

DEATH ROAD

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FADE IN:

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - NIGHT

Rain batters the windshield as the wipers race furiously back and forth.

ANDREW KELLY (30s), wearing a business suit, drives as he talks to his wife, OLIVIA, on loudspeaker.

ANDREW
He's still awake?

OLIVIA (V.O.)
Yeah. Just dozing off now though.

ANDREW
Aw, try keep him awake. I'll be home soon.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
(laughing)
Ok, I'll try.

ANDREW
Try harder. I'll be five minutes.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
You're too much Mr. Kelly.

ANDREW
Why, thank you Mrs. Kelly. Love you.

OLIVIA (V.O.)
Love you too.

Andrew hangs up.

INT. STACEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

STACEY (20s) drives, clutching her phone between her ear and shoulder while topping up her lipstick in the rear view mirror.

She talks on the phone.

STACEY
I really didn't know he was going to be here tonight. I'm seriously having second thoughts.

She looks in the mirror, pouts and makes a kissing gesture at herself.

STACEY

Suppose I'll have to go now though.

She applies the last layer of lipstick and screws the lid on.

The lipstick falls from her grasp, dropping to the floor.

STACEY

Ah shit. One sec Mel.

She reaches down to retrieve her lipstick, taking her eyes off the road.

The car veers into the wrong lane.

She springs back up with the lipstick in her hand.

She is blinded by the headlights of an oncoming car.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Andrew tries desperately to swerve out of the way of Stacey's car, but it's too late.

The two cars smash head first into each other.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Smoke billows from the cars' bonnets and rises into the night's sky. Heavy rain continues to pour down.

Neither Andrew nor Stacey move inside their vehicles.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Olivia (30s) lies asleep in bed, the alarm clock reads 6:00 AM.

Andrew, wearing his business suit, walks to the bedside and kisses her forehead.

She remains in deep slumber.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE - BABY'S NURSERY - MOMENTS LATER

A BABY lies fast asleep in a cot.

The room is halfway to being the perfect nursery. Half of it painted baby blue, the rest is bare.

A mobile hangs above the cot and toys are stuffed into a corner.

Andrew stands at the doorway, gazing in at the child from a distance.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - LATER

Andrew drives, eyes fixed on the road ahead.

Country music plays quietly on the radio.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Stacey, looking rough and sleep deprived, walks along the road in a skimpy dress, looking back on occasion to check for oncoming cars.

In the distance, Andrew's car approaches.

She sticks out her hand to get the drivers attention.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Andrew pulls up alongside Stacey.

He rolls down the passenger side window and leans across.

ANDREW

You need a ride? Pretty cold out there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Stacey comes to the window.

STACEY

You going near Greendale?

ANDREW

Close enough.

Stacey stares at him for a second and then back up the road, weighing up her options.

ANDREW
I'll get you home.

INT. ANDREW'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The music is now turned down. An awkward silence fills the car while Andrew drives.

ANDREW
Name's Andrew by the way.

STACEY
Stacey.

ANDREW
Cold not get to you, Stacey?

STACEY
No, not really.

ANDREW
Lucky you.

Stacey glances over at Andrew. His eyes don't leave the road ahead of him.

ANDREW
So, what you doing out here on your own?

STACEY
Long story.

ANDREW
Wanna unload on a stranger?

Stacey looks at him with an arched eyebrow, aware that what he said sounded wholly inappropriate.

STACEY
No.

ANDREW
Ok, say no more.

They sit in silence again for a few seconds.

ANDREW
Radio?

STACEY
Hate the radio.

ANDREW
Really? All radio?

STACEY
(snaps)
Please, not now!

Andrew lifts his hands from the wheel and holds them up as if surrendering.

ANDREW
It'll stay off then.

Stacey stares out her window, in her own little world.

Andrew stares ahead.

Silence fills the car as they travel up a long straight.

Andrew begins to tap on his steering wheel. Stacey shoots him a look. A look that screams STOP! He stops immediately.

ANDREW
You from Greendale then?

STACEY
Used to be.

ANDREW
Used to?

STACEY
Yeah, just my Mom there now.

ANDREW
I see. You just visiting then?

STACEY
Something like that, yeah.

Stacey's eyes remain fixed out her window.

Andrew looks across at her. A tear rolls down her cheek.

ANDREW
Everything ok?

Stacey wipes away the tear.

STACEY

Yeah, I'm sorry. Not in much of a talking mood today.

She brushes back her long hair.

STACEY

My boyfriend threw me out this morning. We had a huge fight. That's why I'm out here dressed like this. He's such an asshole.

Andrew doesn't respond. He stares coldly in front of him, hands fixed to the wheel.

STACEY

Sorry I'm being a bitch. It's just I hate this goddamn road too. About a year back I got into a bad accident 'round here. Just brings back bad memories, ye know?

No answer from Andrew. Instead she is met with dead silence.

She turns to look at him. He's gone. No one is driving the car but still it moves along, increasing it's speed.

STACEY

(screaming)

Andrew!

She grabs the wheel but can't gain control of the car.

Up ahead, a car is hurtling towards her in the same lane.

She tries to undo her seat belt but it's stuck.

The oncoming car comes closer and closer.

She see's the face of the approaching driver; it's Andrew, now speeding towards her.

Stacey lets out a long, loud scream, shielding her face with her hands.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The two cars collide, head first, at break neck speeds and come to a stop, totaled.

Stacey's door opens and she spills out, blood pumping from her face.

She slowly crawls to the side of the road, coughs up some blood and comes to a stop, dying slowly.

Next to her is a roadside memorial in the shape of a cross.

INSERT - ROADSIDE MEMORIAL

In loving memory of Andrew Kelly, a loving father and devoted husband, who was killed in a tragic road incident.
R.I.P

FADE OUT.