

To death we face together

written by

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Log Line: A middle age Biomedical scientist manages to please her patient as well as living up to her wedding oath.

The horrible news has just been announced.

EXT/INT. HISTOLOGY LAB - DAY

A distressed girl, Rose, 20s, holding a bag of clothes, frantically rings the bell of the almost empty lab.

Biomedical scientist CHU, 50s, clutches her mobile, ready to leave her lab, opens the door. Rose looks imploringly at her.

CHU

Go home. Everyone else has.

ROSE

Please, I have an appointment to take my baby Annie home for a burial.

She shows a letter of consent to Chu. Chu glances at it and then at the tearful Rose.

CHU

Err..yes, the coroner had just performed her autopsy.

She surveys the empty lab, devoid of people.

CHU (CONT'D)

The person in charge is gone and I have no idea how to release the baby to you.

Rose looks imploringly at Chu.

CHU (CONT'D)

I need to go home. My husband is waiting for me.

ROSE

Of course. So very selfish of me. You go but can I just spend my last minutes with my baby. I have no one else.

Chu looks out of the lab. Panicking people running in every direction. She punches some keys on her mobile.

CHU

Hello, love. Is there anyway you can come to me instead, before that meteorite zaps us into smithereens? I need to see to a patient here. Errr, yes?

(MORE)

CHU (CONT'D)

(Her face lights up)
What a sweetie you are. I will
leave the door open for you. Love
you. Till death do us part.

She smiles and then grimaces at the sight of tearful Rose.

Chu braces herself and motions for Rose to wait by the door
with the sign, "FORENSIC". She takes the bag from Chu.

INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY

The label, "Baby Annie's pm notes", lay beside her little
stitched up body, lying still on the operating table after a
postmortem.

The paraphernalia of the operation is still there, covered
in blood.

She reads the report, crunches it up and throws it in the
bin. She cleans the baby and then dresses her in a pretty
lacy dress, mittens and hat from Rose's bag.

She gently places baby in a carrier. With a look of
satisfaction of her handy work, she opens the door and leads
Rose to the body.

Rose gently picks baby up, stares at her for a moment and
hugs her and then plays with her tiny fingers. Her tears
drop like a rainfall.

ROSE

Mama is here, baby.

Chu, blurry eyes, quietly walks out of the room and into her
husband, KEN's, 60, arms.

CHU

I am so, so glad you make it. I
want to live up to our wedding
oath. Until death do....

KEN

No darling, to death we will face
together.

The room goes black.