

THE DECAYING WORLD

By

Lee Cordner

EPISODE TWO

"SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR"

Copyright (C) 2014

leecordner@live.co.uk

FADE IN:

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Mack rounds a corner passing a street sign. He stops dead in his tracks, backs up a little.

HUNDREDS of zombies crowd a cluttered street prominent with abandoned, burnt out vehicles.

A few rile up upon noticing Mack standing there. They stop eating corpses, focus on fresh meat.

Mack backs up, aiming down the sights of his automatic. He cocks it, takes aim.

MACK

Shit...

They swamp him. He opens fire, taking several down. Mack avoids their reach, climbs atop a car.

They envelop the car. Mack continues shooting, head shot after head shot. Bodies hit the floor. He runs outta ammo.

A zombie grabs his leg, yanks him into the crowd. He fights his way free, using a bed frame shiv, slicing and dicing.

MACK

AAAAAHHHHH!!!!!!

Mack jams the shiv into a zombie's skull, loses it in the scuffle as he avoids arms and teeth.

Mack breaks out of the horde. He grabs a handgun from the ground, shoots, gun CLICKS empty.

Mack throws the gun at a zombie, vaults a mailbox. He shoulder barges through a door into --

INT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE - DAY

Sporting goods hang off shelves. Crossbows, footballs, bows and arrows, hunting rifles, flack jackets, the works.

Mack grabs a javelin as zombies flood through the door. Some BREAK through the windows.

Mack jams a javelin through a zombie's skull, grabs a baseball bat and swings --

-- the bat SNAPS a zombie's head back. Mack shoves it into the crowd, continues backing up.

He grabs a crossbow and quiver from the shelf, loads an arrow, shoots.

An arrow strikes a zombie in the head, it falls. Some tumble over it.

Mack grabs a bow, strings it over his back. He scoops a baseball off a pile, throws it --

-- WHACK, a zombie takes it to the skull, staggers back.

Mack kicks a door through, enters, closes it from inside. Zombies POUND on the door.

INT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, STOREROOM - DAY

Boxes, crates, shipment containers and shelves lined with unpacked goods.

Mack leans a shelf against the door, blocking it off. Zombies HAMMER on it from outside.

Mack checks his surroundings. No way out. He looks up at a skylight, sunlight breaks through.

Mack climbs a shelf. He jimmys the skylight lock, bashes it with the crossbow.

MACK

Come on, come on!

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

The skylight SMASHES. Mack climbs out, rolling over glass. He looks up at the sky, sighs with relief.

A shotgun COCKS. A silhouetted figure steps into the sun, aiming down at Mack.

GERALD, 54, a redneck if ever there was one, trucker hat, flannel vest, hunting knife under his belt, stares down.

GERALD

Who the hell are you?

CUT TO BLACK:

RUN TITLE SEQUENCE

FADE IN:

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie drives. Evan sits in the back with the baby. Sinclair rides shotgun, rubbing his shoulder.

SINCLAIR
Thanks for stopping. A lot of folk
would've kept going.

ELLIE
I'm not a lot of folk.

Sinclair studies Ellie a moment, looks at her brother in the back seat.

SINCLAIR
Is it just you two?

Ellie nods.

SINCLAIR
I'm sorry.

ELLIE
Did you do this?

Sinclair shakes his head "no".

ELLIE
Then why you sorry?

Ellie checks the baby in the rear-view.

ELLIE
How old is he?

SINCLAIR
Fifteen months...

Sinclair GROANS in pain, holding his shoulder.

ELLIE
How long ago were you bitten?

SINCLAIR
Four hours ago. Why?

Ellie pulls over, sticks the gearstick in park. She leans over, checks Sinclair's temperature.

ELLIE

You're burning up. How do you feel?

SINCLAIR

Like I just got bit by my wife.

Ellie checks a map book. She looks out the window, the countryside stares back.

ELLIE

There's a clinic two and a half miles down the road. Should be some supplies there. Get you better.

SINCLAIR

If looters ain't got there first.

ELLIE

I doubt people would fall that far in less than a day.

SINCLAIR

You'd be surprised how far people fall, kiddo.

Ellie drives. Sinclair favors his shoulder, blood seeps through his shirt.

SINCLAIR

You should see some of the guys I deal with on a daily basis. Thieves, lowlifes, degenerates, murderers.

ELLIE

You're a cop?

Sinclair SNICKERS.

SINCLAIR

I'm a glorified babysitter for criminals.

Ellie smiles.

SINCLAIR

I work up at Huntsville Unit. Oh...shit, Addison.

ELLIE

Who's Addison?

SINCLAIR

A good friend of mine. He might not know. We gotta get there.

ELLIE

No. I'm sticking to the route.

SINCLAIR

It's got walls and fences. We'll be safe there.

ELLIE

It's also got convicts and rapists.

SINCLAIR

They're contained.

Ellie shoots Sinclair a look.

ELLIE

How do you know it's not like everywhere else?

Sinclair sighs.

ELLIE

Besides, you're in no condition for a road trip.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Greene leaves Fiona's bedside and walks over to the window. He peers through the blinds --

-- A few ROAMERS wander about aimlessly on the grass, wander out into the road. Crows sit on telegraph cables, SQUAWKING.

Fiona wakes up with a YAWN and GROAN. Greene walks over, sits by her side.

GREENE

Morning.

FIONA

Doctor...still here?

Fiona sits up. Greene helps her. She waves him off.

FIONA

I can...do it myself.

Greene admires her bravery as she sits up. He smiles.

FIONA
What time is it?

GREENE
Just gone ten.

He checks her temperature.

GREENE
Fever's gone.

FIONA
Is that good...or bad?

GREENE
That's very good, Mrs. Taylor. Very good indeed. You're showing signs of recovery.

He takes her hand. She looks into his eyes.

FIONA
Has Addison called yet?

GREENE
(convincing)
He says he's on his way. We just need to sit tight and wait it out.

FIONA
You're a shitty liar.

Greene smiles.

GREENE
Are you hungry?

FIONA
Yeah...couldn't nip down to Subway and grab me a fresh sub?

Greene chuckles, takes to his feet.

GREENE
I'll see what I can do.

He checks the small rounded window in the door --

-- no movement in the hallway. A corpse sits back against the wall, its stomach ripped open, gender unknown.

GREENE

Looks clear. Sit tight and I'll be
back in a mo.

Green slides the trolley out of the way, and exits. He
closes the door behind him.

MACK (V.O)

Just calm down!

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack holds up a hand as he tries to calm Gerald.

GERALD

You brought the bastards right to
my door!

MACK

Get the damn gun outta my face!

Mack grabs the barrel, disarms Gerald. Gerald steps back.
Behind him sits a tent and an oil drum.

Mack cocks the shotgun. Shells fall to the ground. He drops
the shotgun.

MACK

I'm not your enemy, old timer.

GERALD

You broke into my store...now
you're stealing my products? Hell
if you're a friend!

PATSY, 51, frail and weathered, emerges from the tent, her
arm heavily bandaged and her complexion pale.

PATSY

What's...what's going on out here?

GERALD

Patsy, go back inside.

Patsy looks at Mack and smiles.

PATSY

What's your name?

MACK

Mack Abernathy, ma'am.

Patsy inspects him with a cautious eye.

GERALD

Mack was just leaving.

PATSY

Oh...won't you stay? We have food
and water. It'd be nice to have
some company. Gets awful lonely
listening to Gerald talk all night.

Mack manages a chuckle. Gerald stares him down.

PATSY

Come over. Sit down. Tell us a
little bit about yourself.

GERALD

I don't think he wants to.

MACK

I don't mind. Could use a break.

Patsy takes Mack by the hand and leads him over to camp
chairs by the tent.

Gerald scoops his shotgun and shells off the ground. He
loads them, cocks the gun, and sighs.

PATSY

Here, eat.

Patsy hands Mack a nutrition bar. He gracefully takes it,
nodding in thanks.

MACK

Appreciate the gesture, ma'am.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Goods lie across the floor, shelves sit toppled against one
another on the verge of collapse.

STOREKEEPER, 30s, male, and SHOPPER, 20s, female, shamble
about amongst aisles.

The door bell DINGS.

Storekeeper and Shopper approach the noise. They see the
door close, but no one is present.

ADDISON

Boo.

Storekeeper and Shopper turn. Addison shoots. A bullet rips through Storekeeper's head, tears through Shopper's ear and sends both on a wicked tailspin to the ground.

Shopper's head impales on a jagged shelf pike.

Addison holsters his handgun, grabbing a basket. He fills it up with supplies.

EXT. STRIP MALL, CAR PARK - DAY

A small forest community. Trees envelop the place.

Dead zombies lie about the place, in and amongst abandoned vehicles around the lot.

Addison sets two baskets of supplies in the back seat of his SQUAD CAR, closes the door.

BIKE ENGINES ROAR in the distance, growing closer.

Addison pulls out his gun, looks around as THREE BIKERS ride into the car park. Addison ducks behind his car.

OMEGA, 42, scarred and grizzly, thick mane of tangled hair and a beard, biker's cut boasting the grim reaper, swings off his bike and his chains RATTLE.

ANGEL, 29, Gothic, heavy makeup, piercings, curvy body with a voluptuous pair of breasts, gets off Omega's bike.

CHERUB, 34, burly and broad, mean as all hell with tattoos everywhere, kicks his stand into place and surveys.

AUSTIN, 37, handlebar mustache and greasy hair, sits a shotgun on his shoulders as he looks around.

Omega hocks one up and spits on a zombie. He looks around, notices the squad car.

OMEGA
(nodding to Austin)
Check it out.

Austin heads over to the squad car, shotgun poised. Angel hugs her arms around Omega's waist.

Austin rounds the car, aims. Addison is gone. Austin leans his shotgun on his shoulder.

AUSTIN

No one here.

OMEGA

Alright. Move inside. Let's wrestle
up some grub.

Omega leads them inside. Cherub remains outside, keeping
watch on his bike.

Addison lurks behind a burnt out vehicle. He sneaks a peek.

Cherub lights a cigar, sits back on his bike. He puffs away
without a care in the world.

ADDISON

(whispering)

Son of a...

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack takes a drink from a flask cup as Gerald keeps a close
eye on him.

GERALD

What's with the jumpsuit? You just
get out?

MACK

You could say that.

Patsy plops baked beans into a pot over a fire. She stirs,
affording Mack a glance.

PATSY

What did you do?

Mack sits the cup on the ground.

PATSY

Nothing bad I hope.

MACK

We all do things we're not proud
of, ma'am.

GERALD

What did you do then? From the
looks of you you've seen death.

Mack nods, sniffles.

MACK

Yeah, I have. None of that matters now though. The world's changed.

GERALD

No matter if the world's changed don't give you a free pass in the eyes of the lord. People like you don't belong in this world.

MACK

Funny...I know a guy who said something of the sort.

Mack shoots Gerald a steely look.

MACK

He soon changed his opinion.

Tension mounts between the men. Patsy CLACKS the ladle against the pot.

PATSY

Well, whatever you may or may not have done...whoever you were...none of it matters in the here and now.

Gerald walks away with a sigh. He steps to the edge of the roof, gazing down.

PATSY

Don't mind him. He gets a little cranky when he doesn't get his protein shake.

Mack stifles a chuckle. Patsy smiles.

MACK

I don't mind, ma'am. We're all in the same boat.

PATSY

Exactly. We need each other. Can't paddle a raft with one oar.

MACK

Or you keep going round in circles.

Patsy looks up, manages a kind smile.

PATSY

That's a good analogy, Mr. Abernathy.

MACK
Call me Mack.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HALL - DAY

Vending machines sit by the wall. A wheelchair lies toppled. Greene pulls out some nickels and dimes, drops some into the coin slot. They fall out. He sighs.

GREENE
Of course. No power.

MOANING echoes through the halls. Greene closes on the corner, sneaks a peek.

DOZENS of zombies roam the corridor aimlessly. A CRAWLER drags its intestines along the floor.

Greene returns to the vending machine. He considers as he picks up an IV holder.

A NURSE, 20s, face ripped in half, rounds the corner.

GREENE
Oh...

She SNARLS and reaches out. Greene backs up, trips on the wheelchair, staggers back.

His hand SLICES across shattered glass on the windowsill. Blood drips onto the floor.

Nurse grabs Greene's arm, goes to bite. Greene shoves her into the vending machine, SMASH. Glass rains down.

Greene grabs a syringe from the ground. He waits for an opening. Nurse reaches. He stabs her in the eye.

She SNARLS and MOANS. He shoves her to the ground on approach to the vending machine.

More ZOMBIES round the corner, DOCTORS, PATIENTS, GUESTS.

Greene wrestles up some candy and potato chips. He backs up, takes off into a run.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Greene closes on the far door. The corpse by the wall GROANS to life and reaches. He barely avoids its reach.

Zombies round the corner as a door SLAMS shut.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Greene slides the trolley under the handle and locks it into place. He backs up.

Fiona perks up, looks over.

FIONA

Malcolm?

Greene hurries to her side. He pulls the curtains as --

-- zombies appear at the door, gazing through the small round window.

Greene holds his index finger to his lips. Fiona trembles.

Zombies HAMMER on the door. GROANING bleeds through the wood and walls.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

The sun slowly sets over acres of farmland. The minivan glides across a barren road.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Sinclair coughs into a closed fist. Ellie hands him a handkerchief. He gratefully nods, covers his mouth with it.

ELLIE

You really don't look too good.

SINCLAIR

I don't feel too good either. I'm starving.

ELLIE

Evan...could you get him something?

Evan digs through his backpack.

Sinclair coughs blood into the handkerchief. He scrunches it up, takes a heavy breath.

Evan hands Sinclair a chocolate bar.

EVAN
It's the last one.

SINCLAIR
Keep it.

ELLIE
You need your strength. Eat.

Sinclair shakes his head.

ELLIE
That wasn't a question. We'll find
more. Just eat.

Sinclair reluctantly takes the chocolate. He thanks Evan
with a slight nod.

SINCLAIR
How old is he?

ELLIE
He's six. Seven next month. We were
gonna take him to...
(sighs)
...doesn't matter now.

Sinclair bites into the chocolate bar. He grimaces, spits it
out onto the floor.

Ellie looks over. Sinclair mops bile from his chin.

ELLIE
Are you okay?

Sinclair grabs his gut, gags.

ELLIE
Sinclair?

SINCLAIR
Pull over...now...

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

The minivan stops. Sinclair bursts out the side, rushing
down an embankment. He vomits on the grass.

Ellie steps out, walks around the front.

Sinclair throws up bile and blood. He notices black goo amongst the bile.

SINCLAIR

What the...

ELLIE

Sinclair...

Sinclair's bite wound SIZZLES like bacon. He grabs at his shoulder, falls to a knee.

ELLIE

Sinclair!

SINCLAIR

Stay back!

Ellie freezes, trembling in fear as Sinclair takes out a handgun and weighs it in his hand.

SINCLAIR

I need you to take the gun and go.

ELLIE

What?!? No!

He tosses the gun at her feet. She looks down.

SINCLAIR

Get my son outta here, Ellie! I'm begging you. Please.

ELLIE

We stay together! I can't look after a baby by myself...

SINCLAIR

You don't got a choice, sweetie. Oh god it hurts! My stomach...AAAHHH!!

Sinclair convulses, falls. Ellie rushes down the embankment to his side. She drops to her knees.

Blood and bile spew onto Sinclair's chin. Blood drizzles from his ears and eyes.

ELLIE

No...no...Sinclair!

Evan gets out of the minivan.

ELLIE
Get back in the car! Now!

Sinclair dies. Ellie checks his pulse, no response. She sighs painfully.

ELLIE
Oh...no...dammit...

Sinclair's eyes burst open. White and bloodshot. He SNARLS, grabs at Ellie. She SCREAMS.

ELLIE
(screaming)
Sinclair!

Sinclair wrestles her to the ground, goes for her neck. She fends him off, slapping and punching. He persists.

BANG! A bullet tears through Sinclair's head, exploding through his eye. He drops lifeless onto Ellie.

Ellie panics, pushing him off and scooting away in fear. She looks up --

-- Evan holds the smoking gun and boasts a scared expression on his face. He trembles.

ELLIE
Evan...
(teary, looking at Sinclair)
...what have you...oh god...

Ellie vomits normal puke as Evan lowers the gun...

ELLIE
AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

EXT. STRIP MALL, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Addison opens the back door of his squad car and sneaks inside. He closes it as quietly as possible.

Omega, Angel and Austin head out of the store carrying baskets and wheeling carts of cigarettes, alcohol, food and other such supplies.

OMEGA
We'll come back in the morning,
clean the whole place out.

They pass the squad car.

OMEGA

Cherub! Are we good?!?

Cherub hot-wires an SUV. He pokes his head out, holds up a hand and nods.

CHERUB

Almost! Gimme a sec.

He returns to his business.

Omega sits a basket on Angel's cart as she stops by the back of the SUV. Austin CRACKS open a beer, takes a swig.

AUSTIN

Love me a cold one.

Angel leaps onto Omega, arms around his shoulders and legs around his waist.

ANGEL

Did we do good?

OMEGA

We did just fine, baby-doll.

Omega looks around.

OMEGA

Shame really. I liked ripping places off before the dead started walking around.

He manages a chuckle as --

-- zombies shuffle out of the treeline, crossing the road.

Omega's joy turns sour. Angel gets off him. He whips out a giant MAGNUM REVOLVER, CLICKS back the hammer.

BANG. BANG. Both zombies fall to the ground, THUD.

Omega blows the smoking barrel, holsters his gun. Austin leans on the car, swigging beer.

AUSTIN

Nice shots.

Omega eyeballs the squad car.

OMEGA

See that?

AUSTIN

See what?

Omega removes his gun, closes on the squad car. Angel takes out her own gun. Austin sits the beer on the car hood.

OMEGA

I know you're in there. Might as well come out.

No response. Omega smirks, shoots the squad car windshield. A bullet webs the glass.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Addison flinches.

ADDISON

(quietly)

Shit...

EXT. STRIP MALL, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Omega nods to Austin. Austin shoots the squad car siren. Blue and red plastic fly.

Addison emerges from the back of the car, hands raised.

OMEGA

Well, lookey what we got here. A little piggy.

Omega chuckles, aims at Addison.

OMEGA

How about we make the little piggy go oink?

ADDISON

I ain't got no beef with you.

OMEGA

Oh? I find that hard to believe.

ADDISON

I'm being serious, man. I'm not a cop.

Omega laughs. Angel licks her lips.

OMEGA

You look like one. Uniform, car,
gun, badge, even the hat. If you're
gonna lie make sure you ain't
wearing it.

ADDISON

I'm a prison guard up at Huntsville
Unit.

AUSTIN

He's a glorified rent-a-cop.

OMEGA

More like babysitter.

Omega steps to Addison, who backs up a tad. Omega holds out
a hand.

OMEGA

I'm not gonna kill you. If I wanted
that you'd be lying in a pool of
crimson right about now.

ADDISON

What do you want?

OMEGA

What do I want...hm...well for
starters, I wanna know why you're
out here.

Addison lowers his hands.

ADDISON

Supplies. I'm heading to Houston to
find my wife.

OMEGA

Anymore of you?

ADDISON

If I say no are you gonna kill me?

Omega is shocked at this.

OMEGA

What do I look like, man? I ain't
no cop killer and I'm not a bad guy
either. Just a guy looking to
protect his own.

Omega holsters his revolver.

OMEGA
What you got in there?

ADDISON
Couple cans of food, drinks.

OMEGA
My food and drinks?

Addison lowers his gaze. Omega chuckles.

OMEGA
I'm just playing. Plenty to go
around. And I'm willing to let it
slide...once.

Omega steps to Addison.

OMEGA
But if I see you around here again,
me and my boys are gonna put a few
holes in your bacon, am I clear?

ADDISON
Crystal.

Omega pats Addison on the shoulder.

OMEGA
Well go on. Scoot. Before I change
my mind.

Addison gets into the driver's seat. Omega walks out in
front as headlights beam down on him.

Addison pulls out of the car park. Omega waves.

OMEGA
Say "hi" to your wife for me!

Angel cackles. Austin manages a laugh. Omega watches the
taillights fade into the darkness.

OMEGA
(to Austin)
You follow that son bitch. Get our
supplies back.

AUSTIN
I thought you said-

OMEGA

I know what I said. Don't mean I meant it.

Omega sits a hand on Austin's shoulder.

OMEGA

We let people think they can just walk on our grass and get away with trampling it, sooner or later every freaking one of 'em will be in our yard, messing up the flowerbed.

Omega claps Austin on the shoulder.

OMEGA

I want the leaves outta my yard. And you got rake duty.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Ellie drives. Evan rides shotgun, looking out at the world.

ELLIE

Evan...we need to talk about what happened back there.

Evan looks over.

ELLIE

What you did-

EVAN

I did it to save you.

Ellie furrows her brows. Evan ignores her, shifts his gaze to the window.

ELLIE

I never want you to do that again. Do you understand?

Evan draws something on the frosted window.

ELLIE

Evan...are you listening to me?

EVAN

Did one of them get mommy?

He looks over. She focuses on the road.

ELLIE

Yeah. One of them got mom.

Evan understands, returns to his drawing.

ELLIE

But that doesn't make it alright.
We can't become monsters.

EVAN

Remember that TV show I used to
watch before school? The one with
the dinosaurs?

ELLIE

What does that have to-

EVAN

Remember what the man said?

Ellie looks over.

EVAN

"In order to survive the monsters,
they had to become monsters".

A dull look falls across Ellie's face.

ELLIE

We're not dinosaurs, Evan. We're
just people.

EVAN

Are "they"?

Ellie looks over, considering. Evan waits eagerly.

EVAN

They don't look like people. They
look like monsters.

ELLIE

I'm not sure what they are. But if
we can avoid killing them we might
just have something to fight for.

Ellie rubs Evan's shoulder. He looks away, finishing a
drawing of a mutant monster on the steamy window.

The baby CRIES. Ellie looks over the back seat, sighs.

ELLIE

He's hungry, can you feed him?

Evan climbs over to the back. He rummages through the baby bag, pulling diapers, pacifiers and a bottle out.

Ellie keeps a close eye on Evan in the rear-view. Her gaze drifts to the handgun on the dashboard.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Evan shoots Sinclair in the head, shows no remorse as he freezes in place.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Ellie grabs the handgun and sits it on her lap. She looks in the rear-view. Evan innocently feeds the baby.

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gerald lights torches around the tent. He patrols the perimeter, gazing down on the HORDE.

Mack sits on the ledge, drinking from a flask as he looks down at the ravenous pack on the street, reaching and SNARLING at him.

MACK

What was it like?

GERALD

What was "what" like?

Gerald stops near Mack.

MACK

The Outbreak.

Gerald tilts his head, taking a seat next to Mack. Mack hands Gerald the flask. Gerald takes a sip.

GERALD

God said our time was up. So he sent a plague to rid the world of us so it may begin anew. And all our sins would be washed away until nothing remained but emptiness.

Mack shoots Gerald a wild, confused look.

GERALD

Are you a man who believes, Mack?

MACK

I've a hard time believing in anything that could do this.

GERALD

God works in mysterious ways. He has plans for us all. Even you.

MACK

I doubt he has plans for me.

Mack takes back the flask, manages a snicker as he raises it to his lips.

MACK

I don't have plans for me.

GERALD

You survived the outbreak. That must tell you something.

MACK

It tells me one thing, old timer.
(looks at Gerald)
That I'm walking a thin line
between living and dead.

Mack chuckles.

MACK

Perhaps that's my punishment. Maybe this is "God's" way of telling me I messed up.

Mack takes another swig.

MACK

That I deserve to suffer for the things I did.

GERALD

And what did you do, son?

Mack hands Gerald the flask. Gerald patiently waits. Mack sighs, bows his head.

MACK

I killed a man in cold blood.

Gerald nods.

GERALD

Did he deserve his punishment?

Mack snickers, nods "yes".

MACK

Yeah. He did. Guys like him don't deserve the breath they're given. The things he did...no one comes back from that. And I wasn't about to give him the option.

GERALD

We are not reapers, Mack. We are all part of a flock. Pieces on the board, all waiting our turn to make something of ourselves.

Gerald hands Mack the flask.

GERALD

I believe you have yet to have your chance. That there is time for you to redeem yourself, and once again be reborn a new man.

MACK

You think this is my second chance?

GERALD

We all deserve second chances, son. Maybe this is yours.

Gerald stands, grabs his torch and walks.

MACK

You never did answer my question.

Gerald looks over.

MACK

What was it like?

GERALD

(darkly)

Hell.

EXT. MOTEL & TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Lonely, right out in the sticks. Abandoned. No vehicles, trucks, no zombies.

The minivan pulls up to a pump. Ellie steps out, checks the place with caution. A tumbleweed rolls by.

She grabs a pump, slots it in the gas tank and presses down. Gasoline FLOWS, SPLASHING in the tank.

Evan walks around back.

ELLIE

Where are you going?

EVAN

Toilet.

INT. MOTEL & TRUCK STOP, TOILETS - NIGHT

Grubby, graffiti plastered walls, broken mirrors. A mop and bucket sit by the door. A WET FLOOR sign occupies the floor.

The main door CREAKS open. Ellie, gun first, ambles in. She checks her corners. Evan follows closely.

Ellie opens a stall door. She checks another. And the last.

ELLIE

Okay, make it quick.

Evan rushes into a stall, closing the door behind him. CLICK. The lock drops into place.

Ellie sticks the gun in her pants and walks over to the sink. She runs the tap, splashes water on her face.

She checks her reflection in the broken mirror. Several emotions stare back at her. Worried. Sad. Fearful.

ELLIE

How you doing in there?

EVAN (O.S)

(in stall)

I haven't been yet.

ELLIE

Hurry it up. We need to go.

(notices a mess in the toilet)

I hate truck stop restrooms.

EVAN (O.S)
Does it smell to you too?

ELLIE
Yeah...

EVAN (O.S)
Who's "Dave"?

ELLIE
What?

Ellie leans on the sink, taps her heel on the floor.

EVAN (O.S)
There's a name on the wall. "Dave
was here".

Ellie manages a smile.

EVAN (O.S)
With some girl called "Charlotte".
What does "banged" mean?

ELLIE
(giggling)
I'll tell you when you're older.

A beat.

EVAN (O.S)
Ellie...?

ELLIE
Yup?

EVAN (O.S)
Do you think daddy's still alive?

Ellie bows her head, folds her arms.

ELLIE
I really don't know, Evan.

EVAN (O.S)
What if he's at home? What if he
came back to find us?

Ellie swallows her pride.

ELLIE
Evan...dad did something bad. He's
not at home. He's in prison.

EVAN (O.S)
I know...he killed someone.

ELLIE
How did you-

EVAN (O.S)
Heard mommy and you talking the day
he got taken away by those men.

The toilet FLUSHES. Evan emerges from the stall, zipping up his pants.

EVAN
Why did he do it?

Ellie aims a sorrowful look his way.

ELLIE
Sometimes grownups do horrible
things, Evan.

EVAN
Like what I did to that man?

Ellie takes a knee, sits a hand on his shoulder.

EVAN
Am I a bad person like daddy?

ELLIE
No. You're a good person, Evan. You
had no choice, dad did. He chose to
kill that man.

EVAN
I chose to shoot.

Ellie rubs his cheek, offers him a kind smile.

ELLIE
You did what you had to. You saved
my life.

She ruffles his hair.

ELLIE
You're a hero. Don't forget that.

EVAN
Like Superman?

ELLIE
 Exactly like Superman. Now, how
 about we ditch this stinky hole?

Evan nods. She takes his hand, leads him out.

EVAN
 So who was that Dave guy?

ELLIE
 Wait a few more years and I'll tell
 you about the birds and the bees.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Fiona sits awake, rubbing a sleeping Greene's hair. Greene
 wakes up, stifling a YAWN.

FIONA
 Welcome back to the land of the
 living.

Greene stretches, yawns again.

GREENE
 How long was I out?

FIONA
 Six, maybe seven hours. You talk in
 your sleep.

GREENE
 Oh? What did I say?

FIONA
 Who's Ben?

Greene's face falls.

FIONA
 Oh...I'm sorry. I-

GREENE
 It's no problem.

He fishes his wallet out, opens it.

GREENE
 This is Ben.

Fiona gazes at a crinkled photograph in the wallet of
 Greene, then 30, and BEN, 7, hooked up to machines, tubes
 all over, both smiling.

GREENE
He died four years ago.

FIONA
I'm so, so sorry.

Greene nods, pockets the wallet.

GREENE
No parent should ever outlive their
children but a part of me is glad.

Fiona squints.

GREENE
That he didn't have to be part of
all this...chaos.

Greene rubs tired eyes. Fiona rubs his leg.

GREENE
I'm thankful for that.

Greene moves the curtain to get a look at the door. The
window is vacant.

GREENE
They're gone.

FIONA
They gave up after a few hours.
What are they?

GREENE
They're not alive. That much I
know. What they are on the other
hand...well...that's debatable.

Greene hands Fiona a Mars bar.

GREENE
The vending machine was outta subs.

FIONA
It's okay...this'll do.

Greene opens a candy bar.

GREENE
My wife would have a fit if she
knew I was disobeying her strict
diet plans.

FIONA
I won't tell if you don't.

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack sleeps on a sleeping bag by the CRACKLING fire roasting within the oil drum. CRACK. CRUNCH. SQUELCH. He awakens.

He sits up, looks around. The SOUND of zombie MOANING hits his ears like thunder.

MACK
Gerald?

Mack grabs his crossbow, heads to the tent. He brushes aside the flap, revealing --

-- Patsy munching on Gerald's innards. She rips and tears at intestines and kidneys.

MACK
Patsy...?

She snaps her gaze on him, SNARLS. He backs up, raises the crossbow. She lunges out of the tent, knocking the crossbow from his hand.

She shoves him. His foot catches the ledge and he tumbles over the edge.

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Zombies reach and GROWL as they envelop a city bus by the hunting store.

Mack, unconscious, wakes up on top of the bus. He grabs his shoulder, GROANS in pain.

MACK
Son of a...ugh...shit.

He rubs his neck, looks up. Patsy is above, looking down. He stands, looks down. Zombies everywhere.

MACK
(sighs)
Great.
(studying, to himself)
How the hell you gonna get outta this one?

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

The baby sleeps soundly in the back. Evan sleeps next to it.

Ellie tiredly drives, every once so often glancing in the rear-view mirror. She wrests her hands around the wheel.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

A FARMER ZOMBIE, 50s, straw hat and braces, wanders out into the middle of the road.

The minivan bears down on him. He SNARLS. Shuffles forward.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie nods off a sec, regains her focus. Her eyes go wide, she slams on the brakes.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

WALLOP! Zombie Farmer goes flying as the minivan hits him. He lands in a crumpled heap on the ground.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Ellie gulps, huffs and puffs. Evan leans over the seat.

EVAN
What happened?

ELLIE
I hit a farmer...

EVAN
A farmer?

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Evan prods Farmer with a stick. Ellie takes it away.

ELLIE
Don't prod him with a stick.

EVAN
I was seeing if he was dead.

ELLIE

Well he is...and even if he wasn't
he would be.

Farmer's fingernails tear as he scratches the asphalt. He
rears his head, neck all floppy.

Evan backs up. Ellie looks on, horrified.

EVAN

Whoa...

Farmer SNARLS, tiredly reaching. He gives up, collapses. He
tries again, collapses. Gives up completely.

EVAN

(pity)

He's in pain.

ELLIE

He's not alive, Evan. He doesn't
know what pain is.

EVAN

But look at him. You should do
something.

ELLIE

What can I do?

Bikes RUMBLE over the hill on swift approach.

EVAN

Look...

ELLIE

Get back in the minivan.

Ellie helps Evan into the minivan as the bikes draw closer.
She rushes around to the driver's side, gets in.

The bikers stop. Omega swings off his Harley, admires the
Farmer on the road. Farmer reaches for him.

OMEGA

Ah-ah...

Omega steps back, pulls out his gun. Angel rests her head on
his shoulders, wraps her arms around his waist.

ANGEL

Can I take this one?

OMEGA
Be my guest, doll.

Angel takes out her gun, cocks it. She blows Farmer's brains out all over the road. LAUGHS.

Omega acknowledges the minivan. He walks over, knocks on the window and waits.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Ellie rises, looks Omega dead in the eye. He gestures to roll the window down. She does as told.

Omega leans in, checks it out, spotting Evan, the baby, supplies and more in the back.

OMEGA
Family vacation?

Ellie keeps quiet. He stares at her.

OMEGA
You're a pretty little thing. What you doing all the way out in the badlands? Hm...

ELLIE
Please.

OMEGA
Please? I've not done nothing yet.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Angel and Cherub walk over to the minivan. Cherub takes the passenger side, blocking the exits.

Angel stands idly by, cigarette dangling from her lips. She lights it.

OMEGA
How about you step out the van and we talk a little? Sound good?

CHERUB
Got themselves a baby.

OMEGA
Cherub loves kids. Can't get enough of 'em in fact.

Omega opens the door, gestures to Ellie to step out. She does as told once again.

EVAN
Leave my sister alone!

ELLIE
It's okay, Evan.

OMEGA
Yeah. It's okay Evan. She's gonna be just fine. This way.

Ellie goes for the door.

OMEGA
Ah-ah-ah...now now. We're all good friends here. Not gonna hurt you. Just wanna talk.

ANGEL
I'd listen to him.

Angel winks at Ellie.

OMEGA
How 'bout we talk in private? Away from all the prying eyes?

ELLIE
Just let us go.

OMEGA
Oh, I will. After.

Omega motions to the bikes. Ellie reluctantly walks over.

OMEGA
(to Angel)
Keep an eye on the cubs.

ANGEL
Have fun.

EXT. TEXAS, BACK ROADS - DAY

The squad car hurtles along a narrow road, flanked by trees on either side.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Addison checks his map on the passenger seat. He turns his gaze back to the road. BANG. A shotgun POPS. The back window SHATTERS. Addison flinches.

ADDISON
The hell...

He looks in the side mirror.

ADDISON
Bastard.

EXT. TEXAS, BACK ROADS - DAY

Austin twirl-reloads the shotgun on his bike, bearing down on the squad car. He blasts the wing.

AUSTIN
Pull it over, chief!

Austin reloads, shoots. The back wheel of the car explodes, forcing it into a 90 degree whip.

Austin pulls the brakes, smiles. He pulls over to the side of the road, looks.

The squad car sits at the side of the road under a shroud of dust and gravel.

Austin kickstands the bike, gets off and walks over, reloading his shotgun.

AUSTIN
You alive in there?

A bullet flies past Austin, nailing a tree. Austin snickers.

AUSTIN
Guess so.

He BLASTS the driver's side window out as he stalks Addison. The door flies open, nailing him.

Addison bursts out firing. Austin scoots into cover at the front of the car. Addison darts around back to the trunk.

Austin LAUGHS, reloading his shotgun. Addison cocks his handgun, sneaks a peek. BANG. Addison ducks.

ADDISON

It don't have to be this!

AUSTIN

Oh it does! Boss don't like his lawn trampled. Consider me his personal Mexican!

ADDISON

Listen...I just wanna get to my wife. I've no issue with you!

AUSTIN

Tough titties. Boss don't want you on his patch. If the boss don't want you somewhere, you ain't gonna be anywhere!

Austin cocks the shotgun.

AUSTIN

How 'bout you surrender, make this easier on me?

ADDISON

Go to hell!

AUSTIN

Already there, man!

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Mack studies the layout. Canopy over the shop. Streetlight very close by. He walks to the edge.

MACK

Ain't going that way...and I'm damn sure not Spider-Man.

Mack inspects the streetlight. He looks down at the horde behind the bus.

MACK

What other choice do I have?

Mack backs up a few feet. He psyches himself up, gazing at the streetlight.

MACK

Here goes nothing...

He runs across the bus roof, leaps off the edge, and clings onto the streetlight like a cat. He slips, grabs something.

MACK
Hoey! Holy...

Zombies grab at his legs. He climbs up to the horizontal bar, takes a breather.

MACK
Now the hard part.

He swings himself onto the narrow-ass horizontal bar. The streetlight wobbles. He grabs the bar, slowly stands.

He stares at the ledge, leading to the roof. Patsy arrives there, SNARLING.

Mack leaps off the streetlight, grabbing Patsy's shirt. She SNARLS, looks down. He yanks her over the edge, grabbing the ledge before he falls.

Patsy SPLATS on the sidewalk. Zombies move into position.

Mack struggles as he pulls himself onto the ledge --

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack rolls onto the gravel-peppered rooftop and lets out a sigh of relief.

MACK
How the hell did that work?
(breaks into a laugh)
I'm glad it did though. HA-HA.

EXT. TEXAS, FIELD - DAY

Omega leads Ellie through a dead cornfield. They're a safe distance away from the road.

ELLIE
Why are we out here?

OMEGA
Ain't you the curious one.

Omega offers Ellie a smoke. She denies. He shrugs, lights one for himself.

OMEGA
Relax. We ain't started yet.

ELLIE

I'm only seventeen.

Omega pulls an offended face.

OMEGA

The hell do you think I am? I'm not here to hurt you.

ELLIE

I know guys like you. My dad killed a guy like you.

OMEGA

Well I'd love to meet him. We might have a thing or two in common.

He checks out her body.

OMEGA

Tell me...hold on, first we need to get introductions out the way. Name's Brian but everyone calls me Omega. It's a name that stuck, you?

ELLIE

Ellie...

OMEGA

That's a nice name. Who gave it to you? Was it murdering daddy? Or innocent mommy?

Ellie goes for the gun. Omega takes out his revolver, waves it in front of her.

OMEGA

Play nice. We're friends, me and you. Like I said, I'm not here to hurt you. But if you get on my nerves, I won't hesitate.

ELLIE

What do you WANT from me?

Omega throws away the cigarette, methodically walks to her.

OMEGA

What I want is a few good men ready to stand up for a good cause.

He paces around her. She freezes.

OMEGA

Texas is...well it's my home. I was born here. Raised to appreciate it. Even though I don't stay in a fancy house in some charming little street I still call it home. And I need some guys, or gals, willing to stand by my side as I take it back from the monsters.

He twirls her ponytail in his hand.

OMEGA

Are you a good gal, Ellie? Are you willing to help me take back what belongs to us?

Ellie weighs her options.

ELLIE

If I do...will my brother be safe?

OMEGA

Oh yeah. I can assure that. We got walls, guns...heck, I think we even got a tank. Question is, what are you willing to do?

ELLIE

What do you mean?

Omega chuckles, unzipping his pants. Ellie grimaces.

OMEGA

Oh now, don't be like that. Many girls...and guys have done much, much more. But I'm willing to go easy on you. Because I like you.

ELLIE

I'm not that kinda girl.

Omega grabs her hair, brings her face close. She WINCES.

OMEGA

You will be. Especially if you wanna save your wee brother.

Ellie grabs Omega's knife. He doesn't notice.

OMEGA

How's little Evan gonna feel when he's dangling like a big pinata over a bunch of hungry monsters?

Omega gets close enough for her to smell his breath.

OMEGA

Who's gonna save him when you ain't
around, Ellie?

ELLIE

I'll be around. You won't be.

Ellie rips out Omega's knife and stabs him in the eye.

He SCREAMS as she shoves him away. He takes out his
revolver, fires aimlessly.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Cherub and Angel perk up. Angel whips out her gun, takes off
into the field. Cherub goes to the back passenger door.

CHERUB

Guess your sis ain't playing nice!

Cherub opens the back door. Evan kicks him in the chest.
Cherub staggers backwards.

CHERUB

You little shit!

Cherub grabs Evan by the legs.

CHERUB

Come here!

EXT. TEXAS, BACK ROADS - DAY

Austin moves out of cover, stalking Addison. He closes on
the back of the car --

-- Addison tackles Austin to the ground. They fight for
control over the shotgun. Austin butts Addison in the face
with the rifle.

Addison falls away. Austin regains control, cocks the
shotgun. Addison nails him with a punch.

Addison grabs the shotgun, WHACKS Austin upside the head and
cocks it, aiming. Austin looks down the barrels, gulps.

AUSTIN

You gonna shoot me, Texas Ranger?

3 Zombies shamble out of the treeline. Addison gets off Austin, both back off in different directions.

Addison shoots a zombie's head in half. Cocks the shotgun, CLICK, empty.

Austin stabs a zombie in the head, rides it to the ground. Addison BASHES another zombie's head in.

Austin tackles Addison into the squad car. They struggle for the gun. Austin wins. Addison reverses, SMASHING Austin head first through the window.

Austin falls to the ground, glass raining down around him. Austin grabs a shard, swings.

Addison swings the rifle, breaking Austin's arm. Austin CRIES out in agony. Addison swings the rifle.

The barrel SMACKS Austin in the head, knocking him into the side of the squad car.

Austin holds his arm to his chest as he slides along the car. Addison confronts him, gripping his shirt.

ADDISON

Why'd your boss send you after me?!
I was leaving!

Addison punches Austin in the face, pulls him up, lands another heavy blow.

ADDISON

We were going our separate ways! It
never should've come to this!

Addison decks Austin with a wicked hook. Austin slams hard into the asphalt, spitting blood.

ADDISON

All I wanted was to find my wife. I
never had a problem with you.

AUSTIN

(laughing)

You ain't the one with the problem,
chief. Brian wanted you outta his
territory for good.

Addison mounts Austin, grabbing his throat.

ADDISON

I was leaving. You never would've seen me again.

AUSTIN

Come on now...world's not that big. Everyone runs into one another sooner or later.

Addison steals Austin's keys, throws him to the ground. Austin slides back.

A dozen zombies shuffle out of the treeline, closing on their position.

Austin panics, looks up at Addison who hesitates.

AUSTIN

You've gotta help me. I don't wanna be torn apart.

Addison watches.

AUSTIN

You're a cop! You can't leave me here to die!

Addison rips the badge from his shirt, tosses it at Austin's feet, spits on the ground.

ADDISON

I might be a cop, don't mean I have to save you.

Addison turns his back on Austin as zombies swarm him. They fall onto Austin, tear at him. He SCREAMS.

Addison gets onto the bike, takes a look. He sticks the keys in the ignition, twists. The engine ROARS to life.

Zombies feast on Austin, still alive, reaching for help as they burrow into his stomach, ripping out organs.

Addison drives down the road on the bike, leaving Austin behind to the horde.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Evan clings onto the seat belt as the baby CRIES and Cherub tries dragging him out.

A gun CLICKS. Cherub freezes. Ellie stands behind him, gun at his head.

ELLIE
Let...my brother...go...now. Or I
will blow your head off.

Cherub releases Evan and raises his hands.

ELLIE
Turn around.

Cherub slowly turns around, meets the barrel of the gun set
right between his eyes. Ellie grits her teeth.

CHERUB
(scared)
Now now...you ain't no killer. You
ain't that kinda girl.

Ellie CLICKS the hammer back.

ELLIE
Wanna test that theory?

Evan grabs Cherub's gun. Ellie nods. Cherub moves away.

ELLIE
Get down on the ground, hands
behind your head.

CHERUB
You ain't serious?

ELLIE
Do I look like-

Evan CLICKS back the hammer, aims at Cherub. Ellie notices.
Cherub musters a sarcastic chuckle.

CHERUB
Really?

ELLIE
Evan, put the gun down and close
the door.

EVAN
He was going to hurt me. They were
going to hurt you! He deserves-

ELLIE
I know. Evan...we're not them. Put
the gun down and close the door, I
won't ask again.

Evan's hand trembles. He fights back his emotions. Cherub laughs, enjoying himself.

CHERUB

You gonna shoot me little man? You better not miss.

Ellie shoots Cherub in the leg. He YELPS, falls down. Evan lowers the gun in shock.

CHERUB

You little bitch! You shot me!

ELLIE

Consider yourself lucky. If I ever see you again, the next one goes right between your eyes.

Evan closes the door as Ellie rushes around front, getting in the driver's side.

Cherub grabs his thigh and grimaces in pain as Angel leads Omega, one-eyed, out of the field.

The minivan hurtles down the road, distancing itself from the bikers.

Angel raises her gun. Omega lowers it for her.

OMEGA

Let 'em go.

ANGEL

She tried to kill you.

OMEGA

Yeah...that was her mistake.

Cherub GROANS in pain. Omega takes out his revolver, aims.

CHERUB

Wait...NO!

Omega shoots Cherub in the head. Blood and brain matter spit out of the hole as he hits the deck.

Angel gasps. Omega lowers the revolver.

ANGEL

You just...why did you...

OMEGA

He was nothing but dead weight.
Come on. We're outta here.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie looks in the side mirror, sweat dripping from her forehead. Evan climbs into the passenger seat, gun in hand.

Ellie and Evan exchange looks. He hands her the gun. She takes it, sticks it on the dashboard.

ELLIE

Thanks for not shooting.

EVAN

You asked me not to.

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack scoops the crossbow off the deck. The sound of zombies drowns out his heavy breathing.

Gerald emerges from the tent, now a zombie. He SNARLS.

Mack notices Gerald barely moving. He raises the crossbow.

MACK

I'm sorry, old timer.

Mack shoots a bolt into Gerald's head. Gerald drops to the deck, dead. Mack lowers the crossbow, sighs.

He walks to the edge of the roof. Zombies, and Patsy, lurk down below, reaching and SNARLING.

MACK

Outta the frying pan...

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS