

"A1(M)"

Written by

Darrin Nightingale

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Email: [info@darrinnightingale.com](mailto:info@darrinnightingale.com)

FADE IN:

EXT. A1(M) - DUSK

A silver VOLVO cruises along the motorway doing a steady eighty miles per hour.

It's evening, and it's alone on the road.

Nothing but the occasional bird.

And a passing road sign.

INSIDE VOLVO

ROAD NOISE fills the silence. The HUSBAND (late 40's) glance down.

ON THE FUEL GAUGE

A fraction below a quarter tank.

BACK TO SCENE

as his WIFE (late 30's) shifts in her seat, checks on their SON (4), asleep in the carseat.

WIFE

We need a reason.

HUSBAND

We'll be fine.

She sits forward, adjusts her seatbelt.

WIFE

Humour me.

HUSBAND

No one's finding out.

WIFE

Someone always finds out.

HUSBAND

You worry too much.

WIFE

Because I'm worried.

He glances at the rearview.

ON THE MIRROR

The road behind them is empty, as if confirming there's no one to notice anything.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
No one's going to find out.

BACK TO SCENE

as she studies his profile.

WIFE  
We need something ready.

HUSBAND  
I've got this.

WIFE  
And I don't.

HUSBAND  
For the love of...

He stops himself.

Takes a breath.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
No-one's-finding-out.

WIFE  
You're not listening.

HUSBAND  
I'm right here.

WIFE  
For no good reason.

He moves his hands on the wheel.

Places them at eight and four.

Takes the moment to think.

HUSBAND  
You're ill.

WIFE  
Then so are you.

HUSBAND  
It's better if it's you.

She bristles, annoyed by the idea.

WIFE  
Better for you.

HUSBAND  
For us both.

WIFE  
Look at me.

HUSBAND  
I'm driving.

WIFE  
Promise.

He looks at her, holds it for longer than he should.

HUSBAND  
We're on holiday.

WIFE  
Not yet.

She's not letting this go.

HUSBAND  
We needed help with the kid.

WIFE  
So I'm a bad mother.

HUSBAND  
That's not what I said.

WIFE  
Yes it is.

He reaches over, puts his hand on hers.

HUSBAND  
You're a perfect mother.

WIFE  
Who can't take care of her kid.

HUSBAND  
You're ill.

WIFE  
Where are you?

HUSBAND  
Caring for my wife.

WIFE  
(glancing back)  
He's four.

His hand drifts back to the wheel.

HUSBAND  
We should go back.

WIFE  
It's for the best.

She sits in silence, taunted by the ROAD NOISE.

HUSBAND  
This is us.

WIFE  
I don't feel too good.

EXT. A1(M) - DUSK

The Volvo indicates, and eases left onto the slip road.

FADE OUT:

THE END