

FADE IN:

INT. DESERTED SUPERMARKET - DAY

The automatic doors are stuck half-open. Windows unwashed. Lights off. Leaves litter the floor.

Two German Shepherds, DINO and HULK, run down an aisle.

ZOE, 28, follows, riding a trolley like a scooter.

Zoe stops at an end-of-aisle display. She's clean and presentable despite her surroundings. Unassuming but confident.

She reads the sell-by date on a box of crackers in the dim light. Packs the box into a traveler's backpack in the trolley. Pushes off, standing on the back.

Whizzing happily past the aisles, there is a blurred glimpse of a dark figure stood at the end of one.

Zoe stops dead.

Looks around her silently.

She tiptoes back to the aisle in question...

Nothing but a yawning and darkened alley of products.

She looks at her dogs for a sign. They are sniffing at shelves, relaxed.

Zoe tiptoes back along the aisles, trolley forgotten.

The silence is deafening.

She tiptoes back, past her trolley. No one.

Zoe pulls tins off the nearest shelf, tries to pack them silently. They clink anyway.

Dino pads past her nonchalantly.

She shrugs off the atmosphere and wheels into an aisle. Shoves packages into the backpack, nothing fresh. Makes as much noise as she likes.

She pushes a chewed packet to one side, revealing a nibbling mouse. Zoe pulls a face.

Zoe jogs to the household goods aisle. Grabs a box of "Rodent Poison".

Tips some out on the mouse's shelf.

And other shelves that the dogs can't reach.

Throws the empty box over her shoulder. Climbs on the trolley's back and whizzes towards the doors.

EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Zoe rides away with the cart, dogs running alongside.

No signs of life apart from a few grimy parked cars dotted around.

The air is still.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Zoe whizzes past a street sign. Underneath the name it reads "City of London".

The street is abandoned.

Almost.

A feral beast of a dog creeps into view ahead. Zoe slows the trolley to a stop a few metres away. Dino and Hulk growl menacingly, ready to tear the dog to shreds.

Unfazed, she reaches into the trolley.

Rears back up with a GIANT WATER SOAKER, squirting the dog until it runs away.

Zoe drops the toy back and pushes off again.

EXT. OVERGROWN CEMETERY - DAY

The trolley is abandoned in a pathway.

Nearby, Zoe and the dogs thread their way through the headstones.

Zoe stops in front of two side by side. The first is inscribed

MARY LAST

LOVING MOTHER

23rd Sept 1955 - 31st July 2010

and has a black and white posed photo inset of a 1970s-styled woman in her 20s.

The second is inscribed

POLLYANNA LAST

TAKEN

31st July 2000 - 14th Nov 2008

The photo inset is of an angelic girl. Gifts litter the base: trinkets, a teddy bear preserved in a rain-spattered plastic box, a laminated card that reads 'What goes around comes around' in an extravagant font.

Zoe sits, tearing up grass to split down the middle of the blade, keeping company with the dead.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - ZOE'S STREET - DAY

Zoe stops the trolley on the corner. Removes the backpack and water soaker.

Zoe trots off past terraced houses. Backpack on, trolley left, dogs at her heels.

Zoe turns into the tiny front garden of a house. A vegetable patch where grass should be.

INT. ZOE'S RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The dogs enter ahead of Zoe. She shuts the front door behind her silently. Removes the backpack. Arms herself with the water soaker.

Hulk runs up the stairs. Dino heads straight for the kitchen visible through an arch at the hallway's end.

Zoe looks inside the left doorway. Inches into the

LIVING ROOM

The barest of furniture. Unused. She retreats.

HALLWAY

Zoe looks up the stairs. Hulk leaves one doorway on the landing and goes in another.

KITCHEN