

WORLD WAR Z

Written by

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INT. COCKPIT, 767 COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - MORNING

In white font: **Over Pennsylvania**

Closed and locked cockpit door viewed from pilots' side. Peephole at eye level. Scratching from the other side of the door: passenger cabin. Neither frantic nor forceful, but constant-quiet-probing. *It stops.*

POV switches: 2 pilots stare at the door. Bloodshot intensity. Behind their heads, through the windshield: 20,000 feet up in cloudless blue. 29 year-old CO-PILOT with a handset in one hand, pistol in the other. Keys the handset to summon a Flight Attendant. We hear the resulting DING from the other side of the door - a second of anticipation - then somebody or something slams the door with massive, heart-stopping force and sound. Pilots flinch huge.

60 year-old PILOT stands, thin veneer of cold sweat. Peers out the peephole: *just the back of someone's head...*

PILOT

Still there. Same head.

CO-PILOT

*What is going on? We might be dead-*

PILOT

*-don't talk Death in my cockpit-*

CO-PILOT

*-SHUT UP. Fine-*

*-the scratching again. Pilot sits. Ground Control calls:*

CONTROL (ON RADIO)

*Trans 344: under no circumstance  
should you open cockpit door! Copy?*

Quick eye contact between the 2 pilots. Anger forgotten.

PILOT

What have you found out?

CONTROL (ON RADIO)

*Incidents at O'Hare, SFO-*

CO-PILOT

*-don't say 'incident' okay? Don't  
say 'incident.' What is going on?*

INT. VOLVO - MORNING

In white font: **Philadelphia**

Gridlock on I-95, in Philadelphia proper. In the Car: GERRY LANE, 43, his wife KARIN, 38, and their daughters RACHEL, 10, and CONSTANCE, 6. Constance plays with dolls. Rachel reads. Until she gets too nauseous, looks out the window until she feels better, then starts reading again. Car inching along.

NPR (ON RADIO)  
Despite intense street fighting and international condemnation, Israeli construction crews continue working round-the-clock to finish the 'Enhanced Security Wall' that will seal the whole of that Nation's eastern border...

Gerry's face: an audible exhale, small shake of his head.

KARIN  
Depressing.

NPR (ON RADIO)  
...two more groups of workers were attacked near Bethlehem...

GERRY  
Traffic?

KARIN  
That too.

NPR (ON RADIO)  
Cuba has extended the 'temporary freeze' on all flights into that country for another day due to continuing Mad Cow fears...

Connie, now playing with a pudgy little stuffed cow:

CONNIE  
*What's Mad Cow?*

GERRY  
Instead of mooing as you drive by,  
Mad Cows yell at you: '*Slow down!*'

Connie laughs. Rachel a budding smart ass - without taking her eyes out of her book:

RACHEL  
It's a horrific brain disease-

GERRY

-enough.

Jaunty piano jazz on the radio now, then:

NPR (ON RADIO)

I'm Terry Gross. Today on *Fresh Aire* I'll talk to Adam Skilken,  
author of *God plays in my Jug Band-*

KARIN

-rag on me for falling asleep on  
road trips, but you leave it on-

GERRY

-turn it then. We're in Philly:  
there's gotta be Morning Zoo-types  
farting into a mic somewhere...

Big laughs from his girls. That same instant, a blue Airport Shuttle Van roars past on the shoulder at 70 MPH. Mach relative to the gridlock. In the flash of it's passing, we *think we spot movement in the back*. Something subliminally disturbing about the glimpse. Karin and Gerry lose their smiles for reasons they can't name. Van takes the nearest exit, Gerry following it with his eyes...

KARIN (O.C.)

Were those sirens always up there?

Gerry looks at his wife, then to where she points: in the distance, a line of emergency lights stretch across the Interstate - just in front of and beneath the Ben Franklin Bridge. Gerry grimaces at what he's sure is a big accident. Looks again at the exit the Van took...and exits himself now.

The very moment he commits, *Fresh Aire* is interrupted by the ugly beeps of the *Emergency Broadcasting System*...

FLASH TO BLACK.

Then the Title Card in white font:

## WORLD WAR Z

Still over black. Chest-felt reverbs of a helicopter. Then:

UNKNOWN VOICE

I HAVE NO IDEA, HON, AND RIGHT NOW  
I DON'T CARE - *I JUST KNOW THEY'RE*  
*THE ENEMY!* NOW GO GET THE GRANDKIDS-

-the sound of a jet passing by so close and fast it hurts-

UNKNOWN VOICE (CONT'D)  
*-JESUS CHRIST!*

INT. UH-60 BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER OVER PHILLY - HIGH NOON

Gray-haired BRIGADIER wearing a headset, the mouthpiece flipped up and one of the earpieces pulled back so he can talk on a personal cell. An A-10 has just streaked past the open door, close enough to touch.

In white font: **3 hours later**

Brigadier takes the phone away, flips down the Headset's mouthpiece to address his pilots:

BRIGADIER/UNKNOWN VOICE  
 TELL THESE AMERICAN AIRLINE WEEKEND  
 WARRIORS IF THEY GIVE US ANOTHER  
 CLOSE SHAVE-  
 (remembers his phone call)  
*-JENNY? I'M NOT SWEARING GOD DAMN  
 IT, BUT I WILL IF YOU DON'T MOVE!  
 SWEETIE, I'LL SEE YOU AT THE LAKE.  
 EVERYTHING IS GONNA BE OKAY. GO.*

Pockets the phone. Turns to a COLONEL sitting next to him:

BRIGADIER  
 WE ARE LOST IF WE DON'T START  
 HITTING WITH ARTILLERY!

He and we finally look down: *breathhtaking*. In orbit above the Ben Franklin Bridge. 10,000 dark FORMS on the Jersey side, trying to cross into Philly by bridge or river: hundreds of these FORMS splashing into the Delaware. Just in front of them, on both the bridge and in the water, masses of panicked Humanity fleeing those FORMS.

4 A-10s take turns strafing the FORMS, hitting the rear ranks of Humans every other pass. Abandoned cars in the midst of this on the bridge and leading up, burst into pieces/flames, obliterating everything and everyone nearby.

BRIGADIER (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 I WANT DIRECT LINES TO THOSE PILOTS-

COLONEL  
*-THEY'RE AIR FORCE-*

BRIGADIER  
*-RELAY THE FOLLOWING: GENIUSES, THE  
 HUMANS DOWN THERE AREN'T THE  
 PLAYING FIELD, THEY'RE THE PRIZE!*

On the Pennsylvania side of the bridge below, a formation of Soldiers and Stryker Vehicles finally getting into position, filling out barely coherent lines held by Philly Police...

Brigadier happy about that. Then he looks out the other side of the Chopper now: Center City. Dark throngs branching out in all directions, glimpsed between gaps in the buildings. Loses his ephemeral good feeling. To the Colonel:

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)  
WHERE ARE THE APACHES AND ARMOR SO  
I CAN GET BETWEEN THE SKYSCRAPERS-

COLONEL  
-STILL GETTING SIGN-OFF ON ARMOR:  
THEIR TREADS DESTROY THE STREETS...

Brigadier stares back at the Colonel. Gape mouthed. Like he's only now appreciating the extent and depth of the Confederacy of Dunces arrayed against him. Yelling but hopeless:

BRIGADIER  
THEN BLASTING JERSEY WITH ARTILLERY  
IS GONNA TAKE A SENATE HEARING-

-on cue and just behind his head: *artillery rounds suddenly hammering the dark throng on the Jersey side of the bridge.* Finally. Concussive blasts audible over the din of the rotors-

COLONEL  
-NO, THEY'RE COOL WITH THAT...

EXT. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BRIDGE - DAY

Soldiers and Cops who make up the frontlines, most half-dressed in a mufti of running shoes, jeans, as well as bits of official kit (speaks to how quickly this War came) CHEER as artillery detonates in great plumes. Within those plumes we see dozens of FORMS billow into the sky, come apart...

In white font: **The Battle of Philadelphia**

Artillery blasts coming like the tides now as refugees continue surging through the line. The visible, misty, speed-of-sound concussions caused by the massive detonations roll over us continually, knocking people off their feet. But the Soldiers keep encouraging/helping, confidence rising with each masochistic blast from unseen Howitzers.

*Then pieces of those FORMS obliterated by this cannonade begin falling back to Earth.* Land like wet bombs, along with all the sundry lacerating shrapnel. Perch on the shoulder of a 19 YEAR OLD SOLDIER now.

Watch pieces/bodies rain down on the desperate Human mass in front of us: 5-10 people at a time hit, injured, crushed.

*Then a legless, armless body hits right next to us. Dark, syrup-thick blood spatters all. This shredded body lies inert...eyes liquefied from the blast that tore it apart. Head broken open. Ghastly. Smoking. And then it begins snapping it's jaws at the empty air, at our existence.*

It's teeth chip-splinter-break from the force with which it bites empty air: this distinctive, disturbing sound like wolf traps opening and closing rapid-fire, but mixed with the tinkling of glass or enamel breaking. The biting is rhythmic, mechanical - like this thing is a vastly lesser form of life now, cursed by DNA to some Sisyphean task in the food chain.

10 nearby Soldiers simply stare at the immobile but vicious thing, as artillery continues blasting, A-10s continue strafing. It's dead in every meaningful way, but just continues snapping...all of it's remaining teeth broken and chipped. 19 year old figuring things before anyone else...smashes the FORM'S face with the heel of his boot:

19 YEAR OLD  
STOP SHELLING! STOP THE SHELLING!  
THE PIECES - **THEY'RE NOT DYING-**

-on cue: collective screams from multiple points within the onrush of Humanity now. Punctuating roars you would hear at a stadium if the home team made a monumental error - *attacks suddenly sprouting in the midst of these would-be refugees* - danger no longer confined to the rear. Soldiers scream for people to hurry, shoving them behind the "lines."

19 year-old lifts his rifle - frustration ripples his face. Begins tapping the futuristic but broken eye-piece on his helmet - *so he doesn't see another legless FORM nearly land on a woman 15 yards in front of him who is carrying her kid.*

FORM latches onto the heel of her boot, trying to trip her with one operable arm. She can't reach down to extricate herself for fear of letting go of her child. Shakes her foot like mad - *then blood leaks from the boot as the FORM gets through to skin.* Drops to her knees, wide-eyed vacant now as the FORM bites it's way up the back of her leg, *pulling itself up with it's jaws and good arm.*

19 year-old just rips the eye piece off now. Brings the iron sights of his rifle up to his naked eye - in time to see this woman, no longer crying, still on her knees, *repeatedly biting into the neck of her own child now, her suddenly cataract-cloudy eyes fixed on the 19 year-old.* 19 year-old reflexively fires the first rifle shots of the War at her before he realizes it: an ear-piercing burst from his M4...

And everything suddenly, weirdly, goes silent for a moment - a lull between artillery blasts and strafing jets - like the Earth is catching her breath for what comes next. *Then everyone on that bridge with a weapon pulls the trigger.* Thousands of refugees still down-range, some just steps from providence when the guns roar. A God-sized scythe swinging at twice the speed of sound across a horizon-wide field of wheat. People jumping off the sides of the bridge now to escape all - *and dozens of FORMS follow them right over...*

FORMS suddenly at the feet of the Soldiers, jaws snap combat boots. Bitten soldiers fall...*then several seconds later, when you least expect it, turn on Men and Women next to them.* No time to reload so Soldiers pull sidearms and shotguns and knives and breaching hammers on the backpedal. Old Testament hand-to-hand. Feral grunts and yips of Men and Women fighting not necessarily for life but to stave off violent death.

Fog of War means we still don't get a prolonged look at the FORMS. Certainly not time enough to ponder them, make any sort of peace with what they are. But we do note one extraordinarily disturbing thing about the FORMS during this fight: ***they make no noise.*** No textbook moaning. No sound whatsoever outside of the friction and flex of physical movements, and that mechanical sound made by the breaking of their teeth when they bite and miss.

The frontline breaks. Overwhelmingly. Soldiers flee. 19 year-old still fights. Smashing FORMS with a breaching hammer, his breath ragged. Then a massive 'POP' sound above our heads rips POV up: one of the A-10s has indeed collided with the Brigadier's Black Hawk, atomizing the plane's wing and the chopper's tail. A-10 pilot ejects - a second 'pop' sound-

-19 year-old blind-sided by one of his own who has turned, knocked to the ground, bitten a dozen times by the pile of FORMS writhing at his feet.

INT. THE LANES' VOLVO STATION WAGON - DAY

Gerry's eyes bloodshot, disbelieving. Connie bawls. Rachel stares out at the World, wide-eyed. Karin coos. Center City. 100s of fire alarms: farrago of bells, whoops, whistles. Unseen gunfire of all calibers echo off building facades. Rhythmic artillery bass underlying all. Pass an OBESE COP:

OBESE COP  
STAY IN YOUR CARS NO MATTER WHAT!  
MAKE SURE DOORS AND TAILGATES ARE  
LOCKED! GET HOME-GET HOME-

-a ricocheting round from nowhere smacks our windshield - massive speed, sound. Safety glass shatters in it's frame.



CONSTANCE  
I WANT MY BATH ROBE!

Karin unbuckles, turns in her seat now.

KARIN  
*It's packed Baby. I can't get to it-*

-Gerry reaches a hand back to pat Connie's foot. Ducking to find a clear spot in the glass now. A MOTORCYCLE COP suddenly roars past them, weaving his massive, festooned Harley through traffic. Passes us head-on and inches away, tearing the Volvo's sideview mirror off with his handlebar. *And he's screaming totally contradictory orders into his PA:*

MOTORCYCLE COP  
GET OUT OF YOUR CARS! TOO LATE TO  
RUN! GET BACK INTO YOUR BUILDINGS!

Gerry, head turned to the Motorcycle Cop, hits a curb that blows the right front tire, gouges the under-belly. Karin slams into the roof. Hard. Rubbing her head now, trying to gather herself. To Gerry:

KARIN  
*We're not getting out of this car.*

CONSTANCE (O.C.)  
MY ROBE!

Karin turns back again, points to one of the stuffed animals in Connie's lap - a mouse wearing a business suit:

KARIN  
Snuggle with Subway Sam-

CONSTANCE  
*-NO! I WANT MY-*

GERRY  
*-CONNIE! SUBWAY SAM GOD DAMN IT!*

Swerves hard to avoid a car. Radio blaring static. Connie hugs Subway Sam, and the toy talks in this goofy voice:

SUBWAY SAM  
Here comes the #12 Train! Let's  
count! 1, 2, 3-

-Gerry *punches* the static-ridden radio off. Rubs Karin's leg out of connubial habit, grabs his cell with the same hand...

INT. AN OFFICE IN A HIGH RISE - DAY

In white font: **UN Building, New York City**

Evacuation bedlam. Out the window: pillars of black smoke proliferate. Phone ringing as a tall African Man, THIERRY UMUTONI, packs furiously. Scoops up framed pictures - several of he and Gerry from years ago - stuffs them into a backpack-

-a bomb blast blows out his windows, knocks him down. 2 seconds pass. He stands back up, face and hands bleeding now, dusts himself off, grabs an unopened box of pens, dumps them into his bag, begins walking out. *Phone starts ringing again.* Looks at it as he walks past it. Stops. Grimaces at his decision to delay, answer. Blood dripping on the handset:

GERRY (ON PHONE)  
*How 'bout this Indian Summer?*

THIERRY  
*Gerald my friend, where are you?*

GERRY (ON PHONE)  
*Philly - driving back from Karin's folks-*

THIERRY  
*-turn around-*

GERRY (ON PHONE)  
*-can't: they're in Baltimore. What is this?*

Thierry flinches as more bombs detonate outside his window:

THIERRY  
*The End I think.*

INT. VOLVO - NEXT MOMENT

Gerry's face drains of color, hope.

GERRY  
*You don't believe in God.*

That response causes Karin to put her hand to her forehead.

THIERRY (ON PHONE)  
*Then I saw them Gerry. They bite...*

GERRY  
*I'm collecting on your debt,  
Thierry.  
(MORE)*

GERRY (CONT'D)

I remember the evac plans: you're pulling Diplomats from the whole region right now-

THIERRY (ON PHONE)

-Philadelphia isn't in that region-

GERRY

*-I got you from Kigali to Tanzania in a diesel runnin' on kerosene. I can get from Philly back to New York in a God damn Volvo-*

CONNIE (O.C.)

(still crying)

-DADDY! SWEARING!

THIERRY (ON PHONE)

*Drive very fast. Safe Zone being set-up on Randall's Island. My cell: 917-917-5557-*

-Gerry zips around a jack-knifed Semi desperate to straighten out: backing into/thru other cars, people. Drops the phone. Karin reaches, scoops it, puts it in her bag. Gerry to Karin, quietly, like he'll jinx it if he speaks too loud:

GERRY

*We got hope-*

-his eyes catch on the rearview mirror: *Rachel not in her seat*. Snaps around: she's balled up behind in the footwell.

GERRY (CONT'D)

*Rach! Jesus baby you gotta buckle-*

*-hammered blindside/broadside by another car. Airbags burst. Underwater half-silence of ringing ears. Gerry blinks back airbag dust. Nose bleeds parallel rivers. Almost knocked out. Penetrating sound of his family crying.*

Of course only now does he see a wide-open entrance ramp to an elevated freeway: a Military blockade in the process of abandoning their post. Enraged at his luck, the other driver. Just as he's about to spew invective, he sees the other Driver and Passenger are bloody, unconscious. To his family:

GERRY (CONT'D)

OUT-OUT-MOVE-

EXT. STREET - NEXT MOMENT

Pile out the Passenger's side. Dazed-bleeding-crying. Karin first, Gerry just behind, still unsteady from the impact, falls ugly as soon as he gets out of the car, splashing into rivers of anti-freeze and transmission fluid.

Cars roar past now, all exploiting the sudden opening, inches away from he and Karin as they pull their shell-shocked daughters from the crippled Volvo. Rachel stays in a fetal ball as Gerry lifts her. Karin hoists Connie-

KARIN  
-PLEASE GOD NO-

-Gerry turns to look at what prompted this fundamental prayer: 2 blocks back, in the intermittent shadows of mid-rises, hundreds of low FORMS swarm - *and now is the very first time we see the FORMS for more than a second. Zombies.* No better description. Some damaged: limbs hanging/gone, but every one of their faces *placid* seeming, entirely focused. Their ranks know no discrimination either: women, men, elderly, child, black, white, obese, starving, rich, poor.

In the relative open of the boulevard, we see that the Zombies move like flocks of birds rather than groups of people. Almost synchronized - nobody leading but everybody leading. Again, the feeling that Mother Nature is still at work. Flock flows over and into traffic-hemmed vehicles. People clambering out are jumped, bitten, turned.

Connie drops Subway Sam. Gerry just behind with Rachel, sees it, but steps over it. Connie bawls even louder, lunges for the toy, knocking her Mom off balance.

SUBWAY SAM (O.C.)  
Here comes the #10 train!

Gerry growls with frustration, turns, reaches down for the toy, his eyes though can't help but be pinned on Zombies pulling a father, roughly Gerry's age, out of a mini-van. Gerry snatches Subway Sam, squints with a half-formed thought, brings the toy to his ear, pressing Rachel's head into his shoulder with his other hand. Begins backpedaling now so he can continue to watch the attack...

SUBWAY SAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*Let's count! 1-*

-three different Zombies bite the Father on the top and sides of his head repeatedly just as Subway Sam says:

SUBWAY SAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*2, 3, 4-*

-the Father flails, stumbles, and falls into the quarter panel of a cab, then begins crawling to nowhere, leaking bright red blood from a dozen wounds. Gerry silently mouthing the count right along with Subway Sam-

SUBWAY SAM (O.C.) (CONT'D)

-5, 6, 7-

-*that instant the red blood turns black before our eyes.* The Father stands now, and along with a dozen other Zombies begins punching the cab's windows. Gerry stops just mouthing now, and actually says out loud:

GERRY

8.

Takes the doll away from his ear. Turns. Sprints. Catches up with Karin. Grabs Constance so he has both girls. More blessed vehicles fly up the entrance ramp. Karin waving at them. She would have a better chance stopping the Earth's rotation than one of these cars.

Two cars smash through the mass of runners. Gerry watches several get back up: bloody, broken, resume their escape.

Sound of an engine rips our attention back to the immediate: an RV cuts off a Pick-Up to make it to the salvation of the ramp. Pick-Up smokes the tires to stop, but they fender-bend. Without hesitation the passenger of the Pick-Up, 2 feet from the RV, opens fire with a pistol: *pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop*. RV Driver and Passenger riddled. Pick-Up then simply grinds through the RV's fender, continues up the ramp.

Gerry blinks back a mix of shock, revulsion. Then drops his eyes to the RV's exhaust pipe: issuing gray wisps...

EXT. RV - NEXT MOMENT

Karin tries to keep the kids away from the door as Gerry pulls bodies out. People stream past, quieter now as the Zombies close: all energy focused on flight. As Gerry lays the driver down, his eyes catch Rachel's: staring at the wounds. No time to reassure: others notice the RV's empty driver's seat. Gerry shoves his family in, *locks the doors*.

INT. RV - NEXT MOMENT

Windshield pocked, blood stained. Driver's side window blown. Quick glance at the sideview: Zombies 20 yards and closing. Humans smacking the sides of the vehicle...but Gerry can't open the door. *Or won't open the door.*

The wildly desperate try to shove kids and/or pets and/or themselves into the hole where the driver's side window was. *Then all vanish...*

One heartbeat later, just as the RV begins moving, a Zombie face pops into the vacancy of the driver's side window, snapping like a rabid dog, teeth splintering with each miss. A flinch that pulls muscles in his neck saves Gerry's life. A bite hits the head-rest: explosion of stuffing. Gerry leans over as far as he can, heedless of direction. Karin rears back and shoves the wheel with her foot so the RV swerves, swipes queued traffic, crushing the Zombie just as more begin hitting the back of the RV.

Gerry throws it into reverse to get off the line of cars they just hit, begins backing over untold numbers of Zombies.

KARIN  
*BABY! FORWARD-*

-half dozen appear at Karin's window, staring in that awful-placid way, using the butts of their fists to star the safety glass inches from her face. Blackish, syrup-thick blood stains the window from where their hands rupture. Karin can't help but stare back, moving her eyes between the various cataract-cloudy-nearly swollen shut sets staring in.

KARIN (CONT'D)  
*Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord-*

-Gerry puts the RV back in drive just as they're surrounded. Roars forward, pushing a Prius ahead of him all the way onto the exit, and up onto the mostly empty expressway. Keeps his eyes straight ahead so nothing will contradict his temporary elation of having maybe escaped. Karin finishes her prayer. Goes quiet. Constance still crying. Gerry scared, amped, sweating, mouth dry as dirt, i.e. not at his best...

GERRY  
*I can't take that right now-*

-Karin goes back, cooing Connie. Then over her shoulder:

KARIN  
*Which way we going?*

Gerry scans for landmarks: the Delaware River on his right. Notices people floating in it - *Zombies* - placid faces staring back at him. A Boeing 767 just ahead, low like it's on final approach, grabs his eye...*something not adding.*

GERRY  
*I think...*

Notices the 767's landing gear aren't down. It banks now so it's moving toward us but off to our left...and never stops banking until it's upside down, streaking right over top the RV at 500 feet, engines deafening, some sort of liquid splashing down onto the RV/windshield as it passes over...

PUSH IN on the 767's cockpit windows. An upside-down frozen moment: *same Pilot and Co-Pilot we opened with*, faces focused on sacrifice. 767 knifes into the Delaware. A column of mud and water shoots 300 feet in the air. Within that same second, a massive explosion seems to ride up that column...

Shock-wave pushes the RV across two lanes, crushing a smaller sedan into the concrete barrier separating northbound from south. Gerry gets control again, continues on without looking back at the car he just crushed/disabled. Blood vessels popped in his eyes now from that shock-wave.

4 silent seconds pass as black smoke pours from 50+ points across the horizon. Then without fanfare, *the starred safety glass of the passenger side window just falls apart with an impotent 'pop.'* Half of it crumbling into the empty seat, the other half raining down on asphalt. Gerry looks over at it...maybe divining deeper meanings from the timing...

INT. RV - DUSK

Still driving. A blanket thrown over his upper body to ward off the frigid night pouring in through shattered windows. Fidgets with the still-operable GPS system suction-cupped to the windshield. Avoiding interstates, toll ways.

Very few cars on this 2-lane road. All stay away from each other: a car moves all the way over to the shoulder as Gerry overtakes it. Gerry looks at the Driver: a father with his own family inside. Eye contact. *Then the man waves at Gerry*, tentative...and Gerry waves back. Decency still to be found.

KARIN (O.C.)  
There's a hunting rifle back there.

She wipes off the passenger seat, sits, shivering. Bloodshot.

KARIN (CONT'D)  
Connie's okay. *Rach isn't.*

Gerry looks in the rear-view mirror: Rachel still balled up, eyes wide. Gerry heartsick...wishing he could scoop her up.

KARIN (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
And we left everything in the Volvo-

GERRY  
(very quiet)  
*-her inhaler.*

KARIN  
(similarly so)  
Small miracle the World ending  
didn't give her an attack.

GERRY  
We need to stop and find a-

KARIN  
*-is the World ending?* Is that what  
Thierry said to you?

Gerry says nothing. His pained face is answer enough.

KARIN (CONT'D)  
He ever say anything like that when  
you were in Rwanda? Sarajevo?

GERRY  
(beat, great question)  
No.

Karin looks away. Military jets rumble in the distance.

EXT. NEW JERSEY WAL MART - DUSK

The kind of neighborhood you might have labelled a ghetto in easier days, as you sped by on the Acela train, 30 minutes from Penn Station. People smashing in and out of the doors and already broken windows. Most with armfuls of stuff that will do them no good: cat litter, frozen food, flat screen TVs, XBOXs, stereos, any and all things electronic.

INT. RV - NEXT MOMENT

Parked in the lot, looking out at this Chaos. Karin hands Gerry the rifle. He handles it/loads it like he's actually hunted deer in his life...

GERRY  
I'm not leaving you guys...you're  
not going in alone...and we're  
obviously not leaving the babies...



INT. WAL MART - DUSK

Lights out. Just the remaining day illuminates. Creepy. Karin pushes one cart with Constance sitting in the spot for kids/fruit. Gerry pushes another with Rachel inside, in her fetal ball. Gerry has the hunting rifle from the RV slung over his shoulder. Stays down close to Rachel, whispering...

KARIN

Get her medicine. I'll get us something to eat - been 13 hours. Meet right back here in 3 minutes.

GERRY

(handing her the rifle)  
Have this.

KARIN

God no.

CUT TO:

Karin running. Cart already filled with water, tuna, a loaf of bread. *Store darker by the second.* Snatches 2 backpacks off a sale rack. Then a nearby aisle heading catches her eye: flashlights, batteries, etc. Turns down: most of it gone. Grimaces, scans, further down this same aisle: automotive supplies - she hustles - grabs the last pack of road flares.

2 men run past, 1 in Dwight Shroot-style SHORT SLEEVES, the other in an APRON from the store - employee. They're pushing a packed cart too, crap overflowing. Karin smiles small as they pass. They don't return it...focus on the backpacks she just grabbed...and everything else in her cart they might want. Apron looks directly at her now...

CUT TO:

Pharmacy. 7 people ransacking. Pharmacist face down, pool of blood. Gerry unslings the hunting rifle now: ready in case. Pulls Rachel out of the cart. She clings to him like a monkey. Gerry stares at shelves of impenetrably named drugs.

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)

What you need?

Turn: a 22 year-old kid, METH, behind us, holding a hatchet. Loaded moment during which this encounter goes 1 of 2 ways. Gerry maintains eye contact, speaks deep and definitive but without bluster, aiming his words at the Pharmacist:

GERRY

You do that?

METH  
You something to her?

GERRY  
I'd ask the same if it was you on  
the ground.

METH  
Her stupid ass was acting like the  
world *wasn't* ending.

Another pause...then Gerry nods down at Rachel:

GERRY  
Albuterol.

Meth hesitates, turns, moves expertly through the shelves.

METH  
They outgrow the asthma...

Scans, hones in, grabs a handful of inhalers, steps and dumps  
them into Gerry's cart for him.

METH (CONT'D)  
This shit too. Magic for my boy.

Sweeps an armful of Children's Motrin into the cart. Before  
Gerry can verbalize thanks, he hears a cry. Parental 6th  
sense picks it up through looting din. Spins: *Connie in  
Karin's cart, rolling past the end of an aisle, screaming  
back at something*. No Karin. Cart smacks a display case.  
Gerry lays Rachel back in his cart, sprints...

GERRY  
BABY?! KARIN?!

...grabs the cart with Connie. Running with one cart in  
front, the other behind, peering down aisles. Panicked.  
Almost no light left inside the store.

INT. AUTOMOTIVE SUPPLIES - NEXT MOMENT

*Karin on the ground, attacked by the two men. Short Sleeves  
keeps his hand over her mouth. People step around them. An  
OLD MAN trips over them, see's what they're doing, sneers:*

OLD MAN  
SONS-A-BITCHES!

But doesn't stop. Hustles past Gerry who just rounded the  
corner. His face a death mask now, rifle to shoulder.

Both attackers see Gerry at once - Apron shoves Short Sleeves toward Gerry just as Gerry fires - Gerry flinches with the noise, the recoil, *the sheer surreal surprise of where he is and what he's doing*. Short Sleeve's shoulder vanishes. Drops instantly. Howling. People everywhere scream/drop/run.

Apron fires a .38 at Gerry as he scrambles backward on his knees...8 feet away. Two shots rip holes in the air inches from Gerry's ear, before Gerry remembers to work the bolt, chamber another round, fire again.

Gerry's 2nd shot detonates a freezer at the end of the aisle. People drop to bellies now. Apron fires 2 more shots. So close to Gerry and his girls we cringe. Gerry gets the hang of the bolt action, fires a third time, misses again: *two terrified rookies*. But the big, errant rifle round detonates bottles of anti-freeze just to the side of Apron's head, spraying his face/eyes with caustic chemical.

Gerry works the bolt a fourth time, blinks, then fires again despite the fact Apron is pawing at his eyes and screaming:

APRON  
*STOP-I QUIT-I'M SORRY-*

-bullet hits Apron low in his chest, exits, hits the same freezer. The force drags Apron back 2 feet. Gerry stares another second...eyes wide, furious, *exultant*.

KARIN (O.C.)  
*Help.*

His wife standing beside him suddenly, soundless tears streaming down her cheeks, the rim of one eye already purple-black from where these Motherfuckers punched her.

Can't button her fly because her hands tremble too much. Gerry kneels, doing his wife's fly. Girls in shock. Karin grabs him before he can finish: *a Police Officer running their way*. Gerry raises the gun over his head like he saw in a movie once. Cop just continues past, jars of baby food falling out of his pockets, shattering as he goes. Gerry kneels back down to do the last button. Karin spits blood.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Electricity out. No light save the moon. Gerry and Karin just stand motionless with their kids still inside the carts. Staring right back at us. POV switches to theirs now: *RV gone. Stolen*. Gerry begins sagging under the weight of what feels like fate sentencing his family to drawn-out deaths.

Karin though begins rifling the groceries and supplies, grabs the critical stuff: road flares, medication, first aid, Power Bars, Gatorade, etc. Quickly divides the load into the two backpacks she swiped. Shoulders a pack, scoops up Connie...

KARIN

Put the pack on, pick up Rachel.

GERRY

Walk where? Hide where?

KARIN

We're in Newark-

GERRY

-which is only a little more  
terrifying now than it was last  
week-

KARIN

-*please Baby...*

Gerry looks up at his Wife, his family...snaps out of it. Karin smiles at him, then scans for cars. Gerry looks up and around now: what look like public housing projects loom on the other side of Wal-Mart. Eyes fix on the tallest of the buildings. He looks back at Karin: *she is seeing the buildings too, getting the same idea*. She just pulls his phone from her bag, hands it to him. He dials: 917-917-5551.

THIERRY (ON PHONE)

Gerry?

GERRY

Battery's dying. Can't get into the  
City. We're in Newark. Those  
Projects near-

(scans for a street sign)

-23rd. Highest buildings for  
blocks. We have flares and we can  
get to the roof. *Can you?*

THIERRY (ON PHONE)

Not tonight.

GERRY

*Sunrise then?*

THIERRY (ON PHONE)

I'll move mount-

-line goes silent. Looks down at his phone: battery gone.

## EXT. NEWARK - EVENING

Walking to the projects. Double-time through an area of old mid-rise buildings and once handsome factories. Screams distant and not-so. Connie singing to herself, wide-eyed walking beside Gerry, who's carrying Rachel.

Sudden sound of heavy things hitting the ground nearby, *and hitting hard*: what a 100-pound bag of something might sound like if you threw it off a building. Quiet again. Then 3 more impacts. Karin spritzed with something this time.

We turn: Zombies on top of the surrounding buildings *launching themselves off the tops to get at Gerry and his brood*. So driven and heedless it shatters them. Track two as they fall 20 stories. Hear them snapping at the air, louder as they get closer to the ground. *WHAM*. Hit. Bounce. One comes apart. The other settles - then slowly begins using nothing but the balls of it's feet to propel itself...*Gerry and Karin stare down at the Thing in a state of horrified hopelessness...*then Gerry grabs his wife and they run now.

## EXT. COURTYARD BETWEEN FOUR BUILDINGS - NIGHT

More running footfalls suddenly. Gerry locates the noise: a 50 year-old Zombie sprinting at them. Gerry fires. Connie screams. Bullet tears through the Zombie's right side, knocks him flat. But quickly up and running at us again.

Gerry's second shot hits him square in the face. Exit wound takes off the back of his head. He drops, rolls, begins crawling in a different direction: blind now because he's off course and snapping at the air. Footfalls suddenly multiply, and not just their own as they begin sprinting to the lobby.

## INT. PROJECT LOBBY - NEXT MOMENT

Karin lights a flare. Gerry uses the rifle butt to bash the stairwell door. Karin peeks back: a dozen Zombies in full low-slung run in the courtyard. Presses her kids to her.

KARIN

*Harder Gerry...*

Frantic moments. Gerry splintering the stock...gets through.

## INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - NEXT MOMENT

Scrambling up dank stairs. Just 3 flights up when the lobby door smashes open: Zombies in pursuit. Karin carries Connie. Gerry carries Rachel. Sweat pouring. Floor 13.

Stairs intentionally blocked: piled high with desks, chairs, refrigerators, etc. The graffiti-covered door to floor 13 doesn't even have a knob: ripped out long ago. Gerry flings the door open, ushers his family in-

GERRY

*-wait. Do not move-*

-then turns and begins pulling at the junk, trying to wrench it loose so it cascades down to the landing between floors 13 and 12 - protecting them instead of trapping them.

Zombie footfalls coming up the last two flights now. Gerry ripping at the junk pile, yelling at it, sweat drenched now. Without warning it gives way, nearly taking Gerry with it, seconds before Zombies bite. A refrigerator pins a pursuing Zombie to the stairwell wall. A 9 year-old Zombie immediately begins trying to weasel his way through the newly formed pile. Gerry pulls his family back into the stairwell, and they continue heading up: hoping that barricade means there are no Zombies on the floors above. Flare running low now.

GERRY (CONT'D)

GET ON 15: YOU NEED ANOTHER FLARE,  
I NEED TO RELOAD, AND THAT LITTLE  
ASSHOLE'S GONNA GET THROUGH...

INT. 15TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Pitch black save the dwindling cone of the flare's hell-red. Fully expect something to charge us in the dim. Karin, lips chattering, is just behind Gerry, who's still holding Rachel.

GERRY

How many flares we have-

KARIN (O.C.)

*-CONNIE?*

GERRY

*YOU DON'T HAVE HER?*

Karin swings around. Somewhere behind we hear rapid-fire LOUD Spanish. Just as panicked seeming as Karin and Gerry:

KARIN

*OH JESUS CHRIST-*

GERRY

*-CONNIE?!*

After a few steps back, the last of the flare illuminates Connie. Standing by a slightly open door. Karin sprints back now, Gerry following. Grabs Connie just as a Hispanic woman roughly Karin's age grabs an 11 year-old boy on the other side of the cracked door. Each startle, stare...

## INT. PROJECT APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Gerry and his family inside. Family who lives here is speaking quiet Spanish, save the 11 year-old boy TOMAS who translates. The Mother is cooking 2 lbs. of bacon on the gas stove, making a feast with perishables. A handgun prominent on the table, within easy reach of the Father.

GERRY

Thank you. I'm Gerry, this is-

TOMAS

-nobody speaks American. I'm Tomas.  
Mom's cooking everything because  
our electricity is out.

The Mother points to empty seats: *eat*. Without polite protest or feign, Karin sets down the supplies they scavenged at Wal-Mart, pulls the packs down around the bounties inside: *take what you need*. Then Karin begins helping to set the table.

Gerry sits the girls down on chairs. Rachel not looking at anyone. Connie rubbing her big sister's back, trying to make eye contact with her. Gerry just sits down on the floor. Watches Karin take a moment to root around in the backpack: pull out a portable pack of antibacterial wipes, clean her daughters' hands. And then he watches Rachel drink Gatorade.

*For the first time today he breathes*. Puts his hands flat on the floor as though reminding himself he's seated, and his girls are alive. Tears leak as he watches his family eat with another...wordless but not tense...something about still being human bonds them now like it wouldn't have before.

The Father of the family pops the cap on a cold beer from a cooler, hands it to Karin, nods-points at Gerry. She steps to Gerry with it. He handles it gently but absently. Karin, sits next to him...says nothing...just stays close to her husband.

GERRY

How many people did I murder today?

KARIN

None were human. Not even in that  
store. You saved our babies.

He finally takes a long pull from the bottle...looks up at the Father of the family who's looking back at him...and Gerry nods the most heartfelt 'thank you' of his life...

INT. LIVING ROOM - TIME UNKNOWN

Waking up in that same seated position. Disoriented. Karin and Connie asleep on the couch. Checks his watch: 3:49 AM. *Then an absence hits him:* Rachel. Gerry panicked. Up. Looks in the little bathroom. Nothing. Opens the coat closet...

INT. CLOSET - NEXT MOMENT

Rachel inside, her head on a pillow in Tomas's lap, who is himself asleep, propped against a wall. Stirs, sees Gerry...

TOMAS  
She was crying.

Gerry stares at the Boy a long moment...

GERRY  
Sorry you woke up first.

TOMAS  
(yawns, nods at Rachel)  
What does she sound like?

Gerry takes a moment to process that innocent, wonderful, little kid's non sequitur...

GERRY  
This great little husky voice.  
(beat)  
*Thank you Tommie.*

TOMAS  
Nobody calls me that.

GERRY  
I'm sorry. Tomas-

TOMMIE  
-you can call me it.  
(beat)  
Are you leaving?

EXT. LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE

Gerry and Karin bleary-eyed. Packing. Rachel and Connie both asleep on the couch now, long hair splayed. Connie snores. Gerry looking at Tommie and his family...

GERRY  
*Please come with us.*



Tommie translates. His Father speaks in rapid, hushed Spanish because of the sleeping girls. Tomas translates for Gerry:

TOMMIE

When you first saw them, where did  
you wish you could be at?

GERRY

*Home.*

Tommie translates that single word back. His Father got it without the help, just nods: *and here we are.*

GERRY (CONT'D)

But we're not going there now.  
We're going to a *Safe Zone* set up  
by people I trust...

Tommie speaks. Dad responds. Tommie translates:

TOMMIE

If you're going because you think  
we want you to, that's wrong. You  
can stay as long as you want.

Karin tears up at that offer. Gerry gives his thanks by telling hard truths:

GERRY

You'll run out of water, food,  
*time*. I've worked in places where  
one group of people were killing  
another group. Those who moved  
lived, those who hid didn't.

Tommie swallows. Gerry regrets telling the truth to this little guy. Tommie stares another second, blinks scared, then translates. His Dad then says something quick, declarative.

TOMAS

Do you need anything?

Gerry looks at this family again, silently beckoning them. Just sees resolution. Then quietly:

GERRY

Duct tape, a butcher's knife, and a  
length of rope.

INT. 15TH FLOOR HALLWAY - EARLY AM

Pitch black in windowless halls. Only reason we can see anything now is due to the barely-open apartment door.

Gerry leads. Butcher's knife duct-tapped to the rifle barrel: half-assed bayonet. Around his waist is kite-string judging from the red plastic handle tucked into his waistband. Each member of his family tied to the same string, standing in a line. Karin at the back, girls in the middle.

Karin lights the second road flare now. Hallway glows red just as the Apartment door closes behind them, locks.

CONNIE (O.C.)

*I'm scared.*

GERRY

We're getting out sweet girl.

KARIN

*Now I'm not sure...how do we know they're even coming?*

GERRY

(eye contact with Karin)

*We're good, okay? One foot in front of the other now - let's go.*

Walking. Flare throwing out just enough light to see 15-20 feet ahead. Just our breathing, and other much more awful sounds deep within the building. 10 seconds of progress. Then another door somewhere slams. Stops our hearts. Flare light goes wild as Karin swings to pinpoint the noise...

GERRY (CONT'D)

*Baby. Steady.*

The light steadies...everything still clear...

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Gerry opens the door, pitch black, waits for his family. Malevolent echoes reverberate up and down the stairwell. Sheet metal makes it sound like high-pitched thunder. As soon as Karin steps in with the flare Gerry sees 3 Zombies impossibly close: a teenager, a grandmother, and an obese man. Had been groping in the dark. Now they lunge.

GERRY

CLOSE EYES-EARS-

-Gerry shoots the teenager in the head, nearly takes it off. Sound of the gun in the enclosed stairwell instantly deafens. Half headless body falls, feet kicking, trying to stand. Gerry screams, everything sounding like it's underwater:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
GO! I'LL FOLLOW-

-Obese man is on him. Gerry stabs, aiming for the neck, hits too close to one side, and the movement of the FORM causes the bayonet to slice all the way through/free.

Karin with both babies in her arms, chugging up the stairs, Gerry following behind, back-peddalling up, fighting for balance, the flare jostling like mad with Karin's running, providing intermittent horrible glimpses of the attack.

Gerry swings the bayonet to cut the kite string lest he hold up his family. Brings the knife back to bear - just in time to hit the obese Zombie again. This time though he falls unto his back, the Zombie speared in it's gut looming just over Gerry, shattered rifle butt planted on the stair beneath.

Gerry frantically using his legs to both kick the grandmother back, and keep fat Zombie at bay, snapping inches from his face. Gerry lands a solid kick into Grandma's midriff with his left leg, knocking her down two flights.

Early AM light filters in as Karin gets to the top, opens the door to the roof. More footfalls in the stairwell. Gerry reaches into his pocket, grabs keys, digs them into the Zombie's eyes. Thick blood leaks everywhere. Zombie keeps snapping, sinking deeper, half the rifle sticks out of his back, 1 inch from Gerry, bits of teeth covering Gerry's face.

Somewhere in the black, immediately behind obese Zombie's head, comes rapid-fire deafening muzzle flashes. Close-in bullets take apart obese Zombie's head, exit, spark off the stairs millimeters from Gerry's own head.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNRISE

Magnificent deep blue despite countless columns of smoke. Karin waving 2 lit flares like mad. Girls clinging. Plenty of Helicopters in the distance, but none anywhere near.

Surrounding rooftops crowded. 2 rooftops overrun by Zombies. Gunfire. 3 people jump instead of letting themselves be bitten. Again we see Zombies jump after them. Several rooftops actually doing okay. We focus on another in particular now: barriers of junk against the doors, men with axes and shovels and guns hacking and shooting anything that comes through, all while the others hammer nails into boards, sealing the door in some semi-permanent way.

Gerry emerges, covered in Zombie blood - *carrying Tommie who is holding the pistol we saw on his family's table. Bawling.*

Drops him with Karin, then begins stripping off black-blood soaked clothes as he steps to the edge of the building, and up onto the ledge. Shirtless. Stained. *Suicidal*.

KARIN

GERRY! WHAT! BABY NO-

GERRY

-BLOOD IN MY MOUTH-SWALLOWED...1001-

KARIN

-You're okay-you're okay-please-

GERRY

-1002-

-Gerry's on the edge of a 21 story abyss. Our stomachs reel-

KARIN (O.C.)

CONNIE (O.C.)

-I CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU- -DADDY-

GERRY (CONT'D)

-1003-

-Gerry focuses on a Man one roof over, standing alone. The building he's on is a bit lower and U-shaped, rising up 18 stories on three sides of a small courtyard.

GERRY (CONT'D)

-1004, 1005-

-opposite side of the U is swarmed with 30 Zombies who, instead of running around the U-shaped roof to get to this man, *are all trying to jump the relatively narrow but still impossible distance between*. Gerry's eyes squint intently at this, the Man firing a handgun at the Zombies...

GERRY (CONT'D)

-1006, 1007, 1008...1008...

KARIN (O.C.)

GERRY!

Looking down at his hands...repeats:

GERRY

1008...

Flexes fingers...waits another beat...swipes black blood off his face. Steps down now and runs back toward the door. Stops a foot away from it, levels his broken rifle, *waits*. Sounds gathering in the stairwell behind the closed door...then a frantic clawing like you'd hear from a dog you've trained to keep pawing at the knob until it turns...

The sudden sound of a nearby Helicopter draws Gerry's attention: two buildings over, *someone else is waving a flare* - and a Coast Guard Helicopter is lowering into position to pick them up. A large swarm of people on that rooftop rushing to potential salvation. Gerry's eyes narrow at the sight, the flare, then he roars back at Karin in this primal bark:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
LIGHT ANOTHER FLARE!

Karin does just as the Door in front of Gerry blasts open. *Within the same second, Gerry begins thrusting the homemade bayonet.* Every ounce of his strength repeated in each stab. Feral growls. Veins pop blue with exertion. Zombies piling up behind the one Gerry is pulverizing in the doorway - *and the second Zombie in line is Tommie's Dad, his face just over the first Zombie's shoulder...staring at Gerry...*

Karin, keeping all three kids close with one arm and waving the newly-lit flare madly with the other, sees the Coast Guard Helicopter lifting back up from the other rooftop, one of the Crew Members pushing a woman out. She falls 15 feet onto the rooftop, flat on her back. Karin turns back to her husband: sees him fighting like mad, but his right foot stumbles backward, trying to find purchase for renewed leverage. This all prompts a preemptive good-bye:

KARIN  
*I love you kids-*

-prop-wash from the unseen but very near Helicopter suddenly blows her hair: *it's here for them...*

Gerry on the brink of hyperventilation when the prop-wash hits him like Divinity. Steals a look back: *his kids climbing onto the Coast Guard Chopper hovering just off the rooftop.* Karin screaming for him, her noise absorbed by the engine. Gerry turns back to the fight - Tommie's Dad's whole right half out onto the roof, snapping. Gerry gives one last Herculean push, then just lets go of the rifle. The Zombie he has been brutalizing sprawls forward with sudden momentum, as does Tommie's Dad. Gerry stumbles too, down to a knee and elbow but he pops up faster than he ever thought possible...

*Sprinting.* The Coast Guard PARAJUMPER fires a sidearm at the Zombies on Gerry's heels. Bullets tear past Gerry's face. Chopper lifting off in earnest. Gerry jumps. Karin grabs him, gouging his shirtless skin with her nails to hold onto him. Zombies continue up on to the ledge without stopping: jump, reach, snap, miss, plummet 21 stories. Gerry gets up and into the passenger hold, immediately grabs shell-shocked Tommie, and hugs the little guy's face into his chest so he won't have to see his Father jump and fall...

INT. HELICOPTER - MORNING

Refugees on the other buildings wave/scream as the Helicopter turns away. Karin notices the 2 empty seats onboard...*thousands on rooftops, waving from windows...*

KARIN  
WE CAN GET TWO MORE!

Parajumper points to a picture taped above the open door as he slides it closed: *it is one of the pictures we watched Thierry grab from his office at the UN in New York: Gerry, Karin, and Thierry all together in better days.* He gave it to the Crew so they could identify exactly who to save.

PARAJUMPER  
NO MA'AM! WE'RE FOR YOU-

KARIN  
-SAVE TWO MORE GOD DAMN YOU! ISN'T  
THAT YOUR REASON FOR BEING?!

Gerry leans into his wife, and with nothing but love, turns her away from the window so she's looking right at him:

GERRY  
*Which two Baby? Who picks?*

Karin pauses, scans his face, leans back into him, sobs about more than just this. As Gerry rubs her head, *zero sum bullets fired by the forsaken hit the craft.* Parajumper buckles the kids in, puts a wool blanket over them. Helicopter turns East, out to Sea, leaving the city behind.

Passing over the Statue of Liberty: Park Rangers and NYPD aiming small arms up at the helicopter, not firing, just warning. A homemade sign reads:

*UNWELCOME*

EXT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER - DAY

In sight of the Aircraft Carrier USS Harry Truman. Out of sight of land. Around the Carrier is this ad hoc FLOTILLA: 1 tanker, 1 cruise ship, 5 yachts, 1 cargo vessel, 3 commercial fishing ships, and another 2 Navy vessels. All-but-tying themselves to the Carrier, desperate for any Authority...

EXT. USS HARRY TRUMAN - MOMENTS LATER

Helicopter lands. *Tattered UN Flag flying under US Flag.* Thierry waiting. Flight deck a panicked beehive.

SEALs hustle out of another Helicopter landing. Three carry paintings: Turner's *Snow Storm*, Pollock's *Lavender Mist #1*, Da Vinci's *Ginevra de'Benci*. Three carry clear, bulletproof boxes containing the US Constitution. The last two men carry boxes of sat-phones, lap tops, routers, etc.

Thierry embraces Karin. Gerry carrying Rachel. Tommie's teeth chattering with cold, fear, holds Connie's hand. The Parajumper has a hard time taking eyes off Karin. She sees him, nods thanks. He nods back...and they lift back off. Thierry and Gerry hug like brothers. No words. Then quietly:

GERRY

What happened to Randall's Island?

THIERRY

They swim.

GERRY

(motioning to the Carrier)

How'd you get here?

THIERRY

Luck...a friendly ship happened to be on her way home from the Gulf.

GERRY

*Is this terrorism?*

THIERRY

We don't know.

GERRY

Who's we?

INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN HALLWAY - TIME UNKNOWN

Narrow. Packed with People. An ant colony. Fluorescent lights make it all sallow. Thierry and Gerry navigate the madness. Gerry has at least towelled off. Wears a new shirt.

GERRY

Is the President dead?

THIERRY

No word. But SEAL teams back from the Smithsonian report gun battles, between humans, in the Rayburn Building and Capitol - *your Parties are killing each other.*

Gerry disgusted with the predictability. Shakes it off, then:

GERRY

Is this ship on either side of that fight?

THIERRY

No. Admiral Donnelly is reluctantly becoming her own nation.

GERRY

So she grabbed the Constitution.

Turn a corner: at the end of a line queued in front of an open door, a Marine with an M4 and a clipboard acting as Bouncer. Deafening din emanates from this guarded doorway: sounds like the floor of a stock exchange. Just in front of them in line: shell-shocked Diplomats still sporting UN lapel pins. They all nod to Thierry deferentially.

THIERRY (O.C.)

And offered the remnants of the UN General Assembly a safe place.

Gerry takes them in: a woman in bloody khakis and a pajama top meets his eyes, self-consciously finger-combs her hair. A prodigiously beaked CZECH who has lost his glasses holds a document millimeters from his face. A Middle Eastern man in a \$2000 suit bites his nails bloody. Gerry quietly to Thierry:

GERRY

*We're fucking doomed.*

Thierry laughs. Loud and unexpected. People turn, stare.

THIERRY

Comments like that got you demoted.

GERRY

Which time?

INT. SQUADRON BRIEFING ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

Space resembles a small theater: rows of high-backed leather chairs bolted to the floor, all facing a lectern, set in front of a wall-sized video screen. SRO. Pilots in flight suits stretched on the floor, sleeping. Everybody unkempt, bloodshot, faces shining with the greasy film of exhaustion.

A 50 year-old, wiry LT COMMANDER stands at the lectern, flanked by Aides peppering him with quiet information. People come and go constantly, passing through our POV. Room crackles with tension. Lt Commander looks down at his watch.



Gerry's eyes lock on the giant video screen: a large map of the World entitled THE NEW KNOWN. Some countries are shaded gray, with large question marks stamped on them, signifying places with which we've lost contact, or never had it in the first place: China, North Korea, Finland, Iran, Morocco, etc.

On either side of the screen are lists of numbers. On the far left we see the following numbers under the heading, **WORLD**:

Loss Rate, Approximate: 1,000,000/hour  
 Functional Extinction Estimate: 233 Days  
 Ammunition: 45 days  
 Food: 39 days  
 Potable Water: 8 days

On the far right, numbers under the heading **FLOTILLA**:

Population: 9,443  
 Ammunition: 87 days  
 Food: 65 days  
 Desalination Capacity: 270 days

And now a sort of Power Point presentation begins. Obviously running on a loop because no one else in the room pays attention as they must have seen it dozens of times already. Gerry though is utterly rapt as everything buzzes around him.

50+ red points begin dotting the map like acne - appearing on every continent save Antarctica. Then those red points begin growing - malignant - a timer ticking off days runs in fast forward just under the **NEW KNOWN** heading - *this is a sort of projection of what is to come*. NOTE: The red never bleeds into the shaded, question-marked countries. Stops at borders.

The malignant circles touch, meld, and within 10 seconds the New Known World is almost totally red. Just scattered chunks of healthy white: Cuba, Ireland, Iceland, Greenland, **Israel**, Antarctica...and Gerry can't so much as blink. His hand to his mouth. CLOSE UP: New York City completely red. And then he looks at the words: "Functional Extinction." Can't take his eyes off the pixilated letters...

A WARRANT OFFICER steps through frame, to the Lt Commander:

WARRANT OFFICER  
 Sir, picked up two cellphone videos  
 of Tehran. Overrun. CVIC says we  
 should deem it a total loss.

That quiets the room. Heads go down as the screen reflects the change: Iran from unknown gray to infected red.

WARRANT OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 And Carnival Cruise Vessel "Dream"  
 has been given permission to join  
 us. 27 knots South and closing.

Warrant Officer hands a young teenage kid in civvies, nose buried in a computer, a slip of paper. Kid takes the slip, begins inputting. In lock step, the FLOTILLA numbers on screen change. More people than Gerry stare up intently now:

Population: 12,001  
 Ammunition: 78 days  
 Food: 61 days  
 Desalination Capacity: 244 days

Lt Commander shakes his head as the Map resets. Presentation starts over. The 50+ red points dot the World anew. And now Gerry focuses intently on a few of these dots just as they begin growing again: *Heathrow - DeGaulle - Narita - Dulles - Leonardo Davinci* - People stop in-frame, in front of the Map:

GERRY  
 (absently but forcefully)  
*Move-move-move...*

And we see more airports turning red: *Hartsfield - Suvarnabhumi - Kingsford Smith - OR Tambo...*tighter on Gerry's face now, mental gears whirring. Adding to it all...to Thierry, like he's checking his work:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
*It moved on airliners...why its so bad so quick...why the first world cities and countries - the places people travel to - get hit first. Get hit hardest.*

MAP CLOSE UP: *Italy bleeding red, North Korea unknown gray...*

GERRY (CONT'D)  
*What does that leave? Countries you couldn't travel to...countries you never wanted to go to in the first place...and what in the Hell is **IT**? If not Hell itself?*

Thierry waves over ANDREW FASSBACH: a young man built like a Marathoner, black wayfarer eyeglasses, the arrogant but capable air of a surgeon at a brand name hospital. Gerry's eyes still wide, gears still turning, shakes hands.

THIERRY

Gerry, Andrew Fassbach, Virologist from Harvard who happened to be in New York delivering a report to us-

GERRY

-you think it's viral?

FASSBACH

Some unholy combo. Only explanation for the spread speed. Ala Spanish flu. Didn't exist in 1918. By 1920 it killed 3% of the population-

GERRY

-3% of the population died in the first few hours of this-

FASSBACH

-bingo. So pondered from a Scientific perspective, this is all sort of beyond fascinating. Pretty amazing opportunity for Science to again save the World from itself.

Gerry pauses...speaks the following quietly:

GERRY

I ponder it from the perspective of my 10 year-old who hasn't spoken since she saw me murder two men raping her Mom. It's neither fascinating nor an opportunity.

LT COMMANDER (O.C.)

Alright people, new items.

Thierry puts his hand on Gerry's shoulder: *I didn't know this*. Fassbach nods a sort of clinical surrender, like he took a seminar in bedside manner.

LT COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Vatican has relocated to Trinity College, Dublin. HAM Radio contact with Italian Resistance in the Dolomites. Cuba extended their "territorial waters" to the Florida coast North, Jamaican coast South. Haven't engaged our surveillance flights, but they're still sinking every refugee ship they come across. And this morning we had our first baby born aboard Flotilla-

-Lt. Commander suddenly tears up...room goes silent...

LT COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
 Ruby Rose Sauber. She was a bit on  
 the early side: 5 pounds, 1 ounce.

Pop. figure ticks up to 12,002. Lt Commander gathers himself.

LT COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
 Angel 1, updates?

THIERRY  
 (quietly to Gerry)  
 Angel 1 is a team scavenging the  
 East Coast for jet fuel.

OFFICER #1  
 Lost contact. Larsen, Koles and  
 half the SEAL detachment left 25  
 minutes ago to track them.

LT COMMANDER  
 (circles something)  
 Everybody say a prayer. Angel 2?

OFFICER #2  
 Found stores of distilled water and  
 crates of Mark-82 bombs in Norfolk-

-applause-

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)  
 -recommend we send a strike package  
 to clear as many Zs as possible-

GERRY  
 (to Thierry)  
 -Zs?

THIERRY  
 Sounds less ridiculous than *Zombie-*

OFFICER #2  
 -use Cutters and Trawlers to  
 approach from Seaward.

LT COMMANDER  
 (makes a check mark)  
 Make it so. Good work.

Officer #2 and three other Men get up, leave.

LT COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
 Angel 3?

OFFICER #3  
 NIH is overrun. CDC is burning. Air  
 Force did Atlanta like Dresden.

Heads go down. Room deflates. Thierry especially saddened.

LT COMMANDER  
 (draws a line through  
 something, then:)  
 Mr. Fassbach, you're headed to  
 South Korea now. Godspeed.

Fassbach begins packing up his military-issue rucksack. Gerry  
 looks at him, then at Thierry: *explain what is going on...*

THIERRY  
 We were hoping to maybe begin  
 diagnosing the Zs...find a cause.

GERRY  
 (excited)  
*So we can find a cure?*

THIERRY  
 More likely a vaccine.

GERRY  
*And there's still a possibility of  
 doing that in South Korea?*

THIERRY  
 Remote. An e-mail from Camp  
 Humphreys, south of Seoul, sent 4  
 days ago contained the word  
 'Zombie.' That's the earliest  
 mention we know of anywhere. We've  
 had no contact with that base...

Fassbach slings his pack. Eyes meet Gerry's. Looks away.  
 Gerry thinking...coming to some sort of personal conclusion:

GERRY  
 Who's going with him?

LT COMMANDER (O.C.)  
 That's it for new business.

Half the room gets up to go. An immediate scramble for seats.

THIERRY  
 As far as I know he's the only  
 Virologist onboard...

A beat. Gerry squints with something like pain...looks again at the video screen: EXTINCTION...

GERRY  
Will you protect my family?

THIERRY  
Of course - *why are you asking?*

Gerry steps to the Lt Commander. Thierry frowns, follows.

GERRY  
Excuse me Sir. Permission to  
accompany Mr. Fassbach, please.

Fassbach stops, steps closer. Lt Commander To Gerry:

LT COMMANDER  
You a Doc?

GERRY  
No.

LT COMMANDER  
Suicidal?

GERRY  
Depends on the day. I have lived in  
places that were broken into a  
million pieces - like our World  
now. I know how they work, the type  
of Men who rule. *Thus I know Mr.  
Fassbach is the kind of guy who  
gets his head removed from his  
shoulders in those places with  
surprising alacrity.*  
(motioning back to him)  
Have you heard him talk yet?

Lt Commander chuckles. Fassbach's face turns slight red.

LT COMMANDER  
Why I was gonna assign Marines-

GERRY  
-to a hammer everything looks like  
a nail. Plus, sending Jarheads to  
an Army base in a broken world is  
the stuff Civil Wars are made of.

Thierry looks at Gerry, then quietly addresses the Commander:

THIERRY

Gerry was in the Ebola outbreak in the Congo in 1993, the genocide in Rwanda in '94...where he saved my life...and in Bosnia all of 1995.

Lt Commander ponders Gerry a bit more deeply now...

LT COMMANDER

Since '95?

THIERRY

A highly valued Adjunct-

GERRY

-a writer of unread reports.

Lt. Commander smiles again...then turns serious:

LT COMMANDER

You got a family?

GERRY

And they're part of the Humanity that goes extinct in 233 days.

LT COMMANDER

And if you don't do this, their fate is in someone else's hands.

GERRY

*Yes Sir.*

Another moment...then hollering to a seated Pilot in back:

LT COMMANDER

Your Greyhound got an open seat?

EXT. FLIGHT DECK - EVENING

Ear-piercing noise. Gerry dressed in a flight suit. Quickly rubs his tired, vaguely stunned eyes. Stands with his teary brood. Looking at a C-2: a thick, propeller-driven plane antithetical to a Fighter. Gerry managing his breathing.

The C-2 PILOT hands a wide-eyed Fassbach an M4 assault rifle, explains what's next while pointing out parts of the gun.

C-2 PILOT

*This is an M4 - our first stop will be Charleston AFB to grab the C-17 that'll take us to Korea - this is the safety - you fend off Zs while we hotwire the plane - press this button when you run out of ammo...*

Back to Gerry who is kneeling to stare up at Rachel's downcast face. *Whispers something we'll never know in her ear.* Pulls Connie over now. Kisses her. Fighting back tears.

GERRY

*I'll be home soon baby doll.*

CONNIE

I'm not a baby.

GERRY

Tall, beautiful, tiny adult.

Tommie now. Stoic. Gerry doesn't know where to start. Searches his worried face. Tommie beats him to the punch:

TOMMIE

I can take care of everybody.

Gerry hugs him tighter than maybe Tommie has ever been hugged. He's embarrassed. But eventually puts his arms around Gerry just as tight, would queue up for another 10 of these.

GERRY

*Love you.*

TOMMIE

Okay.

Gerry stands, looks at his wife. Karin's eyes red. Staring. Holding one of the brand new Sat Phones we saw being unloaded earlier. Silence. Then:

KARIN

How long will this work?

GERRY

I don't know if it works right now.

A reluctant chuckle - but she flattens again within a second.

KARIN

Neither of us chose this World...so I see why you're doing this. But I can't be a stereotype about it.



GERRY

You never were-

KARIN

-let me finish. I can't run after your plane as it takes off...can't promise to pine while you're gone because there's a chance you never come back. I am on now...I have to harden now...because I have to do anything to keep our kids safe.

Karin kisses him on his cheek. Hard and long. Barely holding it together. Turns, gathers her kids, walks back inside...

Heartbreak, and maybe regret, play out on Gerry's face. Door closes behind his family. He looks up now, like he's steeling himself to go one way or the other - sees cloud-high columns of black smoke on the distant horizon, in the direction of the American Coast. The columns have melded together in a long line, blown horizontal by the jet stream.

Stares for another second...*then steps toward the plane.*

INT. A C-17 "GLOBE MASTER" - NIGHT

Turbulent. Fassbach yawning like he just awoke. Gerry green at the gills - not a good flyer.

FASSBACH

I don't mind flying. Weird because I got a profound awareness of the fact that chance isn't random at all...it's patient. That the statement "shit happens" is infinitely more accurate than-

GERRY

-it's called Ativan.

FASSBACH

You should have had some.

GERRY

Then both of us could have slept through the plane change at Charleston. That would've been awesome - attacked by Zs while in a drug-induced sleep.

FASSBACH

Sorry. But we made it. And I do think it's best that I'm well rested when we hit the Hot Zone-

GERRY

(tightening his belt)  
-don't say 'Hot Zone.' In fact, say as little as possible without being impolite. If anybody asks you if you want something to drink, the answer is always *black coffee*. As far as all the shit you know, let people put 2 and 2 together on their own - let them figure out a Virologist can maybe save the World. And do not, even once, ever mention the word *Harvard*.

Co-pilot steps back to them. Looks haggard.

CO-PILOT

On fumes now. We're over the base but zero visual, zero comms. So I guess we're gonna try and just force it...

(pulls a flask with a shaking hand)  
Guys want shots of this?

This is Gerry's (second) worst nightmare. Stays quiet.

FASSBACH

Take Black coffee if you have it...

Gerry looks over at him. Fassbach smiles small, humble.

And that second, through the little portal window near Gerry, bright white runway lights pop on suddenly - we're nearer the ground than we would have ever thought. Co-pilot wide eyed, then running back to the cockpit.

CO-PILOT

*Oh thank you Jesus.*

In white font now: **Camp Humphreys, South Korea**

EXT. CAMP HUMPHREYS - NIGHT

No other lights save the illuminated runway. And as soon as the giant C-17 touches down, *the runway lights shut off.*

Track the giant, decelerating plane now by it's running lights and the enormous sound made by the reverse thrusters. It streaks toward a Horizon lit by incessant orange flashes illuminating faraway clouds: *that big battle, miles away.*

EXT. CAMP HUMPHREYS - NIGHT

C-17 at a stop, engines fully wound down. The metallurgy of the plane popping/settling normally after such a long flight.

The rear cargo door is finishing opening. Filtered red light from the interior of the C-17 is the only other light besides that distant War orange. In fact the only discernible noise in the World right now is the faint thunder of that same battle. Not even crickets chirp. We linger here for several seconds, until it registers that this is the first time all movie we have really experienced anything like silence...

Pilots join Gerry and Fassbach in the back. All armed with M4s and sidearms. Each look at the other, breath the cool night, stretch, no one says a thing to spoil the silence affecting them all. After several seconds, Gerry is the first one to step off the ramp. The others follow...

Each drink in the fresh air, the fact they're not running. *Then somewhere in the middle distance, they all see the same tiny-bright flash.* Startling. Less than a second after that flash, comes a sort of quick, muzzled hiss sound. *Eyes wide now as it dawns that someone may be shooting at them - then the thump sound of a bullet impacting flesh and bone.* Fassbach spritzed with blood. Shock. The other 3 look at him: *where are you hit?* He looks back with abject terror: *I'm hit?*

And then a barefoot Z with a freshly detonated neck slides into the cone of red light - it was obviously running right at them, silently, and someone somewhere out in the black night shot it down. Crippled but still snapping at them.

Relative silence again save the snapping sound. Gerry, Fassbach, and the Pilots frozen...no one blinks...

UNKNOWN VOICE

(a loud whisper)

*Don't move or shoot!*

All jump in fright at the voice, how nearby it sounds. More silence. Then in that same middle distance, *a dozen more of those tiny-bright muzzled hisses, fired from multiple points.*

*The sound of Zs falling all around them now - but none in that cone of red light, so no visual on where or how many threats there are in all that pitch black: just the idea that Zs are close and closing.* Fassbach jittery...ready to bolt...

A veritable fusillade of those tiny-bright hisses now. Errant bullets impacting the fuselage of the plane. And now Zs begin falling in the red light: all hit in legs or necks - and all still crawling even after they're shattered/paralyzed, mouths snapping like mad, both Korean and American, and again all ages. Fassbach, forgetting his tutorial on the carrier, is futilely trying to chamber a round in his M4...

Two of the crawlers get too close, snapping inches from toes when more nearly-silent bullets detonate their heads. One of those bullets though ricochets out the other side of one of the crawling Zs, hits Co-Pilot square in his heart. Co-Pilot drops instant-lifeless. No ceremony. Like somebody flipped a switch. That Z keeps on snapping, despite surreal wounds. Gerry kicks it with steel-toed, navy-issued boots.

And it's all too much for Fassbach - *he bolts*. Three steps into his flight, just as he gets to the edge of the red cone and we expect a Z to hit him, he trips - we see only his feet now - and the blinding/deafening flash of his rifle discharging accidentally. Gerry and the Pilot just stare...and Fassbach's still visible feet never move again.

Then the sound of heavy footfalls coming right at them now out of the black. Cringe. Closer. Sound on top of them. Then 4 scrubby-looking Soldiers appear out of the black right in front of our faces - our hearts stop and restart within that same second. The Soldiers take a quick look in the plane, faces drop when they see it's empty...in whispered hisses...

SOLDIER #1	SOLDIER #2
<i>Empty?</i>	<i>Shitting me?</i>

The other two soldiers grab Gerry and the Pilot by the collars, begin sprinting back the way they came. The tiny-bright hisses never letting up. Pitch Black. Vague, horrifying shapes in the periphery. Sprinting. Hurdling snapping Zs falling in front of us...

GERRY  
(regular speaking voice)  
*You're shooting them in the legs?*

UNKNOWN VOICE/SPEKE  
(threatening whisper)  
*Shut up.*

Getting closer to those tiny-bright flashes and muzzled hisses. The sound of bullets passing inches from our ears. Brutal, steady marksmanship.

And then suddenly we stop running. No reason given. Just as Gerry is about to scream to keep going, a heavy door slams shut somewhere just behind them.

And then Coleman gas lanterns hiss to life, just as what sound like dozens of Zs begin running into the just-closed door at full speed...

INT. UNKNOWN - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of men breathing heavy as the lantern light slowly begins filling the space...as seconds pass, more scrubby soldiers start appearing out of the dark as the light travels, sticks. Suddenly we realize that several Soldiers are above us on a walkway...and it's only at this moment we realize we're in a Prison...

INT. MILITARY DETENTION FACILITY - NEXT MOMENT

Most of the cells stand open. A few though actually still occupied. Two dozen soldiers total surround us. All with night vision goggles and silenced rifles. And in the weird, true lantern light we see the Soldiers' half-dressed mufti. All sport their official BDU tunics, but then most wear jeans or cargo pants underneath. Several with days-old beards. All wear football-style arm pads, kevlar vests, heavy boots, winter scarves wound around their necks, and an assortment of different hats: baseball-style, helmets, driver caps...

The Soldier standing next to Gerry, the one who was dragging him, has Captain bars velcroed to the center of his BDU. His nametag reads: SPEKE. He's in-command. When he or anybody else talk, it is in that very low voice not much above a whisper. A curious custom in an unknown part of the World.

SPEKE

Make sure goggles are powered down -  
save batteries. Police your ammo.

The whole crew begin ejecting clips, fingering out unused rounds, dropping them in boxes filled with single shells, different boxes for different calibers. They then quietly insert full clips, quietly cock their weapons, and quietly flip the safeties on. Gerry staring at it all, adding things.

Speke points at Gerry and the Pilot, but talks to Soldier #1 who sports the name tag ELLIS and the multiple chevrons of a Career Sergeant:

SPEKE (CONT'D)

Wrap these Humps.

And just as we think we're going to be grabbed and thrown into one of the cells - or worse - Ellis and the other Soldier who met us plane-side step to Gerry and the Pilot, begin outfitting them: wrapping scarves around their necks, giving them left-over kevlar - Gerry's vest covered in the blood stains of a previous owner. Speke steps to them now:

SPEKE (CONT'D)

Who are you and why'd you come here  
in a C-17 with an empty God damn  
cargo hold? I mean not even a 12  
pack? Some spam? Box of old porn?

Pilot points at Gerry:

PILOT

He's the Hero. I'm just the Pilot-

SOLDIER #3 (O.C.)

-if you was a real pilot you  
wouldn't be flying that whale.

PILOT

Only whale I ever flew was your  
mother.

SOLDIER #3

(apoplectic, forgetful)

FUCK YOU-

A chorus of berating hisses. The Snipers up above, instantly alert, turn to look back out the windows they were firing from...two of them take knees again, fire several more of those now-distinctive silenced shots. Speke livid, to #3:

SPEKE

Lincoln, stop talking shit because  
you're terrible at it - set up  
comebacks like T-balls then can't  
handle it. Why you ended up behind  
bars in the first place. 'Whale?'  
And you didn't think he'd go right  
at your Mom?

ELLIS

There's no going "right at" Linc's  
Mom. You gotta slap her ass, then  
ride one of the waves in.

Huge, still muted laughter. Lincoln simmers silently.

SOLDIER #4

Maybe the reason the plane is empty  
is because they mean to fill it  
with us.

A pause now as everyone stares at Gerry...who seems unaware  
of the eyeballs. Still scanning like a detective. Then, not  
so much a question as a statement to be verified:

GERRY

*The Zs are drawn by noise.*

Scoffs among the Soldiers.

SOLDIER #5

Oh, he's obviously Intelligence-

SOLDIER #6

-Chairman of the Joint Chiefs-

GERRY

(even and quiet)

-he's dead most likely. As is our  
President. And almost everyone else  
who ever outranked you.

That quiets the room.

GERRY (CONT'D)

I'm not here for any of you - I  
didn't know this was a prison until  
you turned on the lights.

After another silent moment, Speke in a more respectful tone:

SPEKE

Sound draws them. We call 'em Zeke.

ELLIS

You haven't fought any Zeke yet?

GERRY

I have. *It was louder.*

SOLDIER #6

(disbelieving)

Where?

GERRY

Philadelphia. Newark.

SPEKE

Bad?

GERRY  
Gone. Both.

Speke's face falls.

ELLIS  
Des Moines?

SOLDIER #5  
Houston?

Before a chorus of concern can take hold:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
I don't know guys - all I know is  
the East Coast is Burning. I take  
that to mean no place back home is  
doing all that well.

SPEKE  
Who are you?

GERRY  
My name is Gerald Lane. And I am a  
low-ranking functionary at the UN.  
I've worked there since I graduated  
from college in 1991.

SOLDIER #8 (O.C.)  
I was born in '91.

GERRY  
Go fuck yourself.

Laughter. Speke smiles. And in his smile we see that not long ago, he was a handsome, young man. Until the weight of the grime and worry of American War aged him in fast forward.

SPEKE  
Where'd you graduate?

GERRY  
Same place as the Man who tripped  
and shot himself out by the plane.  
He was a Virologist-

SPEKE  
(back to his guys)  
-means he studied viruses.

ELLIS  
Clumsy bastard don't study anything  
anymore.

SPEKE  
Shit happens.



GERRY

He would've very strongly agreed.  
We came here because he hoped to  
find clues...*Zeke's origin maybe.*  
There was some sort of memo sent  
from this installation 5 days ago  
that had the word 'Zombie' in it.

They all know this, judging by how quiet they become, how  
they looked away, fresh horror alive behind vacant eyes.

PILOT

Hell do you care now? That Doc is  
dead. That means so is his mission.

GERRY

So head back out there, gas her up,  
honk when your ready.  
(chuckles)  
While I wait, and since we just  
flew 10,000 miles, I'll ask around.  
See if anyone knows anything about  
this memo.

Speke staring back at Gerry. Face hard.

SPEKE

Wasn't a memo. It was an e-mail.  
And it's obvious nobody back home  
bothered to fucking read it...you  
either if you didn't know this was  
a prison until the lights came on.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. PRISON - TIME UNKNOWN

Cells filled with Soldiers/inmates. Decidedly better behaved  
than the stereotype of a prison block. But all of them are at  
the cell bars, heads craned trying to see something (we see a  
clean-shaven version of Lincoln, the guy who can't verbally  
joust, behind bars here)...

A similarly freshly-scrubbed Speke walks toward us with three  
Soldiers. Two we've never seen, name tags of DAVIDSON and  
OBLAK. The third we recognize as ELLIS. Approach a COLONEL.

COLONEL

Captain Speke, sorry for the  
interruption. I know y'all were  
just stopping here for gas.

SPEKE

You're keeping us from Afghanistan  
Sir - no need to apologize.

Davidson and Oblak trying to peer down the hall now too, see  
what everyone on the block is trying to see...

COLONEL

I'd hold your gratitude...

CUT TO:

Colonel leading Speke's Team to what looks like one of the  
Prison's day rooms. The closer they get, the worse the smell  
becomes, the more the prisoners in their cells lining either  
side of their path look fearful, all covering their mouths  
and noses with rags.

The Colonel steps inside the day room, holding the door for  
Speke's guys. Their faces sour: a smell unlike anything  
they've ever known. Davidson vomits. Speke pats his shoulder.

INT. DAY ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

17 men strewn about the floor, fevered, motionless, eyes  
wide. Several wear SORT uniforms (Special Operations Response  
Team - prison guards in charge of subduing unruly prisoners,  
stanching fights, riots). Speke and his guys wide-eyed. Speke  
himself is trying to zero-in on this ragged, rhythmic, sawing  
sound from somewhere nearby...some primitive machine...

DAVIDSON

Why haven't you quarantined this?

COLONEL

(quiet, defensive)

I'm not a Doctor.

DAVIDSON

Me neither.

COLONEL

I run a prison where any sort of  
panic threatens the integrity-

SPEKE

(all business)

-I see why you wanted my Medics.  
But why did you want us armed too?

The Colonel points back toward a closed door at the rear of  
the day room - that primitive sawing sound.

As they move toward it, Speke has to step over a teenage boy-soldier: pupils dilated to the point of obscuring the iris, breathing shallow-fast, three perfect bite marks on his face.

INT. BACK ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

What was once a 20 year-old man, tied to a post with rope and chains. Pulling a length of that chain back and forth against a thick support beam to which he's bound. Trying to cut it. A futile task he doesn't even seem to be aware he's doing.

Despite 5 men now standing in front of him, this Z only notices them after Ellis audibly gags. That moment, all his movement stops, and he just stares up at us in that placid way we've come to know. Flinch at the sudden transformation.

While we stare back, believing in Demons now, the Z just seems to sit motionless. But then Speke notices black blood oozing from wounds being created by those chains and ropes sinking ever deeper into the Z's skin - *it is silently, heedlessly straining with everything it is worth to break the bonds, get at them.* The others begin noticing now too...

DAVIDSON

*Jesus Christ.*

SPEKE

Where did this guy come from? What was his crime?

COLONEL

I don't know.

ELLIS

You're swell at your job-

COLONEL

-watch it. You know how many bases we have in the Eastern hemisphere?

And while this conversation goes on in the b/g, the camera slowly pushes in ever tighter on Speke's face. Mind working.

ELLIS (O.C.)

Couple dozen?

COLONEL (O.C.)

*Couple hundred.* Black sites all over - but then Delta guys like y'all already know it all, yeah? Of course those black sites never show up on intake forms. This guy could be out of Uzbekistan or Timbaktu-

-and Speke's face changes suddenly - all that thinking produced some awful cognition. Points back to the day room-

CAPTAIN SPEKE

-how long ago was this poor son of  
a bitch just lying there like those  
others out front?

The Colonel's big, plain face seems to drain of color...

CUT TO:

Speke's crew and the Colonel step back into the main room/only way out: a 50 year-old Man who was lying next to the teenage soldier we stepped over earlier is *standing now*. When he hears them, he hunches low, turns to face them. Teenage Soldier sits bolt upright suddenly.

Speke and the others launch for the door. What used to be a 22 year-old dives at them. Speke with lightning quick reflexes, shoots him with the M4, blows the Z into the Colonel. Colonel bitten 6 times in 2 seconds. The sound of the gunfire causes 7 more of the Zs to stand, stare right at Speke. Oblak opens up with his M-4 as the Americans head out the door. Oblak shoulders through a lunging Z, hitting it like a Linebacker hits a receiver. Davidson bitten just above his boot, tripped, mobbed, high-pitched screaming. Speke dives over that dog pile to get out.

Speke, Oblak, and Ellis make it out. Speke slams the door, then the three of them poke rifles through the bars, and unload into the Zs obliterating Davidson and the Colonel: black blood sprays from bullet wounds, but even machine gunfire doesn't stop the biting. Davidson begging for help as they bite him. Prison population detonates into shouts:

PRISON POPULATION

MURDERERS-OPEN MY CELL-CONTAGIOUS-

-Speke, to Oblak and Ellis above the din...

CAPTAIN SPEKE

GO GET THERMITES! INCINERATE THIS!

Oblak and Ellis take off. Wind there way through scattered guards and soldiers running now toward the sounds of gunfire. Speke pulls out a military-issue blackberry, begins typing furiously - *the e-mail*.

We follow now just behind Oblak as he and Ellis sprint, *and we see a bite high on Oblak's back, leaking blood*. And the whole time we hear Davidson's curdling pleas above it all...

RETURN TO:

## INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Looking out a small, smoke-blackened window. Our hand swipes away some grime: and now we see scattered packs of Z's, all heading in one direction like some migration. See that none of them venture up the ramp and into the cargo-hold of the still-open C-17. Instead they just move past in steady streams. *Strange*. Then we turn around...

## INT. PRISON DAY ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

And see the charred aftermath of Speke's recent memory. Walls scorched black. Zs burned to charcoal. Speke stares at what used to be Davidson. Then the ugly voice of a heckler emanates behind, words whistle like a toothless beggar:

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)  
 (speaks in a mock plea)  
 CAPTAIN SAVE ME! OH MY GOD THEY  
 KEEP BITING ME! DANNY, ARE THEY  
 EATING ME! MY GUTS ARE BURNING!

Speke's eyes well. But he doesn't turn. Gerry, Ellis, and the Pilot look back: The Heckler is locked in one of the cells, and he looks almost exactly like an old version of BURT REYNOLDS. Sits in an ancient, incongruous leather club chair in the corner of his cell, staring right back at us. A hand written sheet of paper stuck to the bars of his cell:

*"We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence."  
 Chucky Darwin.*

They turn away. Ellis puts a hand on Speke's shoulder. Gerry back to business, all still speaking quietly:

GERRY  
 People I've seen bitten go in 7 or  
 8 seconds...took more time here?

ELLIS  
 Oblak didn't turn for 5 minutes.

SPEKE  
 Davidson kept...talking...for about  
 that same time.

BURT (O.C.)  
 I wouldn't call that 'talking.'

SPEKE  
 I don't know why it's so short now.

PILOT

Always heard viruses get uglier as they move. SARS and shit.

GERRY

(to Ellis)

You came back with the thermite, but Oblak is how Zeke got outside the Prison...base was at War with itself within the half hour?

Speke and Ellis nod. Gerry points to the few inhabited cells.

GERRY (CONT'D)

So you let out most - your men now. But still keep a few locked up.

SPEKE

(pointing in turn)

Murderer from Okinawa. Piece of Shit who stole from footlockers of KIAs. And Smoky and the Bandit was CIA, selling gas to the North.

GERRY

*The North.* North v. South v. Zeke. That's the big battle...

Gerry points up at the echoes of that battle raging in the distance, sounds that seem decidedly louder today. Again, Speke and Ellis nod.

GERRY (CONT'D)

That's why there's this endless stream of Zeke moving North through the base: drawn to the sound of it.

SPEKE

You're quick...I see now why you're still a low-level UN functionary.

Smiles back and forth.

BURT (O.C.)

THE U.N. IS HERE? THE DAY IS SAVED!

Smiles die. Gerry turns. Burt standing at his bars now, blood-stained face animated, two teeth left in his ghastly mouth.

BURT (CONT'D)

(at Speke)

*Or not.* Your friend who got the life bitten from him deserved it. As do we all.

(MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)  
 And certainly no World Music-  
 listening UN Castrati can stop  
 it...unless of course he chooses to  
 adopt my 32-step plan.

Burt suddenly pulls one of his two remaining teeth with  
 pliers that suddenly appear in his hands. Gerry winces.

BURT (CONT'D)  
 In parts of Appalachia it will be  
 just 12 or 13 steps. The gist: no  
 teeth, no bite, no transmission.

Tongues the lone survivor now. Gerry turns away like anymore  
 time spent looking at Burt will curdle his mind.

BURT (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Imagine how that battle will sound  
 in a few days when it's lapping at  
 the shores of the Young Captain's  
 fiefdom.

Speke looks at Gerry.

SPEKE  
 Who says *fiefdom*?

GERRY  
 Where are the other Officers?

SPEKE  
 Zeke, Dead, or AWOL.

GERRY  
 But you stay.

SPEKE  
 I can't abandon them...even if they  
 were criminals.

BURT  
 Your Congressional Medal of  
 Sacchrine means nothing to God-

GERRY  
 (angry snap)  
 -someone like you believes in God?

BURT  
 And not the one you pray to for a  
 Porsche or a playoff win. But He of  
 the Pentateuch. The God who  
 commanded that Moses ethnically-  
 cleanse the Midianites.  
 (MORE)

BURT (CONT'D)

Murder boys and mothers, but dole  
the Virgins to his Officers. That's  
my God.

(beat, that ugly smile)

*How do you think they tested for  
virginity? Do you have daughters-*

-Gerry grabs him by the hair suddenly, shockingly. Speke,  
Ellis, and the Pilot flinch. Gerry rips the pliers from his  
hand, rams them into Burt's mouth. Grips his last tooth:  
enamel cracks as he clamps. Burt moans. Gerry pulls, Burt's  
head yanks violently into the bars. Tooth holds. Gerry yanks  
for all he's worth. Tooth rips free. Burt falls back on his  
ass. Silent, surprised seconds pass now...

BURT (CONT'D)

I'll file that away as a 'Yes.'

GERRY

I take some solace in the fact that  
men like you actually do sometimes  
die in places like this-

BURT

*-unlike Zeke. Seen one dead yet my  
Dentist? One that wasn't **totally** a  
briquet I mean? If it's not God why  
do they only ever really die in  
fire and brimstone? Why do they  
move like a locust plague? Why's  
Israel winning-*

GERRY

*-wait: what? Israel's winning?*

Shakes his head like an elementary teacher on a guilt trip:

BURT

Read more. They're sealed up behind  
concrete-

GERRY

*-for the Intifada-*

BURT

*-sure. Seal the entire country days  
before the Undead attack Man. It  
was just impeccable timing is all.*

Gerry looks down now, mind racing...

BURT (CONT'D)

Remembering any other stories you  
heard before this War?

(MORE)



BURT (CONT'D)

(points at Speke)

Lee Marvin's e-mail was sent with barest encryption. And because America is made of people who would rather watch singing shows, we filed it as 'to be read.' But other countries, yellow and brown ones who dedicate their brightest to reading our mail, read it ASAP...

GERRY

(not looking at Burt)

Cuba closed off their airports for Mad Cow...

BURT REYNOLDS

Good Morning, sunshine! How was your 40+ year slumber? Now that you're awake you might ask other questions. Like: "Why is it the sounds of that battle are getting closer? How can it be North Korea is *advancing* when everyone else is just dying? What steps did they take when they read the young Captain's missive?

GERRY

Stop. First it's God, now it's our stupidity-

BURT REYNOLDS

-IT'S BOTH! IT IS ONLY EVER BOTH! LISTEN NOW! JUST MAKE NO NOISE AND LISTEN! YOU'LL HEAR WHAT I KNOW-

SPEKE

-Shut up.

Burt smiles, brings a finger to his bloody lips like a demented librarian, his eyes wide, voice hissing:

BURT

*Exactly.*

A creepy silence emerges as they stare back at Burt - echoes of their words fade slowly. And after a few seconds, *we begin to hear something...*the vaguest noise...a sort of scratching. Gerry looks at Speke - Speke just nods his head: *I've never heard this before.* Gerry snaps on a flashlight, steps deeper into the day room...honing in on the sound...

Then his light hits it: a fraction of one of the hands on an otherwise utterly charred Z, untouched by the flames: pinky and ring fingers still totally discernible. *And those two fingers - again attached to this otherwise utterly fried, unmoving husk - scratch at the floor of the day room in a rhythmic, mechanical, unceasing way.* Burt just fades wordlessly back into the shadows of his cell now. Ellis has to sit down to keep his knees from buckling. Speke, Gerry, and the Pilot stare...then very quietly:

GERRY

Two choices where to go next, from where I sit: Israel because they might be winning, or North Korea because they might be on the attack-

PILOT

-you kidding me? One choice: Home.

GERRY

We'd be going home to die.

PILOT

*I know.*

That kind of talk is antithetical to Speke:

SPEKE

God damn mincy Air Force-

PILOT

-go to Hell-

SPEKE

-look around.

GERRY

Who's your Co-Pilot?

PILOT

*Not you. I'll manage.*

GERRY

Just head for California? Hope the place you land isn't overrun? Then what? Walk where? Israel is a chance...at fuel, at a clearer picture, *at a way to beat it.*

PILOT

(pointing at the fingers)  
HOW DO YOU BEAT THAT?

ELLIS  
(a growl)  
Quiet.

PILOT  
*You got a family, UN-*

SPEKE  
*-you mention his family again I'll  
kick the shit outta you. You're  
going to Israel. North is suicide,  
Home doesn't exist. You're flying  
him to Israel. Do your job.*

INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN HALLWAY - TIME UNKNOWN

Waiting in a very long line to get into the cafeteria.

CONNIE  
Mommie, is this breakfast time?

KARIN  
I honestly don't know baby.

CONNIE  
The water here tastes funny.

Sailors up front:

SAILOR #1  
It's jet fuel young lady.

Connie looks up at her Mom. Worried.

KARIN  
He's kidding baby.

SAILOR #2  
He's not. The De-Sal has trouble  
filtering JP4.

Turns, hands Connie a crystal light packet from his pocket.

SAILOR #1  
Put this in-

*-without warning Rachel lunges at the Sailor, snapping like a  
Z. Scares us to death. Sailor flinches. Karin grabs Rachel  
instinctively, rips her close, as shocked as everyone else.*

HALLWAY CHORUS  
CONTACT! CONTACT!-

Several pull, aim sidearms-

KARIN

-NO!

And the PARAJUMPER suddenly appears now, puts himself between the guns and Gerry's family...

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS ABOARD THE TRUMAN - MOMENTS LATER

The kids on the bed. Scared. Connie laying across Rachel. *Tommie eyeing the Parajumper* - leery. Karin scrawling the word *ALIVE* across a pink stocking cap with a magic marker held in a shaking hand...

KARIN

It's okay guys. We're okay. Rach is just a little ill...

(without looking at  
Parajumper)

Thank you.

PARAJUMPER

How long has she been this way?

KARIN

2 minutes. And I don't know what 'way' she is.

PARAJUMPER

A Quisling. Humans copying Zs. It's happening enough that there's a na-

-Karin stops writing, turns with the hat in her hand, crying-

KARIN

-*she's my daughter*. Traumatized. She has seen things in the last 48 hours she can't...reconcile. That's all. She just needs help-

PARAJUMPER

(hand on Karin's shoulder)

-I'm on your side.

TOMMIE (O.C.)

(righteous little man)

Then don't call Rachel names.

Parajumper turns toward Tommie - the little guy is staring at him. Massive knocks on the door...

FLASH TO:

Black. Then the green light and concomitant low grade electric whine of night vision goggles turning on...

EXT. PRISON - NIGHT

Entire sequence will be seen through night vision. 3 soldiers with 2 bikes, removing a kickstand - stripping all extraneous parts. Each bike picked up, dropped/bounced it on it's tires. Soundless. Soldiers re-spray the chains with WD-40.

SPEKE (O.C.)

Take this.

Gerry's POV: Speke right in front of us, his goggles on too, holding a silenced rifle with on hand, handing us something with the other: a graduation ring.

GERRY

No.

SPEKE

For my folks. If they're there.  
Boulder, Colorado. Better chance of  
you seeing 'em before me is all. If  
Mom's...*there*, she's pacing holes.

We pocket the ring. Shake Speke's hand.

SPEKE (CONT'D)

Pedal your ass off.

We get on one of the bikes. Turn: Pilot on the other. Staring at the front door of the prison. Look up: snipers in position. Speke right in front of us, rifle at the ready, on foot, and he's not wearing boots - bare feet - less sound. *We don't know the plan.* Speke up to his men:

SPEKE (CONT'D)

Don't rush shots. Don't hit the God  
damn plane. Get Zeke on the ground.  
Remember: *spines are divine but*  
*knees work just fine.* Here it is...

Speke inhales, exhales...*opens the giant, noisy door.* Snipers open up: the distinctive tiny-bright flashes and muzzled hiss of bullets. Speke takes off in a full sprint into the night, and we race out of there on the bikes.

EXT. CAMP HUMPHREYS - BLACK NIGHT

With Speke now: *running toward a fuel truck*. The explosions from the massive battle to the North even louder now, and lighting the nearby sky.

Some to such a degree that the goggles whiteout for seconds at a time - too much light. Z's falling all around him. Reaches the door of the truck...

CUT TO:

Gerry and the Pilot on the bikes. Fast. Weaving between packs of Zs. And when they pass, Zs begin searching wildly for the hint of noise, snapping at air in that teeth-shattering way.

Then that fuel truck, driven by Speke, roars past. A Horde of Zs following, dozens being picked off by the Snipers as they chase. Several more run over by Speke.

INT. C-17 - MOMENTS LATER

Gerry on the bike. Soundlessly up the ramp. Gets off. Sets it down gently just as the Pilot literally jumps off his Bike mid-pedal like an idiot kid. Bike ghost-riding toward a bulkhead. Gerry momentarily amazed at the Pilot's panicked stupidity, then reaches out for the bike, *just as one of the explosions from the battle whites-out our goggles*. Unknown seconds as our POV fades back in...and the bike is in our hand...

Gerry sets it down. Unslings his own silenced rifle, fidgets with the safety, scared as hell, steps quickly/gingerly back to edge of the ramp to provide cover for Speke.

EXT. FUEL TRUCK - SAME MOMENT

Speke fearless. Climbing on top of the truck, clamping the fuel line in place. The whole time Zs shot and dropped around him. Jumps down. Flips a switch to begin the pump. And a Z that he had run over, stuck in the undercarriage of the truck, bites Speke's knee. Stunned second. At normal volume:

SPEKE

Oh you fucken cheater.

Speke falls just as the jet engines begin their big wind-up.

INT. PRISON - NEXT MOMENT

With Ellis and the Snipers. They see Speke fall...

A CHORUS  
NO-NO-GOD-NO-

ELLIS  
*-shoot before he turns-somebody get  
him before he goes-I can't do it.*

EXT. C-17 - NEXT MOMENT

Just as Gerry gets to open cargo door, he sees Speke down, eight Zs near him drop. He shoulders his rifle - before he can fire two shots hit, *kill Speke*. Jets wind higher. Gerry stunned, livid, but now the Zs are coming for the plane.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS ABOARD THE TRUMAN - SAME MOMENT

Parajumper at the open door, trying to talk to a team of Marines wearing full battle dress. Karin standing in front of her children. Connie and Tommie sob. Rachel snarls.

PARAJUMPER  
C'mon Bros, you need to bring guns-

MARINE #1  
-I'm not your Bro-

MARINE #2  
-MOVE-

PARAJUMPER  
-where will you take her?

KARIN  
*They're not taking her anywhere.*

MARINE #2  
We are Ma'am. We'll go through you.

MARINE #1  
There's a clean, holding pen in the Brig. Please, Miss. This is an overcrowded boat with way too many armed dudes. Your daughter snaps at the wrong one at the wrong time-

KARIN  
(holds the 'ALIVE' hat)  
-she'll wear this everywhere-

MARINE #1  
-it won't do...

KARIN  
*Please don't separate my family.*

PARAJUMPER  
 They're my responsibility-

KARIN  
*-no we aren't-*

-Thierry's voice from outside. *Raging.* Never heard him like this. Truly frightening:

THIERRY  
 GET OUT! MOVE NOW!

Man-sized fracas outside the door. Marines #1 and #2 shoved bodily inside. Thierry charges in right behind them:

THIERRY (CONT'D)  
 GET AWAY FROM THIS FAMILY!

Two other Marines try to wrestle Thierry to the ground - he holds his own - like an episode of Cops. *Ugly.*

INT. C-17 COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Gerry closes the cockpit door. Gets into the Co-Pilot's seat. Within seconds Zs hit, then scratch at the door just closed.

PILOT  
 What are we gonna do now?!

GERRY  
 Leave the cargo door open. When we takeoff they'll slide out - why am I telling you this?

Gerry exhales. Something dawns - immediately begins patting himself down. Eyes wide and fearful like he forgot something. Finds and pulls the phone just as the C-17 begins moving. Turns it on: a *signal*. Dials a number. Ringing...

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS ABOARD THE TRUMAN - NEXT MOMENT

Karin's Sat Phone on a table, ringing. No chance of it being heard as the fight devolves. The Marines who were pushed inside by Thierry now take the opportunity to grab Rachel. Connie bawling. Karin and Tommie trying to fight them off. Thierry taken down hard, head slams on a bed frame. Held by the two he's been fighting while a third Marine hits him with an endless stream of Pepper Spray. Bleeding, glazed, gagging.



KARIN  
HE CAN'T BREATHE!

INT. C-17 COCKPIT - SAME MOMENT

Phone just keeps ringing. Gerry finally hangs up. Powers it down to save the battery. Then can only just sit back as the Pilot continues a feverish pre-flight check. Engines deafen.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS ABOARD THE TRUMAN - SAME MOMENT

Paramedics doing compressions on Thierry. Rachel gone. The 'Alive' hat on the floor. Karin sits back into the wall, eyes vacant, holding Connie and Tommie. Her phone: *1 missed call*.

FLASH TO BLACK.

EXT. SOME SORT OF OUTDOOR CAFE - BRIGHT DAY

Small circular tabletop. Pleasant chatter in foreign tongues in the b/g. A steaming cup of coffee placed in front of us. POV lifts: Gerry sits at the table. Budding beard. Exhausted. Still wearing the gear with which Speke outfitted him. Across from a handsome Man in his 60s, dressed sort of like a Soldier, but with no insignia, decoration. Confident in the way Men are who have spent life outdoors. JURGEN WARMBRUMM.

Warmbrumm has two empty cups in front of him. That third, steamy cup of black coffee with which we opened the scene was also placed in front of him. Gerry too has three cups in front of him, *but all of his are full. Untouched.*

We are directly across the street from a 10-story wall that extends to either end of frame. 2-story graffiti art of a little girl jumping for balloons floating away from her.

In white font: **Jerusalem**

On the road bordering this outdoor cafe: buses of all shapes, sizes, moving in just one direction through frame.

GERRY  
How'd you know to build the walls  
this extensively? That high?

WARMBRUMM  
(sips, professorial)  
Israelis accept the world as it is,  
Mr. Lane.

(MORE)

WARMBRUMM (CONT'D)

This clear view is mostly a curse,  
but on rare occasions it's a  
gift...small sign that our  
particular set of horrors might be  
a part of something grander.

GERRY

(much less leisurely)  
You intercepted U.S. Army Captain  
Speke's e-mail?

WARMBRUMM

(like Gerry is a constant  
affront to decorum)  
Not me personally. But yes, that  
and other sources of what I'll call  
'chatter.'

GERRY

But you won't name those sources.

WARMBRUMM

Of course not.

GERRY

So you took an e-mail and 'chatter'  
about *Zombies* seriously, way before  
anyone ever saw one?

WARMBRUMM

Yes.

GERRY

That's hard to believe.

WARMBRUMM

Do you know what a Minyan is?  
Where the name comes from?

Gerry exhales. This back and forth has been going on too  
long, as witnessed by all the cups of coffee.

WARMBRUMM (CONT'D)

You don't want answers?

GERRY

I love answers. The bard's tales  
that precede them make me want to  
break things.

WARMBRUMM

I think I've found the reason for  
your low station at the UN.

Warmbrumm just sips, waits for Gerry to answer his question.

GERRY

A Minyan is the 10 men needed to sit shiva for the dead.

WARMBRUMM

Very good. You Jewish?

GERRY

No. Comes from God telling Abraham Sodom and Gommorrah would be spared if he could find 10 honest men.

WARMBRUMM

Erudite. *Wrong*. On the eve of reaching the promised land, the people of Moses were...pissy: is it nice? Is there food? Ample parking? Moses booms 'God says it's great.' His people boom back, 'Bravo, but after 40 years in a desert, we're over you and him.'

Warmbrumm finishes that third cup. Hand up to order a fourth. Gerry's jaw tightens, looks away to stop from screaming.

WARMBRUMM (CONT'D)

So Moses sends 10 men to scout Canaan. When they get back they say it's nice. Food. Parking aplenty. But safe? Nine say no, let's go back. The 10th, Caleb, says it's safe enough. People get upset, curse him, but Caleb stands his ground...thus here we stand.

GERRY

*Sit.*

WARMBRUMM

(hardening a bit)

In the 30s Jews didn't believe we were being herded into ovens. In '72 we didn't believe we would be massacred at an Olympics. In '73 we didn't believe our neighbors were going to attack at once.

(beat)

To prevent anything like these from ever happening again, we created the Intelligence version of a Minyan.

(MORE)

WARMBRUMM (CONT'D)

If 9 look at the information and come to the same conclusion, it's the duty of the 10th to disagree. No matter how ridiculous. He has to believe that *Zombie* means *Zombie*. And keep digging to prove the other 9 wrong.

GERRY

You were Caleb this time?

WARMBRUMM

How else do you think a Mossad Fossil toting a UN Functionary dressed like that gets to order coffee by just raising a finger?  
(quick beat)  
Clean shirt?

Gerry just looks at his watch now.

GERRY

Ten hours before my plane leaves.

WARMBRUMM

Nine hours too many.

GERRY

*Why is it you want me to go?*

WARMBRUMM

You're attempting to save the World-

GERRY

-let's not get ahead of ourselves-

WARMBRUMM

*-it would scare me too, Gerry.*

(beat)

And here you've found a nation unscathed by Mekaver - Zombies. *Unfortunately*, we're sui generis. The walls, and Millennia of threats of extinction can't be replicated.

(beat)

And don't forget to mention I offered you to stay-

GERRY

-which was hollow - it came seconds after you spotted my wedding ring.

(stays on point)

I'm staying all ten hours. Assuming I'm not thrown out.

WARMBRUMM

There's a greater chance your plane  
will be confiscated.

Gerry locks eyes now. Unblinking. Something just happened in  
Gerry's mind...triggered by Warmbrumm's words...

GERRY

And you're schooling me on 'rude.'  
(beat, still unblinking)  
You're not going to take the plane.

WARMBRUMM

(chuckles at the bravado)  
Well, the exigency of our need  
might override our hospitality-

GERRY

-exigency? You've had three drinks.  
(quick beat, intentional  
Ugly American, goading)  
And stealing a plane from the ally  
who underwrites your existence-

WARMBRUMM

(flash of frustration)  
-America is gone.

Silent Moment. Warmbrumm looks away. Gerry doesn't so much as  
blink, making it seem as though Warmbrumm shut him up. Gerry  
finally sips his coffee now...

GERRY

*For now.*

But Warmbrumm has a strange look suddenly, like he may have  
said too much. In a moderated tone:

WARMBRUMM

How old are your children?

GERRY

(having none of it)  
*Is Israel winning World War Z?*

WARMBRUMM

(points at the wall)  
You can't see as much?  
(points to his cup)  
Taste as much?

GERRY

My first time in Beirut, I had tea  
at an outdoor cafe.

WARMBRUMM

*Let me settle in, Shakespeare-*

GERRY

-machine guns started up nearby.  
Everyone ran. I followed in a  
panic. They all ran to a different  
cafe 2 blocks away, sat back down,  
and reordered...

WARMBRUMM

Does this look like Beirut?

GERRY

It looks like somebody trying too  
hard. Looks like a Potemkin Village-

WARMBRUMM

-go ahead and pinch the people, Mr.  
Lane. Open the doors-

GERRY

*-Israelis aren't cocky.* They're  
lots of things, but never over-  
confident.

-heads start turning toward Gerry's volume...

WARMBRUMM

You're on the brink of stereotype-

GERRY

-sitting at a cafe while the World  
dies around you is over-confidence.  
A front. Bullshit. And the real  
reason you'd never grab the plane I  
flew in on: *I do you no good here.*  
You not only need me to leave, you  
need me to leave with strongly held  
opinions I share with the World:  
*Israel has it beat - stronger than  
ever - eating knishes in the Sun.*

(beat)

And you need this is for the reason  
you just threw in my face: *America  
is gone.* You no longer have your  
great ally...the insurance that  
allowed you to face down most of  
the rest of the World time and agai-

WARMBRUMM

*-don't delve into hyperbole-*

GERRY

-it leaves you cold in a new World  
where the few countries that might  
survive W-W-Z are some of the same  
who'd bomb you without a blink...

A veritable audience watching Gerry now. Several leave...

GERRY (CONT'D)

So thanks for the coffee and the  
show. *Can I see the real thing now?*

Warmbrumm stares...then nods to the waitress: *check please.*

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ISRAELI FRONT - BRIGHT DAY

*The Real Thing.* Horizon-wide shot of the ENHANCED SECURITY PERIMETER (ESP), seen from a height of 5 or so stories: life going on below, the top of the wall several stories above.

Nothing less magnificent and austere than a brand new Great Wall to defend against brand new hordes. As formidable a defense against the outside World as has ever been attempted. *Eighth Wonder.* We stare from the safe side. *Still no idea what, or how many Zs, are on the other side...*

Center-frame is the *Jerusalem Salvation Gate*: a break in the ESP the size of a two-lane highway, but lined on either side with walls just as high as the ESP, extending back to the horizon, undulating with the topography. Entire length of this "Salvation Gate" packed with people: Palestinians not already behind the ESP, Arabs from points east...

EXT. ROOFTOP COMMAND POST, JERUSALEM - DAY

*We're on the Eastern Wall of the Old City*, in a command post staffed with IDF Generals. This is the vantage from which we have been taking in the ESP and the 'Salvation Gate.'

The Generals chain-smoke, chug coffee. Two at computers, furiously hunt-pecking communiques. The Place neatly lined with unopened boxes of rations, ammo, water. Indicative of flawless preparation. Gerry envious - and not because he's hungry - as one of the Generals pulls a box cutter, slices a box, pulls a C-ration, lights a little butane camp stove...

Gerry looks down now: just below us a No Man's Land between the ESP and the easternmost ancient wall of the Old City upon which we sit.

A swath about 1/5 of a mile wide and filled with all manner of BUS: tour, school, city (hereafter "BUS LAND"). These Buses gorge themselves with the very recently saved as they come through that last checkpoint - many crying with joy as they do, kissing the ground and each other before happily climbing aboard for points West, further into the Israeli interior. 1 bus leaves every 5 or 7 seconds.

F-16s flash past, low, fast, patrolling. Several of the IDF Generals with binoculars, scanning everything. Gerry simply astonished at the scope, spectacle, *humanity*...

WARMBRUMM (O.C.)  
Jerusalem Salvation Gate. One of 5  
along our Security Perimeter -  
portals into fortified Israel.

GERRY  
*You're letting people in.*

WARMBRUMM  
Palestinians and Arabs mostly.  
Until we sealed the tail ends of  
each of the portals last night.

GERRY  
*Why?*

WARMBRUMM  
The Mekaver were too many-

GERRY  
-no, I mean this...the welcoming of  
past enemies...

WARMBRUMM  
Doing the right thing isn't enough?

GERRY  
It never was...

Gerry catches looks from IDF brass for that. One scoffs.

WARMBRUMM  
Everyone we get behind our wall is  
one fewer Zombie to fight.

GERRY  
And maybe it provides some goodwill  
in the new world.

WARMBRUMM  
*Think what you will.*



Down below in BUS LAND, a group of mostly young men are suddenly, steadfastly, choosing *not* to get onto the buses. One of the Generals turns his binoculars to the scene...

GERRY  
(honest, regretful)  
I didn't mean that pejoratively.

WARMBRUMM  
(lighting a cigarette)  
Impressed with the *Real Thing* then?

An IDF Platoon approaching the group refusing to get on buses. Two more of the Rooftop Generals focus in - one disengaging the safety on his sidearm...

GERRY  
I think it's something they'll  
write about in new bibles...*why*  
*would you not want me to see this?*

WARMBRUMM  
(a big, nervous drag)  
*Because nothing is certain...*

In Bus Land, the IDF Platoon attracts even more attention: group refusing to evacuate doubles from 10 to 20 in a blink. A Palestinian Authority (PA) Security Unit steps in as well - the Crowd immediately begins shoving the PA Troops: treatment reserved for traitors. The rest of the Generals, Gerry, and Warmbrumm look down now...as we push in on the fracas in earnest, we still hear Warmbrumm and Gerry:

WARMBRUMM (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*Because the odds that our week-old  
fear of Zombies will keep trumping  
our thousand-year old hatred of  
each other are long...*

GERRY (O.C.)  
*But have held to now?*

WARMBRUMM (O.C.)  
*But have held to now.*

EXT. BUS LAND PROTEST - DAY

A Palestinian Family in the midst of the growing, angry group. Only one who wants to be here is the SON: well-built, standard issue green surplus jacket despite the heat. FATHER is shorter, fatter, hunched. Father and MOTHER looking toward the buses that keep filling despite the inchoate protest. Beg their Son to come along. Nervous. Exhausted. All in Arabic:

FATHER

*Please, Son. We've almost made it.*

MOTHER

*There's a little further to go...*

The young DAUGHTER keeps looking at the backpacks worn by the 6 men organizing what we thought was an ad hoc protest. SON just nodding his head to the rhythm of the angry yelling:

PROTEST LEADER

YOU THINK YOU'RE SAVING YOUR  
FAMILY, BUT YOU'RE ONLY ABANDONING  
HOMES YOU SHED BLOOD FOR ONCE! LONG  
AGO WHEN YOU WERE STILL MEN!

His Son turns, obviously in total agreement because he's glowering at his Father. Father absorbs the silent punishment. The Son, overcome, yells at everyone nearby now:

SON

AND AFTER THEY'VE 'SAVED' US,  
THEY'LL OWN IT ALL! GETTING ON A  
BUS IS SIGNING A CONTRACT!

Cheers from the Protest leaders. Cheers from the crowd as people continue filtering in and out of this angry amoeba, some choosing to stay, most continuing through to the buses.

The PA troops take a much heavier hand now. Start shoving people toward the buses. *Effective*. Amoeba divides, shrinks as Protestors deflect their indignation toward their "own" troops. And it's now, when that anger seems blunted and halved, that the Protest Leaders reach into their backpacks - family's Daughter flinches, yelps, pulls at her parents.

The IDF platoon shrieks warnings, levels rifles. *And the protest turns into something else now*. Those who don't immediately scatter-sprint for the buses, go after the Soldiers. Amoeba reforms, multiplies in size, volume.

The leader of the IDF platoon, a strikingly tall, beautiful, young female Lieutenant (*SEGEN* in Hebrew) stands her ground as people throw their belongings at her Unit and the PA troops. She screams back at the Protestors in Arabic:

SEGEN

IT'S NOT A TRICK! IT'S NOT A PLOY!

The Leaders pull their hands from their bags now: come out with BULLHORNS, not guns. *Tight on the bullhorns...*

Then in white font: **The Battle of Jerusalem**

Screaming amplified exhortations now:

BULLHORN CHORUS  
DON'T BE SHEEP! DON'T BE SHEEP!

*The volume of it all gets tremendous from one second to the next. Full-fledged riot seconds away - people actually getting back off of the buses now. Unknown rifle shots emanate from somewhere nearby. Heads go down and/or prairie dog to see where they're coming from. Hundreds of people...*

Second-in-command of the protest reaches into the Leader's bag, pulls the bullhorn, throws it to the SON. The Son, eyes glowing, catches it, looks at his Father who he thinks just looks feeble, cowed. Son presses the trigger:

SON  
I WILL NEVER ABAN-

*-Father transforms: a paternal madness animates his hunched frame in such a sudden, consuming way, we forget what he looked like before. Picks his Son up off the ground with massive, gnarled hands, just holds him eye to eye. Says absolutely nothing. Just stares. Until something fundamental passes between them. Son embarrassed but weirdly proud. His Father sets him down now and they walk as a family to a waiting bus. Climb in. Within seconds, that bus pulls away.*

Revealing Gerry, Warmbrumm, and two of the Generals on the ground now, sprinting into the fray. Gerry's hands cupped around his mouth, screaming at the near riot:

GERRY  
SHUT UP! SHUT UP! NOISE IS WHAT  
BRINGS THEM!

The Generals look panicked:

GENERAL #1  
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THAT!

GERRY  
BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN BEHIND A WALL!

GENERAL #2  
(to Warmbrumm)  
WHAT IS HE TALKING ABOUT?

WARMBRUMM  
I DON'T KNOW - BUT I BELIEVE HIM!  
(beat, at the crowds)  
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL - NEXT MOMENT

Establishing shot for scope, scale, geography. Omniscient for a moment, high above the fray, on the other side of the 100-foot high Wall that stretches to either horizon, over what used to be the West Bank. And arrayed against this Wall, all along it's visible length, are Zs. Behind them, waves of tens of thousands more moving across the desert to join them. And from this height, lit by brilliant sunshine, all noise distant and momentarily insignificant, the scene reminds us of some beautiful migration of massive numbers of beasts across the Serengeti...again, *Mother Nature present here...*

And then we notice, in one distinct place on the Wall, a black mass of Zs begin converging suddenly - like some primal signal electrified all the Zs in this locality. Within seconds, that signal seems to have travelled further back into the migration, as suddenly the black mass of Zs is 5 times more numerous - unconsciously forming into a vague arrowhead - tip focused on that small point on the Wall...

And as more Zs converge on this point, we begin pushing-in as well...zooming and dropping until we're at ground level, right at the tip of the arrowhead - *and we can suddenly and clearly hear the men on the bullhorns again, just on the other side of the wall, at almost this exact point...*

This tip of this arrowhead is actually several Dozen Zs long - *and they're all being obliterated from the tectonic pressure of all those heedless thousands behind.*

And then we see this very first line of Zs, almost in unison, literally snap under the pressure now, their bodies breaking in dozens of places. The second line, seemingly without even understanding it, are elevated up onto the shattered husks of the first rank...and suddenly these Zs are two feet closer to the top of the wall...until they themselves are crushed, and then the third line moves on top of the first two. *And in this way, Zombie Pyramids are made.*

We begin to pull back out and up now as we watch this pyramid naturally form through nothing but pressure and instinctual urge.

## EXT. BUS LAND PROTEST - NEXT MOMENT

Gerry, Warmbrumm, and the Generals bull right into the center of the riot, jostling and rough like a Mosh Pit. The presence of the Generals causes the female Segen and her unit to follow, offer protection. At that moment, the Radios carried by all the IDF personnel come alive with panicked voices - *we already know what it is even if they don't.*

The Generals grab their handhelds as Gerry goes right up to the Protest Leader, grabbing the Segen as he goes:

GERRY  
CAN YOU TRANSLATE ENGLISH?

She sees he's with the Generals, and an old man who is obviously Mossad, and nods a confused yes. Gerry screams at the Protest Leader then:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
YOU MUST QUIET YOUR PEOPLE!

One of the Protest Leader's acolytes hits Gerry with one of the other bullhorns. Gerry immediately regains his footing, keeps the Segen and her troops from returning the favor.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
THE NOISE BRINGS THE ZOMBIES!

PROTEST LEADER  
(eyes narrow at Gerry's  
accent, then in English:)  
AMERICANS BRING THE ZOMBIES!

GERRY  
(no time for a piss match)  
THAT MIGHT BE TRUE - BUT I'M SURE  
SOUND DOES TOO...

And while the Protest Leader sizes Gerry, *what looks like a body falls through frame...detonates the roof of one of the idle buses nearest the wall. The near Riot becomes suddenly and decidedly quieter one second to the next as everyone turns to identify what that huge sound was...*

Then two more bodies fall through frame, hit that same bus. And no sooner do those two hit, then ten more bodies hit...

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL - SAME MOMENT

Omniscient POV: the Z pyramid has reached the top of the wall, and a progressively larger section of that pyramid is rolling/stepping over the precipice, *and plummeting into 'fortified Israel'...*

And as this continues, we just hear the calm calls of unseen birds from somewhere nearby, as though nothing out of the ordinary is happening anywhere in the World...

## EXT. BUS LAND PROTESTS - SAME MOMENT

Now 30 hit at once. None of the others who have hit so far are able to even crawl, much less walk, but of these 30, 1 stands, begins dragging itself in this twisted way toward the shrinking but still sizeable mass of protestors, to say nothing of the people still in the Salvation Gate.

A momentary, disbelieving lull. Then panic. Zero sum rushes for buses. The guys with the Bullhorns begin new chants:

## BULLHORN CHORUS

RUN! GO!

What sound like 100 rifles open fire on that one Z, taking it apart with a hailstorm of bullets. The *noise* deafens Gerry as everyone everywhere flinches - just as 70 more Zs hit that bus/the shattered Zs that preceded them - *now beginning to offer this sort of macabre cushion, lessening the effects of all those who plummet down after...*

Of these 70, 5 or 6 are able to walk/crawl. 1 actually begins something like a broken run. All hit with well-aimed gunfire-

## GERRY

-SHOOT LEGS! JUST GET THEM DOWN!

Segen hears that, yells in Hebrew:

## SEGEN

LEGS! LEGS!

(then in Arabic)

TAKE THEIR KNEES!

The sounds of machine guns and pistols a permanent fixture now - *massive noise*. Nearby police sirens start wailing for good measure as an avalanche of Zs begins pouring over the wall. *And the first person in Israel is bitten:* a PA soldier trying to wrestle away a bullhorn.

Full panicked flight. Masses who can't get on the buses head toward Lion's Gate - into the Old City - exactly where Gerry, Warmbrumm, and the Generals are running back to. The Segen and her IDF platoon, as well as some of the PA troops follow, backpedaling, firing like mad into the waterfall of Zs coming over the Wall, hitting, then spreading like a fungus.

Gerry turns to look back, and in lockstep with the audience, notices something truly horrific now:

## GERRY

GOOD GOD - THEY ARE FASTER HERE-

WARMBRUMM  
-THANK YOU FOR THAT-

-One of the Generals is screaming into a hand-held:

GENERAL #1  
(subtitled Hebrew)  
PROCEED WITH OPERATION NOAH'S ARK!

Gerry grabs that General:

GERRY  
HAVE YOUR JETS START DROPPING BOMBS  
OUTSIDE THE WALLS-

GENERAL #1  
-AND RISK BREACHING THE WALL-

GERRY  
-NO: AWAY FROM IT-AWAY FROM IT-THE  
NOISE WILL PULL AWAY THE Zs...

General goes back to yelling into his handheld - don't know if he gave Gerry's advice even a second thought. Gerry looks at Warmbrumm now, the color gone from the old man's face. Warmbrumm grabs the Segen, points at Gerry.

WARMBRUMM  
Go West - New Gate or Jaffa Gate -  
but get there before they close -  
*your life for his.*

GERRY (O.C.)  
No.

WARMBRUMM  
He must get to Atarot, and back on  
his plane-

SEGEN  
-why?

GENERAL #2  
THOSE ARE ORDERS!

WARMBRUMM  
(much more grandfatherly)  
He may help save us.  
(to Gerry, a small smile)  
*After all of it...the undead get  
Jerusalem...*

Warmbrumm peels away now, giving a small salute to Gerry - *just as the sound of big bombs dropping on the other side of the wall start filling the air...*

EXT. THE OLD CITY - DAY

Running with Segen's IDF Platoon. Every member has, in addition to an assault rifle and standard kit, an AA-12 Automatic Shotgun lashed across their back with spare drum magazines. Even more ghoulish than the shotguns: machetes in sheathes strapped to their hips.

Sporadic gunfire now from seemingly half the windows in the city, no real idea who's shooting or why. Segen's Unit returning fire on the run - but it's pure fog of war. One of the IDF Soldiers is shot. Drops dead instantly.

Gerry quickly unslings the Shotgun from the dead Soldier's back, pulls the machete from the sheath...

SEGEN (O.C.)  
KEEP MOVING!

CUT TO:

Burgeoning mass of Humanity floods the streets now: moving from trickle to stream to torrent block by block. Most utterly unprepared, empty-handed with terrified families in tow. Surprisingly quiet though as people focus all their adrenaline on running rather than hysterics - just the shouts of people trying to stay together in the midst of the masses.

Soldiers and Gunmen begin popping up on top of the walls, firing at things we can't see because we're in the network of ancient alleys and streets, bullets ricocheting off walls, spraying faces with stone as old as time. We follow Segen and her Unit - this innate sense of where to go, what turns to make, which alleys won't be clogged.

And then we start hearing screams. Meaningful, ugly, bereft of hope: *Zs somewhere close*. And as we come into the clear of a wider market area, the Jaffa gate visible down the street, we see Zs pincer-in from alleys on either side of that path.

Segen's platoon, eyes bright, faces drenched, take aim, slow the pace to a rapid walk, and begin running their Tavor assault rifles dry, aiming at Z legs. Hundreds of hits. Never stop moving. Drop their rifles when they finish their clips, then unslung and bring the automatic shotguns to bear with both hands. Segen in Hebrew, pointing at Gerry:



SEGEN (CONT'D)  
 HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF US. STAY  
 CLOSE BUT NOT BUNCHED!

They close around Gerry, move right into the mass of Zs. And now we see the reason for these shotguns - and maybe lament the State of Man that anyone could think up such a weapon: *12 gauge shells that fire at a machine gun rate*. Firing the AA-12s point-blank - heads and chests exploding black, forming a cloud that hovers around them as they move forward, clearing a path like giants moving through trees.

Gerry wide-eyed, dappled in black blood, not firing because there's no clear sight-line while he's in the middle.

*The door to the Jaffa gate slams closed.* IDF Soldiers and PA troops up on walls and roofs, start offering hands and ropes down to people. We watch one Man lifted. Not fast enough - bitten along the backs of his legs a dozen times. Screams. An IDF Soldier nearby on the wall executes the bitten man before he turns. Falls from the rope.

BACK TO:

SEGEN (CONT'D)  
 RELOADING!

Ejects her ammo drum. Snaps home another. Expert, martial, manicured hands - *and then one of those hands is bitten*. Just like that. Anticlimax. A shotgun blast detonates the offending Z...a pregnant second of surprised eye contact...and as one of the soldiers levels his shotgun to Segen's head, several others turning away preemptively, Gerry pulls the machete, and with one swing takes her hand off above the wrist - we never see it - just hear the impact of the blade, watch the faces of Segen and the other soldiers.

Shock doubles. Gerry sort of looks at Segen, then at the other troops, unsure of what he just did or what to do next...blinks...gets his head back, drops the machete, begins counting as he rips Segen into an alcove. Most of the other stunned soldiers remember to start shooting again. They form a sort wall between the attacking Zs and Gerry and Segen.

Another Female soldier, FEMALE #1 steps in, stands over Gerry, aiming down at Segen as Gerry counts while he rips off his right boot, rips the lace out of it: a tourniquet...

GERRY  
 1005, 1006-

-Segen staring at Gerry's lips counting, still no words, no reaction. Gerry shoves away the muzzle of Female #1's shotgun aimed down at Segen. She moves right back into place.

GERRY (CONT'D)

1008...

And no sooner does he say that then Segen begins to scream...this primal, mournful wail that frightens us, *but also assures us she's still human*. Gerry exhales. Holds her.

GERRY (CONT'D)

*I'm sorry...I'm so sorry...*

Female #1 ejects the shell she was going to use, drops it, stomps on it. Breaks open. Picks up what's left and dumps gunpowder on Segen's stump. Takes a lighter from her pocket, cigarettes spilling out, lights the powder - again we never actually see the stump, just the flash, the smoke.

Segen's eyes roll back. Gerry and Female #1 scoop her, step back out - Gerry pauses, steps back into the alcove, shoves his foot back into his lace-less boot, then takes command:

GERRY (CONT'D)

SHE'S IN THE MIDDLE NOW!

Gerry on point as the Unit forms a shell around Segen who is being guided by Female #1. Gerry aims the platoon at the nearest group of PA Troops on one top of a relatively low wall, holding a hastily knotted rope people are climbing. And now Gerry has to fire the shotgun for the first time: blasts a Z, but the recoil almost breaks his shoulder. Big wince and yell. Female #1 from behind.

FEMALE #1

LEAN INTO IT!

Does so. Fires again. Gets the hang. Obliterating Zs. Bites snapping within inches of our hands. Gerry runs out of shells just as they get to the rope: the PA Troops unloading AKs into the Zs below. Grenades go off now in the midst of Zs and humans, blow 10 or 12 apart at a clip.

Gerry grabs still-shocked Segen, wraps her good arm multiple times with the rope, lifts her part of the way up. The PA Troops lift her the rest of the way. Three members of the Platoon tackled/bitten now almost simultaneously. Unseen multiple shots hit them before they can turn - an errant round drops Female #1.

Bullets start ricocheting off the walls right next to the Segen. Gerry enraged, scans: a shooter in a nearby window - a man - Gerry picks up one of the fallen Soldier's shotguns as a Z snaps down on the toe of his right boot he almost left behind. Swings the shotgun up to the window, blasts that man just as he is ready to fire again - Gerry uses every round.

Then he uses the stock of the gun to crush the head of the Z still trying to get through the steel toe of that boot.

The IDF platoon is gone now: dead, turned. Instinctively slings the shotgun, turns, grabs the rope. He's screwed: no way he can climb up and out in time, and suddenly it's just one PA Soldier left on top of the Wall, and Segen. *Zs inches away. He's gone.* Then the PA Soldier - and Segen with her good arm, lift at the same time, pulling Gerry up, fractions of a second before his lower legs would have been devoured.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL - NEXT MOMENT

All 3 jump down off the wall. 2 stories. Ugly impacts. Quiet. Take breaths. Nothing like relief. Just a moment here, a look traded among 3 human beings still alive for the time being.

Close-up on Gerry's face, spattered in black blood. And then behind his face we see five Zs land brutally hard on this other side of the wall too. Gerry, the Segen, and the PA Soldier stand, turn, look up...

Zs jumping off 3, 4, and 5 story rooftops to get over the walls of the Old City now too. *Of course.* Gerry, Segen, and the PA Soldier begin running as hard as they can - within five strides though, one of the jumping Zs lands on the PA Soldier. Awful impact, sound. Gerry and Segen keep going.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Troops piling into a dust-caked IDF Land Rover. So overloaded the tires rub the wheel wells. Gerry and a sheet-white Segen climb a little ladder to a rack up top. The other Soldiers see her charred stump, make way. Rover starts moving. She scans the rank insignia of those around her, then screams - sort of slurring her words like when you have a vicious flu but still need to yell. In Hebrew:

SEGEN  
WHERE TO?!

DRIVER (O.C.)  
THE SEA!

SEGEN  
NO! ATAROT AIR FIELD!

DRIVER  
YOU CAN JUMP DOWN!

SEGEN  
I'M RANKING! ATAROT ON GENERAL BAR-  
LEV'S ORDERS OR HE'LL HAVE YOU SHOT-

INT. LAND ROVER - NEXT MOMENT

Tight on the driver's face...not changing course, speed...

SEGEN (O.C.)  
DO YOU WANT TO BET THAT THAT GUY  
WON'T SURVIVE THIS?

CUT TO:

Just the deep blue sky, and then a USAF C-17 roars through frame, landing gear folding up under the fuselage.

EXT. ATAROT AIR FIELD, JERUSALEM - SAME MOMENT

Gerry at an outer fence, sweating profusely, *watching his ride leave*, holding up Segen. His teeth grit hard enough to break...then he regroups. We take his POV again: masses of people trying to get into the main terminal on one side of the frame, an Aeroflot A320 taxiing quickly to the end of the runway on the other: next to take-off after the C-17. Gerry throws his shotgun over the fence...

GERRY  
I'm climbing over...  
(what else can he say?)  
*Thank you.*

Gerry sits her down, then starts to climb...

SEGEN  
Don't leave me here.

GERRY  
(stops climbing)  
*I don't know where I'm going...*

SEGEN  
*Don't leave me...*

A moment. Gerry goes back down, picks up and boosts Segen over the fence. She climbs the last bit one-handed. Then just drops ugly from the top. Screams when the severed arm hits ground on the other side. Gerry climbs, jumps, lands, grabs the shotgun and Segen, and starts running to head off the Airplane as it starts to turn to face the runway.

## INT. AEROFLOT A320 COCKPIT - NEXT MOMENT

Lining up with the runway, not totally stopping, no time for proper procedure - just force the takeoff. We watch with the pilots as many more people begin jumping fences - then at the same time both pilots see some Asshole already standing in the runway, out in front, holding what looks to be a dying woman, aiming a shotgun at one of the engines. Running backwards so as not to get sucked into that engine.

## EXT. RUNWAY - DAY

Plane slams it's brakes. Nose dips. Gerry keeps the shotgun aimed at the howling engine. Pointing at the cabin door: *open that fucker...*a long enormously loud moment...and then to his amazement, it does. Gerry runs toward it, holding Segen with one arm, keeping the shotgun vaguely aimed with the other.

When he gets close enough, he drops the gun, tells Segen to jump, which she does - true feats of endurance from her now. She grabs onto the entryway floor with her good hand. Hanging there, unable to lift herself further. Gerry makes pleading eye contact with the Flight Attendants as Segen is about to slide off...*and they grab her*. Pull her up. Gerry jumps up now...plane moving again...they help him up too.

## INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - NEXT MOMENT

Roaring down the runway before they get the door closed. Gerry looks down the aisle: filled with the lucky enough/rich enough to be this sartorial and seated with their belts on in the middle of all this. They stare back at Gerry cradling Segen like she's his own daughter...*and only now does she begin sobbing*.

## INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN, SLEEPING QUARTERS - TIME UNKNOWN

Karin drawn, haggard, dialing the sat phone. Ringing...

## INT. AEROFLOT FLIGHT - DAY

Gerry, still seated on the floor with Segen, can't hear the ring over her wailing, the roar of the take-off. But the face of the ringing phone lights up his shirt pocket. That's enough to make some of the terrified flyers point and shriek: *think Gerry has some sort of bomb*. Their momentary, shit-yourself-panic would be funny in another world.

Gerry looks down to what they're pointing/yelling at, then snatches out the phone like it was some priceless heirloom he forgot he was carrying. Shows it to the people to try to calm them down so he might hear. Answers:

GERRY

*Hello?*

Using his feet to brace against the bulkhead as the plane hits takeoff speed...

GERRY (CONT'D)

KARIN?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(using one of 10 English words she knows)

OFF! OFF!

GERRY

(back at her)

*ARE YOU SHITTING ME?*

(back to the phone)

*Baby? Hello?!*

Nose rotates up steeply. A ball-clinching climb-out. Unseen fighter jets flash by: the noise of their afterburners seems to ripple the very materials of the A320 airframe...

INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN SLEEPING QUARTERS - EARLY AM

Karin's end of the line: just nearly silent static. Closes her eyes. Waits 5 more seconds. Then turns it off...begins crying in this small, deep, but stunted way. Mourning maybe. *Throws the phone in a garbage can.* Slings a full backpack. Steps out and closes the door behind her. But we stay in the empty room. Three seconds. She opens the door back up, quickly steps back inside, *pulls the phone from the garbage can,* puts it her pocket. Steps back out.

INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN HALLWAY - NEXT MOMENT

Tommy and Connie waiting for her, and they're also carrying packed bags. All look tired, sad. The Parajumper, always lurking now, just behind the kids. Karin nods politely.

KARIN

Thanks for waiting outside here.

Putting her arms around her kids, to them quietly:

KARIN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

And they all begin walking...

INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN BRIG/JAIL - TIME UNKNOWN

*Rachel, still in the clothes we last saw her in, asleep in the corner of a holding tank. A dozen Quislings of all shapes and ages in with her. Two in the middle of a vicious fight, one old, a full hoary beard, the other maybe 16.*

Tight on Karin: lips quivering, tears rolling down her cheeks, but she refuses to give them voice. Pull back: Parajumper talking with the Marine GUARD and a Navy MEDIC. A conversation we can't hear. Medic looks over at Karin now:

MEDIC

*Wanna go in yourself, no escort?*  
(she nods yes, he shrugs)  
You'll need a tetanus shot...

GUARD

Because these retards bite like  
they mean it...

Karin just rolls up her sleeve. And then quietly, evenly, but with this palpable, maternal rage aimed at the Guard:

KARIN

I'll do whatever I have to do so no  
one like you will ever touch her  
again.

And the depth of her quiet words shut him up.

CUT TO:

Post injection. Medic tossing the syringe into a biohazard can. Karin rolling down her sleeve, moving toward the gate to the holding tank know. The Marine holds out a billy club for her. She smacks it out of his hands, onto the ground.

INT. HOLDING TANK - NEXT MOMENT

Karin strides in, utterly unafraid, holding a bottle of water and a clean shirt. Kneels down by her daughter who we think is still asleep - but Rachel is suddenly staring up at her with blank eyes. We cringe at the proximity. But Karin, as calmly and evenly as any Mother could ever muster, just begins cleaning her little face with the shirt and the water.

Then pulls the ALIVE hat out of her cargo pant's pocket. Puts it on her daughter's head, scoops up her up.

INT. USS HARRY TRUMAN BRIG - NEXT MOMENT

Walks right back out, past the Guard who has been affected by Karin, her motherhood. Misses his own Mom now. Very quiet:

GUARD (O.C.)

Good luck.

KARIN

(without looking back)

Thank you.

INT. AEROFLOT PLANE - AFTERNOON

Gerry still sitting on the floor, holding a bottle of water, letting the Segen drink from it. Pilot is saying something in Russian over the intercom. Gerry doesn't understand a lick.

Pilot's address ends. Gerry looks down the aisle: and people seem scared all of the sudden. Some start to cry...

GERRY

Are any of you Doctors?

(beat, scared, to no one)

*Am I doing the right thing giving her water?*

(beat)

Can anyone tell me where we're going? *Why the hell some of you just started crying? We crashing?*

The Old Lady sitting right in front of Gerry, in the first row, wears a mink stole and a diamond encrusted Rolex. Looks impassively at Gerry. Gerry watches as she nonchalantly stands, pulls a Vuitton bag out of the overhead. He can't help but shake his head...

Seconds later, that Old Lady is suddenly down on her knees with *antibacterial wipes*. And in this sweet, sudden, motherly way, begins wiping Segen's face without asking. Segen makes eye contact: kindly brown, bloodshot eyes staring back at her. Then in halting English:

OLD LADY

Nurse once. It is good she drinks.  
Make her eat salt too.

She produces three bags of salted peanuts from that bag...



OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
 Only signal Pilot gets in Russia is  
 Military. When we land we are to be-  
 (unsure of the word)  
 -drafted? That's why we cry.

GERRY  
 You're not.

OLD LADY  
 (this great smile)  
 I am cold bitch.

Even Segen chuckles at that, coughing up some of her water.

EXT. USS HARRY TRUMAN FLIGHT DECK - SUNRISE

Karin's raw, red eyes. Standing with her children, the remnants of the UN, and two dozen other people we don't know, a few holding and/or trying to control other Quisling family members/friends, stand on the deck, waiting for something...

Near the very edge of the boat, some 15 yards away, a line of bodies wrapped in white sacks, names scribbled in black ink. Sailors throw them overboard one by one. Karin and the UN remnants stare at one sack in particular: *Thierry Umutoni*...

Some squared-away SERGEANT we've never seen before appears and starts barking in a studied, martial baritone:

SERGEANT  
 MORNING. WE NEED FEWER MOUTHS TO  
 FEED AND THE CUBANS NEED GUNS. YOU  
 ALL WILL BE RELOCATED TO CAMP  
 COMFORT IN THE EVERGLADES, NOW  
 UNDER THE COMMAND OF CUBAN FORCES.

Thierry's body next in line.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)  
 (impressed with his joke)  
 SO TODAY IS A SORT OF EL MARIEL IN  
 REVERSE-

-the Sailors grab Thierry's body. Karin calls out, interrupting the Sergeant:

KARIN  
 THAT WAS A GREAT MAN...  
 (everyone looks at her, a  
 long moment passes)  
 (MORE)

KARIN (CONT'D)  
 HE DID THINGS AND SAW THINGS YOU  
 MAYBE COULDN'T DREAM...AND HE  
 THOUGHT THE WORLD OF MY HUSBAND...

Sailors hesitate. One sort of nods respectfully at Karin,  
 then they just go back to work...

INT. HELICOPTER - EARLY MORNING

Karin and her kids loaded into a Chinook packed with the same  
 people we just saw on deck, and stacks of rifles piled in the  
 middle of the floor. The Parajumper is on board too, in full  
 flight uniform. See's that Karin is scared...

PARAJUMPER  
 I'll be on the ground with you...

KARIN  
 (beat)  
 What does that mean?

PARAJUMPER  
 There's no chance the Cubans let  
 this chopper or crew leave. Too  
 valuable. *But I knew it was one way*  
*when I volunteered...*

Karin looks at him with an expression of quiet *distaste*...

EXT. AN OLD AIRFIELD - NIGHT

In white font: **Khodynka Air Field, Moscow**

Fires light the night sky. Cacophony of battle sounds in the  
 distance: bombs detonating, industrial-sounding chain guns  
 roaring, but the only things we actually see are aircraft  
 running lights, afterburners, and flashes.

The Passengers are lead from the plane by men with guns. Made  
 to run into a hangar. Screamed at like they all just entered  
 basic training. Or a Prison run by the strongest inmates.

INT. FORTIFIED HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

The hangar doors close behind them. Pelted with garbage and  
 invective by lines of Russian Soldiers. All of whom wear  
 heavy Riot Gear. Some even in Bomb Suits. Every part of their  
 skin covered. Duct tape wrapped and patched everywhere.

Their Leader is a short man wearing SPETSNAZ insignia. Takes his helmet off as the Passengers are made to line up so looting them is a more efficient process. Gerry, separated from Segen somehow on the sprint inside, is scanning for her like her mad. Then notices that several of the younger, prettier girls on the plane aren't in line. To the Old Woman:

GERRY

*Where did my friend go? The Women?*

OLD WOMAN

Quiet.

Still scanning when Soldier hands are suddenly all over him. Ripping into his pockets. His phone taken. A roll of multi-national currency. *And Captain Speke's ring is ripped from his jacket pocket* - Gerry had forgot about it.

He reflexively, shockingly, punches that Soldier: this perfect-lucky shot that lands on the chin, short circuiting this poor bastard's brain. Soldier crumbles over momentarily useless legs. Not out cold, but wild-eyed.

And nobody can believe it. The other Soldiers and Passengers just stare. Most smile. Gerry, disbelieving it himself, leans down and just picks the ring back up, puts it on his finger. The Soldier he knocked loopy, stands after two false starts, glazed, sort of weaves away. Gerry expects to be beaten or worse. Nothing comes. Spetsnaz begins yelling in Russian:

SPETSNAZ

YOU LEFT RUSSIA ONCE. TOOK ALL YOUR  
THINGS. NOW YOU EXPECT TO COME HOME  
WITHOUT REPERCUSSION. WITHOUT A  
SECOND THOUGHT ABOUT FOOD, WATER?

4 soldiers step to within 5 feet of the line. Chatting to each other, 2 of the 4 smoking cigarettes. One popping a new clip into his AK-47. Another blows dust out of the chamber. Then they aim at the line. We cringe: *a firing squad*.

Other Soldiers and Civilians, most handcuffed and several beaten, are added to the line now. Gerry scanning, finds it impossible to believe that he's actually in front of a firing squad...*can't be...*

Spetsnaz raises his arm. Gerry's eyes go wide. Unconsciously raising his hands in futile defense. But instead of dropping his arm, Spetsnaz yells something in Russian much longer than "FIRE." And instead of gunshots, the person at the furthest end of the line barks, Gerry's head snaps that way to try to read what's going on...

END OF LINE

Ah-DEEN.

Then the next person barks:

NEXT PERSON

Dva.

And so on until it gets to the Old Woman:

OLD WOMAN

Shest.

Then she turns to Gerry and says in an her accented English:

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

Say '*see-em*'

Gerry hesitates, soldiers start screaming-

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)

-means '*seven.*'

GERRY

SEE-EM.

And so on until the whole line has counted off...

SPETSNAZ

(subtitled now)

4s, and, uh, 6s step forward.

Which they all do. Haltingly. Gerry wide-eyed, watching the Old Lady step forward. No real clue what's going on. 8 people total. The 4 Soldiers with the AKs and the cigarettes stand near the first 4 in the line of 8...

SPETSNAZ (CONT'D)

You've been sentenced to  
'involuntary conservation.'

Gerry still trying to glean the meaning of the foreign words when suddenly those 4 soldiers fire at the four right in front of them. Before he can even comprehend what happened, the 4 soldiers have stepped down to the next 4: the Old Lady.

GERRY

STOP THIS! NOT HER-

-3 fire. The one standing over the Old Lady doesn't. Gerry steps to her just as Spetsnaz snatches the rifle from the suddenly reluctant Executioner-

GERRY (CONT'D)

-LOOK AT ME! DON'T DO THAT! SHE'S A-

-pulls the trigger *while indeed looking at Gerry*. Turns and shrugs at the Soldier who demurred, as if to say: 'c'mon man.' Then nonchalantly:

SPETSNAZ

2s, 5s, 8s, 9s step back.

Gerry just stays still, staring at Spetsnaz, understanding only that he now hates this little man.

SPETSNAZ (CONT'D)

You're sentenced to locomotion.

2 of the 4 Executioners bark at that group, hustle them toward a stairwell in the corner, leading underground...

SPETSNAZ (CONT'D)

1s, 3s, 7s, 10s sentenced to path clearing. Working together with locomotion, *you will relieve the desperate...*

Gerry recognizes the word for seven, but that's all. The remaining 2 Executioners bark at Gerry and the other 1s, 3s, 7s and 10s. Spetsnaz yells something himself now. One of the Executioners holds up the line while the other grabs Gerry, walks him over to Spetsnaz. Search the little man's vicious mug, trying to figure what comes next...in solid English:

SPETSNAZ (CONT'D)

American?

Gerry doesn't answer.

SPETSNAZ (CONT'D)

Zombies gutted your country-

GERRY

-*murderer*.

Spetsnaz frowns, grabs Gerry hard by the chin.

SPETSNAZ

*I sentenced them-*

GERRY

-what ever helps you sleep-

SPETSNAZ

-*SHOOTING YOU WOULD!*

Gerry immediately moderates his tone back to conversational:

GERRY

*So long as you don't sentence me...*

Spetsnaz gets that he looks ridiculous, even if no one else present speaks much English. Lets go. Then produces Gerry's phone from his own chest pocket. Gerry can't help but look at it like it's some talisman...whoever possesses it isn't forced to give themselves over to the new world completely.

SPETSNAZ

Power cord?

GERRY

(lifts his arms)

Steal that too.

Spetsnaz slaps Gerry. Hard. But Gerry has already cast Spetsnaz as the slow Bully. Spetsnaz orders another to rifle Gerry's pockets. Finds the charger. Spetsnaz Looks at it...

SPETSNAZ

*European adapter?*

Gerry silent. Spetsnaz shrugs, drops the phone in a chest pocket as though he's always owned it. Gerry shoved toward the stairs heading down. We can hear screams now from below. Mad screams. And just as Gerry, sure he's running into some torturous death, hits the top stair, the Kid he knocked loopy appears out of nowhere, swinging his rifle by the muzzle, so that it hits Gerry's head like a baseball bat hits a ball...

FLASH TO BLACK.

INT. DANK, DARK SUBWAY CAR - TIME UNKNOWN

Packed. Two men in tattered uniforms holding candles. Illuminating dozens of scared, drawn faces. Wide-eyed and/or dead-eyed. Subway car moving slowly through a pitch-black tunnel. We're in the midst of a subtitled conversation among some of the passengers, all under-dressed, under-fed:

MAN #1

What does 'path clearing' mean?

Literally light at the end of the tunnel now. Dim. Everybody turns to look. We're coming into a massive, stunning Moscow subway station. Faded Soviet murals line both walls: square-jawed, sun-kissed peasantry making tractors, buildings dams, harvesting wheat. Inoperable chandeliers hang intermittently along the apex of the vaulted roof.

WOMAN #1  
*What else could it mean?*

The dim light comes from hundreds of candles, *that illuminate dozens of Men and Women already on the platform, waiting for us like Ghosts.* Car stops. Deathly quiet. And then women in equally tattered uniforms yank open the doors from the inside: the nails of their fingers broken and scabbed from doing this hundreds of times - their *job*. We step out...

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Expect similar barking as the Hangar. But the Ghosts are quiet. Everything about them: voices, movements. Like a culture.

WOMAN #2  
 (whispers to #1)  
 Oh my God. Why are we down here-

GERRY (O.C.)  
 (in Russian, cri de coeur  
 we heard from Spetsnaz)  
 -to relieve the desperate.

Gerry's voice makes us jump. *He's one of the ghosts waiting on the platform.* Squatting down right in front of the doors of the car we just exited. Full beard. Wearing Speke's ring. 20 pounds lighter now, but more ferocious-looking.

Similarly, there are "ghosts" in front of all the subway cars, waiting for the new "recruits" to all step out.

An even gaunter man stands next to Gerry: SIMON. Both Gerry and he hold things that look like hellish, hand-made shovels. Each slightly different from the other though - not made by a factory but by *experience*, by hand, on the fly. Each about 4 feet long with these sort of ergonomically curved shafts and baton handles for easy swinging, thrusting. The shovel part is filed down like a large spade or trowel, then sharpened to a razor's edge. We'll come to know this weapon as a *LOBO*.

Our POV switches to Gerry's. Looking at 17 mostly young and middle aged men and women who stare back at him. And now we see the subway car start moving again - but none of the concomitant electrified swoosh of power. And as it passes through our POV, we finally see what Spetsnaz meant by "*locomotion*": a *silent, wretched horde of people push the subway cars to make them go.* Modern galley slaves.

And when Gerry speaks, he does so in a very low voice. The idea he hasn't spoken any louder than this in some time. Everything in Russian unless otherwise noted:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
 (English)  
 Nothing above a whisper for the  
 rest of your lives.

SIMON  
 (translating)  
 Don't speak louder than a whisper  
 until you die. Sounds harsh, but  
 when you realize you'll be dead in  
 a few hours it gets easier.

Quiet, scared moment...

MAN #2  
*How long have you been down here?*

SIMON  
 (beat, thinking)  
 Are there leaves on the trees?

They all sort of go gape-mouthed at that...

WOMAN #3  
 No.

MAN #2  
 How have you survived?

SIMON  
 (nodding to Gerry)  
 By doing exactly what he says.

Silence now as Gerry says nothing just now. The very quiet  
 din of something massive going on in the world above, but  
 still far off...the recruits hear it, tune into it...

MAN #3  
 What is that?

GERRY  
 (English to Simon)  
 Where they from?

SIMON  
 (to the recruits)  
 You from the Camps?

Yes nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 (English to Gerry)  
 Camps we heard about in the South.



WOMAN #4  
They're all overrun.

SIMON  
(English to Gerry)  
Gone now.

GERRY  
Of course they are.

MAN #3  
(pointing up again)  
*What is that?*

SIMON  
(hard suddenly, annoyed)  
Where we've been headed since there  
were leaves. If you're worth your  
weight, we'll be there by morning.

Gerry stands now: just behind him is a mound of gear: jackets, gloves, scarves, boots, hats. Silently begins outfitting these people just like Speke's crew once outfitted him. And even his movements are different now. Economical. On the balls of his feet. *Silent by habit.*

Stacks of magazines and newspapers nearby as well, along with ratty rolls of duct and masking tape. He starts wrapping Woman #1's arms in old copies of the Russian edition of Rolling Stone - *Springsteen* on the cover. Taping it to her like low rent armor. The others, studying everything Gerry does now, begin doing the same for themselves.

GERRY  
(in limited Russian)  
Not fashion. If it fits it fights.

Next, Gerry points her, and by extension all the rest, to piles of bladed weapons: axes, machetes, butcher knives, sledge hammers, etc. And lined up against the wall behind these medieval piles are makeshift shields: sections of old doors, car hoods, and desktops with nylon or leather straps nailed into them for handles. Low slots cut in each - at what would be knee level for an adult standing on the other side. Several marred with blood stains. They all blanch as Simon points at the Magazine Gerry taped around #1's arm. English:

SIMON  
Springsteen?

A game he and Gerry play...

GERRY  
Alive. Of course. How dare you.

SIMON  
He's dead for sure.

GERRY  
You say everyone is dead...

Some of those other "teams" led by the other Ghosts begin heading down different tunnels and access ways now. All the leaders, Gerry and Simon included, silently wave or nod to each other - *a history between them all we weren't privy to.*

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(to Simon re: these new recruits)  
Tell them to hurry it up. We'll train them while we walk-

SIMON  
-*the Boss* was Democrat, liberal. I bet he died during benefit concert thrown for 'Zeke.'

GERRY  
Boss is immortal. Even Zs know the words to Thunder Road.

Simon laughs small. Then silence. Candles casting shadows. The noise of that massive event above-ground seems closer...

SIMON  
What do you think is up there?

GERRY  
I'll worry about that if we clear this last piece. Now would you tell them what I said?

SIMON  
The rate at which you're picking up the language is sort of sad.

INT. DARK TUNNEL - SOME UNKNOWN TIME LATER

Walking. They all carry candles in one hand, basic knives in the other. Their larger weapons and shields slung. The Rookies wide-eyed. Simon and Gerry wary but not nervous.

The candle light playing off the walls in ghoulish ways - *until it's not*: the tunnel walls just fall as we come into some larger station.

INT. OLDER, DIFFERENT STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Still impressive if judged by what little we see in the candle light. Grand, Soviet-era sculptures of workers loom on either side of the tunnel mouth from which we emerge. The side of the face of one has fallen off: the positively Greek jaw and cheek lay across the tracks. We move around it...

5 more seconds of moving. Then we stop. More quiet seconds save the echoes from above. POV switches. Gerry all alone suddenly in the middle of the tracks. Tight on his face now. Silent. And then, contrary to everything we've seen from him over these last several scenes, *he lets out a deep, quick, shocking, rebel yell...* then just waits. More seconds pass. *And then very slowly we think we start hear something else besides the echoes above.* Still tight on his face:

GERRY  
(back to Monkish quiet)  
Work as a team.

Simon translating everything somewhere nearby, off-camera.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
Your life is less important than  
the lives on either side of you.  
Keep your mouths shut so I can draw  
them off if I have to...

Pull back: the rest of the "team" arrayed in a line 20 yards behind Gerry. Using the makeshift shields to form a sort of TORTOISE formation - think Roman Legions. The Strong and Heavy squat, one arm strapped to those large door-sized shields with the low slits for cutting into Z knees - thick stubby blades for hacking bone in their free hands. These shields all flush with one another - they're collectively called THE ROOT.

Standing behind them, with smaller shields and longer weapons are the weaker and lighter whose focus are Z necks/spines - collectively called THE SHAVERS. Then on either side of this line you have FLANK GUARDS. Simon on the right flank with his Lobo. Three of the largest Men on the left flank, armed with smaller shields and long weapons.

Gerry though just holds his spot way out front. POINT. Alone with nothing but his Lobo. Flickering candle makes the scene look like something conjured by Dante. *Noise louder now...*

And then out of the mouth of that opposite tunnel comes the footfalls of dozens of Zs, charging up the wide tracks right at us. *Echoes of teeth snapping.* Seconds pass...and now the candle light starts to show the first hints of them: 20 yards and closing.

Gerry turns slightly now, both minimizing his silhouette and coiling to strike at once - *Zs right on top of us.* Anticipation. *Then they go right by us* - Gerry simply letting the first dozen run past - his whole focus on one Z in particular, running right at him.

We hear those first dozen who flew by hammer into the tortoise formation behind Gerry...*and now he swings.* Decapitates the Z he was locked onto - head flies past Gerry's right side, body slides past his left.

And Gerry displays skills we didn't know he had. He's a new sort of William Wallace: the same heavy, brutal, but expert skill at butchering an enemy. Attacking dozens of Zs from his stationary spot as they storm past him, taking legs-heads-arms with each virtually soundless swing. Then he lets loose this small but loud:

GERRY (CONT'D)

POP.

*All the Zs running past stop, focus right on him...*

CUT TO:

And half the Zs slamming into the Tortoise formation stop, turn, charge back at Gerry - he's giving the rookies time to gather themselves, fight a more manageable number. But one of the rookies in the Root, adrenaline-infused, sticks the hand gripping a long hunting knife too far out the slit of his shield. Bitten immediately, through his glove...

Woman #1 is THE SWEEPER: the person who waits behind the lines, poised to amputate or kill bite victims before they turn. But now she stands frozen. Simon, swinging his Lobo with less skill than Gerry but getting the job done all the same, glimpses this. In a loud whisper that causes some of the Zs who had just peeled off to charge back at the line:

SIMON

CUT THAT HAND OFF!

WOMAN #1

I CAN'T-

SIMON

-THEN STAB HIM OR THE LINE-

-she does. Hard. We never see it. Man #2 and Man #3, who have been part of the crew manning the flank opposite Simon, turn now, dive into this part of the line while one holds the door, shaking with fear, the other unbuckles the dead man's arm, buckles himself into the shield...

Back to Gerry: destroying the wave he just drew off as he makes his way back to the Tortoise. Ragged breaths...

Back to the Tortoise: *the man bitten on the hand wasn't killed. Suddenly bites Man #2 and Man #3 almost within the same second.* Line panics, starts to break apart - Gerry appears from the darkness suddenly, decapitates both men, then stomps the face of that first man bitten.

And like that it's over. Quick as it started. The only sound is the friction of Zs still able to drag themselves...

GERRY  
(in the calm whisper)  
Hesitation is murder in this place.

Simon translates.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(in Russian now)  
*Stow blades. Pull hammers.*

Gerry slings his Lobo over his back, pulls an 15-pound sledge. They all do the same with their respective weapons. And while the whole unit watches, Gerry steps to the nearest crawler - coughs - *this Z with no eyes suddenly snapping right at him* - it's few remaining teeth shattering. Gerry rears up like he's going to drive a railroad spike, and just as he torques his whole body into the downstroke-

CUT TO:

-staring up at a manhole cover. Through the pry holes we can see daylight - interrupted constantly by what looks like heavy foot traffic over top. Garbled echoes of screams, battle. Pronounced lack of gunfire save the faint reports of solitary rifle cracks in the middle distance...

GERRY (CONT'D)  
*Relieve the desperate.*

SIMON (O.C.)  
*My God. We made it. How many days?*

GERRY  
*How many people.*

A look, a breath. Then Gerry charges up the ladder. Getting closer to the natural light causes our eyes to squint. At the top, Gerry uses his neck and shoulder to get the manhole cover off - and goes nearly blind now as this is the first daylight he's seen in weeks.

For the first ten seconds of the scene, we can barely see. Obvious though that something awful and massive is going on around us. A rush of some sort of green color past us - *we're run over now - hear something snap*. The next second were being trampled: vague shapes of boot soles and bodies tripping, falling on us. *Expect to hear snapping jaws and breaking teeth now...* but we get to our fours, crawl away heedless until were not being trampled. Stand back up, just as somebody pushes something into our hand. In Russian:

UNSEEN PERSON  
*I won't need them...*

Gerry feeling whatever it is...*sunglasses*...puts them on: a scratched, beaten pair of terrible wrap-around Gucci knock-offs. And we take in the scene through this scratched POV...

In white font: **The Battle of Red Square**

EXT. RED SQUARE - AFTERNOON

The first thing we see is what snapped - worse than a bone - a 1-foot section his Lobo handle is gone. Then he lifts his eyes: *St. Basil's cathedral looms right in front of us*. The Kremlin to our left, sporadic muzzle flashes coming from the Spasskaya Clock Tower. Gerry, his breath visible in the gathering cold, just spins now, gape-mouthed...

We're near the middle of a square formation. Each side of the square is about 1/5 of a mile long, made up of throngs of human beings arranged in packed lines that bulge and sway as they fight off Seas of Zs filling all those wide, notable Moscow Avenues feeding Red Square. They fight with edged or blunt weapons. No rhyme to it though, no strategy, only a few with shields of any kind. Most just fighting not to die.

Inside this square is a de facto tent city. Smoke hanging over it from 100 different cooking and warming fires. Gerry sees Men asleep in lean-tos or just on the ground wrapped in bags and/or blankets. Despite the fact that deafening medieval combat is going on 10 yards away.

Long tables set up at which men stand and drink vodka, eat black bread and whatever canned good they're lucky enough to pull from nearby piles of thousands of cans - 3 minute breaks before jumping back into the fray. Two dozen latrine holes have been jack-hammered into the street. Lines at each, save the 5 that Men are pouring lighter fluid into, setting them afire to burn off the waste.

In the very center are 3 cherry-picker style trucks once used by Russian utility companies.

Only one is being used though: this ANCIENT GENERAL who's screaming something repetitive into a megaphone, seemingly right at Gerry...

And only now does Gerry remember the manhole he just climbed out of. Turns back: that green rush that was trampling him was this stream of dirty Men in Military Uniform, going down the ladder Gerry just came up. *Deserting*. A line of Men with a hodge-podge of the only firearms we have actually seen so far (save Spasskaya), are protecting this retreat: civilians trying to follow are shot/scattered.

GERRY

*SIMON?*

SIMON (O.C.)

THESE ASSHOLES DON'T LOOK  
DESPERATE...WE'VE BEEN HAD...

Last of the Uniforms goes down the ladder now. Simon charges up it. Gerry gives him the sunglasses - and Simon instantly dumbfounded by the immediate world too. Rest of their Rookie Team up the ladder - pissing off these men with guns who covered the retreat: yanking our Rookies out, yelling at them to hurry, so these Gunmen can follow the fleeing Soldiers. Ancient General still yelling in the megaphone.

GERRY

What's he saying?

SIMON

'Cowards. Cowards. Cowards.'

Gerry and Simon watch a 13 year-old girl run 4 feet behind one of the lines with a can of paint, spraying more or less a straight line all the way down the 1/4 mile length. She's actually painting a new line - because we can see the frontline is now standing on an older painted line: *losing*.

Every 3 or 4 seconds people step away from the fight, over this painted line. Most keep hustling off to take breaks, get sleep, etc. Others stop though, throw their hands up, scream something, *and within the next second they're shot dead by one of those muzzle flashes from Spasskaya Tower*. Gerry and Simon see two men die this way. One with just bitten fingers.

Both quickly stripped by pre-teen kids: THE VULTURE CORPS. A couple of whom identify the bite wound, hold high a thumbs-up gesture back to Spasskaya Tower, then go back to scavenging. A half dozen carry away the clothes. Another half dozen carry away the carcasses.

GERRY

They're not amputating. Just killing.

SIMON

It's Russia.

Gerry scanning, thinking - habit by now. The rest of the Team with him, *huddling close*, blinking out the day blindness. The last of the Gunmen covering the retreat stepping onto the ladder. Gerry watching him...then suddenly sprints right at him. And before he gets his waist under the street, Gerry roughly grabs the guy's knife out of it's sheath - then we see why he's doing this: *three grenades on the guy's belt*.

Gerry holds the knife to this Gunman's throat. Yells from both him and those below. Simon hustles over, undoes the belt/takes the grenades. Gerry takes the knife away. *The gunman starts climbing down fast now*. Gerry uses his feet to close the manhole cover just as bullets hit it. The Ancient General through that megaphone, aimed right at us:

ANCIENT GENERAL

GET UP! AND MOVE!

(pointing behind)

MUSLIMS!

(to his left)

JEWS!

(to his right)

CHRISTIANS!

(over our heads)

ATHEISTS! MOVE OR DIE!

Simon translating everything for Gerry:

SIMON

Lines separated by faith: Muslims-  
Jews-Christians-Atheists-

The Rookies don't want to leave Gerry.

WOMAN #1

(in Russian)

Let's all go to one line...

And this is the first time Gerry has actually been able to see his team in full light - their faces, hues: *a cross-section of ages, ethnicities*...Gerry thinking. Megaphone still blaring in the b/g. We get antsy. A warning shot from Spasskaya hits right in the middle of them. Huge flinch.



GERRY

No. Go to your religion...*but teach them how to fight our way.* Be the example...

Simon translates. Then Gerry, in Russian:

GERRY (CONT'D)

Relieve the desperate.

They all reluctantly scatter now: 5 Jews, 9 Christians, 3 Muslims. Simon to Gerry:

SIMON

We're Atheists then I guess...

As they run to the line, the Ancient General keeps barking:

ANCIENT GENERAL

(points up at the massive clock in Spasskaya Tower)

-FIGHT 3 HOURS FOR 3 MINUTES BREAK!  
3 SHIFTS OF THAT FOR 3 HOURS SLEEP!

SIMON

3 hours fighting, 3 minutes break.  
Do that three times over for 3  
hours sleep-

ANCIENT GENERAL

-PAINTED LINE IS THE HERO LINE! IF  
YOU'RE BITTEN, STEP OVER, RAISE  
ARMS, SCREAM 'I'VE DONE MY DUTY-'

SIMON

-if you're bitten, step over that  
line put up your hands, get shot  
before you turn. Tips appreciated-

ANCIENT GENERAL

-IF YOU'RE BITTEN AND DON'T DO YOUR  
DUTY, YOUR GOD WILL KNOW YOU DAMNED  
BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE FAITH-

SIMON

-segregate us by religion hoping  
that people would rather be shot  
than turn on fellow faithful.

ANCIENT GENERAL

FIGHT FOR YOUR MOTHER RUSSIA!

EXT. ATHEIST LINE - DAY

Gerry and Simon running the length of the line, looking for a thin/precarious spot. A man comes limping out of the line, fast and crying, right in front of them. His foot gushing blood. And just as he's about to throw his arms up. *Gerry and Simon grab him, take him down.* Like this is something they've done 100 times before - instinct.

GERRY

BREATHE!

And Simon simply amputates the foot with one swing of his Lobo - again and always unseen.

INT. SPASSKAYA CLOCK TOWER - SAME MOMENT

Over the shoulder of one of the Sniper Teams. SHOOTER and SPOTTER. Spotter stares through a high power scope unattached to a rifle. Multiple Rolexes on his left wrist. Expensive, dirty Patagonia sleeping bag around his shoulders. Russian:

SPOTTER

Jesus - Atheist line-

SHOOTER

-saw it. Sick Bastards.

SPOTTER

Take them all.

Just as the Shooter depresses the trigger-

SPOTTER (CONT'D)

-WAIT.

Spotter's POV now. Through his scope: *sees Speke's West Point graduation ring on Gerry's finger*, Gerry still holding down the Man he and Simon just saved...

SHOOTER

WHAT?

SPOTTER

West Point. American Army. Hold.  
Lets see what he's doing...

EXT. ATHEIST LINE - SAME MOMENT

Gerry opens his jacket: *a dozen precut tourniquets made of thin rags and shoelaces.* He gives one to Simon to tie. Simon to the Amputee, in Russian:

SIMON

*Keep your eyes open no matter what.*

Simon ties it. *Scream*. Then he and Gerry help the man up and over to one of the Vodka tables: and what seems like everyone in tent city is watching them, wide-eyed and dumbstruck at these two unlikely, macabre Angels. Including the Ancient General up above. Simon yells at them all:

SIMON (CONT'D)

IF YOU'RE BITTEN ON HAND OR FOOT IT  
CAN BE CUT OFF! LIFE'S TOO PRECIOUS  
TO WASTE OVER SOMETHING SO TRIVIAL  
AS A LEG...

Others join them, help lay the Man on the table.

ANCIENT GENERAL (O.C.)

(megaphone)

YOU TWO...

Gerry and Simon, bloody, holding the man still, look up...

EXT. RED SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Standing at the base of the Cherry Picker. Basket brought down low, just a few feet above Simon and Gerry. Simon talking in Russian. Gerry watching, waiting.

SIMON

Said he was Special Representative  
of the UN Secretary General...

ANCIENT GENERAL

Quite a title. Think he's lying?

SIMON

No.

ANCIENT GENERAL

How did he get into Russia?

SIMON

Just lucky I guess.

Gerry watching the lines: *sees his Rookies teaching by example*. The Muslim Line picking up the basics of the Tortoise quickest. Then he interrupts, to Simon, but as though he's talking to the General:

GERRY

If our people can come out of their lines, they can teach those on break how to make more shields, really put in play the tactics we use down in the tunnels...

ANCIENT GENERAL

(beat, then in English)

*Better the Devil you know than the Devil you don't*, young man. One hole in one line is how we lost the City. Another hole is how we were pushed back into this patch. One more hole and Russia dies...

GERRY

Then the Devil you know is still death...just drawn out over some longer period of time...

General silent. Gerry thinking. Then he holds up the purloined grenades:

GERRY (CONT'D)

Let me go back down into the tunnels-

ANCIENT GENERAL

*-I don't control it down there-*

GERRY

-but you do those Snipers who might take my head the second I touch that manhole cover - I'll find a way to get behind the Zs fighting the Muslim line - they're doing the best - best chance at an example for the others. I can use the grenades to make a noise big enough to draw off some of the pressure. Give them time to get even more shields into place, quicker...

CUT TO:

Candle light illuminating the black again.

INT. DARK TUNNELS - LATER

Gerry and Simon sprinting. *Zs on their heels*. Holding candles in one wax-covered hand, slashing any Zs that pop out in front of them with short blades held in the other.

Silent. Making turns at the same time - *they know it down here*. Sprint over the remnants of one of the other teams that formed back in the first subway station. We recognize the leader who nodded to us as he disappeared: bites on his face, a broad sword sticking from his chest. Shields, weapons, and humans killed before they turned lie scattered.

Come to a stairwell finally. Charge up it like this was the plan all along...

INT. DARK STAIRWELL - NEXT MOMENT

Taking the stairs two at a time. Gasping. Get to a door. Kick through it-

EXT. OLD MOSCOW NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

-Outside again. Cold night. *Light snow just starting*. Slam the door behind them, begin throwing any and all rubble in front of it. Door hit by Zs the same second - bites snap inches from Gerry's face as he keeps stacking rubble. Simon does his best to sever everything that pokes through the crack, *without severing Gerry*. They get a very temporary barrier in place.

SIMON  
*It won't hold...*

Then they turn back around: well behind the Muslim lines.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Alright Sparky, what do you want  
blow up?

But Gerry is transfixed on something now. Just tight on his face, the big plumes of steam billowing with each exhale. Then we take his POV: a block down this street is a smoldering fire - has almost burnt itself out. *But standing around it and even in the smoke, is a mass of Zs*.

Shivering straggling Zs walk right past us, *very slowly*, making their way to it as well...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY

*(The intense, bright sunshine of the scene stands out now in stark relief relative to Russia) Gerry turns to look back (and we remember how his brow was drenched with sweat here) and in lockstep with the audience, notices something truly horrific now:*

GERRY  
GOOD GOD - THEY ARE FASTER HERE-

RETURN TO:

Old Moscow neighborhood. Gerry and Simon standing, shivering.

GERRY (CONT'D)  
*Temperature. The Russian Winter.*

SIMON  
*(nervous, annoyed)*  
*Is really cold.*

GERRY  
*Is going to save us again.*

SIMON  
*What? Just throw the grenades.*

GERRY  
No.  
*(scans the block again)*  
*The buildings are wood. Fires will start. Whole blocks could go up. Moscow could go up...with no fire department it'd burn all winter.*  
*(beat)*  
*And the Zs will stay thawed. How do we get back down for here?*

SIMON  
*(his turn to scan)*  
*Ploschad Revolutsii Metro Station is two blocks over...*

They breathe deep, then take off across the street. Cold Zs give greatly-impaired chase, but sure enough the ones closest to the dying fire turn, chase as fast we've seen this side of Israel. Gerry's head turned as he sprints: *sees this all.*

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NEXT MOMENT

Leaping down grand, dirty marble stares two at a time. A leap onto the tracks - still being chased - *echoes of Zs falling down those marble stairs*. Again, both turn at the same time, up the same tunnels, seem to know exactly where they are, where to go next. Jump onto a raised platform about 50 yards up the train tunnel, throw open the door-

INT. GENERATOR ROOM - NEXT MOMENT

*-Gerry and Simon stop almost immediately. The room is already lit bright with big candles.* An assortment of people sit on ugly couches. Gerry remembers to close the door, bolts a lock shut. Quietly. One of the guys on the Couch, head down, in an expensive leather bomber jacket, speaks in a slurred Russian:

COUCH #1

Who forgot to lock the door?

The sound of Zs running past outside now. Gerry steps deeper into into the room - and one of three women in dresses stand up from the couch, her eyes locked on Gerry's: SEGEN. They lock eyes. No words between them. Just a look in which we get the score: she doesn't want to be here.

COUCH #1 (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Sit down. Welcome to the End.

Gerry turns to look at the man speaking, and gets a second shock: *Spetsnaz*. And through Spetsnaz's intoxicated haze, we see his eyes narrow with the beginnings of recognition of Gerry. Other men staring at Simon and Gerry now too...Gerry noticing several rifles leaning against walls, boxes of liquor. Simon slyly hands him the belt with the grenades. Segen sees this, steps back, looks for cover. Spetsnaz stands now...slurs:

COUCH #1/SPETSNAZ

*European adapter?*

Gerry just pulls the pin on one of the grenades, holding the safety lever. Still no words. Then Spetsnaz sneers. In a sort of placating tone to his friends, in Russian:

SPETSNAZ

*He's an American. It's bravado. He won't finish. American. Worried about his hair.*

SIMON

He says you won't do-

-Gerry tosses the grenade into the middle of the room before Simon even gets the sentence finished. People scramble. Segen screams at the girls she's with - they jump behind the ratty sofa they've been sitting on - explosion rocks the room. Segen choking smoke. Can't see anything. Hand grabs her, lifts her.

GERRY (OBSCURED)  
Can you run?

SIMON (OBSCURED)  
*Can you fight?*

EXT. RED SQUARE - NIGHT

Tight on Segen's face taking in the Square for the first time. Wears standard-issue scrounge now instead of that dress. Flares shot up from the Cherry Pickers light her tired face. She stands near the Cherry Picker with Gerry and Simon. The General looking down at them. *Snowing hard now.*

GERRY  
*Sir it's the Cold - that's how we  
stop it - they're slower in the  
cold - I've been all over the World  
and this is the-*

ANCIENT GENERAL  
-you didn't do what you promised.

GERRY  
*Please, believe me, douse every  
cooking fire, every warming fire.  
And commit everyone and everything-*

ANCIENT GENERAL  
-you wanna die sooner than later,  
just don't have stomach for suicide-

GERRY  
(loses his cool)  
-NO SIR!  
(moderates)  
I want more than anything to beat  
them. Because if I can do that I  
might see my children again...  
(beat)  
Use the cold like Peter did against  
Charles the XII, Kutuzov against  
Napoleon, Zhukov against Hitler.  
*This how we beat them.*  
(MORE)



GERRY (CONT'D)

Capitalize on this gift from God by  
throwing everyone in together,  
fighting the way we know from the  
tunnels, human beings shoulder-to-  
shoulder: working as one-

ANCIENT GENERAL

-people will freeze to death.  
*Tonight...*

GERRY

Maybe me among them...

That moment, the bells of Spasskaya Tower peel with the new hour. Many of the men and women who had been sleeping jump up, grab their weapons, spit, grab shots of vodka, and sprint back into the fray. As they do, others fall out of battle, go back to those same sleeping bags and blankets, hitting the vodka and/or the latrines on the way. Ancient General hoists the megaphone:

ANCIENT GENERAL

ALL UP! ALL FIRES OUT! ALL FIGHT  
NOW UNTIL VICTORY OR DEATH! PUT  
YOUR FAITH IN OUR WINTER! AND OUR  
VODKA! NO SLEEP!

Gerry turns sees more of the lines actually using the shields, tactics. Tries to sit Segen in a sleeping bag.

GERRY

You okay?

SEGEN

Don't ever ask me that again. Give  
me a weapon. Show me what to do.

CUT TO:

All three, Gerry, Segen, and Simon, hitting the lines again. It doesn't matter which. Fighting shoulder to shoulder. And Gerry notices almost immediately that the frontline is not buckling or bulging backwards like it had been - actually bulging *forward* now in spots. People too focused on the fight to care about this like he does...

*And then Spetsnaz comes out of the manhole. Bloody. Broken. Scans, sees Gerry, Segen, and Simon. Steps quickly now, raising a gun in that nonchalant way he had, not even really looking at Gerry as he begins passing behind. Gerry fighting like mad, fully engaged. Knocked back by a large Z...*

Plants his foot to regain his momentum, rears back with his broken Lobo to take this man's head off, *but the Lobo sticks somehow in mid-air, suddenly 100 pounds heavier*. Gerry turns: the broken, jagged end has impaled Spetsnaz in the throat.

Spetsnaz, bloodshot eyes wide, still fires, bullet whizzing past Gerry's head, hitting a Z. In quick succession Gerry twists the Lobo to incapacitate Spetsnaz with pain, swats the gun out of Spetsnaz's grip with his off hand, reaches into the inside pocket of his leather jacket on a whim: *pulls his phone out, pockets it himself*, then kicks Spetsnaz backwards across the Hero Line so that he's now a sudden, lone figure, blood pouring from his wound.

Gerry reaches down, grabs the gun, and throws it high over Spetsnaz's head. And Spetsnaz *lifts his arms to try to catch it*, turning as it sails just over his outstretched fingers...and only then does he realize just how badly he's been played by Gerry: *a muzzle flash from Spasskaya*, the sound a second behind, just as the bullet tears through Spetsnaz's forehead.

Vulture Corps there the next second, stripping him, the toughest of the bunch immediately putting on that bomber jacket. They pull watches and gameboys and diamond rings from his pockets, pocketing all themselves. One looks at Spetsnaz's ragged neck wound made by Gerry's Lobo, pauses, gives a shrugging thumbs up, like: *I guess that's a bite*.

Gerry just goes back to fighting.

CUT TO:

Morning. *Men indeed frozen to death*. People cry over dead friends, too aggrieved/exhausted to pay much notice to the five old Hero Lines retaken in the night. To notice that 2 of the 4 Lines of Battle are literally standing on mounds of Zs in some places, dozens patrolling those mounds, beheading and crushing those that still present a threat. Gerry exhausted. Fought through the night. Spasskaya's bells peel.

Finally gives himself a break. Staggers back to the table. *Notices only now that nobody is going behind the Hero Line*. Downs a shot. Sits almost under the table. Downs another. Like he's preparing himself for something difficult. Then he pulls the phone. Turns it on without looking. Closes his eyes. Brings the phone up to his face, then opens them: *fully charged*. Tears well in his eyes. Begins murmuring the Lord's Prayer as he dials. *Ringin*g. Karin answers, voice one part anticipation, two parts fear:

KARIN (ON PHONE)

*Baby?*

And he just starts crying now. *Finally*. And we hear Karin begin to sob with joy too...neither of them able to speak...then through tears:

GERRY  
*I believe in God now.*

KARIN (ON PHONE)  
*You always have...I knew you were out there...just not where...*

GERRY  
*Russia.*

Karin just laughs, small.

KARIN  
*You get around.*

GERRY  
*I have stories for you.*

KARIN (ON PHONE)  
*I'll hear them all some day.*

GERRY  
*Deal. Tell the Kids they haven't gotten rid of their Dad just yet-*

KARIN (ON PHONE)  
*(emotional)*  
*-no.*

GERRY  
*(shocked beat)*  
*Why?*

KARIN (ON PHONE)  
*They'll laugh and cry and cheer...*

GERRY  
*That's bad?*

KARIN (ON PHONE)  
*If it means people find this phone.*

GERRY  
*(beat, fear rising)*  
*What's happened?*

EXT. CAMP COMFORT, EVERGLADES - SWELTERING DAY

Karin sitting in a tent. Dirt floor. Through a crack in the flaps, we can see Tommie and Connie building a cooking fire, a Cuban flag flapping on a standard behind them. Rachel wearing the *ALLIVE* hat. Still distant, but at least moving: pouring water back and forth between a jug and cups.

Karin doesn't answer Gerry's last question. *Assiduously so.*

GERRY (ON PHONE)

Okay...where are you right now?

KARIN

(beat)

Everglades-

GERRY (ON PHONE)

-oh no, Baby, the Cold is what will save us-

KARIN

-what good does you telling me this now do me?

GERRY (ON PHONE)

(beat, not a question)

Wait...you can't leave can you...

Again, Karin says nothing. Gerry exhales. Fear in his voice.

GERRY (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Please tell me what happened...

Karin looking at Rachel, the *ALLIVE* hat...split-second debate about whether to tell him everything...

KARIN

Thierry's gone, Baby. So is the UN.

(beat)

That Admiral traded all of us she deemed 'less valuable than resources consumed.'

Silence on the other end...

KARIN (CONT'D)

Baby?

GERRY (ON PHONE)

Has anything happened to you? Kids?

KARIN

No.

GERRY (ON PHONE)  
*Would you tell me if it had?*

KARIN  
 (beat)  
 No.

GERRY (ON PHONE)  
 (beat, fury)  
*I'm coming home.*

KARIN  
*Don't be empty handed.*  
 (beat, moderating)  
 Okay? Have something to trade.  
 That's the kind of place this is,  
 Baby. You'd be amazed at what they  
 trade...do you understand?

TOMMIE  
 AUNT KARIN WILL THERE BE THUNDER  
 TONIGHT?

KARIN  
 (quick, panicked)  
*I love you.*

She immediately turns the phone off. Stashes it.

EXT. RED SQUARE - SAME MOMENT

GERRY  
*Karin?*

He moves to redial the number...thinks...doesn't.

INT. KARIN'S TENT - NEXT MOMENT

Parajumper's voice now from just outside:

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 You're not afraid of thunder are  
 you Tommie?

TOMMIE (O.C.)  
 Tomas.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
 Boys don't bother with cooking  
 fires. Get to the drill field.

Tent flap opens: *Parajumper stretches...stares at her...*

EXT. RED SQUARE - NEXT MOMENT

Gerry still sitting. Just about to turn off the phone when it rings again. Answers it.

GERRY

*Baby?*

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Stay wherever it is you are. Start  
a new life like we have.

Gerry's mind races...rage bubbling in his stomach...

GERRY

Do I know you?

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Pulled you off a rooftop in Newark.

GERRY

(beat, gets even angrier)  
Then you know I left on a Mission-

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

-I never would have...

GERRY

*And you don't think My Wife knows  
that about you already?*

A moment of silence.

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Watch your tone-

GERRY

-who does what you're doing?

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

A Man. Not a bad one. One who saw  
an opportunity to provide for-

GERRY

-none of it matters when I find  
you.

Gerry just hangs up. His hands shaking. Carefully puts the phone back in his pocket. A loud roar goes up now on the lines - the sound of some horrific set back. *His rage boils.*

EXT. RED SQUARE - NEXT MOMENT

Gerry is up and sprinting, evil in his eyes, Lobo in-hand. Ready to slam into battle again, vent his hate and fear and loneliness and dismembering sense of betrayal on these Zs.

*But the roar was a cheer.* He sees Simon and Segen standing on top of one of the buses that just yesterday was well within the province of jostling Zs. Gerry climbs up with them.

Simon turns to him, huge smile. Gerry just climbs up with them, sees what they see: *two of the Human lines have broken through. No more backlog of Zs. They've broken at the center and each wing is being butchered* - shivering madly, some all-but-incapacitated by tremors. Gray-black frostbite just beginning to dapple their skin. Snapping at each other now, haywire. Reserves are charging into the massive hole between those two wings...

Overhead Shot: Red Square being won back. The other lines moving forward at the pace of a brisk walk. Z heads rolling, gouting black blood on white snow...

One dozen flares shoot up at once: impromptu fireworks. And Men and Women fight with new found reserves, each slash and thrust an exclamation point. *Exultant. Capitalizing.* The shine from the flares gives a preternatural glow to the righteous violence. The Snipers of Spasskaya, about whom stories will be written, repel out of the Tower now, running to keep up.

Simon grabs Gerry's shoulder. Widest smile we've ever seen.

SIMON

*Don't let this shit go to your head.* That's what they used to whisper in Roman Generals' ears after they won big battles.

GERRY

That's wrong in like five or six ways.

Gerry doesn't smile. He just jumps down. Several members of his old 'team' of Rookies rush to be near him in the glorious confusion. And they're not the only ones. Gerry has this following now, unbeknownst to him. Dozens of people gathered around him now. Like he's safety itself. He looks back at them vaguely astonished, confused. This mass of people wait for something from him. Orders maybe.

Then the Ancient General is driven past this little gathering in the passenger seat of the Cherry Picker truck, his eyes lock with Gerry's. *And the old man gives him a quick salute.* And only then does Gerry speak:

GERRY (CONT'D)  
I'm going home.

Stunned silence. Simon's smile wanes a bit:

SIMON  
How?

GERRY  
I don't know. Vladivostok is the home of the Russian Pacific Fleet. And the only port that won't be frozen over.

SIMON  
*And 5000 miles away from where you stand right now.*

FLASH TO:

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The ice-caked prow of a ship in the heaving Northern Pacific. Gerry part of a shift pick-axing the ice off. Beard crusted. Staring out at the rolling waves...

GERRY (V.O.)  
*That's a day trip...*

INT. TROOP SHIP - DIFFERENT DAY

Cutting through moderate chop. Gerry's beard shaved now, dressed for battle again. Segen and Simon standing on either side of him. Just tight on those three.

SEGEN (V.O.)  
I'm going with you.

We lift up now: *dozens of other craft*, be they other Troop boats, speed boats, smaller yachts, even Zodiacs. *And each are filled with many of the same people we just saw gather around him in Red Square...*

SIMON (V.O.)  
I'm free.



Gerry's boat out in front, leading this new D-DAY invasion. We take his POV: a gray beach on a gray day lies ahead. Evergreen trees set back from that beach. *And lines of Zs, hunched and dark and obscured and unmoving, seem to be just waiting for us.*

In white font: **Oregon Coast, The United States of America**

500 yards out now. Zs growing in number. Gerry screams out, and as soon as he finishes his words, Simon translates:

GERRY  
GET ONTO AND OFF THAT BEACH QUICK!  
RALLY POINT IS THE PARKING LOT! AND  
KEEP YOUR HEADS ON A SWIVEL - *THE*  
*Zs MIGHT NOT BE OUR ONLY ENEMY...*

Pulls out a compass now, opens it, *finds South East*, the direction of his family, and points it out to himself on land: a stand of tall Pine trees on a high knoll overlooking the beach - and as we look a lone shaft of sunlight illuminates the trees. Brilliant sun for the first time all scene. Keep his eyes there, closes them, mutters a small prayer. Opens them, puts away his compass. Cups his hands around his mouth now so everyone hears what he says next, *and we see he's still wearing Speke's West Point graduation ring:*

GERRY (CONT'D)  
(in full throated English)  
*SPINES ARE DIVINE BUT KNEES WORK*  
*JUST FINE!*

FLASH TO BLACK.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.