

DAY OF THE DEAD

by

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Based on the motion picture "Day of The Dead" by George A. Romero

Fourth Draft
Millennium Films and Emmett/Furla Films

The rustic, orange glow of THE SUN ripples across the sky. Slowly it releases the last of its rays and sinks beyond the horizon. SHADOWS creep across the land and suddenly this beautiful mountain range turns DARK and OMINOUS.

SUPERIMPOSE. EDGEWATER, COLORADO

It's WINTER. Snow blankets the trees and dusts the ground. Creatures of the night fill the air with their songs. We hear VOICES. We PUSH THROUGH the canopy of trees to find FOUR TEENAGERS, all about 18, walking along A SMALL ROAD that weaves through the woods.

Leading this nocturnal expedition is TREVOR, who's pleasant-looking in that non-threatening way. He clutches A FLASHLIGHT in one hand. His other hand is wrapped around NINA, a pretty, wisp of a girl. She shivers.

NINA

And the reason we couldn't do this during the day...when it's warm?

TREVOR

It's a surprise.

NINA

(with a grin)

I usually hate your surprises.

Lumbering behind them is Trevor's best friend, KYLE. Kyle's stocky, but fit. He drapes his arm around JUDY, an average-looking girl with a bad dye job. He squeezes her breast.

KYLE

Hmmmm, I love it when it's cold.

Suddenly A COUGH, wracks Kyle's body.

JUDY

Gross, cover your mouth.

SNAP! The loud sound startles everyone. Something's in the woods ahead. Trevor whips the flashlight towards the direction of the noise. The beam only penetrates a few feet in to the thick woods. Nina's grip tightens on Trevor.

NINA

What was that?

A tense beat. Then SLAM! Something CHARGES by and grabs Trevor. The flashlight goes sprawling in the snow. Nina screams until she realizes it's...

NINA (cont'd)
 Kyle! God, do you always have to
 be such a jerk?

Kyle finds himself extremely amusing.

KYLE
 Well...um...yeah, pretty much.

Annoyed, Trevor leans down and picks up the flashlight.

TREVOR
 Really funny, man. Seriously.

Trevor rises with the flashlight. He points it down the long road. Up ahead is A SIGN...rusty from years of neglect. The name FORT GEORGE peeks through the grime. Past the sign is THE FORT GEORGE MILITARY COMPOUND. An old NIKE MISSILE SITE. The compound is surrounded by a large fence, plastered with NO TRESPASSING SIGNS. It's a dead relic of the Cold War.

As the kids continue, we PUSH IN TO THE WOODS. To the spot where we heard rustling. SOMETHING MOVES.

UNKNOWN POV

Something watches the kids as they approach the facility.

2

EXT. FORT GEORGE - NIGHT

2

ON THE CHAIN LINK FENCE

Trevor pulls back a broken SECTION and helps Nina inside the perimeter. He steps through after her. Judy stops at the fence and waits for Kyle to be a gentleman. He isn't. He dives through the opening and keeps going.

Trevor, Nina and Kyle approach a SERIES OF BUILDINGS. They may have been impressive years ago, but they've been BATTERED and RAVAGED by time and the elements. Doors swing on hinges. Windows are shattered. Eerie SHADOWS creep along the skeletal remains of the dilapidated buildings.

Trevor dashes ahead and disappears into THE MAIN BUILDING. Nina starts after him, but Kyle clamps a hand on her shoulder.

KYLE
 Patience grasshopper.

Another COUCH shakes Kyle. Judy storms up behind him.

JUDY
Thanks for helping me back there.

KYLE
Hey, women got emancipated...
well...like a long time ago.

Judy rolls her eyes and moves up to Nina. What a jerk.

3 INT. FORT GEORGE MILITARY FACILITY MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 3

TIGHT ON THE FRONT DOOR.

MUSIC floats THROUGH THE AIR. A sexy BLUES TUNE. LIGHT flickers. The door creaks open and Trevor and Kyle move in to the room, flanked by the girls. Music wafts from a CD player. The light from dozens of candles set up around the room. In the corner is A COUCH covered with a THROW COVER. Trevor stands, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

TREVOR
So, what do you think?

Nina and Judy freeze. Unsure how to react.

NINA
Is this like...your new clubhouse?

TREVOR
No. We can come here if we want
time away from the folks.

KYLE
Or to be alone.

Kyle takes Judy's hand and pulls her on to the couch. They begin to kiss. Nina turns to Trevor with a raised eyebrow.

NINA
Don't tell me this is some lame
make out shack.

TREVOR
What? No...no way. Come on, I
want to show you something...

Trevor pulls Nina towards the hallway, while Kyle tries to make like Casanova on the couch.

4 INT. DARK HALLWAY - NIGHT

4

Trevor's flashlight beams down the cavernous hall as he leads Nina deeper into the compound. They round a corner, kicking up dust as they go. Up ahead is AN OPEN DOORWAY.

TREVOR

Here...

Trevor shines his light inside. Illuminating STAIRS that descend in to the unknown.

NINA

Oh, a dark hole....exciting.

Trevor starts down the stairs.

TREVOR

Me and Kyle were checking this place out and found it.

At the base of the steps, Trevor flips a switch. Fluorescent lights BLAZE on directly overhead and we find ourselves in...

5 INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

5

In succession, the lights continue to burst on...further and further down the hallway in either direction, illuminating a BUNKER that seems to stretch on for miles.

TREVOR

It's an underground bunker. I never knew it was here, but...

Trevor glances back. Nina ISN'T on the stairs behind him. Trevor moves to the base of the stairs and looks up to the doorway. There's only thick darkness. No sign of Nina.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Nina?

The darkness doesn't answer. Trevor sighs and heads back upstairs, flicking the light off as he goes.

6 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

6

Trevor steps out of the bunker and inches down the hallway.

TREVOR
 (spooky voice)
 I'm coming to get you, Nina...

A FAINT BREEZE comes out of nowhere and WHISTLES through the hall. The hairs on Trevor's neck prickle. BAM!!! A CRASH echoes out. Trevor almost jumps out of his skin. He whips around. Scans the hall.

TREVOR (cont'd)
 Nina?

No answer. Trevor continues. His nerves now on edge. UP AHEAD, several dark STORAGE ROOMS line the hall. Trevor inches towards them. SCRATCH. SCRATCH. It's coming from a ROOM on the LEFT. Trevor grins and clicks off the flashlight. He creeps up to the door and leaps into the room with A YELL!

Nothing. Trevor flicks on the flashlight. Scans the room. A broken shelf and random shards of metal litter the ground. In the corner, a FAT RAT scurries in to the shadows. Trevor grins. As he does, A MOUTH CLAMPS down on his neck! Trevor yells and jerks free from the hungry mouth...until he realizes it's Nina. She licks her lips.

NINA
 Hmmmm, tastes like chicken.

Trevor valiantly swallows his fear.

TREVOR
 Funny. I wanted to show you the bunker.

NINA
 Trevor, if you really want to explore something, I've got much more interesting terrain.

Nina takes Trevor's hands and wraps them around her waist. She leans in. Kisses him. Temperatures rise. CUT TO...

UNKNOWN POV

Peering through the window. Watching Trevor and Nina kiss in the doorway. The figure jerks back. We hear guttural noises as it scurries along the side of the building. It stops. Leans up to another window. Eyeing Kyle and Judy as they make out on the couch. We PUSH THROUGH the window.

7 INT. FORT GEORGE MILITARY FACILITY MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 7

Kyle keeps COPPING A FEEL. Frustrated, Judy shoves him back.

JUDY

I told you to stop!!!

Kyle's hormonal. His temper flares up.

KYLE

This "ice princess" act is getting old. You don't want to have fun... I'll find somebody who does.

Judy's face flushes red. She leaps up from the couch.

JUDY

I'm out of here.

She heads towards the door. Then turns back. She hopes Kyle will stop her. He just stares coldly. Judy scoffs.

JUDY (cont'd)

Asshole.

She takes off. Kyle slumps on the couch, furious at Judy... and himself.

KYLE

This night sucks...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. DARK ROAD - NIGHT 8

The MOON peaks over the horizon...creating long shadows that stretch across the road. Judy storms into view, angrily muttering to herself. She glances back. The road is dark, desolate. Judy huffs.

JUDY

We're so over...

SNAP! A twig breaks in the woods. Judy halts. Pivots towards the sound. She peers into the darkness, but can't see anything. Judy sighs away her fear and continues. Her feet crunching in the snow. Judy gets several more feet, before she hears it again. Something is STALKING along side her in the woods...hidden beyond the trees. Judy stops. The noise stops. Judy's frosty breath quickens.

JUDY (cont'd)

Kyle?

Then something starts to emerge from the dark woods. It's A MAN. Tall. Thin. He's wearing a blazer and slacks. But even in the faint moonlight, Judy can see that there's something now quite right about his face.

JUDY (cont'd)

(fearfully)

Who are you?

The figure stands motionless for a moment. Then charges forward! A scream ERUPTS from Judy's throat and she bolts down the road. The man BEARS DOWN fast. Judy can't outrun him on the road. Desperate, she veers right and plunges into the forest. Whimpering with fear, she frantically tears through the woods. The man is right behind her. He swipes out - almost grabbing her. Judy veers to the left - whipping past trees. After running for what seems like forever, Judy stops to catch her breath. It looks like she lost him. But around her, the silhouetted trees cut threatening shapes in the dark. The man could be hiding behind any of them.

Suddenly, AN INHUMAN CRY pierces the night. It chills Judy to her soul. Frightened and disoriented, she spins and runs. Branches whip at Judy as she blindly pushes deeper in to the woods. She STUMBLES in the dark and CAREENS down A LARGE RAVINE. She lays stunned on the cold ground, gasping for air. Up ahead, something moves. Judy scurries back until she realizes it's A RABBIT...scampering through the forest.

Judy rises and whips around...slamming in to the man! Judy cries out as the man grabs her by the back of the head. Judy kicks and fights, but suddenly, CHOMP! The man bites down on the back of Judy's neck and tears out a large chunk of flesh. Blood spots the snow. Despite her pain, Judy manages to pull free from the man's grasp. She scrambles out of the ravine. Glances back to see the man CHEWING. Judy spins to run and slams into A WOMAN who's in front of her. Shadows cover the woman's face.

JUDY (cont'd)

Please...help me!

The woman lunges forward and clamps down on Judy's shoulder, ripping out of a piece. Judy stumbles back and rolls to the ravine. She looks up to see the man and woman looming over them. They leap on her and begin to feed. Judy's SCREAMS echo through the night.

CROSS FADE:

9

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

9

Judy's cries blend in with the loud WAILING of car horns. We ZIP BY A line of vehicles that has slowed to a stop on the small road. Horns honk. Drivers lean out of their windows trying to see what's going on. We pass A HARRIED SOLDIER, leaning up to a car window. He's getting grilled by a YOUNG MAN, trying to impress his DATE.

YOUNG MAN

What do you mean, we can't get through? We've got reservations at 7:00.

UP AHEAD we see A BARRICADE has been erected across the road. TWO SOLDIERS stand strong and silent, like sentinels on either side. Flashing ORANGE LIGHTS glint off of TWO PARKED HUMVEES. Beside one of the Humvees is CAPTAIN RHODES (45) an African American, hulk of man with a scowl that looks terminal. He clutches A SATCOM (military phone) in his hand.

CAPTAIN RHODES (INTO SATCOM)

Where the hell's my backup? We're gettin' mobbed!

Headlights pierce the night. A Humvee approaches from the other side of the barricade.

CAPTAIN RHODES (INTO SATCOM) (cont'd)

Never mind!

He slams the Satcom down. The Humvee deposits TWO SOLDIERS on the snowy roadside before taking off. The first is PFC SARAH BOWMAN (24) - the prototype for the girl next door. Beautiful. Athletic. Sarah exudes strength and confidence. Behind her is PVT BUD CRAIN. (19) Bud slips on the snow, almost landing on his ass. But he catches himself. Bud's got the nervous, freshly scrubbed look of a new private. As Sarah and Bud step around the barricade, Captain Rhodes is in their face.

CAPTAIN RHODES (cont'd)

Bowman? Crain? You kids take the scenic route?

BUD

(nervous)

I...um...well...

SARAH

(calmly)

Sorry Captain. There was an accident on I-70.

Captain Rhodes gives her the once over. The WAIL of a horn screams in the night. Everyone whips around to see the harried soldier trying to calm someone in a HONDA CIVIC. Captain Rhodes lets out an angry sigh and storms over. The soldier gladly steps back as Captain Rhodes peers in the car.

CAPTAIN RHODES

What seems to be the problem?

The driver is MR. LEITNER (37.) Angry veins throb in his temples as he clutches the steering wheel. Next to him, MRS. LEITNER (33) dotes over a freckled-face boy, CODY (12.) Mrs. Leitner is pretty, but she's the type of woman who cakes her face with makeup, and does her hair, to go to the store. Mrs. Leitner covers her mouth..stifling a cough. Cody, on the other hand, coughs loud and freely.

MR. LEITNER

This bullshit is the problem! My kid's sick...I want to take him to the hospital in Boulder.

CAPTAIN RHODES

We're directing everyone to St. Vincents...

MR. LEITNER

Those idiots don't know their ass from a hole in the ground. I want to go to a real hospital.

CAPTAIN RHODES

Look...I understand...

MR. LEITNER

Unless you've got kids, you don't fucking understand!

Mrs. Leitner tries to silence her husband.

MRS. LEITNER

Honey, you're not helping.

Captain Rhodes eyes narrow. He's about to GO OFF! Sarah RECOGNIZES the family and quickly breezes over to the car.

SARAH

Mrs. Leitner....?

MRS. LEITNER

What!?!

(Recognizing Sarah)

Sarah...I thought you were off to the big city.

SARAH

I can't forgot my roots, now can I?

Sarah flashes a disarming smile. Her calm - calms Mr. Leitner.

MR. LEITNER

Look, I'm sorry for yelling, but could you let us through? Cody's really sick.

Sarah smiles at Cody. He curls up against his mother. Sarah is moved, but looks Mr. Leitner squarely in the eye.

SARAH

I'm afraid we can't. Not just yet. The best thing you can do for Cody is to get him to St. Vincents. They've brought in specialists...

MR. LEITNER

But...

SARAH

(firmer)

Get him to the hospital, okay? Please. Let us do our job.

Mrs. Leitner squeezes her husband's shoulder.

MRS. LEITNER

She's right.

Mr. Leitner sighs out his anger. With a conciliatory nod, he puts the car in reverse and backs away. As he drives off, Captain Rhodes slaps a hearty hand on Sarah's back.

CAPTAIN RHODES

Thanks, private. People skills aren't my strong point.

SARAH

Is that why I'm here? A friendly face to help keep the peace?

CAPTAIN RHODES

It helps. But don't underestimate yourself. I asked for you because I wanted someone I could rely on.

There's definite respect in his voice. Captain Rhodes sees Bud standing a few feet away, looking for something to do.

CAPTAIN RHODES (cont'd)

Crain! Don't just stand there slack-jawed. Get over here!!!

As Bud leaps to attention, we...

CUT TO:

10

INT. FORT GEORGE MILITARY FACILITY MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

10

Kyle sits on the couch, humming to the radio. He coughs violently. Shakes it off. Kyle taps his knee to the beat of the music. Suddenly, something DRIPS on his pants. One drop. Two drops. Then three. IT'S BLOOD. Kyle slowly LOOKS UP. But there's NOTHING over him. Kyle puts his hands to his nose. It's gushing blood.

KYLE

Fuck.
(calling out)
Trevor!!!!!!

Kyle squeezes his nose and tilts his head back. Moments later, Trevor and Nina burst into the room. They're shocked to see the blood streaming from Kyle's nose.

TREVOR

Oh God....

NINA

What happened?

Kyle releases his nose. It's strange. As quickly as the bleeding started...it stops.

TREVOR

We should get you to the hospital.

KYLE

Chill...it stopped. What are you...my mom?

NINA

Where's Judy?

KYLE
 (re: bloody nose)
 Relax, she didn't do this. She
 got pissy and took off.

Kyle rises and blows out the candles. Nina is livid.

NINA
 And you let her go. By herself?

KYLE
 You know me. Love 'em and leave
 'em.

Nina glowers as Kyle huffs out the last candle and plunges
 the room in to darkness.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT

11

Time has passed. The earlier chaos has subsided. Only two
 cars are at the road block. Captain Rhodes sends one back to
 town and moves to the other. Sarah and Bud stand guard by
 the barricade. Sarah's the picture of calm. Bud isn't.

SARAH
 You just join?

BUD
 That obvious, huh?
 (off her look)
 Seven months ago. This is my first
 time being called out. I wish it
 was something a little more
 exciting.

SARAH
 I've seen excitement. Give me
 peace and quiet any day.

The SQUEAL of TIRES fills the air. A Humvee roars to the
 barricade and TWO MEN, muscled and ready to rumble, leap out.
 Their last names are stenciled on their fatigues. SALAZAR
 and WILLIAMS. Both PRIVATES. Mid twenties and drunk on
 machismo. Salazar is tall and thin. Williams is thick-
 necked and cocky. They see Sarah. The men move over to her
 and puff up their chests. Salazar leers.

SALAZAR
 Well, this might not be such a bad
 night after all.

Sarah cocks an eyebrow.

SARAH
Speak for yourself.

SALAZAR
Ahhhh....sassy. I like sassy.

WILLIAMS
Yup...yup!

Salazar moves closer. Invading Sarah's personal space.

SALAZAR
You went to Fort Bragg right?

SARAH
Yes.

SALAZAR
I heard about you. You and my
buddy, Henry Fanton, were hitting
it for a few months...

He's toying with Sarah. She steps right up to him.

SARAH
You and your buddy got your wires
crossed...it didn't happen. Just
get to your post. And in case you
can't find it...it's over there by
the big, flashing lights.

Bud pipes up from behind. Trying to help Sarah out.

BUD
Shouldn't you guys report to
Captain Rhodes?

Salazar turns to Bud, towering over him.

SALAZAR
I don't know...should we, dick?

Salazar and Williams burst out laughing.

CAPTAIN RHODES (FROM BEHIND)
Something funny?

Williams and Salazar whip around and snap to attention.

WILLIAMS
No, sir.

SALAZAR

Nothing funny at all, sir.

CAPTAIN RHODES

Good. Because I don't have time for your frat-boy shit.

(beat. All business.)

We've been called in because of what looks like a flu outbreak. As a precaution, we're placing the town under a 24 quarantine. Until I give the order, no one gets in or out. You ladies think you can handle that?

The two men have been thoroughly dressed down.

SALAZAR/WILLIAMS

Yes sir.

Captain Rhodes gives them a look that sends them hustling to the barricade. Then he moves towards the barricade.

Sarah turns to Bud.

SARAH

You up for a road trip?

BUD

Sure. Where?

SARAH

(beat. Wary.)

Home.

CUT TO:

12 INT. JEEP - NIGHT

12

Sarah steers down the dark winding road. Bud is planted in his seat. Nervous to be alone with Sarah. He glances down and notices Sarah's standard issue SIG SAUER .45CAL on the seat beside her. His eyes widen with excitement.

SARAH

It won't bite.

Bud grins and gently picks up the gun.

BUD

Whoa. I wish I had one of these.

SARAH
 Anyone can shoot a gun. I can
 immobilize a target in 3 seconds
 with my bare hands.

Bud's impressed.

BUD
 Cool.
 (beat)
 I'm a vegetarian by the way.

Sarah can't help but grin.

SARAH
 Maybe we should keep that between
 us...

CUT TO:

13 EXT. BOWMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

13

A quaint, two story house on a quaint block. The perfect picture of middle-class America. The Humvee is parked on the street. Sarah and Bud sit in The Humvee. Sarah eyes the house for a nervous moment, then slides out of The Humvee.

SARAH
 I'll be back in a few. You know,
 Crain seems so formal. What do
 your friends call you?

BUD
 Ummmm...my friends call me Bud.

SARAH
 Alright, Bud. Well, when we're not
 around the others, you can call me
 Sarah.

Sarah heads to the house. Bud grins. The kid's smitten.

14 INT. BOWMAN HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Sarah opens the front door, kicking snow from her shoes. She moves into the FOYER, which opens into the LIVING ROOM. She barely takes a step, when she spots Trevor and Nina making out on the couch. Sarah straightens. Time for some fun.

SARAH
 Nothing on TV?

Trevor and Nina almost leap out of their skin! Disheveled and startled, Trevor's face flushes crimson.

TREVOR

Sarah? God, haven't you ever heard of knocking?

SARAH

This is my house too. You want privacy...find a new place.
(beat. To Nina.)
Hey Nina...what's going on?

Nina buttons her shirt. She's beyond embarrassed.

NINA

Ummm...nothing really...

SARAH

Your dad still teaching Sunday school?

Trevor moves over to Sarah, with an angry whisper.

TREVOR

This is so not cool.

SARAH

(pointing to Nina's shirt)
You missed a button right there...

TREVOR

What are you doing here?

SARAH

I came to check on you and mom.

TREVOR

Newflash. She's fine. I'm fine.
You can go back to Boulder now.

SARAH

I'm here about the quarantine...

TREVOR

What quarantine?

SARAH

You're kidding? I called your cell like 10 times...

TREVOR

I...um...I was busy.

SARAH

What about the messages I left?

Trevor eyes the answering machine. The number 4 blinks at him in guilty, red letters.

SARAH (cont'd)

(frustrated)

This is so like you. Where's mom?

TREVOR

In bed, I guess.

SARAH

You guess?

TREVOR

I just got home. She wasn't feeling well...

SARAH

And you didn't check on her?

TREVOR

I check on her every day! Which is a lot more than some people...

Sarah's cool facade drops slightly. The comment stings.

SARAH

(not in the mood)

You know, get over it Trevor!

Sarah's face grows stern as a cloud of concern rolls over her. She moves down the hallway.

15

INT. BOWMAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

15

LIGHT from the hall streams in, illuminating the cozy bedroom. PHOTOS line the wall. Chronicling A COUPLE'S long life together. From a joyous WEDDING...Sarah and Trevor's birth...proms...graduations. And finally, on a nightstand there are several pictures of MR. BOWMAN. A cheerful man and an AVID HUNTER. In every picture he holds a SHOTGUN in one hand, and proudly displays a fresh kill in the other. The pictures convey the sense that Mr. Bowman is no longer living.

The light lands on FRANCINE BOWMAN (54), a formidable woman with a round, open face. Francine's salt and pepper hair blends in to the white nightgown she's wearing.

She covers her mouth as a cough rattles her body. When Francine sees Sarah, she straightens on the bed.

FRANCINE

Sarah?

Sarah stands nervously in the doorway. Her confidence has wilted in the presence of her mother.

SARAH

Hi mom.

Francine frowns at Sarah's fatigues and army boots.

FRANCINE

Sarah...I didn't know you were coming. I guess you were too busy to call.

Sarah momentarily wilts under her mother's disapproval. Francine COUGHS again. Sarah moves to the bed.

SARAH

Let's get you dressed. I'm taking you to the hospital.

FRANCINE

Don't be silly. It's just a cold. I took some vitamins.

SARAH

Please mom.

Francine senses Sarah's concern and doesn't question her further. She gets out of bed and moves to her closet.

16 INT. BOWMAN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

16

Nina and Trevor both pace the floor, nervously clutching their cell phones.

NINA

Dad's left a dozen messages. They're at the hospital.

TREVOR

I can't get a hold of Kyle.

Sarah enters the living room.

SARAH

How long has mom been sick?

TREVOR
Like you care.

SARAH
Drop the attitude and tell me!!!

Trevor can sense the seriousness in her voice.

TREVOR
She started feeling bad this morning. I think it's the flu. Everyone's got it.

NINA
Yeah Kyle's was coughing, and then his nose started bleeding...

Sarah perks up at this new information.

SARAH
Kyle Russo? When?

TREVOR
Like 30 minutes ago.

SARAH
Did he go to the hospital?

TREVOR
No, he went home to raid his dad's medical stash of hash.
(beat)
I think I'll go check on him.

Trevor heads for the door. Sarah stops him.

SARAH
Wait. You can't even go upstairs and check on your own mother and now you wanna go all the way across town? No...go upstairs and help mom get dressed. I'll go check on Kyle.

Before Trevor has time to respond, Sarah's out the door.

17 INT. SARAH'S JEEP - NIGHT

17

Sarah flings open the Humvee door, startling Bud.

BUD
Everything okay?

SARAH
No, it's not.

Sarah starts the engine and peels off...

18 EXT. KYLE'S TRAILER - NIGHT 18

The TRAILER is on the outskirts of town. The skeleton of a refrigerator stands in the yard. In the driveway, a car stands on cinder blocks. Through the living room window, a dim light casts shadows in to the eerie gloom.

Sarah and Bud leap from the jeep and march up to the door. It's OPEN. Sarah pokes her head inside.

SARAH
Hello? Kyle? Is anyone home?

No answer. Sarah steps inside. Bud follows.

19 INT. KYLE'S TRAILER - NIGHT 19

Quiet as a tomb. Sarah can see a light ahead, coming from the LIVING ROOM, which is just beyond the dark hallway. Fear plucks at Sarah as she cautiously moves down the dark hallway. She and Bud pass several bedrooms...that threaten to offer up some frightening horror. But the horror isn't in the darkness...it's in the light.

20 INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 20

AN OVERTURNED LAMP - half-hidden by A SOFA, emits SLIVERS of light that slice through the dark room. The fragmented light displays a macabre scene. Sprawled out on the carpeted floor is A MAN'S BODY. Laying by the living room door. His arm is outstretched as if making a final lunge for safety.

Sarah kneels by the fallen man. She takes his wrist - and GASPS...pulling back as if scalded. Sarah's pulse quickens as she reaches out again. She takes the man's hand and turns his arm over....lifting it in to a shaft of light. A CHUNK of his wrist has been TORN OUT.

Bud staggers back. Sarah steels herself and examines the maw of the man's wrist. Her face drops as realization washes over her.

SARAH
Oh God...

BUD
 (afraid to ask)
 What is it?

SARAH
 It looks like it was bitten.

Bud's eyes dart around the room. By what? Sarah notices the AMOUNT of blood that has POOLED under the man. It's TOO MUCH to be from his wrist. Sarah TURNS the body over... praying she's wrong. But her stomach lurches when she sees that the ENTIRE FRONT of the man is covered with BITES! Sarah face goes pale as Bud turns away.

BUD
 Oh shit...

Sarah rises - her wide eyes scan the room. Blood spots the walls. On A FAKE MANTLE is a WALMART-STYLE FAMILY PHOTO of Kyle, his mom, younger sister and father.

Sarah sees something that sends a bolt of fear down her spine. Blood splatters the carpet in front of the nearby BEDROOM. She rises on shaky legs and faces the bedroom. Sarah unholsters her gun, but doesn't draw it. She inches towards the impenetrability dark bedroom. Bud eyes the kitchen. He rushes in and emerges, seconds later, with a LARGE KNIFE. He moves up to Sarah. Sarah calls out...trying to keep fear from sounding in her voice.

SARAH
 Kyle? Mrs. Russo?

Sarah reaches out. Her trembling hand disappears into the darkness. She feels around, flips A SWITCH and the bedroom light BLAZES ON.

The room is in shambles. Bloody. Furniture overturned. Four strands of wallpaper are SHREDDED BACK from finger nails being drug across it. In the corner is a large MOUND, covered in a bloody sheet. Sarah and Bud inhale as they inch towards it. Sarah steels herself. The knife shakes in Bud's grip. Sarah slowly reaches out...and YANKS the sheet back!

Several bloody PILLOWS are piled on the floor. Knocked off the bed during a struggle. Sarah sighs. Bud leans back against the CLOSET door. When he does, the closet slowly opens and TWO FEMALE BODIES tumble out...right on top of him!

Bud yells...trying to scramble from under the bloody bodies. Sarah leaps forward and pulls him free from the ghoulish pile. It's Kyle's MOTHER and SISTER. Their bodies are covered with bite marks.

Bud rises, trying to wipe the blood from his clothes. Sarah sees a phone by the bed. Off the cradle. She grabs it and dials 911.

SARAH (INTO THE PHONE) (cont'd)
 This is Private Sarah Bowman. I
 need to report a multiple murder.
 23 River Road. There's three vi...

The phone GOES DEAD. Sarah whips out her cell phone. NO SIGNAL! Damnit! She turns to Bud, who's ghost white.

BUD
 What happened to them?

SARAH
 I don't know. Give me your cell.

She snatches Bud's cell...NO SIGNAL!

SARAH (cont'd)
 Come on!

21 EXT. BOWMAN HOUSE - NIGHT 21

Sarah's Humvee screeches into the driveway. Sarah BLARES the horn. Trevor emerges, escorting Francine. Nina follows. Bud is in the back of The Humvee...he takes off his bloody jacket and stuffs it under the seat. Trevor gets up to The Humvee and helps his mother into the front seat. He and Nina jump in the back with Bud. Sarah races off.

22 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 22

Trevor leans up from the back seat.

TREVOR
 So, was Kyle stoned?

Sarah can't tell him the truth...not now.

SARAH
 He wasn't there.

TREVOR
 Did his parents say where he was?

Sarah tries to change the subject. She flips on the RADIO. We hear A CHEERY DJ on the air.

CHEERY DJ (V.O.)
 ...still don't know the cause of
 the illness that's swept through...

Bad move. Sarah turns it off. As she does, WE CUT TO....

23

INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

23

The cheery DJ, sitting in the SOUNDPROOF BOOTH is PAUL.
 (34). Heavy set, with a shock of red hair. He oozes calm
 into the mike, but BEADS OF NERVOUS SWEAT roll down his
 forehead. We catch him mid-sentence.

PAUL (INTO THE MICROPHONE)
 ...you're experiencing any symptoms
 head over to St. Vincents. And
 don't worry, my faithful flock,
 I'll be back, after a few shameless
 plugs, with some tunes to keep your
 night...right.

Paul puts on a COMMERCIAL. Behind him, a bulldog of a
 SOLIDER looms.

PAUL (cont'd)
 So, color me paranoid, but if this
 is really "no big deal" why are you
 here?

The soldier barely looks at Paul as he replies.

SOLDIER
 I'm just giving you information as
 I receive it, to disseminate to the
 public.

PAUL
 Riiighhht. And this information
 would be totally on the level,
 because we all know that Big
 Brother never lies...
 (beat)
 What's say I put on a little CCR?
 "Bad Moon Rising?"

The soldier ignores Paul. He turns back to the console.

PAUL (cont'd)
 This is gonna be a long night.

24 INT. SARAH'S HUMVEE - NIGHT

24

Francine GASPS.

FRANCINE

Oh my...

Sarah's heart quickens. Francine's nose is GUSHING blood.

SARAH

Crain, there's gauze in the kit...

Bud snatches the FIRST AID KIT from under the seat. Rips it open. Pulls out a roll of gauze. Trevor GRABS the roll.

TREVOR

I got it.

(beat. To Francine.)

Here, tilt your head back...easy.

Francine leans back and Trevor gently squeezes the gauze to his mother's nose. Trevor's narrow eyes go to his sister.

TREVOR (cont'd)

This isn't a flu is it?

Sarah keeps her eyes on the road and doesn't respond.

25 EXT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

25

The small HOSPITAL stands on the edge of dark, forboding WOODS. The parking lot is COMPLETELY FULL. The OVERFLOW of cars park illegally on the nearby streets. Sarah screeches the Humvee to a halt in front of THE EMERGENCY ROOM.

SARAH

(to Bud)

Park and meet us inside.

Bud nods. Sarah leaps out. She moves to help her mother out, but Trevor beats her to it. Sarah turns and rushes inside as Trevor, Francine and Nina follow.

26 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

26

Complete and utter chaos. The emergency room is filled beyond capacity with coughing PATIENTS and CONCERNED RELATIVES and FRIENDS. Various people hold bloodied tissues in their hands. Sarah rushes up to the harried RECEPTIONIST.

SARAH
I need a doctor.

RECEPTIONIST
You and everyone else. Just sign
in...

The receptionist points to a sheet, filled with dozens of names.

SARAH
It's my mom...I can't wait!

RECEPTIONIST
Look lady, half the town's sick.
We're overwhelmed and understaffed,
so like I said, have a seat.

Frustrated, Sarah returns to Francine and Trevor.

SARAH
We'll have to wait.

Nina scans the waiting area. There's no sign of her parents. She dashes to the receptionist. Sarah moves to A YOUNG MAN sitting in a HANDICAP chair.

YOUNG MAN
(all attitude)
What?

Sarah glares at him with a look that could cut stone. The young man mutters under his breath and gets up in a huff. Francine smiles at him with mild condescension.

FRANCINE
Thanks dear.

Francine sits down and Trevor kneels beside her.

TREVOR
Want some water, mom?

FRANCINE
No hon'.

SARAH
Are you sure?

Francine's not nearly as warm to Sarah.

FRANCINE

Quit treating me like an invalid.
I'm fine.

Sarah runs a frustrated hand through her hair, but realizes this isn't the time to push the subject. Nina rushes over.

NINA

My folks are waiting for the
doctor.
(to Trevor)
Come with.

TREVOR

(To Francine)
I'll be right back.

Trevor takes off with Nina, down the RIGHT WING of the hospital. Sarah taps her foot with nervous frustration. Across the room, the DOUBLE DOORS leading to the LEFT WING swing open. Sarah sees Salazar emerge. She approaches him.

SARAH

Salazar? I thought you were
manning the barricade.

SALAZAR

Williams and the others have it
covered. Captain wanted me to come
with him.

SARAH

I tried to call you. The land
lines are down. The cell phones...

SALAZAR

(interrupting)
They're scrambling all the phone
lines and cell signals. Captain
says it's just a precaution...

SARAH

Do you believe him?

Salazar looks at her for a minute, before answering.

SALAZAR

No. I think some major shit is
going down.

Suddenly, Captain Rhodes voice rings out.

CAPTAIN RHODES (O.S.)
Private Bowman.

Sarah pivots to see Captain Rhodes peering from the double doors that lead to the LEFT WING.

CAPTAIN RHODES (cont'd)
Come with me.

Before Sarah leaves, her eyes go to her mother. Bud has arrived. The young private hands Francine a cup of COFFEE. As Francine takes it, it's like she can SENSE Sarah looking at her. Francine glances up and meets her daughter's gaze. Sarah smiles. There's a moment, where it seems like Francine is going to look away. But she doesn't. She smiles back. Then a sea of sick patients move between them... blocking their view of each other.

27 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT 27

Sarah walks quickly to keep up with Captain Rhodes fast gait.

CAPTAIN RHODES
There's a doctor from the CDC who wants to talk to you about the bodies you found. And he was annoyingly insistent.

28 INT. MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT 28

A DOCTOR examines the contents of a PETRI DISH. He's flanked by TWO MEDICS...who flip through patient charts. Sarah and Captain Rhodes enter the room.

DOCTOR
(to medics)
The virus appears to be airborne. It's multiplying like nothing I've ever seen.

CAPTAIN RHODES
Dr. Logan. This is PFC Bowman.

DR. LOGAN turns around. Late 30's. Jet black hair. Blue eyes. Handsome and a doctor...he's probably an asshole.

DR. LOGAN
(to Sarah)
Nice to meet you.

Dr. Logan turns to the medics and Captain Rhodes.

DR. LOGAN (cont'd)
Could you give us a minute?

The medics nod like eager beavers and head for the door. But not Captain Rhodes. Dr. Logan faces him.

DR. LOGAN (cont'd)
I find that people speak more
freely without a superior officer
around.

Captain Rhodes halts. He doesn't like being told what to do. But this is an emergency.

CAPTAIN RHODES
I'm gonna file my initial report.
I'll be right back.

Captain Rhodes leaves. Dr. Logan turns to Sarah.

DR. LOGAN
So, I hear you've had a quite a
night.

SARAH
You could say that.

DR. LOGAN
About the bodies you found. You
said they looked like they were
bitten. Could it have been an
animal attack?

SARAH
Only if an animal can hide a body
in a closet.

DR. LOGAN
And the eldest son is missing?

SARAH
Yes.

Dr. Logan sits down and looks at Sarah. Dead serious.

DR. LOGAN
Did the wounds look like bite
marks?

SARAH
(taken aback)
What?

DR. LOGAN
It's a simple question.

SARAH
How should I know?

Off of Sarah's confused look, we....

CUT TO:

29 EXT. KYLE'S TRAILER - NIGHT 29

Two police cars are parked outside - lights flashing.

30 INT. KYLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 30

TWO POLICE OFFICERS examine the crime scene. Lording over them is SHERIFF CARVER...a beat-faced man in blue. As the sheriff takes in the savage sight before him, A DEPUTY bursts from the bedroom.

DEPUTY
Captain, we've got a live one.

SHERIFF CARVER
What?

DEPUTY
The kid. She's still got a pulse.

Before the sheriff can respond an INHUMAN CRY splits the air. It's the same sound we heard before Judy was killed. It's coming from outside! Everyone freezes.

THUMP! Something hits the outside of the trailer and the lights GO OUT! The only illumination is from the faint MOONLIGHT that filters in through the windows.

The sheriff and deputies draw their weapons. The front door is RATTLED. Something is trying to SMASH its way in. Everyone aims their weapons as the door SHAKES AGAIN! Fear ripples through the room. Time seems to stand still.

The men watch the door - wide-eyed - waiting for whatever's outside to come crashing in.

BEHIND THEM, from the shadow of the bedroom...something STIRS. It's KYLE'S SISTER! She advances on the unsuspecting officers and LUNGES!

31 EXT. KYLE'S TRAILER - NIGHT 31

Screams and the flash of gunshots assault our senses. The trailer SHAKES from the fierceness of the struggle inside. We see the front door is DANGLING on its hinges...it's been RIPPED OPEN. That same howl roars through the trailer. After a few terrifying seconds, the screams and gunshots STOP. The trailer goes STILL. The night is deathly silent.

CUT TO:

32 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 32

Nina holds her father (MR. NOBLE'S) hand, while MRS. NOBLE and Trevor stand nearby. Beside Mr. Noble is a crumpled Kleenex caked with dried blood.

MR. NOBLE

They took 6 vials of blood, they better find something. I hope it's not that Avian Flu.

NINA

Dad! That's so not possible.

MR. NOBLE

Well, I heard about this case in France...

Suddenly, Mr. Noble's goes RIGID. His eyes GLAZE OVER.

NINA

Dad, what's wrong?

33 INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 33

Bud is nervous as he tries to keep Francine company.

BUD

Sarah's great isn't she? You must be really proud.

Francine looks at Bud and her face softens.

FRANCINE

Well, it's not the life I would have chosen for her, but between you and me, yes...I'm proud...

Suddenly, Francine goes silent. Her body goes RIGID. She stares straight ahead, as if in some kind of trance.

BUD

Mrs. Bowman, are you alright?

Bud instinctively reaches out and touches Francine's arm.

BUD (cont'd)

You're freezing.

Bud notices something that sets his nerves on edge. Seconds earlier, the emergency room was filled with noise and chatter. Now it's QUIET. Bud turns to see an eerie sight. THE SICK PEOPLE in the waiting room have all gone rigid and silent. They have the same frightening, vacant stare. People who aren't sick, question their loved ones. Fear blankets the room. Bud turns to Francine.

BUD (cont'd)

I'm gonna find Sarah.

Bud races down the LEFT WING.

34

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

34

Nina, her mother and Trevor stand around Mr. Noble.

MRS. NOBLE

Honey....?

Nina holds his hand.

NINA

He's cold as ice. Get a doctor.

TIGHT ON MR. NOBLE'S EYES

The PUPILS flicker. Then with a SNAP, they expand so wide they completely cover the irises...turning his eyes into pools of inky blackness. Nina takes a nervous step back.

NINA (cont'd)

Dad?

Mr. Noble turns to Nina. There's a moment of terrifying silence. Then he LUNGES for her. Trevor yanks Nina back, just as her father's teeth SNAP in the air where she stood. Mrs. Noble GRABS her husband's arm. He whips around and LEAPS on his wife. Sinking his teeth into her face. Mr. Noble pulls back and TEARS OFF half of wife's face. Nina and Trevor cry out as blood sprays the room.

35 INT. MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

35

Sarah straightens when she hears Bud calling her name.

BUD (O.S.)

Sarah!

SARAH

In here, Bud.

Seconds later, the door flies open and Bud rushes in.

BUD

You're got to come to the emergency room. Something happening.

SARAH

To my mom?

BUD

To everyone.

SARAH

What is it?

BUD

I don't know...something bad!

Sarah heads towards the door. As she does, we see Dr. Logan SLIP A VIAL of blood into his pocket. He moves to the door. That's when THE SCREAMING STARTS!

36 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

36

A hefty WORKER mans the power grid. Suddenly, glass SHATTERS. The worker whips around. Surveys the room. Nothing. The worker rises. He eyes the door across the room. Did the crash come from there? He inches towards the door. Suddenly, TWO FIGURES DROP from the catwalk above and land behind him. The worker spins around with a start. He recognizes his colleagues. They step in to the light. Their eyes are those same pools of blackness. They're INFECTED.

WORKER

Jesus, you scared...

They SPRING on him. Ravenous teeth sink into his flesh. The worker thrashes, trying to throw them off. He TRIPS... stumbles back. CRASHES into THE MAIN POWER GRID.

Sparks fly and smoke steams from the man and The Infected, as electricity courses through them. The mainframe OVERLOADS. The power flickers ON and OFF.

37 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT 37

The street lights pulse, then go OUT. Plunging the street in to darkness.

38 INT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 38

The electricity in the radio station goes out. Then the BACK UP GENERATORS kick on. From the street, Paul hears SCREAMS.

PAUL
What the hell?

Paul moves to the window and peers out. A shaft of light shines down to the street, 3 stories below, but illuminates nothing. The screaming intensifies. The soldier draws his gun and bolts DOWN THE STAIRS. Paul nervously follows.

39 INT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT 39

The soldier cocks his gun. Flings open the door. The screams are coming from the darkness. They're faint... distant. The soldier takes a step OUTSIDE...his eyes adjusting to the night. Behind him, Paul fidgets.

PAUL
You sure that's a good idea?

The soldier takes another step.

PAUL (cont'd)
Hey, maybe you shouldn't go down there.

The soldier continues and the night envelopes him. Suddenly, FOUR FIGURES swoop out of the darkness and pounce on the soldier. The doomed man spins wildly. Paul is frozen in fear as the soldier goes down. But he snaps out of it when one of the figures rises and STREAKS towards him. Paul staggers back and slams the door, just as the snarling figure CRASHES into it! Paul's knees buckle.

40 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 40

Nina can't stop screaming as her father feasts. Trevor clutches her arm. He yanks her out of the room and into...

41 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

41

Up ahead they hear cries coming from beyond the double doors that lead to the emergency room. The doors burst open and one of THE MEDICS who was with Dr. Logan stumbles through. THREE of The Infected hang on him like hungry dogs. The medic topples under their weight. Before the double doors shut, Trevor gets a glimpse into the emergency room. A FLASH of people running and screaming as they're attacked by friends and loved ones. Trevor's face goes pale.

TREVOR

MOM!!!!

The three Infected look up at the sound of Trevor's voice. Fresh meat. Nina clutches Trevor's arm.

NINA

Come on...

TREVOR

No...my mom....

The Infected CHARGE...bearing down like rampaging bulls. Chela's desperate.

NINA

She's dead goddamnit!!!

The words hit Trevor like a sledgehammer. But they work. Nina and Trevor spin back and charge down the hall, towards the EMERGENCY EXIT. The Infected are right behind them. The kids burst through the door and slam it shut. They JAM a NEARBY DUMPSTER against it - trapping The Infected inside. Trevor slumps against the wall, ghost white.

NINA (cont'd)

We have to find help.

TREVOR

I...I can't leave them...

CRASH! Trevor and Nina turn to see several of The Infected knock over a pile of wooden crates as they round the corner ahead. Nina clutches Trevor's hand. They have to run. She yanks Trevor to the dark WOODS!

42 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

42

The EMERGENCY LIGHTS kick on and bathe the hall in an eerie glow.

Sarah, Bud and Dr. Logan hear screams coming from down the hall...just beyond THE DOUBLE DOORS leading to the emergency room. Sarah's heart quickens as she runs towards the doors. A FIGURE LEAPS from an examination room and grabs her. She yelps and starts to strike, until she realizes it's Captain Rhodes. Gun drawn. His steely eyes go towards the double doors, as the screaming on the other side intensifies.

CAPTAIN RHODES

Stay here!

SARAH

My family's in there!

A CRASH from behind. Everyone whips around. At the other end of the hall, A NURSE staggers out of an EXAMINATION ROOM. An Infected is clamped down on the back of her neck.

CAPTAIN RHODES

What...the....fuck?

Everyone stands stunned as The Infected yanks back and pulls a chunk out of the back of nurse's neck. Captain Rhodes aims his 45. Gets a clear shot. BAM! He nails The Infected between the eyes. As The Infected falls back, the nurse slips in her own blood. Falls to the floor. Captain Rhodes moves down the hall to help her. He barely gets 10 feet when FOUR INFECTED leap from a side room and pounce on him. They drag RHODES towards the darkness of AN EXAMINATION ROOM. But Captain Rhodes is a fighter. He SLAMS a fist into one snarling face...crunching bone. He aims his gun. BAM! A shot obliterates another's head. But the others claw and bite Captain Rhodes with savage ferocity....pulling him into the dark examination room.

Sarah shakes off her shock. She bolts forward. Pulls out her gun. It takes a few second for her to jam a hand in her jacket and pull out A CLIP. She slams it into the gun. Captain Rhode's clutches the edge of the door frame.

CAPTAIN RHODES (cont'd)

(through gritted teeth)

Run...

SARAH

No!!!

Captain Rhodes locks eyes with her.

CAPTAIN RHODES

Save the others. That's an order!

Captain Rhodes is violently yanked back into the darkness. The FLASH and BAM of gunshots strobe the room as Captain Rhodes fires off the rest of his clip.

Sarah rips her eyes away from the room. She turns to Bud and Dr. Logan.

SARAH

We've gotta get out of....

WHAM! Behind Bud and Dr. Logan, the double doors burst open and a horde of The Infected from the emergency room stampede down the hall. Sarah takes the lead.

SARAH (cont'd)

Come on!

She starts down the hall in the opposite direction. But she barely gets 5 feet, when, from around the corner, another band of The Infected appear. The poor nurse is struggling to get to her feet. Several of The Infected pile on her. The others keep coming. Sarah's blood runs cold as she realizes they can't get to an exit.

Up ahead, to the left, Sarah sees A MEDICAL STORAGE ROOM. She dashes over and rips the door open. Dr. Logan bolts for the room - knocking Bud down in the process. Bud goes sprawling. The KEYS to the Humvee fly from his pockets... skittering across the tiled floor.

Bud scrambles to his feet...but one of THE INFECTED grabs his arm. Sarah rockets forward and slams a fist into the face of the snarling creature! It topples back. Sarah drags Bud into the room and locks the door. Bud's frightened and furious. He gets in Dr. Logan's face.

BUD

What the hell? You almost got me killed!

Bud looks like he's seriously about to clock Dr. Logan. But, Sarah calls out.

SARAH

Bud...help me!

Sarah is pushing on the edge of a huge SHELF of medical supplies. Bud helps her scoot it in front of the door. That should hold them...for a while.

Sarah is silent...trying to wrap her mind around what she's seen...thinking about her family. It's overwhelming. She walks to the window and peers out.

There's just enough moonlight for her to see the SILHOUETTES of people running for their lives. The Infected are like a pack of wild dogs. Fast...relentless... hungry. The screams of the dying fill the air. Blood runs through the snow. It's like Armageddon.

SARAH (cont'd)
They're everywhere.

Bud moves to the window and his hearts drop. Dr. Logan stands in the corner...lost in his own nightmarish thoughts.

43

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

43

Trevor and Nina creep through the woods. The forest animals have gone silent. Like they know death is near.

A HAND clamps down on Nina's shoulder. She starts to scream, but Trevor slams his hand over her mouth. Nina whimpers as Trevor's wide eyes stare at some horror behind her. Nina slowly turns and gasps. It's A MAN covered with bites. He speaks. His voice a low, pitiful whisper.

MAN
Help me...

The man stumbles to the ground. He keeps crawling towards them. Nina gulps in air... almost hyperventilating. Trevor pulls her away from the dying man. Further into the woods.

Then, up ahead...A LIGHT. Trevor and Nina race towards it...ignoring the branches that slap at their skin and tear at their clothes. They reach the edge of the woods and slink up behind a tree. They hear noises ahead. Trevor peers out and sees several of The Infected racing down the street... searching for food. Trevor puts a finger over his lips... ordering silence. As they wait for The Infected to pass, SNOW begins to fall...a stark contrast to the horror that's consuming the town. When The Infected are gone, Trevor peers out again. He sees the source of the light...the radio station. A FIGURE moves past the station window.

TREVOR
The radio station...someone's there.

Nina is shivering. Trevor wraps his arms around her.

TREVOR (cont'd)
I won't let anything happen to you.
I swear.

Nina melts into his embrace. Desperate to believe him.

44 INT. HOSPITAL MEDICAL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

44

Bud and Sarah scour the medical supplies. Boxes of syringes. Aspirin. Bud finds a box of RUBBING ALCOHOL. He grabs it.

BUD

We can use these...make Molotov cocktails.

DR. LOGAN

You've got guns, let's just blast our way out of here.

BUD

I'm in Communications. We aren't issued weapons.

DR. LOGAN

So basically you're useless?

SARAH

Shut up Logan!

(to Bud)

I've got one clip. I could probably clear a path to the Humvee. Where'd you park?

Bud slams his hands into his pocket. The color drains from his face.

BUD

The keys...I must have dropped them...

Dr. Logan throws his hands up in frustration.

DR. LOGAN

Great...no gun and no keys. It must be my fucking birthday.

Sarah gets in Logan's face.

SARAH

How did you get here?

DR. LOGAN

Taxi.

BUD

Great...well you're nominated to go outside and hail us another one.

Sarah bites her lip in frustration. She moves over and peers out the window.

SARAH'S POV

In the murky darkness...past the throngs of marauding Infected, Sarah spots RHODES HUMVEE.

SARAH
 (realizing)
 Rhode's Humvee...it's armored.
 (beat)
 There's a gun shop in town. If we can get to it, we can load up and get the hell out of here.

BUD
 So let's do it!

SARAH
 Rhodes has the keys.
 (full of dread)
 I'll have to get them.

BUD
 What? No. That's crazy. Those things are everywhere.

Sarah looks to the AIR VENT overhead.

SARAH
 Not everywhere.

Off of her determined look, we...

CUT TO:

45 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

45

Nina has calmed, but the kids still have to make it to the radio station. They peer back out from the woods. The coast is clear. Now's their chance. Trevor squeezes Nina's hand.

TREVOR
 Go...

They make a mad dash across the street. They get up to the STATION DOOR, without being detected. Trevor gently knocks.

TREVOR (cont'd)
 (whispering)
 Hello....hello...

There's no reply. Nina's nervous eyes dart around the darkness. There's nothing but swirling snow.

NINA

Knock louder.

Trevor raises his trembling hand again and knocks. Louder.

TREVOR

Open the door! We need help!

There's a moment of deafening silence. It's broken by a low, guttural MOAN from behind. The kids whip around and can't believe their eyes. The BITTEN MAN from the woods steps into the clearing. He sways on uneasy legs. HE'S INFECTED. The man looks around. Trevor and Nina freeze...praying the ghoul doesn't see them. He moans again, as if in pain. Then he notices the snow falling. He glances up to the night sky. Slides a thick tongue out and CATCHES a snow flake. The kids tremble with fear, watching this macabre scene. The man's acting almost human.

Then the man's head slowly moves back down. When it does, his gaze lands right on Trevor and Nina. Oh fuck! The man registers Trevor and Nina. Then he charges towards them! Trevor and Nina frantically pound on the station door.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Hurry....open the door!

NINA

Please God!!!

Behind them, the ghoulish man picks up speed. And from the shadows...MORE of The Infected appear...drawn by the commotion. The situation looks hopeless. Then Trevor spots something. A metal, retractable FIRE ESCAPE LADDER runs down the side of the building. The base is about 6 feet off the ground. Trevor pulls Nina towards it. Behind them...the Infected close in.

Trevor jumps up and grabs the bottom rung of the ladder. He yanks it down to ground level. Trevor grips the cold metal...holding the ladder down as Nina scrambles on to it. She clamors up the rungs. Trevor jumps on after her. He starts up it when A HAND GRABS his leg. Trevor looks back. The infected man from the woods holds his ankle, like a leg lamb. He's about to bite down when Trevor slams his foot in the man's face. Knocking him back. Trevor scrambles up.

The kids feverishly climb, the freezing metal bites at the flesh of their hands. Trevor looks down. The Infected swarm at the base of the ladder.

Pushing each other out of the way as they try to get to their next meal. They pull the ladder down, but keep letting it go before they can climb on. An Infected ghoul finally manages to step onto the bottom rung. But as he steps up, he lets go of the grip. The ladder WHIPS UP and The Infected falls back. Landing on its ass. Trevor laughs despite his fear.

TREVOR
(flipping them off)
Eat this, you stupid fucks!

As Trevor watches, the fallen GHOUL rises to its feet and pushes its way to the base of the ladder. It pulls the ladder down again, determination etched on its twisted face. This time it does it right. The ghoul steps on the ladder and begins to quickly climb up it. Trevor's jaw drop.

TREVOR (cont'd)
Oh shit...

NINA
What?

TREVOR
(terrified)
Just climb....hurry....

Nina pumps up the ladder...Trevor right behind her. The ghoul isn't slowed by the freezing metal...it picks up speed. Nina makes it to the top of the ladder...which ends right under THE WINDOW of the radio station booth. She peers through the glass. She can see Paul, the DJ, pacing the floor. She pounds on the window.

NINA
Let us in....please....

The DJ turns to the window. He sees her, but doesn't make a move to help. Trevor's gotten as high as he can go with Nina in front of him. He looks back. The snapping ghoul is almost upon him!

TREVOR
Break it!

Nina turns her face away and SLAMS her elbow through the window. Glass EXPLODES into the booth. Nina knocks out the larger shards and lunges through the window.

Nina tumbles to the carpeted floor just as Trevor flies through the broken window and lands amid the shattered glass.

Behind him, the ghoulish man REARS up in the window... hissing with hunger. Trevor grabs a piece of the SPLINTERED window frame. He runs forward and rams the jagged edge into the ghoul's eye. The creature spasms and spirals back. It lands on the ground below with a THUD.

Nina rises to her feet. Picking shards of glass from her arm. Trevor gasps for breath. Rises and rushes to Nina.

TREVOR

You okay?

NINA

I'll be fine...

Paul calls out. He's not cheery any more. He's terrified.

PAUL

Did any of those things bite you?

Trevor turns towards him. He's trembling with white hot rage.

TREVOR

Why didn't you let us in?

PAUL

Did they fucking bite you!?!

TREVOR

You were gonna let us die!!!

Frightened, Paul races over to the window. Watching the clamoring horde at the base of the ladder.

PAUL

You idiots...you broke the window.
If more of those things climb up
here, we're fucked.

Paul moves over to the CONSOLE and begins to frantically broadcast for help. As he does, Trevor and Nina are stunned to see they're not alone. Sitting on a couch, in a alcove in the corner, are a shell-shocked Mr. and Mrs. Leitner.

NINA

Mr. and Mrs. Leitner...Thank God.
Where's Cody...?

Nina's voice trails off when she sees the dried blood on Mr. and Mrs. Leitner's clothes, and realizes Cody isn't with them. Mr. Leitner's features grow dark.

MR. LEITNER

(to Trevor)

We wanted to get Cody to a doctor.
But your sister wouldn't let us,
and now he's dead...

MRS. LEITNER

Andrew, stop it!

The tone in her voice silences him. Mr. Leitner glares at Trevor, but his rage isn't about Sarah. It's about his loss.

MRS. LEITNER (cont'd)

Throwing around blame isn't going
to bring him back.

Suddenly, Mrs. Leitner COUGHS. Trevor's nervous eyes go to Nina. Then, PAUL COUGHS TOO. Oh God... what if they're trapped with more infected people?

MRS. LEITNER (cont'd)

(off their reaction)

My cough...it started before all of
this. I'm not sick. I'm not going
to turn in to one of...them.

She sounds like she's trying to convince herself more than anyone. Nina instinctively takes a step closer to Trevor. What if she's lying?

47

INT. HOSPITAL AIR SHAFT - NIGHT

47

Sarah is crouched on hands and knees...crawling through the air shaft. Bud brings up the rear. We see that neither of them are wearing shoes. They don't want to make any noise.

Sarah tries not to look out of the vents on the side or underneath her. She can HEAR the horror of The Infected feasting...she doesn't want to see it. But Bud makes the mistake of glancing out of one of the vents and recoils.

BUD

Oh...Jesus...

SARAH

Stay focused. We're almost there.

Sarah and Bud pass over several more rooms before coming to the EXAMINATION ROOM that Rhodes was dragged into. Sarah peers down through the vent. Captain Rhodes is splayed in the corner of the room. But The Infected must have had their fill. The room is empty. Sarah whispers back to Bud.

SARAH (cont'd)
It's clear.

With studied precision, Sarah lifts the air vent GRATE and sets it inside the airshaft. Then she positions herself over the opening. Bud inches closer.

BUD
Do you want me to go?

Sarah forces a smile. He's trying.

SARAH
Yeah. But I outrank you.

Sarah lowers herself down and drops into....

48 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

48

Sarah lands softly on the floor. She eases forward to shut the door. Several of The Infected dash by...scaring the hell out of her. But they don't see her. Sarah locks the door. Then, nerves on edge, she creeps over to Captain Rhodes body and kneels beside it.

Sarah reaches into Captain Rhode's right pants pocket and fumbles for the keys. Nothing. Suddenly, Captain Rhodes, INHALES. Scaring the shit out of Sarah. He's still alive.

Sarah calms herself and leans in to Rhodes.

SARAH
Hang on Captain.

She looks at his numerous wounds.

SARAH (cont'd)
I've gotta stop the blee...

Suddenly, Bud calls out from the air duct!

BUD (O.S.)
(terrified)
Sarah!!!!

A SHADOW falls across Sarah. She doesn't think - just reacts! Sarah spins OUT and AROUND with her leg at ground level - and at the same time she throws a vicious punch to the gut - knocking the interloper off their feet. The large figure crashes to the floor. Sarah leaps up - about to strike again, when she sees that it's....

SARAH
Salazar! You're alive.

The soldier moans and slowly gets back on his feet.

SALAZAR
Not if you keep karate kicking
me...

Sarah looks at him with imploring eyes.

SARAH
Did you see my mom or brother?

Salazar's eyes go to the floor. He shakes his head no.
Sarah face crumbles.

SALAZAR
No.

SARAH
How did you get away?

SALAZAR
When everyone started going crazy,
I jumped in the closet.

Bud chuckles despite himself. Salazar shoots him a menacing
look

SALAZAR (cont'd)
Keep laughing, bitch.

Bud goes silent. Sarah spins back towards Captain Rhodes.
His body suddenly goes RIGID.

SARAH
No....no.....no.....

Sarah rushes to his side. Captain Rhodes stares blankly
ahead.

SALAZAR
It's too late for him. Why the
hell are you sneaking in here
anyway?

Sarah plunges her hand in Captain Rhodes left pocket and
pulls out the keys to the Humvee.

SARAH
Looking for these....

Sarah motions for Salazar to help her with a TABLE. They scoot it under the vent. Sarah climbs up first and hoists herself into the air shaft. Then Salazar climbs on to the table. Behind Salazar, Captain Rhodes SITS UP. He's now ONE OF THE INFECTED. Salazar is oblivious as he tries to pull himself into the air shaft. But he's in pain and can't do it on the first try.

SALAZAR

Ahh, I think you sprained something with that sucker punch.

Behind Salazar, Captain Rhodes STANDS and shambles closer. Unaware, Salazar heaves up again. This time - success. But as he pulls himself into the air shaft, Captain Rhodes grabs his ankle! Salazar yells and kicks back - knocking Captain Rhodes down.

SARAH

What's happening?

SALAZAR

Go...go...go!!!!

The three scramble through the air shaft as Captain Rhodes crawls in after them.

Bud, Sarah and Salazar are faster and easily put distance between themselves and Captain Rhodes. But as Salazar scurries over a section of the air shaft, it GIVES WAY! Salazar plummets down towards a room full of The Infected. He manages to grab the edge of the shaft. But is left dangling mere inches from the SNAPPING HORDE below. Sarah DOUBLES back and inches up to Salazar. His grip is SLIPPING.

SARAH

Hold on!

Salazar kicks out at The Infected as they leap up for him...smashing their faces before their mouths can make contact. Up ahead...Captain Rhodes scuttles towards them.

Sarah clamps a hand on Salazar's arm - and another on his back. Salazar pulls himself up and Sarah HEAVES BACK...yanking Salazar back into the shaft. They clamber down it.

Sarah glances back and is shocked to see that when Captain Rhodes gets to the section of air shaft where Salazar fell... he STOPS. Captain Rhodes places a hand in front of him...lowering it through the hole where Salazar fell. When it disappears through the hole, Captain Rhodes PULLS IT BACK. Then, as Sarah watches horrified, HE MANEUVERS AROUND IT. Sarah can't believe her eyes.

She and Salazar pick up speed as Captain Rhodes ADVANCES. Finally, up ahead, they see the vent to the medical storage room. Bud's already through. Sarah DIVES from the shaft and drops to the table under it - with a thud! She rolls over fast, as Salazar tumbles down behind her.

Bud leaps on the table and jams his hand inside the air shaft...grabbing the GRATE to cover the hole. He slides it over and almost has it in place, when CHOMP! Captain Rhodes sinks his teeth into Bud's hand!

A scream erupts from Bud's throat! But he fights the pain and RAMS the grate up...smashing it into Captain Rhodes. This buys Bud enough time to pull the grate in to place and slide the locking mechanism over.

49

INT. MEDICAL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

49

Bud crumples on the table...clutching his bleeding hand.

BUD

No...no...no....

Captain Rhodes SNARLS through the vent...furious that food is just out of reach. Around the room, everyone tenses. Except Sarah. She races to a shelf and grabs a BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL. She rips the top off and takes Bud's hand - pouring the alcohol on his wounds. Bud cries out as blinding hot pain rips through him.

BUD (cont'd)

Aaaaaahhhhh....God!!!

SARAH

It'll pass, Bud. Focus...

Bud struggles for control. Salazar whips out his 45. Levels it at Bud's head.

SALAZAR

Sorry man. I'll make it quick.

Sarah turns to Salazar.

SARAH

No!!!

SALAZAR

It's the only way. You saw what happened to Rhodes when he got bit.

Sarah steps in front of the barrel.

SARAH

Put the gun down, Salazar. That's an order!

SALAZAR

(irrational)

I don't know if you noticed, but there are people out there eating each other! So fuck you and your orders.

Sarah moves closer...the barrel presses into her chest.

SARAH

What are you going to do? You gonna shoot me too?

Salazar seethes. He might do it. Dr. Logan tries to diffuse the situation.

DR. LOGAN

Let's all just calm down.

Salazar's frightened eyes go to Dr. Logan.

SALAZAR

Who the fuck are you?

DR. LOGAN

I'm a doctor. Listen, Rhodes was bitten several times...Bud only once. We don't know how a single bite will affect someone. Besides the alcohol should kill...

SALAZAR

I don't have time for this CSI bullshit!

He cocks the gun.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

I'm sorry, he's got to go.

Sarah doesn't back down. But her voice is stern and controlled.

SARAH

I'll take responsibility for him. And if the time comes, I'll do what has to be done. So, please Salazar. Just...back... down.

Salazar's features soften and he slowly lowers his weapon. The tension ebbs.

SALAZAR
Have it your way.

Salazar slams his gun into its holster. Sarah turns to Dr. Logan. Her eyes thank him, even though she doesn't voice it. Bud looks at Sarah with grateful eyes. She saved him. Salazar huffs across the room.

SALAZAR (cont'd)
You have the keys. Let's get the fuck out of here.

50 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT

50

PAUL
(into the microphone)
...call the police, or the national guard...or, if by any chance, the fucking FCC is listening...you might take notice...

Several coughs wrack Paul's body. He's sweating. Pale. He looks like shit. Paul reaches in to a drawer and pulls out a PACK OF CIGARETTES. He rips one from the box. Lights it.

PAUL (cont'd)
I gotta rest. Fucking blood pressure. I knew I should have gone on that South Beach Diet.

Paul moves away from the microphone and flops down on the couch next to The Leitners. They eye him suspiciously. Mr. Leitner scoots away.

PAUL (cont'd)
What? I'm the one who should be worried. Your wife's been hackin' up a storm since you got here.

MR. LEITNER
There's nothing wrong with my wife.

PAUL
Well, there's nothing wrong with me either.

The tension thickens. Trevor positions himself behind the microphone. Nina places a supportive hand on his shoulder.

TREVOR (INTO THE MICROPHONE)
 If anyone's there...if anyone can
 hear this...

PAUL
 (resigned)
 I don't think there's anyone left
 to hear you.

Trevor halts for a second. But he's determined not to give up. He continues broadcasting. As he does we CUT TO....

51 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

51

Snow flakes fall - blanketing the world around us. The tranquility marred by the BODIES that litter the street. Some of the newer DEAD are being feasted on by The Infected. OTHER PEOPLE, barely alive, crawl through the snow. Suddenly, they go rigid. Their pupils SNAP open and they rise as The Infected.

Up ahead is a STORE FRONT WINDOW. Shattered inward. The place is a shambles. Behind the counter, on a shelf, a RADIO broadcasts Trevor's voice into the cold night.

TREVER (OVER THE RADIO)
 ...we're on Elm Street. We're
 trapped in the radio station. This
 is an emergency. Something's
 happened. People have started
 going crazy. If you hear this...

A FIGURE moves by us. Walking methodically down the street. It's Francine. She passes the store front window. And STOPS when she hears her son's voice.

TREVOR (OVER THE RADIO)
 ...please send help.

A crooked smile plays across Francine's bloody lips. She wipes her mouth clean with her sleeve. Then she turns and walks in the opposite direction...towards the radio station. Towards her son.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL MEDICAL STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

52

Sarah has rallied everyone around the window. They hold bottles of alcohol with a rag stuffed in the mouth. Bud's call on the Molotov cocktails was a good one.

But Salazar doesn't hold any. Instead, he clutches a .45 in each hand. Sarah wipes frost from the window and peers out. The parking lot is about 20 yards away. A HALF A DOZEN of The Infected shamle aimlessly outside. Dr. Logan fidgets.

DR. LOGAN

We need to leave town now.

SARAH

We get weapons. Then we leave.
(to Salazar)
Give me one of your guns.

SALAZAR

No way.

SARAH

If something happens to you, we can't risk losing both of them.

Sarah holds out her hand. Salazar reluctantly gives her one of the .45's. Sarah passes it to Bud. Bud seems more surprised than anyone else. Dr. Logan blanches.

DR. LOGAN

Um....I can shoot a gun, you know.

Sarah ignores him and pulls out a lighter.

SARAH

Let's do this.

Sarah lights the wicks. Then she grabs A CHAIR and SMASHES out the window. Everyone clambers out into the cold night. The shattering glass alerts The Infected. Around the hospital grounds they turn. When they see Sarah and the others sprint towards the parking lot, they DESCEND.

ON SARAH

Focusing ahead. Clearing a path as they run. Through the drifting snow, one of The Infected appears like a ghostly apparition. Sarah hurls one of her cocktails in its face. The bottle EXPLODES and liquid fire rolls down The Infected's body. It thrashes around - howling in pain.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Salazar fires rapidly in to the night. The Infected drop like flies. Salazar empties one chamber.

Bud aims at one of the marauding creatures and FIRES. The bullet clips its shoulder! It keeps coming. Salazar takes the shot. BAM! It goes down.

SALAZAR
(yelling at Bud)
If you can't handle it...give it
back...

Suddenly, Dr. Logan VERES off to the right. What the hell? He rushes to a SILVER MERCEDES and yanks a set of CAR KEYS out of his pocket. He lied. He has a car. One of The Infected leaps at Dr. Logan. He tosses a cocktail. It bounces off the creature's chest and lands in the snow. Salazar takes aim. BAM! He blows The Infected away. Dr. Logan drops his second cocktail and leaps in the car. He REVS the engine. Sarah pivots - leading everyone towards him.

SARAH
What are you doing!?!?

Dr. Logan throws the car in reverse and peels out of the parking lot. Leaving them.

SARAH (cont'd)
Wait!!!!!!

SALAZAR
You fucking asshole!!!!

There's no time to be mad. The Infected are everywhere. Sarah zeroes in on Rhodes Humvee and barrels towards it. Salazar and Bud sprint after her.

Another creature roars forward and Sarah launches her second cocktail. It spirals through the air, hits it marks and another of The Infected goes up in flames! Behind Sarah, more Infected leap from the darkness.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Shot fly wildly, but Salazar downs three of them with shots to the head.

Sarah's almost to the Humvee. From the left, one of The Infected POUNCES. Sarah ducks and RAMS in to the creature's midsection. She tosses it over her body and slams it to the ground. Sarah gets to the Humvee and jams the key in the lock. AN INFECTED rises from the shadows behind her. Salazar takes aim and CLICK. Nothing. The second gun's out of bullets. The creature starts to lunge at Sarah. Bud sees it. Aims the .45. Squints and squeezes the trigger. The shot nails The Infected between the eyes.

Sarah flings open the door. As Bud scrambles in to the back seat, Sarah nods her approval.

SARAH

Thank you.

Salazar vaults into the passenger side as Sarah leaps behind the wheel. As she REVS the engine, several ghouls spring onto to Humvee - clawing at the doors and windows. Sarah slams the car in reverse and accelerates backwards... tossing several of The Infected off. But a few manage to cling on as Sarah peels across the parking lot. Sarah yanks the wheel to the left and The Humvee veers sharply... jostling everyone... but shaking off the remaining Infected. The Humvee jumps the curb and roars onto the main highway.

53

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

53

Sarah grips the wheel as she speeds towards the gun shop. IN THE BACK, Bud peers out the rear window...eyeing The Infected that run through the streets. His heart sinks. He realizes that's the fate that awaits him.

SALAZAR

Hey, Gomer...

Bud tears his eyes away from the window and turns to Salazar. What now? Salazar's response unexpected.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

Don't give up, man.

Bud straightens...trying to toughen up.

BUD

I won't...

Behind the wheel, Sarah is taut. Alert. Numerous Infected move across the street. Sarah swerves to avoid them.

SALAZAR

Why are you going around them? Run their asses over....

SARAH

They're still somebody...

SALAZAR

Not anymore.

54 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT

54

Most of The Infected have moved on in search of easier prey. But ONE DETERMINED GHOUL has managed to get onto the fire escape ladder and is ASCENDING quickly. It practically drools as it gets closer to the top. Suddenly...WHAM! Something BIG SMASHES down on The Infected from above and knocks it off the ladder. The ghoul lands stunned on the ground. A SHATTERED COMPUTER lays in pieces beside it.

55 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT

55

Trevor moves back from the window. A satisfied grin on his face. He turns to Nina.

TREVOR

Now that was fun...

Mr. Leitner is coiled tight.

MR. LEITNER

This is bullshit. We have to get out of here.

(to Paul)

Do you have a car?

PAUL

I'm not going out there.

Paul pulls out his keys and tosses them to Mr. Leitner.

PAUL (cont'd)

Hey, if you're feeling lucky, you go for it. I'd be like prime rib to those fuckers. I'm sitting my fat ass right here until help comes.

Mr. Leitner clutches the keys. His eyes go to his wife.

MRS. LEITNER

Let's just wait. Somebody will come. They have to.

Trevor starts to move back behind the console, when Nina squeezes his arm...HARD.

TREVOR

What?

Nina stares fearfully at the GARBAGE CAN that sits by the DJ Booth. Trevor follows her gaze. In the garbage can - laying on top of some discarded soda cans and crumpled papers is a BLOODY KLEENEX. Fear takes hold of Trevor. Someone's nose has bled. He nervously turns to the couch. But whose?

Nina grabs a LETTER OPENER off of the table. She turns to Paul and The Leitner's...trying to speak calmly.

NINA

So, which one of you guys had a nose bleed?

Her question is met with incredulous looks.

PAUL

What?

TREVOR

You heard her. Anyone have a nose bleed?

MR. LEITNER

Why are you....?

Nina's calm facade starts to crack.

NINA

Just answer me!!!

Everyone sees the letter opener that Nina is brandishing.

MR. LEITNER

What's wrong with you?

MRS. LEITNER

Nina, put that down...

Trevor moves beside Nina. Fear evident in his voice.

TREVOR

Everyone who changed, got a nose bleed before it happened. Who's lying?

Panic sets in. Paul and The Leitner's exchange looks.

PAUL

It wasn't me. It had to be one of them.

Paul starts to leap up - to get away from The Leitners.

NINA
Stay down!!!!

Paul sinks back down, nervously eyeing The Leitner's.

PAUL
You don't want any of this...major
indigestion...

MR. LEITNER
She hasn't had a nosebleed... and
neither have I.

PAUL
Look at them, they're covered in
blood..

MRS. LEITNER
My son attacked a nurse...it's her
blood.

PAUL
(irrational)
Check 'em for bite marks!

MR. LEITNER
No one's touching me or my wife!

NINA
SHUT....THE FUCK....UP!!!!

That does it. The room goes quiet. Trevor looks Paul and The Leitner's in the eye.

TREVOR
Don't you get it? Someone here is
infected. We're all in danger.

Despite their fear, no one budges. It's a stand off.

56

EXT. GUN SHOP - NIGHT

56

The GUN SHOP stands on the corner. Like many of the other stores, the windows have been shattered, allowing the snow and wind to drift inside. We DRIFT INSIDE too and find a shop filled with the latest MILITARY WEAPONS. Rows of guns and knives. A militia man's wet dream. HEADLIGHTS split the night and we hear the Humvee squeal to a stop outside.

57 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

57

Sarah scans the street. It's empty.

SARAH
We gotta hurry.

Salazar nods towards Bud.

SALAZAR
What about him?

Sarah climbs into the back of the Humvee and looms over Bud. He's nervous as hell...what's she going to do? Sarah pulls out a pair of HANDCUFFS.

SARAH
I'm sorry...

BUD
I understand.

As Sarah cuffs Bud to the back seat in the COVERED FLATBED area of the Humvee, he watches her in silence. But as she starts to leave, he speaks.

BUD (cont'd)
I talked to your mom before all of this happened. You should know, she was proud of you.

Sarah halts. Emotions well up in her. She fights to stifle them.

SARAH
Thank you.

BUD
Do me a favor.

SARAH
Anything.

BUD
Get me a gun, okay?

Sarah smiles softly.

SARAH
The biggest.

BAM! A gunshot startles everyone. Sarah whips around to see

Salazar standing outside - lowering his smoking gun. An Infected's corpse lays in the snow about 10 feet away. Salazar looks at Sarah through the window.

SALAZAR

We got company.

Sarah peers out of the Humvee. About 10 Infected have rounded the far corner. Rushing towards them. Sarah jumps from the Humvee. She and Salazar race to the gun shop...leaping through the broken window.

58

INT. GUN SHOP - NIGHT

58

Sarah and Salazar scramble for the gun wrack. Sarah grabs a SEMI-AUTOMATIC. Slams a cartridge in to it. Salazar finds a case of bullets for his .45. He rips it open. Jams the bullets home, just as The Infected BURST through the window of the gun shop.

Salazar fires his .45. easily nailing two of them. Sarah plants herself by the register. Aims the semi-automatic and sprays The Infected as they clamor in. The ghouls thrash and twist as the bullets rip through them.

The shadows in the office behind the register STIR. THE INFECTED STORE OWNER slowly emerges, eyeing Sarah with hungry eyes. Sarah's got her back to him. She doesn't see him!

Salazar fires another shot. Another Infected goes done.

Sarah squeezes off another round. Unaware of the danger she's in. Suddenly, The Infected Store Owner lunges across the counter and leaps on Sarah! Knocking her to the ground. Sarah reacts lightening fast. She throws her elbow back with all of her might. CRACK! The store owner is knocked off of her. Sarah scrambles to her feet.

Salazar hears Sarah's cries, but more Infected appear in the window. He's forced to take them out.

Sarah whips around to face the store owner, who leaps to his feet. He charges! At the last second, Sarah leaps onto the counter and rolls across it. Landing feet first on the other side. The store owner growls angrily. A GLEAM catches Sarah's eye. In a DISPLAY CABINET behind her is a sharp, bushwhacking MACHETE. Sarah rockets towards it. Grabs the machete from the case. She spins around, as the store owner leaps across the counter. Sarah arcs the machete through the air and SWOOSH! Decapitates the ghoul in mid air! The store owner's body drops and his head lands on the cash register. The register CLINGS and pops open. Sarah heaves for air. Salazar whoops.

SALAZAR

Sweet!!!!

More Infected pop up in the shop window. Sarah leaps back over the counter and picks up her gun. She and Salazar aim in unison - battle ready. And FIRE!

59 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

59

Bud hears the gunshots exploding from the gun shop. He yanks against his cuffs in frustration. He wants to help. Then Bud notices something on his pants legs. Something WET. Bud slides out his tongue and feels blood gushing from his nose. As horrified realization washes over him, we...

CUT TO:

60 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT

60

Tensions have boiled over. Trevor and Nina loom over the couch. Trevor is trying to stay calm. Nina's isn't.

NINA

Fucking tell us!!!!

MR. LEITNER

I did. Now just...

Suddenly, Mrs. Leitner inhales and FREEZES. All eyes go to her. Mr. Leitner starts to move away from her. There's a brief moment that seems like forever. Is she turning? But then, Mrs. Leitner SNEEZES. Everyone lets out a collective sigh. Mr. Leitner squeezes his wife's arm.

MR. LEITNER (cont'd)

Oh God, you scared me...

But the relief doesn't last. Trevor notices that Paul's body is turned towards Mr. and Mrs. Leitner. And he's not moving.

TREVOR

Paul?

No response. Paul's in that same creepy catatonic state that the others went in to right before they turned. The letter opener quivers in Nina's hand.

NINA

(To The Leitners)

Get off the couch....

Trevor SNATCHES the letter opener and leaps forward. He raises it and starts to arc it down - just as Paul TURNS and dives for The Leitners!

Trevor slams the letter opener down, but it catches Paul in the side! The startled Leitner's leap from the couch. But Paul manages to grab Mrs. Leitner. He knocks her on the ground and scrambles on top of her.

ON NINA

Fearfully rooted where she stands.

ON MRS. LEITNER

Her hands strained around Paul's neck...trying to keep his gnashing teeth at bay.

ON MR. LEITNER

He leaps on Paul's back. But with a vicious swipe, Paul backhands him across the room. Mr. Leitner hits the corner of the DJ desk and crumples to the ground stunned.

ON TREVOR

He rears back and SLAMS his foot into the side of Paul's head. This gets Paul's attention. He turns to Trevor with an angry snarl. Jumps to his feet...and CHARGES. Paul and Trevor go crashing into the far wall. Paul's teeth snap inches from Trevor's face.

CRASH! Nina shatters a chair across Paul's back. Paul whips around to face his assailant. This gives Trevor the precious seconds he needs to raise the letter opener he's still holding and RAM it, up to the hilt, into the side of Paul's head. When the metal tip hits Paul's brain, he drops like a sandbag. Dead!

Mr. Leitner crawls over to his wife.

MR. LEITNER

Are you okay?

Mrs. Leitner shakes with fear.

MRS. LEITNER

I will be...

She collapses in her husbands arms.

Nina stares at Paul's corpse. Then KICKS it to make sure he's dead. He is.

Trevor takes a deep breath...the fear he's been holding at bay, threatens to overtake him. But he shrugs it off, more determined than ever. Trevor moves back to the microphone.

CUT TO:

61 INT. GUN SHOP - NIGHT

61

It looks like a combat zone after a fierce battle. The bodies of dozens of Infected are crumpled in the window...and splayed on the floor. Sarah and Salazar peer at the window. When no more Infected appear, they get down to business.

Sarah races to a gun rack and with a sweep of her arm snatches as many guns as she can carry. She throws them on the counter. Grabs ammo. Jams cartridges in to several ASSAULT RIFLES. WHAM! Salazar slams a BANDOLIER 12 GAUGE on the counter.

SALAZAR

Hot damn!

SARAH

Automatics have more fire power.

SALAZAR

Sez you...

Salazar lays down 3 ROUNDS of 12 Gauge Flame Thrower ammunition.

SARAH

Flame thrower ammo...they're not supposed to stock these.

SALAZAR

So, we'll report 'em when this is over. You up for zombie-kabobs?

SARAH

Only three rounds?

SALAZAR

That's all I found.

Suddenly, Salazar sees the bloody MACHETE on the ground. He grins and grabs it. Testing the weight in his hand.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

Now that's what I'm talking about. This baby feels like it was made for me.

SARAH

Quit screwing around. Let's load
up and get out of here.

62 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

62

Sarah yanks open the door and tosses an armful of guns inside. She jumps behind the wheel. Salazar climbs in the passenger side. We see that he's got the machete in a sheath across his back. Salazar tosses his guns into the back seat. He freezes.

SALAZAR

Ahhhh fuck....

Sarah turns around and sees Bud, snarling and struggling against his bonds. He's turned. Salazar pulls out his gun and starts to climb in the back. Sarah shoves him back in his seat.

SARAH

No wait! He's restrained.

SALAZAR

What if he gets lose?

Sarah eyes him coldly.

SARAH

Then, I'll shoot him.

Salazar hesitates. Bud strains against the handcuffs... growling.

SALAZAR

Shut the fuck up!!!

ON BUD

He halts for a second...then amazingly SITS BACK in his seat. Sarah and Salazar stare in disbelief.

SARAH

Oh god...he listened.

WHAM! An Infected SLAMS against the Humvee's driver side window, trying to claw its way in. In the distance, more are coming! Sarah revs the engine and floors it. The wheels spin for a second in the snow and the The Humvee peels off.

Sarah reaches down and flips on the RADIO. It crackles to life. Sarah zips through the stations. Skimming past lame pop songs...a weather report...more music...

SARAH (cont'd)
(frustrated)
I don't understand. They're not saying anything about this...

SALAZAR
Word hasn't got out yet.

Sarah lands on WKBN. Trevor's voice bursts from the speakers.

TREVOR (OVER THE RADIO)
...please...if anyone can hear me...we need help...

Sarah face goes pale as she recognizes the voice.

SARAH
Oh my God....

Sarah jerks the wheel. The Humvee squeels as it does a sharp 180. Heading in the opposite direction. Salazar is completely confused.

SALAZAR
What the hell are you doing? "Out of town" is the other way...

SARAH
That's my brother...

63 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT

63

TREVOR (INTO THE MICROPHONE)
...we need help...

Trevor glances out of the window.

TREVOR'S POV

The shaft of the light from the radio station window cuts through the snow and darkness. Trevor sees A FIGURE slowly approaching the radio station. A familiar figure.

TREVOR (cont'd)
(in disbelief)
Mom?

64 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 64

Sarah stares at the radio, terror etched on her face. She can hear Trevor's hopeful voice.

TREVOR (OVER THE RADIO)
...it's her...

SARAH
(realizing)
No....

65 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT 65

Trevor strains to see out the window. Through the swirling snow, the figure gets closer. It IS Francine. Trevor stumbles back, his mind reeling. He starts to head downstairs. Nina grabs him.

NINA
What are you doing?

TREVOR
I have to let her in.

Trevor pulls away from Nina and dashes downstairs.

NINA
Trevor, wait...

She races after him.

66 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 66

Sarah tears down the road....pumped on adrenaline. The wind has KICKED UP...sending snow spinning through the night. Several of The Infected wander through the streets. This time, Sarah doesn't swerve. She mows them down! Sarah takes a curve at 70 MPH. Salazar bounces around the cabin.

SALAZAR
Watch it!

But Sarah guns it. The Humvee picks up speed.

67 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 67

Francine emerges from the swirling snow like a ghost. She steps up to the station door and knocks on the cold wood with a slow, steady THUD.

68 INT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT 68

Trevor gets to the front door and starts to unlock it. Nina pulls him away.

NINA

She could be one of them!

Trevor's not listening. Hope is clouding his judgement.

TREVOR

No...

THUD! THUD! THUD!

NINA

(terrified)

How do you know?

69 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT 69

Mr. Leitner holds his trembling wife.

MRS. LEITNER

Why did you lie about the nosebleed?

Mr. Leitner inhales deeply. Then looks into his wife's eyes.

MR. LEITNER

Shhhhh...don't worry. We'll be fine. I promise.

70 INT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT 70

THUD! THUD! THUD! Trevor pulls away from Nina.

TREVOR

I lost Sarah, I won't lose her too!

Trevor unlocks the door and flings it open. A RUSH of wind and snow GUST into the station. Francine slowly takes a step closer. Trevor can barely contain his excitement.

TREVOR (cont'd)
 Mom...thank God...

But Trevor's hope shatters in to a million pieces when he sees that the pupils of his mother's eyes are dilated. He freezes.

Francine emits a low, guttural moan and bares her teeth! She reaches out and grabs Trevor. Just as she's about to bite him... BAM!!!! Her head explodes in a rain of crimson that showers down on Trevor and Nina.

Trevor turns to sees Sarah...standing several yards away... her gun still smoking. Sarah looks like she's been punched in the stomach. As Francine's corpse falls back into the snow a primal scream erupts from Trevor's throat. Sarah races forward and grabs Trevor...he's inconsolable.

TREVOR (cont'd)
 You killed her! Oh God!

Sarah clings to her brother as sobs wrack his body.

SARAH
 Trevor...she wasn't her. Not anymore...

Over Trevor's shoulder, Sarah sees Nina.

SARAH (cont'd)
 Are there others?

Nina nods. She's in shock as she stares at Francine's body.

SARAH (cont'd)
 Bring 'em down. We're getting out of here.

NINA
 (a whisper)
 We are?

SARAH
 Hurry.

Nina dashes up the stairs...calling out.

NINA
 Mr. and Mrs. Leitner...they found us! Come on, let's....

71 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT

71

Nina steps into the booth.

NINA

...go...

She freezes in the doorway. The Leitner's aren't on the couch. Fear gnaws at the edge of Nina's mind. She hears A NOISE coming from the other side of the DJ's desk.

Nina (cont'd)

Mr. Leitner, did you hear me?

There's no response. Nina inches forward. Getting closer and closer to the desk...until she finally sees over it. She wishes she hadn't.

CHELA'S POV

Mr. Leitner is laying on the floor. His stomach RIPPED OPEN...intestines exposed. The NOISE is the trickling of blood as it flows onto the floor.

Nina opens her mouth, but she can't scream...only whimper as she backs away from the horrific sight. Behind her, the door to the soundproof booth, closes. Revealing Mrs. Leitner in the shadows. Mrs. Leitner moves towards Nina like some evil wraith. Nina hears the door click shut. She spins around to find herself face to face with Mrs. Leitner's leering figure. The scream caught in Nina's throat is released.

SMASH CUT:

72 INT. RADIO STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT

72

Trevor stifles the rest of his tears.

TREVOR

(to Sarah)

I...I thought I lost you too.

Sarah holds his face in her hands.

SARAH

No. Never.

Around them, the snow and wind have intensified...the wind howls like the cries of the damned.

SALAZAR (FROM THE HUMVEE)
Come on, get the lead out!

Suddenly, FAINT SOUNDS pierce the air. Salazar pokes his head out of the Humvee...squinting his eyes against the snow.

SALAZAR'S POV

About 15 yards ahead, racing towards the light of the Humvee are TWO FIGURES, yelling and screaming for help.

SALAZAR (cont'd)
We got survivors!!!

Sarah and Trevor look to where Salazar's pointing. Sarah squeezes Trevor's shoulder.

SARAH
Get everyone to the Humvee.

Sarah cocks her gun and moves through the swirling snow...

73 INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT 73

Nina is THROWN across the DJ desk. She rolls off the other side and lands right on top of Mr. Leitner's corpse. Nina struggles to get to her feet...slipping in gore and entrails.

Mrs. Leitner leaps across the desk and tackles her. The two roll across the floor. Mrs. Leitner snaps at Nina's face. Nina KICKS out! Knocking Mrs. Leitner across the chin. Stunning her. Nina scrambles to her feet.

NINA
(screaming towards the door)
Help me!!! Please!!!!

But no one hears her cries. She's on her own. Across the room, Mrs. Leitner leaps to her feet. Nina grabs a chair as Mrs. Leitner pounces. The chair wedges between the two women...a buffer as Mrs. Leitner thrashes to reach her prey.

74 EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT 74

Sarah races towards the approaching SURVIVORS. The snow and wind bite at her skin. Suddenly, the same INHUMAN CRY that we heard earlier fills the night. Sarah freezes in her tracks. Up ahead, the two survivors have heard it too. They stop and look around fearfully.

The wind gets stronger, kicking up a mini snow storm that MOMENTARILY BLINDS SARAH. The cry gets louder and closer... circling her.

Sarah spins around, aiming her weapon...at what she doesn't know. The cold air catches in her throat as she hears screams and a horrible RIPPING sound.

Seconds later...the wind dies down. Sarah gets a glimpse of something bounding into the night. Sarah fires a few shots...but she can't tell if she hit the fleeing figure. On the ground before her, the two survivors are dead. Salazar leans out of The Humvee's window.

SALAZAR

Where are they?

SARAH

Dead. There's something else out here.

SALAZAR

Something else? That's just fucking great.

Sarah takes a few instinctive steps back. Then she hears another noise...the inhuman cry has been replaced by a chorus of garbled MOANS.

SARAH

(with sinking dread)
And it's not alone...

In the distance, racing through the snow...coming towards them...is AN ARMY OF THE INFECTED. Sarah spins and bolts towards the radio station.

SARAH (cont'd)

We've got to get out of here. Now!

75

INT. RADIO STATION BROADCASTING BOOTH - NIGHT

75

Mrs. Leitner pulls at the chair, trying to remove the only thing between her and her meal.

Across the room the door to the booth flies open. Trevor steps in...not believing his eyes.

TREVOR

Nina!!!

Mrs. Leitner whips around at the sound of Trevor's voice. Easier prey. Nina seizes this moment. With a scream, she pushes forward on the chair with all of her might. Using it like a battering ram, Nina slams Mrs. Leitner back, knocking her out the broken window of the radio station. Mrs. Leitner spirals through the air and lands on the ground below.

Nina stands shivering...rubbing at Mr. Leitner's blood, which covers her. Trevor takes her arm.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Come on...

76

INT. HUMVEE

76

Sarah steers the Humvee over the curvy back roads. The mood is somber. Nobody speaks. Nina sits in the front seat. Trevor has his arms around her. Nina's eyes are glazed over. The terror of what she's seen plucks at her sanity.

In the back of the Humvee... Salazar sits across from Bud...who watches him with those impenetrable black eyes.

SALAZAR

Why we keeping him around?

SARAH

There may be a cure...a way to reverse this.

Salazar turns back to Bud...who still stares at him.

SALAZAR

What are you staring at?

Bud doesn't move. He just continues to stare. Salazar whips out his gun and aims it at Bud's face. Bud GROWLS...baring his teeth. Salazar LOWERS the gun. Bud follows the gun with his eyes. When it's no longer pointed at him, he goes quiet. Salazar laughs. Whips the gun up again. Bud reacts... trashing against his bonds. Salazar lowers the gun and WHACKS Bud up side the head.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

Bad soldier!

Bud calms and slumps back in the seat. Salazar sighs in frustration.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

This is ridiculous. Why isn't "Thriller" here trying to eat us?

SARAH
 (dead serious)
 He's a vegetarian.

This comment would be funny if the circumstances weren't so dire.

SALAZAR
 You're fucking kidding me. That's the best explanation you could come up with?

SARAH
 It makes sense. They seem to retain part of their memory from before they were infected. He's temporarily able to fight the urge to feed. But I don't know for how long.

Salazar notices Bud staring at Sarah.

SALAZAR
 Well he must have retained his hormones, because he definitely remembers you.

Sarah catches Bud's gaze in the rearview mirror. It chills her to the bone.

Salazar leans in to Bud.

SALAZAR (cont'd)
 So, I guess you still remember who's boss - huh bitch?

Bud SNAPS at Salazar. Salazar jerks back. Then he gets a thought. Salazar puts his hand to his forehead IN A MILITARY SALUTE.

Bud cocks his head slightly. Then straightens in his seat and SALUTES Salazar back. Salazar's grin fades slightly. In this moment he sees a glimpse of Bud's humanity.

Suddenly, the Humvee slows down. Flashing orange lights play against the interior of the vehicle. They're approaching the ROADBLOCK on the outskirts of town.

Through the snow, we see WILLIAMS and THREE SOLDIERS manning the roadblock. Hope wells up in the Humvee. Safe at last.

WILLIAMS, shrouded in shadows, moves to the driver's side of The Humvee. Sarah rolls down the window.

SARAH
Williams...thank God.....

The words catch in Sarah's throat when she sees that a glistening chunk has been ripped out of William's side. He's infected! Williams reaches into The Humvee and YANKS Sarah out through the window! She thrashes and screams! Then plants her feet against the Humvee door and KICKS BACK. The two go sprawling in the snow.

78 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 78

Salazar is the first to react. He leaps from the Humvee, weapons drawn. Trevor snatches a gun from the Humvee floor and bolts out the driver's side to aid his sister.

79 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT 79

Salazar pops off a shot and takes down one of the infected soldiers. This gets the attention of the other two. They snarl at Salazar and RAISE THEIR GUNS!

SALAZAR
Oh shit...

The two soldiers FIRE! But their aims is way off...bullets randomly spray the air and snow.

Trevor tries to get a clear shot of Williams, but Sarah's fighting with him and he can't! Sarah manages to spin around...her arm around William's neck. She's got him in a headlock. With a vicious SNAP - Sarah twists Williams head sharply and breaks his neck.

At the same time...BAM! BAM! Salazar fires at the other Infected soldiers.

Sarah lets William's body drop to the ground. She stands, trying to catch her breath. Trevor looks at Sarah. Suddenly, his eyes go saucer wide. Behind Sarah, Williams stands up - even though his head hangs at an ODD ANGLE. As Williams stumbles towards Sarah, something behind Trevor's eyes SNAP. He leaps forward and tackles the ghoul. The two go skidding across the road. Sarah tries to leap into the fray, but Trevor is like an animal...punching and slamming William's head into the road.

TREVOR

Why won't you fucking die!?!

Meanwhile, Salazar sees a WALL of The Infected rushing from the nearby woods. As bloody hands reach for him, Salazar staggers back...pulls out the BANDOLIER 12 GAUGE and fires! A WALL OF FLAMES erupts from the barrel, incinerating The Infected. Salazar spins - cutting a swathe through them.

At the same time, Sarah grabs Trevor, who's still pummeling Williams.

SARAH

Trevor...stop it...get back...

Sarah pulls Trevor back. She jams her gun against William's head and blows a hole in his skull. This time, he stays down. Sarah helps Trevor to his feet. She moves him to Humvee. She hears Salazar laugh.

SALAZAR

Burn, muthafuckers!!! Burn!!!

Salazar is having his own personal barbecue. He hoots and hollers as he showers fire on more Infected as they emerge from the woods. Sarah screams at him.

SARAH

Fall back! Fall back!

After a few glorious moments, the flames flicker and die out. The cartridge is spent. More Infected scurry from the dark woods. Among them, we see CAPTAIN RHODES appear. The captain raises his gun in a steady hand. He's infected, but remembers his training. Rhodes aims and ZEROES IN on Salazar.

SARAH (cont'd)

Look out!!!

Salazar whips around and sees that Captain Rhodes has a bead on him. Salazar bolts for the Humvee as Rhodes FIRES. The bullets slam into the ground...inches behind him. Salazar leaps in to the passenger's side. Sarah's already behind the wheel. Bullets SLAM in to the Humvee. The other two infected soldiers take a cue from Captain Rhodes and begin to pelt the Humvee with bullets. Sarah jams the Humvee into gear and peers out the windshield.

SARAH'S POV

The road is teeming with The Infected. THE HUMVEES and TWO ARMED INFECTED block their path.

They can't get out of town this way. Sarah revs the engine and does a quick 180. She peels off...away from the road block. From the back seat, Salazar gasps for breath.

SALAZAR
Zombies with guns. Fuck me...
(beat)
Now what the hell are we gonna do?

TREVOR
(realizing)
Take Lower Twin. It goes up to
Fort George....we can hide out
there.

Sarah glances at Trevor. A respectful smile flickers across her face.

SARAH
Good call.

The Humvee peels off the main road.

80 EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT 80

Blanketed in a thick coat of snow. The imprint of dozens of FOOTPRINTS zig zag across the road. The Infected are roaming out here. The Humvee roars past us.

81 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 81

Nina still sits in the front seat...numbly staring start ahead. Trevor watches her for a concerned minute.

TREVOR
What if this has spread?

SARAH
Right now, we have to worry about
staying alive.

SOMETHING DARTS ACROSS THE ROAD in front of them. Sarah and Trevor jump.

TREVOR
What was that?

Then the headlights illuminate something in the distance. A FIGURE walking in the center of the road. IT'S KYLE! A smile breaks out on Trevor's face.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Kyle....

Sarah doesn't stop. She knows what Kyle's become. But Trevor doesn't.

TREVOR (cont'd)

What are you doing? Slow down!

Sarah clutches the wheel.

SARAH

It's not him...

The headlights flash blinding white across Kyle. Illuminating the dried blood that cakes his face and clothes. Sarah can't get around him. She's forced to RAM him with the Humvee. Bad move. The impact propels Kyle up over the hood and sends him crashing head first through the windshield.

ON KYLE

His body's half in the Humvee. He snarls like a wild animal...trying to worm further into the cab.

82 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 82

The Humvee SKIDS across the snow covered road...

83 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 83

Salazar takes aim from the back seat. But he's being tossed around and can't get a clear shot!

Kyle SNAPS at Sarah's hand. She pulls away - forced to let go of the wheel. The Humvee PITCHES to the left...heading towards a tree! Sarah yanks the wheel to the right, but overcompensates. The Humvee slides on the snow...skids off the road and CRASHES into an embankment.

Salazar flies across the back of the Humvee and lands right beside Bud! Trevor and Nina crack their heads against the windshield. Sarah slams against the steering wheel.

84 EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT 84

The entire front end of the Humvee is SUBMERGED in the snow bank. The back wheels spin uselessly several inches off the ground.

85 INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

85

Salazar looks up at Bud. He's within biting distance. For the first time, we see fear in Salazar's face.

SALAZAR

Hey buddy...

Salazar slowly slides away from Bud. Suddenly, Bud lunges and SNAPS at Salazar. Salazar whacks him upside the head.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

At ease...calm your ass down!

Bud sits back in his seat. Salazar sighs away his fear and turns to the front seat.

Sarah, Trevor and Nina struggle to come to their senses. Kyle still thrashing and snaps at the air. Sarah pulls out her gun and aims it at Kyle's head. Tears well up in her eyes. Trevor looks away.

86 EXT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

86

Kyle's feet kick as he tries to get into the Humvee. There's a FLASH and BLAST as Sarah fires. Kyle's body goes still.

Everyone slowly drags themselves out of the Humvee. Gathering around the vehicle like mourners viewing a coffin. Salazar pulls the docile Bud free.

SALAZAR

We were fucked before, but this really breaks it off in us.

Sarah scans the area.

SARAH

Fort George is less than a mile from here.

The wind is HOWLING again...it sends snow dancing through the air. Over the howl of the wind...another sound breaks out. That distant moans of the Infected. And that same, terrifying, inhuman cry. Everyone hears it.

SALAZAR

What the hell is that?

SARAH
Remember I said there was something
else out here?

TREVOR
(fearfully)
It's getting closer.

SARAH
(realizing)
It's hunting us.

Everyone scrambles for weapons. Except for Nina. She numbly stares into the dark night. Listening, as whatever's out there...gets closer.

87 EXT. FORT GEORGE - NIGHT 87

Snow has coated the skeletal remains even more since we were last here. The fort is cold, stark winter tableau.

Trevor leads the battered survivors up to the FENCE that surrounds Fort George. He pulls back the broken section and ushers everyone through. As he does, MOANS ERUPT from behind. Everyone pivots and their hearts drop. A HUNGRY ARMY of The Infected sprint down the road and emerge from the woods. They've found them.

88 EXT. FORT GEORGE - NIGHT 88

Snow has coated the skeletal remains even more since we were last here. The fort is now a cold, stark winter tableau.

Trevor leads the battered survivors up to the FENCE that surrounds Fort George. He pulls back the broken section and starts to usher everyone through. As he does, MOANS ring out from the darkness. Everyone whirls around to see a HUNGRY ARMY of The Infected sprinting down the road and racing from the woods. They've found them!

Sarah is already through the fence. She pulls Bud and Nina after her. Salazar jumps through, but as Trevor starts to squeeze through the opening, a jagged piece of the fence CATCHES on his jacket. Trevor struggles to pull himself free. Behind him...The Infected charge CLOSER. Salazar slams the barrel of a semiautomatic through the links in the fence and SPRAYS the rampaging Infected with bullets. Some go down...but there's so many of them!

Sarah leaps to Trevor's side. Tries to pull him through the fence. No use. She grabs the zipper of Trevor's jacket.

Yanks on it. It's stuck! She pulls harder. Finally the zipper slides down. Sarah tears Trevor out of his jacket, just as The Infected SLAM UP against the fence.

Everyone hauls ass towards the main building! Behind them, The Infected scramble through the hole in the fence. Others CLIMB up...scaling the fence.

RACE WITH Sarah and the others as the bolt to the MAIN BUILDING.

89

INT. FORT GEORGE MILITARY FACILITY MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

89

The room Trevor, Nina and Kyle were in earlier. Now dark. Desolate. The door FLIES open. Sarah hurries the motley crew of survivors inside. Slams the door! Trevor LIGHTS one of the CANDLES that was set up earlier. Sarah surveys their surroundings. Two windows are broken. Across the room, A DOOR hangs on its hinges. The place is far from secure.

SARAH

There's three points of entry.

Salazar moves the cuffed Bud to a chair and sits him down.

SALAZAR

Stay put, soldier.

Bud doesn't reply. He holds Salazar's gaze for a minute, then his eyes go to Sarah.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

(realizing)

Oh shit, you like her, don't you?
Hey Sarah, he's got a little zombie
crush...

Bud looks back at Salazar. His eyes are like black orbs. Salazar gets a chill staring in to them.

SARAH

Salazar! Leave him alone!

Sarah's torn some PLANKS OF WOOD from a shelf. She tilts one plank diagonally in to the window frame and pounds it in to place with the butt of her gun.

Salazar spots Trevor trying to drag THE COUCH across the floor. He moves over and helps Trevor lift it on its side. The two men wedge it against the broken door. Nina backs into a corner and slumps to the ground.

That's when they hear it. That cry...like the wail of the damned. In the corner, Nina clamps her hands over her ears. Trying to block out the terrifying noise.

ON BUD

He cocks his head to the side. Like a dog, trying to comprehend a sound. Then he begins to SNARL. Struggling to break free from the cuffs around his wrists.

Sarah turns, her back against the window.

SARAH (cont'd)

Bud...stop it!

CRASH!!! Three pairs of HANDS burst through the window. Grabbing Sarah. One hand catches Sarah's hair and yanks her back against the frame. The other hands paw at her as HUNGRY MOUTHS push up against the window.

Nina sees this and SNAPS. She begins to scream hysterically. Trevor grabs Sarah's arm. Pulling her towards him. A deadly game of tug of war. He pulls out a gun. BAM! BAM! One of The Infected falls back into the night. But from the darkness...the others are coming!

Salazar whips out his MACHETE. Swings it down. THUNK! He slices off the hand that clutches Sarah's hair. She pulls free, as The Infected push against the wooden plank. It starts to GIVE WAY.

CRASH! More hands crash through the SECOND WINDOW. Several of The Infected start to crawl inside. Sarah pulls out her automatic and blows away the first two Infected that clamor through the second window. But there's more. Sarah edges closer... firing in rapid succession. Mowing down The Infected as quickly as they appear.

Salazar's still at the first window...hacking and shooting at The Infected that try to squeeze through.

WHAM! The front door is rattled on its hinges. Trevor slams his body against it - holding it closed as it's shaken from the other side by the onslaught of The Infected.

Salazar SHEATHES the machete. Whips out another gun. Two in each hand. FLASHES of LIGHT and BURSTS of SOUND assault our senses as everyone fires at the windows...blowing away The Infected as they scurry in. But for each one that falls, two more appear. Trevor looks across the room and spots the hallway he and Nina went down when they were here earlier. He remembers The BUNKER! Trevor leaps forward. He grabs Nina and drags her to her feet.

TREVOR
Sarah! This way!!!

Trevor grabs the lit candle and moves towards the hallway. WHAM! The door inches open under the force of The Infected outside. Sarah and Salazar fall in line behind Trevor as the Infected claw through the doorway and windows. First 8...then 12. Sarah glances back. The sea of Infected roll over Bud...engulfing him. Sarah spins and races down the hall.

Adrenaline powers everyone as they sprint through the dark hallway and round the corner.

90 EXT. BUNKER ENTRANCE - NIGHT

90

Trevor slams beside the entrance...pointing down...into the darkness. Sarah's right behind him. Trevor shoves the candle into her hand.

TREVOR
Down there!

Sarah steps into the darkness and descends the stairs. Nina follows. Salazar stops at the bunker entrance.

SALAZAR
(to Trevor)
Get in there, kid...

Salazar doesn't give Trevor a choice. He shoves him through the entrance and turns back to face the marauding Infected that roar around the corner.

Salazar smiles. Loving the thrill of the kill. He aims his gun with a steady hand and fires. BAM! BAM! BAM! Picking them off one by one. Seven kill shots in all before he runs out of bullets. There's no time to reload. Salazar leaps through the entrance of the bunker and slams the door shut. Locking out The Infected, who pound on the door with ferocious intensity.

91 INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

91

Sarah reaches the bottom of the stairs and flicks the light switch. Fluorescent lights blaze on.

SARAH
This bunker isn't listed in the schematics for Fort George.

Sarah hears a WHIRRING noise. She follows it...

92

INT. BUNKER - RESEARCH AREA - NIGHT

92

The whir is coming from A COMPUTER...still on. The screen saver flashes WINDOWS XP. Definitely not from the Cold War. Nor is the rest of the equipment; two printers, a fax machine, video equipment. On a nearby table, a coffee maker sits. It's turned off, but the pot is almost half full.

SARAH

Well, someone's set up shop.

Trevor moves Nina to a chair and eases her in to it. Sarah goes to the computer. Hits a key. The screen saver clicks off - showing the screen.

ON THE SCREEN

DELETING FILES flashes in bright red letters.

CRASH! The sound echoes off the metallic walls of bunker. Everyone snaps to attention. It came from down the corridor to the LEFT. CLACK! Salazar slams a cartridge home. Sarah lifts her gun.

SARAH (cont'd)

We need to secure the area. Make sure that whoever was down here, isn't anymore.

Sarah and Salazar move down the corridor. Trevor calls out.

TREVOR

Hey, sis!

Sarah spins back to face her brother.

SARAH

Yeah?

TREVOR

Don't get eaten, okay?

Sarah smiles. A silent truce is formed. As Sarah pivots and follows Salazar down the corridor, Trevor turns to Nina. She's still catatonic. He kneels beside her.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Nina...you have to snap out it. We need you....

No response. The incessant pounding of The Infected at the bunker door continues. Trevor expels a frustrated sigh. Then he spots the VIDEO CAMERA set up in the corner. Curious, he goes to it.

93 INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT 93

Sarah and Salazar are on high alert as they move down the corridor. Several CLOSED DOORS line the hall. Sarah and Salazar get to the first door. Sarah stands before it...holding her gun. She nods for Salazar to open it. Salazar leans in...grabs the handle and rips the door open.

Sarah keeps the gun aimed in a steely grip as she enters.

94 INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT 94

The small room contains MODERN RESEARCH EQUIPMENT. Still up and running. Sarah scans the area as Salazar covers her. In the corner is a GLASS CASE with two holes for gloved hands to reach in and remove vials. But the case is open. The slots for vials is empty. There's a nearby FILING CABINET. Sarah pulls it open. It's empty too.

SARAH
Someone's cleaned house.

Sarah moves back to the doorway.

95 INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT 95

Sarah and Salazar continue their search. Suddenly, Sarah halts and throws up a hand...to stop Salazar.

SALAZAR
What?

Sarah points to a door up ahead. It's the only one that's CLOSED. Sarah and Salazar creep up to it. Tension crackles in the air. This time Salazar stands and aims. His finger nervously rubs the trigger. Sarah flings open the door. Nothing roars out. But there is a sharp, grinding noise coming from the room.

96 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

96

The room as been converted into A SMALL OFFICE. Sarah and Salazar follow the sound and see it's the whir of a PAPER SHREDDER in the corner. A mound of destroyed documents litter the floor. In the shredder, a document has JAMMED.

Sarah moves over to the machine. CREAK! Sarah and Salazar whirl towards the direction of the sound. It's coming from the other side of a filing cabinet. Sarah aims her weapon and inches towards the cabinet. Her breath quickens. Then she leaps around the cabinet...her trigger finger starts to squeeze. Until she sees Dr. Logan cowering in the corner.

DR. LOGAN

Wait! Don't shoot...don't shoot!

Sarah freezes as the shock of finding Dr. Logan registers. Salazar's eyes narrow. He leaps at the doctor.

SALAZAR

You chicken shit, son of a bitch.
You left us!

Sarah moves between the two men. Dr. Logan is momentarily relieved. Until he sees the fury in Sarah's eyes.

SARAH

What the hell are you doing here?

Sweat beads on the good doctor's forehead.

DR. LOGAN

I was trying to leave.. those things were after me. I saw the compound. I came here for shelter.

Sarah jams her gun against Dr. Logan's throat. He chokes in air.

SARAH

Don't lie to me! What is this place?

DR. LOGAN

I don't know...

Salazar grabs a handful of PAPERS jammed in the shredder. TOP SECRET is stamped across them. Salazar scans them.

SALAZAR

These are all about something
called The Omega Project.

Sarah leans in to Dr. Logan.

SARAH

What is it!

DR. LOGAN

I...I....

SARAH

My mom's dead...my whole town's
been turned in to a fucking
slaughterhouse. You either tell me
what's going on, or so help me,
I'll shoot you dead, right here!

There's not doubt that she means it. Dr. Logan sucks in air.

DR. LOGAN

Okay...

Sarah stands erect...still keeping the gun trained on Logan.
He slumps back against the wall.

DR. LOGAN (cont'd)

The Omega Project started after
this "new war" on terror. It was a
few select scientists, studying
biochemical agents.

SARAH

Studying them? Or creating them?

DR. LOGAN

Both.

(beat)

They didn't report in yesterday.
We thought something was wrong.
Then we heard about the quarantine.

Sarah bristles.

SARAH

And you didn't connect the dots?

DR. LOGAN

(defensively)

I wasn't sure until I saw the blood
samples at the hospital.

SALAZAR

So, then you took off to save your own ass.

SARAH

No. He came here to destroy the evidence.

DR. LOGAN

The research wasn't sanctioned by the government. We had to keep the project secret.

Sarah grabs Dr. Logan by the collar.

SARAH

Well, your secret's out!

She drags him towards the door.

97

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

97

Trevor has hooked the video camera to a nearby TV SCREEN. He's watching it, when Sarah arrives with Salazar and a frightened Dr. Logan.

SALAZAR

Look what we found...

Sarah pushes the doctor down into a chair. Salazar trains a gun on him.

TREVOR

I found something too...

Trevor rewinds the tape. Then hits play.

ON THE SCREEN

A male SCIENTIST stands in front of the screen. He looks like hell. Emaciated. Covered in sweat. He coughs and wipes a trickle of blood from his nose. There's a date stamp on the playback. FEBRUARY 13.

SARAH

May 13th. 3 days ago.

ON THE SCREEN

The scientist looks at the camera. When he speaks, his tone is low. Resigned.

SCIENTIST (ON THE TV)

...the virus has mutated. It kills people and then changes them. We've all been infected...or eaten. I've managed to kill the others... except for Carol. The virus can't get out. I've destroyed all the samples. The last remnants are in us. When we die, the virus dies with us.

(coughing)

This bunker will be our final resting place. This video, our last will and testament. I guess that's the price of playing God.

The scientist reaches out, as blood gushes from his nose. He flicks off the camera. The TV screen goes black. The room is silent as a tomb. Finally Sarah speaks.

SARAH

This Omega virus. What is it?

DR. LOGAN

A synthetic virus that could paralyze enemy troops by shutting down their neural system for 4 to 6 hours. But it mutated. It's attacking the brain...reducing people to their primal need...to feed.

(beat)

Look, it was supposed to allow us to capture people without killing them. It was intended to save lives.

SALAZAR

Well, you did a hell of a job, doc.

Sarah's trying to wrap her mind around all of this.

SARAH

So the scientists sealed themselves in here so the infection wouldn't spread. But they turned. Got hungry and went searching for food.

Salazar fidgets nervously.

SALAZAR

If these scientists are 'Typhoid
fucking Mary'...why aren't we all
sick?

DR. LOGAN

I was vaccinated. But some people
have a natural immunity to certain
viruses.

SALAZAR

Lucky us...

BANG! Everyone whips around at the noise. A chilling
silence looms. Then Sarah realizes something that turns her
blood cold.

SARAH

Is there another way in here?

DR. LOGAN

There's a back exit. But you have
to have a key....

The realization hits Dr. Logan like a ton of bricks. Terror
rolls across the room. Then the sound of HOWLING WIND roars
through the bunker. The back exit's been opened!

Everyone turns in unison to the long corridor to their left.
The winds gusts over them. CLANG! The sound of a door
slamming shut! The wind dies down.

SARAH

They're inside.

Everyone snaps to attention. Sarah and Salazar aim their
weapons...battle ready. In the distance, something moves in
the shadows.

POV ON THE CORRIDOR

The very end is shrouded in darkness. A FIGURE slowly
emerges. Tall. Gaunt. The tattered remnants of a LAB COAT
hang, bloody and torn, over sinewy limbs. It's THE SCIENTIST
from the video. The ghoulish man halts...then lets out a
sharp CRY that pierces the air.

ON NINA

The site of the infected scientist and the sound of his cry
cuts through the shock that has encased her.

NINA

Oh shit...

ON THE INFECTED SCIENTIST

He CHARGES down the corridor.

Sarah and Salazar drop in unison to one knee. Aim their automatics and spray the corridor with bullets. The infected scientist WEAVES to the side - AVOIDING the barrage. Then he dives into a SIDE ROOM. Out of harms way. Sarah and Salazar exchange worried looks.

SARAH

(to Trevor and Dr. Logan)

Stay here.

(to Salazar)

Let's go!

Sarah leads Salazar in the charge down the corridor. They speed towards the room that the scientist disappeared into.

Trevor and Dr. Logan nervously watch them approach the room. Suddenly, Nina moves up behind Trevor. A look of fierce determination on her face.

TREVOR

Welcome back.

Nina doesn't respond. She grabs one of Trevor's guns and cocks it.

NINA

(matter of fact)

I'm not gonna die down here.

Then she whips around to Dr. Logan.

NINA (cont'd)

But you...you knew about this!

Nina cocks the gun. Trevor moves up to her.

TREVOR

Nina, no...he's not worth it.

NINA

Oh, I know...he's a worthless piece of shit actually. But why should he walk out of here alive, when my whole family's dead. Why should he live!?!?

Angry tears well up in Nina's eyes. Her hand trembles. Dr. Logan stares at the barrel pointed at his face, terrified.

98 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 98

Sarah and Salazar inch up to the dark doorway. Their nerves on edge. They lock eyes. One...two...three...

99 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 99

They leap into the doorway! Scan the dark. Nothing. Sarah flips on the light. Across the room, she sees that the grate to the air shaft is open.

SALAZAR

I don't believe this.

SARAH

He's smarter than the others.

SALAZAR

Great. We've got a fucking Poindexter zombie on the loose. I'm not going in another air shaft. No way....

SARAH

We'll have to try and flush it out...

ROAR! A figure leaps from behind a cabinet and slams Sarah and Salazar to the ground. It's Carol...the other infected scientist.

Carol snarls and hisses. She snaps at Sarah - who jerks back in the nick of time. Salazar whirls around with the gun...ready to fire - but Carol CLAMPS her mouth on his fingers. CHOMP!

Time seems to stand still. Salazar freezes in shock. BAM! Sarah pumps a round in to Carol's head and she falls to the floor. Salazar stares at his hand in disbelief.

SALAZAR

The bitch got me....

Sarah leaps forward and lays Salazar's hand on the ground.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

What are you doing?

SARAH

I've gotta stop the infection from spreading...

With a fluid motion, Sarah yanks Salazar's machete out of its sheath. Grits her teeth. Raises the machete high. And slams it down. THUNK! She TAKES OFF Salazar's hand at the wrist. He screams in agony as his arm spurts blood!

100 INT. BUNKER - NIGHT 100

Trevor, Nina and Dr. Logan tense at the sound of Salazar's cries. Trevor peers down the corridor, while Nina keeps her gun trained on Dr. Logan. Trevor starts down the corridor.

NINA

No...please...don't leave me.

101 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 101

Salazar writhes on the floor. Blood fountains from the stump of his right hand. Sarah has to act quickly.

She grabs the 12-GAUGE FLAME THROWER. Loads a cartridge. She aims the gun towards the hallway and pulls the trigger. A stream of fire sprays out!

102 INT. BUNKER - NIGHT 102

Trevor sees the wall of flames erupt into the corridor. Fear seizes him and he bolts towards the room.

TREVOR

Sarah!!!!

Nina starts to follow him. But she doesn't want to leave Dr. Logan. She nervously stays put.

103 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 103

The shower of flames has started to die down. Tears well up in Sarah's eyes as she pulls up Salazar's wrist...which continues to spout crimson. She's puts the dying flame to the bloody stump. It begins to sizzle and burn. Salazar almost passes out from the pain. He thrashes and screams like the man on fire that he is. But the flames do their job. The flesh blackens and crusts over. The bleeding stops. Salazar is in unbelievable agony.

Sarah holds him tight....rocking him back and forth. Trying to ease his pain.

Trevor appears in the doorway. Relieved to see his sister alive. Shocked at the blood-soaked Salazar.

TREVOR

Is he gonna be alright?

Sarah's face is a mass of emotion.

SARAH

I hope so.

Sarah helps Salazar to his feet. The pain has shocked his nerves in to numbness. His screams have dissolved in to delirious moans.

104 INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

104

Relief washes over Nina when she sees Trevor and Sarah step into the corridor, supporting Salazar. Sarah clutches the 12-Gauge Flamethrower in her other hand.

NINA

Did you kill it?

SARAH

It's in the ventilation system.

Chela's fearful eyes instinctively look up to the paneled ceiling overhead.

DR. LOGAN

We can leave through the back. Go find help.

SARAH

No, that thing can't get out again. It'll keep spreading the virus. We have to find it and kill it.

Salazar leans against the table. Sarah slams another flame thrower cartridge in to the 12-Gauge.

Suddenly, the lights in the bunker begin to flicker...then EVERY SECOND LIGHT GOES OUT. Plunging the bunker into semi-darkness.

TREVOR

Now what?

DR. LOGAN

The electricity is wired through
the ceiling.

The sound of something SCURRYING overhead ends the conversation. Dust flakes down from the panelled ceiling. It's up there.

Sarah blinks sweat from her eyes as she aims her weapon up...following the sound as whatever it is skitters through the air ducts. The sound suddenly veers off to the left...then is gone.

Dr. Logan, wound tight and terrified, grabs the 12-Gauge flame thrower from Sarah. As he does - CRASH! The scientist's ROCKETS through the paneling of the ceiling and lands behind Dr. Logan. Lightning fast, the infected scientist sinks its teeth into Dr. Logan's SHOULDER. Twists its head and tears out a chunk of flesh!

Dr. Logan screams! His other hand reflexively PULLS the trigger of the 12-Gauge flamethrower. FLAMES ERUPT from the barrel - sending a GOUT of fire rolling across the bunker.

Sarah DIVES for Trevor and Nina - tackling them to the ground as the wall of fire engulfs the air where they were standing.

Salazar plasters himself against the wall.

Sarah leaps to her feet as Trevor and Nina rise up behind her.

SARAH

(to Trevor and Nina)
Get out of here.

TREVOR

But...

SARAH

Do as I say!!!!

Trevor grabs Nina's hand and they dash down the corridor to the right... Sarah whips towards Dr. Logan. Aiming her gun. But he's between her and the infected scientist. She can't get a clear shot.

ON DR. LOGAN

Pain consumes him. He turns and stares into the face of the scientist.

DR. LOGAN

Fuck yo...

The scientist lunges forward and clamps down on Dr. Logan's mouth. Stifling his words - before ripping his mouth off. Dr. Logan's body SPASMS. His hand loosens on the 12-gauge flamethrower. It spirals to the ground, spitting fire across the bunker.

Sarah leaps out of the way as the flames lick her arm. Burning through her jacket and scorching her flesh. Sarah drops her gun...which clatters across the floor. The fire continues to spew...heading right towards Salazar. He leaps out of the way, but lands on his wounded arm. He cries out!

Sarah takes a step towards her gun. The infected scientist sees this and hurls Dr. Logan's twitching body at Sarah. The body crashes in to Sarah. Pinning her to the floor.

The infected moves over to Sarah as she struggling to push Dr. Logan off of her. The scientist leans in close. Fear, anger and defiance twist her face as she reaches for the hunting knife strapped to her side.

ON SALAZAR

He sees the scientist tower over Sarah. He can't let her die like this. Despite his pain, Salazar takes a deep breath... then plunges his fingers into the burnt stump of his hand and RIPS off the cauterized blackness. Salazar screams as the blood from his wound splashes the floor and wall.

SALAZAR

You want to eat something, you ugly son of a bitch? Eat this!

Salazar flings blood at scientist's back. It halts and sniffs the air. Smelling blood! It whips back towards Salazar. The frightened soldier locks eyes with Sarah.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

Run....

The scientist races over and hovers over Salazar. The soldier tries to be strong, but his lips quiver with fear. Then the scientist TEARS into Salazar. Ripping his flesh with gnashing teeth. Salazar struggles and screams.

SALAZAR (cont'd)

Choke on it, mutha fucker. Choke on it!!!

Sarah shoves free from Dr. Logan and dives for her gun. Sarah grabs it. Whips back. Aims. BAM!!! BAM!!!! BAM!!! The first shot rip into the scientist's back. It howls with pain and whips to the side - as the other shots slam into the wall. The creatures races across the room and BOUNDS up the stairs leading to the bunker door.

Sarah glances across the room and sees that Salazar's throat has been RIPPED out. Blood streams across the floor. Sarah fights back the emotions that threaten to overwhelm her.

She dashes to the stairs...gun raised. She gets halfway up them, when she sees the scientist standing at the bunker door. His angry, black eyes glint with fiery rage. He reaches for the DOORKNOB. It takes Sarah a split second to realize what he's going to do. Sarah aims her gun. But before she can fire, the scientist rips open the bunker door. Revealing a wall of ravenous Infected. They scramble down the stairs.

Sarah spins and tears down the corridor. The scientist and The Infected roar after her!

105 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 105

RUSH with Sarah as she races through the corridor - rounding bends and corners at breakneck speed. The infected scientist is right on her tail. Sarah bolts around a corner. Suddenly, A HAND reaches out and YANKS her into the darkness. A door slams shut. A LIGHTER flickers on. Revealing....

106 INT. JET PROPULSION TESTING ROOM - NIGHT 106

Trevor holds the lighter in trembling hands. Nina clutches his arm. Outside, we hear the infected scientist rumble by as it continues down the maze of corridors...looking for Sarah.

When it's gone, everyone exhales slowly. Trevor and Sarah exchange a quick hug. Then Sarah pulls back.

SARAH
Are you two alright?

NINA
Yes.

TREVOR
We're fine. What about you?

Sarah holds up her gun.

SARAH

Almost out. I've got one more mag
and a hunting knife.

Nina holds up her handgun.

NINA

I have this.

TREVOR

I've only got a few shots left.
We're screwed.

Sarah moves to the door - pressing her ear against it. She can't hear anything...the coast is clear. Sarah flicks a switch by the door and light floods the room.

The room is old....dusty. A relic, just like the buildings above ground. In the center of the room....sitting on a large table are TWO MISSILE PROPULSION ROCKETS.

Sarah rushes over to the rockets. She wipes away a thin layer of dusk and lifts up the metal casing. Suddenly, hope fills her voice.

SARAH

The propellant system is still intact. We can rig these up, like giant flame throwers. If I can lure those things in to one spot, we can blast the shit out of them.

Trevor inches towards Sarah.

TREVOR

No...it's too dangerous. I won't let you...

Sarah clasps Trevor's face in her hands.

SARAH

Trevor, I have to.

TREVOR

You're the only family I've got left. I can't lose you too...

SARAH

You won't.

Sarah kisses Trevor on the forehead. Then she takes his weapon. She's got two guns...not much ammo.

SARAH (cont'd)

You two stay here...lock the door.
And be ready. When I come back,
you know what to do.

Sarah fights back tears as she moves up to the door. She presses her ear against the cold steel. The corridor outside is silent. Sarah can't bear to look back at Trevor or Nina. She takes a deep breath, creeps open the door and slips into the unknown.

107 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

107

The overhead lights flicker faintly...offering dim illumination, but also creating long, dark shadows. Sarah plasters herself against the corridor wall...weapons drawn. She scans the hall to her left. Thankfully it's empty. Then she peers to the right...in the direction the infected scientist went. Sarah swallows her fear and descends down the corridor.

The silence is deafening as Sarah creeps up to a bend in the hall. She stops and peaks around. The corridor leads into A DARK STORAGE area. Old crates and boxes are scattered around the floor. Pipes snakes across the ceiling above. Beyond the dark storage room is another hallway that splits off in two directions.

108 INT. STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

108

Sarah inches into the room. Her heart pounds loudly in her chest as she fearfully scans the darkness.

SARAH

(to herself)

Come on...where are you...?

A SCRATCHING noise from above. Sarah whips her gun up. Something is up in the maze of pipes overhead. Sarah's nervous eyes strain to see in the dark. At first...nothing. Then movement. Sarah hones in on the spot. It's A RAT. The fat rodent scurries over the pipes and disappears into a hole in the wall. Sarah sighs.

She's about to take another step when something breaks the light shining in from the corridor behind her. Sarah pivots back and her heart skips a beat. FOUR OF THE INFECTED have moved into the corridor - heading her way.

Sarah dives behind a stack of empty crates, seconds before The Infected enter the storage area.

Sarah crouches in a ball. Undetected as The Infected shamble through the storage room and disappear down the corridor ahead. Sarah rises on rubbery legs...

BANG! Sarah whips around. More of The Infected are running down the corridor. This time, they see her. Sarah stumbles back, then turns to run. She screeches to a halt. The Infected ahead have turned back at the sound of the commotion and are tearing back to the storage area. Sarah's trapped.

But she's not going down without a fight. Sarah plants herself in the center of the room. Takes aim. BAM! BAM! BAM! Three of The Infected drop to the ground. But the others keep coming. Sarah fires more shots...hitting her mark. Then a horrible sound. The CLICK of AN EMPTY CHAMBER. Sarah tosses one gun to the side. Aims her other one. BAM! BAM! Two shots down two of The Infected...but empty the second gun. No more bullets. No more hope.

Sarah whips out her hunting knife as the ravenous ghouls close in on her. Teeth snapping. Hands reaching for her.

But suddenly, the rampaging Infected freeze in their tracks. Sarah's breath catches in her throat. What's happening?

Behind Sarah, the darkness seems to move. A gaunt figure emerges and lumbers forward. It's the infected scientist! Sarah senses a presence behind her and turns, just as the infected scientist grabs her by the front of her shirt!

The hungry Infected circle Sarah, but the infected scientist HOWLS... lunging at The Infected. Keeping them at bay. Sarah's his.

ON SARAH

Struggling in the infected scientist's grasp. She clutches the hunting knife and arcs it up! The infected scientist yanks her to the side and the blade grazes its chest...barely breaking the skin.

The infected scientist grabs Sarah's wrist and squeezes. Pain jolts through her hand and Sarah's forced to drop the knife. Sarah looks into the leering face of death. Waiting for the infected scientist to bite. But it doesn't. The ghoulish creature looks around the storage area...craning its neck. Then its black eyes go to the corridor. IT'S LOOKING FOR TREVOR AND NINA! Sarah punches at the infected scientist's placid skin. Trying to get its attention.

SARAH (cont'd)
Come on...it's me you want!

The infected scientist turns to Sarah and pulls her close. She stifles her gag reflex as the stench of the creature's rotting breath wafts over her. The scientist grabs Sarah's left arm and twists it...HARD -almost ripping it out of its socket. Sarah's screams echo through the corridors!

109 INT. JET PROPULSION TESTING ROOM - NIGHT 109

Trevor and Nina have their ears plastered to the door. They hear Sarah's cries. Trevor grabs the doorknob.

NINA
Trevor...wait...

Outside, they hear the The Infected race through the corridors...following Sarah's cries. Trevor sinks to the floor. They're trapped. And his sister is all alone.

110 INT. STORAGE AREA - NIGHT 110

More of The Infected crowd into the storage area. A hungry, snarling mass. But they keep their distance from the infected scientist and his prey.

Sarah grits her teeth as indescribable pain shoots through her body. The infected scientist eyes the corridors... waiting for Trevor and Nina to appear. After a few seconds, the infected scientist snarls angrily and twists her arm harder. And again, she screams.

SARAH
Ahhhhhh, God!!!!!!

Suddenly, over Sarah's cries....CLACK! The sound of a weapon being loaded. Then...BAM! A shot rings out!

The infected scientist's black eyes go towards the direction of the gunfire. Sarah turns as well and is stunned to see...

SARAH (cont'd)
Bud...?

SARAH'S POV

Standing several feet away...blending in with the other Infected IS BUD. He's holding a .45. Sarah can see the handcuffs dangling from Bud's right hand. But his left hand is mangled. The thumb protrudes at an odd angle. He broke his hand to get free.

Bud studies the gun curiously. His first shot hit the ceiling. Sarah's eyes narrow with conviction as she realizes...

SARAH (cont'd)

Bud!!!

Bud cocks his head in Sarah's direction. Sarah musters up the last reserve of command in her voice.

SARAH (cont'd)

Private!!! Take him down!

A BEAT as Bud absorbs what she's saying. Sarah's voice starts to crack. She's desperate.

SARAH (cont'd)

(forcefully)

That's an order, soldier!

Bud aims the .45 at the infected scientist. The he squeezes the trigger. BAM! BAM! Two shots ring out. The first shot grazes the infected scientist's temple...drawing blood. The second shot hits it in the shoulder. The infected scientist howls in pain and drops Sarah to the ground.

Bud pulls the trigger again. The infected scientist twists out of the way and the shot hits the far wall. The infected scientist roars with venomous rage.

ON BUD

He looks at Sarah. Then he reaches down and brings up his hand again. He clutches Salazar's 12-gauge flamethrower. Sarah remembers there's one more cartridge left.

Bud squeezes the trigger and a jet of fire spews out. The infected scientist leaps behind a pile of crates...barely avoiding being fried.

Bud sprays the area - burning The Infected all around him... CLEARING A PATH to the entrance of the storage area.

Sarah sees her chance and breaks for it the doorway. Around her, The Infected go up in flames. Sarah scrambles to the corridor and turns back. Bud stands stoically, frying every Infected in sight. The ghouls that aren't immediately consumed, spin and thrash around the room. Bud looks at Sarah and PUTS HIS HAND TO HIS HEAD in a military salute. Sarah salutes back. She's about to run, when she sees movement in the shadows beside Bud. The infected scientist has circled around in the shadows.

SARAH (cont'd)
Bud...look out!!!

The infected scientist rockets from the shadows and tackles Bud. The flame thrower clatters to the floor and burns out. The scientist attacks Bud with savage ferocity. Ripping and tearing at him.

Around the storage room, there are only about 7 of The Infected left. They slowly turn and face Sarah. The infected scientist rises off Bud, who twitches on the ground. Then turns his fury on Sarah.

Sarah pivots and bolts down the corridor. Behind her, the infected scientist charges forward, crashing through the slower Infected in its path.

111 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 111

The corridor blurs around Sarah as she races towards the Jet Propulsion Testing Room.

SARAH
Trevor!

112 INT. JET PROPULSION TESTING ROOM - NIGHT 112

Trevor looks up at the sound of Sarah's voice. She's coming! Trevor leaps to his feet and unlocks the door. Then he races over to the rockets. The thrusters are pointed towards the door. Trevor sparks the engine... readying the rockets! Nina stands behind him nervously eyeing the door.

113 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 113

Sarah sprints down the corridor as the infected scientist and the rest of The Infected give chase. The infected scientist gets closer and swipes out...missing Sarah's back by inches.

Fear and adrenaline course through Sarah, giving her a last burst of strength as she lunges towards the door. She grabs the doorknob and rips the door open.

114 INT. JET PROPULSION TESTING ROOM - NIGHT 114

Sarah charges inside. Behind her, the infected scientist tears into the room...fueled by anger and rage.

ON SARAH

She dives under the table on which the rockets sit.

ON TREVOR

Momentarily freezing as the infected scientist POUNCES. Then he flips the engine on. The propulsion rockets IGNITE. And a gout of eye-searing, white-hot flames BLAZE across the room.

The fireball slams in to the infected scientist - incinerating him in mid air. The flames fill the entrance of the room...rolling out into the corridor - roasting the remaining Infected.

Sarah crawls out from under the table. She watches the inferno burn bright...its cleansing flames purging the abomination that has spread from Fort George.

On the ground...a pile of ashes fall. The last of the infected scientist.

Sarah lets out a victorious cry and hugs her brother and Nina. She winces. Her arm's still tender. But it doesn't matter. The nightmare is over. Off of everyone's joyous looks, we...

CUT TO:

115 EXT. FORT GEORGE - DAWN 115

The dark shadows that blanketed the world start to recede... chased away by glorious light. The sun is peaking over the horizon, heralding a new day.

Sarah, Trevor and Nina emerge from the building...battered and battle scarred...but alive. In the light of day, they spot the scientist's car parked behind one of the buildings.

116 INT. CAR - DAWN 116

The car speeds down the back road...heading out of Edgewater.

Sarah's at the wheel. Trevor rests his head against the window of the passenger side, watching the woods disappear from view. Nina, exhausted, lays in the back seat. Everyone is quiet, still trying to get their minds around the night of horror they just endured.

After a few solitary moments, Sarah flips on the radio. She hits the scan button.

The station numbers zoom by...before the radio finally locks on to a signal. A FEMALE DJ is on the air. Her sultry voice fills the car.

FEMALE DJ (OVER THE RADIO)
...is Barbara Jones on WKAC -
Colorado Country.
(beat)
Coming up on 'news on the half
hour,' an update of the flu that's
sweeping through Riverside.

Sarah and Trevor turn to each other, the color draining from their face. As the DJ continues to speak, we PUSH into the back seat of the car. Nina pulls herself into a fetal position.

FEMALE DJ (OVER THE RADIO) (cont'd)
We've received reports that a
similar epidemic hit our neighbors
in Edgewater. The town was placed
under quarantine last night, and so
far no one could be reached for
comment. Police and doctors are
urging calm...

ON NINA

Her wide eyes well up with tears. She lifts up her sleeve. There's a bite mark on her arm.

As we register this chilling reveal, Nina COUGHS. And the world goes BLACK.

FADE OUT.