

**INT. EXAM ROOM - RIVERSIDE WELLNESS CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

DR. SIMMONS (male, 54), stands behind the two Orderlies, who have backed Rachel into a corner. She screams at them:

RACHEL  
*GET AWAY FROM ME! I REFUSE  
TREATMENT! I REFUSE TREATMENT!*

The Orderlies move in on her, but Dr. Simmons calls them back:

**START →** DR. SIMMONS  
Fellas. It's fine. We're talking.  
(to Rachel)  
Hi Rachel. I'm Dr. Simmons. I want you to know, these men are not going to hurt you; I'm not going to hurt you. I'm your doctor. Do you understand? I'm on your side.

RACHEL  
You think I'm nuts.

DR. SIMMONS  
No I don't. I don't think anybody's nuts. That's why I got into mental health to begin with.

With the Orderlies not looming over her, Rachel relaxes a bit.

RACHEL  
I don't need a doctor.

DR. SIMMONS  
And what do you need?

Rachel doesn't answer, not wanting to sound crazy.

DR. SIMMONS  
Don't want to talk? Okay. I'll tell you what I need. I need to give you a physical and check the baby's vitals real quick, then you can get settled in your room and decompress a little. So the sooner we get this over with the sooner we can get you comfortable, okay?

RACHEL  
You don't understand. The last doctor who did that ended up going insane and killing themselves.

DR. SIMMONS

Amber told us all about Dr. Fern and I understand your concern, but I'm willing to risk it. Like I said, I'm your doctor and I'm going to do what I need to do to make sure you're healthy, right?

Rachel considers briefly, then shakes her head.

RACHEL

No. No, I know what's going to happen, you're going to listen and my mom is going to make you do something terrible. You can't

DR. SIMMONS

Well, unfortunately I can. You're here under what's called an involuntary hold. You gave your wife medical power of attorney and she's concerned about your mental state. Frankly so am I. So will you let me get this over with, or are you going to make it a thing?

Rachel glares at him. She gives him the finger.

DR. SIMMONS

Very well. Hold her. ←END

The Orderlies grab Rachel and hold her in place. SHE SCREAMS.

RACHEL

NO! NOOO! GET OFF OF ME! STOP!

Dr. Simmons moves in, plugging his ears with his STETHOSCOPE.

DR. SIMMONS

Let's have a listen, shall we?

Rachel bucks and thrashes but can't overpower the Orderlies. They secure her legs and lift up her shirt, exposing her belly.

DR. SIMMONS

This will just take a second...

She tries to wriggle away from the pad of the stethoscope but it's no use. Dr. Simmons hears the heartbeat: WUP-WUP-WUP...

Rachel tenses up, waiting for Dr. Simmons' eyes to cloud over.

WUP-WUP-WUP...