

URBAN DECAY

Written by

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EXT. SIX-FLAT - MORNING

We see the third story of an old wooden porch of a Chicago six-flat apartment building. ANNE(22) is wearing a sweatshirt, long and loose-fitting pajama bottoms and sneakers. She carries two garbage bags, one black and one blue. As she walks down the stairs, we see that she has ear buds in and is listening to something on her phone. Anne appears to be listening intently.

VOICE FROM PHONE

Here let me tell of the captains,
and their ships. First the
Boeotians, led by Peneleos, Leitus,
Arcesilaus, Prothoenor and Clonius;
they came from Hyrie and stony
Aulis, from Schoenus, Scolus and
high-ridged Eteonus; from Thespeia
and Graea, and spacious Mycalessus;
from the villages of Harma,
Eilesium and Erythrae; from Eleon,
Hyle, Peteon, Ocalea and Medeon's
stronghold;

The voice continues as she tramps all the way down to the ground floor, then finally down the few concrete stairs to the basement.

Anne sets the black bag down, fishes a key from her pocket and unlocks the basement door.

Anne walks through the basement door still carrying the blue bag.

We don't follow her inside. The phone voice fades. For a moment, she disappears into the darkness and silence.

We wait.

Then, a voice growing louder-

VOICE FROM PHONE (CONT'D)

... sacred Onchestus, Poseidon's
bright grove; from vine-rich
Arne...

Anne returns, sans blue bag. She reaches down to grab the black one, letting the door close naturally behind her.

As the basement door slowly closes, we see GREEN EYES glowing in the darkness.

Anne carries the black bag up the concrete stairs, banging the bag against a few. A small tear appears.

Anne walks through the backyard, toward the back gate which leads to her alley.

VOICE FROM PHONE (CONT'D)
 They captained fifty ships, each
 with a hundred and twenty young
 men.

Anne pulls her phone from her pocket and fast-forwards as she walks through the back gate. On one end, the gate is attached to a rundown garage, separate from the six flat.

VOICE FROM PHONE (CONT'D)
 The land of the lovely women, the
 Myrmidons were they...

Anne crosses in front of the garage and arrives at the dumpster.

We hold on it for a moment, as if something were about to jump out.

Nothing does.

Anne flings open the lid and tosses the black bag inside. She sets her phone back into her pocket and examines her leg.

VOICE FROM PHONE (CONT'D)
 ...yet now, bitter battle was far
 from their minds...

Her pajama pants are wet from the leaking bag. Anne studies the ground and sees a trail of garbage water leading back behind her. She sighs.

Anne turns to head back.

We see a pair of glowing green eyes from underneath the dumpster.

MONSTER POV as it stares at Anne's legs in front of the garage door.

It gets closer and closer to Anne's ankles.

TITLE CARD

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MIDDAY

A Panera Bread style sit-down fast food joint. SAMANTHA (30) sits alone at a table for two. She is slightly overweight, with straight hair. She is dressed in business casual attire.

Samantha is texting.

TEXT FROM SAMANTHA

Tom from accounts asked me to lunch, so that's where I am right now.

TEXT TO SAMANTHA

Tom Schnauser?

TEXT FROM SAMANTHA

Tom Schnauser.

TEXT TO SAMANTHA

Business or date? Some place nice?

Samantha looks around as if to see if this restaurant counts as "some place nice." We see a TODDLER IN AN OVER-SIZED COWBOY HAT running across the floor screaming. At a nearby table, we spot a MAN LOOKING AT SOFTCORE FETISH PORNOGRAPHY on his laptop.

TEXT FROM SAMANTHA

Just Bread Bowl. I don't think it's a date, but he is paying for my food and bringing it to me.

TEXT TO SAMANTHA

Oh... like a waiter. Sexy.

TEXT FROM SAMANTHA

Talk later. He's coming.

TOM (30) arrives carrying two plastic trays of food. He's tall, fit, and square-jawed. He sets the trays down on the table and sits across from Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Thanks for getting my food. And, ya know, getting my food.

TOM

Don't mention it. Small price to pay.

SAMANTHA

Thanks.

TOM

Anything to get out of that office today.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

Both start eating, and continue to do so as they talk.

TOM

You hear what happened last Friday
at lunchtime?

SAMANTHA

Not really, I just stick in my
little IT bubble. I can tell you
who doesn't know what a USB-C is.

TOM

The new VP took Lance from
accounting out to lunch. And Lance
did not come back.

SAMANTHA

(joking)
She killed him?

Tom does not react to the joke.

TOM

Furloughed. She's nickel and diming
the company to death.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

TOM

I just need to stay off her radar.
I need to stay away from her, her
ridiculous pantsuits, and her
stupid scarves.

SAMANTHA

I like the scarves.

TOM

I hear she just got divorced and
really has it out for us.

SAMANTHA

Us?

TOM

Men,
(takes a drink)
in general.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

TOM

No. I'm not saying you're a man, Samantha. But you get it, though. You're not one of these power-hungry bitches.

SAMANTHA

Nope. Just a regular, um, hungry bitch.

Samantha awkwardly takes a big bite of her lunch and forces herself to smile. She nearly chokes on her food.

TOM

Oh my god, I just realized. Sa-Mantha. So, you're kinda like a man.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, uh, totally.

The kid in the cowboy hat runs face first into a wall.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Samantha is at a computer, talking on her headset. She is taking her foot in and out of her shoe as she talks.

SAMANTHA

Okay, when the dialogue pops up, you just have to allow me to remote access that.

(a beat)

No, that was me.

(a beat)

Nope, that was still me. Just click "allow."

(a beat)

It's not a hacker.

(a beat)

Well, yes, I suppose it is possible that a hacker is attempting to access your computer at the same time, but that would be a remarkable coincidence.

VP leans into frame. We see she is wearing a "stupid" scarf and a "ridiculous" pantsuit.

VP

Can I see you in my office in five?

Samantha gives the VP an awkward thumbs up.

SAMANTHA

No, I wouldn't call that number back. I think your car's extended warranty is probably fine, or at the very least, it can probably wait a few minutes.

(a beat)

Please click allow. Please.

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

We see a Ford Escape style vehicle idling on a side street next to a school parking lot. JANE (40) scrolls on a smart phone plugged into the car's USB port. A podcast is playing over the stereo system.

PODCAST

The police arrived on the scene at 10:43 the morning of August 8th-

Jane is on a social media app, scrolling past pictures from her friend's pregnancy photoshoot.

JANE

Ew.

Jane finds each picture is more ridiculous than the last: a prestige black and white shot that looks like a 90s album cover, a photo of the woman jogging while 8 months pregnant-

PODCAST

There was no trace of Andrea Peterson, no signs of a break in, or foul play.

-a photo of the friend topless holding a bouquet of sunflowers over her breasts, and finally an image of her pregnant belly covered with body paint to look like a watermelon.

JANE

Is that racist?

Jane clicks off the photos and scrolls down more, seeing a WISH style advertisement.

PODCAST

Andrea's phone was still plugged into the charger next to her nightstand.

Jane looks at the ad, and sees a man in a romper brandishing what looks to be a tentacled sex toy.

Jane cocks her head, trying to understand the image.

The rear passenger side door opens, causing Jane to shriek.

IZZY (17) throws her backpack in the back seat, slams the door shut, opens the front door and sits in the front passenger seat.

IZZY

I scared you good, huh?

Jane unplugs her phone, locks it and sets it in a cupholder.

JANE

Yeah. Jesus.

IZZY

What were you looking at?

JANE

Oh, um, Aunt Stephanie's pregnancy pictures.

IZZY

Gross.

JANE

Yeah. Hey, how was the audition?

IZZY

Meh. I don't know. They'll probably end up casting somebody good instead.

JANE

You're good.

IZZY

Hmmmf.

JANE

How was the rest of school?

IZZY

School.

Jane puts the car in gear and starts driving. Izzy scrolls on her own phone.

JANE

You okay with hotdogs for dinner?

IZZY

I'm not that hungry.

JANE

Okay, but two hours from now, will you be okay with hotdogs?

IZZY

I can't predict the future, ma.

JANE

I am also reminding you now that we are visiting Gramma Kate, tomorrow.

IZZY

I've got homework.

JANE

Well, you will have the other forty-six hours of the weekend to dedicate to homework.

IZZY

Hmmmf. Wait, ma, you forgot. I'm spending the night over at Ava's tonight.

JANE

To be fair, you also seemed to forget that.

IZZY

No, you just threw me off with your hot dogs and stuff.

JANE

Spending the night at Ava's? How are you going to do that homework?

Izzy rolls her eyes.

The car drives past a covered glass bus stop. Inside we see a shopping cart full of blankets, food and personal possessions. We hold on the bus stop long enough to see the decayed body of a man lying on its bench.

INT. VP OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A standard office, minimally decorated with college sports paraphernalia. VP is sitting behind a desk, and motions for Samantha to sit down.

She does that thing.

SAMANTHA

So, um, having computer troubles?

VP

Yes, but that's not why you're here.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

VP

Where do you see yourself in five years?

SAMANTHA

Is this an interview? Because I thought I already worked here.

VP

No. Nothing like that. I just wanted to know how you envisioned your future with this company.

SAMANTHA

Honestly, I'm fine where I am now. The work is just interesting enough. I don't make a lot of money, but enough to pay the bills. I'm pretty happy. I'm sure in a few years I'll want to move up a bit, but I'm really good for now.

VP

So, you're not really thinking too much about the future?

SAMANTHA

Well, not never. But it's like... You know, like how in movies the dad works too hard, but then in the third act he learns to live in the moment and be happy with what he's got. I'm trying to live by the lessons taught to the dads in family comedies.

VP

Samantha, to be quite blunt, we're really looking for more of the first act dads here.

Samantha squirms in her chair.

SAMANTHA

Well, I don't actually have a family that is demanding of my time. I mean, my mom calls me and tells me long stories that don't go anywhere, but that's basically it. I don't even have a cat.

VP

Listen, Samantha-

SAMANTHA

Oh, god. Are you firing me? Look, I hate to say it, but I'm the only person in IT the people out there like. I'm the only one who answers her email within 24 hours. I'm the only-

VP

We're not firing you.

SAMANTHA

(relieved)

Oh.

VP

However-

SAMANTHA

(gloomy)

Oh.

VP

It's been a lean quarter. Every department is making sacrifices. Unfortunately, you are the least senior member in your department.

SAMANTHA

(realizing)

Oh.

(a beat)

Wait, I've been here four years.
For four years. For four years.

VP

I understand that.

SAMANTHA

Herman Wu and I started on the same day.

VP

Herman's start date was actually the day before yours. I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA

But I remember that we had our first day of work together.

VP

Yes, but technically his *hire* date was the day before yours. The decision is out of my hands. We are going to have to furlough you.

SAMANTHA

For how long?

VP

Indefinitely.

SAMANTHA

Do I get paid for that?

VP

No. You can use vacation time, but the standard vacation request forms must be filled out two months in advance.

SAMANTHA

Umm, this seems worse than being fired.

VP

Listen, I'm going to level with you. Once we see how next month looks for our investors, we should be able to give you a timeline for your return date.

SAMANTHA

Next month? What if I've found a new job by then?

VP

I'm afraid the terms of your "no compete" clause in your contract preclude you from seeking other jobs in your chosen field.

SAMANTHA

Okay, um.

VP

I'm sure you'll be fine. Out of consideration for the inconvenience, we compensate you for the rest of the day.

SAMANTHA

Oh. Thanks?

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

Samantha stands alone on the sidewalk carrying a bankers box.

SAMANTHA

(quietly)

Your scarves are stupid.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Jane's car is stopped in a handicap spot with her blinkers on outside of a posh, forty story apartment building.

Izzy exits the car with her backpack.

JANE

I'm picking you up at eleven tomorrow morning and we are going straight to Gramma's.

IZZY

Can you make it more like one?

JANE

Nope. Comb your hair before I pick you up and try not to smell.

Izzy rolls her eyes at her mother and walks to the building.

JANE (CONT'D)

Say hi to Ava for me!

MONTAGE:

Samantha sitting on the bus with the box on her lap.

Samantha sitting on the train with the box on her lap.

Samantha sitting on another bus with the box on her lap.

Samantha noisily setting the box on the counter of the liquor store as the clerk rings her up for several bottles of booze.

Samantha sitting on the bus with bottles stacked in her bankers box.

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Samantha gets off the bus, awkwardly balancing her box and booze. She starts walking. BENNY (50) approaches her. He is disheveled and looks like he has been awake for several days.

BENNY

Hey, sugar. You need help with that box?

SAMANTHA

I'm good, Benny. Thanks.

BENNY

All right. You having a party this weekend?

Samantha looks at the various bottles in her box.

SAMANTHA

Uh. Yeah. Sure.

BENNY

It's last minute, but I'm free this weekend.

SAMANTHA

It's an, uh, all girls party, Benny.

BENNY

Even better. Naw, I'm just playing.

Samantha shifts the box into one arm and fishes out a small bottle of whiskey. She hands it to Benny.

SAMANTHA

Here. You want this?

BENNY

For real?

SAMANTHA

Yeah, just, uh, just, uh, don't buy food with it, okay?

BENNY

Thanks, sugar.

Samantha walks away from Benny.

MONTAGE:

Samantha pouring liquor into a souvenir shot glass.

Samantha pouring liquor into a rock glass.

Samantha pouring liquor into a large plastic souvenir cup that says Erie County Fair 2014.

Samantha sleeping on a futon with her cellphone in her hand. The telephone reads 9:15 PM

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We see a poorly painted apartment ceiling, and hear murmuring come from the other side. Loud footsteps travel in seemingly random patterns. Loud footsteps shake the ceiling's "nipple light."

We see Samantha laying on a futon. She stares up at the ceiling, red-eyed and glaring at the noise.

Another loud footstep shakes the light.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Samantha looks disheveled, wearing old shorts and a distressed purple t-shirt featuring a pig being lifted by a Flying Saucer's tractor beam. She brews a full pot of coffee. She throws open her refrigerator and retrieves a bottle of Pedialyte. She chugs the Pedialyte, returns it to the fridge, and fetches a carton of eggs.

Samantha turns on the stove. She grabs a frying pan from her sink's drying rack, places it on the stove and cracks two eggs in it.

We see that the rest of the sink is filled with empty bottles.

She looks toward the trivet but sees it empty. She opens and searches two of her kitchen drawers, but doesn't retrieve anything. Finally, she opens her dishwasher and removes a dirty spatula. She rinses the spatula in the kitchen sink and hastily dries it on her shirt.

She uses it to attempt to flip her eggs.

Both eggs break.

Samantha sighs.

She smashes the eggs with the side of the spatula, attempting to scramble them.

We see Samantha sweat.

Through the kitchen window we can barely see ANNE walking down the porch stairs carrying two bags, one blue and one black.

Samantha turns off the burner. She walks to the back entrance of the apartment and opens the heavy door out to her back porch. Samantha sets a fan on the threshold before returning to her frying pan.

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

BILL (50) and DYLAN (20) are walking side by side.

Bill is clean cut, fit, and tall. He is dressed in jeans and a long sleeve t-shirt, and is exuding strong Dad Energy. He holds a paper coffee cup in his right hand.

Dylan is shorter and narrower than Bill. His clothes look like expensive athleticwear, but aren't particularly flattering. He appears to be equal parts frat-boy and pipsqueak. He is drinking from a plastic cup full of iced coffee.

They continue walking as they talk.

DYLAN

In fairness, I *did* tell you my order.

BILL

When?

DYLAN

I texted it to you.

BILL

I left my phone in the car.

Dylan takes a sip of his drink.

DYLAN

I don't know how you can do that.

BILL

Whoever it is can wait.

Dylan brandishes his coffee at Bill.

DYLAN

You want to try this? It's pretty good.

BILL

Coffee shouldn't be sweet, and it shouldn't be cold. Your generation doesn't understand coffee.

DYLAN

JP said that he went to this place in Algeria that's been making sweetened iced coffee for, like, 200 years.

BILL

Well, if we go to Algeria, I'll try some of that. But here in America, I like my coffee really hot and really bitter-

DYLAN

Please don't.

BILL

-as hot and as bitter as your mother is.

DYLAN

I'm not sure what part of that I find most unpleasant.

BILL

It's natural for a man to be disturbed by how hot his mother is. We've known that since the Greeks. Didn't they teach you about Oedipus at this fancy university?

DYLAN

Dad. Oh my god. Stop. You're the weird one for drinking hot coffee on an eighty degree day.

BILL

They drink hot tea in the desert. It triggers the body's cooling effects. So long as it's a dry heat.

DYLAN

And the long sleeves?

BILL

It keeps the sun off my arms. That way I don't have to contend with a farmer tan.

DYLAN

Sure.

BILL

You nervous about Atlanta?

DYLAN

No. I mean, it's an internship; how bad could it go?

BILL

I'm going to remind you that you said that in about two weeks.

DYLAN

I'm more nervous that you'll only want to stop at Hardee's on the way down.

BILL

We are southbound, son. We're stopping at Waffle Houses.

They turn down an alley.

DYLAN

What's a Waffle House? Is that a type a restaurant or the name of one particular restaurant?

BILL

I have never felt like a bigger failure as a father than right now.

We hear a woman's scream coming from the direction they are walking toward.

DYLAN

Jeez, what's that?

BILL

I'm gonna check it out. You stay back and be ready to call 911.

DYLAN

What?

Bill runs towards the screaming woman.

We see Anne's dumpster from the opening scene.

INT. SAMANTHA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Samantha sits at her tiny kitchen table eating her battered and bruised "scrambled" eggs and sipping from a large Star Trek coffee mug.

Her cell rings.

She answers it and turns it to speaker phone, setting the phone on the table so she can eat.

SAMANTHA

S'up, Mom?

MOM (O.S.)

Oh, nothing. I saw stuff on the news by about where you are and decided to check up on you.

SAMANTHA

Oh.

Samantha scrolls down on her phone and sees a bunch of news alerts that she must have missed. There are a few tweets that mention "shelter in place" but all the other wording is vague.

MOM (O.S.)

So, you're safe, right?

SAMANTHA

Oh. Yeah. I'm fine.

(She searches her phone)

It looks like it's all in the next neighborhood to the south of me.

Samantha continues searching the news on her phone trying to figure out what is going on. There are multiple advisories to "stay in your homes."

MOM (O.S.)

Okay, good. Well, I told you to never go south anyways. It's too dangerous.

SAMANTHA

It's not dangerous, Mom.

MOM (O.S.)

Well, I'm glad whatever is happening isn't by you. I figured, but you never know.

SAMANTHA

We appreciate your concern, ma.

MOM (O.S.)

Who's we? You got a frog in your pocket or are you, uh-

SAMANTHA

I appreciate your concern.

MOM (O.S.)

Oh. That's what I thought. So, I saw Trudy Carmichael at the bank yesterday.

SAMANTHA

What? Who?

MOM (O.S.)

Well, you remember Steve who lived next to us back when we lived on Washtenaw?

SAMANTHA

What? No. I was three.

MOM (O.S.)

Well, that's his sister Trudy. Funniest thing, your cousin Chelsea works with her over at the pet store.

SAMANTHA

Uh-huh.

Samantha scrolls through social media and finds an image of a "creature." It's a dark and blurry photo that's been zoomed in too much. It looks like it's about the size of a rat, but the color is all wrong. Its eyes are glowing green.

MOM (O.S.)

You sound distracted. What are you up to?

SAMANTHA

Nothing.

MOM (O.S.)
So, Chelsea didn't know that we
lived by her brother.

SAMANTHA
Ma.

MOM (O.S.)
They worked together for all this
time-

SAMANTHA
Ma, sorry. I'll have to call you
back.

Samantha scrolls through the news some more, but only sees
different versions of that one photo.

She finds one zoomed out a little more and sees that the
creature is eating a rotting human corpse.

She keeps eating her eggs, undercooked yolk dripping down her
chin.

She stares at the corpse some more.

It looks as though it's been dead a long time, but the
clothes look surprisingly fresh.

She takes another bite of egg and stares.

We hear some noises coming from Samantha's back door.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Hey, Hannah!

Samantha drops her fork.

Samantha stands up and looks toward her porch. Bill carefully
scoots the box fan to one side of the doorway and enters with
Anne on his shoulders in a fireman's carry.

Dylan enters behind Bill. He looks panicked.

BILL
Your friend here was attacked.
Where is a good spot to set her
down? She might be bleeding.

SAMANTHA
What attacked her?

BILL
I'm not sure. It looked like a rat.

DYLAN

No. No. I don't think it was a rat.

An ear bud falls out of Anne's ear. We can faintly hear the phone voice.

VOICE FROM PHONE

But tell me, Muse, which were the finest horses and men of the Atreidae's hosts?

SAMANTHA

Oh, follow me. You can plop her on the couch.

Bill, still carrying Anne, follows Samantha through the apartment to the living room. Dylan lingers for a bit.

Eventually, he shuts and locks the back door, before deciding to follow.

BILL

Your roommate is a little out of it. What's her name?

SAMANTHA

Oh, that's Anne. She's not my roommate.

BILL

Okay. Your lover, then?

SAMANTHA

No! She's on the third floor. I'm on the second.

BILL

Well, hopefully she doesn't bleed too much all over your couch.

Bill looks at the sofa and sees that it is an lumpy, ugly and stained hand-me-down futon.

Bill gently lays Anne onto the futon.

DYLAN

I'm sorry, Hannah. I thought you guys were roommates.

SAMANTHA

Hannah *is* her roommate. On the third floor. She's the one with the curly hair.

BILL

You have any gauze?

SAMANTHA

I should. Where was she bit?

BILL

We saw something gnawing on her leg, near the ankle.

SAMANTHA

All right. Dylan, why don't you get my first aid kit out of the medicine cabinet? It's a blue box with a white top, about half the size of a lunch box.

DYLAN

I don't know where-

SAMANTHA

Our apartments have the exact same layout. Just go where your medicine cabinet is.

DYLAN

I don't have a first- oh, okay. I'll go.

Dylan runs to the bathroom.

BILL

There doesn't look to be a lot of blood.

We see a small amount of blood soaking into Anne's pajama bottoms, as well as garbage water on the other leg. The oversized pants are hiding any sign of wounds.

SAMANTHA

I heard we might have a shelter-in-place order right now. I don't know if it's safe to go to the hospital. I don't know what the heck is going on other than there are things that aren't quite rats.

BILL

There are more of these things?

DYLAN (O.S.)

I think I found it!

SAMANTHA

Great.

BILL

All right, let's take her shoes off, since we're going to be here a while.

SAMANTHA

Good idea.

(A beat)

So. You're Dylan's dad?

BILL

That obvious, huh?

Samantha looks Bill up and down.

SAMANTHA

Actually, not really.

Dylan returns with a plastic first aid kit, just as Bill pulls off the shoe on the "good" leg. It comes off easily.

DYLAN

It smells kinda funny in here.

Bill pulls the shoe off of the bad leg.

The foot comes off with it.

They all stare at the contents of Bill's hand.

Dylan drops the first aid kit, turns around and walks slowly towards the bathroom, one hand over his mouth.

BILL

I didn't pull that hard.

SAMANTHA

What?

She looks at Anne's leg. The area around the ankle is rotting away.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What the?

Everything below the bottom of the pajama leg is looks like it's been dead for weeks.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What the heck?

Dylan returns, but does not fully enter the room.

DYLAN

We should just get out of here. We should go.

Bill is dumbfounded, still holding the shoe in his hand.

SAMANTHA

I saw her jogging yesterday morning.

DYLAN

Dad! We should go.

BILL

We can't just-

The shriveled and rotted foot falls out of the shoe in Bill's hand.

Dylan walks away again.

SAMANTHA

What the heck attacked her?

BILL

It was like a rat.

DYLAN (O.S.)

It looked like a hairless rat. It was, like, a weird color, though.

Samantha scrolls through her phone and finds the blurry image from the internet. She shows it to Bill.

SAMANTHA

Like this?

Bill takes the phone from Samantha and holds it at an arm's length in order to see the picture, the way that men who refuse to wear glasses always do.

BILL

As far as I can tell. What is it?

SAMANTHA

I don't know.

BILL

A rat bite wouldn't do that.

SAMANTHA

I would think not.

Bill hands the phone back to her.

Samantha retrieves the first aid kit from the floor. She begins wrapping up Anne's stump, careful not to actually look too closely at it.

Bill retrieves a pocket knife from the pocket of his jeans. It is connected to a key fob. Bill slices a slit in the pajama pants. He pulls the bottom of the pant leg apart and rolls it up to allow Samantha the space to wrap the leg.

The rot goes halfway up her calf.

BILL

Maybe she had some sort of flesh eating bacteria.

SAMANTHA

Right where she was bitten, though?

The lights flicker.

Samantha finishes bandaging the wound, and stares down at the foot on the floor. It looks dark and soft like a rotten potato.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Maybe the rat-thing bit her because it could smell that her leg was rotting?

SAMANTHA

I don't think-

BILL

Dylan, get this girl some water. And, damn, probably some aspirin for when she wakes up.

SAMANTHA

I've got a bunch of Vicodin in the medicine cabinet. Bottom shelf, next to the toothbrush cup.

Samantha stares at Bill guiltily.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I had an ear infection.

BILL

You know I'm not your dad, right?

SAMANTHA

I know.

The lights flicker again.

BILL
Your electricity always like this?

SAMANTHA
Sometimes. If there's a lot of AC-
Oh, uh, look!

Samantha points at Anne's leg. The rot has made it all the way up to her knee.

BILL
Are you seeing this?

SAMANTHA
I taped her leg over the top of the gross stuff. It's like it's crawling up her leg.

Dylan enters with a pill bottle and the Erie County Fair cup filled with water. He stops when he sees Bill and Samantha's faces.

DYLAN
What? What now?

BILL
Stay out of here, Dylan!

Bill lightly taps Anne's face.

BILL (CONT'D)
Anne? Anne?

Anne opens her eyes ever so slightly. A strange shadow moves over her.

ANNE
Endless war is upon us. I have been a party to many battles.

She passes out.

DYLAN
What is going on?

BILL
(to Samantha)
You got a knife?
(Looks at his knife)
I don't think this one is gonna cut it.

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

(She pauses and looks at
the leg, realizing)

But nothing strong enough for
bones. We could cut the mushy parts
easily, but I don't think that'd do
any good.

BILL

I'd reckon not.

SAMANTHA

Hold on. Wait. I might actually
have something.

We follow Samantha down the hall. She walks past Dylan, grabs the pill bottle from his hand, swallows a pill, and hands him back the bottle.

Samantha continues down the hall, grabs a chair from her kitchen table and place it in front of her fridge. She climbs to the top of the chair and opens one of those useless top of the fridge cupboards. She throws paper plates and plastic cups to the ground before seeing what she's looking for.

Samantha runs back to the living room.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Will this work?

BILL

It's worth a shot.

We reveal that Samantha has the box of a decades old electric knife. She tears open the package, and reveals the plastic case of the knife.

Samantha awkwardly opens the case, and tries to figure out how the blades go in.

SAMANTHA

My grandma got this for me at a
garage sale. I've never used it.

She puts a blade in the knife and takes it out.

BILL

I can tell.

She puts the blades together and slides them into the electric base.

SAMANTHA

I think this is right?

Samantha brandishes the assembled knife, its white electrical cord dangling. Bill grabs the knife.

BILL

Where's an outlet?

SAMANTHA

Behind the couch. Shit. You can unplug the lamp.

With one hand, Bill drags the Anne-covered futon out to reveal the dirty wall behind. He unplugs a lamp and plugs in the knife. The cord isn't nearly long enough to reach Anne's leg.

BILL

Fuck. You got an extension?

DYLAN

I've got a surge protector in my apartment.

Meanwhile, Samantha further rips Anne's pajama bottoms.

SAMANTHA

I don't think it'll matter.

She points. The rot is all the way up to Anne's hip.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Not unless you can cut off her bottom half with that.

BILL

Fuck.

Bill tears up.

DYLAN

Ugh.

Bill takes the knife blades out of the electric knife as though he's done it 1000 times. He wraps the cord around it neatly. He hands it to Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Well, what now?

Samantha struggles to put the knife back into its case.

BILL

Now? I think I take my boy and get out of the city. There's room for you, if you'd like, but not much.

The lights flicker.

SAMANTHA

Are we just going to leave her?

Bill sighs.

Dylan walks back into the hallway.

BILL

I'm not sure what we can do for her.

DYLAN (O.S.)

What if she's a zombie?

BILL

Don't be disrespectful.

SAMANTHA

She's not going to turn into a zombie, Dylan. Did you call 9-1-1?

DYLAN (O.S.)

I tried, it didn't connect.

SAMANTHA

Well, that's not great.

BILL

Try again.

SAMANTHA

And if that doesn't work, try the university police.

Strange shadows move around the floor.

BILL

This is a bit of a messed up situation here.

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

(a breath)

You guys want a coffee? It helps me think.

DYLAN (O.S.)
I just had one.

BILL
I could go for a coffee. I think it ought to be to go. I don't think it's safe here. Who knows if this condition is contagious. A rat bit her, but she might be able to transfer something to us, airborne.

DYLAN (O.S.)
She could still even turn into a zom-
(Bill looks in his direction)
-thing. Something.

Samantha looks at the foot which has all but melted on her rug.

SAMANTHA
Definitely not a fast moving zombie, at any rate.

BILL
Don't be dis-

Bill's sentence is cut off as the "nipple light" falls near his head. TWO RAT CREATURES lands on Bill's shoulder and head. One begins gnawing on his neck as the second crawls down his face.

Dylan runs into the room.

DYLAN
Dad!

Bill deftly opens his pocket knife and stabs at the creature on his face. The pocket knife sticks into its skull. Both creature and knife fall to the floor. The other creature hisses and writhes as it continues to bite his neck.

Samantha throws the electric knife case at the rat creature knocking it to the floor.

As it scurries back to its feet, Dylan whips the pill bottle at the creature. It run/crawls away, pausing a moment on Samantha's floor mat before leaving the apartment by squeezing between the bottom of the door and the threshold.

Bill stands there holding his neck. Part of his nose is missing and the hole looks as though it might already be beginning to rot.

BILL

Damnit.

Bill falls to his knees.

DYLAN

Dad!

Dylan starts to move, but quickly stops, frozen in place.

SAMANTHA

I'm so sorry.

Bill falls to the floor awkwardly. His body twitches and gasps.

DYLAN

Dad!

Samantha checks on Bill, knowing it to be fruitless. The rot is spreading on his neck.

She shakes her head at Dylan.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do.

SAMANTHA

Maybe he had the right idea. If these things are in the neighborhood, let's just leave the neighborhood.

Bill's body continues twitching and gasping on the floor.

DYLAN

I don't know what to do.

SAMANTHA

We can make it out of this, Dylan.

DYLAN

I don't know what to do.

The twitching slows and stops.

It grows silent.

Samantha and Dylan exchange sad looks to each other.

SAMANTHA

We can-

ANNE

Argh!

Samantha is startled. Anne has sat up and continues screaming. The scream gains a gurgle noise that grows. Anne froths at the mouth, and falls off the couch as she dies, her rotting leg smooshing upon impact.

Both Samantha and Dylan stare at the bodies in her living room.

Dylan sits down on the floor and leans against the wall, incapable of processing everything.

Samantha looks at him, then looks at the dead bodies once again.

Samantha closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

Samantha grabs a wad of leftover gauze and goes to retrieve the pocket knife from the rat creature's body on the ground. Tentative, she pulls it out. The carcass of the creature breaks and pours on the floor like a busted water balloon.

Samantha holds the gauze and knife with two fingers and squats next to Dylan. She touches his shoulder with the non-knife hand. She holds the knife with the keychain fob out to Dylan.

SAMANTHA

You should take this.

(A beat)

You should probably wipe it off a bit.

Dylan wipes the knife off on his shirt.

DYLAN

Thanks.

Samantha grabs the pill bottle off the floor and pockets it.

SAMANTHA

Look, I know that this is a lot, but we can't stay here. We have literal monsters jumping out of the ceiling.

DYLAN

There's the one in the hall, too.

SAMANTHA

You're right. I think we have to leave through the back door.

DYLAN

But that's where we saw the first monster.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, but your dad killed that one.

DYLAN

He can't help, now.

SAMANTHA

I know, buddy. Come on.

She helps Dylan back to his feet.

DYLAN

I can't protect you.

SAMANTHA

Take care of yourself first, Dylan.

DYLAN

Okay.

SAMANTHA

Let's sit down, drink some water, grab some snacks that'll fit in our pockets, go to the bathroom, and then we'll head out.

DYLAN

That's a good idea.

Scratching noises grow from the walls and ceiling.

We see tiny paws swipe the ground under the door.

We hear a strange animal scream.

Samantha runs to the front door and shoves the mat underneath the door as best she can.

SAMANTHA

Or, let's just leave now.

DYLAN

That is also a good idea.

EXT. SIX-FLAT - LATER

We see Samantha and Dylan exit to Samantha's porch on the second floor.

SAMANTHA

You okay?

DYLAN

Yeah. I'm just kinda numbing myself to the world right now.

SAMANTHA

Oh. Uh, good.

Samantha locks her back door.

DYLAN

Should you be doing that? What if somebody needs to get in to escape the monsters?

SAMANTHA

Well, that's the only spot I know that creatures can easily get to. Therefore, I am protecting them from false hope and empty promises.

DYLAN

Still, it doesn't seem right.

Samantha pulls her keys from the lock.

SAMANTHA

Well, it's done now.

DYLAN

Sam.

Dylan taps Samantha on the shoulder and points to a rat creature on the landing between them and the first floor.

SAMANTHA

Well, it's only one.

The rat creature stares at them and makes a high pitched noise. We hear scratching sounds as though a hundred rats are approaching.

DYLAN

Nope.

Panicking, Dylan climbs the railing of the porch and jumps to the nearby tree.

SAMANTHA

Dylan!

Rat creatures are congregating on the landing.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Crap on a bicycle.

Samantha awkwardly climbs her railing. She performs the sign of the cross and takes a big step to the bough of the tree.

She loses her balance momentarily.

Dylan grabs her arm and steadies her.

DYLAN
Don't worry. You're safe. I'm sorry
I flaked.

SAMANTHA
Well, you made it up to me.

DYLAN
We're safe now. Rats can't climb
trees.

SAMANTHA
Are you for real?

DYLAN
What?

SAMANTHA
I grew up in the city, Dylan. I've
seen rats climb up telephone poles.

DYLAN
Really?

SAMANTHA
Yes, really!

DYLAN
Oh.

Samantha stops to think. She sees the garage near the dumpster.

SAMANTHA
If we climb out on this branch, we
should be able to make it to the
roof of the garage.

DYLAN
Then what?

SAMANTHA
Then, we get the heck out of dodge.

DYLAN

Do you think you can make it?

Samantha stares at the distance between the branch and the garage, then makes the mistake of looking down.

She shivers then hugs the trunk of the tree.

SAMANTHA

Hundred percent.

DYLAN

Okay.

Dylan gracefully jogs on the top of the branch and leaps to the garage roof, making it easily.

SAMANTHA

(under her breath)

This kid is gonna kill me.

Samantha grimaces, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. She carefully walks onto the branch. She's not nearly close enough to make it to the roof yet.

DYLAN

Come on! It held me, and I'm 150!

Samantha glares at Dylan.

We hear another high pitched screech. A rat creature is staring at the tree.

SAMANTHA

Oh, heck me.

Samantha runs and awkwardly leaps from the tree.

She Fosbury flops onto the roof.

DYLAN

See? Easy.

Samantha groans.

Dylan helps Samantha to her feet. She's bleeding on her arm from where she scraped the roof on her landing.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Just like I told you.

They fall through the garage roof.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jane is holding her phone to her ear and pacing in her living room. She is wearing pajamas. We hear the phone ring once before it cuts to a Computerized Voice.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
The voicemail box for this number
has not been set up. Good-bye.

JANE
Fuck.

Jane opens a "find friends" app on her phone. The map never loads. Next to Izzy's name it reads:

Location Unavailable

Jane switches to texting. We see that she has already sent a dozen unanswered text to her daughter.

Jane continues pacing.

JANE (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Jane changes into a long sleeve shirt, a pair of jeans and a tall pair of leather boots.

She grabs her keys.

Jane checks her phone again.

JANE (CONT'D)
Fuck!

She takes a deep breath before leaving the house.

INT. GARAGE - MORNING

Samantha is lying on top of a car hood with a bunch of roof debris around her. We briefly see Dylan on the garage floor with his foot twisted at a weird angle.

We focus on Samantha brushing dust and wood off of her shirt. She tentatively moves her body making sure that everything is still working.

A hand grabs her shoulder, shocking her.

DYLAN
You okay?

SAMANTHA
Yeah. Geez. Give me a second here.

DYLAN
Well, we got a car.

SAMANTHA
Okay.

Samantha rolls off the hood and tries to open the driver side door.

It's locked.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
It's locked.

DYLAN
Let me try.

SAMANTHA
What are you going to do differently? I'm going to look for something to smash the window open.

Dylan grabs the door handle and it unlocks. He pulls the door open and sits down.

DYLAN
Impressive, huh?

SAMANTHA
(confused)
What?

Dylan starts the car.

DYLAN
You want to open the garage door?

Samantha glances into the car.

SAMANTHA
Oh. This is your dad's car?

DYLAN
Yep.

Samantha sees that more than half of the backseat is loaded up with boxes and bags. Lacrosse sticks and a guitar are stacked on top of the boxes.

SAMANTHA
You've got a lot of stuff.

DYLAN
I'm going to Atlanta for all
summer.

Samantha opens the garage door. In the distance, she sees
four rat creatures in the alley. She quickly limps to the
passenger door and climbs into the car.

SAMANTHA
Yeah let's go.

Dylan sits, confused.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Dylan, buddy?

DYLAN
Shit.

SAMANTHA
What? Were you bit? Are they in
here?

Samantha looks down at the floor between them and sees it.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Aw, fudge.

Now we see it.

A stick shift.

DYLAN
My dad says automatic transmissions
are for the indolent.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S CAR

The radio is playing.

RADIO
Sources from a leaked email say
that this aggression is due to the
creature's incredibly fast
metabolism-

Jane's phone is plugged in and set in the center console
cupholder

Jane's automatic shifter switches from R to D. The engine
revs.

RADIO (CONT'D)

-combined with its non functional digestive system, this has given the creatures a lifespan limited to-

The car starts playing Jane's podcast automatically.

PODCAST

Andrea's husband, Don Wilson, could not be reached at his office until 11:30 that morning.

The phone falls backwards in the cupholder as Jane accelerates.

PODCAST (CONT'D)

The police escort him to the scene, and Don helps them search for clues.

The phone shifts sideways as Jane takes a turn at high speed.

PODCAST (CONT'D)

It isn't until 7 o'clock that night when uniformed officer Geoffrey Sonnenberg unearths a cell phone bill placed beneath the bag of the bathroom trash can.

The phone beeps and Jane turns it to glance at the notification.

The notification reads:

Time for Daily Yoga.

She goes back to ignoring the phone.

PODCAST (CONT'D)

The bill contains numerous calls to a 716 number unfamiliar to Dan. After some deliberation, he dials-

The tires screech. The phone falls out of the cupholder sideways.

BANG

The car stops abruptly. Front and side airbags have all gone off.

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

We see Jane's car has collided with a street sign. Airbags block our view of inside.

We pull back.

We see Bill's car stopped in the middle of the intersection. It looks as though Jane swerved to avoid hitting it.

Dylan gets out of Bill's car and goes to check on Jane.

He approaches the door.

DYLAN

You okay?

JANE

I'm fine. Just a little shaken up. My phone keeps on wanting to call 911. 911 isn't working. It's trying again.

Jane brandishes her phone.

DYLAN

Is your car drivable?

Samantha is now out of Bill's car as well. She cautiously observes the scene from a safe distance.

JANE

Well, if it is, I can't really see where I'm going.

DYLAN

Yeah that's fair. I'm sorry I had a little trouble with the gear shifter.

JANE

I don't care. I've got to get to my daughter.

DYLAN

Is she in the car?

JANE

She's just a few blocks away.

Jane fights with her seatbelt, and awkwardly limbos under the driver side airbag to get out of the car.

SAMANTHA

It's not safe out here; there are creatures.

JANE

Give me your keys.

Dylan hands her the car keys, the pocket knife still attached. Jane notices that they're spotted with blood, but puts them in her jacket pocket anyway.

DYLAN

I can get in the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS

Jane is behind the wheel of Bill's car, grinding the gears as she shifts.

We see Samantha in the passenger seat and Dylan in the backseat, pressed against the pile of boxes and bags.

JANE

Oh god. They just kinda melted?

SAMANTHA

Yeah. It's, um, pretty traumatic. It's like, um, really, um horrible.

DYLAN

Yeah.

SAMANTHA

So, how far away is your kid?

JANE

She's at her friend Ava's in Governors. You know, the big building over by the lake?

SAMANTHA

We were kinda hoping to get out of the area.

DYLAN

Yeah, no offense, but it sounds like we might be going kinda deeper into things.

JANE

Well, I was "kinda" planning on driving my car there.

DYLAN

Okay, I'm sorry. You're right.

(a beat)

Listen, when we get there, I'll go in with you. It's not safe to go alone.

JANE

You think endangering another child is going to make me feel better?

SAMANTHA

No, he's good. Surprisingly nimble.

DYLAN

Why is it surprising?

JANE

Fine, fuck off. I don't give a shit.

DYLAN

Samantha should stay here, though. I don't wan-

SAMANTHA

I'm okay with that.

DYLAN

Oh... okay.

Samantha opens the glove box and absent-mindedly searches through it. On top of a receipt for new tires, she finds Bill's cell phone.

SAMANTHA

Hey. Is this your dad's phone?

DYLAN

It is. It was?

SAMANTHA

Maybe he has, like a different carrier, and we can call for help.

DYLAN

I don't think he's got a different carrier than mine.

SAMANTHA

No password. Trusting soul. There are a lot of missed messages here.

DYLAN

You shouldn't read other people's texts. It's disrespectful.

SAMANTHA

It's Facebook messenger. Who's Theo?

DYLAN

Uncle Theo? He's my dad's friend. Not really my uncle. Tio Theo. Would you please stop going through his texts.

SAMANTHA

I'm not looking through his texts.

JANE

That's the letter and not the spirit of the law there. Just try to make a call. Then you can tell the cops that the monsters that they know are everywhere are everywhere and they can do absolutely fucking nothing to help us.

SAMANTHA

Okay.

Samantha does that thing.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(disappointed)

More of the same.

JANE

I figured. We're here.

Jane parks the car in front of a hydrant.

DYLAN

All right. Samantha, stay here.

SAMANTHA

Yep. I'll make sure that, um, the car doesn't get towed.

JANE

I'll leave the motor running.

DYLAN

That's actually bad for the environ-

Jane glares at Dylan, but turns off the car and takes the keys anyway.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

All right, let's go then.

Dylan and Jane enter the apartment building.

Samantha tilts her chair back and looks through Bill's phone.

She scrolls through the photos and finds shirtless selfies.

She goes back to messenger and looks at the messages from Theo.

SAMANTHA

(reading aloud)

I miss you. I can't wait to see
you. I want to feel your. . . Oh.

KNOCK KNOCK

Samantha is startled by a knock on the car window and pockets Bill's phone.

INT. VESTIBULE - MIDDAY

Jane and Dylan are in the vestibule of Governors. Dylan is pulling at a locked door. Jane is waiting by the intercom, staring at dozens of buttons.

DYLAN

Can you call them and see if they
can let us in.

JANE

There was no answer.

DYLAN

Well, what now?

Jane swipes her finger across dozens of buttons.

TENANT VOICE #1

Who is it?

JANE

Amazon.

TENANT VOICE #1

Just leave it in the vestibule. And go home. There are monsters out here today!

DYLAN

Well, now what?

TENANT VOICE #2

Who is it?

JANE

Amazon.

The inner door buzzes. Dylan pulls it open quickly.

TENANT VOICE #2

Just so you know, I think you should go home after this. I know how you workers are exploited by. .
 . (trails off)

INT. BILL'S CAR - DAY

We see Samantha in the fully reclined passenger seat, drinking from a small bottle of whiskey, talking to an unseen figure.

SAMANTHA

So, that's how I spent this morning. I feel kinda bad, like I'm missing out on being a hero.

We reveal Benny in a fully reclined driver seat. Samantha passes the bottle to him.

BENNY

All the hero shit is bullshit. Half the time it hurts more than it helps. Just do what you can, and try not to hurt people, well, unless you have to.

SAMANTHA

That's kinda cynical.

BENNY

It's realistic. Even the super-hero movies show that. Tony Stark fights bad guys created by Tony Stark in *Iron Man 1*, *Iron Man 2*, *Iron Man 3*, *Avengers Ultron*, and that Spider-man movie with Batman in it.

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

And Batman! You think Gotham City had killer clowns in it before some rich guy decided to dress up like a Dracula and punch eye-talians?

Benny and Samantha drink whiskey.

SAMANTHA

I dunno man.

BENNY

I am nervous just sitting here. How long we give them before we bolt?

SAMANTHA

Ten more minutes.

Samantha brushes up against her pocket and we hear a rattling.

BENNY

What's that?

SAMANTHA

Vicodin.

BENNY

Don't mind if I do.

INT. APT BUILDING - DAY

Jane and Dylan get into the elevator. Jane pushes 38, the doors close and the car goes up.

DYLAN

Should we not be riding an elevator because it is an emergency?

JANE

No. It's fine. That's down. We're going up.

DYLAN

I don't think that that matters.

JANE

Anyways, rats are not going to chew through the main cable, the backup cable and the emergency brakes. Elevators have a bunch of systems in place so that they don't fall down the chute at terminal velocity.

DYLAN

Oh, okay.

They stand in silence for a moment.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

You an engineer or something?

JANE

No, I learned that from Speed.

DYLAN

Huh?

JANE

Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock.
Very romantic.

DYLAN

Is that the one with the time
traveling mailbox?

INT. BILL'S CAR

Samantha and Benny continue chatting

SAMANTHA

I dunno. Should I be up there with
them? Should I be helping? I mean,
am I a coward?

BENNY

Naw, sugar. You're a survivor.
There's people dying everyday. You
could donate more money to charity
or live in a smaller house to help
them, but where you gonna draw the
line?

SAMANTHA

I dunno. I just don't feel like I'm
doing the right thing.

BENNY

You're waiting here for them.
That's too heroic, if ya ask me.
Heroes are assholes. People think
cops are heroes; cops are assholes.
Batman is a hero.

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

Batman is just a rich white cop who beats up the poor and mentally ill and spends his money on Dracula costumes and motorcycles that shoot out of Lamborghinis instead of just providing affordable housing for the neighborhoods around crime alley.

SAMANTHA

You've got real beef with Batman. Ya know, there are heroes besides cops and super-heroes.

BENNY

You can't idolize anybody all the way, sugar.

SAMANTHA

I mean, Gandhi?

BENNY

Racist.

SAMANTHA

Susan B. Anthony?

BENNY

Racister.

SAMANTHA

George Washington?

BENNY

Racistest who enslaved people.

INT. APT BUILDING

Jane and Dylan stand in front of an apartment door.

DYLAN

Should we break it down? Or maybe we should get the fire axe?

JANE

Fire axe?

DYLAN

Yeah. Aren't there fire axes in buildings like this?

JANE

Maybe in the 1920s.

DYLAN

I could try kicking it in. I don't
know if I can kick it in. I mean,
my dad could've, but-

Jane knocks on the door.

APARTMENT DWELLER (O.S.)

Coming.

Jane steps aside as the door opens, revealing a woman in her forties.

The television is blaring from inside.

TV

-These government looking types
been coming in and out of the
vacants over here since-

APARTMENT DWELLER

(to the inside)

Will you turn that down!

The tv volume becomes inaudible.

JANE

Hi, are you Mrs. Johnson?

APARTMENT DWELLER

Huh?

JANE

Ava's mom?

APARTMENT DWELLER

Oh. No, this is 3807. The Johnsons
are in 3801.

JANE

Oh. Sorry to bother you.

Jane starts to walk toward 3801.

APARTMENT DWELLER

Nobody is going to be there.
They're out of town until Tuesday.
Good for them. This should all be
over by then.

JANE

The parents are gone?

APARTMENT DWELLER

All of them, I'd hope. I'm watching their dog. Watering their plants. Taking in their mail.

JANE

My daughter, Izzy, was supposed to be spending the night, last night, with Ava.

APARTMENT DWELLER

Uh-huh.

JANE

That doesn't make sense. If she's not there-

APARTMENT DWELLER

Let me ask you something: Your daughter have a boyfriend?

INT. BILL'S CAR

SAMANTHA

Michael Jordan?

BENNY

Sociopath.

SAMANTHA

Any sports guys?

BENNY

Well, let me tell you. When I was a kid, I liked NASCAR.

SAMANTHA

Really?

BENNY

Really. My two favorite drivers were Alan Kulwicki who drove the Hooters car and Davey Allison who drove the Texaco car.

SAMANTHA

So, uh-

BENNY

I know what you're gonna say, but I was a kid and I just liked the color orange. I liked the Cincinnati Bengals too!

(MORE)

BENNY (CONT'D)

I barely registered that Hooters was a boob thing.

SAMANTHA

Sure.

BENNY

Besides. Hooters is all about the short shorts anyways. It's a place for ass men and pantyhose fetishists.

SAMANTHA

Are there pantyhose fetishists?

BENNY

C'mon. Anyways, on April Fool's Day, when I was twelve years old, BOOM, Alan Kulwicki dies in a plane crash. It broke my heart. My parents told me not to cry because I didn't really know him.

SAMANTHA

But you cried?

BENNY

I punched a hole in the damn wall, that I had to pay for it. But then three months later. Davey Allison dies in a helicopter crash, and I just stopped caring. I stopped watching NASCAR. The people just died on you. Everybody eventually gets in a flying machine and just dies on you.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry.

BENNY

I mean, I didn't really know them. Shit, I haven't thought about that for 20 years.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry.

They sit in silence for a moment.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Pantyhose, huh?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jane and Dylan are riding an elevator car down.

DYLAN
Does Izzy's boyfriend live nearby?

JANE
I don't know.

DYLAN
What's his name, maybe I can google him.

JANE
I didn't know that she was dating anybody. She never told me.

We hear a scratching noise.

DYLAN
Well, she'd probably date somebody at her school right? How many people could that be?

JANE
Fifteen hundred.

DYLAN
Okay, well, only half are boys. . .

JANE
She's bi-sexual.

The elevator car slows to stop on the twenty-seventh floor. Samantha steps away from the doors. Dylan does not.

DYLAN
Okay, um, does she have a finsta?

JANE
I don't know what that is.

The doors ding open and a dead body falls on top of Dylan.

Dylan screams.

We see the glowing green eyes of a creature running down the hall towards the elevator.

DYLAN
CLOSE THE DOOR!

Samantha pushes the button, but the doors open and close of the legs of the dead body.

Dylan grabs the corpse by the arm to pull it off of him. The arm comes off. The creature is closing in.

We see the body drip through its clothes as Samantha pulls the corpse off of Dylan by its shirt and tosses it down the hall.

The elevator doors close on Dylan's leg.

The doors open again, revealing a blood-soaked creature biting into Dylan's leg through his jeans.

JANE

I'm sorry.

DYLAN

Wait! I've got-

Jane pushes Dylan out of the elevator with both feet and her back against the wall. The doors close. Samantha sits on the floor, looking like she's about to have a panic attack.

She takes a deep breath and tries to regain her composure as the car goes down.

The doors open on the first floor.

We see the green glowing eyes of two rat creatures in that hall turn their attention to the elevator.

Jane rushes to the elevator buttons. She pushes second floor.

The creatures stares at her, then charge.

She rapidly pushes the "door close" button.

INT. BILL'S CAR

SAMANTHA

It's been a while.

BENNY

How long is it supposed to take to get a teenage girl out of an apartment?

SAMANTHA

That sounds like the start to a dirty joke.

BENNY

I say one more minute and then we bolt.

SAMANTHA

We can't do that.

BENNY

If they're not back yet, they're probably dead. If they're dead, they won't care if we're gone.

SAMANTHA

It's not that.

BENNY

What is it.

SAMANTHA

Jane has the keys.

BENNY

Oh.

SAMANTHA

I'm also nervous about driving for the first time in like 5 years, but the key thing seems more important.

BENNY

You think there's any weapons or anything useful we can take with us?

SAMANTHA

I just had a pocket knife, but I gave it to Dylan who gave it to Jane.

BENNY

Those are the people in the building?

SAMANTHA

Yes.

BENNY

Okay. Anything else?

Samantha glances back in the backseat and smiles.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Jane crawls to the front of the elevator car as it stops on the second floor. She carefully peeks out of the doors as the slowly open. It looks clear. She looks left and right.

JANE

Okay.

She steps out of the car.

The elevator doors close behind her.

JANE (CONT'D)

Well. . . Now what?

She fumble with the keys in her pocket and realizes that she has a knife.

Jane flicks open the blade and carries it in her left hand.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Benny and Samantha walk to the vestibule. Benny is carrying a lacrosse stick. We See that Samantha is also carrying a lacrosse stick and, in addition, she is wearing a lacrosse helmet.

BENNY

You look silly. I don't think those things are gonna bite your head.

SAMANTHA

I'm just sad that I couldn't fit in the chest protector. That kid is too dang skinny.

The pair walk into the vestibule. Samantha tries unsuccessfully to open the inner door.

BENNY

You know anybody in this building?

Samantha scans the list of names. She pauses at the name TOM SCHNAUSER - 601.

SAMANTHA

Um. Don't think so.

BENNY

Who sounds nicer? Brenda Flowers or Karen Eadie.

SAMANTHA
Brenda Flowers.

Benny rings the bell for Brenda Flowers.

BRENDA FLOWERS (O.S.)
Hello?

BENNY
Sorry to bother you, but I forgot
to grab my keys before I started to
walk Jasper.

BRENDA FLOWERS
Oh. No worries.

The door buzzes.

SAMANTHA
What would you have done if she was
watching the video?

Samantha points to a camera mounted to the corner of the
vestibule ceiling.

BENNY
Brenda Flowers doesn't own a
teevee. She only reads books and
goes to the opera.

SAMANTHA
You psychic?

BENNY
Well, and the wires to that camera
aren't connected to anything.

Samantha notices that the camera's wires go through the
vestibule glass and hang limply on the other side, electrical
tape covering their exposed ends.

They enter the first floor. The rats seem to be gone for the
moment.

SAMANTHA
There's an elevator, but you're not
supposed to take elevators in
emergencies. But I guess they
weren't talking about plague rats
when they were making that rule.
But-

BENNY
We'll take the stairs.

Benny points away from the elevators to the staircase at the end of the hall

SAMANTHA

Okay.

BENNY

If there are a bunch of monsters trying to eat me, I don't want to be trapped in a little 5 by 5 box.

SAMANTHA

Understandable.

BENNY

What floor were they going to?

SAMANTHA

I don't know.

BENNY

Have you tried calling them?

SAMANTHA

I don't have their numbers.
(realizing)
Oh wait.

Samantha pulls Bill's phone out of her pocket and searches for Dylan. She finds a contact marked "Son Dylan" and hits the call button.

It doesn't ring.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Well, that was worth a shot.

BENNY

So, you want to just wander around a building with a thousand people in it when there's a bunch of people eating monsters around.

SAMANTHA

I guess so.

BENNY

Let's start from the bottom and work our way up.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Jane tentatively walks down the hall of the second floor.

She stops and listens, hearing a television blaring through the thin walls.

Jane spots the sign for the stairwell.

Behind her, we see the green glowing eyes of a creature peek out from under a closed apartment door.

The creature squeezes itself through the bottom of the doorway. It looks skinnier than the earlier creatures

Carefully, it begins to stalk her.

The creature is closing in, about a five feet away from gnawing Jane's ankle.

The doorway to the second floor stairwell opens, revealing Benny and Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Look out!

Jane turns to face the creature. She lets out a guttural yell, and the creature screams back at her.

Jane runs towards Benny and Samantha, the creature gives chase.

As she runs past, Samantha scoops the rat creature in the lacrosse net.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

She flings the creature down the hall where it smashes into a fire extinguisher cabinet and squishes.

The slightly flattened creature sticks to the cabinet for a moment, then its carcass slowly moves down it like one of those sticky rubber wall-crawlers.

JANE

Fucking bagucking.

SAMANTHA

You okay?

JANE

Yeah, thanks.

SAMANTHA

Where's Dylan?

JANE

He didn't make it. He got his leg
chewed on and I had to leave him.

BENNY

Stone cold.

SAMANTHA

This is Benny.

JANE

Anyways, my kid isn't even here.
I'm sorry I got you into this.
Well, further into this.

BENNY

Hey, no biggee.

SAMANTHA

So what now?

JANE

Well, we probably should be out
here in the open.

The rat creature finally falls off the cabinet, and bursts
open on the floor.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, but, should we leave?

JANE

I- uh- hold on.

Jane's phone starts buzzing. She answers it and holds up one
finger.

BENNY

She's being a real Karen Eady here.

JANE

Well, I'm in the building, ready to
get you out, but you're not here.

(a pause)

Uh-huh.

(a pause)

Uh-huh.

(a pause)

Ava S. Not Ava J? In the same
fucking building? How many fucking
Ava's do you know, Izzy?

BENNY

I think Ava is a popular name with that age group.

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

JANE

End of the hall, but which apartment?

(a pause)

Next to the stairwell is not a number.

(a pause)

Ask fucking Ava! She should know where she lives.

(a pause)

All right. Love you and see you in a few.

(to Samantha)

You guys up for one more quick stop?

BENNY

Fuckin' A.

SAMANTHA

Sure, whatever.

JANE

My kid is right above us. Let's just get her and get the fuck out of here.

Jane pushes the up button to call the elevator.

BENNY

I think we should take the stairs.

JANE

Okay, but she's on the 23rd floor.

SAMANTHA

Elevator's fine.

The doors open and the three step inside. Samantha glances down at the remnants of the arm of the corpse that fell on Dylan.

BENNY

Oh, I'll get that.

Benny awkwardly uses the lacrosse stick like a broom to sweep the arm out of the elevator before the door closes.

BENNY (CONT'D)

That's not as easy as you made that look.

SAMANTHA

I contain multitudes.

INT. 23RD FLOOR - DAY

Heroic shot of Jane walking down the hall flanked on each side by Benny and Samantha who each brandish a lacrosse stick. Samantha is still wearing the helmet.

We see Jane is holding the open pocket knife with the attached key fob still swaying.

They reach the end of the hallway (next to the stairwell), and Jane knocks on the door there.

JANE

C'mon Izzy. It's time to go.

AVA S(16) opens the door.

AVA S.

Izzy just jumped in the shower. You want some coffee or something?

BENNY

I'd take some coffee if it's on.

AVA S.

I've got one of those things. Makes hot or iced, like, right away.

BENNY

Ooh, All right.

He pushes past Jane to get inside.

AVA S.

(to Benny)

Are you Izzy's dad?

INT. AVA S'S APARTMENT - DAY

Our characters are in a upper-middle class dining room/kitchen with a nice hardwood table and a little bar area separating the cooking and dining areas. A ceiling fan whirs at high speed.

Samantha sits at the windowsill and looks at the outside world with concern. She is still wearing the helmet and holding the stick.

Jane is pacing, growing angrier by the minute.

Benny and Ava S are sitting at the dining room table. Izzy is stirring her iced coffee with a metal straw. Benny is drinking a cup of hot coffee. His lacrosse stick is leaning against the table.

AVA S.

It took me a while to get used to the metal straw, but now I like it because it makes the coffee extra cold when I drink it.

Benny grunts in agreement. He looks at the coffee cup, admiring the cartoon lobster on it.

BENNY

I don't know this lobster. Is it an anime or something?

AVA S.

Oh no. It's one of mine. I've got a cartoon on the internet.

BENNY

And you make mugs too?

AVA S.

Yeah, well, a secondary place will put whatever you want on mugs and t-shirts and such. Then you can have a little online store and make a little bit of side money.

BENNY

Oh, that's great. You know, I always wanted to make a cartoon.

AVA S.

Really?

BENNY

Yeah. It'd be a bunch of water animals. The main one would be a manatee named Hugh.

AVA S.

Hugh Manatee?

BENNY
That's funny right? Anyways, it
would poke fun at-

JANE
Izzy!

Izzy emerges from the back wearing a t-shirt and jean shorts.
Her hair is wrapped in a towel.

IZZY
(casual)
What's up mom. Who are all these
people?

JANE
We've risked life and limb to
rescue you!

IZZY
From Ava S?

JANE
Did you read my messages?

IZZY
Yeah.

A beat.

Jane looks at Izzy.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Well not all of them.

We switch to the POV of a rat creature looking through a vent
in the ceiling. It gurgles as Izzy and Jane continue arguing.
The gurgling doubles and triples.

JANE
Have you not seen any of the news?!

IZZY
The internet is really shitty here,
mom!

The skinniest rat creatures yet burst through the vent, the
first one bouncing off of Samantha's helmet before splatting
itself open on the dining room table.

It explodes into a shower of blood onto Ava and Benny. The
second gains purchase on Samantha's helmet and a third lands
safely on the table.

Samantha rips off her helmet and throws it to the floor.
Creature 2 skitters to its feet.

Creature 3 skitters around the dining room table, hissing at
a blood soaked Ava S and Benny.

Jane snatches the metal straw from Ava S's cup and impales
the creature through the back. The straw has pierced the
table, and the Creature 3 wiggles to try to get unstuck,
exploding itself in the process.

Meanwhile, Samantha catches Creature 2 in the lacrosse net
and tosses it into the ceiling fan, spreading more blood on
everybody in our group. She snags her helmet back from the
ground, checks the inside for monsters, then puts it back on.

A fourth and fifth creature can be seen hissing from the
vent.

Izzy darts to the kitchen and grabs a butcher knife.

Ava screams and tosses Benny's coffee cup at the vent. It
bounces off of the ceiling and the mug breaks over Samantha's
helmet.

Creature 4 dives at Ava S's face, only for Samantha to snag
it in the air in the net at the last possible second, hitting
Ava's face in the process.

She throws it toward the kitchen area. The creature lands in
the sink. Izzy runs over, grabs the faucet sprayer and sprays
water at the Creature 4. She uses the butcher knife to turn
on the garbage disposal.

Creature 5 pokes his head out of the vent, then crawls back,
deeper into the duct work.

BENNY

Well, I don't like that.

We hear the sounds of what might be 100 creatures in the
vents.

CUT TO:

AVA S'S APARTMENT DOOR

Our characters have regrouped, though they are still bloody
and a little shell-shocked.

We hear a tremendous amount of creatures crawling through the
AC.

Ava S has a bandage on her nose.

Our characters have their established weapons, and now Izzy and Ava S have aluminum baseball bats.

SAMANTHA

Before we head out, I want to remind everybody that we have five people and room for about three people in the car.

JANE

We can toss some of Dylan's stuff. He won't be needing it.

IZZY

Who's Dylan?

JANE

It doesn't matter. Let's just keep quiet out here and try not to attract any attention from these things.

AVA S.

We can just take my car. It seats like 7. More if you don't care about seatbelts.

Ava S grabs a key ring with multiple keys and keyrings on it. She unlocks the door and they all step out into the hallway. Ava locks the door behind her.

She drops the keys.

Everybody freezes in place for a moment.

We hear skittering.

JANE

Open the door.

Creatures emerge from under several doors in the hallway.

They're nearly skeletal now, looking desperate.

Dozens of glowing green eyes turn to face them.

Ava drops to the floor and grabs the keys.

All the tiny heads have now turned to face the group. Maybe 100.

Ava slowly looks through the ten keys, and notices that the key is tangled in one of the rings.

The creatures are moving.

We hear footsteps over the noises of skittering.

JANE (CONT'D)
Go faster.

The creatures are moving closer.

AVA S.
They get stuck. Sometimes if I
shake...

Closer.

Ava shakes the keys.

Closer.

She shakes the keys again.

Closer.

The key is untangled from the ring.

AVA S. (CONT'D)
Here we go!

The creatures are perilously close now.

Samantha and Benny choke up on their sticks and Jane whips out her tiny knife.

We hear a strange noise, not unlike a can of Reddi-whip. Followed by screaming.

Foam creates a barrier between our characters and the creatures. More and more foam chases the creatures away.

The creatures make horrible screeching noises and squeeze through any cracks and crevices they can find.

More foam.

Finally the last of the creatures has vanished.

We reveal Dylan brandishing a fire extinguisher. He turns to Jane.

DYLAN

I couldn't find a fire axe. The fire box had a tiny hammer, but the foam is more effective. They don't like the foam.

JANE

Dylan!

DYLAN

Oh, hey Samantha, girls I don't know, guy I don't know.

BENNY

Benny.

DYLAN

Dylan

They shake hands awkwardly holding their respective weapons.

SAMANTHA

How did you find us?

DYLAN

I didn't. I was just making my way down the stairs after Jane left me for dead. I heard a ruckus.

JANE

I saw him get bitten! The rat-thing bit him in the leg!

DYLAN

Yep. You saw the rat bite me in my leg.

BENNY

(to Samantha)

Is he a zombie now?

She shrugs.

Dylan lifts his pantleg to reveal a gouge in his prosthetic leg.

JANE

Okay, well, now I feel double bad.

AVA S.

(to Dylan)

I'm sorry for your loss.

DYLAN
S'okay. Oh shit, is this Izzy and
her girlfriend?

JANE
No, this is just her- Wait. Are you
two hooking up?

IZZY
Mom!

AVA S.
Yeah.

JANE
It's just that her parents- Wait.
You said, "yeah"?

AVA S.
Yeah.

DYLAN
If this is weird for you, I can
help. My dad was gay.

JANE
Let's just get out of here.

BENNY
Let's take the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The entire group slowly and carefully trudges down the
stairs.

DYLAN
So, I called my mom and she saw on
the news that these things are
supposed to die off naturally by
the end of tomorrow.

SAMANTHA
They are looking skinnier

DYLAN
Yeah, my mom says they burn through
energy like a hummer and can't
actually digest anything they eat.

BENNY
So, like a bio-weapon to clear out
an area-

A rat creature pops up out of nowhere and Izzy smashes it with her baseball bat, like a whack-a-mole.

Izzy shakes her hands out afterwards, feeling that weird vibration feeling that comes from an aluminum bat.

JANE

Look, does any of this help us right now?

DYLAN

Well, and my mom also said that they didn't spread much outside this neighborhood.

JANE

Great. You all can stay at my place for a few days. I'm up on 41st.

AVA S.

Sounds good Mrs. G.

Ava S smashes a rat off of a railing with her bat. She has perfect homerun hitter form.

Izzy stares in admiration.

BENNY

You got wifi?

DYLAN

I gotta drive to Atlanta. I'm already behind schedule.

IZZY

I think they'll probably give you some sort of monster deferment, my guy.

Jane smashes a creature under her boot.

DYLAN

What am I gonna stay here for?

Dylan points out a rat creature near Samantha

SAMANTHA

On it.

She scoops it and throws it down several floors.

DYLAN

Anybody want to drive with me? I'll pay for your flight home and drop you like a grand or so.

BENNY

Naw, man. I've got a life.

IZZY

I can do it!

JANE

No you can't.

DYLAN

Can you drive stick?

AVA S.

What's stick?

SAMANTHA

I can. I haven't in a long time, but I'll go.

DYLAN

Really?

SAMANTHA

I think I need to get out here for a while.

Jane kicks the head off of a rat creature.

JANE

Really? How come?

IZZY

Ugh, what floor are we on?

BENNY

This is 6, coming up.

SAMANTHA

You guys mind waiting up for a minute?

JANE

If we're splitting up anyways, let's just do it here.

DYLAN

Oh, uh okay.

The gang splits up. Samantha and Dylan awkwardly say goodbye to the rest.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Samantha stands outside of 601, with Dylan waiting to the side.

DYLAN
Who is this guy?

SAMANTHA
A work crush. He was kind of a jerk to me.

DYLAN
So, what are we doing here?

SAMANTHA
Muh.

Samantha knocks on the door.

DYLAN
What if he got eaten?

SAMANTHA
Well, I guess he won't answer, then.

The door opens revealing an uneaten Tom.

TOM
Samantha! This is crazy, right?
Thank god you're okay! What are you doing here?

SAMANTHA
Give me a kiss would you?

TOM
Um. Okay.

They do that thing.

SAMANTHA
You want to go out?

TOM
Like, now?

SAMANTHA

I'll give you a call in about a week.

TOM

Um, ok. I'm sorry about what happened to you at work.

SAMANTHA

All right. I've got to go. I'll call you.

Samantha walks away, directing Dylan to follow.

DYLAN

I thought that guy was a jerk to you.

SAMANTHA

Oh yeah.

DYLAN

So, are you going to ghost him?

SAMANTHA

No, I'm totally going to have sex with him. You saw how handsome he was, right?

DYLAN

So, he's not a jerk?

SAMANTHA

Oh, I'm sure he is.

DYLAN

You should be with somebody who is worthy of you.

Samantha looks at Dylan as if to say "my sweet, summer child."

SAMANTHA

Well, I'm not going to fucking marry him.

DYLAN

(Laughs)

Fair enough. It's a whole new side of you, Sam. I feel like I've watched you grow.

SAMANTHA

Yeah. I guess I'm more uninhibited
when I'm hopped up on
(takes pill bottle from
her pocket)
Ibuprofen?

DYLAN

Yeah, I couldn't find the Vicodin.

SAMANTHA

Oh. Well, I guess the real drugs
were, um, inside me all along.

DYLAN

Not really. Ibuprofen's not really
a real drug.

SAMANTHA

You know what I mean.

A creature crawls out from under a nearby apartment doorway.

DYLAN

You want to kill some monsters,
then do some whippets in the car?

SAMANTHA

I thought a whippet was a dog.

The creature is skeletal. It pathetically crawls toward the
pair and dies after a few steps.

Samantha and Dylan step over the creature as they walk back
to the stairwell.

DYLAN

Atlanta?

SAMANTHA

Atlanta.

(a beat)

We should stop at a waffle house on
the way down.

Dylan breaks down crying, clearly traumatized.

Hard cut to credits.

End