

### ***Movie opens:***

A black grainy screen appears. The sound of a projector spins quickly to life, The celluloid cracks and crinkles quietly for several seconds displaying a slight silver and white slide show. A loud beep echoes as the vintage film countdown appears rolling across the screen.

### ***Super impose:***

5...

4...

3...

2...

1...

The screen turns bright white.

### **OS:**

Packs of dogs bark and the blast of hunting rifles go off in the distance. The very muffled whirl of a helicopter's rotors rip through the wind.

### ***A blurry picture comes into focus:***

An aerial view of a sprawling field can now be seen. Disheveled beings of all shapes and sizes dot the landscape. Behind them, a militia of everyday men are armed and hold back barking dogs on leashes.

### ***The aerial shot pans further back:***

Townsppeople drag carcasses to a large fire as news vans film the horrifying event. The camera pans up and out towards the rising sun.

### **VO soft, young, feminine: \_**

“Do not stand at my grave and weep;

I am not there, I do not sleep.

I am a thousand winds that blow.

I am a diamond glint on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain.

I am the gentle autumn rain.

When you awaken in the morning's hush

I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds  
in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and cry;

I am not there, I did not die.”

**Cut to-**

## **Ext. Rural country road: Morning.**

A pick up truck bounces down a gravel country road passing acres of wooded lots. It picks up speed and cuts a very tight turn, nearly lifting the passenger side tires off the ground and then fires its way uphill leaving a thick cloud of dust.

### ***Super impose: Title card-***

Night Of The Living Dead: Elegy

**Cut to-**

## **Int. Truck Cab: Morning.**

The driver, Frank Hardin 50 years old with a stern face, angrily shifts the clutch with one hand while steering with the other. He wears a freshly starched white dress shirt that has a napkin smear of his breakfast; eggs sunny side up. His inappropriate Christmas tie glides in the wind.

The passenger, Jenny Hardin 16 and pregnant, is his daughter. Her face fresh and youthful. Her eyes still burned with the ignorance of having a bright future. Her hair has a single braid flowing in the wind. Her flowery maternity dress gives her the appearance of a child of the 60's. Even though she barely remembers them. Her knuckles were turning white as she held a death grip on the side panel armrest.

## **Ext. Truck Bed: Morning.**

Nancy 17 and Linda Mae 20, Jenny's older siblings bounce and slide in the back of the well used truck bed. They fight to remain motionless so as to not dirty up their church clothing. They force their arms to lock tightly against the sides of the truck like vices to remain still against the unforgiving road they were on.

### **Linda Mae:**

“He's closer to you. Knock on the window and tell him to slow down!”

### **Nancy:**

“He couldn't hear us if we tried. It's not too far from here. Just hold on a while longer.”

**Linda Mae:**

“Who ever heard of racing to a funeral. Not like the kid's going anywhere.”

**Nancy:**

“Linda Mae!”

**Linda Mae:**

“What? Aren't you excited to be doing your Christian Duty once again?”

**Nancy:**

“You know damn well we have too, or else!”

**Linda Mae:**

“Or else what? The dead will rise again? Its been ten years since that happened.”

**Nancy:**

“Because people have been doing their duty when someone passes.”

**Linda Mae:**

“I highly doubt anywhere but this hick town still does this.”

### **Ext. Small Country Church's Parking lot.**

The lot is filled with all the cars, vans, and trucks from other farming families in their small town. Frank pulls into the entry way and meanders up and down the lot looking for a spot. Finally he eases into the mud field next to the lot and kills the engine. He bounces out of the truck and slams the door shut without even glancing at his family as he lightly jogs to the church's front door.

The two older sisters gingerly climb down from the bed and tip toe through the mud to help their very pregnant sister from the cab. The trio look up to see their father already shaking hands with the deacon at the door. Like ballerinas they softly leap from dry patch to dry patch, making their way onto the crumbling pavement.

Ahead, Frank pulls at the knot in his tie and walks in. The sound of the Church's organ can be heard outside, it's a solemn song of mourning. The girls briskly walk to the door as the deacon catches a glimpse of Jenny's belly, shaking his head in disapproval and rudely closing the door with out waiting for the trio.

**Linda Mae:**

(yelling)

“I’ll be happy to do my Christian duty at your funeral!”

**Jenny:**

“Linda Mae, Don't you dare make a scene. It's bad enough I have to go in like this. They're all gonna gossip about me.”

**Nancy:**

“You're gonna have to own up to it sooner or later. It'll be worse when the baby arrives.”

**Jenny:**

“No. I'm not having my baby grow up in this hillbilly town.”

(Rubbing her belly)

“My baby will never take part in this type of horror show.”

**Linda Mae:**

“Let me know how that works out for you. At least your guy didn't divorce you with a dear John letter from halfway around the world.”

**Nancy:**

“Shush! We're going in. Remember, we're a regular family.”

**Linda Mae:**

“HAH! Ol' pop the lush, Linda Mae the barely legal divorcee, Jenny the virgin mother, and Nancy. The Sister who'd rather chase skirts than suits. Real normal!”

**Nancy:**

“Just try to pretend we're a normal family. Please!”

**Jenny and Linda Mae:**

“Fine.”

The trio enter the foyer and see the place is packed. Jenny's insecurity gets to her and Linda Mae sees her sister's cheeks start to redden. She pokes her sister in the back and leans over to whisper in her ear.

**Linda Mae:**

“They're coming to get you!”

Jenny slams her heel down on Linda Mae's toes and she lets out a yelp. Nancy eyes them both and motions them to follow her over to where their father was standing. There was no more seating, and no one was interested in giving up their seat for a sinful young girl.

The casket is on the far side of the wall. It's balanced on saw horses that are draped with a white sheet and surrounded by flowers. Inside the open casket is the body of a little girl. The paleness of death on her face was covered obscenely with blush and lipstick much too dark to suite her age. Reverend Anderson stands by the deceased clutching a leather bound bible to his chest , awaiting the crowd to quiet down before beginning prayer.

A grief-stricken couple embrace each other in the front row. Whimpers of despair escape the wife's lips as the husband pulls his arm tighter around his wife. The reverend diverts his gaze from the grieving parents to the eight month pregnant belly of Jenny, a look of disgust temporarily fills his face as he sighs and opens his bible to the correct verse.

**Reverend Anderson:**

“Please, if you all will bow your heads in prayer we will begin.

(The Reverend clears his throat and adjusts his eye glasses)

“Please recite along with me, if you would”

(He pauses and checks to ensure every head is bowed and eyes closed)

“May the soul rest in peace. May the soul leave her body. As the Lord has said, may her earthly shell be as dust. May she never rise again. Lord, we cry on to you. Carry her soul to your kingdom and return that which remains back to the earth from which it was created.”

The reverend closes his bible. The congregation remains completely silent. The soft weeping from the parents can be heard all through the sanctuary. Reverend Anderson takes off his glasses and places them in his front pocket, he looks to the back of the worship hall and nods. The congregation all look over their shoulders at the back of the room.

A man not yet seen in the farthest corner of the room stands up and walks towards the casket. His suit perfectly pressed and free of any imperfections such as lint or dust. A leather butcher's apron is fastened tightly around his neck and waist. Out of his suit jacket, he pulls black, rubber surgical gloves; placing them on his hands as he quickly closes in on the little girl's casket.

Reverend Anderson reaches under the white cloth draping and pulls out a mallet and large roofing nail with a small cross etched into its aluminum body. He bows his head and hands the tools to the man in the apron. The man places the nail directly in the middle of the child's forehead. Slamming the nail through the tiny skull with one swift strike of the mallet. The mother cries out in despair. Deathly silence follows.

The doors into the foyer burst open with frantic energy. A Paper boy, still carrying his satchel of papers and wearing a bright ball cap stands trying to catch his breath as well as relay a message at the same time.

**Paper Boy:**

“They crashed!”

(He breathes deep a few times)

“The Truck that brought the day laborers in from the public housing!”

(Putting his hands on his knees, trying to slow his breathing.)

“It rolled, the whole thing just flipped and it rolled. They all have to be dead!”

**Man standing near boy:**

“Where? Where did it happen?”

**Paper Boy:**

“Route one going into the next town over by the train tracks!”

**Reverend Anderson:**

“Okay, everybody remain calm. You all know what to do. Do as the Lord intended. But hurry, no dilly dallying.”

Frank places his arms around his daughters as he rushes them out of the sanctuary towards the car, trying his best to avoid colliding into fellow panicked parishioners. The family sprint through the mud, this time paying no attention to their cleanliness. They quickly reach the truck.

**Linda Mae:**

(Frightened)

“I don't want to go!”

**Frank:**

(Grabbing Linda Mae's arm with a rage)

“You're going and so is Nancy. Only Jenny can stay here due to her condition.”

**Cut to-**

**Int. Television Screen: Newsroom Broadcast.**

***Super Impose: Ten Years Earlier.***

A man with thick glasses, a loosened tie, wrinkled dress shirt, earphones around his neck and a smoldering cigarette burning out of the corner of his mouth. He's concerned reading breaking news off of a handful of papers to the camera. The set behind him is in disarray. People inaudibly argue behind

him. A man rips off his tie and throws papers into the air then walks off set.

**Reporter:**

(Solemnly)

“Again, reports seem to be streaming in as every minute ticks by. We have source verified information telling us that the assault first documented last evening has indeed spread through out the eastern coast of the United states. Authorities at the United States Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases or USAMRIID known colloquially, have been summoned to the White House on orders of the president for an emergency conference. Reporters on the scene inform us that the president is planning on making a statement on the results of this urgent meeting in an address on the civil defense emergency network. At the bottom of your screen are the stations in which this will be broadcast in your area....”

**Reporter:**

(Taking a final puff of his cigarette and butting it out on the tray to his side.)

“Oh, Excuse me.”

(Grabs a new stack of papers being handed to him. He's shocked)

“According to the new report I just received: The beings that have been appearing in vast numbers seem to have predictable patterns of behavior. Shortly after the events of last night began, stories of violence and death immediately flooded in to the station. Apparently, these strange beings initiated deranged attacks on the community. Throwing all members of law enforcement off guard. Authorities state these alien beings have human characteristics. Speculation on their origin and their aims are vastly varied by the educated community. Teams of military authorities, scientists, and doctors have the corpses of several of these aggressors. Currently, they are being examined to determine existing theories.”

**Reporter:**

(Flipping pages quickly. Reaches into pocket and pulls out another cigarette and lights it.)

“The overwhelming fact is, these beings are littered throughout the urban and rural communities in large numbers. If they have not yet appeared in your region, I advise you to take utmost precaution. Attacks may happen at any time or place . “

**Reporter:**

(Puffing a smoke plume and removing his glasses to wipe his brow.)

“I must reiterate earlier statements: The beings are completely irrational and extremely violent. Civil Defense measures are underway and complete investigations are being performed as to uncover their origin and purpose. All citizens are urged to secure their living quarters and defend themselves by any means necessary. These humanoids are physically weak and easily distinguishable by their deformed features. They are unarmed, but reports have said they can use primitive weaponry if useful. They seem to be driven by obsessed minds. They are unthinking, they can be stopped. I repeat they can be stopped by blinding or dismemberment. Although they are weak, they have power in sheer numbers and surprise.”

**Reporter:**

(looking at the camera and nodding.)

“We have a live link to a reporter on the scene just outside of downtown Pittsburgh near the Fiddler's Green tower and land development. We're cutting to her now. Ms. Cardille, are you there?”

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Downtown Pittsburgh: Night.**

**Ms. Cardille:**

(Holding her hand against her ear with one hand and a microphone to her mouth in the other)

“I am bill, thanks. Confirming earlier reports, their existence is beyond what would be our normal understanding. They are non-communicative beings, and without a doubt should be considered our enemies. Our nation is in a dire state of emergency. If a civilian is to encounter one, they should be avoided. Under no circumstance should anyone be alone or unguarded while this emergency is on going.”

**Cameraman:**

(turning camera to the side of Ms. Cardille, seeing one of these beings approach.)

“We got to go, Gaylen!”

**Ms. Cardille:**

(Confused)

“Wha... Why?”

**Cameraman:**

“There's one coming up behind you. Get to the van!”

**Ms. Cardille:**

“Back to you, Bill!”

She drops her mic and begins a heavy sprint back to the news van. The cameraman follows just a few steps behind, forgetting to end the video feed. The television shows every second of the shaky footage. Heavy breathing is heard, feet pound the pavement trying to get back to the vehicle. The groan of one humanoid melds into many. All that's seen is feet in motion and fast moving pavement.

**Cameraman:**

(Panting)



“Jesus Christ! They're everywhere!”

**Ms. Cardille:**

(Fiddling with keys as she's running.)

“Just keep moving! It's right up ahead!”

**Cameraman:**

“Gaylen, for chrissake! This thing weighs a hundred pounds, I can't move any faster!”

**Ms. Cardille:**

“Drop it!”

**Cameraman:**

“I can't I've got kids to feed. The office will take it out of my check!”

A bevy of heavy gunfire breaks out, peppering the van in bullet holes. Gaylen and the cameraman drop to the ground quickly. The Camera, now laying on the ground brings her and the cameraman into the picture as they try to kneel and take cover. Gaylen places a hand against the side of her abdomen and looks down to see blood on her palm.

**Cameraman:**

“Oh god, Gaylen! Keep pressure on it!”

**Gaylen:**

“Gary, its bad. I can feel it.”

**Gary:**

(Standing and yelling Carelessly at the shooter as the humanoids close in.)

“You Saw we were normal! We were talking for god's sake. Why would you open fire?”

An array of gunfire blasts, the sound of dead weight hitting pavement echoes. Gary, once again picks up the camera. The viewfinder sees the bodies of a dozen or so humanoids on the pavement. A group of good ol' boys approach the news team with their rifles draped over their shoulders. A few pop the tabs of beer cans and chug them. The leader of the group squats in front of Gary.

**Good Ol` Boy Leader:**

“Every war's got what you'd call collateral damage and you sir, seem to fit that bill nicely. See, we're out here trying to stop these freaks from destroying our way of life and all you seem to be doing is

standing on the side lines with your thumb up your ass.”

**Gary:**

“We're with the news. We're trying to save lives by telling the people what's going on.”

**Leader:**

“People ain't got windows? You think people are so stupid they can't open their front doors and see the situation for themselves. I'll bet you're one of those people who thought those nancy boys Kennedy or Nixon would make a good president. You people spat on the real American in that election.”

**Gary:**

“Good lord, are you making this political? We're not covering politics right now are we?”

**Gaylen:**

(Coughing)

“Gary, I'm bleeding bad. I need a hospital.”

**VO:**

The sound of Bill, the reporter at the news desk screeches in over the video feed.

**Reporter:**

(Screaming)

“Cut it off! Cut it off Now! For the love of God, shut down the feed!”

**Gaylen:**

(Reaching for her ear)

“No, Bill. Keep it up.

(Looks at the leader.)

“Let the people see for themselves what the real monsters look like.”

**Leader:**

(Turns to Gaylen)

“Well, ain't you a doll?”

(Looks at her wound)

“I got bad news for ya, sweetie. All the hospitals are filled up. You ain't getting no help tonight.”

**Gaylen:**

“You monster!”

**Leader:**

“Why don't you tell people the truth about those freaks? Those monsters, if you will.”

**Gaylen:**

“What about them?”

**Leader:**

“Those thing are eating the flesh of the people they kill. They're eating everything but the bones, been happening since last night. Now why wasn't that reported on in the last day? Seems to me, everybody with a set of eyes could see that. Yet, no one on the news said a thing.”

**Cut to-**

**Int. Newsroom.**

**Reporter:**

“Oh thank god, we're back on. We would like to apologize for our technical difficulties.”

The television set in which we were watching this broadcast breaks to a screen filled with snow and then shuts off in a blink.

**Cut to-**

**Int: Sheriff's office: Day.**

Sheriff Marty Callan stands at the office coffee maker, waiting for the final drops to pour into the carafe. Grabbing a flimsy paper cup, he lifts the carafe and pours it. Tearing open a few sugar packets and allowing the granules to sprinkle in. The old radio across the room crackles to life.

**Radio:**

“Report of overturned rig on route one near Monroeville, casualties suspected. All units respond. “

Callan walks over to the radio and picks up the handset, holding the button down as he begins to talk.

**Callan:**

“Community General, this is county sheriff. We're gonna need buses at the Route one, Monroeville town limits. Unknown wounded and possible fatalities. Send alerts to coroner. ETA twenty minutes. Heading that way now.”

Callan quickly grabs his jacket and throws it on as he heads out the door, stopping first to fasten his holster and then pushes open the exit. Greeting him outside is Deputy Brown, making his way up the steps to begin his day at work.

**Callan:**

(Walking to squad car)

“No time for coffee. Collision near Monroeville.”

(Tosses Brown the keys.)

“You're driving.”

**Brown:**

(Gathering himself)

“Oh, alright. Yes sir!”

Both climbing into the car, the lights begin to swirl and the siren blares.

**Int. Cab of cruiser: Late morning.**

**Brown:**

(Nervous)

“Uh, sir? I've never encountered a situation with possible casualties before.”

**Callan:**

(chuckling)

“Well, consider this baptism by fire.”

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Route one: Day.**

A police barricade has been placed up near the site of the crash. A patrolman is directing emergency vehicles to the scene while negotiating other traffic on past. The officer waves Callan's cruiser onto the site. Brown eases the vehicle up to the broken guard rail. They exit the car and began talking to the officer directing traffic.

**Callan:**

“See any reason as to why this happened?”

**Officer:**

“Nothing apparent. Could have been an impatient driver forced them over.”

Callan steps up to the embankment and peers over to view the wreckage. The path it took as it glided to a stop ended in dense brush. The sheriff waves Brown to follow him down the incline. Making their way to the wreck, smoke can be seen. But not enough to indicate a fire. Callan glances at the grass near by.

**Callan:**

“Look its been tamped down. There's muddy foot prints.”

**Brown:**

“But it looks like they're going towards the wreck.”

**Callan:**

“Multiple sets of footprints.”  
(Carefully placing his hand on the butt of his revolver.)

**Brown:**

“Where did they all go?”

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Wooded Area: Day.**

Nancy and Linda Mae are covered in blood as they drag a corpse by the legs through the mud. Nancy loses grip and slips into the mud, striking her forehead on the body's shoe causing a small abrasion.

**Nancy:**

(Under her breath.)

“Damn it!”

**Frank:**

(Winded.)

“Get up and keep going!”

Their father carries the corpse by the arms, impatiently waiting for his daughters to resume the haul.

**Frank:**

“There are things we have to do in life, things that aren't easy. But we do them because there isn't another option.”

Begrudgingly, the sisters once again pick up the legs and heave several more feet to the clearing where a pile of bodies are stacked in a macabre pyramid. Linda Mae quickly covered her eyes at the site of the stacking, only to remember the blood on her hands. Pulling away, a smear is left on her face. She began to cry as her father was wheezing nearby, trying to catch his breath.

Wiping the tears from her eyes with the sleeve of her dress, she turns and sees Nancy begin lugging the body of a small child to the pyramid. Choking back vomit as the tree branch which impaled the child became noticeable. Linda Mae closes her eyes tightly as the sound of mallets striking nails echo nearby.

Reverend Anderson walks casually past the exhausted family with his hands clasped together behind his back as if he were on a Sunday stroll.

**Reverend Anderson:**

(Whistling Gleeefully)

“Very good! You are doing the divine work the Lord has asked of you!”

**Reverend Anderson:**

(Stopping in front of the pyramid.)

“Hurry! We must nail as many as possible before the authorities arrive!”

Police sirens sound in the distance. The congregation stop, startled. Reverend Anderson counts the number of nailed in his head. He mouths thirteen. Then he counts those not nailed. Twenty. He sighs aloud and waves the flock off, praying this would be sufficient. The congregation quickly move to the path beyond the clearing.

**Ext. Wreckage: Day.**

Thin plumes of smoke rise from the engine of the produce truck, but no fire. Callan and Brown scour the area for bodies, yet find none. Although, evidence to the contrary was all around. Blood dripped and caked from the iron that was wrinkled like a sheet of paper. Hair stuck to the shattered windshield. Severed appendages dotted the surroundings.

**Callan:**

(Wringing a hand across his mouth and chin, pondering.)

“Somebody dragged these people from the wreckage.”

(Pointing with his eyes at a trampled area of weeds.)

“Start looking for footprints in the mud, we can probably figure out where they went.”

**Brown:**

(Beginning to trace the prints.)

“Could it have been looters?”

**Callan:**

(Lighting cigarette)

“Doubtful. Unless we have a roving gang of immigrant produce workers in need of green cards.”

The pair trek through the over-growth and brush for several yards. The woods are silent, not a single animal's cry can be heard. Out of caution both men unholster their pistols and continue to walk in the absolute quiet.

**Brown:**

(Points to a blood smear trail on the tall grass.)

“There!”

The men burst into a sprint following the trail to its end, the mangled pyramid of bodies fresh with nails through their skulls. For the longest of moments the duo stand there, words not spoken. Finally, Callan re-holsters his pistol and breaks the ice.

**Callan:**

“I know it's pointless, but check and see if any are alive.”

**Brown:**

(Nods and follows orders)

“Uh, yes sir.”

**Callan:**

“This isn't scavengers.”

**Brown:**

“The nails?”

**Callan:**

(Wipes sweat from brow)

“Someone thinks its happening again. We must have scared them off.”

(Stomping out his cigarette butt into the mud.)

**Brown:**

“What's happening again?”

**Callan:**

“This area was one of the hardest hit ten years ago. Those things had to be burned or decapitated. The brain had to be destroyed. I don't know if those things were dead or not. To be honest, I don't think anybody knows. But, those nails tell me somebody's afraid it'll happen again.”

**Brown:**

“It can't happen again. They controlled it. I remember, I was just a kid and watched it on TV. There were only a few of those things in my town.”

**Callan:**

“Well there was a damn plenty of them around these parts. For ten years, its been the last thing I see before I go to bed. So many nightmares since. Wife's taken to sleeping on the sofa.”

**Brown:**

“Well, it can't happen again. That's too far fetched an idea.”

**Callan:**

“I hope you're right. But what if it can come back like a seasonal flu?”

**Callan:**



(Smiling and slapping Brown on the back)

“Alright, let's snap out of it. Paramedics will be here soon and I'm certain so will reporters. Go back to the wreck and show them where to come.”

**Cut to-**

### **Ext. Roadside of accident: Day.**

A small gaggle of paramedics and even a doctor waits for instructions as Brown climbs the embankment. He saw the look of confusion on their faces as he realizes they too were looking for wounded or bodies.

**Brown:**

(Cupping his hands around his mouth and yelling)

“Hey! This way! Follow me!”

(Turning to walk back but remembering.)

“You won't need anything but stretchers! All Dead!”

**Cut to-**

### **Int. Television Screen.**

#### ***Superimpose – Civil Defense Broadcast system logo.***

Beeping alarm sounds.

**VO. Cold Female Voice:**

“It's now midnight, eastern standard time. This is the Civil Defense Broadcast System, delivering reports to you every hour on the hour for the duration of this emergency. Stay tuned to this station for information on how to keep you and your loved ones safe.”

Beeping alarm sounds again as the logo fades away to a man wearing military dress and sitting at a desk adorned with the American flag, the Pennsylvania state flag and a steel crucifix next to them. Behind him on the wall, a map of the east coast with shiny tacks marking zones affected by the outbreak. He talks soothingly calm and collected.

**Military Official:**

“Good evening, ladies and Gentleman. I'm Major Stanley Cooper, I'll be presiding over these hourly announcements until day break. Incredible as it may seem, the latest reports from the Pentagon and the president's medical research leader, Dr. Richard Logan formally of Fort Myers Medical University has confirmed what many of us already believe. The battalion of humanoid creatures assaulting the entirety of the east coast and many of the Midwestern states are made up of dead human beings.”

***Pan back and away:***

A little boy sits Indian style in front of a vintage television set in a very generic American living room. His father reclines in his boxers, socks, and a white T-shirt while reading a newspaper. The little boy's eyes widen with fear as he clutches his toy pop gun to his chest. A heavy door bursts open as a woman, the boy's mother stomps angrily into the room.

**Mother:**

(Sternly)

“Mr. Edward Anthony Brown! What are you doing up at this time of night?”

**Edward:**

(Sheepishly)

“Watching the people on TV, mom.”

**Mother:**

(Looking aggressively at the father.)

“Tony, Why on earth is he up and why in God's name are you letting him watch this?”

**Tony:**

(Startled as if awakened from a daze.)

“Oh, I'm sorry hon. I was reading the sports section.; Pirates and the Phillys play tomorrow.”

**Mother:**

(Never breaking the angry stare at her husband while screwing the cap back on the open bottle of bourbon resting next to her spouse on the end table.)

“Go to bed, Edward!”

**Edward:**

“But mom, those people on there. They're...They're...”

**Mother:**

“They're of no concern to eleven year old boys. Good night, Eddie!”

**Edward:**

(getting up begrudgingly.)

“Aw, mom!”

**Mother:**

(Stands in front of the TV set. Clenching her jaw while crossing her arms, showing her spouse disapproval.)

“Don't you think, maybe it might be a good time to put some clothes on and cork the booze until this all blows over? Maybe make sure all the doors and windows are locked and your rifle's loaded?”

**Tony:**

(Cracks a smile and tosses the newspaper aside.)

“Oh, Esther. What are you worried about? The trash on the tube? You know it's all made up! Orson Wells is probably behind the camera. It's fifty-three all over again.”

(Stands up and grabs his wife around the waist, playfully kissing her cheek.)

“You remember that Halloween, don't ya? Sitting in my dad's Chevy. All alone at Cherry Hill.”

(Begins slow dancing with his wife and nuzzling her neck.)

“Remember how that music was softly playing? We were fogging up the windows. Then the breaking news came on and you got so scared. You thought the end of the world was at hand and how in that moment you wanted to experience life.”

**Esther:**

(blushes and pushes Tony away, giggly.)

“You stop it. Put some pants on. This doesn't feel like War of the Worlds and we're not teenagers.”

(Plopping down on the couch and folding her legs underneath her.)

**Tony:**

(laughing like a Frenchman and opens up the nearby liquor cabinet.)

“Oh, but mademoiselle couldn't we pretend? The Oi Oi folk are in their chambers and it's only the ever-so-rich and suave baron alone with a helpless and terribly smitten damsel.”

(Pops the cork on a cheap bottle of Rose` and grabs a pair of plastic wine glasses.)

**Esther:**

(bashfully covering her face.)

“Oh, Tony. You've already had too much to drink.”

(Laughing)

**Tony:**

(flopping on the couch next to her causing the Rose` to fizz onto the carpet.)  
“Maybe I have, but you haven't.”  
(kissing her cheek and over flowing the plastic glass.)

**Esther:**

(Accepting the glass.)  
“Fine, you're my Casanova who smells suspiciously like bourbon and Electrishave.”

**OS:**

Several rounds of gunfire are heard outside and screaming rips through the quiet night.

**Tony:**

(Now visibly shocked and sobered, looks at the TV frightfully.)  
“Dear God.”

**Esther:**

(Coming back down to earth and trying to hide her ever growing fear.)  
“I'm...Uh, I think I should take Eddie down to the cellar.”

**Tony:**

(Standing and reaching for his pants on the back of the recliner.)  
“Yeah, I'm gonna check the rifle and see how we are on ammunition. I just stocked up on MRE's and jugs of water. Should be enough to last us a while.”

**Esther:**

“Good, Im going to go get him.”

**Tony:**

(Puts pants on and sits watching the TV.)  
“Alright, I'll be down in a while.”

**Esther:**

(quickly stands and begins to walk to the boy's room.)  
“Oh and don't forget to fuel up the generator.”

**Tony:**

(staring at the screen.)  
“I won't. Now get a moving.”

## ***Pan back in on Television:***

### **Major Cooper:**

“The recently dead have returned to life and are obsessed with devouring human flesh. The deceased from hospitals, morgues and funeral homes as well as those who have fallen as a result of the panic during this event have been resurrected in a depraved and deviant form.”

### **Cooper:**

(breathing deeply, trying to keep his composure.)

“The cause has not been explained by Dr. Logan's team or any governmental authority. But particular attention is being paid to the recent orbital re-entry of the Venus probe launched last fall. The probe never reached its destination, instead swerved back into our orbit and crashed into the Atlantic near the Caribbean Islands. Its wreckage is yet to be recovered.”

### **Cooper:**

(Handed a crisp sheet of paper.)

“It has recently been learned that anyone who dies from a wound inflicted by these beings may come back to life in a similar form as their victimizer. The pathogen these things carry is communicable through wounds or scratches, and takes effect within minutes of the apparent death of the injured. Anyone who dies during this event should be cremated immediately. Survivors may find this an emotionally difficult task, but it is a task that must be done. Those who die during this event are not conventional corpses and are a threat to the safety of the citizens nearby.”

**Fade to-**

## **Int. Television mounted above liquor bar.**

The TV, muted, shows a reporter on the scene of the produce truck accident. To the side of the reporter a police officer directs traffic away from the cordoned off area. Medics roll stretchers carrying the dead in body bags up the embankment into county coroner vehicles. With the sun beginning to set, the lights of first responder vehicles illuminate the area all around.

Sheriff Callan sits at the bar. His uniform mostly unbuttoned as he puffs on a cigarette and downs a shot glass, slamming it on the wood and motioning to the bartender for another. The portly man obliges. Callan smirks and nods tossing it back quickly.

Deputy Brown sits next to the sheriff on a stool, his uniform completely untucked. The portly server presents him with a frothy glass of beer. Brown sips silently joining the sheriff in viewing the TV screen.

The spring hinged bar door bangs open as a massive man covered from head to toe in tattoos, leather, denim and the obligatory POW-MIA, Vietnam Veteran patches enters the shadowy room. Staggering to the stool next to Callan. The sheriff shares a look with Brown, acknowledging the fact that this man is already drunk.

**Drunk:**

(Shouting.)

“Hey, send me a whiskey double and an Iron!”

The bartender un-mutes the set just in time for the sheriff to hear his own voice from a recorded interview earlier in the day. The drunk belches, snorts and shouts.

**Drunk:**

“You tell`em, Boss hog!”

(Winking at the law man next to him.)

**Callan:**

“Yeah, yeah.”

(Half smirking.)

**Drunk:**

(pulling a self rolled, crinkled smoke from his vest..)

“Sheriff, I think whoever did the nail poundin` was right. Doin` it just to be makin` sure.”

**Sheriff:**

(Nods and pulls out a few bucks, tossing them on the bar.)

“Let's get out of her, Brown.”

(Turning towards the exit.)

**Drunk:**

(yelling.)

“If it happened once, it can happen again. You saw, you know it's gospel.”

Callan and Brown step out into the night air. They begin walking silently down a quiet semi-urban street, crossing the nearby bridge to where they parked as headlights from cars pass by. Reaching the poorly lit lot, brown pulls the keys from his pocket.

**Callan:**

“Can you drop me off, wife's got the car.”

Brown stops suddenly, alerting Callan to the sounds of a scuffle going on behind a crumbling building close by. A muffled cry can be heard. Pulling out their pistols they begin to stride through the lot to the location of the noise. Rounding the corner, three struggling figures. Two are silhouetted by the night. The third figure is a woman lying on the pavement.

**Brown:**

(pointing his gun.)

“Freeze, Sheriff's department!”

The two men begin to flee at the sight of the law not before one man kicks the woman in the face with a solid boot, snapping her neck. Callan fires a warning shot into the air. The two men run into the dark tunnel overpass, Brown follows, gun still drawn.

**Brown:**

(panting)

“I will fire!”

One assailant trips on broken concrete and tumbles to the ground. Brown swiftly leaps on top of the criminal. The pair grapple with each other, rolling around until the assaulter gains the upper hand and frees himself. Both once again on their feet and running until a shot is fired from the shadows. Brown stops in his tracks, stunned then falls. Callan right on their heels, fires at the shadows where the initial shot came. From the darkness, the heavy plop of dead weight hits the cement.

The criminal still running bursts into an all out gallop from adrenaline. Callan sees the man cross the road and aims his pistol, pulling the hammer as an explosion blasts from the barrel. The man jerks back as his head snaps forward, his body falling limp into a twisted knot.

Callan slowly walks to Brown's body and felt for a pulse. None. Sighing in disgust as he plods back to the woman. Her head angled oddly, staring at him with dead eyes. The sheriff inspected her: Blouse torn, chest bruised, and thighs skinned.

**Callan:**

(Wiping his brow with the back of his hand.)

“Jesus, tonight of all nights.”

(Reaching for his radio.)

“Dispatch, I've got a ...”

**Fade to-**

## **Ext. County Morgue: Night.**

An ambulance unloads two stretchers onto the ramp of the coroner's office. Both bodies draped in hospital sheets. Two attendees wait by the door for the paramedics so they can sign the delivery papers.

**Attendant one:**

“These the two men from the bridge?”

**Paramedic one:**

“This is them.”

**Attendant two:**

“What about Deputy Brown and the female victim?”

**Paramedic two:**

“Funeral parlor.”

**Attendant one:**

(signing papers.)

“What a shame about Eddie. Only in the department for six months.”

**Paramedic:**

(Impatiently)”

“Mhmm. Just dot the I's and cross the T's.”

**Attendant one:**

(Handing the papers to the medic.)

“I don't even know if we have room, with what happened this morning.”

**Paramedic two:**

(Coldly turning back to the ambulance.)

“I'm sure you'll manage.”

The attendees turn the stretchers and push them through the swinging doors. The squeaking of the wheels on the tiled floor rings throughout the cold hallway as they're carted into a large, sterile room filled with numerous more draped bodies. Placing the bodies of the new deliveries in their rightful place, the workers turn and leave. Neither notice the arm of one the men's loosely draped body slide out



from underneath the cloth and it's fingers twitch.

Both attendants return to their desks, the first sits exhausted as he glances at the clock. Midnight.

**Attendant one:**

“Isn't it time for some coffee?”

**Attendant two:**

(Laughing as he slides open a drawer and pulls out a Danish, sinking his teeth into it.)

“Yeah, you should make some. I'd love a fresh pot.”

**Attendant one:**

(shaking his head, standing to make his way to the percolator.)

“You know, I've worked with you three years now and I still find the dead to be better company.”

**Attendant two:**

(Leaning back in his seat and crossing his feet atop the desk.)

“I'll bet dollars to donuts, that's exactly what your wife says about you.”

**Attendant one:**

(filling the pot with water.)

“That's probably true and I'm very thankful for it.”

**Attendant two:**

“Why?”

**Attendant one:**

“That's what finally got the old hag to sign the divorce papers after all these years.”

(Leaning against the counter and lighting a cigarette slyly.)

**Attendant two:**

“Oh yeah? What are you gonna do with your new found freedom?”

(leaning forward, interested in the answer.)

**Attendant one:**

(exhaling smoke.)

“Thinking about buying that new twenty six inch color Zenith and investing in one of those fancy Betamax players.”

**Attendant two:**

(sputters out a confused laugh.)

“That's it? No skydiving, deep sea fishing, or big game hunting? Just TV and videos?”

**Attendant one:**

(smiles at his friend while shrugging.)

“Guys that do that, end up here. Nah, I'm making up for all the time lost with that shrew. I'm gonna buy a few shares of Stuckey's Adult Video Rental.”

**Attendant two:**

“Hah! I see you've chosen to live vicariously?”

**Attendant one:**

“Hey, I don't want no judgment. It's cheaper than living with a broad twenty four seven and when you're done all you gotta do is shut it off. No cuddling or small talk.”

**Attendant two:**

(throws hands into air.)

“Hey, no judgment whatsoever. You could probably do a video tour of the country. I heard Debbie did Dallas.”

**Attendant one:**

(a huge grin engulfs his face.)

“Now you're catching what I'm pitching!”

**Cut To-**

**Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Night.**

Wheeling a casket into the chapel, the mortician: A pleasant looking man in his mid-fifties, sharply dressed and bespectacled opens the casket and steps back to review his work. The body inside the container, Edward Anthony Brown wearing full sheriff dress. The mortician leans over Brown to adjust the carnations lining the lid, paying no attention to the ever so slight movement in Brown's fingers, a clenching of his jaw and a barely noticeable flutter of eyelids.

**OS :**

A loud crash is heard coming from the basement.

Curious, the mortician turns and heads to the basement by exiting the chapel and pacing through an old fashion decorated hall. Reaching the door and turning the nob, he enters. Hitting a switch then descending down a short flight of stairs.

### **Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Embalming Room.**

Clicking the nearby switch, seeing a pair of rats scurrying over the sheet covered body of a woman. Remnants of a broken glass bottle rests next to the body on the table, pooling the fluid. The Mortician slaps his hands against the wall and screams at the rodents.

#### **Mortician:**

“Get away from her you filthy pests!”

Running as fast as they can, taking cover in the funeral home's numerous memorial knick-knack boxes nearby. The owner-operator grabs a rag wiping up the liquid and tosses the glass in the waste bin behind him.

Moving to his nearby utensil counter filled with scalpels, tubes, tapes, and make-ups. He reaches for his half eaten sandwich laying on wax paper, shoving half of the meal into his mouth with one bite. His arm raises over head to the radio on the top shelf, turning the dial. Static then classical music can be heard.

### **Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Chapel.**

In the Casket, Brown's eyes open widely staring at the ceiling. Slowly panning out and into the mortuary hall, float forward entering a second chapel. The body of an elderly woman sits up in her coffin

### **Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Embalming room.**

The mortician mixes fluids at the counter, his back to the draped body of the woman. Container in hand, he turns walking towards the corpse on the table. Horrified, the man screams and backs away knocking bottles and tools onto the floor. The draped body lifted its shoulders off of the steel, arching her back. Completely up right, the sheet slides off of her revealing a head cocked to the side and blood caked in the corner of her mouth.. Moving her head unnaturally slow towards the mortician.

The man backs himself completely against the wall, frozen in sheer terror. No sounds can come from his mouth as the once dead sluggishly dangles her legs off the table as if climbing out of bed. Standing now, she begins to walk towards the man.

### **Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Chapel.**

\In his recently prepared casket, Brown's finger, then hand move while the decorated corpse gradually sits up stiffly. Blinking and moving his head back and forth like one would to loosen a stiff neck. The very audible screams from the basement carry into the chapel. Brown cocks his head almost as if he were curious about the origin of the sound.

Down the hall in the next chapel, the elderly corpse leans towards one side of her coffin causing it to fall off the platform. The geriatric lays still as if it were dead again. Then as if in pain, pulls herself to her feet. Rigor fully set in, she has to shift her body weight from side to side to obtain motion. Proceeding to hobble into the hall, stopping only when passing Brown's chapel. Curiously watching him learn the mechanics of his newly reanimated body.

### **Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Embalming Room.**

The mortician bends backwards over the table, screaming in awful horror as the corpse wildly grabs at his throat and face. Her eyes insane. The groans of a starving wild animal escape her damaged throat. Awkwardly with a stiff hand grabbing at nearby surgical tools. She stabs at his body repeatedly as his cries of pain begin to gargle. Blood seeps from wounds and mouth as he loses his ability to fight back. The mortician's eyes bulge as life fled his body.

### ***Pan towards old radio.***

OS :

Over the music, sloppy sounds of flesh being torn and splattered onto the floor echo through the room.

### **Int. Tovar Funeral Home: Chapel.**

Brown's corpse stood shakily nearby by his completely over turned casket. He watches the elderly corpse as if seeking guidance. The octogenarian dead obliges and limps towards the front door, Brown follows a good distance behind. The old corpse pulls a large wrought iron cross off the wall and pounds the glass of the door until it gives, shattering into pieces. She grunts, turning back to Brown then exits the funeral home. Reaching the outside, the former deputy looks up into the night sky with child-like awe then walks off into the distance.

**Cut to-**

### **Int. County morgue: Early Morning.**

The corridors of the morgue were silent except with the faint sounds of a transistor radio broadcasting a fire and brimstone evangelist's sermon coming from the office of the attendees. The cold holding room was quiet. The tables still covered with the thirteen draped bodies from the accident. Twenty tables are empty.

The office of the attendees was not empty. It was filled with the nearly nude bloody corpses of the two workers; entrails and torn flesh congeal and litter the floor. Bloody hand and footprints show the struggle which took place.

**Fade to-**

### **Ext. County Morgue: Noon.**

Sheriff Callan stands outside of his cruiser smoking a cigarette as he watches the rabid reporters film and snap pictures of the crime scene techs wheeling out bags of the morgue attendees remains. The perimeter was sealed off with tape preventing any daring journalist to venture inside to see the massacre. A female reporter whispers to her camera man just loud enough for Callan to hear it down wind.

**Reporter:**

“They think it's happening again.”

**Callan:**

(Speaking up to try to tamp down speculation.)

“Maam, I'd be happy to make a statement about the happenings here last night.”

**Reporter:**

(turns and smiles hugely.)

“Oh, wonderful. Thank you so much.”

(shoves a microphone into Callan's face.)

Callan blinks and sighs, clearing his throat to talk. Keeping his eyes dead ahead on the camera.

**Cut to-**

**Int. Hardin farm house: Day.**

Frank sits in his ratty recliner wearing a dingy wife beater, sweatpants and his slippers while holding a half empty bottle of beer in his hand. A nearly finished twelve pack is scattered at his feet. Staring in dismay at his TV. Reverend Anderson is calling into the local newsroom confessing to the nailing of the accident victims.

**VO.**

**Reverend Anderson:**

“And that's thirteen less of them this town has to worry about.”

**VO.**

**Reporter:**

“Well, you heard it here folks. A country preacher and his congregation were responsible for the nailings of the truck accident victims Sunday morning. I guess a thank you is in order for your civic heroism. Would you like the final word before our station takes a break?”

**VO.**

**Reverend Anderson:**

“Yes. The dead are rising again. This is Satan's handy work. We live in a world of paganism. We're devoted to witchcraft and astrology along with all other forms of Satanic practices. We must call on God to forgive us of our wickedness. Nobody wants to admit that the scourge we eliminated a decade ago has been resurrected, we shy and hide away from the subject. We cannot hide from the prince of darkness! The dead must be dealt with. We must allow the deceased to return to the earth as god intended. It is only our soul that can live on after death!”

Linda Mae stomps into the room and switches the set off.

**Frank:**

(Angrily)

“You leave it on!”

**Linda Mae:**

“No. It stays off. I can't listen to that hysteria one more second. Especially after what you ordered us to do. It's craziness!”

**Frank:**

(In drunken rage, slaps his daughter knocking her off to the side.)

“Didn't you hear the reverend? The pestilence is coming once again! We've got to get ready for it!”

Linda Mae cried on the floor as Frank looked around the room at the already boarded up windows.

**Frank:**

“I think this should hold til we can get a handle of this thing and wrangle it down again.”

**Linda Mae:**

(Crying)

“Daddy please! I can't stand this! Why can't we just leave the dead alone?”

**Frank:**

(Smashing his bottle against the wall in a rage.)

“Because they won't stay dead! You didn't see it when it first happened. I sent you away and you were lucky! But ain't none of us running from ol' Lucy this time! We're staying and doing our Christian Duty!”

Linda Mae runs into the Kitchen just as her siblings catch her in their arms trying to console her. She wriggles free and flees upstairs. Standing in the door way, Jenny stares angrily at her father.

**Frank:**

(Screaming.)

“She's nothing but a spoiled brat!”

(Pointing at Jenny and screaming up to Linda Mae)

“And look at your sister! Knocked up by God knows who! She probably doesn't even know! I'm glad your mother didn't live to see this day come. You're all disgraces!”

Jenny stands hurt, rubbing her belly and wiping tears from her eyes as she slowly begins to walk to the next level of the house. Nancy walks over to her dad and gently grabbed his arm, looking up at her father with doe eyes.

**Nancy:**

“That's enough, Daddy. Things are tough enough as is.”

Ashamed, Frank reached over to where he sat his hammer down before he began drinking and resumed

barricading the home they lived in.

**Nancy:**

(Sitting on the arm of the tattered recliner.)

“Do you really think its happening all over again?”

**Frank:**

“You know the answer to that question.”

**Nancy:**

“So what do we do then?”

**Frank:**

(Pounding.)

“If we don't get this house boarded up, they'll come hunting for us.”

(Stops and contemplates.)

“If there's enough of em` they'll get in anyways.”

**Cut to-**

**Int. Hardin Farm: Linda Mae's Room.**

Quietly opening the door, Nancy walks into her sister's room. Jenny sits against the wall, Indian style on the bed, crying. Linda Mae threw an open suitcase onto the bed and began stuffing it carelessly with clothes.

**Nancy:**

“Linda Mae?”

**Linda Mae:**

(Exasperated.)

“I'm leaving.”

(Pulling her hair into a pony tail revealing a red welt on her face and damp eyes,)

**Nancy:**

“But, where are you gonna go?”



**Linda Mae:**

(Pausing the packing and wipes her tears with a sleeve.)

“I have no idea. Maybe I'll get into a city somewhere.”

**Nancy:**

“What about all the stuff they talked about on TV?”

**Linda Mae:**

(Sitting on the bed next to Jenny while looking up at Nancy.)

“I'm worse off here I think.”

(Crying again.)

“It was awful carrying those people. I wished I was one of them, so I wouldn't have to do that anymore. But, I'm never going to do it again! Daddy can't make me do it! There's protection in the city. I can go somewhere and not have to worry about any of this until its over.”

**Jenny:**

“I don't know. Maybe we should all go then?”

**Nancy:**

“No! It's not right to go. We can't leave daddy now. He's gonna protect us, we'll be fine. You can go, if you want. But Jenny and I should stay and help.”

**Linda Mae:**

(Smiling through the tears and rubbing Jenny's belly.)

“Jenny, I know your baby is going to be beautiful.

(Hugs Jenny tight.)

**Jenny:**

(Sniffles.)

“I do know who her daddy is.”

Linda Mae and Nancy looked shocked, quickly the subject changes the mood drastically. The two sisters wait in anticipation of the answer.

**Linda Mae and Nancy:**

“Who?”

**Jenny:**

(looking off to the side, embarrassed.)  
“Billy.”

**Linda Mae:**

(Stifling a gag.)  
“Gross! You made it with greasy backed, Billy Slack?”

**Nancy:**

(Eyes open as widely as they can be.)  
“Where?”

**Jenny:**

“The abandoned tree fort by the river.”

**Linda Mae:**

“Now I'm really leaving. Yuck!”  
(She laughs closing up the suite case.)

**Jenny:**

“You'll be back.”

**Linda Mae:**

“Only to see what kind of mutant crawled out of you.”  
(She laughs so hard she wretches over.)

**Jenny:**

“Hey, you said she'd be beautiful.”

**Linda Mae:**

“I just hope she doesn't inherit her father's back zit gene.”

**Cut to-**

**Int. Television Screen.**

## ***Superimpose- Civil Defense Broadcast System Logo.***

Beeping alarm sounds as logo fades.

The now terribly disheveled Major Stanley Cooper chugs a cup of coffee and takes the last puff of a smoke, smashing the butt into the tray. Off camera, Cooper gets the signal that they're live and nods quickly trying to adjust his tie but fails.

### **Cooper :**

“Once again, civil authorities advise extreme care until this crisis can be controlled. Reports have been investigated and documented. Remains of these beings are currently being examined by the nation's top doctor, but efforts have been hindered by their mutilated state. Police and Armed Forces are instituting curfews in all urban areas..”

### **Cooper :**

(Pausing to regain composure.)

“Everyone is urged to stay in their homes. Those who ignore this advice are potentially exposing themselves to extreme danger from both these beings and heavily armed militia members, whose impulse may be to shoot first and ask questions later. Isolated, rural settings have most frequently been subject to attack.”

### **Cooper :**

(Using a hanky from his pocket to wipe the sweat beads caused by the hot lights away from his brow.)  
“Isolated families are in immense danger. Evacuation should only be made with well armed groups that have vehicles. I urge you, please appraise your situation before you decide an escape tactic. All evacuees should head to the nearest urban area. Defense outposts have been built on major roads, exit ramps, and county lines. These outposts are equipped for evacuees as well as provide food and medical attention.”

### **Cooper :**

(Disgusted with the teleprompter operator's slowness, he flings his papers into the air and knocks his ashtray off of the desk.)

“Dammit, Jimmy! Move faster, you got to keep up if you want to stay in this job!”

The sound of Jimmy flipping over the prompter echoes through the studio.

OS .

### **Jimmy :**

“Up your's Major, sir! I'm going to my family. The garbage you're spouting's gonna get people killed!”

OS .

Newsroom workers:

“Jimmy? Come on, come back.”

Cooper:

(Yelling.)

“To hell with him, We'll do it with out him. Get it rolling again!”

(Lighting a smoke.)

Cooper:

(clearing his throat.)

“Please, excuse the interruption. As I was saying, Police and militias are combing rural areas on search and destroy missions against the beings. These patrols are attempting to evacuate residents , but efforts are slow due to the increased risk of danger at night. Do not go out alone, you almost certainly will be overcome.”

Cooper:

(Cigarette now dangling from the corner of his mouth.)

“The enemy's ranks are constantly growing by their victims and those who have passed during these traumatic events with its catastrophic rate of mortality due to either chaos, accident, and the turning of people against each other out of fear.”

**Cut to-**

### **Int. Hardin farm house: Afternoon.**

Frank was sleeping in his chair. The hammer, saw, and tin of nails spilled at his feet. The living room windows were all boarded and the front door was bolted shut. The door was further secured by Frank installing iron brackets and a wooden beam across the center of the door.

Linda Mae crept down the stairs and peeked around the corner to see the security put into place. Sneaking past her father into the kitchen, she witnessed the windows boarded up and several planks nailed directly into the wooden frame of the back door.

Tip toeing softly to the front door. Holding her breath she carefully lifted the heavy wooden beam off of the bracket and unbolted it. Pulling the door open, she stepped onto the porch. Pushing the door ever so softly until she heard the tongue click back into place.

Running down the stairs quickly, zipping through the front yard to the country road. She ran as fast as she could until she rounded a bend and the house was no longer visible. Walking silently down the

road, no traffic passed her. The sun was setting.

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Hardin Farm house: Dusk.**

In the field nearby as the sun was beginning to wane, three beings walked awkwardly stomping and staggering through the crop. They could see faint fragments of light escaping through the boards on the windows. They lifted their noses into the air as if they could smell, soft, warm flesh coming from the house.

The beings would occasionally stop and straighten their bodies as if it hurt to move for a prolonged amount of time. Their pale skin sickly in the ever fading light of day. They were a wreck. Clothes wrinkled and torn, covered in blood stains. Two appeared to have been in a car wreck. Foreheads gashed and glass embedded in their cheeks. The third had a large bleeding wound in his chest. They were dead and walking.

One of the dead stopped walking and turned stiffly, revealing three more beings on the approach through the field. The face of one of the beings seemed to be frozen in a permanent blood stained grin. It stumbled and fell suddenly smashing the crop as it landed. It hissed and groaned while it flailed pulling itself to its feet. It's trio members kept moving forward in deep concentration.

***Re-focus on farm house, zoom in-***

**Int. Bedroom: night.**

Nancy and Jenny sit on the bed facing each other, talking.

**Jenny:**

(Nervous.)

“Do you think I should be in a place close to a hospital?”

**Nancy:**

“You are. We're only fifteen minutes from Evan's Community General. If you go into labor, daddy will drive us there. We'll all probably go if it isn't safe here. He won't let the baby be in danger.”

**Jenny:**

(Sniffles.)

“Sometimes I wonder if he'd rather the baby be dead.”

**Nancy :**

“You know that isn't true. You'll see once she's born, daddy will be a proud grandpa.”

**Jenny :**

“I hope she comes soon.”

The sound of footsteps on the old wooden porch can be heard through the open bedroom window. The solid door creaks and the hinges squeak as it opens. The sisters become excited and smile at each other.

**Nancy :**

“Linda Mae came back!”  
(Jumping off the bed in joy,)

Awful screams suddenly tear through the joyous moment. Fear quickly reappears on their faces.

**Nancy :**

“Jenny, stay here! Lock the door after I leave!”

Furiously she runs from the bedroom, slamming the door behind her as she makes her way down the steps. Reaching the landing just in time to see her father pinned to the ground as the dead sink their rotten teeth into his flesh, pouring blood onto the floor. Frank sees his daughter and reaches up to her in a futile attempt. Nancy watches the life leave her father's eyes as his arm flops back onto the ground.

One of the dead is pulling a hunk of flesh off their victim, glances at the petrified Nancy standing silently in revulsion. The being groans while climbing to its feet, moving towards her at an unholy pace. Turning and running up the stairs, tripping every so often. She finally manages to get to the bedroom door only to find it locked.

**Nancy :**

“Jenny! Jenny!”

The being had started to climb the stairs, stiffly navigating the unfamiliar obstacle. Its eyes unblinking like a shark setting on Nancy's fresh, life filled flesh. It bumbled its way up each step, crashing into either the banister or wall with each step crossed.

The door unlatched causing Nancy to tumble into the room. Quickly climbing to her feet, she shoves Jenny out of the way as she closes and locks the door frantically. Leaning against its panels, she tries to calm her breathing. She looks around the room, pointing to a dresser,

The sisters bounce over to the piece of furniture and heave with all of their might, inching the large item closer and closer to the door. Pounding and clawing appears on the other side of the door. It hisses and moans as the blood lust drives the being crazy.

Nancy stopped and began ripping drawers out, flinging them to the floor in order to lighten the dresser. The door frame begins to crack and creak under the onslaught of cold, dead hands. Soon, the sound of the pounding multiplied as the other two beings joined in the assault. The door splinters with each hit.

Nancy musters all the adrenaline she can, driving her shoulder strongly into the dresser forcing it across the room more. Jenny screamed and tried to hide under the bed, unable to because of her belly. Sweat beading on Nancy's brow from the increasing panic and despair. A muffled bang stops her momentarily.

**Nancy:**

“Did you hear that?”

**Jenny:**

(Laying on the floor trying to listen.)

“No, what?”

**Nancy:**

“Shhh! Shut up!”

**OS:**

A flurry of guns go off, popping out several rounds of ammunition. A police siren wails as tires crunch the nearby gravel road.

The pounding on the door stops, the beings distracted by the outside noise. Nancy slides down the side of the dresser exhausted and smiling in relief. Letting out a tension breaking chuckle.

**Nancy:**

“I think the cavalry just arrived.”

More gunshots ring out followed by dull, heavy thuds hitting the floor. A wild laugh comes from the outside. The sound of a second vehicle grinds the gravel in front. A bevy of footfalls are heard on the porch. Loud inaudible talking comes from the living room. A final burst of gunfire blasts then silence.

**Man's Voice:**

“Sent em to hell!”

**Man 2's Voice:**

(Authoritatively)

“Go through the house.”

**Man's Voice:**

“Got three more up here!”

(Gun cracks three rounds off.)

“The door's locked. I think someone's hiding inside!”

**Man 2:**

(Grabbing the door handle and twisting it roughly.)

“Who's in there?”

(A quiet giggle escapes.)

“Come out or we'll shoot the door down!”

**Nancy:**

“It's us. We're people. Nancy and Jenny Hardin! We'll open the door.”

(Stands up and cautiously approaches the nearly broken door.)

OS:

**Girl's voice in living room:**

“What a damn mess!”

**Man 3's voice:**

“So, who cares? Let's go inside and see what we can find.”

Nancy unlatched the door, opening it. A gun appears aimed directly at her chest. She jumped back only to realize the man holding the gun was a police officer.

**Police officer:**

“Who else is inside?”

**Nancy:**

“Just my sister, she's pregnant.”

OS:

Man 2 giggles from the shadows.



**Police Officer:**

“Tell her she can come out.”

Jenny timidly crawls out from her failed hiding spot and stood. The police officer took them both by the arm and led them from the room. The second man stepped out of the shadows. He was not a police officer, he resembled more of a biker with a revolver tucked into his waistband and a rifle in his hands. He smiled brightly at the two girls.

**Biker:**

“You don't have to be afraid of us. We're here to help.”

(Chuckles.)

“We did rescue you, for Chrissake,”

(Quickly stepping over the body of the dead and skips carelessly down the stairs out of sight.)

The officer and the girls enter the living room just in time to see the biker drag their father's remains out the door onto the porch then the grass. They embrace each other and softly cry, only to be startled by the sound of a single gunshot coming from the lawn.

**Officer:**

(Sadly looking at the girls.)

“I'm sorry. It has to be done. You know he'd get up if we didn't. They all do.”

(Cracks his neck.)

“You might think you'd want him alive again, trust me, you wouldn't.”

**Nancy:**

“We know.”

**Jenny:**

“Can we bury him?”

**Officer:**

“Definitely.”

The biker stands in the doorway staring at Nancy. He places his revolver slower than needed back into his waist band. He picks up his rifle which he left by the entrance against the wall. The ever constant grin on his face remained, a grin of trouble.

**Officer:**

(Waving at the biker.)

“Blades here is my deputy. Blades, go check on Max and Chicky.”

**Blades :**

“On it. I'll bet they're making room for our friends in the truck. Want me to bring them in too? What about the girl in the car?”

(Smirks)

**Officer :**

“Bring them all in.”

(Places a hand on Nancy's shoulder.)

“We found a girl in trouble down the road a bit. Seemed a little out of her head, if you catch me.”

(Sits in Frank's recliner, lighting a cigarette.)

“My name's Officer Hayes by the way, Abbot Hayes. You can call me Mr. Hayes.”

**Nancy :**

“Uh...Nice to make your acquaintance.”

(Grabbing Jenny's arm and softly pulling her over to sit on the couch.)

Hayes keeps his eyes focused on the girls, examining them. He un-holsters his service revolver and opens the cylinder, reloading the ammunition. The girls look away to see Blades entering the room. Walking backwards as he carries the legs of a tied and gagged man while another Police officer carries the upper half. They both struggle with the dead weight. Bringing him to the center of the room and dropping him roughly to the floor.

**Police officer :**

“Lay off the snack cakes, lard ass!”

(Kicking the man in the gut with a boot.)

“On to the other one.”

(Exiting with Blades.)

**Hayes :**

“That's Max.”

(Nonchalantly gesturing to the man with his free hand.)

“My Partner, Officer Max Rotter.”

(Clicking the cylinder back into place as he ashes his smoke.)

“He's a petty good guy. All of these people working with me are the best.”

Loud foot falls can be heard on the porch entering into the living room. A woman walks in, Chicky, Her arm was around the waist of Linda Mae, holding her steady on her feet. Nancy bounds from the couch to her sister, who looks completely out of her wits. Her eye blackened and blood seeped from a cut lip

onto her chin.

**Hayes :**

“I'll assume you know her. The one helping her is Chicky.”

Nancy quickly wraps Linda Mae up in her arms. Jenny is swift to join in on the hug.

**Jenny :**

“She's our sister!”

(Joyously.)

“Linda, what happened?”

**Chicky :**

“She was unconscious...”

(She's cut off by Max and Blades bumping into her as they carry in another prisoner.)

**Hayes :**

“These guys were pretty rough.”

Blades smashes the groin of the second prisoner with a boot tip letting out a quiet giggle. Karen and Jenny shuffle Linda Mae to the couch, laying her down. Linda Mae mumbles incoherently as she drifts in and out of awareness. Nancy looks to Chicky in question. Chicky bites her lip and looks to the floor.

**Chicky :**

“Um...She was out cold in the car. Blades saved her. She was fighting those things off.”

**Nancy :**

(Shocked.)

“Did those things give her the wounds? God, she could turn into one of them.”

**Chicky :**

“Yeah, the bruises and blood. But she ain't gonna die.”

**Blades :**

“There is no cure for this thing. If she dies we'll have to take precautions.”

**Hayes :**

“No need to talk like that. Don't scare the girls.”

**Blades :**

(Angered.)

“I'll say whatever I damn well please!”

(Points a gloved finger at Hayes.)

“Just because you got a badge doesn't make you the boss of me!”

(Starting to laugh)

**Chicky :**

(Placing a hand on Blades' arm.)

“That's enough.”

Blades pulls it away, ignoring the advice. Chicky grinds her jaw with hate towards the biker. The sisters weren't listening to the men. Nancy pressed the back of her hand against Linda Mae's forehead, Jenny goes to moisten some cool rags.

**Officer Max Rotter :**

(Laughs.)

“Rough guys.”

(Looks to Hayes' for approval.)

**Hayes :**

(Ignores the gesture.)

“I already said that, Officer Rotter.”

Moping around, Chicky investigates the room. Glancing idly at objects while touching and lifting others. Opening drawers and turning over knick-knacks to see who made them. Finding a small mirror, she primps and re-applies make up.

**Blades :**

(looking curiously at the men tied up.)

“Did you notice how I kicked him full on in the jewels and he didn't even whimper.”

(Kneels down in front of one prisoner, stroking his hair.)

“I wonder what I'd have to do to get his attention?”

**Max :**

“No idea.”

Blades pinches off the prisoner's nostrils, beginning to suffocate the gagged man.

**Hayes :**

(shoving a firm foot into Blades' Chest, knocking him to the ground.)

“Leave the prisoners alone!”

**OS :**

The sound of a vehicle crunching the gravel in front of the house.

**Hayes :**

“What's that?”

(Hand jutting to the holstered gun.)

Max peeks through the crack in the boarded up window.

**Max :**

“It's a scooter pulling up.”

**Nancy :**

(Looks to Jenny)

“Could it be Billy?”

**Hayes :**

“Who's Billy?”

**Nancy :**

“Jenny's boyfriend.”

**Jenny :**

(Cuts her sister off.)

“He's not my boyfriend.”

**Hayes :**

(Smiles and looks at her belly.)

“Well he's your something or other.”

(Motions with his hand to the window.)

“Come and see if it's him.”

**Jenny:**

(Squinting out through the crack.)

“Yeah. Ugh. It's him. I'll let him in.”

(Walking to the door, but stopping half way as she notices Blades and Max begin to draw their weapons.)

**Hayes:**

“Put your toys away, boys. The little miss will let her gentleman caller in. Of course, I'm just assuming he's a gentleman. Go on.”

(nodding his allowance to Jenny.)

Jenny hightails it to the door, swinging it open. Billy stumbles in and hugs Jenny, only to realize the room is filled with strangers. He backs away from the expectant teen, eying everyone quickly.

**Billy:**

“Wha...What's going on?”

**Jenny:**

(Upset.)

“Billy, Linda Mae's hurt!”

**Hayes:**

(Coughing to bring attention to himself.)

“And why would that be any business to this young man?”

**Jenny:**

(Turning to Hayes.)

“His dad's a doctor. So he knows a little bit about medicine and stuff.”

**Hayes:**

(Half grins.)

“Well be it from me to keep you from your work, Dr. Billy.”

Billy kind of chuckles and strides towards Linda Mae on the couch. Dropping to his knees, he feels her head and notices she not responsive.

**Billy:**

“What happened to her?”

**Jenny:**

“We don't know. She left home tonight by herself and got attacked by those things. The police saved her.”

Billy looks up at the men: Blades smirks as usual, Max sizes the boy up with his eyes, and Hayes stares unblinking at the boy as he whistles Take Me Out To The Ball Game arrogantly. Turning back to Jenny with his unwise youth.

**Billy:**

“Are you sure they saved her or did they do this to her?”

**Blades:**

(Standing straight up and sighing.)

“What a thing to say about some one you don't know.”

**Hayes:**

(Jumping to his feet aggressively and shouting.)

“Shut Up!”

(Pausing, biting his tongue and smiling.)

“Linda Mae, is that her name? She was being attacked and we saved her. We saved her sisters as well. We couldn't help their father. I think you owe us some gratitude, young sir.”

**Billy:**

(wide eyed.)

“I'm...I'm sorry.”

**Hayes:**

“Apology accepted.”

**Nancy:**

“Billy, will you help me get her upstairs? It might be a good idea to put her to bed.”

Billy nods and they begin to lift her. Jenny jogs into the kitchen, yelling over her shoulder.

**Jenny:**

“I'll make some coffee. I think that would be good for all of us right now.”

**Chicky:**

(looking through a crack in the boarded windows.)

“There are more of those things out there!”

(Darts a look at Hayes.)

“They're everywhere!”

**Max:**

“Where the hell do they come from?”

**Blades:**

(Standing over the prisoners, staring at them with cruelty.)

“Damn scumbags! Why are we even helping them?”

(Smiling brightly at Max.)

“Hey Max, maybe if we offer those things a snack they'll leave us alone for a while?”

**Max:**

(Turning and nodding at Blades with excitement. Looking at the prisoners and lightly kicking him.)

“Feel like being a country fried steak tonight, boys?”

**Hayes:**

(Butting his smoke out.)

“Before you two play, you should take some precautions about our oncoming friends in the yard. It's gonna be a long dark night.”

Blades looks to Max smiling.

**Blades:**

“Maybe we should have a bonfire tonight?”

**Max:**

(looking out the crack in the boards.)

“Half a dozen or so of those things are lying out there. Should make for some good kindling.”

Blades and Max agree then exit the house.

**Ext. Front Porch: Night.**



The cop and the biker stand on the porch surveying the situation. The beings tend to hide in the darkest shadows under trees. The men walk carefully to the truck never taking their hands off of their guns. Reaching the bed of the truck first, Max grabs two pairs of gloves tossing one pair to blades. Rummaging through junk, he lifts out a 2x4 and an old t-shirt. Wrapping the cloth around the wood and dousing it with the nearby can of kerosene, lighting it as a makeshift torch.

Blades hastily begins dragging corpses near the porch. The stench of decomposition gagging him. In between breaths the sound of dry heaving comes from his body. One by one he stacks the corpses. Max keeps the few braver beings away by swinging the torch towards them. Seeing that Blades has finished his task, Max carries the kerosene over to the mound and sloppily pours it all on the remains.

**Blades :**

“Don't light it yet. We should save it for when we might really need the assistance.”

**Max :**

“Yeah the sonsabitches are afraid of fire. Might be a useful escape tool if we would need it.”

**Blades :**

(Fear for once creeps into his voice.)

“Good lord, look!”

(Points beyond the horizon.)

“There must be a dozen more coming this way.”

**Max :**

(Throws the torch off to the side.)

“We better get back into the house.”

## **Int. Farmhouse: Night.**

Hayes sits quietly drinking a cup of coffee as Chicky got cozy on the couch. The Two men re-enter the room, quickly slamming the door and securing it with the beam and bracket. Max and Blades walk into the kitchen to wash their hands. On the table are two full mugs of steaming hot coffee.

**Blades :**

“I want more than coffee, I'm starving.”

(Opening the refrigerator and looks around.)

**Cut to-**

## **Int. Farmhouse: Second story.**

Jenny quietly climbs the stairs towards her sister's bedroom. She averts her eyes as she passes her father's room, wiping away a single tear. The door to the room was ajar. A single beam of light cut through the darkness. Silently, a bulking silhouette stands in the blackness.

Jenny enters Linda Mae's bedroom. Billy and Nancy sat at her bedside. They look up as the teen walks in and sits on the edge of the bed, stroking her sister's hair gently.

### **Jenny:**

"I made a fresh pot of coffee. You two can go get some if you want. I can watch her."

Billy and Nancy stand up. Billy smiles haphazardly at Jenny and squeezes her shoulder as they left the room. The pair walk down the hall as they reach the top of the stairs, a thunderous amount of laughter disrupts the peace. They skip down the flight, Blades stuffs a sandwich into his mouth as he ran past the teens. They went into the living room.

They see Chicky squatting in the corner in front of something. Max and Blades are behind her. They all squeal with delight. Chicky has found the hidden safe Frank kept under a doily and potted plant.

### **Chicky:**

"I bet I can crack the code."

(Lust grows in her eyes.)

"If not, I can just pick the lock."

(Giggling like a child on Christmas morning.)

### **Billy:**

(Bravely)

"I hope you'll donate that to the fraternal order of police."

### **Chicky:**

(Disgusted with the teen's heroics.)

"You really should go back to your boy scout troop. I'm sure your den mother's worried about you."

Max and Blades take a few steps towards the boy. Blades draws a knife from his belt and flips it in his hand, thrusting it by Max's lips like a microphone. Chicky laughs out loud. Hayes sat wordlessly in the recliner. Billy and Nancy's faces grow tight with fright.

### **Max:**

(Talking to the handle like a Mic.)

“I recently learned that just a while back, Police officers rescued a few inbred, hillbilly shit stains from a bunch of those walking piles of pus attacking them.”

**Blades :**

“That's the same story I heard.”

(Enjoying playing his role.)

“The officers came from nowhere and rescued the cousin lovers in the nick of time. I'd say they were most definitely deserving heroes.”

**Max :**

“Indeed they were. What does it feel like, Officer Rotter, to risk your life for strangers?”

(Talking to himself.)

“Good at first...But people have short memories.”

(Face growing stone like.)

**Billy :**

“Now hold on!”

**Max :**

(Taking the knife from Blades and forcefully kicking Billy in the gut and back onto the stairs.)

“No you hold on, Boy Wonder!”

(Kneeling on the boy's chest and holding the knife to his throat.)

**Nancy :**

“What did you do to my sister?”

Max got up from Billy and looks hurt in Nancy's face. Billy sits rubbing his neck and chest.

**Max :**

“You see those prisoners over there?”

(Points.)

“Kiddie diddlers. We nearly died to save those deviants in order for them to one day have a trial.

(Smiles solemnly.)

“We didn't have to save you. But we did and since we're gonna be here a while, We'd like some damn gratitude.”

(Tone completely changes.)

“Now, we've had nothing but bare bones sandwiches all day. How about you get your barefoot behind into that kitchen and serve us up a nice hot meal?”

**Nancy :**

“Yeah, uh, sure.”

(Mouse-like, as she walks into the kitchen. Stopping suddenly when the TV goes on in the living room.)

Hayes looks bored as he watches the screen. Max and Blades smirk at each other then turn their attention to the TV. Chicky checks her nails and only glances up when the sound of a program that interest them came on.

**OS:**

**Reporter:**

“As reports stream in, it is becoming increasingly evident that this outbreak is no longer confined to the two state boundaries. A night shift employee at a metropolitan hospital in New York's Brooklyn borough speaks on her bizarre experience.”

Nancy tries her best to see the screen from her position in the far reaches of the room. Hayes, Max, Blades, Chicky, and Billy all perk to attention leaning in as if that position will help them learn more. Jenny, who heard the noise of the broadcast tip toes downstairs and stands by her sister. The prisoners tilt their heads trying to lift an ear to hear the broadcast.

**OS:**

**Night shift employee:**

“Well, we had just had a cardiac arrest patient pass and I was the one who had to wheel her to the cold room to wait for the funeral home to pick her up. I then moved her into place as normal and had to turn my back for a few seconds to bag her belongings for the arriving family. When I turned around the woman was up on her feet and walking towards me...It was unreal....I got out of there as fast as I could to get help. When we got back to the cold room, the lady had smashed the glass on the door and escaped.

**Reporter:**

“As stated in an earlier comment, these stories are flooding in from all over the country into our neighbors to the north's border. Some reports are even coming in as far as the island nation of Haiti.”

Jenny suddenly screams out in pain and flops into a chair. Billy and Nancy go to her in concern. Each wrapping an arm around their neck and walking her to the couch. Chicky scoots over to make room. She groans in agony for several seconds.

**Jenny:**

“It's not time yet!”

**Nancy:**

“How intense is the pain?”

**Jenny:**

“Bad and it's starting again!”

**Billy:**

“You need to breath! Focus on your breathing!”

**OS:**

**Reporter:**

“We're gonna go to a live feed with the newly elected sheriff of Evan's County, who during the last outbreak over a decade ago was a rookie deputy. The plague occurred during his first week on the job.”

**Cut to-**

## **Ext. Evacuation Zone: Night.**

A man with a windbreaker on over a suit stands with a microphone next to Sheriff Callan. Behind them a relief center is being constructed. Tents are going up. Sheriff's vehicles have their lights circling. Deputies that are well armed pace back and forth. The rotors of a helicopter can be heard over head.

**Reporter:**

“Sheriff Callan, How would you compare this to the events of a decade ago?”

**Callan:**

“Worse. Much worse. The risen dead are not our only concern this time around. People are turning on each other instead of aiding one another. My men are pulling ragged trying to handle everything. We've gotten a couple dozen calls about looters and marauders. Even a few cases of rape have been reported. It's becoming increasingly difficult to handle all of that, eliminate the outbreak, and try to evacuate citizens.”

**Reporter:**

“Do you think you can tackle this immense situation?”

**Callan:**

“I hope so. We did it once before, but it wasn't like this then. It's becoming clear that those who have

risen aren't the biggest threat people are facing right now. You can barricade you and your family up and that seems to help to slow the advance of those mindless things. But when there are people who are also trying to destroy other's way of life..."

(Runs a hand through his hair, exhausted and disgusted.)

"Jesus God, good people are being torn apart on all sides. I don't know anymore. I'm done."

(walks away from the reporter.)

**Cut to-**

## **Int. Farm House Living Room: Night.**

**Jenny:**

(Hit with a terrible pain spasm.)

"Ah! It hurts so much!"

**Billy:**

(Looking at Hayes.)

"We need to get her to a hospital, now!"

**Hayes:**

(Coldly.)

"You saw what was out there. It's too dangerous."

**Nancy:**

"To hell with it then! Help me get her into bed, Billy!"

The pair lift her from the couch. Jenny's becoming drenched in sweat. Sporadic heavy moans come from deep inside. They cautiously take a step at a time making their way to the stairs. Blades steps in front of them, smirking as he plucks a cigarette from a pack and lighting it, blowing the smoke in the teens' faces.

**Blades:**

"Are you going somewhere?"

Jenny bent over in excruciating pain as Nancy and Billy stare into Blades' face, unknowing of what to do.

**Blades:**

“All you have to do is say pretty please.”

**Jenny:**

(Screaming.)

“Please!”

**Blades:**

“There we go.”

(Steps aside.)

“That wasn't hard.”

**Chicky:**

(Walking over to the safe.)

“Let's get this tin can open.”

**Blades:**

(Turning to Hayes.)

“Alright. I'm about done for the night. Let's stop playing grab ass and figure out what we're gonna do with these people.”

**Hayes:**

“Chill out. The night is young, my friend.”

Chicky drops to her knees and began spinning the dial of the safe next to her ear. Max looks at her smiling with glee at the prospect of the treasure. Blades grows increasingly irritated with the nonsense of the night.

**Blades:**

“We've got other work to do, Abbot! If we don't get to the Russo Ranch someone else will. You know that old sack of shit isn't prepared for this emergency. He wouldn't know what to do with one of those things out there if it bit him on the ass!”

**Chicky:**

(Trying to Focus.)

“Would you shut up and help me get this thing open?”

**Max:**

(Taking a few steps towards Chicky and looking down.)

“Try working the Shaft!”

(Cracking up at his own joke.)

**Chicky:**

“By god, I'm going to crack this if its the last thing I do. I'm getting closer. Can you hear the clicks?”

**Blades:**

“I don't trust those kids up there.”

**Hayes:**

(Thinking as his head turns to the stairs.)

“Maybe you're right.”

**Blades:**

(Stops himself before saying something and listens intently to the ever increasing groans of the dead outside.)

“Max, how many are out there?”

**Max:**

(Squinting through a crack.)

“Uh, guys. The whole yard is covered in them.”

(Runs to the windows on the other side of the room.)

“Oh man. Oh man. Oh man. I can't even count all of them! We're totally surrounded!”

**Hayes:**

(Snorts.)

“And? We can torch our way out like before.”

**Blades:**

(Looks to the prisoners.)

“Country fried steak.”

**Fade to-**

**Int. Farmhouse upstairs: Frank's Room.**

The ever still silhouette of the large figure is aroused by the thundering footsteps and screams of Jenny and the teens. Its head moves slowly as a soft groan of hunger creeps from it's dry vocal chords.



## **Int. Jenny's room.**

Jenny is lying on the bed, sweat is soaking her clothes. Nancy grabs an old article of clothing and wipes the expecting mother's face off. Jenny suddenly cocks her head at a sharp angle and screams an unearthly squeal of pain. She grabs her sister's hand tightly and looks up to her.

### **Jenny:**

(Breathing heavy.)

“Something feels wrong!”

### **Nancy:**

(A look of concern fills her face.)

“It's alright, baby girl. It's just the ol' nerves kicking in. You're gonna be fine. I promise!”

### **Jenny:**

“Please! I need to go to the hospital!”

### **Nancy:**

(A sad smile breaks her solemn face.)

“We can't right now. But as soon as it's safe we'll be there.”

Billy paces Jenny's room in a panic. He doesn't know what to do. In a desperate attempt to escape the anxiety of the current moment, he leaves the room. Walking down the hall to Linda Mae's room. Cracking the door, he sees she's awake in the soft light that's filling the room. He enters, hurriedly closing the door and kneeling at her bed to whisper.

### **Billy:**

“As soon as the coast is clear, I'm calling my dad and we'll get ambulances here to you and your sister.”

### **Linda Mae:**

(Softly crying.)

“It'll be too late by then. Those men down there aren't gonna let us go.”

### **Billy:**

“What? Why wouldn't they? They'll take whats in the safe and leave. I'm sure of it.”

### **Linda Mae:**

(Looking Billy in the eyes.)

“Those men down there aren't just looters.”

(Sobs.)

“Those men all raped and beat me.”

**Billy:**

“Oh Linda. I'm so sorry. You're gonna be okay though. We're gonna get through this. The national guard and all those militias will stop this. They did it once and they'll damned surely do it again.”

**Linda Mae:**

“Billy, they're going to kill all of us.”

(Cries again.)

“Don't you understand? Even if those monsters are stopped, those men downstairs will have to kill us just so no one can report it to the police.”

**Billy:**

“No...That wont happen. I'll do something.”

**Nancy:**

(Flinging open the door, running in and hugging her sister.)

“I heard you talk. What are we gonna do?”

The sound of heavy boots reverberate all through the hall and stop outside of Linda Mae's Door. The Three teenagers all look up to see Blades standing at the door with his head cocked and a sinister grin on his face. He leans against the door frame, pursing his lips as he thinks of what to say.

**Blades:**

“Well, aren't you a chatty Cathy. So it's all out. Downstairs, now!”

**Billy:**

“You monster!”

(He yells as he begins to charge at the biker.)

**Nancy:**

(Grabs his arm and yanks him back sharply.)

“Stop, he'll kill you!”

**Blades:**

“Sage advice.”

(Raises his arm and points downstairs.)  
“Come down and join the fiesta.”

**Nancy:**

“Jenny's in labor!”

**Blades:**

“Fine. She stays but you go. I'm sure she can have it alone. People have been popping out kids by themselves since the time of the Flintstones.”

**Nancy:**

“Please, Mr. Blades. You can't possibly mean that.”

**Linda Mae:**

(Grabbing Nancy's hand.)

“He means it.”

**Blade:**

(Snapping and flips the nearby dresser over in white hot anger.)

“Get your asses down there, now!”

(Pointing his gun at them.)

Jenny's screams echo through the house as Billy and Nancy help Linda Mae up. They walk with their heads down while being followed closely behind by Blades. Making their way downstairs, Chicky, looks up evilly at the teens.

**Chicky:**

“What are we to do with you people?”

**Max:**

“Those things outside are dying for a meal!”

(He again laughs at his own joke.)

**Hayes:**

“Where's the virgin mother?”

**Blades:**

“Still squeezing out another inbred.”

**Hayes :**

“It's a real bad night to have a baby. Chicky, get her.”

As Chicky leaps to her feet following orders, a commotion occurs outside the house. Hayes nods at Max to look.

**Max :**

“Some right outside the house. I think they can smell the living.”

Max pokes his rifle through the crack, breaking a pane of glass. He carefully aims and pops two successive shots off. Dead weight hits the wood flooring of the porch. Chicky, resumes her venture upstairs, skipping every other step. Walking past Frank's room as a large pair of dead hands grabs out at her hair, snagging it. The being drags her swiftly into the dark room before she could even yell an alert to the men. The monster slams her onto the bed as it pulls her hair with brute strength, ripping it from the roots. Another hand forces it's fingers into her mouth and under her chin. His jaws made their way directly to her throat, biting down. It tears the flesh like sheets of rubber, chewing and slobbering from his mouth. Chicky's eyes roll into her skull. Blood flows from the wound like a faucet.

**Cut To-**

## **Ext. Farmhouse: Night.**

Max's rifle was now at another window, firing wildly. Missing the beings, but forcing them into retreat back to the shadows.

**OS :**

**Hayes :**

“That's enough!”

**Cut to-**

## **Int. Farmhouse Living room.**

**Max :**

“They backed off!”

**Hayes :**

“Then stop wasting bullets.”

(Looking at the ceiling.)

“Chicky, come on!”

**Blades :**

“In the kitchen, there's a cabinet by the sink. It's got butcher's string in it. Go get it, Max.”

After retrieving it, the teens are forced onto their stomachs and had their hands tied behind their backs by the men. Hayes stands up and knelt in front of Billy's head. Reaching for his gun and cocking it at the boy's temple.

**Hayes :**

“Now, which one of you knows the combination?”

**Nancy :**

“There's nothing in it!”

**Hayes :**

“Don't toy with me! I'm running this monkey farm now, bitch!”

(Pressing the gun harder against Billy's skull.)

“Combination, now!”

**Nancy :**

“Linda Mae knows the combo. There's nothing in it but pictures and baby albums!”

Hayes stood up powerfully. He grabs Linda Mae by the nape of her neck and drags her to the safe, dropping her in front of it and jamming his gun into the back of her skull.

**Linda Mae :**

“Ten, one, sixty-eight.”

Hayes dials the combination in. the lock clicks and the iron door creaks open. Hayes chuckles and began removing dozens of photo albums, tossing them hard all across the room. He stands up and slams the door shut in rage.

**Hayes :**

“You white trash, Hillbillies!”

(Standing up and getting near Billy, grabbing him by the hair and smashing his face powerfully into the floor.)

Billy's nose broke on impact and shot a stream of blood onto the floor. He coughs and sputters as he cries like a scared little boy. Hayes lifts the boy's head again, latching onto his broken nose and maneuvering it side to side. Billy screams and yelps in pain. Hayes drops the boy's head and returned to standing.

Hayes:

“Watch them. I'm going up to see what's taking her so long to come down.”

Hayes flew up the steps and into Jenny's room. He saw the girl in labor. Fear fills her eyes. The man looks around the room, he hears motion in the next room over. He sprints over, kicking in the door. Drawing his revolver and flicking the light switch, quickly seeing the being and then flicking it off. The instant image of the thing devouring the woman was too much. Hayes stomps down the stairs back into the living room.

**Hayes :**

“We're done here. We got business with Mr. Russo.”

**Max :**

“Where's Chicky?”

**Hayes :**

(Still a little shocked.)

“Not now. We gotta move, fast! Get the hicks on their feet. Except the boy, drag him.”

**Blades :**

“What about them?”

(Points to the original prisoners.)

**Hayes :**

“A feast for the freaks.”

(Re-thinks this decision.)

“Wait. Untie one.”

Blades removes the gag from the man's mouth and cuts his feet and hands loose. Hayes in one swift

move, pulls his gun and fires hitting the man in the gut.

**Hayes :**

“He'll die slowly and come back. I'm positive he'll be famished.”

**Blades :**

(Leaning over the still tied man.)

“Country fried steak.”

**Hayes :**

“Let's move.”

Blades ducks into the kitchen and returns with two sloppy made torches, handing one to Hayes. Max flings open the barricade and they step out into the night. Lighting their rigs quickly. They wave them at a few beings that were too close for comfort.

**Hayes :**

“Blades, toss the girls in the bed. We'll ride in the cab, Max once again, the squad car's all your's.”

Max runs to the cop car and idiotically turns the siren on. Laughing and carrying on as the lights begin to spin. Blades forces the girls through the yard to the truck by gun point, occasionally swinging the torch at the nearby risen. Hayes walks cautiously through the grass to the pile of corpses and drops his torch onto it. Setting it off in a pyre of smoke and flame.

Blades sprints passed Hayes returning to the house for the boy. The biker grabs hold of the boy's shirt collar and heaves the dead weight with surprising ease through the yard and onto the pick up's bed. Then hopping behind it's wheel, igniting the engine as Hayes climbs in beside him. The truck lurched onto the gravel road slowly. The headlights picking up the outline of dozens of the dead. They had to weave in between the beings. The squad car tightly on the truck's tail.

Suddenly the car slows to pass around a corpse lying in the road, putting a great deal of distance between him and his comrades. Hayes sees the situation in the rear view mirror.

**Hayes :**

“Reverse it!”

(Waving for Max to catch up.)

The dead seem to be hiding in large numbers in the darkened ditch. Once the truck stops reversing they all crawl out. Slowly filling in the small gap between the two vehicles. Max's face fills with panic. The only way around them is on the narrow shoulder. Hayes threw open his door and walks to the bed of

the truck, grabbing Billy by the feet and dragging him out onto the road.

**Hayes :**

“Soup's on!”

(Yelling and flagging Max around while the dead are distracted.)

Hayes climbs back into the cab as both vehicles continue on. Billy's screams are muffled as the tires crushed gravel.

**Cut to-**

**Int. Hardin Farm House Living Room: Night.**

The two prisoners lay on the floor. One severely wounded in the abdomen, the other still tied and gagged. The tied man stares at the other while trying to free himself by attempting to stretch his bonds. But he fails and the ropes cut into his wrists. His eyes dart around the room, searching for something that could aid him. The wounded man awoke and moans clutching at his injury. The injured man was breathing hard obviously in pain.

The tied man begins to squirm around and try his best to make noises to alert the injured man of his presence. The man places an elbow onto the floor and gingerly lifts himself to his side. The tied man made noise again, this time successfully alerting the other. Once attention was gotten, the tied man jerks his head towards the door, doing his best to show the other that it was not barricaded. The bleeding man understands and very slowly climbs to his feet. After several gradual steps the man makes it to the door and re-secures it.

The man felt for his wound, pulling away a blood stained hand and looking at it.

**Wounded Man :**

“Slug's moving around in there. I think it broke a rib.”

(Walking to the tied man, freeing him.)

**Newly Freed man :**

“I think you should lay down on the couch. You've lost a lot of blood. I've got to find something to dress it. It'll be awhile before you can get any medical assistance.”

**Wounded man :**

“I'll worry about that after I get those bastards. “



**Freed man :**

“I think it was a .22 but I could be wrong.”

(Walking into the kitchen tearing open drawers looking for something to defend himself with.)

Successfully finding a cleaver and a few butcher knives, tossing them onto the counter. Bending over to open the cabinet under the sink and finding a nice tool box with a heavy mallet stored inside. Returning to the wounded man, he hands him a knife so he wouldn't be defenseless. Holding the cleaver in one hand and the mallet in the other. He started for the second floor.

At the top of the hall, Frank's door was ajar. The man nudges the door open with the toe of his boot. The man saw what was nothing more than the bloody skeletal remains of a woman and the being who devoured her sitting bloated on the floor while blackened drool dripped from his chin. Its eyes sluggishly look up at the man with disinterest, as if it was full for the moment.

The man launches at the being, swinging hard with the mallet first. The sound of bone crunching fills the quiet room. Then swung with the cleaver lodging it into the center of the being's cranium. Its head dropping lifelessly. The man retracts the blade which causes the being to flop over dead. Catching his breath he looks at the woman's remains. For safety's sake he drives the cleaver into her skull as well.

**OS .**

**Wounded Man :**

(Yelling.)

“What's going on up there?”

**Man :**

(Yelling back.)

“It's alright. One of those damn things was up here. I took care of it.”

The man upstairs hears the constant cries of pain from Jenny and made his way to her room. She was in bed, mildly delirious. But she still looks at the man desperate for any sort of help she could get.

**Jenny :**

“The pains are coming every minute now!”

(Crying hysterically.)

“Please. It's coming. Whoever you are, please help me.”

**Man :**

“It's alright. I'm a cop. A real one. I'm gonna do everything I can. But, I need you to help too. Okay?”

**Jenny :**

“Thank you!”

**Cop :**

“I'm gonna need to go get some supplies. I'll be right back.”

The cop sprints from the room and down the stairs into the kitchen. Ripping open cabinet after cabinet. Finding clean rags and towels. A first aid kit. And a loaded hand gun with a box of ammunition. The cop bee-lined back into the living room. He tosses the kit at the wounded man.

**Cop :**

“I'm gonna patch you up and then we're gonna deliver a baby!”

**Wounded man :**

“Wait, What?”

**Cop :**

“There's a girl upstairs whose very close to delivery and the only thing I know about that is what I read in pamphlets six years ago when my boy was born.”

**Wounded Man :**

“Well, Bub, I got news for ya. It's been about thirty years since I had anything to do with babies. Mine are grown and having babies of their own.”

**Bub :**

(Ripping open the wounded man's shirt and pouring antiseptic on the wound.)

“Well, don't let your Alzheimer's kick in now, DeMarco. We gotta do it.”

**Wounded Man :**

“I should of left the force ten years ago.”

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Farm House: Night.**

The once raging fire begins to dim, eerily illuminating the beings as their fear of the flames shrinks while their hunger grows. Several begin to claw and tear at the boarded up windows, a couple assault

the barricaded door with cold fists. Amongst the growing numbers, a few bring rocks and branches to use as awkward tools trying to make their way in.

One attacker was successful at loosening up a board on the window and those pounding the door made the frame begin to rattle. The noise just alerts more to come to the area. The yard is filled and many more are coming across the road. The only sound of the night is the crackling of the dying fire and the dry groans of the dead.

**Fade To-**

### **Int. Jenny's Bedroom.**

Jenny screams as DeMarco sat on the floor next to her bed, wiping the sweat from her forehead with a cool rag. Bub sits on the bed coaching Jenny's breathing. Every so often the cops would catch each other's eyes as the sound of the assault from the dead could be heard all the way upstairs.

When Jenny seemed like she was thoroughly exhausted and about ready to give out, a final guttural scream leaves her body as the baby girl made her way into the world. Downstairs, the kitchen window shatters and boards fall to the floor.

Bub cut the umbilical cord and wrapped the infant quickly in a towel. He smiles as he held the swaddled baby. DeMarco, even at his age wiped a small tear of joy from his cheek. Bub, went to hand the girl over when he saw Jenny staring unblinking at the ceiling and mouth agape.

Handing the new born to DeMarco, Bub closes the girl's eyes making her look as if she was in a peaceful sleep.

**Bub :**

“I really thought everything would be fine.”

**DeMarco :**

(Gently rocking the baby in his arms.)

“There was nothing more we could have done. Neither of us have any training in this. Now, what are we gonna do?”

**Bub :**

“We need to get out of here.”

**DeMarco :**

“Shouldn't we take care of her?”

(Nodding to Jenny's body.)

**Bub :**

“I'll do it, but get the baby out of the room.”

DeMarco stiffly climbs to his feet, quietly singing a lullaby to the infant as he closes the bedroom door behind him. Bub, reluctantly lifts the clever above his head and closes his eyes driving the blade into Jenny's forehead. He falls against the dresser and vomits from his actions. He re-cooperates quickly and runs from the room.

Stumbling down the stairs but catching himself on the landing, he freezes in his tracks. The dead were climbing through the window and falling to the floor. Bub, reaches for the pistol and fires twice. Once in the being's head who had managed to stand and another in the body of the one still flopping around on the floor.

Behind Bub, DeMarco had unlocked the latch and was standing in the front door, baby in one hand a knife in the other.

**DeMarco :**

“Bub, can you make it?”

**Bub :**

(Turning and jotting to the door.)

“Better question is, can you make it?”

**DeMarco :**

“If the Korean's couldn't kill me, I'm definitely not gonna let a bunch of ghouls do it.”

**Bub :**

(Taking the baby in his arms.)

“Well, I guess I'm glad you haven't lost a step in nearly thirty years.”

(He laughs as they sprint into the yard.)

The front yard is nearly clear as the beings had been drawn to the commotion in back of the house. They cross the lawn reaching the road. Picking a direction they just ran. DeMarco, after a distance begins to tire and breath heavy as the pain in his abdomen grew.

**DeMarco :**

“Alright hotshot. Maybe I did age a little since the war, but I think we're clear for a while. Could we maybe go for a nice stroll instead of a jog?”

**Bub :**

“Yeah. I think that's an option now.”

The two police officers walk and catch their breath. The eery silence keeping them alert at all times. Up the road some, they see an abandoned mini-van with it's back hatch open. Bub hands the baby to the old man and draws his weapon, approaching the vehicle. Seeing that it's empty he feels around the sides of the van, flicking a switch and lighting up the interior.

**DeMarco :**

“Anything good in it?”

**Bub :**

“Yeah. A generator. It looks brand new.”

**DeMarco :**

“What would you do with it?”

**Bub :**

(Looks around thinking, then points to a nearby hill covered in trees.)

“Up there. Can you carry one end of it?”

**DeMarco :**

“Oh yeah, nothing I'd love to do more. When I think of taking it easy for a while, I think of carrying a two hundred pound machine up hill.”

**Bub :**

“Just grab it and lets move.”

Lifting the generator out of the van and coiling its cables they begin to journey to the hill. The men make it to the hill, stumbling though the brush. Reaching the top, DeMarco finally collapses against a tree. Bub laid the baby on a soft patch of grass. Quickly, Bub began stringing the wires through the low branches encircling the men. He pulls the ignition cord starting the generator. He lifts up the baby and sat next to his partner.

**DeMarco :**

“Know how much fuel's in there?”

**Bub :**

“It's too dark. I couldn't see into the tank if I wanted too.”

**DeMarco :**

“Well, you better pray we get a Hanukkah miracle then.”

**Bub :**

“You're Catholic.”

**DeMarco :**

“I'm whatever will get us though this night.”

A being made its unsteady way through the brush towards the resting cops. Bub can clearly see it getting close to the wire. When it finally touches it, the ghoul is thrown back several feet from the shock. DeMarco laughs.

**DeMarco :**

“Country fried steak!”

**Fade To-**

### **Ext. Wooded Hilltop: Dawn.**

Dawn comes bringing the men a respite from the dangers of the night. The two cops are huddled together sleeping, the baby wrapped tightly against Bub's chest. The sound of the generator's hum fills the air. A few yards away, the body of a charred being lay sprawled out. Small plumes of smoke come from its burnt hair. Suddenly the machine rattles and dies.

DeMarco was pale and damp with perspiration from a fever caused from an oncoming infected bullet wound. Chirping birds signal the onset of a new day. Footsteps make their way uphill, careful and concise. Reaching the hilltop, a small hand parts branches revealing the face of a young boy. He steps through the dead wires, on his back is a bow and quiver full of arrows. In his hand, a Swiss Army knife. The boy signals with his hand and a band of other young boys carrying everything from baseball bats to pellet guns surround the men.

The boy band's leader gracefully treks over the small area to Bub, kicking away his pistol. DeMarco, startled, jerks awake but wretches back in stiff and sharp pain. Bub, quickly awakens hearing his partners groan. He looks around and saw the boys.

**Bub :**

“Who are you?”

Quick like a squirrel, one of the boys darts forward swiping the pistol laying on the ground. He weighs its heft and examines it, becoming happy with his newest scavenge.

**Bub :**

“Hey! That's not your's. We need it for defense.”

**Boy :**

“I think I need some ammo for this baby. I'm gonna call her Reckoning!”

**Band Leader :**

“Search them!”

The two men, feeling the effects of sleeping in the damp, stood stiffly. The boys run their hands up and down the men's legs and backs. They pull their pockets inside out. A boy takes away the sharp knife and cleaver.

**DeMarco :**

“We don't have anything! It was all taken last night.”

The baby begins to cry, Bub bends over picking it from the wet earth and holds it tight to his chest, rocking it back and forth. He looks deep into the boy band's eyes. They were feral.

**Bub :**

“Listen, we have to get food and medicine for the baby. Her mother died and my friend is hurt. Please, let us go.”

**Band Leader :**

“Shut it!”

**DeMarco :**

“We're police officers, you little shit!”

**Band Leader:**

“Yeah, and I'm Rocky Balboa!”  
(Cocks his head in question.)  
“Where ya from?”

**Bub:**

“We came from the Hardin house about a mile back. We made it out in time, everyone else died.”

**DeMarco:**

(Angrily.)  
“Go check it out, piss ant.”

**Bub:**

(Shoots a look of warning to DeMarco.)  
“Look, you see we don't have anything of value. Just give me back the gun and we'll be out of here.”

**Band Leader:**

“I don't think so. Finders keeper. It's a scary place out there nowadays.”  
(Raising his knife aggressively at Bub.)  
“Move!”

All the other boys raise their weapons right after. The boy with the gun, pulls the hammer of the gun back pointing it specifically at the baby in the cop's arms. The leader steps up to Bub, positioning the knife in his hand making it easier to stab.

**Leader:**

“Move it!”

Bub and DeMarco obediently oblige, making their way down the hill to the road. The men did not look back in fear the boy with the gun would pull the trigger on impulse. The leader yells from the hilltop.

**Leader:**

“Quarter mile up the road is another farm. You'll probably find supplies there.”

**Boy with gun:**

(To leader.)  
“What are you thinking helping out pigs? They'll swarm us as soon as they get to a phone.”



**Leader:**

“There ain't no more help coming. Yesterday, I had a little sister around that age. Maybe the cop's baby might have a better chance.”

**Boy with gun:**

“Hey, let's go to that Hardin farm. If they're all dead it should be a breeze to raid the place.”

**Leader:**

“Men, head out!”

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Rural Roadside: Day.**

The men creep through a ditch alongside the road trying their best to avoid being spotted by the dead or roving bands of criminals. DeMarco is getting worse, his breathing jagged and painful. He moves stiffly and clutched at his wound trying any means to ease the pain.

Within viewing distance, they spot the farmhouse. Trying to survey the place, the men crouch behind a tree looking for movement in that area.

**DeMarco:**

“Seems empty. Let's get to it. I don't know how much longer I can keep going.”

**Bub:**

(Cautiously.)

“Yeah, alright.”

The two men step from behind the tree as a sudden shotgun blast went off hitting DeMarco squarely in the chest, reeling him back and forcing him dead to the ground. Frozen, Bub stares at the dead expression on his partner's face. More shots fire, Bub dives behind a row of nearby bushes to take cover. Although uninjured, the infant wails in distress.

Bub, holding the baby tighter, peeks around the bush and saw that DeMarco's head had been wounded as he fell onto a rock causing enough damage that would prevent him from coming back. He relaxes for a split second, taking comfort in the fact he would not have to put his partner down as well. Realizing that he could use the baby's cries as a tool, he yells at the gunman in the house.

**Bub :**

“Stop shooting, please! I have a baby. We need help!”

A voice came through a barricaded window.

**Gunman :**

“Show yourself! Stand up and prove it!”

**Bub :**

“Alright. I'm standing now. I'm going to have the baby in my arms. For the love of god, don't shoot!”

The baby stops crying the instant he says that. Rolling his eyes in disbelief of all the unfortunate things that keep happening to him. He stands and walks from behind the bushes, then very carefully to the house. The glint of the shot gun shined in the sun as it protrudes from the window. Stopping in front of the porch, Bub begins talking loudly to the gunman.

**Bub :**

“This baby was born less than a dozen or so hours ago. She's Jenny Hardin's. She died during delivery.”

**Gunman :**

“We ain't got nothing for a baby. How do we know you ain't one of those criminals on the loose out there?”

**Bub :**

“My name is Robert McClelland. My dad used to be Evans County's Sheriff. I'm a police officer and a member of the National Guard.”

(Unknowing of what else to say.)

“Uh, you can call me Bub. Everyone including my wife calls me that.”

A women's voice can be heard behind the barricade.

**Woman :**

“Jesse! He's got a baby with him. Let that poor man in!”

The shotgun withdrew from the window and the door opens up. In the doorway, an elderly couple stands. The gun still firmly in Jesse's hands. The woman smiles, forcing Jesse to relax.

**Woman :**

“Well come on, hurry up. Come in!”  
(Stepping aside to allow Bub access.)

Bub nodding in thanks as he enters the house. Jesse quickly closes and bolts the door shut. The woman snatches the infant from the cop's arm, turning and gently rocking it back and forth with happiness.

**Bub :**

“If we don't get milk soon, she's gonna starve.”

**Jesse :**

“We can't help. Few days before all this happened our livestock up and died. Damnedest thing. Fine one night, dead the next morning. No sickness or symptoms whatsoever.”

**Bub :**

“Oh.”  
(Not sure how to respond to the statement,)

**Jesse :**

“You said you're a cop?”

**Bub :**

“Yessir. My partner and I were ambushed and captured by those criminals. They took everything we had, even our uniforms.”

**Woman :**

“Where's your partner?”

**Bub :**

“Uh, he was killed.”

Jesse looks over near the window to a young man sitting in a rocker with another shotgun at his side. The young man cringes and looks away in guilt. It has become apparent that it was the young man with the itchy trigger finger.

**Jesse:**

“He ain't as bright as his brother. He got himself out of this town and joined the military. That boy's on his way to a captain's promotion any day now. Unlike him, see what happens when you'd rather look at

them nudey pictures you got hidden under your mattress than do your school work?"

The boy looks away from his father shamefully.

**Bub :**

(Trying to handle the awkward situation.)

"Oh well."

**Woman :**

(Placing a soft hand on Bub's shoulder.)

"We'll make sure your partner gets a decent funeral."

**Bub :**

"Thank you. Do you at least have any powdered or canned milk?"

**Woman :**

"We've been living off of canned goods I squirreled away last fall, if this keeps up, we won't have any of that either."

Bub disheartened, leans against the door frame as he notices the slow son begin wringing his hands and rocking back and forth in his rocker. Suddenly the boy threw his arms into the air and gave a single flap like a bird would. Bub, learned quickly that this boy shouldn't be trusted with a gun. Looking back at the couple, he thinks.

**Bub :**

"Well, Mrs... I'm sorry I didn't catch your name?"

**Woman :**

"Oh I'm so sorry. We're the Rhodes family. My Husband is Jesse, Our son over there is Lenny. I'm Bethel. No need for formalities though. Call us by our first names, doesn't seem like the prim and proper time to go through all of that."

**Bub :**

(Smiles at the mildly backwards family.)

"Well thank you. Again, please call me Bub. This baby hasn't even eaten since she was born, do you think there's anywhere around here that might have supplies?"

**Jesse :**

“Nothing but the Hardin home down the road a bit. The Russo Ranch is a few miles away, on foot it's about an hour walk. For the life of me, I never understood why they call it a ranch. That old coot never farmed or raised cattle a day in his life. Wouldn't know what hard work looks like. He bought himself a mansion from stealing other people's property through the damn courts and shipping out all the crops other farmers broke their backs raising. It ain't right stealing other people's harvest and selling it as their own.”

**Bethel :**

“Now, Jesse. It's done and over with. You know how the courts ruled.”

**Jesse :**

(Siting in a nearby kitchen chair.)

“Ain't no farmer around here can make a living for themselves anymore. Between Russo buying up what farms were left after Kaufman converted nearly every other farm around here into one of those factories. Force feeding livestock antibiotics and hormones to make em bigger. I saw those animals, some are so big their legs break under their own weight.

(Lights a bent and crinkled cigar he pulled from his pocket.)

**Bub :**

“Mr. Rhodes, Jesse, I was born and raised around here. I saw what happened. The world's changing all around us. Unfortunately, I think this world's forcing people to adapt or get steam rolled over.”

**Jesse :**

“Damn right it is. I ain't got nothing but a junior high education. I don't know anything but farming. How do I support a family with a skill nobody needs anymore?”

**Bub :**

“I...I don't know. I wish there was an answer.”

**Jesse :**

“This thing, this thing that's happening. We did it to ourselves. Whether it be some sort of radiation from that satellite or hell, from hormones in our food. Maybe it was science and god getting together because we were getting a little too big for our britches. Maybe their trying to show us that we're nothing but little bugs crawling around on this tiny rock, not the gods we thought we were.”

**Bub :**

(Looking out the side window near the door, thinking.)

“Bugs can be crushed.”

**Jesse :**

“You're damn right. All you need to wipe out a colony of ants in their mound is an itty-bitty Dixie cup of water. I think God's using two cups this go around.”

**Lenny :**

(Suddenly blurts out.)

“Big Daddy's Fuel Depot!”

**Jesse :**

“Well by god, he's right. I forgot about that place.”

**Bub :**

“Where?”

**Jesse :**

“A mile away on Highway sixty-six. It's a gas station convenience store, it'll have the stuff you need. If he's there, tell Terry to bill it to my tab. He'll take care of you.”

**Bub :**

“That would be fantastic!”

**Jesse :**

“I got a truck I can loan ya and a rifle, you'll need that.”

**Jesse :**

“We'll take care of the baby here. We might need her for collateral.”  
(Jesting with Bub.)

**Bub :**

“Thank you so much!”

**Bethel :**

“I'll do everything I can for the baby. I think we might have a few scoops of coffee creamer left. I can probably water it down and feed her that til you get back.”

**Jesse :**

(Tossing Bub a set of keys and pulls out a rifle from the closet.)

“Truck's a clunker but she's got gas and will probably work enough to get you there and back.”

**Bub :**

“You don't know how much I appreciate this!”

**Cut to-**

### **Ext. Highway: Day.**

The truck Hayes and Blades drove coasts along slowly. From extreme exhaustion and fatigue the girls in back had fallen into deep sleep. Abbot carefully watches the patrol car behind them in the mirror. The road is filled with the dead. Traveling the short distance to the Russo Ranch proved to be a several hour task caused from having to drive five to ten miles an hour at a time in order not to hit the beings.

Relaxing a bit, Hayes turns the radio dial to listen for any new information. He scanned nearly all the stations getting nothing but static, finally something came in. The gonk song begins to play as it leads into an advertisement for The Monroeville Mall.

**OS :**

**Announcer :**

“You'll never shop any where else again! This state of the art building has four; not one, not two, not three, but four. That's right! I said four floors filled to the ceiling with deals! Everything you could ever want! Boasting several of the biggest names in retail! Penney's, Radio Shack, Andy's Gun Emporium, and Sears which features all the tools you'll ever need plus an on sight lumber yard! There's even an ice rink and arcade for the kiddos! So bring the whole family! Plus, if mom and dad want a night from the kids The Monroeville Mall even has that covered with The Brown Derby lounge, serving only the best in fine liquor and spirits. So what are you waiting for? Run, dont walk.”

**Hayes :**

“Christ! No news but we get advertisements.”

**Blades :**

“Can't do anything anymore without commercials interrupting you. Tried to watch Carson the other night and they had three commercial breaks. I about kicked in the set.”

**OS :**

A car horn blares.

**Hayes :**

(Looking in the mirror.)

“Shit! I think he stalled!”

(Rolling down the window in time to hear Max.)

**Max :**

“The tank's empty. I'm stalled!”

Blades cracks his door open and looks to the squad car. The dead in the road begin to swarm it. Blades and Hayes step out onto the road and check their ammunition. Not much left, and not enough to end the swarm. The dead encircle the car pounding on the metal. Blades and Hayes watch helplessly as terror engulfs Max trapped in the car.

**Max :**

(Muffled through closed windows.)

“Help me, you sons a bitches!”

Blades and Hayes look away and climb back into the truck. The dead pound on the squad car's windows. In a last resort, Max pulls his gun and fires a single shot into his head splattering blood on the driver's side window.

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Rural Road: Day.**

Bub steers the rust bucket carefully. It was filthy and had a misaligned steering column. When he had to slow down and navigate around the very few dead that wandered onto the road, the truck's brakes squeal and he was afraid they'd give out totally. There wasn't many of the things on the road though. He did see a small school of them standing on the shoulder staring up at the sun. He wondered.

**Bub :**

“What are they looking at? Does the sunlight do something to them? No, maybe the bastards are just full for the moment.”

(He shudders.)

Bub sits back and decelerated, taking a moment to gather himself and think about the past evening's events and about his family; Drifting into a conscious stream of thoughts allowing muscle memory to drive for him.



**Cut to-**

## **Dream Sequence: Family Apartment.**

Remembering himself playing a video game with his young son on his birthday. Party hats still on their heads, half eaten birthday cake on plates placed on the coffee table. The box the console came in, leaning against the small TV stand. His little boy laughs and carries on as the electronic beeps and boops fill the room with sounds. His wife's voice comes from behind them.

**Wife:**

“Time to clean up the mess, boys!”

The wife, face unseen walks around the couch and picks up the plates.

**Bub:**

“Thank you, sweet heart!”

**Wife:**

“Anything for my two special guys!”

A groan comes from the woman. Bub looks up and sees his wife as one of the beings. Her face crinkled and dried. Her eyes have the obligatory dark rings around them. Blood dribbles from her nostrils as she snarls and attacks the little boy. Bub can't see where she bites him, but the blood splatters all over the couch. He grabs her hard and pulls with all of his strength. She quickly turns and latches onto Bub's arm, tearing a hunk of flesh away. As if on cue, the door rattles then collapses allowing a multitude of the dead into their apartment home. Bub screams and comes back to reality having to swerve the truck back onto the road, shaking the horrible vision from his mind. Trying to distract himself, he clicks The radio on.

**Bub:**

'Probably won't even work like most parts on this piece of scrap metal.’”

**OS:**

**Radio Host:**

“We're now creeping onto our twenty fourth hour of straight coverage concerning this catastrophic event. As promised, we will stay on air until we are forced to end transmission by the National Guard or other authorities for evacuation.”

(A door opens and the shuffling of papers are heard on the live microphone.)

“The most recent news coming into our studio is that the route seventeen, route forty five, and route fifty five evacuation zones have fallen. I repeat the three major evacuation areas in Evans County are no more. Early information is stating they have been over run by these violent beings. I can only assume there are innumerable casualties. God almighty.”

(The click of a lighter and inhaling is heard.)

“This leaves only two heavily guarded safe havens left within a thirty mile radius of Pittsburgh; Paul Kaufman's recently acquired Fiddler's Green Tower and land development in the downtown business district of the Golden Triangle which is protected by several thousand well armed private security guards and is surrounded on two sides by the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers. The second safe haven is the much less protected Monroeville Mall which is guarded by what remains of a volunteer police force and members of militia parties.”

**OS:**

The sound of pounding on glass and yelling.

**Yeller:**

“Twenty minutes and they're coming in for us!”

**Radio Host:**

“It must be noted that no body but those who have direct business ties to the financial district are being allowed into Fiddler's Green, as a means to continue the continuity of Pennsylvania's economy during this crisis. All others are to make their way to Monroeville, a fifteen mile trek from the city for safety. The first floor of the structure offers medical assistance to those in need, the remaining three floors are dedicated solely to refugees.”

**OS:**

The plastic of an audio cassette tape drops into a system and the click of plastic sounds.

**Radio Host:**

“Presidential candidate and Pittsburgh's own real estate mogul, Paul Kaufman called in to the station with a few words on the crisis.”

**Kaufman:**

“I think it's disgusting. Just disgusting. This whole situation could have been avoided had we had stricter immigration policies. The current administration just welcomes em in with open arms. They hug em and kiss em on the cheek as they float here on their doors.”

**Radio Host:**

“Sir, with all due respect, I...”

**Kaufman:**

“Did I cut you off?... Then don't cut me off. You know it, I know it, the whole country knows it. They're rapists, killers, and drug dealers. They float here on doors from God knows whichever shit hole country in the Caribbean carrying with them those diseases from monkeys and bats and whatever god forsaken thing they eat and bring them here to spread it like wild fire. Giving it to these innocent American women they rape. And, those are the fortunate ones. Most of the time, their victims get their throat sliced when these super predators are done.”

**Radio Host:**

“Mr. Kaufman, could you give us some data and research to back up these claims?”

**Kaufman:**

“What more do you need? Ask anyone down in the panhandle and they'll tell you.”

**Radio Host:**

“I can almost see where you're coming from, but if your theory is right, how can you account for the outbreak in 1968?”

**Kaufman:**

“Oh come on. You know that didn't happen. If it did why did it stay only within a few states perimeter? That's a horse shit lie, by the other party to protect their beloved open door immigration policy and any one voting for that crooked candidate is just inviting this nightmare in. Oh come on in, don't eat too much of Johnny's little neck you'll be too full for dessert, A big honking piece of Gramma's brain.”

**Radio Host:**

“Well thank you, Mr. Kaufman.”

**Kaufman:**

“You bet! Make America free of the Dead!”

**Radio Host:**

“That was presidential candidate, Paul Kaufman as he unveils his new campaign slogan.”

(Pause.)

“It should also be noted, that Sunday's produce truck tragedy occurred on a Kaufman industry's vehicle. All casualties were undocumented workers from central America to Hispaniola.”

Bub clicks off the chatter of the radio as he pulls into the parking lot of Big Daddy's.

**Bub :**

(Chuckles mildly.)

“Can't say the other candidate's any better. I have a funny feeling only zombies are gonna show up to vote this election day!”

The gas station had been looted. Garbage was strewn about all over the lot. The front door was propped open by a case of Iron City beer. Bub took the gun tightly in his hands and sticks his head around the door to check for dead or criminals. Coast clear, he enters, an overhead light flickers on and off. Cans of less desirable goods littered the floor. Bub walks through kicking them out of the way. A ding goes off suddenly. Bub dives to the floor in the front of the building, sticking his head up to see a bald African American being in overalls had stepped on the air hose outside and kept on walking away from Bub's line of sight.

Standing back, happiness fills his face as he sees a refrigerator alongside the wall of the store. Pacing quickly to it and throwing it open. The light inside fills his face. Excited with his discovery, he goes to the check out and grabs several plastic bags. He fills it with a trio of milk half gallons. He also rummages and finds a few supplies for the Rhodes family.

**Cut to-**

**Int. Rhodes House: Living room.**

**Bethel :**

(Rocking the baby in a rocking chair.)

“Jesse, I don't think this little one will make it.”

(Placing the bottle filled with coffee creamer and water on the end table.)

“Her breathing's real rough.”

Jesse stood behind his son who sat in the chair by the window. Once again the boy held the shotgun in his hand tightly. Jesse saw this and swiped it from the boy with a kind of graceful way about it.

**Jesse :**

“Let your dad have a turn with that thing. I think it'd be better if I did the shooting from now on.”

**Jesse :**

“She ain't breathin !”

Jesse turns and locks eyes with Bethel. The sound of a rusted old truck pulled into the driveway.

**Jesse:**

(Yells over his shoulder at the boy.)

“What is it?”

**Lenny:**

(Stammering.)

“A truck.”

**Jesse:**

“Whose truck? Ya damn simpleton.”

**Lenny:**

“That man!”

Jesse breathes in and looks at his wife for an answer, but she provides none.

**Jesse:**

“Put the baby on the couch. She's just taking a nap!”

She does as ordered then sat on the edge of the rocker in the darkened room as if nothing was wrong. Jesse walks to the door unlocking the bolt, allowing Bub inside.

**Bub:**

“How's she doing?”

(Placing the groceries on a nearby table and pulling out the milk carton.)

**Bethel:**

(Looking to the floor)

“Good as gold. I mixed the creamer for her like I told you I would.”

**Bub:**

“Think we should wake her to feed?”

**Bethel:**

“Yeah. Help me in the kitchen with it.”

(Walks to the kitchen, avoiding eye contact with Bub.)

Jesse watches the pair walk into the other room, grabbing his son's overalls dragging him into the living room with the baby. The man looks down and shakes his head back and forth. Patting his son on the shoulder and talking softly to him.

**Jesse :**

“Son, if you add on this baby dying to the police man shot in our front yard. We might have a little bit of trouble on our hands. We might have to put down, Bub. He could cause us a lot of trouble. You could go to jail for a long time. Do you understand?”

The boy nodding too emphatically.

**Jesse :**

“If I say, well it's that time. You get up, walk to the kitchen quietly and grab a knife. When Bub is distracted, you shove it as hard as you can into his back. Got it?”

**Lenny:**

“Yessir!”

**Jesse :**

“That's a good boy.”

Suddenly in the dead silence, the baby whimpers and the Rhodes men relax as they have been given a positive sign of life. Bub and Bethel come through the doorway with a bottle of milk. The wife cradles the baby and fed her. Not long after the bottle is nearly empty. Bub relaxes his stressed back on a nearby wall watching the feeding. Jesse return to guard duty as he leered through a board's crack.

**Bethel :**

“I think she's had enough. Any more and we'll have an even sicker baby on our hands.”

A gun shot rang out.

Bub ran to the other boarded window and looked out. Four beings stood under an old shade tree. Jesse fires several times, missing each time. Bub, displeased at the sight of wasted ammo snatches the gun from the old man's hands and opens fire himself, downing the four quickly.

**Bub :**

(Raising his voice.)

“You have to shoot them in the head, that's the only thing that stops them!”

**Jesse:**

“I'm not some senile coot. I know that!”

**Jesse:**

(Throwing his hands into the air in defeat.)

“At least you got em all.”

Bethel had once again begun to rock the sleeping baby tight in her arms. Bub calms down and hands the gun to the boy, hesitantly. He was Jesse's only back up.

**Bub:**

“You said the Russo Ranch is where?”

**Jesse:**

“Can't miss it. Just up the road right after the golf course... Wait, you ain't gonna need my truck again are ya?”

**Bub:**

“Yeah, Kinda. You and your family have been wonderful hosts but the Russo family is in a lot of danger. The people that took my partner and I hostage are headed there. They've also got the two Hardin girls and the baby's daddy with them.”

**Bethel:**

“My dear heavens. Jesse! You have too!”

**Jesse:**

(Sighs)

“Fine, I'll let ya have the truck. But you ain't taking the rifle. We're gonna need it here. You can have an old machete I use for thick weeds and a boot knife I got in the war. Never needed it since.”

**Bub:**

“I guess I'll take what I can get.”

**Bethel:**

“You can leave the baby here. I think I can handle her until you bring back her daddy.”

**Bub :**

(Pulling the keys from his pocket.)

“I appreciate everything you've helped me with.”

**Jesse :**

(Bends at his waist and reaches into his boot pulling the knife out and handing it to Bub.)

“There's the knife. Machete's in the shed out front.”

**Bub:**

“Thank you, Mr. Rhodes!”

(Smiles and exits the door, closing it behind him.)

**Jesse :**

(Turns to his wife, whispering.)

“We'll give him a few hours. If he ain't back he's rotting. That'll mean nobodies finding out about his partner and it's real easy these days to make a baby disappear.”

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Church of His Holiness: Dusk.**

Sheriff Callan and a small army of deputies squat behind a line of their cruisers. The deputies have enough fire power to wage a war on a small nation. Their radios click and crackle with all sorts of activity. They ignore it, eyeing one another unsure of what type of movement needs to be made. Callan hunches over and gathers his men to inform them of their task.

The church they're in front of is in deep need of repair, bordering uninhabitable. Through the windows light shines as the outline of parishioners dance and carry on. The sounds of tambourines chime in the early night as the occasional hallelujah rings out from an over zealous worshiper. The hymn “Just Over In The Glory Land” fills the pre-night with rhythm.

**Callan :**

“Twenty, maybe thirty inside. To us country people, they're charismatics, to you young folk Pentecostals. But all you need to know is, we got a call a few hours before the shit hit the fan telling us that the church was having a prayer-a-thon until the emergency was over.”

**Young Deputy :**

“That's a crime?”



**Callan:**

(Raises a hand up.)

“Let me finish. No, it's not a crime to have a never ending church service. Under normal circumstances. But these aren't normal circumstances. When the guard came through and tried to evacuate the area, they refused saying something about The valley of death. Whatever. Mayor ultimately told us to leave them alone. They had a right to practice.”

(Lights a cigarette.)

“This particular denomination is of the snake handling variety, although idiotic, they have a right.”

**Young Deputy:**

“Snake handling churches were outlawed, it is a crime.”

**Callan:**

“Yes well, unfortunately this is rural America. One man's crime is another's right. Either way, we have reports that they're not handling snakes in there. But it's just as deadly and asinine.”

## **Int. Church Of His Holiness: Dusk.**

Reverend Hicks bounces across the stage then off onto the rickety floor. He grabs a congregant's hand and spins her as he hops with each step. The members all clap their hands, jiving their bodies with the holy spirit. Some have their eyes rolled into the backs of their heads.

**Hicks:**

“Oh he has made me glad! Oh he has made me Glad! I will rejoice for he has made me glad!”

(Jumps back onto the stage and wipes the incredible amount of sweat from his forehead with a sleeve.)

“Oooh! Weeee! Do you feel the spirit here tonight? I sure do! Gimme an Amen!”

**Members:**

“Amen!”

**Hicks:**

“What a blessed evening this is turning out to be. In the last hours, God has shown us that even the darkest night has a dawn! And What a time of rejoicing it is! Even though we are forced to walk through this valley of death, We will not be afraid!”

**Member:**

“Amen, Brother Hicks!”

**Hicks:**

“Has anyone here tonight heard the tale of The Disciple, Paul and his encounter with the viper?”

**Members :**

“Yes Brother Hicks! AAAAMMMMMENNN!”

**Hicks :**

(Laughs.)

“Well, that's too bad. I'm gonna tell it again!”

**Member :**

“Preach it!”

**Hicks :**

“When Paul escaped to that island of Melita, The people of that tiny island showed no kindness. Nu-uh! No, not one smidgen. So Ol` Paul said to heck with them heathens and began to build himself a fire cause of the damp weather. So when he got the fire a ragin` He went and got some bundles of kindlin`. In that kindlin` came out a viper and it snapped onto ol` Paul's hand. This caught the attention of those heathens. They stared in awe of the deadly beast pumping it's venom into the hand of the disciple. Those heathens were superstitious and thought maybe ol` Paul had it comin` and deserved the inevitable death. But Paul wasn't gonna die! He had the spirit of the Lord in him. They saw death would not come to this man, for he had eternal life. By golly, those heathens got on their knees and prayed to God Almighty. They prayed that they too would be spared from death. They prayed and asked God for eternal life.”

**Member :**

“Hallelujah!”

(Runs up and down the aisle.)

**Hicks :**

“Oh my! This brother feels it! What's the spirit saying, my brother?”

**Member :**

(Speaking in tongues.)

**Hicks :**

“Praise Jesus!”

(Reaches under the podium and removes a pair of leather gloves.)

“Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and all over the power of the enemy and nothing shall by any means hurt you!”

(Waives for someone to come out from behind a curtain.)

Three men in cheap suits use cattle prods to drive three of the dead beings onto the stage. The head ghoul wears the familiar sheriff deputy's dress, it's Eddie Brown. He hisses and claws out at the preacher while the church members coral them into a small group, fending off their attacks with the prods.

**Hicks:**

“Look at these poor sinners. They've already paid their wages to God. But we who dutifully abide to his scripture and laws will be given eternal life. We can now tread on the foot soldiers of Satan himself and not fear death. Glory be to God!”

**Members:**

“Amen!”

One of the men in the suits smashes his prod against the dead Eddie Brown's knees forcing him to kneel in front of the preacher. The two other dead are pinned against the wall with the threat of shock looming. The preacher walks to Brown, grabbing him by the hair and forcing his face upwards to the heavens.

**Hicks:**

“And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.”

(Rolls up the sleeve of his white dress shirt to the elbow and places it near Brown's jaws.)

Brown for some unknown reason will not bite the preacher. The congregation begin to whisper amongst themselves. Hicks becomes angered and forces his forearm onto Brown's decaying lips, but still the dead man won't bite. Hicks backhands the dead Brown in a rage, spitting and screaming at him to rip his arm open. Suddenly, the cornered ghouls go silent and stop resisting. The two men glance at each other still having the prods out in front of them, in case.

Hicks grabs Brown by the sides of his head and screams with all the hate he could muster.

**Hicks:**

“Bite me, you sinful sack of...”

(Hicks quickly grabs his chest and falls to the ground as a massive coronary sets in.)

The two men with the prods see the preacher drop and instantly run to his aid, allowing the three dead to attack the front row without interruption. Blood squirts into the air as the screaming starts. The congregation flee to the exit, only to find that the means to keep out the guard has now trapped them inside with the very hungry ghouls.

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Church of his Holiness: Night.**

The screams can be heard from the outside as the deputies prepare for an assault. Callan throws his hands into the air and stops the men from wasting precious ammunition. He walks around to the front of the cruiser, no longer feeling a threat will be present. He sits on the hood as he butts out his smoke on the bottom of his boot.

**Deputy:**

“Are we not going in?”

**Callan:**

“Why would we? This was their God given right. Says so right in the Constitution.”

**Deputy:**

“But they'll all die in there!”

**Callan:**

“Nah. Now they finally get their eternal life.”

(Stands and walks to the door of his vehicle opening it.)

“When the screaming stops, toss about a half dozen flash bangs in there. That old ramshackle place will go up like a tinder box. You won't have to waste a single round.”

**Deputy:**

“Jesus, Sheriff!”

**Callan:**

(Walks over to deputy and pokes a finger into his chest.)

“We've been on duty for over forty eight hours and in that time frame, tell me, where did you find Jesus? Was he in the preschool where the teacher chewed off a few student's faces? How about the family in the cellar who didn't think we'd get them evacuated, so they took turns blowing each other's brains out? Was he there glowing in the corner taking them up to heaven on his golden chariot? Jesus and I have a few differences at the moment.”

**Deputy:**

“I just think we should help.”

**Callan:**

“You wanna help? Here...When you get back to the station, go take a shit, wipe your ass and say a few hail Mary's. Maybe THAT...Will be all the help we need to get through this.”

**Deputy:**

“I'm sorry, sir.”

**Callan:**

“Yeah I'm sorry too. I'm sorry to say, I think we're on our own this time around.”

(Sits down in car closing the door behind him as he speeds onto the next scene of horror.)

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Russo Ranch- Night.**

In the darkness of night, the palatial residence still exuded all the markers of wealth. Well maintained greenery dotted the entire length of the manor. The grass was exceptionally manicured, solid if not exemplary building materials were used for the estate's construction.

On the well kept lawn a few shambling individuals meander slowly, shuffling their rotting bodies from side to side to maintain momentum. All was silent except the chirping of crickets bringing life to the night. In front of the manor, the familiar pick up truck was parked right outside the main doorway.

**Cut to-**

**Int. Russo Ranch: Living room.**

Three people were bound and gagged in separate areas of the living space. Each person was secured to a solid piece of furniture. The older man, Jay Russo, slightly over weight with a stumpy build and graying hair darts his eyes first to his wife then young son.

Mrs. Claudia Russo, a younger trophy wife. Lay on her side with her feet tied tightly against a wing back chair. Her hair is ruffled. The expensive designer dress she wore was torn, exposing the top half of her bra. Bruises are spread on her from face to chest and arms. Her eyes half aware of the current

goings on.

Reagan Russo, around thirteen, sits closest to his father as he's tied to a coffee table. His pajamas are wrinkled and crumpled at the ankles. Tears trickle down his face as a few droplets of blood drip towards his small lips.

The sound of looting can be heard from the living room. Drawers opening and closing, glass shattering, cabinets being slammed shut. The click of a large and expensive color TV turning on. The voice of Reverend Anderson booms from an interview earlier in the crises. Jay nudges Reagan with his barefoot trying to reassure the crying boy everything would be fine.

**OS :**

**Reverend Anderson :**

“Jesus Christ is he and he alone who has power over life and death. He vowed he would bring us home on Judgment Day. This resurrection of the dead falls solely at the feet of Satan himself. He defies the Lord's word. He's punishing us for our insatiable appetite for sin. We failed the savior and gave the serpent this power...”

Jay Russo, ever so intently listening, looks to his family. After a few seconds, he closes his eyes and bows his head in prayer.

**Cut to-**

### **Ext. Russo Ranch: Night.**

Bub very quietly closes the door of the rickety old truck that he parked at the beginning of the long driveway. He avoided the actual paved area of the driveway preferring to keep hidden under the very dark trees that lined the road. He jogs from tree shadow to tree shadow until he could clearly see Hayes' truck. He studies the area, no signs of life.

Bub continues on reaching the mansion in a short time. He made his way around the back, crouching behind a shrub in the massive back yard; he spots a dozen or so beings, very slowly making their way to the house but at the rate they traveled they would not be a threat anytime soon.

Plodding foot falls on gravel echo loudly behind Bub, he turns in an instant and realized he missed spotting the one being now hot on his trail. A party clown ghoul groans in hunger as it anticipates its meal.

**Bub :**

(Whispering to himself.)

“How in the hell did I miss a clown?”

Bub has to stand his ground and allow the attacker to get as close as possible, so the occupants wouldn't hear the commotion. Waiting until the thing was nearly on top of him, the being's bony fingertips just able to brush against Bub's shirt. He swings the machete, slicing through its skull. It went down hard and never moved again.

Bub in a panic, looks to the other beings in the yard to see if they noticed the sound. They march on towards the house, never paying a second's attention to him. He breathes a sigh of relief. In that instant, a nearby downstairs window opens and a rifle barrel appears. It fires wildly at the oncoming beings, never getting a head shot but knocking a couple to the ground only for them to wriggle around and get back on their feet. The rifle withdrew and the window closes, while Bub tightly clenches his teeth trying not to make a single sound.

Continuing around the perimeter of the house, another sound startled him and he dives behind another nearby shrub. The sound came from the now visible back door. The locks and barricades were being undone. The door opens as the Russo family wiggle out of the exit. Blades' revolver barrel being drove into their backs if they moved too slowly.

Blades steps outside with a large smile on his face. The family panics but gags muffle their cries. He laughs loudly when the boy stumbles and falls, tripping his parents to the ground.

**Blades :**

“Come on, get up. We're gonna go on a hike.”

**Bub :**

(From concealment, whispering to himself.)

“You son of a bitch!”

While Blades allows the trio to get back up and resumed walking the family to their deaths, Bub made a run for the shadows near the back door. Blades laughter maddening. If he weren't insane he'd have heard Bub's feet crunching through the mulch and rock in the landscaping just a dozen or so yards behind him.

Blades walks a good distance before he slams the butt of his rifle against each family member's back bringing them to the ground instantly. The criminal retreats a few paces allowing the dead to fall over the three and begin their feast. No struggle from the family was made.

The criminal walks backwards towards the door, his eyes glued to the silent carnage he made happen. His smile growing bigger and more insane. His blood lust and need for violence prevented him from noticing Bub walk with a powerful stride. Bub cups a hand over Blades' mouth as he drives the boot knife into the biker's chest.

**Bub :**

“Shh! Shhh! Just let it happen.”  
(Twisting the knife in the wound and retracting it.)

Blades eyes bulge then go blank as he falls dead to the ground. Bub grabs the biker's rifle and inspects it, not wanting to take any chances. Satisfied, he throws the gun's strap over his shoulder. Cupping his hands over his mouth to disguise his voice.

**Bub :**

(Yells.)  
“The rich hicks are dead!”

Bub enters the ranch through the open back door closing it behind him. He finds himself in a large hallway which led into the living room. Nearby is a large flight of steps leading to the second floor. He could hear the noise of Hayes still looting through the upstairs.

**OS :**

**Hayes :**

“Did they try to get away at all?”

**Bub :**

(Disguising his voice again.)  
“Nope!”

**OS :**

**Hayes :**

“Probably would rather die than see us do what we did to his wife again.”

**Bub :**

(Face grows angered, forcing himself to reply.)  
“Yeah.”  
(He ascends the stairs, unafraid.)

**Cut to-**

## **Int. Russo Ranch: Master Bedroom.**

Hayes has several plastic shopping bags filled with new found treasures on the luxurious bed. He



stands at the side of the bed with eyes beaming in joy. He pulls a smoke from his pocket and lit it, savoring the buzz.

**Hayes :**

“At least a thousand. Jesus Christ, several thousand.”

So caught up in his new wealth, he fails to see Bub enter the room. He stands rifle aimed directly at Hayes' head. Hayes ashes his cigarette smiling to crack a joke with Blades, he looks and finally registers who's in the room with him just in time for Bub to pull the trigger blasting the faux cop's brains out.

Bub cocks the rifle and walks over to the corpse. He bends and picks the cigarette from the floor, savoring a few puffs himself before butting it out in Hayes' exposed brain matter. He leaves the room. Walking at a brisk pace to the next bedroom across the hall. He closes his eyes and kicks in the door.

The room was dark and silent. He fumbles along the wall for the outlet and flicking it once it was found. The room had another large bed, but on this bed were the two Hardin girls bound and gagged. He was next to the bed in a split second, using the knife to free Linda Mae then Nancy. A look of sheer relief fills their faces.

**Bub :**

“I'm Officer Robert McClellan. We've met before, but as you know I couldn't properly introduce myself. Is there anyone besides Hayes and Blades?”

**Linda Mae :**

(Meekly.)

“The Russo's. They're tied up downstairs.”

**Bub :**

“Besides them. Anyone who would want to hurt us?”

**Linda Mae :**

“No...No one but those two guys.”

**Bub :**

“Those two are dead. I took care of them. The Russo's are unfortunately dead as well. Where's Jenny's boyfriend, Billy?”

Linda Mae answers his question by turning her face from him as her eyes fill with tears. Nancy gingerly stretched and rubbed her raw wrists. She hugs her sister tightly, suddenly putting the shock

away and remembering.

**Nancy:**

“Where's Jenny?”

**Cut to-**

### **Ext. Rural Country Road: Night.**

A small convoy of trucks and sheriff's patrol cars stop in the middle of the road. Sheriff Callan climbs out of his cruiser and greets a group of armed men. The lights of the vehicle lit up the area like daylight. The sound of a helicopter whooped overhead. Callan wipes sweat from his brow with a hanky as he began to bark orders at the tired men.

**Callan:**

(Yelling.)

“Keep an eye on the fields and ditches. Shoot anything that moves, there wont be any people wandering alone out here. Right up the road is the Russo Ranch, the mayor wants the entire property swept clean and the family is to be brought to The Green. After that, we'll reach the county line and you'll be relieved of duties for the next shift.”

**Militia Man:**

“We got to rescue Russo? Bastard paid my brother five an hour for fifteen years until he got cancer from all those chemicals those farms use and was fired. My brother died because he couldn't afford the care he needed. Let those things chew him and his family up. It'd serve him right!”

**Callan:**

“We're not here to argue about orders right now. Just do it and in an hour, you'll be with your family in the mall. I know this is the last thing you all want to be doing.”

**Militia Man:**

“Piece of shit gets to go sleep in the bourgeois green while my wife and kids get a hard cot in a cold mall. Seems fair for all the work we've been doing around here.”

(Reloads his rifle and checks his pistols ammo, spinning it and clicking it back into place while walking away from the sheriff disgusted.)

**Callan:**

(Talking to himself as the man walks away.)

“There isn't much that seems fair nowadays.”

**Deputy:**

(Runs to Callan with a walkie talkie in his hand.)

“Sir! Sir!”

**Callan:**

“What do you got?”

**Deputy:**

“Sectors nine and ten are completely clear. The men flushed out the Hardin farm. Going number of beings was thirty. Frank and his youngest are gone.”

**Callan:**

“Any sign of his other girls?”

**Deputy:**

“None, sir. Medics on scene say the youngest had died during labor.”

**Callan:**

(Stops and thinks.)

“Where's the baby?”

**Deputy:**

“We don't know. We can only assume...”

**Callan:**

“Yeah, I know.”

**Deputy:**

“Hardin's barn is burning to the ground. Firefighters are trying to put it out, but it's gonna be a total loss.”

**Callan:**

“Let it burn, don't waste resources on it.”

**Deputy:**

“Sir, they reported that they could hear children screaming in it.”

**Callan:**

“Children? He only had the three girls and they're teenagers.”

**Deputy:**

“Uh, it appears they were trying to take refuge from the beings assaulting the property. From what the firefighters are saying, it looks like the kids were throwing Molotov cocktails from the roof and some of those things just kept attacking the barn while in flames igniting the old wooden structure.”

**Callan:**

“Things couldn't get much worse, I think. Anything else?”

**Deputy:**

“The teams are running low on fuel for the burning piles.”

**Callan:**

“Have one of the men from municipal works get a hold of one of the county's tankers and drain the fuel depot dry. Should be enough to get us through the next few hours at least.”

**Deputy:**

“Alright, sir.”

(Turns and walks away.)

**Callan:**

“Hey, any word on the city? Are they fairing any better than us?”

**Deputy:**

“The projects are almost a total loss. People refused to give up their dead and are being completely over run. The SWAT teams have all abandoned rescue efforts and are just trying to control the dead from getting out. “

**Callan:**

“Oh. This night just keeps getting better.”

**Deputy:**

“Sir, the worst part was that those who didn't have ties to the financial district were told to get to the Monroeville Mall.”

**Callan:**

“That's fifteen miles from downtown and there's no way in hell, it can only house over a few thousand. If that. Who the hell issued that order?”

**Deputy:**

“The Governor.”

**Callan:**

“Kaufman's got that jackass in his pocket. The entirety of the golden triangle could house hundreds of thousands, if not a million and it's within the city limits. He sent the city's working class on a death march.”

**Fade To-**

**Ext. Russo Ranch: Night.**

Near the back door of the manor, where Blades' body was, sits a handful of the dead tearing apart his remains. They each grab as much flesh as they can before they all retreat to the shadows to devour their meal. Each aware of the others presence, like a greedy dog protecting a favorite chew from the rest of the pack.

**Int. Russo Ranch: Night.**

Bub watches out of a nearby window at the feast playing out in front of him. Although, the death deserving, it still disgusts him. He walks away and returned to the girls in the living room, who were still shook up and very frightened.

**Bub:**

“Those things out there are gonna be full for a while. I think if we're careful we can get to Hayes' truck and make a break for it. Or, I can go out and try to get you help. This house is probably safe enough to keep those things out of a good while.”

**Nancy:**

“I don't think we can go through much more.”  
(Looks at the fussed and muted Linda Mae.)

**Bub :**

“Alright. I'll go. But you have to lock every bolt on this door as soon as I leave. Okay?”

**Nancy :**

“I can do that.”

**Bub :**

“Good.”

(Walks to the door.)

“Ready?”

**Nancy :**

“Yeah.”

**Bub :**

“Here we go!”

(Opens the door and beelines for the truck parked in front.)

Nancy quickly slams the door shut and clicks every locking mechanism on the heavy door. She watches patiently from the window as Bub sprints to the truck. Pulling open the door, the cabin light illuminates the action. He frantically searches the vehicle. Opening every compartment, not finding the keys. Finally he looks under the visor as the keys fall into his lap. In one swift motion, sliding the keys into the ignition as the truck roars to life. He sees Nancy watching from the window and gives her the thumbs up as he pulls away from the ranch. The beings in the front yard heard the motor and were starting to approach it in a futile effort as it sped away.

**Cut to-**

### **Ext. Rural Country Road: Night.**

Callan marches with the men as they were beginning to breach the long driveway to the Russo Ranch. Beam lights scan the area as men open fire on any straggling beings hanging around their patrol zone. The helicopter sounds seem as though the object is right over them. Callan himself, pulls his pistol and fired into the night at a ghoul.

**Callan :**

(Shouting.)

“Stay on the drive way. We've got power in numbers. Be aware those damn things like to hide in the shadows!”

A vehicle speeds down the drive way at full speed, the deputies and militia men all pull their weapons and stand their ground. Callan fires a warning shot at the steel body of the truck. Bub Swerves and skids to a stop, quickly hopping from the truck and pulling his own weapon, firing a round into the air.

**Bub :**

“Stay the hell back! I'm well armed!”

**Callan :**

(Throwing a hand into the air to order a stand down.)

“State your business here!”

**Bub :**

“I'm getting help for two injured girls. I'm a police officer!”

**Callan :**

“Point a beam at him!”

(Waits for the light to hit Bub.)

“Show us your badge!”

**Bub :**

“I don't have it. My partner and I were robbed of our belongings when this all started.”

**Callan :**

“Alright, what's your name?”

**Bub :**

“Robert McClellan. Evan's City Police Department.”

**Callan :**

“Deputy, run a name check over the radio.”

**Deputy :**

“Yes sir.”

**Callan:**

“What's wrong with the two girls?”

**Bub:**

“Kidnapped, beaten, raped. I'm sure if you can think of it, it probably happened to them.”

**Callan:**

“What's their names and where are they located?”

**Bub:**

“Linda Mae and Nancy Hardin, they're in the ranch's living room.”

**Deputy:**

“He checks out sir. Been on the force for five years.”

**Callan:**

“You can come on over, officer McClellan. We know who you are now.”

**Bub:**

“Jesus, thank God! You don't know how much of a relief it is to see all of you.”

**Callan:**

“It's a relief to find a good guy out here tonight.”

(Pats Bub on the back.)

“I think you can take a break officer. I'm taking you off the clock.”

**Bub:**

(Hugs the sheriff.)

“I wish that were true. Jenny Hardin had her baby but passed during delivery. I had to leave it with the Rhodes family while I came here.”

**Callan:**

“Alright. Deputy, I want you to escort Officer McClellan to the Rhodes' farm to get the baby and bring them back to the meeting point. We'll check on the girls and get them to the baby as soon as we can.”

**Bub:**

“Thank you, sheriff!”



The deputy wraps a friendly arm around Bub's shoulders and offers him a cigarette as they walk back to the sheriff's squad car just up the road a bit. Callan waves his men forward towards the mansion. The gun fire sporadically resumes. A walkie talkie crackles alive as the helicopter reports back to the men what they see.

**Cut to-**

**Int. Russo Ranch: Living Room.**

The whirring of the helicopter overhead arouses the girls from their nearly comatose state. Huge smiles bloom on their faces as they realize they were being rescued. The both ran to the window and threw open the blinds, looking to see if a search party was coming.

**Nancy:**

“We've got to get out there. We can't risk it leaving!”

Linda Mae just stood scared as if everything was out to hurt her. Nancy grabs her arm and yanks her with all the strength she could muster to the door.

**Nancy:**

“We're going out on the porch. It'll be fine.”

Nancy flings open the door just in time to hear the helicopter fly away. In a panic, she looks around. She was desperate to be saved and felt this could be their last chance. There was no dead in the nearby area. Nancy ran onto the driveway and looked up trying to find the bird somewhere close. It was gone. She screams out all of the frustration she could and fell to her knees crying. Linda Mae, despondent, walks back into the mansion.

**Nancy:**

“Damn you! Damn you all to hell!”  
(She cries collapsing entirely onto the pavement.)

**Militia men:**

(Screaming.)  
“Holy shit, they're coming out of the dark like cockroaches!”

Nancy looks up just in time to hear a barrage of gunfire go off. She ducks and covers her head as the

men fire all around her. The dead were deep with reinforcements. The ghouls drop dead from head wounds all over the yard.

**Callan:**

“Aim for their damn eyes! If you do that you wont miss the head!”

(Callan yells while in a sprint to Nancy on the ground.)

“Let's get moving! This is no place for you to be!”

(Scooping her up into his arms, running into the mansion.)

Callan scurries into the living still holding Nancy, only to see Linda Mae pointing the Barrel of a pistol at her head. Startled at the footfalls, she looks up to see the sheriff and her sister. She drops the gun at her feet and weeps deeply.

**Callan:**

“That would have been a foolish thing to do anyways. Officer McClellan is on his way to pick up your sister's baby and we're getting you all back together somewhere safe.”

**Cut to-**

**Int. Rhodes Farm House: Night.**

Bub and the deputy enter into the house through the wide open door. Oddly the dead were nowhere around. Both men still cautious, have guns drawn. They clear the living room then make their way into the kitchen. The law men look away in shock. Lenny Rhodes lays face down on the table. A bullet hole in the back of his skull. The men then begin to walk slowly up the stairs towards the bedrooms.

Using the toe of his boot, he once again nudges the first door open. He sighs and closes his eyes. The deputy spots a piece of paper on the nightstand next to the double gunshot suicide victims. He picks it up and read it out loud.

**Deputy:**

“To Whomever it may concern, Lenny's a good boy. He never meant to harm a soul. This crisis just spooked him and an accident occurred. We knew after the search party reached us and informed us that most of this area had been cleared and that you were rounding out onto the Russo Ranch, that you'd all have found Mr. McClellan and the girls. We greatly feared the officer would report our boy and he'd be locked up in some terrible place. We couldn't have that. We decided to go together before those things or law enforcement would get involved. We deeply regret the events that led us to do this. In the jewelry box on the dresser is a few hundred dollars. We hope it covers the fallen officer's funeral.”

**Bub:**

“The boy shot my partner from a window in a panic thinking he was one of those things.”  
(Walks to the jewelry box, opening it and pocketing the wad of cash.)

**Deputy:**

“Where's the baby?”

**Bub:**

“Search every room, these people may be a little soft hearted but they were also a little bat shitty! The old man didn't think I heard him telling the boy to stab me in the back if they thought the baby was gonna die or did die.”

**Deputy:**

(Fanning out of the room.)

“And you left an infant with these people?”

**Bub:**

(Opening every door he's near.)

“What was I gonna do, fight off psycho rapists with a baby in one hand and a dull machete in the other?”

**Deputy:**

(Yelling from the farthest room down the hall.)

“It's here. I found it. She's weak but breathing.”

**Bub:**

“Thank God! Let's get the hell out of here.”

Bub takes the baby from the deputy's arms and cradles the newborn tightly to his chest. The men make a quick exit. Bub stops on the bottom step of the porch, looking over to where DeMarco was shot. The corpse was gone. Either eaten or the head wound wasn't bad enough and he got up, either way, Bub no longer needed the cash. He pulled it from his pocket and let it fall crumpled to the ground.

**Cut to-**

**Ext. Safe Zone/Meet up area: Dawn.**

The sun was beginning to rise in the sky as Bub sat on the trunk of a parked car, a blanket wrapped

around his shoulders. He can see the two Hardin girls fawning over their niece. Nancy hugs the baby tightly against her chest. Bub smiles.

**Bub :**

“What's her name gonna be?”

**Nancy :**

“We think she should be called Autumn Dawn. Yeah, Autumn Dawn Slack.”

**Bub :**

“Well, if there ever was a name more appropriate.”

Sheriff Callan comes up from behind Bub and leans against the car, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a pack of cigarettes, opening it. Saddened to see only one left. He takes it and lights it.

**Callan :**

“Well, ain't a better time to quit smoking than the end of the world.”

**Bub :**

(Laughs.)

“Well, at least they didn't get the chance to kill ya.”

**Callan :**

“Yeah, I suppose so. I hear the mortality rate in this job's become pretty high as of late.”

Bub nods, not really paying attention as exhaustion is beginning to fully set in.

**Callan :**

“We found your wife and boy.”

**Bub :**

“You did?”

(Perking up.)

**Callan :**

“Yep. They're safe and sound at the mall, where you're gonna be taken whenever my deputy decides he's done shoveling donuts into his mouth.”

**Bub :**

“Thank you, sheriff.”

**Callan :**

“Well...Don't thank me yet. You're only gonna get about twenty four hours of R and R.”

**Callan :**

“Word came over the radio from the governor. All Guard reservists are being shipped to Fort Myers. It's one of the hardest places hit. They can't handle the evacuations, the dead, and the newly arriving refugees. They need extra troops to lend a hand.”

**Bub :**

“Refugees?”

**Callan :**

“The Caribbean. There's stories saying it's like hell on earth down. So bad, they'd rather face the crisis here. They think they have a better chance of survival.”

A sheriff's cruiser pulls up in front of the two lawmen. Bub climbs off the trunk and shakes Callan's hand then climbs into the back of the vehicle. The deputy bends to the side to switch the radio on, a presidential re-election ad can be heard as the car drives off towards the mall.

**OS :**

**Presidential Advertisement:**

“It's morning again in America. Today more men and women will go to work than ever before in our country's history. With interest rates at half the record highs of 1974, nearly 2,000 people will buy new homes, more than at any time in the past four years. This afternoon 6,500 people will be married and will be able to look forward with confidence to the future. It's morning again in America, and under the leadership of President Hinzman, our country is prouder and stronger and better. Why would we ever want to return to where we were less than four short years ago.”

**OS :**

**Bub :**

(Riding off into the rising sun.)

“Talk about being out of touch.”

***Super Impose-***

Film's credits.

**The End.**

