QUARANTINE.

Written by

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INT. SUPERMARKET, AISLE -- NIGHT

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 its 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.