

THE DECAYING WORLD

By

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EPISODE ONE:
"TURNING POINT"

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSTON, HIGHWAY - DAY

A PRISON BUS drives along the highway flanked by POLICE CARS amongst civilian VEHICLES.

INT. PRISON BUS, MOVING - DAY

CONVICTS shackled and cuffed, two per seat, remain silent as the bus chugs along. A PRISON GUARD walks the aisle.

MACK, 39, a disheveled wreck with heavy eyes and a daunting appearance, sits silently with his head bowed and eyes locked on the floor.

TATTOO, 30s, mean looking, sits next to him staring out of the window.

TATTOO

So what the man get you for?

Mack remains silent.

TATTOO

(to the guard)

Are we there yet?

PRISON GUARD

Quiet.

TERRENCE "TINY" ADAMS, 32, burly and biker-like with a mane of tangled hair and scruffy beard, gazes out the back window at the distant Houston.

TINY

I shouldn't even be here. I never did anything wrong.

TEX, 30s, a dope-head, SNICKERS next to Tiny.

TINY

Wrong place, wrong time.

TEX

That's what we all say. It never gets us anywhere.

EXT. HOUSTON, HIGHWAY - DAY

A MINIVAN passes the prison bus.

JULIA, 36, worn out and delicate, drives it.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Julia turns down the radio, checks the rear-view. EVAN, 5, a cute little guy with charming features, watches the prison bus in the back seat.

EVAN

Where are they going, mommy?

JULIA

A long way from here.

ELLIE, 17, pretty and curvy, hair in a ponytail and wearing a cheerleader outfit, leans over the seat.

ELLIE

They're going to prison. If you're not good, you'll end up there too.

JULIA

Ellie.

ELLIE

Just saying.

Ellie smiles. Julia shakes her head.

JULIA

Don't scare your brother. He'll never end up on that bus.

ELLIE

Maybe not that one.

JULIA

Ellie. How many times?

ELLIE

I'm just kidding, mom.
 (leans over, whispering to
 Evan)
 I'm not kidding.

Evan gulps as Ellie winks.

JULIA

Don't listen to your sister, Evan.
She doesn't mean it.

ELLIE

Mom you're gonna miss the turn.

EXT. HOUSTON, HIGHWAY - DAY

The minivan takes the turnpike. The prison bus glides on.

On the opposite side of the road, COP CAR sirens WAIL as dozens of vehicles speed toward the city.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT - DAY

Barbed wire chain-link fences envelop basketball courts and recreational fields where CONVICTS sit, talk and play ball.

SNIPERS on watchtowers keep an eye on the convicts and land.

The prison bus pulls up to the main gates. A GUARD, 20s, walks over. DRIVER, 20s, extends his pass.

The gates open. The bus drives in. The gates close.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS gather in cliques in the quadrangle before a large building boasting an old-style clock, ticking past 8am.

The minivan pulls into a cluttered parking lot. Ellie steps out slinging her rhinestone bag over her shoulder.

JULIA

I've got a client at three-thirty
so I won't be able to pick you up.

ELLIE

That's alright, I'll ride with
Jackie.

Ellie closes the door and looks at Evan.

ELLIE

Be good at school, Evan.

EVAN

I'm always good.

ELLIE
No you're not.

Evan hides a smile as Ellie waves to Julia. The minivan drives out of the lot.

Ellie heads to a group of SLUTTY GIRLS on the grass. JACKIE, 18, slutty and wearing a skirt as thin as a belt, waves.

JACKIE
Hey slut.

The girls manage a chuckle. Ellie adjusts her bag.

ELLIE
What's so funny?

JACKIE
We heard about what you did with Trent. He's been boasting.

ELLIE
Oh? What's "he" been saying?

Jackie joins her arm with Ellie's and they walk to the main building together.

JACKIE
He said you gave him the time of his life in the bleachers.

ELLIE
I didn't do anything. He tried it on and I pushed him away.

JACKIE
That's not what he's saying.

Ellie stops.

ELLIE
Where is he?

EXT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, ENTRANCE LOT - DAY

Convicts stand in a line. Tiny next to Tattoo and Tex. Mack stands with a few others, head still bowed.

ADDISON, 38, a real slick son of a gun in shades and police uniform, claps a baton on his hand as he walks down the line studying them.

ADDISON

This is my house. I make the rules.
You obey them.

Addison sizes up Tiny, who nervously gulps.

ADDISON

If you step outta line you'll spend
the majority of your time in a very
small cell all by your lonesome.

Addison walks past Tex and Tattoo.

ADDISON

I run a very tight ship here. You
play by the rules your time here
goes by in a heartbeat.

Addison stops at Mack, taps him on the shoulder with the
baton. Mack looks up.

ADDISON

Eyes forward, boy. No slacking.

Mack grits his teeth. Addison smiles and walks back down the
line, sizing up the new inmates.

ADDISON

You are here because the world
beyond those gates doesn't need you
in it.

Addison stops, looks over the inmates.

ADDISON

And I'm here to make sure that when
you get out, you're better.

Tex manages a chuckle. Addison confronts him.

ADDISON

Did I say something funny, boy?

TEX

No boss.

Addison checks the clipboard, looks up at Tex.

ADDISON

We gonna get you clean. And when
you walk out those gates you'll
have a new lease on life.

TEX

Whatever you say, Texas Ranger.

Addison smiles, nods to SINCLAIR, 29, beefy and broad, all kinds of mean, standing over by the door.

ADDISON

Sinclair here's gonna show you to your accommodation. Keep it clean and tidy. I like my ship spotless.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, SPORTS FIELD - DAY

TEENAGE BOYS huddle on the field. Some throw footballs, others run the track.

TRENT, 17, handsome, with surfer-hair, pummels a football in his hand as he shares a laugh with CHAD, 17, charming, over by the bleachers.

Ellie and Jackie walk over. Trent smiles, raises his arms for a hug.

TRENT

Ellie...

Ellie SLAPS Trent in the face. Chad chuckles. Jackie HISSES. Trent fumes, shooting her an angry look.

TRENT

The hell was that for?

ELLIE

To make me feel better.

Chad's in hysterics.

ELLIE

We NEVER did anything. I thought you were different from everyone else, but you're just another guy with more focus on his dick than his life.

TRENT

Ellie wait a sec-

ELLIE

No. Me and you will NEVER be. Go find another puppy to play fetch with because you lost your chance.

Ellie storms off, Jackie rushes after her. Chad claps Trent on the shoulder.

CHAD
You just got schooled by a
cheerleader.

Trent shrugs him off, retaining his smile.

TRENT
Screw you.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - DAY

Tiny stands with Mack on the upper walkway outside a cell. Tex and Tattoo down below outside their own.

Sinclair sticks a key in the system turns. All cell doors slide open.

SINCLAIR
Move in.

Inmates move into their cells. A bunk, steel sink and toilet, an empty mantelpiece.

Tiny glares at the top bunk.

TINY
I get top bunk?

Mack takes the top bunk. Tiny sighs, sits on the ground one. The cell door closes.

TINY
I hate it here. I'm claustrophobic.

Sinclair runs a baton across the cell bars. Tex and Tattoo sneer as he passes.

SINCLAIR
Lights out in five. I suggest you
get to know your cellmates because
you're gonna be spending the next
year with them.

TATTOO
What a dick.

TEX
Tell me about it. I knew a guy like
him once.

TATTOO
How interesting.

Tattoo takes the top bunk, lies back. Tex sits down, sighs.

TINY
So what are you in for?

MACK
I killed a guy for talking too
much.

Tiny gulps, sinks back on his bunk and glares at the wall.

Mack smirks, rests his hands behind his back and looks up at the drab ceiling.

The lights go out. Sinclair leaves the cell block, locking the door shut on the way.

SINCLAIR
Nice night ladies.

Sinclair stifles a chuckle, twirls the keys as he WHISTLES a catchy tune and walks away.

Mack glares up at the ceiling, closes his eyes.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pink mostly, with boy-band posters on the walls. A prom dress hangs from a closet door also outfitted with a mirror.

Ellie lays on her bed, feet in the air as she types away on her laptop.

A knock at the door alerts her. She closes the laptop as Julia walks in.

ELLIE
Hey. Just get in?

JULIA
Yeah.

Julia picks up clothes on the floor.

JULIA
Jack's been banging on about my
presentation all night. Kept me a
few more hours than anticipated.

Julia sticks the clothes in a laundry basket, and takes a seat on the bed. Ellie perks up.

ELLIE
Something wrong?

JULIA
You know that guy I met?

ELLIE
I recall meeting him once. Why?

JULIA
I think he's gonna propose.

Julia blushes. Ellie's eyes go wide.

ELLIE
You're not serious?

Julia nods.

ELLIE
What about dad? What about us?
We've never really met the guy and
you think he's gonna propose?

JULIA
Ellie, I really like this guy.

ELLIE
Well I don't. I hardly know him and
you can't just move on from dad. He
still loves you.

JULIA
Your father walked out on us.

ELLIE
No mom, he was dragged out by cops,
there's a difference.

Julia sighs, grabs the laundry and attempts to exit. She stops at the door.

JULIA
I just want you to be happy for me,
Ellie.

Ellie stares at Julia.

JULIA

He's coming in the morning. I
thought you could meet him and see
for yourself.

Julia leaves.

Ellie opens the laptop, calls someone on SKYPE. Jackie
answers, appears via web-cam.

ELLIE

About that drink...

JACKIE (V.O)

Pick you up in five?

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Framed certificates hang off the walls. Pictures sit on a
cluttered desk boasting a computer monitor.

Addison enters inmate information. He types, takes a drink
of whiskey, checks the document.

A knock at the door gains his interest.

ADDISON

Come in.

Sinclair walks in looking flustered.

ADDISON

What is it?

SINCLAIR

You gotta see this.

Sinclair turns on the TV, flips to the news station --

-- CHAOS, everywhere. COPS fight RIOTERS in the streets of
Houston. All hell is breaking loose.

Addison sinks back in his chair pondering on a thought.

SINCLAIR

You believe this?

ADDISON

Well there's only so long citizens
will put up with cost increase.

Sinclair agrees.

ADDISON
It'll blow over.

Sinclair shuts off the news.

SINCLAIR
Listen man, I know it's a touchy
subject but...Fiona, how is she?

Addison clasps his hands, sighs.

ADDISON
She's doing fine. Chemo's a bit
much but the doc says she fighting.

Sinclair smiles.

SINCLAIR
Well she did marry you. She needs
all the strength she can get.

Addison manages a chuckle. Sinclair walks to the door.

SINCLAIR
Have a good night, man.

ADDISON
Yeah, you too. Give my love to
Beatrice.

SINCLAIR
Oh, trust me. I will.

Addison furrows his brows. Sinclair chuckles, leaves.

Addison shakes his head, returns to his work. His eyes catch
a glimpse of a photographed FIONA, 36, beautiful and frail.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight spills through shades on the window. Sirens WAIL
in the distance.

Fiona, hooked up to an IV drip and under drugs, lies asleep
on a gurney.

DR. MALCOLM GREENE, 34, a kind looking man with glasses and
a white coat, sits by her bedside.

His cell vibrates in his pocket. He fishes it out, answers.

GREENE
Dr. Malcolm Greene.

INTER-CUT WITH: HUNTSVILLE UNIT, OFFICE

Addison pours himself a whiskey, returns to his desk, taking a seat.

ADDISON
Hey doc. It's Addison Taylor.

Greene adjusts his glasses, sits up.

GREENE
Mr. Taylor. Rather late to be making a social call.

ADDISON
How is she?

Greene looks at Fiona, mops sweat from his brow.

GREENE
She's doing well. It's been hard for her but...I think she'll pull through. She's a fighter.

Addison smiles, gazing at Fiona's photograph.

ADDISON
Is she well enough for a visit?

GREENE
She has her good days and bad days. But I think seeing you might give her something to fight for.

ADDISON
I'll be there in the morning. First thing. And doc, don't tell her.

Greene smiles.

GREENE
I'm sure she'll appreciate the surprise, Mr. Taylor. Have a nice night now.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

Nice and middle-class with new furnishings. A couch sits before a 40" HDTV.

Julia sips wine, curled up in a ball on the couch, reading a ladies health magazine.

The lights flicker. The TV turns off. Julia looks around.

JULIA
(sighs)
Not again.

Julia walks to the window, pulls aside the curtain --

-- A storm rages. Telegraph cables sway in the breeze. A transformer SPARKS. Rain bludgeons the quaint neighborhood.

JULIA
What on earth...

Julia watches a FAMILY hurriedly pack their stuff into an SUV. A MAN, 30s, helps a CHILD into it.

JULIA
Must be late for vacation.

Julia returns to the couch. The TV turns on, startling her. She glares at the TV --

-- EMERGENCY NETWORK flash-screen, no signal "Please stand by" on the bottom.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The Man rushes around to the driver's side as heavy wind batters the fence. He grabs the door handle.

A ZOMBIE, 30s, big and fat, grabs the Man and brings him down to the earth. The Child CRIES in the back seat.

MAN
No! Get off! NO!

It bites his neck. He CRIES. Blood drizzles down his neck.

MAN
No! NOOOOO!!!!

Zombie bites his lips off. Man's feet kick against the asphalt as he SCREAMS.

MAN
AAAAAHHHAAAHHAAA!!!!

EXT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT - NIGHT

Thunder and lightning rage in swirling, ashen clouds.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates the cell block, striking every corner in flashing blue.

Tiny sweats in his bunk, trembling ferociously. Mack listens to the storm outside, wide awake.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

EXOTIC DANCERS slither around poles like snakes as MEN throw cash at them.

People DANCE the night away as a DJ spins records.

Jackie flashes her FAKE ID to the BARTENDER, 30s, who slings a bar cloth over his shoulder and takes a look.

Jackie smiles, mimicking her photograph.

BARTENDER
What can I get you?

JACKIE
Two martinis, dry.

Bartender heads off. Jackie swings her hips side to side, bumping into a nervous Ellie.

JACKIE
Relax babe.

ELLIE
I don't like it here. Everyone's looking over here.

JACKIE
Who?

ELLIE
Two guys in the far booth.

Jackie looks over at two HANDSOME YOUNG MEN, early 20s, both with great hair, clothes and physiques. Jackie waves.

ELLIE

Don't encourage them.

JACKIE

Don't be a party pooper, Ellie.
It's time to let loose, have a
little fun.

Bartender slides two martinis across the bar. Jackie pays, grabs the drinks and hands one to Ellie.

JACKIE

Come on. We gotta shake our pompoms
at them.

Ellie chuckles, following Jackie onto the dance floor. The two men pay close attention.

Jackie dances. Ellie jives, very poorly.

JACKIE

That's not hot, Ellie.

ELLIE

I...what are we doing exactly?

Jackie points to the two guys.

JACKIE

We're gonna dance together and make
them buy us drinks. But you gotta
play along.

Ellie sighs. Jackie takes her hand.

JACKIE

Shake it like you mean it. Swing.
Your. Hips.

Ellie swings her hips. Jackie admires her moves, laughs.
Ellie stops, throws up her hands.

ELLIE

What?

JACKIE

You look sooo awkward.

ELLIE

(chuckling)
Shut up.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Addison stuffs paper into a filing cabinet. He looks up at the TV, turns it on. The emergency network sits on screen.

ADDISON

So much for late night shopping.

Addison turns off the TV, grabs a flashlight and leaves.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK A - NIGHT

Addison walks along, flashing his flashlight in random cells on CONVICTS, some snoring, some quiet.

COUGHING echoes from the distance.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Tiny COUGHS blood onto the wall. Mack stifles a yawn, turns over, plumps his pillow. Tiny COUGHS fiercely.

Tattoo wraps his hand around the bars.

TATTOO

Can you shut the hell up?!? I'm trying to get some sleep!

Tiny VOMITS, wakes up and rolls off the bed. He crawls to the toilet, vomits some more.

Mack grimaces, looking down from above.

MACK

You alright?

TINY

(sickly)

I'm fine...just a stomach bug.

Tiny COUGHS, spits bile into the toilet. He looks at it.

TINY

Oh...I think I need to see the nurse. I'm not feeling too good.

Mack hops off his bunk, walks to the bars.

MACK

Guard. Could use a little help. Got me a sick roomy.

Addison jingles keys at the cell block door. He opens it. The door SCREECHES. He walks in.

Tiny throws up. Blood splashes against the wall. He GROWLS as his eyes roll back.

Mack gingerly walks over. He sets a hand on Tiny's throat.

MACK

Hey...the hell's wrong with you?

Tiny opens his eyes, crystal white and bloodshot. He SNARLS and lunges at Mack, tackling him to the ground.

MACK

Holy shit...get off me!

Tiny snaps his jaws at Mack who holds him off. Mack grabs Tiny by the throat, keeping him at bay.

MACK

Guard!

Addison jogs up the stairs and to the cell. He stops at the bars, gasps.

Mack spots him standing there as he holds off Tiny.

MACK

A little help would be nice!

Addison fits a key into the cell door, wrong one. He jingles the bunch, tries another, wrong. Tries another.

MACK

Open the damn door!

ADDISON

I'm trying!

Tiny snaps down at Mack. Mack punches Tiny.

MACK

Stop trying and do it!

Addison unlocks the cell door, heads in. Tiny leaps off Mack, tackling Addison onto the walkway. Mack pushes up.

Tiny snaps down at Addison who holds him off. Mack rushes out, grabs Tiny. Tiny SNARLS at him.

Mack throws Tiny into the cell, slams the door shut.

He rips the keys out the lock as Tiny BARGES into the bars, reaching out. Mack backpedals just in time to avoid.

ADDISON
What the hell...

Tattoo and Tex stand at their bars. Most CONVICTS look on.

Tiny reaches through the bars, SNARLING manically. Mack studies him from a distance.

Addison stands, nicks the keys from Mack.

MACK
Are you seeing this?

Addison ushers Mack into a new cell, closes the door. Mack takes a seat on the bottom bunk.

ADDISON
You good?

MACK
Fine.

Mack checks his arms, no bites or scratches. He affords Addison a quick glance.

MACK
Thanks.

ADDISON
Yeah, sure thing.

Tiny GROWLS from the distance.

ADDISON
I'll call the nurse.

MACK
What you gonna tell her? You got a rabid inmate who tried eating another convict?

ADDISON
Yeah.

Mack SNICKERS.

ADDISON
Got a better idea?

MACK
Yeah, kill him.

ADDISON
I'm not killing anyone.

MACK
Might not have a choice "captain".

Addison sneers and walks away. Mack lies down, resting his forearm over his head.

Addison passes Tattoo and Tex. Tattoo grabs his sleeve.

TATTOO
Boss man, what's the deal?

ADDISON
Get your hand off me, boy.

Tattoo removes his hand. Addison leaves.

TEX
Asshole.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A DANCER, 20s, vivacious, slithers around a pole in a display room.

Jackie straddles CHET, 23, handsome in a chair. Ellie sits across the room with SCOTT, 21, charming.

Scott moves his hand up Ellie's leg. She slaps it away.

ELLIE
I'm not that kinda girl.

SCOTT
All girls are that kinda girl. You just don't know it yet.

Scott goes for her neck. She slaps him, gets up.

ELLIE
Jackie come on, we're leaving.

Jackie runs her hand down Chet's chest. He likes it.

ELLIE
Jackie!

JACKIE
Don't let the door hit you on the
way out.

Ellie shakes her head, leaves.

SCOTT
Mind if I join in?

CHET
Get your own.

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Ellie tries hailing a taxicab as PATRONS attempt to gain access to the nightclub.

A BUM, 30s, a wreck of a man, shuffles down the sidewalk COUGHING and SPLUTTERING past Ellie.

BUM
Excuse me...

Ellie acknowledges him.

BUM
Have you got some change? I'm not
feeling great.

Ellie hands him some change. He graciously nods.

BUM
Thank you.

A taxicab pulls up to the curb. Ellie enters.

TAXI DRIVER (V.O)
Where to, little lady?

Bum vomits on the sidewalk, to the dismay of the BOUNCER, 30s, who confronts him.

The taxicab pulls away and heads down the road.

BOUNCER
Sir, I'm gonna need you to-

Bum snaps his white, bloodshot eyes on Bouncer and lunges, tackling him to the ground.

PATRONS SCREAM as Bum rips into Bouncer's neck.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, A&E RECEPTION - NIGHT

Packed with SICK FOLK, coughing, spluttering, hosting various bite marks and scratches.

PARAMEDICS wheel a FEMALE VICTIM, 20s, through the doors. DOCTORS and NURSES converge around the gurney.

DOCTOR
What happened?

PARAMEDIC
She was mugged. Attacker bit her on the neck and left her for dead.

Doctor checks the bite. It's VERY deep.

Female Victim crashes, begins convulsing. Nurses and Paramedics fight to keep her down.

A PATIENT, late teens, ambles over to the RECEPTIONIST, bloodstained rag in his hand.

PATIENT
Ma'am, I need to see a doctor now.

RECEPTIONIST
Sir, please return to your seat. A doctor will be with you shortly.

PATIENT
I don't feel so good...

Patient COUGHS blood on Receptionist's face. She grimaces. He looks at her. His eyes roll back and he collapses.

Receptionist COUGHS, staggers into a chair.

A DOCTOR, 30s, checks on Patient by the counter. He checks his pulse, panics.

DOCTOR
I need a defibrillator, stat!

More PATIENTS succumb to the virus, collapse in their chairs and on the floor.

NURSES check on PATIENTS around the reception area. Paramedics wheel the Female Victim through doors.

NURSE
50cc's of adrenaline!

NURSE 2
She's crashing!

NURSE 3
I need adrenaline, now!

Doctor checks on Patient by the counter. Patient's eyes burst open, he attacks Doctor, biting his neck.

Patients attack Nurses, ripping into them like happy meals.

SCREAMS bellow. Blood splatters. Flesh SQUELCHES. All hell breaks loose.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - NIGHT

Greene watches chaos unfold through the small round window in the door. Fiona comes to.

FIONA
Doctor Greene? What's all the noise?

Greene watches a PATIENT tackle a DOCTOR into a trolley and viciously bite into him.

Greene slides a trolley under the door handle, locks it into position and backs off.

FIONA
Malcolm?

GREENE
It's okay. It's nothing.

Fiona looks over to the door as Greene heads to the window. He peers outside --

-- Chaos outside. PATIENTS and DOCTORS attack CIVILIANS. A PARAMEDIC climbs onto an ambulance roof to evade SEVERAL.

People scatter across the grass. ZOMBIES attack them.

GREENE
Dear god...

The lights go out. Fiona's machines flat-line. She panics. Greene consoles her.

GREENE
It's going to be fine, Mrs. Taylor.
Just stay calm.

FIONA
What's going on?

GREENE
I'm not sure.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Addison dials numbers, receives engaged tones and errors. He sighs, rubbing tired eyes as he takes a seat.

LIAM, 20s, fresh faced, bursts through the door.

LIAM
Sir, I got a situation in cell
block C. Come quick.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK C - NIGHT

PRISONERS yell and bang on bars as Liam leads Addison up the stairs to a cell.

They stop at a cell door. Liam points, fear across his face. Addison takes a look. His eyes go wide.

A CONVICT, 40s, burly, rips the intestines out of an INMATE, 30s, beefy, and chomps on them.

ADDISON
What in the name of...

Convict snaps his gaze on Addison and SNARLS. Addison removes his handgun.

LIAM
Sir?

Addison cocks the handgun.

LIAM
Sir, you can't shoot him.

Addison shoots Convict in the chest. No effect. Convict SNARLS and takes to his feet.

Addison lowers the handgun, shakes his head.

ADDISON
That's not possible.

Convict reaches out the bars. Addison backs up as the hand waves past his face. Liam looks on in shock.

LIAM
How did he survive that? You shot
him in the heart!

INMATE (O.S)
Let us outta here!

INMATE 2 (O.S)
You gotta let us out! Please!

Addison chucks Liam the keys.

ADDISON
Let 'em out.

LIAM
Sir?

ADDISON
Just do it. Get everyone outta this
cell block.

Liam remains.

ADDISON
NOW!

Liam hurries across the walkway, unlocking doors. Addison
stares at Convict.

ADDISON
What the hell are you?

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The taxicab pulls up to the sidewalk. Ellie steps out, pays
the driver.

ELLIE
Thanks.

Ellie heads up to her house. The taxicab drives away. A
distant dog WHIMPER catches Ellie's attention.

ELLIE
I know. I hate storms too.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Family photos, minus the father, sit on cabinets on laminate wooden floors.

Ellie hangs her coat on the rack and walks down the hall toward the kitchen.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marble counter tops and oak cupboards. Toaster, microwave, fridge with an ice compartment, tiled floors.

Ellie opens the fridge, browses. She pulls a can of soda, pack of ham and margarine out, closes the door.

NEIGHBOR, 30s, slender, bloodstained lips, half of his face ripped off, still in pajamas, stands in the archway.

Ellie gasps, drops the soda. It CRACKS on the floor, HISSES as soda shoots out.

ELLIE
Mr. Aleksandrov?!

Neighbor SNARLS and leaps over the counter, knocking the toaster and bread bin flying.

Ellie runs out of the way as Neighbor and the toaster crash to the ground. Neighbor pushes up, SNARLS again, lunges.

Ellie SCREAMS and runs out of the kitchen. Neighbor loses his footing, tumbles.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, LOUNGE - NIGHT

The TV lies on the ground. Coffee table flipped over. Broken glass from the window everywhere.

Ellie weaves around the couch. Neighbor tumbles over it, relentlessly pursues her.

ELLIE
MOM!

Ellie throws a lamp at Neighbor, doesn't phase him, he persists and runs after her.

ELLIE
(screaming)
MOM!

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Ellie grabs the banister, runs up the stairs. Neighbor rounds the corner, slips, rises again.

Neighbor grabs Ellie's leg. She hits the stairs, kicking at Neighbor furiously.

ELLIE
Get off! Get off!

Neighbor SNARLS, reaches. Ellie kicks him in the face. He lets go, tumbles down the stairs. Ellie scrambles upward.

ELLIE
Mom! Where are you?!?

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Ellie trips on the laundry basket, THUDS on the ground. Neighbor appears and SNARLS.

Ellie scrambles to her feet. She throws a table in the way. Neighbor falls over it, THUD.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellie closes the door, slides a dresser in front. Neighbor HAMMERS on it from outside. Ellie backs up, SQUELCH.

She looks down at a pool of blood on the floor. Panics as she turns around, finding --

-- Julia, neck ripped open and bloody white towel in place, sitting against the backboard barely conscious.

ELLIE
Mom?

JULIA
(weak)
Ellie...

Julia reaches out. Ellie goes to her mother.

ELLIE
Mom, what's happening? Why is Mr. Aleksandrov here?

JULIA
Oh...Ellie...I...

Julia gags, blood spits onto her chin. Ellie panics.

ELLIE
Mom, mom! Oh god...

Ellie grabs the phone, dials. Engaged tone sounds.

ELLIE
Shit...

JULIA
Ellie...

Julia grips Ellie's hand, looks into her eyes.

JULIA
You have to get...Evan out. Get as far...away from here...as you can.

ELLIE
Mom, don't talk like-

JULIA
Ellie...you have to listen to me.
No time to...argue.

Ellie cries, tears glide down her face. Julia sadly smiles.

JULIA
I'm...sorry...Ellie.

Julia's eyes roll back. Her hand and body falls limp.

ELLIE
MOM!

Ellie checks on Julia. She WINCES.

ELLIE
No...mom...please wake up...MOM!

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Inmates flood through the cell block doors. Liam opens cells. Inmates walk in.

Tattoo sneers at two NEW CELLMATES, one of them MEXICAN, 20s, occupying his space.

TATTOO
The hell is this? I ain't sharing
with no Mexican.

LIAM
Play nice.

MEXICAN
Yeah, homes. Play nice.

Mexican takes Tattoo's bunk. Tex sits back on his bunk as
BURLY, 30s, sits next to him.

All Inmates are in their cells. Liam closes doors.

MEXICAN
How long we gotta stay in here?

Liam walks off.

MEXICAN
That's not an answer!

LIAM
I didn't give one. Shut up and be
quiet.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK C - NIGHT

Addison studies Convict. Liam CLONKS up the steps, handing
over the keys.

LIAM
I put 'em in cell block B.

ADDISON
Alright, nice work.

Liam acknowledges Convict.

LIAM
Look at him. It's like...

ADDISON
I know what it's like.

Dead Inmate INHALES and wakes. His eyes bloodshot and white.
Addison and Liam watch in shock.

ADDISON
Okay...

Inmate joins Convict at the bars, both SNARL and reach out.

LIAM
What's happening to them?

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Mexican relaxes on the bunk, plumping the pillow. Tattoo paces around like a caged animal.

TATTOO
Something's going on out there. We deserve answers. They can't keep us locked up in here like rats.

MEXICAN
We are rats. To them at least.

Addison passes their cell.

TATTOO
Hey. What's going on?!?

ADDISON
Mind your own business.

Addison jogs up the steps.

TATTOO
You can't keep us locked up!

Addison checks on Tiny, still at the bars, SNARLING. He takes out his gun, cocks it and aims. BANG.

Mack hops out of bed, approaching the bars. Inmates grow rowdy, start yelling.

Tiny wears a bullet hole in his chest, but still functions, reaching for Addison.

ADDISON
Son of a bitch.

TATTOO
He just killed someone!

Liam rushes by, hand on his gun.

TATTOO
You gotta let us outta here!

LIAM
Calm down!

Tattoo frantically shakes the bars.

Liam rushes to Addison's side. Addison lowers his handgun, afford Liam a glance.

LIAM
What are you doing?

ADDISON
Look.

Addison points. Liam notices the gunshot.

ADDISON
Same result as before.

LIAM
What do you think this is?

Addison shakes his head, rubs his brow.

ADDISON
It's spreading among the prisoners.
We have to contain it.

LIAM
This lot are new, boss. This guy,
Terrence, he only arrived today.

Addison looks at Tiny.

LIAM
The other two have been here for
six months. Holiday and Shaw. I
read their files.

ADDISON
Anything there that suggests they
were sick?

LIAM
Holiday complained he had a stomach
bug. Nothing from Shaw.

Mack approaches the bars, sits his hands on them.

MACK
Chief! A word.

Addison hears, claps Liam on the shoulder.

ADDISON
We need to stub this out. Keep an
eye on him.

Liam nods as Addison rushes down the steps. Liam keeps his hand close to his gun.

Addison joins Mack by the cell.

ADDISON
What is it?

MACK
Heard your little buddy said some
guy called Holiday complained about
a stomach bug?

ADDISON
That's right.

MACK
Tiny mentioned something of the
sort too.

ADDISON
When?

MACK
'bout two seconds before he tried
ripping me apart.

Addison sighs, rubs his brow. Mack gets closer.

MACK
You need to let me outta here. I
got a family out there.

ADDISON
Think again, Inmate.

Addison walks away. Mack SLAMS the bars with his hand.

MACK
They need me!

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ellie opens the window, peers both sides of the street --

-- A ZOMBIE munches on a FAT WOMAN in the middle of the
road, ripping her organs out, chomping on flesh.

EXT. ABERNATHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ellie climbs out onto a narrow precipice. She backs into the wall, grips the guttering, and side-steps to a far window.

Neighbor appears down below, looking around. He joins in on the fat woman feast.

Ellie almost slips, regains her footing. She calms her nerves and slides to a window.

She opens the window, brushing aside curtains as she climbs into the room.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, EVAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Toys scattered across the floor. A messy bed by the wall boasting Wild West wallpaper.

Ellie navigates the treacherous toy-cluttered carpet, seeking Evan.

ELLIE
(whispering)
Evan?!?

She checks under the bed, nothing. She stands, looks around.

ELLIE
(whispering)
Evan, it's me! Come out! Please.

She closes on a wardrobe, reaching for the handle. She grips it, opens the door. A beanbag hits her in the face.

Evan holds a water pistol in a trembling hand, hidden behind hanging clothes.

EVAN
Get back.

ELLIE
It's me.

Evan slowly moves forward.

EVAN
Ellie?

Ellie nods. Evan launches at her, hugging his arms around her. She carries him out of the wardrobe, plonking him on the bed.

ELLIE
Are you okay?

EVAN
I heard fighting. Is mommy okay?

Ellie fights back emotions, reassures him.

ELLIE
Mom's fine. You need to pack a bag,
okay? We're going away.

EVAN
Where?

ELLIE
I don't know yet. But we have to be
really quiet and really fast. Okay?

Evan hesitates.

ELLIE
Evan. Did you hear me?

EVAN
Mom's not okay is she?

Ellie sighs, kisses him on the forehead and hugs him close.

ELLIE
We have to be strong.

Ellie looks deeply at him.

ELLIE
Pack some clothes. We're leaving in
five minutes.

EVAN
Okay.

Evan grabs a backpack and wanders over to the dresser. He
fills it up with clothes.

Ellie whips out her cell phone. No signal. She tries to find
a signal. No luck.

ELLIE
(to herself, quietly)
Dammit...

INT. NIGHTCLUB, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A PATRON, 30s, munches on the Dancer in the booth. ZOMBIES hammer on the door from outside.

Chet sits down, nursing a bite on his arm. Jackie tends to his wounds. Scott paces around on the phone.

SCOTT

SHIT!

Scott throws the phone at the wall, rests his hands behind his head.

SCOTT

No signal. The hell's happening?

CHET

End of the world, man.

Chet, growing pale, manages a smirk. Scott sighs.

SCOTT

I don't wanna die in some random private room!

JACKIE

We're not gonna die. Chill out.

SCOTT

Chill out? Look at this!

Scott points to the Patron eating the Dancer.

SCOTT

He's eating her! This ain't normal!

Jackie steals to her feet, SLAPS Scott. He sneers.

JACKIE

Stop being a girl! We need to remain calm.

Zombies SNARL and HAMMER on the door.

JACKIE

I can't think with all this noise!

Chet grabs at his arm. Skin SIZZLES like bacon. He GROANS. His eyes grow tired.

Jackie notices a ventilation grate.

JACKIE
Look. We can get out from there.

SCOTT
I'm not climbing through some vent.

JACKIE
What are the alternatives? Sit in
here and get eaten?

Scott weighs his options, kicks a chair.

SCOTT
Crap!

CHET
You gotta go, man. Get the hell out
before they get in.

Chet nods at his arm as he pulls out a Swiss army knife, and hands it to Jackie.

CHET
Get it open.

Scott takes a knee buy Chet's side as Jackie works on the ventilation grate.

SCOTT
You're gonna get through this, man.

CHET
No I'm not. I'm not going anywhere
and you know it.

Scott fights back tears. Chet sits a hand on his shoulder.

CHET
You get out of here, brother. Go
find mom and sis.

SCOTT
Not without you. We stick together.

Jackie gets the grate open, checks the crawlspace.

JACKIE
I think we can fit.

Scott looks over, turns back to Chet.

CHET
Get outta here.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Middle class, double bed. Wind ruffles the curtains as it passes through an open window.

Sinclair makes love to BEATRICE, 27, a natural beauty with curves in all the right places.

A baby radio comes to life as a baby CRIES.

Sinclair stops, looks at the radio. Beatrice sighs. Both manage a smile.

SINCLAIR
Your turn or mine?

BEATRICE
I took care of him last time. It's
your turn.

Sinclair grabs boxer shorts. Beatrice slides back, sheet covering her bra. Sinclair heads out.

BEATRICE
I'll be waiting.

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE, NURSERY - NIGHT

A crib sits in the middle of the room, surrounded by fluffy animals and blocks with letters on.

Sinclair walks to the crib, lifts a BABY BOY, 1, out of the crib and rocks him back and forth.

SINCLAIR
Hey, little man. Daddy's here.

Sinclair walks over to the window. The moonlight shines on him as he looks out at the countryside.

The baby vomits on his chest. He reacts with a sigh.

SINCLAIR
That's it, Bobby, make daddy gross.

The baby smiles.

SINCLAIR

Ah, I can't be mad at you. My ace little guy. How about some milk?

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Immaculate. Steel worktops and counters. Fridge sits in the far corner under a clock: "11:19pm".

Sinclair makes hot milk on the stove. The baby sits in a highchair, playing with a rattle.

Sinclair turns on the TV. No service. He flips through random stations. All reflect emergency transmissions.

SINCLAIR

Guess there's nothing on.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, A&E RECEPTION - NIGHT

Everyone is a zombie. Doctors munch on remains. CRAWLERS drag intestines across the floor. Blood everywhere.

Receptionist shambles about behind the desk.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - NIGHT

Greene looks out of the door's small window --

-- Hallway is full of ZOMBIES, patients, doctors, nurses, guests, all shamble about slowly.

Greene returns to Fiona's side. He cleans his glasses on a rag, sits them on.

FIONA

It's quiet.

He checks her temperature.

GREENE

You're burning up.

FIONA

I'm fine. Don't worry about me.

GREENE

Hm...now what kinda doctor would I be if I did that?

He smiles. She manages a weak smile of her own.

FIONA

You should go home...be with your wife...

GREENE

I can't leave you here all by your lonesome, Mrs. Taylor. Your husband would hunt me down.

Greene quietly chuckles. Fiona COUGHS. A little blood shoots onto her hand. Greene notices.

GREENE

You keep fighting, Fiona. Don't you give up now. You've come too far.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Burly coughs blood onto his hand. He subtly hides it from view. Tattoo paces around.

TATTOO

I have to get outta here. This place is driving me nuts.

Burly COUGHS again. Tattoo locks onto him.

BURLY

Just a cough, man.

TATTOO

Like hell.

Tattoo grabs Burly's hand. Tex notices the blood. Mexican hops off the bunk, backs into the bars.

MEXICAN

Oh shit...man...

(banging on bars)

Hey! HEY! You gotta let us outta here! This guy's infected!

Tex BANGS on the bars too.

TEX

Ranger! Get us out of here!

Mack fashions a shiv out of a shard from the bed frame. He slices his hand, sharp enough. He walks to the bars.

TEX

Guards!

Addison arrives at the cell, takes a look.

TEX

Open the door, man. I don't wanna die in here!

Addison checks on Burly. Tattoo backs into the wall.

MEXICAN

Hey hombre, open the cage. You can't leave us to die in here.

Addison unlocks the cage. Mexican and Tex burst out.

ADDISON

Wait over there.

MEXICAN

Hell no. I'm leaving.

Addison pulls a gun on Mexican who freezes and raises his hands. Tex backs up.

ADDISON

I gave you an order.

Tattoo grabs Addison and throws him in the cell. The gun slides across the floor.

Tattoo slams the door shut, removes the keys.

Burly COUGHS up a lung. Blood sprays onto his hand. He panics, starts shaking.

Addison BANGS on the bars.

ADDISON

Open the damn door.

Tex grabs the handgun. Mexican snatches it.

TEX

Hey.

MEXICAN

It's mine now.

Tattoo backs away from the cell as --

-- Burly rises from the bed, now a zombie, white, bloodshot eyes bearing down on Addison.

ADDISON
Shit....shit...OPEN THE DOOR!

Tattoo falls, scoots back into the wall.

MEXICAN
This is our place now, chief.

Burly grabs Addison. Addison shoves Burly away, looks for something. Burly tackles Addison into the wall, SNARLS.

MACK
Hey!

Liam arrives, notices the scene.

LIAM
What are you doing?!?

Mexican points the gun at Liam, clicking back the hammer. Liam freezes, raises his hands.

MEXICAN
You stay right there. Inmates are running the asylum.

MACK
Tex! Let me out!

Tex grabs the keys from Tattoo, who mumbles to himself. Tex runs over to Mack's cell.

Addison holds off Burly. Burly snaps at his neck, within a hair's breadth.

MACK
Hurry up!

TEX
I'm going as fast as I can.

Tex unlocks the cell. Mack explodes out, grabbing the keys and running down the block.

Mack unlocks the cell with Addison. Burly lunges. Mexican fires. A bullet hits the wall, plaster sprays.

Burly snaps down at Mack. Mack jams the shiv into Burly's head, twisting it. Flesh SQUELCHES and bone CRACKS. Burly falls lifeless onto Mack.

Mack shoves him off, glares daggers at Mexican, who shrugs.

Mack helps Addison off the ground. Addison shoves him away.

MACK
Hey, I just saved your ass!

ADDISON
I never asked for your help.

Mack looks at Mexican.

MACK
Gimme the gun.

MEXICAN
Ain't no way, amigo. It's mine.

MACK
We gonna have a problem?

MEXICAN
I got the gun.

Liam disarms Mexican, elbows him in the face. The gun slides to Mack's foot. He picks it up.

Mexican holds his cheek, stares down Liam.

MEXICAN
You made a big mistake.

A gun CLICKS. Mexican looks at Mack, holding the handgun.

MACK
The inmates don't run the asylum.

Mack hands the gun to Addison.

MACK
We're guests here. And we're all in
this together.

Addison holsters his gun, nudges Burly with his foot.

ADDISON
I believe I owe you a thank you.

MACK
Save it.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Ellie creeps along the landing, peeks around the corner, down the stairs. Nothing there. She waves Evan over.

ELLIE

Okay, when we get outside go straight for the car. Don't stop for anything, not even me.

EVAN

I'm scared.

ELLIE

Trust me.

Ellie takes Evan's hand and leads him downstairs. Evan steps on a CREAKY step. They freeze.

No response. They continue their descent.

INT. ABERNATHY HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Ellie grabs car keys from a hook on the wall. She and Evan approach the front door. Ellie opens it, checks.

A few ZOMBIES and Neighbor munch on the fat woman in the middle of the street.

Ellie scans --

-- the minivan sits in the driveway. Nothing else around.

ELLIE

Alright. Are you ready?

EVAN

No.

ELLIE

Me neither. Move quickly and quietly. No mistakes.

EVAN

Okay.

They almost leave. Evan tugs her back.

ELLIE

What is it?

EVAN
I love you, Ellie.

Ellie smiles, lays a kiss on his head.

ELLIE
I love you too.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - NIGHT

Greene holds Fiona's hand as she sleeps. He looks over at the door.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HALL - NIGHT

Zombies shamble about. One ventures to the door.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - NIGHT

A shadow grows on the floor as a zombie looks in through the small window.

Greene stares at it. It lingers a moment, then goes away.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Mexican sits handcuffed to a heating pipe. Tattoo sits next to him, mumbling incoherently.

Liam keeps an eye on them both, gun in hand and pacing.

MACK (V.O)
So what do we know?

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Addison pours himself a drink. Tex sits at the desk. Mack sits on the desk.

ADDISON
Not a lot.

MACK
Any contact on the outside?

Addison shakes his head "no".

MACK

Phones?

ADDISON

Offline, same as the net. No signal on the TV either.

TEX

What is this thing? I mean, first it got Tiny, now that big ass guy, what if it's in all of us?

ADDISON

It's not. There are signs. Some get it, some don't. Guess we're the lucky ones.

MACK

You call this "lucky"?

Addison and Mack exchange looks.

MACK

Whatever this thing is, it's spreading. And we need to find a way to stub it out before it goes further. How many inmates has it hit so far?

ADDISON

Four, as far as I can tell.

MACK

What about the other cell blocks?

Addison looks up. A daunting expression falls across him.

MACK

How many guns we got?

ADDISON

Two. But there's an armory across the catwalk. In the other building.

MACK

Alright. What are we waiting for?

ADDISON

Are you out of your mind? If this thing has hit-

MACK

Look. We can either stay here and argue all night or we can do something. I'm gonna do something, with or without your permission.

Mack goes to the door. Addison stops him.

MACK

Get out of my way.

ADDISON

I'm not gonna let you throw away your life.

MACK

I got a family out there! I don't know if they're alive. And the only way you're gonna stop me from getting to them is if you shoot me.

They lock eyes. Tex grows nervous.

ADDISON

You think you're the only one with a family out there? I got a wife in the hospital fighting cancer. So don't you make the assumption that you're the only one here with someone to lose.

MACK

Then I guess we both got something to fight for.

Both contemplate their options. Tex takes to his feet.

TEX

I don't mean to break up the whole "you got something, I got something to lose" thing, but I really don't wanna get eaten alive, so maybe we should just give it a shot.

INT. NIGHTCLUB, VENTS - NIGHT

Jackie leads the way with a lighter. Scott crawls close behind her ass.

JACKIE

Are you looking at my ass?

SCOTT
Kinda hard not to in this position.

Jackie GASPS, stops.

SCOTT
What is it?

JACKIE
Sshh...

There's a ZOMBIE standing outside the vent. It lingers for a second, and walks away.

JACKIE
Okay, let's keep moving.

Scott scrunches up his face.

SCOTT
The hell is that smell?

JACKIE
Sorry.

Jackie keeps moving. Scott shakes his head.

SCOTT
You're sick. Freaking gross.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Zombies rip and tear from the fat woman. Neighbor munches on a kidney, flesh dripping down his chin.

Ellie and Evan sneak to the minivan. Ellie grabs the handle. The alarm goes off.

ELLIE
Oh f-

Neighbor and the zombies see and hear the car alarm. Taillights flash, drawing them in.

Ellie unlocks the door, feeds Evan inside. She closes the door, sneaks around to the driver's door.

Neighbor and zombies shamle over.

Ellie opens the driver's door and this signals the zombies, which run at the vehicle. Ellie gets in, closes the door.

Zombies surround the minivan. Neighbor hammers on the glass.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT

Ellie fumbles the keys. Zombies hammer on the windows. Evan WHIMPERS, recoils.

EVAN
(crying)
Ellie!

Ellie scoops the keys off the mat, sticks them in the ignition. The engine ROARS to life.

ELLIE
Hold on. We'll be okay.

She pulls the gearstick into reverse, slams on the gas.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The minivan's tires SCREECH across gravel as the vehicle zooms backward, knocking a zombie over.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Ellie sticks the gears into go, slams on the gas. Neighbor SMASHES through the passenger side window, grabbing at Evan.

EVAN
ELLIE?!?

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The minivan hurtles down the street. Neighbor hands half out of the window.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Ellie turns the wheel as Neighbor grabs at Evan.

ELLIE
Evan!

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The minivan scrapes a row of cars on the driver's side. It veers to a row of cars on the passenger side.

Neighbor clips one of the cars. He splits in two. Both halves fall onto the asphalt.

The minivan speeds down the street, rounding a corner.

Neighbor looks at its legs, spins to his front, and drags himself down the road. Zombies follow him.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Ellie looks over at Evan.

ELLIE
Are you okay?

Evan trembles.

ELLIE
Evan!

He looks over, nods "yes".

ELLIE
Did he bite you?

EVAN
No. Almost though.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CATWALK DOOR - NIGHT

Addison unlocks the door. Tex and Mack wait by with their own weapons. Mack with his shiv. Tex with a baseball bat.

ADDISON
Alright, we don't know what's on
the other side. Stick together.

TEX
Don't need to tell me twice, boss.

ADDISON
You ready?

MACK
Just open the damn door.

Addison rips the door open. Mack enters, followed by Tex.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CATWALK - NIGHT

Empty. Lots of mess. Crates and boxes everywhere.

Tex lowers his bat, looks around. Mack slowly steps forward. Addison takes point, flashlight and gun in hand.

NOTE - They speak quietly here.

ADDISON

Stay close and be quiet.

MACK

You're the one talking, captain.
Where's the armory?

ADDISON

End of the hall, down the stairs.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, HALL - NIGHT

Narrow, cluttered. A few doors along the way.

Addison's flashlight plays along the walls. He exits the shadows, moving slowly.

Mack follows closely behind, checking doors along the way. Tex trembles, holding the bat close.

TEX

Are we almost there?

ADDISON

Sshh...

A PRISONER ZOMBIE, 30s, rounds the corner, SNARLING. Addison raises his gun. Mack STABS it in the head. It drops, THUD.

They look at one another.

ADDISON

I had him.

MACK

Then pull the trigger. This it?

Mack nods to a door. Addison nods "yes".

MACK

Open the door to candy land.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, ARMORY - NIGHT

Addison walks in, followed by Mack and Tex. PRISONERS and GUARDS emerge from cover, locking their guns on them.

Addison slightly raises his hands. Tex gulps.

PAUL, 61, a Texas ranger if ever there was one, stetson too, lowers his gun.

PAUL

Addison?

ADDISON

Paul?

Paul and Addison greet with a friendly handshake that turns into a brotherly hug.

PAUL

Damn, boy. I thought you were a goner.

ADDISON

Didn't take.

PAUL

It's alright guys. Addison here is an old friend.

Prisoners and Guards lower their guns. Tex sighs "phew".

PAUL

It's good to see you. I thought the worst when things started going south. Glad to see you made it.

Mack browses guns.

PAUL

Is this it?

ADDISON

No. We got a group. Prisoners mostly. Liam's holding down the fort.

PAUL

He's a good kid.

ADDISON

What about you? This all there is?

PAUL
Last line of defense. Those things
are everywhere.

MACK
Weird. We only ran into one. He's
outside.

Paul raises his gun.

ADDISON
It's alright, we took care of him.

PAUL
"Took care of him"? And how the
hell did you manage that? These
things don't go down.

Mack pulls an automatic from a box, checks it.

MACK
They do if you get 'em in the head.

Paul shoots Addison a look.

ADDISON
They seem to go down if you damage
the brain.

PAUL
Wish I'd known that five hours ago.
We lost cell blocks D through G in
a matter of minutes.

Mack hands Tex a handgun.

TEX
I want one of the big ones.

MACK
The kick would knock you on your
ass.

Tex reconsiders.

TEX
This'll do.

Mack heads to the exit.

MACK
Well this has been eventful, but I
gotta go now.

PAUL
Go? Go where?

MACK
I got a family out there. They need
me. You get how that is, right?

PAUL
Guess you don't know.

Mack confronts Paul.

MACK
Know what?

PAUL
I'll tell you on the way.

MACK
How about you tell me now?

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sinclair gets into bed. He rubs his face, stifles a yawn.

SINCLAIR
That boy is something else. Best
thing we ever did.

Sinclair smiles, lays back, hands behind his head.

SINCLAIR
Can't believe how lucky we are.

Beatrice mounts him. He chuckles, grips her waist.

SINCLAIR
I guess this is the part where we
continue our workout?

Beatrice moves into the light. White eyes gone bloodshot
stare at Sinclair. She SNARLS, leans down to bite.

He shoves her off the bed, THUD. Sinclair scoots back.
Beatrice lunges, tackling him off the bed.

SINCLAIR
Beatrice!

The struggle forces a lamp off the bedside table. It lands
right next to Sinclair. He reaches for it.

SINCLAIR
Beatrice, stop!

She bites his shoulder. He YELLS in pain as she rips a chunk of flesh away.

SINCLAIR
AAAAHHHAAAAH!!!!

Sinclair SMASHES the lamp over her head. She falls limp on top of him. He shoves her away.

He grips his shoulder, notices her dead. He panics, checks.

SINCLAIR
Baby? Baby...no...no...oh god...
Beatrice?!?

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CATWALK DOOR - NIGHT

Addison and Paul slide a unit in front of the door.

PAUL
That'll keep 'em out for a while.

Mack sits on the steps pondering a thought. Addison walks over, taking a seat next to him.

ADDISON
I'm sorry, man.

MACK
You're "sorry"? That makes me feel
so much better.

Paul leads his men away.

MACK
I made a promise to my wife that I
would always be there to protect
them. And then you lot showed up at
my door. I might as well be on the
goddamn moon.

Mack sighs.

ADDISON
My wife is in the hospital.

MACK
Cancer, right?

Addison nods.

ADDISON

You know what the worst thing about this is? She was getting better. She was fighting...and after all she's been through, it's all for nothing. I don't know if she's alive or-

MACK

You're not gonna find out if you stay here.

Addison and Mack meet eyes.

ADDISON

What are you saying?

MACK

You heard your pal. The world outside those gates is screwed, but I'll be damned if I leave it to chance. My family is all I've got.

Mack stands.

MACK

And I'm not gonna sit back while the world burns. I'm walking right into the damn flames.

He leans the automatic over his shoulder.

MACK

And if you give a shit about your wife, you'll do the same.

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Jackie and Scott amble out into the street. Jackie GASPS.

SCOTT

Holy...

Zombies, EVERYWHERE. Dozens of them shamble about aimlessly, some chomp on human remains.

JACKIE

Oh my god...

ZOMBIE BOUNCER and BUM snap their gazes on the duo.

SCOTT
Uh-oh...we should go...like now.

JACKIE
You got a car?

SCOTT
I better have. Come on.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT

Ellie checks the radio. Static meets her ears. She sighs, turns off the radio.

EVAN
What are they, Ellie?

Evan points at zombies outside, shuffling about the place.

ELLIE
Whatever they are...they're not
human anymore.

EVAN
Where are we going?

ELLIE
Somewhere safe.

EVAN
Where's that?

ELLIE
I don't know!

Evan flinches. Ellie sighs, looks over.

ELLIE
I'm sorry. I just...

Ellie CRIES.

ELLIE
I don't know what to do.

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, CELL BLOCK B - NIGHT

Mexican is still handcuffed as PRISONERS and GUARDS stand around talking. Liam stares at Burly.

MEXICAN
You gonna unlock the cuffs, boy?

LIAM
Can I trust you?

Mexican SNICKERS.

MEXICAN
What do I look like to you, gringo?
I'm not a psychopath.

Liam unlocks the cuffs. Mexican rubs his wrist, nods.

LIAM
You try anything, I'll put these on
and never take 'em off.

MEXICAN
I understand, amigo. Believe that.

LIAM
I don't believe anything that comes
outta your mouth.

MEXICAN
Neither did my lawyer.

Mexican walks off. Liam manages a smile.

PAUL (V.O)
You sure about this?

INT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, OFFICE - NIGHT

Mack slings a rucksack over his shoulder. Addison puts on a hat and coat.

ADDISON
What choice do I have? I can't
leave my girl out there.

Paul nods, claps Addison on the shoulder.

PAUL
(nods at Mack)
And you'd rather ride with him than
stay here with someone you know?

MACK
We're not riding together. He's
just giving me a lift.

PAUL
Was I talking to you?

Mack snickers, heads out.

ADDISON
He saved my life, Paul. I owe him a
little bit of trust.

Addison hugs Paul. Paul smiles.

ADDISON
You take care of yourself, old man.

PAUL
Less of the old.

Addison smiles, heads out.

PAUL
Good luck, son.

Addison doffs his hat, exits view.

PAUL
You're gonna need it.

EXT. HUNTSVILLE UNIT, PARKING - DAY

The sun rises over acres of field, shining on the prison.

Addison walks over to a squad car. Mack follows. Both dump
their packs in the back seat.

ADDISON
You think you'll find them? It's a
pretty big world.

MACK
The world's not so big, chief. If a
man wants something bad enough,
he'll find it.

Addison leans on the car roof.

ADDISON
Why'd you do it?

Mack opens the passenger door, looks at Addison.

MACK
I had my reasons.

ADDISON
Did he deserve it?

Mack nods "yes".

ADDISON
Guess you're not gonna tell me?

MACK
I don't know you well enough yet.
Maybe one day.

Addison nods.

ADDISON
Fair enough.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie slams on the brakes. Evan takes a look. Ellie sighs,
opens the door.

ELLIE
Stay here.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Overtuned and abandoned vehicles lay strewn across the road
leading to the bridge.

Ellie steps out of the minivan and walks to the bridge. She
sighs, bows her head.

ELLIE
Dammit.

The bridge is broken. A large drop into a ravine rests where
a chunk should be.

ELLIE
Shit!

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE, NURSERY - DAY

Sinclair hoists a baby bag over one shoulder, and lifts the baby from the crib with the other. Baby CRIES.

SINCLAIR
It's okay, son. You'll be fine.

Sinclair grows pale as he walks out of the nursery.

SINCLAIR
I'll keep you safe.

EXT. FARMLANDS - DAY

A CROW plucks an eyeball from a CORPSE. Abandoned vehicles line the roadside.

The squad car hurtles past. Addison drives.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Mack checks a map, runs his finger down the road.

ADDISON
Listen. About what I said...you know, during the initiation.

MACK
Is that what that was?

Addison smiles. Mack folds up the map.

ADDISON
You saved my life back there. I owe you a lot.

MACK
You don't owe me nothing, chief.

ADDISON
But I just wanna say. Whatever you may have done before don't mean squat now.

Addison looks at Mack.

ADDISON
Guess the world does need people like you in it.

Addison focuses on the road. Mack smiles.

MACK
I'll take that as a compliment.

EXT. ODESSA - DAY

An abandoned military blockade sits on the border of town.

Mack steps out of the squad car, slings a backpack over his shoulder and grips his automatic. Addison steps out, looks.

ADDISON
You watch your back.

MACK
Same goes for you.

Addison hands Mack a radio.

ADDISON
Keep in touch. Once a day, every
day, at noon.

MACK
Keeping tabs on me?

Addison slightly chuckles as Mack takes the radio.

ADDISON
You could say that.

Mack hooks the radio to his belt, nods. Addison nods as he gets into the car.

Mack walks to the blockade. Addison drives away. Mack cocks the automatic, fishes through his pocket.

He stares at a photograph of his family: JULIA, ELLIE, EVAN and him, all smiles.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Addison slots a photograph of Fiona into the visor, takes a look at it. He concentrates on the road.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Greene remains by Fiona's bedside.

EXT. ODESSA, OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Mack passes by the military blockade and a TANK. He walks down a lonely, abandoned street.

INT. SPORTS CAR, MOVING - DAY

Scott drives. Jackie rides shotgun, gazing out at the dead world beyond the window.

SCOTT

Hey, we're gonna be okay, you know that right?

JACKIE

Do I?

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie drives, looks in the rear-view. Evan sleeps soundly on the back seat.

She turns her gaze on the road. SLAMS on the brakes.

EXT. ODESSA, SUBURBS - DAY

The minivan comes to a halt in front of Sinclair, carrying his baby. Ellie steps out.

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Mack rounds a corner, passing a street sign. He stops dead in his tracks, backs up a little.

HUNDREDS of zombies crowd a cluttered street prominent with abandoned, burnt out vehicles.

They shamble toward Mack, who cocks the automatic.

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS