

ARE WE THERE YET?

Written by

Giles New and Keiron Self

Address
Phone Number

EXT. NIGHT. CAR PARK IN WOODLAND.

A car is parked next to some woodland.

INT.CAR. CONTINUOUS.

Rachel sits in the driver's seat. She stares numbly ahead. She takes a large swig from a vodka bottle. Then another.

She closes her eyes and rests her head on the steering wheel.

The horn goes off. Startled, she jerks backwards.

She shivers, suddenly cold. She turns the key in the ignition. The dashboard lights up. She turns the heater on full.

The CD player suddenly bursts loudly into life.

CD PLAYER
(sung) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, once I caught
a fish alive, 6...(the CD
skips)...6...6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Then I
let him go again...

Rachel turns off the CD player. The silence is deafening.

A muffled tapping comes from the rear of the car. Rachel listens. What was that?

The tapping comes again, louder. Rachel looks behind her. There is nothing there.

The tapping again. Very loud now.

Rachel, panicked, turns the key in the ignition. Nothing happens.

She tries again, and again. Nothing.

A loud banging at the rear of the car.

Rachel grabs her phone, and dials a number. She holds the phone to her ear. A dead tone sounds. No signal. She glances up into the rearview mirror.

The boot slowly opens.

Rachel tries the ignition frantically, glancing in her side mirror. The car still won't start.

She locks the doors and sinks down in her seat, frozen.

She hears footsteps outside the car. She hardly dares to breathe.

The footsteps recede, seemingly walking away.

Rachel slowly takes the keys out of the ignition and holds them in her hand for a makeshift weapon, then reaches slowly for the door handle.

SLAM! A child's hand smacks against the driver's window terrifying Rachel. Rachel recoils and scuttles backwards into the passenger seat.

SLAM! The child's hand smacks against the passenger seat window. Rachel screams and shrinks away from the passenger window panting with fear.

There is a sound of humming from the back seat of the car, to the tune of 1,2,3,4,5.

A trembling Rachel slowly looks round at the back seat.

A small girl sits there in a pretty dress and looks up at Rachel.

GIRL
Are we there yet?

Rachel's eyes widen in horror. The girl holds out her hand to Rachel.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Are we there yet?

Rachel scrabbles at the car door handle. She flings open the door and leaps out of the car.

EXT. NIGHT. DESERTED CARPARK IN WOODLAND.

Rachel runs away from the car into the darkness of the woods.

She stops, leaning against a tree, gasping for breath.

She looks a back at the car. The car doors are closed. The boot is shut.

Someone is sitting in the drivers' seat.

GIRL (OOV)
Are we there yet?

Rachel spins around. The Girl is right behind her, blocking her way to the woods. Rachel runs back to the car.

She slows as she approaches it.

A woman is slumped forwards in the driver's seat, her head on the steering wheel.

The sound of a car horn slowly builds in volume, until it's deafening.

Rachel reaches the driver's side and looks in.

A bottle of vodka, and empty pill boxes are on the passenger seat.

Rachel looks at the woman.

It's Rachel.

Slowly Rachel walks around to the boot of the car and opens it.

She looks inside.

Her eyes fill with tears.

The Girl comes and stands next to her.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Are we there yet?

RACHEL
Nearly.

Rachel takes the Girl's hand and they walk off into the woods.