

IT'S A...

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. MATERNITY WARD RECEPTION - DAY**

Devoid of life, except for the TV screen on the wall.

On the TV a panic stricken NEWSCASTER points to the sky.  
Above him a massive fiery meteor hurtles towards the ground.

NEWSCASTER  
...impact within the hour.

Behind the Newscaster people run, the direction irrelevant as there's no escape.

**INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY**

Sheets are strewn across the deserted ward, chairs overturned and monitors BEEP and PING to themselves.

The sound of SOBBING emanates from within the nearby...

**INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Two women sit on the side of the examination bed. ANNE, 30s, and ready to pop. Despite her late stage pregnancy, she's dressed in conservative maternity attire, ready for a business meeting.

Next to her, SARAH, 19, eyes red and puffy, sobbing subsiding. She's only just starting to show, a small bulge pushes her T-shirt up slightly over her jeans.

Anne pats Sarah's hand.

SARAH  
...there is no plus side.

ANNE  
Sorry, that came out all wrong.

She pats Sarah's hand.

ANNE  
I guess I meant that we don't have  
to see them go too.

SARAH  
Now I'll never know though.

ANNE  
Know what?

SARAH  
If it's a boy or a girl.

ANNE  
What did you want?

SARAH  
I don't mind, long as it's  
health...

She trails off.

After a moment of silence Anne picks up the thread.

ANNE  
This was going to be a boy... Ben.

She pats her own bump.

ANNE  
An architect or Doctor. Maybe  
something el --

SARAH  
I lied.

Anne raises an eyebrow.

SARAH  
I want... wanted, a girl. A dancer.

ANNE  
Like you?

Sarah nods.

ANNE  
Come on, up you get then.

SARAH  
What?

ANNE  
On the bed, let's see what it is.

Anne slips down from the bed.

SARAH  
Can you do that?

Anne points at the ultrasound machine.

ANNE

My mum was a nurse, it's not too hard.

Sarah climbs onto the bed, and looks to Anne.

Anne nods.

Sarah slides her jeans down and her T-shirt up a bit more.

Anne moves behind the scanner, screen turned towards herself, not Sarah.

ANNE

Okay, squirt some of this on your tummy and press the scanner down.

Anne hands her some lube and the scanner. Sarah does as asked as Anne ducks her head behind the screen and peers at it.

ANNE

Down a little... Bit more. Oh yes, that's it... I see it... it's a beautiful girl.

Sarah drops the scanner, sobs through a radiant smile and mouths 'Thank you' at Anne.

Anne turns back to the scanner and the completely blank screen.

Her own tears coming freely.