

Found

By

James Redd

Copyright James Redd 2009

jameswredd@gmail.com

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Grayish dust covers everything. It looks almost like a light snow except for the unnatural color.

The trees are weighed down and sad. The landscape around the house is void of sound, void of color, void of life.

The door is hanging on only by its bottom hinge, the windows are gone.

The cellar door gives a slight bump. It cracks open and a small pair of eyes peek out. The door opens a little more and a teddy bear enters the dim light.

Tiny fingers emerge from the door and wrap around the edge. It opens just enough for a small GIRL to squeeze out.

She wears a night gown that once was white, but now is closer to the color of the dust. Her hair is unkempt and there is a key on a string around her neck.

She picks up her bear and looks around. She sees the mangled door. She moves towards the house and looks in a window.

Her eyes are wide, her expression somewhere between frightened and mystified. She takes a deep breath and walks down the front walk.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

She clutches her teddy bear as she walks. She looks up in the trees as she walks by them.

Cars parked on the streets are windowless and rusted, like big, mechanical skulls. The skeleton of a bird rests on top of the car, too high for her to see.

She leaves footprints in the dust as she walks.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION

She comes to an intersection. Behind a tree near the corner lies the skeleton of a small animal, maybe a dog.

She looks up at the crossing sign. Nothing but blackness. She pushes the button. Nothing. She looks both ways and crosses.

EXT. CITY STREET

She walks by stores and shops, windowless and empty. Glass doors gone, wooden doors mangled and metal doors covered in the dust.

She looks in windows as she passes.

INT. STORE - CONTINUOUS

A human skeleton rests against the wall just below a window. The girl does not see it as she passes.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Looking sideways into a window, she runs into a fallen store sign and scrapes her shin.

She sits down and holds it. The trickle of red is the only color around. Tears appear in her eyes.

She looks around. Nobody to give her any sympathy, nobody to give her a bandage, nobody to hold her and tell her she'll be alright.

She takes a deep breath, gathers herself and stands. She looks forward with determination.

EXT. HOUSE

Something moves quickly (POV) toward the house. Labored, almost maniacal breathing is heard. It stops at the cellar door. Then it sees the footprints.

EXT. CITY STREET

The girl walks with a slight limp, a trickle of blood escapes the wound.

She wipes her eyes with her hand and blinks to clear them.

She comes to a wide open city square.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

The thing moves quickly through the streets past the cars and the dust-covered trees, following the trail of footprints. Breathing.

EXT. CITY SQUARE

A fountain. The girl looks in as she passes. No water, no coins, just the ubiquitous dust.

There are several large buildings around the square. She walks toward one of them.

EXT. STREET INTERSECTION

The thing follows her footprints across the street. Breathing.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY

The girl ducks under the door, half destroyed and hanging on for dear life. Her leg brushes against the door smearing blood.

She walks down the hallway through the dust that has permeated even the inside of the structure.

She stops at a door and takes the key from around her neck.

EXT. STREET

The breathing continues. The thing pauses momentarily at the drop of blood on the fallen sign. It quickens its pace.

INT. OFFICE

The girl unlocks the door and slowly opens it.

A desk and a chair, some shelves. Scattered papers and folders.

She walks in and steps on broken glass. She looks down.

A picture. A family. Dad, mom, kids - and her in the middle. She cannot hold back the tears. They flow.

EXT. CITY SQUARE

The thing breathes as if the struggle to inhale and exhale might be too great. It passes the fountain.

INT. OFFICE

The girl sits in the desk chair, shoulders slumped, looking at the picture. She starts when she hears a crash.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY

The thing crashes through the blood-stained door, moving rapidly toward the office the girl just entered.

INT. OFFICE

She clutches the picture and her teddy bear to her chest and looks toward the door, eyes wide.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE

The thing finally slows, following the footsteps into the office. It arrives at the doorway. Breathing.

INT. OFFICE

The girl is petrified, her eyes locked on the door. It opens.

In steps a man, haggard, worn and worse for the wear, breathing heavily. It is the man in the photo. Her DAD.

The girl is too stunned to move. She bursts into tears and puts out her arms.

Her dad rushes to her and picks her up, sobbing.