

HOME BIRTH

by Gisela Catalina

First autumn morning, the mirror I stare into, shows my father's face.

Characters

GEORGE: 30's, soon to be father.

SARAH: 30's, George's wife, very pregnant.

JO: 50's, The midwife, she's been doing this for years

Setting

The living room of a suburban home. There's a front door and a mirror near the entryway. A couch that has been pushed off to the side to make room for an inflatable birthing tub.

Time

Early 1990's.

Note

Content warning: infanticide.

Lights up on GEORGE and Sarah's living room. There's an inflatable bath in the middle of the room. Sarah paces back and forth. GEORGE sits on the couch that has been pushed off to the side..

GEORGE: What is taking her so long?

SARAH: Honey, relax, she's on her way.

SARAH experiences a contraction and reacts. GEORGE jumps up to support her and checks his watch.

GEORGE: That's 5 minutes between contractions now. Where is the midwife?

Lights shift, it's sinister and so is SARAH.

SARAH: The baby is coming for you.

GEORGE: What?

There's a knock at the door. Lights shift back.

SARAH: That must be Jo, let her in.

GEORGE: Oh, right.

GEORGE goes to open the door, as he does he passes a large mirror by the entryway. His reflection shows a man in 1970's era clothing, he does not notice. He opens the door. JO enters.

JO: Hi George, how are we doing?

GEORGE: Better now that you're here.

Lights shift, it's sinister again.

JO: Time to usher in your downfall.

GEORGE: Excuse me?

Lights shift back.

JO: I said it's time to usher in your child.

SARAH experiences another contraction. JO runs over to her.

JO: How far apart are your contractions?

SARAH: We were at 5 minutes but I think they're coming faster. George?

GEORGE: Uh yeah we're down to 3 minutes.

JO: Ok this baby is coming! Let's get you in the tub, I'm gonna go get changed real quick. George, come help us.

They help SARAH into the tub. JO exits the room.

SARAH: Honey, you're as white as a sheet. Don't pass out on me now. I need you.

GEORGE: I'm fine. It's just, I don't want to fuck this up. I don't want to fuck our kid up.

SARAH: Hey, it's gonna be ok. You're not your father. You're a good man, and you're going to be a wonderful dad.

GEORGE: I'm so lucky to have you. I love you.

SARAH: I love you too.

JO enters again wearing scrubs.

JO: Alright, how we doing mama?

SARAH: Ready to—gah

Another contraction, this one is stronger.

JO: Time to push!

Lights shift, sinister vibes. It's almost demonic.

SARAH: Your son is coming.

JO: Prepare to meet your end.

GEORGE: What the fuck?

SARAH: Your ruin.

JO: Your undoing.

SARAH: He will suck you dry.

JO: Take everything.

JO pulls a screaming baby out of SARAH.

JO: Behold, your annihilation!

SARAH: You must fall for him to rise.

GEORGE grabs the baby from JO's hands and begins to strangle it.

GEORGE: No!

Lights shift back to normal. JO tries to pry GEORGE off the baby.

JO: George! Stop!

SARAH: Oh my god! What are you doing?

Like coming out of a trance, GEORGE lets go of the baby. JO begins resuscitation.

JO: Call 911!

SARAH: Why, George? Why?

GEORGE stumbles to a mirror on the wall. Looking back at him is the man in 1970's clothing. His reflection laughs at him.

GEORGE: Oh god, what have I become?

Lights out.