

INT. A LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Photographs. Souvenirs. Memories.

Shadows jump across the walls. The fight between the sodium glow of the streetlamps and the cathode-ray glare of an old television.

An elderly lady, SALLY, watches a news report of looters, their arms full, running from a burning electrical store.

Fists pound the door O.S.

She jumps.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sally? Are you in there? We've got to go. They're downstairs. I think they're going to torch the place.

Sally visibly relaxes at the sound of the familiar voice. She p-u-l-l-s herself up from her chair, walks over to the television. She switches it off.

The chaos and pandemonium from below burst up into the silence.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sally?!

Sally walks over to a bookcase. She lingers on a black and white photograph of two lovers. Not much older than the kids running through the streets outside her window. The girl holds a flower in her hands.

Sally strokes the photo frame and then turns it face down.

She pulls a leather bound book from the shelf behind it. Pressed between its dry pages is the very same flower from the photograph.

Sally turns it in her fingers, slips it into her pocket and neatly places the book back.

She walks calmly over to the door, unbolts, opens it.

VOICE (O.S.)

C'mon. Have you got everything you need?

Sally gives a sad smile and leaves her home.

FADE OUT.