

INFECTED

Written by

James Schanep

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INFECTED

FADE IN:

INT. PENTHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON INHALER

Not a normal one; it's shaped the same, but has a vibrant commercial decal and the word "GILGAZYME" printed on the side.

Just behind the Gilgazyme a pair of hands separate a line of cocaine.

FRAMED MEDICAL CERTIFICATE

on the wall, "DR. RICHARD PHOENIX, MD: EXCELLENCE IN GENETICS".

PENTHOUSE - OFFICE

The owner of the hands, PHOENIX, 40s, snorts the line with grunts of labored delight.

Phoenix stands, stumbles out to

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

His pale hands firmly grip the railing that overlooks the living room below, where a topless woman slumps over the coffee table in an awkward position.

He sways back and forth, staring at her. Then, throws his hands in the air.

PHOENIX

Thank you Lewis Deleon! I'm gonna
live forever, mother fuckers!

He continues his slow, shaky walk down the hall.

LIVING ROOM

The Topless Woman rises, a little too slowly.

Matted hair stuck with dried vomit makes it impossible to see her face. Her perfect-ten body pale and emaciated.

HALLWAY/BEDROOM

Phoenix stands outside looking in. On the bed a strung-out bottomless woman.

TOPLESS WOMAN

stumbles, though differently than Phoenix, towards the wooden stairs. Her BARE FEET PAD the HARDWOOD FLOOR.

BEDROOM

Phoenix moves towards Bottomless Woman. Examines her perfectly-still body. No chest rise or fall. A foamy stain on the pillow next to her.

PHOENIX

Tell me you didn't O.D.

Checks for pulse on her limp, pale wrist.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

You were going to live forever--

TOPLESS WOMAN'S FEET

press against the WOODEN STEPS, CREAKING along the way.

PHOENIX (V.O.)

--you stupid bitch.

BEDROOM

PHOENIX

I didn't let you try it first so you could die in my penthouse.

Phoenix looks out to the hall.

A fluid movement, the girl in the bed sits up and looks at Phoenix with glazed eyes. Hungry eyes.

She crawls across the bed on all fours.

Phoenix turns back towards her.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Oh, thank G--

BOTTOMLESS ZOMBIE lets out a breathy, barely audible, MOAN.

Terrified, Phoenix backs away.

SHE LURCHES out of bed and stumbles sideways, SLAMS into the wall with arms stretched towards Phoenix.

Stabilized, she starts towards him with open mouth.

He recedes into the hallway--meets with Topless Zombie with a hard bite to the base of the neck.

BLACK

PUNCH SOUND and SLAM TITLE OVER: "INFECTED" in extra large font, across every inch of view space.

INT. DELEON'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A nice place, but nothing too upscale.

All the counter space filled with a makeshift science lab: test tubes and various notes.

Another Gilgazyme inhaler.

CLOSE ON NOTES

"FORMULA OF REMEMDIUM".

CLOSE ON GILGAZYME

Over the mouth-piece a red tape, "REMOVE BEFORE USE".

BACK TO SCENE

The room crowded with rations and other emergency supplies. On the counter, the television PLAYS the NEWS:

REPORTER (V.O.)

...This marks the third incident where a Hollywood set shut down for violent mental breakdown of a star.

FLASHBACK - INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Phoenix here with LEWIS DELEON, 30s. Deleon could be a candidate for a GQ model, but instead wears a lab coat for a living.

Deleon and Phoenix stand by a group of glass terrariums containing lab rats. Deleon TAPS on the GLASS.

DELEON
I don't know.

CLOSE ON RAT

Behind it, through the glass, his nametag, "LEWIS DELEON, CHIEF RESEARCHER".

DELEON (V.O.)
They just seem...

BACK TO SCENE

DELEON
... bored.

PHOENIX
Bored? Who gives a--

INT. DELEON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Deleon stands in the doorway. Looks in at his bathroom. He WEARS A HOMEMADE CAST on his right forearm.

The bathroom full of remodeling tools and two-by-fours. His cast made of this drywall.

PHOENIX (V.O.)
--shit? Let 'em decide how to spend their time after they've handed us their life savings.

DELEON'S APARTMENT - LATER

uses a hammer and nails to seal every opening to his place: windows, front door.

REPORTER (V.O.)
... In an ironic twist it seems many of those killed are users of the new longevity wonder drug 'Gilgazyme'. It's still unknown if there is a connection between the drug and the homicide sweep hitting major urban centers across the country.

FLASHBACK - INT. LAB - NIGHT

REPORTER (V.O.)

No spokesperson for Gilgazyme has
agreed to comment as of this
broadcast...

Phoenix follows Deleon from one terrarium to the next.

DELEON

They don't sleep, they don't eat.

PHOENIX

Hell, maybe this'll end world
hunger too!

Deleon shoots him a look.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Look, Deleon, all we have to do is
slap something on there saying 'not
evaluated by the FDA' and we're
golden.

INT. DELEON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

DELEON (V.O.)

I just don't know if it's ready...

Stops up his tub and sink. Fills them up with fresh water.
Moves back to

KITCHEN

Does the same thing here too. On the countertop TV:

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)

... Work with friends and
neighbors. Find a group. Nobody
can beat this thing alone. And...

FLASHBACK - INT. RESEARCH OFFICE - DAY

POLICE CHIEF (V.O.)

... we need all the help we can
get.

Deleon cornered at his desk by Phoenix.

PHOENIX

You're still young, but I need this! If I'm gonna live forever, I need to start now.

Deleon unimpressed.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Alright, how about this? What if Einstein was still alive? Still alive and in his prime because his telomeres stopped shortening. Think of the discoveries we'd have. You can be that scientist. Free to research whatever you want, forever. Not to mention the Nobel Prize...

INT. DELEON'S APARTMENT - MAKESHIFT LAB - DAY

Deleon scrawls over notes, leans back, shakes out a hand cramp.

PHOENIX (V.O.)

...just sign the form, Einstein.

Uses a dropper to add three drops from one beaker to another.

FLASHBACK - INT. RESEARCH OFFICE - DAY

Phoenix enters Deleon's office, excited.

PHOENIX

Oh baby, oh baby. I love living in a world without regulations. I mean, have you seen our stock quotes lately?

Deleon ignores him. Types away.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Listen, Lewis, everything is working fine. The rich and famous have already started taking it, no one seems "bored" or "tired". You've ensured your place, It's a dog-eat-dog world, and you and I just pulled ahead in the rat race, because we're better, smarter--

DELEON

Wait.

Hops up from his seat and runs to

LAB

The Research Assistant follows. Deleon reaches into

CONTROL TERRARIUM

marked "CONTROL GROUP: NOT EXPOSED" and takes a squirming, energetic mouse by the tail.

BACK TO SCENE

Carries the mouse to the other side of the room.

EXPERIMENT TERRARIUM

labeled "GROUP X: EXPOSED TWO WEEKS". Deleon lowers the SQUEALING MOUSE into the tank. The other mice flock onto the cornered mouse and rip it to shreds.

BACK TO SCENE

DELEON

Oh no.

INT. DELEON'S APARTMENT - PANTRY - DAY

Chock full of food.

PANTRY - LATER

Nearly barren. TITLE OVER, "A FEW WEEKS LATER".

DELEON (V.O.)

What happens now?

INT. DELEON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The sun's rays creep through the cracks in the boarded windows. The apartment has the overused appearance of a hermit's hovel.

CLOSE ON WRISTWATCH

Reads "00:00:00". Deleon resets the timer to "03:00:00" and it begins to count down towards zero once more from the three hour mark.

BACK TO SCENE

He puts the watch on his left wrist, opposite the cast. Digs through this section of his makeshift laboratory and pulls out

VIAL OF YELLOW ELIXIR

it's small, the size of an index finger. Labeled, "CURE ATTEMPT V. 3.1".

He carefully puts it in a bandolier filled with other similar vials. Wraps the bandolier around his thigh. Pulls his pants on over the cure bandolier.

Deleon claims a handheld voice recorder. He presses "RECORD".

DELEON

(dictation)

I could stay here comfortably for a few more weeks at least, but I'm leaving. In search of the limiting ingredient. Niacin. I've left a copy of my cure notes in case anyone 'stumbles by'.

Smiles at his own macabre humor.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Deleon organizes a hiking backpack. He carefully files and places folders of cure notes in the bag.

Also fills it with: flashlight, first aid, food, misc. camping gear, binoculars, detailed city maps.

Rips a table leg off from a bar stool, then hammers one end so it's full of protruding nails; a spiked club.

Deleon pockets the Gilgazyme inhaler. He speaks into the voice recorder once more:

DELEON

The exposed don't attack others dosed with Gilgazyme, which is why they don't eat one another.

(MORE)

DELEON (CONT'D)

So maybe there's a way to turn off their aggression altogether? Inserting humanity's original genes has proven to be impossible, so don't waste your time. There's no going back. All one can do is alter it. I'll be looking for a way to alter it most similar to mankind's original genetic predispositions.

He fills his water bottles with the now nearly empty bath tub water.

After all these utilitarian essentials he finds a framed photograph of an older couple, his parents. Takes the photo out.

Finishes with a book, picks it up with hesitation:

INSERT - BOOK

Titled "SOCIALITY ABOUND" and "A NOVEL BY JACQUES DELEON" with a sticker placed cantered sideways, "NOBEL PRIZE WINNING AUTHOR".

On the inside cover it's simply signed "TO MY SON". He tucks the photo in next to it. Closes the book.

BACK TO SCENE

Deleon packs it into the bag.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Deleon speaks into the recorder one last time:

DELEON

So, if you find this, good luck.
And help yourself to what's left in the cupboard.

Takes the tape out of the recorder. Puts it in a stereo. Presses rewind then play.

STEREO

(Deleon's voice)
In search of the limiting ingredient. Niacin.

Presses stop. Inserts new tape into his handheld.

He's now loaded up with the backpack strapped on. Ties up the hammer into the straps. Takes one last look around the apartment.

The boards once nailed to the front door, now scattered on the floor.

Deleon holds his breath. Slowly opens the front door with spiked club in hand.

APARTMENT COMPLEX - STAIRWELL

Deleon looks into the dark. Flicks on his flashlight.

The stairs: a ramshackle of make-shift barricades and debris.

His STEPS ECHO SLIGHTLY in the man-made cave of the stairwell. Shadows jump away from the light.

On the wall, Deleon takes notice of a fireman's axe contained in a 'BREAK-IN-CASE-OF-FIRE' case.

Picks up the provided safety hammer, winces in expectation. The GLASS SHATTERS all over the floor and he claims the red axe.

From somewhere above, a SIGNIFICANT THUD.

Deleon swings his flashlight around to illuminate the area of ceiling containing the noise behind it.

SHUFFLES and a SCRATCHES move across the area. Deleon follows the sound with his flashlight and stops when it goes silent.

After a pause, he races down the stairs, eager to avoid whatever it is.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Deleon squints in brilliant sunlight.

When his vision returns, he looks to the mid-sized cityscape; bathed in evidence of a former chaos. Now smoldering and calm.

Flipped cars. Ammo casings adorn the street. Windows broken. Blood stains. Eerie silence. Motionless save for tatters flapping in the wind.

He attaches the axe to his pack as he looks around. Looks up towards a nearby high rooftop.

HIGH ROOFTOP

Deleon stands looking down on the city through his binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV

No signs of life; nothing but desolation.

BACK TO SCENE

Deleon lowers his binoculars. If he's despondent, it doesn't show.

Pulls out his voice recorder. Holds it up to his lips, but can't find the words. Put's it away again.

The WRISTWATCH ALARM BEEPS SEVERAL TIMES. Deleon silences it.

He undoes his pants, and removes one of the cure vials from his leg bandolier. Inserts it into a syringe. Pants back on.

He reaches inside his cast and CLICKS a MECHANISM. With this release, the cast opens and he removes it. It makes a SQUISHY, STICKY sound as he PULLS IT OFF.

This reveals on the inside of his forearm a small, but recognizably human, BITE WOUND.

The wound is hideous. It's pussy and thick, black, veiny lines come around it like rays of some ungodly sun.

He injects the wound with the cure.

Resets the three-hour watch alarm.

EXT. URBAN STREETS - LATER

Deleon, cast back on like normal, uses his club as a walking-stick.

He pauses to look at the bodies of three face-down men in prison-orange jump suits.

Looks forward, raises binoculars to eye-level.

BINOCULAR POV - DISTANT STREETS

Barely noticeable even in the extreme magnification, a man meanders, too far away to make out his features.

BACK TO SCENE

DELEON
(whispers)
Shit...

Tries to stay quiet, slinks into a nearby alley.

INT. HOUSE - SITE OF TRAGEDY

Only streams of daylight flow into the dark entry of the house. FLIES BUZZ LOUDLY.

Deleon creeps in using his flashlight.

The decaying bodies of the American nuclear family: mom, dad, son, daughter. Deleon covers his mouth from the stench.

HOUSE - KITCHEN

Deleon scours the cupboards. Nothing.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - LATER

Grandiose sports complex. Staggeringly clean and devoid of life.

Deleon sits in the bleachers as if watching a game. He eats a granola bar in the sun.

SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

A WIND CHIME CLINKS in the breeze. Garden-planted pin wheels turn. Toys left strewn about and cars parked halfway into front lawns.

Deleon walks down the middle of the street. Observes houses on both sides. He peels off, seemingly at random, to the left side.

On the front tire of a van monogrammed for the local cable company, Deleon relieves himself.

Finished, he goes to the front door.

Deleon pushes the front door open and with a BLAST an EXPLOSION blows a hole through the front door.

He falls to the ground, unhurt, and brushes the debris from his face and hair.

DELEON
 (yelling to the shooter)
 Jesus Christ! I'm alive! I'm
 normal!

He darts to the side and crouches tight against the house paneling.

DELEON (CONT'D)
 Look I'm sorry that... that I peed
 on your van. Don't shoot, I have
 medicine and supplies and...

A moment, then Deleon releases the death-grip on his club and finds a piece of the shattered porthole door-window.

Uses it as a mirror. Sees it's not an armed civilian at all, but an improvised booby-trap.

The SOUND of THRASHING MOVEMENT comes from inside, then stops.

DELEON (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 Hello?

Death grip on the club again, he heads inside the

INT. BOOBY-TRAPPED HOME

CLOSE ON DELEON

and his terrified face. He looks upwards with alarm at

DANGLING BODY

from a noose. It hangs limply, but for some reason the body sways.

Then it LURCHES with life and GROANS and GROWLS. SNAPS its JAWS at Deleon.

The Hangman's Zombie can't get him, as it dangles suspended from the ceiling.

Deleon runs towards the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - RIGHT AFTER

He runs out of the house; an awkward run as his hiking pack bounces about.

But he's stopped dead in his tracks in front of the window of the next house over.

He looks across the street to the house his opposite. A Housewife Zombie stands inside, just behind the screen door. Stares at him.

Without any real signs of aggression, it pushes the tattered screen out of its frame and steps through the door.

As he stares, TWO HANDS CRASH out of the window behind Deleon and grab onto his pack. Lifts him up to the raised window.

He struggles to get out and at the last moment slides out onto the lawn; his pack disappears into the house.

He runs, with only the club, down the street and in between two houses.

Back against the siding, catches his breath.

DELEON

God damn it! Shit-shit-shit-shit-shit.

Deleon creeps back around the corner, looks back.

Stalks his way across lawns towards the house that claimed his pack.

Looks across the way towards Housewife Zombie; no sign.

Hesitating, he makes it to the broken window. Raises the club.

With painfully deliberate caution, looks into the house. Sticks his head in the window.

EXT./INT. LOST-PACK HOUSE

The house has a little light, only that from the outside. No sign of the Thieving Zombie.

The pack sits a mere ten feet away, fat with supplies. Hammer and axe displayed prominently.

Deleon raises his free hand and touches the dagger-like edges of the broken glass.

DELEON

backs away with a quick glance over his shoulder to the torn-out screen, still no sign of Housewife Zombie.

On the house entry, he tries the door and finds it unlocked.

INT. LOST-PACK HOUSE - ENTRY

Deleon pushes the door open, bathing the house in light. Enough ambient light to not need a flashlight, though still dim.

Holds his nail-studded club up like a baseball bat and moves into the house with careful strafing movements.

Deleon looks to the first hall, but walks past it into the adjoining

DINING ROOM

Past the broken window and the over-turned table, he sees his backpack in the entry to the kitchen. Takes a step toward it.

A MOAN from his left.

Deleon turns to see the Thieving Zombie only a few feet away, comes at him quick.

In reflex, he swings THE CLUB and connects it with the ghoul's jaw. The NAILS STICK. Deleon loses the club.

It stays dug-in deep into the zombie's face as it stumbles back and slams into the wall, PORCELAIN DINNERWARE shelved there CRASHES DOWN to the floor.

Weaponless, Deleon jumps to the pack in the

KITCHEN

Scrambles to detach the axe.

He's done too good of a job with the straps and the zombie recovers and comes at him before he can claim it.

With a GROWL, the ZOMBIE alerts Deleon, who rolls over to meet the ghoul.

Thieving Zombie pounces and is only stopped from sinking its teeth into the man by the club.

The club catches its base on the ground and holds the ghoul's face up with the nails.

DELEON

Oh, God.

Deleon reaches away from the pack and holds onto the club, holds the zombie at length.

Face peeling back off the nails from the strain, the zombie comes imminently.

At the last possible second, just as the zombie comes free and moves for a bite, Deleon claims the axe and buries it into Thieving Zombie's temple.

It limply slumps off Deleon. Panting, Deleon slides out from under the fiend.

Now stands, with a foot on its neck, he pulls the axe out.

Places the axe on the counter. Finds a water bottle from the pack and gulps it down greedily.

Deleon moves back out into the

DINING ROOM

He looks out of the window to the washed-out world beyond. GLASS CRUNCHES nearby.

He turns to see Housewife Zombie right next to him.

DELEON

Not again.

He looks to the kitchen.

CLOSE ON AXE

It's too far.

BACK TO SCENE

It lunges at him and pins him to the ground.

He's screwed.

It goes to bite. He raises his arm and the TEETH CONNECT AND SCRAPE against his CAST; right on the same spot as his bite.

Housewife Zombie's SKULL CRACKS OPEN. Stunned, he pushes the body off.

Standing victoriously with a kitchen rolling pin, CARROLL, 20s, gorgeous, his saving angel. She drops the pin.

DELEON

(rises)

Wow, where did you--

In one movement she pins him against the wall, removes a kitchen knife, and holds it to his throat.

CARROLL

Have you got any food!?

EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

Deleon and Carroll sit with their feet hanging over the edge. She scarfs on his rations.

CARROLL

(engrossed with food)

Just your first day out, huh? This is my fourth. Doesn't get any better.

DELEON

I wasn't sure if anyone'd be left alive. I guess we're both lucky.

CARROLL

Lucky? You're lucky. Stomping around like a burlesque show for those things. No weapons. Idiot.

DELEON

I have weapons, I just--you seem to be liking my food just fine you know.

She stops eating and looks up at him.

CARROLL
 Sorry. I haven't been around
 people for a while. Let's try this
 again--

Licks her fingers clean, then offers her hand to shake.

CARROLL (CONT'D)
 --I'm Carroll.

DELEON
 Lewis. Deleon. Lewis Deleon.
 Look, thanks for the help and
 hopefully that food's payment, but
 we ought to head our separate ways.

She stares at him blankly. Blinks several times.

DELEON (CONT'D)
 It's just not... safe around me.

CARROLL
 I've noticed. But luckily for you,
 I'm willing to risk it.

His WRISTWATCH ALARM BLARES, timer expired.

CARROLL (CONT'D)
 What's that?

DELEON
 (no confidence, lying)
 Oh, this? The alarm you mean?
 Well... I used to radio for help
 every three hours.

CARROLL
 So why's it still on?

DELEON
 (confident, truthfully)
 It's my reminder for hope.

CARROLL
 I need one of those.

Brief pause.

DELEON
 Say, I need to go to the bathroom.
 Would you mind watching the door
 for me?

SUBURBAN STREETS - BUSINESS DISTRICT - LATER

The two walk together. Deleon holds his axe.

CARROLL

So your dad's a famous novelist?
That's pretty cool. And your mom?

DELEON

The painter. Genevieve Deleon?

CARROLL

Weird artsy parents.
(pause)
And you figured the best way to
rebel would be med school?

DELEON

What? Look, I didn't--I don't--why
don't you just tell me what your
deal is?

CARROLL

My deal?

DELEON

Your story.

CARROLL

My story.

From around the next building come SCRAPES and SCRATCHES of a
zombie trapped in a wheelchair. CLAWS AT THE PAVEMENT.

The chair on its side and the zombie bound to the chair. The
GHOUL MOANS.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

Give me your hammer.

DELEON

Why? Let's go.

CARROLL

(takes the hammer)
You have to kill every one you see.
One calls in more.

She walks around behind the zombie where it can't reach.
BASHES it in the back of the HEAD.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

My story? Same as everybody else's. The world's dead and I'm just trying to get by.

Gives him the hammer. He looks at it. It's covered in filth.

DELEON

But who were you in the real world? Maybe it's good to remember.

CARROLL

Is it? The real world's over.

They continue walking.

DELEON

I'm not a psychologist, this is the best P-T-S-D I can muster.

CARROLL

Yeah, well, you forgot the "post" part of that. And as far as I'm concerned, I hope the world doesn't come back--not the same way, anyway.

DELEON

Oh yeah? I agree; things were really terrible when I didn't carry an axe and go door-to-door in search of food.

CARROLL

(shoves him, playful)
Shut up, dick. I'm talking about normal murder. Wars. Politicians, embezzlers, perjurers; all those people who get away with anything and everything because they make the rules.

DELEON

White collar crime? Really? That's your biggest concern right now?

CARROLL

Hey, there's always somebody to screw things up. But it's those people who know they're doing wrong to the rest of us, and just--just do it anyway.

CLOSE ON DELEON

Guilt smothers his face. He pulls out the container of Gilgazyme from his pocket and looks it over.

CARROLL (O.S.)
Holy shit, is that what I think it
is?

He stuffs it into his pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

DELEON
What?

CARROLL
A supermarket. It is!

DELEON
So what? It has to have been
raided.

CARROLL
Of the good stuff. There's
probably ketchup or salad dressing
or something that'll keep us alive.
Alive, man. Let's go!

She takes off running through the parking lot of the megastore. A Sam's Club or a Costco. He follows.

INT. SUPERMARKET MEGASTORE

They open the doors and hold them that way. It's pitch black inside.

CARROLL
Flashlight.
(waits with open hand)
I'd worry less about there not
being food and more about ending up
as it. This must have been a
hotspot in the early days--keep
that axe handy. Hammer too.

They move forward and the DOORS SLAM CLOSED behind them. The only thing visible is that contained in their sweeps of the flashlight.

The megastore, as much a disaster zone as the outside world, if not more so. Entire shelves overturned. Food containers broken open. Rotting. Described in a word? Raided.

The place has an atmosphere opposite of its day life. Jungle gyms and trampolines cast ominous shadows. DVD displays deviously reflect the flashlight beam.

Deleon and Carroll explore an aisle.

Then, the SHUFFLES OF FEET. SHOES SQUEAL on linoleum tiling.

Carroll takes Deleon's hand.

They run down the aisle.

The STEPS FOLLOW. LABORED BREATHS.

They turn the corner, met by a MAN IN GASMASK and several others.

The two groups move to attack one another, but stop because CARROLL SCREAMS.

THE MEN all halt at the sound of a living person, but A WOMAN has to be further restrained from attacking.

ALL
(AD LIB something similar)
Wait, they're alive!

The woman steps out of the crowd. She's KAEDEN COOPER, 30ish, smoking hot, yet dark and closed-off in all the ways Carroll is light and open.

COOPER
Give me one reason we let you live.

The two reply simultaneously

	DELEON	CARROLL
What?		He's a doctor!

COOPER
Sit down.

DELEON
What?

COOPER
Sit down. Both of you sit down, on the ground.
(waits until they sit)
Doctor, huh? Got some ID?

He hands it to her.

CLOSE ON MEDICAL ID

Line 1: "DELEON, LEWIS MD." Line 2: "GENETICS RESEARCH
DIVISION" Line 3: "HUMAN INFINITE TECHNOLOGIES"

BACK TO SCENE

COOPER
Research doctor? Who gives a shit?

DELEON
Most of my research was with these--
things--we're dealing with now.
I'm probably the foremost expert on
the planet.

He starts to stand, she pushes down on him with her giant
mechanic's wrench.

COOPER
Uh-huh. And that pack you've got
there, full of supplies?

DELEON
Yes.

COOPER
And her, she with you?

DELEON
No. CARROLL
Yes.

COOPER
Alright, Lou. Hop on up.

Cooper puts out her hand to help Deleon up.

Deleon turns to help up Carroll, but she's already getting up
on her own.

PAN ON THE GROUP AS THEY ARE INTRODUCED

COOPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is Sims. Hefty. Tyberius.
Jose. And Angelica.

SIMS, late 30s and a little overweight, guy with the gas
mask. He's decked out in military gear. Air Force ABUs.

HEFTY, 20s, thin as a rail, he's kind of a red-neck. Plain white-tee kind of guy.

TYBERIUS, 20s, handsome black man in tattered business casual.

GUILLERMO, 40s, he's the one she called "Jose". Mexican immigrant, looks like he came straight out of the kitchen of a cheap restaurant.

ANGELICA, 50s, she plays the role of privileged house-wife.

BACK TO SCENE

COOPER

And I'm Cooper. I'm in charge.
You got a problem with that?

DELEON

No.

COOPER

(to Carroll)
And you, you gonna be trouble--?

DELEON

You didn't let me finish. I don't
have a problem with that because
I'm not going with you. You can
take her though.

COOPER

(sizes him up)
Alright, Lou, you can leave. But
before you go, we've got a hurt man
here. Can you help him?

DELEON

I'm mostly a research doctor.

COOPER

But you still went through some
kind of med school, right? It's
just a bum shoulder. Sims, c'mere.

Sims moves forward. His left shoulder hangs oddly.

DELEON

(sighs)
First, take that ridiculous gas
mask off. It's not airborne.

SIMS
(muffled in mask)
How do you know?

DELEON
Because none of these fine people
are trying to eat you. Besides,
this pandemic is my specialty.
They would've come to me for help
had the whole network not gone to
shit. Now turn around, please.

Sims takes off the mask. Faces away from Deleon.

DELEON (CONT'D)
It's dislocated. You'll feel a
sharp pain.

SIMS
What?

Deleon CRACKS the SHOULDER into place. Sims cries out. He
moves his arm about, fixed.

SIMS (CONT'D)
Wow, thanks Doc.

COOPER
Welcome aboard, Lou.

DELEON
No, no, no. Glad to help and all,
but I'm traveling solo.

COOPER
No you're not. You're valuable, so
you're coming along.

Deleon looks at their desperate faces. They all see him as
hope.

DELEON
I'm looking for Niacin, to develop
a cure. If you guys want to walk
towards a hospital or a lab, that's
where I'm going.

ANGELICA
You have a cure!?

DELEON
I said I'm working on one. But I
need supplies. What's your plan,
Cooper?

COOPER
Find guns, lots of them. Then
blast my way to safety.

DELEON
Where's that?

COOPER
Haven't found it yet.

DELEON
What about the rest of you? What's
your goal?

COOPER
We're all the same. Our safe
places stopped being safe. We're
trying to find a new one.

SIMS
I'm going to signal rescue, at all
costs. So...

COOPER
Shut up, Sims.

TYBERIUS
We found a pallet in the store room
that hadn't been unloaded yet.
Full of non-perishables. Ought to
do us for a bit.

He looks to Cooper; she nods.

COOPER
Hefty, you go with Lou here to
check the pharmacy. Everybody else
meet in storage.

INT. SUPERMARKET MEGASTORE - PHARMACY - LATER

Hefty and Deleon look through the shelves.

HEFTY
(southern accent)
I'm Hefty, in case you forgot.

DELEON
I didn't.

HEFTY
What exactly am I looking for?

DELEON

Niacin. Look for anything with
vitamin B-12 on the label.

Hefty spots something and holds up an industrial size pill
bottle.

HEFTY

I've got a multivitamin.

DELEON

Bring it. I need the pure stuff,
but maybe I can distill it. What I
really need is a lab. Think Cooper
will take me there?

HEFTY

Proolly. I think she's into you.

DELEON

Into me?

HEFTY

Yeah. I think she likes it when
you challenge her. That girl you
brought's into you too. I can tell
these things.

DELEON

Thanks Casanova, but I'm not
interested in creating more people
just yet. Not until I've figured
out how to save the ones that are
here, anyhow.

The WATCH ALARM BLARES. Deleon resets it.

DELEON (CONT'D)

You mind watching the bathroom for
me for a few?

HEFTY

You time your shits?

DELEON

Beats being surprised, right?

HEFTY

(quiet)

That's not a bad idea...

INT. SUPERMARKET MEGASTORE - STORAGE

Lit by camping lamps. The group finishes packing what it can of the canned green beans.

Hefty and Deleon enter.

COOPER
Ready?

DELEON
Let's do it.

EXT. STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

The group walks the full width of the street; right in the middle.

From left to right: Guillermo with Sims, Tyberius with Hefty, Cooper by herself, Deleon with Carroll, and Angelica alone.

DELEON AND CARROLL

DELEON
Well, I guess we're together a little longer.

CARROLL
(distant; cold)
Yeah, couldn't ditch me so easy.

DELEON
Sorry about that. Do I get a reset since I gave you one? It might be good to get to know one another.

CARROLL
Shoot.

DELEON
Okay... so, God I don't know how to use tenses anymore, uhh, were or are you married?

CARROLL
Which one?

DELEON
Present tense.

CARROLL
No.

There's an awkward pause as they walk in silence.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

And it's not because of all this.
That was a very long time ago. I
have a son, and that's all I want
to say on the subject.

DELEON

Okay, well--

CARROLL

Why are you letting her take
charge?

They look at Cooper, who walks with the giant wrench slung
over one shoulder and a motorcycle chain on the other.

DELEON

I, I don't--

CARROLL

That doesn't bother you? Being
under her thumb?

DELEON

Well, I--

CARROLL

You're right. We should get to
know each other. I'm going to talk
to Angelica.

Deleon stops, scorned, but the group walks on. Jogs to catch
back up.

TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

Tyberius ducks his head into a parked car, then steps back
out.

HEFTY

Ty, what're you hopin' to find?

TYBERIUS

Don't know. But I tell you, always
check parked cars, know why?

HEFTY

Why?

TYBERIUS

'Cause think about it. People're fleeing. Fleeing for their lives. Where's all the valuable, important stuff, in their houses? No. It's with them. In their cars.

HEFTY

That's pretty smart. Not bad.

TYBERIUS

Yeah, stick with me, Hef. You'll go far.

HEFTY

Oh, get off your own nuts.

They chuckle.

COOPER AND DELEON

They walk side-by side, but Cooper ignores him. Deleon starts as if to speak.

COOPER

Don't stand so close to me.

DELEON

(steeps to the side)
Oh, sure.

COOPER

(sighs)
What do you want?

DELEON

It's getting late; we may want to find a place to hole up...

She ignores him. He tries so hard.

DELEON (CONT'D)

So, what do you do in the real world?

COOPER

I'm a mother fucking assassin.

DELEON

Well, I usually try to make it a habit not to piss off assassins.

He smiles, tries to charm. She won't have it.

COOPER
You want to talk, Lou? Go ahead.

DELEON
I want to know what kind of experts
you have here.

COOPER
Sorry your skill-fullness, we're
all just normal people.

DELEON
Yeah, but everybody's got to be
good at something.

COOPER
So?

DELEON
You don't know? Haven't you
interviewed them?

COOPER
No, and we're not going to. We
practice silence. It attracts
attention.

DELEON
You need to know your people.
Their strengths and--

COOPER
I said we're fine. We've been
fine, and we'll continue to stay
fine. We're being too loud as is.

Deleon removes the hand-held recorder and turns it on.
Speaks into it.

DELEON
I'm stuck with some hanger-ons.
Their leader seems to be a real
bitch. If I'm dead, the one called
Cooper's probably to blame.

Cooper snatches his RECORDER, SMASHES it against the ground.

DELEON (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

She gets within two inches of his face. Looks like she could
just as easily kiss him as bite his face off.

COOPER
(whisper)
You're going to need to learn not
to cross me.

BACK TO SCENE

The group stares.

COOPER
(intentionally loud)
Why don't you tell me what we're up
against?

DELEON
(same)
Alright, good idea. Let's see...
I'm guessing you know the head is
the only weakness. Alright, fine.
You know they're attracted to any
commotion or human sounds and
smells. Including their own moans,
right?

COOPER AND DELEON

COOPER
(quiet again)
I want to know how someone becomes
one.

Deleon nervously scratches his cast.

DELEON
Well, a bite, even a small one will
fester until the person turns.

She finally looks intrigued.

COOPER
(deviously)
Really? So we should check people
for bites?

DELEON
After every skirmish, generally.

COOPER
And there's no hope once bitten?

DELEON

There will be. When I make my
cure.

ANGELICA AND CARROLL

Angelica carries a large, gaudy, church-style candlestick.

ANGELICA

You seem nice enough, dear. I'm
glad to have you around with all
these hooligans.

CARROLL

Need someone to talk to?

ANGELICA

Not much to tell, I'm afraid. I
drank myself alone. I'm an
alcoholic, that's what I am.

Taken back with her candor, Carroll digests this with a
facial expression.

SIMS AND GUILLERMO

SIMS

Hola, Jose.

GUILLERMO

Me llamo Guillermo.

SIMS

Yeah, no idea what you just said.
I know you don't speak a lick of
English, but that's pretty much the
extent of my Spanish, so...

Guillermo stares blankly while Sims puts some Copenhagen
tucked inside his lip.

Guillermo puts his hand out.

GUILLERMO

Comida?

Sims gets out a can of food for Guillermo.

SIMS

Ah, I know that one, but that's
all. Well, other than 'gracias' I
guess... Gracias?

GUILLERMO

De nada.

Opens the can.

TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

TYBERIUS

Something's been bothering me.

HEFTY

Shoot.

TYBERIUS

Alright, you grew up, your whole life, in Georgia--yet, you go to Florida?

Tyberius peels off towards another car to check it.

HEFTY

I play for 'em too.

TYBERIUS

Oh, man. You exiled from home or what?

Makes it to the car, and goes to reach in, though he still looks at Hefty.

Hefty rubs his fingers together in the universal symbol of "money".

HEFTY

(sing-song and boastful)
Scholar-ship.

TYBERIUS

Oh, hell--

Tyberius gets nearly yanked into the car. He screams out as a zombie trapped in a seat belt tries to pull him in.

HEFTY

Oh, shit, Tyberius!

TYBERIUS

Get this fucking thing off me!

HEFTY

Alright, alright, pull back.

Tyberius pulls away the best he can and Hefty brings his length of pipe down on the ghoul's arms over and over. The BONES SNAP, but the grip holds.

BACK TO SCENE

SIMS

Hold on.

Sims uses his ridiculous Rambo knife to cut Tyberius's dress shirt in half from the back.

Tyberius manages to slip out and away from the car. His musculature displayed in a wife-beater style shirt.

CARROLL

Kill it!

SEATBELT ZOMBIE MOANS.

TYBERIUS

Hold it, Sims. Hefty, do me a favor.

HEFTY

You got it.

Hefty stands at the back part of the car. The zombie leans as far as it can, torso out of the car, GROWLS, SNARLS, and MOANS at Hefty.

Tyberius finds the giant sledge hammer he carries; as he claims it from the ground, its end slightly SCRAPES the PAVEMENT.

CARROLL

Kill it now!

He picks it up slowly and deliberately, then with an athletic fierceness spins a three-sixty--ending with the ZOMBIE'S HEAD caught between the CAR FRAME and the full weight of the HAMMER.

Another five zombies come out of near-by buildings. Surround them.

Deleon axes one in the back, sends it towards Guillermo.

Guillermo swings his meat cleaver and frying pan as if clapping them together; the zombie's head the center where they meet. The damage is disgusting.

Angelica and Carroll manage to knock a zombie down and beat it with candlestick and rolling pin, respectively.

The other three ghouls move in.

Cooper raises her voice for the first time:

COOPER
Hit the pavement!

All but Deleon and Carroll dive to the ground.

Cooper lets her length of motorcycle chain slide off her shoulder; unravels to the ground. She steps forward and begins to swing the chain.

Deleon and Carroll duck.

With a whip-like motion, she connects the chain with a zombie's SKULL, which gives off an incredible CRACK.

The twice-dead zombie slumps to the ground.

She takes out the other two with similar finesse. The streets, silent now. The group rises from the ground.

COOPER (CONT'D)
We're getting off the street for
the night.

DELEON
Gee, what a fine idea.

She ignores him. Points; indicates forward. They all look in the direction.

EXT. GOTHIC CATHEDRAL - ESTABLISHING - START OF DUSK

Large. Stark. Menacing.

COOPER (V.O.)
Looks cozy.

INT. CATHEDRAL - ANNEX - NIGHT

The place illuminated by candle light. Everyone settled in. Deleon comes in from the bathroom. He slips a used, empty cure vial into his pack.

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

HEFTY

What about you? You still in school?

TYBERIUS

Never. I been working since I was fourteen. Right now I got a cush job. Bank teller.

HEFTY

Bank, eh? Ever think about robbing it?

TYBERIUS

No way, man.

HEFTY

Come on, never?

TYBERIUS

Money'll always end up bad. Man's greed and man's killer instinct go hand-in-hand. Watch a barracuda attack something shiny and you'll see what our fascination with gold is. Think about it. We give actually valuable things like food and shelter for stones. We kill for it. Make no mistake, behind every man who seeks his fortune is a predator.

HEFTY

Damn.

BACK TO SCENE

Sims holds up a bottle of wine he found.

SIMS

Who wants communion?

ANGELICA

No, I don't drink. Never have.

Carroll looks at her incredulously.

Cooper enters from an adjoining hall.

COOPER

Don't start the party just yet.

She holds a captive audience.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Doctor's orders, we need to check
 for bites. So, Doc, you and your
 lady friend--

CARROLL
 It's Carroll.

COOPER
 --front and center. The rest of
 you, off your asses.

The group forms a loose circle around the two.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Strip.

CARROLL
 Excuse me?

COOPER
 You're the newest. We have to
 check.
 (to Deleon)
 Take off your clothes.

DELEON
 Now hold on a second.

COOPER
 Nobody's shy at the end of the
 world, c'mon.

DELEON
 How do we know you're clean?

CARROLL
 That's right. If this is so you
 trust us; we should trust you too.

Cooper pauses a second. Undoes and takes off her jacket.

COOPER
 Alright, fine.

Starts unbuckling her belt.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Everybody, clothes off.

HEFTY
 (sotto voice)
 Yes!

ANGELICA
 Women and men in different rooms.

TYBERIUS
 Alright then, we already checked
 each other right, Hef?

HEFTY
 Yeah, we're good.

SIMS
 Yeah... I was there too, so...

COOPER
 No. The only way.
 (to Carroll)
 The only way to really trust each
 other.
 (to the group)
 Is to do it as a group.

ANGELICA
 This is a house of God.

COOPER
 Spare me. This discussion is over.

The group stares at one another in silence. No one moves.
 After a pause, Deleon starts to disrobe.

DELEON
 Fine.

They all follow suit with various degrees of sheepishness
 according to their different personalities. Guillermo looks
 confused, but eventually follows the others.

Deleon slides off his pants, hooks his thumbs inside to catch
 his underwear and the cure vial bandolier. Neatly folds his
 clothes to hide the bandolier.

After a minute, they all stand in a circle. Clothes all
 about the floor. Some look around the room with shame,
 others stare directly at their teammate's bodies.

Deleon and Carroll catch a glance. Catch one another. Both
 shy away. Innocent and embarrassed.

Cooper clearly stares at Deleon. Judges him openly, sizes
 him up. Raises an eyebrow.

Deleon folds his arms across his chest; cast close up against his body.

SIMS

What about that cast? What's under there?

DELEON

What'da you mean?

SIMS

How do we know you ain't bitten?

The group pauses for a brief moment.

TYBERIUS

'Cause he's not trying to eat you right now, dumbass.

ANGELICA

He'd be all pale, and sweaty, and-- if he were turning.

SIMS

All I'm saying is what's under there, so...

DELEON

A fractured radius. I was having my bathroom remodeled. Instead I made this.

The group falls to silence. Look at each other for bites once again. Angelica and Sims cover their private parts.

TYBERIUS

Aw, what the fuck? Put that shit away, man.

HEFTY

(glances down at himself)
That's why they call me hefty.

They all try not to notice.

SIMS

Dude, not cool.

DELEON

Oh, come on.

ANGELICA

That's disgusting.

ANNEX - LATER

They finish dressing.

FOCUS ON CARROLL

A far away MOAN. She pulls out her kitchen knife and looks around.

BACK TO SCENE

CARROLL

What is that?

They all stop and listen. The faint MOAN continues.

ANGELICA

The souls of the damned.

SIMS

(indicating above)

It's coming from the air vent.

DELEON

Must be in the main church.

COOPER

Gear up.

TYBERIUS

No rest...

SIMS

For the wicked.

TYBERIUS

Man, shut the fuck up.

They all grab their melee weapons.

COOPER

Let's go.

Following Cooper, they pass into

CATHEDRAL - HALLS

The group silent and fleet of foot. Passing through, they eventually make it to the cathedral doors.

Large, wooden, and barricaded.

The MOAN comes from behind the doors.

TYBERIUS

Are we sure we want to do this?

SIMS

What're you scared?

TYBERIUS

Hell yes.

DELEON

Look, they know we're here.
There'd be scratching and scraping
if they were right on the other
side.

CARROLL

So, it's safe?

DELEON

I wouldn't go that far.

Cooper pulls pieces of the barricade off. Guillermo joins in. So does Hefty and Sims.

They get it clear and pause for a moment.

INT. CATHEDRAL - MAIN CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The great DOORS slowly CREAK open. A flashlight clicks on. A CHORUS of MOANS.

Inside, lying on the ground between pews, hundreds of bodies wrapped and bound in white sheets. SQUIRMING.

FOCUS ON SHEETED ZOMBIE

THRASHES, then continues to roll about. Head to toe in a white sheet and tied with ropes around the neck, torso, arms, legs and feet.

BACK TO SCENE

They're all identically prepared.

SIMS

Oh, my God.

CARROLL
 We've got to kill them. They'll
 call others.

COOPER
 We're going to burn them.

ANGELICA
 (frantic)
 This is a sanctuary. This is the
 house of God. This is a holy
 resting place. He made all
 creation and on the seventh day he
 rested.

COOPER
 Yeah, and on the eighth day, Satan
 laughed. Now c'mon.

The ZOMBIES SQUIRM and MOAN.

HEFTY
 It's true, we can't just leave them
 here like this. They need to be...
 put down.

SIMS
 Doc, is this necessary?

DELEON
 (shrugs)
 They don't feel pain. They
 probably weren't even moving until
 they smelled us. I don't care what
 you guys do as long as I get to a
 lab sooner than later.

TYBERIUS
 Smelled us? Fuck.

CARROLL
 (desperate)
 We have to kill all of them, or
 more will come! There's oil in all
 those lamps, we can use that.

They step between bodies, dump oil on them.

DELEON
 Don't use too much, we want a small
 and contained blaze.

The fiends slam their faces against the legs of the group;
 they still try to bite them through their linen wraps.

CATHEDRAL - HALL

The group looks in at the Cathedral in the f.g. Sims holds an acolyte's candle-lighter with flame on the wick.

Cooper signals for him to go ahead. Sims steps in, lights the oil trail and steps back.

CATHEDRAL - HALLWAY

Everything ablaze. Bigger than they anticipated. They all take a step back. The Cathedral engulfed in flame. They watch through the doorway.

TYBERIUS

That's a lot of fire.

DELEON

Don't worry, this is all stone, so the flames shouldn't move past the doorway.

The MOANS grow LOUDER, then STOP all at once. The FIRE CRACKLES.

ANGELICA

Are they... dead?

DELEON

Not yet. There's no more oxygen in the room. That's why they're silent.

Angelica kisses her large, bead-chained crucifix.

From the BLAZE bursts out a FLAMING ZOMBIE, arms extended forward.

Before anyone can react it grabs the crucifix, pulls in Angelica. She screams. It bites into her.

The first to move is Guillermo, who smashes the thing in the head with his frying pan.

It's knocked off of her. Brings his meat cleaver down on its neck. The flaming head rolls away.

Then Guillermo is on Angela.

DELEON (CONT'D)

No, wait!

One quick swipe. Slits her throat with the meat cleaver.

They all stare, terrified and shocked. Specifically Deleon.

GUILLERMO

Mordido.

He chomps his teeth twice in quick succession.

Several other burning zombies step out from the flames and the group AD LIBS expressions of dismay. The group flees.

COOPER

Fall back!

ZOMBIES stumble-run down the hall, catch everything they touch ablaze as they CRASH into flammable decor: curtains, wall-posters, faux-plants.

The group stays one step ahead of the fiends, pauses occasionally to BASH one in the HEAD that gets too close.

CATHEDRAL - ANNEX

The group bursts into the room with the Flaming Zombies right behind.

The zombies cut them off from their supplies.

CLOSE ON DELEON'S PACK

Two zombies burn right next to it, almost as if guarding it.

DELEON, CARROLL AND COOPER

When he moves toward the pack, both women reach out to stop him. But Carroll is closer. Places her hand across his chest.

Cooper looks on jealously.

CARROLL

Absolutely not.

DELEON

I can get it.

CARROLL

There's no way.

DELEON

You don't understand!

CARROLL
I'm not letting you do it.

DELEON
My work and... my parents are in there!

CARROLL
(shakes her head; sadness in her eyes)
I'm sorry...

DELEON
It's all I have.

CARROLL
No it's not. C'mon, I'm getting you outta here.

By now, the zombies are on top of them.

Deleon brandishes his fire axe. CRACKS SKULL after SKULL. Has a short, but emotional killing rampage.

But there's too many.

GROUP
Doc!/Lou!/Let's Go!/Come On!

He shakes himself out of it and looks back. They're all at the door. Carroll looks fearful.

EXT. CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

They make it out of the door. Slam it shut. Now the place is really ablaze.

A FLAMING HAND CRASHES through the GLASS of the window. Pieces of incinerating flesh fall from its arm.

Then, it slumps lifelessly and falls back into the annex.

DELEON
We'd better get out of here, this is really gonna draw 'em in.

HEFTY
Sorry kids, naptime is cancelled!

EXT. STREETS - DAY

HEFTY

I'm so fucking tired...

The group in rough shape: dirty, covered in soot, salty from dried sweat. Eyes red and baggy from no sleep.

And they have no equipment. Deleon pulls his inhaler of Gilgazyme out of his pocket. Looks at it. Puts it back.

They move down the street, well, like zombies. Too tired to even talk, until:

SIMS

(laughs aloud)

"That's why they call me Hefty".

The laugh is contagious, at least to the men.

CARROLL

Really? 'Cause I thought they call you 'Hefty' because that's the name of a trash bag?

GROUP

Ohh!

HEFTY

Fuck you, bitch.

CARROLL

Thank you for proving me wrong.

They move past a cross street with a 'zoo to the right' sign.

Down to the right a rhinoceros roots through some trash. Deleon takes notice.

DELEON

I am not capitulating.

SIMS

What's that?

DELEON

Nothing. Something from a play I read in college.

SIMS

Wasn't the Bard, was it?

DELEON
 (smiles)
 No, it wasn't the Bard.

SIMS
 That thing... isn't one of them is
 it?

DELEON
 No, it's DNA specific, so there's
 no risk of interspecies infection.
 Only people.

SIMS
 How do you know that?

HEFTY
 Hey! Les' go sleep in that bank.
 We can go in the vault.

TYBERIUS
 Wait a sec...

HEFTY
 Right there.

CARROLL
 Maybe it's got an armored car?

TYBERIUS
 Shit, that's my bank.

The street facade barely recognizable, even to those that
 used to live and work there. The city a shadow of it's
 former self.

They jog over to it.

EXT. BANK

The sign reads "MARSHLAND NATIONAL BANK".

The interior filled with zombies. They mill about the glass-
 encased entry.

They become excited when the people show up. No sounds
 escape as they pound the glass.

TYBERIUS

right up against the glass. Looks at the White-collar
 Zombies.

TYBERIUS

I know all these people. That dude was an asshole. Oh, fuck her. There's my boss! Hefty, get the door. Reparations!... one mother fucker at a time...

BACK TO SCENE

COOPER

No.

TYBERIUS

Come on, Coop. I need this.

COOPER

Listen.

(listens in silence)

Nothing. They're contained, and they're not calling.

TYBERIUS

(deep; throaty)

Please.

CARROLL

I'm with him: we'd be secure in there, there's not that many, and we could get an armored car and get out of here.

COOPER

What we need is guns.

DELEON

I don't care what we do as long as I get to a lab.

Carroll glares at him.

SIMS

There's a great place. Right near here, so...

COOPER

Great, how do we get there?

SIMS

... Through the swamp.

TYBERIUS

Okay, fuck that.

SIMS

I want nothing more than to be rescued, and I aim to stay alive till then. This place is the best. Guns, ammo, camping gear.

COOPER

What's option two?

CARROLL

The bank!

SIMS

Look, it'd take a full day to go through the city. It'll be a few hours to go through the swamp. So...

HEFTY

Those things used to be people, right? So shouldn't there be more in the city anyway?

COOPER

You're sure you can get us there?

SIMS

Hell, yeah. I know this town, so...

DELEON

Is there a hospital nearby or... ?

SIMS

The only thing by the shop is a high school, so...

DELEON

A big one?

(contemplative)

A high school science lab could work.

SIMS

(shrugs)

Regular size I guess.

DELEON

It'll have to. Now that my pack is gone, things get more complicated. Lab is priority one, or I bolt.

TYBERIUS

moves up to the glass. Beats his chest. Jumps at the ghouls. They don't flinch. Just bite and mouth the glass.

TYBERIUS

God damn.

BACK TO SCENE

DELEON

Cooper? Guns then the school alright with you? Schools are like little towns, food, showers--

COOPER

Fine.

SIMS

Good place to wait for rescue.

COOPER

Sims, get it through your fat fucking head. There's no rescue.

He refuses to meet her gaze.

Deleon looks to his watch. Just below one hour.

DELEON

I agree with the quickest route.

COOPER

Swamp it is. Let's get moving.

HEFTY

I'm gonna be like boom boom--
(mime shoots a shotgun
with onomatopoeia)
--Mutha Fucka!

EXT. MARSH - LATER

The canopy blocks out much of the light. This gives the swampland a dim but still visible appearance.

The group moves forward and the swamp becomes denser.

Deleon struggles and the MUD AND MUCK SUCKS when he steps through.

Slow-going and soon they wade through knee-high water.

TYBERIUS

How far is this?

SIMS

Well, I never took the swamp route before, but it shouldn't be too long, so...

TYBERIUS

Gaa, I swear. What am I doing with you people?

HEFTY

I thought it was racist to say 'you people'?

TYBERIUS

It's okay if we say it.

HEFTY

Kind of like 'nigger'?

TYBERIUS

Oh, hell no. Hef, we cool, but we ain't that cool.

COOPER

Everybody shut up.

They walk in silence for a second or two. The water-level is above the thighs. The swamp strangely lifeless.

CARROLL

Shouldn't there be animal noises?

The group freezes and listens. Nothing.

A WETLAND ZOMBIE BURSTS from behind a tree with a GROWL. It heads towards Tyberius.

From the other side, small bubbles start to appear at the water's surface.

Dramatically. Slowly. Another zombie starts to rise from a curled position--one vertebrae at time, like a yogi exits a pose.

These zombies in a much more advanced state of decay: no skin whatsoever, just swamp and tissue.

It MOANS and moves towards then.

Cooper feigns towards Tyberius's zombie. Intentionally BUMPS CARROLL toward the other one.

No one notices this, but the zombie lunges in on her.

DELEON

NO!

He dives and tackles it into the swamp. They both submerge. The water stays choppy but there's no sign of them.

TYBERIUS

swings for the one near him with his sledge hammer, the weapon too large and ungainly and gets caught in vines and branches.

The nearby zombie moves in on him.

Hefty comes in for aid. Fast as he can. He flicks out a pocket-knife and jabs it into the ghoul's eye, pushes it all the way in.

The zombie drops.

BACK TO SCENE

Deleon surfaces. Gasps a breath. He still wrestles the ghoul.

Carroll jabs it in the throat with her kitchen knife. IT GURGLES terribly. Other than that, unaffected.

DELEON

The head, the head!

CARROLL

I know!

Cooper brings down her enormous wrench on its head, takes the head off.

No more zombies.

Things calm down.

They breathe heavy, but smile that they all survived.

COOPER

You owe me, Lou. And don't you forget--

Another ZOMBIE SPLASHES out of the WATER and grabs a handful of her hair. She loses her wrench.

It brings her head to its mouth.

Deleon expertly swings his hammer past her head and buries it in the zombie's.

The zombie falls, with the hammer still in its head, but its grip on her hair doesn't release.

COOPER (CONT'D)
Get it off, you fucking cunt shovelers.

The weight pulls her toward the water.

Guillermo cleaves the hand on the forearm, frees her.

The hand holds tight in her hair.

Further away, Sims has gotten away from them:

SIMS
Hey! I can see the way out over here!

Cooper, Guillermo, Hefty and Tyberius run towards him.

DELEON AND CARROLL

CARROLL
Are you okay?

DELEON
I swallowed some swamp, but other than that.

CARROLL
You sure?

DELEON
Yeah, come on.

He starts to go.

CARROLL
Hey...

She puts a hand against his cheek, wipes away some swamp. Looks on him sweetly. The moment extends too long. Gazing in one another's eyes.

CARROLL (CONT'D)
Thanks.

DELEON
(smiles, motions to go)
I'll let you buy me a hunting
rifle.

EXT. SPORTING GOODS - ESTABLISHING

The sign reads, "MAILAR'S SPORTING GOODS".

EXT. MARSH/PARKING LOT

They trickle out of the marsh. It's right up against the parking lot.

SIMS
Heaven on Earth, my friends.
Heaven... on... Earth.

COOPER
Take it slow. We don't run.

DELEON
(indicates the zombie hand
in her hair)
You know, that's a good look for
you.

She smiles sarcastically.

COOPER
Sims, give me your knife.

He complies and she cuts a chunk of her hair out to free the hand. Tosses it to the ground. Returns the knife.

HEFTY
What exactly is a 'cunt shoveler'?

They laugh.

COOPER
I know we're happy; we're getting
guns. But we don't know what's in
there. Game faces.

DELEON
She's right.

COOPER
I know I'm right. Weapons count.
Who's got what? I'm out.

SIMS
 (holds Rambo knife)
 I've got Isabelle.

HEFTY
 I'm out.

DELEON
 One dulled axe.

TYBERIUS
 (holds police baton)
 I've got this Nigga' Beater.

SIMS
 Ooh, bad idea. It can't deal a
 killing-blow. It's designed that
 way, so...

Tyberius tosses it over his shoulder.

TYBERIUS
 I'm out.

They look to Guillermo:

COOPER
 Jose?

He holds up his frying pan and his meat-cleaver.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 (holds out a hand)
 Give me one.

He slowly shakes his head. Comprehends. Refuses.

She takes a step forward. He takes a step back. Raises the
 cleaver.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 Fine. But we don't have much.
 Treat this like your first time.

SIMS
 (sotto voice)
 So to speak.

CARROLL
 Let's go. We're not alone.

They head to the door. Look at a far away zombie. Meanders
 towards them in the distance.

INT. SPORTING GOODS - MAIN FLOOR ROOM

The multiple sky-lights illuminate the store. Not fully, but it's enough.

They're at the entrance. They look around.

Tyberius finds a near-by 'bargain-bin' of aluminum baseball bats. He takes one out.

CLINKS the BAT against the linoleum floor.

They stand in silence, waiting. Nothing.

COOPER

That doesn't mean there's not one in the closet or something. Take it slow.

SIMS

Guns are this way.

They follow him through the 'outdoor apparel' section. Past the sports equipment.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Drum-roll please.

Around the corner to

SPORTING GOODS - FIREARMS SECTION

The entire place barren. No guns. Nothing. Their faces drop.

SIMS

Oh, no.

CARROLL

I was thinking it, I just didn't want to say it.

SIMS

Then you shouldn't have thought it!

DELEON

Oh, come on. We were all thinking it. Why wouldn't it be raided?

TYBERIUS

I walked all the way through that shit for nuthin'?

Hefty holds a box of bullets.

HEFTY

(tosses a bullet at Sims)

Bang.

(tosses one more)

Bang.

(another)

Bang.

SIMS

This is not my fault. You can all
blow me.

CARROLL

Hey, hey, hey. All is not lost.
There's a lot of good stuff here.
That's a nice bat, Ty.

TYBERIUS

You want it? Here.

She takes the aluminum bat.

COOPER

We can re-supply. Camping food.
We're not fucked yet. And
everybody get a change of clothes.

SPORTING GOODS - LATER

DELEON

looks over a mountaineering pick-axe. Gives it a couple of
quick, jerky swings. Thumbs over the tip to check sharpness.

He picks out some new hiking clothes and boots. Holds up the
shirt and looks in a mirror.

COOPER

Handsome.

DELEON

Oh? Th-thanks.

He enters into the bathroom, looks suspiciously over his
shoulder.

GUILLERMO

already in new clothes. Puts a pocket-knife in his camping shirt. Finds a shovel. Gets a knife sharpening kit and sharpens the shovel.

HEFTY

in a brand new white-tee. Finds a giant machete. Gets a compound hunting bow and quiver.

TYBERIUS

finishes putting on new clothes. Finds a hockey stick. Claims some two and a half pound weights. Nearby Hefty looks at the tiny dumbbells.

TYBERIUS

Go ahead, laugh it up.

SIMS

finishes making a Molotov Cocktail. He's in new clothes. Tries out a slingshot. Gets the sharpening kit from Guillermo to sharpen a decorative sword.

Tyberius and Hefty watch:

TYBERIUS

Look at Douchery Dan over here.

HEFTY

It's pronounced 'd-bag', the 'ouche' is silent.

CARROLL

carries the baseball bat with her. Looks at some head-lamps. Looks for some new clothes. Ecstatic when she finds some face-wipes.

COOPER

gets some battery operated clippers and shaves her entire head down to a buzz-cut.

Holds crowbar and feigns trying to bend it. She gets a length of chain and makes a homemade flail. Checks out new clothes.

SPORTING GOODS - BATHROOM

Deleon in new pants and boots, shirt and cast off. The room illuminated with a camping lantern.

First aid kit spread out on the baby-changing counter along with the cure bandolier. Deleon unfolds a few scraps of paper.

FOCUS ON PAPER

it reads "FORMULA OF REMEMDIUM".

BACK TO SCENE

Takes a disinfectant swab from the first aid kit. Raises it to under his arm. He now has another BITE WOUND.

DELEON
(despondent)
Fuck me.

Deleon makes a few calculations on the paper. He squeezes the pencil in anger of his find. It SNAPS.

He uses a syringe and a cure vial on his forearm. Does it again on his underarm bite.

There's only two vials of cure left in the leg bandolier.

Resets his watch. Dabs the swab against the bite. Winces. Places a bandage on the wound.

The DOOR suddenly OPENS. Hefty pushes through Deleon's barricade. Deleon jumps to get his shirt.

HEFTY
(as he enters)
They found us. It's time to go.

Deleon covers his forearm wound. Too late, Hefty sees it, draws on his bow.

HEFTY (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that?

DELEON
Hold on, I can explain.

HEFTY
Outside.

DELEON
Hefty, listen to me--

HEFTY
Right now, mother fucker.

SPORTING GOODS - CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK

Hefty and Deleon join the group. They're busy with maps. They're all much cleaner.

Guillermo sharpens his meat cleaver. Looks up at Deleon. Deleon gulps.

They notice Hefty's bow is drawn and pointed at Deleon.

COOPER
What's going on?

SIMS
Where's the cast?

HEFTY
He's bit.

CARROLL
Oh no... from the swamp?

DELEON
That, yes. But I've been bitten since before I met you.

CARROLL
But how--that was so long--how are you still... living?

DELEON
I guess I'm determined to prove Darwin wrong.

The group confabulates in anger. Deleon holds up his hands to calm them.

GUILLERMO
(chomps his teeth twice)
Mordido!

DELEON
Just hold on, It's okay. I have a cure. See?

Undoes his pants, produces a cure vial.

TYBERIUS

How long have you had that?

DELEON

Since the beginning.

COOPER

This whole time? I knew there was a reason I wanted to kill you.

CARROLL

Why didn't you tell us you already have a cure? Why pretend to need to make it?

DELEON

Well... it's not finished. But as long as I take this every three hours--I just need to find a lab to finish it--look, I tried to say stay away from me, but you guys wouldn't--

Guillermo jumps to his feet, cleaver raised, and charges at Deleon. Deleon backs away.

DELEON (CONT'D)

No, Jose. I, err, estoy bien!
Estoy bien!

Deleon catches the cleaver holding arm. The two wrestle until the others pull Guillermo off.

A loud THUD from O.S. Guillermo paces around ranting in Spanish about the crazy people he's with.

COOPER

We don't have time for this.

DELEON

(panting, on the floor)
I just need to get to a lab.

COOPER

How much of that stuff do you have?

POUNING and SCRATCHING from the doorway.

DELEON

Enough for now.

FOCUS ON DOORWAY

The entire parking lot filled up with meandering ghouls.

It seems as though they don't know what's going on inside, but something has piqued their interest.

BACK TO SCENE

Deleon stands and joins the group. Sims points to a map.

SIMS

Here's the high school. Not far,
but they're right in the way, so...

DELEON

I get it: problem is it's a walk,
and those things have converged
here.

Sims sets down his MOLOTOV COCKTAIL on the counter.

SIMS

Problem solved.

HEFTY

What're you gonna do w'that?

SIMS

I throw it, distract them. We
escape while they're engulfed in
hot flaming goodness.

SPORTING GOODS - ENTRYWAY

They stand by the glass doors.

SIMS

Alright, one...
(as he lights the rag)
Two...

Sims pushes the door open and runs out.

EXT. SPORTING GOODS - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

SIMS

... three!

He hurls the MOLOTOV COCKTAIL as hard as he can over the zombie's heads.

The zombies watch it sail over them.

IT EXPLODES in a ball of fire; completely misses all the living dead.

All in one simultaneous motion, they slowly turn to look at Sims... and MOAN.

INT. SPORTING GOODS - ENTRYWAY

Sims makes it back in, pants from the run.

TYBERIUS

Man, you suck.

They run to the

MAIN STORE

CARROLL

Now what?

GLASS SHATTERS O.S. from the entryway.

HEFTY

They're breaking in!

TYBERIUS

There's still the service entrance, right?

DELEON

I have an idea. Quick, silent and maneuverable.

EXT. SPORTING GOODS - PARKING LOT

The horde of a hundred undead swarms the entrance to the store, file in one by one.

Something shoots out from behind the group. Seven figures on bicycle, speeding by in the b.g.

FOCUS ON GROUP OF CYCLISTS

It's our group. They speed away from danger on bicycles.

They come along to a Body-builder Zombie. It's so large it puts 1980s Schwarzenegger to shame.

It moves to tackle them with its enormous meat hooks, but they split around it like a flock of birds.

It tries to stumble-run after them, almost like a gorilla, but has no chance to catch up.

For a time, they ride in silence.

DELEON

With a smirk, Deleon RINGS his handlebar BELL.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DUSK

The group on their bikes. Stopped. They look up at the school entrance.

COOPER

Let's get inside, find a secure room, take shifts guarding, and get some rest.

HEFTY

Amen.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SLEEPING CLASSROOM - NIGHT

The group huddled, fast asleep inside of brand-new sleeping bags. Sims posts guard.

Deleon's ALARM GOES OFF. He wakes up. Silences it and gets out of the sleeping bag.

SIMS

Guys like us, man.

DELEON

(yawns)
What?

SIMS

I was always afraid of this.

DELEON

You were?

SIMS

Well, not this. But losing relevance. I've given fourteen years to the Air Force as an electrician.

(MORE)

SIMS (CONT'D)

And now here I am: an electrician.
In a city without power. And you
too. You're a scientist, but you
couldn't stop this from happening.

DELEON

(guilty)
Yeah...

SIMS

I been faking my P-F-T, my fitness
test? For years now. I figured
what's the point since I don't see
combat, so...

DELEON

Look, Sims. I'm gonna go look
around.

Takes his ice-pick and his flashlight. Moves to the door.

SIMS

I don't know, man.

DELEON

Don't be afraid. I know you can
handle it.

Deleon slips out the door into

HALLWAY

and flicks on his flashlight. He moves down the hall and
looks into a classroom. Then another. And another.

SCIENCE LAB

Deleon sticks his head in. Test tubes and beakers
everywhere. He takes out his cure notes. The multivitamins.
Sets them on the counter.

DELEON

Perfect.

He takes out the leg bandolier. Two vials.

Takes off his shirt. Then the bandage. It makes a SQUISHY,
STICKY sound as he PULLS IT OFF.

The wounds make his arm look very painful. He uses the two
last vials.

DELEON (CONT'D)
Three more hours.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SLEEPING CLASSROOM - DAY

Cooper stirs and rises from her sleep. She looks around: everyone sleeps, to include Sims.

No sign of Deleon.

She unzips her sleeping bag and gets out. This wakes Carroll and a chain reaction of others slowly rise. Cooper checks her watch.

CARROLL
How long were we out?

COOPER
Fourteen hours.

CARROLL
Jesus.

COOPER
Sims! Get your fat ass up.

SIMS
Huh? I'm up, I'm up. I was just resting my eyes.

COOPER
There's work to be done.

CARROLL
Where's Lewis?

HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Carroll moves down the corridor the same way Deleon did. Silence.

CARROLL
Lewis? Deleon?

She looks into the same classrooms he did.

SCIENCE LAB

The door opens and Carroll enters. Door closes behind her.

The room alive with active experiments, but no sign of Deleon.

The blackboard a mess with his rambled jottings.

CARROLL

stands perfectly still, looks around the room.

Finally, she takes a step away and reveals Deleon behind her; she had eclipsed him.

BACK TO SCENE

He stands still for a second too long.

He walks. She hears the STEP and spins around. He raises his arms and grabs her at the shoulders.

DELEON

Carroll.

CARROLL

Oh, God, you scared me. What are you doing here?

DELEON

Working on the cure. And I'm close, Carroll. I'm so unbelievably close. You see that?

FOCUS ON CENTRIFUGE

spins and separates some kind of formula.

DELEON (CONT'D)

I think I've done it, Carroll. I'll have the first batch in a few hours.

CARROLL

And the injections.

DELEON

(no longer excited)
Still doing those in the meantime.

CARROLL

How long have you been doing this?

DELEON

Well, my research started years ago. But after the first outbreak, I--

CARROLL

Did you sleep?

DELEON

No. I'm not tired.

CARROLL

You look awful. You've been working all night? You need sleep.

DELEON

Look, I'm fine, really.

CARROLL

Well, come on. We're assigning jobs.

DELEON

I've got one.

CARROLL

Tell that to Cooper.

DELEON

(looks through microscope)
You working for her now?

CARROLL

Wow. I... guess I'll say you're not coming then.

DELEON

I'll meet up with you guys later.

Carroll exits to the

HALLWAY

She closes the door behind her. A look of concern on her face.

SCIENCE LAB

Deleon moves back to the counter where the lab equipment results in a steady drip of cure liquid, collected in a glass jar.

He makes more calculations.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SLEEPING CLASSROOM

All sans Deleon gathered here. Geared up and ready to go.

COOPER
Alright, here's the deal.

MONTAGE - EXPLORING THE SCHOOL

A - TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

in a hallway. Tyberius closes a black metal gate across the hall, Hefty nods in approval.

COOPER (V.O.)
Groups of two. Never go anywhere
alone. First we see if we can stay
here. If it's defensible.

B - GUILLERMO AND SIMS

look around the cafeteria. Then the kitchen. Guillermo finds an economy-size can of ground beef. They grin. High-five.

COOPER (V.O.)
We have to find supplies, food,
whatever we're gonna need.

C - COOPER AND CARROLL

use Cooper's crow-bar to pry open school lockers. Carroll takes a make-up compact. Cooper finds a 'prom-queen' tiara and wears it on her buzzed hair.

COOPER (V.O.)
... To make this our home.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - LATER

Deleon takes a slide that reads, "RESIDUALS" and places it under a microscope.

MICROSCOPE POV

Cells bounce around and do their thing. One shakes violently and explodes. So does another.

BACK TO SCENE

Deleon takes a syringe and puts a droplet on the slide. Looks back into the microscope.

MICROSCOPE POV

Another cell shakes, but when it comes into contact with the new liquid it settles down.

BACK TO SCENE

Deleon smiles to himself.

DELEON

Time to catch a lab rat.

A COMMOTION from outside of the lab. FEMALE GRUNTS. Deleon runs out to

HALLWAY

Cooper and Carroll in a fist-fight. The guys watch from the periphery.

Cooper winning. She knocks Carroll down.

DELEON

Hey!

He steps in to restrain Cooper, but she slugs him instead. Deleon is taken back.

Cooper straightens her clothes, and walks tall away from them.

Deleon looks to Carroll. She stands up and runs the opposite way down the hall.

Cooper enters a room. Carroll rounds the corner.

When the women are gone:

DELEON (CONT'D)

What was that all about?

HEFTY

You mean you getting biffed in the face?

SIMS

He was being respectful. You don't hit women, no matter what.

HEFTY

That is no woman.

TYBERIUS

No way, never hit back. They will win. Maybe not the fight, but eventually you'll find--

DELEON

--I mean the fight. What were they fighting about?

TYBERIUS

About you. Obviously.

Deleon pauses a moment. Finds the tiara on the ground and picks it up. Looks in the direction of Cooper.

DELEON

Who is she?

HEFTY

You don't know Kaeden Cooper? Motocross superstar?

DELEON

No.

HEFTY

Oh, she's a badass.

SIMS

Or was.

HEFTY

Yeah, wrecked a couple years back and retired. Opened her own bike shop around here though.

SIMS

Renowned for being a ruthless little shit on the circuit, so...

DELEON

Lucky us.

TYBERIUS

Hell yeah, lucky us. She's the reason we still alive. We didn't start together. She found us.

Deleon is taken aback for a silent moment.

SIMS

What'a you been doin' all this time?

DELEON

(with pride)
Working on the cure.

HEFTY

Man, if there was gonna be a cure, there would be. The government created them as a weapon.

DELEON

Trust me, that's not the case.

HEFTY

How do you know?

DELEON

You think the government did nine-eleven too?

HEFTY

Nine-eleven was a bunch of oil-loving, westward-kneeling, Jew-hating mother fuckers. You want to know what I believe?

(counts on his fingers as he lists conspiracies)

Hell yeah we walked on the moon. Digital television spies on you. New World Order controls everything. Paul McCartney died and was replaced by a double. Hurricane Katrina was a shit show-- on purpose.

DELEON

And the government made the dead walk?

HEFTY

And the government fucked up everything.

TYBERIUS

Either way, they gonna try to get in here sooner or later. And we could use that doctorate-owning pink sponge of yours to help us make it hard on 'em.

SIMS

You in, boss?

DELEON

I'm in. Let me go get Carroll.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOWER HALLS

PIANO MUSIC comes from down the way. Deleon follows the sound.

MUSIC ROOM

Deleon creeps in, quiet as he can. Carroll stops playing anyway.

CARROLL

It's hard to sneak up on me these days. And I don't think it's nice that you'd try.

DELEON

I saw you and Cooper. You okay?

Deleon sits on the bench next to her. She kisses him impulsively.

CARROLL

That wasn't for you. That was for me.

DELEON

Can I have one?

CARROLL

(smiles)

See, that's why I like you. I didn't think I'd smile again after... why didn't you tell me you were infected?

DELEON

I didn't want to make you lose that smile.

Carroll smiles wider. Blushes.

DELEON (CONT'D)

There is something I do need to tell you, though, I'm responsible for--

CARROLL

Wait, let me go. If not now I don't know if I can. I was a single mom. And I was responsible. I was responsible for the death of my child. And please don't say anything until I've finished. I don't care if you hate me. I just need to talk to someone. I used to work at a daycare and my son--he was only in third grade. It was when all this was happening. I was too afraid to leave. To go out and find him. So I stayed, telling myself these people needed their kids. And all came but the last two. So I finally left. And I delivered them. But by the time I went to see Jacob... his school was... I never did find my son.

DELEON

You're no monster, you saved all those kids.

CARROLL

So what? For all I know, they didn't make it. But I do know my son didn't, and I could have changed that.

Deleon looks down and away; he can't look her in the eye.

DELEON

(to himself)

You've lost so much, and it's all my...

CARROLL

What were you going to say? What are you responsible for?

He stares at the floor.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

C'mon.

DELEON

Just that, that I--that I'm responsible to help set up the defenses and I need you to come help us.

He completely changes his tone and she can feel it's disingenuous:

CARROLL

That's it? I tell you this and-- Jesus.

DELEON

What? I was never married. I didn't lose anyone, okay? I was married to my job. I needed a change and boy did I get one.

CARROLL

Fine, let's just go.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - LATER

The group assembled. They walk together.

DELEON

Alright, things we have: plenty of food and shelter. Things we need? To keep them. We'll barricade all but the necessary entrances.

SIMS

I found these radios, three of 'em, so...

COOPER

Good. Split up, get to work.

DELEON

But bring one in. I'm ready to try the cure.

INT. STAIRWELL - TYBERIUS AND CARROLL - LATER

Tyberius wrenches up a volleyball net overloaded with desks, chairs, and miscellany.

It hangs directly over the stair middle landing.

CARROLL

Okay, perfect.

NURSE'S OFFICE - DELEON AND HEFTY

collect bags of blood and other medical supplies.

HEFTY
How many of these?

DELEON
All of them.

HALLS - COOPER AND GUILLERMO

She's at one of the entrances. She directs Guillermo.

He rides a hall-waxing cart that they've made into a makeshift plow. Pushes things into the entrance: barricades it.

COOPER
(signals with hands)
One more round.

BASEMENT - SIMS

looks around with a flashlight. He finds a generator and inspects the inner workings.

SIMS
Oh baby, oh baby.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Sims inspects some searchlights. Makes some adjustments to the wires.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - LATER

All here. A LEGLESS ZOMBIE SCRATCHES its way along the floor toward the group.

Deleon holds a gigantic syringe, like one for a horse. Moves in toward it. Legless Zombie snaps and claws at him.

Deleon stabs it with the cure serum and backs away.

CARROLL
What's happening?

DELEON
Just watch.

The zombie twitches and turns onto its back. Reaches up. A look of recognition comes over its eyes. Human recognition.

LEGLASS ZOMBIE
(nearly inaudible)
What?

Legless Zombie gasps and dies.

TYBERIUS
It didn't work.

DELEON
Yes it did, it died because it's
already dead.

HEFTY
How can you be sure?

DELEON
I'm sure. And in another twenty
hours I'll be using the next batch
on myself.

COOPER
Alright Lou, I hope you're right.
'Cause I'll kill you myself if you
turn.

DELEON
I'm right, and you'll see that
tomorrow night.

EXT. HIGHSCHOOL - DAY

A couple of Zombies meander near the school. Aimless.
Unaware of what's inside. The group is safe.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LATE AFTERNOON

All in various states of boredom. Sims and Deleon play
chess. Tyberius strums a guitar in a chair. Carroll and
Hefty hit a volleyball. Cooper carves her name into the
table.

The KITCHEN DOORS OPEN. All look. Guillermo wheels out a
cart full of food; he has prepared them a gourmet meal.

They form up at one table, excited to eat.

She sits at the piano. The room quiets down and they take
their seats.

ALL
 (AD LIB something similar)
 Wow, this is amazing!/You shouldn't
 have...

SIMS
 Gracias, Jose.

GUILLERMO
 Guillermo.

SIMS
 Guillermo to you too.

TYBERIUS
 You are so fignorant. Guillermo,
 his name is Guillermo.

The group laughs.

CARROLL
 Come on everyone, I've got
 something for you too.

HIGH SCHOOL - MUSIC ROOM

Carroll on the piano. The group on the bleachers.

CARROLL
 Don't be too harsh on me... here
 goes.

She PLAYS THE PIANO. It's beautiful. Superb. Melancholy
 and rich. She's talented. Almost too good to be an amateur.

They stay silent until she finishes.

COOPER
 How did you learn to play like
 that?

CARROLL
 I used to play growing up. I
 was... teaching my son.

The group silent for a moment.

HEFTY
 Well, it ain't as good as that, but
 I got a talent.

DELEON
 Let's see it.

HEFTY

now up for his performance. He shows off with the compound bow.

Makes a few incredibly skillful shots. Shoots from behind his back. Has Tyberius toss up the volleyball and nails it in the air. He amazes.

RETURN TO SCENE

They all applaud.

HEFTY

Who's up next? Coop, what can you do?

COOPER

shows off on a balance beam on the stage. Quite the talented gymnast.

RETURN TO SCENE

They're stunned by her grace.

COOPER

You're up, Lou. What's your talent.

DELEON

What is this, a talent show? This is stupid.

COOPER

Don't be a bitch.

DELEON

Oh yeah, that's gonna make me do it.

SIMS

I'll go!

CARROLL

Alright Sims, what's your talent?

SIMS

I can't show you here, so...

He turns on one of the radios.

SIMS (CONT'D)
I'll be right back. Stay here.

COOPER
We're on the buddy system.

SIMS
I'll be just a second.

HEFTY
I'll go, come on.

The two leave and Cooper turns on another radio.

They wait in silence.

CARROLL
Come on, Lewis, you've got a talent.

DELEON
Yeah, it's being a geneticist, remember?

CARROLL
(hurt)
God, you're such a Dick sometimes.

Another awkward silence. Deleon suddenly to his feet.

DELEON
Fine, I'll go. My talent comes to you in the form of an apology. I made a mistake and it's taken me a while to admit it. I started with numbness, then there was denial. Next came the anger and the depression. I think I'm finally ready for acceptance.

He takes the Gilgazyme inhaler from his pocket.

DELEON (CONT'D)
Do you recognize this? This started it all. Gilgazyme. Makes you live forever. Gene therapy was the wave of the future. Genes, carried on the back of chromosomes, the basic units of heredity. Now normally, gene therapy is to treat genetic disorders. In most cases, you insert a 'normal' gene to replace the 'abnormal' gene causing your disorder.

(MORE)

DELEON (CONT'D)

We did the opposite. We had the abnormal gene sent in. And it worked! But like a failed organ transplant, our patients rejected it within four days.

They're all stunned.

TYBERIUS

But if we knew what was going on, why didn't anybody speak up to stop it?

DELEON

It was an Amyclaeon Silence. No one wanted to admit it. In ancient Greece, the people of Amyclae were so incensed by constant rumors of a Spartan invasion that they actually made a law banning anyone to speak of it. When the Spartans finally did arrive, the Amyclaeon guards were too frightened to declare invasion. The town was quickly taken.

CARROLL

What about the FDA? Don't they have to approve these things?

DELEON

Absolutely not. We were given total freedom.

TYBERIUS

Wait. Are you saying that you... you're the Antichrist that made this happen?

DELEON

I am not without blame.

CARROLL

Not without blame? You bastard. I trusted you.

Cooper smiles from behind the quickly angering mob.

TYBERIUS

And now you tell me it's your fault. I killed my own... do you understand what that feels like? And you want forgiveness?

DELEON
No, I couldn't take your
forgiveness.

COOPER
Then what? You just announce it
and you're clean?

DELEON
Yes, It's my fault. All my fault.
But I made a cure!

TYBERIUS
For you! What are you going to do
about all the dead? What can you
do for them? You've ruined lives.
The whole world is just shit now.

The RADIO BEEPS and CRACKLES with life.

SIMS (V.O.)
(on radio)
You all there? Sims here.

They glare at Deleon with hate and menace.

SIMS (V.O.)
(on radio)
Hello? Sims here, over.

COOPER
We read.

A HUM. Lights flicker above them. The High School comes
alive with electricity.

SIMS (V.O.)
(on radio)
How about that, haha ha HA! And he
said let there be light.

They cheer with excitement.

COOPER
Sims! That's fucking amazing, you
did something right!

SIMS (V.O.)
(on radio)
Okay, meet on the roof for part
two. Sims out.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

The group stands out in the darkness. No sign of Sims.

COOPER
(to radio)
Sims?

SIMS (V.O.)
(on radio)
Are you guys up there?

COOPER
We're here, where're you?

SIMS (V.O.)
(on radio)
Hold on one second...

DELEON AND COOPER

COOPER
You know, I used to think you were
one of those limp-dicked nice guys.

DELEON
Cooper, what're you--

COOPER
I always fall for the assholes.
Didn't know you had it in y--

An ALARM BLARES. It's a siren right next to them.

BACK TO SCENE

The rooftop comes to life: Two gigantic searchlights activate
and begin to move about. A red and blue strobe flashes.

And that SIREN WAILS.

CLOSE ON DELEON

his face bathed in blue and red.

DELEON
Oh, fuck.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FROM FAR AWAY

The entire school lit up from the inside to the roof. Even at this distance the SIREN BLARES.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Zombies come out of every crevice: CRASH out of WINDOWS with terrible BONE SNAPS only to get up again. Flood out of doors of buildings. Rise from gutters and sewers.

Then a zombie pops-up in the f.g. in full view. And MOANS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL

The group runs down the stairs. They yell to drown out the SIREN.

COOPER

(to radio)

Sims? Sims! Sims turn this shit off!

DELEON

Basement! Power'd be in the basement.

BASEMENT

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN. The group runs in.

SIMS

Hey, who's ready to--

GROUP

Turn it off!/Fuck you!/The alarm, the alarm!/Goddamnit, Sims!/You idiot!

CLOSE ON SWITCHES

Sims holds his fingers over two house-light style switches. They are labeled as if from a labeling gun "SEARCH LIGHTS" and "ALARM SIRENS".

He switches off only "ALARM SIRENS" and the sound ceases.

BACK TO SCENE

They catch their breath in a brief moment of silence.

SIMS

Don't you get it? Rescue's coming.

COOPER

Rescue!?

CARROLL

Sims, you just put a giant 'eat me' sign right on our forehead.

SIMS

This is our best chance. If it attracts a few of those things, so be it! We have defenses and now rescue's coming, so...

HEFTY

Yeah, rescue in the form of a gun with one bullet.

Hefty mime-shoots himself in the head.

SIMS

You're like a chicken fluffing his feathers.

HEFTY

Soon I'll be a chicken kicking your ass!

SIMS

I don't need all these pithy remarks, so...

HEFTY

What's pithy?

SIMS

Don't placate me.

HEFTY

What's placate mean?

SIMS

It means don't placate me, God damn it.

DELEON

Sims, Sims, listen up. Is that all of it?

SIMS

Alarms are off. If it were up to me they'd be on, but they're off.

TYBERIUS

You have got to be the dumbest-ass white man I ever met.

SIMS

Hey, sticks and stones may break my bones but words will hurt me, okay?

Tyberius takes out the HOCKEY STICK he had secured to his back. CRACKS SIMS across the SHOULDER with it.

SIMS (CONT'D)

Hey!

DELEON

Now is not the time for us to turn on each other.

COOPER

Interesting coming from you.

CARROLL

Look, we all had to do something wrong for us to get here. We're all here alone! Every one of us. We're with strangers for Christ sake. It's the end of the world and we have no family or friends to be with. You think if we hadn't fucked up we'd be together? That's what we have in common, people. We're all fuck-ups...

They all pause to contemplate.

CARROLL (CONT'D)

Alright, now what's the plan?

DELEON

(shrugs)

Battle stations.

HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA

This is their command center.

Deleon looks over blueprints and holds a walkie-talkie. Cooper, Carroll, and Guillermo accompany.

The windows all boarded up.

DELEON
(clicks on the radio)
Alright...

HALLS

Sims, Hefty and Tyberius walk together. Sims's RADIO UNIT
CHIRPS WITH LIFE:

DELEON (V.O.)
(radio)
... you guys got me?

SIMS
(to radio)
We hear ya.

CAFETERIA

DELEON
(to radio)
Good. Check out the three main
entrances and report back.

HALLS

SIMS
(to radio)
Roger.

They're at a hallway intersection and split up three
different ways at a jog.

CAFETERIA

DELEON
The barricades'll hold.

COOPER
For how long?

TYBERIUS

Looks around at the dark entry barricade with a flashlight.

TYBERIUS
 (to radio)
 Area one, clear.

DELEON

DELEON
 (to radio)
 Copy that, come on back. Hefty,
 are you in position?

HEFTY

Searches another barricade in a similar manner.

HEFTY
 (to radio)
 Area two, clear.

DELEON

DELEON
 (to radio)
 Alright, Hefty. Bring it home.

SIMS

Same stuff. Scans the barricade with a flashlight.

DELEON (V.O.)
 (radio)
 Sims, what've you got?

SIMS
 (to radio)
 Area three, clear.

Sims steps on a piece of GLASS. It CRACKS beneath his foot.

Confused as to where it came from; he bends down to take a look.

From the shadows something moves. And it's quick.

Sims reacts. Turns his flashlight on it. It's a zombie, and it's on top of him before he can do anything else.

Sims gets eaten alive. His cries drown quickly.

FOCUS ON RADIO

DELEON (V.O.)
 (radio)
 Copy area three clear, hurry back.

BACK TO SCENE

Another zombie comes out of the shadows and reaches for the radio. Bites it.

Zombie after zombie walks in and over Sims's body. Into the school.

CAFETERIA

DELEON
 Alright, that's it. They're all holding.

Deleon's wristwatch ALARM BEEPS in expiration. He turns it off.

COOPER
 What does that mean?

DELEON
 I need the cure, very soon.

COOPER
 I hope you made plenty. We may need it.

DELEON
 There's only enough for me right now.

From one of the windows, a BOARD SMASHES IN. They start to break in here, too.

DELEON (CONT'D)
 Get the windows!

The group races to different positions around the room.

The room consists of six windows and four people, so they frantically board up windows when a zombie BASHES IN one of the BOARDS, then move to the next.

Barely controlled chaos. Just as a zombie breaks through, someone yells something like:

DELEON (CONT'D)

Back right!

And Carroll heads over. The zombie pulls itself in and just as it stands she meets it with the CLANK of her aluminum BASEBALL BAT to the head.

Sometimes two of them take one window; Cooper and Carroll work together. Cooper smashes any hands that try to come through while Carroll puts up another board.

Tyberius makes it into the room. He joins Deleon, who struggles with a window by himself.

GUILLERMO

has a window almost fully boarded up by himself. He puts up the last board needed.

Suddenly, the entire thing SMASHES OUT at him. He lands on his back, covered in splintered boards.

Standing in the broken window-way, the Bodybuilder Zombie that they evaded on bicycle. His hulking figure stumbles in and on top of Guillermo.

He actually lifts Guillermo up and holds him while he eats him.

TYBERIUS

runs out to the middle of the room to face Bodybuilder Zombie.

Bodybuilder Zombie tosses the corpse of Guillermo to the side. Blood drips down its chin and hulking chest.

Tyberius takes out the two-and-a-half pound weights.

The two run at each other.

Tyberius makes a daring leap at it and brings one of the weights down on its forehead in a slam-dunk like motion.

BACK TO SCENE

CARROLL

They're breaking through!

Several zombies come in from another window.

Cooper lets out her homemade flail. With full-body momentum, she connects the end with a zombie's head--and in turn lifts it off its feet with the blow.

DELEON

Get out, to the back-up rally point.

They push back to the

FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

Right as Deleon makes it out, a zombie reaches out to grab his face.

A hunting arrow flies through both its arms, pins them together.

The hands knocked away, but the ghoul brings them back up. Another arrow buries into its skull. It falls to the ground.

One side of the hallway: filled with zombies. The other side: Hefty with his bow.

The group of zombies headed by Topless Zombie, Bottomless Zombie and Zombie Dr. Phoenix.

DELEON

Phoenix?

At this, the group of zombies stops its meander and full speed stumble-runs at the humans.

The people run past Hefty. Hefty aims his bow and looses an arrow down the hall.

It SMASHES into a BAG OF BLOOD that hangs by the ceiling. The blood pours down the wall.

The group of zombies peels off to attack the wall.

STAIRWELL

The group rises up the stairs to the middle landing.

Tyberius looks

OUT THE WINDOW

Every zombie in the city, hundreds of thousands, stand shoulder to shoulder in every free inch of space.

They wait their turn to enter the school.

BACK TO SCENE

A zombie hand reaches up over the side towards Tyberius's leg. He's frozen in panic, just stares out the window at the horde.

Just as the hand is about to get his leg, Carroll's hand tugs his shoulder; shakes him out of it.

CARROLL
Tyberius, let's go!

They get to the top of the stairs. Tyberius finds the rope that has the suspended volley-ball net tied down. Holds his hand on it.

HEFTY

Shoots another bag of blood.

TYBERIUS (O.S.)
Hefty, get up here!

Hefty turns to run.

STAIRWELL

TYBERIUS
(in a daze)
There's no way we're gonna make it.

COOPER
Just stick to the plan.

CARROLL
(frantic)
Maybe, maybe Sims's idea worked?
Maybe rescue is on the way?

DELEON
Maybe.

Hefty makes it to the middle landing.

TYBERIUS
I can't do this again...

Hefty stops and aims his bow to the crowd below.

The hand reaches up again and this time it finds Hefty's leg. It pulls.

Hefty falls on his front and reaches out. Slides back. Pulled by hungry zombies.

He grabs onto the cast-iron rail. GROWLS, EATING and TEARING comes from below.

TYBERIUS (CONT'D)

Hefty!

COOPER

Leave him, he's fucked.

HEFTY

No I'm not!

COOPER

Leave him. Pull the rope, Tyberius, pull the rope!

HEFTY

(struggling)
Don't... do... it.

A zombie stumbles up the stairs.

With pain on his face, Tyberius pulls the rope.

The volleyball net releases and a barricade of rubble falls down on the landing, crushes the zombie and isolates Hefty with the horde.

UPPER HALLWAY

The group backs away from the stairs.

The MUFFLED SCREAMS OF HEFTY fill the b.g. Tyberius squints his eyes closed.

DELEON

There's still two more stairwells.

COOPER

Lou, come with me. You two take the other one.

Carroll and Deleon look at one another with longing.

COOPER (CONT'D)

No time to argue, let's go!

TYBERIUS AND CARROLL - LATER

run around a corner to the top of a different stairwell.

When it's in view, Tyberius grabs the hand-rope to release the suspended barricade.

Freezes with a thousand-yard stare at the landing.

It's absolutely clear; no undead. He holds the release, frozen.

CARROLL

Alright, Ty. We're clear, release it... Ty? Tyberius!

He stays frozen. She reaches to shake him.

He reacts. Clamps a hand around her throat.

TYBERIUS

He's coming. We've got to give him time.

She chokes and coughs. Goes down to her knees, tries to pry his hand from her throat.

At this time, a zombie meanders up the stairs. It wears a welding mask.

CARROLL

(chokes out the words)
Ty... Ty... please.

TYBERIUS

He's gonna make it.

Welding Mask Zombie makes it to the top of the stairs.

It comes right up to Tyberius and reaches out for him. Somehow this breaks his catatonic state.

He releases Carroll. She falls down to the floor. Gasps for breath.

She makes her recovery a quick one.

Brings her ALUMINUM BAT together with the WELDING MASK with a metal-on-metal CLANG. Drops the bat and cries out from the reverberations.

The ghoul gets knocked around, but remains unfazed.

Tyberius tackles it to the middle landing of the stairs.

TYBERIUS (CONT'D)

Pull the release!

CARROLL

You don't get to die now, you selfish bastard. Get up here!

TYBERIUS

Pull it!

Other zombies begin to come up the stairs.

CARROLL

I can't!

Welding Mask Zombie squirms beneath Tyberius.

TYBERIUS

Pull the fucking release.

The other zombies almost to her. Tyberius is overwhelmed.

Carroll pulls the release. The RUBBLE DUMPS on the living dead and CRUSHES Tyberius.

She turns. Walks away from the stairs, her face collapses from emotion.

CARROLL

(crying)

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay.
As long as they get the other
stairwell we're safe, okay?

DELEON AND COOPER - SAME TIME

make it around the corner of their hallway and stop.

Far down the hall, past another floor waxing cart, a group of zombies meanders in front of the stairwell.

Deleon and Cooper turn back around the corner.

DELEON

Shit.

COOPER

Any more ideas?

Deleon shakes his head.

DELEON

I might be able to slow them down
if I can get to my lab, my
formulas...

COOPER

It's too late for that. There's no
stopping them now.

They take a moment to contemplate.

Cooper reaches out and grabs Deleon, enters into a passionate
kissing embrace.

They release.

Cooper gets out her crowbar. Takes a deep breath. Lets it
out.

She BASHES him in the KNEE with her CROWBAR.

Deleon cries out and falls to the floor.

DELEON

You bitch!

COOPER

You're dead anyway, you're turning.
Thanks for slowing them down for
us.

She backpedals a bit, then turns and runs down the hall.

DELEON

grits his teeth with pain. Takes out his pick axe. Begins
a crawl around the corner.

The thick of zombies meanders in the b.g. Deleon crawls
across the hall.

They notice him. Begin to stumble run.

He crawls painfully slow across the hall.

They gain on him.

They're going to beat him.

He gets to the door of the science lab, but can't reach the
door handle.

They're coming.

Carroll rounds the corner and pulls Deleon up and shoves him into the lab.

At the last second, a zombie BITES HER on the arm. She cries out. Pulls away and into the

SCIENCE LAB

She SLAMS the DOOR shut.

He SMASHES the PICK AXE into the FLOOR TILES in front of the door; creates a block.

The undead crowd right behind. The door HANDLE BREAKS with the force of the zombie horde.

The DOOR SLAMS partially open against the PICK AXE.

Hungry GROWLS and MOANS want in, impossible to hold off long. Hands and fingers push through the crack; reaching.

Deleon pulls himself to the counter and manages to get up on his good leg.

He looks pale and a bit sweaty if not oily.

Looks at his exposed bite wound. It's worse than ever now. The bites ooze with puss and have spread.

Finds a syringe and draws in the massive cure from the centrifuge.

Holds it up. Holds it right up next to his wound. Hesitates. Holds it by the other wound.

Looks over to Carroll. She looks at her own bite wound.

He slowly walks over to her. Without warning, injects her with the cure.

She's shocked.

DELEON

You're... safe now.

CARROLL

Why? You have to live, you have the cure.

He's in terrible shape. Almost turned.

DELEON

You... do too. In... your blood.
(gasps)
Take my notes... You're the only
one left.

CARROLL

Cooper?

Deleon painfully shakes his head 'no'.

Pulls out the Gilgazyme inhaler from his pocket. Holds it
up.

DELEON

(smiles)
Live for me.

Forcefully tosses the inhaler in the trash. He gasps for a
breath and, eyes painfully wide, falls dead to the floor by
the door.

The DOOR CRASHES OPEN. The zombies come in. Carroll
freezes, flinches, eyes closed.

She opens them. The ghouls stand in the room, evidently
without a purpose.

They look ahead, lifeless. They pay her no mind.

She hesitates.

Slowly, she moves forward. Looks in the face of Zombie Dr.
Phoenix.

The walking corpse stares right through her.

Carroll moves, without fear, amongst them. She leaves the
room.

After a moment, Deleon rises, newly undead.

INFECTED HALLWAY

Carroll moves out past the undead. They meander once again.

She moves in the opposite direction. She goes down the
stairs.

When she is o.s., Zombie Deleon exits the science lab.

DOOR TO ROOF - SAME TIME

Cooper has her arms full of non-perishable food stuffs and medical supplies.

She sees the doorway with the sign "ROOF ACCESS". As she tries to open it, she drops several smaller parcels.

Opens the door, and enters. It swings closed behind her.

The door gets propped open by a canned food stuck in the doorway.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Though no audible alarm, the spotlights still search and the red and blue alarm rotates.

Cooper out on the roof.

Sets down her supplies, saddles up next to a radio.

INT. DOOR TO ROOF

Zombie Deleon's hand opens the door.

INT. HIGHSCHOOL - ENTRY 3

Where they all broke in. Where Sims died.

CARROLL
(frustrated)
Get out of the way.

Moves through the zombies pouring in and pushes her own way out.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Cooper looks off the edge.

A SOFT CLANG and SHUFFLE OF FEET come from behind her.

She turns around.

Zombie Deleon just kicked through her supply pile.

His color washed out by the repeated blue and red light splashes on him.

It's difficult to see how pale and dead he looks.

COOPER

You?

They head towards one another. He limps.

COOPER (CONT'D)

We're the last ones. You and I--

The spotlight swings by and lights up Zombie Deleon. She sees he's undead.

Cooper takes out her crowbar.

They meet in the middle.

She raises her crowbar and swings at his head.

He catches her forearm. They both look to it.

A look of panic crosses her face. The closest thing to a smile on his.

He pulls her to himself and BITES DOWN HARD on the base of her neck.

She screams.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - GROUND LEVEL

Carroll hears the scream.

She runs out to get a better look.

Zombie Deleon on the roof. Covered in blood.

With a confused look, she waves to him.

His arm moves up, almost a wave back.

CARROLL

Thank you, Lewis Deleon. The man
who saved the world.

She smiles, turns around and walks away.

Runs her fingers over the raised bump where her bite wound is healing.

BLACK

PUNCH SOUND and SLAM TITLE OVER: "INFECTED" in extra large font, across every inch of view space.

FADE OUT.

THE END