

SPACE ZOMBIE INFECTION

Written by

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INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - DAY

A garage that has been transformed into a man-cave. Filled with boy's toys. A desk with a gaming computer. A large television with several other gaming consoles underneath it.

Bright and colourful. A lot of money has been spent on this transformation.

Power tools still stacked up with several rusty looking gardening tools in the far off corner.

RYAN, 31, tall and handsome with a soft gentle face. An intelligent man who excelled in school. Dedicated to becoming a great surgeon he now finds himself without any other passions in life. For the last ten years he's only focused on work.

Ryan is dressed in his underwear and a long flowing dressing gown. He heads over to the fridge and pulls out two bottles of beer.

He returns to the two lazy boy chairs where ERIC, 30 is sitting with him. Shoulder length blonde hair and sunglasses on, Eric is a loser by most peoples standards. But he comes from a very wealthy family so never felt the need to achieve. Sent to the best private schools money can buy it's where he met Ryan but since School Eric never bothered to find work and now one day simply bleeds into the next.

Ryan hands the beers over.

Eric beams at him.

ERIC
You'll be OK.

Ryan sits down drinking heavily.

RYAN
No. They're threatening to take away my medical licence.

ERIC
Then you'll get another one.

RYAN
It doesn't work like that. This is all I know. All I know how to be is a surgeon. And it's all I want.

Eric waves a hand at him, dismissive.

ERIC

You're smart. You can get any other job you want.

RYAN

But all I want to be is a surgeon.

ERIC

Then just stay being a surgeon.

RYAN

You're not listening to me.

ERIC

You're worrying about nothing.

Eric finishes off his beer. He then reaches into his pocket and removes a clear plastic bag filled with a white powder.

RYAN

I can only think what my dad would say to me, how disappointed he'd be. This is the first time I've ever been happy that he's no longer alive.

Eric takes out some of the white powder, makes a line on the armrest of the chair. Then snorts it.

ERIC

Both my parents are still alive. Those fuckers won't die until there well into their hundreds.

RYAN

I wish you wouldn't do drugs in my house.

ERIC

This isn't your house, it's your garage.

Ryan reaches down and finds a big puzzle book, nothing but crossword puzzles. He's halfway through one of them and goes about finishing it.

RYAN

Same thing.

ERIC

It's fine.

RYAN

I'll have to sell this place if I lose my job.

ERIC

Just go private. Work for some rich care home. There's a million things you could do from here.

RYAN

You don't understand.

ERIC

Yeah, I do.

RYAN

You've never worked. You've never had to have a job.

ERIC

And I turned out just fine. I'm basically successful.

RYAN

Snorting drugs all day in my garage isn't how successful people live. You're how old and still living with your parents?

ERIC

I don't do it all day. And once my parents are dead I'll get my own place.

RYAN

You shouldn't joke about things like that.

ERIC

Who's joking.

RYAN

Jesus Christ.

ERIC

I'm their only child. I get all the inheritance. And last I heard it's around ten million. But they've got to die first.

RYAN

You'll be sorry for saying this shit.

ERIC
For ten million I'd put a pillow
over them myself if I knew I'd get
away with it.

RYAN
I loved my parents. And I'd do
anything to have them back.

ERIC
They left you with nothing but a
bad complex. The death of my
parents is going to make me a
millionaire.

RYAN
What a sweet speech, are you
delivering the eulogy?

Suddenly there's loud banging coming from the garage door.

ERIC
Who the hell is that?

Eric panics, quickly puts away his drugs and stands.

RYAN
You order take out?

ERIC
No.

Eric approaches the door.

The banging continues.

RYAN
What time is it?

ERIC
Late.

RYAN
I don't like this.

ERIC
Who the hell bangs on a door like
that?

The banging doesn't seem like it's going to stop.

RYAN
Wait until it stops.

Eric reaches the door, he calls out through it.

ERIC
Who is it?

No answer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
State your name or I'm calling the
cops.

The banging stops.

Ryan throws down his puzzle book and now stands, looking nervous.

RYAN
Come away from the door.

The lock to the door is broken from the outside and the handle simply falls away, landing on the floor. Broken.

The door swings open.

BRETT, 30, is standing in the now open doorway. Only five foot tall he's much smaller than most men. But a strong jawline and solid frame he's in the best shape he can be. Can outrun and outlift most other men his age. Always thinking, and always careful to pick his words, he lives his life like he's always on camera and being watched by his superiors.

BRETT
(to Eric)
Are you Ryan Hassell?

Eric steps aside and gestures towards Ryan behind him.

ERIC
No, that's him.

RYAN
(to Brett)
You broke my door.

Brett enters.

BRETT
Are you Ryan Hassell?

RYAN
You broke my door. Listen, I don't know who you are but I'm calling the cops if you don't leave.

Brett steps closer to him.

BRETT
Are you Ryan Hassell?

RYAN
Yeah, so who the fuck are you?

BRETT
You don't need to know that.

Ryan and Eric share a look. Eric is scared.

RYAN
Well, I'm asking. You're inside my property. You broke my fucking door, that wasn't cheap you know. It's brand new. I don't need to be robbed tonight. If this is some kind of home invasion I don't have much. I'm getting sued by my own fucking hospital. All my money has already gone to my dumb fuck lawyer who can't even do his job right.

BRETT
Are you Ryan Hassell?

RYAN
Yes, yes. I am. Now what is it?

BRETT
When you need to know something I'll tell you. You don't need to know who I am.

ERIC
Ok, this is weird.
(to Ryan)
I say lets call the cops.

RYAN
You break my door and come in without being invited. So I feel like I do deserve a fucking explanation.

Brett takes out a brown envelope from his inside pocket. Eh tosses it to Ryan who catches it.

It's filled with a hell of a lot of money. Must be a couple of thousand inside.

BRETT

I don't know how much door repairs cost, but will that cover it?

Ryan gives the money a quick count with his eyes.

RYAN

What the fuck.

Eric comes over and takes a look, laughing.

ERIC

(to Ryan)

You'd get yourself a real nice door with that kind of cash.

(to Brett)

You want to come to my place, if you're handing out this kind of money you can break whatever you want.

BRETT

(points at Ryan)

Him is who I want. You can leave.

ERIC

Oh fuck no. I need to see what this is.

BRETT

I need a doctor. Off radar. You're field is within neuroscience?

ERIC

Yeah, brain doctor.

RYAN

(to Brett)

Who are you?

Brett shakes his head.

BRETT

I need you. I've got some work for you. You'll be paid handsomely.

RYAN

No.

BRETT

It's of the most importance that you say yes. The country is at stake.

RYAN
Who the fuck are you?

BRETT
You don't need to know. I know all
about you. Now that I've found you,
you will work for me.

RYAN
No, I won't. Are you fucking
insane?

ERIC
I'm calling the cops.

Brett turns to him.

BRETT
Go ahead.

Eric takes out his phone. He tries calling but nothing
happens.

Eric swallows hard.

ERIC
(to Brett)
What did you do?

Brett reluctantly takes out his badge, some kind of
government official. Maybe secret service. He only offers
them a flash of his badge.

BRETT
I haven't got time to explain.

RYAN
You work for the government?

BRETT
Yes.

Eric keeps trying to use his phone, but it's frozen, can't
even get online with it.

ERIC
What the fuck have you done to my
phone?

BRETT
This whole area is now blacked out.

RYAN
I'm probably having my licence
taken from me.

BRETT
I know.

RYAN
You need a doctor.

BRETT
Yes.

RYAN
Then you need to go to the
hosptial.

BRETT
No. Top secret. Needs to be hidden.
The work you're about to undertake
is of the up most importance. You
need to understand this.

RYAN
I don't understand anything because
you're not telling me shit.

Eric puts his phone away and heads to the door.

Brett turns to face him.

BRETT
You're not leaving. It's too late
now.

ERIC
Oh, is that a fact.

BRETT
It is. You had you're chance to
didn't take it.

ERIC
Fuck you.

As Eric tries to leave but STEPHEN, 60, appears in the open doorway, blocking his exit. A military man, disciplined and neat. Washes his hands at every opportunity. A clean freak, obsessed with his own health and mortality. Germs are all around and they are the enemy. Proud to say that he's never been sick, the idea of catching the common cold disgusts him.

STEPHEN
(to Eric)
Get back in there. Sit down and
keep your god damn mouth shut.

Eric does as he's told, backing away, showing his hands.

ERIC
What the fuck is going on?

Brett returns to Ryan.

BRETT
Anything you need I can get you.
But what happens here can not leave
this room. The fewer the people the
better.

RYAN
I don't understand.

BRETT
You're in the top three
neuroscientists in the world.
That's why I'm here.

RYAN
I'm not a surgeon anymore.

BRETT
I disagree.

Stephen enters the garage but stays blocking the doorway.

STEPHEN
(to Brett)
We have to keep things moving.

Brett holds out a hand to him, keeps his focus onto Ryan.

BRETT
You need to know that you're
working for your government and
more important for the good of the
country.

RYAN
I'm so confused.

BRETT
Focus. Breathe. And do as I say.
We're on the same team and we need
to work together.

ERIC

And what fucking team is that?

Stephen opens up his bag and takes out surgical gloves, aprons and face shields for all of them.

Brett takes them from him and hands them out to Eric and Ryan.

Stephen puts his gloves, apron and face shield on. Brett does the same.

STEPHEN

(to Ryan)

We're running out of time.

Brett eyes up Eric first.

BRETT

It's for your safety. It's important that you trust us.

Eric shakes his head but does as he's ordered. Putting everything on.

ERIC

Whatever. I just want this over with.

Brett now turns to Ryan.

BRETT

Just you.

RYAN

At least tell me your name.

BRETT

It's Brett Smith. If that helps you.

RYAN

I'm nothing special.

BRETT

You are. You're just what I need.

RYAN

I don't understand. How can you think you know anything about me?

STEPHEN

It's time.

BRETT

Hold on.

STEPHEN

It's now or never.

BRETT

I said hold on.

Stephen exits the garage.

RYAN

(to Brett)

You work for him?

BRETT

You don't need to know that.

RYAN

No, what I need is to understand
who you people are?

BRETT

There isn't time. You've been
chosen for your set of skills.
That's all I need from you.

ERIC

Are you paying him.

RYAN

Eric, shut up. Let me handle this.

Eric dismisses Ryan.

ERIC

No, I'm helping you so you're the
one who needs to be quiet right
now.

BRETT

Whatever he wants.

RYAN

My medical licence. I want it to be
reinstalled.

BRETT

Fine.

RYAN

You have that kind of power?

BRETT

If you're successful in helping me,
I'll give you whatever you want.
Nothing is off the table.

Ryan and Eric share a look, both look worried.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan and Eric once again are sat in their lazy boy chairs drinking two fresh beers. Their face shields pulled up.

Stephen has returned and with uniformed soldiers.

Stephen gives out his orders, hurrying his soldiers along.

They push in a hospital bed on wheels. A very sick looking man lays on top of it. Strapped in place. Shaking and wriggles as though caught in a fever driven nightmare. Drenched in sweat, he doesn't look good at all.

ERIC

Oh shit.

The soldiers exit then returns with two more hospital beds, with two more patients. The second is a beautiful woman. And the third an elderly man.

All dressed in white lab coats. They all look as sick as each other. Drenched in sweat and shaking.

The soldiers position the three portable hospital beds in the middle of the garage, lining them up side by side.

Not much room for the other people in here to be able to move around.

Now that they're finished these soldiers salute Stephen.

STEPHEN

Wait outside until further orders.
No one in and no one out without my
direct say so.

The soldiers salute again, showing that they understand. Then leave. Ready for guard duty.

Ryan gestures angrily to the soldiers and these lined up hospital beds.

RYAN

What the fuck is this?

BRETT
You're the doctor.

RYAN
No. I'm not.

BRETT
You tell me what's wrong with them.
In your medical opinion?

Ryan goes to leave.

RYAN
Whatever this is I'm out. This is
too fucked up.

BRETT
Stop.

Ryan slams down his beer bottle, smashing it against the floor. He heads for the exit, he glances back at Brett.

RYAN
I'm gone. Enjoy my garage.

As Ryan goes to leave Stephen suddenly grabs a hold of him and using a judo move flips Ryan over and slams him down to the ground.

STEPHEN
(to Ryan)
I can break every bone in your body
if I wish.

Ryan has had the wind knocked out of him. Fights hard to get his breath back.

RYAN
What the fuck.

Eric scowls. He races towards Stephen. Swings a clenched fist. Trying to get in a cheap shot. Aiming for the back of Stephen's head. Hoping to punch him when he's not looking.

ERIC
Get the fuck off of him.

Even though Stephen has his back to Eric and can't possibly see him he's still able to react.

First Stephen dodges the punch. He turns and punches Eric in the face breaking his nose.

Eric collapses backwards and lands unconscious on the floor.

Two of the soldiers appear in the doorway, guns held out in front of them, fingers on the trigger. They aim at Ryan.

Ryan stares at them angrily.

RYAN
You bastards.

Brett throws himself in between the soldiers and Ryan.

BRETT
No. I need him.

RYAN
I'm leaving.

Ryan stands up.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to the soldiers)
Get out of my way.

Stephen grabs a hold of Ryan, bends and twists Ryan's right arm. Holding him, painfully.

Ryan yells out in pain.

GERERAL
I could break your arm.

RYAN
You're hurting me.

BRETT
Let him go.

STEPHEN
(to Brett)
No, he needs to learn.

RYAN
My arm.

STEPHEN
You're going to do as you're order
or I can break this arm, then your
other. Then I'll break your legs
and I'll leave you here to rot.

RYAN
Stop. Please. You're going to
fucking break it. It hurts.

STEPHEN
Do you understand.

RYAN
No!

STEPHEN
You will listen or I will destroy
you.

RYAN
Please.

BRETT
(to Stephen)
That's enough. We need him. Stop
it. If he can't work all of this is
over before we've begun.

Stephen reluctantly lets go of Ryan's arm. He then waves a
hand at his soldiers and they retreat out of view.

RYAN
So we're prisoners now?

Brett gestures to the people on the hospital beds.

BRETT
These people need you.

RYAN
I can't help them.

BRETT
Yes you can.

RYAN
You need to leave.

Stephen takes a step forwards, standing over Ryan.

STEPHEN
Do I have to knock some more sense
into you?

RYAN
Let me guess you were hit a lot
when you were a child?

STEPHEN
And let me guess you were treated
like a little princess? Explains
everything about you.

RYAN

Actually, my father used to kick the shit out of me for any old little thing.

STEPHEN

Good. Then make him proud and do what you're being asked of.

RYAN

I hated my father. Loved my mother though.

STEPHEN

Well I chose to honour mine. Now own your feet.

RYAN

I'm not a soldier. I'm a civilian.

STEPHEN

You can either take orders or I can stand on you right now and crush your neck.

Eric slowly wakes up, his nose crooked.

ERIC

My fucking head hurts.

BRETT

(to Ryan)

I need your help.

RYAN

Sorry to be a constant disappointment. But I can't help you.

BRETT

Just take a look.

Brett helps Ryan up onto his feet and brings Ryan over to the hospital beds.

Eric rolls onto his side and sits up.

ERIC

My fucking nose.

Stephen stares down at him, disgusted.

STEPHEN

Just stay down.

Eric stands up.

ERIC
Fucking bastard. My fucking head
hurts. My nose best not be broken.
I need it.

Eric takes out that packet of drugs. He puts a small amount
on the tip of his finger.

He tries to snort it but his broken nose hurts too much,
unable to sniff.

STEPHEN
Fucking loser.

Eric looks over at him. Gives Stephen a wink.

ERIC
Where there's a will there's a way.

Instead of snorting the drugs he rubs the powder on the tip
of his finger against his gums.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now who's the loser?

STEPHEN
If I was to break your fucking
teeth do you think you'd be able to
do that?

Eric turns his back to Stephen, doesn't want to answer that.
Instead rubs even more of the drugs onto his gums.

Ryan strolls up and down in front of the beds, inspecting the
patients.

Still shaking violently. Even though they're strapped down
it's like they're desperate to get out.

The three patients have their eyes closed and are drenched in
sweat.

Ryan studies them, clearly trying to work out what this could
be.

Their violent, sudden body movements, almost like they're
being electrocuted clearly a cause for concern.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Stephen stands guard at the entrance, like a good well trained soldier.

Eric is back in his lazy boy chair, has a bag of ice pressed against his broken nose. Holding the ice in one hand he continues to rub the drugs all around the inside of his mouth with the other.

Brett has a steel suitcase open on top of Ryan's desk. He opens it and it's filled with surgical equipment.

Brett lifts up a powerful looking saw and holds it out for Ryan to take.

BRETT

You need to remove their brains.

Eric looks over at them, shaking his head he returns to his drugs.

ERIC

I'm not having any more to do with this.

Ryan forces a smile.

RYAN

What the hell are you saying?

BRETT

I need you to keep them as intact as you can. I could have brought these bodies to a butcher, but I need the brains removing safely and with skill.

RYAN

That's why you're here?

BRETT

Yes. I need their brains removed without any damage.

RYAN

You're insane.

STEPHEN

Stop asking him to do and force him.

Brett holds out a hand to Stephen, asking for him to be quiet.

RYAN
They're alive.

BRETT
No. They're long dead. They've been
dead for three days now.

Ryan doesn't know what to say or what to do. He comes back to the bodies.

He looks down at the three of them. Still violently twitching, sweating and most impossibly to Ryan, they're breathing.

Ryan holds a hand to the girl's nose.

RYAN
I can feel it. She's breathing.

Brett shakes his head.

BRETT
No. It's just mimicked behaviour.
She's dead.

Eric puts his head in his hands then puts his fingers in his ears.

ERIC
Oh fucking hell. I want to go home.
I want to go home.

Ryan lifts up her eyelids. Her eyes are wild, scanning back and forth.

RYAN
(to Brett)
Then what the fuck do you call this
then?

STEPHEN
Don't touch them. They are property
of the armed forces.

Ryan scowls at Stephen. He then does the same with the other two patients. Checking their eyes.

RYAN
They're sick. That's for sure. But
they're alive. I don't care who you
people are. I'm not killing
innocent people strapped to a
fucking bed. It's evil.

BRETT
They're dead.

RYAN
They're not.

Ryan touches the younger man.

RYAN (CONT'D)
He's warm.

BRETT
He's dead.

STEPHEN
Just do what you've been told.

ERIC
This is so fucked.

Ryan turns to Brett, furious.

RYAN
I'm not killing them.

BRETT
Find a pulse. Go on.

Ryan returns to the girl. He searches for a pulse around her neck. Then her arms. But he can't find one.

Angry he checks the two men. He searches but can't find one.

RYAN
No. Impossible.

Ryan takes out a stethoscope from the drawer on his desk and tries to listen to their heartbeat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
This isn't possible.

BRETT
They're dead. Three days ago
they're hearts stopped. But their
brains were still functioning. But
this is it. What you see. They
mimic breathing. They sweat and
they move.

RYAN
Who's they?

BRETT

They're not human anymore.

RYAN

No. I can save them. If they're breathing and sweating their hearts must be beating. Just incredibly weak.

BRETT

There's nothing to save.

RYAN

Get out of my way.

Brett removes a long poker from the suitcase of equipment. He stabs it right through the older man. Stabbing it through his chest where his heart would have been and all the way through, and out the other side.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're insane.

Brett gestures to the older man who's still breathing and convulsing even though he's been stabbed through the heart.

BRETT

Look at him. No effect.

Ryan stares dumbfounded.

RYAN

I don't understand.

BRETT

Remove their brains. So that they can be studied.

RYAN

Why me?

BRETT

You want us gone, this is what's going to do it.

ERIC

Just cut their fucking heads off and send these fuckers on their way.

STEPHEN

Hurry up.

RYAN

Everyone shut up. This isn't right.

Brett takes out another long poker, stabs it through the old man. Into his chest, he pushes it until it stabs all the way through. Yet again like the first time, coming out the other end.

Ryan pushes Brett back.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Stop doing that.

Brett gestures to the old man, now with two pokers pushed through him.

BRETT

You see. They're not alive.

ERIC

Turning him into a pin cushion.
Great.

RYAN

Who are you really?

BRETT

Remove their brains.

RYAN

I can't.

BRETT

Yes you can. And you must.

Ryan looks around his garage, looking for help, but there is none.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan stands with the saw in hand, holds it just above the head of the older male patient.

All three patients still convulsing violently.

Stephen, Brett and Eric are gathered together just behind Ryan. Watching on with fear and fascination.

RYAN

What happened to these people.

BRETT

Top secret.

RYAN
They worked for you?

BRETT
Classified.

ERIC
Well are you going to tell us
anything?

STEPHEN
(to Eric)
You're just a passenger. Passengers
need to just shut they're mouths
and do nothing else.

RYAN
I don't want to be a murderer.

BRETT
Accept that they're dead. I know
it's hard but you must do it.

Ryan places a hand onto the older man's shoulder, steadies
his breathing and holds the saw ready to cut.

RYAN
I'm going to be sick.

STEPHEN
Just don't be sick on any of the
assets.

ERIC
Assets. Jesus Christ. You didn't
even learn their names did you?

STEPHEN
They are my assets, that's all that
matters.

ERIC
My parents have got six gardeners
who work for them during the summer
and a bunch more servants who work
all year round, but at least I took
the time to learn their names. It's
what you're supposed to do.

STEPHEN
I don't want to have to tell you
again to shut your god damn mouth.

Eric rolls his eyes.

RYAN

I swore an oath to never hurt anyone.

BRETT

You won't be hurting them. But you'll be helping your country and all of mankind.

RYAN

To do what?

BRETT

It's classified.

ERIC

Well isn't that a surprise.

Stephen scowls at Eric who instantly falls silent again.

Brett tries to get Ryan to take the saw from him.

BRETT

I came to you because you were top of my list. Things have happened that mean I've had to come here and speed this up. You can do this. Start the operation.

RYAN

I want to know there names.

STEPHEN

We don't know there names, we never asked. They just worked for us.

BRETT

(to Stephen)

Enough.

RYAN

What happened to them to turn them into this?

STEPHEN

Enough. Start.

Ryan turns to face Stephen.

RYAN

No.

Stephen marches over and snatches the saw from Brett. He goes to cut open the old man's head.

Brett tries to take it back from him.

BRETT

No, no mistakes. You don't know
what you're doing.

Stephen shrugs him off. He goes to cut. But he's rough and clumsy, he cuts the old man's head but pulling the saw too hard he brings it back too far and accidentally cuts his own hand.

Cutting himself and bleeding. Stephen drops the saw and holds his hand to his chest.

STEPHEN

Fuck, shit. I'm fucking bleeding.
Oh my god. Fuck. It hurts.

Ryan and Eric are taken aback at how Stephen is reacting.

RYAN

Let me see.

Brett picks the saw back up from the floor, continues to hold it out to Ryan, pleadingly.

BRETT

We're running out of time. I need
their brains.

Ryan ignores him, reaches out and takes hold of Stephen's hand.

RYAN

Let me see.

STEPHEN

It's bleeding.

ERIC

Are you for real? It can't hurt
that much.

STEPHEN

I almost cut my fucking hand off.

RYAN

Then let me see.

BRETT

Leave him. I need this man's brain.

Eric stands up, looks over at Stephen and laughs.

ERIC
It's nothing.

Stephen cradles his cut hand to his chest, almost in tears.
Fighting hard not to break down.

STEPHEN
If I don't get this cleaned it will
get infected. Have you ever seen an
infected wound, well I have. So
watch your fucking mouth because
you don't know what you're talking
about.

Ryan takes a close look at the cut. It's nothing serious.

Ryan goes to a drawer, pulls out a small bandage roll.

RYAN
You'll be OK.

STEPHEN
You better not try and fuck with
me.

ERIC
He's helping you isn't he?

BRETT
Can we move this along.

STEPHEN
Do a good job.

RYAN
You'll be fine. No infection. I
promise.

ERIC
(to Stephen)
What the fuck is your problem?

Stephen stares hard at Eric, deadly serious.

STEPHEN
I have never been sick in my life.

ERIC
You're a big baby.

Ryan supresses a laugh.

Stephen spits out at Eric's direction. Ryan finishes up
dressing the cut.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan with the saw gets to work on the old man's skull.

The old man still shaking and convulsing is held down by Stephen, Eric and Brett. But they're struggling, it's clear that this old man is a whole lot stronger than all three of them combined.

Ryan uses the saw with skill and ease and is able to remove the top part of the skull.

It seems to have no effect on the patient. Still throwing himself around.

Ryan uses more of the given surgical tools and is able to remove the brain intact and without seemingly to cause any damage to it.

Brett comes away from the body that now falls completely still. Brett opens up a metal case. Gestures for Ryan to place the removed brain inside it.

He does. Brett closes the case and locks it. He smiles, obviously happy.

BRETT

Ok. Two left.

RYAN

I'm not going to get into trouble for this?

Eric laughs.

ERIC

You just took that guys brain out.
Too late to be asking questions like that.

BRETT

You're serving your country. You'll be praised not punished.

ERIC

But you can't say what this is?

BRETT

Classified.

RYAN

(to Eric)
Remember?

ERIC

Yeah, but the soldiers outside
armed and ready to kill us don't
make me think we're working for the
good guys.

STEPHEN

You have no idea what's good or
bad.

Eric rubs more drugs onto his gums.

ERIC

I think I do.

STEPHEN

A sheltered drug addict. I sized up
you the moment I laid eyes on you.

ERIC

I'm not a drug addict.

STEPHEN

Rubbing all that shit on your gums.
I see you.

ERIC

Well if you hadn't had broken my
nose I wouldn't have to rub it on
my gums. I'd still have my nose.

Stephen laughs at him.

STEPHEN

Yeah, that proves your not a drug
addict. Well said. Small boy.

ERIC

Careful or I'll slap that tiny cut
on your hand and watch you cry,
bitch.

Stephen grits his teeth, squares up to Eric.

STEPHEN

Do I have to teach you who's the
real man again?

ERIC

Using Kung Fu bullshit moves is
cheating.

Brett gets in between them.

BRETT

Enough. I don't know how long these
other bodies have left.

Brett gestures to the other male patient.

The other remaining patients are still shaking and
convulsing. The older patient is completely still. His brain
out, his body has completely shut down.

Brett places his hands down onto the other male patient,
pushing down.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's finish this.

Stephen joins him pushing down.

Ryan finds the saw. Holds it ready.

Eric comes over to them, takes a close look at the patient.

ERIC

He looks like someone I went to
school with.

STEPHEN

Stop fucking around.

Brett keeps his focus on Ryan.

BRETT

Are you ready?

Ryan shows him the saw, waves it over this second patient's
head.

RYAN

Just keep him still.

Eric reaches down and moves the man's hair out from his face.

ERIC

I really swear I know this guy.

STEPHEN

Keep him still!

ERIC

Wait, I think...

This second patient suddenly jolts up and is able to bite
hold of Eric's hand. Sinking it's teeth deep. Locked in.

Eric screams out in agony. Trying to pull his hand free, it's no good. It's stuck. The patient's jaw is locked.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Fucking hell, help me.

BRETT
Fucking hell.

STEPHEN
That's what you get for not listening.

ERIC
Ryan, please.

Ryan races around and uses the saw on the male patient's jaw. Cutting quickly.

Eric's still screaming.

BRETT
Don't damage the brain.

ERIC
My fucking hand.

Blood is running down Eric's arm and hand. Bleeding heavily. The male patient's teeth must be all the way down to the bone.

Ryan with the saw cuts the patient's jaw off. And Ryan is able to pull Eric's hand free. Teeth embedded into the skin.

Stephen and Brett share a concerned look.

BRETT
(to Eric)
You need to sit down.

ERIC
No shit.

STEPHEN
You're fine. Now sit.

ERIC
At least I didn't cry.

Ryan guides Eric over to the lazy boy, getting him to sit down.

RYAN
I'll have to get these teeth out.

Eric shakes his head.

ERIC
I need to go to the hospital.

BRETT
No one leaves until we're done.

RYAN
Look at him. You've got me. You
don't need him.

BRETT
No one leaves.

Brett turns to Stephen.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Strap him down.

ERIC
Strap me down?

BRETT
It's to protect you.

ERIC
You're so full of shit.

STEPHEN
If any one tries to leave my men
will shoot them.

ERIC
You don't need me here. Look at my
hand.

BRETT
No one leaves.

ERIC
Fuck you.

STEPHEN
Enough. You're getting strapped
down.

RYAN
No.

BRETT
It's for him.

ERIC
My fucking hand is still bleeding.

RYAN
I'm not leaving him like this.

BRETT
Then fix him, quick. Don't leave my
guy bleeding out. I need his brain.

ERIC
Charming aren't you?

Stephen jabs a finger into Eric's face.

STEPHEN
You got yourself into this mess so
quit bitching.

ERIC
You're the bitch.

Ryan gets his tools and another roll of bandage.

RYAN
(to Eric)
This is going to hurt.

Ryan pulls out those embedded teeth, cleans then wraps Eric's
hand.

Eric wriggles around in the seat, hurting.

ERIC
Fucking hell.

Ryan works fast, he then scowls at Brett and Stephen.

RYAN
I'm going to want some fucking
answers. No more of that can't tell
me shit.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric is now strapped to his lazy boy chair with rotten and
dirty looking ropes.

Ryan is sawing open the head of the other male patient. He
removes his brain, perfectly intact.

He places this into a second case that Brett holds onto, then
quickly seals closed.

Brett is beaming.

BRETT
Good. Excellent. Just one more.

ERIC
I don't feel so good.

Eric's face is soaked in sweat, and he's struggling to keep his breathing slow and steady. A rapid heartbeat. Burping, like he's going to be sick.

RYAN
What's happening to him?

STEPHEN
Just finish your job.

ERIC
I'm going to be sick.

Brett guides Ryan over to the female patient.

BRETT
Here. Get to work.

ERIC
I'm going to be sick, I'm serious.

RYAN
I need to check on him.

BRETT
You need to finish. We're so close.

Ryan continues to watch Eric, he throws down the saw.

RYAN
No. He's my friend.

He goes over to Eric.

BRETT
Don't touch him.

Eric's eyes close and he's now hyper ventilating. Snarling and snorting like a wild animal.

Ryan keeps a safe distance back from Eric, disturbed.

RYAN
What's happening to him?

STEPHEN
Finish what you've started.

RYAN
What the fuck is happening to him?

BRETT
You touch him and the same will
happen to you.

STEPHEN
We've got nothing to tie you up
with. You touch him I'll kill you.

Ryan spins around to face them.

RYAN
You know what this is so why won't
you say?

BRETT
It's classified.

RYAN
Fucking hell. Then I'll just touch
him.

STEPHEN
Then you'll be sick and I'll kill
you.

RYAN
Why do you care if I get sick too.
There's other brain surgeons out
there.

BRETT
I haven't got time to be hunting
for someone else.

RYAN
What the hell, I might just touch
him right now.

STEPHEN
No.

RYAN
Why do you care?

STEPHEN
I'm not getting this sickness. I'm
not getting it.

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
I'll burn the god damn house down
with all of you in it if I have to.

RYAN
Jesus. You know these people.

Ryan gestures to the people on the hospital beds.

Stephen nods.

STEPHEN
They were good people.

Ryan can't help but laugh when he hears this.

RYAN
Christ, that's how you treat good
people. Lucky them. Well that's not
how I treat my friends. I'm going
to help him.

BRETT
You can't.

RYAN
Watch me. I'm still a doctor.

Ryan takes another step towards Eric.

BRETT
Stop.

RYAN
I'm helping him.

BRETT
(screaming)
No!

Ryan is stunned by this outburst, stop and looks over at
Brett.

Brett gives in.

BRETT (CONT'D)
We were working on a project that
enables humans to continue living
even after the heart, the lungs,
liver, kidneys have shut down. To
keep the brain alive. We're close.
Without their brains to study we
lose everything.

RYAN

And these three people here?

BRETT

All three are the top three brain surgeons in the world. You're fourth. You're the fourth best brain surgeon in the world.

RYAN

So you lied to me.

BRETT

Yes.

RYAN

That's why you're here?

BRETT

Yes.

RYAN

So this project. It went wrong?

BRETT

No.

RYAN

Well that's what it looks like.

BRETT

You don't understand.

RYAN

Maybe because you've kept me in the dark?

BRETT

This project once perfected will turn this country into a global super power again.

RYAN

So it's world conquest?

BRETT

It's about returning us to our former glory.

RYAN

It's failed.

Brett points at the patient's.

BRETT

They've been dead for three days.
But still they move. They walk.
Their brains work and function.

RYAN

Could have fooled me.

BRETT

It just needs perfecting.

RYAN

You're insane.

BRETT

Just get me their brains.

RYAN

And if I say no?

Stephen steps forwards.

STEPHEN

If we don't make it perfect, there
is no way back for your drug addict
buddy over there.

Ryan thinks on this hard.

BRETT

You're in too deep now. Take their
brains out. Give them to me and
allow me to perfect the project.
Save your country.

Ryan lowers his head, doesn't know what to do or what to say.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric still strapped to his chair is now just how the others
were, thrashing around, trying to break out. A full bloodied
zombie. His transformation complete.

Eric's eyes closed, teeth gritted and drenched in sweat
throws himself around but can't get out of the ropes that
keep him tied down.

Ryan has a hold of the saw, standing at the head of the
female patient.

Brett and Stephen do their best to try and keep her pinned
down to the hospital bed.

But Ryan can't keep his eyes off of Eric. Stephen sees this. He reaches over and slaps Ryan as hard as he can across the face, leaving a red hand print mark.

STEPHEN
Hey. Fuck face. Here. Focus. Cut
her fucking brain out.

Ryan stares hard at Stephen.

RYAN
What did you hit me for?

BRETT
Alright both of you, stop.

STEPHEN
You needed a slap back to reality.
Now get this done. One left.
Finish.

BRETT
Please Ryan.

Ryan waves the saw he's holding at Stephen.

RYAN
Don't forget I'm the one holding
the saw. I'm the surgeon. I'm
capable of cutting your fucking
brain out too. Although, I'm pretty
sure you're head is fucking empty.

BRETT
Ryan you're so close.

RYAN
Yeah, to giving you what you want.
But I can't work like this.

STEPHEN
You've already done two so don't
lie.

Ryan returns to watching Eric, grimaces, his heart breaking.

RYAN
He's my fucking friend. I can't
work when he's suffering only a few
feet away from me. It's not right.

STEPHEN
You've been giving an order.

RYAN

I'm not one of your soldiers.

STEPHEN

But one word from me and they'll come in here and shoot you like a dog.

RYAN

I don't care anymore. I can't work like this.

BRETT

Yes you can.

RYAN

He's suffering.

BRETT

He's not, he's just being infected.

RYAN

I'm not going to let him die.

BRETT

Then help me. I can fix him. But I need all three brains. To know what went wrong.

RYAN

With your bullshit super soldier serum?

STEPHEN

We're creating an army of super soldiers and you laugh, but you don't even know that we're on the edge of changing the world.

RYAN

Super soldiers? Look at them.

BRETT

I need her brain.

Ryan gestures to Eric.

RYAN

He's in agony. I can't just stand here and do nothing.

BRETT

Just finish.

RYAN
He's my friend.

STEPHEN
Fuck this.

Stephen comes away from the female patient. He finds a large blanket and covers Eric with it. Draping it over his head. Covering him up.

Ryan is stunned.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
(to Ryan)
Do you feel better now?

RYAN
You really think that's fixed it?

STEPHEN
You didn't want to look at him,
problem solved.

RYAN
You're insane.

STEPHEN
Back to work.

BRETT
If you care for him you'll help me.
Me and you Ryan, we want the same
thing.

RYAN
Are you so sure about that?

Brett nods.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan saw's open the females head, exposing her brain and using the other tools he's able to remove it.

Brett holds open a third case, ready to take it.

BRETT
That's it. You've done it. Perfect.

STEPHEN
You see, that wasn't so hard was
it?

Ryan holds onto the brain carefully in his hands, but hesitates before placing it inside the waiting box.

He looks over at Eric, still covered up by the blanket and shaking violently underneath it.

Ryan returns to Brett and Stephen.

RYAN

I've done everything you've asked.

Brett gets annoyed.

BRETT

Give me the fucking brain.

RYAN

Hold on.

STEPHEN

What the fuck are you playing at.
You've fucking finished. I'm met
some dumb fucking people in my time
but you've got to be the worst.
Just hand it over.

RYAN

I want you to take us with you.

BRETT

Impossible.

RYAN

You want this brain, you take us
with you.

BRETT

I can't.

RYAN

Then you don't get it.

STEPHEN

And what the fuck are you going to
do with it?

Brett takes a step forwards to Ryan.

BRETT

Just hand it over.

Ryan holds the brain in just one hand and holds it high above his head.

RYAN

You try and take this from me and
I'll drop it.

BRETT

No.

RYAN

It hits the floor and it's over.

BRETT

Just put it in the box.

RYAN

You take us with you.

STEPHEN

You don't even know where we're
going.

RYAN

I'm desperate. I don't care. I'm
not turning my back on Eric. I'm
not leaving him like that.

BRETT

You can't come with us.

RYAN

Of course I can. You're taking
those brains that I fucking
removed, you're taking them to
study them. Some government
facility right?

Brett and Stephen share an uneasy look.

BRETT

No.

RYAN

What do you mean no.

STEPHEN

We don't work for the government.

This news hits Ryan hard, almost dropping the brain he still
holds onto it out of sheer shock.

RYAN

Then who the fuck are you?

Stephen holds out a hand to Brett, pleading.

STEPHEN

Just fucking tell him. You want that fucking brain. Tell him.

BRETT

I'm a concerned citizen.

RYAN

Jesus fucking Christ.

BRETT

I hired the countries best brain surgeons. To study. To learn. A new virus that I had stolen from a secret Chinese research plant. They're building a secret unbeatable army. I went to the government. I went to tell them to warn them. And they tried to have me thrown in jail. So I found Stephen. A high ranking general. Someone who would understand.

STEPHEN

And together will shall build an army to stand up to whatever our enemies might have. And return this country to it's rightful place as the most powerful in the world.

RYAN

I can't believe what I'm hearing.
(to Brett)
So you're just some guy?

BRETT

I'm someone who sees the world for what it really is.

RYAN

So what the fuck did you want from me?

BRETT

Exactly what you've done. Theses brains. So that they can be studied.

RYAN

And where are you going to take them?

Brett doesn't know, shrugs.

BRETT

Home.

RYAN

Home! I cut three fucking brains out so that you can take them home?

STEPHEN

We are trying to build something here. But our own government is trying to stop us.

RYAN

Good. I'm on their side.

STEPHEN

No. When we perfect the project. Are able to infect our soldiers and make them unbeatable. Can't be killed...

RYAN

(interrupting)

Turn them into fucking zombie. A zombie army. That's what you want. How the fuck does that sound like a good idea to you?

STEPHEN

I've fought and serve my country. I've seen many of my men die in battles. A zombie army that I will lead to victory sounds like a fucking dream to me.

RYAN

A nightmare.

BRETT

Give me the brain.

RYAN

No. You've fucking killed my friend.

STEPHEN

He killed himself because he wouldn't listen.

RYAN

Fuck you.

STEPHEN

This is where we say goodbye.

RYAN
(to Brett)
You need to stop this.

BRETT
I can't. We must continue. I will rebuild all that I lost. I had a state of the art facility but the government raided it and shut it down. These three bodies here are all that we could get out.

RYAN
And those soldiers out there?

STEPHEN
Two of my most loyal men.

RYAN
And the rest of the army?

STEPHEN
Are trying to hunt us down. But they will not catch me.

RYAN
This just keeps on getting better and better doesn't it.

BRETT
These three brains are the sum total of my research. Of the millions that I have spent on this. I need them or I'll have wasted everything.

RYAN
And my friend.

BRETT
Leave him in here. And come with us. Work for me.

RYAN
No.

STEPHEN
Enough. We've been here way too long. We're still on the run. We have to keep moving. If they find us here we're all fucked. They'll shoot to kill.

BRETT

Come with me or stay here. It's up to you. But give me that brain. It belongs to me.

Ryan throws the brain down onto the floor and stamps on it.

RYAN

No. Go to hell.

Brett looks down at the squashed brain. Screaming out in agony.

BRETT

No!

Ryan quickly moves behind Eric tied to the chair. Holds the saw still in his hands to the ropes that keep Eric tied down.

He holds the teeth of the saw to these ropes. From this position he can easily cut them free.

Brett in a rage throws the box at Ryan.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(to Stephen)

Kill him. Get your men in here now.
Kill him.

RYAN

You do that and I'll cut him free.

BRETT

You're done.

STEPHEN

You cut him free and he'll attack you too.

RYAN

Maybe. Or maybe he'll go for you two first and I'll make a run for it. Either that or wait to get shot, so I prefer my way.

STEPHEN

You're not getting out of this.

BRETT

You're fucking dead.

RYAN

Changed your tune haven't you?

Brett turns to Stephen.

BRETT
No one gets out of here. I'm not
losing all that I've worked for
because of this fucking idiot.

Stephen goes to the open door and calls out to his soldiers.

STEPHEN
Soldiers.

The two soldiers appear in the doorway, ready for their orders.

RYAN
(to the soldier)
Get out of here. You're going to
die if you stay. You're working for
a madman. You're going to die.
You've got to trust me. Run now.

The soldiers ignore him.

STEPHEN
(smiling)
Seal this door, and you do not open
it without my say so.

The soldiers salute and instantly get to work. The broken door is pushed into place then we hear the sound of nails being hammered into place. Sealing the only door to the garage from the outside.

Ryan watches them with fear in his eyes.

RYAN
(to Brett)
Now what? What the fuck do you
think is going to happen now?

BRETT
You're going to cut your friends
brain out and give it to me.

RYAN
You're insane.

BRETT
I came here looking for three
infected brains and three infected
brains is what I'm going to come
away with.

RYAN

Why the fuck would I do that?

STEPHEN

Because you're not getting out of here unless you do.

RYAN

How the fuck can I trust either of you?

STEPHEN

What other choice have you got son?

BRETT

Give us your friends brain, or die. I'm ready to die for this.

STEPHEN

So am I.

Brett grins at Ryan.

BRETT

Cut him loose and all three of us will be turned into these things. Or, give me his brain and I'll leave. You won't get paid now. Punishment for wasting my time. But at least you'll still have you're life.

STEPHEN

So what's it going to be?

Ryan for now still holds his ground, still holds the saw to the ropes as he considers his options.

Ryan spits out at the floor, furious.

RYAN

You fucking bastards.

Stephen goes over to the garage door that's now been nailed into place.

He pushes against it but it doesn't budge.

STEPHEN

You're not leaving here without me giving the order.

BRETT

So what do you say?

RYAN
You'll just kill me once I'm done.

BRETT
Cut those ropes and you're dead.

RYAN
But if I do what you say and I'm
dead. Either way I'm fucked.

BRETT
I've made you an offer. Seems to me
that all you can do is hope that
it's real.

Ryan begins to cry.

RYAN
This isn't fair.

Stephen and Brett both share a smile, both thinking they've
got Ryan right where they want him.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Stephen, Brett and Ryan all have hold of the ropes that keep
Eric tied to the chair.

STEPHEN
We work together, if he gets out
were all dead. Understand?

Brett and Ryan are both nervous, but nod showing that they
understand.

Stephen reaches over and removes the blanket that was
covering Eric.

Eric, still looking like the zombie that he has become,
wriggles and convulses in the chair. Snarling and snapping
his teeth.

RYAN
Jesus Christ, what have they done
to you?

Stephen leads, Brett and Ryan try their best to help. They
allow Eric to stand up out of the chair, having hold of the
ropes they struggle to contain him.

STEPHEN
Lets move him over.

Eric fights with super human strength. Pulling and twisting his body.

Stephen slips and falls on the floor in front of him. Eric with his teeth showing drops down as though he's going to bite.

Brett throws up his hands in panic.

BRETT

No!

Ryan is the only one still with a hold of those ropes wrapped around Eric.

Ryan pulls back with all his strength and weight. He's able to yank Eric back just before he's able to bite Stephen's face.

He pulls Eric across the floor.

RYAN

Help me.

(to Brett)

You piece of shit, don't just stand there.

Brett snaps out of his panic and again takes hold of the ropes.

Stephen leaps up to his feet and grabs hold of the other end of the rope on his end.

Standing in a triangle around Eric, working together all three are able to keep him contained. Like a lassoed wild bull.

STEPHEN

Ok. Lets get him moving.

Ryan scowls across at Stephen.

RYAN

Don't I even get a thank you?

STEPHEN

For what?

Ryan shakes his head, shocked.

RYAN

For saving your fucking life.

STEPHEN

We wouldn't be in this situation if you'd just done as you were ordered from the start.

RYAN

You'd be just like him now if I hadn't stepped in.

STEPHEN

I was fine.

Ryan laughs, stunned.

RYAN

I should have just let him bite you. Chewed your fucking face off.

BRETT

What the fuck are we doing with him now.

STEPHEN

(to Brett)

You're afraid.

BRETT

Yes.

STEPHEN

Then do as I say.

RYAN

We tried that already, you almost got your face ripped off.

Stephen ignores him.

STEPHEN

We step together. Bring him over to the bed.

They work as a team and are able to slowly edge Eric over to where Stephen wants him.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric is now strapped to the bed in place of the female patient who's lifeless body has just been pushed off and left in a heap on the floor.

No care or consideration for her at all.

Brett takes out the saw and holds it out to Ryan.

BRETT

You've done it three times before.
Just do it one more time.

RYAN

I can't.

STEPHEN

He's already dead.

RYAN

That's not the point. I'm not going
to mutilate my friends body.

STEPHEN

To hell with you.

BRETT

I've tried to explain what we're
doing here.

RYAN

You haven't tried to explain shit,
it's all been one great big mystery
since you came in here. To get any
kind of answers from you has been
like pulling fucking teeth. And I'm
sick of it. You remind me of my
father. Lies after lies.

BRETT

Handsome man was he?

RYAN

No. Ugly inside and out.

BRETT

Your insults don't effect me. We
had a deal. Don't forget.

Ryan pushes through, wants to make his point.

RYAN

My father expected me just to do as
I was told. Not to ask questions
and just get on with it. I became a
doctor to impress my father. I
became a surgeon to gain his love.
It never happened. And when he died
I realised something. I realised
that I knew nothing about him.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

Because he never told me anything about himself. He never shared a single thing with me that wasn't already public knowledge. And you're the same. You don't tell me shit and you still expect me to do as you order.

BRETT

I expect you to do your duty just like I am doing for my country.

Stephen reaches down and snatches the saw out of Brett's hand.

STEPHEN

To hell with this. I've had enough. I'll do it.

BRETT

Wait. Ryan, help us.

RYAN

No, not this.

Stephen takes the saw to Eric's head, cutting roughly into the skull. A hack job.

STEPHEN

I'll get it out.

Ryan watches on with disgusted, it's his friend but he can't help but watch.

RYAN

You fucking bastards.

Brett watches on with fear in his eyes.

Stephen continues to saw, trying to copy the same techniques that Ryan used but he's doing a messy job of it.

BRETT

Be careful.

RYAN

You've never done this before.

BRETT

Then help us.

RYAN

No.

STEPHEN

It's fine. I'll get it out of there. One way or another.

Stephen continues to cut around the skull until he's able to remove it. Exposing the brain.

RYAN

Fucking hell.

STEPHEN

See, easy. You should have let me do this from the start.

Stephen is oozing confidence, but Brett is wracked with worry, pure panic flowing through him.

BRETT

Just don't damage the brain. Be careful.

RYAN

Have you ever removed an organ before? A kidney. Liver? Anything?

STEPHEN

I've seen men blown apart on the battlefield.

RYAN

What the fuck has that got to do with this?

BRETT

This isn't war now Stephen. It's surgery.

Stephen picks up tools at random. But despite clearly not knowing what it is he's doing he still attempts to remove Eric's exposed brain with it.

RYAN

I wouldn't use that one if I was you.

At these words Brett frantically snatches the tool out of Stephen's hands and throws it across the room.

BRETT

Don't.

STEPHEN

What are you doing?

BRETT

I need this brain, perfect.

Stephen grabs another tool.

RYAN

Oh, I really wouldn't use that one.

Again this has the same effect on Brett who snatches from Stephen and throws it against the wall.

STEPHEN

He's fucking with you, can't you see it?

BRETT

I need it.

RYAN

You don't know what you're doing.

Stephen now places his hands against the exposed brains of Eric.

STEPHEN

(to Ryan)

You either remove it yourself or I'll rip it out right here.

RYAN

Get your hands off his brain.

STEPHEN

I'll rip it out and shove it down your throat. I'll make you eat this fucking brain. And don't test me.

RYAN

Fuck you.

STEPHEN

Then you take it out. Or I will and I'll make you eat it.

BRETT

I need answers to understand what went wrong. Don't let this all be for nothing.

RYAN

I hope you both rot in hell.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Ryan is now at Eric's head with Stephen and Brett keeping a close eye on him.

Ryan uses the correct tools and technique, getting ready to remove Eric's brain.

RYAN

Alright. Give me some space.

At this request both Stephen and Brett take a couple of steps back.

STEPHEN

Don't try and do anything stupid.

BRETT

I need it to be the perfect specimen. Don't damage it. It has to be one hundred percent.

Something then catches Ryan's eyes.

RYAN

Hold on.

BRETT

No, no more delays. Just do it.

RYAN

I see it. What causing this. Look. It's a fungus. I can remove it.

STEPHEN

What the hell are you talking about?

Ryan shows them a small green patch on the side of Eric's exposed brain. It does indeed look like a small fungus patch.

RYAN

I can save him.

Ryan laughs excited.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I can remove it. I can save him. He's going to be alright. I can do this I know I can.

STEPHEN

You didn't say that about the others.

RYAN

I didn't see it on them. Maybe they had been infected for too long. The fungus seeped too deeply into the brain. But if I was at the hospital, I could have had scans and tests done. I'm doing this all by my eyes alone. But I can save him. I just have to remove it.

STEPHEN

You think you can find that fungus on the other brains that you removed?

RYAN

If I can cut them open I'm sure I will.

Brett is sweaty and nervous.

BRETT

No. Those brains are mine.

RYAN

Fine. But I'm saving my friend.

BRETT

No, you're going to remove his brain and give it to me.

Ryan continues to work, using the tools around him he starts to examine the fungus, already trying to work out the best way to remove it.

RYAN

I'm taking this off.

BRETT

That fungus is what I've been looking for.

Ryan stops, turns around to face Brett.

RYAN

So you've been lying to be again. What a fucking surprise.

Stephen seems surprised too.

STEPHEN

This is the first I'm hearing about it too.

BRETT

I need that fungus. That's why I brought these bodies for you. I needed a sample of it.

STEPHEN

(shocked)

What are you talking about?

RYAN

(to Stephen)

Don't you see. He's being lying to you too.

Stephen squares up to Brett, furious with him.

STEPHEN

What's going on? I had one thing that I wanted from you, that you tell me everything. But now you say you've been keeping me in the dark. This is unacceptable.

BRETT

I didn't know if I could trust you.

Stephen punches Brett hard in the face. Sending Brett crashing down to the floor in a heap.

Stephen explodes with rage.

STEPHEN

I gave up my military career for you. For the promise that you would give me an army of super soldiers. I gave up everything. I'm a wanted criminal now. Those soldiers out there. They gave up everything too.

Brett spits out a mouthful of blood.

BRETT

What is happening here, is the beginning of an alien invasion. Before tonight. Only four men knew of it. I was one of them. I was tasked with getting a pure sample of the fungus. A living sample.

RYAN

This is so fucked up.

Stephen kicks out at Brett.

STEPHEN

You used me.

BRETT

You were using me too. You wanted world domination. Don't act like a victim. You're just never going to get to become the dictator that you always dreamed of becoming.

RYAN

So tell us the truth.

BRETT

An asteroid hit earth.

RYAN

Where?

BRETT

Classified.

Stephen again kicks out at Brett's legs, harder.

STEPHEN

You son of a bitch. After everything I've done for you you're still lying to me.

BRETT

A team was sent to inspect the crash. This fungus was all over it. Infected them. Turned them into zombies. They were brought in to be tested. Studied. They showed intelligence. After a six month period the fungus had complete control. It was an alien race. It plans to take over and destroy the human race. To take earth as it's own. Told us that hundreds more asteroids covered in fungus are on their way. We needed to understand the fungus. But we didn't know how it worked. We couldn't get a pure sample. A living sample. Once we cut people open the fungus was already dead. I was tasked with getting that sample. So the idea was to infect people.

RYAN

On purpose?

BRETT

Yes. No one could know what was happening. So I went on my own. No help. Just me. I'm trying to save the planet.

RYAN

You're killing people. Using them like animals.

BRETT

It is that or wait for an alien invasion and be destroyed. We need to know their weakness. How to defeat them. And the only way to do that is with a living sample. And you've found it. The three other scientists...

STEPHEN

(interrupting)

That are now dead on the floor with their fucking brains missing.

BRETT

Yes. They were infected after they failed to test and study the fungus properly.

RYAN

So I'm the first?

BRETT

You're name will be known all over the world. You'll be the most famous doctor on the planet. You've saved the world.

STEPHEN

And what the fuck are you going to do with me?

BRETT

I had to lie to you. I needed a man with your skills and resources to help me break any laws and convince people like Ryan to help me even if they didn't want to.

STEPHEN

You fucking used me.

Brett slowly gets back up onto his feet.

BRETT

And I'd do it all over again.

RYAN

And you expect me to believe you?

BRETT

Yes.

RYAN

Despite the fact that you've been
lying none stop since you got here?

Brett gestures pleadingly to the exposed brain with the patch
of fungus.

BRETT

Look for yourself. Look at that and
tell me I'm lying.

RYAN

Then you really do work for the
government?

BRETT

Yes. This whole area is surrounded.
Under watch. This is it. Earths
last hope.

STEPHEN

Surrounded. Bullshit.

BRETT

It's true. You're soldiers have
probably already been arrested.

STEPHEN

Why?

BRETT

I sent out a message. After you
threatened to have Ryan killed I
ordered your soldiers to be taken.

Stephen laughs, but he's looking scared.

Stephen heads over to the sealed door and bangs on.

STEPHEN

Soldiers?

No answer.

BRETT

Stephen, I suggest you sit down now
and act like a good little boy.

Stephen bangs on the door again.

STEPHEN

Soldiers. I'm giving you fresh
orders. Answer me.

No answer. They're not there.

RYAN

They're gone. I think he's telling
the truth.

Stephen marches over to Brett, ready to punch him again.

STEPHEN

Then what is going to happen to me.
Made into a scapegoat if this all
goes wrong?

BRETT

If needed. Yes.

STEPHEN

You bastard. I'll kill you.

BRETT

And what good will that do?

STEPHEN

I'm getting out of here. And you're
coming with me. I'm not spending
the rest of my life in jail.

BRETT

Is that all you can think about
right now?

STEPHEN

You fucking lied to me. You took
everything from me. I won't
surrender. I won't rot in some
dirty stinking prison. If you're so
valuable then I'll take you out
there with me.

BRETT

You're not thinking straight.

RYAN

Stephen, maybe you really should
just sit down.

Stephen staggers around the garage, holds his hands to the
sides of his head. Struggling to think straight.

STEPHEN

Shut up. Both of you, shut up. Shut
up.

RYAN

Just sit down Stephen. I need to
get my head around all of this.
Every time I think I know what's
going on something else comes up.

Stephen returns to Brett.

STEPHEN

We're leaving together. You're
going to get me money. And a plane.
And I'm out of here. I gave up my
career. My pension. My wife. My
family. All for you.

BRETT

(rolls his eyes)
And you call me a liar?

Stephen grits his teeth, looks ready to explode.

STEPHEN

What?

BRETT

You know why you agreed to all that
I asked for you, and it wasn't out
of the goodness of your heart.

Stephen snaps, reaches out and takes a hold of Brett's
throat. Squeezing.

STEPHEN

I should kill you where you stand.

Brett takes out a knife from his pocket, flicks it open and
plunges it deep into Stephen's neck.

Stephen lets go, holds his hands to his now bleeding neck.
Staggering backwards and stumbling over. A fountain of blood
sprays out of his neck where he's stabbed.

Stephen collapses first down to his knees. He looks up at Brett who still holds onto the blood soaked knife.

Stephen opens his mouth as though to speak but all that comes out is more blood. Choking, he's dying.

Stephen then flops forwards onto his face. Dead. Bleeding out fast.

Brett turns to Ryan who holds his hands up in surrender.

RYAN
You fucking killed him.

Brett puts the knife back into his pocket.

BRETT
You don't need to fear me.

RYAN
Oh no. Because you just killed your partner in crime.

BRETT
I had no more use for him. We're running out of time. He was a megalomaniac living in a warped fantasy. You shouldn't mourn him. He would have killed both of us.

RYAN
You're evil.

Brett seems to take this comment hard, frowning.

BRETT
Do you have any idea what it's like to be me?

RYAN
No, and I don't want to.

BRETT
I'm not evil.

Ryan gestures broadly around them, screaming.

RYAN
Look at all these fucking corpses. That's you.

Brett steps right up to him, nose to nose. Screaming right back at him.

BRETT

There's a fucking alien invasion coming. Heading to earth right now. How are you not hearing this?

RYAN

And you want to save the world by cutting up as many humans as you can. If aliens are coming, how do I know you're not one of them trying to trick me. You've killed enough. Got enough blood on your hands.

Brett shakes his head. He goes over to one of the chairs and sits down. Exhausted, he tries to catch his breath, to centre his thoughts.

BRETT

I haven't got time for this. Our world is coming to an end. This world as we both know it is close to collapse. And it's up to me to stop it. I can't sleep. Can't eat. I'm sick all the time. I need a release. I need to save everyone. If I fail we're all fucked. So, I can't fail.

RYAN

Then let me help you.

BRETT

Look, just give me his fucking brain. I will hurt you if I have to. But I don't want to.

RYAN

Look, you're not the only one who's having a bad day.

BRETT

I known about this for months. But I've not been able to talk. To tell anyone. It's been eating me up inside but I've not been able to talk to anyone.

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN

Well, that's your fault.

BRETT

Is it? How do I tell my friends, my family that an asteroid has hit earth covered in a fungus that takes over anyone it touches. What the fuck are they going to say? How can I make anyone understand. I've been alone, fearing that the lives of billions of other humans is on the brink of collapse. Because if we don't work out how to fight back we're all done for. It's easy for you and everyone else. Ignorant. But I know the world is coming to an end. And I know how it's going to happen. I've seen the beginning. And it's eating me up inside. I want to scream.

RYAN

Then scream.

Brett shakes his head, looks up at Ryan with disgust.

BRETT

Do you have any idea how many lives I've cost trying to find the answers to how to defeat and invading alien race. I'm responsible for the direct deaths of hundreds of innocent people and I'm still no closer to finding an answer. You're friends brain could offer us everything. You need to take it out. Unharmmed and undamaged.

RYAN

And I'm asking you to let me try and remove the fungus on my own.

BRETT

I can't.

Ryan moves over to Brett and pleads with him.

RYAN

Who will know?

BRETT

That fungus on his fucking brain is the alien race that's coming to conquer us.

(MORE)

BRETT (CONT'D)

We might not get another chance like this to at least work out how to fight back. Last chance. Last roll of the dice.

RYAN

Exactly. So let me have a go.

BRETT

No.

RYAN

Let me show you that I'm a real surgeon.

BRETT

You're asking me to put our last chance of a defence on hold for your ego?

RYAN

Prove myself worthy.

BRETT

This isn't just about you. It's about everyone on earth. The whole fucking human race.

RYAN

I lost my medical license. A botched simple surgery cost an eight year old boy his life. I did that.

BRETT

Well if we fuck this up three and a half billion lives will be lost.

Ryan's eye well up with tears, he pushes on. He needs Brett to hear his story.

RYAN

I held that little boy's parents hands in mine. His mother and his father. I promised them that he was going to be OK. And I fucked it up. I killed him. I got drunk on a lunch date with the head of the hospital. Trying to impress him. Trying to show him how well I could hold my whiskey. Then I returned to do the surgery drunk. My hands shaking. I killed him. I'm a fucking child murderer.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's my own fault. I threw it all away trying to impress a man I don't even like because he could have helped my career. Increased my wage. And at the end of it all, a boy is dead who came to me looking for help.

Ryan then breaks down crying.

Brett stands up, looks like he wants to spit in Ryan's face.

BRETT

Fuck you and fuck your story. Since I was picked. Given the task of working out how to fight back at these aliens I haven't been able to return home. Speak to anyone. Not my wife. Not my children. Not my parents. For months. Total silence, locked away in a military base trying to work all this out. Well, they think I'm dead. I saw my own funeral on the news.

Now it's Brett who breaks down crying.

Ryan can't look at him.

RYAN

I'm sorry.

BRETT

No. Fuck you. I got to see my family attend my fucking funeral. Thinking I was dead. My wife right now is trying to get over me. My fucking kids are trying to accept the fact that their dad isn't coming home. That they never got to say goodbye. They buried an empty box. They think I left without a word. Dead. But I'm not dead. And I can't do anything about it. You still think I've got it easy?

RYAN

No.

BRETT

Then do as I say. Give me your friends brain and let me put an end to all of this.

RYAN

I can't.

BRETT

Yes you can. You've given me two already.

RYAN

Then use them.

Brett shakes his head. He finds those two sealed boxes with the two already removed brains. Kicks out at them in frustration.

BRETT

These aren't going to give me what I need.

RYAN

How do you know?

Brett points at the fungus that still visible on the top of Eric's exposed brain.

BRETT

There's the fucking fungus. It hasn't entered the brain fully yet. It's still visible. It can still be tested and studied.

RYAN

You've got two brains. That should be enough. I'm losing my friend. Just because you've had it rough why do I have to go through the same?

BRETT

You're not going through the same. Don't you fucking dare say that. My wife and children aren't the fucking same as your fucking friend. Just cut the fucking brain out. And do it now. Right now. Enough. Give it me.

Brett comes over to Ryan, slamming his hands into Ryan's chest once, twice, three times. Putting more and more force into the shove each time.

As he attempts to shove Ryan for a fourth time, Ryan slaps Brett's hands away.

Both men emotional. Both men with tears in their eyes.

RYAN

Well you've still got a wife and you've still got those kids. And they've still got you. Well, I've got no one.

BRETT

I don't care.

RYAN

Well I do. I've got no family. Eric is all I've got left. The only one in my life. It might not sound like a lot to you but it means everything to me.

BRETT

I don't care.

RYAN

I've known him since I was three years old. We were together all through school. College. I was bullied all through school and he protected me. When my father kicked me out of the house when I was fifteen. He took me in. When I was struggling through medical school he fed me. Clothed me. Gave me money no questions asked. Every time I've fallen he's been there to pick me up.

BRETT

I'm talking about saving the fucking planet you selfish prick. None of what you're saying to me means anything.

RYAN

Well you're still going to listen. I owe him too much. I've got to at least try and save his life.

BRETT

You've fucking cut his head open. It's too late for that.

RYAN

I didn't do it.

BRETT

Well you let us.

RYAN

I thought he was gone. But he's got a healthy brain in there. I can remove that fungus.

BRETT

And then what?

RYAN

I want to see if he wakes up.

BRETT

You're the fucking evil one. Willing to let the planet die just so you don't lose one friend.

RYAN

I owe him at least to try. You've got two infected brains. Use them.

Ryan returns to the boxes. He opens the first one. Takes out the brain with his bare hands and throws it onto the floor. Stamping on it.

BRETT

Look. No fungus.

Brett breaks the brain apart with his foot. As he destroys it, none of the fungus can be seen.

RYAN

What the fuck!

BRETT

You see. It's already too late.

RYAN

You fucking idiot.

Brett opens up the second box. Does the same. Takes the brain out. Slams it down onto the floor and stamps on it with both feet.

BRETT

The fungus is gone. Your friend's brain is humanities last hope.

RYAN

So they died for nothing. I operated on them for nothing. All because I don't want to kill my friend. You're insane.

BRETT

No. I've got the weight of the world on my shoulders. I know and understand what's at stake and you don't. I'm willing to do what it takes to save this planet. That's why I was chosen. Now move.

Brett grabs a hold of Ryan. Ryan tries to fight against him.

Brett punches Ryan in the stomach. The wind knocked out of him Ryan throws a punch of his own at Brett, catching him in the side of the head.

Brett is hurt but he punches Ryan in the jaw. A good clean hit. Sends Ryan down to the floor.

Brett stands on the back of Ryan's leg. Putting all of his weight onto his calf. Causing Ryan a considerable amount of pain.

Ryan screams out.

RYAN

Get off me!

Brett grabs a fist full of Ryan's hair and delivers a hard slap across his face.

BRETT

You're going to do what I say or I will kill you.

RYAN

You'll never get the brain out without destroying it without me.

BRETT

Well I'm willing to give it a try.

RYAN

His brain is all that we've got now. Because you destroyed the others. You're the one who's ruined humanities chances.

BRETT

From what we know the asteroids containing the alien fungus will enter the earths atmosphere by the end of the week. So far we have no way of stopping human to human transmission. We have no way of stopping them.

RYAN

Then why even bother?

Brett still with a hold of Ryan's hair turns his head and forces Ryan to look at Eric's exposed brain.

Brett points at the fungus on display.

BRETT

That's what we've got. And that's what we're using.

Brett then drags Ryan, who's kicking his legs wildly. Brings him over to Eric and dumps him down onto his knees.

RYAN

I can get the fungus if you just let me try.

Brett slaps him around the back of the head.

BRETT

Cut the brain out. No more questions.

Ryan stays down on his knees his head hanging low.

RYAN

You don't even know what you're after anymore.

BRETT

I'm after his brain. So give it to me.

Brett then collects up the tools he thinks Ryan will need for the job. Dumps them down in front of him.

RYAN

How do I even know if this is real? What if you're just some crazy person?

BRETT

Real or not. You're going to give me what I want.

RYAN

You still haven't even told me your name.

BRETT

I've already told you too much.

RYAN

Fucking hell. You should be telling me everything. Haven't I earned that right?

BRETT

You couldn't wrap your head around it. Your friend is dead and you can't even let go of him. You're not strong enough for the truth. I've looked into the eyes on an alien who told me that earth was about to be conquered.

RYAN

Was this in a mental hospital? Were you talking to a mirror?

Brett shakes his head.

BRETT

I knew the face. I knew the voice. It was someone I had worked with for years. Knew his family. Knew everything about him. He got infected by the fungus. One we didn't operate on. Let the fungus grow and develop. Take over him fully. I spoke with that alien trying to understand. And all it talk about was conquest. How all life on earth would be taken over and added to their empire. You get it now?

RYAN

Sure.

Ryan picks up a scalpel. He examines the fungus. Inspects it.

Brett watches him closely.

BRETT

What the fuck are you doing?

RYAN

I'm removing the fungus that you want so badly.

Brett removes his flip knife. Holds it to the side of Ryan's neck.

BRETT

You take the fucking brain out or
I'll kill you. Give me the brain.

Ryan is shaking, terrified.

RYAN

I'm giving you the fungus and I'm
keeping my friend.

BRETT

You fucking idiot.

RYAN

You kill me now and you don't get
shit.

BRETT

You're willing to die for this?

RYAN

Just let me operate. Let me do what
I'm good at.

BRETT

You got your licence revoked. How
good can you be?

RYAN

Sit back and watch.

Brett shakes his head, fuming.

Ryan starts to peel away the growing fungus. With skill and
precision he's able to lift the fungus off from the brain.

As he starts to remove a small piece of the fungus he sees
healthy brain underneath it.

Ryan smiles.

RYAN (CONT'D)

You see. I can do this.

Brett still holds the knife to Ryan's neck.

BRETT

Don't make me do it.

Ryan has now successfully removed a small chunk of the
fungus. He shows it to Brett. Pleading.

RYAN

Here. This is what you want. Here.
Take it. Do what you want with it
but leave me with him. You don't
have to kill anyone else to get
what you want. You should be happy.

There's only a little fungus left on the brain. Brett looks to it fearfully.

BRETT

I'm taking that brain.

Ryan stands up, turns to face Brett. Getting himself in front of him. Almost nose to nose. He waves the fungus at him.

RYAN

Take it then you bastard.

Brett stabs Ryan in the stomach, twisting the blade and leaves it buried in him.

Ryan gasps for air. Dropping to his knees. He reaches down and touches the blood that now oozes out of him. In a state of shock.

BRETT

Nothing is going to stop me.

Ryan is struggling to breathe but still manages to fight on.

RYAN

You're just a fucking killer.
That's all you are.

Brett reaches down, takes the fungus that Ryan's still holding, rips it from Ryan's grip and drops it onto the floor.

Brett stamps on it. Dragging his foot back and forth, destroying the fungus completely.

BRETT

Once I've made it out of here with
your friend's brain. I'll let
everyone know what a failure you
were. I'll tell the world that I
came seeking your help but you
killed those scientists.

Ryan spits out a mouthful of blood.

RYAN

You still won't say their names.

Brett raises his voice, talking over the top of him.

BRETT

I'll say that I brought them here healthy and alive and you killed them. But I managed to stop you. Remove that idiots brain and save the world from an alien invasion.

RYAN

Fuck you.

BRETT

Your name will go down in history. As a failure. A failure of a doctor and a failure as a human being.

RYAN

You won't be able to take his brain out without damaging it. You said so yourself.

BRETT

Oh well. I'll still give it a try.

RYAN

You were who they picked. A murderous psychopath?

BRETT

Lets not throw insults around, you're the one who lost his medical licence. You're not even a doctor anymore. You should be glad you're dying. You don't even have a life anyway.

Ryan grabs onto the handle of the knife and with all his inner strength he's able to slide it out.

Brett kneels down in front of Eric, inspecting his exposed brain. Still with a little of the fungus on show. He's clearly thinking, how the hell am I going to do this.

Ryan discards the knife, tossing it away from him.

The loud clattering sound it makes as it skids across the floor grabs Brett's attention.

Brett looks over his shoulder, first at the knife then at Ryan who's bleeding much more heavily now that the knife has been removed.

Ryan sees him watching.

RYAN

Fuck you.

BRETT

Nice to see that you're speeding up the process. Trust me, you're worth more dead than alive. I'll donate your body to medical research. Let a bunch of clumsily students cut you open and play around with your insides.

RYAN

I'm not going to be beaten by a maniac killer.

Brett places a hand to his chest, laughing.

BRETT

Is that me? I'm the maniac. I'm the killer?

Ryan drags himself across the floor, leaving a trail of his own blood behind him.

RYAN

With you leading the defence, humanity doesn't stand a chance.

BRETT

You think you could do better? There's only one killer in this room and that's you. You'll go down in the records as a doctor who killed. They'll build fucking statues of me.

RYAN

Noble aren't you.

Ryan continues to drag himself, trying to reach his desk.

Brett comes away from Eric, leans against the chair and watches Ryan with interest, smirking.

BRETT

What are you doing?

RYAN

You could help me.

BRETT

It's funnier if I don't. I thought you were nothing but a worm up until this point. It's the first time you've shown me that you've got any kind of fight inside of you. Which is ironic. The first time you're not a worm, you happen to be wriggling across the floor just like one.

RYAN

Go to hell.

BRETT

That might be where we all end up soon enough.

Ryan gets to his desk, reaching up his hands he takes hold of one of the drawers and opens it. Pulling it free and slamming it down onto the floor beside him, only just missing his own head.

Inside it, medical supplies. Bandages, plasters, painkillers and other first aid paraphernalia.

Ryan gets to work on his stab wound. Cleaning it, packing it and sealing it up with a bandage. Quick work. His hands soaked in blood, but the bleeding from the wound has stopped.

Brett nods along as he watches Ryan working, impressed.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Well, well, well. Looks like you're a doctor after all.

Finished, the pain is huge and Ryan is close to passing out.

Ryan falls backwards, lying on the floor, his face drenched in sweat.

RYAN

I'm a surgeon. And a god damn good one.

BRETT

Yeah, I can see that.

RYAN

I don't care what you think. But at least I got to remind myself of who I really am. A god damn skilled surgeon.

BRETT
It still doesn't change anything.

RYAN
So where are your men?

BRETT
What?

Ryan rolls himself over onto his side, watches as Brett returns to Eric and inspecting his brain.

RYAN
You've won. You've got what you wanted. So where's your backup? If you really have all this confidence from the top members of our government. If you really are the man, the saviour, where's your backup. Why not just take away his whole body?

BRETT
Because I'm taking the brain as it's all I need.

RYAN
Yeah, but tell me why? Why bother?

BRETT
I don't need to tell you anything.

RYAN
No shit. You've told me very little since you got here.

Brett finds and takes hold of a scalpel. He starts poking and prodding around Eric's skull. Searching for a good spot to cut.

Ryan forces himself up onto his knees, causing himself incredible pain.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(gritted teeth)
You don't work for the fucking government.

Brett smiles to himself.

BRETT
Does it rally matter now?

RYAN

Yes. I want to know what all of this was really for? Who are you really?

BRETT

You're not making it out of here alive, so quit thinking that you are.

RYAN

Then tell me what I'm dying for.

BRETT

For the battles and wars that are about to be fought. Do these aliens have a weakness. Can the fungus be killed?

RYAN

Well you just fucking stamped on some of it. You tell me.

BRETT

Enough. I'm done.

Ryan shuffles over towards him on his knees.

RYAN

I'm not going to let you kill my friend.

BRETT

We've been over this. He's already fucking dead. Both of you are.

Ryan continues to shuffle on his knees, very slow. His cut stomach causing him agony.

RYAN

I'm not just going to let you do it.

Brett holds the scalpel ready in his hand, is about to make his first cut of Eric's brain.

BRETT

It's all over now.

Ryan weakly punches out at the back of Brett's legs. Not able to cause much in the way of damage, it does do one thing, it creates a huge feeling of annoyance within Brett.

Brett's concentration is broken. He places the scalpel down and turns to face Ryan, still on his knees.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Enough. I've killed hundreds in the name of science. In the name of research. To learn. I've sacrificed people I loved and people I respected. But I tell you now, Ryan. I kill you now because I hate you. I kill you now because I know I'll enjoy it.

RYAN

Who are you?

Brett kicks Ryan in the head, cutting his forehead open, a nasty looking gash.

Ryan falls backwards, hitting the floor hard. Dazed and confused.

Brett then stamps down onto Ryan's face, knocking out a couple of his teeth.

BRETT

I'm going to squash you like a bug.

Ryan sees some of the removed fungus still on the bottom of Brett's shoe. Imbedded into the shoe's tread.

RYAN

Do it again.

Brett is furious now, stamping down onto Ryan's face much harder than the first time. Putting all of his weight into this attack.

BRETT

Just fucking die.

As Brett pulls his stamped down foot away, he's made even more of a mess of Ryan's face. Knocked out more of his teeth. His mouthful of blood and nose broken.

But something else has been left behind. That same fungus that Brett had stamped on has now been transferred onto Ryan's face.

Ryan, with a shaking hand reaches up to his face where the fungus is, wipes it from his skin and slips his fingers into his mouth. Sucking the fungus down and swallowing.

Brett sees it all taking place, powerless to stop him. Brett reaches down and pulls Ryan's fingers out from his mouth.

BRETT (CONT'D)
You fucking idiot. What have you done!

RYAN
Fuck you.

BRETT
That's how you want to die? You know what you'll become.

RYAN
Enjoy.

Ryan smiles as his eyes then roll into the back of his head and his whole body starts to shake.

Brett rushes back to where the medical equipment is, he picks up the scalpel and a saw.

Ryan's body continues to violently convulsive and shake as the fungus rapidly takes over his whole body. He's turning into what all those others had become.

Brett attacks with his found weapons, stabbing and slashing out at Ryan with all his strength. Fighting like a wild animal.

But the fungus has taken hold and Ryan is now a zombie, a member of the walking dead. And these weapons seem to have no effect on him at all.

Ryan attacks back, sinking his teeth into Brett's neck and biting down hard.

Brett screams and tries in vein to resist but it's no good. Ryan kills him, Brett's now lifeless body flopping down onto the floor amongst all those others.

Ryan now staggers around the garage, lost. An infected zombie, trapped inside his former man cave.

INT. DOCTOR'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The doors to the garage are slowly forced open from the outside. Heavily armed soldiers stand on the other side. Wearing bio hazard suits they aim their tranquilizer guns in at Ryan.

Ryan still a zombie runs towards them, arms out stretched, snapping his teeth and going for the kill.

The soldiers shoot out several tranquilizer darts, all hitting Ryan in the chest and causing him to collapse to the floor.

The soldiers then slowly enter the garage, slow, sharing looks.

SOLDIER
Jesus Christ, what the fuck
happened here?

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

Ryan sits up awake in bed, back to normal. He's bandaged up, he's obviously gone through a lot.

Wires in his arms, a heart monitor beside him.

Ryan is writing into a large crossword puzzle book. Enjoying himself. Enjoying this rest.

The door to the room opens. Ryan snaps his head up, on edge.

A large heavy, bald man in a suit stands in front of him.
BRAD, 60, he smiles at Ryan.

BRAD
Good to have you back with us.

Ryan can't help but laugh.

RYAN
Where am I?

BRAD
You're safe. A military hospital.
You're going to be alright. But we
need to keep you in here for a
while.

RYAN
Like a prisoner?

BRAD
No, you're a hero Ryan. A true
hero.

Again Ryan has to laugh.

RYAN

Why, what did I do?

BRAD

You saved the whole planet. The entire world owes you their gratitude.

RYAN

You're going to have to bring me up to speed. If you don't mind.

BRAD

The man who came to see you. His name was Brett.

RYAN

Yeah. I hope you're going to fill in some blanks for me.

Brad sits down on the edge of the bed, lets out a long deep breath.

BRAD

You've seen a lot, but I think even though what I'm about to tell you is shocking. You'll be able to handle it.

RYAN

Go on.

BRAD

He was a alien. He wasn't human. He in fact escaped a secure prison we had built for him. When an asteroid hit there was a fungus on it. The first man who found it, became infected and had his body taken over. That was Brett. It took that man, took over him. Even took his memories.

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

So why did he come to me?

BRAD

He needed to work out how to spread his fungus. He wanted to take over the whole world. It was an invasion of one.

RYAN

Shit.

BRAD

Shit indeed. We had hoped to learn from him. Share ideas. Information. But all he was interested in, was infection. But the problem was everyone he infected, turned into these brainless creatures that couldn't be controlled and only wanted to kill.

RYAN

So why me?

BRAD

He believed that if he could study the effects of the fungus on the human mind he could learn how to change the fungus to work as he wanted. To take us over, to be able to control us all. Like a hive mind. Where he would be king.

RYAN

Fucking hell. And I thought he was the good guy.

BRAD

No. That would be you. We understand how to kill the fungus. We just couldn't catch him. Thankfully you did that for us.

RYAN

And Eric? My friend, he was in there with me.

Brad smiles. He looks over towards the door and yells out.

BRAD

It's OK. You can come in now.

The door opens again and now Eric enters. Sporting a huge scar that goes all the way around his head.

He comes over, smiling.

ERIC

Hey.

Ryan lets out a cheer.

RYAN

Oh my god.

Eric and Ryan hug. A loving embrace.

ERIC

I've been told I've got to thank
you for not removing my brain.

RYAN

Not that you'd notice much change
if I did.

They both laugh, playfully wrestle with each other.

Brad stands up and gently eases them apart.

BRAD

(to Eric)

Come on. He needs his rest.

Eric smiles at Brad.

ERIC

Have you told him the other news
yet?

Brad shakes his head.

Ryan switches between the two men, confused.

RYAN

There's more? I'm still trying to
come to terms that I'm the one who
stopped an alien from taking over
the planet.

BRAD

Well, we'd like to offer you your
medical licence back.

Ryan thinks this over.

ERIC

Awesome right?

Ryan looks back to them, a serious face.

RYAN

No.

Eric frowns.

ERIC
What do you mean no?

RYAN
I don't want it.

Brad is surprised too.

BRAD
It's OK. After what you've done.
You deserve it.

Ryan is still deadly serious.

RYAN
No. It was right that I got it
taken away from me. I made an
unforgiveable mistake. That's why
it was taken from me.

ERIC
You're fucking crazy. They're
giving it to you. Just take it.

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN
No thank you. I'm not a surgeon
anymore. But I'm going to be OK. I
took medicine to please my father.
I lost my license because I caused
terrible pain. I don't want it
back. And I shouldn't get it back.

BRAD
Are you sure. You are a hero.

RYAN
I like hearing that. But I need to
work out what to do with the rest
of my life. Something different.
Something new.

ERIC
You're a fucking idiot.

RYAN
Yeah. I guess.

Brad puts an arm around Eric and leads himself and Eric
towards the door.

BRAD
We'll let you rest.

Ryan nods. Picking up his crossword puzzle book and picking up where he left off.

RYAN

Thanks.

Eric looks to Brad as they both exit the door.

ERIC

I told you he was an idiot. The
Dumbest doctor you'll ever meet.

Eric and Brad leave. Closing the door behind them.

Ryan smiles to himself. Continues to fill in the crossword puzzle he's determined to enjoy his rest and recuperation.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END