

NOMAD

by

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EXT. MOOR - DAY (D1)

An open expanse of moorland. Tense droning music.

EXT. MOOR - DAY (D1)(VLOG)

ROSIE(20s, spoilt, pretentious, melodramatic, manipulative) stands out on the moor vlogging. RORY (20s, big and muscly, nervous, good-hearted, pushover) stands behind her.

ROSIE

Good morning my lovelies, how are we all today? Welcome back to another episode of Life is Rosie! I hope you're all as excited as I am to spend this beautiful sunny day with us up on Dartmoor!

She walks over to a nearby mound of earth.

ROSIE

So we're starting off with a bit of a spooky one today! This is Kitty Ray's grave-

RORY

Kitty Jay, baby.

Rosie continues to look at the camera, concealing a slightly irritated look on her face.

ROSIE

Hey?

RORY

It's Kitty Jay's grave.

ROSIE

What a pretty name! And local legend has it that every day for, like, hundreds of years, fresh flowers have been placed on the grave! I wish I got fresh flowers every day, take notes, Ror!

She laughs and walks towards the grave to pick up a rose.

ROSIE

Look, a rose just like me!

Rory stumbles to stop her.

RORY

Rosie! Don't do that!

The camera fumbles.

Back to a dramatic expanse of moor. Title plays.

INT. VAN - EVENING (D2)

Rosie leans back from her laptop and sprawls onto the bed. Next to her laptop is a rose in a makeshift vase.

ROSIE

Ugh! I'm done. I'm done!

She rolls her head to the side and shouts.

ROSIE

Rory! How long?

EXT. VAN ON OPEN MOOR - A MOMENT LATER

Rory sits in the doorway of the van, hunched over a small stove on the ground outside. Next to him is a chopping board with chopped up salad. He flinches ever so slightly when Rosie shouts. He leans into the van.

RORY

Sorry baby, the wind's blowing the stove about and slowing it down. It'll be five more minutes tops.

Rosie sighs loudly.

ROSIE

Please hurry up, baby, I'm so hungry.

RORY

I'm on it. It won't be long.

A strong gust of wind blows some lettuce away from the chopping board. Rory jumps to stop the rest.

INT. VAN - LATER

Rory climbs into the van and sprinkles seeds onto of two extravagant bowls of salad while Rosie talks to her camera.

ROSIE

So tonight, Ror's made us his specialty, chilli SIN carne. It looks so yummy! Completely plant based, completely delicious. Isn't that right, Ror?

She turns the camera to him. He smiles awkwardly, and nods at his bowl.

RORY

Mmm!

INT. VAN - NIGHT (N1)

The couple sit watching TV on a laptop. Rosie drinks from a bottle of wine and passes it to Rory. He hesitates, then

does the same thing.

EXT. OUTSIDE VAN - NIGHT (N1)

Rory stands near the van to pee. He squints at the distant lights of a town as Rosie stumbles out behind him. They are both quite drunk. She puts her arms around his neck, bottle in hand, and cuddles him.

RORY

It really is just us out here, huh.

ROSIE

Just you and me.

Rory continues to look ahead. He seems troubled by something.

EXT. VAN - MORNING - (D3)

Rory opens the door of the van, brushing his teeth.

He steps out and squints in the sunrise at the damp moor around him.

He wanders a little way from the van, then stops and looks at something.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Rory climbs into the van. Rosie lies in bed on her phone.

RORY

Come look at this.

Rosie looks at him, then back at her phone. She doesn't sit up.

ROSIE

What is it?

RORY

Just come and look.

EXT. MOOR - 5 MINS LATER (D3)

Rosie stands, cold and unimpressed, wrapped in a blanket.

RORY

I jus- I don't know. Do you not think it's just a bit weird?

Rosie stays huddled in her blanket.

ROSIE

I think you're a little bit weird.

On the ground in front of them is a sheep skull, with a singular rose growing up through its eye socket.

ROSIE
It's kind of beautiful.

She crouches down and takes some photos on her phone.

RORY
I don't know, it just... I don't
even think roses grow here.

Rosie looks at him.

RORY
You're probably right.

ROSIE
Yeah, obviously... Anyway I'm cold.
I'm going back to the van, sorry
baby!

She turns away.

Rory chews his lip nervously and looks around, then follows after her.

VARIOUS - MONTAGE - DAY (D3)(VLOG)

The skull with the flower. Some standing stones.

JOANNE (60s) talks to a crowd in a museum. Rosie is there, posing for the camera, oblivious.

JOANNE
So this fella tried to farm the
moors, exploiting them for his own
gain... And Old Crockern said "If
he so much as scratches my back,
I'll rip out his pockets."

Rory films Rosie, but his attention is on Joanne's words.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (N3)

Rory tosses and turns in his sleep.

He wakes up in sleep paralysis. It is almost pitch black.

Rosie is asleep next to him. In the faint light, he can make out the form of a figure, with a horse's skull for a head, looming over Rosie.

Rory tries to scream but no sound comes out.

INT. VAN - MORNING - (D4)

Rosie does her makeup while Rory rocks awkwardly and nervously in the doorway.

ROSIE
(absently)
Mhm, that sounds terrible baby, are
you sure you're ok?

Rory leans back inside.

RORY
No! No I'm not ok! I've told you
there's something going on with
this place!

Rosie continues to focus on her makeup, rolling her eyes
slightly.

ROSIE
Mmm, I think you've just got
yourself a little bit worked up
with everything.

Rory rocks in and out for a few moments, working himself up.
He doesn't look at Rosie.

RORY
I think... I think we should leave.

Rosie looks at him.

ROSIE
Leave, like... what?

RORY
Like, I think we should leave.

Rosie's face turns to a look of surprise.

ROSIE
(snappy)
What? Are you joking?

Rory looks at the ground. He becomes smaller.

ROSIE
Rory you've just had a fucking
nightmare. We've only just started
this series and there is no way I
am stopping it now.

Rory continues to look at the ground.

ROSIE
Look at me, Rory.

He does.

ROSIE
Do you want me to fail. Do you want
-us- to fail? This was our dream,
Rory! This was our dream.

Rory's eyes fall back to the ground.

RORY
(quietly)
Your dream.

Rosie looks at him, eyes filled with shocked rage.

ROSIE
(sassy)
What was that?

He flinches, and stares down at the floor. Tears appear in Rosie's rage-filled eyes. She is shaking with anger.

She tries to return to her makeup, but smudges it in her stress. She slams the pen on the table. The rose shakes in its vase.

ROSIE
I can't fucking believe you. You
just can't let me have anything,
can you?

She storms out of the van, pushing Rory out of the way. He doesn't look up.

INT. VAN - SOME TIME LATER

Rory sits on the bed. It's raining outside, and Rosie comes in through the door and sits expectantly at the end of the bed. She is soaking wet.

She stares at Rory. Neither says anything for a few moments. Rory smiles weakly.

RORY
Nice out there?

Rosie doesn't reply. Rory hesitates.

RORY
I'm sorry.

She doesn't say anything. Rory takes a deep breath.

RORY
We'll stay, I'm sorry.

Rosie waits a few moments.

ROSIE
(manipulative, playing
the victim)
No. It's fine, we can go.

Rory looks small. He tries to put his hand on her leg, but she pushes him away.

RORY
 (weakly)
 Rosie...

ROSIE
 If you really need to go, we'll go.

Rory stares ahead.

RORY
 No... No we'll stay. I want to
 stay. I want to stay.

Rosie lets him put his hand on her, but does nothing more.
 Rory smiles weakly.

EXT. VAN - EVENING (D4)

Rory stands outside the van in the fading light.

LILY (O.S.)(VIDEO CALL)
 Girl! I can't believe that. Where
 is he now?

ROSIE (O.S.)
 He's gone on a walk. And yeah girl,
 I know. Like he was fully ready to
 just throw away everything we've
 made here. He didn't even think
 about how that would make me feel.

LILY (VIDEO CALL)
 Ugh! I've said it before, that boy
 is a man-child. Girl, you're too
 good for him.

An inhuman figure in the distance watches the van. The sound
 of an engine rises.

ROSIE (O.S.)
 I know, I know.

INT. VAN (DRIVING) - SHORTLY AFTER

They drive down the road.

ROSIE
 Ok Rory fine, we'll sleep in town
 tonight.

RORY
 Thanks baby, I-

ROSIE
 But for the record I still think
 you're being ridiculous.

Rory continues driving.

EXT. VAN - SIDE STREET - EVENING (D5)

The pair sit on the step of the van eating fish and chips. Rosie looks content. Rory looks tired.

A cat walks over. Rosie smiles.

ROSIE
(nudging him)
Ror, Ror we've got a friend!

Rosie strokes the cat and it hops onto Rory's lap. They both smile.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (N5)

They lie in bed. Rosie is on her phone. Rory is staring at the ceiling, deep in thought.

Rosie switches her phone off and puts her hand on his arm. He flinches and tenses as she touches him.

He snaps out of his trance and forces a smile.

ROSIE
I'm sorry for snapping at you babe.
We're ok here.

She snuggles up to him. He closes his eyes, trying to sleep, but he still looks tense.

INT. VAN - MORNING (D6)

Sun shines in through the window. Rosie switches on a speaker. Very cringey music plays as she dances around getting ready. Rory is lying in bed.

Rosie opens the door. She screams, arms flailing.

ROSIE
Oh my god oh my Goddddd!

Rory appears beside her, half dressed. His face turns to a look of horror.

In front of them is the cat, torn apart and dead on the pavement. Its neck is broken and twisted around.

Rosie hyperventilates. Rory looks terrified, on the verge of breaking. The music continues.

RORY
What the f- Fuck this!

He scrambles for the driver's seat.

INT. VAN (DRIVING) - SOME TIME LATER

The pair are driving up on the moors again. Rory is dressed.

ROSIE

No, we're not going to the police,
Rory. Do you not understand how
embarrassing that would be.

Rory looks very distressed. He glances at her, and continues driving, deep in thought.

ROSIE

You know I have an image to keep
up, right? There are 138 people
following my journey, and they want
to see me succeed. I can't do this
to them.

RORY

I just, I don't know, I... I need a
drink.

Rosie raises her eyebrows. The van drives on up the road.

EXT. VAN - LAY-BY - DAY

Rosie sits in the van, video calling LILY. Rory is visible through the window as he urinates in a bush.

LILY (VIDEO CALL)

Oh my goddd! That's gross!

ROSIE

No, girl it was SO, like, like
URGH... like this poor kitty!

Rory starts to walk towards the van.

LILY (VIDEO CALL)

Poor kitty.

ROSIE

Oh, he's coming back, wish me luck.

LILY (VIDEO CALL)

Don't let him kill your vibe, girl.
You're a vanlifer!

ROSIE

Wooo, see you soon girl!

LILY (VIDEO CALL)

Byeeeeeee!

Lily hangs up. Rory comes in the door looking refreshed. Rosie smiles at him.

EXT. PUB - EVENING (D6)

The couple walk out into the rainy car park. Rosie is very drunk, and Rory is supporting her as they walk. He is quite drunk too, and he doesn't look happy.

ROSIE
(slurring, childishly
accusatory)
You thought she was hot! I can
tell, Rory.

Rory sighs loudly.

ROSIE
I saw you talking to her. You
couldn't take your eyes off her.

RORY
(slurring, but less)
She was nice! I was just being
friendly.

ROSIE
(imitating the bartender)
Ooo, an IPA! A man with good taste.

Rory sighs again. They approach their van.

ROSIE
(a deep voice, imitating
Rory)
Oh yes. I drink IPA because it
makes me seem more manly. Even
though really I'm just a scaredy
little fucking GIRL-

Rory opens the door.

RORY
Get in the van, Rosie.

She looks at him, swaying slightly.

ROSIE
No! I'm not going in there with YOU
after you're little show with that
fucking BITCH of a bartender!

She grabs the door and slams it. The sound of the lock
breaking. Rosie stops.

ROSIE
Oopsie.

INT. VAN - 20 MINUTES LATER

Rosie sits cross-legged on the bed eating plain bread out of
the bag. Rory climbs into the van. He shakes his head.

RORY
I can't fix it.

Silence.

ROSIE

We could stay in a hotel?

RORY

There's nothing open Rosie.
Check-in everywhere closes at
eleven. We're gonna be stuck in
this piece of shit for the night
with a door that doesn't fucking
lock!

Rory punches the table.

Rosie looks at him briefly, but says nothing. She continues to eat her bread, sulking.

Rory, head in hands, shakes his head.

Suddenly, a knock on the door. Rory pulls his hand away and stares wide eyed at the door. Rosie is still as well.

Rory tries to look around the curtain. Rosie kicks him and passes him a kitchen knife.

He goes to the door. He clears his throat.

RORY

(shaky)

Wh- who's out there?

No response.

RORY

I have a knife.

No response.

Rory slowly opens the door. He looks around. Across the car park, a shadowy figure is looking at them. Like a fox, it moves away into the shadows.

Rory watches, then scrambles for the driver's seat.

INT. VAN (DRIVING) - SOME TIME LATER

The pair are driving. Neither of them speak for some time.

RORY

I'm driving us to my parents house.

Rosie doesn't say anything. They continue driving.

Suddenly something grabs Rory's hands, and they steer off the road.

The car switches off.

ROSIE

What the fuck! What the... Why the fuck did you do that?!

Rory's hands are still fixed on the steering wheel. He looks at Rosie, terrified.

RORY

I didn't fucking mean t- aaaahhhh!
What the fuck?!

He switches the car back on. Old Crockern is illuminated in the headlights.

Rosie screams.

RORY

Aaahhh! Fuck! Fuck! Fucking shit!

He tries to reverse.

RORY

The pedal's stuck.

He looks at Rosie.

She picks up her camera and starts recording.

RORY

Are you fucking- Really?!

Rosie looks at him.

ROSIE

Just fucking drive Rory!

RORY

I can't- ugh!

He leans under the steering wheel to look.

Suddenly a bright light dazzles him. It seems to come from everywhere.

He pulls himself back up. He can't see anything.

RORY

What the- Rosie?

Rosie's seat is empty. She is outside the van in a trance.

She walks towards Old Crockern, still filming.

RORY

Rosie! Shit!

EXT. VAN ON ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Rory gets out of the van and runs towards her. He grabs her and she shrugs him off. He grabs her again and she turns to face him.

Her eyes are distant. She smacks him across the head with her camera, knocking him out.

Rory wakes up. Rosie is stood in front of Old Crockern. She looks up at him.

OLD CROCKERN

My Rose.

She drops her camera to the ground, and he leads her to a hole in the earth.

She climbs in. He turns to Rory.

OLD CROCKERN

Boy.

Rory rises to his feet in an unnnatural way. He walks to the grave. It is clear that he is fighting and losing, moving against his will.

He looks up at Old Crockern.

A few moments pass.

OLD CROCKERN

Bury her.

Rory cries.

RORY

No, no! I can't-

He drops to his knees and begins to push dirt into the grave.

RORY

Stop, stop!

Slowly, he manages to pull himself to his feet.

He drops to his knees again.

OLD CROCKERN

My Rose.

Rory looks up at Old Crockern's face. It is hideous. He cries.

EXT. VAN ON ROADSIDE - MORNING (D7)

Rory sits against a rock, crying. Next to him is an unmarked grave, freshly dug. Out of the grave grows a single rose.

THE END