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FADE IN:

(FLASH FORWARD.)

INT. HGV DEPOT STATION - WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The sounds of someone's footsteps as they run away at a great speed, near enough too fast for the average human...

They knock their shoulder into fixtures as boxes fall to the floor.

SCARLET REID, 27 - naturally beautiful, lies on the floor... Dead.

Her eyes are wide open; her irises begin to fade, they lose their shine and brightness.

Through her pupils, the reflection of:

(End of Flash forward.)

INT. HGV CARGO -- DAY

Hundreds of food parcels shelved, grouped together in their postcode and subcategorised in their house numbers.

Under number "23" a parcel addressed to "Mrs. S. Reid" is placed.

INT. HGV DEPOT STATION - HGV - STATIONARY -- DAY

The DRIVER, 30 - slightly chubby, moves about in his seat for comfort, munches away on a bacon sandwich, brown sauce drips out of the side.

He starts the engine. He taps the underside of the dashboard over on the passenger side.

DRIVER

(mouthful of food)

Need to get you updated.

The Driver pulls away.

INT. CABINET BOARDROOM -- DAY

ALLAN SIMMONS, 44 - the Prime Minister heads the table. He wipes the sweat off his brow.

He loosens his collar and tie. He reaches out to a mug of water. The contents spill.

His CABINET looks on with concern. A newspaper lies face-up in front of him. The headline reads:

"FOUR YEARS ON - 150,000 MURDERED ANOTHER 150,000 MISSING NATIONWIDE."

Allan turns to --

GREG CHAMBERS, 47 - the Chancellor, his tired eyes inform Allan with bad news.

Allan places his fist onto his mouth.

EXT. TERRANCE HOUSE -- DAY

The door opens and Scarlet attempts to smile at the Driver, who offers her the clipboard.

Next to him: a POLICE OFFICER. His hand clenched over his firearm.

Scarlet snatches the clipboard and skim reads, back and forth.

SCARLET

Where are our Emergency Additions
for this month?

She looks to the Driver.

DRIVER

Don't be greedy now, darling.

SCARLET

I need those emergency additions.

The Police Officer raises his hand in the space in front of Scarlet.

DRIVER

Don't we all? Look, lady, I'm just going my job, and you know as well as I do, I'm lucky to have one.

He offers her his pen. Scarlet yanks the pen out of his hand, signs with a scribble and an exchange is made.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Scarlet closes the door. Wheezy and painful coughs come from a nearby room. She opens the parcel. Its contents are:

Half a small loaf of bread, a pint of milk, a small chocolate bar, a kilo of rice, a large bag of fruit salad and a few vegetables.

The coughs and lack of breaths intensify. Scarlet looks up, a tear runs down her cheek.

LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Scarlet wipes her eyes as she enters.

On the sofa: DEREK REID, 78 - wrapped up in a duvet appears to be among the living dead.

She kneels down in front of him, places his hand into both of hers to warm them up.

On a side table next to his head are a prescription of aspirin pills. Scarlet unscrews the lid and looks inside.

Scarlet sighs. She screws the lid tight, kisses Derek on the forehead.

In the left-hand corner, in front of the sofa, a charcoal mist gathers.

It quickly materialises into a heart; half the size and doesn't pump.

ADAM, 30's - the first thing you remember is his long black trench coat, is the product.

His face is immaculate and baby-faced. He watches Scarlet's affection.

Derek looks over Scarlet's shoulder to Adam. He wraps his hand around the back of Scarlet's neck.

Adam squints.

Derek attempts to sit up. Scarlet leans down to him. Derek speaks into her ear, loud enough for Adam to also hear.

DEREK

You're not the only one.

Adam raises his head. Derek nods as he looks to Adam.

He can no longer hold his cough which becomes fierce. Adam takes a pace forward.

DEREK

There's still life in this old
dog yet.

Derek's smile is directed to Adam. His body separates into the charcoal mist and evaporates.

Where Adam stood, a picture hangs on the wall.

It is of AMY REID, 30 - a spitting image of Scarlet, radiant with immaculate complexion.

DEREK

Your mother would have been
dreading today: The grey hairs.
The wrinkles. Growing old.

SCARLET

That's women for you. What was
she like?

DEREK

It was as if the Heavens above
sent us an Angel.

EXT. HGV - TRAVELING -- DAY

A bumpy ride. Potholes plague the road.

Through the windscreen, the Driver slurps up a drink from a fast-food outlet.

INT. HGV - TRAVELING -- CONTINUOUS

The company's copy of Scarlet's invoice lies on the dashboard.

Its watermark: A four point star with a cross in the center of it.

The Police Officer picks at his nails. He exhales in a fashion to calm himself down.

DRIVER

Shouldn't it be me that craps his pants?

POLICE OFFICER

Well you never know what's around the corner.

The Driver makes a left.

EXT. CENTER OF THE ROAD

Tyre spikes are thrown out.

INT. HGV - TRAVELING -- CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer's hand shakes over his pistol.

The Driver sees this out of the corner of his eye and glances back and forth from the road to the Officer's hand.

DRIVER

What are you doing?

The Police Officer yanks out his pistol and places it to the Driver's temple.

The barrel shakes. The Police Officer's eyes water; full of nerves.

POLICE OFFICER
I'm sorry, but I have to do
this... for my family.

BANG!

The Driver slumps over the steering wheel.

BANG!

The Police Officer places his hand onto the glove compartment to brace himself. His head bangs into the door.

Blood starts to drip from the wound. Sparks fly as the steel scrapes along the tarmac.

The Officer lifts the Driver's dead weight off the accelerator.

He then applies the brakes himself.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

As the HGV comes to a halt, A GROUP of about twenty men run to the incident.

There faces are completely covered and are accompanied with shopping trolleys.

They dispatch - two head to the passenger's door: FREDDIE CURTIS, 22 - a right jack the lad and DANIELLE 'DAN' BUCKLEY, 19 - a tomboy with short hair.

Freddie drags out the Police Officer.

POLICE OFFICER
We had a deal - you said that
you'll take me to Him!

He wrestles with the groggy Officer and disarms him. Freddie throws the firearm to Dan, who now points it towards the Officer.

POLICE OFFICER
No... NO!

BANG! BANG!

EXT. CARGO DOORS -- CONTINUOUS

The rest make their way to the shutters and armed with pliers, they force open the shutter door.

A free-for-all commences.

A scurry breaks out among them - pushing and shoving. Dan and Freddie join in.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Derek tosses and turns, coughs uncontrollably, a wheezy chest.

Scarlet grabs for the aspirin. She takes one pill out, assists Derek to sit up and places the pill inside his mouth.

A glance back into the aspirin container -- empty.

Scarlet flusters. Three, short and snappy sets of three knocks on the door. Scarlet rushes out.

HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens quickly by Scarlet and ANDREW TOMAS, 29 - rough and ragged, stands outside.

She steps aside to allow him in. Andrew closes the door. He hears Derek's lack of breath and groans.

ANDREW

Is he all right?

SCARLET

What do you bloody think?

ANDREW

You don't have to do this by yourself, you know that?

SCARLET

He has looked after me all of these years by himself, I can do the same for him.

ANDREW

But times are--

SCARLET

-- Different?

A beat. Derek too makes no noise. Andrew and Scarlet realises this.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Scarlet and Andrew rushes in.

Derek, his eyes closed, pale skin and his lips a slight blue.

Andrew opens Derek's pyjamas and begins CPR.

Scarlet goes towards a chest cabinet and opens the double doors.

Inside is a defibrillator.

Scarlet rushes back to Derek and kneels down.

Andrew continues the chest compressions whilst Scarlet sets up the machine.

She places the first pad onto Derek's left breast, the second on his right side.

The machine charges then a beep. Scarlet presses the central button.

Derek's body raises and falls with the shock. Andrew opens Derek's airways and listen for breaths.

After a few seconds, he shakes his head. The machine recharges.

A second shock. Andrew checks for his pulse. Andrew smiles.

INT. CABINET BOARDROOM -- DAY

The Cabinet leave one-by-one. The room empties just to leave Allan, who remains seated and Greg, who is about to leave.

ALLAN

Greg, can I have a word?

Greg turns, nods and takes a pace back on himself --

(MORE)
ALLAN

Close the door.

(beat)

Please.

He does so before he returns to the table.

Allan extends his arm in a gesture to offer him a seat.

Greg slides himself into a nearby chair, places his briefcase aside.

ALLAN

How's the family?

Greg, left bemused, answers.

GREG

Struggling like every other family in the Country.

ALLAN

I thought as much.

Allan's smile leaves Greg concerned. Allan opens a draw and slides a piece of paper over to Greg.

Greg looks at it.

It's an Emergency Addition Request Form.

GREG

No. Why should there be one rule for us and another for them?

ALLAN

It's a fight for survival, Greg.

GREG

That's not the reason why I had to withdraw these Emergency Additions.

GREG(cont'd)

The reason was that this Country
in a few months time will be bone
dry. Fact.

ALLAN

That's not what they say.

Allan's index finger taps on the Company's logo.

GREG

You trust them more than your
Cabinet? We don't even know who
the fuck they are.

ALLAN

That's not the point, Greg.
Haven't you seen the harsh
reality that we live in? You need
to do what you have to do. That's
why you scrapped the Emergency
Additions so you can fully
support your family.

GREG

You make it sound like that I'm
playing God in this situation.

ALLAN

You're not. But they are.

Allan's finger remains on the Company's logo.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - RAIDED HGV -- DAY

The shutter door to the cargo is crooked and hangs loosely
out of shape.

The shelves lie on the cargo floor. Not one single parcel
remain inside.