

EXT. ABANDONED CITY - DAY

Sun breaks through white clouds as Annabelle treads carefully through a city.

A slight wind blows across her. The air is silent.

Vines and shrubbery claw across tall, grey buildings.

Grass has erupted from the roads and pavement. Rusted cars are parked in long-forgotten lay-by's.

A distant, faint BOOMING note is struck in the distance, breaking the silence.

Annabelle stops. She frowns, listening. Her eyes dart around the area.

There is nothing.

The noise eventually stops.

She hears the faint, twisted echo of a SCREAM from somewhere in the maze of buildings up ahead.

Annabelle removes the hunting knife from her belt.

After a moment there is silence once more.

She continues forward.

Annabelle emerges at a crossroads. Silence, now.

She crosses over it, pushing further into the dead city.

Annabelle passes a cobbled pedestrian street.

A DIRTY WOMAN is sitting in the middle of the street, SOBBING.

Annabelle freezes, the Dirty Woman doesn't notice her.

She stops sobbing, talking to herself.

DIRTY WOMAN

It's your turn to feed him...but  
the colour will never come out.

Annabelle edges past the road, eyeballing the woman.

DIRTY WOMAN

Eat it, Gregory! You aren't leaving  
this table until...no, this one is  
too expensive, buy the-

(CONTINUED)

Annabelle's boot SCUFFS a loose stone.

The Dirty Woman looks up suddenly at Annabelle.

Her face is gaunt and her eyes are glazed over.

Annabelle is a rabbit in headlights. Her breathing quickens.

The Dirty Woman begins to shake her head.

DIRTY WOMAN

No...

She sees the knife in Annabelle's hand.

DIRTY WOMAN

No!

She scrambles to her feet and runs away from Annabelle  
SCREAMING.

Her hurried footsteps ECHO along the cobbled street.

Annabelle stands for a moment, watching the dirty woman  
disappear from view. Knife in hand, she walks on.

Annabelle rounds a corner and emerges onto a road flanked by  
old architecture.

In the middle of the street a large, black, obelisk-shaped  
object has penetrated the street.

The stationary obelisk sits motionless, about ten feet in  
height. The road beneath it has caved slightly from its  
weight.

Annabelle looks around and carefully makes her way along the  
road.

She keeps to the edge of the street to avoid going near it.

She takes a step. And another.

Panels on the obelisk begin to slide open on each of its  
four sides.

Annabelle freezes.

BOOM!

The object lets out a LOUD, BASSY NOTE.

Annabelle recoils, clutching her ears.

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The BASSY NOTE continues to drone.

Suddenly Annabelle's head is flooded with guttural, electronic, discordant TONES.

She SCREAMS, the obelisks whispers wrapping around her mind.

She drops the hunting knife.

Colours saturate and fluctuate around her.

Annabelle falls to her knees, the aural assault nearly deafening.

SMACK!

Something hits her in the back of the head.

Annabelle blacks out.

She wakes momentarily, being dragged along the ground.

She passes out again.

She looks up.

A WOMAN with industrial ear-muffs is pulling Annabelle. Her cheeks are flushed, and sweat glistens her face.

Annabelle loses consciousness.

INT. AUTO REPAIR GARAGE - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Annabelle bolts awake, GASPING.

She is lying on a sofa in an unfamiliar room.

The room is surrounded by windows, though no natural light seeps through them.

She sits up, nursing the back of her head.

She winces, widening her mouth. She taps her ears to try and clear the pressure.

An empty office desk is on the side of the wall, a pile of papers stacked beside it on the floor.

She turns her head to observe the rest of the room.

A YOUNG BOY is sat in the middle of the floor, staring at her, doe-eyed with his mouth agape.

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He holds a toy car in one hand and a small figure of a man in another.

Annabelle shifts her legs off the sofa, sitting upright. The Young Boy recoils slightly.

She eyeballs the boy, whose messy blond hair nearly covers his eyes.

He calls out.

YOUNG BOY

Sue?

Footsteps THUD up a metallic staircase.

SUZANNE (44), the woman who carried Annabelle earlier emerges in the doorway.

SUZANNE

It's Okay, William.

Annabelle tenses, unsure of what is happening.

WILLIAM doesn't break his wondered gaze from their new guest.

SUZANNE walks over and strokes William's head, her long, dark, curly hair tied into a ponytail.

She looks at Annabelle.

SUZANNE

Are you alright?

Annabelle stares at SUZANNE. A large pair of industrial ear-muffs sit around her neck.

ANNABELLE

Where am I?

SUZANNE

A repair garage.

Suzanne looks out of the windows in the room.

SUZANNE

At least it used to be.

Annabelle glances at the windows, and back to SUZANNE.

ANNABELLE

What happened?

Suzanne runs her hand across her hair.

SUZANNE

I was out, getting some food. Saw you near-

WILLIAM

You went near the speakers.

Annabelle looks at William.

WILLIAM

You're not supposed to go near the speakers.

Suzanne looks at William and nods.

ANNABELLE

The speakers..?

William nods confidently.

SUZANNE

I brought you back here.

Annabelle's eyes wander between Suzanne and William.

SUZANNE

You hungry? Found some chocolates. Got some other stuff downstairs too.

Annabelle rubs the back of her head.

ANNABELLE

How long have I been asleep?

Suzanne shrugs.

SUZANNE

We don't have a working clock here, but it's still light out. Hours?

Annabelle rubs the back of her head.

SUZANNE

Sorry about that. You were screaming. Didn't know what else to do.

Annabelle looks up at Suzanne suspiciously.

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WILLIAM

Can I have some more?

SUZANNE

Don't be greedy, you've had yours.

William lowers his head and begins playing with his toys.

SUZANNE

You okay to walk?

Annabelle slowly gets up, steadying herself.

SUZANNE

Come on.

INT. AUTO REPAIR GARAGE - OFFICE - EVENING

William is wrapped in a blanket, snuggled on the sofa.

INT. AUTO REPAIR GARAGE - EVENING

Annabelle and Suzanne sit across from one another on an old wooden picnic table.

A CAMPING LAMP on the table partly illuminates the large garage.

Tool boxes and other mechanics' gear litters the room.

Small windows along the top of the walls are covered in rags and pieces of cardboard.

Annabelle stares at a chocolate bar, speckled white with age.

SUZANNE

I'm guessing you're not from around here?

Annabelle shakes her head.

SUZANNE

What are you doing here?

ANNABELLE

Heading south, just passing through.

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SUZANNE

Where are you going?

Annabelle pauses, thinking.

Suzanne raises her hand.

SUZANNE

It's none of my business.  
Nevermind.

ANNABELLE

I'm gonna try and cross the  
channel.

Suzanne raises an eyebrow.

SUZANNE

I wouldn't. My understanding was  
that anyone trying to leave would  
be shot.

Annabelle shrugs. Suzanne notices she hasn't touched her  
chocolate bar.

SUZANNE

You shouldn't go near those black  
things. They fucking twist you up  
inside.

Annabelle glances at Suzanne, who still has the ear-muffs  
round her neck.

SUZANNE

First time I...heard one, I didn't  
eat for a while.

ANNABELLE

Speakers?

Suzanne looks up at the office.

SUZANNE

Dunno. That's what he calls them. A  
while ago - I guess it was winter -  
we were woken by these...sounds...

Suzanne looks back at Annabelle.

SUZANNE

Like bombs were being dropped.

Suzanne pauses, thinking.

SUZANNE

Whatever they are, they..twist you up. Whatever is left of the city has changed. The people...

Annabelle folds her arms on the table.

SUZANNE

Some of them just sit there, lost in their minds. Or maybe their memories.

Suzanne trails off.

SUZANNE

Saw a man a couple days ago. Looked like he hadn't eaten in a week. He could barely stand, and he was just...waiting to die.

Suzanne shrugs.

SUZANNE

If you're lucky, they're the only ones you see. I seen others attacking one another. One chased me, screaming that I stole his phone.

Suzanne shakes her head. Annabelle screws up her face in confusion.

SUZANNE

Whatever they are. The black objects, the speakers, whatever...whoever's dropping them wants us all dead.

She tugs at her earmuffs.

SUZANNE

But if I wear these and some ear plugs underneath, I can't hear the...noise...they make. So hopefully I won't be going bat shit crazy any time soon.

Suzanne motions towards the office with her head.

SUZANNE

Doesn't seem to affect the little'un, for whatever reason. He said it sounds like singing.



ANNABELLE

Why haven't you tried to leave?  
What about your son?

Suzanne shakes her head.

SUZANNE

He's not my son.

She looks up again at the office.

SUZANNE

Found him after, well, everyone  
died. Just by himself, wandering  
the street.

Suzanne turns to Annabelle.

SUZANNE

I couldn't just leave him alone,  
you know? I had kids of m-

She stops, looking down at the table.

SUZANNE

You know.

Annabelle looks up at the office and back to Suzanne.

A moment of silence.

ANNABELLE

Where do you think they came from?

SUZANNE

The speakers? No idea.

ANNABELLE

But why would anyone do that?

Suzanne shrugs.

SUZANNE

Way I see it, it's been, what,  
years and no one's come to help us.  
I was around sick people and didn't  
get it. I'm guessing you were too?  
Maybe we got what killed everyone  
else, but didn't get sick.

Suzanne turns the lamp.

SUZANNE

Maybe the government or the rest of the world want us gone. A whole country full of cars, houses, schools, hospitals. And no people.

Annabelle stares at the table.

SUZANNE

Imagine how much this whole place is worth.

Suzanne gazes into the lamp, before glancing at Annabelle

SUZANNE

Look...

Suzanne shuffles awkwardly in her seat.

SUZANNE

You can stay here until you're better, and there's plenty of ear protection to spare, so feel free to take some. But...

Suzanne looks back at the office.

SUZANNE

Well, you've got places to go, and it's just me and him, you know?

Annabelle nods. Suzanne stands.

SUZANNE

It's just...I'm sorry, you know?

She walks to the bottom of the metal stair case, turning to Annabelle.

SUZANNE

You can sleep down here.

Suzanne smiles, turns around and gingerly makes her way up the stairs.

Annabelle slouches on the picnic table, her head resting on her crossed arms.