FADE IN:

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.

A few rile up upon noticing Mack standing there. They stop eating corpses, focus on fresh meat.

Mack backs up, aiming down the sights of his automatic. He cocks it, takes aim.

  MACK
  Shit...

They swamp him. He opens fire, taking several down. Mack avoids their reach, climbs atop a car.

They envelop the car. Mack continues shooting, head shot after head shot. Bodies hit the floor. He runs outta ammo.

A zombie grabs his leg, yanks him into the crowd. He fights his way free, using a bed frame shiv, slicing and dicing.

  MACK
  AAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!

Mack jams the shiv into a zombie’s skull, loses it in the scuffle as he avoids arms and teeth.

Mack breaks out of the horde. He grabs a handgun from the ground, shoots, gun CLICKS empty.

Mack throws the gun at a zombie, vaults a mailbox. He shoulder barges through a door into --

INT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE - DAY

Sporting goods hang off shelves. Crossbows, footballs, bows and arrows, hunting rifles, flack jackets, the works.

Mack grabs a javelin as zombies flood through the door. Some BREAK through the windows.

Mack jams a javelin through a zombie’s skull, grabs a baseball bat and swings --
-- the bat SNAPS a zombie’s head back. Mack shoves it into the crowd, continues backing up.

He grabs a crossbow and quiver from the shelf, loads an arrow, shoots.

An arrow strikes a zombie in the head, it falls. Some tumble over it.

Mack grabs a bow, strings it over his back. He scoops a baseball off a pile, throws it --

-- WHACK, a zombie takes it to the skull, staggers back.

Mack kicks a door through, enters, closes it from inside. Zombies POUND on the door.

INT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, STOREROOM - DAY

Boxes, crates, shipment containers and shelves lined with unpacked goods.

Mack leans a shelf against the door, blocking it off. Zombies HAMMER on it from outside.

Mack checks his surroundings. No way out. He looks up at a skylight, sunlight breaks through.

Mack climbs a shelf. He jimmys the skylight lock, bashes it with the crossbow.

    MACK
    Come on, come on!

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

The skylight SMASHES. Mack climbs out, rolling over glass. He looks up at the sky, sighs with relief.

A shotgun COCKS. A silhouetted figure steps into the sun, aiming down at Mack.

GERALD, 54, a redneck if ever there was one, trucker hat, flannel vest, hunting knife under his belt, stares down.

    GERALD
    Who the hell are you?

CUT TO BLACK:

RUN TITLE SEQUENCE
FADE IN:

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie drives. Evan sits in the back with the baby. Sinclair rides shotgun, rubbing his shoulder.

    SINCLAIR
    Thanks for stopping. A lot of folk would’ve kept going.

    ELLIE
    I’m not a lot of folk.

Sinclair studies Ellie a moment, looks at her brother in the back seat.

    SINCLAIR
    Is it just you two?

Ellie nods.

    SINCLAIR
    I’m sorry.

    ELLIE
    Did you do this?

Sinclair shakes his head "no".

    ELLIE
    Then why you sorry?

Ellie checks the baby in the rear-view.

    ELLIE
    How old is he?

    SINCLAIR
    Fifteen months...

Sinclair GROANS in pain, holding his shoulder.

    ELLIE
    How long ago were you bitten?

    SINCLAIR
    Four hours ago. Why?

Ellie pulls over, sticks the gearstick in park. She leans over, checks Sinclair’s temperature.
ELLIE
You’re burning up. How do you feel?

SINCLAIR
Like I just got bit by my wife.

Ellie checks a map book. She looks out the window, the countryside stares back.

ELLIE
There’s a clinic two and a half miles down the road. Should be some supplies there. Get you better.

SINCLAIR
If looters ain’t got there first.

ELLIE
I doubt people would fall that far in less than a day.

SINCLAIR
You’d be surprised how far people fall, kiddo.

Ellie drives. Sinclair favors his shoulder, blood seeps through his shirt.

SINCLAIR
You should see some of the guys I deal with on a daily basis. Thieves, lowlifes, degenerates, murderers.

ELLIE
You’re a cop?

Sinclair SNICKERS.

SINCLAIR
I’m a glorified babysitter for criminals.

Ellie smiles.

SINCLAIR
I work up at Huntsville Unit. Oh...shit, Addison.

ELLIE
Who’s Addison?
SINCLAIR
A good friend of mine. He might not know. We gotta get there.

ELLIE
No. I’m sticking to the route.

SINCLAIR
It’s got walls and fences. We’ll be safe there.

ELLIE
It’s also got convicts and rapists.

SINCLAIR
They’re contained.

Ellie shoots Sinclair a look.

ELLIE
How do you know it’s not like everywhere else?

Sinclair sighs.

ELLIE
Besides, you’re in no condition for a road trip.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Greene leaves Fiona’s bedside and walks over to the window. He peers through the blinds --

-- A few ROAMERS wander about aimlessly on the grass, wander out into the road. Crows sit on telegraph cables, SQUAWKING.

Fiona wakes up with a YAWN and GROAN. Greene walks over, sits by her side.

GREENE
Morning.

FIONA
Doctor...still here?

Fiona sits up. Greene helps her. She waves him off.

FIONA
I can...do it myself.

Greene admires her bravery as she sits up. He smiles.
FIONA
What time is it?

GREENE
Just gone ten.

He checks her temperature.

GREENE
Fever’s gone.

FIONA
Is that good...or bad?

GREENE
That’s very good, Mrs. Taylor. Very good indeed. You’re showing signs of recovery.

He takes her hand. She looks into his eyes.

FIONA
Has Addison called yet?

GREENE
(convincing)
He says he’s on his way. We just need to sit tight and wait it out.

FIONA
You’re a shitty liar.

Greene smiles.

GREENE
Are you hungry?

FIONA
Yeah...couldn’t nip down to Subway and grab me a fresh sub?

Greene chuckles, takes to his feet.

GREENE
I’ll see what I can do.

He checks the small rounded window in the door --

-- no movement in the hallway. A corpse sits back against the wall, its stomach ripped open, gender unknown.
GREENE
Looks clear. Sit tight and I’ll be back in a mo.

Green slides the trolley out of the way, and exits. He closes the door behind him.

MACK (V.O)
Just calm down!

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack holds up a hand as he tries to calm Gerald.

GERALD
You brought the bastards right to my door!

MACK
Get the damn gun outta my face!

Mack grabs the barrel, disarms Gerald. Gerald steps back. Behind him sits a tent and an oil drum.

Mack cocks the shotgun. Shells fall to the ground. He drops the shotgun.

MACK
I’m not your enemy, old timer.

GERALD
You broke into my store...now you’re stealing my products? Hell if you’re a friend!

PATSY, 51, frail and weathered, emerges from the tent, her arm heavily bandaged and her complexion pale.

PATSY
What’s...what’s going on out here?

GERALD
Patsy, go back inside.

Patsy looks at Mack and smiles.

PATSY
What’s your name?

MACK
Mack Abernathy, ma’am.

Patsy inspects him with a cautious eye.
GERALD
Mack was just leaving.

PATSY
Oh...won’t you stay? We have food and water. It’d be nice to have some company. Gets awful lonely listening to Gerald talk all night.

Mack manages a chuckle. Gerald stares him down.

PATSY
Come over. Sit down. Tell us a little bit about yourself.

GERALD
I don’t think he wants to.

MACK
I don’t mind. Could use a break.

Patsy takes Mack by the hand and leads him over to camp chairs by the tent.

Gerald scoops his shotgun and shells off the ground. He loads them, cocks the gun, and sighs.

PATSY
Here, eat.

Patsy hands Mack a nutrition bar. He gracefully takes it, nodding in thanks.

MACK
Appreciate the gesture, ma’am.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Goods lie across the floor, shelves sit toppled against one another on the verge of collapse.

STOREKEEPER, 30s, male, and SHOPPER, 20s, female, shamble about amongst aisles.

The door bell DINGS.

Storekeeper and Shopper approach the noise. They see the door close, but no one is present.

ADDISON
Boo.
Storekeeper and Shopper turn. Addison shoots. A bullet rips through Storekeeper’s head, tears through Shopper’s ear and sends both on a wicked tailspin to the ground.

Shopper’s head impales on a jagged shelf pike.

Addison holsters his handgun, grabbing a basket. He fills it up with supplies.

EXT. STRIP MALL, CAR PARK – DAY

A small forest community. Trees envelop the place.

Dead zombies lie about the place, in and amongst abandoned vehicles around the lot.

Addison sets two baskets of supplies in the back seat of his SQUAD CAR, closes the door.

BIKE ENGINES ROAR in the distance, growing closer.

Addison pulls out his gun, looks around as THREE BIKERS ride into the car park. Addison ducks behind his car.

OMEGA, 42, scarred and grizzly, thick mane of tangled hair and a beard, biker’s cut boasting the grim reaper, swings off his bike and his chains RATTLE.

ANGEL, 29, Gothic, heavy makeup, piercings, curvy body with a voluptuous pair of breasts, gets off Omega’s bike.

CHERUB, 34, burly and broad, mean as all hell with tattoos everywhere, kicks his stand into place and surveys.

AUSTIN, 37, handlebar mustache and greasy hair, sits a shotgun on his shoulders as he looks around.

Omega hocks one up and spits on a zombie. He looks around, notices the squad car.

OMEGA
(nodding to Austin)
Check it out.

Austin heads over to the squad car, shotgun poised. Angel hugs her arms around Omega’s waist.

Austin rounds the car, aims. Addison is gone. Austin leans his shotgun on his shoulder.
AUSTIN
No one here.

OMEGA
Alright. Move inside. Let’s wrestle up some grub.

Omega leads them inside. Cherub remains outside, keeping watch on his bike.

Addison lurks behind a burnt out vehicle. He sneaks a peek.

Cherub lights a cigar, sits back on his bike. He puffs away without a care in the world.

ADDISON
(whispering)
Son of a...

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP — DAY

Mack takes a drink from a flask cup as Gerald keeps a close eye on him.

GERALD
What’s with the jumpsuit? You just get out?

MACK
You could say that.

Patsy plops baked beans into a pot over a fire. She stirs, affording Mack a glance.

PATSY
What did you do?

Mack sits the cup on the ground.

PATSY
Nothing bad I hope.

MACK
We all do things we’re not proud of, ma’am.

GERALD
What did you do then? From the looks of you you’ve seen death.

Mack nods, sniffles.
MACK
Yeah, I have. None of that matters now though. The world’s changed.

GERALD
No matter if the world’s changed don’t give you a free pass in the eyes of the lord. People like you don’t belong in this world.

MACK
Funny...I know a guy who said something of the sort.

Mack shoots Gerald a steely look.

MACK
He soon changed his opinion.

Tension mounts between the men. Patsy CLACKS the ladle against the pot.

PATSY
Well, whatever you may or may not have done...whoever you were...none of it matters in the here and now.

Gerald walks away with a sigh. He steps to the edge of the roof, gazing down.

PATSY
Don’t mind him. He gets a little cranky when he doesn’t get his protein shake.

Mack stifles a chuckle. Patsy smiles.

MACK
I don’t mind, ma’am. We’re all in the same boat.

PATSY
Exactly. We need each other. Can’t paddle a raft with one oar.

MACK
Or you keep going round in circles.

Patsy looks up, manages a kind smile.

PATSY
That’s a good analogy, Mr. Abernathy.
MACK
Call me Mack.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, HALL – DAY

Vending machines sit by the wall. A wheelchair lies toppled.
Greene pulls out some nickels and dimes, drops some into the coin slot. They fall out. He sighs.

GREENE
Of course. No power.

MOANING echoes through the halls. Greene closes on the corner, sneaks a peek.

DOZENS of zombies roam the corridor aimlessly. A CRAWLER drags its intestines along the floor.

Greene returns to the vending machine. He considers as he picks up an IV holder.

A NURSE, 20s, face ripped in half, rounds the corner.

GREENE
Oh...

She SNARLS and reaches out. Greene backs up, trips on the wheelchair, staggers back.

His hand SLICES across shattered glass on the windowsill. Blood drips onto the floor.

Nurse grabs Greene’s arm, goes to bite. Greene shoves her into the vending machine, SMASH. Glass rains down.

Greene grabs a syringe from the ground. He waits for an opening. Nurse reaches. He stabs her in the eye.

She SNARLS and MOANS. He shoves her to the ground on approach to the vending machine.

More ZOMBIES round the corner, DOCTORS, PATIENTS, GUESTS.

Greene wrestles up some candy and potato chips. He backs up, takes off into a run.
INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CORRIDOR - DAY

Greene closes on the far door. The corpse by the wall GROANS to life and reaches. He barely avoids its reach.

Zombies round the corner as a door SLAMS shut.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Greene slides the trolley under the handle and locks it into place. He backs up.

Fiona perks up, looks over.

Fiona
Malcolm?

Greene hurries to her side. He pulls the curtains as --
-- zombies appear at the door, gazing through the small round window.

Greene holds his index finger to his lips. Fiona trembles.

Zombies HAMMER on the door. GROANING bleeds through the wood and walls.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

The sun slowly sets over acres of farmland. The minivan glides across a barren road.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Sinclair coughs into a closed fist. Ellie hands him a handkerchief. He gratefully nods, covers his mouth with it.

Ellie
You really don’t look too good.

Sinclair
I don’t feel too good either. I’m starving.

Ellie
Evan...could you get him something?

Evan digs through his backpack.

Sinclair coughs blood into the handkerchief. He scrunches it up, takes a heavy breath.
Evan hands Sinclair a chocolate bar.

    EVAN
    It’s the last one.

    SINCLAIR
    Keep it.

    ELLIE
    You need your strength. Eat.

Sinclair shakes his head.

    ELLIE
    That wasn’t a question. We’ll find more. Just eat.

Sinclair reluctantly takes the chocolate. He thanks Evan with a slight nod.

    SINCLAIR
    How old is he?

    ELLIE
    He’s six. Seven next month. We were gonna take him to...
      (sighs)
      ...doesn’t matter now.

Sinclair bites into the chocolate bar. He grimaces, spits it out onto the floor.

Ellie looks over. Sinclair mops bile from his chin.

    ELLIE
    Are you okay?

Sinclair grabs his gut, gags.

    ELLIE
    Sinclair?

    SINCLAIR
    Pull over...now...

**EXT. TEXAS - DAY**

The minivan stops. Sinclair bursts out the side, rushing down an embankment. He vomits on the grass.

Ellie steps out, walks around the front.
Sinclair throws up bile and blood. He notices black goo amongst the bile.

    SINCLAIR
    What the...

    ELLIE
    Sinclair...

Sinclair’s bite wound SIZZLES like bacon. He grabs at his shoulder, falls to a knee.

    ELLIE
    Sinclair!

    SINCLAIR
    Stay back!

Ellie freezes, trembling in fear as Sinclair takes out a handgun and weighs it in his hand.

    SINCLAIR
    I need you to take the gun and go.

    ELLIE
    What?!? No!

He tosses the gun at her feet. She looks down.

    SINCLAIR
    Get my son outta here, Ellie! I’m begging you. Please.

    ELLIE
    We stay together! I can’t look after a baby by myself...

    SINCLAIR
    You don’t got a choice, sweetie. Oh god it hurts! My stomach...AAAHHH!!

Sinclair convulses, falls. Ellie rushes down the embankment to his side. She drops to her knees.

Blood and bile spew onto Sinclair’s chin. Blood drizzles from his ears and eyes.

    ELLIE
    No...no...Sinclair!

Evan gets out of the minivan.
ELLIE
Get back in the car! Now!

Sinclair dies. Ellie checks his pulse, no response. She sighs painfully.

ELLIE
Oh...no...dammit...

Sinclair’s eyes burst open. White and bloodshot. He SNARLS, grabs at Ellie. She SCREAMS.

ELLIE
(screaming)
Sinclair!

Sinclair wrestles her to the ground, goes for her neck. She fends him off, slapping and punching. He persists.

BANG! A bullet tears through Sinclair’s head, exploding through his eye. He drops lifeless onto Ellie.

Ellie panics, pushing him off and scooting away in fear. She looks up --

-- Evan holds the smoking gun and boasts a scared expression on his face. He trembles.

ELLIE
Evan...
(teary, looking at Sinclair)
...what have you...oh god...

Ellie vomits normal puke as Evan lowers the gun...

ELLIE
AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

EXT. STRIP MALL, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Addison opens the back door of his squad car and sneaks inside. He closes it as quietly as possible.

Omega, Angel and Austin head out of the store carrying baskets and wheeling carts of cigarettes, alcohol, food and other such supplies.

OMEGA
We’ll come back in the morning, clean the whole place out.

They pass the squad car.
OMEGA
Cherub! Are we good?!?

Cherub hot-wires an SUV. He pokes his head out, holds up a hand and nods.

CHERUB
Almost! Gimme a sec.

He returns to his business.

Omega sits a basket on Angel’s cart as she stops by the back of the SUV. Austin CRACKS open a beer, takes a swig.

AUSTIN
Love me a cold one.

Angel leaps onto Omega, arms around his shoulders and legs around his waist.

ANGEL
Did we do good?

OMEGA
We did just fine, baby-doll.

Omega looks around.

OMEGA
Shame really. I liked ripping places off before the dead started walking around.

He manages a chuckle as --

-- zombies shuffle out of the treeline, crossing the road.

Omega’s joy turns sour. Angel gets off him. He whips out a giant MAGNUM REVOLVER, CLICKS back the hammer.

BANG. BANG. Both zombies fall to the ground, THUD.

Omega blows the smoking barrel, holsters his gun. Austin leans on the car, swigging beer.

AUSTIN
Nice shots.

Omega eyeballs the squad car.

OMEGA
See that?
AUSTIN
See what?

Omega removes his gun, closes on the squad car. Angel takes out her own gun. Austin sits the beer on the car hood.

OMEGA
I know you’re in there. Might as well come out.

No response. Omega smirks, shoots the squad car windshield. A bullet webs the glass.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Addison flinches.

ADDISON
(quietly)
Shit...

EXT. STRIP MALL, CAR PARK - NIGHT

Omega nods to Austin. Austin shoots the squad car siren. Blue and red plastic fly.

Addison emerges from the back of the car, hands raised.

OMEGA
Well, lookey what we got here. A little piggy.

Omega chuckles, aims at Addison.

OMEGA
How about we make the little piggy go oink?

ADDISON
I ain’t got no beef with you.

OMEGA
Oh? I find that hard to believe.

ADDISON
I’m being serious, man. I’m not a cop.

Omega laughs. Angel licks her lips.
OMEGA
You look like one. Uniform, car, gun, badge, even the hat. If you’re gonna lie make sure you ain’t wearing it.

ADDISON
I’m a prison guard up at Huntsville Unit.

AUSTIN
He’s a glorified rent-a-cop.

OMEGA
More like babysitter.

Omega steps to Addison, who backs up a tad. Omega holds out a hand.

OMEGA
I’m not gonna kill you. If I wanted that you’d be lying in a pool of crimson right about now.

ADDISON
What do you want?

OMEGA
What do I want...hm...well for starters, I wanna know why you’re out here.

Addison lowers his hands.

ADDISON
Supplies. I’m heading to Houston to find my wife.

OMEGA
Anymore of you?

ADDISON
If I say no are you gonna kill me?

Omega is shocked at this.

OMEGA
What do I look like, man? I ain’t no cop killer and I’m not a bad guy either. Just a guy looking to protect his own.

Omega holsters his revolver.
OMEGA
What you got in there?

ADDISON
Couple cans of food, drinks.

OMEGA
My food and drinks?

Addison lowers his gaze. Omega chuckles.

OMEGA
I’m just playing. Plenty to go around. And I’m willing to let it slide...once.

Omega steps to Addison.

OMEGA
But if I see you around here again, me and my boys are gonna put a few holes in your bacon, am I clear?

ADDISON
Crystal.

Omega pats Addison on the shoulder.

OMEGA
Well go on. Scoot. Before I change my mind.

Addison gets into the driver’s seat. Omega walks out in front as headlights beam down on him.

Addison pulls out of the car park. Omega waves.

OMEGA
Say "hi" to your wife for me!

Angel cackles. Austin manages a laugh. Omega watches the taillights fade into the darkness.

OMEGA
(to Austin)
You follow that son bitch. Get our supplies back.

AUSTIN
I thought you said-
OMEGA
I know what I said. Don’t mean I meant it.

Omega sits a hand on Austin’s shoulder.

OMEGA
We let people think they can just walk on our grass and get away with trampling it, sooner or later every freaking one of ’em will be in our yard, messing up the flowerbed.

Omega claps Austin on the shoulder.

OMEGA
I want the leaves outta my yard. And you got rake duty.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT
Ellie drives. Evan rides shotgun, looking out at the world.

ELLIE
Evan...we need to talk about what happened back there.

Evan looks over.

ELLIE
What you did-

EVAN
I did it to save you.

Ellie furrows her brows. Evan ignores her, shifts his gaze to the window.

ELLIE
I never want you to do that again. Do you understand?

Evan draws something on the frosted window.

ELLIE
Evan...are you listening to me?

EVAN
Did one of them get mommy?

He looks over. She focuses on the road.
ELLIE
Yeah. One of them got mom.
Evan understands, returns to his drawing.

ELLIE
But that doesn’t make it alright. We can’t become monsters.

EVAN
Remember that TV show I used to watch before school? The one with the dinosaurs?

ELLIE
What does that have to-?

EVAN
Remember what the man said?

Ellie looks over.

EVAN
"In order to survive the monsters, they had to become monsters".

A dull look falls across Ellie’s face.

ELLIE
We’re not dinosaurs, Evan. We’re just people.

EVAN
Are "they"?

Ellie looks over, considering. Evan waits eagerly.

EVAN
They don’t look like people. They look like monsters.

ELLIE
I’m not sure what they are. But if we can avoid killing them we might just have something to fight for.

Ellie rubs Evan’s shoulder. He looks away, finishing a drawing of a mutant monster on the steamy window.

The baby CRIES. Ellie looks over the back seat, sighs.
ELLIE
He’s hungry, can you feed him?

Evan climbs over to the back. He rummages through the baby bag, pulling diapers, pacifiers and a bottle out.

Ellie keeps a close eye on Evan in the rear-view. Her gaze drifts to the handgun on the dashboard.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Evan shoots Sinclair in the head, shows no remorse as he freezes in place.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Ellie grabs the handgun and sits it on her lap. She looks in the rear-view. Evan innocently feeds the baby.

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gerald lights torches around the tent. He patrols the perimeter, gazing down on the HORDE.

Mack sits on the ledge, drinking from a flask as he looks down at the ravenous pack on the street, reaching and SNARLING at him.

MACK
What was it like?

GERALD
What was "what" like?

Gerald stops near Mack.

MACK
The Outbreak.

Gerald tilts his head, taking a seat next to Mack. Mack hands Gerald the flask. Gerald takes a sip.

GERALD
God said our time was up. So he sent a plague to rid the world of us so it may begin anew. And all our sins would be washed away until nothing remained but emptiness.

Mack shoots Gerald a wild, confused look.
GERALD
Are you a man who believes, Mack?

MACK
I’ve a hard time believing in anything that could do this.

GERALD
God works in mysterious ways. He has plans for us all. Even you.

MACK
I doubt he has plans for me.

Mack takes back the flask, manages a snicker as he raises it to his lips.

MACK
I don’t have plans for me.

GERALD
You survived the outbreak. That must tell you something.

MACK
It tells me one thing, old timer. (looks at Gerald)
That I’m walking a thin line between living and dead.

Mack chuckles.

MACK
Perhaps that’s my punishment. Maybe this is "God’s" way of telling me I messed up.

Mack takes another swig.

MACK
That I deserve to suffer for the things I did.

GERALD
And what did you do, son?

Mack hands Gerald the flask. Gerald patiently waits. Mack sighs, bows his head.

MACK
I killed a man in cold blood.

Gerald nods.
GERALD
Did he deserve his punishment?

Mack snickers, nods "yes".

MACK
Yeah. He did. Guys like him don’t deserve the breath they’re given. The things he did... no one comes back from that. And I wasn’t about to give him the option.

GERALD
We are not reapers, Mack. We are all part of a flock. Pieces on the board, all waiting our turn to make something of ourselves.

Gerald hands Mack the flask.

GERALD
I believe you have yet to have your chance. That there is time for you to redeem yourself, and once again be reborn a new man.

MACK
You think this is my second chance?

GERALD
We all deserve second chances, son. Maybe this is yours.

Gerald stands, grabs his torch and walks.

MACK
You never did answer my question.

Gerald looks over.

MACK
What was it like?

GERALD
(darkly)
Hell.
EXT. MOTEL & TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Lonely, right out in the sticks. Abandoned. No vehicles, trucks, no zombies.

The minivan pulls up to a pump. Ellie steps out, checks the place with caution. A tumbleweed rolls by.

She grabs a pump, slots it in the gas tank and presses down. Gasoline FLOWS, SPLASHING in the tank.

Evan walks around back.

ELLIE
Where are you going?

EVAN
Toilet.

INT. MOTEL & TRUCK STOP, TOILETS - NIGHT

Grubby, graffiti plastered walls, broken mirrors. A mop and bucket sit by the door. A WET FLOOR sign occupies the floor.

The main door CREAKS open. Ellie, gun first, ambles in. She checks her corners. Evan follows closely.

Ellie opens a stall door. She checks another. And the last.

ELLIE
Okay, make it quick.

Evan rushes into a stall, closing the door behind him. CLICK. The lock drops into place.

Ellie sticks the gun in her pants and walks over to the sink. She runs the tap, splashes water on her face.

She checks her reflection in the broken mirror. Several emotions stare back at her. Worried. Sad. Fearful.

ELLIE
How you doing in there?

EVAN (O.S)
(in stall)
I haven’t been yet.

ELLIE
Hurry it up. We need to go.
(notices a mess in the toilet)
I hate truck stop restrooms.
EVAN (O.S)
Does it smell to you too?

ELLIE
Yeah...

EVAN (O.S)
Who’s “Dave”?

ELLIE
What?

Ellie leans on the sink, taps her heel on the floor.

EVAN (O.S)
There’s a name on the wall. "Dave was here".

Ellie manages a smile.

EVAN (O.S)
With some girl called "Charlotte". What does "banged" mean?

ELLIE
(giggling)
I’ll tell you when you’re older.

A beat.

EVAN (O.S)
Ellie...?

ELLIE
Yup?

EVAN (O.S)
Do you think daddy’s still alive?

Ellie bows her head, folds her arms.

ELLIE
I really don’t know, Evan.

EVAN (O.S)
What if he’s at home? What if he came back to find us?

Ellie swallows her pride.

ELLIE
Evan...dad did something bad. He’s not at home. He’s in prison.
EVAN (O.S)
I know...he killed someone.

ELLIE
How did you-

EVAN (O.S)
Heard mommy and you talking the day he got taken away by those men.

The toilet FLUSHES. Evan emerges from the stall, zipping up his pants.

EVAN
Why did he do it?

Ellie aims a sorrowful look his way.

ELLIE
Sometimes grownups do horrible things, Evan.

EVAN
Like what I did to that man?

Ellie takes a knee, sits a hand on his shoulder.

EVAN
Am I a bad person like daddy?

ELLIE
No. You’re a good person, Evan. You had no choice, dad did. He chose to kill that man.

EVAN
I chose to shoot.

Ellie rubs his cheek, offers him a kind smile.

ELLIE
You did what you had to. You saved my life.

She ruffles his hair.

ELLIE
You’re a hero. Don’t forget that.

EVAN
Like Superman?
ELLIE
Exactly like Superman. Now, how about we ditch this stinky hole?

Evan nods. She takes his hand, leads him out.

EVAN
So who was that Dave guy?

ELLIE
Wait a few more years and I’ll tell you about the birds and the bees.

INT. MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, ROOM - DAY

Fiona sits awake, rubbing a sleeping Greene’s hair. Greene wakes up, stifling a YAWN.

FIONA
Welcome back to the land of the living.

Greene stretches, yawns again.

GREENE
How long was I out?

FIONA
Six, maybe seven hours. You talk in your sleep.

GREENE
Oh? What did I say?

FIONA
Who’s Ben?

Greene’s face falls.

FIONA
Oh...I’m sorry. I-

GREENE
It’s no problem.

He fishes his wallet out, opens it.

GREENE
This is Ben.

Fiona gazes at a crinkled photograph in the wallet of Greene, then 30, and BEN, 7, hooked up to machines, tubes all over, both smiling.
GREENE
He died four years ago.

FIONA
I’m so, so sorry.

Greene nods, pockets the wallet.

GREENE
No parent should ever outlive their children but a part of me is glad.

Fiona squints.

GREENE
That he didn’t have to be part of all this...chaos.

Greene rubs tired eyes. Fiona rubs his leg.

GREENE
I’m thankful for that.

Greene moves the curtain to get a look at the door. The window is vacant.

GREENE
They’re gone.

FIONA
They gave up after a few hours. What are they?

GREENE
They’re not alive. That much I know. What they are on the other hand...well...that’s debatable.

Greene hands Fiona a Mars bar.

GREENE
The vending machine was outta subs.

FIONA
It’s okay...this’ll do.

Greene opens a candy bar.

GREENE
My wife would have a fit if she knew I was disobeying her strict diet plans.
FIONA
I won’t tell if you don’t.

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack sleeps on a sleeping bag by the CRACKLING fire roasting within the oil drum. CRACK. CRUNCH. SQUELCH. He awakens.

He sits up, looks around. The SOUND of zombie MOANING hits his ears like thunder.

MACK
Gerald?

Mack grabs his crossbow, heads to the tent. He brushes aside the flap, revealing --

-- Patsy munching on Gerald’s innards. She rips and tears at intestines and kidneys.

MACK
Patsy...?

She snaps her gaze on him, SNARLS. He backs up, raises the crossbow. She lunges out of the tent, knocking the crossbow from his hand.

She shoves him. His foot catches the ledge and he tumbles over the edge.

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN - DAY

Zombies reach and GROWL as they envelop a city bus by the hunting store.

Mack, unconscious, wakes up on top of the bus. He grabs his shoulder, GROANS in pain.

MACK
Son of a...ugh...shit.

He rubs his neck, looks up. Patsy is above, looking down. He stands, looks down. Zombies everywhere.

MACK
(sighs)

Great.
(studying, to himself)

How the hell you gonna get outta this one?
INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

The baby sleeps soundly in the back. Evan sleeps next to it. Ellie tiredly drives, every once so often glancing in the rear-view mirror. She wrests her hands around the wheel.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

A FARMER ZOMBIE, 50s, straw hat and braces, wanders out into the middle of the road.

The minivan bears down on him. He SNARLS. Shuffles forward.

INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie nods off a sec, regains her focus. Her eyes go wide, she slams on the brakes.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

WALLOP! Zombie Farmer goes flying as the minivan hits him. He lands in a crumpled heap on the ground.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Ellie gulps, huffs and puffs. Evan leans over the seat.

    EVAN
    What happened?

    ELLIE
    I hit a farmer...

    EVAN
    A farmer?

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Evan prods Farmer with a stick. Ellie takes it away.

    ELLIE
    Don’t prod him with a stick.

    EVAN
    I was seeing if he was dead.
ELLIE
Well he is...and even if he wasn’t he would be.

Farmer’s fingernails tear as he scratches the asphalt. He rears his head, neck all floppy.

Evan backs up. Ellie looks on, horrified.

EVAN
Whoa...

Farmer SNARLS, tiredly reaching. He gives up, collapses. He tries again, collapses. Gives up completely.

EVAN
(pity)
He’s in pain.

ELLIE
He’s not alive, Evan. He doesn’t know what pain is.

EVAN
But look at him. You should do something.

ELLIE
What can I do?

Bikes RUMBLE over the hill on swift approach.

EVAN
Look...

ELLIE
Get back in the minivan.

Ellie helps Evan into the minivan as the bikes draw closer. She rushes around to the driver’s side, gets in.

The bikers stop. Omega swings off his Harley, admires the Farmer on the road. Farmer reaches for him.

OMEGA
Ah-ah...

Omega steps back, pulls out his gun. Angel rests her head on his shoulders, wraps her arms around his waist.

ANGEL
Can I take this one?
OMEGA
Be my guest, doll.

Angel takes out her gun, cocks it. She blows Farmer’s brains out all over the road. LAUGHS.

Omega acknowledges the minivan. He walks over, knocks on the window and waits.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Ellie rises, looks Omega dead in the eye. He gestures to roll the window down. She does as told.

Omega leans in, checks it out, spotting Evan, the baby, supplies and more in the back.

OMEGA
Family vacation?

Ellie keeps quiet. He stares at her.

OMEGA
You’re a pretty little thing. What you doing all the way out in the badlands? Hm...  

ELLIE
Please.

OMEGA
Please? I’ve not done nothing yet.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Angel and Cherub walk over to the minivan. Cherub takes the passenger side, blocking the exits.

Angel stands idly by, cigarette dangling from her lips. She lights it.

OMEGA
How about you step out the van and we talk a little? Sound good?

CHERUB
Got themselves a baby.

OMEGA
Cherub loves kids. Can’t get enough of ’em in fact.
Omega opens the door, gestures to Ellie to step out. She does as told once again.

EVAN
Leave my sister alone!

ELLIE
It’s okay, Evan.

OMEGA
Yeah. It’s okay Evan. She’s gonna be just fine. This way.

Ellie goes for the door.

OMEGA
Ah-ah-ah...now now. We’re all good friends here. Not gonna hurt you. Just wanna talk.

ANGEL
I’d listen to him.

Angel winks at Ellie.

OMEGA
How ’bout we talk in private? Away from all the prying eyes?

ELLIE
Just let us go.

OMEGA
Oh, I will. After.

Omega motions to the bikes. Ellie reluctantly walks over.

OMEGA
(to Angel)
Keep an eye on the cubs.

ANGEL
Have fun.

EXT. TEXAS, BACK ROADS – DAY

The squad car hurtles along a narrow road, flanked by trees on either side.
INT. SQUAD CAR, MOVING - DAY

Addison checks his map on the passenger seat. He turns his gaze back to the road. BANG. A shotgun POPS. The back window SHATTERS. Addison flinches.

ADDISON
The hell...

He looks in the side mirror.

ADDISON
Bastard.

EXT. TEXAS, BACK ROADS - DAY

Austin twirl-reloads the shotgun on his bike, bearing down on the squad car. He blasts the wing.

AUSTIN
Pull it over, chief!

Austin reloads, shoots. The back wheel of the car explodes, forcing it into a 90 degree whip.

Austin pulls the brakes, smiles. He pulls over to the side of the road, looks.

The squad car sits at the side of the road under a shroud of dust and gravel.

Austin kickstands the bike, gets off and walks over, reloading his shotgun.

AUSTIN
You alive in there?

A bullet flies past Austin, nailing a tree. Austin snickers.

AUSTIN
Guess so.

He BLASTS the driver’s side window out as he stalks Addison. The door flies open, nailing him.

Addison bursts out firing. Austin scoots into cover at the front of the car. Addison darts around back to the trunk.

Austin LAUGHS, reloading his shotgun. Addison cocks his handgun, sneaks a peek. BANG. Addison ducks.
ADDISON
It don’t have to be this!

AUSTIN
Oh it does! Boss don’t like his lawn trampled. Consider me his personal Mexican!

ADDISON
Listen...I just wanna get to my wife. I’ve no issue with you!

AUSTIN
Tough titties. Boss don’t want you on his patch. If the boss don’t want you somewhere, you ain’t gonna be anywhere!

Austin cocks the shotgun.

AUSTIN
How ’bout you surrender, make this easier on me?

ADDISON
Go to hell!

AUSTIN
Already there, man!

EXT. ODESSA, DOWNTOWN – DAY

Mack studies the layout. Canopy over the shop. Streetlight very close by. He walks to the edge.

MACK
Ain’t going that way...and I’m damn sure not Spider-Man.

Mack inspects the streetlight. He looks down at the horde behind the bus.

MACK
What other choice do I have?

Mack backs up a few feet. He psyches himself up, gazing at the streetlight.

MACK
Here goes nothing...

He runs across the bus roof, leaps off the edge, and clings onto the streetlight like a cat. He slips, grabs something.
MACK
Hooey! Holy...

Zombies grab at his legs. He climbs up to the horizontal bar, takes a breather.

MACK
Now the hard part.

He swings himself onto the narrow-ass horizontal bar. The streetlight wobbles. He grabs the bar, slowly stands.

He stares at the ledge, leading to the roof. Patsy arrives there, SNARLING.

Mack leaps off the streetlight, grabbing Patsy’s shirt. She SNARLS, looks down. He yanks her over the edge, grabbing the ledge before he falls.

Patsy SPLATS on the sidewalk. Zombies move into position.

Mack struggles as he pulls himself onto the ledge --

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack rolls onto the gravel-peppered rooftop and lets out a sigh of relief.

MACK
How the hell did that work?
(breaks into a laugh)
I’m glad it did though. HA-HA.

EXT. TEXAS, FIELD - DAY

Omega leads Ellie through a dead cornfield. They’re a safe distance away from the road.

ELLIE
Why are we out here?

OMEGA
Ain’t you the curious one.

Omega offers Ellie a smoke. She denies. He shrugs, lights one for himself.

OMEGA
Relax. We ain’t started yet.
ELLIE
I’m only seventeen.

Omega pulls an offended face.

OMEGA
The hell do you think I am? I’m not here to hurt you.

ELLIE
I know guys like you. My dad killed a guy like you.

OMEGA
Well I’d love to meet him. We might have a thing or two in common.

He checks out her body.

OMEGA
Tell me...hold on, first we need to get introductions out the way. Name’s Brian but everyone calls me Omega. It’s a name that stuck, you?

ELLIE
Ellie...

OMEGA
That’s a nice name. Who gave it to you? Was it murdering daddy? Or innocent mommy?

Ellie goes for the gun. Omega takes out his revolver, waves it in front of her.

OMEGA
Play nice. We’re friends, me and you. Like I said, I’m not here to hurt you. But if you get on my nerves, I won’t hesitate.

ELLIE
What do you WANT from me?

Omega throws away the cigarette, methodically walks to her.

OMEGA
What I want is a few good men ready to stand up for a good cause.

He paces around her. She freezes.
OMEGA
Texas is...well it’s my home. I was born here. Raised to appreciate it. Even though I don’t stay in a fancy house in some charming little street I still call it home. And I need some guys, or gals, willing to stand by my side as I take it back from the monsters.

He twirls her ponytail in his hand.

OMEGA
Are you a good gal, Ellie? Are you willing to help me take back what belongs to us?

Ellie weighs her options.

ELLIE
If I do...will my brother be safe?

OMEGA
Oh yeah. I can assure that. We got walls, guns...heck, I think we even got a tank. Question is, what are you willing to do?

ELLIE
What do you mean?

Omega chuckles, unzipping his pants. Ellie grimaces.

OMEGA
Oh now, don’t be like that. Many girls...and guys have done much, much more. But I’m willing to go easy on you. Because I like you.

ELLIE
I’m not that kinda girl.

Omega grabs her hair, brings her face close. She WINCES.

OMEGA
You will be. Especially if you wanna save your wee brother.

Ellie grabs Omega’s knife. He doesn’t notice.

OMEGA
How’s little Evan gonna feel when he’s dangling like a big pinata over a bunch of hungry monsters?
Omega gets close enough for her to smell his breath.

**OMEGA**
Who’s gonna save him when you ain’t around, Ellie?

**ELLIE**
I’ll be around. You won’t be.

Ellie rips out Omega’s knife and stabs him in the eye.

He SCREAMS as she shoves him away. He takes out his revolver, fires aimlessly.

**EXT. TEXAS — DAY**

Cherub and Angel perk up. Angel whips out her gun, takes off into the field. Cherub goes to the back passenger door.

**CHERUB**
Guess your sis ain’t playing nice!

Cherub opens the back door. Evan kicks him in the chest. Cherub staggers backwards.

**CHERUB**
You little shit!

Cherub grabs Evan by the legs.

**CHERUB**
Come here!

**EXT. TEXAS, BACK ROADS — DAY**

Austin moves out of cover, stalking Addison. He closes on the back of the car —

-- Addison tackles Austin to the ground. They fight for control over the shotgun. Austin butts Addison in the face with the rifle.

Addison falls away. Austin regains control, cocks the shotgun. Addison nails him with a punch.

Addison grabs the shotgun, WHACKS Austin upside the head and cocks it, aiming. Austin looks down the barrels, gulps.

**AUSTIN**
You gonna shoot me, Texas Ranger?
3 Zombies shamble out of the treeline. Addison gets off Austin, both back off in different directions.

Addison shoots a zombie’s head in half. Cocks the shotgun, CLICK, empty.

Austin stabs a zombie in the head, rides it to the ground. Addison BASHES another zombie’s head in.

Austin tackles Addison into the squad car. They struggle for the gun. Austin wins. Addison reverses, SMASHING Austin head first through the window.

Austin falls to the ground, glass raining down around him. Austin grabs a shard, swings.

Addison swings the rifle, breaking Austin’s arm. Austin CRIES out in agony. Addison swings the rifle.

The barrel SMACKS Austin in the head, knocking him into the side of the squad car.

Austin holds his arm to his chest as he slides along the car. Addison confronts him, gripping his shirt.

ADDISON
Why’d your boss send you after me?! I was leaving!

Addison punches Austin in the face, pulls him up, lands another heavy blow.

ADDISON
We were going our separate ways! It never should’ve come to this!

Addison decks Austin with a wicked hook. Austin slams hard into the asphalt, spitting blood.

ADDISON
All I wanted was to find my wife. I never had a problem with you.

AUSTIN
(laughing)
You ain’t the one with the problem, chief. Brian wanted you outta his territory for good.

Addison mounts Austin, grabbing his throat.
ADDISON
I was leaving. You never would’ve seen me again.

AUSTIN
Come on now...world’s not that big. Everyone runs into one another sooner or later.

Addison steals Austin’s keys, throws him to the ground. Austin slides back.

A dozen zombies shuffle out of the treeline, closing on their position.

Austin panics, looks up at Addison who hesitates.

AUSTIN
You’ve gotta help me. I don’t wanna be torn apart.

Addison watches.

AUSTIN
You’re a cop! You can’t leave me here to die!

Addison rips the badge from his shirt, tosses it at Austin’s feet, spits on the ground.

ADDISON
I might be a cop, don’t mean I have to save you.

Addison turns his back on Austin as zombies swarm him. They fall onto Austin, tear at him. He SCREAMS.

Addison gets onto the bike, takes a look. He sticks the keys in the ignition, twists. The engine ROARS to life.

Zombies feast on Austin, still alive, reaching for help as they burrow into his stomach, ripping out organs.

Addison drives down the road on the bike, leaving Austin behind to the horde.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

Evan clings onto the seat belt as the baby CRIES and Cherub tries dragging him out.

A gun CLICKS. Cherub freezes. Ellie stands behind him, gun at his head.
ELLIE
Let...my brother...go...now. Or I will blow your head off.

Cherub releases Evan and raises his hands.

ELLIE
Turn around.

Cherub slowly turns around, meets the barrel of the gun set right between his eyes. Ellie grits her teeth.

CHERUB
(scared)
Now now...you ain’t no killer. You ain’t that kinda girl.

Ellie CLICKS the hammer back.

ELLIE
Wanna test that theory?

Evan grabs Cherub’s gun. Ellie nods. Cherub moves away.

ELLIE
Get down on the ground, hands behind your head.

CHERUB
You ain’t serious?

ELLIE
Do I look like-

Evan CLICKS back the hammer, aims at Cherub. Ellie notices. Cherub musters a sarcastic chuckle.

CHERUB
Really?

ELLIE
Evan, put the gun down and close the door.

EVAN
He was going to hurt me. They were going to hurt you! He deserves-

ELLIE
I know. Evan...we’re not them. Put the gun down and close the door, I won’t ask again.
Evan’s hand trembles. He fights back his emotions. Cherub laughs, enjoying himself.

CHERUB
You gonna shoot me little man? You better not miss.

Ellie shoots Cherub in the leg. He YELPS, falls down. Evan lowers the gun in shock.

CHERUB
You little bitch! You shot me!

ELLIE
Consider yourself lucky. If I ever see you again, the next one goes right between your eyes.

Evan closes the door as Ellie rushes around front, getting in the driver’s side.

Cherub grabs his thigh and grimaces in pain as Angel leads Omega, one-eyed, out of the field.

The minivan hurtles down the road, distancing itself from the bikers.

Angel raises her gun. Omega lowers it for her.

OMEGA
Let ’em go.

ANGEL
She tried to kill you.

OMEGA
Yeah...that was her mistake.

Cherub GROANS in pain. Omega takes out his revolver, aims.

CHERUB
Wait...NO!

Omega shoots Cherub in the head. Blood and brain matter spit out of the hole as he hits the deck.

Angel gasps. Omega lowers the revolver.

ANGEL
You just...why did you...
INT. MINIVAN, MOVING - DAY

Ellie looks in the side mirror, sweat dripping from her forehead. Evan climbs into the passenger seat, gun in hand.

Ellie and Evan exchange looks. He hands her the gun. She takes it, sticks it on the dashboard.

ELLIE
Thanks for not shooting.

EVAN
You asked me not to.

EXT. SPORTS & HUNTING STORE, ROOFTOP - DAY

Mack scoops the crossbow off the deck. The sound of zombies drowns out his heavy breathing.

Gerald emerges from the tent, now a zombie. He SNARLS.

Mack notices Gerald barely moving. He raises the crossbow.

MACK
I’m sorry, old timer.

Mack shoots a bolt into Gerald’s head. Gerald drops to the deck, dead. Mack lowers the crossbow, sighs.

He walks to the edge of the roof. Zombies, and Patsy, lurk down below, reaching and SNARLING.

MACK
Outta the frying pan...

CUT TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS