

(Name of Project)

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EXT. HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

A neighborhood BBQ party seems to be in full swing as the small backyard is crammed with people.

Young children run wild playing tag while their parents watch with muted enthusiasm.

A line of people wait anxiously by the huge BBQ grill, anticipating the next batch of hot dogs and hamburgers.

Manning the BBQ is HARRY. He's in his late thirties and a 'Kiss The Cook' apron is draped around him.

He's all smiles today as he greets his neighbors.

HARRY

Eat up folks, there's plenty for everyone.

A petite woman walks over to Harry and pecks him on his cheek.

He turns and smiles at his attractive wife MARY whose long blonde hair is pulled back into a ponytail.

HARRY

Hey good lookin'.

MARY

Hey yourself. Looks like the third annual Harry Stone BBQ Block Party is a hit.

HARRY

Why wouldn't it be? I am after all...A master chief.

His wife laughs at him and they share a quick kiss.

VOICE

(O.S)

Yuck!

The couple look over to see their twelve year old son JASON wrinkling his nose at them.

JASON

You guys are gross.

HARRY

You're just jealous. Maybe if you had someone to kiss...Someone like Lucy Owens over there.

Jason looks to where his father is pointing and spies LUCY. She's about the same age as him and has long red hair that spills past her shoulders.

Lucy waves at Jason and he blushes.

JASON  
(muttering)  
I hate you guys.

HARRY  
That's my boy, now go talk to her already. You've had a crush on her since third grade.

Harry's wife gives him a playful elbow to the ribs.

HARRY  
What?

Jason gives his father the evil eye before slowly walking through the crowd towards Lucy.

MARY  
You should be ashamed of yourself.  
You know how shy Jason is.

Harry only shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

A beautiful young blond walks over to Harry and his wife and gives them her best fake smile.

TIFFANY is the couple's oldest child at seventeen. She looks just like her mother with her golden locks and tan skin.

TIFFANY  
Dad?

HARRY  
Nope.

TIFFANY  
I didn't even ask you anything yet!

HARRY  
If it's about you going out with your friends tonight then the answer is no.

Tiffany puts her hands on her hips and pouts.

TIFFANY  
Mom?

MARY

Oh Harry come on. It's not a school night.

HARRY

Mary you're not helping things. Last time you went out with them you came home an hour past curfew.

TIFFANY

I swear I'll be home on time tonight. Please?

She clasps her hands together in front of her and looks from one parent to another.

MARY

Okay but be careful.

Before Harry can protest his daughter throws her arms around her mother and gives her a big hug.

TIFFANY

Thanks mom! You're the greatest!

Tiffany flashes a smile at her father and leaves to find her friends.

MARY

You shouldn't be so hard on her.

HARRY

Did you see how short those shorts she's wearing are? Jesus half of the married men out here were looking at her ass.

MARY

Harry!

HARRY

It's true. You're too easy on her. She'll end up in trouble someday just you watch.

Before Mary can reply a burly man with a crew cut steps up to them.

SEAN is short but built like a fireplug. He's about Harry's age and he's wearing a wife beater tee shirt. He looks at the couple apologetically.

SEAN

Sorry guys but I need to go. I just got paged from my Captain.

HARRY

Did you want to take a plate with you? Maybe show some of your pals down at the police station what real BBQ is.

SEAN

Any other time I would but this seems urgent. Sorry.

HARRY

It's okay. Just be careful.

Sean smiles.

SEAN

It's probably some damn kids sniffing paint under the bridge again and harassing the elderly.

MARY

Regardless you be safe.

SEAN

Yes ma'am.

Sean leaves and the couple look at each other.

MARY

I bet he got diarrhea from your BBQ.

Harry laughs and shakes his head.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Harry is lounging in a well worn recliner flipping through television stations.

The sounds of his wife singing to herself can be heard from the nearby kitchen.

Harry finds a station to his liking and sits down the remote.

No sooner is the remote out of his hand than the television show he's watching is interrupted by a news bulletin.

INT. TELEVISION

The NEWSCASTER sitting at his desk has a distinguished look about him. He fumbles with some papers and offers the viewing public a wide smile.

NEWSCASTER

We're breaking into your regularly scheduled program to bring you a breaking story from just outside of...

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Harry picks up the remote and promptly changes the channel.

HARRY

No thanks.

As Harry tries to find a new station to watch he finds that the news has seemingly taken over the airwaves.

HARRY

Oh come on already.

In frustration Harry stops his channel surfing and finds himself watching a FEMALE REPORTER with what looks like a field behind her.

INT. TELEVISION

An attractive woman in a smart looking pants suit is tightly gripping a microphone and trying to smile.

FEMALE REPORTER

...Details are still sketchy but we have had several unconfirmed reports that in the field behind me something crashed within the last hour. Several witnesses claim it looked like a ball of fire falling from the sky...

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Harry changes the channel again. He returns to his original station and finds that the dapper looking reporter is still at his desk.

NEWSCASTER

...While local police will not comment of what might have crashed, there have been rumors of the FBI arriving at the crash site within minutes of impact.

A hand comes into frame and hands the reporter another page to read from.

The reporter glances at it, does a double take and his smile turns to confusion for a second.

NEWSCASTER

I've, uh, just been handed this. We're getting confirmation now that the object that crashed just outside of Midwest City is a NASA probe. Presumably the Venus probe that NASA lost contact with two days ago...

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Harry turns off the TV in frustration.

MARY

(o.s)  
What is it?

Harry turns around in his chair to see his wife entering the room.

HARRY

Huh?

MARY

The news. What was on the news?

HARRY

Nothing. Something crashed in a field outside of town. Big deal right? Between the damn terrorists and the shit that falls out of the sky it makes you wonder if it's even safe to leave the house these days.

MARY

Is it? Safe I mean?

HARRY

Of course it is baby. It's just  
some crap that fell into a field.  
No worries.

Mary offers a weak smile.

HARRY

Tiffany will be fine. She's on the  
other side of town for Christ's  
sake.

MARY

I suppose.

HARRY

Hey come here.

Mary walks over to her husband and he takes her hand.

HARRY

Trust me okay?

She nods, then leans over and kisses her husband.

HARRY

Now why don't you go see if that  
boy of ours has done his homework  
yet.

Mary walks away and heads to the stairs to check on their  
son.

HARRY

Woman worries to damn much.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Harry is fast asleep in his recliner, the room is in  
darkness.

The television is still on but the screen shows nothing but a  
cartoon character holding a sign that reads - Experiencing  
Technical Difficulties! Please Be Patient!

A sudden howl of sirens fill the night and Harry shifts in  
his chair.

Another blast of sirens causes Harry to finally force himself  
awake.



His eyelids flutter and he wipes away some drool away the edge of his mouth.

HARRY  
What the hell?

A gunshot rings out and Harry bolts upright in his chair.

The TV remote drops to the floor and turns off the television plunging the living room into total darkness.

Another gunshot, this one closer than the first causes Harry to flinch.

A scream rings out from the street.

Harry pulls himself out of his recliner and quickly gets to his feet. His eyes are wild and confused.

The sound of footsteps on the stairway causes Harry to spin around and see his frightened looking wife with their son in tow.

MARY  
Harry! Harry what's going?

HARRY  
I don't...

Another gunshot, this one sounding like a shotgun causes the family to jump.

JASON  
It's something about the people  
Dad. I heard it on the radio.

Harry rushes over to the living room window and throws open the curtain. His breath hitches.

HARRY  
Oh my God.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Laying at the curb of their house is a woman still clad in her nightgown. Her head is oozing blood onto his driveway.

Across the street his neighbors house is burning merrily away, it's fiery embers float up into the sky.

A police car with it's sirens blasting and it's lights flashing speeds down the street at a breakneck pace.

It passes Harry's house in a blink on an eye.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Harry stumbles back from the window and looks at his wife and son.

HARRY  
Where's Tiffany?

MARY  
I...I let her stay the night at her  
friends house.

HARRY  
Shit Mary...

MARY  
She called while you were asleep.  
I didn't want to wake you, you said  
everything was okay and...

Harry jams his hands into his pants pockets and pulls out a set of keys.

HARRY  
I'm going to go get her. Lock up  
behind me and...

Another gunshot. This one sounds further away than the others but a gunshot is still a gunshot. Harry ducks out of instinct.

MARY  
You can't leave us! Please don't  
leave us here!

HARRY  
Our daughter is out there! I have  
to...

Something heavy slams into the front door and the family scream in unison.

JASON  
We gotta hide! The guy on the  
radio said we have to get someplace  
safe Dad!

Another loud thump at the door.

HARRY

Jason, go get your radio and go  
down to the basement.

Jason turns and starts to head back up the stairs.

HARRY

Jason wait!

His son turns to look at him.

HARRY

Go into our closet, top shelf  
behind the extra blankets. You'll  
a metal box. Bring that with you  
also.

JASON

What's in the...

HARRY

Just get the fucking stuff like I  
told you!

Jason bolts upstairs while Mary is on the very of hysteria.

HARRY

Mary I need you to get some things  
from the kitchen. Nothing from the  
fridge just canned food okay?

Mary nods. Her fingers are gripping the banister so hard her  
knuckles are white.

HARRY

Then get down in the basement with  
Jason.

MARY

What about you?

HARRY

I'll be right behind you I swear.

The Pop! Pop! Pop! Of a small caliber handgun causes Harry  
to look back towards the living room window.

MARY

Harry?

HARRY

Go!

Mary rushes down the stairs and into the kitchen, her nightgown flowing behind her.

Harry creeps over to the window and peers out.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Standing in the middle of the street is a man holding a pistol. He's looking down at a body laying at his feet.

The man with the gun nudges the body with his foot and the body starts to move.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Harry claps his hands over his ears.

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Harry backs away from the window slowly.

HARRY

This isn't real. I'm dreaming.  
I'm...

Suddenly a man, his face smeared with blood slams up against the window.

Harry screams and falls backwards over his recliner.

The figure at the window looks into the house and mouths something.

Harry shakes his head as the bloodied figure slaps a hand hard against the window.

The man outside is crying and babbling but Harry doesn't care. He's back on his feet and almost runs into his son.

JASON

Dad I got all the stuff you wanted  
plus some other things that...

Jason glances over at the window and starts to shriek.

JASON

Jesus Christ dad! That's Mr.  
Barns! What's happened to Mr.  
Barns!

HARRY

I don't know! Get in the fucking basement!

JASON

He needs our help! Look he's asking us for help dad! We can't leave him out there!

Harry grabs his son and shoves him towards the kitchen.

HARRY

Get into the basement with your mother now!

Jason takes one last look at the man standing outside their house and runs.

Harry, too takes another look at the bloodied man.

He has his head pressed against the window and blood smears cover the window pane.

HARRY

I'm sorry.

Almost as if he had heard him, the man lifts his head and clearly mouths - Help Me - to Harry.

Harry turns and runs to the kitchen.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN. NIGHT

The basement door is wide open and Harry runs up to it.

HARRY

Jason! Mary are you okay down there?

MARY

(o.s)

Yes! We're fine but please hurry and get down here!

The handle to the back door rattles and Harry spins around, his eyes wide.

He watches for a moment as the handle jiggles as if someone were trying to open the door.

HARRY

Tiffany?

Something starts to pound on the back door and Harry runs his hands through his sweaty hair.

HARRY  
Shit.

JASON  
(o.s)  
Dad?

HARRY  
Coming!

Harry turns and steps into the basement stairwell and slams the door shut behind him.

The pounding on the door stops instantly.

Laying on the kitchen table a cell phone starts to vibrate.

INT. BASEMENT

Harry locks the basement door and steps away from it.

JASON  
Dad?

Harry looks down the flight of stairs and sees his wife and son looking up at him with frightened eyes.

HARRY  
I'm okay. How about you guys?

JASON  
We're okay dad. Do you think we need to prop something against the door. Just in case?

HARRY  
Good idea son. What do you have in mind?

Jason grabs a two by four piece of wood and walks up the stairs to hand it to his father.

JASON  
This maybe?

HARRY  
Yeah. Yeah that should be perfect.  
Good thinking.

Harry shoves the wooden plank under the door handle and places the other end against the wall. It's a tight fit but it's secure.

HARRY

That should keep us safe.

The muted sounds of more sirens in the distance.

JASON

Yeah.

Father and son walk downstairs and Mary hugs them both.

MARY

What's going on out there? What did you hear on the radio Jason?

JASON

It sounded like...Like the whole city had gone crazy.

Harry reaches past him and flicks on the lights.

Florescent lights blink on and reveal a basement that is in the midst of becoming a game room.

A pool table sits in the middle of the room, a small couch is to it's right. In the back of the room we see a washer and dryer. Laying along the left wall of the room are several boards from the still unfinished remodeling.

MARY

Can...Those people get in here?

HARRY

I doubt it. No. The door is secure and that's the only way in. There are no windows down here so we should be okay.

JASON

I got the box you wanted dad.

Jason hands his father a small metal box and Harry looks relieved. He takes it over to the pool table and opens it.

He pulls a sub nosed .38 from the box and looks at it.

MARY

Harry! I thought you said you got rid of that!

HARRY

I just told you that so you'd feel safe. I know how you feel about guns.

As if on cue a rapid series of gunshots echo through the night.

MARY

Are we under attack? Have we been invaded?

HARRY

Jason get your radio plugged up son.

JASON

Okay.

HARRY

Mary did you get the food? Mary?

MARY

What? Yes. I got as much as I could. It's in that sack over there.

Mary points to a brown paper sack bulging with cans but Harry ignores her. He's popped open the guns cylinders and is inspecting them.

Jason passes by his father and plugs in his radio. He flips it on and is met with a shrill sound of static.

JASON

Hang on, let me try to get the station.

Harry takes a handful of bullets from the box and places one in each cartridge.

Then he stops.

HARRY

Oh...Oh shit.

JASON

What?

MARY

What is it Harry?



HARRY

There were only enough bullets in here to fully load the gun. I...I must of put the rest of them someplace else.

MARY

How many bullets does that gun take?

HARRY

Six. The gun's loaded but if it comes to a point where we have to reload we won't have any more...

JASON

Dad! I got a station!

Both Harry and his wife walk over to their son and huddle around the radio.

The station is clear but at times static obscures the words.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

I repeat, stay in your homes! Do not go outside for any reason! Do not try and reach loved ones! Whatever's going on around us doesn't seem to be confined to just Midwest City. We're getting reports of rioting and rampant violence as far away as our sister station in Austin Texas.

JASON

Jesus Dad...That's like five hundred miles from here.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

The President is expected to address the nation within the hour to help, and I quote, help to relieve the mass hysteria that's gripped the Midwest. Personally, I think he's full of shit.

MARY

They can't say that on the radio can they?

Another siren screams into the night.

HARRY

I don't think it matters what he says tonight baby.

MARY

What about Tiffany?

Before her husband can answer a loud explosion makes the family cry out as one.

Harry grabs his wife and son and pulls them under the nearby pool table.

JASON

What the fuck was that!

MARY

Jason!

HARRY

I don't know, but it was close. But we're safe here. We just need to stay here and everything will be okay.

The three stay huddled under the pool table as the radio continues to give what news it can.

INT. BASEMENT. LATER

Mary is dozing on the couch, a small blanket wrapped around her.

Jason is laying on top of the pool table curled up in the fetal position.

Harry is sitting at the bottom of the stairway, his back against the wall. He's facing the stairs gun in hand.

The sirens and random gunshots can no longer be heard.

Harry's eyes start to droop and his head comes to rest on his chest.

In the background the radio continues to play.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

To anyone who is out there listening to this, myself and my sound engineer have barricaded ourselves in the studio.

(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Please if there are any police or  
anyone who can help us we need it.

Harry shifts in his sleep and mumbles something under his  
breath.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

There are people...No people would  
be the wrong word. There are  
things that have gotten into the  
building and are trying to get to  
us. We're going to try to stay on  
the air as long as possible but  
please...We need help.

A loud crash from upstairs causes Harry to snap awake and  
pull himself to his feet.

HARRY

What the fuck?

Another crash, this one louder than the first rouses both  
Mary and Jason from their sleep.

JASON

Dad?

HARRY

Be quiet! It sounded like someone  
broke into the house.

MARY

Maybe it's Tiffany?

Mary crawls up from the couch and starts to yell.

HARRY

Tiffany! Baby we're down here!

HARRY

Jesus Christ Mary shut up!

Jason slides off the pool table and tries to grab his mother.

MARY

Tiffany!

The unmistakable sound of footsteps can be heard above them.

HARRY

Someone's in the kitchen.

Before Mary can call out again, her son grabs her and pulls her over to the couch. He covers her mouth with his hand as Mary tries to squirm free.

Harry cocks the gun and slowly starts to walk up the staircase.

The sound of glass smashing from upstairs makes Harry momentarily stop.

HARRY  
(quietly)  
Who the Hell is in our house?

Two more steps and he's at about the midway point of the staircase.

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
...Dead. They're dead I swear to God they're dead. I don't know how they're walking around or why they're attacking people but it's happening. Our sister station went off the air an hour ago and we still haven't heard shit from the President. Again, if there are any police or (a burst of static) Help. We need help.

More footsteps from upstairs, it sounds like two or more people are walking around in Harry's kitchen.

HARRY  
(quietly)  
Get out of my house. Leave my family alone.

Harry is now at the top of the staircase and standing at the door that leads into his kitchen.

He reaches out to grab the door handle but he stops.

All is quiet.

He stands before the door, sweat pouring off of him looking unsure of what to do next.

Suddenly the door handle starts to shake violently and Harry screams.

He holds the gun in front of him aimed at the door.

HARRY  
Get out! Get out of my fucking  
house! Leave us alone!

The door starts to shake as someone starts to pound on the door with their fists.

JASON  
Dad?

HARRY  
Stay down there!

Harry starts to back away from the door his gun shaking in his hands.

The two by four piece of wood that is helping keep the door secure shifts a little but stays in place.

JASON  
Dad!

HARRY  
Be quiet! Just be quiet!

RADIO ANNOUNCER  
I think we're all going to die  
tonight.

Harry slowly descends down the staircase as the things upstairs continue to pound away at the door.

JASON  
Can they get in?

HARRY  
I don't know. It don't know. The  
door I don't know if it'll hold.  
Oh Jesus.

Mary pulls herself away from her son and makes a mad dash for the stairs.

MARY  
Tiffany! Tiffany is up there! We  
have to let her in!

Harry spins around and grabs his wife as she tries to climb up the stairs.

HARRY  
That's not Tiffany! I don't know  
what it is but it's not her!

Mary breaks out into loud sobs.

MARY

It is! Please let me get my little girl!

Harry drags Mary back away from the staircase and with the help of his son they pin her to the couch.

Upstairs the beating on the door continues.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

They've broken in! Jesus Christ help us! They've got into the...

The sounds of screaming ring out from the radio and mingle with the sounds of Mary's own anguish.

HARRY

Turn that fucking thing off!

Jason leans over and flips off the power button to the radio.

The only sounds now are Mary's deep and constant sobs and the pounding at the door above them.

JASON

Dad? Are we going to...

HARRY

No! No we'll be okay. As long as we stay down here we'll be okay.

INT. BASEMENT. LATER

All is quiet. Whatever was at the basement door has now left.

Mary is curled up on the couch, her back to her husband and son.

Jason sits in a corner holding a pool cue like a club.

Harry is digging out cans of food from the bag Mary brought down into the basement.

HARRY

Jason.

Jason doesn't respond or even move. His eyes are wide and he's looking in the direction of the staircase.

HARRY

Jason!

JASON

Huh? What dad?

HARRY

Your mother didn't bring any kind of can opener with her. I need my toolbox.

JASON

Toolbox?

HARRY

Yeah it should be in the corner over there. Well use a screwdriver to open these cans and get us something to eat.

JASON

The toolbox isn't down here dad.

HARRY

What?

JASON

It's in the backyard remember? You needed it to fix something on your grill.

Harry drops his head in disappointment.

HARRY

Shit. I forgot. Maybe I can sneak upstairs and get a can opener from the...

JASON

No!

Jason jumps to his feet and looks at his father.

JASON

Don't open that door. Please dad don't open the door.

Harry gets up and walks over to his son. He takes him and hugs him.

JASON

Please. Please don't.

HARRY  
 I won't. I won't leave you. It'll  
 be okay. We'll get them open  
 somehow.

Jason nods and his father releases him.

JASON  
 Dad?

HARRY  
 Yeah?

JASON  
 Will someone come for us?

HARRY  
 Sure they will. We just have to  
 hold on.

Jason starts to say something but doesn't. Instead he walks  
 over to his corner and sits back down.

HARRY  
 We'll all be okay.

INT. BASEMENT. LATER

Both Jason and Mary are sleeping.

Harry is sitting again at the bottom of the staircase.

In his lap is the radio. He's attached a long extension cord  
 to it so it can stretch across the room.

Harry scans though the stations but gets nothing but dead  
 air.

TIFFANY  
 (o.s)  
 Dad?

Harry snaps up his head at the sound of the voice.

TIFFANY  
 (o.s)  
 Mom? Jason? Is anyone here?

HARRY  
 Oh my God.



Harry jumps to his feet and the radio crashes against the concrete floor.

Mary and Jason are startled awake by the sudden noise.

MARY  
Harry?

HARRY  
Shhh!

TIFFANY  
(o.s)  
Dad! Anyone? Please?

Mary is off of the couch and heads for the stairway.

MARY  
Tiff! We're down here baby! We're  
in the basement!

Harry grabs his wife and shoves her against a wall.

TIFFANY  
(o.s)  
Mom? Mom was that you?

JASON  
That's Tiffany! Dad, Tiffany is  
upstairs!

HARRY  
What if she's not alone? What if  
those things are still in the  
house?

Tiffany's voice comes again, it sounds full of despair.

TIFFANY  
Daddy? Please...Where are you  
guys?

Mary wiggles away from her husband and starts to take the stairs two at a time.

HARRY  
Mary! Wait!

Mary reaches the top of the stairs and tries to open the door.

MARY  
Tiff! We're in here baby!

TIFFANY

(o.s)

Mom? Mom is that you?

Mary tries to move the two by four that's helping hold the door shut.

MARY

Jason get up here and help me open the door!

HARRY

Jason wait...

Jason rushes past his father and runs up the staircase.

The door handle starts to jiggle.

TIFFANY

(o.s)

Mom? Let me in mom!

MARY

Hang on baby! We're trying!

Jason and his mother finally are able to pull away the two by four and open the door.

Tiffany rushes in and the three of them embrace.

HARRY

Tiffany?

Tiffany looks down at her father and smiles.

Her hair is matted to her head from dried blood and she has several ugly scratches along her bare arms and legs.

The outside of the basement door is covered in bloody smears.

HARRY

Come on get down here!

The trio start to make their way down the stairs as Harry starts up.

JASON

I thought...I thought that you were...

TIFFANY

I was able to hide. I'm okay.

Jason smiles at his older sister.

Harry shoves his way past them and reaches the top of the stairs.

MARY

I knew you'd come back baby. I  
always knew.

Harry peers out into his kitchen. His back door has been smashed open and the kitchen is a disaster. Glass covers the floor and the table has been over turned.

Harry quickly closes the door and replaces the two by four.

Tiffany sits on the couch as her mother and brother sit beside her.

TIFFANY

Do you have any water?

MARY

No. No we don't. But we can go  
upstairs and get some now that  
everything is over.

HARRY

No.

The trio turn to look at Harry who has made his way downstairs.

HARRY

We don't know if anything is over.  
Tiffany, what happened?

TIFFANY

I...I was at Amandas house when it  
started. The people on the  
television were confused they  
didn't know what was going on.  
Same with the radio. They just  
kept saying to stay in the house  
and don't let anyone in. I tried  
to call you guys but no one  
answered.

Harry leans against the pool table. His daughter is a battered and bloody mess.

TIFFANY

After a few hours it just kept  
getting worse.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

The people on TV said kept saying different things. Some were saying that it was mass hysteria or some kind of chemical making people act crazy. Others...Others said it was...Dead people. Dead people who were coming back to life and...

HARRY

That's horse shit. I heard the same thing but I can't, won't believe that.

JASON

Are you talking about zo...

HARRY

She's not sure what she's talking about son. She's in shock. She's...Jesus Christ what happened to your hand?

Tiffany holds out her left hand, it's bandaged but it's soaked through with blood.

TIFFANY

One of those...People bit me Daddy. They got into the house and were killing everyone.

Tiffany starts to cry.

TIFFANY

One of them bit me but I was able to get away. I ran and hide and all I heard was screaming. Screaming from inside of the house.

Tiffany starts to break down.

TIFFANY

I heard Amanda calling for help and I was to afraid to go back into the house. I was scared...I was...

Tiffany lets it go and breaks into heaving sobs.

Her mother holds her tightly and her brother puts an arm around her as well.

HARRY

You did the smart thing baby. If you went back in there you would have been killed too.

Harry squats down to look at his little girl.

HARRY

How did you get here? Amanda lives on the other side of town. Are those...People...Still out there?

MARY

Leave her alone Harry. Let her rest.

HARRY

We have to know Mary.

TIFFANY

I stayed hidden for hours. I saw those things walking around looking for people. I was able to sneak into my car and drive back over here.

JASON

Dad we can get away!

HARRY

We're not leaving this basement. It's the only place where we know we're safe.

JASON

We don't have any food Dad. Or any water. We have to...

Harry shoots him a angry look and Jason stops talking.

HARRY

Do these people have any kind of weapons?

TIFFANY

What? No. They're slow daddy. Like they're in a trance. That is until they see someone then they go crazy. I only saw a few of them out there as I drove over here. They don't seem to like the daylight.

MARY

It's light out? We don't have a clock, we don't even know how long we've been down here.

TIFFANY

What? It's almost two o' clock  
Mom. Sunday.

HARRY

Sunday? Are you sure?

Tiffany shakes her head.

JASON

We've been down here almost two  
days dad.

TIFFANY

We have to go. We have to try and  
get to Tinker Airforce Base.

MARY

What? Why honey?

TIFFANY

Before the TV went out they said  
for people to go there. They said  
that staying in your house wasn't  
safe anymore. They said...

HARRY

We're staying here.

Three pairs of eyes look at Harry.

HARRY

This is where we're safe. We can't  
risk going out there and...

JASON

Dad we'll starve down here.

HARRY

Then...Then we'll sneak upstairs to  
get some food. A can opener.  
We'll get some water too.

JASON

Then what? Stay down here forever?

HARRY

Someone will come son. Just trust  
me.

MARY

I think we should leave also.  
Tiffany's hurt. She needs to be  
looked at.

HARRY

I've only got a few bullets in my  
gun! What if they attack us? I  
couldn't defend us.

MARY

We have to leave Harry. We have to  
try at least.

JASON

Mom's right dad. We can't stay  
down here forever. I want to go.

HARRY

No.

Mary stands up and helps her daughter to her feet.

MARY

I'm taking our daughter out of  
here. I'm going to take her  
someplace safe.

HARRY

You don't know that Tinker is safe.  
None of us do. Something could  
have happened there. Down here  
we're safe!

Jason stands up and joins his mother and sister.

JASON

I'm going with them Dad. I'm not  
staying down here any longer.

Harry looks at his family and wipes away a tear from his eye.

HARRY

I can't go. I'm not leaving. Down  
here we're safe. Out there we  
could get hurt...Or worse.

JASON

We'll send back help.

MARY

Give me your keys Tiffany and I'll  
drive.

Harry watches as Tiffany hands over the car keys.

The four of them stand silently looking at each other for a moment.

JASON  
Come on, let's go.

MARY  
Harry please come with us.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY  
I can't.

Tiffany reaches out and hugs her father.

TIFFANY  
I love you daddy. We'll find help  
and send them back here.

The trio start to walk away when Harry grabs his son by the arm.

JASON  
Dad I told you I'm going with them.

HARRY  
I know, but take this.

Harry hands the boy his gun.

JASON  
But Dad...

HARRY  
You look after them son. Keep them  
safe.

Jason quickly hugs his father and joins his sister and mother on the stairway.

HARRY  
Be careful. I love all of you.

Harry watches as his family walks up the staircase. He listens as they open the door, file out and leave.

HARRY  
Please God let them be okay.

Harry walks up the steps and closes the basement door.



