Is Anyone Home?

Ву

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PHOEBE, a teenage girl with dirty blonde hair, dress torn, terrified, runs as fast as her weary legs will carry her; throwing herself through the forest - trying to escape.

ZOMBIES. Each one shuffles after her patiently, hungrily following, waiting for her to slip.

She moves swiftly through a wall of fierce branches - a rotting hand grabs at her, pulling her rucksack from her shoulder. She screams, falling, managing to wriggle free - abandoning the luggage and continuing.

She approaches the edge of the forest, her body ready to collapse after the hours of running before noticing..

A LIGHT. Flickering in the window of a small farmhouse at the edge of the forest.

Renewed hope brings a surge of energy. She sprints towards it.

EXT. ABANDONED FARM YARD - NIGHT

She reaches the large brick farmhouse; the surrounding barns and fields eerily quiet. In desperation she clambers towards the source of the light, a small window near the front door.

Inside, a single bulb glows from a lamp seated on a small table, beside it a grand leather chair. From what little she can make out, the room appears to be some kind of library.

Phoebe lands a frantic fist on the window frame.

PHOEBE Hello?! Is anybody there? Hello?!

The room remains quiet but in the dim lamplight PHOEBE can make out a figure in the darkness. A man is sat in the chair.

She hits the window again with increased ferocity as shadowy figures edge towards her from the forest.

PHOEBE Please! I know you're in there! Please let me in! I have no where else-

Movement. The man in the chair stirs cautiously, closing the book sat in his lap.

## PHOEBE

Please!

The low pitched groans increase in volume behind her.

The man in the farm house slowly stands, turning slowly to the window. His face obscured in shadow as he looks at her, still.

> PHOEBE Please! Please, help me!

He takes a step towards the window.

PHOEBE Oh thank God- Please-

He reaches out, grabbing the curtain firmly and drawing it shut.

PHOEBE No, you can't- Please you have to-

The lamp light visible under the curtain disappears. Phoebe cries out in despair.

PHOEBE No! Please! Let me in!

As the rotting bodies reach her, she finally gives up. There is no further movement inside the room.

She chokes back the tears and turns, pushing through the crowd of corpses swarming around her and attempts to flee, desperate.

She disappears from view, the waiting crowd descend in bloodlust.

FADE OUT.

END.