

INFECTED

Written by

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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 separates a line of cocaine.

FRAMED MEDICAL CERTIFICATE

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

PENTHOUSE - OFFICE

The owner of the hands, DOC 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

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 sticks 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.

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. You
fucking stupid bitch.

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 cunt.

BEDROOM

A fluid movement, she sits up and looks at Phoenix with glazed, hungry eyes.

She crawls across the bed on all fours.

Phoenix turns back towards her.

PHOENIX

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.

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

INT. MACBETH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A nice place, nothing plush. All the counter space filled with a makeshift science lab: test tubes and various notes and another Gilgazyme inhaler.

CLOSE ON NOTES

"PREPARATIONS FOR A CURE".

CLOSE ON GILGAZYME

Over the mouth-piece, "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 of an
 apparent rash of celebrity
 homicide.

FLASHBACK - INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Phoenix here with MACBETH DELEON, 30s. Macbeth a candidate for a GQ model, but instead in a lab coat.

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

MACBETH
 I don't know.

CLOSE ON RAT

Behind it, through the glass, his nametag, "MACBETH DELEON, RESEARCH ASSISTANT".

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

BACK TO SCENE

MACBETH
...bored.

PHOENIX
Bored? Who gives a--

INT. MACBETH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Macbeth stands looking at his bathroom: full of remodeling tools and two-by-fours.

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

MONTAGE - BOARDING THINGS UP

Macbeth 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 Macbeth from one terrarium to the next.

MACBETH

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

PHOENIX

Hell, maybe this'll end world
hunger too!

Macbeth shoots him a look.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

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

INT. MACBETH'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

MACBETH (V.O.)

I just don't know...

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.

Macbeth cornered at his desk by a RESEARCH ASSISTANT, 20s.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

You know if this blows up in your
face, you won't get that precious
Nobel Prize.

MACBETH

What makes you think I--

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Oh please. We all know how he got
to you. It's a dog-eat-dog world,
and I get the whole rat race thing.

MACBETH

Wait.

Hops up from his seat and runs to

LAB

The Research Assistant follows. Macbeth 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 ONE WEEK". Macbeth lowers the SQUEALING MOUSE into the tank. The other mice flock onto the corned mouse and rip it to shreds.

BACK TO SCENE

MACBETH

Oh no.

INT. MACBETH'S APARTMENT - PANTRY - DAY

Chock full of food.

PANTRY - LATER

Barren. TITLE OVER, "A FEW WEEKS LATER".

MACBETH (V.O.)

What now?

INT. MACBETH'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The sun's rays creep through the cracks in the boarded windows. The apartment has a 'lived-in' appearance.

Macbeth digs through this section of his makeshift laboratory and pulls out

VIAL OF YELLOW ELIXIR

it's labeled, "CURE V. 3.1". He carefully wraps it in a white cloth.

MONTAGE - PACKING UP

Macbeth 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.

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, "PULITZER PRIZE WINNER".

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

Macbeth packs it into the bag.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

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.

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

APARTMENT COMPLEX - STAIRWELL

Macbeth 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 about.

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

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

From somewhere above, a SIGNIFICANT THUD.

Macbeth swings his flashlight around to illuminate the area of wall containing the noise behind it.

SHUFFLES and a SCRATCHES move across the area. Macbeth 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

Macbeth 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.

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

HIGH ROOFTOP

Macbeth stands looking down on the city through his binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV

No signs of life; nothing but desolation.

BACK TO SCENE

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

EXT. URBAN STREETS - LATER

Macbeth 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

MACBETH
(whispers)
Shit...

Trying to stay quiet, he slinks into a nearby alley.

INT. HOUSE - SITE OF TRAGEDY

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

Macbeth creeps in using his flashlight.

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

HOUSE - KITCHEN

Macbeth scours the cupboards. Nothing.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT

Sits in the bleachers as if watching a game. Macbeth eats a granola bar in the sun.

EXT. 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.

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

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

Finished, he arrives to the front door.

Macbeth pushes the front door open and with a BLAST a SHOTGUN blows a hole through the front door.

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

MACBETH

Jesus Christ! I'm alive! I'm
normal!

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

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Look I'm sorry that...that I peed
on your van!

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

Uses it as a mirror. Sees it wasn't a shotgun at all but an improvised booby-trap.

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

MACBETH (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Hello?

Death grip on the club again, he heads inside the

BOOBY-TRAPPED HOME

CLOSE ON MACBETH

and his terrified face. He looks upwards with alarm at

DANGLING BODY

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

Then it LURCHES with life and GROANS and GROWLS. SNAPS his JAWS at Macbeth.

The Hangman's Zombie can't get him though as he hangs suspended from the ceiling.

Macbeth 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 house next door.

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, she pushes the screen out of its frame and steps through the door.

As he stares, TWO HANDS CRASH out of the window behind Macbeth 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.

MACBETH

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

Macbeth creeps back around the corner, looks back.

Stalks his way across lawns towards the house that took 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. THIEVING 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.

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

MACBETH

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. THIEVING HOUSE - ENTRY

Macbeth pushes the door open, bathing the house in light. Enough ambient 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.

Macbeth 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.

Macbeth 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. Macbeth 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, Macbeth jumps to the pack in the

KITCHEN

Scrambles to detach the axe.

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

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

Thieving Zombie pounces and is only stopped from sinking his 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.

MACBETH

Oh, God.

Macbeth 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 immanently.

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

It limply slumps off Macbeth. Panting, Macbeth 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.

Macbeth moves back out into the

DINING ROOM

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

He turns to see Housewife Zombie right next to him.

MACBETH

Not again.

He looks to the kitchen.

CLOSE ON AXE

It's too far.

BACK TO SCENE

She lunges at him and pins him to the ground.

He screwed.

She goes to bite.

Her SKULL CRACKS OPEN. Stunned, he pushes her off.

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

MACBETH

(rises)

Wow, where did you--

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

MADONNA

Have you got any food!?

EXT. TREEHOUSE - DAY

Macbeth and Madonna sit with their feet dangling. She scarfs on his rations.

MADONNA

(engrossed with food)

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

MACBETH

We're lucky we found each other. I was afraid everybody else was...

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

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

She stops eating and looks up at him.

MADONNA

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

(offers her hand to shake)

--I'm Madonna.

MACBETH

Macbeth. Deleon. Macbeth Deleon.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - BUSINESS DISTRICT - LATER

The two walk together. Macbeth holds his axe.

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

The painter. Genevieve Deleon?

MADONNA

Well, that explains the name.

(pause)

And you figured the best way to rebel would be med school?

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

My deal?

MACBETH

Your story.

MADONNA

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.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

Give me your hammer.

MACBETH

Why? Let's go.

MADONNA

(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.

MADONNA (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.

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

Is it? The real world's over.
(continues walking with
him)

And as far as I'm concerned, I hope
it doesn't come back--not the same
way, anyway.

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

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.

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

Hey, there's always somebody to
screw things up.

(MORE)

MADONNA (CONT'D)

But it's those people who know
they're doing wrong to the rest of
us, and just--just do it anyway.

CLOSE ON MACBETH

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

MADONNA (O.S.)

Holy shit, is that what I think it
is?

He stuffs it into his pocket.

BACK TO SCENE

MACBETH

What?

MADONNA

A supermarket. It is!

MACBETH

So what? It has to have been
raided.

MADONNA

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.

MADONNA

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.

As they move forward and the DOORS SLAM CLOSED behind them, the only thing visible; that contained in the sweeping field 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 it's day life. Jungle gyms and trampolines cast ominous shadows. DVD displays reflect the flashlight beam.

Macbeth and Madonna in an aisle.

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

Madonna takes Macbeth's hand.

They run down the aisle.

The STEPS FOLLOW. LABORED BREATHES.

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

The two groups move to attack one another, but manage to stop.

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

A woman steps out of the crowd, KAEDEN COOPER, 30ish, smoking hot, yet dark in all the ways Madonna is light and playful.

COOPER
Give me one reason we let you live.

The two reply simultaneously

	MACBETH	MADONNA
What?		He's a doctor!

COOPER
Sit down.

MACBETH
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, MACBETH MD." Line 2: "GENETICS RESEARCH
DIVISION" Line 3: "HUMAN INFINITE TECHNOLOGIES"

BACK TO SCENE

COOPER

Research doctor? Who gives a shit?

MACBETH

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

COOPER

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

MACBETH

Yes.

COOPER

And her, she with you?

MACBETH

Yes.

MADONNA

No.

COOPER

Alright, 'Macbeth'. I'm Cooper.
I'm in charge. You got a problem
with that?

MACBETH

No.

COOPER

(to Madonna)

And you, you gonna be trouble?

MADONNA

No.

COOPER

Good.

PAN ON THE GROUP AS THEY ARE INTRODUCED

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

ROBERT SIMS, 40ish and a little overweight, pulls off his gas mask and grins. 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 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 puts out her hand to help Macbeth up.

COOPER
Welcome aboard, Mac.

Macbeth turns to help up Madonna, but she's already getting up on her own.

SIMS
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, so...

He looks to Cooper; she nods.

COOPER
Let's go.

INT. SUPERMARKET MEGASTORE - STORAGE - LATER

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

FOCUS ON MACBETH AND COOPER

MACBETH

What kind of experts do you have here?

COOPER

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

MACBETH

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

COOPER

So?

MACBETH

You don't know? Haven't you all talked to each other?

COOPER

No, and we're not going to.

MACBETH

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. Thanks.

MACBETH

Are you serious?--

COOPER

(to group)

Alright, we're heading out.

MACBETH

Where to?

She gets within two inches of his face.

COOPER

(whisper)

You're going to need to learn not to question me.

BACK TO SCENE

The group stares.

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, Macbeth with Madonna, and Angelica alone.

FOCUS ON MACBETH AND MADONNA

MACBETH

Well, I don't care what she says;
I'm going to try to get to know all
these people. Starting with you.

MADONNA

(distant; cold)
What a rebel.

MACBETH

So, God I don't know how to uses
tenses anymore, uhh, were or are
you married?

MADONNA

Which one?

MACBETH

Present tense.

MADONNA

No.

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

MADONNA (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.

MACBETH

Okay, well--

MADONNA

Why is she in charge?

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

MACBETH

I, I don't--

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

Well, I--

MADONNA

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

Macbeth stops, baffled, but the group walks on. Jogs to catch back up.

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

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

HEFTY

(thick southern accent)

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.

FOCUS ON COOPER AND MACBETH

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

COOPER
Don't stand so close to me.

MACBETH
(steeps to the side)
Oh, sure.

COOPER
(sighs)
What do you want?

MACBETH
I don't get your problem.

COOPER
You're another mouth. It's up to you to prove valuable.

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

She ignores him. He tries so hard.

MACBETH (CONT'D)
So, what do you do in the real world?

COOPER
I'm a mother fucking assassin.

MACBETH
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, Doc? Why don't you tell me what we're up against?

MACBETH
Alright, good idea. Let's see...Since you're still alive 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.
(MORE)

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Good. But, ever see anyone survive an attack?

COOPER

I've killed all the ones I seen.

MACBETH

Well, a bite, even a small one will fester until the person turns. So it's always good to check for bites as they can be concealed until it's too late.

She finally looks intrigued.

COOPER

(deviously)

Really?

FOCUS ON ANGELICA AND MADONNA

ANGELICA

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

MADONNA

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, Madonna digests this with a facial expression.

FOCUS ON SIMS AND GUILLERMO

SIMS

Hola, Jose.

GUILLERMO

Me llamo es 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.

SIMS (CONT'D)
Well, other than 'gracias' I
guess...Gracias?

GUILLERMO
De nada.

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

TYBERIUS
Let me get this straight, you grew
up, your whole life, in Georgia--
yet, you go to FSU?

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 look in, 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 is 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 heaving musculature displayed in a wife-beater style shirt.

MADONNA

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 lifts its end slightly SCRAPES the PAVEMENT.

MADONNA

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 zombie comes out of a near-by building.

Cooper raises her voice for the first time:

COOPER

Hit the pavement!

All but Macbeth and Madonna dive to the ground.

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

Macbeth and Madonna duck.

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

The zombie slumps to the ground.

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

She nods; 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 looks settled in. Macbeth leans against his pack.

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS AND HEFTY

HEFTY
So you know I'm FSU, 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 will 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.

Madonna 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--

MADONNA

It's Madonna.

COOPER

...Front and center. The rest of
 you, off your asses.

The group forms a loose circle around the two.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Strip.

MADONNA

Excuse me?

COOPER

You're the newest. We have to check.

(to Macbeth)

Take off your clothes.

MACBETH

Now hold on a second.

COOPER

Nobody's shy at the end of the world.

MACBETH

How do we know you're clean?

MADONNA

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, 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 Madonna)

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

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, Macbeth starts to disrobe.

MACBETH

Fine.

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

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.

Macbeth and Madonna catch a glance. Catch one another. Both shy away.

Cooper clearly stares at Macbeth. Sizes him up. Makes no expression of approval or otherwise.

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.

MACBETH

Oh, come on.

ANGELICA

That's disgusting.

ANNEX - LATER

They finish dressing.

FOCUS ON MADONNA

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

BACK TO SCENE

MADONNA

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.

MACBETH

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
You scared?

TYBERIUS
Hell yes.

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

MADONNA
So, it's safe?

MACBETH
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 rolling 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 the same.

SIMS
Oh, my God.

MADONNA
We've got to kill them.

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

And on the eight day...Satan laughed.

The ZOMBIES SQUIRM and MOAN.

MACBETH

There's oil in all those lamps, we can use that.

MONTAGE - PREPARING THE BURN

They step between bodies, dump oil on them.

BACK TO SCENE

They all stand out in the Hall, look 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

The blaze, bigger than they anticipate, they all take a step back. The Cathedral engulfed in flame. They watch through the doorway.

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

ANGELICA

Are they...dead?

MACBETH

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

From the blaze stumbles out a Flaming Zombie.

Before anyone can react it's on top of Angelica. She screams. It bites into her.

The first to react 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. One quick swipe. Slits her throat with the meat cleaver.

They all stare.

GUILLERMO

Mordido.

He chomps his teeth twice.

Several other flaming 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 MACBETH'S PACK

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

FOCUS ON MACBETH AND MADONNA

He moves toward the pack, but she stops him. Places her hand across his chest.

MADONNA

Absolutely not.

MACBETH
I can get it.

MADONNA
There's no way.

MACBETH
You don't understand!

MADONNA
I'm not letting you do it.

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

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

MACBETH
It's all I have.

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

By now, the zombies are on top of them.

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

But there's too many.

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

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

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

MACBETH

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, and eyes red and baggy from no sleep.

And they have no equipment. Macbeth 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.

MADONNA

They call him 'Hefty' because
that's the name of a trash bag.

HEFTY

Fuck you, bitch.

MADONNA

Oh, 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 routes through some trash.
Macbeth takes notice.

MACBETH

I am not capitulating.

SIMS

What's that?

MACBETH

Nothing. Something from a play I
read in college.

SIMS
Wasn't the Bard, was it?

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

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

MACBETH
No, it's DNA specific, so there's
no risk of interspecies infection.

SIMS
How do you know that?

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

TYBERIUS
What bank?

HEFTY
Right there.

MADONNA
Maybe its got an armored car?

TYBERIUS
Shit, that's my bank.

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.

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS

He's 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

PLEAAAAAAAAAASSEEEEE!

MADONNA

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.

MACBETH

It's true; my axe is getting pretty worn.

Madonna 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
They're the best. Guns, ammo,
camping gear. So...

COOPER
You're sure you can get us there?

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

MACBETH
Cooper, do you really think it
wise?

COOPER
Let's get moving.

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

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS

He 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.

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.

FOCUS ON BOOTS

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

BACK TO SCENE

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 far, so...

TYBERIUS

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

HEFTY

(indicates Tyberius's comment to be racist)
'You people'?

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 rises to above the thighs. The swamp strangely lifeless.

MADONNA

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

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

It MOANS and moves towards Madonna.

MACBETH

NO!

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

FOCUS ON TYBERIUS

swings for the one near him with his sledge hammer, but it's too large and ungainly and it's caught up 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

Macbeth surfaces. Gasps a breath. He still wrestles the zombie.

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

MACBETH

The head, the head!

MADONNA

I know!

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

No more zombies. Things calm down.

COOPER

You owe me, Mac. 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.

Macbeth 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.

Sims has gotten away from them:

SIMS

Hey! I can see the way out over
here!

Cooper, Guillermo, Hefty and Tyberius run towards him.

FOCUS ON MACBETH AND MADONNA

MADONNA

Are you okay?

MACBETH

I swallowed some swamp, but other
than that.

MADONNA

You sure?

MACBETH

Yeah, come on.

He starts to go.

MADONNA

Hey...thanks.

MACBETH

(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.

MACBETH
(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.

MACBETH
She's right.

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

SIMS
(holds out over-sized
Rambo knife)
I've got Isabelle.

HEFTY
I'm out.

MACBETH
One dulled axe.

TYBERIUS
(holds out police baton)
I've got this Negro 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.

MADONNA

Let's go. We're not alone.

They head to the door. Look at a 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.

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

SIMS
Then you shouldn't have thought it!

MACBETH
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.

MADONNA
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.

MONTAGE - GEARING UP

A - MACBETH

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

B - GUILLERMO

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

C - HEFTY

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

D - 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.

E - SIMS

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

Tyberius and Hefty watch:

TYBERIUS
Look at Douchery Dan over here.

HEFTY

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

F - MADONNA

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

G - COOPER

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

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

INT. SPORTING GOODS - BATHROOM

Macbeth in new pants and boots, shirt off. First aid kit
spread out on the baby-changing counter. The room
illuminated with a camping lantern.

Macbeth unfolds a few scraps of paper

FOCUS ON PAPER

it reads "PREPARATIONS FOR CURE".

BACK TO SCENE

Takes a disinfectant swab from the first aid kit. Raises it
to under his arm. A small, but recognizably human, BITE
WOUND.

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

A LOUD KNOCK on the DOOR. Macbeth jumps to get his shirt.

SPORTING GOODS - OUTSIDE BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Hefty knocks.

HEFTY

You alright in there?

INTERCUT their conversation.

MACBETH
 (puts on shirt)
 Yeah, yeah. I'll be right out.

HEFTY
 Okay, because they found us. It's
 time to go.

MACBETH
 Alright; one sec.

SPORTING GOODS - CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK

Macbeth joins the group. They look at maps. They're all
 much cleaner.

COOPER
 Now that you're done powdering your
 nose, take a look at the door.

He steps over to investigate.

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

Macbeth comes back to the group.

SIMS
 We found a high school near here.
 We figure most people ran to
 grocery stores and well, stores
 like this one, so...

COOPER
 It's our best chance for food.

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

Sims sets down his MOLOTOV 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 as hard as he can over the zombie's
heads.

They 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

MADONNA

Now what?

GLASS SHATTERS O.S. from the entryway.

HEFTY
They're breaking in!

TYBERIUS
There's still the service entrance,
right?

MACBETH
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. Speeds along and away from danger on bicycles.

They come along to a Body-builder Zombie. It's so large it puts 80s 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.

With a smirk, Macbeth 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 and Macbeth post guard.

Macbeth touches his shirt at the source of the bite.

SIMS

Guys like us, man. I was always afraid of this.

MACBETH

You were?

SIMS

Well, not this. But losing relevance. I've given fourteen years to the Air Force as an electrician. And now here I am: an electrician. In a city without power. And you too. You're a scientist, but what good is that?

MACBETH

I'm a scientist...

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...

MACBETH

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.

MACBETH

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

Macbeth 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

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

MACBETH

Perfect.

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

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

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Not much time.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SLEEPING CLASSROOM - DAY

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

Not Macbeth.

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

MADONNA

How long were we out?

COOPER

Fourteen hours.

MADONNA

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.

MADONNA

Where's Macbeth?

HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

Madonna moves down the corridor the same way Macbeth did.
Silence.

MADONNA

Macbeth?

She looks into the same classrooms he did.

SCIENCE LAB

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

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

The blackboard a mess with his rambled jottings.

FOCUS ON MADONNA

She stands perfectly still, looks around the room.

Finally, she takes a step away and we see that Macbeth stands
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.

MACBETH

Madonna.

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

Working on a cure. And I'm close,
Madonna. I'm so unbelievably
close.

MADONNA

How long have you been doing this?

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

Did you sleep?

MACBETH

No. I'm not tired.

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

Look, I'm fine, really.

MADONNA

Well, come on. We're assigning jobs.

MACBETH

I've got one.

MADONNA

Tell that to Cooper.

MACBETH

(looks through microscope)
You working for her now?

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

I'll meet up with you guys later.

Madonna exits to the

HALLWAY

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

SCIENCE LAB

Macbeth finds a syringe full of YELLOW LIQUID and holds it up. Squirts a little out to get rid of the air bubbles. It has a label, "IV".

He finds his bite wound, which has actually receded a little.
Injects himself.

The he sets his wrist watch.

CLOSE ON WRIST WATCH

The alarm set to "03:00:00" and starts counting down.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SLEEPING CLASSROOM

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

COOPER
Alright, here's the deal.

MONTAGE - EXPLORING THE SCHOOL

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. First we see if we
can stay here. If it's defensible.

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.

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

COOPER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...TO make this our home.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB

Macbeth 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

Macbeth 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

Macbeth shakes his head in frustration.

MACBETH
Every three hours.

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

HALLWAY

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

Cooper winning. She knocks Madonna down.

MACBETH
Hey!

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

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

Macbeth looks to Madonna. She stands up and runs the
opposite way down the hall.

Cooper enters a room. Madonna rounds the corner.

When the women are gone:

MACBETH (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--

MACBETH

--I mean the fight. Why were they fighting?

TYBERIUS

Over you. Obviously.

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

MACBETH

Who is she?

HEFTY

You don't know Kaeden Cooper? Motocross superstar?

MACBETH

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...

MACBETH

Lucky us.

TYBERIUS

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

Macbeth is taken aback for a moment.

SIMS

What'a you been doin' all this time?

MACBETH

(with pride)
Working on a cure.

TYBERIUS

Little late, you think?

HEFTY

(chuckles)
Yeah, what're you gonna cure those assholes out there with skin falling off and all?

MACBETH

It's for the living.

SIMS

Who, us? They're not trying to infect us, they're trying to eat us. It's not like any of us are bitten, so...

Macbeth folds his arms; hand over his wound.

MACBETH

Why wouldn't you want a cure?

HEFTY

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

MACBETH

Trust me, that's not the case.

HEFTY

How do you know?

MACBETH

You think the government did nine-eleven too?

HEFTY

Nine-eleven was a bunch a pissed-off Muslims. You want to know what I believe?

(counts on his fingers as
he lists conspiracies)

(MORE)

HEFTY (CONT'D)

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.

MACBETH

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 big brain of yours
to help us make it hard on 'em.

SIMS

You in, boss?

MACBETH

I'm in. Let me go get Madonna.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOWER HALLS

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

HIGH SCHOOL - MUSIC ROOM

Macbeth creeps in, quiet as he can. Madonna stops playing
anyway.

MADONNA

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

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

MADONNA (CONT'D)

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

MACBETH

Can I have one?

MADONNA

(smiles)

See, that's why I like you. I didn't think I'd smile again after...

MACBETH

I have something I need to tell you, I'm responsible for--

MADONNA

Wait, let me go. If not now I don't know if I can. I'm a single mom. Or, I guess I was. I'm responsible. I'm 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 work at a daycare and my son--he's a third grader. 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 was finally able to go. And I delivered them. But I never went to see Jacob. I never found my son.

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

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.

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

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

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

MADONNA

C'mon.

MACBETH

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:

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

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.

MADONNA

Fine, let's just go.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAYS - LATER

The group assembled. They walk together.

MACBETH

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.

MONTAGE - SETTING THINGS UP

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

It hangs directly over the stairs.

MADONNA

Okay, perfect.

Macbeth and Hefty in the nurse's office. They collect bags of blood and other medical supplies.

HEFTY

How many of these?

MACBETH

All of them.

Cooper 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.

Sims in the basement, looks around with a flashlight. He finds a generator and inspects the inner workings.

SIMS

Oh baby, oh baby.

The whole group in the audio-visual classroom. Macbeth pushes "RECORD" on a tape-recorder and signals. They all scream in fake agony as much as they can.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SLEEPING CLASSROOM - NIGHT

They get ready for bed.

COOPER

Hey, Mac. Not bad today.

TYBERIUS

Now what?

HEFTY

Now we sit on our asses.

MADONNA

Someone is bound to look for survivors eventually.

HEFTY

So in the meantime we stay locked up in here and go crazy.

MADONNA

No, we have a library, we have a gym, we can do lots. We can--

MACBETH

We can have a talent show.

TYBERIUS

What?

They all look at him with doubt.

MACBETH

Think about it. We're all good at something, right?

SIMS

Yeah, so let's show it off, I like it.

MADONNA

A talent show.

COOPER

Tomorrow night.

TYBERIUS

You down with this, Coop?

COOPER

Why not? We're gonna be here for a long time.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - SCIENCE LAB - NIGHT

COOPER (V.O.)

For a long time...

Macbeth injects himself with a vial labeled "XII".

His wound has not receded any further.

Macbeth resets the alarm for three hours once more.

He mixes together another batch of his formula, and uses of the last of one of the chemicals. Makes some calculations.

THROWS a BEAKER against the WALL in frustration.

EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

Hefty uses wax on the strings of his compression bow.

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DESK

Tyberius nods his head rhythmically to himself, then jots down some notes on a piece of paper.

EXT. ROOFTOP

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

INT. MUSIC ROOM

Madonna looks through music books. Macbeth makes his way in the open door.

MADONNA

Hey. Working on your talent?

MACBETH

Something like that.

MADONNA

Something on your mind?

MACBETH

I've something I want to show you.
Don't freak out. Don't scream.
Don't bash my head in till I've had
a chance to explain.

MADONNA

You're scaring me.

MACBETH

Just--here. See for yourself.

Macbeth takes off the lab coat he wears at the school. He has on a short-sleeved shirt. Shows her the bite wound.

MADONNA

Oh, my God.

MACBETH

I'm still me.

MADONNA

When did this happen?

MACBETH

In the swamp.

MADONNA

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

MACBETH

I've developed a cure.

MADONNA

A cure!?

MACBETH

Well, not a cure per se. I can't reverse the effects, that's impossible. But I can stall them. I've been taking an inoculation every three hours.

He shows her his watch. It counts down from "01:15:00".

FOCUS ON THE DOORWAY

Guillermo there, sees everything.

BACK TO SCENE

MADONNA

Every three hours.

MACBETH

I know.

MADONNA

How did you do all this?

MACBETH

Well, that's my talent. I'm going to explain more tonight. I'm coming clean.

MADONNA

You'll show your bite?

He puts his coat back on.

MACBETH

Oh, no. Of course not. You think Cooper'd let me stay? No way.

Guillermo enters.

GUILLERMO

Hola, amigos.

MACBETH MADONNA
 Hola. Hola.

They look scared; suspicious. Guillermo approaches them with a stack of paper. He writes "GUILLERMO" on one and hands it to Macbeth.

MACBETH
 Hola, Guillermo.

He hands them each a blank paper and a pen. Nods. Smiles. They write their names.

GUILLERMO
 Gracias.

He leaves the room.

HALLWAY

Guillermo looks at the papers. Crumples up the one that says "MADONNA" and tosses it. Smiles at the "MACBETH" paper and walks away.

MUSIC ROOM

MADONNA
 Think he knows?

MACBETH
 Touch to say. But then again...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASTICS ROOM - LATER

MACBETH (V.O.)
 ...who's he going to tell?

Cooper stretches next to a gymnast's pommel horse. Chalk on her hands. Wears a leotard.

Guillermo enters. He approaches Cooper and hands her the paper. She reads it.

COOPER
 Macbeth.

Guillermo points to his own arm where Macbeth has his bite.

GUILLERMO
 (chomps his teeth twice)
 Mordido.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MUSIC ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone gathered. Cooper finds Macbeth.

COOPER
Hey, Mac. How're you?

MACBETH
Good.

COOPER
Yeah? Feeling okay lately?

MACBETH
Yeah, I'm good. Do you need something?

COOPER
Well, I just had some questions for you about the sickness.

MACBETH
After the show.

Cooper puts out her hand to shake. He takes it. She squeezes his wounded bicep with her other hand.

COOPER
After the show it is.

MADONNA
Well, everybody. I guess I've been selected to go first.

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

MADONNA (CONT'D)
Don't be too harsh on me...here goes.

She begins PLAYING THE PIANO. It's beautiful. Superb. Melancholy and rich. Her playing continues over the

MONTAGE - TALENT SHOW

A - 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 a volleyball and nails it in the air. He amazes.

B - COOPER. She shows off on a balance beam on the stage that she is actually quite the talented gymnast.

C - GUILLERMO. The group now sits around a table. Guillermo wheels out a cart full of food; he has prepared them a gourmet meal.

MUSIC ROOM - LATER

The PIANO FADES OUT. They finish eating and thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Macbeth stands.

MACBETH

That makes it my turn. 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.

MACBETH (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, are 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. 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.

HEFTY

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

MACBETH

It was an Amyclean Silence. No one wanted to admit it.

(MORE)

MACBETH (CONT'D)

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 Amyclaeen guards were too frightened to declare invasion. The town was quickly taken.

TYBERIUS

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

MACBETH

I am not without blame.

MADONNA

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 mother, do you understand what that feels like? And you want forgiveness?

MACBETH

No, I couldn't take your forgiveness.

HEFTY

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

SIMS

Don't crucify him just yet. I've got a surprise, we're getting out of here. So...Part one.

He holds up his index finger. Runs out of the room. A RADIO on the table BEEPS and CRACKLES with life.

SIMS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(on radio)

Give me just one minute...there!

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

SIMS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(on radio)
How about that, haha ha HA! And he
said let there be light. Okay,
meet me on the roof for part two.
Sims out.

EXT. ROOFTOP - LATER

The group stands out in the darkness.

FOCUS ON MACBETH AND COOPER

COOPER
You think they want to kill you
now, wait until they find out about
your real secret.

MACBETH
I don't know what you--

COOPER
Don't bother, I--

An ALARM BLARES.

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.

FOCUS ON MACBETH

his face bathed in blue and red.

MACBETH
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 foreground in full view. And MOANS.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL

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

COOPER
Where is he?

MACBETH
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!

Finally they get him to turn it off. They catch their breath in a brief moment of silence.

SIMS
What's going on?

COOPER
What's going on!?

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

SIMS
Rescue's coming!

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.

MACBETH

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

SIMS

Alarms are off. I don't get it, 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)

Jesus Christ, man! Don't forget who started all this shit.

MACBETH

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

COOPER

Interesting coming from you.

MADONNA

Look, we all had to do something wrong for us to get here. We're all here alone! Every one of us. You think if we hadn't fucked up we'd be together?

They all pause to contemplate.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

Alright, now what's the plan?

MACBETH

(shrugs)

Battle stations.

HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA

This is their command center.

Macbeth looks over blueprints and holds a walkie-talkie. Cooper, Madonna, and Guillermo accompany.

The windows all boarded up.

MACBETH (CONT'D)

(clicks on the radio)

Alright...

HALLS

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

MACBETH (V.O.)

(radio)

...you guys got me?

SIMS

(to radio)

We hear ya.

CAFETERIA

MACBETH

(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

MACBETH
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.

MACBETH

MACBETH
(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.

MACBETH

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

SIMS

Same stuff. Scans the barricade with a flashlight.

MACBETH (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. 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 eaten alive. His cries drown quickly.

FOCUS ON RADIO

MACBETH (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.

Several zombies walk in and over Sims's body. Into the school.

CAFETERIA

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

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

COOPER
What does that mean?

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

MACBETH

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:

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Back right!

And Madonna 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 Madonna work together. Cooper smashes any hands that try to come through while Madonna puts up another board.

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

FOCUS ON 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 back 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.

FOCUS ON 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 actually leaps at it and brings one of the weights down on its forehead in a slam-dunk like motion.

BACK TO SCENE

MADONNA

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--actually lifts it off its feet with the blow.

MACBETH

Get out, to the back-up rally point.

They push back to the

FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

Right as Macbeth 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.

MACBETH

Phoenix?

At this, the group of zombies stops its meander and 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.

Wait for 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, stares out the window.

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

MADONNA

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, let's go!

Hefty turns to run.

STAIRWELL

TYBERIUS

(in a daze)

There's no way we're gonna make it.

COOPER

Just stick to the plan.

MADONNA

(frantic)

Maybe, maybe Sims's idea worked?
Maybe rescue is on the way?

MACBETH

Maybe.

Hefty makes it to the middle landing.

TYBERIUS

Hefty, get up here.

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

Fuck you.

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.

UPPER HALLWAY

The group backs away from the stairs.

MACBETH

There's still two more stairwells.

COOPER
 Mac, come with me. You two and the
 other one.

Madonna and Macbeth look at one another with longing.

COOPER (CONT'D)
 No time to argue, let's go!

TYBERIUS AND MADONNA - 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 clear; no undead. He holds the release, frozen.

MADONNA
 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.

MADONNA
 (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 Madonna. 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 knocked around, but unfazed.

Tyberius tackles it to the middle landing of the stairs.

TYBERIUS (CONT'D)

Pull the release!

MADONNA

No! You get back up here!

TYBERIUS

Pull it!

Other zombies begin to come up the stairs.

MADONNA

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

Welding Mask Zombie squirms beneath Tyberius.

TYBERIUS

Pull the fucking release.

MADONNA

I won't without you.

He leaps up and jumps for the stairtop, torso landing above. One of the fiends grabs a leg, and he pulls the other one up.

Madonna pulls the release. The RUBBLE DUMPS on the living dead and CRUSHES Tyberius's LEG.

With groans of pain, Madonna helps Tyberius free his leg. It's an open fracture, the bone juts out.

TYBERIUS

Just leave me.

MADONNA

Listen to me. I'm coming back, okay? As long as they get the other stairwell we're safe, okay?

MACBETH 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.

Macbeth and Cooper turn back around the corner.

MACBETH

Shit.

COOPER

Any more ideas?

Macbeth shakes his head.

MACBETH

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 Macbeth, 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.

Macbeth winces and falls to the floor.

COOPER (CONT'D)

I know you're turning. Thanks for
slowing them down for us.

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

MACBETH

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. Macbeth crawls across the hall.

They notice him. Begin to stumble run.

He crawls painfully slow across the hall.

They gain on him.

He gets to the door of the science lab, but can't reach the door handle. Props himself up with the pick axe and gets the handle. Falls into the

SCIENCE LAB

Macbeth manages to pull himself in. 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 him. 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.

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

Looks at his bite wound. It's worse than ever now.

Finds a syringe with his formula. Holds it up. Holds it right up next to his wound.

Out of despair tosses it to the table.

MACBETH

Oh, God...No.

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

MACBETH (CONT'D)

No, no God. No blame. Just you.
Just you, Macbeth. Do you see what
I hold? You're to blame. I'm to
blame. All because of this
little...wait!

He shuffles through his notes.

MACBETH (CONT'D)

Of course! The interaction of the
curative agent with the
Gilgazyme...

Macbeth rips of the "REMOVE BEFORE USE" tab of the Gilgazyme and inhales it deeply. Lets out a slow, relaxed breath.

He finds the last syringe and stabs it directly into his own heart.

He gasps for a breath and falls to the floor by the door.

The DOOR CRASHES OPEN. The zombies come in. Macbeth closes his eyes.

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

They look ahead, lifeless. They pay him no mind on the floor.

Macbeth hesitates, but slowly gets up. All the way to his feet. He looks in the face of Zombie Dr. Phoenix.

The walking corpse stares right through him.

Macbeth moves, without fear, amongst them. He claims his pick axe.

INFECTED HALLWAY

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

He takes down a bag of blood from the ceiling.

Finds a tape recorder they had mounted, removes that as well.

One more bag of blood.

He limps from the broken knee, but without expressions of pain.

Macbeth makes it to the waxing cart, sets his supplies on the back.

He starts the thing, and goes back around to the back.

Sets the bags of blood on top of one another, he SLAMS the PICK AXE into them.

The blood spurts out, immediately catches the attention of the nearby ghouls.

Then he turns on the tape recorder to "PLAY". The SCREAMS they recorded earlier FILL THE HALL.

Now he has the attention of all the undead.

Macbeth drives the cart down the hall, runs a few of them over, while they all scramble to get to him.

Eventually, Macbeth manages to get to the stairwell and dumps himself out of the cart. It continues onto the landing and CRASHES through the CAST IRON RAIL and down to the next floor.

Macbeth stands aside while the Zombies pour out of the top floor after the cart like lemmings.

As the final slowest ones make it, Macbeth waves them on.

The last one enters the landing and Macbeth pulls the release handle.

The SUSPENDED DEBRIS SMASHES down onto the landing.

Macbeth slumps against the wall and sits down.

CLOSE ON MACBETH'S FACE

He's pale. Nearly lifeless like the rest of them. Even his eyes lose color.

MACBETH

(out of it; rambles)

I did it. I actually saved them.
 Hahaha. Now what? We wait? I
 know there's reserve supplies and
 they can live good and I don't know
 for how long but what about me I
 don't know about me or what I want.
 What do I want? I want to see
 Madonna one last time and I want to
 I want I want, brains. I
 want...brains.
 Braaaaaaaiiiiiinnnnssss.

UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY

Madonna and Cooper meet at a hallway intersection. They both recoil back in surprise when they see each other.

MADONNA

Oh, jeez. You scared the--

COOPER

Did you guys get your stairwell
 secure?

MADONNA

Yeah. Where's Macbeth?

Cooper shakes her head. Madonna's expression falls and she brings a hand up to her mouth.

Cooper hugs Madonna. Madonna cries silently and Cooper just looks forward, unemotionally.

Cooper grabs Madonna by the shoulders and pulls her off.

COOPER

I loved him too, in my way. But we've got to go. They're still here and it's just the two of us now.

MADONNA

No, no Tyberius is still alive.

COOPER

Where is her?

MADONNA

Wounded. I'm getting medical supplies to--

COOPER

Leave him. I need you to get to food storage with me.

MADONNA

I won't do that Cooper. I can't.

COOPER

Fine. I'll get the food. You two meet me on the roof.

They run in opposite directions.

NURSE'S OFFICE - LATER

Madonna gathers bandages and other first aid equipment.

Arms full, she backs up against the door to push it open and exit into the

HALLWAY

Madonna comes out with her collection.

Stands across from her--a shadowy figure underneath a burnt out light.

She drops the equipment.

The LIGHT flickers with an ELECTRIC BUZZ for an instant and we see that the shadowy figure is Macbeth.

Zombie Macbeth.

MADONNA

(terrified)

Oh, God. You're still alive.
Cooper said you didn't make it, but
I felt in my heart you weren't
gone. I felt it.

He stands still in the darkness.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

Why don't you say something? I
love you, Macbeth. I love you.

The LIGHT FLICKERS once more and Zombie Macbeth limps a step forward. He doesn't look much different. Other than the vacant stare.

MADONNA (CONT'D)

(cries now)

Oh no, are you hurt? I've got
medical supplies here and, and
you're a doctor so--so it'll be
okay. It's going to be okay, isn't
it? Tell me it'll be okay.
Please.

The LIGHT BUZZES ON and Zombie Macbeth lunges in on her.

DOOR TO ROOF - SAME TIME

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

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. Tyberius also.

He stands by the ledge, uses his hockey stick as a crutch.

They make eye contact.

COOPER

Tyberius...

She slowly lowers the food in front of her.

He takes a crutch step towards the ledge.

INT. DOOR TO ROOF

Zombie Macbeth's hand opens the door.

EXT. ROOFTOP

Cooper walks towards Tyberius with her arms out in a non-threatening gesture.

COOPER

Ty, come on. We both know you're not--

Tyberius TOSSES the HOCKEY STICK to the side.

Cooper freezes.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Tyberius. Listen to me. I have food here. We can--

Tyberius leaps over the edge and Cooper runs at him.

COOPER (CONT'D)

No!

His BODY SLAPS and CRACKS from O.S.

Cooper makes it to the ledge and looks down.

His dead body lays against the pavement below. Several zombies stumble-run towards it.

She looks away and backs from the ledge.

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

She turns around.

Zombie Macbeth 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 the blood on his mouth.

COOPER (CONT'D)

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 Macbeth. 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.

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

FADE OUT.

THE END