

RELIVE

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EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

A car speeds along the desolate road, its headlights cutting through the darkness.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Soothing classical music plays on the stereo. BEN, late 20s, in joggers and a hoodie, drives with focused intensity.

Beside him, ANNA, late 20s, in a puffer jacket and bobble hat, cradles her pregnant belly, rhythmically breathing through the pain of contractions.

Ben grips Anna's hand, eyes darting between her and the road. Her discomfort gradually subsides.

ANNA

She's eager to say hello. I don't think we're going to make it.

Ben smiles reassuringly.

BEN

We will. Just hold on.

He shifts gear, and the speedometer needle climbs.

Suddenly, a mud-covered WOMAN in a dressing gown appears in the road, signalling to stop.

Ben slams the brakes, but the car still hits her. The woman falls out of view. Ben and Anna, jolted back, sit in stunned silence, staring out the windshield.

BEN (CONT'D)

(to Anna)

Are you alright?

Anna cradles her belly and nods reassuringly. Ben cautiously exits the car, closing the door behind him.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Headlights illuminate the scene as Ben steps forward. The woman lies motionless on the asphalt, her mud-sodden hair covering her face. He kneels beside her, hands anxiously clasped behind his head.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Anna grips the dashboard, wincing and moaning through another contraction.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Startled by Anna's GROANS, Ben heads back to the car but then pauses. In a panic, he lifts the woman's lifeless body and swiftly carries her to the vehicle.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Anna breathes rhythmically through her contraction. Ben gently places the woman on the back seat and shuts the door.

Anna stares at her in the rear-view mirror as Ben returns to the driver's seat, starts the engine, and accelerates decisively.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car hurtles along the dark and winding road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ben keeps his focused gaze on the road ahead. Anna's pain subsides. She glances over her shoulder at the woman.

ANNA

Oh my God. Is she dead?

Ben remains stoic.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Ben!

BEN

I don't know.

Anna awkwardly reaches into the back, checking the woman's pulse.

ANNA

I can't feel a pulse.

BEN

Shit.

He grips the steering wheel and thumps his head against the headrest.

BEN (CONT'D)
What the fuck was she doing
standing in the middle of the road
like that?

Anna withdraws her hand from the woman's wrist and lifts the lapel of her muddy dressing gown. A gasp escapes Anna's lips, followed by a horrified shriek that startles Ben.

BEN (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Anna sits forward, hands covering her mouth, sobbing inconsolably. Ben tries to comfort her, shifting his attention between her and the road.

BEN (CONT'D)
Anna, what happened?

Unseen by them, the woman in the back suddenly sits upright, brushing her long sodden hair from her face--it's Anna.

She urgently leans into the front, pointing ahead.

WOMAN
(shrieking)
Stop!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The speeding car's headlights illuminate a dazzled STAG standing in the road ahead.

The vehicle swerves sharply to avoid the hefty animal.

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

The car veers off the road and CRASHES headlong into a tree.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The stag casually trots away into the dark woodland.

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

A lone functioning headlight casts an eerie glow over the muddy trench.

Wisps of smoke rise from beneath the car's crumpled hood, accompanied by warbling classical MUSIC from the busted speakers.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Anna sits motionless, her head drooping. Her bobble hat has fallen off, releasing her lengthy hair.

Ben slouches across the steering wheel, blood trickling down his forehead, his vacant gaze staring blankly.

Anna's head jerks up suddenly, revealing her battered and bloodied face. She starts to hyperventilate, overwhelmed by panic. Her eyes dart to Ben.

ANNA
(murmur)
Ben?

Realizing he's dead, she breaks into tears.

She abruptly stops crying, gasping as she spots something by her feet. Her face twists with sorrow as she unbuckles her seatbelt and unzips her jacket, revealing a dressing gown beneath.

ANNA (CONT'D)
Oh, my girl.

With trembling hands, she agonizingly reaches between her legs and retrieves her dead baby from the footwell, tenderly cradling her within the folds of the gown.

Determined to escape, Anna tries to open the jammed door. Gritting her teeth, she repeatedly rams it with her shoulder until it flings open.

She attempts to hoist herself out, but her jacket snags on the wreckage. Desperate, she slips out of the sleeves and tumbles out face first into the mud.

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

Anna crawls through thick mud, safeguarding the contents of her gown as her injured legs slow her progress.

Finally, she succumbs to exhaustion and comes to a halt, her face sinking into the mire.

On the road, looking down at her own dead body in the ditch, stands Anna, covered in mud, her sodden hair obscuring her face, cradling the contents of her dressing gown.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Anna walks along the desolate road, cradling the contents of her gown. Speeding headlights approach, and Anna extends her hand.

ANNA
(shrieking)
Stop!

A car SCREECHES to a halt but still hits Anna, sending her sprawling.

The driver exits, stepping into the headlights. It's Ben, his focus fixed on Anna lying motionless on the asphalt, her face veiled by sodden hair. He kneels beside her, hands anxiously clasped behind his head.

Ben's attention is drawn to GROANS emanating from the car. Panicked, he hoists Anna's lifeless body and carries her to the vehicle. Carefully, he settles her in the back seat before swiftly getting behind the wheel.

The engine roars to life, and the car accelerates away.

THE END