ROSE

by

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A stormy night. An isolated rural road, surrounded by a dense, murky woodland. A car hurtles along the waterlogged tarmac, its headlights on full beam.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Soothing classical music plays over the stereo. The windscreen wipers rapidly screech back and forth.

A MAN, dressed in jogger bottoms and a woolly jumper, is driving. A pregnant WOMAN, wearing a flannel nightgown, is sitting beside him. She cradles her belly while rhythmically breathing. She grimaces and groans with pain.

The man glances over, concerned. The woman's pain eases. He affectionately places his hand on her stomach and gives her a reassuring smile.

Up ahead, the headlights shine upon a long-haired LADY, in a summer dress, trudging along the road side.

The woman peers at her as they speed past. The lady's cradling a wrapped-up blanket.

WOMAN
I think she's carrying a baby.
We should stop.

The man glances at the lady in the rear-view mirror. He's hesitant to stop.

WOMAN
We have to.

The man reluctantly nods.

MAN
Okay.

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The car comes to a gradual halt. The reverse lights illuminate and the vehicle backs up.
INT. CAR – NIGHT

They pull up alongside the lady. The man turns off the music. The woman lowers her window.

WOMAN
Are you okay?

The lady instantly stops walking, but doesn't turn towards the car. The blanket and her dress are drenched.

WOMAN
Do you need any help? Has your car broken down or something?

The lady stands there silently, non-responsive. The couple glance at each other, puzzled.

The woman suddenly cradles her belly. She grimaces and groans, more intensely than before. The man looks concerned.

The lady turns towards them. Her long, dripping-wet hair, conceals her face.

The man leans toward the open window.

MAN
(hastily)
Do you need a lift? We're on our way to the hospital. We can give you a ride into town if you'd like.

The lady steps to the back door and opens it. She slowly sits in the car and closes the door.

The woman's pain subsides. She takes a few controlled breaths.

WOMAN
Right, let's go.

She rolls the window up.

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The car pulls away and continues along the desolate road.
INT. CAR - NIGHT

The glass begins to steam up. The man rubs his sleeve against the windscreen, trying to clear his view. He lowers his window, letting in the cool air. He peers at the lady in the rear view mirror.

She's sitting perfectly still, cradling the blanket. Her drooped face hidden in the shadows.

The couple subtly look to one another, unsure what to say or do.

    MAN
    So, is there somewhere we can drop you off along the way? Or is there anyone we could call for you?

She doesn't respond.

The woman cumbersomely turns to the back. She anxiously glances at the tightly wrapped blanket in the lady's arms.

    WOMAN
    What's that you're carrying?

The lady gently rocks the blanket side to side.

    WOMAN
    A baby, yeah?...What's its name?

The lady raises her hand and slowly writes 'Rose' onto the steamed up window.

    WOMAN
    Rose? That's the name we've chosen for our little girl.

The couple glance at one another and smile.

    WOMAN
    Is she okay? That blanket looks soaking wet. Do you mind if I take a look?

She steadily reaches for the blanket.
The lady suddenly snatches hold of the woman's wrist, and swiftly raises her head, revealing her in-human face. She bellows a terrifying shriek, yanks the woman into the back and tightly grasps hold of her pregnant belly.

The woman screams while the man desperately tries to pry her free. He suddenly loses control of the vehicle and crashes straight into a tree.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Smoke billows from the wreckage. Classical music plays over the stereo. The couple lay dead, their faces bruised and bloody. Flames flicker from under the smashed car bonnet.

The back door swings open. The lady casually steps out, still cradling the wrapped blanket. She gently rocks it in her arms and hums a lullaby while walking away from the crash.

Roaring flames engulf the car. The lady wanders into the woodland. Just as she disappears into the gloomy darkness, the sound of a crying new-born emanates from the blanket.

THE END