops to his knees, picks up the broken nail like a trophy, and leans down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Not again! You hear me!

Denise screams in agony.

Still on his knees, Michael's head jerks up.

Flesh oozes and drips from the corners of the ceiling. Globbs of skin push out around the light sockets. Up through the seams of the floor. Clumps of long black hair and meat push out of the AC vent and fall to the floor with wet thumps. Everywhere the foul flesh emerges oily water stains blossom and spread.

On the floor, gooey drippings gather and congeal like drops of mercury. A slender arm takes shape. The index finger has no nail. Near the arm, an outline of a huge batwing forms.

Michael locks eyes with Denise. Her face contorts in pain. Michael rushes to her side.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'm going to try to turn the baby.  
Like we saw the doctor's do. Okay?

DENISE  
Hurry.

Michael pulls back the bedsheet. Lifts Denise's bloody nightgown. Puts his hands on the top of her bulging stomach and gently probes.

Behind him, a head with wild black hair slowly descends. The neck stretches like taffy from the AC vent above.

Michael's hands stop.

MICHAEL

The head.

He smiles and looks at Denise, reassuringly. Michael shifts his position. Leaving one hand on top, he puts his other hand near the bottom of her stomach. He pushes clockwise. Slow and gentle.

Denise gasps but recovers. He keeps pushing.

DENISE

The baby's moving.

Denise winces and moans loudly.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Too fast. That hurts. Stop. Stop!

Michael raises his hands. Denise grabs a pillow and screams into it.

Long, sharp fingernails lightly brush the back of Michael's neck. His focus on Denise, Michael absently swats it away. A hand grabs his. Throws him to the floor. He tries to stand. A huge leathery batwing pins him down.

HALF-WOMAN, 40s, Filipino, long black hair, smug with power, her legless, naked upper torso is held aloft by two large batwings. She smiles, toothless, and opens her mouth wide. Her tongue, thin and needlelike, extends toward him.

Michael croaks out a scream.

Half-woman turns to Denise. Denise cries into a pillow. Half-woman caresses Denise's bulging belly, slow and gentle.

Her proboscis scrapes along Denise's skin. It finds the bellybutton. She rears her head back and plunges.

Michael flails but the wing holds fast. Then, he sees it. The red-handled chef's knife.

A trickle of blood slowly travels up Half-woman's transparent tongue-needle.

Denise moans and writhes.

Michael's fingers reach toward the blade of the knife. He spins it, slicing his finger. The knife handle comes close. He grabs it.

Half-woman's eyes are all white as she makes quiet SUCKING NOISES. Drool drips out of the corners of her mouth.

Her pupils return. Face twists in pain as she hisses. Half-woman's tongue dislodges from Denise's navel.

Michael slashes at the bleeding leathery wing. Half-woman stumbles and falls to the floor with a heavy thud. He dives at her. Slices. The knife cuts cleanly through the thin, hollow tongue. Her SCREECH of pain an ear-splitting combination of bat noises and human screams. Her good wing slaps Michael onto the bed. He turns. Knife out.

MICHAEL

Go. Leave us alone!

Denise groans. Michael chances a look.

Denise's stomach wavers like a roiling ocean.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It's turning.

Michael drops the knife. He positions himself between Denise's legs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I see the head. I need you to push,  
Honey. Push!

Denise bears down and pushes. She screams.

EXT. SANTOS HOME - BACKYARD - DAWN

A covered grill is the only thing in an otherwise empty yard. The sun peeks over the horizon. Bird's CHIRP and SING, ready to start the day. A newborn's cry joins the chorus.

INT. SANTOS HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Michael and Denise are alone in the room. All evidence of the Half-woman's horrible presence gone. He holds a swaddled baby and looks at Denise.

MICHAEL

You did it.

Denise grins, exhausted.

DENISE

We did it.

Michael lets that sink in. He looks at his child, his own personal miracle, with a smile. Tears of joy and relief run down his face.