

Trust  
Draft 3

By

Nah Damien, Raysmond Ghandi, Lionel Fong, Guhan Sanmugam,  
James Spencer Lum, Muhammad Naqib Bin Azmi

INT. ABANDONED BALLROOM - DAY

We see a door left ajar. We hear running footsteps, heavy panting and animalistic growls. They get louder and closer, until...

JOEL, a lone survivor, carrying a rucksack. He bursts through the door before shutting and leaning against it. Something is growling and banging on the door as he holds it shut. As the growling and banging fade, Joel catches his breath and takes a look at his surroundings.

The room appears void of life, but with traces of hasty abandonment -- flipped tables and scattered cutlery amongst other kinds of clutter. Joel slowly rummages through them pile by pile, not finding anything of use.

Suddenly, the SOUND OF METALLIC CLUTTER.

Joel looks up, but doesn't see anything around him.

INT. ABANDONED BALLROOM - SAME DAY

As Joel explores further, he finds a backpack, a small pile of empty cans, bottles and a TEDDY BEAR on top of a table. Just as he picks up the teddy bear with curiosity, a figure enters and approaches from an open door behind him...

ASHLEY

Hey!

Joel turns around, teddy bear still in hand. ASHLEY is standing mere metres in front of him, CROWBAR raised and ready to strike.

ASHLEY

Give him back!

JOEL

I'm sorry, I didn't realise anyone was here, I--

ASHLEY

Give him back, now!

JOEL

Okay, okay...

Joel slowly extends the teddy bear towards Ashley.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

ASHLEY'S POV. WE SEE JOEL RAMBLE, BUT ALL WE CAN HEAR IS A HIGH PITCHED WHINE.

CUT BACK:

Ashley snatches the teddy bear from Joel and hugs it tight, as if she were comforting a child.

It is here Joel notices: DRIED BLOOD FROM ASHLEY'S EARS. Ashley, still hugging the bear, turn her attention back to him.

ASHLEY  
What else did you take?

JOEL  
I-I didn't take anything, I was just looking around, I--

ASHLEY  
What did you take!

JOEL  
Nothing, I swear!

Joel gestures his arms in denial. Ashley's demeanor doesn't change. He points towards his rucksack.

JOEL  
Look, I'll show you...

Joel unslings his rucksack.

ASHLEY  
Hey! What are you doing!

Joel pauses his movements, raising one hand up, then continues slowly.

ASHLEY  
Hey? HEY!

The contents of Joel's rucksack spill onto the table. Empty cans, plastic boxes and containers. Ashley watches closely, still on edge.

JOEL  
(emptying bag)  
I don't have anything. It's all rubbish, worthless.

The only thing of value that comes out is AN UNOPENED WATER BOTTLE.

(CONTINUED)

JOEL

All I have is this.

(beat)

Take it, it's all I've got.

Joel picks up the bottle, extending his arm to offer it to her. Ashley stares at him, pondering. She lowers her crowbar and reaches to take the bottle, when she sees a FRESH SCRATCH WOUND on Joel's now exposed forearm. Her eyes widen, and she hesitates. Joel realises what she's looking at.

ASHLEY

You're... you're...

JOEL

(gesturing)

Hold on, this isn't what you think it is...

Ashley instantly raises her crowbar, back on guard.

JOEL

I'm not infected, I swear. I can explain everything--

ASHLEY

Get out. Get out now!

Ashley steps forward, threatening him, forcing Joel to back away. Joel pleads with his hands.

JOEL

Please, just hear me out--

ASHLEY

Go away!

INT. ABANDONED BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind Ashley, a new figure appears from the doorway, growling. It is a ZOMBIE. Joel sees this, but Ashley doesn't seem to notice. It staggers towards Ashley.

JOEL

(pointing)

Hey, HEY!

ASHLEY

Stay away from me, please--

The Zombie is getting close.

(CONTINUED)

