Escape From The Dead

Infection

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OVER DARKNESS

Red letters tell us the title of our film: ESCAPE FROM THE DEAD.

We hear the sounds of VOICES filtering in through sounds of HEAVY STATIC as we--

FADE IN:

INT. ALEX'S WORK AREA - FACTORY - DAY

ALEX GIBSON, 27, is turning the tuning dial on a small radio trying to get some music to play, but the only thing he can get is static.

ALEX

Fuck it.

Alex shuts the radio off just as ROLAND, his boss, comes walking over. Roland is balding, dressed in slacks and a golf shirt.

ALEX

Hey, Rol.

ROLAND Hey, little buddy.

ALEX

Golf tonight?

ROLAND

I'm thinking so.

Alex glances up at the clock, it's almost time to go. He grabs his things, getting ready to leave. Roland watches as a WOMAN walks by, his eyes follow the her.

Alex sees things, can't help but chuckle.

ALEX Rol, you might want to pick your jaw up off the floor.

ROLAND She is so sweet.

ALEX

So ask her out.

ROLAND

I've got plenty of time. You know my motto: Get a date...

ALEX (finishing) ...by two-thousand eight. Yeah, I know.

The end-of-shift BUZZER goes off. Everyone starts to leave.

ALEX

See you, Monday.

ROLAND See ya, little buddy.

Alex gives Roland a small wave and heads off.

EXT. FACTORY PARKING LOT - DAY

A bright sun burns bright in the afternoon sky. Birds flutter and CHIRP. Several BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS are walking to their vehicles, their shift over. Most of them look overly tired and worn out.

We follow two such workers as they walk across the parking lot. Alex walks with a guy named JERRY, 25 years old.

JERRY Coming to the party tonight?

ALEX I can't. I have a lot of stuff to do when I get home.

JERRY That sucks, man. There's gonna be a lot of hot girls there.

ALEX Maybe another time.

Alex unlocks his car, opens the door.

ALEX

See you Monday.

With that, Alex gets in his car and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun is just starting to set. There's not many cars on the road.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - DAY - MOVING

With on hand on the wheel, Alex uses the other to flip through the radio stations, most of them seem to be nothing but static or someone talking.

RADIO

Reports continue to come in...outbreaks reported in several states...the CDC will be making press conference shortly...the National Guard has been called in...

Giving up, Alex pops a CD in the player. Heavy metal THRASH music BLASTS.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A small eatery on the outskirts of town, just off the highway. A few cars and trucks, and 18-wheelers are parked outside.

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAY

Senior citizens, farmers, and truckers eat here. It's nice inside, decorated in the style of diners of the 50's and 60's. The only thing that seems out of place here is the flat-screen television mounted on the wall and a video arcade game of House of the Dead.

The television is showing a REPORTER talking into a mini-cam, several fires burn behind him, people quickly packing their cars with personal belongings. We can't tell what is being said because the television is on mute, but we can tell that whatever is happening is bad

A waitress stands behind the counter by the cash register looking through a fashion magazine. This is CLAIRE, 24 years old, red hair, blue eyes, attractive in that girlnext-door kind of way.

Claire looks up at the clock hanging on the wall. Almost 3:30 in the afternoon. She straightens up, smoothes out her uniform, puts the magazine under the counter, and checks her make-up in a small mirror.

KATHERINE BAKER, owner of the establishment, sticks her head out the door leading to the kitchen.

She looks out the window just in time to see--

ALEX'S CAR

pulls into the parking lot. Alex gets out, starts towards the diner.

KATHERINE Claire, Alex is here.

CLAIRE

I know.

Katherine disappears back into the kitchen.

Claire quickly finishes touching up her make-up and puts the small mirror away. A tiny smile forms on her face, her cheeks glowing.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAY

A Highway Patrol car pulls into the lot next to Alex's car. Officer DWAYNE WILEY steps out. Hair combed back, sunglasses over his eyes.

> WILEY Well, if it isn't Alex Gibson.

Alex stops, looks at Wiley.

ALEX

Deputy Fife.

These guys are friends and always give each other shit.

ALEX The higher-ups actually let you carry a gun?

WILEY Funny. How's things?

ALEX

Same as always.

They walk to the diner, go inside.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Claire is all smiles as Alex and Wiley sit down at the counter.

CLAIRE

Hey, guys.

WILEY

Hi.

Alex looks at Claire, their eyes locking, then--

ALEX

Hey, Claire.

Claire blushes, quickly pours Wiley a cup of coffee.

CLAIRE

There you go.

A bell RINGS behind Claire. She turns as Katherine places a plate through the open window of the kitchen. Claire takes the plate, sets it in front of Alex.

CLAIRE One chicken-salad sandwich, no onions, extra pickles.

ALEX

Thank you.

CLAIRE

You're welcome.

It's obvious from the way she acts that Claire like Alex. Either he is completely oblivious to it or he's playing hard to get.

A few of the customers leave. Claire goes to clean up.

WILEY You heard about what's going on?

ALEX

Heard some stuff on the radio, other than that no. What's going on?

WILEY Some kind of outbreak is popping up all over the country.

ALEX

What kind of outbreak?

WILEY

Nobody knows. The only thing anyone is saying is that it's spreading like wildfire.

ALEX

Damn.

Wiley finishes his coffee, stand up.

WILEY

Time to go.

ALEX Just getting off or are you just going?

WILEY Just going. I'm covering for Cardille tonight, so I'll be sitting at the office throwing paper airplanes around and watching the drunks.

Wiley moves off to the door.

ALEX

Dwayne.

WILEY

Yeah?

ALEX You forgot your doughnuts.

WILEY

Funny.

(beat) See later, Alex. I'll give you a call tomorrow, maybe we can get a game of one-on-one in.

ALEX

I'll be around.

WILEY See you tomorrow.

ALEX

Later.

Wiley leaves. Alex looks up at the muted television set. An ARMY OFFICER is speaking to reporters, behind him we can see SOLDIERS in full tactical gear guarding a group of frightened people.

Claire finishes cleaning up, walks over to Alex.

CLAIRE How's it going? ALEX Fine. You? CLAIRE Good. How was work? ALEX

It was alright. More of the same shit.

We're not really sure, but we get the sense that Alex is uncomfortable around Claire. He glances at the clock on the wall.

ALEX

I have to go.

He stands up and hands a couple of bills to Claire.

CLAIRE

See ya.

ALEX

Yeah.

Alex leaves. Claire lets out a heavy sigh, rings up Alex's order, puts the cash in the drawer.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DUSK

Camera flies over this small mid-west town. This place is so small, it would be amazing if you could find it on a map. We focus on Alex's car as it moves down the streets.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - DUSK

Alex drives down the street, arm propped out the window. He's looking around, something seems to be very strange.

Outside, several families are rushing to pack belongings into their vehicles. Five, maybe ten families all doing the same thing. They can't all be going on vacation at the same time, can they? And certainly not at dusk.

EXT. DUPLEX - DUSK

Small, modest, nice. A few plants grow in a small garden. Alex pulls into the driveway, gets out of the car. His neighbor, MRS. MITCHELL (60), has just stepped outside. She's dressed in a nurses uniform.

> ALEX Hi, Mrs. Mitchell.

> > MRS. MITCHELL

Hi, Alex.

ALEX Going to work on a Friday night? MRS. MITCHELL Some kind of emergency at the hospital. (beat) Larry is going to stop by in a little bit to fix the sink in the bathroom so if you hear anybody it's just him.

ALEX

Okay.

MRS. MITCHELL And I left some casserole in the oven, so go ahead and help yourself.

ALEX

Thanks. See you tomorrow.

And with that, Alex unlocks his door and steps inside his apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALEX'S APARTMENT - DUPLEX - NIGHT

Movie and video game posters cover the walls. Everything here is simple; a couch, chair, two small table lamps, tv.

Alex enters, freshly showered, dressed in blue jeans and tee-shirt. A bottle of beer in one hand and a bowl of casserole in the other. He sets his food and drink on the end table by the couch and presses a button on his answering machine.

> PHONE You have one new message. Message one.

A female voice takes over the machine.

ALEX'S MOM (from machine) Hi, Alex, it's your mother. I got some of your mail here at the house and Tiffany called wanting some of her stuff. I've got to run, give me a call when you get this. Bye.

Alex presses the stop button and grabs the phone, dials a number. O.S. we can hear the phone on the other end RING ONCE, then there is nothing but silence.

ALEX

Hello? Mom?

Silence.

Alex hangs up, dials again. This time there is a highpitched BEEPING sound. Alex looks at the phone for a moment, puzzled, then hangs it up.

ALEX

That's weird.

He sits down on the couch and turns on the tv. First there is nothing but static, then a REPORTER'S VOICE.

REPORTER'S VOICE (from tv) Please stay with us, we are experiencing a technical problem.

MORE STATIC, then the screen comes to life, showing us the TIRED face of a FEMALE REPORTER.

FEMALE REPORTER Outbreaks continue to be reported through-out the country, the first just three days ago in Reading, Pennsylvania.

Alex flips the channel, takes a swig of his beer.

A SECOND REPORTER appears on screen.

SECOND REPORTER We now take you live to Peter Washington who is on the scene in Denver, Colorado. Peter.

The image on the screen clips to PETER WASHINGTON, field reporter, standing in the middle of a ravaged street. Cars and other vehicles are up-turned. Buildings are on fire. In the distance we can make out the swarm of an angry MOB moving toward us.

POLICE stand behind barricades, side-arms and shotguns raised. Low, BEASTLY MOANS and GROWLS can be heard in the distance.

PETER WASHINGTON As you can see, things are very chaotic here. Mayor Evans ordered a city-wide evacuation, but many people refuse to leave the city.

Behind Peter, the MOB continues to advance. A COP yells through a BULLHORN.

(amplified) By order of the Denver Police Department, cease and desist! Halt or you will be fired upon.

The image ZOOMS IN as best it can on the police and mob. We can now see that everyone in the mob moves with a slow shuffle, almost as if they are all drunk.

COP (amplified) Do not move!

The mob continues forward, arms extended now as if they are trying to grab hold of the police.

ALEX

watches this with great interest, takes a bite of his food, never taking his eyes off the tv screen.

ON THE SCREEN

The mob is ever closer now, maybe five feet away from the police barricade.

COP (amplified) OPEN FIRE!

The cops open fire on the approaching mob. Even on the television the sound is deafening.

ALEX

reacts to this, nearly choking on his food.

ALEX

Holy shit.

ON THE SCREEN

The police continue to fire. People in the crowd fall, but the entire group still surges forward.

> PETER WASHINGTON (O.C.) Oh my god. The police have opened fire.

The mob breaks through the barricade and attacks the police. Everything is chaotic.

PETER WASHINGTON (O.C.)

Oh Jesus.

Some of the mob turn towards camera. These people seem to move faster than the others.

PETER WASHINGTON (O.C.) This is like something out of a horror movie.

The image ZOOMS OUT, getting a wider view of the scene. Peter stands in the foreground, unable to move. Suddenly, a MAN leaps in from out of frame and TACKLES the reporter, knocking him to the ground.

High-pitched SCREAMS come from Peter as the man attacks him.

The camera falls to the ground and the CAMERA MAN races to help his friend. Another MAN and WOMAN leap in and tackle the Camera Man. They pull him to the ground, kicking and SCREAMING.

Off the screams of Peter and the Camera Man we--

FADE OUT:

OVER DARKNESS

Red letters tell us our film's subtitle: INFECTION. MAIN TITLES ROLL.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON - A POSTER

Of the latest Resident Evil video game.

We SLOWLY PULL BACK to REVEAL --

INT. LIVING ROOM - ALEX'S APARTMENT - DUPLEX - DAY

Sunlight just barely filters in through the closed window blinds. The television set is still on, but it plays nothing but static.

Finally we see Alex fast asleep on the couch. He wakes with a start as a SIREN WAILS loudly outside.

He looks around, groggy. Checks the time. Just after seven a.m. He's about to fall back asleep when--

BAM BAM BAM!!! Three gunshots ring out. It's so loud and so close that for a second we think that someone has shot Alex.

But he's alive and well, because he jumps off the couch, races to the door, grabs the baseball bat by the coat rack, and rushes outside.

EXT. DUPLEX - CONTINUOUS

Alex stands on the front steps, totally immobile as he sees what is going on.

Several houses are engulfed in flames. Bodies litter the street. Cars are smashed into each other. People run and scream.

A MAN across the street fires a pistol at a horribly disfigured WOMAN. The bullets seem to have no effect as she RUNS right at the man and the two of them fall to the ground. The man SCREAMS.

Mrs. Mitchell is leaning against the side of her car, her back to us. The back of her shirt is torn, soaked through with blood.

Alex slowly approaches her.

ALEX

Mrs. Mitchell?

She doesn't respond. The only thing she does is give out a low, pitiful MOAN

ALEX Mrs. Mitchell? Are you alright?

As Alex gets closer to her we see that a large chunk of flesh has been TORN from her neck and shoulder.

ALEX

Oh, fuck me!

He rushes over to his neighbor and she stands straight up. Alex stops in his tracks as Mrs. Mitchell turns towards him.

She no longer looks like the sweet, motherly woman we met before. Her skin is horribly discolored. Her eyes are a pale blue-gray. A horrid black ooze drips out of her mouth and off her chin. She is no longer alive. She is a ZOMBIE!!

The Mitchell-Zombie lets out an animalistic SNARL and LUNGES at Alex, jaws snapping, hands reaching for him.

Alex is caught totally off guard and the Mitchell-Zombie grabs the front of his shirt. He stumbles back, nearly falls over, as the creature snaps its mouth shut mere inches from his throat.

The creature snarls like a rabid dog as it continues to try and take a bite out of Alex's throat. It fails every time.

Alex pushes the zombie away and raises the bat. Tears form in his eyes and trickle down his face.

ALEX

I'm sorry.

The Mitchell-Zombie snarls again and Alex swings the bat with all of his power, connecting with the thing's head. It crumples to the ground, skull split open like a melon, blood and brain pooling out onto the pavement.

Alex stands motionless, stares at the corpse of his neighbor.

Blood drips off the bat.

Alex continues to stare down at the body, then he hears more inhuman MOANS. He looks up and sees six more zombies running down the street, headed right for him. Alex turns and runs back towards his front door.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Alex shuts the door and slams the lock bolt into place. He stands with his back to the door, leaning against it, breathing heavy.

ALEX Okay, breath. Breath.

He takes a few deep breaths.

ALEX Think. Think think think.

He looks around, sees his keys on the end table. He's about to reach for them when--

BOOOOM! The door lurches forward, pushing Alex with it, but he stays on his feet. He presses against the door again. The MOANS of the zombies outside extremely LOUD.

ALEX

Fuck this.

Alex grabs the keys and runs for the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD - DUPLEX - CONTINUOUS

A chain-link fence encloses the back yard. A few fires burn in the distance. Across the street a zombie is eating the remains of a woman.

ALEX (quietly) What the fuck?

He watches for a moment long, then steps into the yard, crouched down low, baseball bat gripped tightly in his hand.

He slowly makes his way to the front corner of the duplex. He stands and peeks around the side of the building.

The zombies that were racing towards Alex are still pounding on his front door trying desperately to get inside.

Alex crouches again and creeps toward the passenger side of his car, never taking his eyes off the zombies at his front door. He reaches the front of his car and--

THUMP!! His cheek hits what appears to be a human in the chest. He stops and quickly peers up to see--

A zombie staring straight at him. The zombie immediately opens its mouth and lunges down at him. Alex swings his bat violently at the zombie's head with so much force that the creature FLIES BACKWARD onto the trunk of his car and slides down the back onto the pavement.

Alex stands to see that this motion has attracted the attention of the other zombies banging on his door.

Fear sweeps across Alex's face as he opens the passenger door and jumps into the car. He slams the door shut and crawls into the driver's seat.

As he starts the car, the other four zombies have reached the car and are banging on the hood and side window.

Alex glances at his rearview mirror, sees the zombie he hit with the bat stand up.

Alex puts the car in drive and slams on the accelerator, going straight through his garage door, taking two zombies with him. He stops, puts the car in reverse, and slams into the other two and smashes the one he hit with the bat like a grape.

Blood and brain matter splatter all over the driveway as the creature's head is squashed like a grape under the rear tire.

The car pulls into the street and takes off, leaving just one zombie standing in the front yard of the duplex.

The car speeds down the street, plows into a few more zombies. The creatures fly through the air like rag dolls, landing in heaps of broken bones, some still alive, some dead once again.

The car turns a corner, tires SCREECHING, and disappears out of sight.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Camera FLIES over the town and we get to see the devastation. Several buildings and houses burn. Traffic wrecks on every street. A tanker-trunk runs off a road and into a building, exploding in a giant fireball.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - DAY

Alex jerks the wheel left and right, swerving to avoid traffic pile-ups, bodies, running humans, and zombies.

ALEX

Jesus.

A zombie runs out right in front of him. Alex hits the creature head on. The zombie hits the street head-first, shattering it's skull.

Alex turns the wheel and heads out onto the highway. The speedometer reads 110 mph.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Several zombies run after the speeding car, but the creatures are just too slow to keep up with it.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - DAY

The road is clear up ahead, a few wrecked vehicles here and there, but that's about it. Alex breaths a sigh of relief, looks in the rearview mirror to see the zombies disappear from view and A HEAD POP UP from behind his seat!

Alex turns his head just enough to see--

A LITTLE GIRL! She's very much alive, and we can tell instantly because tears are pouring down her face. This is REBECCA, nine or ten years old.

ALEX

Hi.

Rebecca doesn't say anything, just looks at Alex. Alex holds out his hand and the girl recoils in fear.

ALEX

Hey, it's okay. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm Alex. What's your name?

He checks the road ahead, nothing but empty lanes. Looks back at the the girl. Rebecca is silent for a long moment, then--

REBECCA

Rebecca.

ALEX

Hi, Rebecca.

REBECCA

Hi.

Alex gives her a reassuring smile, then turns his attention back to the road. After a moment Rebecca climbs up into the front passenger seat.

Alex flips on the radio.

REPORTER ON RADIO Local, state, and Federal law enforcement agencies urge citizens to stay inside or seek shelter immediately. Several branches of the military are being mobilized as this crisis continues to grow.

Alex shuts the radio off. Things just seem to be going downhill faster that a Tornado ripping through the country-side.

Alex looks at Rebecca, who is just sitting there staring at her shoes.

ALEX

Where's your mom and dad?

REBECCA

I don't know. The monsters got them.

Alex doesn't say anything, he knows the meaning behind her words.

REBECCA

They're dead, aren't they? My mom and dad.

ALEX

I...I don't know.

REBECCA They're going to get me too, aren't they?

She looks up at him, tears in her eyes. It's heartbreaking and that probably doesn't even describe it fully. Alex looks at her, determination on his face.

> ALEX No. They're not going to get you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car continues down the road.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - VARIOUS

It's as if a war erupted. Buildings are destroyed. Cars are overturned. Zombies shamble around looking for fresh meat. Everywhere you look it's the same, pure and total chaos.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

Looking DOWN at the diner. A few vehicles are parked in the lot.

We CRANE DOWN as Alex's car pulls into the lot, skids to a stop, maybe ten feet from the front door.

Alex, with his bat, and Rebecca get out. Alex looks around a moment, doesn't seem to be any sign of trouble. Then--

FIVE ZOMBIES, in various stages of decomposition, come charging out of a wooded area not more than five feet from them.

ALEX

Shit! (beat) Rebecca, I want you to grab onto me and hold on. We're going to have to run to the diner. But I need

you to hold on real tight, okay?

REBECCA

Okay.

Alex picks up Rebecca and takes off running, there's a lot of distance between them and the safety of the diner.

Rebecca is SCREAMING now, not that we blame her.

The zombies are right behind them and quickly closing the already too-small gap.

Alex presses forward, the weight of the child in his arms slowing him down. We can see the fear in his eyes.

The closest zombie, wearing a filthy SUIT, reaches out a gnarled, decayed hand. Its fingertips just brushing Rebecca's hair.

The diner door opens and Claire rushes out, screaming for Alex to run faster.

There's only a few feet left.

Everything seems to SLOW DOWN.

Alex runs as fast as he can.

Rebecca screams, crying.

The zombies chasing, SNARLING.

Claire urging Alex to hurry.

Things aren't looking good, until--

Everything SPEEDS up again as a motorcycle, a big hog, comes ROARING into the lot.

The MAN on the motorcycle pulls a sawed-off shotgun from the side of his bike and opens fire on the zombies. Each shot destroys a zombie's head. Four of the zombies go down, heads blown apart. The only one still standing is Suit Zombie, and the creature is almost right on Alex and Rebecca.

The Man on the bike takes careful aim.

MAN ON BIKE

Get down!

Alex drops and BOOOOM!

Suit Zombie's head explodes. Gore rains down on Alex.

Alex stands up, sees the five headless corpses.

ALEX

Nice.

Alex puts Rebecca down and kneels in front of her as the biker pulls up next to him.

ALEX Go inside with Claire. I promise I'll be there in a minute, okay?

Rebecca looks at Claire, who is still standing at the front door.

CLAIRE It's okay, honey. I don't bite...I mean...it's okay.

Rebecca runs into the diner, leaving Alex and the biker alone in the parking lot.

The biker, who we will know as LOOMIS, climbs off the bike and stares at Alex.

LOOMIS You alright, bro?

ALEX Yeah, thanks to you.

Loomis nods.

LOOMIS (points at Alex's bat) That all you carrying?

Alex glances at the bat in his hand.

ALEX

At the moment.

Loomis turns and walks to the saddle bags on his bike.

LOOMIS It's a good thing I don't pack light.

Loomis unzips both saddle bags to reveal an arsenal of hand guns, pistols, brass knuckles, and switch blades. Alex can only watch as Loomis proceeds to put these items in various places on his person. Guns around his waist, knucks and blades in his pockets along with full boxes of ammo for his shotgun, which is shoulder strapped to his back.

Loomis pulls a .357 Magnum out of the bag with a full box of shells and approaches Alex. He towers over Alex like a man standing next to a hobbit. Loomis hands Alex the gun.

LOOMIS

Three fifty-seven.

Alex takes the gun and tucks it in the front of his pants.

ALEX

Thanks.

LOOMIS Watch out when you fire, bro.

Loomis slams the boxes of shells into Alex's chest, who catches it as Loomis releases it.

LOOMIS (heading towards diner) It has a tendency to kick.

Loomis enters the diner, leaving Alex alone with the bat in one hand and a box of shells in the other.

ALEX Well, it's about time something good happens today.

Alex tosses the box of shells into the air, catches them, and heads to the diner.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex enters as Katherine closes and locks the door behind him. Alex looks around, sees all familiar faces: Claire, Rebecca, and Katherine. The only one he doesn't know is Loomis.

Claire consoles a crying Rebecca as Katherine walks back to the kitchen.

KATHERINE (to Rebecca) Are you hungry, hon?

Rebecca nods as she wipes tears from her face.

KATHERINE I'll make ya a sandwich, okay?

Katherine takes Rebecca's hand and they disappear into the kitchen. Alex sits down at one of the booths, hands shaking. Claire walks over to Alex, sits down in the seat across from him.

CLAIRE

You okay?

Alex looks at her, zombie blood smeared across his face and shirt.

ALEX

I just crushed the skull of my sixty year old neighbor because she tried to eat me. No, I'm not okay.

Alex's hands continue to shake. He looks at Loomis, who is unloading his arsenal onto one of the tables.

> ALEX So what's your story? You some kind of Terminator or something?

Loomis starts loading his shotgun.

LOOMIS Name's Loomis. And I used to be the leaders of the Scorpions.

CLAIRE "Scorpions." Isn't that a biker gang?

LOOMIS Used to be. Until the rest of them turned into those things out there.

ALEX How'd you know how to kill those things?

LOOMIS I practiced on my bros.

Loomis pumps a round into the shotgun.

LOOMIS Kill or be killed, right.

Loomis paces to one of the windows.

ALEX

I guess.

Loomis examines the window glass, shakes his head.

LOOMIS

This glass ain't gonna keep us safe for long. Those bastards'll break through it in no time flat. And once they figure out we're in here, they'll be on this place like a pack of dogs on a three-legged cat.

ALEX We should probably board them up. LOOMIS

That'd be a good start. Doors, too. Barricade ourselves in for now, so later we can...

KATHERINE (O.S.) Hold on there, mister!!

Katherine walks out of the kitchen, Rebecca, with a plate of chips and sandwich, right behind her.

Loomis glares at Katherine as she approaches him.

KATHERINE Now I know you may be some kind of tough guy around your turf, but in this diner I call the shots!

Loomis doesn't say anything.

KATHERINE

Now, you can board up them windows, that's just fine with me. But that door ain't about to get nailed shut! That lock'll keep them "things" outta here, but I ain't gonna allow other people to just stand out there and get eaten. Anybody else needs a place that's safe, then they're gonna be just as welcome here as you are.

Katherine turns and goes back to the kitchen. Claire and Alex look from Katherine to Loomis.

Loomis gives a half-smile.

LOOMIS Sorry, ma'am. My mistake.

Everyone stands in silence for a moment.

ALEX Let's get these windows secure before we get more company.

Loomis shoots Alex a look that would make anyone on any normal day shrink.

ALEX More...unwanted company.

Alex walks over to a table, clears it off, and pushes it onto its side.

ALEX Katherine, do you have any nails?

Loomis pushes another table over.

LOOMIS Now that's what I like... (beat) A guy who takes charge.

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAY - MONTAGE

Alex, Claire, Loomis, and Katherine go through the task of boarding up the windows, turning it into a safe place. As they do, bonds between them are starting to become clear. Claire and Alex work side by side, at one point Katherine holds a table against a window, allowing Loomis to nail it up. Rebecca even tries to help, working hard to pounding a nail into one of the tables, she misses every time. She takes a deep breath and swings the hammer, hitting the nail head-on. Alex gives her a thumbs up, the girl smiles.

When they are finished, only a few tables remain standing. All but Katherine sit down, obviously worn out. Katherine comes out from the back of the diner with four brooms. The others sigh as they stand up and take the brooms from Katherine.

All of them pitch in and sweep up the mess they've made, leaving the place looking in good shape considering the circumstances.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

It's quiet out, only the sounds of CRICKETS CHIRPING. A few zombies shuffle about the lot, oblivious to the people inside the diner.

INT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

The place is well lit and semi-cozy. Alex, Claire, and Rebecca sit at the counter. Loomis sits at one of the booths, his feet propped up on the table.

Katherine comes out from the kitchen with three plates of hamburgers and french fries. She sets them in front of Alex, Claire, and Rebecca.

KATHERINE There ya are, folks.

They say their thank you's and start to eat.

Katherine grabs a fourth plate and takes it over to Loomis, sets it on the table in front of him.

LOOMIS

No thanks. Not hungry.

KATHERINE

Nonsense. Y'all haven't eaten anything all day long and you can't expect to fight those things out there if you don't keep up your strength. Besides, I make the best burgers on the block.

LOOMIS You're the only diner on the block.

KATHERINE That's why they're the best.

Loomis takes his feet off the table and pulls the plate toward himself.

KATHERINE

So what are we dealing with here, folks? Those things out there, what are they?

ALEX

Near as I can tell, they're human. Or, they were human.

CLAIRE

What do you suppose happened to them?

ALEX

I have an idea, but it's pretty far-fetched and it includes video games.

LOOMIS

Well, if video games pit you against the undead, then you're on the right track.

CLAIRE What do you mean 'the undead.'?

LOOMIS The dead come back to life.

ALEX (to himself) The T-virus.

KATHERINE What in the world is a T-virus?

ALEX

It's from a video game. Resident Evil. People get infected with this T-virus and they turn into flesh-eating zombies. But it's a video game. This is real life, we're talking about. It's not possible.

LOOMIS

You want to go outside and explain that to them flesh-eating monsters out there? I don't think they'd agree that isn't impossible and I don't think you'd like the way they'd disagree. I've seen these things in action and trust me, they're dead. They're all messed up.

ALEX

Yeah, but the T-virus. That's farfetched, just like I said.

KATHERINE

If you ask me, the whole damn thing sounds far-fetched. Looks to me like it's the end of humanity and the beginning of Hell on earth.

LOOMIS You might be right on both counts.

KATHERINE

Both counts?

LOOMIS

Yeah. It's the beginning of Hell on earth and this is one hell of a burger.

Katherine gives Loomis a smile, he winks back.

Everyone sits in silence, lost in their own thoughts.

ALEX

Can you turn on the tv, Kathy? See if they're telling us anything.

CLAIRE

I got it.

Claire gets up and turns on the television. Everyone watches.

A BLEARY-EYED REPORTER sits behind a desk cluttered with papers and coffee mugs.

BLEARY-EYED REPORTER Again, at this time, authorities are asking citizens to stay inside, not to travel unless absolutely necessary, and to keep out of all major cities. From what we've gathered so far from eye-witness accounts and law enforcement officials these things, whatever they are, should be avoided at all costs. Do not attempt to reason with them or offer them any money or food. They will react violently and are yet to show any signs of compassion or intelligence. As far as what has caused this, or what is causing this, we don't know. All we are being told as of right now is that these things are not human and should not be treated as such. Now we are waiting for our affiliate to send us a feed of an interview with a General Savini, who is believed to be the head of one of the many military units in charge of setting up some sort of resistance. And we believe--

The reporter puts his fingers on his earpiece, receiving information..

BLEARY-EYED REPORTER Okay, I am receiving word that our affiliate is standing by with the interview so we will cut right to that.

THE GROUP

continues watching the television, their food forgotten for the moment.

ON THE SCREEN

GENERAL SAVINI, dressed in a crisp military uniform, sits at a desk with a MALE REPORTER.

SAVINI

These things were human, but we believe that they are now walking cannibals.

MALE REPORTER

What do you mean when you say "were human."?

SAVINI

The creatures walking the streets currently are nothing more than shadows of their former selves. We believe that they were infected in some way to an extent that has caused fatal damage to all body parts and some functions, causing them to go into a deceased state, with only the reflex portions of the brain to remain alert.

MALE REPORTER

So you're insinuating that these creatures are basically the walking dead?

SAVINI

I can't tell you that as a fact because right now we just don't know. Until further investigation into this outbreak is conducted there is very little I can tell you as fact. But, for now, that would be a good way to look at these things.

MALE REPORTER What advice can you give the people watching right now?

SAVINI

Stay inside. Lock your doors and bar your windows. Hang a white sheet or flag marked 'survivor' outside a window and wait. We will be attempting a mass rescue mission to find and retrieve any and all who are not infected and take them to a safe location. We will find you. We will rescue you. Just stay calm and be patient.

MALE REPORTER Thank you, General.

MALE REPORTER

I've just received word that the President is going to be issuing a statement regarding this current situation. We will take you there now as he prepares to address the nation. We will stay with you as the President makes his remarks.

The television cuts to the White House podium in the press room. General Savini and Male Reporter are seen in a small box in the bottom left hand side of the screen.

The PRESIDENT approaches the podium with a stern look on his face.

PRESIDENT

My fellow Americans, I stand before you and this great nation, in the midst of great peril. As I speak, a new phenomenon has captured the fear and freedom of this nation and her people. Our neighbors and friends are slowly becoming our enemy, rather than the patriots we know and respect. In this dark hour, I want to assure the American people that hope is far from lost. We will endure as the American people have always done and will continue to do so well into our bright future. I ask that you remain calm and collected while we discover the root of this outbreak. Stay in your homes and shelters, hold your loved ones close, and believe in the power of humanity and its ability to overcome all obstacles. What we are combating is unlike any other resistance this country has ever confronted. Our friends, family, and neighbors have become our greatest fear, and we must remember that they are no longer acting on their own conscience, but rather reacting to a vile and hideous disease unlike that known to man. (MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D) Do not approach them, do not speak to them. Rather, I ask you, the American people, to pray for them. Pray for your family and for this great country. And I assure you, God, and this country, that we will endure. Good luck and God bless.

Reporters are frantic asking questions. The President points to a WOMAN.

WOMAN What exactly are we dealing with here?

PRESIDENT As far as we know, we are dealing with a new form of terror.

President points to ANOTHER WOMAN

WOMAN 2 Is this outbreak worldwide?

PRESIDENT At this time, it has only spread throughout North America. The United States, Canada, and Parts of Central America.

President points to a MAN.

MAN What plans do you have to end this crisis?

PRESIDENT I assure you that, as we speak, officials and intelligence are working around the clock to discover the safest way to...

A SCREAM is heard in the back of the room as the CAMERA WHIPS around, revealing zombies bursting in and attacking those closest to the door. Panic ensues.

Secret Service Agents and Soldiers open fire on the zombies. A few go down, most don't.

Two Agents lead the President to the side exit. The reach the door and it flies open, zombies rushing through. There is no other way out, they are trapped. A zombie lunges at the President and sinks its teeth into his throat, rips away a large chunk of flesh as other zombies drag a SCREAMING President to the ground.

GENERAL SAVINI,

in the corner of the screen, quickly stands and exits the news studio, leaving the reporter to sit in shock.

KATHERINE

shuts the television off.

Everyone sits in amazement and shock.

ALEX My god, it's everywhere.

Loomis stands and walks to the bathroom.

LOOMIS I hope you got a shovel.

ALEX

Why?

LOOMIS Because we're in deep shit.

Loomis goes into the bathroom.

Everyone sits in silence.

KATHERINE

We're safe for now. Them zombies ain't gonna penetrate this place anytime soon. I say we all try to get some sleep and figure something out in the morning when we're better rested.

Katherine walks towards the back.

KATHERINE

I got a few blankets and such in the storage closest. Good thing I prepare for the worst.

Katherine goes for the blankets and Alex, Claire, and Rebecca sit in silence. After a long beat--

REBECCA Are we going to be okay?

ALEX

We're going to be just fine.

Rebecca climbs onto Alex's lap, wraps her arms around him.

REBECCA

You promise?

Claire gets up and moves to help Katherine get the blankets.

ALEX

I promise.

We HOLD on Alex holding Rebecca in his arms and we--

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

Sunlight filters in through the gaps in the boarded up windows. We pulls BACK from a window to find everyone asleep.

Alex, Claire, and Katherine lay in various areas of the floor. Rebecca is curled up against Alex, resting her head on his shoulder. Loomis sits in a chair, legs propped up on a table, head lowered, arms across his chest.

Everyone is in a deep slumber as--

Police SIRENS approach in the distance, waking Alex with a start.

Alex slowly pulls his arm out from under Rebecca so as not to wake her, then quietly creeps over to a window.

He peers out through one of the gaps between the boards, his face falls.

Several more zombies are now gathered outside the diner, shuffling about.

ALEX

My god. They've doubled.

He keeps looking and see a Highway Patrol car PEEL into the parking lot, fishtailing, taking down two zombies.

ALEX

It's the cops!

Everyone wakes to the sound of Alex's voice. He turns to the group in utter excitement.

ALEX The cops are here. We're saved!!

Loomis gets up and heads to the bathroom.

LOOMIS

I wouldn't count on it.

Alex looks back out the window as the group starts moving around, stretching out. Claire moves over to the window to view the outside with Alex.

CLAIRE How many cops?

ALEX It looks like... (takes a closer look) It looks like only one.

KATHERINE (picking up blankets) Well, that don't help us much.

Alex keeps looking, shock plays across his face.

ALEX Fuck! It's Wiley!

CLAIRE

What?

ALEX

It's Wiley.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The Highway Patrol car comes to a stop some twenty feet from the diner's front door. Zombies move toward it, moaning loudly.

INT. HIGHWAY PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Wiley sees the army of zombies coming toward him.

WILEY Not one of my better ideas.

He grabs his regulation shotgun and loads in shells.

WILEY This was really stupid. He checks his side-arm, holsters it.

WILEY Brilliant idea, Dwayne.

Outside, the zombies are getting ever closer.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex turns from the window and grabs his .357 from the counter, checks the ammo.

CLAIRE What are you doing?

ALEX I'm going to help him.

CLAIRE No! You can't go out there.

He looks at her.

ALEX Claire, I have to. Wiley's my best friend. I'm not going to let him get ripped apart by those things.

He moves over to the door. Rebecca runs to him.

REBECCA

Noooo!

The girl grabs Alex and embraces him.

REBECCA

Don't go!

Alex kneels down in front of her, puts his hands on her shoulders.

ALEX I'll be right back, okay? I promise.

Alex stands up, gun ready, hand on the door handle. He glances at Claire, she scoops Rebecca up into her arms.

CLAIRE

Be careful.

ALEX

Always.

Alex pulls the door open and--

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex rushes out of the diner just as Wiley gets out of his car. Two zombies close in on Alex and he quickly dispatches them with two shots from the .357.

WITH WILEY

The zombies have him surrounded. He raises his shotgun and starts blasting away, but the zombies keep standing.

Alex sees this, shouts over the shotgun BLASTS.

ALEX Shoot them in the head!

Wiley sees Alex rushing towards him. Takes aim at the nearest zombie and fires, blowing the creature's head apart.

The zombies move closer to him.

ALEX

Come on!

Alex fires, taking out another zombie.

The zombies have Wiley completely surrounded, he can't get away.

ALEX

Fuck!

He takes off on a dead run, screaming.

ALEX

Come and get me, you pieces of shit!

Most of the zombies turn towards Alex and run after him, buying Wiley time to make for the diner.

Blasting away at the zombies, Wiley makes it to the front door of the diner. Turns, sees the zombies chasing after his friend.

WILEY

Alex, come on!

He raises his shotgun, pulls the trigger. CLICK!

WILEY

Damn it!

He throws the shotgun down, unholsters his side-arm. He fires. Three of the zombies going after Alex fall in heaps, others trip over the fallen creatures.

Zombies SNARL and MOAN as they reach out for him.

Wiley keeps on firing, taking out another zombie a mere foot away from Alex. It falls dead on it's face.

Alex reaches the diner.

WILEY Get inside, I'll cover you!

Alex ducks inside as Wiley continues firing. More zombies fall, but more keep on coming.

ALEX

Get in here!

With the zombies mere feet away, Wiley bolts inside the diner.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex slams the door shut just as the zombies reach it. A few of the fresh creatures push on the door, trying to get it open.

ALEX

Help me with the god damn door!

Alex pushes on the door, zombie arms reaching through. One of the creatures grabs his arm. Wiley jumps in, levels his gun at the zombie's face, and fires. The creature falls back, releasing Alex's arm.

Alex and Wiley push the door closed.

Zombies SNARL and MOAN outside.

WILEY

You okay?

Alex rubs his arm, out of breath.

ALEX Yeah. What about you?

WILEY

I'm good.

Claire, Rebecca, and Katherine enter. Rebecca rushes over to Alex.

ALEX I told you I'd be back.
He tweaks her nose. Rebecca giggles.

WILEY Everyone else okay?

The women are silent, but they nod.

ALEX Where's the rest of the cops?

WILEY

I'm it.

ALEX

What?!

WILEY

I'm it, Alex. Everyone else is...gone.

Alex sits down, shocked by this news.

ALEX That...figures, I guess. (beat) What happened?

WILEY

We brought in a guy the night before last, bit Russo and O'Bannon when we were putting him in lock-up. Bit the three guys in the cell with him. Before I knew it there were five of those fucking things tearing up the office. God damn things went after me and Anderson, got him pretty good.

(takes a deep breath)
I saw those things eating him, Alex.
I saw it and I couldn't do a damn
thing. I ran, man. I took off and
left him there.

We can tell that Wiley is troubled by this.

ALEX

There's nothing you could have done, Dwayne. Those things would have gotten you, too.

WILEY What the fuck are those things?

Before Alex can answer, Loomis comes walking out of the bathroom.

LOOMIS You might want to stay out of there for... (sees Wiley) You!

Loomis runs at Wiley, hate in his eyes. Wiley raises his gun, aims at Loomis.

WILEY Don't fucking move!

Loomis grabs his shotgun from the table, levels it at Wiley. Both men stare at each other.

Alex jumps in between the two men in an attempt to keep them off each other.

ALEX Whoa! What the fuck is going on?

LOOMIS Ask your friend here.

ALEX

Dwayne?

As Wiley speaks, he never takes his eyes off Loomis.

WILEY We've been going after this guy for months.

LOOMIS Following me and my boys around. Spying on us.

Loomis takes a step closer to Wiley.

WILEY

One more step and I swear to God...

LOOMIS

What? You'll shoot me? Haul me off to jail? I got news for you, there ain't no jail anymore.

ALEX Put the guns down, guys. We don't have time to deal with this right now.

Wiley and Loomis don't move.

is looking at the door, fear in her eyes.

CLAIRE

Alex.

WITH ALEX

CLAIRE

He's still trying to calm the situation.

ALEX Come on, put the guns down.

CLAIRE

slowly backs away from the door.

CLAIRE Alex, did you lock the door?

Alex looks at her.

ALEX

No, I...SHIT!

The door bursts open and a few zombies rush in. Wiley, Loomis, and Alex quickly take them out. The last zombie lurches up behind Wiley, about to bite him, when Loomis levels the shotgun and fires. The zombie behind Wiley falls dead.

Alex rushes to the door, slams it shut, and locks it.

Wiley looks at the dead zombie behind him, turns to Loomis, seething.

WILEY Jesus Christ, you could have killed me!

LOOMIS If I was going to kill you, I wouldn't have missed.

The two men stare at each other a moment, Loomis storms off. Wiley watches him, glaring.

Alex looks down at the corpses of the zombies.

KATHERINE

We should get these things out of here otherwise they're going to start smelling up the place and it's not going to be pretty.

WILEY You have a place we can put them?

Katherine thinks for a beat, then--

KATHERINE

Freezer'll be the best place, I guess.

Alex grabs the legs of one corpse and starts dragging it to the back. Wiley grabs the arms of another and follows Alex.

INT. BACK ROOM - KAY'S DINER - LATER

The bodies of the three zombie are piled in a heap in the freezer. Alex shuts the lights off and closes the door. Wiley wipes his hands on a dish towel, a look of disgust on his face.

INT. KAY'S DINER - LATER

Claire is looking out one of the windows, Rebecca at her side, clinging to her leg. Zombies continue to pound on the windows and front door.

CLAIRE There's more out there.

Alex takes a look, the zombies have double since Wiley showed up.

ALEX

(beat) Well, they know we're in here now.

Wiley peers out the window.

Jesus.

WILEY What are those things?

ALEX Remember that outbreak we talked about?

WILEY

Yeah.

ALEX That's the outbreak.

Wiley looks at him.

WILEY What the hell are they? ALEX They're zombies, Dwayne.

Wiley laughs at his friend, stops when he sees the serious look on Alex's face.

WILEY

Zombies? Come on, Alex. Zombies aren't real.

ALEX

Apparently they are.

WILEY

So we're talking about Resident Evil, Return of the Living Dead zombies? I only ask because you are the zombie king, Alex.

ALEX

I don't know. It's not like I pray for hordes of zombies to take over the earth every night before I go to bed, man. But it appears that's the case.

The both of them sit down. Katherine brings over a cup of coffee, hands it to Wiley.

KATHERINE Here. Might help calm your nerves.

WILEY

Thanks.

Claire and Rebecca join them, Rebecca crawling onto Alex's lap. Loomis sits at a booth checking his ammo.

CLAIRE

What did you mean when you said everyone was gone?

WILEY

They're all dead. Every one of them. We started getting calls about ten o'clock Friday night, couple of them every half hour or so, then by midnight they just started pouring in. I stayed at the office to keep an eye on things there, everyone else went out. Calls just kept coming in, I couldn't keep up. (MORE) WILEY (CONT'D) I got addresses mixed up and sent some people to the wrong places...

He stares down at his coffee.

WILEY They're all dead because of me. If I'd gone out there...

ALEX Then you'd be dead, too.

Wiley turns to Loomis, who is sitting behind them.

WILEY What about you? Where's your boys?

LOOMIS Dogs went rabid.

He pumps a round into the shotgun.

LOOMIS Had to put 'em down.

WILEY

Figures.

He drains his coffee in one gulp, sets the cup down.

WILEY So what's the plan?

Nobody says anything.

WILEY You guys don't have a plan?

ALEX

We haven't really had time to think about it much, Dwayne. It's not like I'm thinking up plans while I've got armies of cannibalistic zombies chasing after me.

WILEY Take it easy, man.

ALEX Sorry, I'm just...worn out and scared shitless. Alex takes a few deep breaths.

ALEX

Okay, a plan. We need a plan. Sooner or later those things are going to bust in here.

LOOMIS Well, we can't walk out the front door.

WILEY

No shit? Thanks for that stunning report Captain Obvious.

LOOMIS

Maybe we could send you out and you can run around like a bird, flapping your arms. That'd take the heat off us, give everyone a chance. How 'bout it?

Wiley jumps up, stalks over to Loomis, hand on his side-arm.

WILEY

Give me one reason not to blow your fucking head off.

Loomis stands, glares at Wiley, faces inches apart.

LOOMIS I'd like to see you try, little man.

ALEX

Cut the shit! I don't care what beef is between the two of you, but this is not the time or place to deal with it! If you guys want to beat the shit out of each other, then go outside, there's the fucking door. If not, then sit the hell down.

Wiley and Loomis stare at Alex, hatred in their eyes.

ALEX

Please.

Wiley and Loomis sit back down.

ALEX

Look, I know the shit we're in is getting to everyone. But we've got to work together on this, otherwise we might as well just go out there and let them have us, because that's exactly what's going to happen if we keep going after each other.

CLAIRE

Katherine, what about the back door?

KATHERINE

It locks from the inside. But there's no windows back there. Hard to tell how many of them things there are out back.

ALEX

Judging from the way things looks out front, I'd say it's a good bet they've got the place surrounded.

CLAIRE What about the roof?

ALEX

What?

CLAIRE

The roof. There's a access hatch up the roof, maybe we could get up there and signal for help.

ALEX

It's a good idea, but with everything going on, God only knows how long it would take before someone finds us. It could be days, weeks even, and that's time we don't have.

WILEY

Maybe one of us could make it to one of the cars and take it around back. I know it's risky, but with the arsenal the Terminator's got, we might have a shot.

ALEX

My car's too small for all of us. Hell, it can barely hold four people, let alone six. WILEY Get both cars then.

ALEX Like you said, it's too risky with one car. We go after two and we might well be fucked.

LOOMIS We're fucked no matter what we do. We stay here, we die. We go out there, we die. Either way, we die.

WILEY That's encouraging. (beat) Anyone notice anything?

Everyone looks at him. Something isn't right, there's no pounding on the windows and no hellish moans.

ALEX What the hell?

WILEY

Maybe they got bored.

LOOMIS

Not likely.

Alex gets up and looks out one of the windows.

CLAIRE

See anything?

ALEX

Nothing.

WILEY

No zombies?

ALEX

Not a one.

KATHERINE

Where are they?

Alex is cut off by the unmistakable sound of MACHINE GUN FIRE. The rest of the group REACTS. Loomis and Wiley both stand, guns in hand.

WILEY

What was that?

LOOMIS

A machine gun.

WILEY

Thank you. (to Alex) Where's it coming from?

Loomis, Wiley, and Katherine go to the window. Claire grabs Rebecca's hand.

CLAIRE Becky, why don't we go to the back and play a game, okay?

Alex turns to Claire and nods. Claire leads Rebecca off to the back room.

WILEY

What is it?

ALEX

I don't know. I can hear it, I just can't...

BAM!!! Everyone is startled by a Latino man, 30s, who appears right in front of them on the opposite side of the window. This guy is RANDY and he's currently slapping a fresh magazine into his AK-47.

> RANDY Hey! Anyone alive in there?!

> > WILEY

A survivor!!

Loomis takes a closer look out the window, a smile cross his face.

LOOMIS Well, I'll be damned.

ALEX

(yelling to Randy) Go to the door!! We'll let you in!!

RANDY I'm not exactly alone!!

Randy lets loose a blast from his machine gun just as a MOTORHOME comes speeding into the parking lot.

RANDY I brought some friends!! Alex turns to Wiley and Loomis, who draw their weapons, getting ready for battle.

LOOMIS If that's the Latin Kings we're in for a lot of fun.

WILEY Whoever they are, they're alive. Let's go get them!!

Alex turns back to Randy.

ALEX We're coming out!! Hold on!!

RANDY

Holding, big guy.

Randy keeps on firing.

Alex, Wiley, and Loomis run to the door. Alex draws his .357, hand on the door, looks back to Wiley and Loomis. They're ready for action. Loomis nods at Alex and the young man unlock and throws open the door.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The three men move outside, guns blazing. They work their way towards Randy.

LOOMIS Get the group!! I'll cover you!

Loomis blows apart the heads of two zombies advancing toward him.

ALEX What about you?

LOOMIS Don't worry about me. Get going.

Alex and Wiley run over to Randy.

WILEY How many survivors?

RANDY Four in the R.V. Five if you count me. WILEY (to Alex) Think you can cover me while I get them inside?

Alex nods.

ALEX

Go.

Wiley runs to the motorhome and yanks open the door. Alex and Randy fight off zombies that are getting too close to the R.V. Loomis stands by the front door of the diner, he fires round after round from his shotgun, keeping the area clear.

> ALEX These friends of yours.

RANDY

Yeah?

ALEX

Who are they?

RANDY Just some common folk I met at the gas station.

Alex watches as Wiley escorts the four people from the R.V. in classic police-style: heads down and covered, crouching, and quickly inching to the door. As he passes Alex and Randy he gives a thumbs up.

Alex looks shocked when he sees the four survivors. They appear to be a NEWLY-WED COUPLE, a DOCTOR, and a PARAMEDIC.

RANDY Who'd you think they were? The Latin Kings?

Alex doesn't say anything.

Loomis blasts away at more zombies and Wiley gets the survivors into the diner. He turns to Alex and Randy.

> LOOMIS Come on, you bastards!!

Alex and Randy make their way to the door. Loomis continues holding the zombies back until everyone is safely inside. Loomis jumps through the door and slams it shut.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Loomis leans against the door and locks it. He turns to Randy.

LOOMIS Randy Delano, you son of a bitch, you made it.

RANDY

Loomis, good to see you. Figured of all the people in this town, you'd be one to make it.

Everyone takes a seat around the diner. PAUL and NANCY, the Newly-Wed couple, are still dressed in their wedding clothes, which are torn and dirty, sit at a booth. Nancy is shaking nervously, Paul wraps his arm around her.

PAUL

We're okay now. We're safe.

Nancy starts SOBBING, burying her face against her husbands chest.

The doctor, TRENTON, dressed in slacks, dress shirt, tie, and lab coat, sits at the counter beside the paramedic BRENT, black, still dressed in his EMT uniform.

Alex goes to the back and gets Claire and Rebecca, takes Rebecca into his arms.

Katherine walks over to Paul and Nancy, hands them a box of tissues.

PAUL

Thank you.

Katherine gives them a smile.

Loomis and Randy are still chatting. Alex walks over to them.

ALEX You two know each other?

LOOMIS We've run into each other a few times.

RANDY

Shit, we've known each other for years. My old man and his old man used to run around together back in the day. (turns to Wiley) How you doing, Wiley?

WILEY

Hey, Randy.

LOOMIS (to Randy) You know this piece of shit?

RANDY

Yeah, man, he pulled me over a few days ago. Let me off with a warning. Good thing, too. If it wasn't for him, I'd probably be sitting in jail right now and we wouldn't have what's in my trunk.

Loomis glares at Wiley.

LOOMIS

You stalk me and my bros and you let him off with a warning? I know for a fact he's doing shit a lot more illegal than I am.

WILEY What can I say? I like him.

Wiley walks off behind the counter to get himself a cup of coffee without so much as a look at Loomis.

RANDY

He likes me.

LOOMIS (to Alex) I suppose you like him, too.

ALEX I'm not having any part of this.

Rebecca tugs on the sleeve of Loomis's shirt. He looks at her.

REBECCA I like you, Loomis.

Alex and Claire try hard not to chuckle.

Loomis looks at Rebecca, pats her on the back, just the faintest hint of a smile on his face. He walks off.

Randy looks at Rebecca, then Alex and Claire.

RANDY This your daughter? Alex and Claire glance at each other.

ALEX Uh, no...we're...

CLAIRE No...no...we're not...

ALEX I found her hiding in the back seat of my car.

Randy studies the two of them for a minute.

RANDY

Cool.

ALEX

I'm Alex. This is Rebecca and that's Claire. That's Katherine over there. I guess you know everyone else.

RANDY

Nice to meet you, Alex.

They shake hands. Randy pulls a sucker from his shirt pocket, hands it to Rebecca. We can tell instantly that Randy is a people person, there's just something about him that we instantly like.

Alex takes everything in, notes Trenton and Brent talking with each other, Paul comforting his wife, Katherine preparing some food, Loomis loading shells into his shotgun.

> ALEX Where'd you find them?

> > RANDY

Gas station. I went looking for some smokes and road beers, saw that those things had them trapped inside. Help 'em get out, told 'em to follow me.

ALEX

Good plan.

RANDY Thanks, man. I just can't sit by and watch bad things happen to good people.

(beat) Those dudes over there are Trenton, he's the guy in the lab coat, and Brent. Over there's Paul and Nancy, got married the very day all of this shit started. I tell ya, I've seen a lot of bad shit in my time, but nothing like this.

ALEX

None of us have.

Randy pulls a joint from his shirt pocket. Alex and Claire move away. Randy is just about to light up, but stops and looks at Wiley.

RANDY

You mind?

WILEY

(shrugs) What am I going to do? Arrest you?

Randy lights up, takes a big hit.

RANDY

That's better.

Loomis sees this and takes out a cigar, glares at Wiley.

LOOMIS

(sarcastic) You mind?

Wiley flips Loomis the bird.

LOOMIS

Little prick.

Loomis lights his cigar, takes a large puff off it, and we--

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAY

The place is completely surrounded by hordes of the undead. At least 50 or 60 zombies shuffle about in the parking lot, some of them pound on the diner windows. More zombies can be seen in the distance moving toward us. Empty plates and dishes sit in front of everyone. Everyone has fallen into an easy chatter. Loomis and Randy chat at one of the booths, Katherine talks to Paul and Nancy, Alex and Claire are playing a game with Rebecca. Wiley keeps watch at one of the windows.

RANDY

So there I was, just cruising along, when this 18-wheeler plows through the guard rail. There must have been ten of those things holding on to it. One of 'em must've got into the cab 'cause the next thing I knew, the damn truck was headed right for me. After that, things just kind of went downhill from there.

LOOMIS Damn lucky to be alive, bro.

RANDY We're all damn lucky to be alive.

Loomis doesn't say anything. There's something about the look on his face that tell's us there's more to this guy that we've yet to learn.

LOOMIS

(beat)

Yeah. (beat) How's your old man doing?

RANDY Died a few years back. Cancer.

LOOMIS Sorry to hear that. I always liked him.

Loomis goes silent again, Randy looks at him, can tell there's something Loomis isn't sharing.

WITH TRENTON AND BRENT

Sitting at the counter, coffee cups in front of them. Both men have photographs of their families out.

That there's my little girl. Annabel. She would have been six next week. Got a boy, went off to college. Raised them kids right, their mother leavin' and all.

He hands Trenton the photograph, Trenton studies it, hands it back.

TRENTON

(English accent) Beautiful girl.

BRENT

Light of my life. Both of 'em were. Don't suppose I'll be seeing them again.

Trenton slides a photograph of his wife and baby boy across the counter.

TRENTON

That's Sandra and Brandon. We met while I was still in England. We got married six months later and we moved to the States. She was six months pregnant when this started. She wanted another boy, but I wanted a girl.

Brent hands the photograph back to Trenton. Trenton looks at it, staring at his smiling wife holding up their son.

Brent can see the pain in Trenton's eye, knows what he's going through. He puts a hand on Trenton's shoulder. The two men share a look between them.

WITH KATHERINE, PAUL, AND NANCY

Paul and Nancy sit side by side, a pile of tissues on the table in front of them. Katherine sits on the other side.

PAUL We were going cross country for our honeymoon. Everyone we knew went on cruises or to other countries, we wanted to do something different, so we rented that motorhome and set out the day we got married.

He plays with a half-eaten salad on his plate.

The radio started giving reports about the outbreak, so we decided that we'd stop at the nearest town we could find, but when we got there the place was completely overrun with those things. We just kept driving and driving.

PAUL

Paul stares at the salad.

NANCY

(quietly) They were everywhere. There was a little boy that was running from them and he ran right out in front of us. We couldn't stop.

Her voice trails off, eyes vacant, then--

NANCY

And then those things started eating...

She starts to cry again.

Katherine reaches over and takes the distraught woman's hand.

WITH ALEX, CLAIRE, AND REBECCA

Playing a board game. Rebecca rolls the dice, comes up with an eight. She moves her piece about twelve spaces.

ALEX

Hey, you cheater.

REBECCA

I'm not a cheater. See.

Rebecca takes the dice and turns them so that both dice come up six.

ALEX You can't do that.

REBECCA

Yes I can.

ALEX

No you can't.

REBECCA

Yes I can. I make the rules.

Alex looks at Claire.

ALEX

Help me out here.

CLAIRE

I'm on her side.

ALEX

What is this? The 'I hate Alex Fan Club.'?

Claire and Rebecca look at each other, an evil gleam in their eyes.

CLAIRE

(to Rebecca) Ticklebug?

Rebecca nods vigorously.

ALEX

No...no..no.

He holds up his hands to defend himself and the girls jump at him, start tickling him.

All three of them laugh.

Loomis watches them, chuckles ever so slightly.

WILEY,

standing at the window, hand on the grip of his gun, takes a step back.

WILEY

Alex, come here.

The girls stop tickling Alex and he climbs away, moves over to Wiley.

ALEX

Yeah?

WILEY

Take a look.

Alex looks out the window, then--

ALEX

Claire. (turns to her) Get Rebecca out of here.

CLAIRE

Why?

ALEX

Just do it.

Claire grabs Rebecca's hand and leads her to the back just as--

THE WINDOW SHATTERS!! The boards hit the ground. Zombie arms reach inside.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Five zombies are reaching in through the broken window, moaning and snarling.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Wiley brings up his gun, fires off a few rounds. One of the zombies lurches back, lunges at the window, jaws snapping.

Another zombie grabs Alex's arm in a tight grip, pulls him towards the window.

Everyone races over to help.

The other zombies now grab for Alex, too. One of the creatures jerks on his arm, sliding it across a jagged piece of broken glass.

LOOMIS

Get him out of there!

Paul and Trenton grab Alex and pull, trying to free him from the grip of the creatures. They tug harder. The grip on Alex's arm relaxes and he topples to the floor, blood pouring from his arm.

Loomis and Randy raise their guns, open fire.

A FEMALE ZOMBIE

snarls right before her head explodes.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

A bullet rips through the head of another zombie. It falls dead.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Randy, Loomis, and Wiley keep firing as Trenton and Paul pull Alex away from the window.

The three remaining zombies are killed. Wiley and Loomis grab a table and hold it up to the window. Randy grabs the hammer and nails from the counter and starts securing the window.

Trenton inspects Alex's arm. A long, jagged cut runs the length of his arm, blood pouring out.

TRENTON

Brent, grab me a towel.

Brent rushes behind the counter and grabs a towel, hands it to Trenton, who places it on Alex's wound.

TRENTON I need to close the wound. (to Paul) Press down on this.

Paul presses both hands down on the towel. Blood is already starting to soak through and drip onto the floor.

RANDY

Pounds in the last of the nails, steps back.

RANDY That's as good as it's gonna get.

Loomis looks at Wiley.

LOOMIS

Nice shootin'.

WILEY

Thanks.

Loomis nods, goes over to Alex.

LOOMIS

You okay?

ALEX Oh, yeah, never been better.

Randy pulls out a joint, offers it to Alex.

RANDY Want a hit? Might help.

ALEX

No thanks.

Trenton walks over to Katherine.

TRENTON

That cut severed the artery. I need a first-aid kit, needle, thread, and alcohol. If I don't stop the bleeding he could die, he's already lost a lot of blood.

KATHERINE I'll see what I can find.

Katherine rushes off to the back.

Trenton goes back over to Alex, lifts up the towel just enough to get his lab coat sprayed with blood.

> RANDY Well, that was gross.

He lights up the joint, takes a large hit off it.

RANDY

Anyone else?

Katherine comes out of the back room carrying a first-aid kit and a bottle of Jack Daniels. Claire and Rebecca follow her.

KATHERINE This is all I could find. (holds up alcohol) Will this work?

Trenton looks at the bottle a moment.

TRENTON

That's fine.

Trenton opens up the first-aid kit, takes out a needle and thread, alcohol wipes, gauze pads, and bandages. He sets out everything neatly on the counter in front of him.

TRENTON Alex, I'm going to sew this up. I won't lie to you, it's going to hurt. Okay?

Alex can only nod, gritting his teeth.

TRENTON

Okay.

(beat) Brent, when I tell you, pour some alcohol onto the wound. Trenton is about to pull the towel from Alex's arm when--

ALEX

Wait...

He snatches the bottle from Brent and takes a long pull. He hands it back, takes a few deep breaths.

ALEX

Okay.

TRENTON

Ready?

ALEX

Do it.

Trenton pulls the towel off. Blood sprays.

TRENTON

Now, Brent.

Brent pours the alcohol onto Alex's arm. Alex lets out a scream.

ALEX

Ah, fuck!

He grits his teeth harder, squirming from the pain. Loomis grabs him, holds him still, gives him a wink telling Alex everything will be alright. Alex gives a slight smile.

Trenton goes to work sewing up Alex's arm. He concentrates hard, a professional at work.

ALEX (through deep breaths) So...you're...you're a doctor...right?

TRENTON (still working) That's right.

ALEX Please tell me you're a surgeon.

TRENTON Yes, I'm a surgeon.

Alex looks up at Loomis.

ALEX Got that going for me, I guess.

LOOMIS He'll be done in a minute, bro.

Trenton continues stitching the wound. After several moments he backs up, studies his work.

TRENTON We're done. Sorry about the pain, Alex.

ALEX

It's alright.

He takes the bottle from Brent once again, takes another pull, then another. Loomis jerks the bottle from his hand.

LOOMIS Need you on your feet, big guy.

ALEX

Right. (to Trenton) Thanks, doc.

TRENTON It's not a problem. That's why I'm here.

Brent hands Trenton the bandage, which the good doctor wraps around Alex's arm.

When he's finished, he pats Alex on the back, then goes about cleaning up. Katherine comes out with a bucket of water and a mop to clean up the blood that's pooled on the floor.

Loomis helps Alex up and takes him over to a booth. Alex sits down and Rebecca rushes over to him.

ALEX

Hey.

She climbs into his lap.

REBECCA

Are you okay?

ALEX Yeah, I'm okay. 60.

REBECCA

Good.

She gives him a hug. Claire watches this, can't help but to smile.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DUSK

The sun is just starting to set, casting a strange glow along the horizon. The zombies still have the diner surrounded, but now there's anywhere between 70 and 80 of the creatures.

INT. KAY'S DINER - DUSK

Guns are laid out upon the counter; Loomis's shotgun, Wiley's handgun, Randy's AK-47. Everyone is gathered round as the guys lay out their remaining ammo on the counter top.

> LOOMIS Six shells for the shotgun, one clip for Wiley's side-arm, half a clip left for Randy's AK. And we got twelve rounds left for the .357. We're in a bad way, we need more ammo.

RANDY I got plenty of ammo. There's just one problem.

WILEY

And that is?

RANDY Everything's in my car.

WILEY A lot of good it does us out there.

We don't have enough ammo to make it to the car.

LOOMIS So how do we get to the car without getting killed?

RANDY

Fire.

Everyone looks at him.

LOOMIS

What?

WILEY

How do you know?

RANDY

I've seen it. On my way through one of the cities I seen a lady trapped in a burning car, those things wouldn't go near it. They backed away like they were afraid.

WILEY

Then all we need to do is make some torches. There's still some of that Jack Daniels left, we can soak some towels in that.

PAUL You guys are crazy. You can't go out there, you'll get torn apart.

LOOMIS We don't have a choice.

Loomis disappears into the back room, returns a beat later with three brooms and a mop, breaks the ends off each one.

KATHERINE

Hey there, mister!

LOOMIS

I'll buy you new ones.

Nancy, Trenton, Claire, Alex, and Katherine go about making the torches as Loomis, Randy, and Wiley load their weapons.

When all is set Randy tosses his lighter to Alex.

Loomis, Randy, and Wiley move to the door, the others follow.

ALEX

I'm going with you.

LOOMIS

The hell you are. Not with that arm. Stay here and watch the door.

Alex nods, knows Loomis is right.

ALEX

All set?

Alex lights the torches, keeps one for himself. Loomis pushes the door open and--

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Loomis, Wiley, and Randy rush outside. They swing their torches, most of the zombies keep back, but a few are too close and catch fire. The burning zombies stumble around, then fall dead.

RANDY

Ha, motherfuckers!

LOOMIS Get to the car, asshole!

Randy races for his car, which is around the corner. Loomis and Wiley follow him, blasting at zombies with one hand, torching others with their other hand.

ALEX

stands just outside the front door, swinging his torch left and right, keeping the zombies back. With his bad arm he tries to reach for his gun which is tucked behind his back.

ALEX

Fuck! Claire!

Claire rushes over, grabs the torch. Alex grabs his gun, fires at a zombie, blows it's head apart.

WITH RANDY

He's almost to the car. A TALL ZOMBIE jumps out from the shadows and gives chase. Randy spins around and fires a blast one-handed from his AK-47. The zombie is hit, but not in the head.

Randy fires again until the clip runs dry.

RANDY

Shit!

He throws the useless gun to the ground.

Randy turns and runs, he's almost to the car. The zombie is almost to Randy. It's going to be close.

Loomis goes after the zombie chasing after Randy, Wiley stays back to hold off the zombies.

WILEY Better hurry the fuck up! I'm almost out!

A zombie lunges at Wiley, he fires. The creature's brain explodes out the back of it's head.

Randy reaches the car, throws open the door.

RANDY

Get in.

Randy and Loomis jump into the car and it starts up. Randy puts the car in reverse and slams into Tall Zombie, it's head smashing through the back window, a piece of glass sticking out of it's eye and poking out the back of it's head.

Wiley keeps firing at the zombie. It's an endless battle. He fires and fires and they keep on coming. He pulls the trigger again and CLICK! He's out of ammo.

Wiley holsters his gun and starts swinging the torch like a mad man. A zombie's arm catches fire, it stumbles into another zombie, lighting that one up.

Randy stops the car right in front of Wiley. Wiley pulls open the back door and jumps inside, the car backing up before Wiley has a chance to get the door shut.

The car continues in reverse running over four more zombies, crushing their skulls, before finally coming to a stop in front of the door.

Randy, Loomis, and Wiley jump out of the car. Alex takes careful aim to hit the zombies that are an immediate threat as Randy opens the trunk and starts unloading boxes and duffle bags. Loomis and Wiley also unload items from the trunk, handing them to everyone that has gathered by the door to help.

Randy grabs one more bag from the truck, moves inside.

RANDY That's the last of it.

Everyone retreats back into the diner.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex shuts and locks the door as everyone sets the boxes and bags wherever there is room.

RANDY

That was fun.

Wiley starts rummaging through one of the boxes, pulls out a heavy-duty assault rifle.

WILEY

Holy shit.

RANDY Told you I had guns.

Wiley pulls a hand grenade from the same box, looks at Randy quizzically.

RANDY Got a few of those, too. (beat) Gather 'round, boys and girls, and let's see what Randy Clause brought us.

He walks over to the boxes and bags and starts unpacking them.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Light creeps out through the boards over the window, casting eerie shadows to play across the parking lot. Fires from the burning zombies burn bright in the night.

A CHILD ZOMBIE shuffles too close to one of the burning corpses and stumbles over, tripping over the burning ghoul, catching it's own legs on fire.

Somewhere off in the distance we can hear the faint sounds of a HELICOPTER.

INT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Randy has laid out his arsenal on the counter. Everything from pistol and handguns, rifles and shotgun, sub-machine guns and assault rifles line the length of the counter. That doesn't include three boxes of grenades, dynamite, ammunition, and a flamethrower.

Everyone stares at the weapons in amazement.

PAUL What...what exactly do you do?

RANDY

Stuff.

BRENT What kind of stuff?

RANDY The illegal kind. Randy lights a cigarette.

WILEY What's in that bag over there?

Wiley indicated a sealed duffle bag sitting next to a table.

RANDY Just some other stuff. Beers mostly.

LOOMIS Don't mind if I do.

RANDY

It's not cold.

LOOMIS At this point I don't care.

Loomis goes over to the bag and opens it, takes out a beer and a plastic bag full of weed.

LOOMIS

And this?

RANDY

(beat) Medical condition.

LOOMIS

(chuckling)

Right.

He puts the bag of weed back in the duffle.

Alex lifts up a Tech-9 sub-machine gun, looks at Randy.

ALEX Is there anything you didn't bring?

RANDY I didn't have room for the rocket launcher.

Loomis sees something else in the duffle with the beers and weed, reaches in and takes out two walkie talkies.

LOOMIS Smart man. These'll come in handy.

KATHERINE We can't just leave these laying out like this. Let's take what we need, then put the rest away. Everyone except Claire, Nancy, and Katherine go about inspecting weapons. Rebecca reaches for an UZI, but Trenton stops her.

TRENTON

I don't think this is for you, young lady.

The guys grab whatever weapons they need...or want. The girls go about putting the rest of the arsenal back in the boxes and bags. Randy keeps three grenades and a few sticks of dynamite out.

BRENT

You really think you'll need those?

RANDY

Doesn't hurt to be too careful, man. Besides, have you seen how many of them there are out there right now. Not a pretty picture.

With guns in hand, ammo stuffed anywhere they can put it. These guys look like a small army which, in fact, they are now.

Alex lifts up the Tech-9, winces from the pain in his arm. Trenton moves over to him.

TRENTON

How's the arm, Alex?

ALEX

Hurts like hell, doc, but I'll be okay.

TRENTON

I wish there was something I could give you.

ALEX

It's okay, don't worry about it. Besides, I think it'd take a lot of Advil to numb the pain.

Alex and Trenton share a smile.

TRENTON If it keeps bothering you, let me know.

ALEX

Okay.

Alex takes a look out the window set in the door, sees the car backed up almost against it.

ALEX We need to move the car.

WILEY

What?

ALEX

With the car in the way it's going to be a bitch getting out of here if we have to.

PAUL

He's right. With the car right up against the door we'll have to move around it if we have to get out and that will slow us down and I don't think any of us want to be slowed down if we're going out there.

TRENTON What are you suggesting, Alex?

ALEX

I have an idea, but I don't think Randy's going to like it.

Randy looks at him, slapping a fresh magazine into one of two Berettas.

RANDY

What're you gonna do?

Alex grabs a stick of dynamite and Randy's lighter off one of the tables.

RANDY

Ah, hell no, man.

ALEX

Fire keeps them away. We get a nice fire going and they'll back away from the front door.

RANDY

But not my car, man. I've had that car since I started driving.

ALEX

Sorry, Randy, but desperate times call for desperate measures.

Paul, Trenton, Alex, and Loomis move over to the door.

LOOMIS

So what's the plan?

ALEX

Push the car as far away from the building as we can, throw this in there, and watch the fireworks.

PAUL

What if it doesn't work?

ALEX

With as much gasoline that Randy's
got in his trunk it'll work.
 (beat)
Wiley, you three cover the door,
make sure none of them get near it
or us. As soon as I light this
we'll make a mad dash back inside.

WILEY

Got it.

Wiley cocks his MP-5 sub-machine gun.

WILEY Always wanted to use one of these things.

ALEX Now's your chance, bud.

Alex shoves the stick of dynamite and the light in his front pocket, unlocks the door, puts his hand on the handle.

ALEX

Everyone ready?

Loomis nods in the affirmative.

Alex throws open the door and the four men rush outside.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Wiley, Randy, and Brent stand by the door firing at zombies with their weapons. Alex and the others start pushing the car, it doesn't move much at first, but then it gets moving.

All around us we can hear the MOANS and SNARLS of zombies and GUNFIRE.

Once the car is well enough away from the diner, Alex pulls out the dynamite and light.

ALEX

Keep them back!

Loomis, Paul, and Trenton open up on the advancing creatures giving Alex enough time to light the fuse.

Alex shoves the dynamite into the car's tailpipe, then spins and runs.

ALEX

Move!

They race back to the diner.

Everyone makes it back inside. The door slams shut.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks out the windows.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Several zombies have gathered around the car, searching for food.

THE FUSE

continues to burn. It reaches the end and--

A FIREBALL

reaches high into the sky as the car explodes. The zombies standing next to the car are blown apart, others are engulfed in flames.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone cheers except for Randy.

LOOMIS Where'd you learn to do something like that?

ALEX

Video games.

Loomis shakes his head.

LOOMIS Way too much time on your hands, bro.

Randy grabs a beer and takes a long pull.

RANDY I loved that car.

Everyone watches the burning wreckage from the windows. Randy takes another pull from his beer and we--

INT. KAY'S DINER - LATER

Some are gathered around the counter, others sitting at the tables eating supper. Alex sits on one of the stools, Rebecca asleep in his arms.

ALEX

I know some of us have already discussed this, but we need to figure out a way to get out of here. Every minute we're in here we stand a greater risk of never making it out alive.

RANDY

Why leave now? We got plenty of ammo, lots of guns, and Kathy's great cookin' to hold us up in her until help arrives.

LOOMIS If help does arrive.

NANCY Help will come. They have to.

LOOMIS

Don't be so sure. (beat)

The army is probably in full force right now trying to kill as many of those creatures as possible, while attempting to find and rescue any survivors they can find. If this shit's happening in the small towns, imagine what the big cities must be like about now. It's gonna take all they got just to plow through them.

TRENTON

I doubt they'd even bother coming to a small town like this.
WILEY

They wouldn't. They'd focus their attention on the major cities and consider the small town casualties to be collateral damage. So, as long as we're sitting here...

CLAIRE

(interrupting) ...we're sitting ducks.

WILEY

Exactly.

NANCY

How do we get out? There's a hundred of those things out there.

ALEX

Yeah, I know.

WILEY

Maybe we should consider the possibility that someone may have to go out there and distract those things so everyone else can get out.

Nobody says anything, they just look at Wiley. Some with shock, others with total disgust.

RANDY

Is that the type of shit they teach you in the academy?

LOOMIS

No way. If we go, we all go together. We're not letting anyone become food for them.

WILEY

Hey, it was just an idea. I don't like it anymore than the rest of you. But we have to face the facts, the more time we spend talking about it the more chance there is of those things breaking in again. They've already done it once, sooner or later they'll do it again. The next time they do it won't be just a few, it will be all of them and they're all going to come for us.

(MORE)

WILEY (CONT'D) Better one person than all of us. (to Alex) You know I'm right.

LOOMIS Well, then I vote you go.

WILEY Me? I'm not going. No way.

LOOMIS Okay. Any volunteers?

Everyone looks around at each other with nervousness. After a long, silent beat--

LOOMIS

Didn't think so. Well, that settles that issue. Good thought, though, Wiley. Keep up the outstanding work.

KATHERINE

Well, this is gettin' us nowhere, all this fightin'. Alex is right, we need to get out eventually. I'm starting to run out of food for us and, like Wiley said, the army won't come and find us here. We need to put our heads together and come up with a sensible plan for all of us to get out of here alive. Together.

Alex sits in silence, thinking. We can almost see the gears in his head turning.

ALEX

Paul.

PAUL

Yeah.

ALEX Where are the keys to the R.V.?

PAUL

In it. Why?

ALEX

I've got an idea. The R.V. is big enough to hold us all, it's going to be a little cramped, but I think we can all fit. If we can get to the R.V. we can use that to get the hell out of here.

CLAIRE

What are you thinking?

LOOMIS

We'd need to reinforce it for one thing.

RANDY

How do you expect to do that? Go outside with a welder and throw up some aluminum siding?

ALEX

Take it to my work.

RANDY

What?

ALEX

I build those things. If a few of us can get to the R.V., we can take it to the plant to build the fucker up.

BRENT

But that would leave the rest of us behind.

ALEX For a while. A few of us go, reinforce the R.V., come back for the others.

TRENTON Why reinforce it at all? Why not just take it as it is?

RANDY

Shit, with all those zombies out there, they'd tear it apart.

Everyone seems to shudder at that thought, but nobody says anything.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The zombies pound on the window glass, desperate to get the the living flesh inside. We can see Loomis peer outside.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

From the window Loomis turns to the others.

LOOMIS If we're going to do this, then we better do it. The fuckers are getting antsy.

ALEX

I say we go for it.

RANDY

Let me see if I got this straight. You want to run outside through an army of cannibalistic corpses, take his motorhome to your place of employment, reinforce it, then bring it back here?

ALEX

Yeah.

RANDY

Okay. Then where the fuck are we gonna go? Are we just gonna travel across the country until we're old and gray. I hate to break it to you, but those zombies are everywhere.

ALEX

We go to the city. It's big, the zombies are bound to be spread out and there's a greater chance of being rescued.

PAUL What are we going to do in the mean time? Barricade ourselves in the mall?

The pounding outside gets LOUDER.

LOOMIS We can debate that issue later.

KATHERINE

How do you intend to keep 'em back long enough to get to the R.V.?

Everyone is silent. It's a good question. Then--

RANDY

I have an idea. (beat) I'll need some jars, rags, and anything flammable.

LOOMIS

(realizing)
Molotov cocktails. I like where
this is going.

CLAIRE

What's that?

ALEX

Liquid grenade.

INT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT - LATER

About twenty molotov cocktails are set up on the counter. Claire, Katherine, and Nancy are carefully placing them inside a wooden crate as Randy and Alex screw the lids on two more.

CLAIRE

How exactly do these things work?

RANDY You just light the rag and toss 'em. The glass shatters and anything in the way goes up in flames.

Claire takes the last two cocktails and puts them in the crate.

RANDY

(to Alex) Now what, big guy? This your thing.

ALEX

Me, Loomis, and Randy will go for the R.V. The rest of you go up to the roof and when I give the signal start throwing the cocktails, that'll hopefully clear us a path. We're taking on of the radios and I'll signal you when we make it inside.

BRENT

Someone's going to have to stay down here and lock the door after you leave. Yeah, that's right. Any volunteers?

PAUL

I'll do it.

Nancy grabs Paul's arm.

NANCY

What?

PAUL I'll stay and lock the door.

NANCY Paul, you can't stay here with those things. What if they get inside?

PAUL Nancy, we're all in this together. You go on up to the roof with the others.

NANCY

No.

PAUL We're not going to argue about this.

NANCY What if something happens?

PAUL

Nothing is going to happen. I'll be fine. It's these guys we should be worrying about, they're the ones going out there.

NANCY Then I'm staying with you.

PAUL

(beat)

Fine.

ALEX

Settled then?

Paul nods.

ALEX Alright, I guess we better do this, then. Alex, Loomis, and Randy start grabbing weapons. Alex takes his .357, a box of ammo, and his baseball bat. Loomis grabs his sawed-off and extra shells. Randy grabs two .9mm handguns, extra magazines, and straps the flamethrower across his back.

Paul and Nancy stand off to the side, Paul grabbing a revolver and tucking it into his belt. Everyone else heads up to the roof except for Claire, who has Rebecca in her arms, and Wiley.

Alex hands one of the radios to Wiley.

WILEY Watch your ass out there.

Claire steps up to Alex, cradling Rebecca.

CLAIRE

Be careful.

ALEX We'll be back. (to Rebecca) I'll see you soon, okay?

REBECCA

Okay.

Claire backs up, tears in here eyes.

WILEY

Right then. (beat) We better get up there.

Claire can only nod. Wiley and Claire leave.

ALEX

Ready?

Loomis pumps a round into his shotgun.

LOOMIS

Let's do this.

RANDY Lock and load, big guy.

They stand by the door.

EXT. ROOF - KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Everyone stands on the roof, molotov cocktails in hand. Down below hundreds of zombies moan and snarl and pound.

> BRENT This is not going to be easy.

Katherine has Randy's lighter out, ready to start lighting the cocktails.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex presses the button on the radio.

ALEX Wiley, you there?

WILEY (over radio) Yeah, man.

ALEX

Do it.

WILEY

Roger.

Alex clips the radio to his belt.

EXT. ROOF - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Katherine lights a cocktail, hands it to Wiley. Wiley tosses the cocktail and we follow it as it falls to the ground and shatters, sending alcohol and flames everywhere. Some of the zombies by the front door scatter, other are caught on fire.

INT./EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Alex throws the door open and he steps outside.

SLOW MOTION

Alex, Loomis, and Randy step out into the night, zombies surrounding them. From above, the others throw down more cocktails

REAL TIME

Alex, Loomis, and Randy blast away at the zombies as they run for the R.V.

WITH PAUL AND NANCY

Paul has his revolver out, firing at zombies that are getting too close to the front door. Nancy stands back in shock, too terrified to move.

PAUL

Nancy, grab the fucking door!

BLAM! He fires again, nailing a zombie in the eye.

PAUL

Nancy!

Nancy comes out of her daze and races for the door. She grabs the handle and pulls the door closed, locking it.

ON THE ROOF

The group continues tossing cocktails at the zombies below.

ON THE GROUND

Alex, Loomis, and Randy continue their battle toward the R.V. A small group of zombies rush at Alex, he fires at them, three go down in bloody heaps, but the rest keep coming. Alex pulls the trigger again. CLICK! He's run out of ammo.

Alex tucks the .357 into the waistband of his jeans and pulls out his trusty baseball bat and starts swinging, still running for the R.V.

Randy fires at the zombies with both .9mms blazing. All around him zombies fall. He runs out of ammunition as well, tucks away the handguns, and unslings the flamethrower. He starts torching zombies, the R.V. getting ever closer.

Loomis blasts away with his sawed-off. One zombie's head is completely blown apart by a blast, another loses an arm, another loses both legs.

LEGLESS ZOMBIE starts crawling toward Loomis, SNARLING loudly over the noise the other zombies are making.

The zombie reaches up and grabs Loomis' ankle. Loomis looks down at the creature and lifts his leg, brings it down with full force, crushing the zombie's skull with his boot.

ON THE ROOF

There's only a few cocktails left, which are presently being thrown by Claire, Wiley, and Trenton.

It's a pretty impressive--and horrific--sight down below. Fires burning everywhere, hordes of the undead, and three living people. It's almost like something straight out of the depths of hell.

WITH PAUL AND NANCY

Zombies pound on the door. The glass in the door cracks. Another zombie slams a fist against the glass and it shatters, a few zombies rush in, some being trampled by others. Paul fires at the creatures.

PAUL

HELP ME!

Nancy stands motionless for a minute, then spins around and grabs an assault rifle from the counter. She holds it up and fires, the recoil nearly knocking her on her ass, but she stands tall and keeps firing along with her husband.

WITH ALEX, LOOMIS, AND RANDY

They've made it to the R.V. Alex pulls open the door and rushes inside and Loomis blasts at more zombies.

RANDY

Get inside!

Loomis moves into the R.V.

All of the zombies that were rushing towards our three heroes stop moving, SNARLING and MOANING. It's a stand-off.

RANDY How do you guys like your chicken? Cajun, regular, or extra-crispy? (beat, to himself) I prefer extra-crispy.

Randy lets loose with the flamethrower. Flames shoot at the zombies, which are instantly engulfed. They let out pitiful MOANS as Randy jumps into the R.V.

ON THE ROOF

A smile plays across Wiley's face.

WILEY They're in. They made it.

ALEX (over radio) Dwayne, come in. ALEX (over radio) Listen, we'll be back soon. Just hang tight and be ready.

WILEY How will we know you're coming?

ALEX (over radio) Trust me, you'll know.

The radio goes silent.

WILEY

(beat) Let's get back downstairs. We don't know what kind of trouble Paul and Nancy got into.

They start moving to the ladder leading back into the diner.

INT. R.V. - NIGHT

Alex is about to get behind the wheel when Randy stops him.

RANDY Mind if I drive, big guy?

ALEX

Not at all.

Randy gets behind the wheel and starts the R.V. up.

LOOMIS Let's get a move on.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

The R.V. pulls out of the lot, a few zombies chasing after it.

INT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

The group returns to the main floor, sees Paul boarding up the door with the last remaining tables and Nancy standing rigid with the assault rifle in hand.

Trenton and Brent move to help Paul.

Claire walks over to Nancy, takes the assault rifle from her, hands it to Wiley.

CLAIRE

You okay?

Nancy doesn't say anything for a long moment, then--

NANCY

That was fun.

She gives Claire a hug, shaking from fear or adrenaline, we can't tell which.

CLAIRE

You did great.

Nancy steps back, moves over to her husband.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Several small fires dot the ground. Corpses lie everywhere. It's a scene of pure hell.

INT. R.V. - NIGHT

Randy drives, staring intently at the road in front of him. Loomis and Alex keep an eye out for zombies.

> RANDY (to Alex) Where to, big guy?

ALEX

Just keep following this road till you come to the only building for five miles. That'll be it.

RANDY Sounds easy enough.

Alex plops down on one of the sofas, looks up at Loomis.

ALEX

In the three years that I've built these things, I never thought I'd be running over zombies in on of them.

LOOMIS

(loading shotgun) Too bad you aren't getting paid for it.

Alex chuckles, takes several deep breaths, relaxing himself.

The R.V. speeds down the road, running over a few zombies that get in the way.

INT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Wiley paces the length of the diner, a shotgun strapped over his shoulder, his hand resting on the grip of his holstered side-arm. The others are sitting at the counter; coffee mugs, soda cans, and various snack foods in front of them. Everyone is silent, the only thing we can hear is the sound of Wiley's boots hitting the tile floor.

> NANCY Jesus Christ, will you fucking stop that!

WILEY I'm just keeping an eye out for them.

NANCY They left fifteen minutes ago! I doubt their on their way back!

Nancy glares at Wiley. He keeps pacing. Nancy stands up, but Paul grabs her arm, stops her.

PAUL

Leave him be.

With a heavy sigh, Nancy sits back down.

NANCY

I don't like this whole going to the city thing. I mean, those things are everywhere here. The cities will be worse.

BRENT Can't be as bad as staying here.

PAUL

How far is the nearest city?

Katherine digs under the counter a moment, then takes out a map, unfolds it across the counter.

KATHERINE

Let's see here.

Her eyes scan the map, studying it.

KATHERINE Fifty, sixty miles at least.

Nancy laughs, everyone looks at her.

NANCY

This is fucking crazy. I can't believe we're even discussing this. You want to drive fifty or sixty miles through that?

She points towards the window.

TRENTON

We don't have any other option.

NANCY Fuck options! Let's stay here until help comes.

CLAIRE

Help may never come.

NANCY

Well thank you, Miss Optimist. It's nice to see that you've kept such high spirits through all of this.

Claire gets right in Nancy's face, their noses an inch apart.

CLAIRE

Shut the fuck up. You haven't done a god damn thing since you got here, so you're going to listen to what the rest of us have to say like the good little bitch you are or I swear to god I'll knock the shit out of you.

Wiley steps in between the two women, holding them back.

WILEY Claire, calm down. (to Nancy) You, sit down and shut up.

Both women look at him. He stands with his chest out, a figure of authority.

WILEY

We wait here until they get back, until then I don't want to see the two of you so much as look at each other, is that understood. Now sit down and shut up.

Claire and Nancy take their seats, not saying a word.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

A large bolt of lightning FLASHES across the sky, illuminating the otherwise dark parking lot.

A zombie shuffles into frame and we realize that it--was--Jerry, the guy that Alex was talking to in the beginning.

He emits a pitiful MOAN, then shuffles off toward the diner to join the other ghouls.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The R.V. speeds down the long stretch of road. Cars and trucks are in the ditches, bodies scattered all over.

We hear a burst of STATIC, then--

RADIO REPORTER (0.S.) ...do not attempt to leave your homes or places of employment...

Another burst of STATIC and--

INT. R.V. - NIGHT

Randy drives. Alex and Loomis have found seats and are presently reloading their weapons. They sit in silence, listening to the radio.

RADIO REPORTER Rescue stations have been set up across the country as the military and law enforcement officials continue efforts to rescue victims.

RANDY Shit's really hitting the fan.

LOOMIS It's going to get a hell of a lot worse before it gets any better.

RANDY That's cheerful.

LOOMIS

But it's true.

RANDY (to Alex) How much farther we got?

Alex gets up, walks to the front.

ALEX

Where are we?

RANDY Just passed a used car place.

ALEX About a mile up ahead on the right. It's pretty easy to see.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A zombie, crouched in the middle of the road eating the insides of someone, looks right at us as--

The R.V. smashes into the zombie, crushing it like a bug hitting a windshield.

EXT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Everything is dark and it would almost be quiet it weren't for the MOANS coming from the crowd of zombies shuffling around outside.

The R.V. pulls up to a locked security gate and stops.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Randy, Alex, and Loomis look out the windshield at the zombies.

LOOMIS This isn't going to be easy.

Alex nods, looks at Randy.

ALEX Ram the gate. Maybe some of them will take off.

RANDY

You got it.

Randy slams his foot down on the peddle and--

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. slams through the gate and into the crowd of zombies. Some of the creatures are flattened, most of them are not.

The zombies surround the R.V., fists pounding against it.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

The guys get their weapons ready. Even in here, the MOANS coming from the zombies is loud.

RANDY

Now what?

ALEX We need to get inside.

RANDY I figured that. How?

ALEX

(pointing outside) See those big roll-up doors? We need to go in through the fourth one down, that'll take us right to the paint booth.

LOOMIS

The paint booth?

ALEX

We get inside the paint booth and with the press of a button the doors close, nothing can get in or out. Safety precaution so paint fumes don't hit everyone else in the plant.

LOOMIS

I like it. (to Randy) Go.

Randy slams his foot down. Alex almost falls over, but Loomis grabs him and keeps him on his feet.

ALEX

Thanks.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. speeds through the lot, mowing down zombies that get in the way. The remaining zombies chase after it.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Randy turns the wheel so that he's lined up with the fourth roll-up door.

ALEX

Shit.

LOOMIS

What?

ALEX I never thought about the doors being locked.

Randy hears this, grips the steering wheel tight.

RANDY A locked door's never stopped me before.

ALEX What're you gonna--?

He doesn't get the words out because--

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. speeds for the door and PLOWS RIGHT THROUGH IT, crushing two zombies that are standing in the way.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Everything is dark. The R.V. moves down the empty paint line.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Randy smiles to himself.

RANDY So much for the locked door.

LOOMIS Nice plan, Randy, but I've got a question for you.

RANDY

What's that?

Loomis gestures towards the side mirror on Randy's side. Randy takes a look, sees the zombies rushing inside the plant. Alex sees this, too.

ALEX

Shit.

(beat) Paint booth now. End of the line. All this shit down on this end is touch up and decals.

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. continues forward, the zombies giving chase.

Finally we reach the end of the line and the R.V. enters the paint booth, which is large enough so that everyone can move around the R.V. without being too cramped.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Randy kills the engine and stands up. Alex and Loomis have their weapons ready.

ALEX Okay, you guys give me some cover while I get the doors closed.

INT. PAINT BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Around fifteen zombies have flooded into the paint booth. All of them are clawing at the R.V.

The R.V. door opens and Alex rushes out, blows apart the heads of two zombies standing right by the door. Loomis and Randy jump out behind him and start blasting away at the creatures.

Alex runs through the booth, shooting zombies when he needs to, until he reaches the panel with the buttons on it.

ALEX

Shit!

There's three buttons here, two green and one red. He stares at the panel, not sure which one to push.

A zombie shuffles up behind Alex and grabs him by the back of the neck. Alex spins around, with the zombie still holding him, and slams the creature up against the wall. The zombie relaxes its grip and snarls, baring its bloodstained teeth.

Alex holds the zombie against the wall and shoves the barrel of his gun underneath the creature's chin. He pulls the trigger and the zombie's brains splatter against the wall behind it.

Randy and Loomis are still fighting off the advancing zombies.

LOOMIS Get the fucking doors closed! We're running out of ammo!

Alex reacts to this and--

ALEX

Fuck it!

He slams his hand down on both green buttons and the lights come on and the doors start to close.

A few zombies manage to rush into the paint booth as the doors close, but they are quickly taken out by our three heroes.

One zombie doesn't quite make it inside before the doors shut. Upon a closer look at this zombie we realize that it is--was--Roland, Alex's boss before all of this started.

The creature's arm gets pinned between the two front doors and it's unable to move. It snarls at Randy, Loomis, and Alex as it tries to reach them and free itself.

Loomis raises his shotgun and is about to fire when--

ALEX

I'll do it.

Loomis lowers his shotgun. Alex steps up and raises the .357. Alex and the zombie lock eyes for a moment. We might almost see a bit of recognition in the zombie's eyes because it stops moving and just stares at Alex. It slowly raises a decayed hand and lets out a moan that we might almost think is pleading.

Alex looks at the zombie for a moment longer, then pulls the trigger. The creature is hit in the eye and it goes limp, dead.

Loomis turns to Alex, who is reloading his gun.

LOOMIS

Knew him?

ALEX

It was my boss.

LOOMIS Nothing shows how much you like your boss like a bullet to the head.

ALEX Actually, I did like him. He was a pretty cool guy.

Without another word, Alex grabs Boss-Zombie's arm and gives a hard tug, pulling the creature from the door.

ALEX (to dead zombie) See ya, little buddy.

He looks down at the body for a moment, then--

ALEX

Let's get to work.

He moves off and inside the R.V. Randy and Loomis glance at each other, then follow Alex into the motorhome.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Alex sits at the very small table that serves at the dining table. He's staring blankly at the wall, lost in though.

LOOMIS What're you thinking about?

ALEX

How we're going to do this.

RANDY

Well, I do have one question that maybe we should have thought about earlier.

Alex and Loomis look at him.

RANDY How are we going to get the shit we need?

ALEX We'll have to fight for it, thanks to you.

RANDY

Hey, it's not my fault. We needed to get inside and I got us inside.

ALEX How much ammo do we have?

LOOMIS

I've got another three rounds for the shotgun, plus whatever's left in it.

RANDY

One magazine left. Flamethrower is dry.

ALEX I got nothing but the bat.

RANDY

Could be worse, could have nothing at all. But look at the bright side, we're in a factory. There's plenty of stuff around here we can use if it comes down to it.

ALEX

Okay, we're going to need sheet metal and a welding torch, other than that, I guess pretty much whatever we think we can use.

Alex stands up and grabs his bat.

ALEX

Let's do this.

The trio leaves the R.V., weapons at the ready.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The emergency lights are the only thing lighting the factory floor. Bodies are scattered here and there. A few zombies shuffle about.

Loomis steps out from behind a large stack of crates and pallets. He sweeps his shotgun across the area, ready to shoot anything that moves. He takes a few quiet steps forward, the zombies don't see or hear him. He gives a signal and Alex and Randy step out behind him.

> LOOMIS (quietly; to Alex) Where to?

Take a left at the next area, that will lead us to the portable welders.

RANDY How are we going to get the sheet metal back to the booth?

ALEX

Fork lift.

RANDY

What?

ALEX

Fork lift.

RANDY

Can you handle one of them? They're pretty tricky.

ALEX

I guess I don't have a choice, do I? Okay, I'll run and get one, you guys head for the welders. I'll meet up with you in a few minutes.

LOOMIS

Whoa, wait a minute. You can't run a fork lift?

ALEX

No.

LOOMIS Can you weld?

ALEX

Nope.

LOOMIS

Oh. (beat) What exactly did you do here?

ALEX I laid floor tile.

LOOMIS

Floor tile?

ALEX Yeah. It's fun.

LOOMIS Yeah, that'll come in handy.

Both Loomis and Randy look at Alex, shaking there heads ever so slightly.

ALEX

What?

LOOMIS Nothing. Maybe Randy should get the fork lift.

Alex can see that neither men are giving him their full confidence.

ALEX Look, I may be an idiot when it comes to some things, but...

LOOMIS Never said you were an idiot, bro. Just took us by surprise is all.

ALEX Yeah, well, sorry to disappoint you. See you in a bit.

Alex takes off down a corridor on his right.

Loomis and Randy watch him for a beat.

RANDY That could have been better.

LOOMIS

Let's go.

Loomis and Randy head off for the welding equipment.

INT. FACTORY - WITH ALEX - NIGHT

He makes his way quietly down the dark and silent corridor. There are a few bodies scattered about, but no sign of any zombies. He keeps heading forward, then stops, hears something hit the ground up ahead. He strains his eyes to see, but the darkness is just to great.

He takes quiet, careful steps. The baseball bat is gripped tightly in his hand.

He hears the sound again, closer than before. It sounds like something wet being ripped apart.

Alex continues forward, stops when he sees a figure kneeling down on the ground. The wet, ripping sound loud now.

He takes a step, accidentally kicking an empty paint can, which goes clattering across the floor, and hits the figure in the leg.

The figure slowly looks up, something clutched in its hand. It looks over its shoulder and we find ourselves looking at a horribly decayed zombie. Half of its face has been ripped off, its right eyeball missing.

The zombie stands and now we see what it is holding...the severed head of a man, the top of his skull and most of his face gone.

Alex retches at the sight, almost throwing up, but he doesn't. Instead he raises the bat and swings like Sammy Sosa just as the zombie lunges at him.

The bat connects with the zombie's head, cracking it open. The creature falls to the floor in a heap. Alex jumps at the dead zombie and continues beating it with the bat.

Blood splatters across Alex's face and shirt, making him look like a demented serial killer.

Finally, after what seems like forever, Alex stops beating the corpse. He stands, a deranged look on his face, and spits on the corpse.

ALEX

Fuck you.

He walks away, the bat dripping blood.

INT. FACTORY - WITH LOOMIS AND RANDY - NIGHT

The two men walk through an empty path, guns at the ready. Randy looks around nervously, Loomis looks calm and collected. Loomis stops suddenly, Randy bumping into him.

Without saying a word, Loomis points up ahead. Randy looks, sees two zombies fighting crouched over the remains of a corpse. Both creatures rip out huge chunks of flesh with their teeth.

Loomis signals to Randy and together the two men slowly approach the zombies. When they are within just a few feet they fire at the creatures, killing them. But the shots have attracted the attention of three more zombies that were hiding in the shadows.

LOOMIS Make your shots count.

RANDY Don't need to tell me.

Loomis and Randy open fire, taking out the zombies that are closest to them.

INT. FACTORY - WITH ALEX - NIGHT

Alex hears the gunfire, starts running down the corridor.

ALEX

Hang on, guys.

Alex rounds a corner and sees a fork lift parked in the middle of the isle. He runs over to it, sees that the keys are still in it.

ALEX

Thank god for small favors.

He hops into the fork lift and starts it up. He looks over the controls for a moment.

> ALEX Fuck it, just drive.

He backs up, crushing a zombie he didn't even know was behind him, and speeds off down the corridor back to Loomis and Randy.

INT. FACTORY - WITH LOOMIS AND RANDY - NIGHT

Both men have run out of ammo now. Randy is fighting off zombies with a large crowbar while Loomis uses his shotgun as a make-shift club.

More zombies keep appearing. For every one that falls dead, two more appear to take its place.

RANDY Magic eight ball says outlook not good.

LOOMIS Fuck the magic eight ball!

The zombies move ever closer. Randy swings the crowbar, connects with a zombie's head, cracking it open.

RANDY We're not going to last much longer!

Two mortal men against fifteen zombies...things are not looking good for Randy and Loomis, then--

A HORN BLASTS and Alex comes tearing down the corridor on the fork lift, running over zombies left and right, several plates of sheet metal on the fork.

The zombies spin around and see Alex coming right for them. There doesn't seem to be any sign of him slowing down either.

Alex throws a lever on the control panel in front of him and the forks begin to raise. He presses the moves the lever again when the forks are about neck high, perfect for what he has planned.

The zombies rush at Alex, but he keeps on coming, determination on his face. Alex and the ghouls get closer to each other and finally--

Several zombies are decapitated by the sheets of metal resting on the forks, some of the heads go rolling off into the darkness, others are crushed beneath the vehicles tires.

Alex slams on the brakes and comes to a sudden stop.

ALEX

Grab the welder and climb aboard!

Loomis grabs hold of the welder as Randy fights off the few zombies that managed to survive Alex's insane driving and sets it atop the stack of sheet metal. Loomis then grabs onto one side of the fork lift, making sure his feet are off the ground.

ALEX

Randy, come on!

Randy makes for the fork lift and grabs on, also making sure his feet are off the ground.

ALEX

Hold on, guys!

RANDY I thought you said you couldn't drive one of these!

Alex shoots a quick and angry look at Loomis, then--

ALEX I'm a quick learner! Alex guns it and tears off down the corridor, a few zombies chasing after them.

INT. KAY'S DINER - NIGHT

Everyone is loading the weapons they aren't using back into the boxes and duffle bags and stacking them by the back door.

Katherine emerges from the back room carrying an old radio, one that looks like it hasn't worked for months...maybe years.

> KATHERINE It's been back there a long time. Don't know if it'll work, but we'll give it a try.

Katherine plugs the radio in and starts playing with the dials. There's nothing but STATIC at first, then the jumbled sound of VOICES mixed in with the static. Katherine turns the dials a few more times, then--

RADIO BROADCASTER What can you tell us about these creatures, Dr. Craven? Are these things alive or dead?

SCIENTIST They are very much dead, Mr. Johnson.

RADIO BROADCASTER What exactly do they want?

SCIENTIST We believe they kill for one reason and that is for food. Everyone they kill gets up and kills.

RADIO BROADCASTER If you can tell us, Doctor, how did this virus start and how does it spread?

SCIENTIST

For the first question, we don't know. As for the second question, we believe that the bite from the creatures is what is causing others to become infected. We believe that is how the virus spread so fast.

RADIO BROADCASTER What are you saying, Doctor?

SCIENTIST

I'm saying that if you are bitten you will become infected and die and come back as one of them. Once you are bitten there is no hope.

RADIO BROADCASTER Thank you, Doctor. That was Doctor Craven from the Center for Disease Control.

(beat) If you are just tuning in we have received word the the military and law enforcement officials have set up rescue and medical stations through-out the country. If you are injured it is imperative that you find one of the rescue stations as soon as possible.

The group listens to the radio with their full attention.

RADIO BROADCASTER The military is encouraging civilians to seek shelter immediately if they have not already done so and to arm themselves with whatever weapons they can find. We have been told that these creatures can be killed by destroying the brain

Wiley shakes his head.

WILEY Tell us something we don't know.

RADIO BROADCASTER Just one moment...okay, thank you. Ladies and gentlemen, we have just received word that we will be going off the air at midnight and that the emergency networks will be taking over.

Suddenly we hear GUNFIRE in the background followed by--

RADIO BROADCASTER Oh my god, they're here.

More gunfire, followed by SCREAMING, then nothing but the sounds of SNARLING.

Katherine quickly shuts the radio off. Everyone sits in silence for a moment, then--

WILEY Things just seem to be going from bad to worse.

Rebecca, sitting next to Claire, stifles a big yawn.

CLAIRE

Tired?

Rebecca can only nod because she's yawning again.

CLAIRE

Come on.

She stands up, scoops Rebecca into her arms.

CLAIRE Let's find a place to lie down.

Claire carries Rebecca to the kitchen and disappears through the door.

INT. KITCHEN - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

A make-shift bed has been laid out on the floor. It's not much, a few blankets and pillows, but it serves its purpose.

Claire sets Rebecca down, covers her up.

CLAIRE

You okay?

REBECCA Are we going to be okay? I mean, are we going to still be alive?

CLAIRE We're going to be fine.

REBECCA What if Alex doesn't come back?

CLAIRE He'll come back. He made a promise. Try and get some sleep, okay.

REBECCA

Okay.

Suddenly, Rebecca throws her arms around Claire in a big hug, holding on tight. After a moment, she lets go and lays down.

REBECCA

I'm glad you're here.

Claire gives Rebecca a smile and kisses her forehead like mothers do with their small children.

CLAIRE

Get some sleep.

Rebecca closes her eyes. Claire watches the girl for a moment, then turns to leave and almost runs into Nancy, who is watching from the doorway.

The two women look at each other for a moment, not saying a word, then--

NANCY

Claire, I'm...I'm sorry about before. I shouldn't have said those things. I guess I'm just scared.

CLAIRE

It's okay. Forget about it.

Claire and Nancy continue looking at each other, then tiny smiles play across their faces.

Heavy ROCK MUSIC starts as Claire and Nancy walk out of the kitchen and we--

CLOSE ON - A WELDING TORCH

being lit, the welding flame white hot and bright.

PULL BACK to REVEAL --

INT. PAINT BOOTH - FACTORY - MONTAGE - NIGHT

Alex, Randy, and Loomis are busy reinforcing the R.V. Loomis and Alex are holding up a sheet of metal against the side of the R.V. while Randy welds it on...Alex at the front of the R.V. welding metal spikes to the front...Loomis cutting a hole in the roof of the vehicle...Randy spray painting flames on the sides of the R.V...Loomis testing the access hatch he's made in the roof...Alex gently touching the tips of the metal spikes up front...

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Dozens of zombies are gathered at the doors of the paint booth, pounding on them with all of their strength.

Loomis opens and closes the access hatch in the roof several times, testing it. Satisfied with his work, he seals it shut and climbs down to the floor where Randy is getting ready to go inside the R.V.

Alex, Randy, and Loomis stand back and admire their work. We don't get to see the finished product yet.

ALEX That's impressive.

LOOMIS

Most impressive.

RANDY I like it. It's very Road Warrior-ish.

ALEX What time is it?

Randy takes a gold pocket watch from his pocket, looks at the time.

RANDY Four-thirty. Sun'll be up in about an hour.

LOOMIS We better get moving.

ALEX

As soon as I open the doors those things are going come flooding in here so you better be ready to pull my ass inside.

LOOMIS I got your back, bro.

ALEX

Just be ready. (to Randy) Start her up.

Randy disappears inside the R.V.

Alex walks over to the controls for the doors. He takes a long, deep breath and lets it out slowly, then slams his hand down on the controls.

The doors open and the zombies rush in.

Alex runs for the door of the R.V., Loomis waiting just inside. Alex reaches the door and Loomis grabs his arms, starts pulling him inside. A zombie grabs onto Alex's foot and attempts to bite him, but Alex kicks the creature in the face, knocking it back.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Loomis gives a final tug and pulls Alex into the R.V. He gets the door shut, breathing deeply.

LOOMIS

Drive!

Randy puts the R.V. in gear and--

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. flies out of the paint booth and crushes many of the zombies that are in the way.

It speeds down the zombie infested isle, the creatures not crushed beneath it giving chase.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. speeds out of the factory and front lot and out onto the highway, headed back to the diner. The zombies giving chase can't keep up with the speeding vehicle and are soon lost on the horizon.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Randy slams a hand on the steering wheel.

RANDY Stupid fuckers! Yeah!

Alex breaths a sigh of relief, glances at Loomis, who is lighting a cigar.

ALEX

That was easy.

LOOMIS

Cake.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. speeds down the road back towards the diner.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

The sun is just beginning to rise now. If it weren't for the walking dead it would be a beautiful sight. But this beautiful sight is shattered as a BOLT of LIGHTNING flashes across the sky.

The zombies in the lot shuffle about, careful to stay away from the several small fires still burning.

One zombie is pelted in the forehead by a drop of rain. It slowly raises its decayed face to the sky as more rain drops fall.

After a moment it is a complete and total downpour.

The torrent of rain hits the small fires, sending small clouds of steam billowing up into the air.

One fire goes out, then another and another and another.

Something tells us that this can't be good.

Another bolt of lightning streaks through the sky and hits the diner's generator. Sparks fly and--

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

The lights go out. Everyone reacts.

WILEY

Son of a bitch.

Wiley is looking out the window, hand on his gun.

He sees more fires being put out by the rain.

WILEY Claire, take Rebecca to the back.

Wiley unhooks his flashlight from his belt, hands it to Claire.

CLAIRE Why? What's going on?

WILEY

Just do it. Now.

He gives her a hard, stern look. But there's something else in his eyes. Panic.

Go.

Claire sees the panic in Wiley's eyes and nods, disappearing into the kitchen. She emerges a few seconds later with Rebecca in her arms.

WILEY Stay in there no matter what happens. Stay in there and keep the door locked and don't make a sound. Now go.

Claire, still carrying Rebecca, rushes into the back room and slams the door closed. We hear it lock from the inside.

The others join Wiley at the window.

PAUL What's going on?

He peeks out the window.

With most of the fires out, the zombies are moving closer to the diner.

Paul backs away from the window and immediately grabs his revolver from the counter.

WILEY Everyone get ready!

Everyone grabs their weapons.

INT. BACK ROOM - KAY'S DINER - DAWN

Claire and Rebecca are huddled in one corner of the diner. Stacked by the door are the boxes and duffle bags full of guns and ammunition. Other boxes marked 'Food' sit beside them.

Rebecca is whimpering, scared to death. Claire puts her arms around the girl, trying to comfort her. But we can see the fear behind Claire's eyes.

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

Everyone braces themselves for the attack they know is coming.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

The zombies have the diner completely surrounded now. There has to be at least a hundred of the creatures, with more shuffling into the parking lot from every direction.

The zombies reach the diner and start pounding on the windows with their fists, some of them are even holding severed arms in their hands, using them as bludgeoning tools.

Welcome to Hell.

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

The pounding on the windows is so loud now that we can hardly hear anything else.

WILEY No matter what happens, just keep fighting. Alex and the others will be here soon.

Nancy glances at Paul, a shotgun in her hands. She's lost hope, we can tell by the look on her face.

CRASH! A window behind them shatters, the arms of several zombies reaching in through the boards. Trenton and Brent rush forward to hold the boards up.

Another window breaks, more zombies reach in. Katherine and Nancy rush to that window.

Wiley and Paul start firing, even as more windows continue to shatter.

INT. BACK ROOM - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Even in here the gunfire is LOUD. Claire has Rebecca cradled in her arms.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

A zombie has grabbed hold of Brent's arm, fingernails digging into his skin. The zombie's head pops in through the window and snaps its jaws at Brent.

Teeth sink into Brent's flesh and the zombie pulls away a large chunk.

Brent screams in pain and fear and anger. Trenton pulls him away, Brent clutching his bleeding arm.

Gunfire erupts on all sides now. Everyone is firing their guns. Several zombies are hit, but none of them are hit in the head. The creatures stagger away from the windows, only to be replaced by more of them.

> WILEY Come on, Alex, hurry the fuck up.

BLAM! He fires off a round, nailing a zombie in the head. It falls back out of the window.
EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Zombies are pounding on the front door now. It won't hold for long.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is fighting off the zombies with everything they have. Wiley ejects the spent magazine from his gun and slaps in a fresh one, continues to fire.

Paul fires at the zombies, nailing two in the head. They fall back, but are quickly replaced by four.

Nancy blasts away with her shotgun, hitting several zombies with each blasts, but none of them are destroyed.

Trenton fires his rifles, hitting a few zombies.

Brent, one arm bleeding, holds a sub-machine gun in the other. He's firing like a madman. We can already see the infection taking him over. He's sweating like someone does on a hot summer day.

Zombies are starting to crawl through the windows and into the diner. A few at first, but then more and more crawl inside.

The group backs up toward the door to the back room, still firing at the zombies.

Everything seems lost, then--

ALEX (over radio) Wiley, come in. Do you read me?

Everyone keeps firing as Wiley reaches for the radio hooked to his belt. He grabs it, holds it up.

WILEY

Alex.

ALEX (over radio) We're almost there. Is everyone okay?

WILEY Shut up, Alex. They've made it inside. I don't know how much longer we have. ALEX (over radio) Okay, just sit tight. We'll be there soon.

With that the radio goes silent. Wiley hooks the radio back onto his belt and resumes firing at the zombies.

INT. R.V. - DAWN

Alex sets the radio down, looks at Randy.

ALEX Drive faster.

RANDY What's the news?

ALEX

Bad.

Alex goes to the back of the R.V. and grabs a large can of gasoline, shoves a dishrag into the nozzle.

LOOMIS What are you going to do?

ALEX

Whatever I can. (beat) They made it inside the diner. I don't know how much longer they've got.

Loomis nods, glares at Randy.

LOOMIS Speed it the fuck up.

RANDY I'm going as fast as I can.

LOOMIS Well go faster, god damn it!

Alex sets a small step-stool up just underneath the access hatch. Loomis sees this, knows what Alex has in mind. Takes out his lighter.

The two men look at each other. Both of them on the same wavelength.

INT. KAY'S DINER - DAWN

Zombies keep coming in. The group is cornered, but still fighting. Trenton has a hold of Brent, who is starting to show the first signs of infection now. He's coughing like mad. Sweat drips off him in buckets.

TRENTON

Just hang in there.

Everywhere they look they can only see zombies.

Wiley starts pounding on the door to the back room.

WILEY

Claire! Open the door!

We hear the door unlock and it swings open. Wiley and the others rush inside just as the front door breaks down, dozens of zombies running in.

Wiley manages to get the back room door closed just as the zombies reach it.

INT. BACK ROOM - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone reloads their weapons as zombies pound on the door from the other side. The door isn't going to hold for long.

Trenton helps Brent sit down on a crate and starts examining the still bleeding wound.

TRENTON Just hang on. You'll be okay.

BRENT

Bullshit. You heard what they said. I'm infected and you know there ain't nothing you can do to stop it.

Trenton nods, knows Brent is right.

BRENT But I ain't out yet. I still got some fight left in me.

Brent coughs, spits up a bit of blood.

BRENT Guess I will be seeing my kids again, won't I?

Trenton doesn't say anything.

BRENT It's okay, man. You can say it.

TRENTON

(beat) Yeah. Yeah, you'll see your kids again.

The two men share a look.

TRENTON Do something for me.

BRENT

What's that?

TRENTON

If you see my wife and son on the other side tell them that I love them.

Brent smiles weakly, he's getting worse by the second.

BRENT

I'll do that.

The two men continue looking at each other. A bond between them. Brent gives another weak smile and grasps Trenton's hand.

BRENT

You watch your ass.

TRENTON

I will.

Brent coughs again, spits up more blood. Trenton takes off his tie and ties it around Brent's wound to stop the bleeding.

> TRENTON I know this won't help, but it will stop the bleeding.

More blood drips from Brent's mouth. He's not going to make it much longer, we can see it.

Wiley moves over to Claire and Rebecca, still in the corner, but no longer huddled there.

WILEY

You alright?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

Wiley gives them a nod and moves over to guard the door.

Katherine walks over to the supplies, starts rummaging through one of the duffle bags. Claire watches her for a beat, then--

CLAIRE

What are you doing?

KATHERINE Something that needs to be done.

Katherine takes a grenade from the bag, stuffs it into the front pouch of her apron.

CLAIRE

Kay?

KATHERINE It's okay. I know what I'm doing. You should be ready for when the others get back.

Katherine moves off, gun in hand. Claire watches her, but can't say anything.

Wiley, Paul, and Nancy stand by the door leading into the diner.

ALEX (over radio) Dwayne, you there?

Wiley grabs his radio.

WILEY Yeah, I'm here. We're all locked in the back. Where are you?

ALEX

(over radio) Just a minute out. We'll pull around back. Just make sure everyone is ready to haul ass. We have to get everything onboard in a hurry, so make sure everyone is god damn ready.

WILEY

Got it. (beat) How will we know you're here?

ALEX (over radio) You'll know. See you in a minute. WILEY

Okay, everyone, they're almost here. Make sure you're all ready to make for the R.V. We're going to have to hurry with this, so we need to load the supplies up fast.

Claire and Rebecca move over to Katherine, who is standing by the door leading into the diner. Katherine holds the gun in one hand, fidgets with the grenade in her apron with the other.

CLAIRE

Kay, what are you doing?

KATHERINE

I've spent my whole life in this diner. My mom ran it before me, it's a part of me and I'm a part of it. I'm not going to let those things tear it apart while I run away from my life. If this place falls, I'm going with it.

CLAIRE Think about what you're saying, Kay.

KATHERINE I have, Claire. This has to be done.

(beat) Now you best get on the R.V. with the others and you take good care of Alex. He's going to need you before all of this is over.

Fighting her emotions, Claire gives Katherine a big hug.

KATHERINE You always were a special girl. Now you get ready for when they come back. You hear me?

Claire nods, it's all she can do.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The R.V. speeds down the road. Zombies are everywhere, but they pay no attention to the motorhome as the run and shuffle toward the diner. Through the front windshield Alex, Loomis, and Randy see the hordes of zombies surrounding the diner.

RANDY

Holy...

LOOMIS

Shit...

ALEX

My god.

Alex rushes to the step stool under the access hatch, climbs up, and pushes the hatch open.

Loomis hands him the can of gasoline and has his lighter out, ready to light the rather large homemade explosive.

LOOMIS

Ready?

ALEX

Give me a sec.

Alex steadies himself on the step stool, careful not to fall over.

ALEX

Okay. I'm set.

Loomis lights the rag hanging from the nozzle of the gas can.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. tears through the lot, crushing zombies that get in the way. Alex, half his body visible through the access hatch, holds the gas can above his head.

ALEX

Head for the back!

The R.V. continues through the lot. Zombies that are caught in the vehicle's path are thrown violently out of the way. It rounds the side of the building and around back.

With a yell, Alex throws the can with all of his strength.

The gas can flies through the air and lands on the ground, rolling to a stop amidst the sea of zombie that have converged on the back door.

A zombie looks down at the can just before--

INT. BACK ROOM - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone reacts to the explosion outside.

WILEY That would be Alex. Everyone get ready!

The group grabs all the supplies they can. Claire has Rebecca in her arms and a rather large duffle back slung over her shoulder. We can see the strain all this extra weight it putting on her.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. stops by the back door. Alex and the others rush out, their makeshift weapons in hand. The zombies that were caught in the explosion don't move and the fires are keeping most of the other zombies back.

Alex pounds on the back door and after a beat it opens, Wiley standing in the doorway.

> WILEY Glad you could join the party.

ALEX Everyone all set?

WILEY

Yeah.

ALEX

Let's move it.

Everyone starts rushing out of the diner and loading the supplies onto the R.V.

Claire walks out, straining under the weight she's carrying. She looks like she's about to fall over.

Alex rushes over to her.

ALEX

Let me take her.

Alex takes Rebecca and holds her tight, looks at her.

ALEX Told you I'd be back. Rebecca smiles and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

INSIDE THE DINER

Katherine stands guard by the door leading into the diner. She's looking outside at the others as they load the supplies, smiles when she sees Claire and Alex together.

OUTSIDE THE DINER

Everything has been loaded onto the R.V.

ALEX Everyone get in. This boat's taking off.

The group moves into the R.V.

Trenton is helping Brent walk, but Brent stumbles and falls, spits out a mouthful of blood.

BRENT Get going. I'm done. Just go.

He looks up at Trenton, his eyes are starting to change, he's becoming one of the undead now.

BRENT

GO!

Brent starts shaking violently, then slumps over dead. He lies motionless on the ground.

Trenton climbs into the R.V. and shuts the door.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Randy is once again behind the wheel. Everyone else gets settled down, finding a place to sit where they can. Alex falls onto the sofa, Rebecca still in his arms. Claire stands by one of the windows, looking out at the diner.

ALEX

(beat) Where's Kay?

CLAIRE She's not coming.

ALEX

What?

CLAIRE She's not coming. She's staying here. Alex jumps up and sets Rebecca down on the sofa, grabs his baseball bat, about to rush back outside. Claire grabs his arm.

CLAIRE

Don't.

They look at each other, tears forming in Claire's eyes. Alex puts his arms around her, looks over his shoulder at Randy.

ALEX

Drive.

Everyone is silent and Randy puts the R.V. in gear. They've all heard what Claire said.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

The R.V. pulls away from the building. Zombies are now rushing around to the back.

Brent jumps up, now a zombie, and rushes with his fellow zombies into the diner.

INT. BACK ROOM - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Katherine has her gun out, firing at the zombies pouring through the back door. Brent stands in the door way and Katherine fires, hitting Brent in the head. He falls over dead.

Katherine unlocks the door and moves back into the main area, zombies completely surrounding her. She fires at the ghouls as she makes her way to--

INT. KITCHEN - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Katherine enters and shuts the door. The zombies pound on it, already the door is starting to splinter.

KATHERINE The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Zombies continue pouring into the diner from every window.

KATHERINE (V.O.) He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still water. Even more zombies have surrounded the building. The R.V. moves through the sea of ghouls.

KATHERINE (V.O.) He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

INT. R.V. - CONTINUOUS

Everyone has found a place to sit. Nobody says anything. They look like they are all in a daze.

> KATHERINE (V.O.) Yeah, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for though art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Alex, Claire, and Rebecca sit on the sofa. Claire on one side, Rebecca on the other, Alex in the middle. Both Alex and Claire look defeated.

> KATHERINE (V.O.) Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

INT. KITCHEN - KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Katherine jerks the gas line out from the stove. We can hear the HISS of gas. Zombies continue pounding on the door, now barely in one piece.

> KATHERINE Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.

Katherine reaches into her apron and takes out the grenade just as the door busts open and the zombies rush in.

KATHERINE And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Katherine pulls the pin and drops the grenade as the zombies reach her.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

As the R.V. pulls out onto the highway we hear a single SCREAM and--

The diner and everything around it EXPLODES in a giant fireball that reaches high into the air. Zombies inside the building and around it are blown apart. The creatures that are farther away are merely blown off their feet.

INT. KAY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Everyone reacts to the explosion.

WILEY What the fuck was that?

Then he realizes that Katherine wasn't with them.

WILEY (quietly) Jesus, Kay.

He crosses himself and slumps down.

Loomis sits at the small dinner table.

LOOMIS

My kind of woman.

His eyes drop to the floor, lost in thought.

Alex has his arms around Rebecca and Claire. Tears pour from Claire's eyes and she buries her face in Alex's shoulder.

Trenton leans against a counter top, holding a picture of his wife and daughter in one hand, holding a picture of Brent and his family in the other.

Paul and Nancy sit slumped against the wall, arms around each other. Paul comforts Nancy as she cries.

EXT. KAY'S DINER - DAY

The fire continues to burn. A few zombies have managed to get back on their feet. The shuffle about aimlessly.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The R.V. travels the road.

ALEX (V.O.) A part of me thought that we were near the end, but there's another part of me that realizes that this isn't the end.

A BURNING ZOMBIE, both legs on fire, stumbles into frame as the R.V. disappears in the horizon.

ALEX (V.O.) This isn't the end at all. This is just the beginning.

Burning Zombie shuffles forward, followed by more and more zombies.

We PULL BACK to see dozens of zombies stumbling away from the smoldering ruins of the diner and we--

FADE OUT

THE END