

RESIDENT EVIL

A fanfiction Screenplay

By Sy Fi Revive.

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JULY
1998
THE ARKLAY MOUNTAINS

A lone house in the forest at night. It is bathed in the soft turn of blue and scarlet police lights. The sheriff of Arklay county climbs out of his jeep and puts on his campaign hat. He starts to walk toward it passed the throng of deputies and forensics personnel.

SHERIFF:

Is it them?

COP 1:

Yeh its them.

SHERIFF:

Are the trackers on it?

COP 1:

They're already out there.

SHERIFF:

Good.

We see another police officer rush out of the house and spew his vomit on the ground. The Sheriff walks in and sees the horror. Flash cameras of the technician's blaze over the torn open bodies of the open-eyed family. We see the bite marks on their flesh and bones. He absorbs this and passes buy. He is drawn to the back of the house and the door there. He pulls out a handkerchief and gently pushes the door open. It swings open easily on broken hinges. On the other side he sees the deep five finger scratch marks over the wood. He then looks out into the deep black woods. His hand moves lightly to his gun, and he steps back.

Back out front.

TRACKER: (a Native American man)

Its this way.

The Sheriff follows him away from the house along a muddy trail. A patch of trodden ground is being guarded by several other Native American of the Reservation police men with their torch lights on it.

TRACKER:

There were seven of them, just like before. Five men and two women. All barefoot all with this weird kinda stride on them.

SHERIFF:

Like a limp? Like a drunk?

TRACKER:

Like something I've never seen.

SHERIFF:

Heading out to the northwest again, just like before.

TRACKER:

Ain't nothing out there but the Spencer property.

SHERIFF:

Suppose you've heard something about them? Seen anything out that way?

TRACKER:

My people don't go there. Bad land. Bad spirits.

SHERIFF:

Fair enough. But Someone's going to have to go up there.

MAIN TITLES

We see a collage of images of Raccoon City and many signs of Umbrella. Moving out into the forest and the police shots of the previous victims in remote areas. Ending in the deep woods and the Mansion waiting.

CUT: To RPD press room. It is overflowing with journalists and their cameras. Chief Irons lumbers up to the podium and taps the microphone. He is backed up by other officers in full uniform.

CHIEF IRONS:

The deaths of the Greenburg family is a tragedy and naturally everyone at the RPD is shocked and wishes –

REPORTER 1:

Is it true that they were eaten? Missing body parts like the others?

CHIEF IRONS:

If you'd just wait –

REPORTER 2:

What do you know about the sightings of a gang of men all covered in blood?

CHIEF IRONS:

Now listen -

REPORTER 3:

Will this be resolved for the high season? Not everyone in this town works for Umbrella. If the tourists don't come this summer hundreds will be ruined. What do you say to shop owners and -

CHIEF IRONS:

Bears. We believe that the recent deaths in the region are due to a seasonal increase in the local bear population and that the postmortem wounds on the victims are due to natural animal predation. Nothing more.

AUDIENCE MAN:

Oh Bullshit. It ain't no Bear.

REPORTER 4:

Then what are you doing about it?

CHIEF IRONS:

It is important that people do not listen to rumors and other speculation. The situation is well in hand and will calm down when the summer kicks in I assure you. The RPD is on your side, we've always been on your side and we are committing every available resource towards this.

REPORTER 2:

That's not what the Mayor says. He says that you'll mess this up just like all those missing person cases.

CHIEF IRONS:

Did he now. Well. The mayor does have an election to win and I just have a precinct to run. Don't I.

REPORTER 1:

What resources then? Bear catchers? Taxidermists.

AUDIENCE MAN:

You can put it in your art gallery.

The audience laugh at the CHIEF's expense. He is furious but covers it well.

CUT: We see sunlight break through the top of a collapsed well. A young girl, dust covered and bloody looks up at it from the bottom. A figure begins to abseil down. It is Chris Redfield. He stops at the stone base.

CHRIS:

Hey Cassy are you alright honey?

(she nods).

CHRIS:

Are you sure. You're arms and legs okay?

(She nods).

CHRIS:

Wanna get outa here? We got a helicopter ride just waiting. Ever been in a helicopter?

(She shakes her head for a no. Not wanting to leave).

CHRIS:

No? Why not? Cassy, do you know where your parents are?

CASSY:

The men took them.

CHRIS:

I see. You hid from them down here?

(She nods)

CHRIS:

Okay. You'll be safer with us I promise. Sure you don't wanna fly?

JILL:

Chris?

CHRIS:

(hands her his water flask and she instantly starts to drain it)

Its alright Jill, everything's alright. We're on our way up.

JILL:

Take care.

Up top over the well Jill leaning back and pulling on the ropes. They are in a beautiful glade and she is watching a pair of curious wolves watching them back by the tree line. She is armed, straining, but is not afraid. She pulls out her radio.

JILL:

We're on the south side of the Circular ridge. You'll see the flare.

She fires a single red flare and the wolves run away. In his pilot seat Brad sees it and wheels in.

BRAD:

Right. Got it. Coming in.

The helicopter lands and Chris, Cassy and Jill climb aboard and take off swiftly. Cassy is wrapped in blankets and remains pale and lucid.

JILL:

Are you sure you don't know where your folks are? We really need to find them, they'll be worried about you.

CHRIS:

Not here.

Jill takes the hint and goes back to her radio, calling in their find. We see the vast scale of the Arklays with its endless pine trees. Over the last ridge Raccoon City emerges.

RACCON CITY.

CUT: In the STARS office sometime later. Jill and Chris have changed from their hiking gear. Jill is in her office chair. Joseph is working on his shot gun further away.

JILL:

Nothing. She has no idea where they are and the hospital says she's still too dehydrated to be thinking clearly. The Civilians have pulled back for the night and we have only twelve people to search over 50 million square miles of some of the roughest country in the North

America. And, the weatherman now says we have a level 4 storm in bound which will almost certainly destroy any tracks that we might find.

(She throws a pencil into the air and Chris shoots it with a toy BB gun).

CHRIS:

We found her didn't we.

(Jill nods. She looks sideways towards Wesker working in his alcove. On his computer screen we see a schematic of the mansion with a flashing signing saying 'activated'. He closes this down)

JILL:

What does our fearless leader want us to do?

CHRIS:

At the moment we don't exist. The Mayor is here.

(Jill nods knowingly)

WESKER:

Don't ever think I that I do not appreciate the presence of my Staff Christopher.

CHRIS:

How did he hear –

WESKER:

And yes, the Mayor is here, and will likely want a photographic opportunity with you over your rescue of young Miss Kluger this morning.

(Jill hides a yawn from their long night of tracking)

WESKER:

I suggest that you shower and shave, and you, miss Valentine, return home for your rest.

JILL:

How did he see –

JOSPEH:

(Laughs).

WESKER:

Your reports on my desk first though.

JILL:

Don't I get to be in the photo shaking the Mayor's hand?

CHRIS:

You were in the last one, "Supercop".

JILL:

Oh yeh, it's your turn or maybe its Brad's?

We see a nearby noticeboard with newspaper clippings of the various achievements of STARS.

WESKER:

Reports. No less than 1000 words each.

CHRIS:

Yes Sir.

JILL:

And the search?

WESKER:

The girl's parents will be found.

(Jill gestures in the guise of a robot as she turns back to her desk and Chris salutes smartly.
Wesker has sensed this insubordination but tolerates it)

WESKER:

In a word-processed document this time.

JILL/CHRIS:

Fuck.

JOSPEH:

(laughs)

CUT: The waiting room outside Chief Irons office.

RECEPTIONIST:

The Chief is ready now, you can go in.

MAYOR:

How good of him. You see Hannah I told that that 10% budget increase would speed up efficiency.

HANNAH:

Yes Mr Mayor.

MAYOR:

You can wait here darling. Sort out the schedule for tomorrow. Oh and I'd rather not be here if you know what I mean.

The Secretary nods and amends her records. He goes into the Chief's office. The Chief has his feet over his desk and his uniform is unbuttoned. He is smoking a cigar and has half a whisky.

CHIEF IRONS:

Those unwashed luddites. Did you see the news? They cut out damn near everything I said.

(The Mayor takes a seat)

MAYOR:

Yes Brian I saw it. They have to hate someone. And they can't very well hate me, not for all I've done to this town.

(Chief Iron nods, accepting his role)

Pretty girl on the door. Not as pretty as the last one. She could have worked for me. What happened to her again.

CHIEF IRONS:

She moved on.

MAYOR:

Ah yes. And who is he?

CHIEF IRONS:

One of us.

WESKER:

Captain Albert Wesker. PHD.

CHIEF IRONS:

Drink?

MAYOR:

Please. One of?

CHIEF IRONS:

He's Department head of the STARS. One of your rubber stamp ideas. Special Tactics and Rescue. Fill in the gaps my boys can't out in the woods.

MAYOR:

Of course.

CHIEF IRONS:

Not exactly traditional policing but it sounded modern enough for your last manifesto. Mostly military screw ups and nerds.

(The mayor toasts Wesker, who does not react)

MAYOR:

Now I remember. So, the Spencer Mansion.

CHIEF IRONS:

Son of a Bitch.

MAYOR:

Oh you thought I wouldn't find out?

CHIEF IRONS:

Look we can handle it if we just –

MAYOR:

Do what? Keep on blaming Yogi Bear and hope it all goes away? I talk to my guy in Umbrella who I've always called on to solve problems and I get nothing, silence. Which means you're plan B. We've been lucky in that they've all turned up dead but if someone has seen something, something that even I don't ask about I don't know what will happen.

WESKER:

You want the girl made quiet?

MAYOR:

Gee could you lapdog fuck.

WESKER:

There is no need for rudeness.

CHIEF IRONS:

What Captain Wesker means to say is that when people go missing in this town they usually stay that way. Same thing with problems.

MAYOR:

I've already contained her. The girl is not the problem. what's left of the Greenburg's at the morgue is not the problem. Whoever is doing this is coming out of that old house is, and it has to stop.

CHIEF IRONS:

Don't you think you're overreacting? I mean we get more people killed in street muggings in a year than we ever will with, with cannibalistic cults.

MAYOR:

Brian you were right, I do have an election win and that house is out of my control, out of my ordering of things. No one has seen Oswald Spencer in 10 years and even before that he was a recluse. It needs to be brought in. Umbrella need to see that they've only leased this town, from me.

CHIEF IRONS:

You know, most Umbrella executives are scared to go up there.

MAYOR:

But your people won't be will they.

CHIEF IRONS:

But it's not that simple.

MAYOR:

Why not.

CHIEF IRONS:

There isn't a judge in this State that'll okay a search warrant for it. You've heard of the Trevor Case right? Some idiot rookie 30 years ago sets one illegal foot on their land looking for them and we take the rest of the century to pay off the court settlement.

WESKER:

May I suggest an alternative. We do not need a search warrant to conduct a rescue.

CHIEF IRONS:

Technically no but –

MAYOR:

Very well then. I always knew your STARS would excel. Having it all done over the weekend would be ideal for my schedule. Don't you think. Now, some photos.

The Mayor finishes his drink and leaves and puts his glass on the heads of one of the chief's taxidermized animals.

WESKER:

Who elects such people?

CHIEF IRONS:

Who cares, have you seen his daughter though.

(He points to the local newspaper with a picture of the radiant beauty)

CUT: Rebecca Chambers is at her small STARS office desk and is on the phone to Raccoon City Hospital.

REBECCA:

Hello, this is the RPD STARS department I'm following up on the condition of a Miss Kluger admitted this afternoon. She is reported as still being too exhausted and dehydrated to submit to questioning, thing is, given her age, size and the time she spent missing, and if she's been administered IV fluids, she should be well enough by now to – Moved to where?
Why?

CUT: to the RPD men's shower room. Chris is dressed in a towel and is shaving in a mirror. Rebecca walks in. The other men there start howling and joking.

CHRIS:

Rebecca this isn't exactly the place -

REBECCA:

They've moved her to the private Umbrella medical facility on the outskirts. They said that she's too sick to be questioned.

CHRIS:

Well if the Doctors say she's too –

REBECCA:

But she's not. They faxed me over her charts and she's in good shape.

MALE COP:

I'm in good shape too honey.

CHRIS:

Knock it off. Go on.

REBECCA:

I think she's being debriefed by them. They don't want us finding out what she knows.

CHRIS:

Sounds about right for Umbrella and their lawyers. Talk to Wesker about it.

REBECCA:

But Chris.

CHRIS:

I have to report to the main lobby in 10 minutes for photoshoot with the Mayor, you know how it is. The Captain can handle this kind of thing.

REBECCA:

Okay.

CHRIS:

Its good that you picked up on this.

The other men are starting up their jeering again.

REBECCA:

Its not wise to offend someone who's seen all your physical exam results.

The men are chastened instantly.

CUT: We see shots of a cleaned-up Chris shaking the Mayor's hand in front of the RPD lobby statue. Jill and Wesker watch from the sidelines.

REBECCA:

So its worth looking into?

WESKER:

Indeed. Very impressive rookie. You have the makings of a natural investigator. I'm sure its nothing though. Umbrella often takes over difficult cases from Raccoon General.

Both Jill and Chris see that Rebecca thinks she's being flirted with. Chris then passes Jill and drives out of the RPD carpark on his bike.

CUT: RPD Ladies shower room. Several women are bathing at the end of their shift. Through the steam Jill is in a cubical and washing the grime from her hair. Rebecca comes in with a newspaper reading the latest about the mountain killings and starts to change from her day uniform into her STARS field attire.

REBECCA:

So, have you cracked the case yet?

JILL:

You don't crack a case, you solve it, and we're a rescue team not the homicide squad.

REBECCA:

I know I know I just can't believe that you found her, everyone is saying that the Greenburg killer is the case of the year.

FEMALE COP 1:

Its Cult members, everyone knows it.

FEMALE COP 2:

More like drugged out hippies in the mountains.

REBECCA:

I heard it was inmates from the abandoned Arklay Hospital.

FEMALE COP 1:

What do you think Jill? Cult members right?

JILL:

Its not bears.

FEMALE COP 2:

Yeh, not Mr Raccoon either.

FEMALE COP 1:

Maybe its mountain Lions?

JILL:

Are you on duty tonight Rebecca?

REBECCA:

Yes?

JILL:

Keep your eyes open. It feels bad out there.

(Jill starts to leave).

FEMALE COP 1:

You still on the Basketball team becky?

REBECCA:

Hell yes, gunna tramp the Fire department on Tuesday. RPD We do it!

(She calls out the RPDs motto)

FEMALE COP 1/FEMALE COP 2:

RPD We do it!

Jill leaves, is dressed in her civilian clothes and we see her taking the subway home. Umbrella signs are everywhere. She overhears talk of layoffs at a hotel if tourism doesn't pick up. Back inside her apartment she drops her gear and hits her answer machine. She begins to cook at her gas stove.

JILL's MOM:

Hi Jill its your mother. Just making my rounds. Call me sometime soon okay hun. Oh your cousin called, Delphine wants to come over to Raccoon again, wants to see your police station. I think she wants to become a cop like you. Like a family tradition. So proud of you, we all are, bye.

JILL's BOYFRIND:

Hey Jilly, look I'm really sorry, the new disclaimer for Safsprin needs to be pinned down this weak and everyone at the firm has been called in. I already got the tickets to the Saint Michael's Clock Tower recital refunded. We could still go to the Movies on Fox street, see Skull Stalker again, or maybe umm that sudden death bowling? Its up to you.

She turns it off, turns on the TV and we see her start to eat. The news repeats what we've already seen from the Chief and from the rescue.

CUT: To CHRIS eating his own meal out of the saucepan on his couch and watching the same show on TV. He is watching over the hulk of a large car engine on his table that he has been working on. He sees the image of himself with the Mayor with the title; 'The Boy Scout Cop'.

CHRIS:

Oh come on! Jill gets supercop?

Cut between both of them watching the same dull late 90s style shows and commercials, with the evening getting later. Eventually Jill is ready for bed and turns the TV off whilst the Weatherman repeats that a storm is due in the next day. Chris is already asleep on his couch with an engine maintenance manual on his chest. The weather show has been left on.

WEATHERMAN: (a lady, pointing at a grainy satellite image)

And it does look like we're getting our summer storms in early this year. We have a red storm warning in the following counties and an Amber in all the others. Arklay county is on full standby and people should prepare for potential flooding and power outages in Stone Ville and Cedar also. However it's not all bad, the Raccoon Sharks have confirmed that the game for Saturday is still on. But nevertheless, batten down those hatches and wear a raincoat out there RC.

FADE: TO BLACK.

SHOT: The slow start up of the helicopter blades in the night.

SHOT: Bravo team huddled around the blackboard in the STARS office.

SHOT: The alert lights turn blood red and the team fall out like soldiers.

SHOT: Bravo team is now fully armed and looking mean and ready. Rebecca is a head shorter than the rest and wide eyed but ready for her first real mission. The hanger doors open in front of them to the helicopter waiting.

SHOT: Jill wakes up.

SHOT: Chris wakes up.

Chris remembers what Cassy said.

CASSY:

The men took them.

Jill remembers the wolves again. Seeing them more closely they have crescent bite marks scratches and scratches over them.

SHOT: The helicopter flies low over the forest.

SHOT: The engine alarms go off.

SHOT: The helicopter makes a forced landing.

SHOT: Gunshots in the dark.

SHOT: The sound of creatures chasing.

SHOT: A man raises his hands as a wall of vicious silk-black Crows swarms in.

Darkness. Silence.

CUT: It is now morning. Jill looks out her window. It is grey and being blasted with rain.

CUT: Chris puts on his helmet, mounts his bike and drives away from his house.

CUT: In the STARS office we see the radio in the office with the slow hiss of static filling the room. The whole of Alpha team is standing by. Bravo team's channel has been silent for hours. Wesker leans in and turns the machine off. Barry is wearing fishing gear and Joseph is in a Hawaiian shirt. They have both come off leave.

BARRY:

I don't like it.

BRAD:

Their radio might be dead but the Chopper? No way.

JILL:

If they'd crashed someone would have seen the fires and called it in.

JOSEPEH:

They're alright. They've enough fire power to take out half the Serbian army.

CHRIS:

And the marksmen to make every round count.

WESKER:

Let's keep the guess work locked down. What do we know for sure?

BARRY:

Their last transmission was logged at 22.15, closing in on the Spencer estate. Rac' City traffic control tracked them within a mile to the LZ at the same time, then zero.

JILL:

We have to find them.

CHRIS:

This is all wrong, the Arklays have always been fucked but what we've been getting the last few weeks.

JILL:

We gotta pull them out.

JOSEPH:

We can hit the estate on foot and in force any time we like but this Storm is –

BRAD:

That's just it. If we don't get there in the next 2 hours we aren't getting there.

WESKER:

I understand. We shall move out in 20.

(The others are astounded at this time limit)

WESKER:

I'm not saying it again.

BARRY:

Cobwebs outa your ass people. Move.

FADE: The Alpha team Helicopter flies over the black Arkley trees with the raging stormy sky above. The inside is illuminated by the instrument lights and the flashes of lightening. The craft is being buffed around and Brad is struggling to control it.

JILL:

Who the hell lives out here?

BARRY:

The Spencers built Umbrella and Umbrella built the city. They could live anywhere they want. Any sign of them yet Chris?

(Chris is scanning the forest with infrared goggles)

CHRIS:

No not yet.

JILL:

Look Chris!

We see the deep cut in the trees from the Bravo team forced landing. Chris sees it through the sight. There are no signs of life.

WESKER:

Take us down.

BRAD:

Roger.

The Alpha team helicopter lands and the team dismounts. The storm is growing worse.

WESKER:

If we're not back in half an hour you are to get out of here.

(Brad nods)

BRAD:

Radio me and I'll get you.

The team run over to the downed Helicopter. They cover it in their flashlights. There is no one there and no sign of blood. Jill sees the tracks in the mud leading deeper in the forest. Wesker points and clicks his fingers and Joseph sprints out to follow them. He then signals for Jill and Chris to spread out.

BARRY:

They had enough time to get their equipment. The Mike's gone. They pulled it out to try it at higher altitude. That's what I'd do.

WESKER:

Any idea what brought them down?

BARRY:

No. The maintenance logs all checked out. No sign of bird strike or engine fire. Something just snapped.

Chris is looking at his feet and sees the fresh spent shell casing of a handgun bullet.

Joseph comes to the end of the tracks. He picks up the beretta with its severed hand still attached. He freaks and drops it. Just then the Cerberus silently lunges out of the grass and grabs him by the throat. He doesn't make a sound. Jill senses something out of place and slowly stalks along the same track. The shape in the darkness becomes clearly. The mutant dog is feasting on Joseph's flesh. He has time to raise an arm in desperation towards her before the creature finally snaps his throat with a wash of blood splashing Jill.

JILL:

Joseph!

Barry, Wesker and Chris all turn towards Jill, another Cerberus emerges from the grass. The gunshot from Chris's beretta snaps them awake and it rips into the chest of the creature. It rolls on the floor but quickly rebounds. All the STARS start shooting and the monsters begin to explode with the impacts. Their heads turn to the sides as more and more of the creatures begin emerging from the dark. They start to run back to the helicopter. A flash of lightening then illuminates the bright eyes of the creatures ahead of them. Another flash comes and the eyes of growing closer. The rain begins to fall. Chris's eyes then catch the dim light of the mansion further out.

CHRIS:

The house, Jill run for the house.

The team run and fire through the glade with the monsters chasing and taking hits.

CUT: Brad sees a tree far off get struck lightening and explode.

BRAD:

Jesus Christ.

He squints through the rain covered windshield at the flashes in the dark. He realizes that these are muzzle flashes and instantly reaches for his sidearm and undo his restraints to go help. When he looks up again he sees a pack of Cerberi closing in towards the vehicle. He knows he cannot help and starts to power up the engines to take off. The helicopter just gets off the ground before one of the monsters bursts through the side window. The creature gnaws at his flak-suit and BRAD struggles to control the craft and it crashes through the top layer of branches but manages to make it to the air.

BRAD:

Shit.

He finally reaches his gun and shoots the Cerberus off his arm with it falling to the ground. He has a moment of relief before the main windshield fractures and breaks. He struggles to control it against rush of the night air.

CUT: Barry, Wesker, Chris and Jill are still running towards the Mansion and firing as they go. They reach the door and burst into the main hall. The Cerberi hit the door behind them. The team slam a deadbolt down and this seems to hold them. They then gasp to catch their breath.

JILL:

(Pulls out here small radio)

Brad come in, are you there. Brad? Brad?

(There is only static. She puts it away)

Joseph's dead. Brad's gone. There are only 4 STARS now.

BARRY:

What is this place?

WHESKER:

(Puts on his sunglasses)

Not quite your ordinary house is it.

Chris is trying to peer out of the one small windows by the door.

I wouldn't go back out there if I were you.

BARRY:

Regs say casualties above 20% initiate –

WESKER:

- Initiate a mandatory retreat, I am aware of that.

CHRIS:

Aware of that? We just got chewed up by skinless dogs!

JILL:

They weren't fucking dogs. I must have put 2 maybe 3 rounds in one of them and it was still coming.

Wesker has started to wander out further into the hall.

BARRY:

Same. Captain your orders? Captain?

WESKER.

We should investigate this place.

CHRIS.

What? Fuck are you talking about?

BARRY:

Chris.

JILL:

The Captain is right. We have a job do. Find Bravo and get out of here.

WESKER:

Perhaps we can make use of this.

Their eyes are drawn up the steps to the torn canvas of one of the large paintings. Behind this a large steel door resides. Stenciled on it in red letters read:

EMERGENCY EXIT

TO HELIPAD

EXECUTIVE USE ONLY

BARRY:

Jill, can you?

Jill dashes up and quickly inspects the door, Barry and Chris follow.

JILL:

This is a multi-bolt Kaufman-mason device. The steel is some kind of vanadium alloy. The frame appears to be reinforced concrete.

BARRY:

Can you break it?

JILL:

Maybe. If I had 3 hours, my tools and an acetylene torch.

CHRIS:

It'll take several anti-tank rounds to do it the explosive way, assuming its less than a foot thick.

JILL:

The only way this door will open is with the key, here.

(She touches the Spenser crest above the keyhole).

BARRY:

What about these?

(To side of the door we see the octagon ports of the two crests)

JILL:

They look like –

CHRIS:

Another locking mechanism.

Chris begins to peel up the torn edges of the painting. At his side we see a rendition of one of the octagon seals. Barry does the same from his side and the other seal is revealed.

JILL:

Yes.

The gunshots ring out.

WESKER:

Check it out.

(Barry, Chris and Jill head out toward the west wing).

WESKER:

Not you Chris. We will secure this place.

(Chris obeys)

Stay sharp.

Jill and Barry burst through the doors.

BARRY:

Its just a dining room. Wait –

JILL:

What is it?

BARRY?

Blood. I hope it isn't -

(He sees a sheet of paper soaked in the blood on the floor with black ink text on it. They then look up from the blood on the floor to the blood covered doorknob leading out into the corridor).

See if you can find them. I'll be examining this.

He peels up the page from the floor and lays on the table and Jill ventures out. The narrow corridor is stark in the lightning flashes. She follows more spatters of blood around the corner. The Zombie kneels down and gorges itself on the corpse. She gets closer and edges around its side. We see the flesh from Kenneth's throat rip back into the Zombie's teeth as it turns to bare its white eyes at her. Jill is more in awe of this terrible mutation. She remembers her gun and puts a single round in the centre of its chest. Black blood jets out behind from the impact but nothing more. The creature then starts spewing up its toxic bile vomit as it begins its excited stagger towards her. She runs back to the dining room. Barry grabs her at the door.

BARRY:

Jill what is -

She pushes both of them back with the creature right behind him. Barry takes aim and shoots in the face. The Zombie's jaw explodes but its white eyes still remain open. He shoots again. This time half of its skull is blown out. It falls back for a second and then brings what's left of its face back to them. A final shot and its head is spread apart like a ragged flower. It finally slumps down dead at their feet.

JILL:

It killed Kenneth.

BARRY:

What the hell is this thing?

JILL:

A monster?

BARRY:

Lets report this to Wesker.

They go back into the main hall. Wesker and Chris are gone.

BARRY:

Wesker! Chris!

JILL:

What's going on round here? I don't get. They know better than to wander off.

BARRY:

Same here. There's not much we can do. We'll have to search for them separately. This mansion is gigantic. I'll start upstairs.

JILL:

Okay, I'll try the dinning room side again. Maybe, maybe they went looking for seal, I mean those other keys?

(Barry nods)

BARRY:

Listen, if anything happens lets meet up here again. Got it.

JILL:

Okay.

(They part ways).

BARRY:

Do you still have you lockpick?

Jill shows it. She turns and goes back in. The corpse of the creature is still where they left it. This time she notices that it has a broken wristwatch on it, it having once been human. She sees the letter on table and starts to read as she checks her gun and ammo.

JILL:

Crest of the left hand. I hid it well. Where only Lisa wants to go. Love Nancy Stevenson.

Jill locks the magazine back into her beretta. She hears something above coming from the rafters of the room. Something large and heavy and slow is moving above the ceiling releasing streams of dust. She heads out.

3 MONTHS EARLIER.

Pete stops the car at the forest clearing.

PETE:

That's it. That's as far as we can go. The rest is on foot.

NANCY:

How far did you say it is?

PETE:

The map says 2 miles, but the house isn't on the map. They just drew an X.

NANCY:

Lemme see. If we follow the stream it should take us to it.

PETE:

They said Mr Spencer hates people being even remotely late.

NANCY:

Then let's get a move on.

We see the couple draw out their large backpacks and start to head out into the woods. Pete leaves the key in the door. Their hike is hard work and both are sweating. We see the pristine beauty of the Raccoon Forest. Pete pulls her up over a bank and she steals a kiss as she passes.

NANCY:

That's it, that's gotta be it.

PETE:

Nancy wait.

She rushes towards the grand Spencer mansion's front door. It is guarded by 2 imposing UBCS guards.

GUARD 1:

Mrs Nancy Stevenson?

NANCY:

Yeh.

(She produces her Umbrella ID, the guard takes it and scans it with a device)

GUARD 1:

and this is your husband?

PETE:

Hi yes, Peter Stevenson, I'm the zoologist. This is Nancy. Oh, my ID. Here.

GUARD 1:

Thank you sir, this seems to be in order. Roberson will be down to take you to your lodgings soon. I trust you left the company car where we told you to.

PETE:

Yes, yes, we were worried that me might get lost but finding this place was no problem.

GUARD 1:

I see.

The great front doors open and they are met by the butler, Robertson. A being from another age dressed in a suit.

ROBERTSON:

The Stevensons. You are almost early. This way please.

They go inside and are struck by the glory of the main hall in the spring daylight. There are other people in the hall. Scientists, Clerks, and other tradesmen all busy and ignoring them.

NANCY:

Wow.

Robertson begins to lead them up to the second-floor west wing.

ROBERTSON:

Dignified isn't it, and before you ask, yes, the paintings are all real, all originals but you are not to touch them under any circumstances. Do you understand.

NANCY/PETE:

Yes.

ROBERTSON:

Supper is always at 7pm and is always formal dress and is to be attended by everyone, unless one has a medical exception. I suggest you get yourselves ready for that. Lord Spencer will doubtless want to look at you.

PETE:

(whispers)

Will he now.

(He touches Nancy's waste)

NANCY:

(whispers)

Stop it.

CUT: Nancy and Pete are inside there room which has a large double bed, desk, closet and bathroom attached. The textures and colors are all tired, but the room is clean. There is a small porthole like window on the far wall. They are unpacking their bags and opening the ones already sent ahead. Nancy looks out through the window and sees the helipad, courtyard and guardhouse. There are several guards either on post or patrolling slowly.

NANCY:

This place is huge. When, I mean, are we aloud to look around it?

PETE:

Doubt it. My card covers the house, the dormitory and only part of the lab, yours is just for the house.

NANCY:

Okay. Security I guess.

PETE:

So what do you think I should wear? The green smoking jacket or the brown one.

NANCY:

Green is less terrible.

PETE:

And you?

NANCY:

I'll think of something. Why are you getting ready now? Its hours away.

(He walks over to her by the glass)

PETE:

So we have plenty of time for –

(He whispers in her ear. She turns and kisses him.)

NANCY:

Six months here and we'll be set for years.

PETE:

I'm set with you now.

They begin to make love on the bed.

CUT: The clock in the grand dining room chimes at 7 o'clock. The entire mansion staff is dressed in black tie and evening dress and waiting in silence in the main hall. Nancy and Pete are in their place and keeping quiet in-keeping with the rest. The same guards who were on the front door are now in the same formal dress and open the dining room door from the inside together. The couple are hit by the further candlelit splendor of the Mansion. Everyone walks in and they notice the chairs with their names inscribed on paper cards. Pete pulls out her chair and she sits. They all sit and people gradually begin to talk amongst themselves. The guards close the doors.

GAIL:

You're the new people aren't you? Hi I'm Gail, assistant researcher, I live across the hall from you.

NANCY:

Hello, nice to meet you, I'm Nancy, this my husband Pete.

PETE:

How do you do.

GAIL:

Newly Wed? Well, you got yourself on the ladder didn't you. The money's one thing but Umbrella puts you out wherever you want to go when you're tour's done.

NANCY:

That's the plan.

GAIL:

So what's it you're here for?

NANCY:

I, umm

PETE:

I'm the zoologist, she's a –

NANCY:

Data entry specialist.

GAIL:

Is that –

NANCY:

I'm a typist, with computers.

PETE:

She's very good at it.

GAIL:

Well, you'll fit right in. Umbrella love their computers.

NANCY:

So what do you here?

GAIL:

It's classified. But, its beyond anything anyone has ever seen. What I can say is –

GUARD 1:

Be upstanding for Lord Oswell Spencer.

Everyone stands and becomes silent. We see the tapping of a silver tipped cane on the smooth tiles. Lord Spencer is a mean looking hunched over old man, behind him is the towering blonde gladiator of Wesker with Robertson following. He slowly takes his seat at the distant head of the table and Wesker takes his own place at his right hand.

SPENCER:

Continue.

People sit and resume their conversations.

NANCY:

You were saying?

GAIL:

I didn't say anything.

(Gail starts talking with the person to her other side).

SPENCER:

How rude of me. Before we dine I am informed that we have 2 new guests to my table.

(Wesker whispers into his ear)

Mister and Misses Stephenson. Please, be seen.

(Nancy and Pete stand up nervously)

WESKER:

Perhaps you should say something.

(Pete stalls but Nancy thinks quickly)

NANCY:

I, I think we're just like everyone else here, we just can't believe that out of all the people in the company that we were chosen to contribute in its most important work. Umbrella means something and has already changed the world. I just hope I can be a part of all the amazing things that are going to be made.

Silence, then, Spencer starts a slow beat of his cane onto the floor as a stern applause, others join him in the same mild, tasteful applause. This is a mark of their acceptance. They sit and the wine is poured by the kitchen staff. The main course is wheeled out from the side door. An entire glazed and roasted hog.

CUT: The present. In the main hall we hear the single gunshot from Jill's beretta.

CHRIS:

That's it.

(He draws his gun and makes one step towards the door. He freezes when Wesker presses his own gun to the back of his ear.

WESKER:

Your sidearm Christopher.

(He takes the gun from him)

And your knife.

(Chris instantly palms the blade up a sleeve)

CHRIS:

I lost it, see. So what was it? Money? A seat at City Hall?

WESKER:

Please, I can't very well bribe myself now can I.

CHRIS:

Trying to impress Rebecca then?

(Wesker strikes him on the back of the head with the gun as a punishment)

WESKER:

Step forward 5 paces and press the left eye on the embossed Angel on that picture frame.

(Chris obeys and a new hidden door is revealed)

CHRIS:

You've been here before? Wesker, Albert, is this a test? A high reality training scenario for us?

(Chris is pushed forward and Wesker pulls out his key card and the new door opens automatically. Chris realizes that this is not an exercise).

WESKER:

Something like that.

He pushes Chris forward again into it. The door closes behind and they are alone in the tunnel. They walk along in silence and Chris sees windows along the wall that are one-way mirrors looking into several rooms).

CHRIS:

Where are we going Captain?

Wesker does not respond, we see the horror of the Zombies in several of the rooms. Gnawing on their victims, trying to escape body bags, tied to chairs and the bodies of Mansion staff who killed themselves.

CHRIS:

The fuck? Are they sick?

Chris releases the knife and cuts across Wesker's gun arm. He drops the firearm. Chris then reaches for his own gun in Wesker's belt but Wesker seizes him and throws him through the glass. Chris has fallen into a small art and sculpture gallery. He still has the knife and begins to get up as Wesker walks over the broken glass. They fight. Chris gets a few cuts in but Wesker picks him up and throws him threw the statue to the floor.

CHRIS:

Always knew you were on Roids.

He sees both the nearby light switch and door. He gets up and hits the light off to cover his escape into the next room. On the other side he breaks the doorhandle off. He is in a dark corridor and sees something moving in the dark. It chases him and he starts to run.

CUT: The STARS Alpha team chopper lurches over the final ridge towards Raccoon city with a thin trail of smoke left behind it in the storm. Brad is still in control of the craft but is being basted by the rain and the wind through the shattered windshield.

BRAD:

Mayday mayday mayday this is RPD helo ST echo 1 I am declaring an emergency.

RC TRAFFIC CONTROL:

Go ahead ST echo 1.

BRAD:

My windshield's shot out, and I got a hydraulic failure somewhere and I'm probably leaking fuel.

RC TRAFFIC CONTROL:

Copy that ST echo 1, I have the private airfield and warren stadium clear.

BRAD:

Negative. Too far in this chop. I'm gunna try for the Station.

RC TRAFFIC CONTROL:

Copy that, airspace is clearing and emergency services inbound.

Brad starts flying lower and lower. Inside the RPD its business as usual but people begin to see the growing light and sound from the outside. Just before he crashed into the building he manages to stabilize the vehicle and set down heavily, bending the legs. He shuts down the engines and gets out.

ROOKY 1:

(Runs up up to him in the rain)

Jesus Christ you alright? Where are the others?

BRAD:

Where's the Chief?

CUT: Months before. It is nighttime after the meal. Pete is asleep next to Nancy but she remains awake. She sits up slowly as not to wake him. The light of the compound and the helipad shines through the window. She leans over to one of her suitcases. She opens a cylindrical coffee can. The pet corn snake slithers out and coils around her hand.

NANCY:

Its okay baby, sorry to keep you locked up so long. I think you'll like it here. I do.

(She hears a distant wailing. It then fades and she thinks nothing of it).

CUT: The light changes to morning and Pete and Nanay are dressing for work. The snake now lives in a large glass jar with its comforts.

PETE:

Did you have to bring it here? Couldn't you have just left it with your sister?

NANCY:

No, they hate each other. And its name is Lilly.

PETE:

A corn snake. One of the most common Colubridia species in the continent. It isn't even a unique color. A mediocre specimen at best.

NANCY:

Yawn! Lily is not a Colubridia, she's our little girl.

PETE:

See you later then.

NANCY:

You too, have a great day hun.

CUT: A pile of old papers and books is slammed down on the oiled wooded desk in the main library. Nancy jumps. She is sitting by next to her modern computer.

SECRETARY:

You are to copy all of this into their own separate file and save it to the disk. At the end of the day each disk is to be returned to my office and you will begin again. Do you know where my Office is?

NANCY:

Yes, its in the east wing, second floor.

SECRETARY:

Good. Everything you see, everything is covered by your non-disclosure agreement. Don't ask or even think about what you read. We have 30 years of records that need to be digitize. I suggest you keep on top of.

She leaves the library. A few other scientists in the library watch her leave and are glad for it. Nancy cracks open the first book. A study on African botany with many faded handwritten notes. Her hands begin to glide instantly over the keyboard and the words stream up onto

the screen. Hours later the books have piled up around her. She is fatigued but keeps going. The clock reaches 6 and she stops. She hits the disk eject and takes the floppy. She heads over to the east wing, passing the guards. She shows her card and is let in. The Secretary is busy at her own desk.

NANCY:

I finished the pile you gave me so carried with the rest of the shelf marked records.

(The Secretary nods. Nancy puts the disk down)

If its alright I'd like to carry on working for a few more hours. Would that be acceptable?

(The Secretary nods again.)

SECRETARY:

You have a good attitude. Continue as long as is necessary. But do not miss dinner.

NANCY:

Of course.

CUT: Lord Spencer walks in, everyone rises. The ritual is repeated and tonight's main course is wheeled in again. This time its a deer. Pete is visibly quiet and pale in his seat.

CUT: Nancy is back in the library which is now empty and darkened but continues with her typing. We see from her keystrokes on the screen that she is reading about LESA TREVOR amongst a list of other names.

We see the text and she reads:

NANCY:

Subject remains infected despite numerous administrations of all known anti-microbial drugs above recommended doses. Revaluation of prognosis is unchanged. The progenitor virus will continue its infection and modification of her cellular functions. All previous and subsequent notes on LT to kept in D.O.O.M book 1. Copy to then destroy red file X67-1.

The lights begin to shut down for the evening as the Mansion is automatically powered down. Nancy lights a candle and continues working. She hears the same long moan again. This time she is perturbed by it and closes down for the evening. She goes back to her room holding out the candle. She opens the door. The lights are out and trash is strewn about the floor. She hears the shower running in the bathroom. She goes in.

PETE:

Oh good you're back.

(he is in the bathtub and drinking from an old wine bottle).

NANCY:

Oh God Peter, what have you done.

PETE:

Look what I found!

(Shakes the bottle at her)

Well, I took from the table when everyone was clearing out.

NANCY:

What is it then?

PETE:

How was your first day Nancy? Good? Mine was, well, kinda interesting. 5 years at college a Masters in Zoology, with full honors and they had me feeding dogs, Dobermans. Cleaning out the shit from the kennels.

(She sits down and hugs him)

Though it was a joke. Prank the new guy. But no, I am now the official Spencer mansion dog Keeper.

NANCY:

Maybe its just a temporary –

PETE:

No, its what they wanted. I'm supposed to be a genius, this isn't supposed to happen to me.

NANCY:

Its just a job, we're not here for long. The paychecks, then we're outta here. We have to keep working till then. You can start teaching, more research, anything you want, but we have to finish our contracts here. Please.

They kiss and she helps out of the bathtub.

CUT: The present. Chris is in bad shape. The east wing is in complete darkness save for Chris' lighter and the sheen of it on his bade. We see only him in the darkness. A Zombie roars out from the black. He slashes it deeply across its forehead and its brains spill out, killing it instantly. Another comes from behind. He drops the lighter and puts the blade behind his neck. The creature bites down in the steel in the embrace. Chris manages to twist out and ram the knife upward into the brainpan. It falls down but takes the knife with it. Another creature lunges for him and he falls down with the monster on top of him. He desperately reaches for the lighter close by. He finally gets it as the zombie bits furiously by his face. He stabs the flame into its face. The creature still has its fear of fire and it lunges back. Chris then sets its hair alight and in moments its whole head is burning. He escapes from the floor and sees the Zombie being consumed by the fire, eventually succumbing. He retrieves his knife and hears other creatures coming for him. They grab him but he manages to shove them off.

CHRIS:

Get off me.

He finds the nearest door, which is locked but he breaks through it. He sees that it is a small office with no escape. He hauls the nearest piece of furniture over to block to door as the creatures begin to amass outside.

CHRIS:

Oh Fuck, no no no, fuck.

He then sees the gun rack behind with an antique double-barrelled shotgun. Watching him are the dead eyes of several taxidermized heads of Spencer hunting trophies.

CHRIS:

Yes.

He smashes the glass and takes it. He checks the breach, it is empty. Pulling out the draws at the bottom of the case he searches for ammo. There is one box of shells. He notices the date on it. 1971). There is also a single handgun magazine and he pockets that as well.

CHRIS:

Okay.

He loads it, sets the lighter down and watches as the Zombies begin to claw through the wooden panelling. One arm reaches out, then another, then a face peers through. It is the ashen face of an attractive young woman. She almost seems human.

CHRIS:

Oh God.

He knows what she is. He fires and the flesh from her skull is basted off. The bloody skull remains hungry and gasping. He fires again and the bones break like watermelon. Another loathsome face then takes its place and then another through all but disintegrated door. He reloads and first again and the shell fails. He resets the gun and tries it again and it still fails. He fires the second round and the next Zombies' head explodes. He reloads, throwing the bad round away and we shot after impact after impact. Chris climbs out over the pile of corpses and continues, this time with a glowing old oil lamp in one hand.

CUT: Saint Michael's Clocktower. The Opera recital is in full force and all of Raccoon's gilded elite fill the chairs. The Mayor is there. He and everyone else is watching in awe of his daughter as she sings a beautiful opera piece.

CHIEF IRONS:

(His pager goes off, upsetting many people nearby, including his wife. He starts to get up and go to lobby)

Sorry, sorry, thankyou, sorry. Senator.

CUT: To the lobby. He pulls the desk phone out of the usher's hands and starts dialing. He stops when he sees Brad coming in, pushing his way through the doormen who see him as some improperly dressed interloper.

BRAD:

Its all fucked up. Bravo and now Alpha. I left them, there were too many, of these, these things, they came out of nowhere.

CHIEF IRONS:

Bears?

BRAD:

Not fucking bears!

CHIEF IRONS:

Okay, calm down. This way.

(The Chief leads him into the Ladies toilet. A woman applying her makeup sees them and shrieks)

Its okay ma'am we're police officers.

She dashes out away from them.

BRAD:

We have to go get them. I've checked, the 6th Rangers is on standby at Fort Aimes, they can be here –

CHIEF IRONS:

Whoa whoa, what's wrong with your Helicopter?

BRAD:

Tore it up getting out of there. Hanger team have to strip the engine to find the problem. A day, maybe less.

CHIEF IRONS:

(Starts to examine the various lotions by the mirrors and sinks)

I see. You know I'm surprised even you went out there in this. And now you want to send in the army as well? Arcklay county is a disaster area. Half the roads are washed out and the others will have fallen trees on them every few yards. Even if you cut cross country on foot you've got what, 40, 50 miles of rivers, cliffs and boulder fields to hike. At least? No, no, nobody is sending anybody.

BRAD:

But sir,

CHIEF IRONS:

Get the helicopter working and up to good order. The Storm will be gone by this time tomorrow. Then we'll speak again.

(He points his intentions to leave the go back to the theatre. He then straightens his bowtie in the mirror).

Appearances.

He leaves. Brad waits but walks back out into the rain.

CUT: Chris moving slowly through the dark wooded corridor. He sees the remains of the futile attempts of the former staff to control the outbreak. Long defeated Zombies lay burnt and rotting. Doors have words crudely painted on them. He reads them as he passes.

FUCK OFF...

LEAVE ME ALONE...

DON'T GO IN...

I'M BITTEN...

He sees a formal sign over a door reading, 'Arms locker'. Beneath this are hand drawn words listing outrageously high prices for a single bullet or grenade round. He peers in and it has been picked clean long ago. He passes through fallen barricade to a lobby. Therein remains of a pair of bloated corpses, a man and woman tied stomach down to chairs both are naked. They both have cards around their legs.

BEST PUSSY IN TOWN.

HE'LL SUCK ANYTHING FOR WATER.

Chris is disgusted and spits out a single mouthful of vomit but regains his composure. He then notices a human torso torn in half by the fireplace. The fireplace itself has had its edges burst open. There is more graffiti written across the wall.

THE SICKNESS BRINGS US BACK.

CHRIS:

What the hell happened?

Cut: Jill walks slowly and stealthily through the corridors of the western wing. Some lights are working but others are broken and blinking. She comes across a map of the Mansion on the wall.

JILL:

Okay. Here I am.

(She peels it off and folds up as a resources)

Cut: She climbs one step at a time to the second floor, moving into a dormitory area. Most of the bedrooms have red hazard tape across them with the word BIOHAZARD repeated over the reems. She sees old blood sleeping out from under the door of one room.

JILL:

It's a disease? Umbrella using diseases?

Each of the doors also has its former occupant's name on and she reads them one after the other. She then finds the room of the Stevenson's. The Door has been broken open. She sees a blood soiled bed with broken cord at all corners. The floor is also soaked from a leak in the bathroom. The walls are covered in a childish scrawl. The largest picture stands out. A stick figure drawing of a little girl with a mummy and daddy holding each hand. Jill steps over the upturned papers and notebooks. She finds Nancy's copy of the D.O.O.M book. She starts to read and we see the past.

FLASHBACK:

SHOT: The Trevor family happy and healthy back thirty years ago.

SHOT: The Trevors dining with a younger Lord Spencer.

SHOT: Jessica Trevor screams as her bedroom door bursts open and orderlies rush in to take her and her daughter.

JESSICA TREVOR:

Lisa run!

SHOT: Lisa running through the house clutching her doll.

SHOT: Lisa hiding in the forest with the dogs finding her.

SHOT: George Trevor finds his tombstone in the secret room.

SHOT: Jessica Trevor's dead and diseased body being wheeled out and thrown into a furnace.

SHOT: Lisa tied to the chair with her head downcast. A Nervous female doctor injects her from a long table of other syringes. Her arm is deformed riddled with black veins. We see that the injection sight instantly starts to heal as the needle is removed.

SHOT: Lord Spenser laughing as taunts her with a slice of birthday cake. He sings 'Happy Birthday dear Lisa' out of key and puts a 'happy birthday hat' on her head to mock her.

SHOT: Lisa breaks free and seizes the doctor by the throat. She begins to peel off her face with her blade-like nails. She screams in ecstasy as it is torn off.

SHOT: The burnt and ash covered bones of Lisa's mother are sealed in a metal tube and stored in an alcove in the incinerator wall.

Jill reads the last line of the notes.

JILL:

Mother.

Nancy's hand slowly reaches up from the grey water of the bathtub. Jill's head turns. Nancy is naked and as white as marble. She sits up out of water with her hair flowing back. She appears almost beautiful. She stands up and her body is exquisite even through the glass bathroom door. Jill has a bullet ready for its forehead but she continues to watch, almost fascinated. The Nancy Zombie walks up to the glass door and presses sensually against it.

The pressure mounts and the glass begins to crack. The glass shatters and Nancy walks through it becoming shredded by it. Her skin is ripped off in pieces and underneath glistening muscles are exposed. A clean shot puts Nancy out of her misery.

JILL:

I'm sorry.

Jill goes into the bathroom and sees the mass of clothes, books and other items Nancy in her delirium dragged in for comfort. She pulls the plug and the foul water drains out revealing a key with a death mask logo on its handle and reads the embossed name.

JILL:

Crematorium.

CUT: Chris reaches the landing of a high stairwell. Rainwater streams down from an unseen leak in the room filling a deep puddle on the floor. He looks up and cannot see the top. He stands under the water and it cleanses away the filth from his face and refreshes him. He then sees a cloaked figure watching him from above. He knows that it is not a zombie.

CHRIS:

Hey, come back.

He follows the figure up the stairs who then squeezed down and threw a hole ripped in a door. He grabs their foot and is kicked for it. Then follows her through the hole into the small medical room. The figure is now crouched with their back into the corner. Chris realises who it is. Rebecca is wearing a large and heavy raincoat too big for over her uniform.

REBECCA:

Don't, don't move. You're, you're under arrest.

(She points her empty berretta at Chris)

CHRIS:

Rebecca its me. Redfield.

REBECCA:

Chris.

(They hug)

Thank God, we can get out of here, I didn't think –

CHRIS:

Becky, there's no relief. Alpha team's busted up and the helicopter's gone. No one is coming.

REBECCA:

But Captain Wesker will think of something, he's a genius, if we can just –

CHRIS:

Wesker? You're with him?

(Chris pulls his knife and holds it at her throat).

They get to you? You working for them? I swear to god becky –

REBECCA:

I don't know what –

CHRIS:

You clean? You still with STARS?

(She starts crying)

REBECCA:

I said no.

CHRIS:

What?

REBECCA:

I said no. When they came to me. Enough money to pay off my student debt and then some.

CHRIS:

No? Bullshit. Why'd you not take it.

(She looks him in the eye)

REBECCA:

Its me Chris.

(He releases her, ashamed).

CHRIS:

Wesker's betrayed us, all of us, he's working for them, Umbrella. It's a set up, we've been set up all along. This place. There's been an outbreak of something, something terrible that they were working on.

(She understands this and accepts it).

Are you with anyone else?

REBECCA:

I was.

(She points to the cover on the medical bed. Chris pulls back the cover. It is the Corpse of Richard Aitkin).

I gave him anti-venom but it wasn't -

(He pushes his head to one side and sees the post-mortem insertion wound that she made).

In case he came back.

CHRIS:

Was he bitten?

REBECCA:

Yes, but not from one of them?

CHRIS:

One of them? What then?

REBECCA:

Came out of nowhere. It's got be 40 foot long.

CHRIS:

What? What is?

REBECCA:

A Coludidae perhaps a sub-branch of, a snake.

CHRIS:

We can still get out of here. The door to the helipad can be opened by –

REBECCA:

2 octagonal metallic disks about this big.

CHRIS:

How do you know that?

REBECCA:

Here, evidence. Its everything.

(She produces NANCY STEVENSON's notebook. He takes it)

CHRIS:

You know where it is?

REBECCA:

Oh yes, its on the top floor. Where the thing that did this is.

(Chris starts speedreading the notes)

We see the last page with a crude map and the text.

Eastwing. Topfloor Storeroom. Exec Key 2.

CHRIS:

Does that have any ammo left.

(He is speaking of Richard's custom shotgun resting in the corner).

REBECCA:

No.

CHRIS:

It does now.

(He shows her the old box of shells, about 2/3 are left).

For you. I can't guarantee that they'll work though.

(He gives her the old magazine he's found, and she starts to transfer its 9.mm into her beretta magazine. She knows what he plans to do).

Cut: Months before. Wesker and Spencer are watching through the great glass of the Aquarium. Above the water a helpless child is tied up on dangling from a wire. The wire is released by the mechanism and the falls in and begins to sink. They thrash terribly as the two men watch indifferently. The Neptune monster then drifts in from the gloom. It swims by and vanishes, and then circles back and eats the victim in a single bite. The next child is hoisted across and dropped and eaten alive again.

SPENCER:

Only 2?

WESKER:

Problem at the orphanage. The Reporter is snooping around.

SPENCER:

I see. Deal with it.

WESKER:

Yes sir. We have our full quota of drunks, homeless and other defectives for this month though.

SPENCER:

Good. And the problem?

WESKER:

Its this way sir.

They cross a high gangway over many rooms and factories of the lab bellow, each room having a glass ceiling so that they can view them. We see the technicians working. They reach the feeding room. A steel room with a reinforced window on one side. Inside a terrified and blooded woman waits.

MAY:

Oh Mister Spencer, you have to believe me, I didn't do what they said. I wouldn't betray the company and never betray you.

WESKER:

Yes, you made no confession throughout the crudities of what the guards did to you.

MAY:

That's right. I didn't say what they wanted me to say. How could I, Its not true, none of it. Sir, please, let me out, you need me. I best zoologist you have.

WESKER:

Then how should we explain this? That's your signature isn't it?

(He holds up a signed affidavit with the RPD logo as the letterhead. It also has Chief Iron's signature on it).

MAY:

Oh god, fuck, I, I don't know how –

SPENCER:

We are well prepared for disloyalty when it arises here miss.

WESKER:

It is better for all this way. You would be astounded to learn what the Police Chief wanted to do with you.

(Wesker presses a switch and the door opens revealing the Hunter Alpha. May has enough time to press up to the glass before the creature cuts one of its claws through the back of her neck. Killing her instantly. She slides slowly down the glass).

SPENCER:

What's it doing now Albert?

WESKER:

Its appears to be skinning her sir.

SPENCER:

Most unusual. Write a report on it. Ah yes, her replacement? Where is he.

(Wesker calls him in. Pete is brought in by 2 guards).

Zoology is it?

PETE:

Y-yes mister, Lord sir.

SPENCER:

Good. You've just been promoted to head the department. Your team will bring you up to speed.

(Pete vomits as the sight of the carnage. The Hunter is flinging the entrails about playfully)

Wesker, would you.

(Wesker slaps him hard and pins him against the wall with ease).

WESKER:

You belong to us. We'll pay you better than you can dream, you'll change the course of history, but you do not speak of it, any of this, forever.

(Wesker drops him, and he gasps).

SPENCER:

Excellent. We'll leave you it. But don't miss dinner though. I won't hear of it.

(Spencer and Wesker move on to other inspections. The guards pick Pete back up respectfully).

GUARD 1:

Your office is this way doctor. You're one of us now.

Cut: Outside Lord Spencer's office.

NANCY:

Another floppy disk all done.

GUARD: 2

Alright. Just be quiet. She's –

(The guard gestures that she is fast asleep)

NANCY:

Okay.

She goes in quietly and he's asleep at his desk. She lays down plastic disk and sees the bookshelf behind him. The D.O.O.M book is there. She pulls out a book of a similar size and color from one of the dusty shelves further away. She swaps the two and takes the D.O.O.M away.

GUARD 2:

New book to type up?

NANCY:

Just another million to go.

CUT:

Nancy is wheeling the library computer down the hall to her apartment and sets it up. She is typing more of her usual work but is reading the secret book at the side. She stops typing when she reads something shocking.

FLASHBACK: Thirty years before. We see George Trevor laying tied up and near dead in a pit with his tombstone at his head in a secret room in the mansion's depths. Lord Spencer is already shoveling earth from the side into him.

GEORGE:

My girl, Lisa?

SPENCER:

Be realistic George please. You know I could never allow you to leave with what you know about this place. Its bad for the company.

GEORGE:

Company?

SPENCER:

Ah yes, I've made up my mind. I'm going to call it 'Umbrella'. Something you can stand under, to protect you from the storm.

WESKER: (an eight-year-old boy)

From the Latin, Umbra meaning a shadow.

SPENCER:

Very good Albert.

(Spencer throws him a wrapped-up candy from his pocket and Wesker rips it from the air).

He's the smartest one yet. Aren't you boy.

GEORGE:

Don't you like the house? I designed for you –

SPENCER:

Oh yes. All of it. The lab, the garden, its beautiful. But I had to see if it could work in the real world. How its secrets could withstand even an architect's mind. If you couldn't escape then then no one else will. Remember Albert, reality is the ultimate test.

WESKER:

Yes sir.

(Spencer carries on burying George).

CUT: Nancy thumbs through a few more pages.

NANCY:

His daughter?

CUT: We see a terrified and still human Lisa Trevor strapped to her chair behind glass. Spencer, Wesker and a science team are there too.

SCEINTIST: (He is hesitant and next to her and is in a biohazard suit).

I've never seen a pathogen like this before, if I could know where exactly it came from –

SPENCER:

Just inject her.

(Lisa begins to screams and spasm).

SPENCER:

Human experimentation is a necessity of our industry. Not everyone has the stomach for it. But it has to be done.

WESKER:

No one cared about the Tuskegee Syphilis study sir.

SPENCER:

Exactly. Here.

(Wesker is rewarded with another candy).

CUT: Nancy pulls back from the book.

NANCY:

They're experimenting on people?

(She reads on).

Since escape the subject is believed to dwell in the caverns beneath this estate. Subject retains a primordial attachment to its original mother despite being amnesic over all other previous experiences. For example, security staff report two instances of her trying to extract the remains of its mother from the ossuary.

(She see the last of the notes on the final page).

Piano. Moonlight sonata. Opens door?

CUT: The mansion lights go out for the evening and Nancy is creeping stealthily in the dark. She hides as a guard with this flashlight pass by. She enters the bar and sees the piano. She plays a very fast, gentle and competent rendition. The secret door begins to open. She goes in. She sees a floor trigger and steps over it. She turns left and finds Lisa Trevor's old room. There is an empty steel chair bolted to the floor. There is a moldy stuffed teddy bear resting in the corner. Behind the chair there is a hole that has been dug through the wall. It is clear that Lisa tunneled her way out. Nancy goes over and looks down into the dark. She thinks she hears something. An eye glows up from the dark. She jolts back but is unafraid.

NANCY:

Lisa? Lisa Trevor?

Lisa slowly emerges in all her gangly horror. Nancy is terrified but then remembers. She pulls out a stick of gum from her pocket and hands it over. Lisa takes it, smells it and eats it with the foil still on. Nancy blinks and in a flash Lisa is gone. The crematorium key has been left swinging on the arm of her chair.

CUT: Nancy returns to her room and Pete is showering. She undresses and slides in. Pete is exhausted and distraught. She embraces him.

NANCY:

Listen to me, we have to get out of here. Umbrella has been experimenting on human test subjects.

PETE:

I know. There are monsters underground. They make them.

NANCY:

I know.

Cut: The present. Jill holds up the map to see the corridor that should lead to the Crematorium. There is a large metal shutter closed down in the way. She checks the edges and these have been welded shut. She checks the map again and sees a room next the Crematorium.

JILL:

Maybe there's another way?

She goes into the room adjacent. It is a study filled with man specimens of dead of animals in jars and glass cases. She looks around and finds what she thinks to be an air vent into the Crematorium. She begins to move furniture around to be able to reach the vent. She begins to work the Vent and it doesn't budge. She then climbs down to rest.

JILL:

Okay, keep it together.

(She then notices a VHS player and presses play. She watches. The Mansion's Doctor is making his last testament).

DOCTOR:

Well, Umbrella really fucked up this time. They gave us hazmat suits, they gave us inoculations but it was too little too late. The explosion in the lab damaged the air filters and everyone's infected. We all have the symptoms. I've been bullshitting the drones that they're fine but unless you guys have the cure in head office we're all turn into well – whatever the medical term is.

(He injected himself with morphine for the kick)

And that was just the start. Its fucked up the dogs, and the plants and probably other creatures too. There's a Nobel prize for whoever invented it. Its what we all went into research for. But I don't even think Spencer could have imagined how his product would turn out.

We see the creatures in the glass cases begin to awaken. The winged insects held down with pins behind the glass begin to flap. Jill sees this but keeps watching the video.

DOCTOR:

Or maybe that's the point. I know what a military operation looks like. Spencer got out of dodge too quickly and explosions just don't happen. We've been cut off up here, and they think that I haven't noticed all the hidden cameras here.

JILL:

Cameras?

(She looks around on only sees the crazed insects now cracking the glass).

One of the mutant bees breaks loose. It dives straight at her. Jill tries to swat it away, but it is too vicious. Grabbing one of the books close by she beats it down and its venomous sting gets stuck on it. She throws the book down and crushes it underfoot. Lifting the book up she sees that it is not fully dead and is already mutating and growing new limbs.

JILL:

What the hell.

(She ends it for good under her boot. Looking back, the other creatures are starting to escape. She runs out and closes the door).

CUT: Chris and Rebecca are now ready to head out.

REBECCA:

I don't think this is a good idea.

CHRIS:

Because?

REBECCA:

You haven't seen it.

CHRIS:

If the key is there we don't have a choice.

(They are ready to go. Chris crawls out. Rebecca looks back).

REBECCA:

Goodbye Richard.

(They both make it to the landing)

CHRIS:

On the top floor? I'm in point.

REBECCA:

Roger.

They head onto the stairs. They hear a commotion from the lower floor. Chris aims his Shotgun. Rebecca stops him. They both hug the wall and watch. A Zombie slumbers by. We see that it is handcuffed at the wrist to another. It is dragging the legless and spinal remains of another Zombie. Both the STARS members are repulsed but keep quiet. The Zombie being dragged sees them but is missing its jaw and larynx and its hungry excitement is silent. They continue on up. Chris is about to go through the attic door.

REBECCA:

Hold it.

The room seems completely empty apart from its stores and sacks. Rebecca throws a small nearby vase and it shatters. Yawn, the massive snake bursts out from the corner and smashes down on the floor where the vase fell. It then rears up and we see the remains of a sheath of skin fall away revealing the small chainmail scales. Rebecca pulls Chris back and closes the door.

REBECCA:

See. Snakes can sense even the slightest vibration.

CHRIS:

We can't get to it through that. Not without some kind of cover. You said vibrations?

(He looks up at the sprinklers on the ceiling. She sees this too.)

REBECCA:

It's not the only thing that will hear it.

CHRIS:

I know, its all I've got. You ready.

She nods, she wants revenge for Richard. He holds his lighter up and the sprinklers are set off. Yawn is now flailing around in the rain. They get a few rounds in before it swings its massive tail and they both throw themselves to the walls as the floor between them is broken. Rebecca takes cover behind a pillar and Yawn's tail begins to coil around it. She jumps out of the way again and the pillar is crushed into splinters. Chris begins to lay down a heavy covering fire into the body. Enraged, it turns to him, he side steps into an alcove and it misses him, slithering by. Rebecca is keeping still too and the creature is circling around. They take turns putting shots into it relocating after each one. Its seems to be working. Yawn is bleeding out its green blood. The water then runs out.

REBECCA:

Oh shit.

Yawn quickly finds her and begins to wrap around her. Its gunshot face close to hers. Chris dives in with his knife and stabs it through the head. It tries to bite him and one fanged tooth lodges in his arm. Chris falls down and Yawn lurches over him stretching its mouth wide. Rebecca fires the double-barreled shotgun into its opened mouth and the creature dies. Chris staggers over, retrieves his knife and goes over to the store in the corner and finds a jeweled box. He opens it and finds the seal.

CHRIS:

We've got it.

REBECCA:

They're coming.

Zombies are amassing from the sound of the gunfire. Chris pulls out the tooth. The venom flows out. He stumbles as the poison takes effect. She quickly puts herself under his arm. The Zombies are swarming through the stairs.

REBECCA:

You need the serum. Hold on.

She tries to reach it from her medical bag but there is no time. They start shooting their way out through the creatures. The fight is slow as she struggles with Chris down the stairs. She conserves her scan ammo with near point-blank headshots.

CHRIS:

Leave me here.

REBECCA:

Shut up.

She takes the shotgun from him and puts the last of the creatures in this horde down. It is too dangerous to go back to the original hiding room and they stagger further along. They come to one of the outer corridors with windows into the night. They eventually crash into another bedroom and Chris is laid down.

REBECCA:

Oh please, hold on, this will work, I promise.

He loses consciousness as Rebecca prepares the Serum.

Cut: Months before. The main hall is chaos amidst the alarms. Pete is amidst the bedlam. Spencer and his Secretary walk up the steps to the secret escape door. He tears at the painting and draws out his key from his neck. The door opens. Gail sees this and advances up the stairs towards.

GAIL:

The helicopter? Mister Spencer, sir, please, let me come with you, I promise –

(Spencer shoots her with his self defense gun. She rolls down the steps and lands in a heap with blood spewing from her nose and mouth. Pete rushes in to help her but she dies in his arms. He looks up and sees the bitter couple close the door behind them with the locks fixing back).

PETE:

Nancy.

CUT: Nancy hears the high drone of the sirens echo throughout the mansion in their apartment. She then hears a helicopter taking off from the pad outside. Pete bursts in.

NANCY:

What is it? What's happened?

PETE:

It's the Lab. Something went wrong.

NANCY:

My god, you're hurt.

PETE:

Its not my blood.

(He goes to the closet and pulls out from the back of it their yellow hazmat suits)

Put this on. I'll be back soon. Don't let anyone else in.

He goes back out. Nancy does what she is told and puts it on. She looks at the clock, it is 2:34. She lies back on the bed and folds her arms as she waits).

GUARD 2: (He is in his Umbrella security gas mask).

Is your suit operational?

PETE:

Yes? I have to get to –

GUARD 2:

Do you know first aid?

PETE:

Yes but what does –

GUARD 2:

All medically trained staff are to report to the infirmary for triage duties.

(He taps his gun and Pete takes the hint).

CUT: To the west wing medial room. The injured and sick are overflowing outside. People with serious burns lean against wall. Others have lost consciousness and one on a mattress is starting to convulse.

FEMALE EMPLOYEE:

My suit, I can't breathe, I can't breathe.

(Pete helps her).

PETE:

Its your valves, hold still, better?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE:

Yeh.

DOCTOR:

Pete get in here. You're in the cluster fuck now son.

He goes in and the bodies are in a pile of body bags. There is a dead body on gurney. A living patient is wounded on another bed.

DOCTOR:

Tie him up.

PETE:

What? He's dead?

DOCTOR:

Tie him up.

(Pete does this).

Tighter. Good. Now hold him down.

(He refers to the living patient, a very young and new Umbrella security guard).

PATIENT:

Doc I think its alright, my arm doesn't hurt any more.

DOCTOR:

That's because the nerves have been destroyed. If its left on it will kill you and we're all out of local.

PATIENT:

What does that mean?

(Pete knows what has to be done and wraps his own arms around him. The Doctor starts cutting at the ruined limb and the Patient starts screaming. Pete watches but holds it together. The Patient then faints. The tied-up body then reanimates).

PETE:

Jesus!

DOCTOR:

Get over with that tourniquet now.

(Pete obeys again and assists the doctor in closing up the amputation).

CUT: Sometime later. The tied-up zombie has the aluminum lid of a coffin closed on it. We see Pete wheeling it to over the crematorium. The Doctor is there, sweating in his suit as he heaves another body bag onto the pile.

PETE:

Do we burn them?

DOCTOR:

Don't know. I'm just a medic. That's Ryan's job, wherever the hell he is. We leave them here till we're told.

PETE:

What is this? What happened to them? The man in here, he's not a person anymore is he.

(The Doctor carries on moving bodies, then taking the gurney from him into the ossuary)

DOCTOR:

You out rank me now don't you? Really? Okay, its called the T-Virus. Don't ask me where its from because I don't know, only that it does things at an intra-cellular level that are supposed to be impossible. Tissue reanimation and neurological restructuring. I only signed up because the company wanted my expertise on whether it could be used to effect gulf-war syndrome. On the quiet mind you, but umbrella was interested in other things.

PETE:

I mean, what happened to them in the Lab?

DOCTOR:

Explosion maybe? We've seen chemical burns and shrapnel and the virus.

PETE:

I have to get back to my wife.

DOCTOR:

You know this isn't over right? We have to disinfect everything and load everybody left with anti-viral. My colleagues are still in the Lab, when they get back up here that's what they'll do. Just a booster shot in the arm I'd imagine.

PETE:

How do you know if you're infected?

DOCTOR:

Do you feel sick?

PETE:

No.

DOCTOR:

Well then, you're fine. Gee its hot in these things isn't it.

(He starts to hoist the aluminum coffin up by the attached chains. The creature rattles inside).

PETE:

Do we just leave it up there?

DOCTOR:

He's Umbrella property now, the company decides what to do with them. Just like the rest of us.

CUT: Nancy wakes up from the sound of full automatic fire and shouting from outside. We see the clock on the wall now reads 4:56. She has been asleep for some time. She goes to the window and watches in horror as another pair of scientists try and escape over the wall. They are shot to pieces by the guards who are no in full gas mask and armour. Although their bodies are cut to ribbons one guard goes to them and shoots them in the head. She steps back. The door opens and Pete comes in with two other men wearing the same yellow hazmat suits. Lilly hisses at them.

PETE:

Its alright, they're here to help.

(One of the men begins preparing a huge syringe)

LAB DOCTOR 1:

Hold her.

NANCY:

What is it? What's going on?

PETE:

Nancy please.

(LAB DOCTOR 2 moves over and grabs her. She struggles but is quickly pinned down on her front on the bed).

NANCY:

Get off me! What are you doing, stop! Stop it!

(PETE comes by and holds her hand. Her face is pinned down)

PETE:

Its alright, it'll be alright.

NANCY:

I want to go home.

DOCTOR 2:

Hurry.

(LAB DOCTOR 1 finds the injection port at the base of her spine and stabs the needle in, slowly pushing a blue fluid in. NANCY screams terribly).

CUT: The present. Jill follows the map through the section of the house marked 'security'. She passes through. On her way she sees the sign on the door saying 'Chief of Security'. This is not on her way but she senses that there may be something of use in there.

JILL:

Don't mind me.

Inside there an empty room and then the main office are may trinkets. On the way is an immaculate hunting rifle. She lifts off from its latches and begins searching elsewhere in the room. Unseen to her the latches slide up. Jill picks up the day logs of the Chief.

JILL:

Looks like you ran a tight ship.

(She scrolls through until she reads the single line entry).

'Accident. Biological contamination'.

(She reads on).

The infected go mad. They only want to kill and eat?

(The final entry).

'No one is coming. We are trapped.'

Jill heads out and the doors into the middle room and suddenly the two doors inside and out lock shut.

JILL:

Oh shit.

The stone ceiling then begins its slow descent downwards. She begins to kick at the door. The wooden paneling gives way to the steel core.

JILL:

What the hell.

(She begins to work the lock with her pick).

Come on come on.

(She sets the shotgun up to act as a brace and it holds the ceiling for a moment before the wooden stock begins to crush).

Come on come on.

(She then realizes that there is something wrong with the lock. She strikes it and the hand falls off. It was a fake and the door has no keyhole).

Oh.

The rifle barrel begins to bend and it falls down with the ceiling continuing to descend. Jill starts to prize the open with another extension of the pick. It does not give. She begins to crouch down.

BARRY:

Jill is that you?

JILL:

Barry – Its me. Get me out.

BARRY:

Stand back.

(Barry starts shooting at the hinges. The door opens and he pulls Jill out by the collar).

JILL:

Wait.

BARRY:

What?

(Jill reaches back in and grasps her lock pick before it is destroyed. The ceiling lands and breaks the rifle apart).

JILL:

Thanks.

BARRY:

I was in the neighborhood. This place is worse than we thought.

JILL:

Traps?

BARRY:

A defense system? Works even if there is no one left to guard this place.

JILL:

I think I've found something. The crematorium. I think one of the keys is in there.

BARRY:

Show me.

Jill holds out her map and follows it to Crematorium. It is not far but when the map shows the location she comes across a bare wall of cinderblocks that is clearly a more recent addition. She touches it.

JILL:

No, No, No. Why.

(She then sees the embers of a recently concluded fire of various papers. She knows that it is his doing).

JILL:

What were you doing here?

BARRY:

Securing the area.

JILL:

But that might be evidential in the case -

BARRY:

You think anyone is going to see the inside of a court room over this? This is way over our heads and our pay grade.

(Jill remains suspicious)

JILL:

Did you at least find anyone or anything useful upstairs.

BARRY:

No. Half the doors were locked. There seems to be some kind of centralized mechanical locking system. Perhaps a failsafe that was set off. The Defense system again.

JILL:

I noticed. Why the hell did they wall this place up? This is the second blocked entrance and the map doesn't show another way in?

BARRY:

Looks like someone doesn't want you to go in.

JILL:

We have to get out of here. To warn people. There's been an outbreak of something an illness -

BARRY:

I understand our situation just as much as you.

JILL:

If Wesker is missing then you're in command now. How's about some leadership Captain.

BARRY:

Look, I am not trained for this, and neither are you, and by the looks of it neither was anyone else here. I'm going to carry on looking for them for another hour then I'm heading back to the Hall. You are ordered to do the same. If we can't get out by airlift then we'll go on foot.

JILL:

Back outside?

BARRY:

One hour Jill.

(He begins to walk off. She goes over and sees what is burning. Through the flames we see some of the titles of the records.

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PROJECT TYRANT

She pulls out the map again. There seems is no other way into the Crematorium. One of the locked doors by her is hit by something from the other side. A Zombie is trapped there. She then hears something else. The random jangle of piano keys. She heads out to find this.

CUT: The corridor outside the bar. The slow rondo of near random notes is still being played. The door is open and she goes in.

JILL:

Chris is that you?

(The room is suddenly empty and quiet. There is written music on its stand and a page is also missing. She starts to search the room).

SHOT: folders and books are tossed open.

SHOT: She sees the scrape marks on the floor where a self has been moved.

She pushes it aside and finds the missing page stuck to the wall behind.

JILL:

I know this.

She loosens her fingers and starts to play the Moonlight Sonata. Her rendition is slow, cautious but correct. The secret door begins to slide up slowly with the lights of the corridor

within blinking as they awake. She pulls up the map and traces the line between the rooms, realizing that the thick walls of the mansion contain these secret passageways. The thick walls might just lead to the Crematorium. She goes in and accidentally steps on a trigger on the floor. The door begins to close behind her. She considers making a run for it but then stops. The only way is forward, and she faces this as the door lands cold behind her.

JILL:

Alright.

She starts her slow progress through the tunnel. It contains many old pipes and reworked electrics from years of service. She then comes across a thick layer of cobwebs. Drawing her knife she slashes her way through. There is a collapse in the corridor as though something had dug its way into the chamber. She knows she is being watched from there and there is a clicking sound from the movement of its exoskeleton joints. We see the giant spider's eight eyes glow in the dark.

JILL:

My God.

The spider makes the slightest movement and she fires 2 shots at it. There is nothing but darkness until the eight eyes return and this time joined by another spider. The light catches their fangs and their front legs slowly weaving the web intended to bind Jill. She then sees the steam pipe above them. A single shot and the steam hisses out into the hole. The spiders shriek and scurry back underground. She guesses the next turn and finds an airlock door. She turns the rusted wheel and it hisses open. The Crematorium is lit by a few remaining lights and the low pilot flame of the furnace behind a grid. She closes the door behind her.

JILL:

Okay, Jessica Trevor.

She walks on and sees the horrors of the inner workings of the mansion. Ahead of her on the gurney the Zombie in the body bag sits up slowly. She shoots it in the head and it slumps down dead. Other Zombies in the piled-up body bags, begin to awake and struggle against their bags, she considers shooting them but instead starts to put them down mercifully with careful incisions into their craniums with her knife.

JILL:

I swear we'll make those fuckers pay for this.

She goes further, into the dank chamber. The last room is the storeroom for remains. There is a wall marked 'Ossuary' and on the ceiling aluminum coffins are suspended by chains.

The silos of bones are locked behind a cage. By the wall there is a set of leavers and a key slot. She quickly picks this and she pulls the one marked 'General release'. The chains holding the Coffins suddenly slack and they all fall down in a massive crash. Jill dodges these. They form a pile in the room one springs open. Inside is the long dead and mummified remains of an early test subject. It has a twisted human face but is covered in growths and insect like limbs. The bone silos are now open and she finds the one marked 'Jessica Trevor'. She undoes the lid and pulls out metal disc. The Crimson-head begins to emerge from its own coffin. Its is glistening with its ruddy leather skin and its claws are 3 inches long.

JILL:

Oh fuck.

She fires several rounds into it as it charges. It makes a swing with is clawed hand and Jill evades. Only her gun is knocked from her hand. It then pins her hard against the Ossuary and lunges in to bite. She pushes as hard as can but its teeth sink into the armor on her shoulder. The pressure of the bit through the padding is still enough to crush her skin. She starts stabbing its body frantically with her knife, then wrenching out its entrails. She tears out a handful of guts and shoves it back into its own face. The monster instantly takes this and starts to devour its own entrails, releasing her. She runs out for the gun but it drops the flesh and chases after. It slashes again and the claws reach her skin. She screams and falls down still too far from the gun. It then grabs her by the hair and pulls her back, arching her up slowly to reach her throat. She reaches into her belt and rams her pepper-spray into its mouth. The pressurized can bursts under its teeth and the froth floods its mouth and face. It drops her and she staggers over to the fire grate. It charges her again and she dodges at the last instant, it then smashing through the bars headfirst into the fire. As it burns she whips her cuffs onto it wrist and chains it to a pipe.

JILL:

Burn motherfucker.

She goes back and picks up her gun and knife. The creature is still raging and she sees that the pipe she's cuffed it too is the gas-mains. The Crimosn-head breaks free, smashing further pipes inside and climbs out as a blazing abomination. The gas is surging out from within the furnace. Jill jumps into its coffin as the gas explodes. The fire flooding the rooms. The explosion blows out the brickwork previously blocking the way in.

CUT: Jill kicks the coffin lid open amidst the smoldering ruins of the Crematorium. She coughs through the heavy smoke. She crawls over the ledge of the box and looses consciousness. Her radio is smashed and sparking. We see unnaturally long arm and the ivory-white and slender fingers of Lisa reach out and start to stroke Jill's face.

JILL:

Get away.

(Jill pushes back and we see that the arm is reaching out from between bars of drain on the floor. Lisa's skin mask is pressing against this and one of her mutated eyes is peering out)

JILL:

Lisa?

LISA:

Mother.

JILL:

No, no I'm not, I'm –

LISA:

Mother-mother-mother!

JILL:

It was you? At the piano. You brought me here.

(Lisa wrenches at the bars. Jill now understands. She reaches over to the silo and holds it to the drain. Lisa inserts her fingers and pulls out the burnt and fragmented skull piece of her mother. Her long arm retracts back into the drain and she disappears. Jill then brings up the key seal again. It looks perfect).

CUT: Chris wakes up from his fever. The room has now had all the furniture stacked up against the door and Rebecca is cross legged in the corner. She pulls a leaf from a green herb and starts to masticate it.

REBECCA:

How are you feeling.

CHRIS:

Better, but not great. How long have I been out?

REBECCA:

More than an hour, less than 2.

CHRIS:

What are you doing?

REBECCA:

Your treatment.

(She walks over to him and exposes the wound on his shoulder and begins to pack the cut with the leaf-paste from her mouth).

CHRIS:

What is it?

REBECCA:

Its unique to these mountains. The tribe on the reservation have used it for centuries. It's a very good disinfectant and may even speed up the healing process.

(She starts to bandage it up in a tight clean dressing).

CHRIS:

It feels good. Has there been any sign of the others?

REBECCA.

Nothing.

CHRIS:

I think you were right. It was a bad idea.

REBECCA:

We were lucky, that's all.

CHRIS:

We need to head back to the main hall. If there's anyone else then they'll wait for us there.

REBECCA:

If you think we can do it?

CHRIS:

I know we can.

CUT: Barry walks back into the main hall. Checks his watch. He is alone.

BARRY:

Damn it.

(He pulls out a pen and starts writing on the wall, and puts down 2 handgun magazines on a desk by the same wall).

CUT: We see Barry is being watched on a hidden security camera. A speaker clicks on.

WESKER:

Just what do you think you're doing Mister Burton?

BARRY:

I didn't sign up for this. It was supposed to be a job for money not, whatever the hell this is?
My team is not -

WESKER:

Do you remember the particulars of our arrangement?

BARRY:

Yes, but I'm thinking if I die then it dies with me.

WESKER:

As you wish then. The operation will continue without you.

(The speaker is turned off).

Barry opens the front door and goes back out. It is quiet. He goes through the narrow forest paths and finds the body of Enrico Marini ripped apart by the hell-dogs. It seems the leader of Bravo team had tried to do the same thing as he is. He spins on his heel and see Lisa

Trevor behind him. She has the skull of her mother in her arms. He fires a single shot into her which does nothing.

BARRY:

My God what are you.

Lisa points to the old name tag around her neck.

BARRY:

It's true, my old man always knew you and your folks were up here. Even after they demoted him.

(Lisa's tentacles burst out. Ready to fight. Barry hears the shooting coming the mansion. He can either die here or help his team. He starts to head back. Lisa turns away to return the dark).

CUT: Jill hobbles slowing through the corridors retracing her way back to the dining room and then to main hall. She stops to check on her 'friend'. A lythe and naked Zombie is following her slowly. It lowers itself down to the small puddle of blood Jill has left and begins to lick this up. She checks the magazine in her beretta, 3 rounds left. She needs to tend to her wounds.

JILL:

Great, just great.

She carries on, becoming even more exhausted and shedding more blood. The following Zombie repeats his scavenging but is getting closer. She checks her blood-stained map again. There is a red-cross marked on the second floor nearby.

JILL:

Dinner's on me then.

Jill goes up the stairs and pulls off her undershirt which is torn and soaked in blood and folds it up so that its dripping. She slumps the soiled cloth onto the wood below. 2 'baby' versions of the mutant spider suddenly scurry out and start feeding from the blood. The following Zombie then falls on it and the spiders flee. Another Zombie, missing both legs crawls out from under the stairs the 2 of them start fighting over the cloth.

JILL:

Enjoy you're Jill sandwich.

This is enough to cover her escape. She taps on the Med-room door and listens, no sign of activity within. She goes inside. It is the same room Pete worked in. She finds the implements she needs. She takes off her shirt and starts to swab the cuts on her back in iodine whilst watching in a mirror. She takes the pain and ditches the swabs in a kidney-dish. She then takes a nearby Umbrella health-spray and sprays the foam into the gashes. It acts as fast acting glue that tightens as it dries, pulling the wound together. She assists this by pressing the cuts together. She redresses and lastly, she finds jars of pills of anti-biotics, anti-viral and pain management and downs the prescribed amount. She checks her watch, which is cracked but still working.

CUT: Weeks before. Pete is sitting in the medical room with the doctor opposite.

DOCTOR:

You can take the suit off now. We all can.

(Pete does this instantly)

The rash, we all have it, its an allergic reaction to the chemical lining of the suit.

PETE:

It itches like hell.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't it. It'll pass. There's a meeting at noon by security. We'll finally get some clarity.

PETE:

Our evacuation?

DOCTOR:

I can't think why not.

CUT: In the dinning room. The remaining staff wait around, many still have their bandages on. Elias comes in.

ELIAS:

Head office shares our condolences in the recent deaths but wants the lock-up to continue. At least for a few more days before reassessment.

(The room groans)

Its all in the contract we signed. We have no choice, and until then we have a lot of work to do. The manual says that as part of the quarantine everything has to be bleached and all non-essential personnel be confined to quarters. After this, I have been assured that we can re-open the helipad and wait to be transported.

PETE:

And how do we do that? The way in through the lab is a mess and the emergency exit is locked.

ELIAS:

Yes, good point. The exit has an auxiliary unlocking system. It takes two keys. It took us days to find them but they're in my office for safe keeping. Until then I have a housekeeping list for the following people.

(Photocopied sheets are handed out. Pete receives his)

PETE:

Just for a few days?

CUT:

10 DAYS LATTER.

We see Pete slowly walking past the freshly walled up crematorium and then the halls. He has a tank of disinfectant on his back and is spraying every surface he comes across. Several of the apartments that he passes have Biohazard warning tape over them.

ROBERTSON:

Hey Pete that you?

PETE:

Yeh its me.

(Robertson is talking from behind his from a small hole in the base of the door).

ROBERTSON:

Got any food? Any meat.

PETE:

You've had your ration today.

ROBERTSON:

Get me some pig, beef, dog-food, anything.

PETE:

I've told you, you've already –

(Pete sees his fingers stretching out through the hole. They have unnaturally long claw-like bloody nails. He sprays them from his gun and Robertson hisses like an animal and pulls them back).

ROBERTSON:

Get me food you fucking son of a – whore – fuck – bastard –

(His words turn into roaring. Pete calmly spreads out the Biohazard tape in an 'X' across the door and walks on. He touches the exterior locking clips and is satisfied that they'll hold).

CUT: Pete is now outside Elias' security office. He pushes the door open and the man is swinging dead from a noose. He has a plaque on his chest. 'Please burn me'. Pete starts pulling out the draws looking for the seals. They're not there. He then tries the pockets of the dead Elias. They are there and he takes them.

CUT: Nancy is in her room, looking less healthy than she should. She has been writing in her diary. She is looking out of the window over the courtyard and the dormitory. The sun is setting, and she see the light over the mutant and exotic flowers over the dormitory roof. She sees the tentacles of Plant 42 quiver slowly. We see the T-Virus affected bees flying into the flowers as part of the new ecosystem. She pulls back and lifts Lilly out of her vivarium. We see many shed snake skins there. The snake is visibly larger now, beyond what is natural. Nancy places it down towards a small hole in the wall.

NANCY:

Go on girl. You're free. You're free now.

(Lilly slitters away but we will see her again as the monstrous 'Yawn'. Pete comes in and takes off his equipment).

PETE:

Elias is dead. God this fucking rash. Did you hear me.

NANCY:

Yes.

PETE:

I've got the two keys. We can get to the helipad and use flares, radios and get out of here.

NANCY:

We can't keep them here, the others will be looking for them.

PETE:

We hide them?

NANCY:

Only one. I know a good place.

PETE:

Alright. But it won't take long to get the guys ready from the east wing. Then we can all leave.

NANCY:

Leave it with me.

(She holds out her hand and he gives her one of the disks)

PETE:

I need to come with you.

NANCY:

No you don't. You've been working for 16 hours. It'll all be here. Written down.

(She taps the diary).

CUT: We see her open the secret passage, then emplace the disk into the bone canister.

CUT: In the STARS office Brad is working at the radio system. Two other engineers have taken the thing apart and put it back together again.

ENGINEER 1:

I can't guarantee that it'll work, but that's as strong as this thing is going to get.

BRAD:

Okay, we'll just have to try it.

(He powers up the radio and the only ping returning is Chris).

Redfield come in over.

(Static)

Pick up Chris, come on pick up.

(Static)

ENGINEER 2:

The storm is still messing with us.

BRAD:

Chris, if you can here me. Estimated extraction at 9 am. Repeat estimated extraction at 9 am.

ENGINEER 1:

There's no one there.

BRAD:

We'll try again when this fucking weather is over.

FEMALE COP 1: (Holding a phone)

The Warehouse says they can't find the parts you asked for. They say they can have the factory make them by Tuesday.

BRAD:

Tell them that if its not ready in 2 hours they'll be an anonymous tip implicating them in cocaine smuggling.

FEMALE COP 1:

What?

BRAD:

You heard it.

FEMALE COP 1:

I'm not, I can't –

(Brad takes the phone)

BRAD:

Listen, hi, I'm going to have my guys pick it up a couple of hours and if its not ready it's a surprise drug bust and I assure that they'll find something. Thanks. Not a problem. Goodbye. I'll be in the hanger.

CUT: Chris is listening to his radio.

REBECCA:

What was it?

CHRIS:

I think it was Brad? But I'm not sure. I couldn't make it out.

REBECCA:

Maybe he's coming?

CHRIS:

Maybe, but we're not going to find him here. Lets go.

(They continue through the corridors, these ones more ornate and intact).

REBECCA:

Hard to believe, but all this is fake, just a cover.

CHRIS:

Camouflage.

REBECCA:

Biological weaponry. It has to be, but who would even want to use them?

CHRIS:

I think we all knew Umbrella was into more than just knock off Aspirin. But think about it. Why nuke a city when you just turn a handful of its people into these walking weapons. They'll do the rest, and you just go in and clean up, with full deniability. The Soviet Union had, what, 10,000 nuclear weapons at its high and never used 1. Umbrella's starting a new arms race that'll change the game forever.

REBECCA:

Its just awful, but science has always been driven by war. Even when the weapons destroy their creators.

Another zombie leans out from a hole a door, it thrashes hopelessly at them. They pity it and walk by.

CHRIS:

Wait.

REBECCA:

What? What is it?

(She sees what he sees. The corridor has burnt bodies along the floor and sphinx-like statues with open mouths line the corridor).

CHRIS:

Lets see shall we.

(Chris jimmys out a piece of wood from the wall and throws it across the killing ground. Nothing happens).

REBECCA:

Maybe if we tried –

(She takes off one of her gloves and throw it in. It is instantly struck by a lightening bolt of electricity and lands down smouldering).

CHRIS:

Heat sensors?

REBECCA:

Infrared.

CHRIS:

And where's the off switch. Here?

(He pulls off another picture by the wall a series of buttons is exposed. They all glow).

CHRIS:

6 switches, 6 statues.

(Rebecca starts to turn then off. As one light is turned off, another comes on).

REBECCA:

What's wrong with this thing.

CHRIS:

The current arcs between two of them doesn't it? We only need one of the pair turned off.

(Rebecca nods. She turns off alternating switches)

CHRIS:

Feels too easy.

(She nods. Chris picks up the picture again and it shows a figure pointing. He follows the direction. There is a smaller sphinx figure on one of the shelves. He touches it and it doesn't move, he then pushes it back and the larger sphinxes slowly slide back into the walls).

REBECCA:

Feels better.

They walk through slowly.

CUT: Inside the med room. Jill is redressed now.

JILL:

Looks like I'm late.

CUT: Jill jogs through the Dining room and re-enters the main Hall. The place is empty. She then notices a note on the wall. She reads.

JILL:

Have to get out. Will try the garden. Found these for you. Should be useful. No sign of C and W. Barry.

(There are two handgun magazines by this. She takes these. Chris and Rebecca walk in from east wing).

REBECCA:

Jill thank god.

JILL:

Becky? Chris?

CHRIS:

Hey. Wow, you look terrible.

JILL:

One of the residents, then an explosion, you?

CHRIS:

Giant snake.

JILL:

Did anyone else from Bravo make it?

CHRIS:

No.

(He pulls up the key disc. She does the same).

Wesker's a traitor. He's with them.

JILL:

This whole operation. Is a trap? RPD has dirty cops but Jesus. This mansion, its some kind of secret laboratory. They were working on a disease -

REBECCA:

That turns people and animals into monsters. We know. Wesker likely has a stake in this.

CHRIS:

Bastard has my gun as well. Where's Barry.

JILL:

He's making his own way back.

CHRIS:

What.

REBECCA:

Maybe he's right.

JILL:

Maybe he'll make it.

(They all look to the door and doubt it).

Chris, Barry's been destroying files back there. I'm sorry.

CHRIS:

(Chris understands this)

Lets get out of here.

(They head up to the steel door and click in the seals together. It hisses open and reveals another locked door)

REBECCA:

Oh no.

CHRIS:

Outstanding.

JILL:

Shouldn't be a problem.

(She retrieves her lockpick and begins to work on it).

Wait?

CHRIS:

What is it?

JILL:

The door is being held shut by hydraulic motors and these are being fed by the mains.

CHRIS:

If the wire is cut –

JILL:

It'll trigger the fuses and blackout the house and might unlock all the other electric doors.

CHRIS:

Okay. Do it.

(Jill cuts the wire and the whole house goes back and the emergency power reboots the lights. They start to hear commotions throughout the rest of the house).

CUT: Room after room snaps open as its locks release and Zombies spew out ravenous and angry).

REBECCA:

Not long.

They notice that bolt on the front door has also retracted. Many Cerberus monsters burst in and Chris and Rebecca begin shooting. The creatures are blown apart and they climb the stairs with only one getting close. The last one having its head burst like crushed orange. Zombies begin to emerge from the upper floor doors.

REBECCA:

So many.

CHRIS:

Jill?

JILL:

Soon.

CHRIS:

No, they've got to be drawn away. Becky cover me.

REBECCA:

Cover you? Redfield.

(Chris runs over to the creatures and stands on the banister).

CHRIS:

Come on, I'm here.

The Zombies rush for him and he jumps down onto the floor. The Zombies stream over the banister after him and he barely manages to get away from them. Some Zombies have broken their bones both others are still mobile. He leads them through the passageway under the great stairs, laying in a few shots to down them. Above, Rebecca is firing into a few stray Zombies that are not part of the horde following Chris.

JILL:

Do you have a hairpin?

REBECCA:

What? No. Oh wait.

(She pulls out an unused syringe needle from her side bag. Jill takes it and bites off the plastic cover before inserting it into the lock. Chris returns back round continuing to drop Zombies.

CHRIS:

Are we done.

JILL:

Not yet.

CHRIS:

Hurry.

JILL:

Go down and help him. Take this.

(Jill gives Rebecca a handgun mag. She runs down the stairs and starts to put headshots into the Zombies. The last one falls).

JILL:

Damn Umbrella made shit, how many cylinders do you need, oh, yeh here it is.

(The door finally clicks open)

We're out! Guys we're –

(She turns to see what they're seeing. Another mass horde of the Zombies but this time from the outside. They are the 7, we recognise them from being barefoot and have more of an appearance of being a Crimson-head. Chris starts to reload his shotgun and uses the last of his shells.

CHRIS:

Becky get behind me.

REBECCA:

Chris we have to –

CHRIS:

Get back!

(The first charges and Chris narrowly hits it with its head exploding. The others seem to have more intelligence and act like a pack, knowing that the gun is a danger to them).

CHRIS:

Get up there. Jill lock the door behind you.

JILL:

Like hell I will.

CHRIS:

Do as I say.

(Another Zombie slashes at him with lightening speed, tearing into the fabric of his vest. He shoots it in the chest and it rolls back onto to reset its stance quickly. The pack are now ready to attack. Just then another one of their skull's explode but not from any of the three's gun. The monsters turn and see Barry with his silver serpent firearm. A flurry of shots and the remaining 5 are destroyed. Barry starts to reload and runs up towards them.

BARRY:

I think the helipad is our only option.

We hear them before see we them. The wings of the mutant crows. They begin to swarm in and start feasting on the Zombies and Cerberi. We see a few of their beady eyes looking lustfully at the team.

CHRIS:

You still with us?

(Barry nods)

They all leave the hall and seal the door behind them as the Crows rise up to chase them. The long tunnel leads back to a closed garden and the helipad doors. The fountain is in the middle. Jill goes to the helipad door to open it. It's been chained shut from the other side. She shakes it hard in frustration.

CUT: In the predawn light Brad is inside the helicopter and begins to start the engine up. The entire engineer team and other police officers are watching. The engine seems to be working and the onlooker's cheer. There is then a small explosion from the prop and the engine fails again.

....

BRAD:

Fuck. Fuck. Dime store piece of shit.

(He shuts down the engine and climbs out).

FEMALE COP 1:

The factory cut corners. We'll go back again and watch them make it this.

BRAD:

No, its on foot. I'm going up there and anyone else who wants to come along can.

(He begins to walk to off to prepare this with other officers joining him).

FEMALE COP 1:

Wait, what about another helo?

BRAD:

Go on.

FEMALE COP 1:

It's a ton of paperwork to get the army involved but we just say we're borrowing it –

BRAD:

The Chief still won't sign off on it .

FEMALE COP 1:

Fuck him, we'll say Fed-ex has order.

Cut: Back the helipad doors.

JILL:

Its chained shut.

CHIRS:

Maybe we could –

(He implies that they could climb the wall. Barry picks up a twig and throws it at the razor wire there and it sparks as the current rips through it).

Anyone have any other ideas.

(Jill pushes the door and peers through a slither. She sees the elevator on the far side)

JILL:

There's an elevator in there, it goes underground.

REBECCA:

This place is supposed to have a Laboratory right? Has anyone seen a lab here yet?

CHRIS:

I think –

(Barry gently quietens him)

BARRY:

Go on Chambers.

REBECCA:

That's no statute. That's an air vent.

(She points to the cherub at the centre of the fountaining and the slow his of air coming out of its mouth. Jill puts her hand into the water to taste it, spitting it out).

JILL:

Its fresh not stagnant.

CHRIS:

Press the eye of that wolf there, the left one.

(Rebecca does this and its clicks, the water begins to drain out and the metallic stairs locks down into place)

JILL:

This is what this whole place is about. What it was built for.

BARRY:

Chris you wanna take point.

CHIRS:

No Barry you go first.

The team lead by Barry goes down the steps into the lab.

CUT: We see their progress on a computer screen taken from a security camera. Pulling back, we see Wesker in the control room. He has a document in front of him titled:

BARRY BURTON PSYCHOLOGICAL PROFILE.

He throws it away.

WESKER:

Useless.

(He pulls up a new folder, this one titled:

HUNTER ALPHA.

We see a brief picture on the paper of the Hunter bioweapon.

CUT: Days before. Pete enters the room and Nancy jumps on his back.

NANCY:

You fuck! You sonofabitch. I hate you! I fucking hate you!

(Pete wrestled her off his back and onto the bed).

PETE:

Give me it! Give me your hand.

(He starts to tie up her hands to the bed frame).

NANCY:

Oh is this what you like now! You fucking pervert, I knew it I knew it!

PETE:

Shut up, be quiet, please.

NANCY:

You left me you bastard! Where were you? You left me here!

PETE:

I went out to find the more people, to see who else is left, remember. Think. Concentrate.

(Nancy remembers through her failing mind and becomes calm).

I'm sorry I was gone long, there's – machines are powering up here. Traps. Something's turned them on -

NANCY:

You went to the east wing, to the dorm.

PETE:

That's right, good girl. I found Scott over there. He's still alright. The infected are starting to break out. Two of them were just wandering around. They've already boarded up a large section but there's only so much wood can take –

(He looks around the room which has been completely trashed with books torn apart. More importantly he sees that the bathtub is overflowing and all of the remaining food has been eaten. On her computer screen the text reads 4 ITCHY TASTY).

What have you done? Our food could have lasted weeks and the water, the pipes don't work anymore.

NANCY:

I'm cold I wanted it I'm so hungry. I ate it all I'm hungry. I've never felt so bad for it. I'm so fucking hungry.

(He sits back and has the second key seal in his hand)

One of the mutant Crows appears and starts tapping from the outside against the glass of the window.

PETE:

Scott says, he thinks, that if we can just keep the mansion going, even one part of it Umbrella will see that its worth saving. He and his people are going into the Dorm, going wall themselves in. This house is gone. He said that we could come. If we wanted to.

(He sees that Nancy is too far gone. Her eyes are now turning red and she is bleeding from several places).

You wrote where you put the key right?

(Nancy doesn't understand).

NANCY:

I really like it. But we can't leave. We've always been here and always will be.

PETE:

What do you mean?

NANCY:

I can't remember getting here. I can't remember anything before here. We've always been here. Just like Lisa is. I can't, I can't remember what all this is? What these things are? There was going to be a baby I think, a real home somewhere, and now, I just have to eat.

(He knows that he has to leave her. She looks terrible and he knows that she will change soon).

Another Crow has joined the other outside and peers in through the window curiously.

PETE:

I know babe. You're home. You're where you're supposed to be.

NANCY:

Let me otta here.

(She lunges at him to try and bite)

She becomes enraged again, thrashing on the bed. She starts snarling. Frothing at the mouth. She then begins to convulse. The fit becoming more and more violent. Pete is broken. Blood seeps out from her face and she has her death rattle. Her body falls back with its eyes open still looking at him. She is dead but will return soon. He starts to leave, picking up her diary. He pulls out his own key from his pocket to make sure it's safe.

CUT: We see Pete limping back down towards to the dining room on his way to the east wing. He takes off his shoe to relieve the pain and puss and blood seeps out. He knows that he is turning but still has hope. A Zombie, the same that attacks Kenneth later, lunges out. Pete runs as best he can into the dining room and shuts the door. He opens up the diary cutting through the pages until he finds the right one with the location of the first disk. He tears it out. He then starts throwing up blood, dropping the paper onto it. Disgusted and dying he staggers on with the remaining diary through the main hall.

CUT: We see he writes the location of the last disk in the book, and he see his quivering hand hide it in the west wing storeroom. He leaves the diary on a windowsill that Rebecca will eventually find.

CUT: The present. The team reach the atrium and a huge security door hangs open. There are signs of fire and an explosion. There is broken debris everywhere. Jill pulls up a fallen notice board from the floor. It has another map on it.

JILL:

We're here and this must be the elevator to the topside helipad. From here to there.

(They all look).

BARRY:

What's this room.

(He points to a room next to them).

JILL:

It says 'armoury'.

CUT: The team now load up on weapons. Various late 20th century automatics and grenade launchers as well as armour, grenades and flashlights.

REBECCA:

RPD We do it!

CUT: The team moves through the empty lab space in a militaristic and professional manner, like a well-oiled machine. A single lone zombie is seen and shredded in a second by their fire without a step being missed. Another emerges and is cut down with ease. More meet the same result.

JILL:

Clear.

Jill points the right way at a T-junction corridor, and they follow. They come to a smaller gangway over smaller cells. Inside are the remains of children that have either died of starvation or thirst. There are other grotesquely mutated bodies as well.

CHRIS:

Are you seeing this?

BARRY:

Goddamn crime against humanity.

JILL:

We'd need the entire State's FBI forensics floor to catalogue all of this.

REBECCA:

And there's not one shred of paper down here either? The entire lab is computerised and networked. The science department at Raccoon College is nothing compared to this place.

CHRIS:

No paper trail, less evidence.

JILL:

I'm guessing this research is far beyond the Mustard gas Saddam used against the Kurds and Iranians?

REBECCA:

I'll say. In 1978 a single strain of E.coli was genetically modified to produced commercially viable amounts of Insulin for medical use. Umbrella seemed to have created completely new vertebrate organisms to specific designs. This is a generation ahead of what the literature says is even possible.

BARRY:

Brave new world.

They head down the gangway to large staging area. The windows of the aquarium on one side and the water inside is dark.

JILL:

Its ahead, through those.

(There is another security door ahead)

CHRIS:

Where's the lever.

(They start looking. Rebecca sees a single dull flashing light on a nearby control panel).

REBECCA:

Here it is.

CHRIS:

Wait Becky.

(The switch is a trap and the doors blow open and the sleeping Hunter Alphas arise from the frosty mist.

REBECCA:

What now.

BARRY:

What the fuck are they supposed to be?

JILL:

Made by Umbrella.

CHRIS:

Alright then.

They open fire in a line blasting into the creatures. Bullets impact on their toughened skins. The team does good work in cutting down the Hunters. One of the Hunters jumps up high and is blown apart by one of Jill's grenades. Its body parts falling all around.

BARRY:

Aim for the heads.

The last of Hunters have their skulls fragmented.

REBECCA:

Its clear?

(For a moment they think it is, then we see that a few stray bullets and the Hunter's claws have chipped the aquarium glass. It is starting to crack).

JILL:

Run!

The window shatters and the dark water explodes out, rushing into the chamber. The team do their best to hold on the gangway and other handholds. One of the half dead Hunters surfaces and we see the grey fin of Neptune coil towards them. The Hunter is then eaten as Neptune surges up and devours it.

CHRIS:

Barry? What are you –

Barry dives under the water and finds the control pad that Rebecca touched. He starts reading the instructions methodically in the murk. Neptune then swims buy a terrified Rebecca. Barry then presses another control. Another door opens. The water begins to surge out.

JILL:

Hold on.

(Neptune gets sucked out and Barry is dragged away yet Rebecca grabs him, and then Jill grabs Rebecca).

BARRY:

Let me go.

REBECCA:

I can hold you –

(We see Jill's fingers starting to give out against the force of the water).

BARRY:

Do it.

REBECCA:

I can't –

BARRY:

Let me go. I'll be okay.

(Rebecca releases him and he is swept away down into the unseen lower levels. The last of the huge amount of water rushes out and the remaining team are soaked and exhausted).

CHRIS:

Is there another way up?

The final last door suddenly opens by an unseen force.

CHRIS:

Wesker.

(They know it is probably another trap but don't have a choice. They head in and upstairs into the control room. We see many other failed subjects in storage canisters. The 3 wander towards a large control panel with many smaller TV screens).

JILL:

What is this?

REBECCA:

Its us, its Bravo team and Alpha team.

We see that the screens are showing recordings of the entire mansion incident viewed from hidden security cameras. Wesker appears from behind mirrored glass suddenly made transparent. Chris instinctively starts shooting but his bullets do little on the glass.

JILL:

Why?

WESKER:

Making the best out of an interesting situation. Umbrella would never authorise a test of the Virus in the real world. This was the next best thing.

CHRIS:

Because they weren't as fucking crazy as you.

WESKER:

I am not insane Christopher. I am just a businessman, and Umbrella is centred upon commerce.

REBECCA:

But all those people? You lured us here to fight just so you could observe the results? Like rats in an experiment? You murdered your own team.

WESKER:

I gave you a fair chance didn't I. Alpha team thriving better than Bravo I think.

REBECCA:

You piece of shit. Our lives are worth more than a fucking hypothesis.

WESKER:

'but science has always been driven by war' hasn't it, and business is war. You think the digital revolution means anything? That I can send an email from Singapore to Anchorage in half a second whilst I choose between 350 channels of daytime cable?

(Jill walks back passed Chris and passes him a grenade unseen).

Or that America's military power will be worth a damn in a few years? The future has always been the same. It is in the Cell, in the Human genome and the ability to harness this for our own ends!

(Chris pulls the pin and palms it into his armpit as he now clicks his lighter for a cigarette. Jill moves back further to be closer to Rebecca).

CHRIS:

The birds and the bees?

WESKER:

Exactly, but selective breeding with strands of DNA one Intron at a time. Want a soldier who never gets tired, who can recover from severe injuries in minutes, who never questions orders or adds to them or infects them his worthless emotional sentiment.

CHRIS:

Who doesn't know right from wrong?

WESKER:

Yes! The perfect Tyrant!

(Wesker points and they see that the tall menacing creature has been watching them in silence from the inside of his glass tube. It scratches the inside with its long-clawed hand.

WESKER:

Magnificent isn't it. You did so well, but don't think even you will stand up to this.

CHRIS:

Does it learn from its own mistakes?

WESKER:

What?

JILL:

Get down.

(She and Rebecca drive down. Chris throws out the grenade towards the glass and dives down and shoots it. The explosion shatters the glass. A shootout begins. Wesker wheals the latest additions to his firearm of a laser sight, compressor etc. Rebecca gets shot in the stomach. The Tyrant likes what he sees.

CHRIS:

Becky, just keep still.

(They are all pinned downed now. Wesker enters the security code to unleash the Tyrant).

WESKER:

Mister Burton?

(Barry emerges behind him)

We still have our deal don't we?

JILL:

What? No.

WESKER:

No witnesses, no evidence and millions in the bank.

BARRY:

And my family?

WESKER:

I might have keep them as security, just to be sure. You understand.

CHRIS:

Hey Barry, ask the Captain what colour Molly's eyes are.

WESKER:

uh, blue -

BARRY:

One is green one is brown.

WESKER:

Wait.

(Barry shoots him in the leg and kicks away his gun. The activation sequence is complete and the Tyrant steps out. It instantly starts towards Wesker as he desperately tries to reach for his gun).

WESKER:

Stop. Get away.

(The Tyrant skewers him up from the floor and tears him in half in the air. It coolly looks around to the rest of the team. Jill and Chris quickly layer it in a hail of shots and the monster falls seemingly dead next to the torso of Wesker).

JILL:

Perfect?

(They rush over to Rebecca).

BARRY:

I can handle this.

(He pulls out a health spray and starts to flood the wound with the foam).

This will slow her bleed out but she needs surgery.

REBECCA:

Kuk Wk Uk.

(She has too much blood in her mouth to be clear. She is pointing at the computer that Wesker was by)

CHRIS:

Its okay, you don't need to say anything. Maybe, maybe we can rig a stretcher?

REBECCA:

Look. Look.

(They all see the digital count down on the screen by the words: AUTO DESTRUCT)

JILL:

Maybe it doesn't mean -

(The emergency red lights turn on)

COMPUTER VOICE:

BIOHAZARD CONTAINMENT BREACH DETECTED.

THERMOBARIC DECONTAMINATION PROCEDURE HAS BEEN ACTIVATED.

ALL EMPLOYEES MUST PROCEED TO THEIR DESIGNATED EVACUATION AREAS.

CHRIS:

Its a bomb.

JILL:

We need to get topside.

CHRIS:

Wait.

(He goes over to Wesker and pulls up his keycard, he then sees his gun in Weskers holster and retrieves it).

BARRY:

I'll carry her.

(The team all goes to the elevator, activates it and it goes nowhere. A warning light for: 'No Power' is on.

JILL:

Just great.

CHRIS:

Where's the generator room?

JILL:

Should be back there.

CHRIS:

We'll see to this. You take care of her, call in Brad.

(Chris hands Barry his Radio)

BARRY:

Hurry.

The power plant is in the process of its overload and steam is leaking out from the pipes. Jill sees a schematic.

JILL:

Its here. The self-destruct has triggered a line of fuses. We just need to –

The chimera rushes them and Chris and Jill blast the thing into pieces. They head over to the first fuses shooting the creatures in between. One Chimera ambushes Chris by crawling on the ceiling behind him. He starts stabbing it from its grasp on his back. Jill goes to help but another latches on her from behind. She rams herself backwards into the gears of a machine and the monster is torn up and killed by this. Chris finishes his with his bare hands and bludgeoning its skull in. They find the last fuse and the power comes back on.

CUT: Barry is holding a weakening Rebecca. The lights come on the elevator starts to ascend.

BARRY:

Its alright we're getting out of here.

(He starts to use the radio).

Brad come in.

BRAD:

You're there? That you Barry?

BARRY:

Roger, we're rallying at the Mansion helipad, you should be able to see it from the air. We've got 1 injured and the rest are pretty beat up. This whole place is rigged to explode so we gotta be quick and get outa here now. No mistakes.

BRAD:

Understood.

(The elevator reaches the top and Barry carries Rebecca out. Brad in his new Chinook flies over and it is clear that he cannot land here as his helicopter is too large.

CUT: Brad and his co-pilot.

FEMALE OFFICER 1:

We can't land.

BRAD:

Doesn't matter. Lower the door.

(The large aft door is lowered and the helicopter sets it down at an angle whilst hovering above the wall. Barry goes forward and a crewman helps him pass over Rebecca. The elevator starts to move back down).

CUT: Chris and Jill go into the elevator. Looking behind we see that the body of the Tyrant is gone. On the helipad they go forward and Barry holds out had hand to pull them up. Just then they notice the growing cracks under their feet. The Tyrant bursts out of the ground sending Chris and Jill sprawling. The monster then slashes it claws onto the metal of the Chinook.

BRAD:

Shit.

Brad pulls the craft higher and the people inside are thrown about. The Tyrant towers over them and begins its slow walk towards. They start shooting and the bullets achieve little. They run towards to the door but are helpless against the chains. Jill starts to pick it but the Tyrant's claws slash at it and they narrowly escape. Chris lunges at with his knife. Again it does little. The monster strikes him away and breaks the blade off. It lunges at Chris and cuts into the concrete. A glowing red flare then becomes stuck into the Tyrant's arm. Jill has now found the flare store and fires another. This one explodes and the phosphorus causes a fire over its skin. It is still unharmed.

BARRY:

Land this thing.

BRAD:

We can't.

(Barry goes back into the Hold and finds a mini-gun, he is about to take it and then sees the rocket launcher. Barry thinks about using it but knows he can't use in here).

BARRY:

Use this.

The rocket launcher falls down. Jill dives for it and begins to aim and fires. The missile hits the creature and buries itself into its flesh. Jill and Chris are amazed that it is still alive, the wound is already healing. The timer then runs out and it explodes from the inside, limbs and blood going everywhere. They jump onto the back of the Chinook and it begins to rise.

CUT: Inside the mansion the countdown reaches its final numbers. In the early light a Zombie presses against the window at the sight of the helicopter flying away. In the main hall and then throughout all the other familiar rooms we see the combustive gas being released through the air vents. The electric lights begin to surge until they explode and the spark ignites the gas. Room after room is consumed by the fire until the entire estate explodes.

CUT: The helicopter heads on and behind it the explosion tears a great rip out of the earth and flattens acres of trees. The dirty mushroom cloud of oily fumes rises and melts away. We see Rebecca has been stabilised and is being tended to by a medic. Barry is looking at a picture of his family and Jill and Chris are leaning against the other. Everyone is too exhausted to speak. The helicopter flies home to Racoon city.

FADE: TO BLACK.

RACCOON CITY CEMETARY.

Weeks later. The entire RPD, the Mayor and his staff are out for the funeral. We hear the Irish bagpipes play as the coffins are carried on men's shoulders to the graves. Jill, Chris, Barry, Rebecca and Brad are amongst the gathered and are in full dress uniform. Rebecca has a walking stick, she not being fully recovered. The honor guard shoots into the air and we see Chief Irons salute. The STARS team eye him and the Mayor suspiciously.

JILL: (whispers)

Northeast, behind the ash tree.

CHRIS: (Whispers)

I see him, there's another behind the gate.

REBECCA: (whispers)

Its not over is it.

The coffins are emplaced.

CUT: We see the STARS team arguing over Chief Iron's desk. He orders them out and he throws their report: 'The Spenser Mansion Incident' into the bin where he throws a match in to burn it.

CUT: Chief Irons is in the press room giving another briefing to the reporters.

CHIEF IRONS:

The fire at the Spencer estate, for reasons unknown, was caused either directly or by accident, by members of the Special Tactics and Rescue Squad. Who as you know, 7 of which perished in. In accordance with our own investigative procedures I have ordered all remaining STARS members to be put on paid leave effective immediately. For the unauthorized use of a Nation Guard Helicopter in the course of police business Officer Bradley Vickers' pilot license has been suspended and a disciplinary hearing date has been set.

CUT: The STARS team clear their desks and turn the light off on their empty chairs of the dead comrades. The door is locked behind them.

CUT: Press room.

CHIEF IRONS:

Over 600 acres of woodland has been destroyed including the entire Spencer mansion, which, thankfully had been recently closed for to renovation. The fire seems to have frightened away the Bear infestation and we now believe that the forest is safe for tourists this summer.

CUT: We see Chris packing quickly and heading out on his bike.

CUT: Press room.

CHIEF IRONS:

We do not comment on active internal investigations but if fault is found Umbrella will in all likelihood desire to press charges.

CUT: We see Jill back in her apartment looking out her window. Men in a car below are watching her. She sits on the bed and pulls out her Berretta and checks the rounds in the magazine.

JILL:

Its not over.