

2BR02B

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INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

The room is a minimalist box with a large window at the end. Everything here is cold and detached, dark and plain. A row of arm chairs line the walls, all are empty save one.

WEHLING, 25, is the silhouette we see slouched in the center. He's looking at a photograph. It's the image of an ultrasound.

He unfurls the scroll of photos. There are three, all of them reveal a child, each one with a name written above.

Wehling reads each one to himself.

WHELING  
Adelyn, Michael, Clare.

He smiles when he says their names. His eyes catch a glimpse of the translucent screen in front of him with its green digital words and letters.

The top reads: "National Population Register." Beneath is written: "Population Limit: 40,000,000 - Average Age: 129." Like a scoreboard the number of births and the number of terminations add and subtract to keep the 40,000,000 marker.

Wheling's face is pallid and serious as he reads it. He looks back at the photographs in his hands.

WHELING (CONT'D)  
40 million and not a damn place for  
three more.

Wheling scoffs. He eyes the door on the right that reads: "Federal Bureau of Terminations."

WHELING (CONT'D)  
I'll make one, you'll see. I'll  
make one.

The door on the left opens. DR. HITZ, 55, a man with gray hair and a false smile emerges with a clipboard of paperwork.

DR. HITZ  
You must be the new father?

Wheling nods, withholding enthusiasm. The doctor extends a hand to Wheling.

DR. HITZ (CONT'D)  
I'm Dr. Hitz, the obstetrician  
taking care of your wife today.

Wheling doesn't acknowledge Hitz's etiquette, looking at the doctor with distrusting eyes.

WHELING

Why aren't you in there with her then?

Hitz's awkwardly retracts his gesture and loses his false front for a moment before plastering it on again. Hitz takes a seat beside Hitz.

DR. HITZ

She's not due for another hour. The birthing process for triplets takes twice as much as one.

WHELING

How unfortunate.

DR. HITZ

Mr. Wheling, I have something important to discuss with you.

Wheling eyes the paperwork in Hitz's hand, labeled: "Federal Bureau of Terminations - Permission to Terminate Form."

WHELING

I'm not signing that.

DR. HITZ

I'm afraid you don't have a choice. The number of your children exceeds the number of terminations we have going through today.

WHELING

By adding three people to 40 million?

DR. HITZ

Mr. Wheling, we have to have order and balance in the world. When we cured aging and death we thought we created a utopia, but we created chaos. The population used to be 80 billion, Mr. Wheling?! 80 Billion! Imagine the chaos, you read it in your history books as a boy. The wars, the famine-

WHELING

The crowded streets full of life  
and laughter, homes filled with  
people of all ages, large families  
and small ones. Dr. Hitz, do you  
know that there used to be families  
with ten children?

DR. HITZ

What a catastrophe?!

WHELING

I used to want a family like that.  
My grandfather came from one, said  
it was the best days of his life.

DR. HITZ

Your grandfather is one of the  
volunteer substitutes?

Wheling nods.

WHELING

Yeah, he's dying so two of his  
grandkids can live.

DR. HITZ

I understand that must be very  
difficult.

WHELING

(scoffs)

I'm sure you do.

DR. HITZ

You don't have another substitute  
in mind?

Wheling holds his head in his hands and sighs.

WHELING

I have someone in mind.

DR. HITZ

Then have them sign and you won't  
have to choose which child you  
want. Though I'd choose Michael  
since he's your only son.

Wheling looks up at Hitz, his face is a war between despair  
and rage.

WHELING

Its my choice which of my children  
will live. I don't need your help.

Hitz hands him the paperwork.

DR. HITZ

I know its a difficult decision,  
but we only have so much time. I'm  
going to attend to your wife. I  
hope you find someone.

Dr. Hitz leaves the room, the door closing behind him.

Wheling looks at the papers in his hand, putting the  
photograph of the triplets on top. He scans the form again,  
the infamous number for the Federal Bureau of Terminations is  
listed at the top: 2BR02B.

WHELING

To be or not to be.

Wheling looks again at the numbers on the wall.

WHELING (CONT'D)

That is the question, isn't it?

He looks at the door on the right. The entryway to death.  
Wheling stands up and walks over to the window.

Wheling looks down at the city below in its modern utopian  
perfection it seems like a beautiful world.

WHELING (CONT'D)

All these people and no room for a  
child more.

Wheling pulls out his phone and dials the number 2BR02B.

WHELING (CONT'D)

Hello, are there any available  
spots in the next hour, I'd like to  
make an appointment.