

**P U R G A T O R Y**  
By R o b e r t S k o t t e

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## **DARKNESS**

Then:

A shimmer of RED light. Followed by the gentle sound of BUBBLES.

More light. More red. The sound changes. Builds into a crescendo. Like a waterfall.

Strange shapes come into focus. Red SPHERES with lucent plastic-like surfaces.

Hundreds of them. Thousands.

BLOOD CELLS

All of them race through a narrow conduit.

The conduit twists and twirls. Ducks left, then right. Upside down, downside up. A roller coaster gone wrong.

As the blood cells dart along, a pack of fuzzy, sinister shaped VIRAL AGENTS gain on them from behind.

In pure Blitzkrieg fashion, the agents cut into the blood cells.

Each invaded blood cell morphs into a darker, off-kilter version of itself.

The conduit expands into a broader space that dead-ends at a thin membrane.

The infected blood cells slam into the membrane. Pass through the mucosa. Mutate into minuscule airborne particles.

The particles dash along glistening flesh-walls. Shoot upward along a blubbery funnel.

As a RUMBLE builds behind them, the particles spiral past large muscular valves.

Jet between gigantic TONSILS. Round a UVULA. Across a coarse TONGUE. Head toward a sticky OPENING when:

CRASH

A DOOR SPLINTERS OPEN

Reveals:

**INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

The beam from a flashlight cuts through the darkness. Five black clad SWAT OFFICERS peer down the silent corridor.

The SWAT LEADER flicks off the safety on his M4 CARBINE.

SWAT LEADER

On me.

Makes entry.

The team moves down the passage. Light cones glide along the walls. One of them comes to a rest on a large and uneven blood spatter.

The Leader points it out to his team.

Their footsteps echo against the walls - awfully loud in the confining silence.

They reach a corner. Follow the corridor to the left.

The Leader aims his light at the floor. Exposes a bloody drag mark on the black and white checkered linoleum.

They follow it to a four-way junction. Then around a corner where it ends in a massive pool of coagulated blood littered with bits of viscera.

A CLANG

spin them around. Weapons raise. Eyes squint.

The Leader points to a door further down the corridor. They move towards it. Stack up.

SWAT LEADER

Ready bang.

A member pulls out a FLASHBANG GRENADE. Holds it ready. The Leader grabs the door handle.

SWAT LEADER

On three...

Two fingers. One finger.

WHAM

The door blows open. Knocks the Leader to his ass.

A HORDE OF DERANGED MEN AND WOMEN CHARGE THE SWAT TEAM

Muzzle flares light up the corridor. Terrified SCREAMS mixed with GROWLS and gun smoke fill the air.

A SWAT member goes down. A WOMAN bites through his hood. Tears fabric and flesh from his face in a geyser of blood.

The Leader gets up his M4. Sprays a salvo in all directions. Cuts down a ferocious MAN. Blows the knee cap off one of his own team members.

A throat ripped open. An exposed jaw bone. Blood jets through the air. A severed hand. YELLS and HISSES.

Vastly outnumbered, the SWAT team is decimated within seconds. Blood and mutilated bodies cover the floor.

The Leader still holds his ground. Fires his M4. Takes down a MAN dressed in a guard uniform.

Runs dry. Makes a break for it.

He leaps over a fallen comrade. Slips on the blood. Slides across the floor. Gets to his feet. Barrels ahead. Aims for the exit.

Dull light radiates through the open door.

He presses on while the horde takes up pursuit.

Closer now. Only twenty yards to go. His heart pounds away. Nine yards. Hands claw at him.

Six yards.

Almost there.

Two.

A MAN IN A BROWN BUSINESS SUIT TACKLES HIM FROM BEHIND

Bites into his face. Rips his cheek apart. Goes to work on his eye. More join in. Teeth gnaw through his uniform. Tear the flesh off his bone.

The SWAT Leader barely manages a scream before hands claw his throat apart.

Brown Suit HISSES. Turns his blood covered face toward the door. Squints at the light outside. He jerks to his feet. Sprints for the exit with the rest of the horde on his heels.

They burst through the door.

SMASH TO BLACK

FADE IN:

**EXT. MEROLA STATE PRISON - DAY**

The murky sun rises behind a lifeless, grey sky. Casts its dull rays on an uneven landscape of highways and woods.

A wide road curves into a clearing that plays host to a wall enclosed bunker-like structure of interconnected buildings.

An aesthetic eyesore. But functional.

SUPER: "MEROLA STATE PRISON, CALIFORNIA, MAXIMUM SECURITY".

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

A high-ceilinged windowless hold cut in two by a lit hallway. Two rows of barred cells. Three on each side.

SNORING comes and goes from the middle cell on the left.

**RIKER'S CELL - CONTINUOUS**

RIKER (40s) sits on the bunk in the opposite cell. His hands folded in his lap. Eyes closed. Head bowed.

Crude tattoos snake their way out of his T-shirt, curl around his solid biceps.

He takes a deep breath. Looks up at the CHAPLAIN (50s) who sits across from him.

**THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

At the end of the hallway, windows to a Guard Station overlook The Mile.

CHAPLAIN (O.S.)

(echoing)

Even though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death, I will fear  
no evil, for you are with me.

**GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

A cheap Television set stands on the corner of a worn coffee-stained table. Muted.

GLEN (50s) sits next to it. His uniform a little too tight around his prominent gut.

He holds up a section from a newspaper - a Sudoku puzzle - squints at it. Scratches his greying mop of hair.

Across from him sits SCOTT (20s). He oils the loading mechanism of his disassembled GLOCK 17. Skims through an issue of "GUNS & AMMO".

Glen looks over the edge of his paper as Riker's face fills the TV screen. Flicks the sound back on.

#### **INSERT - TV FOOTAGE**

STOCK PHOTOS of Riker at different ages cycle across the screen: An inked young man with a shaven head. An early mug shot. A more recent courtroom photo.

Over this:

REPORTER (V.O.)  
 -- will meet his fate just under an  
 hour from now when he is put to death  
 by lethal injection.

Riker's image morphs. Turns into a still picture of a clean cut MAN in his thirties. The caption reads: "JACK CARUSO".

REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Riker, a repeat offender, gained notoriety  
 five years ago when he brutally stabbed to  
 death an off-duty police officer.

#### **BACK TO SCENE**

Scott looks up at the screen. Exchanges a quick glance with Glen. The old man checks his watch. Nods. He gets up just as the TV switches to a new report.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
 (over TV)  
 Meanwhile, Californians are preparing  
 themselves for the new flu strain that  
 is sweeping --

#### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Glen taps the bars to Riker's cell with his BATON. Riker lifts his head. Locks eyes with the older man.

GLEN

It's time.

The Chaplain places a hand on Riker's shoulder.

CHAPLAIN

Would you like me to accompany you?

Riker shakes his head.

**EXT. MEROLA STATE PRISON - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Thick clouds form overhead as a SEDAN pulls into the parking lot. A light drizzle, more a nuisance than actual rain, sprinkles the windshield.

**INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS**

AVA (30s) shuts off the engine. While no super model, she keeps herself presentable. Dressed in a feminine three piece business suit - last year's model.

She grabs the rearview. Twists it to check her makeup. She pauses at the sight of the sad eyes that gaze back at her.

She jerks the mirror back in place. Unhooks her seat belt. Grabs the door opener. Stops. Stares down at her trembling hand. Balls it into a fist with an annoyed sigh. Shoots the glove compartment a look.

She reaches over. Pops it open. Brings out a small bottle of VODKA. Her fingers fumble with the cap. Brings the bottle to her lips.

She knocks her head back. Swallows two big gulps. Hisses with clenched eyes as the liquor burns her throat.

She screws the lid back on. Weighs the bottle in her hand. Glares at it with moist eyes. She keels over. Shatters as tears roll down her cheeks.

NOLAN (V.O.)

Two years at Avenal. Centinela  
before that.

**INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

NOLAN (mid 50s), golf-tan and glistening hair, spins around in his chair. Looks up at:

TYRESE (30s), groomed to perfection - and nervous, who stands at attention on the other side of the desk.

Nolan drops Tyrese's file on his desk.

NOLAN  
Minimum security. Country clubs.

He observes Tyrese. A few seconds longer than necessary.

TYRESE  
So I've been told, sir.

Another long, sharp glare.

Tyrese keeps his gaze directed at the wall behind the Warden. Glides his view over the plaques and framed certificates.

NOLAN  
And that qualifies you the N-F-L?  
This is maximum security, son. Sure  
you're up for that?

TYRESE  
Absolutely, sir.

Nolan leafs through Tyrese's file.

NOLAN  
You do have an excellent record.

TYRESE  
Thank you, sir.

NOLAN  
That wasn't an opinion, sport.  
Merely stating the obvious.

Tyrese motions to speak. The Warden holds up a hand.

NOLAN  
I see you're assigned to the  
General Population detail.

TYRESE  
Yes, sir.

NOLAN  
Yeah.  
(closes the file)  
That's gonna have to wait.



**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Riker stands inside his cell. Nude. Several tattoos cover his ripped body. Glen passes him a pile of folded clothes through a small opening in the cell door. Steps back while Riker dresses himself.

NOLAN (V.O.)  
It's that damn flu thing that's  
going around. I'm guys short  
everywhere.

Riker slips into a pair boxers. Pulls a crisp, white T-shirt over his head.

NOLAN (V.O.)  
Including The Row.

Scott steps up behind Glen. Watches Riker step into a tan jumpsuit. Glen notices the Glock holstered at Scott's hip.

GLEN  
You really have to wear that thing?

SCOTT  
We're allowed to during executions,  
aren't we?

Glen shakes his head. Returns his attention to Riker who puts on a pair of sneakers.

**INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Ava places her hand bag on a counter. The GUARD behind it zips it open. Sticks a hand inside.

The Guard pulls out a small purse from Ava's bag. A lipstick. An eyeliner. A cell phone. He Holds it up. Shoots it a disapproving glare.

GUARD  
These aren't allowed inside, ma'am.  
Pick it up on your way out.

He dumps the rest back into the bag. Hands it over to Ava along with a visitor's badge.

GUARD  
Next.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Nolan strides down a featureless passage with Tyrese on his heels. They reach a checkpoint next to a barred gate.

Inside a plated glass booth, a FEMALE GUARD nods as he spots the Warden. BUZZES the gate open.

NOLAN  
Thank you, Kate.  
(to Tyrese)  
This way.

The two of them follow the corridor as it breaks right. Tyrese looks back over his shoulder. Sees the gate close behind them with a CLANG.

NOLAN  
Make no mistake, son, this ain't  
The Green Mile. These guys are  
vicious killers.

TYRESE  
I understand.

NOLAN  
Be sure that you do. Anyway, it's  
only two guys...  
(checks his watch)  
...make that one in about half an hour,  
so I'm sure you can manage.

The hallway ends at a hefty windowless steel door. Nolan punches in a combination on the KEYPAD next to the door.

NOLAN  
Don't get too comfortable though --

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

The door at the end of the row BUZZES open. Nolan leads Tyrese inside.

NOLAN  
-- it's just for a few days.

They stop in front of Glen and Scott.

NOLAN  
Glen, this is...  
(searches)  
...Trevor?

TYRESE

Tyrese.

NOLAN

Right, Tyrese. He's helping out today.

Scott checks out Tyrese. Grunts unimpressed.

Glen extends a hand.

GLEN

Glen. That's Scott.

TYRESE

Pleased to meet you.

Nolan looks over at Riker.

NOLAN

You gonna be good today?

Riker stares down the Warden with a cold glare.

GLEN

He's gonna do fine. Isn't that right?

Riker ignores Glen. Holds his stare on the Warden. Nolan chuckles. Spins on his heel. Heads for the exit. Glen snaps his fingers.

GLEN

Riker.

Riker shifts his view to Glen.

GLEN

Let it go.

TYRESE

So, um, what do you want me to do?

Scott holds up a bundle of chains. Waves Riker toward the cell door.

SCOTT

Just hang back. Follow my lead.

**INT. WITNESS AREA - CONTINUOUS**

A GUARD shows a crowd of people, including Ava, into a small dull colored room. Three rows of chairs stand in front of a small chamber shaped like a pentagon.

Windows line the chamber's walls. Drawn curtains prevent anyone from looking in.

Ava keeps her eyes on the chamber. Finds a seat behind two lawyer-types, BROWN SUIT and GREY SUIT (both 30s), who seem indifferent to the situation.

BROWN SUIT  
No popcorn?

GREY SUIT  
It was my turn?

He chuckles. Checks his watch.

GREY SUIT  
Hope to Christ they're on time. I've got a ten o'clock at City Hall.

Brown Suit coughs. Clears his throat. Loudly.

GREY SUIT  
You too? Half the office called in sick today.

Ava looks away. Disgusted. Fingers the wedding band on her finger instead. Finds solace in the jewelry.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)  
Honey?

**INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY**

Ava, dressed in bra and panties, looks away from the mirror. Turns to the open door behind her.

AVA  
Be down in a second.

She picks up a lipstick from the counter. Applies a smooth coat on her even lips.

She checks out her makeup in the mirror. Puckers her mouth. Fakes a kiss at her own reflection. Smiles satisfied.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You're gonna be late.

Ava glides a hand over her firm stomach. Caresses it.

AVA  
Wouldn't be the first time.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
(chuckles)  
Guess not.

Ava turns to hanger on the wall. On it rests her three piece business suit. Reaches out for it when:

CLANG --

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - DAY**

-- as Riker's cell door slams shut behind him.

Shackles run from his ankles to his wrists. Scott secures them to a belt wrapped around Riker's waist.

Glen inspects them. Nods. Scott pushes Riker forward toward the exit.

SCOTT  
Let's go, convict.

Tyrese falls in behind Scott as Glen leads the progression through the row.

CRISTOBAL (O.S.)  
Yo, new guy.

Tyrese looks over his shoulder.

A stocky Mexican, CRISTOBAL (early 20s), leans against his cell door. Topless. The young Mexican flexes his impressive pecs. Tightens a BANDANA around his head.

CRISTOBAL  
Git me some chow on the way back,  
holmes.

GLEN  
(without looking back)  
Breakfast's gonna run a little late  
today, Cris.

CRISTOBAL  
Figures.

Glen buzzes the door open. The four of them step out into:

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Riker perp-walks in leg irons. Scott keeps a firm hold on Riker's collar. His other hand hovers over the Glock at his hip. Loving this part.

TYRESE

How exactly does this work out?

SCOTT

Sodium Thiopental, Pancuronium and Potassium Chloride.

He leans closer to Riker.

SCOTT

Lights out.

GLEN

Knock it off.

**INT. WITNESS AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Ava looks up. Silhouettes move about behind the curtains to the execution chamber. She folds her hands in her lap. Tries to calm her breathing.

**INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

White. Clinical. Bright. Medical monitors surround an execution gurney (shaped like a cross).

Nolan and a DOCTOR already wait inside the small room. The guards lead Riker inside. Riker looks around. Refuses to let the situation get the better of him.

Scott keeps a close vigil while Glen unshackles Riker, then straps him to the gurney.

The Doctor swabs a small patch on both of Riker's arms with alcohol. Inserts two intravenous drips. The doctor nods to Nolan. Steps outside.

Nolan moves up close to Riker. Looks down upon him.

NOLAN

Do you have any last words?

Riker clears his throat. Pauses for effect. Then:

RIKER

Yeah.  
(as everyone leans in)  
But none for you.

NOLAN

Clear the room.

**INT. BUTTON ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Small and crowded. The infusion pump, an intricate apparatus with three red buttons on it, hangs next to a window looking into the execution chamber.

Nolan nods to Glen and Scott. The three of them each place a thumb on a button on the infusion pump. All heads turn to the large analog clock on the wall.

TICK-TOCK. TICK-TOCK.

**INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

Riker looks up at the ceiling. Closes his eyes. Forces himself to breath at a slow and steady pace.

A low HUM startles him. He lifts his head a bit to see the curtains pull aside.

**INT. WITNESS AREA - CONTINUOUS**

A breath stutters in Ava's throat as the curtains reveal Riker inside the execution chamber. Their eyes lock for a brief second before Riker puts his head back down.

GREY SUIT

Showtime.

Next to him, Brown Suit breaks out into a VIOLENT COUGH.

**INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

Breathing more rapid now, Riker grits his teeth. Opens and closes his hands. Beads of sweat form on his forehead.

His stony expression finally melts away. Reveals the true fragile soul of a man who knows he is about to die.

TICK-TOCK. TICK-TOCK.

A YELL TEARS HIM OUT OF HIS THOUGHTS

Muffled SCREAMS. Riker jerks his head around. Sees blood SPLASH against the windows.

**INT. BUTTON ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The three men remove their thumbs from the buttons. All heads turn toward the door to the witness area.

**INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

An electric motor pulls the curtains shut over the windows. But not before Riker catches a blurred glimpse of people fighting for their lives.

Riker pulls against his restraints.

Freezes as a vicious GROWL cuts through the commotion outside.

A GURGLED YELP as someone wobbles the windows.

AND THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT

Followed by another. And another. More SCREAMS. Commotion. Chaos. Mayhem. Riker's eyes dart from side to side.

RIKER

Hey!

Heavy FOOTSTEPS thump closer outside. Something BANGS against the door. Riker holds his breath. Eyes the door when:

A WINDOW SHATTERS TO HIS LEFT

The curtain flutters as blood sprays it from the outside. GROWLS and SCREAMS. Much louder now. Nearer too.

Another GUNSHOT.

SCOTT (O.S.)

He's down!

TYRESE (O.S.)

Behind you!

BLAM BLAM BLAM followed by the sound of THRASHING.

RIKER

HEY!

WHAM



The door bursts open. Glen and Tyrese stumble inside.  
Winded. Freaked out.

TYRESE

What was wrong with him, he --

He looks down at his blood spattered hands.

TYRESE

Why would he do that?

GLEN

I don't --

He leans against the wall. Catches his breath. His forty  
some surplus pounds working against him.

GLEN

I don't know.

Riker pulls against the straps. Tyrese reaches out.  
Unbuckles the first shackle.

Scott backs into the room.

Fires his Glock around the corner. He ejects the magazine.  
Replaces it with a fresh one. Pops off another round.

SCOTT

Did you see the way his head  
exploded?

GLEN

I saw it.

SCOTT

Didn't think it was gonna look like  
that. Whoa --

(as Tyrese unstraps Riker)  
-- the hell you doing?

TYRESE

We can't leave him here.

SCOTT

You're Goddamn right we --

A CLANG distracts him. He turns to the hallway outside.  
Raises his weapon.

SCOTT

They're coming.

GLEN  
How many?

SCOTT  
Lots.

Tyrese unshackles Riker. Yanks him off the gurney. Shoves him through the door as they head out into:

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Glen and Tyrese push Riker ahead of them as they haste down the passage.

Scott backs along with them. His weapon poised and ready.

A RUCKUS BUILDS BEHIND THEM

They round a corner.

Riker manages to crane his neck enough to catch a glimpse of something that makes his brow curl.

RIKER  
What the --

Scott blocks his view. Opens fire. Retreats around the corner. They rush down the barren corridor.

FOOTSTEPS

gain on them from behind.

They reach a four way intersection.

GLEN  
Go right.

They do while SCREAMS and GUNSHOTS echo against the walls around them. They reach another corner. Take it at high speed. Halt.

They spot the murky outline of Grey Suit's body. It lies massacred on the floor in a massive pool of blood.

His face a bloody pulp. Gnawed to threads. Entrails hang out of a torn hole in his stomach.

Tyrese puts a hand across his mouth at the sight.

Shadows dance against the walls at the end of the hallway.

GLEN

Back up.

The foursome backtrack. Unable to take their eyes off the gruesome sight.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS sets a fire under their asses.

They run down another hallway. Glen struggles to keep up. He gets a shove in the back from Scott. Nearly stumbles.

SCOTT

Let's go, Glen.

The echo of a drawn-out GROWL gets his feet moving again. They reach another intersection where:

AVA SMACKS HEADFIRST INTO THEM

Tyrese and Riker skid across the floor. Tumble against each other. Ava SHRIEKS. Backtracks on her elbows.

TYRESE

It's okay.

She holds up her blood covered hands. Eyes wide with fear. Wet too.

AVA

Don't hurt me.

She spots Riker. Recoils.

AVA

No.

GLEN

Calm down, miss. We're not --

GROWL

TWO DERANGED PRISON GUARDS THROW THEMSELVES AT THEM

Glen goes down hard. Scott fires his gun. Someone gets bitten. Somebody else SCREAMS.

One of the Guards hisses. Attacks Tyrese. Riker SNAPS the Guard's head back with a hard kick. Scott takes aim. BLOWS his brains all over the wall.

The remaining Guard claws himself across the floor. Grabs Ava by the ankle. Moves in for the bite. Glen swings his baton. WHACKS him across the skull. Brain matter squirts out of his ear.

The Guard SQUEALS. Flips around on the floor. Twitches. Spews up blood. About to roll to his feet when --

CRUNCH

-- Riker cracks open his skull with his foot.

Silence. Everyone pauses. Takes a second to digest what just happened. Not sure whether to believe it or not.

Tyrese helps the shaken Ava back to her feet.

TYRESE

Are you okay, ma'am?

AVA

What's happening?

SCOTT

Quiet.

He cocks his ears. Spins around. Brings up his Glock as the sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS catches up with them.

SCOTT

Go! Go!

He fires the gun as the rest take off down the hallway. Empties the clip. Goes for a replacement. Doesn't find one.

SCOTT

Shit.

He hauls ass. Catches up with the others as the corridor narrows, ending at the checkpoint Nolan and Tyrese passed through earlier.

Glen stares at the empty glass booth next to the barred gate. Notices the blood smears on the inside of the glass.

SCOTT

Where the hell's Kate?

He leans against the booth. Peeks through the blood stained glass. No one's inside.

He shoulders the glass door open. Shocked by the blood that covers the floor. Spots the BUZZER. Slams down on it with his hand.

The gate glides open. Bit by bit. Without waiting for it to open fully, the five of them squeeze through.

GROWLS follow them down the passage.

Scott stops. Looks back. Sees shadows grow on the walls.

Glen reaches the numeric keypad. Punches in a seven-digit combination. The keypad lets out a heartless BEEP BEEP.

Blinks RED.

Glen curses himself. Runs a sleeve across his brow. Tries again. Same result.

They reel around. The RUCKUS moves closer.

Ava, on the verge of panic, backs away with tears streaming down her face.

AVA  
Open the door.

GLEN  
I'm trying. The damn thing --

AVA  
OPEN THE DOOR!

SCOTT  
Glen, let's go.

The old man fumbles with the keypad as YELLS and GROWLS reach them. Presses a "7". Follows with a "9".

The others watch with impatient faces. Spooked by the sounds gaining on them.

Glen enters the remaining digits. Finishes with a "0". The keypad blurts out a BUZZ. Turns green.

SCOTT  
Move!

Riker shoves Glen out of the way, barges the door open.

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

They pile into the hold. Knock each other over in the process.

Scott grabs the door. Hands reach out for him.

THUD

He SLAMS the door shut. The electric lock does the rest.

The five of them sag to the ground winded. Physically as well as mentally.

Cristobal watches them through the bars from his bunk.

CRISTOBAL  
Where's my chow at?

**MOMENTS LATER**

Scott shoves Riker back in his cell. Slides the door shut behind him. Heads for the Guard Station.

Cristobal stares across the hallway at Riker.

CRISTOBAL  
Governor called?

RIKER  
Not exactly.

Cristobal spots Ava. His expression changes. As if some beast got jarred to life inside the depth of his soul. His eyes narrow.

Glen paces up and down the hallway. Walkie-talkie at his lips. Still winded. Still spooked.

GLEN  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Command, this is E Block, what's  
your status, over?

He gets a static HISS in reply.

GLEN  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Anyone copy?

Nothing.

He looks around in despair. Gets his breathing under control. Looks down at his hand. Spots a bloody bite mark at the wrist. Winces.

**GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Scott jerks open a small weapons cabinet. Rummages through it. Desperate to reload his Glock. He finds a magazine. Pops it into his weapon. A man again.

Over this:

GLEN (O.S.)  
 Command? Is anyone there? This is  
 Glen, come in, over.

Scott picks up the TELEPHONE on the desk. His forehead  
 creases with concern. Stares at the receiver for a beat.  
 Hangs up the phone. Heads back out into --

**THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

-- passes Tyrese, who escorts Ava toward twin doors with a  
 sign that says: "SHOWER".

He runs up to Glen.

SCOTT  
 Anything?

Glen shakes his head. Presses a tissue against the wound on  
 his wrist.

SCOTT  
 Phone's out too.

He heads down to the steel door. Puts an ear against it.  
 Listens for any sounds from the outside. Waits.

THUD THUMP

Someone rams the door from the outside.

SCOTT  
 Think it'll hold.

GLEN  
 Three inches of solid steel? Yeah.

Scott backs away from the door.

SCOTT  
 This is not happening.

Cristobal watches the guards. Concerned now. Realizes that  
 the whole situation is way past being FUBAR.

CRISTOBAL  
 The fuck's going on, ese?

**SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS**

A neglected room decorated with mildew stained tiles. Shower  
 stalls on one side. Sinks and toilet booths on the other.

Ava bends over a sink. Turns on the faucet. Sighs as the water sends hot steam up into her face.

She cups her hands. Watches as the water pools in the hollow. Splashes it against her face.

Ava stares at the stained sink. Lifts her head. Focuses on her own reflection in the mirror above the basin.

A red drop of water makes its way down her forehead. Crosses her brow. Travels along the bridge of her nose. Pauses at the tip.

**INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Ava buttons her jacket. Scopes herself in the full figure mirror next to a closet. Evens out a tiny crease.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ready?

AVA

Just about.

She heads over to low dresser. Opens up a small jewelry box. Gets out a pair of earrings. Rushes out of the room.

AVA (O.S.)

Coming.

**INT. DEATH ROW - SHOWER AREA - DAY**

Ava keels over. Regurgitates. Clasps a hand across her mouth. Careens across the floor. Barges a door to a toilet booth open. Kicks it shut behind her.

Tyrese squirms at the sound from the toilet booth. He gets out a handful of tissue paper. Wipes blood off the sink.

He hears the toilet flush. Retrieves a towel from a rack.

Ava opens the door to the booth. Staggeres out on weak legs. Wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. Looks up with bloodshot eyes as Tyrese passes her the towel.

AVA

Thanks.

She takes the towel. Wipes blood and water off of her face.

TYRESE

Better?



Ava fills her lungs with a big gulp of air. Passes the towel back to Tyrese.

AVA

No.

Tyrese heads to the sink. Grabs a bar of soap. Scrubs the blood off his hands.

TYRESE

Look, miss, I don't know what's going on but we're safe here.

AVA

Safe? Sorry if I don't find your optimism contagious but did you not see what they did?

TYRESE

Of course.

AVA

And you don't think you're putting an awful lot of faith in a door?

Tyrese chuckles. Rinses his hand. Wipes them dry.

TYRESE

The door doesn't matter.

AVA

Really?

TYRESE

Ever heard of God?

AVA

Let's just say we're not exactly on speaking terms.

Tyrese nods. Places the towel back on the rack.

TYRESE

How's that working out for you?

#### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Cristobal glides a look of disbelief from Scott to Riker then back to Scott.

CRISTOBAL

The fuck you mean "he ate him"?

RIKER  
(nods)  
I saw it too.

CRISTOBAL  
You mean he fucking...ate him?

SCOTT  
Am I not speaking English here? Yeah,  
he took a bite out of his face.

CRISTOBAL  
What the hell for?

SCOTT  
What do you want from me? How the  
hell should I know?

Cristobal shakes his head. Backs up.

CRISTOBAL  
That's fucked up.

RIKER  
What's the plan?

SCOTT  
Plan?

RIKER  
Yeah, what are you gonna do? You  
just gonna wait here until they  
tear the door down.

Scott pulls out his baton. He jabs it through the bars.  
Shoves Riker toward his bunk.

SCOTT  
The plan is for you to sit your ass  
down and shut up. Help's coming.

RIKER  
Yeah?

SCOTT  
Yeah. A matter of minutes.

#### **GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Glen flicks on the TV. Waits as the tube warms up. Peeks  
through the panoramic window into The Row where he sees Scott  
and Cristobal in the midst of a heated argument.

Glen grabs his walkie-talkie again.

GLEN  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Command? Is anyone there?

The TV comes to life. Reveals a pair of smiling morning show anchors.

**INSERT - TV FOOTAGE**

A good looking MALE ANCHOR (30s), perfect tan, perfect teeth, knocks his head back. Laughs.

MALE ANCHOR  
 Well, let's hope it doesn't run in  
 the family.

His sidekick, a pretty Asian FEMALE ANCHOR (30s), follows up with a laughter too strained to be real

FEMALE ANCHOR  
 And with that, let's check in with  
 Douglas Hanson for an update on the  
 weather. Doug?

A MUTED CLANG (O.S.) --

**BACK TO SCENE**

-- rips Glen away from the TV.

Through the window, he spots Scott with his baton raised, shouting something inaudible at Cristobal inside his cell.

In the background:

DOUG (O.S.)  
 (over TV)  
 The heatwave that slowed everybody  
 down this weekend has finally come  
 to a grinding halt as residents...

Glen knocks on the glass to get Scott's attention as Tyrese and Ava emerge from the shower area.

Scott turns. Looks over at Glen - "what"? Glen holds up stern finger. Scolds Scott with a reprimanding stare.

DOUG (O.S.)  
 (over TV)  
 -- expect scattered showers along  
 the coast with temperatures not  
 exceeding sixty...

Glen cringes as a sharp pang of pain shutters his body. He wobbles to a seat. Sucks in air through his teeth.

Beads of sweat form on his upper lip. He suppresses a cough. Grabs his gut as another pang hits him.

DOUG (O.S.)  
 (over TV)  
 -- with humidity levels rather  
 high, the temperature should --

FEMALE ANCHOR (O.S.)  
 (over TV)  
 Doug, sorry to cut you off but  
 reports are flooding in about a  
 massive riot --

Glen looks up.

BAM

ALL POWER DIES

Darkness wraps its pitch black hand around Death Row.

GLEN (O.S.)  
 Shit.

His chair SCRAPES against the floor.

**THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Ava's staccato breathing fills the darkness. Feet shuffle around. Confusion.

AVA (O.S.)  
 What's happening?

CLUNG CLUNG

AVA (O.S.)  
 Oh, my God, what's happening?

She SHRIEKS.

TYRESE (O.S.)  
 Easy. It's me.

A flashlight comes to life inside the Guard Station. Glen brings the MAG-LITE to the window. The cone of light casts long shadows behind the guards and the spooked Ava.

#### **RIKER'S CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Riker looks up. Squints in the darkness as the light passes across his cell door. No electricity. No lock.

He wets his lips.

#### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Glen bangs the window inside the Guard Station. Points. His shouts muted by the glass.

Scott stares at his older colleague. Looks over at Tyrese.

SCOTT

What the hell's he saying?

Glen points again. At something between the guards. Behind them. Ava sees it first.

Backs away.

Scott turns around. Stares down the passage. Spots the steel door at the end - ajar.

Glen tumbles out of the Guard Station. Sweaty and winded.

GLEN

Get the door!

Tyrese freezes as the door opens inward.

Scott bolts down the passage. Throws himself against the door. It fights back. Wobbles him. Almost knocks him over.

#### **HANDS**

lots of them, reach around the door. Tear at him.

He digs his heels into the floor. Presses all his weight against the steel.

Glen reaches the door. Slams his back against it. His flashlight hits the ground. Rolls around. Tosses light in all directions.

They jerk the door toward the frame. It stops. Presses back. The men's soles skip across the floor. The pressure too much.

Tyrese stares on. Nailed to the ground. Scared shitless.

SCOTT

The hell you waiting for?!

Tyrese swallows. His feet refuse to move.

The crack between the door and the frame widens.

A terrifying cacophony of vicious GROWLS and HISSES only millimeters away now.

ARMS

break through. Hands swing wildly. On a mission.

Scott grits his teeth. Puts all his strength against the door. Tries to reach his sidearm. Gets it out.

An arm strikes his elbow. Knocks the gun out of his hand.

The gap grows. The forces behind the door push the two guards further and further back. A losing battle. Then:

A PAIR OF HANDS

slam against the door. Grind it to a halt. Scott twists his neck. Expects to see Tyrese to the rescue. Instead he finds

RIKER

Surprised, Scott torches him with a glare. Not liking it. But accepting it. Desperate times...

Riker's muscular frame turns the tide. The three of them close the gap. Inch by inch. Hands pull back. The door almost closed.

One hand still blocks it.

Riker gives the door a powerful kick. It SLAMS shut. SLICES four fingers clean off in the process. They rain down on the floor.

The emergency power generator kicks in. Lights blossom on the keypad next to the door. The electronic lock powers up --

CLUNG

-- locks.

Dull emergency light flickers on around The Row. Not much but better than nothing.

Glen leans against the door. Panting like the out-of-shape old man he is.

SCOTT  
(to Tyrese / sarcastic)  
Thank's for the help, pal.

Tyrese looks away. Embarrassed by his cowardice.

GLEN  
Drop it.

Riker eyes the gun on floor. Tempting. Looks up at Scott.

WHACK

Scott's baton strikes him just above the ear. Riker folds like an accordion. Hits the floor hard. Bleeding.

Tyrese recoils at the violence. Glen yanks the baton out of Scott's hand. Pushes him away. Kneels next to Riker.

GLEN  
The hell's the matter with you?

Scott bends down. Retrieves the Glock from the floor. Holsters it. Shrugs.

SCOTT  
Wasn't supposed to be out of his cell anyway.

GLEN  
Help me get him up.

Tyrese ignores Glen. Scans the dimly lit hallway.

TYRESE  
Where did the woman go?

Scott looks around. Tyrese is right. Ava is nowhere to be seen. But that's not the worst part.

GLEN  
Where's Cris?

Eyes glide to Cristobal's empty cell.

**SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Cristobal runs a hand across his shaven scalp. A smile curls his lips.

Not a warm smile. Underlined by the venomous ember in his narrow eyes.

He lets his gaze wander along the row of toilet booths. All doors closed. Bad lighting. Zero shadows.

CRISTOBAL  
Oh, Mamacitaaaaah?

He squats. Tilts his head. Checks out the gap between the booths and the floor. Nothing. All empty. He gets up.

CRISTOBAL  
You ain't hafta play that hard to get shit with me.

He strides along the booths. Casually passes each closed door. Sniffs the air. Stops.

CRISTOBAL  
Nice perfume.

**INSIDE TOILET BOOTH**

Ava sits hunkered down on top of a toilet seat. Arms around her knees. Terrified. Forcing herself to breath as quietly as possible.

CRISTOBAL (O.S.)  
So little time. So many positions.

She hears Cristobal tap on the doors. One at the time. Sees his sneakers pass by the gap underneath the door. Holds her breath.

**SHOWER AREA**

Cristobal stops in front of booth #2. Hands at his hips. He takes a step back. Kicks the door open with a WHAM.

**THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Scott reaches the double doors to the shower area first. Tyrese follows on his heels. Glen staggers after them. Sweaty. In pain. Sick.



Scott hushes them. Centers his attention on the doors. Holds up his Glock with one hand. Nudges the doors with the other. The doors move.

About an inch. Then stop. Jammed.

#### **SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Cristobal looks from the empty booth to the bandana tied around the handles that blocks the doors from opening.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Open the door, Cris!

No longer smiling, Cristobal turns to the next booth. Kicks it open. Just a lonesome toilet bowl.

His lips curl. A vicious snarl. Playtime's over. He elbows the next door open. Empty. Picks up his pace.

#### **INSIDE TOILET BOOTH**

Ava's body shudders with each BANG and WHAM. Tears form in her eyes. Preparing for the inevitable.

Another WHAM nearly knocks her off the toilet. The door in front of her shakes on its hinges.

CRISTOBAL (O.S.)  
Gotcha'.

#### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Scott tears down a hefty fire extinguisher from the wall. Runs back to the double doors. Readies the extinguisher as a ram. SMASHES it against the doors.

They wobble. But stay closed. The fire extinguisher SLAMS against the door with a loud --

#### **SHOWER AREA - CONTINUOUS**

-- CRASH as the door to Ava's booth splinters open. She recoils from the shrapnel with a YELP. Holds up her hands.

Cristobal grabs her hair. Yanks her out of the booth. She skids across the floor. Reels around. Takes a right to the face. Slams her head against the tiles.

Groggy. Bleeding. Ava sticks a hand in Cristobal's face. Rakes his skin. He shoves her arms away like a nuisance. Grabs the lapel of her suit. Rips the jacket and shirt open.

Buttons sprinkle the floor. Cristobal stares down at her exposed bra. Likes what he sees. It's been a while.

BAM - Scott rams the doors again in the background.

Cristobal fumbles with his jumpsuit. Desperate to get it open. Jerky fingers. Possessed by lust.

BAM

Ava slides in and out of consciousness. Gets her bearing. Realizes what's happening. She SCREAMS - in anger, not in pain. Drums Cristobal's upper body with her fists.

BAM

Cristobal clasps a hand around her throat. Squeezes. The other hand pulls at her pants.

BAM - SNAP

The cloth finally succumbs to the pressure. Doors blast open. Guards pour into the room.

Cristobal shoots to his feet. Pulls Ava up in front of him. An arm lodged around her throat. Uses her as a shield.

Scott aims his gun at him.

SCOTT

Let her go.

CRISTOBAL

Keep dreaming, pendejo.

SCOTT

I'll drop you. I swear to God.  
Let her go. Now!

Cristobal ducks behind Ava's head. No easy target. Scott shifts around. Keeps the gun on him.

CRISTOBAL

You let me go, I let her go.

SCOTT

Not a chance.

Mascara runs down Ava's cheeks. Freaked. Struggling to breath. Exposed and vulnerable.

AVA  
Just shoot him.

SCOTT  
Oh, I will.

Tyrese takes a step forward. Holds up his hands.

TYRESE  
Whoa-whoa-whoa. Everybody just  
breath for a second. Okay?

SCOTT  
Step back.

CRISTOBAL  
I'll snap her neck, man.

TYRESE  
Come on. No one has to get hurt  
here. It's over. We don't know  
what's going on here but you're not  
getting out. No one is.  
(lets the words sink in)  
All right? Just let her go. Please.

Cristobal sneaks a peek at Scott over Ava's shoulder. Looks  
back at Tyrese.

CRISTOBAL  
Tell that hijo de puta there to  
lower his piece. Then we'll talk.

SCOTT  
Nothing to talk about, vato. You  
let her go now or I will paint the  
wall with you.

CRISTOBAL  
See? Can't talk sense to the man.

Tyrese turns to Scott. Pleads with him.

TYRESE  
Scott.

SCOTT  
Shut up.

TYRESE  
Come on, let's just --

SCOTT  
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Ava SLAMS the back of her head into Cristobal's face. Instinctively, his hand goes to his nose. Lets go of her.

She leaps out of the way. Cristobal a sitting duck now. Scott takes aim down the reticule. Fingers the trigger.

SCOTT

Adios.

TYRESE

No!

He shoves Scott's arm into the air.

BLAM

The round slams into the ceiling. Cristobal stares back at Scott. Enraged.

CRISTOBAL

You motherfu --

He charges.

PHHSSZZZHHHHMMM

TWO TASER DARTS HIT HIM IN THE CHEST

Stop him cold. Drop him into a seizure. Spastic twitches. Foam at the mouth.

Glen releases the trigger. Lowers the TASER. Sickly pale now, the simple movement of his lips takes great effort.

GLEN

Get her out of here.

Tyrese stands in awe of the older man.

TYRESE

(re: the Taser)

Good thinking.

He helps Ava to her feet. Holds a tissue over her bleeding eyebrow. Escorts her back into The Row.

Scott holsters his sidearm. Still fuming. Swiss cheeses Tyrese's back with a nasty glare.

GLEN

Don't even go there.

Scott snaps out of it. Notices Glen's sickly skin color.

SCOTT

You okay?

Glen grabs Cristobal's arms.

GLEN

Get his legs.

**THE MILE - MOMENTS LATER**

Scott rolls Cristobal's limp body onto his bunk. Steps outside. Watches as Glen slides the cell door shut.

Riker leans against the bars inside the opposite cell. Massages the back of his neck. Observes Scott.

SCOTT

What?

RIKER

How's that help coming?

Scott SLAMS the bars with his baton. Heads for the Guard Station. Riker watches him leave. Unimpressed.

RIKER

You know, at some point you're gonna have to put the foot down.

GLEN

Yeah.

RIKER

He's too high strung.

GLEN

Can you blame him?

Riker shrugs.

RIKER

So when do your buddies with the big guns show up?

GLEN

I can't get a hold of anyone. Phone's out. TV's out. I don't know.

RIKER

Well, you're gonna have to come up with something.

Glen holds up a hand. About to reply when pain writhes his pale face.

RIKER  
You don't look too hot.

Glen grabs his chest. Takes in deep gulps of air. Calms.

GLEN  
I'm good.

His body stiffens. He YELPS. Struggles to breath. White as a sheet. Trembling. Fading.

RIKER  
Glen?

GLEN  
Son of a...bitch.

He keels over. Smashes to the floor - face first.

RIKER  
Hey! Hacks!

**EXT. MEROLA STATE PRISON - LATER**

Rain drops from thick clouds. Showers the rooftop. Around noon but darker now.

The sun hidden somewhere high above a layer of grey, water filled clouds.

Eerie silence. Only the rhythmic tapping of raindrops.

**INT. DEATH ROW - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Scott and Tyrese gently lay Glen down on a bunk in the cell next to Cristobal's. Pull a blanket over him.

Sweat runs down Glen's face. Eyes open. Placid. Shallow breaths. No one's home.

Tyrese kneels next to him. Places a damp towel on his sizzling forehead.

TYRESE  
He's burning up.

Scott nods with an ill concealed scowl. The animosity toward Tyrese still very visible on his face.

TYRESE  
Any history of heart problems?

SCOTT  
Haven't got the foggiest.

TYRESE  
You've been colleagues for, what,  
three years and you don't --

SCOTT  
We kept it professional.

Tyrese spots the bite mark on Glen's wrist. He leans forward for a closer look. His forehead creases with concern.

The skin around the bite is swollen. Deep red. Almost blue. Pus oozes from the wound.

TYRESE  
Check this out.

Scott glances over Tyrese's shoulder. Shoots the wound a quick look. Not really all that interested.

SCOTT  
Awesome.

TYRESE  
Septic shock maybe.

SCOTT  
Whatever you say.

Tyrese gets a roll of gauze from a FIRST AID KIT, wraps it around the wound. Glances up at Scott. Decides to grab the bull by the horns.

TYRESE  
Enough people have died today. I  
didn't really see a reason to add  
to the tally.

Scott grits his teeth. Meets Tyrese's stare head on.

SCOTT  
Listen...newbie. With Glen on that  
bunk, the chain of command is as  
follows: Me. Me. Me. You have a  
problem with that then I suggest  
you use the door and take a stroll,  
'cause if you ever interfere with  
me again I guarantee you...you will  
never interfere with me again.

Tyrese gets to his feet.

TYRESE

Wow. That almost didn't sound like a threat.

Scott gets in his face. Nose to nose.

SCOTT

Oh. A tough guy now, huh?

TYRESE

About as tough as someone willing to kill an unarmed man.

**GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Ava runs a hand over the band aid above her brow. Her eyes comes to a rest on her wedding band. Catches her bruised reflection in its shiny surface.

**INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Ava rushes back inside. Grabs her purse off the dresser.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Thought you were ready?

AVA

I know. I know.

She heads back for the door. Stops. The sound of a POLICE SIREN turns her face to the window - the outside obscured by the drapes.

She leans over. Grabs the drapes. About to pull them aside when:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Honey?

**INT. GUARD STATION - DAY**

Ava's chest shivers. Her breathing irregular. She swallows hard. Chokes back tears. Buries her face in her hands.

Over this:



SCOTT (V.O.)

Get this straight. That man has raped, kidnapped and murdered his way through life. You're actually gonna pretend his life is worth saving?

She lifts her head. Spots the weapon's cabinet. Closed. But the key hangs in the lock.

She opens it. Takes a step back at the sight of the GLOCK 17 neatly placed in a holder. Its loading slide locked back. Next to it rests a fully loaded magazine.

TYRESE (V.O.)

But it's not your life to take. Only God gets to do that.

Ava reaches into the cabinet. Runs a finger across its black polymer frame. Retracts her hand. Looks around to see if anybody saw her.

No one did.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Look around. God already made up his mind.

She folds her hand around its handle. Lifts it off the holder. Feels its weight. Takes a deep breath.

TYRESE (V.O.)

God has nothing to do with this place. It's men dishing out revenge in his name to appease the mob.

She picks up the magazine. Mesmerized by the shiny NINE MILLIMETER ROUNDS inside it.

She slides the magazine into the holder. Another deep breath. Jolts as the loader FLINGS into place.

#### **RIKER'S CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Riker lies on his bunk. Feet crossed. Hands behind his head. Listening to the two men.

SCOTT (O.S.)

I get it, I get it. Capital punishment is wrong. Right?

He doesn't see Ava approach from the side. A hand locked around the gun. Determined stare.

TYRESE (O.S.)  
Anyone can be rehabilitated. These  
guys weren't born evil.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
Right, right, their mommas just  
didn't breast-feed em long enough  
so that makes it totally okay of  
course.

Riker can't help but chuckle at the last remark. Still  
oblivious to Ava.

TYRESE (O.S.)  
I didn't say that.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
No, but you're somehow under the  
impression that these guys can  
change if only we would, like, hold  
their hands a little more often.

Ava stops in front of Riker's cell.

AVA  
Maybe he's right.

Riker's head snaps up. Not really all that surprised to see  
her. He swings his feet over the edge of the bunk. Sits up.

AVA  
I just don't care anymore.

RIKER  
Ava, right?

She raises the gun. Points it at him.

He nods. It's her all right. He gets to his feet.  
Approaches the bars.

RIKER  
I was wondering when you'd show.

#### **MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Heads whip around at the sound of Riker's voice. Tyrese  
spots Ava with the gun. Exchanges a glance with Scott.

They bolt out of the cell --

**THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

-- come to a screeching halt a few yards from Ava. Scott's hand glides to his holster. Rethinks it. Leaves the gun be.

Ava looks over at them. Keeps the gun on Riker. Something in her expression tells Tyrese that this woman has made up her mind.

RIKER

Guys, meet Ava.

Ava looks back at Riker.

AVA

I've waited five years for this day. Five years. One way or the other, you die today.

Tyrese takes a step toward Ava.

AVA

Don't.

He stops. Looks over at Scott - "do something". Scott ignores him. Folds his arms across his chest.

AVA

He took everything from away me.  
(turns to Riker)  
You hollowed me.

Riker watches her - expressionless.

AVA

I'll never have his child. Never feel his hand in mine. Never --

TYRESE

Ma'am. Ava. You really don't wanna do this.

The gun trembles in her hand. Eyes moist up.

AVA

An eye for an eye. Isn't that what the bible says?

TYRESE

It says some other stuff, too.

AVA

It has to end today. I can't go on like this.

The trembling intensifies.

AVA

I don't wanna go on like this.

She grits her teeth. Hates the tears that run down her cheeks. Grabs the gun with both hands.

Riker stretches out his arms like a Jesus-figure. Presses his chest against the bars. Inches from the muzzle.

RIKER

I'm ready.

Ava's finger tightens around the trigger. Eyes squeeze into a narrow line.

TYRESE

Ava, he'll face judgement when his time comes but not by you. And not like this.

Tyrese steps closer to Ava. Holds out his hand.

Though every fiber in her body begs her to pull the trigger, the muscles in her index finger betray her.

Her hard outer shell finally cracks. Tears stream down her face. Lips quiver.

AVA

He killed my husband.

Tyrese takes a step closer. The gun almost within reach.

TYRESE

Then he's taken enough from you.

He folds his hand around the barrel of the gun. Ava loosens her grip. Lets Tyrese take it from her.

She staggers back. Vacant eyes. Almost catatonic.

AVA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

TYRESE

Ava.

She shakes her head. Nearly stumbles.

Riker watches her back through the hallway. Turns to Tyrese.

RIKER  
Who the hell are you, man?

TYRESE  
What did you do?

No reply.

TYRESE  
What did you do?

Riker turns his back to them.

SCOTT  
Carved up her husband real bad.  
Groin to sternum.

Tyrese closes his eyes. A shimmer of regret. Composes himself.

RIKER  
That was a long time ago.

Scott shakes his head. Slaps Tyrese on the back.

SCOTT  
On a roll, huh?

He heads back to attend to Glen.

Tyrese stands alone in the hallway. Gutted.

THUMP THUD

Someone bangs the outside of the steel door.

SCOTT (O.S.)  
We ain't home!

**INT. WITNESS AREA - LATER**

Knocked over chairs litter the floor. Blood stains. A shoe.

All windows into the execution chambers are either completely gone or shattered. More blood.

Silence.

A door at the back of the room leads --

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

-- to a deserted passage. Hardly any light. Doors on both sides of the aisle. A few of them open.

A flicker of light blinks from the one on the left.

**INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

As if a bomb went off in here. Paper everywhere. A desk on its side. Broken picture frames. Spent bullet casings on the floor.

Blood. Lots of blood.

A TELEVISION SET, built into a book case, lights the room with a flickering stream of static. A low HISS of white noise accompanies it.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Further down, the passage bends left. Something that looks very much like entrails decorate the floor.

Bloody shoe prints, various shapes and sizes, lead to and from the carnage.

The corridor takes a right.

Drops on blood on the floor. Four vertical claw marks travel along the wall. Ending at a open door.

A pair of legs stick out of the opening. Both clad in nylon.

A black PUMP dangles around one of the feet - the other foot is bare. Red nail polish covers the toe nails.

The foot spasms. Toes twitch.

Behind the door, a nauseating WET and CRUNCHY sound comes and goes.

CRISTOBAL (V.O.)  
I'm hungry.

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Cristobal presses his head against the small opening between the bars. Glides his eyes from side to side.

CRISTOBAL

Ya hear me? I'm fucking hungry here, holmes.

His words echo along the empty hallway.

CRISTOBAL

This shit's motherfucking cruel and unusual. What the fuck?

He kicks the cell door.

CRISTOBAL

I want my fucking lawyer. No, fuck the lawyer, I want those human fucking rights people down here.

Kicks the door again. Looks over at Riker on the other side of the hallway. Searches for support. Doesn't find any.

CRISTOBAL

Fuck!

SCOTT (O.S.)

Shut up!

#### **MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Scott sits next to Glen. The old man's teeth clatter behind chapped lips. His body trembles. Freezing, yet burning up.

Scott wipes sweat off Glen's forehead. The old man lets out a weak MOAN. Tries to speak.

SCOTT

What?

GLEN

(with great effort)

Water.

Scott grabs a cup of water from the floor. Lifts Glen's head. Pours water into his mouth.

Glen COUGHS. Chokes on it.

SCOTT

Shit.

He brings Glen onto his side. Pats his back until the coughing subsides.

Goey saliva drips from Glen's mouth as he finally gets his breathing under control.

Scott watches him. Concerned.

**GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese sits alone at the table. Remote in hand, he flips through TV channels. Nothing but static.

He sighs. Slides the remote control across the table. Rubs his eyes with his palms.

AVA (O.S.)  
What else does it say?

Tyrese JOLTS in his chair. Spins around to find Ava at the entrance.

AVA  
Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

TYRESE  
It's okay, I was just...

He motions at the static filled TV screen.

AVA  
Still nothing?

TYRESE  
I don't know if a cable's been cut or if they're simply not broadcasting anymore.

AVA  
That would be a first.

TYRESE  
Indeed.

He grabs a electric KETTLE off the table. Picks up a mug.

TYRESE  
Coffee?

Ava stares at the objects in his hands, as if they are remnants of some long forgotten civilization. Smiles.

AVA  
Yeah.



She takes a seat next to Tyrese. He tips some INSTANT COFFEE powder into the cup. Douses it with steaming hot water from the kettle.

TYRESE

I'm afraid I can't offer you any sugar.

AVA

That's okay.

She picks up the mug. Sniffs the aroma filled steam. Blows air across the surface. Sips it.

TYRESE

Good?

She nods.

AVA

The Bible, what else does it say?

TYRESE

How long do you have?

AVA

I'm not going anywhere.

TYRESE

Depends on what you're looking for of course but as Matthew writes: "For if you forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. If you don't..."

AVA

Then I'm the one who's screwed.

Tyrese sips his coffee.

TYRESE

Yeah.

AVA

That's not fair.

Tyrese puts the cup down.

TYRESE

When I was fourteen -- no fifteen, my mom got clipped by a car. Hit and run. Never found him.

His eyes go distant as his thoughts take a painful stroll down memory lane.

TYRESE

They had to take her legs off. Too damaged. Then came the infection. She hung in there for six days before she had to let go.

AVA

I'm sorry.

TYRESE

Yeah. Thanks. I spent the next year being angry at the world. My dad. My sister. Even my mom. Got into drugs. Alcohol. A one-way ticket to either prison or the coffin.

AVA

What happened.

TYRESE

A miracle.

WHAM

The door flies open, startling both of them. Scott stands in the door way. Winded.

SCOTT

It's Glen.

**MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY CELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Glen, still on the bunk, struggles to breath. The air whistles on and out of his mouth. His skin has picked up a slightly blue complexion. Borderline purple.

Tyrese kneels next to him. Grabs his hand.

TYRESE

Glen?

Unable to move, Glen's bloodshot eyes glide to Tyrese. Peers up at the younger man.

TYRESE

You still with us?

Glen's lips twitch. Spit glides down the corner of his mouth. He COUGHS. Violently. Lumps of blood mix with his saliva. Scott leans close to Tyrese. Lowers his voice.

SCOTT

We have to do something.

Tyrese gets to his feet. The two of them head out into --

### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Hands on his hips, Tyrese contemplates. Looks down at the steel door at the end of The Row. Exchanges glances with Scott.

SCOTT

Yeah.

He pulls out his Glock. Checks the magazine.

TYRESE

I should go. I mean, it should be me.

SCOTT

Forget it. You don't know your way around this place.

Ava walks up. Sees the determined look on Scott's face.

AVA

What's going on?

Scott holsters his weapon.

AVA

You're going out there?

TYRESE

We need antibiotics for Glen.

AVA

You'll never make it.

Scott passes a walkie-talkie to Tyrese.

SCOTT

I'm on channel nine.

Tyrese adjust the frequency.

Riker and Cristobal peer out through their respective cells.

CRISTOBAL

He gets to go? That's fucked up.  
He's just gonna take off like a  
little bitch ass girl.

Scott heads for the steel door with Tyrese right behind him.

TYRESE

Maybe you should. You know, try to  
make it to the outside. Get some  
help.

SCOTT

You're assuming there's help to  
get.

(off Tyrese's look)

We've been stranded here for over  
four hours. You'd reckon they  
woulda gotten us help by now.

Tyrese accepts the logic of Scott's words.

SCOTT

Maybe I can reach the locker rooms on  
the way back. Get my cell phone.

They reach the door. Scott pulls out his sidearm. Takes up  
position by the keypad. Readies himself. He puts a finger  
on the door buzzer.

SCOTT

Moment of truth.

He hits the button. The door unlocks. Opens about an inch.  
Tyrese takes cover behind the door. Ready to push it shut.

Nothing happens. The two men share a nod.

With his gun stretched out in front of him, Scott nudges the  
door open with the tip of his shoe.

Two inches. Four. Ten.

A BLOODY WOMAN SMASHES INTO HIM

Ava SHRIEKS. Scott YELPS. Falls on his butt with arms  
flailing. Nose to nose with a partly chewed-apart face.

He kicks the woman off of him. Rolls around. Jumps to his  
feet with the gun ready to fire. The woman doesn't move.

Scott taps her with his shoe. No response.

Tyrese peeks around the door. Gawks at the mutilated mess on the floor. Notices the shredded Guard uniform. Pushes the door shut.

SCOTT  
I think she's...

He nudges the body again. Still no response. He bends down. Pushes the corpse over on its back.

Brains ooze through the punctured skull. Scott notices the name tag on the shirt.

SCOTT  
Son of a bitch. That's Kate.

He lowers the weapon.

TYRESE  
Friend of yours?

Scott doesn't respond but the way that his face sags tells Tyrese that it was.

Tyrese places a comforting hand on Scott's shoulder.

TYRESE  
I'm sor --

Scott shoves his hand away. Turns to the door.

SCOTT  
Let's get this over with.

He BUZZES the door. Yanks it open. Steals a quick peek around the corner. Pulls back. Looks over at Tyrese. Nods. Steps outside.

TYRESE  
Watch yourself.

Scott disappears.

Tyrese closes the door. Brings the walkie-talkie up to his lips.

TYRESE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Scott?

A long beat. Everyone holds their breath.

TYRESE  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Scott?

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Still here.

TYRESE  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 How does it look?

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Scott creeps down the sparsely lit passage, staying close to the wall as it bends to the right. He holds his breath. Checks the corner. Nothing.

SCOTT  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Deserted.

He follows the corridor. Gun ready. Careful not to make any unwanted sounds. Reaches a four-way section.

He stops. Listens. Something RATTLES somewhere ahead of him. He tiptoes around the corner. Looks over his shoulder.

SCOTT  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Stay off the line. I'll contact you. Out.

He hears the RATTLE again. Hurries ahead. Passes doors on his left and right. Stops.

**FOOTSTEPS**

Scott squints down the dark corridor. Sees the outline of a PERSON staggering away from him. He brings up his gun in a two-hand grip. Aims down the barrel.

Waits.

The person keeps walking away with a slouching limp, unaware of Scott's presence. A gurgled moan follows in its wake.

Scott lowers his weapon. Reaches behind him. Finds a door knob. Pries the door open. Slips inside.

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese stares at the steel door. His back to The Mile. A hand firmly clasped around the walkie-talkie.

Ava stands behind him. Both wait in silence. Anxiety painted across their faces.

Sweat forms at Tyrese's hairline. Runs across his temple. Down his cheek.

He wipes it away. Lifts the walkie-talkie to his lips. Holds down the send-button. Uncertain. Lets go of it.

AVA  
What miracle?

TYRESE  
Huh?

AVA  
You said a miracle happened.

TYRESE  
I found the Bible. That changed everything.

**INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

Scott closes the door behind him. Looks around. Wooden stairs lead up and down. Not much light. Silence.

He looks down the crack between the handrails. Too dark. Looks up. Nothing.

He ascends the steps. Gun poised. Step by step. Reaches a landing. Heads for the next flight of stairs when:

A HISS

travels up through the stairwell.

Scott freezes. Holds his breath. Turns an ear toward the sound. Waits.

With his fingers firmly clutched around the Glock, he dares a peak down between the handrails.

ANOTHER HISS

He jerks back.

Not willing to wait around anymore, he places a foot in the first step.

Lifts himself up. Climbs the next step. Stops to check for sounds. Complete silence.

He places his foot on the third step. Takes it.

CRE-EE-EAK

The wooden planks underneath his foot send out an all too revealing noise.

Scott's heart stops. Waits for it. And then:

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS

bang against the steps below him. Gain on him. Scott bolts up the stairs. Takes the steps three at the time. Almost at the next landing when:

His foot misses, slips off the step. He topples over. Bangs his shin against the steps. SCREAMS out in pain. Grabs his leg.

The footsteps approach. Faster now. Hoarse breathing. Only two stories below him.

Scott pushes himself back up. Half crawls, half limps to the landing. He reaches a door. Grabs the knob.

Nothing happens.

He jerks the door hard in both directions. Desperate as HOWLS make their way up the stairwell. Eerily close now.

He staggers back. Rams the door with his shoulder. The frame MOANS - but the door holds.

GROWL

Flailing SHADOWS move up the steps behind him. Mere yards away now. Scott throws himself against the door with full force.

CRASH --

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

-- splinters it open.

He tumbles across the floor. Smacks into the opposite wall. Doesn't waste any time.



Barrels blindly down the corridor as fast as his wounded legs can carry him.

Behind him, the crippled door bursts open. Figures rush into the corridor. Screaming. Yelling. Enraged. A growing mob.

Scott rounds a corner. Wobbles toward the nearest door on his left. Jerks it open. Pops inside. Closes the door just as the flock of growling men and women rush by.

**INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Scott slides down the wall next to the door. Catches his breath.

Cranes his neck to check the frosted glass at the center off the door. Stiffens as shadowy contours dart past the door.

Waits as the FOOTSTEPS subside. He brings the walkie-talkie to his mouth.

SCOTT  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Okay, I've reached the old  
administrative building.

TYRESE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Scott. Christ, we've been holding  
our breaths here. Any trouble?

SCOTT  
(into walkie-talkie)  
A couple of close calls. I'm gonna  
head across the roof. That should  
put me right on top of A-Block.  
How's Glen holding up?

**INT. DEATH ROW - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese looks down at Glen on the bunk. The old man is in worse shape now. Barely able to breath.

TYRESE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Hurry.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Copy that.

Tyrese turns to Ava next to him.

TYRESE  
So far so good.

Tyrese wipes sweat off Glen's face with a cloth.

AVA  
He'll never make it.

TYRESE  
Your husband's death made you lose  
your faith. That's only natural.

AVA  
Look, I don't wanna talk --

TYRESE  
Why did God choose him? All those  
questions, I've been there.

Ava holds up a hand. Backs out of the cell.

AVA  
I'm sorry, I can't...

#### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

She rushes down the hallway. Tyrese follows her.

TYRESE  
Everything happens for a reason, Ava.  
We're all part of something bigger...

Ava stops.

TYRESE  
...something that maybe we're never  
meant to fully understand. I mean,  
some people wade through life without  
even registering it while others live  
through unbearable pain. Unfair?  
Absolutely. Pointless? Never.

A fiery conviction ignites in Ava's eyes.

AVA  
And what point did my husband's  
death serve? Huh?

TYRESE  
I had a gun in my mouth. Ready to  
pull the trigger. I was that far  
gone. But for some reason, I looked  
up. And I saw it. The Bible.

(MORE)

TYRESE (CONT'D)

Right there on the bookshelf where it's always been. Only this time I saw it.

AVA

Believe what you have to but my husband died for nothing. Do you understand me? Nothing.

RIKER (O.S.)

Lady, your husband didn't die for nothing.

Ava spins around. Stares down Riker with pure rage.

AVA

What? What did you say?

RIKER

Your husband, he didn't die for nothing.

AVA

Don't ever talk about him again. You gave up that right when you killed him.

RIKER

(sighs)

Lady, you're not --

Ava charges the cell. Swings her fist wildly through the bars.

AVA

Shut up! Just shut up!

Riker grabs her wrists with powerful hands.

RIKER

YOU'RE NOT HEARING ME! HE DIDN'T DIE FOR NOTHING!

TYRESE

Hey!

He reaches through the bars. Grabs a hold of Riker's collar.

TYRESE

Let go of her.

Riker keeps his penetrating stare on Ava. She returns it. Puzzled by his words.

TYRESE  
Riker, let her go.

He does. She backs away, keeps her eyes on Riker.

Cristobal chuckles. Leans against the bars.

CRISTOBAL  
Fucking better than The Bold And  
The Beautiful.

TYRESE  
Shut up.

CRISTOBAL  
Fuck you.

TYRESE  
I mean it, shut up.

He turns his head. Cocks his ear.

AVA  
What is it?

A faint MURMUR.

TYRESE  
Did you hear that.

It comes again.

AVA  
Yeah.

Tyrese takes off down the hallway.

#### **GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

He throws the door open. Barges into the room. Ava follows behind him. Both freeze as they spot the TV screen.

#### **INSERT - TV FOOTAGE**

White letter over a black screen: "EMERGENCY ALERT SYSTEM".  
A monotone voice drones on.

E-A-S (V.O.)  
-- gency Alert System. The  
following is a coordinated alert  
for the residents of the counties  
Kern, San Bernardino, Riverside --

TYRESE (O.S.)  
That's us.

E-A-S (V.O.)  
-- and Imperial. All residents are  
advised to take shelter immediately  
and --

Tyrese flicks to a new channel. The same EAS sign.

E-A-S (V.O.)  
-- coordinated alert for the  
residents of the counties --

**BACK TO SCENE**

Tyrese's brow curls. He switches channel again.

E-A-S (O.S.)  
(over TV)  
-- residents are advised to take  
shelter --

AVA  
What the hell is going on?

**EXT. MEROLA STATE PRISON - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**

A maintenance hatch flings open. Scott sticks his head out into the pouring rain.

He pulls himself onto the flat surface. Runs across the rooftop toward another maintenance hatch further away.

He stops as something catches his attention on the horizon.

E-A-S (V.O.)  
This is the Emergency Alert System.  
The following is a coordinated  
alert for the residents of the  
counties Kern, San Bernardino,  
Riverside.

Pillars of thick black smoke rise behind the tree-dotted landscape along with a barely audible WAIL of sirens.

E-A-S (V.O.)  
All residents are advised to take  
shelter immediately and lock all  
windows and doors. This is not a  
test.

Scott forces his eyes off the vista. Runs toward the other side of the roof. He reaches the hatch. Kicks it open. Slips inside.

**INT. A-BLOCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Scott lands on the floor with a THUMP. Scopes the hallway. No threats. Pushes on. He picks up his pace. Semi-jogs to the nearest door.

**INT. A-BLOCK - GENERAL POPULATION - CONTINUOUS**

Rows of prison cells - two tiers - lit by the fading sun through large dirty windows.

Scott cautiously passes the open cell doors.

Most of them look like the inhabitant left in a hurry. But some of the cells look like the inmates never left.

At least not intact.

Scott stops at an empty cell. Winces. Bloody entrails dangle from the bars. Blood drips onto the floor.

He backs away. Forces himself forward. Runs to the end of the cell block. Finds a keypad. Punches in the combination.

CRISTOBAL (V.O.)  
Hey, holmes.

**INT. DEATH ROW - THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Cristobal checks the hallway. Makes sure Tyrese and Ava are out of earshot. Turns to Riker's cell.

CRISTOBAL  
Holmes.

RIKER  
What?

CRISTOBAL  
Ya know what's gonna fucking happen, right? They're gonna fucking leave us here. To die.

RIKER  
Maybe.

CRISTOBAL  
 What fucking maybe? Wake the fuck  
 up, ese.

He leans forward. On the QT.

CRISTOBAL  
 I say we don't give em the chance.  
 Ya follow?

Riker observes him for a drawn out moment. Turns his back to  
 him. Gets down on his bunk.

CRISTOBAL  
 Well, fuck you too then.

**INT. A-BLOCK - INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS**

Scott slips inside. Lets the flashlight illuminate the  
 sterile room of tile and chrome. A row of hospital beds -  
 all empty - segregated by curtains.

Medical equipment and monitors.

He focuses on a small cubicle at the end of the room. Heads  
 for it. Brings out his walkie-talkie.

SCOTT  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 I'm at the infirmary.

**INT. DEATH ROW - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese snatches the walkie-talkie from his belt.

TYRESE  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Alone?

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Yeah. What am I looking for?

Tyrese leafs through a medical book from the First Aid kit.

TYRESE  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 As long as it ends on "floxacin"  
 then we're solid.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Copy that.

He puts the walkie-talkie down. Turns to Ava. Nods.

TYRESE  
 It's gonna work out. If it doesn't,  
 we'll figure out something else.

She crosses her arms. Not all that optimistic.

AVA  
 You ever been called naive?

TYRESE  
 Sometimes a smile will get you a  
 lot further than a frown.

AVA  
 What's there to smile about?

TYRESE  
 We're alive.

AVA  
 Not all of us.

**INT. A-BLOCK - INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS**

Scott twists a key. Opens the door to a medical cabinet.  
 Stares at the neat rows of drugs (pills and solutions).

He spots a small bottle labeled "CIPROFLOXACIN". Grabs it.

SCOTT  
 (into walkie-talkie)  
 Got it.

**INT. A-BLOCK - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Scott jogs down the hallway. Stops. Stares at a sign on the  
 wall that points to "EXIT".

TYRESE (V.O.)  
 (filtered)  
 Scott?

Scott grabs the walkie-talkie. Brings it up to his lips.  
 Pauses. Keeps his eyes on the sign.



TYRESE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Scott, come in.

Scott's jaw muscles tremble underneath his skin. He looks at the walkie-talkie. Then at the sign.

TYRESE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
You there, Scott?

Scott lowers his head. Pockets the walkie-talkie. Heads in the direction of the exit.

**INT. DEATH ROW - GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese stares at his walkie-talkie. Creases form on his forehead. He shifts his gaze to Ava.

TYRESE  
Probably just had to go dark for a  
second or two.

Ava stares right through his fake façade.

AVA  
Sure he did.

**INT. A-BLOCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Scott quickens his pace. Looks over his shoulder. Presses ahead. Making noise.

A SOUND up ahead stops him on a dime. He scans the corridor. See a door on his left. Slips through it.

**INT. A-BLOCK - MESS HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Scott shines his light around. His gun tracks the cone of light as it makes its way across several rows of long, bolted down dining tables.

Large and rectangular, the mess hall is big enough to house hundreds of inmates.

He tiptoes along the nearest wall. Alert and vigil. Eyes on the move. Spots the trays of half eaten chow that litter the tables and floor.

He proceeds toward the end of the mess hall.

Passes the serving line. Checks out the big aluminum trays behind the counter - all filled with various kinds of food.

A MUTED CLANG

spins him around. He raises his gun. Turns toward the door to the kitchen. Waits.

Nothing happens. He exhales. Relaxes.

Another CLANG.

**KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Scott pushes the blue swing door open with the tip of his shoe. Slips inside.

The beam from his flashlight glides across large industrial stoves. Pots. Pans.

He stops dead in his tracks. Stares at a BLOODY HANDPRINT on a large refrigerator.

CLANG

Scott snaps out of it. He circles around a stove. Inches the light across the floor.

He spots the soles of a pair of black leather shoes. Angles his light. Reveals legs dressed in a B.O.P uniform. A blood stained shirt. Sleeve torn.

The beam reveals a PRISON GUARD. On the floor. Face down in a pool of blood. Handcuffed to an oven door.

SCOTT

Bill?

The Guard stirs. Moans. Fingers ball into a fist.

SCOTT

What the hell did they do to you?

THE GUARD SPRINGS TO HIS FEET

Charges. The handcuffs stop him. Jaws snap shot mere inches from Scott's face. Scott YELPS. Brings up his Glock.

BLAM BLAM

Puts two rounds through the Guard's deranged skull. Blood and brain bits spray the kitchen walls. The Guard drops like a wet sack of viscera. Scott, still shocked, backs away.

SCOTT  
Son of a bitch.

He regains his composure. Bends down to inspect the dead guard when:

THE DOORS TO THE MESS HALL RAM OPEN (O.S.)

Feet THUMP across the floor. Growls. Hisses.

Scott flicks off the flashlight. Rushes to the kitchen door. Peers out through its porthole-shaped window.

His breath fogs up the glass as he squints into the Mess Hall.

Shadowy figures move through the room. Toward his hideout.

He spins around. Sprints for the opposite end of the kitchen. Reaches a hefty door. Jerks the handle.

Locked.

Scott gets out a wad of keys. Presses one of them against the lock. No dice.

The door to the kitchen SQUEAKS open behind him.

He spins around. Drops the keys. He holds the gun up. Bends down. Runs a hand across the floor without looking down. Retrieves the keys.

Hoarse BREATHING travels through the kitchen. Shapes move about, obscured by cupboards, dangling pots and pans.

Scott jams a key against the lock without taking his eyes off the growing number of figures entering the kitchen. No fit.

Feet scrape against the floor. The shapes round the stoves. Move closer. He tries a new key. It slides into the lock with a metallic RATTLE.

GROWL

Pans and pots CLANG against the floor as they mob rushes toward Scott.

He twists the key. Pulls the door open. Fires at the oncoming mob while running.

BLAM BLAM BLAM

The muzzle-flares light up bloody, enraged faces. A round spins an attacker around. Knocks him down. Another takes a skull apart.

The enraged mob stumbles over each other. Tramples across the fallen.

**INT. A-BLOCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Scott hauls ass down the corridor. The mob right behind him. He sprints around the nearest corner. Aims for the door at the end of the hall. Reaches a keypad.

He spins around. Empties his magazine at knee-height. The horde's point men take the rounds as intended: in the kneecaps and shins.

The front attackers drop to the floor. Squealing. The others trip over them. Clogging up the passage. Buying Scott some time.

His fingers dance across the keypad. The door BUZZES open.

**INT. A-BLOCK - GENERAL POPULATION - CONTINUOUS**

Scott rushes down the hallway. Behind him, the door glides shut. Then:

HANDS BLOCK IT FROM CLOSING

Hearing the GROWLS build behind him, Scott makes a decision. Throws himself inside a --

**CELL - CONTINUOUS**

He scoots underneath an uncomfortable looking metal cot. Pulls a moth eaten mattress on top of him.

WHOOSH

The horde storms past the cell. All except a man. He stops. Though covered in blood, his features still recognizable as Nolan - The Warden.

**GENERAL POPULATION - CONTINUOUS**

His oddly tilted head sticks out of his blood spattered suit. He stares into the cell with violent intent.

Air whistles through a torn hole in his left cheek. His shredded lips drip blood and saliva. He lets out a GROWL.

Takes a step closer to a cell door. Stops. His sprained eyes dart back and forth as he sniffs the air.

And then:

He jerks around. Bolts away.

**CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Scott breaths a sigh of relief. Kicks off the mattress. Rolls out from under the cot. Gets to his feet.

Freezes.

NOLAN STANDS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS

He stares at him. Hisses. Yanks the cell door open. Attacks. Nolan rams him like a bull rams the red cloth.

Scott goes down. But not without a fight. They slide across the coarse floor. Roll around. Tumble.

Nolan snaps at him like a Pit Bull on Meth. Scott grabs his hair. Pulls his head back. HOLLERS as Nolan's nails scratch his arms and chest.

Nolan yanks his head forward. Leaves Scott with only a handful of hair. Nolan bites down. Scott rolls to his right. Kicks him hard in the chest.

The Warden stumbles back. Buys Scott just enough time to regain his foothold. He charges again. Scott throws a left hook. Breaks Nolan's jaw with a hollow SNAP.

Scott grabs the warden's throat. Sweeps the legs. Smashes the back of Nolan's head against the cot. The Warden spasms.

Scott bolts for the door.

NOLAN'S HAND

catches his foot. Flails him across the floor.

The Warden's nails dig into his legs. Claws himself closer. Scott kicks him in the face but he keeps coming.

Scott retreats toward the cell door. Nolan still lodged onto his leg. He reaches the door. Grabs its sides. Pulls himself through.

Nolan chumps down but Scott rolls away just in time. He jumps to his feet. Barrels through --

**GENERAL POPULATION - CONTINUOUS**

Scott looks over his shoulder. Behind him, The Warden gets to his feet. Takes up pursuit.

Scott storms past cell openings. Nolan gains on him, his feet pound the rocky floor like drumsticks.

Scott reaches the door. Barges it open. Rush out into --

**INT. A-BLOCK - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

-- the waiting arms of a horde of infected.

They swarm him.

Scott manages to headbutt one of them before another bites down on his throat.

Blood jets from his torn jugular. Paints his uniform crimson. The rest are on him like a flies on shit.

Tear. Gnaw. Rip. Chew. A hand knocks his walkie-talkie from his belt. A foot steps on it.

**INT. DEATH ROW - MAKESHIFT INFIRMARY CELL - CONTINUOUS**

Ava JOLTS as Tyrese's walkie-talkie cackles to life.

SCOTT (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
NO! NOOOOOO --!

The line goes dead.

TYRESE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Scott?! Scott, you there?!

Nothing.

TYRESE  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Scott?!

Ava backs away. Closer to her breaking point.

AVA  
No.

TYRESE

It's okay. It's okay, we're gonna --  
we're gonna...

He searches. Doesn't find it. More hit by the situation  
than he'd like to admit.

AVA

What? We'll what?

TYRESE

I...

AVA

We're gonna die here.

TYRESE

No, we're --

On the bunk, Glen twitches. Gurgles out a moan. Labors.  
His eyes pop wide open. He stiffens. Exhales.

Tyrese waits for the inhale. It doesn't come.

TYRESE

Glen?

He nudges the old man's shoulder.

TYRESE

Come on, Glen. Stay with us.

No response.

Tyrese collapses against the wall. Utterly defeated.

TYRESE

No. No. It wasn't supposed to...

AVA

I know.

She runs a hand across Glen's face. Closes his eyelids.

AVA

But we're not meant to understand.

She offers him a look full of pity. Heads out.

#### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Stops at the cell next to Riker's. Slumps against the bars.  
Slides down to her butt. Pulls her knees up to her chest.

She tilts her head back. Stares at the ceiling. At nothing.  
Riker leans against his cell door.

RIKER  
Given up?

AVA  
What's the point anymore? We're in here, they're out there. Help's not coming. It's just a matter of time.

CRISTOBAL  
Wanna go out with a bang then?

Riker silences him with a hard stare.

CRISTOBAL  
What-the-fuck-ever, holmes.

He rolls back onto his cot.

AVA  
I told him he wouldn't make it.

RIKER  
Yeah, you called it all right

AVA  
Just another pointless sacrifice.

RIKER  
You know about sacrifice? Up until a few years ago I thought that shit only happened in movies.

AVA  
(plays along)  
Oh, yeah?

RIKER  
You hear about it but when you actually see it, it's...it didn't even register at the time. That took years.

Ava turns her head toward Riker. Pays attention now.

RIKER  
I couldn't even tell you how much coke I snorted that night. It's all kinda a big blur. Don't really remember all that much. Except it was raining. That I remember.



Riker folds his hands through small opening in the cell door.

RIKER

This kid...this preppy little punk, he hit a puddle. Completely showered me. You believe that? I just snapped. Literally ran after his car. Caught up with him at a red light. Pulled his ass out. Smacked him around. Got my shank ready...

He looks over at Ava.

RIKER

That's when he showed up. Jack, right? Guess he was just passing by. On his way home from work. Home to you. Funny how things turn out, huh?  
(off her look)  
No, not so funny really.

Tears glide down Ava's face.

RIKER

Anyway, he did what he had to. Fought me off long enough for the kid to get away. Then...  
(looks away)  
So, no, your husband didn't die for nothing. That don't mean he had to though.

Tyrese watches Ava and Riker through the bars to the infirmary cell.

AVA

Thank you.

RIKER

For what?

AVA

I didn't know that.

Tyrese steps out into The Mile.

TYRESE

Listen. We need to make a decision. Either we stay here and hope help arrives in time. Or we take our chances --  
(nods at the exit)  
(MORE)

TYRESE (CONT'D)

-- out there. I don't know what the world looks like outside anymore. If there even is a world.

RIKER

You're asking me and him to help you out?

TYRESE

I'm not asking you to do anything. You'll do what you'll do. Regardless.

Cristobal gets up. Grins.

CRISTOBAL

Sure, ese. Fuck it. Open the door, I'll help you.

THE LIGHTS DIM

Almost die. Flicker back up.

AVA

What was that?

TYRESE

The generator. It's gotta be running on empty.

RIKER

No one around to top it off.

Ava shoots the lit keypad at the back of The Row an ominous look. Bows her head.

AVA

How long do we have?

Tyrese shakes his head - uncertain.

TYRESE

Minutes.

It takes a second for the hard truth to compute.

TYRESE

(to Riker)

We're running out of options.

The lights flicker again.

RIKER  
 Then y'all better haul ass.  
 (motions at the lock to  
 his cell)  
 While there's time.

He looks over at Cristobal. Recognizes the smirk on his face for what it is.

The lights pale. Die. Everything goes black. Feet grate against the floor.

CLUNG CLUNG

Then:

The lights come back on.

Ava SCREAMS.

GLEN STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MILE

Both Riker and Cristobal back up in their cells.

RIKER  
 Whoa.

Tyrese looks at the old man. Glen's mouth hangs open. Saliva runs off his lower lip.

And those eyes...DEAD.

TYRESE  
 Glen?

Glen lifts his head. Air jars through his swollen throat like sandpaper against sandpaper.

TYRESE  
 Are you all right? We thought --

Glen exposes his teeth. A malicious GROWL rumbles in his lungs. Tyrese gets out the Glock. Turns to Ava.

TYRESE  
 Back up.

She does. Tyrese raises the gun.

TYRESE  
 Don't make me do this.

Glen's eyes narrow. He takes a jerky step forward.

TYRESE

I mean it.

RIKER

Drop him.

Glen takes another step. Froth in the corner of his mouth.

Tyrese swallows. Takes a step back.

TYRESE

Glen, please.

RIKER

What the hell are you waiting for?  
Drop his ass.

AVA

Shoot him!

Glen makes a ferocious beeline for Tyrese. His feet carry him much faster than they should.

Tyrese closes his eyes. Squeezes the trigger.

BLAM BLAM

One round tears through Glen's shoulder. The other slams into his chest. Glen stumbles. Hisses. Attacks again.

Tyrese and Ava backtrack fast. But Glen is faster. The lights flicker. Tyrese fires again. Misses.

Muzzle flares. Blinking lights. A disorienting strobe effect.

Glen body-tackles Tyrese to the ground. The Glock slides across the floor. Ava reaches out for it.

A HAND BEATS HER TO IT

Glen pummels Tyrese from all angles. Clobbers him with his fists. Tyrese jerks to the side. Catches a glimpse of Glen's glistening teeth. Rolls over.

Glen bites down. Tyrese catches him by the throat. Pushes his head back up.

BLAM

A puff of blood and brain matter spurt out of the back of Glen's skull.

The old man stiffens. Blood runs from an entry wound on his forehead. Glen goes limp. Sags on top of Tyrese.

Tyrese grimaces in pain. Pushes the heavy man off him. He rolls around. Looks up. Expects to see Ava with the gun.

Instead the flickering lights reveal:

CRISTOBAL - ARMED AND SMILING

He trains the gun on Tyrese.

TYRESE

Don't.

He holds up his hands to defuse the situation.

TYRESE

I saved your life.

CRISTOBAL

And look where that got ya.

BLAM

A bullet tears through Tyrese's midsection. He spasms. Clutches his gut. Whimpers.

AVA

No!

She punches Cristobal on the side of the head. The young Mexican staggers. Grabs his ear - more surprised than hurt.

He hurls himself at Ava. Snatches her by the hair. Pistol-whips her across the jaw. She goes down in heap.

Cristobal brings the gun around. Aims it at Riker - still inside his cell, hand on the slightly open cell door.

CRISTOBAL

Ya with me now, softy?

The two convicts stare each other down. Riker slides his cell door open.

The lights continue to flicker on and off as he steps out.

Cristobal tracks him with the gun as Riker bends down next to Tyrese. The wounded looks up at Riker, almost grateful when Riker reaches over --

-- and snatches the flashlight from his belt.

Riker rises. Favors the unconscious Ava with a quick glance.

Cristobal watches him back up toward the exit. He huffs out a disappointed grunt. Gets a hold of Ava's collar. Drags her across the floor toward the Guard Station.

Riker reaches the unlocked exit. Pries it open. Flicks on the flashlight. Peeks outside.

TYRESE (O.S.)

Please.

He turns. Tyrese has managed to prop himself up against a cell door. Oozing blood.

TYRESE

You know what he'll do to her.

Riker eyes the Guard Station. Then Tyrese. Then the door.

TYRESE

I was wrong about him. Was I wrong about you, too?

Riker lets his gaze linger on Tyrese.

#### **GUARD STATION - CONTINUOUS**

Cristobal sweeps the table with his arms. Clears it. He lifts up Ava. Smacks her against the table - face down.

She comes to.

A TEAR

As Cristobal rips her pants open. Yanks them down around her ankles. Exposes her ass.

He presses her face against the table. Gets his jumpsuit open. Positions himself. Ava SCREAMS.

CRISTOBAL

That's right, bitch.

#### **THE MAG-LITE SLICES THROUGH THE AIR**

Smashes Cristobal in the back off the head. He careens sidewise. Wobbles against the wall. Drops to his ass.

The Glock slides across the floor. Comes to a stop at Riker's feet. He lowers the flashlight. Picks up the weapon.

Ava glides off the table. Scoots back from Riker. Unsure of his intentions.

RIKER  
Get dressed.

He stares at Cristobal. First his crotch. Then his face.

RIKER  
Well, that explains it.

CRISTOBAL  
Fuck you, puto! Fuck you!

Ava gets to her feet. Pulls her pants up. Leaps at Cristobal like a rabid dog. Kicks him hard. Rains a series of punches down on him.

Riker pulls her away.

RIKER  
Get outta here.

He turns the gun on Cristobal again. Pauses. Looks over his shoulder at Ava.

RIKER  
Unless you wanna do it.

She stares at him. Then the gun. Swallows. Unsure. Fresh out of adrenaline.

Ava reaches out for the gun. Riker slips it into her hand.

She aims it at Cristobal's chest. He returns the stare with a spiteful smirk.

CRISTOBAL  
You ain't got the cojones, puta.

Ava lowers the gun a bit. Aims at his crotch instead. Cristobal backtracks on his ass. Freaked out.

CRISTOBAL  
What the fuck, bitch? That ain't  
no way --

BLAM

He JOLTS. SQUEALS like a girl. Eases up. Looks down at the fuming bullet hole in the floor - inches from his crotch.

CRISTOBAL  
Aw -- fuck.

The fabric around his crotch area goes wet as he pisses himself. A pool of urine builds on the floor.

Ava hands the gun back to Riker. Heads out of the door.

RIKER  
(re: the urine)  
That has to suck.

CRISTOBAL  
Fuck --

Riker raises the Glock.

### **THE MILE - CONTINUOUS**

Gunfire lights up the windows to the Guard Station. Twice.

Ava bends down next to Tyrese. Removes his hands from his wound. He winces. Blood soaks the entire lower portion of his shirt.

AVA  
Can you walk?

RIKER (O.S.)  
You sure you wanna be hauling  
around a regular teeth-magnet?

She spins around. Stabs a bitter stare at him.

TYRESE  
He's right.

AVA  
I'm not leaving you here.

Riker heads right past them. Aims for the steel door.

Ava gets an arm underneath Tyrese. Helps him to his feet. The two of them half-walk, half-stumble through The Mile.

### **INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Riker takes point. Hurries down the hallway. Not waiting for the others. Reaches a three way section. Unsure.

RIKER  
Which way?

TYRESE  
It's my first day.



AVA  
 (to Riker)  
 Don't you know?

RIKER  
 It's not like they give us a tour  
 of the place, lady.

A faint RUCKUS to their left narrows down the choices.

RIKER  
 (points right)  
 I say we go this way.

He pushes Ava and Tyrese down the passage. Checks behind them while backing up.

The CLAMOR moves closer. He squints. Sees shapes at the end of the corridor.

RIKER  
 Go.

Ava pulls Tyrese along as fast as she can. The RACKET gains on them. Fast.

Riker pushes her out of the way. Grabs Tyrese. Ups the pace. Follows the corridor as it twists left.

The three of them stagger along until:

A DOOR BLOWS OPEN UP AHEAD

Three infected spill out right in front them. Faces obscured by darkness but one of them wears a Prison Guard uniform.

TYRESE  
 Scott?

The infected HISS. Stampede toward them. Riker lets go of Tyrese. Throws the Mag-Lite to Ava. Fires at the infected.

BLAM BLAM

One of them goes down squealing. Another jumps Riker. Tears into him.

The third - Scott - plows down Ava. He bites down. Inches from her throat. Tyrese kicks him in the side - knocks him off Ava.

Riker fends off his attacker. Lands a haymaker to his jaw. Rolls away.

Scott skids back on his feet. Throws himself at Tyrese. Claws at Tyrese's injured stomach. Tears out a chunk of flesh. Tyrese SCREAMS.

Riker clotheslines his attacker across the chest. Flips him a neat three-sixty degrees. Grabs his hair. Smashes the back of his skull against the floor. Again and again until a WET CRUNCH ends the fight.

Ava gets a hold of the flashlight. Swings it. Scott chomps down. The Mag-Lite's steel tube WHACKS against Scott's mouth. Shatters his teeth.

Tyrese kicks Scott across the floor. Scott springs back to his feet. Attacks again.

#### A POWERFUL HAND

Grabs him by the throat. Stops him. Riker tightens his grip. Presses the gun against Scott's right ear.

BLOWS his brains out of the left.

Tyrese grabs his torn gut. Collapses. Riker pulls him up. Spins around as a HOWL echoes through the corridor.

RIKER

Let's go.

They fast track it. Ignore the pain. Push ahead with everything they've got. And reach:

#### A DEAD END

All life force drains from Ava's face. She stares at the blank wall at the end of the corridor like it's a death sentence.

AVA

No.

RIKER

Phhh--uck.

Tyrese slides to a seat next to the staircase.

AVA

We have to go back.

A distant GROWL.

RIKER

Forget that.

He shines the flashlight at the ceiling. Centers the cone on a plastic air duct cover a few feet above his head. Points it out to Ava.

AVA  
I don't like it.

RIKER  
You don't have to.

He aims the gun at the cover. Fires two rounds against its rim. The plastic shatters. Rains down on the floor.

One side of the cover dislodges while the other holds the bobbing cover in place.

Riker jumps up. Whacks it with the flashlight. The cover snaps off. Slams against the floor.

Riker shines the light at the black opening above him. Waves Ava over. Grabs Tyrese's hand. Yanks him up.

RIKER  
No rest for the wicked.

Tyrese pulls out of his grasp. Sags back down on the floor.

TYRESE  
I think I'm gonna stay here for a while.

He removes his hand. Entrails spill out of his stomach. Ava pulls back. Riker's face squirms.

AVA  
Are you sure? Maybe they can --

TYRESE  
No. They can't.

Riker hands Tyrese the Glock.

RIKER  
Keep em off us as long as you can.

Tyrese weighs the weapon in his hand. Looks up at Riker.

TYRESE  
When it's your turn to face Saint Peter, tell him I vouch for you.

RIKER

When that time comes, I'm gonna  
tell him: "Pete, you look an awful  
lot like the Devil".

Tyrese chuckles. Coughs. Grimaces in pain.

TYRESE

Go.

Riker positions himself underneath the opening to the air  
duct. Ava pauses.

AVA

Thank you.

Tyrese smiles.

A distant GROWL.

RIKER

Come on.

He bends a knee. Ava places a foot on it. Lifts herself up.  
Grabs the sides of the opening. Riker pushes against her  
legs as she pulls herself inside the black air duct.

Riker tosses the flashlight to her. Gives Tyrese a final  
nod. Jumps up.

Tyrese watches as Riker draws himself up and disappears into  
the air duct.

Another GROWL. This time closer.

Tyrese puts the gun in his lap. Leans his head against the  
wall. Waits for the inevitable.

**INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS**

Ava hits the flashlight against her palm. Gets it working.  
The light pops on. Exposes a long claustrophobic narrow of  
dirty aluminum.

Dust dance across the flashlight's beam as Ava worms forward  
with constrained jerks. Behind her, Riker squeezes forward -  
his shoulders flat against the air duct's sides.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

A HORDE of infected beelines the passage. Deranged and  
growling with Nolan on point.

Blood smears glisten on the linoleum floor. Further agitates them. They round a corner.

TYRESE STANDS AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR

Nolan HISSES. Charges in a mad rush. Tyrese recognizes him. Raises the Glock.

BLAM

Cuts down the infected to Nolan's right.

BLAM

And the one to his left.

**INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS**

Ava stops as the sound of gunfire reaches them. Tries to look back over her shoulder. Can't.

RIKER  
Keep moving.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese squeezes off another round. Floors an infected. Nolan aims straight for him. Tyrese braces himself.

THUD

The two men collide. Slide across the floor with Nolan on top. Tyrese throws an arm around him. Jams the Warden's head against his neck.

Nolan gnaws into Tyrese's exposed jugular. Tries to tear off a chunk of flesh. Can't.

Tyrese tightens his hold on Nolan. Chokes back the urge to scream. A large pool of blood grows underneath him.

He presses his head against Nolan's. Cheek to cheek. Points the Glock at his own temple. YELLS out triumphantly.

Squeezes the trigger.

BLAM

The nine millimeter slug cuts through his brain.

Then Nolan's.

**INT. AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS**

Tyrese's yell reverberates through the narrow confine. Ava pauses. Takes a deep trembling breath.

RIKER

Come on.

Ava doesn't move. Too deflated.

RIKER

You want him to die in vain?

He manages to reach up and give her feet a nudge.

Ava gets going again. Elbows her way to a grilled plastic cover. Looks down. Too dark to see anything but the darkness still emits the trace of a faint WHISPER.

She brings the Mag-Lite up. Shines it down into the room below. Reveals:

**AN INFECTED GUARD HISSES AT HER**

Blood oozes out of his deranged eyes. His skin pale and caked with crusted blood. He claws at the light. Jumps at the duct cover. Misses it by a hair.

Ava recoils. Smacks her head against the ceiling.

RIKER

What's happening?

More infected spill into the room below them. Agitated, they throw themselves at the cover in a violent fit. A hand brushes against the cover. Bumps the air duct.

Ava presses her hands against the tiny space around the cover. Wiggles forward.

Another hand bumps against the cover.

Ava grits her teeth. Pulls herself across the grilled cover with rapid strokes.

Riker reaches the opening. Peers down.

RIKER

Shee-it.

Below him, the infected HISS at him. Jump for the cover. Miss. Fall. Pile on top of each other. Almost within reach.

Riker navigates his sizable body across the cover. Draws himself forward. He presses his palms against the sides for leverage. Pulls with every muscle when:

FINGERS REACH THE GRILL FROM BELOW

Grab a hold of the mesh. Pull. The cover SNAPS from the weight. Splits in two.

**INTERCUT - AIR DUCT / ROOM BELOW**

Riker's legs disappears underneath him. Swing into the room below. He loses his purchase on the wall. Slides back.

The mob of infected crashes to the floor. Propels back up. Sees Riker's legs dangling from above. Goes for them.

Riker's hands stop the slide with a burning SCREECH. He claws at the dirty surface. Pulls himself forward.

Two infected leap up. Catch his flailing legs. He zings back further. Kicks with his legs. Throws one of them off. Knees the other one in the face.

Ava rolls around. Cranes her neck. Riker waves her away.

RIKER  
Get outta here!

More hands grab his legs. Teeth aim for his ankle. Ready to crunch down. Riker jerks his legs up. The jaws catch the cotton fabric of his jumpsuit. Tear it open.

Riker muscles his body onto its back. Lifts his legs out of the opening. Presses his soles against the edge. Catapults himself away from the opening.

**AIR DUCT - CONTINUOUS**

Riker catches his breath. Tilts his head back. Spots Ava waiting for him.

RIKER  
What are you still doing here?

THUMP

He looks back at the opening. Hands clutch the edge. An arm reaches into the duct. A deranged face peers over the rim.

Riker flips onto his stomach.

RIKER  
Move! Move! Move!

Ava claws her way forward. The narrow tube fills with the sounds of the infected. Gaining.

The two of them pull ahead. Hurry with snail's pace. Inches at a time. Painstakingly slow.

Behind them, infected thrash through the duct on sheer instinct. A hand grazes Riker's shoe.

Spurred on by the promise of human flesh, the infected pile up. Block each other.

Ava pulls herself across another grilled opening. Riker reaches it. Stops.

RIKER  
Wait.

He brings up his arm. SLAMS his elbow against the cover. It cracks. But holds. He rams it again. And again.

The cover breaks. Floats into the darkness below. CLANGS against the floor. Riker inches himself through the opening. Drops out of sight.

Ava waits. Holds her breath. Then:

RIKER (O.S.)  
Come on.

She pushes herself back. Swings her feet through the opening. Slides out.

**INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

Riker helps her down to the floor. He takes the light from her. Shines it around. Just an empty flight of stairs.

RIKER  
Up or down?

AVA  
Up.

They rush up the stairs. Their footsteps reverberate through the stairwell. Mix with

OTHER FOOTSTEPS



They slide to a halt. Back up as THUMPING footsteps approach from above. Turn. Run down the stairs. Reach a landing. Push further down.

The stairwell comes to an abrupt end at a door. But Riker doesn't stop. He aims his shoulder at the door. Rams it.

**INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

The flashlight flickers. Exposes a long dark corridor. Water drips from the rusted overhead pipes. A few scarce doors left and right.

The two of them hightail it down the hallway. Push on with everything they've got.

Ava stumbles. Hits the ground. Slides along on her knees. Riker grabs her shoulder. Pulls her back up.

He freezes. Tilts his head. The floor moves. Almost as if a small surge ripples the ground.

He lowers the flashlight.

RATS

Lots of them. Dart past their feet. Fleeing. Ava SHRIEKS. Goes silent when:

FEET THUMP DOWN THE STAIRWELL

RIKER

Move!

They bolt further into the darkness. The light from the flashlight bounce around.

GROWL and HISSSES fill the air around them.

Riker spots a door on his left. Tries it. Locked. They press on. The FOOTSTEPS gain on them.

RIKER

There.

He points to another door up ahead. Reaches it. Jerks the handle. The door flings open. He grabs Ava. Pulls her --

**INT. MAINTENANCE STORAGE - CONTINUOUS**

-- inside. Slams the door shut. Looks around.

Shelves and cabinets with various maintenance equipment and cleaning supplies.

THUMP

The door trembles on its hinges. Riker rams his shoulder against a metal cabinet. Wobbles it. It tilts a few degrees. Slams back in place.

RIKER

Gimme a hand.

He gives it another push. It pitches over again. Ava puts her back against it. Pushes with her feet. The cabinet tilts a bit further.

THUD

The door shakes again. Almost open. The cabinet reaches its tipping point. Keels over.

BANG

The cabinet smashes to the floor in front of the door.

WHAM

The door slams against the cabinet. Knocks it a few inches into the room. The sound of the savage mob gets louder.

RIKER

We don't have much time.

He searches the room. Finds a screwdriver. Shoots it a questioning glare. Throws it away.

He runs to the other end of the storage. Rummages through it. Finds a HAMMER. Pockets it.

WHAM

Ava takes a step away from the door.

AVA

I almost didn't come here today.  
You believe that? I could've been  
back home right now.

RIKER

Who says back home's any better?  
Some dumb schmuck could be feasting  
on you right now for all we know.

WHAM

AVA

What?

RIKER

You think this shit's contained?

(shrugs)

Just saying.

Ava's eyes go narrow. Something in Riker's words sparks a memento. And then it dawns on her:

TYRESE (V.O.)

Everything happens for a reason.

AVA'S EYES

glides shut.

All sound fades away.

Time stops.

Reverses direction:

-- The cabinet rises back up.

-- Ava, Tyrese and Riker run down a corridor - backwards.

-- A toilet door un-splinters.

-- Ava's sedan pull away from the prison - backwards.

-- A bouquet of flowers floats back up into Ava's hand.

-- Tears roll up Ava's cheeks.

-- A casket rises from the ground.

Time stops. Reverses direction again:

-- Ava heads to the front door of a house.

-- Hands cover her eyes from behind.

-- Lips kiss her neck.

-- Ava smiles.

-- Two hands become one.

**INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

JACK CARUSO (30s), very handsome in his crisp POLICE UNIFORM, takes a sip from his coffee mug. Checks his watch.

JACK  
Thought you were ready.

AVA (O.S.)  
I know. I know.

A POLICE SIREN builds in the distant.

JACK  
Honey?

Footsteps hurry down the stairs to the second floor.

Ava, dressed in her three piece business suit, arrives in the kitchen. She waves her purse in front of him.

AVA  
Now I'm ready.

She steals a kiss from his lips. Jack grabs her arm. Pulls her close. Smiles. She smiles back. Her eyes sparkle.

Jack presses his lips against hers. They embrace.

A BUMP ON THE FRONT DOOR

Jack pulls away. Glares at the door.

ANOTHER BUMP - HARDER

He waves Ava back. Heads for the door. Only a few feet away from it when:

IT BLOWS OPEN

A mob of INFECTED swarms the house. Jack goes down. Teeth tear his throat open. Blood bursts through the air.

Ava screams. A NURSE locks her venomous eyes on her. Attacks. Ava bolts up the stairs to the second floor.

**SECOND FLOOR - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Slams the door shut behind her. Barricades the door with the dresser. Runs to a closet. Gets out a .38 REVOLVER.

Heads for the window. Pulls the drapes aside. Stares out at a neighborhood at war.

AVA'S POV OF THE STREETS BELOW

A small VAN plows down an infected WOMAN. Skids across the road. Slams into a pole.

A horde of infected swarms the vehicle. They yank out the driver. Shred his life to an end.

BACK TO SCENE

Ava backs away from the window. Shocked to her core. The door behind her SPLINTERS.

Arms reach through the crack.

Rip the door apart.

JACK STARES ACROSS THE ROOM AT HER

Blood covers his uniform. His lips part in a vicious snarl.

AVA

Jack! No! Jack!

But Jack doesn't hear her. Instead, he charges. Closes the distance between him. Claws out for her.

Ava fires the .38. Puts a round through his skull. Jack's body slumps on top of her. Puts her on the floor.

Ava stares into his dead eyes. Sobs.

Infected fill up the bedroom. Surround her. Hands reach out for her. She closes her eyes.

RIKER (V.O.)

What changed your mind?

**INT. MAINTENANCE STORAGE - DAY**

AVA'S EYES snap open. She sucks in a deep breath.

AVA

What?

RIKER

You came. So what changed your mind?

AVA

The thought of watching you die.

WHAM

RIKER

Yeah?

He knocks a box of cleaning supplies across the floor. Yanks open a closet.

RIKER

Still time for that.

AVA

Yeah...

WHAM

The door pushes the cabinet back even further. Bloody hands inch their way through the crack.

AVA

Why doesn't that seem important anymore.

WHAM

Riker slides a crate out of the way.

RIKER

Hello.

He stares down at access hatch to the sewer system below them. He grabs the metal hatch with both hands. Pries it open. Pulls back from the stench.

#### **INT. SEWER SYSTEM - CONTINUOUS**

Riker's face peer down through the opening. Metal steps, screwed into the wall, lead down a narrow circular tube into the main sewer system.

He climbs the steps. Lands on a walkway of grilled mesh. A few feet below him, a lumpy soup of shit filled sewerage flows along.

Ava follows behind him. Winces at the stench. Riker climbs back up the metal steps. Slides the cover in place. Drops back down.

AVA

This doesn't mean I've forgiven you.

RIKER  
Why would you?

He takes point. Leads Ava along the walkway.

Behind them the sound of THRASHING trickles down through the access hatch.

The further into the pipes they run, the faster the sewerage beneath them flows.

More THRASHING behind them. A ROAR echoes through the pipes.

The curved walls bend slightly. Bit by bit, the sound of the churning sewerage overpower their CLANGING footsteps.

Riker jerks to a halt. Motion for Ava to go quiet. Stares down at the rusted railing.

It vibrates.

Ava looks back. Doesn't see anything. But she feels it. A rhythmic pounding of the walkway.

Deranged SCREAMS speed toward them.

RIKER  
Go!

They sprint without looking back. The walkway trembles. Too many people. Too much weight. A bolt that holds the walkway secured to the wall jitters.

Loosens.

Riker spots a faint trace of light from a nearby access port.

RIKER  
There.

They run up to a column of metal steps.

RIKER  
Get up the --

RIIIIP-CRAAASH

The walkway tears loose from the wall. The two of them tumble against the railing. The metal lets out a MOAN.

POP POP POP as the bolts snap. The walkway keels over.

RIKER  
Aw, shit.

Ava, Riker and the walkway PLUNGE into the raw sewerage.

Foaming water tosses them around. Whips them along with its powerful current. Ava goes under. Riker reaches out. Can't get to her.

She pops up ahead of him. Whisks away. The brown current races them through the sewer. The pipes narrow - no more walkways.

Riker bangs against the sides. His world upside down. Ava claws at the pipe's coarse cement surface. Tears her nails off.

Without warning, the gush cascades downward. Drops both of them into a:

#### **CATCH BASIN - CONTINUOUS**

A large, deep circular hold that doubles as a junction for several pipes. Walkways span the entire hold.

Riker surfaces under a rain of sewerage. Scans for Ava. She breaks the surface on the other side of the basin. Thrashes to stay afloat.

He pulls himself through the water. Grabs a hold of her. Shoves her to the overhead walkway. Pushes her up. Follows.

They take a second to catch their breaths.

RIKER

(wipes shit off his face)

Let's try not do that a lot.

He looks around. Spots another access port. Metal steps separate two walkways. Lead up into a narrow tube.

Riker jumps onto the rusted steps. Takes them two at a time. His eyes focused on the small pinpoints of light above.

The pipe narrows around him with each step. Behind him, Ava struggles to keep up.

Riker reaches the top. Places a hand against the cast-iron circular manhole cover that blocks their escape. He grits his teeth. Pushes with all the strength that he can muster.

The cover doesn't budge.

Behind him, Ava waits patiently when:

SPLASH



She jerks her head around. Scans the rippled surface. Did something just land in the basin?

Riker punches the cover with the palm of his hands. A flicker of hope dances across his eyes as the cover jumps just a fraction of a millimeter from the impact.

AVA  
They're coming!

Riker looks down. Mixed with the sound of gushing water, a distinct GROWL makes its way through the pipe.

Ava's pleading face stares back up at him.

Riker locks a tight grip around the top ladder step. Lodges his feet against another. He takes in a deep breath.

RAMS his shoulder against the cover.

The cover bobs up. Dislodged from its holder but still covering the manhole.

He RAMS it again. This time harder. GROANS from the impact. The cover wobbles out of place. Forms a crescent opening.

Rain pours down through the gap. Pebbles Riker's face.

RIKER  
Almost there.

AVA  
Hurry!

Riker grabs the cover. Slides it to the side. Reveals a dusky grey sky high above them. He grabs the edge. Pulls himself up when:

AVA SCREAMS

Riker looks down in time to see a pair of HANDS grab Ava and pull her under water.

The brownish soup below churns into a white'ish foamy frenzy.

Riker reacts instinctively. Crosses his arms. Steps off the ladder. Drops through the pipe. PLUNGES into the sewerage with a brown SPLASH.

The water settles. Silence ensues. A long moment of nothing. Then:

An arm cuts the surface like a shark's fin. Not Riker's. Not Ava's. The arm dives back into the water.

Ava pops up. She flails around. Screams. Coughs. Goes back under.

Again the water calms.

Riker breaks the surface. Red-faced. Sucks in a mouthful of air. Coughs up foul water. Hands grip his collar from below. Pulls him down.

He gets out the hammer. Aims a whack down into the water. Follows through with another. Struggles to stay afloat. Swings the hammer again.

Ava surfaces a bit away from him. She swims for the walkway. Grabs a hold of the grated mesh. Pulls herself out of the water with weary arms.

Riker continues to kick and punch. The water dampens the effect. And then the hands YANK him under.

Ava rolls on to her knees. Winded. Raw sewerage drips from her face and hair. She stares at the water below. Holds her breath.

Desperate for a glimpse of Riker even though every fiber in her body begs her to run.

Air bubbles reach the surface. A few and scattered at first - then an explosion of air ripples the surface. As if someone emptied their lungs underwater.

Ava grabs the railing. Struggles to her feet. She stares down into the water with a mix of anticipation and dread.

Her eyes go wide. A breath stops in her throat. Blood paints the murky water red.

A moment of silence.

Ava pushes herself off the railing. Staggeres backwards. Refuses to take her eyes off the water below her.

SPLASH

Riker shoots through the surface. Coughs. Goes back under. Resurfaces. Claws at the water for purchase. Exhausted.

His hands find the walkway. He latches on to it. Sucks in deep breaths. His fingers slip. Only hanging on by one hand now. Losing the battle. No strength left.

More fingers slip. Slide across the mesh. Game over imminent when:

Ava grabs Riker by the wrist. Stops him. Way too heavy for her, her hands quickly loose their grip on his wet skin.

AVA

Come on!

Riker musters up a last ditch effort. Gets a hold with his free hand. Swings a leg up on the walkway.

Ava gets a hold of his collar. Yanks with everything she has. Pulls him up over the edge.

Riker rolls onto his back. Uses the wall for support as he pushes himself to a sitting position. His chest rises and falls at a rapid pace. Clothes and face covered in grime.

AVA

Are you gonna sit there all day?

Riker looks up at her. Raises his arm. Ava reaches out for his hand. Ready to help him up. Stops.

Riker twists his arm around. Exposes a jagged bite wound on his lower arm.

RIKER

I guess you're gonna get what you came for.

Ava backs away. Swallows. Stares at the wound. At Riker.

AVA

I don't want it anymore.

RIKER

Why the hell not?

AVA

Like you said, this isn't contained and if you hadn't killed Jack when you did, then maybe...maybe I would have had to do it myself.

RIKER

Yeah, maybe.

AVA

That I could not live with.

RIKER

Maybe you can live with showing me something I didn't show your husband.

He reaches around. Gets out the hammer. Drops it at Ava's feet with a hard CLANG.

RIKER

Mercy.

Ava looks down at the hammer. Back up at Riker's focused stare. Shakes her head.

AVA

No. No. I can't do that.

RIKER

You came to watch me die. What's the problem?

AVA

Please. I can't --

RIKER

Listen! I'm gonna turn into one of those fucking things. When I do, I'm gonna come after you and rip your fucking heart out and eat it.

He picks up the hammer. Shoves it into her hand.

RIKER

And I don't wanna do that.

Ava takes a deep, trembling breath. Closes her fingers around the hammer.

AVA

I'm not sure I --

RIKER

Just follow through on your swing.

Riker sits up straight. Leans his head forward a bit.

Ava looks down at the hammer. Composes her breathing. She wipes tears from her cheeks. Raises her arm. Locks eyes with Riker.

AVA

I do forgive you. You hear me? I forgive you.

Riker closes his eyes.

RIKER

Don't.

She swings the hammer.

**EXT. MEROLA STATE PRISON - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

A lone manhole among a few scattered cars. The top of Ava's head appears. Then her eyes.

She jerks her head around. Quickly scans the area. She gets her bloody hands onto the asphalt. Pulls herself up.

Squats. Looks around for danger. Doesn't spot any.

But it's there:

**POV - THROUGH SNIPER SCOPE**

Crosshairs fall upon Ava as she surveys the surroundings with jerky moves.

SWAT SNIPER (V.O.)  
Contact.

SWAT LEADER (V.O.)  
Another infected?

SWAT SNIPER (V.O.)  
Can't tell.

A beat. Then:

SWAT LEADER (V.O.)  
Why chance it? Take the shot.

The crosshairs zero in on Ava's skull.

SWAT SNIPER (V.O.)  
Taking the shot.

AVA  
Help! Anybody?!

SWAT LEADER (V.O.)  
Cancel that order! Blue Team, move in.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Black-clad SWAT MEMBERS converge on the scene. Weapons raised. On edge. Ready to fire.

One of them yanks Ava away from the manhole. Slams her hard against the ground.

AVA  
What are you doing?

SWAT LEADER  
(points)  
Seal that hole!

A SWAT member boots the cover across the manhole. Takes up covering position.

The SWAT LEADER pulls off his hood. Reveals a surprisingly young face. He pulls Ava to her feet.

SWAT LEADER  
Anyone witcha?

AVA  
What?

SWAT LEADER  
You alone?

AVA  
Yeah, I'm alone.

SWAT LEADER  
Any infected inside?

Ava nods.

SWAT LEADER  
How many?

AVA  
I don't --

SWAT LEADER  
How many?!

AVA  
All of them!

SWAT LEADER  
Shit.

He waves his men over. SWAT members grab Ava.

SWAT LEADER  
Ma'am, we needa getcha to some  
place safe.

AVA  
Don't go in there!

SWAT LEADER  
Get her to the safe zone.

Two members drag her off to a waiting BEARCAT (Armored Rescue Vehicle).

AVA  
Don't go in there!

The SWAT Leader watches the bulky vehicle peel away. Turns to face the entrance to the prison. Checks his M4 CARBINE.

SWAT LEADER  
Let's get this done.

**INT. BEARCAT (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS**

Ava sits on a long uncomfortable steel plank. She steadies herself against the metal wall behind her as the vehicle races ahead. Catches her breath. Lets her guard down.

Across from her, the two SWAT members pull their hoods off. One WHITE. One BLACK. Both in their 20s.

WHITE SWAT  
(wipes sweat off his face)  
Did you catch what happened to the Hollywood sign?

BLACK SWAT  
Yeah, I saw it. Beverly Hills is completely overrun. I mean total fucking bloodbath. Heard somebody turned Brad Pitt into shish kebab.

WHITE SWAT  
No.

BLACK SWAT  
That's what I heard.

WHITE SWAT  
Bummer. I kinda liked his movies. Except the one where he's got the long hair, remember?

BLACK SWAT  
Yeah, that one sucked ass.

Ava stares at the two men - can't believe her ears. Black SWAT notices.

BLACK SWAT  
You okay, lady?

AVA  
What the hell's the matter with you people?

WHITE SWAT  
What?

Ava ignores them. Rests her head against the wall. Emotionally battered, she closes her eyes. Folds her hands in her lap. Looks down.

Her wedding band is missing. She caresses the spot where it once was. Accepts with a sad smile that it's no longer a part of her life.

White SWAT coughs.

**EXT. MEROLA STATE PRISON - YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Moving swift and with precision, the SWAT team crosses the empty yard in mere seconds.

A lone basketball rests in a small pool of rainwater. The rusted hoops just as neglected as the rest of the prison.

The SWAT team reaches the door to the main complex. The Leader waves his team forward.

SWAT LEADER  
Ram it.

A member slides a hefty BATTERING RAM off his shoulder. Approaches the door while the rest take up cover positions.

SWAT LEADER  
On three...

Two fingers. One finger.

SMASH TO BLACK

THE END