

QUARANTINE.

Written by  
Miles Trahan

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BLACK. WHITE TEXT FADES UP:

"JULY 17TH, 2011  
THREE WEEKS AFTER THE FIRST ATTACK"

FADE IN:

1 INT. SUPERMARKET, AISLE -- NIGHT

1

A large, seemingly empty supermarket. We're staring at a row of shelves, lined with various snack foods, which FILL THE FRAME, hearing the faint sounds of a nice, upbeat JINGLE playing on the overhead speakers. Almost at once, we're being lulled into something of a comfort zone. A BEAT passes, then: a pair of QUARANTINE OFFICERS--let's call one BILL, the other MAC--both dressed in full garb (oxygen masks, body armor, the whole nine) ENTER FRAME, leisurely pushing one shopping cart a piece. Mac's is nearly full, Bill's is near empty. CAMERA BEGINS TRACKING ALONG WITH THEM, as Mac randomly pulls items off the shelves and tosses them into his cart. They walk silently for a moment, then:

BILL

We *really* shouldn't be doing this.

MAC

What're you so worried about, eh?  
This place is a ghost town. Ain't nobody here...

BILL

Well, yeah, it *is* empty--

MAC

No shit.

BILL

--because it's a *quarantine zone*,  
Mac. Nobody's *supposed* to be here.

MAC

If you wanna leave, I ain't gonna stop ya.

BILL

Who said anything about leaving? I was just... *making conversation*, is all.

MAC

Well then pipe down, willya? You're breaking my concentration...

(beat)  
 Besides, this place is a gold mine.  
 Weeks worth of rations, just ripe  
 fer the pickin'. You'd be a damn  
 fool to leave without so much as  
 fillin' up your cart...

BILL  
 It just... it doesn't feel right,  
 though. You know what I mean?

MAC  
 (looks at Bill)  
 Honestly?

Bill shakes his head earnestly.

MAC  
 (flatly)  
 No.

BILL  
 You've got no problem with any of  
 this? Taking whatever we want,  
 without so much as asking?

MAC  
 Take a look around, pal. Who the  
 hell are we supposed to ask?

BILL  
 True.  
 (beat)  
 It's just... I'm just not used to  
 it, I guess. Feels like only  
 yesterday I was shopping here, like  
 any ol' citizen. Paying my way in  
 cold, hard cash--

MAC  
 No credit?

BILL  
 (ignoring him)  
 And now...? Well, just look at this  
 place. Run down, empty, not another  
 soul in sight--

MAC  
 A ghost town.

BILL

Right. Being here, it just... it brings back memories I'd just as soon forget.

(beat)

Still, I gotta say... I'm amazed this place wasn't ground straight to rubble.

MAC

It didn't hit as hard, 'round these parts. Only the major cities--

BILL

I know all that, but... even just a few counties over, there's nothing but broken glass and concrete left to tell you there used to be *more* to these parts than just dust and dirt. That there used to be *life*...

MAC

Hell, still is. You just gotta look a little harder to find it, right?

They come to a stop. Bill considers this for a moment, then slowly shakes his head in agreement. Mac takes a look around, sees something that catches his eye, and walks OFF SCREEN. Bill stares after, then looks down at his feet.

BILL

You ask me, this place should be turned into some sorta monument.

MAC (O.S.)

There's "monuments" not a hair's different from this one scattered all over the country. Hell makes this ol' gal so special?

BILL

(low)

Well... *nothin'*, I guess.

A long silence. Bill hasn't taken his eyes off his feet.

BILL

We should probably be getting back soon--

Before the word "soon" has even left his lips, he hears a loud NOISE, that of glass shattering, which startles him out of his stupor. He looks over to Mac, his hand immediately

reaching towards the gun he has holstered around his waist. CAMERA PANS OVER to Mac, staring straight ahead, unmoving, a broken jar resting at his feet.

BILL (O.S.)  
Mac?! Mac, what the hell--

Bill hustles INTO FRAME, sees what Mac is staring so intensely at, and stops cold as well.

BILL  
Holy...

MAC  
....shit.

UP AHEAD, stumbling slowly towards the duo, is ANOTHER PERSON--frothing at the mouth, skin bloody and leaking puss, and dressed in rags. The remains of a human being. One of the "infected".

Bill and Mac both have their guns drawn now, slowly inching away from the figure as it inches it's way towards them, GROANING incoherently.

BILL  
S-Stop! Stop right there!

MAC  
(to Bill)  
Don't come any closer!

BILL  
I said *stop!*

It doesn't stop. It *can't*.

MAC  
Fuckin' shoot it!

BILL  
But--

MAC  
*SHOOT IT!!*

The duo begin FIRING at the figure, which is practically BLOWN OFF IT'S FEET by the impact of the hits and falls to the floor a bloody, tattered mess.

Mac empties his clip first.

Bill keeps FIRING BLINDLY at nothing, SCREAMING with rage, though who it's directed at isn't *quite* certain.

After a few BEATS he's out, too, and throws his weapon to the floor with a loud, weary:

BILL

Fuck!

The past few moments have taken up just about all the reserve spirit he had in him. He stands now staring down at the empty pistol on the floor before him, his body quivering.

Mac rests his hand on Bill's shoulder, for a brief moment, then slowly makes his way over to check out the body.

Bill falls to his knees, eyes still locked on his discharged weapon.

Mac stands over the body, checking out the damage.

It's clear the corpse is, well, a *corpse*.

Mac takes note of this, SIGHS wearily, then looks over his shoulder at Bill.

MAC

I'll call it in.

FADE TO BLACK.