

BIRTHDAY

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FADE IN:

INT. DELIVERY SUITE - DAY

Medical equipment litter the room. Soothing music plays from an iPad. It's barely audible above the monitor beeps.

The window is large. From it we see a perfect blue sky.

MARY, 30s, labours. Each contraction hurts like hell.

A wave of pain grips her body. Mary grasps the ENTONOX mouth piece and inhales deeply. In. Out. In. Out.

MIDWIFE, HILDA, 50s, places a hand on Mary's rigid abdomen. She looks between Mary's legs at the progress being made. She is the epitome of calm.

As the contraction subsides Mary slumps back on the pillows, exhausted. Tears brim her eyelids. Her lip quivers. She gently rubs her swollen belly.

MARY

Come on, little one. I've waited
nine months for a cuddle.

From outside the door we hear screams of panic in contrast to the peace within the room.

Then we see the TELEVISION screen. It's hung high on the wall. The picture is interrupted by static.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hilda, I need to know how long.

Hilda presses the remote control buttons.

NEWS ANCHOR

Impact has been confirmed. Six
twenty, G.M.T. Good luck. God
bless.

The television screen goes black.

Hilda presses more buttons but the feed has been disconnected. No channels work.

For the first time we see concern flood her face.

The wall clock reads 17.45.

She returns her attention to Mary as another huge contraction grips her body. She convulses with pain. Panic rises.

HILDA
Mary, listen to me.

Hilda grips Mary's hand. She looks into her eyes. Focused.

HILDA (CONT'D)
You're baby wants to see you. He
wants you to tell him you love him.

Mary screams out in agony.

The wall clock ticks on. 17.50. 18.00.

Mary pushes with each contraction. Sweat soaks her brow.

18.05. 18.10.

From the window the sky darkens. A sound like a roaring wave rattles the glass.

18.15.

HILDA (CONT'D)
You can do this Mary.

With one final roar Mary's baby is born. Hilda lifts him up. Bloodied. Screaming. She hands him to Mary.

The small infant instantly calms as he looks into his mother's face. An instant bond. Pure love.

Hilda wipes the birth fluid from his face.

Mary in utter awe at this tiny human strokes his cheeks. She tenderly kisses his forehead. In that moment of pure joy she is oblivious to the impending doom beyond the glass.

MARY
He's beautiful.

Hilda can only nod. She weeps.

MARY (CONT'D)
We did it, buddy. Mummy loves you.

Mary doesn't take her eyes from his face.

Hilda smiles through her tears. She exhales deeply. PERFECT.

The scene disappears in the impact white light.

FADE OUT.