

LUMP

Written by

Leah Newsom

Inspired by the medieval epic *The King of Tars*

INT. DOULA'S MOTORHOME - DAY

INGRID — early 30's, weary with pregnancy exhaustion, too soft for this place — lies atop a pull-out dining table in an ancient motorhome. She is very pregnant, with a bleach-spotted beach towel bunched up between her stomach and her groin. She holds her knees back by hooking her arms through her legs.

The DOULA — gristled, calloused, dressed more like an auto mechanic than a healthcare worker — conducts Ingrid's cervical exam.

SUPER: The Excised Land, 2140

She leans over Ingrid's legs, finding the right angle. It is strange: both clinical and intimate.

DOULA

Breathe.

Ingrid winces. A sharp inhale.

DOULA (CONT'D)

There it is.

The doula feels for something difficult to find. When she finally does find it, she shakes her head.

DOULA (CONT'D)

Nope.

INGRID

No?

DOULA

Sorry.

The doula slips her gloved hand out of Ingrid's vagina. A SLAP sound as she slips off the glove and flings it into the trash. Ingrid drops her head onto the table, defeated.

EXT. DOULA'S MOTORHOME - DAY

The motor home door SLAMS behind Ingrid and the doula. The sun is blazing. A circle of similarly out-of-time motorhomes with more dusty women milling about. An oil drum fire pit. Two women, sweating through their clothes, play a card game near the fire. It is at least 100 degrees out.

DOULA

You could probably make it in time
if you left now.

Ingrid pulls her keys out of her pocket.

INGRID

I'm not going anywhere.

DOULA

I'm just saying. The border
wouldn't give you a hard time,
considering. Plus, hospitals over
there have soap. And doctors.

INGRID

Why would I need a doctor when I
have you?

DOULA

Just talk to your scientist about
it, alright?

Ingrid climbs into her truck, and on the third turn of the
ignition, the engine rumbles to life.

INT. INGRID'S TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Endless dirt roads through an endless desert. In the
distance, mountains. The side of the road is littered with
cactus skeletons.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)

Three arrested west of the former
municipality of Phoenix. The
investigation is ongoing. Suspects
were found with stolen rations on
their persons.

Static cuts through. The broadcast is interrupted by a
screeching followed by a flurry of tapping and beeping. Morse
code?

Ingrid slams the dash, turning off the radio, and
accidentally swerves into the oncoming traffic lane. She
swerves back. Panting, she tries to take a deep breath to
slow her panic. The road ahead crawls to the horizon.

INT. CAT HOUSE - EVENING

Her house is ramshackle. A single room with bakers racks and cheap appliances, a large mop sink, a mattress, a couple of folding chairs, and a brand new, shining and adorned crib.

The tea kettle SCREAMS. Ingrid dumps a cloudy ziplock bag full of dried flowers into a mason jar. She pours the hot water over the flowers and SMASHES the kettle against the hot plate, accidentally spilling some water on the floor.

INGRID

No, no, no.

She bends down to scoop it up. She realizes it is hopeless and laboriously stands back up, unbalanced by her big belly.

The front door swings open and SEAN blunders in. He is already talking, as though they are in the middle of a conversation.

SEAN

The filter was jammed, so I had to take the whole system apart just to get to it.

Ingrid sits in one of the folding chairs and blows on her hot tea. He passes her, toward the toilet closet. He talks while PISSING LOUDLY.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I cleaned it all out. Then when I went to pack everything up and come back, I saw the fence was cut.

INGRID

Cut?

Sean returns, zipping and buttoning his pants.

SEAN

Like someone took bolt-cutters to it. You can lift a whole section up and walk right in.

INGRID

Does that have something to do with the water system?

SEAN

I'm not sure.

He kneels down at Ingrid's knees and puts his hands on her stomach.