

First Born

written by

Caustic Sauce

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

A beat up FORD races down a tree lined country road. Leafs lie thick on the verge as a slight autumnal drizzle moistens the tarmac, lit only by the car's headlights.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

CAMERON, 30, grips the steering wheel tightly, his gaze flicking between the road and the iPhone fixed to his windscreen.

The interior of the car is lit by the FaceTime call to a breathless JENNY, 27, Cameron's wife.

JENNY
(on iPhone)
Are you far? The contractions are only a few minutes apart now.

CAMERON
I'm about fifteen minutes away.
How you doing? Are you doing your lamaze exercises?

JENNY
I'm trying but it's so painful.

The sound of Jenny's scream makes the iPhone's speakers reverberate.

CAMERON
Jenny, I'm nearly there, just hold on for a few minutes more.

Cameron presses harder on the gas, the old engine gargles as the car quickens down the road.

JENNY
I don't know I can, it hurts so much, I just want this out of me.

Jenny screams again.

CAMERON
Is the midwife there? Are you taking entonox?

The steering wheel twitches in Cameron's hands, the sound of tyre squeal fills the car.

JENNY
What was that?

CAMERON
Nothing honey, the roads a little wet, I'm fine.

JENNY

Don't speed. I need you with me,
our baby needs to see their
daddy.

CAMERON

I'll try to take it easier but I
ain't missing the birth of my
son.

Cameron focuses fully on the road ahead while Jenny huffs,
puffs and screams.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT.

The road gets wetter as the rain gets heavier.

The tree lined road gives way to illuminated street lights.

Dangerously weaving through other traffic and ignoring red
lights, the car screeches to a stop outside the emergency
department.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Grinning, Cameron stares into the iPhone.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

I'm here baby, I made it in one
piece.

JENNY

You promised you would Cameron, I
love you so much.

(pause)

Just don't take the turn at the
Jobson place so quickly next
time, the tyres need changing and
the brakes on this old banger are
shit.

Cameron twists in his seat and looks at a pregnant Jenny
lying on the back seat as she stares into her own iPhone.

CAMERON

Yes boss. Now you know how long
it will take get here. One more
dry run?

JENNY

I don't think so, I'm in the mood
for cheese nachos and beetroot.
Let's hit the store.

Cameron smiles, restarts the engine and drives off.

FADE OUT.