

REAR VIEW

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

ROSS 68, but dresses forty, sips a cup of zingy green tea and adjusts his ill-fitting toupe.

The kitchen is modern, gleaming surfaces and mood lighting.

Appliances are all Smeg and coordinate with the decor to give an overall feel of hi-tech chic.

Ross sits at a white table, on a white chair, highly polished and distinctly uncomfortable.

He glances at the digital clock on the wall and downs the last of his tea with a slight grimace - some of his youthful affectations come at a cost.

He stands, pats his pocket and exits through the kitchen's external door.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A white Range Rover Evoque gleams, chrome trim, shark fin antenna - it's definitely not the basic model - on a gravel turning circle just off from the tarmac drive.

Ross looks up at the grey clouds. Shakes his head.

He presses the button on his car key and the car mirrors glide outwards as lights flicker on.

The lock mechanisms CLICK as the car welcomes Ross.

ROSS
Morning, Stan.

He affectionately pats the bumper of his pride and joy.

One last look at the weather before he climbs into the car.

INT. EVOQUE - DAY

Ross settles into the seat, wriggles slightly to get himself set.

He looks down at the milometer, still less than a thousand traveled.

He inhales the remnants of new-car smell.

He turns the key and the car purrs into life.

ROSS

Right then.

He looks into his rear view mirror, shakes his head, TUTS.

He purposefully looks to the central dash where a screen shows what is behind him from a reversing camera.

ROSS

Better.

He turns the steering wheel and starts to reverse onto the tarmac.

Two CHILDREN, 10ish, black clothes heads bowed, are right in his way.

Well to be precise - right there on the reversing camera.

Ross stamps on the brake, flicks out of gear. Looks up to his rear view mirror to see...

Nothing.

ROSS

What the...

Ross glances to his side mirrors.

Left - nothing.

Right - nothing.

Back to the rear view - nothing.

He shakes his head, then cranes it round like an owl.

No sign of the kids.

Ross tentatively puts the car into reverse again, looks down at the camera.

The children are back, now looking ahead, into the camera.

Ross, doesn't move, studies the low res image on the screen.

Two children, a boy and a girl, same height.

Dark clothes but hard to make out.

Eyes are dark, staring, unblinking.

They step forward, closer to the camera, faces distorting on the low-res picture.

ROSS
Enough already.

He turns off the engine and steps out of the car.

EXT. EVOQUE - CONTINUOUS

He walks cautiously round to the back of the car, peers round.

No children.

He continues round the car, no sign of them at all.

ROSS
Hello.

No answer.

ROSS
Is this some sort of game?

He circles again.

Back at the driver's door he stops.

ROSS
I wonder...

He walks off the pebbles and onto the driveway, looks round again.

Still no children.

Ross returns to his car.

Opens the door...

INT. EVOQUE - CONTINUOUS

Ross climbs into his seat, slams the door shut.

Starts the engine and puts it into reverse.

He looks down at the reversing camera.

No children.

He lets out a sigh of relief.

Glances up to his rear view mirror.

On the backseat are two black-eyed children, cold smiles etched on their faces.

ROSS

How...

The girl is behind him.

Her arm shoots out, quick like a cobra strike, and her hand clamps over Ross's mouth.

GIRL

Sshh.

EXT. EVOQUE - CONTINUOUS

The car shakes as if hit by a hurricane.

A muffled SCREAM escapes, but nothing else does.