

Journey - Chapter One

by

R.E. Freak

'In a world of the dead the living will begin their final journey'

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Credits roll over following sequence, to Red Hot Chilli Peppers DON'T FORGET ME.

FADE IN:

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING A SMALL TOWN - DAY

OPEN in a PANORAMIC WIDE SHOT of a small town, spread out below us, about five or six blocks wide. Around it is nothing, literally. Just empty fields as far as we can see in all directions.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMPTY STREET IN A SMALL TOWN - DAY

An empty street, dead leaves blowing in the slight wind. It's completely empty, looking like no one has been on these streets in a long time.

A tree, branches devoid of leaves. It's fall, dark clouds drifting in, blocking out the blue sky. The wind begins to pick up.

CUT to various places in a kind of montage:

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD PLAYGROUND - DAY

A playground. The swings creak in the wind, swinging back and forth in what seems like slow motion. The spinning thing slowly twirling. We can see blood on it, a lot of blood.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on a hand print, made of blood. It's small, having once belonged to a child.

TILT UP to reveal the slide, a trail of dried blood running from top to bottom, ending in a pool at the bottom, still drying.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CAR IN THE STREET - DAY

A car, sitting in the middle of the street. The drivers side door is open all the way, the passenger side just barely sitting closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE-UP on the door, bloody hand prints, still fresh. They can't be more than a few days old, droplets having left long red streaks as they slowly slid down the glass.

Inside the seat belt is torn, one end swaying back and forth as it hangs from the chair, a few trace droplets of red stained into the fabric.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The school, the front doors swinging open. The windows are cracked in places, held together by the shatterproof wires embedded within. There's blood everywhere.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

It's a mess, books and papers and loose items scattered around. Backpacks are lying wherever their owners dropped them, the contents spilling out of the unzipped ones.

PAN LEFT and TILT DOWN to a sheet of paper, a gold star, 'GOOD JOB!' hand written beneath it. A slight breeze picks up, lifting the corner.

The wind blows through, the papers swirling around.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

A church, somewhere in town. Built of brick, windows and glass doors shattered.

ANGLE ON STEEPLE-

From it hangs a body, limbs limp at its side. It has just begun to rot, flesh peeling off. He wears a priests wardrobe, collar barely visible.

A sign hangs around its neck: 'TAKE ME LORD FOR THE END HAS COME'

CUT TO:

A CLOSE-UP of his hand, dead fingers clenched around a rosary, dried blood staining it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILT UP to his face, twisted in an expression of absolute agony, eyes frozen wide open, rotted away from within the sockets, empty holes staring back at us.

At that moment the rope snaps.

In SLO-MO the decomposing remains of the priest fall, legs catching on the steeple. The body twists and flips, slowly falling towards the ground.

The music reaches a peak as the body hits the ground, bones breaking, body crumpling in on itself.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The town's general store, only a couple of blocks away from the school, another in the opposite direction from the playground.

It's been abandoned for a while, the windows somehow managing to stay intact for this long, although they've become covered in dirt and grime.

A garbage car overturned, the contents spilling out. Pages of a newspaper blow around. For a brief moment we get a look at the headline, in big black bold letters taking up the entire page: 'PANDEMIC CONTINUES TO SPREAD - DEATH TOLL REACHES ONE BILLION - WORLD IN PANIC'

ANGLE ON GARBAGE CAN-

As something moves inside, junk rustling around.

A rat crawls out, blood red eyes. It drops the remains of a chicken bone and starts to gnaw away at it.

It stops, looking up, sniffing at the air. It looks around, sensing something.

PUSH IN on it. There's some blood on the right side of its head. It's the sort of thing you'd miss if you didn't know it was there.

DOLLY past, towards the shipping/receiving door. There's a garbage bin nearby, one of those big green metal ones. PUSH IN on it, slowly RISING UP until we can see in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We can't make it out clearly, but it looks like there's bodies inside, twisted and mangled, soaked in blood.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

It's a mess inside, stuff everywhere. Cans litter the isles, candy bars and other such things covering the counter. The magazine rack has been destroyed, papers everywhere.

PULL BACK slowly to reveal that the ceiling fans are still spinning, the power has remained on.

DOLLY through an isle, it's a complete mess. TILT DOWN as we go, revealing a trio of spent shell casings. There's some blood nearby.

ANGLE ON THE BASEMENT DOOR-

LOW ANGLE shot of a door on the floor, leading into the basement. Since the beginning of this thing loose objects have managed to find their way onto it, almost managing to hide it completely.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

It's not very bright, the only light coming from a small vent on the wall, three beams of light cutting through the darkness.

PAN LEFT slowly, letting us get a good look at everything. There's a TV sitting on top of a workbench, off. Next to it is a stack of boxes, some labeled 'FOOD,' others 'AMMO,' and others still 'GENERAL.'

Continue to PAN LEFT. We come across a man, sitting on the edge of a cot, hunched over holding a pistol. He's just staring at the floor, the radio at his feet.

He is JACK. An unemployed twenty nine year old, caught up in the pandemic. He has no idea how he got this far, or why he's still alive. His view on reality has become slightly warped. The strain's getting to me too much, he's beginning to slip.

He reaches down, picking up the radio. He extends the antenna and turns it on. He gets nothing but static, so he changes the channel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE

(filtered over radio)

. . . an't. . . agine what I have
seen.

(beat)

I saw.

(beat)

I saw things you couldn't even
begin to imagine.

JACK starts to loose the signal, the voice fading away,
replaced by static. He starts changing the channel. He gets
nothing but static, so he changes it again, then again.

He keeps changing it, going faster and faster until he is
just spinning the knob back and forth, too fast to even hear
the static.

We begin hearing a flurry of other voices.

VOICE #1

(filter)

-can't-

VOICE #2

(filter)

-they're right outside-!

VOICE #3

(filter)

-ESUS CHRIS-!

He drops the radio, holding his head in his hands.

VOICE #4

(filter)

It's a nightmare. That's what it
is.

(beat)

Everything we've ever feared, every
dark nightmare we've ever know.
Terrible things. Nightmares. Living
nightmares, walking this Earth.
Nightmares, the demons from your
dreams. They're here.

(beat)

This is it.

He kicks, sending the radio flying across the room. It hits
the far wall, shattering.

He goes back to staring at the floor, empty eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Several moments pass, we sit in silence with JACK, staring at the floor.

TILT DOWN as he reaches down, under the cot. He pulls out a thick notebook, a pen clipped to it.

ANGLE ON THE NOTEBOOK-

As JACK starts to write.

JACK(V.O.)

It began simply enough. Small enough. Isn't that how it always starts? Something that no one would even bother to notice, something that on the surface wouldn't seem out of the ordinary in any way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BIG CITY ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

OPEN the flashback with an ESTABLISHING SHOT of an electronics store in a big city. The window is a wall of TV's, all showing the same thing: a still image of the presidential seal. Dozens of people are gathered out front, watching the screens intently.

JACK (V.O.)

It began with isolated events, events that were easily contained by local forces.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

Everyone has stopped, gathering around the bar as the bartender walks over and turns the volume up. We hear nothing but silence on the TV.

JACK (V.O.)

A single infected person, someone whose life was cut short by the onset of the worst biological disaster in the history of the human race.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Not since the extinction of the
 dinosaurs had something affected
 the planet on such a global scale.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM - DAY

The streets are full, completely devoid of the expected horns or shouting.

JACK (V.O.)
 What began as one soon became two.
 Soon, entire towns followed, then
 cities. In less time than it took
 for the major news networks to
 report on it, it grew and gained
 speed.

INT. CAR - DAY

The driver turns up the radio.

A biker walks up to the window and taps on it. DRIVER rolls the window down and turns the radio up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Like the other places everyone has stopped. Every available screen is playing it, the same still image, the same utter silence.

JACK (V.O.)
 Once it began, no one could stop
 it. After a while, it was too late.
 (beat)
 After a while...

ANGLE ON DEPARTURE / ARRIVAL BOARD--

As one by one the planes start to switch from ARRIVING or DEPARTING to DELAYED.

ANGLE ON THE PASSENGERS--

As they turn away from the signs, focusing on the TVs instead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
No one cared.

ANGLE ON PASSENGERS WATCHING TV-

Back to the people watching the TV. We hear someone say something, but we can't quite hear it. There's applause, then silence.

PRESIDENT
(on TV)
My fellow Americans.
(beat)
Today I come before you not simply as the leader of this nation, but as a member of humanity. In the past week we have seen instances of mass hysteria and murder. Cases of cannibalism and horrendous acts of violence from New York, to Dallas, to California.
(beat)
These events are not contained to our borders. Countries around the world are facing the same crisis. Red Cross and other like groups have been completely unable to even begin to curb the spread.

ANGLE ON DEPARTURE / ARRIVAL BOARD-

As one by one the solid list of DELAYED's slowly begins to change to CANCELLED's.

No one shows any signs of even noticing.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

It's packed, at least a couple of dozen cars parked outside, some of them stopped in the middle of the road, doors hanging open.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The radio is playing the same speech, everyone gathered around to hear it. Two people stand nearby. They're both in their late twenties, standard height and build.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are GUY (standing nearest the radio) and PETERS (loading stuff into boxes).

JACK walks past, carrying a couple loaded boxes.

JACK

Can someone give me a hand here?

GUY runs around the counter and takes one of the boxes, following JACK towards the back. They start down into the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

They step down, setting the boxes on the floor next to the already considerable pile.

JACK

There's just four more.

GUY

You check the TV yet?

JACK

Not yet, no.

GUY plugs the TV in and turns it on.

GUY

It's working.

The same image of the president fades onto the screen. GUY presses a button on the TV, changing the channel. It's the same thing, the exact same feed, on every station.

JACK

Jesus. It's everywhere.

GUY

Every channel.

He changes the channel one last time.

GUY (cont'd)

It's the same thing on every channel.

PRESIDENT

(on TV)

In our nation alone the death toll has reached the millions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT (cont'd)
Major population centers have become war zones as civilians face off against these infected persons, as well as the military which has been completely unable to curb the spread. Rogue military factions have begun to emerge, and the chain of command... The chain of command is beginning to break.

(beat)

As a result I have no choice but to declare a state of national crisis. In all major cities Martial Law will be enforced.

A flurry of questions from the reporters.

AIDE(O.S.)

(on tv)

Ladies and gentlemen. Ladies and gentlemen, please!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

The same speech is playing on the TV, everyone gathered around.

BAR GUY(O.S.)

Turn it up!

The bartender picks up the remote and turns the volume up, green bars moving along the TV screen.

AIDE (O.S.)

(on tv)

Please, let the President finish!

INT. CAR - DAY

More people have gathered around the car, the windows rolled down, radio blaring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT

(on radio)

At approximately twelve forty two today, Washington time, the people of Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, and many other Middle Eastern nations began and have since been engaged in a small scale nuclear war.

(beat)

This war has since expanded to the countries beyond, and the threat of nuclear war reaching American soil is at this time very real.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Another flurry of questions and flashes.

AIDE (O.S.)

(on tv)

Ladies and gentlemen please!

They once again fall silent.

REPORTER (O.S.)

(on tv)

Mr. President, what are you intending to do during this crisis?

PRESIDENT

(on tv)

I will remain here until a time when that is no longer possible, at which point I will remain on line with the field commanders throughout this country at all times. There will not me a moment that I am not aware of everything that is going on, or that I am unable to do anything.

(beat)

All I can say is that you should return home immediately, locate the nearest emergency center, and proceed there as soon as possible. This crisis will be dealt with by our trained professionals.

(shakes head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT (cont'd)
 This is not something that should
 be taken lightly. This is extremely
 serious.
 (beat)
 We will make it through this
 crisis.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

PRESIDENT
 (on tv)
 That is all.
 (beat)
 God bless.
 (beat)
 Good luck.

He walks off screen, followed by more flashes and questions. Secret service agents move in, completely surrounding him as he leaves. They're all clearly armed, not hiding it at this point.

GUY
 Christ.

PETERS steps down the stairs, carrying a box.

PETERS
 This is it, isn't it? This is
 really the end. Those God damn
 religious nuts were right all
 along.

JACK
 They weren't right.

GUY
 Yeah, I mean, this isn't the end.
 It's just.
 (beat)
 Just a bit of a detour.

PETERS
 A couple more.

JACK
 Need help with them?

PETERS shakes his head as he starts back up the stairs.

PETERS
 Nah, I've got them.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A truck speeds past, tires squealing.

Someone runs across the street, lugging a heavy looking duffle bag.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A family are outside, boarding up their windows.

A gunshot, in the distance. They all freeze, looking in the direction it came from.

INT. STORE - DAY

PETERS carries the last box towards the basement.

Another gunshot, much closer this time. Close enough to hear the screams.

PETERS turns to the door.

POV: PETERS

Someone runs past, then another. Someone slowly walks into view, aiming a pistol at the others. He fires several rounds.

PETERS spins, dropping the box.

PETERS

Jack! Guy!

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

JACK and GUY grab their rifles, sitting off to the side, and stand at the bottom of the stairs.

JACK

What the hell's going on?

PETERS (O.S.)

It's here!

We hear more gunshots, more screams.

JACK and GUY race up the stairs, checking their rifles.

INT. STORE - DAY

They run towards the front, rifles ready.

EXT. STORE - DAY

PETERS opens the door, stepping out. He stops dead in his tracks, the others right behind.

A car speeds past, someone hanging out the driver's side window. The car loses control, going off the road. It hits a fence, we hear the driver screaming.

Two people run past, the second tackling the first. One screams, the other snarls. In the end, they're both dead.

The three open fire, trying to hit whatever they can. Some are running for their lives, others are attacking the others. To us, they all look the same. Everyone has blood on them, everyone is wounded.

PAN RIGHT FAST as someone runs right at them, snarling, arms flailing in front of him.

JACK turns and fires, round blowing through the man's chest. He stumbles, but doesn't go down. He pauses for a moment, blood flowing from the wound.

He charges forward again.

All three aim and fire as one. We hear the man's body hit the ground.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

JACK sitting in the basement alone, sitting on the cot, radio in hand. This is before he destroyed it.

MICK

(on radio)

You don't know unless you've seen them. You don't know what they can do! They aren't us, but they are us! They aren't alive, but they aren't dead!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK (cont'd)
 They're the living dead, what we
 have become! This is God's work.
 (sarcastic)
 He has decided we must be smoten
 and he has done so, and he has sent
 forth his mother fucking minions to
 smite us. It is His will. That sick
 fucker wants us wiped from the face
 of the Earth.

The signal starts to grow fuzzy. JACK quickly adjusts the
 signal.

MICK (cont'd)
 (on radio)
 I just.
 (beat)
 I can't keep going, that much is
 clear. I've held out as long as I
 want to. To those who are still out
 there, keep fighting.

The signal starts to fade. JACK quickly adjusts it.

MICK (cont'd)
 If you've lasted this long, then
 maybe God is on your side.
 (beat)
 Me, he gave up on me a long time
 ago.
 (beat)
 My signal's dying out. I can hear
 them outside. I can. . .
 (beat)
 I can hear them at the door.
 (beat)
 They're coming for me. This is it.
 (beat)
 Good bye, and good luck to those
 who need it.
 (beat)
 This is Mick, signing off.

Everything goes dark, the signal becoming static for a second
 before falling completely silent.

We are plunged into complete darkness.

JACK (V.O.)
 All it took was five weeks.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Five weeks for the world to fall
apart.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON TITLE CARD:

Journey

A MOMENT BEFORE:

Chapter One

FADE IN:

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

OPEN on an ESTABLISHING SHOT of the store.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

We're back at the beginning now, where we opened. JACK sits on the cot, radio a collection of smashed bits in the corner. He has stopped writing, the notebook lying on the floor nearby.

He continues to sit there in the dark, light from the vent the only illumination we have, just barely allowing us to see him.

He slowly brings the pistol up, pressing it against his temple. He holds it there for a few second, barely even seeming to notice that it's there.

CLOSE-UP as he cocks it with his thumb, the sound of it seeming to echo through the basement.

He pulls the trigger.

Click.

He lowers it, letting it fall to the floor.

JACK
(to self)
God damn it.

He slowly lifts up his head, looking into a corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV: JACK-

There's a gas generator there, sitting in the dark, a pile of extension cords piled next to it.

JACK sits for a moment more, then stands and slowly walks over, arms up, feeling out in front of him.

He flips a switch on the generator, pulling the ignition. The generator sputters and shakes, but doesn't turn on.

JACK tries again, but still nothing.

He looses it, screaming and kicking the generator, grabbing the bundles of cords and hurling them across the room.

He stops, leaning against the generator, slowly calming down, taking a few deep breaths.

He walks over to a shelf, arms out in front, and grabs a flashlight, turning it on. It shows us something we didn't see before, a gun case with several rifles and pistols. Next to it is several more stacks of ammo boxes, fully loaded.

JACK walks over, opening the case and pulling out a rifle, checking to make sure it is loaded. He bends down and picks up his pistol, loads a clip in, and slides it into his belt.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

The big door lifts up slowly, a few cans rolling through the hall, almost hitting JACK.

The barrel of his rifle sticks out, sweeping the area. Finding nothing it pulls back and JACK lifts the door the rest of the way, stepping up.

He turns, setting a flashlight next to the edge, then exits the frame.

DOLLY BEHIND HIM as he walks over to a door on the side wall, stepping over the stuff scattered around. He keeps the rifle ready, finger on the trigger.

It's completely silent except for the hum of the ceiling fans, the sound of his foot steps.

He kicks a can. It rolls away, disappearing beneath a shelf.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

An empty field, nothing but hills and wheat.

A figure steps into frame, wiping his forehead. He is WEST. A twenty-seven year old, from the big city. Was getting ready to go on a trip with his buds when the world went to hell. He doesn't know what he's doing, all he knows is that you point, shoot, and say good bye to one more dead guy.

FILLA(O.S.)

Shit.

PAN RIGHT to another man, FILLA. Twenty-six, a friend of WEST, they worked at the same place. He's more affected about this whole thing, its hit him harder than WEST. You can tell by the way his hands shake. Not bad, but just enough that you notice.

FILLA (cont'd)

Got any water left?

WEST pulls a canteen off his belt and shakes it.

He shakes his head.

WEST

Dry.

FILLA tosses his canteen away. It bounces several feet before finally coming to a rest.

He takes a deep breath and lets out a long sigh, staring at the canteen for a moment before turning back to WEST.

FILLA

So what now?

WEST

We need water.

FILLA

Yeah, that much I got.

WEST

If we still had the map we'd know where the hell we were.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA

Middle of nowhere squared.
(sighs)
Christ it's hot out here.

WEST

(wipes forehead)
Yeah.

FILLA

So, what are we gonna' do?

WEST

(beat)
You know, I haven't seen any of
those things around for a while. We
could probably hang here for a
while, get some rest.

FILLA

Yeah, I don't really know how smart
that'd be.

WEST

Look, if we don't get some rest
soon it's game over. We're too
tired. If some of those things do
attack, we're pretty much fucked.
(beat)
We get some sleep now, we keep
going in a few hours.

They stand for a moment, FILLA considering it.

FILLA

Okay.

They start taking their packs off as we;

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

Nothing for miles in every direction, just a road, stretching
on to infinity, literally.

We see something moving a mile or so away, we can barely see
it. As it comes closer we see that it's actually a car.

INT. CAR - DAY

There's three people inside, two up front, one in back. They are KEVIN and JESSIE up front, and FENTON in the back. Friends, all of them, thrown out there when this whole thing started. The only reason they've lasted this long is luck. They're the last people you'd expect to do good in this type of situation.

They all look tired, dirty. FENTON has a bandage on his right shoulder, the sleeve torn away, hanging by a few loose threads. It's wrapped in gauze, blood soaked through, staining it dark red. A few drops of blood run down his arm. It's a messy job, he probably did it himself, in a hurry.

FENTON

So, where the hell are we?

KEVIN

I don't know anymore.

(to JESSIE)

Jess, get the map.

JESSIE opens the glove compartment, pulling out a few things before finding the map crumpled within. She pulls it out, unfolding it.

JESSIE

What road are we on?

KEVIN

Uh. . . no idea.

FENTON

I think it's number four.

KEVIN

No, we turned off it miles back.

This is number three.

FENTON

It's four.

KEVIN

Number three.

FENTON

No, it's number four.

JESSIE

Well number three is right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points at a spot on the map, tracing down a red line with her finger.

JESSIE (cont'd)
If this is number three we're on,
then we're going in this direction-
(points at map)
-and it'll take us down to twenty-
third.
(beat)
Oh.

KEVIN
What? What 'oh?'

JESSIE
There's a town.

FENTON
Woah, a town?

He leans forward.

FENTON (cont'd)
No way, we don't need another town.

He grabs the torn sleeve and tears, breaking the last few threads. He rolls the window down and throws it out.

FENTON (cont'd)
That thing almost took my arm out
of the play back there.

He grabs a roll of gauze from the floor and starts wrapping another layer around his shoulder.

JESSIE
Well, the highway goes right
through it. It's that or we turn
around and go back to number four,
then take it all the way around.

KEVIN
We're running low on supplies, not
to mention fuel. We can't take the
long route, that's a given.
(beat)
A town'd give us a chance to get
some more stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FENTON

You're not thinking about stopping
are you?

(beat)

Christ, look, the bigger the town
the more of those things'll be
around. We haven't got the stuff to
take on more than about a dozen of
them at one time.

KEVIN

And we haven't got the supplies to
last without a run.

(beat)

Look, it's the first town we've
seen for two days now. We're
running low on supplies, we're
running low on fuel. We can't make
it much farther as is.

FENTON

Yeah, of course we fucking can't.
That'd be easy.

KEVIN

I say we risk it.

JESSIE

Same.

FENTON

Oh, so we're a democratic band of
Mad Max drifters are we?

KEVIN

Look, we haven't got any other
options. We stop where we want now,
or we stop somewhere we don't later
on.

FENTON

(leans back)

Great. Just be sure to wear your
lucky steak.

(shakes head)

I'll wear mine.

He turns and looks out the window.

FENTON (cont'd)

Shit, guys, there's another one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The others turn and look out the windows.

KEVIN
What's that now?

FENTON
Twelve. That's the twelfth one
we've seen since the city.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A car sits half in the ditch, back tires still on the road. The hood has flipped up, flames burning in the engine, black smoke rising up. Inside we can see the driver, blood splattered on the windshield where his head hit.

INT. CAR - DAY

The driver isn't alone. There's a corpse in the back, reaching around, right hand embedded in the driver's stomach. A bullet was shot into its forehead, killing it. It attacked, driver lost control, slammed into the windshield.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car slowly drives past, some flames flickering up from beneath the hood. Black smoke starts pouring from beneath. The inside starts to fill with smoke, we lose sight of the bodies inside.

The engine explodes, hood flipping into the air, doors thrown away. The windows shatter, the bodies inside blown away, bits of them vanishing in a blast of flame. One of the tires is blown clean off, flipping away.

INT. CAR - DAY

The tire bounces past, on fire.

KEVIN
Christ!

FENTON
Poor bastards.

JESSIE crosses herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
Ashes to ashes.

FENTON
Dust to God damn dust.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car continues to burn as the others drive away, leaving the flaming wreckage behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

JACK is flipping breakers in the circuit breaker, trying to get the power back on.

He flips the last breaker, then as one they all flip back to off.

JACK bangs the wall with his fist.

JACK
Fucking piece of shit machine
thing! Damn it!

He starts again.

JACK (cont'd)
How about this time you work or I
beat you TO BITS WITH MY BARE GOD
DAMN FISTS! Jesus fucking Christ!
God!

He stops and looks up at the ceiling.

JACK (cont'd)
Actually, if you're there, I could
use your help right about now.
(beat, nods)
Of course. You can die for our sins
but hell, God forbid you should
give me some breakers that work.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

WEST and FILLA are ready to stay overnight, their stuff sitting off to the side.

FILLA

We need water.

WEST

Broken record? Where the hell are we gonna' find water out here?

(beat)

Look, lets just stay here over night, get going again in the morning.

(shrugs)

We can see what happens.

FILLA

The morning's a long way off.

WEST

And we haven't got any choices. We can either stay here and rest for a while or keep going and get dehydrated even more.

FILLA

Neither of those sound too good.

WEST

You've got to be more positive man. See the glass as half full, not half empty.

FILLA

See, that's where we're different. You're an optimist. I'm a realist.

WEST

And that's different how?

FILLA

You see the glass as half full. Me, I see half a glass. It doesn't matter if it's half full, or half empty, or whatever you may think. Either way you look at it, there's half a glass. That's how I see things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

So then would you say we have a chance, or no chance at all?

FILLA

I say we're here. Whether or not we have a chance doesn't matter. What matters is we have a chance to have a chance. It just depends on whether or not we take that leap.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET NEXT TO THE SCHOOL - DAY

The car enters the frame, PAN RIGHT to follow it.

INT. CAR - DAY

There's an almost silent electronic ping. No one notices.

There's another ping.

FENTON

(looking around)

What the hell was that?

KEVIN

What?

A third and final ping.

FENTON

That.

KEVIN

Oh shit.

FENTON(O.S.)

What?

KEVIN

Gas, gas! We're outta gas, we're fucking stalling.

FENTON

What, we're stopping?

KEVIN

Yeah, we're stopping.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FENTON

We can't stop! Shit! I told you we shouldn't have come this way!

JESSIE

We still would have stalled if we had gone the other way.

FENTON

At least we'd have been in the middle of nowhere.

EXT. STREET NEXT TO SCHOOL - DAY

The car slows to a stop, the engine sputtering and dying.

INT. CAR - DAY

KEVIN turns the key, trying to start the car again. It stays dead.

KEVIN

Shit.

They sit for a moment, trying to think of what to do.

FENTON

So what do we do now?

KEVIN

We can't just sit here, those things'll have heard us. We need to get out of here.

FENTON

So we break out the boom-sticks and get the gas can in the back. Try and fill it before the things start to gather.

JESSIE

But what if we can't get the car started and they swarm?

FENTON

Then we run for it.

KEVIN

Where to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE

The store maybe?

KEVIN

No, too far if the things come.

(beat)

The school. Brick, not many windows. Probably only one or two rear entrances to block. Easy to defend, high roof in case things really go to hell. We can figure something out in there if we end up stuck.

FENTON

So we go for the school if we have to.

KEVIN

Good.

(beat)

I run cover, you get the gas.

FENTON

Check.

EXT. CAR - DAY

They climb out, walking to the back of the car.

FENTON

Jess, pop the trunk.

The trunk pops open, FENTON reaching in.

ANGLE ON THE TRUNK-

There's a pair of M-16s, several boxes of ammo, and a small gas can in the back.

FENTON pulls out an M-16, ejecting the clip and inspecting it before slapping it back in. He tosses it to KEVIN, who catches it and chambers a round, checking the sights.

FENTON starts digging in the trunk.

KEVIN

Found it?

FENTON (O.S.)

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
So where the hell is it?

FENTON (O.S.)
It's stuck.

KEVIN
Shit.

FENTON (O.S.)
Oh yeah.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

From behind the house a figure emerges, hunched over, arms hanging at his sides. He stumbles along, kicking up dust as his feet scuff.

It lifts its head up.

Its face is a mess, covered in blood that may or may not be his own. His nose is broken, chunks of it hanging by rotting bits of flesh, swinging as the undead moves. His eyes are sunken into his head, pupils just barely visible black dots behind a white glaze. His hair is starting to fall out, strands of it matted down with blood.

He lets out a long, dull moan and starts shuffling for the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

FENTON stops, looking up.

FENTON
Was that-?

KEVIN
Get the gas, man! Jesus fucking
Christ!

FENTON starts pulling stuff out, tossing it aside.

FENTON
Who the hell put the gas can in the
back!?

He leans forward too far, losing his balance. He slams his chin into the trunk, snapping his head back. He stumbles back, holding his chin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FENTON (cont'd)
 Ah, shit!
 (rubs chin)
 God Damn it!

KEVIN
 Fenton! Jesus Christ! Get the gas,
 man!
 (beat)
 Oh Jesus.

ANGLE ON SIDE STREET-

The first undead has been joined by others, even more still emerging from their daylight hiding places. Each one more gruesome than the last. A man, jaw broken, hanging by a single muscle. Another, both eyes gouged out. Another still, every finger broken, bent at weird angles, his head hanging to the side, neck snapped like a twig.

KEVIN (cont'd)
 Hurry up!

FENTON pulls a small gas can out, holding it up triumphantly. He lowers it, staring at it for a moment.

FENTON
 It's empty!

KEVIN
 WHAT!?

FENTON
 It's empty! It's. . . It's fucking empty!

He throws the can away, watching it bounce along the road a few times before it comes to a rest in the ditch.

KEVIN
 How the hell did it get empty!?

FENTON
 How should I know!?

FENTON reaches into the trunk and removes the second M-16 from the trunk. He does the same as before, ejecting the clip then slapping it back in. He spins it in his hands, gets a good grip, then takes aim.

KEVIN fires first, three quick rounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON THE FIRST UNDEAD-

As all three rounds hit the first undead's chest. It stumbles back, blood spurting from the bullet wounds. It pauses for a moment before continuing forward towards the car.

ANGLE ON CAR-

KEVIN
(to JESSIE)
Jessie! Try the car again!

FENTON
Christ they're everywhere!

INT. CAR - DAY

JESSIE climbs over into the driver's seat and tries the key. Nothing happens. The engine doesn't even try to turn over.

JESSIE
Nothing!

EXT. CAR - DAY

KEVIN
(to JESSIE)
Keep trying!

FENTON walks up next to him, firing a three round burst.

A zombie's knee explodes, bits of bone and flesh and blood forming a short lived cloud. The zombie topples, bottom half of its leg breaking away completely.

The zombie starts crawling, thick blood gushing from its severed limb.

ANGLE ON FENTON-

As he fires a single round.

ANGLE ON THE ZOMBIE-

As the round blows through the top of its head, killing it for a second time.

FENTON and KEVIN both open up, rifles coughing steel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another zombie takes hits, chest exploding as the rounds move up its body. Its head is torn apart, pieces of it exploding off.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

JACK walks up from the basement, stopping to listen. We can hear the dull rattattattat of gunfire outside.

JACK
What the hell?

He slides his rifle off his shoulder and checks it before starting for the side door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - DAY

The zombies close in on the car, KEVIN reloading, then FENTON.

ANGLE ON GROUND-

As a spent clip hits the ground.

From the ditch a mangled zombie, lower torso crushed and broken, starts to crawl up the embankment towards them.

KEVIN
(seeing it)
Shit, watch it Fent!

FENTON sidesteps as the thing reaches for him. KEVIN steps forward and adjusts his aim, blowing two rounds into its head. It goes down, rolling back down into the ditch, broken legs bending at awkward angles.

FENTON
It's no good! There's too many of them!

KEVIN
Jess! Car!

JESSIE (O.S.)
It won't start!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Shit!

(beat, fires)

Jess, get out here! Grab what you
can and make for the school!

JESSIE opens her door, climbing out and running for the trunk.

FENTON's gun runs dry. He ejects the clip, it clatters on the asphalt.

He loads another clip, opening up again.

ANGLE ON ZOMBIE-

Its head explodes, face torn to shreds by a three round burst. It stumbles backwards, remains of its brains splattering on the road. It collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE ROOF - DAY

JACK steps into frame, standing on the roof.

POV: JACK

We see the car, JESSIE running towards the school. FENTON and KEVIN stand to the side. The gunshots are echoing through the empty town.

JACK

Jesus Christ.

He turns and runs.

EXT. CAR - DAY

FENTON's gun runs dry.

FENTON

Bullets!

KEVIN

I'm out!

FENTON

What do you mean you're out!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
I haven't got any fuckin' bullets!

FENTON
Where the hell are they?!

KEVIN
There's more in the boxes!

FENTON starts digging around in the trunk.

FENTON
Fuck!

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

JACK emerges, breaking into a run.

EXT. CAR - DAY

FENTON stands, the two of them look over as JACK runs towards them, rifle in hand.

KEVIN
Fent, get the clips man!

FENTON reaches into the trunk and pulls out a couple of magazines, tossing one to KEVIN. They both load them in and continue firing at the undead as JACK runs towards them.

JACK
(running towards them)
What the hell are you!? Why are you stopped!?

KEVIN
Our car ran dry!

JESS runs back and grabs another box, running towards the school.

JACK
What the hell is she doing!? What are you doing just standing here?

KEVIN
We've got supplies!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Forget the supplies, I've got
plenty!

KEVIN
Where?

JACK
Back at the store! We can make it
there, come on!

KEVIN
(shouting)
Jess! Lets go! Forget the stuff!

JACK turns, about to lead them back to the store.

He stops, seeing dozens of zombies shuffling towards them,
emerging from their hiding places, forming a barrier between
them and the store.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Several undead shuffle past.

PAN RIGHT as they walk past, to the trio standing next to the
car. Undead are everywhere.

EXT. STREET - DAY

JACK
Shit!

FENTON
What the fuck do we do!?

JACK fires a few rounds, rifle bucking in his hands.

KEVIN
Original plan, go for the school!
Now!

JACK
Go! Go!

JACK fires another round, a zombie dropping a block away.

KEVIN grabs a box from the trunk, slinging the rifle over his
shoulder and running.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK runs around, grabbing another box and running.

FENTON fires, emptying his clip. He slings the rifle over his shoulder and reaches into the trunk, emerging with a stack of ammo boxes.

He stands, turning towards the school.

ANGLE ON TRUNK-

As FENTON's rifle strap catches on the trunk.

FENTON starts to run, not realizing he's caught. He's yanked backwards, slamming his head against the side of the car, strap remaining tight against his chest, holding him in place

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK runs past KEVIN as he stops, turning back to the car.

 KEVIN
 Fenton!

 JACK
 Shit!

EXT. CAR - DAY

FENTON tries to stand, the strap still caught. It's too tight, he can't get the rifle off. He's stuck, pinned against the car.

The zombies reach him.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

KEVIN opens up, running towards the car. JACK sees him and runs after him, swinging his rifle around.

HAND HELD alongside JACK and KEVIN as they run and fire.

EXT. CAR - DAY

A zombie practically climbs into the trunk, crawling over the stuff inside to get at FENTON.

He screams as the first zombie reaches over, clawing at his chest. The others surround him, clawing and biting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON FENTON'S BELT-

As he draws a pistol, flicking the safety off and aiming it straight up.

ANGLE ON THE ZOMBIE'S FACE-

As three bullets tear through it, blowing blood and flesh and bits of bone out the back.

It collapses dead inside the trunk, blood and brains dripping down on FENTON as he struggles to free himself.

Another zombie reaches for him.

KEVIN(O.S.)

Fent!

FENTON

GOD!

Teeth meet flesh. FENTON's screams become gargles as a zombie tears away a chunk of his throat, blood gushing.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK grabs KEVIN, stopping him.

JACK

No!

KEVIN

They're fucking killing him!

JACK

You can't help him!

KEVIN

The hell I can't!

EXT. CAR - DAY

ANGLE ON THE GUN-

As FENTON brings it up and fires, blowing the zombie away.

He presses the gun against his temple and without a moment of hesitation pulls the trigger.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

KEVIN

NO!

He opens up, JACK following a moment later. They both fire from where they stand, bullets punching through the undead.

The others keep coming, ignoring the already mutilated corpse as they plod towards fresh meat. The others continue tearing at FENTON's corpse, gun still clenched in his twitching hand.

JACK

Come on! We have to get inside!

KEVIN is reluctant, watching the zombies tear what remains of FENTON apart.

JACK grabs his arm, giving it a hard tug, jerking KEVIN out of his trance. He fires a few more rounds before spinning and running towards the school.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK spins and slams the doors, looking for something to hold them. He walks out of frame, returning with a broom. He slides it through the handles.

JACK

(out of breath)

It won't hold for long. We have to get the hell out of here.

JESSIE is sitting on a bench in a state of shock. KEVIN is standing nearby, pressing his palm against his forehead.

He reaches out, slamming the wall with his fist.

KEVIN

GOD DAMN IT!

JACK

Hey! HEY!

KEVIN stops, turning to JACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

Look, we have to leave here now!
You understand? We can't keep those
things out for long.

KEVIN

We left him.

JACK

Look, if we can make it to the
store I've got enough food and
supplies for all of us, and that
place is completely safe. The
owners installed shatterproof
windows a few days before this town
fell, there's just the one door.

(beat)

We can hold out for as long as we
need.

KEVIN

We just left him.

(beat)

We just left him to die.

JACK

Look, you couldn't have done
anything! If you had kept going he
would have already been dead and
those things'd have gotten you too.
You'd have done him no good.

KEVIN

I should have helped him.

JACK

You couldn't have done anything.
You'd have died too! They'd have
probably taken me down in the
process, and that would leave her-

(nods towards JESSIE)

-alone here. And there's no way in
hell she'd last long.

(beat)

You couldn't help him. You couldn't
without risking all of us. Now
you've got to get over it, you
can't bug out now.

KEVIN

(shakes head)

I should have done something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK doesn't know what to do. He looks at JESSIE.

JACK
Is she all right?

KEVIN
What do you think?

JACK reacts as the doors are hit, undead starting to swarm outside.

JACK
Look, Jesus Christ, we can't stay here! They'll get through those doors in no time!

KEVIN
(dry)
They can't get through.

JACK
Yeah? I've seen those things go through stronger. They'll get in if they really want to.

KEVIN kneels next to JESSIE.

JACK (O.S.) (cont'd)
I think they want to.

KEVIN
Jess.
(beat)
Jessie, we need to leave.

JACK jogs over and leans against the window, trying to see out through the cracks and splits.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Dozens of zombies are shuffling towards the school. The ones already there pounding on the doors and windows.

EXT. CAR - DAY

A zombie tears at what is left of FENTON's severed left arm, completely soaked in blood as the thing takes another bite.

FENTON's head has been reduced to a skull, stray bits of flesh scattered on it, the eyes still sunken in the sockets.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK steps back from the window, not looking at all pleased with the situation.

JACK
They're everywhere out there. We
threw a rock at the hive, they're
swarming us.

KEVIN doesn't respond. JACK turns to face him and JESSIE.

JACK (cont'd)
Yo.

KEVIN (O.S.)
(shakes head)
She's not going anywhere for a
while, man, she's messed up.

JACK
Shit.
(beat)
Okay, look, help me find something
to hold the door.

KEVIN
Like what?

JACK
I don't know, anything.

KEVIN
You said they'll get in.

JACK
Well, this is when you start hoping
I was wrong.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY - LATER

JACK tosses a desk onto the already sizable stack of debris blocking the main doors.

The doors take another hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
No good, we need more. This isn't
going to hold for long.

KEVIN
Uh.
(looks around)
The pop machine.

JACK
Good!

They run over, KEVIN reaching around behind to unplug it.

JACK (cont'd)
Careful, keep it together as much
as we can.

They tip it over, WHAM! Pieces of it break off, bouncing
away.

KEVIN
How're we gonna do this?

JACK
Just drag it. I pull you push.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY - LATER

JACK and KEVIN push the pop machine against the door, adding
to the pile of tables and chairs and such already forming a
tangled wall.

JACK turns away, holding his rifle at his side, taking a
second to glance back at the pile.

JACK
It's pretty heavy. It should keep
them out for a while. Don't know
how long though.

KEVIN
What about the back doors?

JACK
(shakes head)
No, I checked them out.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)
 There aren't any of the things out
 back yet, and he doors are dead
 bolted anyway.

KEVIN sits on the bench next to JESSIE, who is still in
 shock.

KEVIN
 What now?

JACK starts pacing.

JACK
 I mean, Jesus. You shouldn't have
 come into town.
 (beat)
 I mean, didn't. . . Didn't you
 think of the population factor? A
 town means more tightly packed
 undead. And, shit, just more of
 them.

KEVIN
 Yeah, yeah we knew about all that.
 (beat)
 But we needed more supplies. We
 only had a few boxes of stuff left.
 Food and ammo, that sort of thing.

JACK walks over, sitting on the bench opposite of KEVIN and
 JESSIE. He leans his rifle against the wall next to him.

JACK
 Well, I guess we'll stay for a
 while. We can head out when it's
 dark. It'll be harder for the
 things to spot us.

KEVIN
 You sure this place is safe enough?

JACK
 (shakes head)
 No.
 (beat)
 Is she. . . ?

JESSIE looks completely stunned.

KEVIN
 Yeah, she's probably going to take
 a while to snap out of it.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (cont'd)
(sighs)
I can't really blame her.

JACK
Neither can I.

He looks around, licking his teeth behind his lips.

JACK (cont'd)
We need some food.

KEVIN
Yeah, there's some SPAM and stuff
in one of the boxes.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT - LATER

A while later, maybe a couple of hours. They're eating some stuff they cooked up in the kitchen.

JACK leans back, trying to get somewhat comfortable.

KEVIN
Thanks. For back there.

JACK
No problem.
(beat)
Sorry about your friend.

KEVIN
No, I mean, you were right. I
couldn't have done anything.
(beat)
You want another?

JACK
Yeah, sure.

KEVIN tosses JACK a can of pop from the machine. JACK opens it and takes a drink.

JACK (cont'd)
Warm.

KEVIN
(forces a laugh)
Our luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few moments of silence. They continue eating, JACK finishes the warm pop.

JACK

You know, you have to wonder some times if this is so bad.

KEVIN

How do you mean?

JACK

The freedom.

(beat)

I mean, look at me. Where else can you get this sort of promotion?

(beat)

I mean, before, I'd have had God only knows how many groups pissed off at me for trashing stuff like I have. Environmental hippies with nothing better to do than bother those of us with jobs, with lives.

(laughs)

But now?

He tosses the can onto the pile.

JACK (cont'd)

Nothing!

(laughs)

I can do whatever the hell I want, and there's no one to tell me I can't. No laws, no rules, no groups, no agencies. Nothing.

KEVIN

Amazing that you could possibly think this is a good thing. Especially considering what we just went through.

JACK

What do you think it is? What do you think about everything that's happened here?

KEVIN

What do I think? I think this is God damn Hell on Earth, that's what I think. I mean, Christ, what else could it be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

You're looking at this the wrong way, man. It's a lot easier to get through the day when you think it's fun.

(beat)

Just try to convince yourself.

KEVIN

What's the point?

JACK

(shakes head)

Way wrong attitude.

KEVIN

Wrong attitude? How the hell can you say this is the wrong attitude? I'm realistic.

JACK

Exactly. Exactly! That's your problem. You're living in the real world, back when death was death, life was life, plain and simple. People lived, they died, they loved, all that sappy romance movie bullshit.

(shakes head)

What you've got to do, is you've got to switch to horror movie mode.

(shakes head)

It's the only thing you can do.

KEVIN

You've got a warped view of things.

JACK

It's that or accept the fact that we're all fucked. It's just a matter of when it's going to all end.

Once again we sit in silence, the two eating just to kill time.

JACK (cont'd)

So what are you doing here anyway?

KEVIN

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

What brought you way out here.
We're hours from the nearest big
city, most people who were out on
the farms stayed on the farms.

KEVIN

How do you know?

JACK

For a while there were a couple
people broadcasting on the radio
with a pirated signal. Most of them
were on isolated farms.

KEVIN

Well.

(beat)

Us, at the beginning of this thing
there were four of us. When this
started we just packed up whatever
we could fit and started driving.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car, driving along the highway several days earlier,
still miles away from the town.

INT. CAR - DAY

There's a fourth person, GREGORY, sitting in back with
FENTON.

GREGORY

Not much to look at, that's for
sure.

KEVIN

You could read the map, tell us
where the hell we are.

GREGORY

Eh, I like watching the dust go by
just fine, thank you.

FENTON

You're weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREGORY
Weird, yes. Disturbed, yes.

FENTON
Uh huh. You're fucked in the head.

KEVIN (O.S.)
No argument there.

FENTON
Woah, woah! Stop.

KEVIN (O.S.)
What is it?

FENTON
Side of the road, up ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car pulls to a stop on the side of the road, FENTON and GREGORY climbing out. They walk around back, lifting the trunk.

ANGLE ON THE TRUNK-

GREGORY pulls a pair of M-16's out, handing one to FENTON. There are two and only two, but a ton of ammo boxes.

GREGORY
Got me?

FENTON
Yeah, yeah, I've got your back.

They start down into the ditch towards the barb wire fence. We see a man, a soldier, tangled and twisted in the wire, blood dried around dozens of cuts and gashes. His right arm hangs down, hand still clutching an M-16. His camo fatigues are torn and shredded, bits of them everywhere.

FENTON (cont'd)
Christ.

GREGORY
He's whole. Looks like they didn't get him.
(beat)
Probably bled to death.

They stop a few feet away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREGORY (cont'd)
Christ, of all the ways to go.

GREGORY starts towards it, moving slow, keeping his rifle trained on it. We hear a rapid clicking sound.

FENTON
What the hell is that?

GREGORY
. . . it's his gun.
(beat)
His fist's clamped down on it.

FENTON
How?

GREGORY
Rigor mortis or something, I guess.

He reaches for the rifle, grabs it, tugs once. It doesn't budge, the fingers cracking slightly from the force. The body jerks in the barb wire.

GREGORY (cont'd)
It's stuck.

He tries again with the same results.

GREGORY (cont'd)
This guy ain't letting go.

He tries again. We hear the stiffened muscles cracking as the arm is forcefully bent.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP as the eyes open.

The zombie snarls, trying to grab GREGORY.

CLOSE-UP as the thumb manages to flick the catch from SAFE to FIRE.

Rounds tear through GREGORY as the previously dead gun roars to life. He doesn't even get a chance to scream before he falls backwards, blood flowing from dozens of wounds, rifle flying from his hand.

A round tears through FENTON's right shoulder, blood and bits of flesh exploding out. He screams, spinning around, firing a few stray rounds.

ANGLE ON SOLDIER-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the rounds rip through it, blood and rotting flesh spraying.

KEVIN emerges from the car, running over to FENTON.

The zombie's gun runs dry, the rattattat replaced by the clicking once again. It snarls, a rather ferocious zombie. It tries to free itself, clawing at the barb wire, but all it manages to do is tear the skin off two of its fingers.

KEVIN helps FENTON stand, taking his rifle.

He opens up, rounds tearing through the zombie, wires snapping, letting it hit the ground. Its face explodes as four rounds tear into it, bone exploding into brain, brain exploding through bone. It goes limp, limbs twitching.

The rifle runs dry, KEVIN tosses it into the trunk as he helps FENTON climb into the back seat, blood gushing from the wound.

INT. CAR - DAY

FENTON drops into the back seat, holding his shoulder, blood seeping through his fingers.

KEVIN grabs something out of the trunk and tosses it to FENTON. A roll of gauze.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

KEVIN walks down from the street towards the body. He grabs the zombie's M-16, tugging, but the dead fingers still won't let it go.

He pulls again, much harder this time. Bone snaps, flesh tears, and the gun comes away, the zombie's hand still wrapped around the grip and trigger.

He bends over and picks up GREGORY's rifle, covered in blood. He checks it, it's empty. He pauses for a moment before dropping the rifle.

He runs back to the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

KEVIN slams the trunk down behind us, FENTON is finishing wrapping up his wound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN climbs in, shutting his door.

KEVIN
You all right?

FENTON
I'm fine.
(beat)
It didn't hit an artery or a bone
or anything.

JESSIE
What about Gregory?

KEVIN
We leave him.

JESSIE
What do you mean we leave him?

FENTON
We can't bring him with us! There's
no point!

JESSIE
But it didn't bite him!

FENTON
The guy didn't look like he was
bitten either.
(beat)
I don't think that's all there is.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car starts up, pulling away, leaving the two bodies
behind in the ditch.

INT. CAR - DAY

JESSIE
But we can't just leave him on the
side of the road!

KEVIN
What else can we do? We can't bring
him with us, it's too risky.

JESSIE
But we can't-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FENTON

Jess, he may be infected.

JESSIE

But he may not be!

KEVIN

Jess, even if he isn't infected,
what are we gonna' do with him if
we bring him?

JESSIE

He deserves a proper burial, at
least.

FENTON

So did everyone else we knew who
died. But they didn't get one.

(beat)

He's just another one.

JESSIE

He's not just 'another one.'

FENTON

Yes he is. Just another name.
There's nothing we can do. We can't
risk bringing him with us,
regardless of whether he's infected
or not.

JESSIE

But-

KEVIN

Jess, there's nothing. All right?

(beat)

That's the end of his game, we
can't do anything about it. Not
without risking ours.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car continues on the endless stretch of road, nothing for
as far as we can see.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

KEVIN

The thing flicked the safety and
blew him away. He didn't even stand
a chance.

JACK

On purpose, do you think?

KEVIN

No, it couldn't have been. I've
never seen these things do anything
like that on purpose before.

JACK

You said the soldier wasn't bitten.

KEVIN

Yes. We thought so anyway.

JACK

I thought it was the bites.

KEVIN

That's what we thought. We'd only
seen those things with bites.
Mostly on the throat, they seem to
go for the throat. But this one.

He pauses, taking a bite.

KEVIN (cont'd)

This one was different. He wasn't
bitten, the only wounds he had were
from the fence wire.

JACK

So why'd he turn?

KEVIN

I don't know. I guess there's
something else that we don't know
about.

JACK

Maybe airborne?

KEVIN

That's the only other way I can
figure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

When was this anyway? When'd it happen?

KEVIN

About a week and a half into the outbreak.

JACK

So maybe there was still stuff in the air.

KEVIN

Maybe. God only knows at this point. Seems every day those things are throwing something new at us.

He shakes his head, looking at JACK.

KEVIN (cont'd)

So how about you? What got you stuck where you are.

JACK

I was friends with the owners of the store. When it started we all moved into the basement. We had food, ammo, all the supplies we needed. Even a TV and radio.

(beat)

A couple of things got in one day, we went up to take care of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

JACK sits in the basement with two others, GUY and PETERS.

There's a loud crash upstairs, a display case being knocked over.

The three instinctively reach for their guns, tensing up and falling completely silent as they listen.

GUY

(whispering)

What the hell was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(whispering)
They've gotten inside.

PETERS
(whispering)
Shit.

He chambers a round.

PETERS (cont'd)
(whispering)
We'd better take care of them.

GUY grabs his rifle.

GUY
(whispering)
Lets go.

INT. STORE - DAY

Three zombies have managed to get into the store. They're shuffling around, knocking stuff over, just making a mess.

One of them drags it foot, the front half missing, bone jutting from torn, bloody flesh. It stumbles, leaving behind bloody imprints on the floor.

ANGLE ON BASEMENT DOOR-

The basement door starts to lift up, GUY looking out.

GUY
(whispering)
Three of them, at the front.

PETERS(O.S.)
(whispering)
Can you hit them?

GUY
(whispering)
No, I can't hit them. I can barely see them.

He climbs up out of the basement, staying low, rifle held at the ready.

PETERS is next, staying a few steps behind GUY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the front the zombies knock over the magazine rack, breaking it, magazines sliding everywhere. One of the zombies slides on the high gloss stuff, feet flying out from under it. It hits the floor hard, blood flowing from a wound on its head as its rotting flesh splits.

GUY and PETERS split up, each one taking an isle.

JACK climbs up, starting down a third isle, rifle up.

A few moments pass, each one picking a target, taking aim.

GUY stands first, opening up. He lets loose with his rifle, rounds tearing into an undead chest. It stumbles back, blood spouting from each hit.

PETERS and JACK follow immediately after, each one opening up on a specific target.

The first zombie goes down, blood spraying as its face smashes against the counter. Already weakened by bullet hits it breaks apart, brains spilling out. It slides off, hitting the ground in a dead heap.

The second zombie goes down, neck blown apart, head spinning away. It bounces on the floor a few times before coming to rest.

JACK aims and fires. The head explodes completely, blood splattering everywhere.

The third zombie lunges, bullets tearing into its stomach as it grabs GUY's rifle. He is knocked off balance, falling backwards. The zombie falls on him, biting at his throat.

CLOSE-UP as the zombie tears into the side of his neck, tearing away a huge chunk.

GUY screams, eyes going wide as blood gushes from his severed jugular. He starts shaking, quickly going into shock.

PETERS and JACK open up, rounds blowing apart the zombie's back. It topples, simply because of the massive muscle damage. It continues feeding on the now dead GUY even as PETERS and JACK empty their rifles into its skull.

PETERS kicks it off GUY, revealing what's left of his face.

PETERS kicks the back of the zombie's head in, boot sinking into brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETERS
Undead sons of bitches.

They don't hear the can rolling along the floor.

PETERS doesn't have a moment to react before a forth zombie, hidden from view before, lunges, grabbing his shoulders. It bites into his right shoulder, tearing away a massive chunk of flesh. PETERS' right arm goes limp as the muscle is completely torn away, his rifle falling from his hand before he can catch it.

JACK opens up, a round hitting the zombie's throat, blood gushing.

The zombie lifts its hand, bringing it around. PETERS screams as it digs a finger into his eye socket, blood spurting. The fleshy tissue of his eyeball squishes out around the zombie's finger, then dark blood.

The zombie lets go, PETERS falls to the floor dead, twitching and bleeding profusely from his hollow eye socket.

JACK opens up, rounds blowing through the zombie's face. It stumbles back, the final round blowing off the top of its head. It collapses, blood and brains spilling out onto the floor.

JACK just stands there, staring at the bodies.

He drops the rifle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK pauses before continuing.

JACK
It was two days before I finally
moved the bodies.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORE - DAY

JACK drags something heavy, wrapped in a tarp, out the receiving door towards the dumpster. The lid is already open, he lifts the mass up and dumps it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.)
 I threw them in the dumpster out
 back to try and avoid attracting
 more of the things.

He walks away, slowly PUSH IN on the dumpster. We can see
 inside, GUY and PETERS lie in it, amongst the bodies of the
 undead responsible for their deaths.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK
 They're still there, now, probably.
 Slowly rotting away, just like
 those things out there.

KEVIN
 You know, I've heard the same sort
 of thing from everyone I've met so
 far.

(beat)
 I guess most of them are probably
 dead by now. They're probably all
 dead.

(beat)
 Hell, I don't know how we managed
 to stay alive for so long.

JACK
 Nothing short of an act of God.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

WIDE SHOT of the school, the sun setting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the school at night, moon high above us. The
 undead continue to gather outside.

INT. JANITORIAL ROOM - NIGHT

A thunder clap startles KEVIN and JACK. They spin, bringing up their rifles, barely visible in the darkness.

JACK

Great.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

It starts to rain, a downpour, the sound of it immediately drowning out all else.

Another thunder clap, a bright flash. A full on thunder storm.

INT. JANITORIAL - NIGHT

JACK laughs.

JACK

Four months without rain, not a drop. Now, downpour.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Found anything yet?

JACK digs around in the darkness, off camera.

JACK

Nothing yet.

(beat)

Ah, found one.

He turns on the flashlight, shining it in his eyes. He blinks, turning it away.

KEVIN

Any more?

JACK

Uh. . . yeah, here.

He tosses KEVIN a second flashlight.

KEVIN fumbles it, nearly dropping it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Yeah. Uh, gun, flashlight.
(shakes head)
This isn't going to work very good.

JACK digs around for a moment.

JACK

Ah, we can fix that.

He holds something up. KEVIN shines the light on it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

They step out, the flashlights taped to their rifles with electrical tape.

They start down the hall.

JACK

The power's been doing this constantly this past week. On and off, on and off. We had a good run for a while, guess it was time for it to cut out again.

KEVIN

The storm maybe?

JACK

There hasn't been that much bad weather lately. I don't know what'd be causing the blackouts.

KEVIN

Back in the city the power went down when the military moved in. They bombed the plants to cut power.

JACK

Why the hell would they do that?

KEVIN

By then nothing made any sense. That was while they were carpet bombing the suburbs, dropping napalm on downtown.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (cont'd)
By the time they took out the
plants I don't think there was much
of a chain left in the military.
It'd pretty much fallen apart by
then.

They stop at a door, KEVIN walks past and stands with his
back to the wall.

JACK opens it, they both spin in and bring their guns up.

INT. CLASSROOM - NIGHT

It's a mess, desks overturned, chairs scattered about. Books
and papers and supplies everywhere.

JACK
Woah.

He walks over and shines his light on the black board.
There's a wide crimson arc, ending in a pool on the floor.

KEVIN
Don't know why we didn't think to
check this place out before.

POV: KEVIN

There's blood everywhere, bits of stuff that looks like it
once belonged to someone.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Kids you think?

JACK
Yeah. Probably.

POV: JACK

The flashlight moves through the room, stopping on the
occasional item. Some blood, an open book, a pencil sitting
on the very edge of a table, dripping blood. It's one of
those things that defies logic.

JACK (cont'd)
Come on. Nothing in here.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

They step out and continue down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

When did it hit?

JACK

A couple of week after the reports started showing up. During the day. Everything went to hell in less than an hour. A car went off the road in front of the store, running people down. People were shooting and screaming.

(beat)

I saw my neighbor. He ran out into the street with a rifle and started shooting. It didn't matter what, he just started shooting.

(beat)

He shot seven people before some of the things tore him apart. He kept shooting even while they were killing him. One of the people.

(beat)

One of the people he shot was a little girl. She was seven.

(beat)

Seven, and he put two rounds in the back of her head.

KEVIN

Has anyone else survived? In town, I mean.

JACK

Not that I know of. I'm pretty sure I'm it.

KEVIN

How can you be sure?

JACK

During the very beginning there were people running around all over the place. After a while it just stopped. After about four days the gunfire had quieted down, there was only a couple places you could still here it.

(beat)

They quieted down too.

He opens a door, leaning in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV: JACK

There's a ladder, leading up to the roof. Beside it is a generator.

KEVIN
Generator?

JACK
Probably out of gas.

KEVIN
Which is the one thing we don't
have.

JACK
We'll come back to this.

They continue walking.

There's a dull thud, somewhere off camera. They tense up.

KEVIN
(whispering)
Where?

JACK
(whispering)
The next room.

DOLLY in front of them as they move down the hall, keeping their rifles ready.

POV: JACK AND KEVIN

We focus on a door, slowing PUSHING IN on it.

KEVIN
(whispering)
I'll open it.

They flank the door, KEVIN grabbing the doorknob.

JACK nods.

KEVIN opens the door, stepping to the side, bringing his rifle up as JACK steps in.

INT. CLASS ROOM - NIGHT

Off in the corner there's a zombie, crouched down over the remains of a corpse, blood everywhere. It's a kid, maybe ten or eleven.

It looks up, turning to face them.

KEVIN
Jesus Christ.

It stands, crouching down slightly, getting ready to pounce.

They raise their rifles.

It lunges forward.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The gunshots echo through the school.

ANGLE ON JESSIE-

Still asleep, not disturbed at all by the gunshots.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The undead continue to gather.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

JACK and KEVIN walk past, moving towards a door. JACK ejects a spent shell, chambering another round.

JACK
The library's in there, then the offices.

KEVIN
What are we looking for?

JACK
Nothing, just looking. It's been a while since I've been in here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
You go to school here?

JACK
Oh yeah.

KEVIN
How long have you lived here?

JACK
All my life.

KEVIN
So you know your way around?

JACK
(shrugs)
More or less.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

They step through, into the darkness.

KEVIN
It'd be a lot easier with lights.

JACK
Watch out for the shelves, they're
everywhere.

We hear a sound off camera, barely audible. JACK and KEVIN both snap to attention, bringing their rifles up. Their flashlights play across everything in the room.

JACK (cont'd)
(whispering)
Up ahead, on the left.

They spread out and slowly move in the direction of the noise.

Something moves into the light.

JACK opens up, rounds tearing into the shelf, books exploding.

The light from the flashlights moves around fast, searching for whatever it was.

KEVIN
Did you get it?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
I don't think I got it.

KEVIN
What the hell was it?

JACK
I don't know, I didn't see it
clearly!

KEVIN
Shit! Are we sure we should be
shooting at it?

JACK
It's inside, it isn't one of us.
Seems good enough.

Something runs past through KEVIN's light, running for the door.

KEVIN
Door! It's heading for the door!

JACK
Shoot!

KEVIN fires, rounds ripping up the carpet, just missing.

KEVIN
It's heading for the back!

JACK
Don't loose it!

They run after it, into...

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The hall, the only light coming from their flashlights as they run. We can't see anything very clearly, the lights keep moving and waving as they move.

JACK
Where the hell is it?!

KEVIN
Up ahead!

POV: JACK AND KEVIN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We run towards the door, slowly we begin to see what it is.

It's a cat, a brown one, clawing at the door.

JACK and KEVIN stop, lowering their rifles.

JACK
That's it?
(beat)
That's what we shot at?

KEVIN
Jesus Christ.

JACK starts laughing.

JACK
We almost blew away a fucking cat.

The cat keeps scratching on the door.

KEVIN
Should I let it out?

JACK
I've never seen those things go
after animals.
(shrugs)
As sick as it may sound, this'd be
a good test.

KEVIN nods and walks for the door.

KEVIN
Okay cat, good luck.

He unlocks the door and slowly opens it.

The cat runs out, disappearing into the darkness.

KEVIN shuts the door and locks it.

JACK
Well.
(beat)
That was thrilling.

JESSIE (O.S.)
What's going on?

PAN LEFT as JESSIE walks towards them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Nothing, just a cat.

JESSIE
A cat? Where is it?

JACK
We let it go.

JESSIE
What about those things? Won't they
go after it?

KEVIN
I don't think we have to worry
about it. Me and Jack haven't seen
those things go after an animal.
(beat)
It'll be fine.

JESSIE
You're sure?

KEVIN
Yes, yes, I'm sure. Don't worry
about it, he'll be fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the school, downpour continuing, zombies
gathering.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

WEST and FILLA are awake, packing up their stuff. The remains
of a small fire is burning out.

WEST
You got it?

FILLA
Yeah, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

Looks like it's gonna' be a hot one today.

(beat)

Fucking again.

FILLA

Yeah, that's just what we need. It's not hard enough walking across a fucking near-desert, we have to have the weather beating us too.

WEST

Bad karma. That's what it is, bad karma.

They put their packs on and start walking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

The three are asleep, KEVIN on the floor, JESS on a bench. JACK is off to the side, leaning against the wall, rifle on his lap.

CLOSE-UP as JACK wakes up, slowly opening his eyes.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The zombies hit the door hard.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JACK stands, spinning and bringing his gun up in one move as the pile of debris moves.

JACK

Christ.

KEVIN (O.S.)

What's wrong?

PAN RIGHT to KEVIN as he stands.

JACK

Nothing. Just the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Jesus, they're that strong?

JACK
They're not strong, there's just a
lot of them.

KEVIN
How many do you think are out
there?

JACK
No idea.
(beat)
But I know how we can find out.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

The utility room we saw briefly earlier. JACK starts up the
ladder, KEVIN a step behind.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

DOLLY in a circle as the hatch flips open, JACK climbing up.

JACK
It's clear.

He climbs up, turning to help KEVIN.

PAN LEFT as they walk towards the edge.

ANGLE OVER THEIR SHOULDERS-

As they walk to the edge and look over.

JACK (cont'd)
Christ.

POV: JACK

Dozens of undead have gathered down below, all of them
clustered around the door, pounding at it.

KEVIN
There's dozens of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
More coming.

KEVIN
They're trapping us. The longer we
stay the more of them there are.

JACK
(beat)
I've got an idea as to how we could
fix this.

KEVIN
How?

JACK brings his rifle up and starts shooting. KEVIN pauses a moment, then joins in.

They fire, bullets rip through the undead. They chamber more rounds, shells flying, more undead going down. JACK chambers a round and fires, an undead face explodes. A ballet of violence and gore as they rip apart the mass of dead people.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JESS walks towards the doors, towards the windows.

POV: JESS

We see a flurry of movement on the other side, hear an endless chain of gunshots.

She climbs over some of the debris, towards the windows.

WHAM!

A zombie hits the window. She's young, probably only about fifteen, maybe sixteen. Her right shoulder is torn up, several bullets in her chest. Her eyes haven't glazed over like the others, they're still emerald green, her skin not quite pale. More human than zombie. Too human.

JESS stares at it, continuing forward.

The zombie looks at her, blood dripping, red, foamy saliva running down the side of its chin.

She reaches her hand out and presses it against the glass, the undead hand on the other side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The zombie stares at her as the gunshots continue, the other zombies moving around in the background.

JESSIE
 (quiet)
 You're almost human.

For a moment they connect. Living and dead.

ZOMBIE GIRL
 (ragged)
 Uumooooon. . .

JESSIE
 (gasps)
 Oh my God.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

ANGLE ON JACK-

As he chambers a round.

ANGLE ON ZOMBIES-

As JACK fires, an undead corpse hitting the ground, dead once again.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JESSIE and ZOMBIE GIRL continue to stare at each other, ZOMBIE GIRL's mouth opening and closing reflexively.

JESSIE
 Can you speak?

ZOMBIE GIRL
 (ragged)
 . . . spaaek. . .

JESSIE
 Who. . . what's your name?

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Countless undead are taking hits, collapsing into dead heaps.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JESSIE
Can you tell me your name?

ZOMBIE GIRL
(ragged)
. . . noooaaaamee. . .

A gunshot.

Blood splatters the window, JESSIE cries out and stumbles back.

The zombie slides down the window, out of view.

JESSIE
No!

EXT. ROOF - DAY

They continue firing, no idea what just happened.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

JESSIE backs away from the window, climbing over the debris. She drops to the floor and just sits there, listening as the gunshots continue.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The continue firing as we slowly begin to;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A vast, empty field, stretching on for miles in every direction. Nothing but flat and hills.

WEST and FILLA walk towards us, looking tired and dirty, about ready to drop dead just to get some rest.

WEST looks at his watch. It's dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST
Is your watch still working?

FILLA
What?

WEST
Your watch. It still working?

FILLA
(shakes head)
No, mine died weeks ago. I hung it
on that tree.

WEST
Yeah, I remember that thing.
Evergreen in the middle of the
field. Weird as hell.

WEST pulls his watch off, tossing it to the side. It reflects the sunlight, shimmering brightly for a moment before disappearing into the grass.

WEST looks at the sun, beginning to set.

WEST (cont'd)
It'll be dark soon.

FILLA
Hills on all sides. It all slopes
down around us. We're on the high
ground.

WEST
Probably be as good a place as any.
Not much can sneak up on us out
here.

They both take off their backpacks and start unpacking the stuff they'll need.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

The sun is beginning to set, the sky blood red.

INT. SCHOOL - DUSK

JACK enters the frame. KEVIN is sitting on the bench, JESSIE asleep next to him.

JACK
Sun's going down.
(looks at JESSIE)
Is she asleep?

KEVIN
Yeah.

JACK
I'll take first watch.

KEVIN
You sure?

JACK
Yeah, no problem. I can't sleep
anyway.

KEVIN
Me neither, not since this started.

JACK
Insomniac?

KEVIN
Yeah.

JACK
I've had insomnia. . . years now I
guess.
(beat)
Try to get some sleep anyway.
You'll probably need it.

A few moments pass.

KEVIN
She. . .

JACK
What?

KEVIN
Before, when we came back in. While
you were checking the doors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Yeah?

KEVIN

She said. . .

He trails off, he doesn't know what to say.

JACK

What?

KEVIN

She said one of the. . . one of the things talked to her.

JACK

(complete disbelief)
What?

KEVIN

She said it said a couple of words. Well, I mean, not 'words' words, but it tried to speak.

JACK

Okay, this is seriously, I think she's loosing it. Not joking, I mean it. She's taking this hard.

KEVIN

Yeah, maybe.

(beat)

Hell, probably. But still.

(beat)

I don't know. She'd made it through a lot, why would she just suddenly crack?

JACK

People do weird things under stress.

(shrugs)

Maybe she's had time to rest. You aren't running, all we're doing is waiting around. She's had time to think, now she has time to actually start thinking about everything that's happened.

(beat)

She can finally let it get to her 'cause she's got nothing else to think about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

She can't start to loose it now.
Not now, after everything we've
made it through.

JACK

No, not now. None of us can loose
it right now.

(beat)

But there's not much we can do. It
was probably just her time to loose
it. Next thing we know it'll be our
turn.

KEVIN

Still, I'm wondering about it.

JACK

Come on, you can't seriously think
that one of those things talked. I
haven't seen one that's been able
to control its own spit, let alone
talk.

(beat)

It was probably just grunts or
something, that sounded like words.
Like a baby or something. Or when a
dog says hello.

He doesn't sound like he believes himself.

KEVIN

Still. I mean, what if they
actually can talk? Or just some of
them? What if they aren't
completely dead?

JACK

Look, as far as I'm concerned those
things are just targets, waiting
for my bullets.

(beat)

I couldn't care less if one of
those things walked up to me and
started quoting Shakespeare. If
it's dead it belongs on the ground,
and I don't care how 'smart' it is,
I'll still blow it all to hell.

KEVIN

Yeah, but what if-?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Kevin, come on.

(shakes head)

They aren't smart, they can't talk.
It was probably just grunts,
nothing more.

(beat)

Those things out there are dead.
They're rotting. Their brains are
rotting. They can't do anything but
groan and stumble around.

KEVIN

You don't sound too sure of
yourself.

JACK

Well, maybe I'm not. That's why I
don't think about things like this.
You think about it, you analyze it,
you start realizing things you
should never have realized in the
first place. You start thinking,
'maybe I shouldn't shoot first and
shoot later.' That's when one of
those sons of bitches will walk
right up behind you and take a hunk
out of your ass.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA, camped out in the middle of the field.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

A cluster of zombies gather outside at the door. They seem
almost like they've shut down for the night, just swaying
occasionally in place.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK sits on the bench, awake, rifle by his side.

KEVIN and JESSIE are asleep, stretched out on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The zombies have actually quieted down a bit, the only noise now the occasional moan outside.

JACK stands, swinging his rifle over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JACK steps into frame, climbing the ladder up to the top tier of the roof.

POV: JACK

We look out across the field to the West, completely empty.

TILT DOWN to the undead gathering below.

JACK
(to self)
Why the hell couldn't I have
grabbed a smoke.

He stops, patting one of the pockets on his jacket. He smiles. He reaches in and pulls out a cigarette.

It's broken in half.

JACK (cont'd)
(looking up)
That's not fair.
(sighs, looks at it)
Bugger.

He flicks it over the side.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

It bounces off an undead head, hitting the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JACK sits on the edge, setting his rifle down next to him. He sighs, staring up at the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

It's night, but the high full moon gives us more than enough light to see everything. WEST and FILLA are asleep on the ground, essentially back to back, rifles in their arms.

There's a sound nearby, something dry crunching and cracking.

WEST moves, waking up. He immediately grabs his rifle, sitting up and looking around in every direction.

POV: WEST

We can't see anything.

There's another crunching sound.

WEST
(whispering)
Filla!

FILLA stirs, slowly sitting up.

FILLA
(whispering)
What?

WEST
(whispering)
I heard something.

FILLA
(whispering)
Were?

WEST
(whispering)
Off to the right.

They remain silent for a moment, listening.

Another crunch, barely audible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They stand, rifles up, rounds already chambered.

FILLA
(whispering)
The right?

WEST
(whispering)
Yeah.

They start moving slowly, leaving their packs and supplies behind.

Another crunch, somewhere nearby.

FILLA
(whispering)
Heard it.

They move faster, each one making sure their rifle is ready.

Another crunch, then a wet sound.

They stop.

WEST
(whispering)
What the hell was that?

WEST takes a step, slipping. He almost falls but manages to catch himself at the last second.

WEST (cont'd)
(whispering)
Oh Christ, there's a corpse.

FILLA
(whispering)
Where?

WEST
(whispering)
I'm fucking standing in it!

FILLA
(whispering)
Is it fresh?

WEST
(whispering)
Uh, yeah, it smells pretty fresh.
God damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA
 (whispering)
 Then where are the und-?

To answer a zombie lunges out of the darkness, grabbing WEST's shoulders. He spins around, bringing his rifle up. He fires, a chunk exploding out of the zombie's back as the round punches through its stomach.

It stumbles back from the force, WEST takes the opportunity to bring his rifle up and fire, blowing a bullet through its right cheek. It topples, melting into the night.

WEST and FILLA stand back to back, rifles up.

FILLA (cont'd)
 Christ! They're everywhere!

Countless undead emerge from the darkness, seeming to just materialize out of nowhere. Rotting faces blending into the darkness up until the moment they lunge forward, worn arms reaching for their prey.

FILLA starts to run. WEST hangs back.

FILLA (cont'd)
 West! Come on!

WEST
 What about our packs!

FILLA
 Forget the damn packs!

WEST
 We can't leave our supplies!

FILLA
 There's too many of them! We-
 (beat)
 We can come back for the fucking
 packs!

WEST tries to run for their packs but he's cut off by another undead, lurching out of the darkness.

FILLA (cont'd)
 Come on!

WEST ducks, bringing his rifle around like a bat. He connects, the undead skull collapsing in, brains and blood and bone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA grabs WEST's arm.

FILLA (cont'd)
Come on! We gotta go now!

They start running, the undead turning to follow, shuffling through the darkness.

WEST turns as he runs, taking aim.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

JACK looks up, hearing the gunshots.

JACK
What the hell is that?

POV: JACK

We see slashes, barely visible over the tops of the hills. They look sort of like lightening bolts are hitting off in the distance, split second flashes lighting up the night.

JACK (cont'd)
What the hell?

More flashes, slowly rising up the hill, growing larger.

JACK (cont'd)
Are. . .
(beat)
Oh Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

JACK slides down the ladder, running through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Another sound, still far off but sounding a little closer.

JACK walks towards us, rifle in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(whispering)
Kevin.

KEVIN looks over, JESSIE asleep on the bench next to him.

KEVIN
(groggy)
What is it?

JACK holds up his hand, telling KEVIN to be quiet.

Several moments pass, utter silence.

KEVIN (cont'd)
What's going on?

JACK
Up on the roof. I heard gunshots,
saw some flashes over on the hills
outside of town.

KEVIN
When?

JACK
Just a second ago.

KEVIN
Have there been any more?

JACK
I don't know.

They both remain silent, listening.

No gunshots follow.

KEVIN
I'm not hearing anything.
(beat)
It must have just been the storm.
Passing by. Lightening and thunder,
you know.

JACK
Yeah. Yeah, I guess.
(beat)
Sorry I woke you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

No worries. It's my turn for watch anyway, it's about time you got some sleep. You've been awake since we got-

Another gunshot, plainly audible this time. Much closer.

KEVIN stands, grabbing his rifle. He follows JACK as he runs down the hall, turning a corner, neither of them saying a word.

JESSIE stirs.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

JACK opens the door to the small utility room, starting up the stairs, KEVIN a step behind.

JACK starts climbing up the ladder, flipping the hatch open at the top, pulling himself through. He reaches through the hatch down.

JACK

Give me your gun!

KEVIN reaches up, JACK taking his rifle. KEVIN starts climbing.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA reach the top of a hill, stopping.

A big panoramic WIDE-SHOT of the town sitting about a mile away at the base of the hills, the only light coming from the street lights. The power's back on again. We can see countless undead shuffling around in the streets as they pass through the pockets of light.

FILLA

Christ, a God damn town!

WEST

Go man, go!

They start running down the hill, undead everywhere.

They run past a zombie on the ground, barely visible in the dark. It reaches out, tripping WEST.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rolls, gaining speed, snowballing end over end down the hill, FILLA racing after him.

FILLA

West! Grab something! For Christ
sake grab something!

WEST manages to keep hold of his rifle, stabbing it out in front of him.

It digs in, plowing into his stomach. He flips head first over the gun, smacking his chin into the ground. He crawls, trying to stand, dizzy after the roll.

He looks as a zombie closes on him, reaching down to grab him.

FILLA swings his rifle like a bat, crushing the side of the undead's head. It falls to the side, rolling down the hill, arms and legs bent at awkward angles.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN and JACK climb the ladder up to the second tier of the roof, then up to the third.

They start running around, trying to spot any signs of humans.

KEVIN stops, looking out at the hill. There's a bright flash and another gunshot.

KEVIN

(pointing)

There! On the hill!

JACK runs over, leaning on the waist high wall surrounding the roof.

JACK

(turning in place)

Uh, uh. . . We need to signal them
somehow.

KEVIN

How?

JACK

Uh. . .

He lifts his rifle in the air and fires a few rounds.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

FILLA helps WEST to his feet.

They hear the gunshots and shouting.

WEST stands on his own.

WEST

Where?

FILLA

I don't know, it's down in the town
somewhere. I can't tell.

WEST

Shit!

POV: FILLA

We see some flashes but we don't focus on them.

A moan behind them. WEST spins, firing two rounds. The
zombie's chest spouts red but it keeps coming, shuffling down
the hill.

WEST fires again, the shot going wide, blowing apart the
zombie's right shoulder. It spins around, spraying blood in a
wide arc.

The next shot blows through the back of its head, sprawling
it on the dirt.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Another flash, another gunshot.

KEVIN

Can they see us?

JACK

I don't know.

(beat)

Have you got a flare gun, road
markers, anything like that in the
boxes down there?

KEVIN

No, nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Shit.

(beat)

Screw it, I have to get to the store. I've got everything over there.

KEVIN

Why not the flashlights?

JACK

No, they're not powerful enough, there's no way they'd see it.

(shakes head)

No, I have to get to the store.

KEVIN

You wouldn't get ten feet down there. Those things will tear you to pieces!

JACK

Yeah, they won't make it either if they don't see us! They're running blind!

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA run down the hill, picking up speed as they go.

FILLA

(running)

It looks like there's a canal at the bottom! Once we cross that we're in the town!

WEST once again trips, starting to roll down the hill.

FILLA (cont'd)

God damn it! West stay on your fucking feet!

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

Several zombies roam the banks of the canal, a few trying to wade through the water to get to WEST and FILLA.

WEST rolls to a stop at the top, a zombie immediately attacking him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He brings a leg around, pressing it against the zombies chest. Using its own weight against it he pushes, launching it into the canal.

FILLA runs up beside him, helping to his feet.

WEST fires, blowing a hole in an undead side. The kidney practically falls out as a combination of blood and tissue pour out in a thick liquid.

They start down the bank, nearly tripping on the rocks as they go.

WEST hits the water first, his speed slowing dramatically as he starts towards the other side.

A rotting hand reaches up, grabbing his pants just above the knee. He lets out a quick shout before he's tugged beneath the surface.

FILLA
Shit, West!

WEST rises up out of the water, coughing hard, dripping blood.

FILLA (cont'd)
You all right?

WEST
Yeah, yeah!

FILLA
You're hurt!

WEST
It's fine, it's not mine!

FILLA
What do you-

A zombie sits up, face rotting away.

POV: ZOMBIE

They both swing their rifles around and fire.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JACK
That's it, I'm going.

KEVIN
There's no way you'll make it.

JACK
Just cover me from up here! Keep
trying to get their attention!

JACK runs over to the ladder and starts down.

KEVIN
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK runs through the hall, quickly reloading his rifle.

JESSIE is awake, standing next to the bench.

JESSIE
What's going on?

JACK
There's people!

JESSIE
Where?

JACK
Outside, on the hills!

JESSIE
Wait, what?!

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA jump, almost clearing the chain link fence.
They pull themselves up.

A zombie lunges forward and grabs WEST's pant leg. He brings
his rifle around and fires, blowing off the top of the
thing's head.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK slowly opens one of the back doors, taking a step out, rifle up.

POV: JACK

There's nothing back here, not yet at least.

JACK lets the door start to close.

He stops, spinning, trying to catch the door. It only opens from the inside, there's no way to get back in.

JACK

Shit!

(to KEVIN)

Kevin!

(beat)

KEVIN!

ANGLE ON THE ROOF-

KEVIN leans over the edge.

KEVIN

Yeah?

ANGLE ON JACK-

JACK

The doors lock from the other side!
I can't get back in!

KEVIN

Don't worry, just go!

He disappears from view.

JACK turns and starts running.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA run along the street, undead everywhere, stumbling along through the darkness.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

JACK swings, catching a zombie's chin. It shatters, bone shooting into brain, blood spraying as the thing spins around and collapses.

He swings the rifle around, bringing it up to aim. He fires a single round, another zombie going down in front of the store.

JACK runs, stepping over the corpse into the store.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

KEVIN climbs down.

KEVIN
(realizing)
Shit, he left his light!

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

JACK spins in place, realizing it at the same time.

JACK
(annoyed)
Oh for fuck's sake.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

KEVIN turns a corner, walking towards JESSIE.

He hands her a pistol, she takes it reluctantly.

KEVIN
I want you to go to the back door
and be ready to unlock it when Jack
gets back.

JESSIE
What's going on?

KEVIN
We spotted some people, Jack's gone
to get them.

JESSIE
He went outside?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Just unlock the door when he gets
back! I have to get back on the
roof!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

It's pitch black in the alley, probably not the best route to
take, but it was the closest to get off the main streets.
WEST and FILLA run towards us.

Something steps out in front of them. WEST takes care of it,
slamming the butt of his rifle up into its chin, smashing it
completely. The thing spins and collapses, dead for a second
time.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

JACK walks through the store as fast as he can, working in
pitch black.

JACK

(to self)

Flashlight, flashlight, flash-

He kicks the flashlight he set at the beginning. We hear it
bounce down the stairs into the basement, disappearing.

JACK (cont'd)

Oh son of a bitch.

He looks up at the ceiling.

JACK (cont'd)

You're pushing it.

He steps down onto the stairs, bringing his rifle up.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK fires a single round, the basement illuminated for a
split second. He takes a few steps down the stairs, reaching
the concrete floor at the bottom. He fires another round,
bright flash letting him see the boxes he's looking for.

He walks over, grabbing a battery powered lantern sitting on
top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns it on, sitting it on the TV as he opens the first box. He tosses the contents aside, then pushes the box away, not finding what he's looking for.

JACK
Where is it?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA are completely surrounded, zombies approaching on all sides. They're standing in place, shooting whatever comes too close.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK pushes another box aside, opening the next one down.

JACK
Finally!

He reaches in and pulls out a small grey fifteen inch square case, then turns and runs up the stairs.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

WEST fires, gun clicking empty.

WEST
Out!

FILLA pulls a mag out of his pocket. He tosses it to WEST.

FILLA
Over there!

The nearest house has a small shed behind it, and next to that a stack of chopped wood.

WEST
Go!

Two more zombies go down as they push past, swinging their rifles to keep the undead back.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

JACK emerges from the store holding a flare gun, just finishing loading a flare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's immediately attacked, a zombie grabbing at his neck. He ducks, bringing the flare gun around. He accidentally fires, flare punching through the zombie's stomach, blood and flesh bursting out as the flare burns deep inside.

JACK swings his rifle around, finishing the zombie with a single shot to the head.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

WILL climbs onto the wood pile, logs rolling away. He jumps, pulling himself onto the shed roof.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

JACK aims the gun up and fires, bright red flare shooting up into the sky.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

POV: KEVIN

We can see the flare a few blocks away, leaving a spiraled trail of gray smoke behind it.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

WEST pulls FILLA up, everything bathed in red light.

WEST
It's a flare!

FILLA
Where'd it come from?

WEST
I can't tell! The damn trees are
blocking where it came from!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

KEVIN lifts his rifle up and fires.

KEVIN
HEY!

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

JACK spins, turning to face the school.

POV: JACK

We see bright flashes on the roof, gunshots shattering the silence. Gunshots from the school, gunshots from the house a few blocks away, it sounds like JACK's in the middle of a war.

JACK reloads, pulling another flare out of the case and shoving it into the gun.

He aims up, firing.

EXT. HOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

Another flare spins up into the night sky, clearly visible this time.

FILLA

It's a couple blocks down!

They start running along the roof, the undead following along on the ground below.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The flare is just burning out.

KEVIN

Come on Jack, hurry it up.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

JESSIE paces in front of the door, looking nervous.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA drop down off the roof, opening up on the undead as they land. A few go down, bullets tearing through them as the pair start running.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

JACK opens up, the back of an undead head blown off. The zombies are starting to gather.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA run full tilt down the street, not bothering to fire. Anything that gets in the way they just knock to the side.

POV: WEST

JACK is only about a block away, blowing away anything that gets too close.

WEST
We're here! Don't shoot!

POV: WEST

JACK stops, waving for them to hurry up.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JESSIE is pacing anxiously at one of the back doors, switching the pistol around in her hands.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

WEST
Man are we glad-!

JACK
There's no time! We have to get to the school!

FILLA
We haven't got any ammo left!

JACK
Shit!
(beat)
In here!

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN is getting restless, pacing back and forth, watching for any sign of the others.

KEVIN
Come on, man, you're taking way too long. Get back here.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK's quick, tossing both of them a couple of magazines each. The lamp is still on, every corner of the basement illuminated.

JACK
Go! Now!

They run, JACK opens a box.

WEST
What are you doing?!

JACK
Give me a minute!

JACK pulls a backpack out and drops a couple of ammo boxes in.

FILLA(O.S.)
(at the front)
They're coming!

WEST
They're coming man!

JACK drops in another dozen clips, zipping the pack up.

WEST (cont'd)
Come on!

JACK starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN leans over the edge, taking a few potshots at the zombies wandering around below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TILT UP, we see three figures running towards us. KEVIN sees them, shooting a few rounds into the air.

KEVIN
COME ON!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

JACK ducks to the side to avoid a zombie as it lunges for him, WEST blowing away its left temple with a single shot.

JACK
(running)
THE DOOR!
(beat)
GET THE FUCKING DOOR!

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN runs over to the hatch, kneeling next to it.

KEVIN
(shouting down)
Jess! They're here, get the door!

JESSIE(O.S.)
Okay!

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JESSIE steps towards the door, leaning against it, getting ready to unlock and open it.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN walks over to the edge, watching as the three approach.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The three run through an opening in the fence, passing a zombie with a broken arm hanging uselessly at its side. It swipes at them with its good arm, the broken one swinging around.

WEST brings his rifle up and fires.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLO-MO as he spins, the zombie toppling over, spent shell flying away, light reflecting off it.

JACK hits the door first, trying to open it.

It's still locked.

JACK
What the hell!!

WEST and FILLA run up next to him.

FILLA
What's wrong?

JACK
The door's still locked!

WEST
What do you mean the door's
locked?! Why the hell would you
lock the door?!

JACK
It locked by itself!
(shouting)
Kevin! The door!

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN leans down through the hatch.

KEVIN
Jess! Unlock the door!

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JESS starts running, leaving the wrong door.

Unlocked.

KEVIN(O.S.)
Jessie!

JESSIE
I'm getting it!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK keeps pounding on the door as WEST and FILLA stand a few meters away, providing cover, shooting anything that gets too close.

WEST fires, undead spinning around, bullet blowing out its right shoulder.

WEST

We're drawing a crowd here, man!

JACK

Kevin! The God damn door!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Undead are beginning to leave the front, shuffling towards the corner, drawn by the shouts and gunfire.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JESSIE finally reaches the door, trying to unlock it.

JACK keeps pounding on it.

JACK

(through door)

Open the door!

(beat, gunshot)

OPEN THE DOOR!

JESSIE

I'm trying!

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN is firing from up on the roof.

ANGLE ON KEVIN-

As he fires.

ANGLE ON ZOMBIE-

As its right shoulder and part of its throat explode, blood spraying from its jugular.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Get inside! They're coming around
from the front!

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK
(through door)
Open the-!

JESSIE
I'm trying!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA are backing towards the door, firing as the things close in around them.

DOLLY PAST the trio as WEST and FILLA both reload.

CLOSE-UP of WEST.

POV: WEST

As we WHIP LEFT and RIGHT, looking at the things coming towards us.

WEST starts backing up, firing a few rounds.

WEST
We're loosing ground fast here!

FILLA
Whatever you're trying to do, do it
faster!

JACK (O.S.)
Jessie, open the God damn door!

POV: WEST

There are at least two dozen zombies shuffling towards them, another five or six lying on the ground dead for a second time.

JACK (cont'd)
Jessie, listen to me. We are going
to die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
(through door)
I can't get it open!

JACK
What's wrong?!

JESSIE
The bolt's stuck!

JACK
Rip the fucker out of the wall for
Christ sake! Just open the God damn
door!

JESSIE finally manages to unlock the door, JACK grabbing the handle and throwing it open.

JACK (cont'd)
(to WEST and FILLA)
Lets go!

WEST fires a few more rounds before turning and running into the school.

INT. SCHOOL UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

KEVIN slides down, rifle slung over his shoulder.

JACK(O.S.)
Lock it!

KEVIN runs out of the room into. . .

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

The hall, the others struggling to hold the door shut as JESS tries to lock it, undead swarming it on the other side.

KEVIN
What the hell took you so long
Jess?

JESSIE
I unlocked the wrong door first!

KEVIN
(beat)
Did you relock it when you came
over here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE doesn't answer, she just opens her eyes wide and drops her jaw.

JACK
Shit!

KEVIN
God damn it!

He swings his rifle around and runs off.

WEST
Wait, what?!

CLOSE-UP as JESSIE locks the door.

JESSIE
Got it!

She runs after KEVIN.

FILLA
(running after them)
Shit!

WEST
(running after them)
What the hell is going on?!

The others turn and follow KEVIN.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

KEVIN runs at the door, hitting it, putting his full weight behind it. He holds it shut as the undead try to get in, pounding on the other side.

KEVIN
Would someone help me!

WEST and JACK slam into the door.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The force knocks several zombies off balance, they stumble back a few feet before starting back for the door.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

FILLA knows what he's doing. He locks the door immediately, stepping back.

FILLA

Set!

They all back away slowly, watching the door take hit after hit from dead fist.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Dozens of zombies are gathering outside.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The five stand in front of the door, watching as it takes hits from outside.

WEST

(out of breath)

Thanks.

JACK

(likewise)

No problem.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT of the town, the school off to the right, in the edge of the frame. A seemingly endless sea of undead is shuffling towards us, drawn by the noise.

Slowly TILT UP to the moon, glowing bright above us.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The next day, an ESTABLISHING SHOT of the school.

Dozens upon dozens of zombies are gathered at the front door.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

The five sit in a half circle of seats, set up like an inset staircase. Their guns are no more than a leap and a bound away, each one trying their best to relax but failing.

FILLA

I've gotta' say it again, you have no idea how glad we are you spotted us.

JACK

Heard you, actually. If you hadn't fired we never would have known you were out there.

FILLA leans forward, grabbing a can of pop scavenged from the machine in the lobby. He opens it, it's flat.

FILLA

Flat.

JACK

Yeah, they all are.

FILLA

Damn.

KEVIN

So what's your story anyway? What the hell were you doing out there in the middle of the night?

WEST

Yeah, that's kind of a long story.

FILLA

Yeah, lots of pointless melodramatics.

WEST

Well, I'm not quite as enthusiastic about it as he is.

JACK

Well, are we going somewhere? I mean, there's not much else to do around here except chat about shit, or shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

Yeah, I guess.

(beat)

Well, basically, we started at the very beginning of this thing, about fifty miles to the East. There was the two of us, me and Filla, and a couple of others. Friends. We all got together whatever stuff we thought we'd need and were waiting for a good time to leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

A town house, one of many in a big city somewhere. There are people and cars everywhere, everyone trying to get out before it's too late.

Someone runs past, holding a rifle. No one seems to think this is odd.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

FILLA (O.S.)

Where the hell is it! I can't find it!

Two people run into the frame, new people. They are KELLY and DAVID.

DAVID

It should be there! Did you move it?

KELLY

No, it should be there.

WEST (O.S.)

I got it, I got it!

Screams, outside.

DAVID runs over to the window, looking through the blinds.

DAVID

Shit!

(shouting)

They're coming!

EXT. STREET - DAY

A car speeds past, an unlucky person bouncing off the hood, over the top, landing in a heap behind it.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

DAVID

Come on! We have to go now!

WEST runs down the stairs, FILLA a few steps behind. Both have large camping packs, fully loaded.

WEST

I got everything!

DAVID and KELLY run for the door, each one grabbing a similar pack.

EXT. STREET - DAY

People are running everywhere, a few zombies scattered intermittently.

The four emerge from the house.

PAN LEFT fast to reveal their car, tires flat, another car T-boned against it. Supplies and such are scattered everywhere, most of it already scavenged.

DAVID

God damn it! Son of a bitch!

WEST

Don't worry, we can find another one!

They try to make it to the streets, countless people pushing past.

Someone falls, hitting WEST. He goes down, the person trying to get up, screaming.

PAN RIGHT to reveal:

A zombie is tearing at his ankle, pulling away chunks of flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID kicks, catching the zombie's nose. Its head snaps back and the thing topples over.

A siren, a police car speeds down the street. A second cop hangs out the passenger side window, dead, several bullet holes in his back.

A gunshot to the right. The cop car swerves, colliding with another car. The rear tires lift up, then slam back down.

Other than a few dents and a bullet hole or two it's fine.

DAVID

Come on!

They run for the cop car, more gunshots.

A bullet hits the ground an inch in front of WEST's left foot. He trips, going down hard.

FILLA stops, helping him up.

A bullet tears into his pack, bits of fabric exploding. He goes down.

DAVID and KELLY stop and run back towards them.

FILLA

Just go!

DAVID

Get in!

FILLA

Just go! We'll meet you at the cabin!

DAVID

Shit!

He turns, pulling the dead cop out of the window, climbing in.

FILLA slowly stands, someone pushing past, knocking him back down.

DAVID burns rubber, the police car speeding away, neither of them looking back.

The chaos continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

WEST

I don't know how we managed to get out of town, but we did. We almost got taken out by a military checkpoint on the outskirts.

(beat)

The only reason we got out was because a fighter actually dropped down and did a strafing run. Blew the checkpoint away. Completely. Right in front of us.

(beat)

I guess we've been hiking ever since, trying to get to the cabin.

KEVIN

Cabin?

JACK

What cabin? Where?

WEST

In the mountains. I mean, it's nothing big, just a single story thing. But it's isolated. And I mean real isolated. A couple of hundred acres of nothing on every side. Just mountains and trees.

FILLA

A little slice of sanity.

WEST

It's the sort of place you wouldn't be able to find unless you knew about it beforehand.

JACK

Sounds perfect.

WEST

Why do you think we're going there?

JACK

How far is it? From here, I mean.

WEST

Uh.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST (cont'd)
About. . . I don't know, maybe a
hundred and fifty miles or so. To
the West.

JACK
Hundred and fifty. A couple weeks
trip, with stops, to do it safe.

FILLA
Yeah, it's those things that slow
us down so much. They chase us and
tire us out, we have to rest twice
as often.

WEST
And we're low on supplies.

JACK
That's no problem.

WEST
(sarcastic)
Really?

JACK
Yeah. I've got ammo, food, medical
supplies, everything you need back
at the store. For all of us.

WEST
Oh. . . Yeah.

KEVIN
What sort of stuff you got up at
the cabin?

WEST
(shakes head)
Everything you could possibly
wan't, my friend, with the
exception of cable and the
internet.
(beat)
We've got more than enough supplies
to last us for years. We kept
taking stuff up for as long as we
could after this thing started.

JESSIE
Do you think your friends are
there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

(shrugs)

No way to tell.

(beat)

We can hope, I mean, but if they aren't it doesn't matter.

JESSIE

Why not?

WEST

If they aren't there then they're probably dead. If that's the case, it doesn't matter. They aren't part of the picture anymore.

JESSIE

But how can you just forget about them like that?

WEST

Well, it's simple actually.

(beat)

See, you forget about them.

(beat)

If they're dead, you push them out of your mind completely.

JESSIE

Why?

WEST

Because if those things are chasing you and you suddenly start thinking about someone who's died, it'll give those things enough time to get the jump on you.

(nods)

Then you'll be joining whoever just killed you.

JACK

He's the first person I've met since this started that actually made sense.

KEVIN

To you, maybe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA

Well, to a lot of us. I mean, it's the only thing that's kept us alive through this.

(beat)

Don't think about the people who didn't make it, just think about where you're going. Or what you're doing.

(beat)

Death is everywhere, but it's the one thing you can't afford to think about.

(beat)

Ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The zombies are still gathering, more and more arriving as time continues to pass.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

JACK and FILLA are fiddling with the generator. There's a gas can sitting nearby, presumably stored in the room.

JACK

Moment of truth.

He flips the switch.

The generator starts up.

INT. HALL - DAY

The lights power up.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

We hear the sound of the freezer compressors running for a few moments.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - DAY

They both stand, JACK gives the generator a kick.

JACK
Now we're talking.

KEVIN walks into the room.

KEVIN
It's working?

JACK
Perfectly.

FILLA
Not much gas, though.

KEVIN
How much?

JACK
Only about two days worth in here,
found it hidden in a cubby hole in
the corner.

KEVIN
That's it?

JACK
I know there's more in the storage
shed out back.

KEVIN
But we can't get to it.

JACK
Exactly.

A moment.

KEVIN
Save this for when we need it?

JACK
Probably good.

FILLA nods his agreement.

JACK rests a finger on the switch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)
When we need you, don't mess
around.

JACK flips the switch.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The sound of the compressors stops dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

JACK and WEST stand on the roof, loading their rifles.

WEST
One point for a kill, five points
if you kill more than one with a
single bullet.

JACK
(chambers a round)
Is that even possible?

WEST
If you're God damn lucky.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JESSIE walks into frame, looking around.

JESSIE
Oh.

She walks over to a piano, sitting against the wall. She
pulls a chair over and sits, lifting up the cover.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

They both take aim.

WEST
Bet I get a higher score.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
You're on.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A single piece of music, classical, along the lines of Beethoven or Mozart, begins to play. It continues through this sequence.

The gunshots begin.

KEVIN sighs, looking up from the game of chess he's having with FILLA. They're using whatever they could find. Erasers for pawns, staple removers for queens, blobs of sticky tack, gum from under the desk. Whatever.

FILLA
So this is what you do for fun
around here?

KEVIN
Yeah, this is all I could find.

FILLA
Thank God I like chess.

The gunshots continue as they start their game again. PAN RIGHT and TILT UP to JESSIE sitting off on the circular, reading a book.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

The two continue emptying rounds into the undead.

JACK lowers his rifle.

JACK
That's it for me today. You gonna'
keep going?

WEST
Yeah, I'll finish off this clip.

JACK
Right, see you later.

He slings his rifle over his shoulder and walks towards the hatch.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

KEVIN and FILLA continue their game. FILLA moves a piece, KEVIN knocking it out of play. FILLA moves again.

FILLA
Check.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

WEST empties his gun, hammer clicking, empty.

WEST
Damn.
(to zombies)
That's it for today, you lucky bastards.

He lifts the gun up and takes aim.

POV: WEST

The sights center on the forehead of an undead.

WEST (cont'd)
BAM!

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - DAY

JACK tugs on the door hard, the dead bolts holding.

A zombie presses its face against the window, snarling.

JACK pounds the window with his fist.

JACK
RAAAAAAAAAAH!

He turns and walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JESSIE opens the freezer, revealing a lot of empty space.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

KEVIN is trying to find a move.

INT. HALL - DAY

JESSIE and JACK walks past each other. They exchange a look, maybe hinting at something more going on.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

FILLA leans back in his chair as KEVIN struggles with his move.

INT. HALL - DAY

WEST and JACK pass, exchanging a high five.

JACK
Kill lots?

WEST
Shit loads.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

KEVIN reaches for a piece, resting his finger on it.

He tips it over.

KEVIN
Mate.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

JESSIE stops playing, the last note hanging in the air for a few seconds after, slowly fading away.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the school, the following night.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Everyone is here except for KEVIN. They're all asleep, weapons nearby.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN lies on the roof, starting to fall asleep.

We hear something, off in the distance. KEVIN opens his eyes.

He sits up, reaching for his rifle.

He sits motionless, perfectly silent. He recognizes the sound.

KEVIN

Jesus...

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The doors open, KEVIN rushes in. Everyone wakes up at the same moment, instinctively going for their weapons.

KEVIN

Helicopter!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

The five stand on the roof. We can hear the sound of a helicopter approaching, slowly getting louder.

JACK

Where is it?

FILLA

I don't know. It kind of sounds like. . .

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA (cont'd)
 (turns in place)
 That way maybe?

PAN RIGHT as a chopper slowly appears, rising up over the hills, coming towards us.

JESSIE
 There!

WEST
 Yes! God damn it, yes!

JACK
 Jessie, go down and get some flashlights. They're in the library.

JESSIE runs off.

WEST aims his rifle up and starts firing. JACK runs to the ladder and climbs up to the second tier, then the third.

JACK (cont'd)
 Get up here!

WEST and FILLA climb up, KEVIN waiting down on the lower level.

JACK (cont'd)
 (to FILLA)
 Get your jacket off!

FILLA takes his jacket off, turning it inside out. It's bright red. He throws it to WEST.

JACK (cont'd)
 Tie it to your gun, wave it around!

KEVIN and JESSIE climb up, JESSIE carrying a couple of flashlights. JACK takes one, KEVIN the other.

JACK (cont'd)
 (to WEST)
 Keep shooting!

The chopper continues towards them, now clearly visible.

JACK starts signalling with the flashlight, clicking it on and off. Dot dot dot, dash dash dash, dot dot dot. SOS.

From the looks of it, the chopper shows no signs of noticing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
(shakes head)
Something's not right.

JACK and KEVIN keep signalling. WEST lowers his rifle.

WEST
She's right. Something's wrong.

The chopper flies overhead, the pilot's side window ajar.
Someone waves out, trying to get their attention.

FILLA
They saw us! They saw us!

The helicopter hovers overhead, the pilot continuing to wave.

The helicopter jerks to the side, the pilot pulls his arm in.

WEST
What the hell's he doing?

The helicopter starts to bank, loosing control. If you listen carefully you can hear screams.

It starts forward, leaving the school behind.

WEST (cont'd)
No! NO! God damn it, where's he
going?!

The door shakes, then opens. The body of the pilot rolls out,
falling, hitting the ground and disappearing into the sea of
undead gathered out front.

The chopper starts to drop, loosing altitude fast.

The helicopter falls behind a mass of trees, leaving our
view.

We hear the boom, see the last remains of a fireball rise up
from behind. Black smoke begins to rise.

Everyone just stands and watches as the smoke rises.

JESSIE says a silent prayer off to the side.

WEST (cont'd)
What just happened?

KEVIN
It doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment passes in silence.

FILLA
It's my turn on watch.

KEVIN
(nods)
Yeah.

They head down the ladder, WEST untying the jacket. He tosses it to FILLA before climbing down.

FILLA sits, leaning against the wall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the school.

The undead shuffle around aimlessly, the ones up front no longer banging on the doors.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the school the next morning.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

KEVIN sits back, the blinds sliding back down.

JACK
There's even more coming. Every day
more of them arrive.
(beat)
Every day they dig in more.

FILLA
Christ, how many people lived in
this town?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

About two hundred and fifty, maybe three hundred if you count the people living on the farms around here.

FILLA

Well that's not so bad.

WEST

Yeah, so then where the hell are they all coming from? There's a hell of a lot more than three hundred out there. This town's full of them.

JACK

Yeah. See, it got bad near the end, when everything was falling apart. The military came through, there was a big massacre. At least another couple of hundred people were killed. Civilians, military.
(beat)
Everyone.

KEVIN

If they keep gathering we're never going to be able to get out of here. I mean, as it is we'd be risking it if we tried.

WEST

We must have blown away a couple of hundred of those things by now, there's so many of them.

KEVIN

Yeah, I seriously doubt there's that many.

WEST

Christ, I hope there ain't that many.

Something hits a window, everyone jumps, reaching for their guns.

KEVIN leans forward, looking through the blinds.

A rotting fist slams against the window, KEVIN leans back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Okay, I hate these things, I really do.

JACK

Regardless of their numbers, we can't stay here.

(beat)

The things keep coming from God only knows where, food and ammo is in short supply.

(beat)

I say we all leave. Together, as soon as we can.

WEST

How? The entire town is out there.

FILLA

Yeah, and then some.

JACK

Look, we've done great so far, with nothing more than a few rifles. Someone up there likes us.

WEST

Or really hates us, it's hard to tell at this point.

FILLA

(points at KEVIN)

Yo.

JACK

My point is we should be able to handle these things. We've handled them in the past, this is no different.

KEVIN

But we still have to get past these things before we can even get out of here. We're trapped in here, completely surrounded.

WEST

What about out back?

KEVIN

No, they're out there too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

Well, yeah, they're everywhere. But they mostly seem to be focused on the front. I don't know, maybe we could lure them away or something, get them all around to the front. Then we could sneak out the back and make a run for it.

JACK

We wouldn't get fifty feet before we had every one of them swarming us.

FILLA

So we go at night. Cover of darkness and all that.

KEVIN

That was the plan before, wasn't it? We got stuck here, we were gonna leave at night.

JACK

Those things didn't give us a chance.

WEST

It's simply. Misdirection. We put a decoy, something that'll attract their attention and draw them over, out front. We wait for the bulk of the things to clear out from out back, then make a break for it.

JESSIE

We need supplies. We're out of food, just a day or two left.

JACK

They we make our break in two halves. Both of them at night.

(beat)

The first night a few of us make a midnight run to the store and pick up whatever we need. Bullets, food, that sort of thing. Whatever.

(beat)

The next night, or whenever we can, we make our break.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

That just leaves the decoy.

WEST

No problem.

KEVIN

No problem? What do you mean no problem? You going to jump out there wearing nothing but a pork chop?

WEST

Well, I could if you think that'd work better.

JACK

Yikes.

KEVIN

What've you got in mind?

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE - DAY

The doors open, the four of them walking in. JESSIE's elsewhere.

WEST

All these, we need them all up on the roof. The more bouncy the better.

KEVIN

What about medicine balls?

WEST

Yeah, they do good too. Crush a couple of the rotters in the process.

(energetic laugh)

We are gonna' have some fun with these puppies.

JACK

So what the hell are we doing with all these?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST
Just get them on the roof, you'll
see.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE - DAY - LATER

FILLA tosses a ball to JACK. He tosses it into a cart sitting to the side. PAN RIGHT as KEVIN enters, pushing an empty cart. He takes the full one and turns, exiting into the hall.

INT. HALL - DAY

DOLLY ALONG BEHIND HIM as he pushes it down the hall, turning the corner, coming to the utility room door.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

WEST and JESSIE stand on the roof, surrounded by balls of all kinds, rolling around.

KEVIN (O.S.)
Ready?

WEST
Yeah.

KEVIN starts tossing the balls up through the hatch, WEST and JESSIE catching them, tossing them to the side.

INT. STORAGE - DAY

FILLA tosses JACK the last ball.

JACK
That it?

FILLA
That's it.

JACK
(shouting)
That's it!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

They stand on the roof, dozens of balls everywhere.

WEST
Sort them. Dodge balls, medicine,
whatever.

MONTAGE as they sort the balls, organizing them into their various groups, WEST walking between them all.

WEST (cont'd)
Put the medicines up front. We use
them first.

JACK and FILLA drop a couple each, turning to get more.

DISSOLVE TO:

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of the SUN, PAN DOWN to the roof, the balls sorted, lined up like platoons waiting for action.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

WEST
I need two people up top with me.
Uh, Jack and Filla say.

JACK
Check.

WEST
Kevin and Jessie, you're down here.
Kevin, you're at the back door
we're going to be using. You're
watching the things outside, but
don't let them see you. When
they're clearing you yell to Jess,
she comes up and tells us.

JACK
What are we doing?

WEST
We're going to be throwing the
balls off. Medicines first, clear
it out so the rest bounce.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Clear it out?

WEST

Yeah, those things are rotting so bad the medicines'll crush them, clear up some space for the bouncy stuff.

(beat)

Then the things'll chase 'em and their groans and stuff should attract the ones out back. That's when me and Jack make a run for the store and get what we need.

KEVIN

What about the rest of us?

WEST

That's a bit trickier. See once they clear out we're heading out, which'll probably attract them back. You'll be waiting inside. We won't come back the same way. We'll head over to the road a couple of blocks down and head back here that way, so we avoid the front as much as possible.

KEVIN

And if the things spot you?

WEST

Then you get the hell out there with us and we make a run for it.

(beat)

Get as much sleep as you can tonight. Tomorrow's the big day.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The lobby, later that day, sort of just as the sun is beginning to set. KEVIN sits on one of the benches.

He sighs, standing and walking over to the overturned pop machine.

He kicks it, reaching in and pulling out a flat, warm can of pop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks back over to the bench and drops down, leaning back.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - NIGHT

The others are all asleep, each one taking up some part of the library.

JACK stirs.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK walks out, rifle at his side.

JACK
How've they been?

KEVIN
They're quiet, just hanging around.

KEVIN stands and walks past as JACK takes his place.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Have fun.

JACK
Barrel of monkeys.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the school.

PULL BACK, slowly revealing the incredible numbers of undead gathering outside, packed so deep they reach all the way to the street, surrounding the car.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JACK stands in the bathroom, running a toothbrush under some water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (O.S.)
That'd work better with tooth
paste.

JACK
(laughs)
Probably.

He starts brushing, scraping the crud off his teeth.

He stops, spitting, blood splattering the sink. His gums are
bleeding bad.

JACK (cont'd)
Shit.

KEVIN
When's the last time you saw a
dentist?

JACK stretches, tossing the brush into the sink.

JACK
Too damn long.

KEVIN walks over to the next sink and runs the water,
splashing some on his face.

JACK picks up the brush and starts again. Several moments
pass, water running in the background.

KEVIN
It's gonna be a long day today.

JACK
(nods)
Yup.

KEVIN
Same as yesterday.

JACK
Uh huh.

KEVIN
Every day.

JACK
(nods)
Every day.

Another few moments pass, a slightly awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

It's been quiet these past few days.

JACK turns the water off and picks up his rifle, leaning against the counter.

JACK

Very.

KEVIN

Not that I'm complaining, I mean.
(beat)
Still.

JACK

Sort of a catch 22. Nothing has been happening with those things outside, but nothing has been happening in here.

KEVIN

Exactly.
(beat)
The chopper was probably the last sign of any other people we'll ever see as long as we stay here.

JACK

Yeah.

He sighs and looks at himself in the mirror.

JACK (cont'd)

That's why we're not staying here any longer.

KEVIN

Tonight's gonna' be big.

JACK

Yes it will.

A moment.

KEVIN

I'll see you out there.

JACK

Yeah, yeah.

He walks towards the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK stands there, staring at himself in the mirror.

JACK (cont'd)
Shut yourself down.
(beat)
Shut yourself off or you'll mess
this up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - DAY

DOLLY behind KEVIN as he walks.

JACK (V.O.)
Now's not the time to think, it's
the time to do. It's the time to
forget everything you've ever known
and embrace what the movies taught
you. Emotionless, cold, methodical.
(beat)
A killer. Nothing more, nothing
less.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The group are sitting around, killing time, waiting for
night.

WEST
We're actually going to do this
thing?

KEVIN
We haven't got many other choices.

JACK stands, walking for the door.

JACK
I'm going up top for a while.

As he walks past JESSIE he leans over and kisses her on the
forehead.

WEST stands and follows.

WEST
Wait for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They exit.

KEVIN
(to FILLA)
Want a rematch?

FILLA
(shrugs, sighs)
Sure. One last game.

KEVIN
(to JESSIE)
You want to play?

JESSIE
(shakes head)
I've got to finish my book.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

JACK and WEST stand on the roof, staring down at the growing numbers of the undead.

JACK
Christ there's a lot of them.

WEST
Where the hell could they all be coming from?

JACK
Everywhere.
(exhales deep)
Everywhere.

WEST brings his rifle up and fires, sending a round into the things below, not aiming for anything in particular.

WEST
You couldn't miss. They're packed in so heavy you could set one of them on fire and the rest'd all catch in no time.

JACK fires a few rounds.

JACK
(sighs)
Good times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They both bring their rifles and open up.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

DOLLY through the undead crowd as the shots rip through bodies as we pass by.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

JESSIE flips the last page of her book, pausing for a moment before closing it.

JESSIE
(quiet)
Finished.

KEVIN (O.S.)
What'd you say?

JESSIE
Nothing.

A few moments pass before she stands, walking over to a shelf. She puts it back and pulls out another, going back to the circular.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - DAY

WEST and JACK stop firing, staring down at the undead.

JACK
I was up last night.

WEST
Couldn't sleep?

JACK
(shakes head)
Never can anymore.

WEST
Yeah.

JACK
But anyway, I was up, and I got to thinking. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

Huh?

JACK

Why are we here?

WEST

On the roof? Or. . .

JACK

No. Just. . . here. Alive.

WEST

Huh. Is this going to be a philosophical day? Cause I don't do philosophical.

JACK

What do you do?

WEST

Shooting things.

JACK

What about them? All of them. Why them and not us. I should have died a hundred times over, but I didn't. They died, most of them never had a chance.

WEST

You're asking questions man. Don't. You'll never know the answers.

(beat)

You probably wouldn't like the answers you got.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

FILLA knocks his king over.

KEVIN

Check mate.

FILLA

I made it easy for you. You have to beat me once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
(sarcastic)
Oh thank you so much. I feel so privileged.

FILLA
Hey, you should, you're playing against me.

PAN RIGHT as WEST and JACK enter.

KEVIN
Good shooting today?

WEST
Isn't it always?

JACK
There's only a couple of hours until dark. We should get some sleep before then.

FILLA
Probably a good idea.

KEVIN
I'm really not looking forward to going to sleep.

FILLA
Not looking forward to waking up either.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DUSK

WIDE SHOT of the school, the sun beginning to set.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep, getting in their last few moments of rest. No one's on watch, they don't think it's important enough, not considering what's about to happen.

A watch alarm goes off. JACK stirs, standing. One by one the others follow, music swelling as they exchange the last looks before they start what could be their last night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Time?

JACK

(nods)

It's time.

WEST

Anyone want to say anything before we do this? For luck?

JACK

I wouldn't know what to say.

FILLA

All we ask is that. . . if there is someone up there watching us, that he watch over us when we do this thing. He's helped us get this far, all we need is for him to help us get through tonight. After that it's all us. We can handle ourselves, but this is big. Without some help from above. . . we may not make it through this.

(beat)

Just help keep us on our toes. Help keep us alive long enough to thank him for getting us through this.

JACK

(nods)

That sounds good.

KEVIN

Amen.

WEST

I've never been a religious person.

(beat)

I've never gone to church, I've never said a prayer or anything like that.

(beat)

But tonight.

(beat)

Tonight I think we can use all the help we can get. I really do. I don't really care if there is someone up there, or what he is. Whether it's Allah, or Buddha, or Jehovah, or whatever.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST (cont'd)
 (beat)
 If there's someone up there
 watching, I just hope they're
 watching us tonight.

A few moments pass, the group in utter silence.

FILLA
 Is everyone ready for this?

KEVIN
 No.

WEST
 I like it a lot better when I'm on
 the roof shooting down.
 (beat)
 Not so much when I'm on their
 level.

JACK
 Lets just get this thing over with.

WEST
 All I want is one of two things: I
 want to finish this thing, or I
 want to go out fighting.

He holds his hand out, clenched in a fist.

WEST (cont'd)
 I say that's what we go out with.
 (beat)
 We either win this fight against
 these things, or we go down putting
 up one hell of a fight.

One by one everyone puts their hand in.

WEST (cont'd)
 Win or die fighting.

They all repeat it.

CUT TO:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

JACK and WEST enter.

KEVIN(O.S.)
 Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Same to you.

He turns and starts up the ladder.

WEST
(to KEVIN and JESSIE)
Stay frosty.

JACK (O.S.)
What are you, a bloody commando
now?

WEST
(laughs)
Hey, I'm just trying to enjoy this.
You should try it.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JACK climbs up into frame. He turns and helps WEST, pulling him up.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

KEVIN, JESSIE, and FILLA walk down the hall.

KEVIN
Good luck up there.

FILLA
You just let us know when it's
time.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

FILLA enters and starts up the ladder.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

JESSIE
Is this going to work?

KEVIN
No idea.

JESSIE
What if it doesn't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN

Then we're done. So lets make sure
this works.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

FILLA walks over to WEST and JACK, they all look over the
edge.

WEST

Jesus.

FILLA

There's more of them.

WEST

How many more can there be?

JACK

Too many.

(to WEST)

So, on a scale of one to ten, how
confident are you your plan will
work?

(beat)

Just out of curiosity.

WEST

Scale of one to ten?

(beat)

How about ten?

JACK

Really?

WEST

Hell no.

JACK

Oh.

WEST

You thought I was going to be
realistic?

JACK

Yeah.

WEST

(shakes head)

Never.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

You don't seem too enthusiastic.
(sigh)
Don't see how I could blame you.

WEST

We are going to die doing this.

JACK

(nods)
Probably.

WEST

But if we do at least it will give them a chance.

JACK

Yes.

WEST

You know.
(beat)
You know, before this I wouldn't so much as hold a door open for someone. Hell, if I was in an elevator I'd let the door close and pretend to press the open button.

(laughs)

And now I'm going to go running around down there with those things, to get ammo and supplies and stuff for people I didn't even know when I first met them. And I wouldn't have known them any other way.

(beat)

I still don't really know them. I mean, not the them them. I know the 'fucked up zombie world' them, but not the them before all this.

(beat)

I'm going out there and risking my neck for people I never knew, and'll probably never really know.

JACK

I thought you didn't do philosophical.

WEST

I don't. This is scared. Shitless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Don't worry, it'll be worth it.

WEST
Oh no, no, yeah I know it'll be worth it.
(beat)
Still. You can't help but feel a little nervous about this whole thing, yeah?

INT. HALL - NIGHT

JESSIE walks over to the door and ducks into the nearest classroom, staying just out of sight.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

WEST walks over to the hatch.

JESSIE (O.S.)
Ready!

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

WEST
(deep breath)
Okay then.

JACK (O.S.)
This should be interesting.

WEST walks over, swinging his rifle off. He chambers a round.

FILLA
You ready for this?

WEST
As long as the others are on their game we'll be fine.

JACK
How many rounds have you got?

WEST
More than enough.

JACK
Filla?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA

Same, I've got enough for this.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

DOLLY through the mass of undead. The music starts to pick up, a toned down theme, maybe just guitars, some piano and drums accompanying.

CUT TO glimpses of various undead. An old man, eyes gouged out, replaced by black holes. A woman, her throat gone, eyes rolled up into her head. A young child, no more than about eight, blood dried around a gaping hole in his chest.

One of them looks up at the roof, letting out a dull moan. It reaches up, holding its arm out in front of itself, almost like it's trying to reach out and touch them.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

WEST takes aim.

WEST

See you in hell mate.

He fires.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The zombie stumbles, collapsing as the bullet exits through the back of its skull.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

WEST lowers his rifle. He chambers another round, spent shell flipping into the air.

He reaches out and catches it, looking at it for a moment.

WEST

I hate this place.

JACK

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST

I hate this place. Everything here,
I hate it.

FILLA

You seemed to be enjoying yourself
a while ago.

WEST

I was.

(beat)

I don't know, I guess I'm just
tired of it all.

JACK

Now's not the time to start talking
like that man.

FILLA

You have to stay focused or you're
gonna end up regretting it.

WEST

Yeah. Probably.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

KEVIN hangs back around the corner, out of view of the
undead.

KEVIN

Okay guys, lets do this!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

WEST and FILLA steps into frame, holding a couple of medicine
balls each. JACK holds his rifle, taking aim.

JACK

Ready?

WEST

Ready.

FILLA

Born ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Go!

They throw the balls.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The balls hit, crushing an undead, breaking it in half.

The zombies next to it look around, actually seeming confused.

They look up.

The dodge balls hit, bouncing around. The undead go for them, snarling and moaning, swinging their arms wildly trying to catch them. They may be learning but they've never seen anything like this before. They're confused, caught off guard by this attack. Something they never even saw as humans, let alone zombies.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JACK

Keep going! They're taking the bait!

WEST runs forward, tossing a couple of balls over the edge.

WEST

Undead fucks!

(laughs)

Can't even handle a game of dodgeball!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The undead are going nuts, attacking the balls, knocking each other over. Complete and utter chaos.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

WEST

We used to kill each other with these back in elementary!

He hucks a ball.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

It bounces off an undead's forehead, snapping its head back.
The thing goes down.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

WEST

Who'd have thought dodgeball would
have practical applications

INT. HALL - NIGHT

JESSIE leans out from the classroom.

POV: JESSIE

The zombies out back are clearing out.

JESSIE

They're leaving!

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

JESSIE (O.S.)

They're starting to leave!

KEVIN

(shouting to others)

It's working! They're starting to
clear out!

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JACK

(to WEST and FILLA)

Keep going! It's working.

WEST and FILLA start tossing more over the side, whatever
happens to roll past.

FILLA

We're running low.

JACK

Just throw whatever you can!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The undead are coming around from the back, going after the balls.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

WEST tosses another ball over the side.

JACK
Is that it?

WEST
That's it.

FILLA
You think it'll be enough?

WEST chambers a round.

WEST
If not I think we can manage.

JACK runs over to the ladder, starting up to the second tier. He runs over to the edge and looks over, staying low.

JACK
(turning)
They're leaving!

INT. HALL - NIGHT

JESSIE
(to KEVIN)
They're gone!

KEVIN (O.S.)
Got it!

PAN RIGHT as KEVIN runs past, into the utility room.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN (O.S.)
They're gone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST
(looks at others)
That's our cue.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

JACK, FILLA, and WEST exit from the utility room. WEST and JACK hold for a few moments, catching their breath, getting ready for what they're about to do. They know it could very well be the last thing they ever do, and they want to enjoy their last moments of certainty.

JESSIE walks over to JACK.

JESSIE
However this goes-

JACK
It's going to go the way we want it
to go.

JESSIE
But-

JACK
No buts.

He leans forward and kisses her.

JACK (cont'd)
We're getting the stuff, we're
coming back, and we're getting the
hell out of here.

JESSIE
Just come back.

JACK
You got it.

PAN LEFT as KEVIN walks over.

KEVIN
Good luck out there.

He gives JACK and WEST a high five, both of them looking nervous, not really paying attention to it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN (cont'd)
Come back alive.

JACK
Just make sure the door's clear
when we get back.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN climbs up, sliding his rifle out of the way as he pulls himself up.

He turns, reaching down, helping JESSIE up.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

FILLA crouches next to the door, a few zombies wandering around outside.

He turns to JACK and WEST, sitting nearby, and gives them the thumbs up.

They move forward slowly, staying low.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The zombies continue to chase the balls. It's almost comical.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF SCHOOL - NIGHT

A zombie stops, turning to the door as it slowly opens.

The side of its head collapses in from the impact. WEST lowers his rifle, blood dripping off the butt. The zombie hits the ground in a dead heap.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

FILLA shuts the door and locks it.

FILLA
(quietly)
Good luck guys.

EXT. BACK OF SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK looks up, KEVIN leans over the edge.

JACK gives him thumbs up.

JACK
(quietly)
We're out!

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN turns to JESSIE.

KEVIN
Watch the front, tell me if they
start leaving.

JESSIE
Got it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

WEST climbs up the chain link fence, swinging over and dropping down on the other side.

WEST
(whispering)
Come on!

JACK tosses his rifle over, WEST catches it. JACK starts climbing, his pants getting caught in the twisted points at the top.

JACK
(whispering)
Shit!

WEST
(whispering)
They're gonna' see you!

JACK frees himself, dropping down onto the asphalt. WEST gives him his rifle and they start running.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

A trio of zombies crouch out front, feeding on the rotting remains of the flare gun zombie, its stomach burned and blackened, bits of charred flesh scattered about.

One of them plunges its hand into the hole, pulling out the things entire stomach, trailing intestines. It doesn't eat anything, it just stares at it before tossing the stuff away.

Bullets tear through the three, blood spraying, bits of flesh flying. They go down, heads exploding in rapid succession.

JACK and WEST run into the frame, entering the store.

JACK

Hold it.

They move slowly, keeping their rifles ready.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

JESSIE watches the zombies gathered at the front while KEVIN paces around nervously.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

They move slowly, not passing by a single dark corner without training their rifles on it.

WEST

(whispering)

Looks clear.

JACK

Come on.

They run through the isles to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

They start down, the lamp still blowing bright.

JACK

Thank God the door is a Pull, not a Push. This place'd be swarming by now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out a small pocket knife and cuts open a box, pulling out a couple of backpacks.

He tosses one to WEST.

WEST
(looks at it)
Christ, how many packs did you think you'd need?

JACK
It's hard to explain. Just start packing. If you can still carry it it's not full.

They start packing whatever they can fit, both of them completely filling their packs. Clips, rounds, whatever they can.

WEST
Anymore guns?

JACK
(nodding)
The case over there.

WEST walks over to the case and opens it, pulling out a pair of Desert Eagle. They're jet black, polished perfectly. Extremely well kept.

WEST
(whistles)
Nice.

JACK
Those things are powerful, they practically make those things out there explode.

WEST
(smiles)
Nice.

JACK
Take them, there're others I like better.

WEST loads a clip in and slides it into his belt.

WEST
Any more packs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK pulls another pack out, then just flips the box over, four more backpacks landing on the floor.

JACK
Toss me the .45's.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

A single zombie shuffles into frame, one eye hanging from the socket by a tendril of tissue.

It stops, turning to face the front of the store.

CLOSE-UP on the zombie as it's mouth twitches, opening wide enough to reveal its thoroughly rotten teeth.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

WEST tosses the pack aside, starting on the next one.

WEST
Which clips?

JACK
Rifle mags are better, bring more
of them.

WEST takes some Eagle clips and sticks them in his pockets.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

The zombie stops at the door, pushing against it. It pounds it once, stops. It takes a step back, reaching out. It taps the glass. Once. Twice. Three times.

It stumbles back, staring at the door, confused and intrigued at the same time.

It reaches out and grips the handle. It holds it for a moment, staring at it, letting out intrigued grunts.

It pulls, the door opening a few inches.

It turns its head, letting out a low moan.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

WEST stops packing and looks up.

WEST
What the hell was that?

JACK
What the hell was what?

WEST
I thought I heard one of those things.

JACK
It couldn't have been. Just keep packing!

WEST
No, seriously, it sounded like it was inside.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

The first zombie is actually holding the door open as half a dozen undead stumble through, each one in worse condition than the last.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

JACK zips up the last pack.

JACK
That's the last one.

WEST lifts up his three, slinging them over his shoulders.
JACK does the same.

WEST
(straining)
Christ these are heavy.

JACK
(shrugs)
What can I say, we use a lot of bullets.

WEST
We must, God damn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start up the stairs.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

WEST is up first, climbing up out of the basement.

JACK (O.S.)

We can drop these at the front and
get some food, there's boxes of
cans in the back.

WEST

Why not just-?

A zombie lunges forward.

WEST (cont'd)

HOLY-!

The zombie grabs the packs, pulling WEST out of the basement,
dragging him down the isle.

JACK (O.S.)

West!

JACK climbs up, tossing the packs aside as he swings his
rifle around.

WEST screams as the things swarm him, clawing at him with
dead fingers.

JACK runs in, swinging his rifle. He knocks the undead away.
He grabs WEST's foot and starts backing away, still swinging.

WEST brings his rifle around and fires as he's dragged away,
upside down.

WEST

Fuck you!

BOOM!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN

(shakes head)

I don't like it, they're taking too
long. Way too long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE (O.S.)
They'll be back.

KEVIN
They'd better hurry, those things
are going to start gathering out
back again.

JESSIE walks over.

JESSIE
Kevin, they'll be back.

KEVIN
How do you know?

JESSIE
He said he'd be back.

KEVIN
That's it?

JESSIE
Do you need more than that?

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

FILLA is pacing back and forth in front of the door, checking to make sure none of the things have spotted him. He walks to the door and leans on it, trying to look out, to see if the others have returned yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN
Come on guys.
(beat)
Come on, come on, come on.

JESSIE (O.S.)
Kevin?

KEVIN runs over, leaning over the edge.

KEVIN
What the hell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
What are they doing?

KEVIN
(shakes head)
Nothing good.

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

WEST stands, emptying the last rounds in his rifle.

WEST
I'm out!

JACK
The packs!

He runs forward and ducks under a pair of undead hands, grabbing one of the packs. He tosses it towards WEST then dives to the side, coming up in a run.

WEST
What about the others?!

JACK
Leave them!

WEST
What? We can't fucking leave them!

JACK
Just leave them, let's go!

WEST hesitates for a moment, then turns and runs for the door.

WEST
Fuck!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The undead have stepped away from the doors, forming two groups, one on either side. They're all standing silent, not moving at all.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN
What the hell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
I don't like this.

KEVIN
Yeah, no kidding.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

JACK slams the door shut, locking it and turning to WEST.

WEST
What now? We just lost half the
fucking bags!

The door takes a heavy hit from the other side.

WEST (cont'd)
And we got the God damn things
right behind us!

JACK
Follow me!

He runs past.

WEST
Where the hell-?

JACK
Just follow me!

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

JESSIE
(shocked)
Kevin. . .

KEVIN
(shocked)
Holy. . . shit.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

A group of at least two dozen zombies is pushing the stalled car up the hill towards the school, other zombies joining to help push.

They're using it as a battering ram.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

JESSIE

Oh my God.

KEVIN

No way these things are that smart!

JESSIE

I told you! I told you one talked
to me!

KEVIN

Just 'cause it talked doesn't mean
it.

(beat)

I mean.

(beat)

Christ, look at them!

JESSIE

They're smarter! They're learning!

KEVIN

They're not learning!

JESSIE

Then what are they doing?!

KEVIN brings his rifle up and chambers a round.

KEVIN

Dying again.

He opens up.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Stray rounds punch through the car and undead flesh. A zombie goes down, back of its head exploding. Another steps forward, replacing it.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN lowers his rifle.

KEVIN

(shakes head)

This isn--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN and JESSIE duck as rounds tear into the brick, throwing up miniature clouds of debris.

KEVIN (cont'd)
 HOLY SHIT!
 (beat, looks down)
 They've got guns now!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

A zombie holds FENTON's rifle, his blood staining it. It lifts the rifle up firing another three round burst.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

FILLA doesn't know what to do. He's just standing in the lobby, listening to the gunfire and returning gunfire.

FILLA
 Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck.

He runs his fingers through his hair and takes a deep breath.

FILLA (cont'd)
 (shakes head)
 Come on, get back here.

We hear a sound that sounds distinctly human, but it's coming from the undead.

FILLA (cont'd)
 What the hell is that?

He walks towards the doors, the sound gets louder.

The undead are cheering.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

As much as their limited vocal capabilities will allow anyway, but they are actually cheering, some of them with their fists in the air as the battering ram heads for the door. KEVIN's shots continue to score hits, but it's pointless. For every undead he takes down two more take its place, a growing wall forming around the car.

ZOMBIE
 (ragged)
 . . . Kwill uuman!

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN just stares at it.

KEVIN
 (shocked)
 The thing.
 (beat)
 Just talked.

JESSIE
 I told you! I told you they talked
 to me!

KEVIN
 (shakes head)
 It doesn't matter!

He brings his rifle up and starts firing again.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The zombie's head explodes, it spins around the hits the
 ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE ROOF - NIGHT

WEST and JACK run into frame, running across the flat roof.

JACK runs to the edge.

JACK
 It's clear.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

They drop into frame, landing in a crouch, coming up with
 their rifles ready.

They stop, zombies in plain sight walking past.

JACK
 What the hell is going on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WEST
Why aren't they attacking us?

POV: WEST

A zombie walks past, looks right at us, doesn't even care.

WEST takes aim.

JACK
Wait!

He fires.

The zombie goes down.

JACK (cont'd)
Jesus Christ!

WEST
Look.

Another zombie walks right past it like it didn't even notice.

WEST (cont'd)
What the hell?

JACK
Whatever it is we can't do anything here, lets go!

They start running.

WEST
Something fucked up is happening man!

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN and JESSIE are still staying low, another burst tearing into brick.

KEVIN
We can't stay here!

FILLA (O.S.)
Kevin! Jessie!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN OVER to FILLA, his head sticking up through the hatch.

FILLA (cont'd)
Get down here!

KEVIN and JESSIE start crawling as more rounds tear into the bricks.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The zombies gun clicks dry. It moans, looking at the gun confused.

It reaches around and pulls something out of its belt.

It ejects the clip, slapping the new one in, one of its fingers breaking in the process.

It opens fire again.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

FILLA helps JESSIE down, then steps aside as KEVIN slides down.

KEVIN
Are they back yet?

FILLA
(shakes head)
No, neither of them.

KEVIN
We can't wait any longer, we have to leave now.

FILLA
We can't go without them!

KEVIN
They might not be coming back! We can't stay here, those things are getting too damn smart!

FILLA
What did you just say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
They're shooting.
(beat)
And using a car as a battering ram.

FILLA
. . . what?

KEVIN
We can't stay.

FILLA
They're. . .
(beat)
They can't be.
(beat)
They can't be that smart!

KEVIN
They are.

FILLA
No.
(beat)
No fucking way are they that smart!

KEVIN
Look! We can either leave now or
wait and see just how smart they
are, it's your choice.

FILLA
Shit.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK and WEST run through the nearby parking lot, jumping at the fence. They climb up, dropping over the other side, immediately breaking into a run.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

KEVIN
So what do-

A gunshot outside, at the back door. They run for it, looking out.

FILLA
It's them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
Get the door!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK fires again, the zombies stomach punctured by a second hole.

A third shot brings it down, head snapping back.

WEST
Quit shooting man! Lets just go!

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

KEVIN
Unlock the door!

JACK runs up to the door, WEST standing in the background, holding the gathering undead back.

JESSIE opens the door.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK
West! Lets go!

WEST turns and runs for the door.

BAM!

WEST stumbles, lowering his rifle.

He looks down at his chest, small rivulets of blood stains his shirt.

WEST
(weak)
Jesus.

He stumbles forward, the others calling to him, but we can't hear them.

BAM!

He cries out, the sound warped. He stumbles, going spread eagle in a 'Traffic' back-shot pose. He falls, sprawling out, rifle landing several feet out of his reach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (O.S.)
 (faint)
 Get up West!

KEVIN (O.S.)
 (faint)
 Come on!

WEST
 (weak)
 Can't. . .

BAM!

He cries out, a round blowing out the back of his right leg.

CLOSE-UP as WEST winces in agony, looking over at the others.

POV: WEST

JACK and KEVIN are pinned down by fire, bullets hitting around the door. They reach out to WEST, shouting.

WEST reaches out and pulls himself forward a couple of inches, blood gushing from his wounds.

JACK
 (faint)
 Come on West!

BAM!

A final gunshot rings out, the others shouting off camera.

WEST shakes, lowering his head.

PAN RIGHT to the gunshot on his back, blood gushing, staining the ground.

WEST
 (weak)
 Fuck.

CUT TO:

The others, standing in the doorway.

KEVIN
 Come on! We have to go!

FILLA
 We can't leave him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
We have no choice!

They back in, JACK holding the door.

KEVIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
Come on!

CUT TO:

WEST rolls over and pulls the Eagles out of his belt. He throws them with what little strength he has left. JACK catches them, sliding them into his belt.

JACK
(quietly)
Die fighting man.

He closes the door, we hear the dull thud as it locks. JACK remains for a moment, watching through the window. He turns and runs.

CUT TO:

WEST crawls forward, ignoring the pain. He reaches for his rifle, pulling it towards him.

BAM!

He takes another hit, another bullet tearing into him. His left shoulder practically explodes.

He grabs his rifle, pulling it towards him. He rolls over, wincing as his blood continues to form a pool beneath him.

POV: WEST

We see an undead standing about ten meters away, armed.

WEST aims, trying to hold the rifle with one hand.

He fires.

POV: WEST

The zombie jerks to the side, the bullet hitting its shoulder.

WEST tries to chamber another round with one hand.

He aims and fires again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The undead's head explodes, blood and bone and brain spraying in an airborne starburst.

He chambers another round.

BAM!

His chest explodes, blood spraying. He twitches and shakes, dropping his rifle. He slowly goes limp, the last life leaving him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

FILLA

Fuck!

JACK

What now?

KEVIN

(angry)

What do you mean what now?

JACK

Those things are out there! They're surrounding us again!

KEVIN

We have to get out of here before any more of them arrive!

JACK

How?! They're using fucking guns now!

KEVIN

How the hell was I supposed to know they could use guns?! They've fucked up our plans completely!

JESSIE

Calm down! We have to think of something!

JACK

Like what?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
(calming down)
Jack, what did you get?

JACK
What do you mean what did I get?

KEVIN
What did you and West get? From the store?

JACK
(beat)
Two bags. . . Ammo.

KEVIN
That's it?

JACK
Yes.

KEVIN
You're.
(beat)
You're fucking kidding.
(beat)
Right?

JACK
(shakes head)
All we got was two bags.

KEVIN
FUCK!
(beat)
So all we've got is a bunch of bullets! No food, no water, nothing?!

JACK
That's pretty much it.

KEVIN
Jesus Christ!

JESSIE
Kevin, we have to go. It doesn't matter what they brought back, we have to go.

KEVIN
Fuck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA is off to the side, thinking, muttering to himself.
KEVIN notices.

KEVIN (cont'd)
What the hell are you going on
about?

FILLA
Have we got any gas, model glue,
anything like that?

KEVIN
What, trying to get high one last
time before you die?

FILLA
Have we got anything flammable? Any
burnable liquid?

JACK shakes his head.

JACK
Nothing, nothing like that.

JESSIE
The kitchen has a gas stove. Would
that work?

FILLA
Show me.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

JACK and FILLA tip the stove over, revealing all the pipes
and hoses on the back.

FILLA
(to KEVIN)
See if there's a hose or tubing or
anything we can use. And bring me a
roll of duct tape and a mop.

JACK
What the hell are you doing?

FILLA
Solving our problems.

CUT TO:

INT. JANITORS STORAGE - NIGHT

KEVIN runs in and starts tossing stuff around.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

KEVIN runs in holding a coil of hose from a wetvac, a roll of duct tape, and a mop.

FILLA
Jack, you're on hose.

JACK
What am I doing?

FILLA
I'm going to cut the gas line. When I do you ram that sucker onto the line and I'll tape it down.

JACK
That it?

FILLA
For now.

He makes a kink in the line and readies his knife.

FILLA (cont'd)
Ready?

JACK simply nods.

FILLA cuts it, there's an immediate hiss as the gas begins to vent. JACK shoves the wetvac hose on and FILLA tapes it down.

FILLA (cont'd)
Hold it! Hold it!

He keeps taping until the tape's half an inch thick, then he pulls off a length, balls it up, and shoves it into the pipe. He tapes it up, then looks over to KEVIN.

FILLA (cont'd)
(to KEVIN)
Break the mop, I want the metal part.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN spins it and breaks it against the wall, prying the metal piece off. He tosses it to FILLA.

FILLA twists it onto the hose, taping it down.

JACK
What's that for?

FILLA
Keep the flames from coming back on the hose.

KEVIN
Woah, flames? We're setting fire to this thing?

FILLA
The end of it, yes.

JACK
Jesus Christ.

FILLA
Oh, I think we could use his help right about now, yeah?

JACK
Yeah, trust me, I think having me on your side is a big strike against you. He seems to have something against me.

There's a loud crash, then a flurry of undead cheers.

JACK (cont'd)
What in the name of every holy thing was that?

KEVIN
Come on, you can see from up on the roof.

JACK
Can't you just tell me?

KEVIN
I could, but there's no way in hell you'd believe me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(dry)
Oh shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - NIGHT

They crawl towards the edge, lifting up just enough to see.

KEVIN
Stay low, they've got guns out
front.

JACK looks over the edge.

JACK
What? What the hell do you mean
guns?

KEVIN
I mean they've got guns.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The car hits the doors, not for the first time. They're beginning to bend and warp, the wall of debris inside slowly being pushed back.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

KEVIN
(shakes head)
They're going to get in. Those
doors can't take much more. We have
to leave now.

JACK
Lets hope Filla's plan works.

KEVIN
Whatever it is.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

FILLA moves towards the doors, crouched down, dragging the hose along behind him.

FILLA
I need a bit more slack.

JACK (O.S.)
There's only a couple more feet of it. Whatever you're going to do, do it soon.

FILLA
Kevin, I need this window gone.

KEVIN
No problem. Down!

BOOM!

The bullet blows through the window, shattering it completely.

FILLA
(dry)
Thanks.

KEVIN
Shooting's my business and business is good.

Several undead shuffle towards the window, reaching in.

FILLA
Get them back!

PAN RIGHT as JACK and KEVIN open up.

FILLA (cont'd)
No, don't shoot! Jesus Christ!
Bullets! Sparks! Flames! SEVERED
GAS LINE!

KEVIN (O.S.)
Sorry.

FILLA
God damn it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE-UP as he pulls back the duct tape and pulls the wad out, stream of gas shimmering.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

FILLA throws the end of the hose through the window, stepping back.

A zombie shuffles over, staring at the hose. It lets out a dull moan.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

FILLA pulls a lighter out of his pocket and flips it open.

FILLA
For West. For everybody.

He clicks it and throws it through the window.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The zombie snarls.

The lighter sets off the gas. Flames rip through the nearest undead, an expanding cloud of flame engulfing them completely.

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

KEVIN
It's working!

ANGLE ON WINDOW-

As a zombie starts to climb through, burning but determined.

KEVIN takes aim.

FILLA
No!

KEVIN fires, bullet flying at the zombie.

In SLO-MO the bullet enters the gas cloud, immediately setting off a tail of fire that follows it in. It hits the zombie's forehead, flames and blood exploding out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REGULAR SPEED as flames fill the frame, the hose catching fire, flames racing along.

FILLA (cont'd)

RUN!

The four turn and run as the fire disappears into the kitchen.

The kitchen explodes, the school shaking, hall filling with fire.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

The wall explodes out, undead thrown into the air, bricks hurled like bullets.

A brick hits a zombie, obliterating its chest. The chunks of it hit the ground, blood everywhere.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The four run down the hall, another explosion shaking the place. FILLA's thrown into the air, hitting a row of lockers, bouncing off. He hits the floor in a heap.

JACK and KEVIN run back and pick him up as another explosion rocks the building. They pick him up, his left leg broken, blood running down.

They come to the door, looking out.

JACK

They're leaving!

KEVIN

We can't wait! Go!

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

They open the door, running out. JACK and KEVIN open fire, balancing their rifles in one hand the best they can, carrying FILLA with the other.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Zombies are walking up and down the stairs, a few handing out weapons to the others.

One of them holds a pistol, handing it and a clip to another zombie.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

A zombie holds a pistol. It stops, look at it. It ejects the clip, slaps it back in, and chambers a round.

It smiles the best it can with rotting lips before starting for the school. It spins the pistol on its finger.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK

Down the driveway, parked right
next to the house!

KEVIN

What are we looking for?!

JACK

A pick-up!

FILLA

Good one!

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Dozens of zombies are shuffling through the doors, blown away by the explosions. They start checking the rooms.

Several of them start down the hall.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

They reach the truck, gravel crunching beneath their feet, probably loud enough to alert the nearest undead.

They lift FILLA up and lie him down in the back, JESSIE starts checking his leg.

JACK tries the driver's side door, but it won't open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(trying again)
Damn it!

KEVIN
Forget it, step back!

He slams the butt of his rifle through the window, shattering it.

JACK reaches in and unlocks the door, checking under the floor mat.

JACK
I don't believe this!

KEVIN
What, no key?

JACK
No! No key! The owners always kept
the key here!

KEVIN
You know how to hot wire this
thing?

JACK
No, do you?

FILLA
I can.

He climbs out of the truck, KEVIN and JACK catching him. He slides into the cab and starts pulling at wires.

FILLA (cont'd)
Give me a minute.

KEVIN
I doubt we have a minute.

JACK (O.S.)
Kevin, bullets.

KEVIN
(reaches into pocket)
Here.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

An armed zombie leans around the corner, then starts walking towards us.

It stops at the door, looking out.

POV: ZOMBIE

We see the others at the truck, barely visible but just enough.

The zombie moans.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

KEVIN
You getting anywhere?

FILLA (O.S.)
Not yet!

KEVIN
Well can you maybe speed it up a bit?

BAM!

A bullet hits the truck, leaving a quarter sized hole in the door.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Shit!

KEVIN and JACK open up, returning fire to the undead emerging from the school.

FILLA(O.S.)
How close are they!?

KEVIN
Too God damn close! Hurry it up!

ANGLE ON KEVIN-

As he fires a three round burst.

ANGLE ON A ZOMBIE-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As its chest takes all three rounds, blood spraying, bones shattering.

It keeps going.

ANGLE ON FILLA-

Lying down, trying to get the truck started.

The engine roars to life, then dies.

FILLA
God damn it!

KEVIN
Keep trying!

CLOSE-UP as FILLA touches a pair of wires together, sparks flying.

The truck starts. Everyone waits for a second, but it looks like it's going to stay on.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Everybody into the truck!

JACK climbs in and slams the door, JESSIE climbing into the passenger seat.

KEVIN and FILLA climb into the back, FILLA sitting on a wheel well.

KEVIN bangs the cab.

KEVIN (cont'd)
Go!

The truck's tires kick up rocks as JACK floors it, backing away from the school.

He spins around, pulling out onto the road.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck bounces as it goes through a ditch, JACK using his elbow to break away the remnants of the window.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

Dozens of zombies are emerging from the school, some armed, others unarmed.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

JACK slams on the breaks and turns hard, sliding onto the main road.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

KEVIN and FILLA duck down as the undead fire.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

JESSIE
What's that?

JACK
Oh my God.

He bangs the window.

JACK (cont'd)
Kevin!

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

KEVIN and FILLA stand, looking down the street.

FILLA
Holy shit.

KEVIN
Jesus Christ.

EXT. BLOCKADE - NIGHT

At least fifty zombies have gathered on the road, forming a wall ten wide and five thick.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

FILLA
What do we do?

KEVIN
We keep going.

FILLA
Look at them! We can't!

KEVIN
(to JACK)
Keep going!

JACK (O.S.)
What!?

KEVIN
Just keep going! Floor it!

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

JACK
Shit.

He shifts the truck into gear and stomps down on the gas.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The tires smoke as he burns rubber, speeding away.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

JESSIE
What are we doing?!

JACK
I don't know.
(to KEVIN)
I hope to hell you know what you're
doing!

EXT. BLOCKADE - NIGHT

The truck races towards us, the undead not moving an inch.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

KEVIN
Floor it!

JACK (O.S.)
It's going as fast as it can!

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

JACK
We're almost-

The windshield explodes, glass flying everywhere.

EXT. BLOCKADE - NIGHT

The zombie cocks the shotgun again, looking almost like an action star, bright red shell flipping away.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The hood explodes, bits of it flying.

JACK
Get down!

JESSIE ducks as a third blast hits, tearing through the rear window.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The shot passes through, blowing out KEVIN's left knee.

KEVIN
AH! SHIT!

FILLA
Keep your hand on it!

JACK (O.S.)
Hold on!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The truck slams into the dead wall, bodies thrown into the air, blood spraying everywhere, undead crushed beneath the tires.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

A zombie flips up over the hood, flying in through the shattered windshield. JACK and JESSIE scream.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

KEVIN flips over the roof, hitting the hood hard, gun going off. FILLA flips backwards, shoulder spouting red. He lets out a quick shout before hitting the truck bed, going limp.

KEVIN starts screaming and kicking, firing into the crowd as the undead drag him off. He seems to sink into them, disappearing from view, bullets tearing into undead, others going wide, hitting the truck.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

JACK brings his rifle up and fires, rounds tearing into rotting flesh.

POV: JACK

The zombies climb up onto the hood, pulling themselves towards them.

His gun runs dry, clicking empty.

POV: JACK

The things keep coming towards us.

JACK swings his rifle, catching the side of an undead head, knocking it off the hood.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A valley in the mountains, surrounded on all sides by trees and hills. It's snowing, a few inches already on the ground and more on the way.

SUPERIMPOSED AT BOTTOM OF SCREEN:

Two days later. . .

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

It's practically a warehouse, stacks of boxes everywhere, except in the living room which is empty except for a few chairs and a fireplace, burning bright orange.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Two people stand on the porch, wearing heavy coats. They are KELLY and DAVID. We recognize them from WEST's flashback.

KELLY

Do you think they're still on their way?

DAVID

(shakes head)

I don't know.

(beat)

I mean, it's been weeks now. Since we split up.

(beat)

I wouldn't wait for them.

KELLY

But they could still be on their way.

DAVID

Yeah, I know they could still be on their way. But even if they made it this long, they probably won't make it out here.

KELLY

(sighs)

You're right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

Doesn't mean I like it though.

KELLY

I just hope wherever they are
they're not in pain.

DAVID

You and me both.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the cabin, snow falling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY

A massive, empty field stretching on forever in every
direction, wheat grown up about a foot.

Sitting in the middle of it all is the truck, both doors
hanging open, supplies scattered everywhere. All the windows
are broken, spent shell casings littering the ground.

The grill has been punctured by at least seven rounds,
probably accidental. Antifreeze and other such fluids have
all but stopped dripping from underneath, the pools slowly
seeping into the dirt.

There are three undead bodies lying nearby, bullets in their
skulls. They're recent, fresh kills, no more than a few
hours.

We see something, off to the side. As we PAN we start to see
it more clearly. Three trails, heading off in the same
direction, imprinted in packed down wheat. One of them is
followed by a trail of blood.

FADE TO BLACK.

Journey - Chapter One

Credits roll.

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