



ECHO LAKE

ENTERTAINMENT

Z-NATION

Episode 101

"Puppies and Kittens"

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(Not for distribution)

Z-NATION 101

"Puppies and Kittens"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. NSA LISTENING STATION - ARCTIC CIRCLE - NIGHT

Snow covered domes and giant satellite dishes surrounded by endless Tundra. It's also a forward supply depot and giant server farm.

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - CONTROL ROOM

A dozen screens surrounding a two man bullpen where the operators work. It's all very open architecture, racks of equipment and wiring everywhere. Sitting at the main control board is PRIVATE FIRST CLASS SIMON CRULLER. He looks crisp and clean-cut in his uniform -- think Bradley Manning. He's a brilliant 22 year old computer specialist working as a systems administrator, stranded here for the last two years of the HZ1a outbreak, watching city after city fall to the zombies.

ON THE MONITORS

in front of Simon, several satellite aerial views of a maximum security prison, surrounded by a cluster of surveillance camera feeds, also showing various angles around a prison. Every view has one thing in common -- ZOMBIES, in a frenzy, overrunning the prison. Simon tries to raise someone on his headset.

SIMON

...Delta-Xray-Delta this is Camp
Northern Lights on the emergency
low band frequency. Delta-Xray-
Delta come in... Niner-Niner-Echo
Delta-Xray-Delta this is Camp
Norther Lights come in... C'mon...
Anybody... Delta-Xray...

Just then a uniformed LIEUTENANT enters the room. He checks the screens, doesn't like what he sees.

LIEUTENANT

Christ, haven't they evacuated from
there yet?

SIMON

No sir and I can't get anybody from
Delta Team on the radio.

LIEUTENANT

Keep trying. When you get through here are the new coordinates for their destination.

He hands Simon a note with some GPS coordinates scribbled on it, then turns to leave. Simon calls after him.

SIMON

Lieutenant? Any word about our evacuation?

LIEUTENANT

No kid... sorry. Wouldn't worry though, damn Zs would freeze solid before they get within 500 miles of here.

Simon just nods and sucks it up -- goes back to his job.

SIMON

Delta-Xray-Delta this is Camp Northern Lights...

ON THE MONITOR

The satellite view CRASHES DOWN-DOWN-DOWN, falling right into

EXT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - MAINE - DAY

A foreboding stone structure, the "Alcatraz of the East" -- currently being over run by ZOMBIES who fill the prison yard, swarming like ants. Mixed among the Zs are many zombie prisoners and guards -- even a few soldiers who died protecting the unprotectable.

TWO LIVING SOLDIERS - DELTA XRAY DELTA -

are the focus of the Zombie Horde. They stand with their back to an exit, fighting off some FAST ZOMBIES in hand to hand combat, before retreating behind a locked gate of heavy steel bars. They fire bursts from their automatic weapons through the opening between bars, cutting down zombies who pile up against the gate, while more Zs continue to press in from behind.

Seeing it's futile and running low on ammo, the lead soldier, LIEUTENANT MARK HAMMOND, stops firing and grabs his partner, VALDEZ, yanking him back.

HAMMOND

Cease fire. Cease fire. Save the Ammo... Valdez...

Valdez finally stops firing. Both men, exhausted, watch the Zombies continue to pile up, smashing against the steel bars. They watch in disgust as the crush of rotting zombies starts to ooze between bars like a sieve. Uck.

Both men look like they've been through the shit, but Hammond still looks the part of our SERIES LEAD, a center of gravity amongst the chaos -- the guy you want to go through the Zombie Apocalypse with.

Suddenly his radio crackles to life...

RADIO (SIMON)

Delta-Xray-Delta this is Northern
Lights come in... Delta XRay...

Surprised, Hammond grabs his radio. (INTERCUTTING SIMON)

HAMMOND

This is Delta-Xray-Delta -- who the
hell are you?

SIMON

Private first class Simon Cruller
sir. I'm a Sys Op working for the
NSA. I have new orders for you from
Cent Com.

HAMMOND

I'm a little busy...

SIMON

Yes Sir, I'll get right to it. I
have GPS coordinates for your new
destination.

Hammond listens, punching the new coordinates into his handheld GPS. He doesn't like what he sees.

HAMMOND

Are you sure that's right? These
coordinates are in California.

SIMON

That's correct sir.

HAMMOND

What am I doing for transpo?

SIMON

(knows those guys are
screwed)
...they're still working on that,
sir.

Hammond wants to reach through the radio and punch whoever Simon is. Hammond holsters his radio just as Valdez lets off another fusillade into a sea of zombie faces.

HAMMOND

This gate won't last. Hold them here as long as you can, then fall back to the lab. I'll evacuate the others.

Hammond gives his last two clips of ammo to Valdez and turns to go.

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION

Simon watches the surveillance camera views from the prison on the monitors as Hammond makes a dash for it.

INT. DEEP INSIDE THE PRISON - FOLLOWING HAMMOND

as he dashes through the empty prison, killing a few stray zombies along the way without slowing down.

Deeper and deeper he goes, entering an old stone section of the prison. He follows the sound of SCREAMS and a struggle, turning to enter...

INT. ABANDONED INFIRMARY - DAY

A cold scary looking place, full of strange hospital gear, converted to a makeshift vaccine test lab. Hammond finds TWO SOLDIERS wrestling a GNARLY PRISONER, strapping him down on a gurney. Next to him TWO OTHER PRISONERS are already strapped down on their own gurneys. A tough female DOCTOR jabs IV needles into the struggling prisoners' arms.

HAMMOND

You don't have time for this.

DOCTOR

We can't stop yet, this is our last chance to test the new strains.

One of the prisoners, a genetically unlikeable white collar criminal with a buzzed head named MURPHY, panics when he realizes what's happening.

MURPHY

You can't do this to us. We still got rights...

The doctor turns on a video camera and reads something from a slip of paper, while Hammond helps strap down the last prisoner.

DOCTOR

(spitting it out)

In accordance with Presidential Emergency Order section seven, you are hereby notified that you have been selected under the conscripted medical test subject act, to be exposed to an experimental substance. Should the test fail, all efforts will be made to contact your next of kin. In the event the test is successful, you may be subject to further medical evaluation. Signed, President Chelsea Clinton...

MURPHY

I thought she was dead!?

DOCTOR

Not when she signed this order.

The struggling Prisoner has finally been subdued. The doctor nods to a "MEDIC" who injects a large syringe of red experimental vaccine into the IV line.

Hammond, Murphy, and the others watch as the red IV push reaches the Prisoner's arm. Gnarly struggles mightily as the test vaccine enters his bloodstream, THEN INSTANTLY TENSES LIKE HE HAS LOCKJAW, FREEZING WITH HIS EYES SHUT. Is he dead?

NO! He suddenly bursts back to life, eyes popping open as he PROJECTILE VOMITS an impossible amount, the Doctor and the others hiding behind clear prison riot shields.

Exhausting his supply of puke, he collapses back onto the gurney. Now he's dead. But not for long.

Almost instantly, Gnarly springs back to life as a ZOMBIE, his skin LITERALLY CRAWLING as the virus takes over.

Hammond steps forward and shoots the Gnarly Zombie in the head with his sidearm.

HAMMOND

Next!

Hammond's radio squawks to life, it's Valdez.

VALDEZ AT THE STEEL GATE

He talks low into the mic on his shoulder.

VALDEZ
Five minutes, tops.

WIDER VIEW REVEALS

Valdez watches as mashed zombie guts ooze through the bars, the larger parts still moving as they are pushed from behind by more and more zombies. Valdez shoots an arm crawling his way, then notices that the hinges for the gate are starting to come loose from the wall. Won't be long now.

BACK TO HAMMOND

while the Doctor narrates what she's doing.

DOCTOR
...test subject three hundred
fifteen deceased, vaccine batch HNZ
214a negative due to fatal side
effects.

She pans to the next victim, a tatoored skinhead ball of prison muscles.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Test subject three hundred and
sixteen...

HAMMOND
four minutes.

TEST SUBJECT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

He strains at his bindings, barely able to move, eyes on the BLUE VACCINE as it hits his vein.

TATOORED
Damn you all to hellllllaaaahhggh.

As the vaccine takes effect, Tatoored convulses horrifically, faster and faster, bones cracking, neck snapping -- shaking himself to death. Murphy watches all this, terrified.

Suddenly Tatoored stops shaking and strikes a wary pose, transformed into a zombie, eye hanging out of the socket, broken jaw hanging by a piece of skin. Still powerfully built, Tatoored/Zombie snaps the bonds on his hands, instantly reaching for the doctor...

BLAM! HAMMOND SHOOTS THE TATOORED ZOMBIE

Putting him down.

HAMMOND
(to the doctor)
Time to go...

MURPHY
He's right. Outta time. No more
testing for today...

The doctor just nods to the MEDIC who gives the syringe a push, sending the green vaccine flowing down the IV to Murphy's arm.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Hey... Hey what are you doing? You
heard the man... time to go.

POUNING AT THE DOOR

sends Hammond to the peephole in the door.

FISH EYE VIEW

It's Valdez, seen in profile, looking back over his shoulder.

HAMMOND
It's Valdez...

He unbolts and opens the door -- standing there is Valdez, looking away -- he turns toward Hammond, revealing:

THE HIDDEN SIDE OF HIS FACE HAS BEEN EATEN AWAY -- Valdez is a Zombie. A *FAST ZOMBIE*, who comes SHRIEKING into the room past Hammond.

VALDEZ THE ZOMBIE

crashes through lab gear to attack the MEDIC, who defends himself with an IV stand. Valdez takes two whacks to the head but just keeps coming, pinning the desperate Medic to the wall. Just as Valdez is about to bite...

BLAM! HAMMOND SHOOTS HIM

through the brain. An act of mercy. The Medic pushes Valdez off. Murphy SCREAMS, drawing Hammond's attention.

MURPHY (O.S.)
Nooooooooo!

MURPHY

watches in horror as the green vaccine reaches his vein.

But before he can react...

TWO FAST ZOMBIES RUSH IN THROUGH THE OPEN LAB DOOR

This time the Medic isn't so lucky, they are on him instantly, taking him down. Hammond shoots them both, but not before they've bitten the Medic on the face and neck. He collapses, gushing blood, while the Doctor watches, frozen in terror, videotaping her dying comrade instead of Murphy.

HAMMOND

checks the hallway, sees more zombies coming.

HAMMOND

Time to go.

He grabs the Doctor and pulls her toward the door. She snaps the camera back to Murphy.

DOCTOR

...test subject 317.

MURPHY

Wait! Don't leave me.

The Doctor hesitates still filming Murphy. Hammond shoots a fast Zombie as it closes in ahead of the rest. He shoves the doctor ahead of him out into the hall and away from the approaching zombies.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Don't leave me you bastard...

Hammond takes one last look back over his shoulder as he and the Doctor escape...

HAMMOND'S POV

of Murphy, feeling the drugs kick in. Hammond can only watch as the Medic, now a Zombie, stands up and dives on Murphy, followed by a swarm of slow zombies who descend on the lab, drawn by Murphy's screams. The Medic bites Murphy, the first bite of many as the zombies go into a frenzy.

DOCTOR

There goes our last hope for a vaccine.

Off Hammond's anguished look...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. NSA LISTENING STATION - 2 YEARS LATER

Same polar military base, but now there's a year-old crashed C-17 blackening the ice just yards from the complex. The destruction has spread to one of the radar spheres, cracked open like an egg, the burned out shell filling with snow. The rest of the complex is still intact, but only a few lights are on in the long winter night.

A VOICE (OS)

(Simon, but different, his earnestness now a weary growl)

All of us, if we're honest, thought humanity was done for.

APOCALYPSE MONTAGE - NSA SURVEILLANCE AND SATELITTE FOOTAGE

as the voice continues. Captured images of Zombie chaos and mayhem from around the Asylum's World.

A VOICE

For three years I've sat here watching Zombie-geddon with a front row seat to the end of the world.

Among the images of the Zombie Apocalypse, we catch glimpses of a SILHOUETTE surrounded by Monitors in the NSA control room.

A VOICE (CONT'D)

I've watched as city after city fell. Then Nation after Nation -- until it all came crashing down. Devoured by billions of brain eating zombies. Just like Romero said it would happen. Every last shred of civilization gone. Everybody you ever knew and loved, gone. Humanity? Fuggeddaboutit. -- but then the strangest thing happened...

The MONTAGE SHIFTS -- humans fighting back, helping one another to escape.

...we survived. At least a few of us did. Which is not really so strange when you consider the fact that anybody still alive after the last three years must be some kind of badass.

The MONTAGE ENDS, REVEALING:

SIMON IN THE NSA CONTROL BOOTH

but it's not Simon -- he's different, the last three years have changed him. Gone is the clean-cut young soldier, replaced by a long-haired, unshaven, gone native rock and roll hacker -- who seems half crazed with loneliness -- while the other half is overcaffeinated. He addresses the CAMERA.

SIMON

(but not for long)

For three years I've been trapped up here at the north pole while the world as we know it came to an end -
- and there was nothing I could do but watch, with a million different eyes. But all that's about to change.

He puts on a pair of sunglasses, his voice dropping an octave as he turns toward his webcam and assumes his new identity.

CITIZEN-Z

That's right, I'm not just watching anymore -- This is Citizen-Z coming to you live via Satellite, broadband, low band, uhf, ham radio -- if you can get a signal you can find me thanks to our friends at the NSA -- hell, maybe we finally found a use for all this gear... But enough about me, let's put on some music to kill zombies by...

"Citizen-Z" fires up some Cheap but Awesome Unknown Metal Band that makes us want to go and kill zombies. He's rocking out playing air guitar when...

POOF! There's a flash and smoke from the rack of servers behind him, then the power goes out, leaving him in the glow of a few red emergency lights.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

Aww Crap!

(then in character)

We apologize for the technical difficulties. We'll be back with more of the Apocalypse after this brief interruption...

The signal goes dead, CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND COMPOUND - NIGHT

Moonlight reveals a small summer camp on a secluded island surrounded by a tranquil lake, "Camp Blue Skies" in Upstate New York. The sound of young girls singing a HYMN floats across the water.

INT. MAIN CABIN - NIGHT

We follow the hymn, finding four teenage GIRLS dressed in white, singing at a WAKE. A DOZEN LOCALS drink and trade stories about a beloved GRANDMA, whose picture is surrounded by flowers and black ribbon. A MAN raises a glass in toast.

MAN

To Nana Griswold, a true survivor.
Not many Grandmothers left,
especially as old as Nana. How old
was she?

SOMEONE

Sixty-three!

MAN

Sixty-three? Wow. That's old.

VOICE (O.S.)

(raspy, barely a whisper)
...Sixty-four.

The VIEW WIDENS TO REVEAL:

NANA GRISWOLD

Apparently not dead yet, her bed in the room where the Wake is being held. Several Grandkids are gathered at her bedside.

NANA

...and I'm not dead yet. ...But I
think it's time...

She looks to her DAUGHTER MARION, who nods, and ushers the kids and others to the door. The SINGING CONTINUES as everyone steps outside.

Only the daughter and one other person remain behind at Nana's bedside, a kind but strong woman, ROBERTA WARREN (mid-30s, African American). Warren wears a gun and carries a radio. The Daughter adjusts Nana's pillows and kisses her forehead.

WARREN

I'll take it from here.

The daughter nods, then pulls herself away and exits, joining the others outside. Warren leans down to whisper to Nana.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Ready, Nana?

Nana can barely open her eyes, taking a beat to smile at Warren.

NANA

Hell yes I'm ready. I've had enough of this freakin' world.

With that Nana closes her eyes, at peace with what's about to happen.

Warren reaches for a pillow while she unholsters her gun...

WARREN

Sofia Christina Griswold, with this eighth sacrament I commit your soul to eternal peace...

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Marion urges the children to SING LOUDER over the muffled sound of a gunshot as a bright flash lights up the inside of the cabin.

A beat later, Warren emerges from the cabin. Marion and a few other adults give her a hug before heading inside. Warren's radio suddenly crackles to life.

ON THE RADIO

This is Garnett for Warren. Garnett for Warren, over...

WARREN

Go for Warren... What's up Charlie?

EXT. WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT / INTERCUTTING

CHARLES GARNETT (40s, White) looks out across the dark water at the shoreline in the distance.

GARNETT

I'm down by the water's edge, could use a little backup.

WARREN

Two minutes...

Warren notices some blood splatter on the hand holding the radio, wipes it off on the back of her pants.

THE FAR SHORLINE - NIGHT

Inky dark where the trees go right down to the waterline. From among the trees, a light flashes three times, goes dark for a beat, then flashes three times again.

WARREN (OS)

What is it?

Garnett and Warren stand just inside the treeline on the shore.

GARNETT

Distress signal? Three short, three long, three short.

WARREN

How do you want to handle it?

GARNETT

Been watching them for a while. Far as I can tell it's just two males. Let's see what they want. We can always turn them back around.

Garnett takes a flashlight and signals back to the far shore. Three flashes. They watch as the silhouette of two men and a kayak knifes through the water toward them.

GARNETT (CONT'D)

By the way, how'd Nana Griswold's Eighth go?

WARREN

Very nice. Good people.

GARNETT

Thanks for doing that. I just can't... anymore... too many...

WARREN

It's okay. She was ready to go.

GARNETT

Hmm. Aren't we all.

WARREN

(re: the water)
Here they come.

GARNETT

I'll handle the meet and greet. You cover me from here.

Garnett steps out of the woods and heads down to the shore to meet the kayak.

WARREN

Any problem just hit the ground,
I'll take care of the rest.

TWO FIGURES IN A KAYAK

emerge from the darkness. They glide silently into shore, running aground. Garnett stops them with the beam of his flashlight, the bright light blinding the men, forcing them to hide their eyes.

GARNETT

That's far enough gentlemen.
Identify yourselves and state your
business. And just in the interest
of full disclosure, a team of
snipers has you covered, so no
sudden moves.

Still blinded by the light and protecting his eyes, the larger of the two figures, a Male, wearing the last of a military uniform, lowers his hand to reveal himself...

It's Lt. Hammond. He looks like twenty miles of bad road since the last time we saw him. An old scar slashes across his eye where he was nearly blinded.

HAMMOND

Lt. Mark Hammond, Delta Force or at
least I was when there was still a
Delta Force. I'm on a mission for
what's left of the Government and I
need your help.

GARNETT

What mission? For what government?

HAMMOND

To be honest, I don't know if
anybody that gave me the order is
still alive. I do know, it is
imperative I get this person to a
medical lab in California. Alive.

WIDER VIEW REVEALS Warren has come out of the woods, having heard everything.

WARREN

Well then I guess I won't shoot
him. Yet.

GARNETT

Who's the package? Some kind of
doctor?

HAMMOND

...mmm, not exactly.

Garnett pans the beam of his light onto the "package" -- a sketchy shell of a man, staring back at Garnett through long stringy hair, revealing:

MURPHY

somehow miraculously still alive -- sort of. He looks terrible, different -- judging by the length of his hair, a long time has passed since we saw him last. He looks like Steve Buscemi with cancer. (Apologies to Mr. Buscemi.)

HAMMOND

This worthless piece human being
here? ...Might just be the last
best chance to save humanity.

Looking at Murphy, we'd have to say humanity is fucked.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SNAP ON:

CITIZEN-Z - LOW REZ VIDEO

jumps in front of his webcam, just as we're starting to wonder what's on all those monitors behind him.

CITIZEN-Z

Awright-awright-awright let's try this again... Citizen-Z here, coming to you live from a secure location near the North Pole. Your one stop shop for information about the Zompocalypse, or Zombiededdon, or End Timez with a Z --- whatever you call it. We're all living --or dying -- in the same effed up world. Some of you been keeping in touch using every means necessary -- now it's time to kick it up a notch with some Z-tube video. If you got something to see or say, share it with what's left of the world. Any working device will do -- if you can see me, I can see you. Everybody but me is dead, but the NSA still sees everything, recording everything, storing it in a pit full of servers dug into the perma frost. A shadow of a ghost, saved for eternity -- unlike the rest of us.

Something on one of his monitors draws CZ's attention:

ON THE MONITOR - EXT. NSA STATION - SURVEILLANCE

A dogsled team cuts a wake through a blizzard, crashing into the compound before turning over and becoming stuck, the dog team straining to pull the sled free.

CITIZEN-Z

What the...??

CITIZEN-Z

jumps up from his seat behind the control board, revealing that he's in his boxers. He double checks the monitors.

CITIZEN-Z

Holy shit. PEOPLE!

He runs around like he's not sure what to do next, then realizes...

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

Pants. I need pants. ...and a gun.

EXT. ISLAND COMPOUND - SUNRISE

The lake still as glass, the island safe and quiet.

EXT. CAMP BLUE SKIES - MOVING

Garnett and Waters escort Hammond and Murphy through camp as people start to stir from their tents and cabins. Along the way we pass various DIY survival solutions:

A still, turning out methanol for fuel and trade. Fish smoking on a rack made of branches, Indian style. A collection of recycled bottles and containers of all sizes and colors -- reminding us that nothing new has been made in years.

In the center of camp is a modern totem pole of sorts -- a battery charging station. A pine tree has been stripped of all but the larger branches, the leaves replaced with sections of broken solar panels, arranged so that some of them are always pointed at the sun. At the base of the tree, hanging from the lowest branches, are everyone's rechargeable gear, headlamps, walkie-talkies, car batteries, old walkmans and phones, prized and hung onto as a rare connection to the past.

Some of the adults from the funeral last night warily watch them pass. Garnett leads Hammond and Murphy with Warren behind, carrying their weapons. Some scruffy KIDS have started to tag along, curious about the strangers. Murphy creeps them out with a look and they stop following.

INT. CAMP OFFICE - DAY

Garnett and Warren are gathered with THREE OTHER ADULT MALES in the Spartan camp office, bracing Hammond and Murphy about their mission while they wolf down some hard tack and mystery jerky. Hammond does all the talking.

HAMMOND

All we need is some basic supplies and transportation south as far as the Tappan Zee bridge. We're meeting a new team there that can take us the rest of the way to California.

MAN ONE

California's a helluva long way.

WARREN

The Tappan-Z bridge is a long way.

HAMMOND

I wouldn't ask if there was any other way.

GARNETT

How did you know about this place?

HAMMOND

An ex-cop and some others taking shelter in a prison 20 clicks up the road told us there was some National Guard set up on an island that might be able to help us.

WARREN

"Ex" National Guard.

GARNETT

(re: he and Warren)

I was with the Georgia National Guard, Warren here was activated outta Missouri. Far as I know, we're the only ones left in our unit.

HAMMOND

Look, I know there's no command structure anymore. No Guard. No government. Just a few of us still following orders because *that's what we do*. I lost eight of the best men I ever served with getting this far. My orders are to get this man to a lab in California and that's what I intend to do. Now are you people going to help me or not?

MAN ONE

Why is he so goddamn important?

All eyes are on Murphy, who just stares back, giving up nothing.

HAMMOND

This man has information vital to the development of a vaccine for the zombie virus.

(MORE)

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

That's all I can tell you. How much more do you need to know?

The Locals think of everything that could go wrong. Garnett is the first to speak.

GARNETT

Warren and I could take the pickup and drive them as far as the Tappan-Z.

(then to Hammond)

You're on your own after that.

HAMMOND

All I'm asking.

WARREN

We keep it moving we could be there and back before nightfall.

MAN ONE

I don't know if we can risk the truck...

(then to Garnett and Warren)

...or you two.

HAMMOND

Maybe I haven't been clear -- This is more important than your truck -- or any one person's life, including mine.

Hammond stares down Man One, who doesn't blink. Hammond could snap this guy in two, instead he turns to Garnett.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

I don't want to have to insist. I was supposed to be at the rendezvous 2 days ago. This needs to happen. Now.

Off Hammond's determined look.

EXT. DRAWBRIDGE - DAY

The locals stand by to raise the bridge, while Garnett and Hammond finish loading the Truck. Murphy snoozes in the front seat while everybody else works.

Nearby, Man One pulls Warren aside and whispers to her.

MAN ONE

If they try to steal the truck...
do what you gotta do.

WARREN

...always.

Warren slides into the driver's seat, Garnett and Hammond jump back in the club cab. Murphy reacts to Warren driving. He turns to Hammond.

MURPHY

Shouldn't you be driving?

Warren answers for Hammond.

WARREN

Back in the real world I was Chief Motorpool Officer at Fort Drum. I had 300 drivers and mechanics under my direct command. If it has four wheels I can drive it, steal it, or fix it. I'm going to be driving. You got a problem with that?

MURPHY

(knows when he's beat)
No, m'am.

Man One leans in.

MAN ONE

Stay in radio contact. We don't hear from you by tomorrow morning we'll come looking.

HAMMOND

You'll have them back by sundown.

Warren puts the truck in gear and heads across the bridge, the locals pulling up the drawbridge behind them.

EXT. RURAL INTERSECTION - DAY

A shady spot in the road where a converted roach coach is pulled over, acting as a mobile trading post: "RUN N' GUN"

Several SKETCHY BIKER DUDES sell weapons and drugs from the side of the truck. Three customers, travelling together, barter and sample their wares;

"DOC" (50s - real name Steven Beck -- not a doctor, just a self taught ex-addict with a strong stomach)

MACK THOMPSON (mid 20s, college athlete in previous life, hunky survivor post apocalypse)

ADDISON CARVER (mid 20s, offbeat attractive, the heart of an artist but the guts of a zombie killer.

Doc is trading various pills for ammunition, a connoisseur of both, while Mack and Addy, a couple, sample various weapons, hearing the salesman's gory pitch.

SKETCHY SALESMAN

...you want a 357? A petite woman such as yourself, I understand the desire to go big...if you want to really make an impression check out this smoke wagon...

He pulls a 44 magnum from its holster.

SKETCHY SALESMAN (CONT'D)

The 44 magnum Dirty Harry Special. You can really make a Z's day with this.

MACK

We're trying to stop zombies, not a car...

SKETCHY SALESMAN

You never know. Maybe something with a more feminine touch for the young man here...

ADDY

I was thinking silent, more of a club... something sharp.

SKETCHY SALESMAN

...yeah...yeah...I like how you're thinking. Silent but effective... Check this out. We make 'em ourselves... "The Z Whacker" Start with a real aluminum bat -- then customize it for the task at hand...

He hands Addy a shiny silver aluminum bat with a six point mace welded to the end. It looks like it will do the trick.

ADDY

Wow, it's so light...

SKETCHY SALESMAN

It's all in the balance -- weighs nothing to carry, but when you swing this sucker, that hand milled mace on the end does all the work.

Addy mock swings an arc past Mack's head. Mack hardly reacts, a sign of his trust in Addy.

MACK

I dig the spikes.

SKETCHY SALESMAN

Designed those myself. Five inch aluminum spikes hand cast from beer cans. Long enough to kill the brain, but it won't get stuck. Nothing's worse than getting your pike stuck in a Z's skull, then ya gotta put 'em down on the ground, and put your foot on their chest so you can yank it out, and by then you're dead, know what I mean?

ADDY

Yeah, I hate that.

Mack peruses the gun racks.

MACK

Oooh is that a real UZI?

SKETCHY SALESMAN

Yeah... Great piece of weaponry, if you don't mind shooting a year's supply of bullets in 6.8 seconds...

MEANWHILE DOC

is at the back of the truck, his wares spread out on a card table alongside several shoeboxes full of reloaded shells in a variety of calibers.

DOC

...how bout a straight across trade, a dozen aspirin for a dozen of those reloaded .223s?

SKEEZY SALESMAN

You can't kill a zombie with aspirin.

DOC

Can't kill a fever with a bullet
...and they ain't making anymore
aspirin.

SKEEZY SALESMAN

Make it twelve oxycontin and you
got a deal.

DOC

I would need to take a dozen
oxycontin before I'd make that
deal. -- How bout meth? You looking
for some crystal? Baked it myself.

SKEEZY SALESMAN

That same pink ice you made before?
That stuff gave me an axe to the
skull headache.

DOC

That's what the aspirin's for.

SKEEZY SALESMAN

Mmmmmm. How much you got?

A LONE ZOMBIE emerges from the woods, shambling toward the
Roach Coach.

MACK

We got company.

Addy twirls the Z-WHACKER.

ADDY

Mind if I take it for a spin?

SKETCHY SALESMAN

Be my guest. You break it you buy
it.

Addy takes a few steps toward the Zombie, wielding the bat
like a pro, giving it some style as she effortlessly knocks
its head off.

ADDY

Me likey. Hey Doc, pay the man from
my share.

Skeezy gives Addy a long sideways glance,

SKEEZY SALESMAN

(re: Doc's stash)
...got any roofies in there?

DOC

Nope. And I traded the last of my
Viagra for a car two years ago...
bad deal.

(then to Sketchy)

How much you want for Thor's Hammer
there?

SKETCHY SALESMAN

How many ampules of Morphine you
got?

Doc covers his stash from prying eyes as he counts...

SUDDENLY A FAST MOVING ZOMBIE

bursts out of the woods, headed straight for Addy who has her
back to him.

MACK

Addy! Behind you!

Without hesitation Addy spins, TURNING IN SLOW MOTION as she
deftly wields her new toy, adjusting mid swing to connect
with the Zombie's head, stopping it cold -- before resuming
TO NORMAL SPEED for the follow through on her swing. Cool.

Mack runs to her side.

MACK (CONT'D)

You okay? That was close.

ADDY

Yeah. He was a super fast one.

(then to Sketchy)

This thing is brutal.

SKETCHY SALESMAN

Told ya. ...Hey that looks like Red
Hanson.

SKEEZY SALESMAN

Z's got Red? Damn... He was bad ass

...One of our best customers.

Wonder if his brothers know?

SKETCHY SALESMAN

I think so cuz here they come.

Sketchy pulls an ASSAULT RIFLE from under the counter...

EVERYONE TURNS TO SEE: RED'S BROTHERS/ZOMBIES

Three Fast Zombies built like brick shithouses are suddenly descending on Mack and Addy.

Mack instinctively pulls a pistol and SHOTS the smallest, fastest of the brothers right in the forehead, killing him instantly -- but his momentum carries the Zombie into Mack who must judo him off.

Addy squares off to the MIDDLE ZOMBIE BROTHER and swings at his head, but misses, connecting with his shoulder instead. She manages to knock him off course slightly, but the Zombie is right back on her. She hits him again, nailing the top of his head with a direct blow, but it's not enough to kill him. Mack steps up from behind and shoots, blowing off the back of the Zombie's head, putting him down.

THE BIGGEST BROTHER rushes Mack from behind, grabbing and trying to bite him. Mack barely pushes away, when suddenly, the Zombies's HEAD EXPLODES as...

BOTH SKETCHY SALESMEN OPEN FIRE

blasting the remaining Zombie with some righteous overkill. Addy nods thanks to the Salesmen, then finishes off the littlest brother, still moving on the ground, whacking him in the face.

SKETCHY SALESMAN

Closing time.

DOC AND SKEEZY

take advantage of the lull in the action to finish their trading in a hurry, bullets for pills, in a series of impossible to follow hurried transactions. In a heartbeat the deal is done, Doc shovelling ammo and pills into his Doctor's bag. The card table is folded up, and the Roach Coach is rolling away seconds later. One thing people know how to do post apocalypse is *FLEE*.

DOC JOINS MACK AND ADDY

Left behind on foot. They look over the Brothers Zombie.

ADDY

These were super-fresh.

MACK

Fastest I've seen in a while.

DOC

The way that big one moved...they
only turned a day or two ago, tops.

Addy is documenting the corpses with a GoPro video camera.

ADDY

(narrating as she shoots)
Four brothers, recently turned,
found and destroyed on Mill Road,
near Sutter's Farm. March
thirteenth, year three A.Z.

MACK

C'mon Addy, better get back to the
island before dark.

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - ROLLUP DOOR - NIGHT

Citizen-Z is suited up for the blizzard that awaits him
outside. Armed with a large hunting knife and an automatic
weapon, he punches the button to raise the door, snow blowing
in as it opens, revealing:

THE FROZEN SLED DOG TEAM

already half-buried in snow where they ground to a halt, just
twenty feet from the door.

CITIZEN-Z

trudges out to the team, the beam of his flashlight revealing
that the DRIVER is a frozen Zombie. Just to be safe, he pikes
the frozen Driver with his knife, the zombie shattering into
pieces on impact. Don't see that every day.

Next, CZ turns his attention to the dog team, or what's left
of it, four frozen Huskies, dead. But wait, one's alive -- CZ
can see the dog's breath in the beam of the flashlight. He
cuts the dog loose from the harness and starts the difficult
task of dragging the half-frozen dog back to the open rollup
door.

INSIDE THE ROLLUP DOOR

Citizen carries the heavy dog over the threshold, setting him
down safely before hitting the switch to shut the door.

CZ kneels next to the grateful dog, brushing the snow off,
rubbing the life back into him.

Just as the door is about to close, ANOTHER DOG, the LEAD, a
black HUSKIE, darts inside, a shadow in the darkness.

The white Huskie with CZ growls to life, getting up to face the Lead Dog, still hidden in the shadows, only its eyes reflecting back. CZ whips the beam of his flashlight onto the eyes, REVEALING:

THE LEAD DOG IS A ZOMBIE CUR

half its head and torso slashed away to the skeleton. It growls threateningly, ready to attack. CZ takes a shot at the dog, but it disappears deeper into the dark complex. Off Citizen's reaction...

EXT. GLASSY LAKE - DUSK

The sky is reflected in the lake in the dim twilight. It's beautiful, but hard to discern where the water ends and the sky begins.

MAN ONE (OS)
What do you think it is?

MAN TWO (OS)
Timber? Flood debris?

MAN ONE and the other Man from the meeting earlier stand guard on the shoreline, looking hard at the water.

MAN ONE
Whatever it is...there's a lot of
it.

THEIR POV - THE WATER

Now we can begin to see what they're talking about. Appearing out of the mist, floating debris of all sizes and shapes is drifting toward the island.

FOLLOWING THE MEN

Struggling to discern what's floating their way, the two men cautiously wade out into the water, automatic weapons at the ready.

Slowly, carefully they wade out up to their chest. With each step, more debris comes into view, but it's still impossible to discern what it is -- then something moves.

MAN ONE
(his last words)
Shit.

Both men freeze in horror as suddenly it becomes apparent what the debris is:

FLOATING ZOMBIES - DOZENS OF THEM

drifting together on the current as they decompose, dormant with no prey, until...

MAN ONE STARTS FIRING

into the zombie nearest him. The gunshots WAKE THE DORMANT ZOMBIES who explode to life, churning the water as they disperse and rush the island, instantly turning on the guards. Just as the guards reach the shore, they're overwhelmed by Zombies and taken down to the ground in a feeding frenzy that will soon spread to the whole island.

EXT. ROUTE 90 UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

Warren is pulled over to the side of the road while she and Garnett try to raise the Island on the radio.

WARREN

Camp Blue Sky this is mobile one,
Blue Sky this is mobile one...over
...Hey guys get back to us, time
for our eight pm signal check. Camp
Blue Sky? Andy? Bob?

Murphy interrupts.

MURPHY

Why are we wasting time? You said
yourself they'd be fine.

GARNETT

We radio check every two hours.
Something must be wrong. If we
don't hear from them soon we might
need to go back.

HAMMOND

I can't let you do that.

GARNETT

My people may be in trouble. I
don't give a damn about you or your
mission.

WARREN

I'm turning around...

HAMMOND

Listen. You don't know what I know
about this man.

(MORE)

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

It is imperative, for the future of everyone still alive, that I get this poor excuse of a human being to California. Alive.

MURPHY

Hey, I'm standing right here.

Hammond throws Murphy a withering stare that says, *shut the fuck up.*

WARREN

Why should we believe a word you say?

Pissed at having to explain himself, Hammond jumps out of the truck, opens the front passenger door and rudely yanks Murphy out of his slouch, pulling him around to the front on the truck, standing him in front of the headlights.

MURPHY

Get your hands off me.

HAMMOND

Show them. Show them why you're so goddamn important.

Murphy squirms in the light, suddenly turning vulnerable and ashamed. Garnett and Warren get out of the truck and step closer, hands on their weapons, wondering what's going on.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Show them.

When Murphy doesn't move fast enough, Hammond reaches over and grabs the collar of Murphy's ratty t-shirt, ripping it off him, leaving Murphy naked from the waist up. He tries to cover himself with his prison tattooed arms.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

SHOW THEM!

Reluctantly, Murphy raises his arms above his head, revealing his HORRIBLY SCARRED TORSO.

GARNETT

Oh my god...

WARREN

What the hell happened?

CLOSER ON MURPHY'S SCARS

Hideous bite marks. Eight of them. On his neck, back, torso. The bites are deep, big chunks of flesh missing and poorly scarred over. It looks more like a shark attack. It also looks like Murphy should be way-dead.

HAMMOND

Those are zombie bites. Eight of them.

Suddenly we feel sorry for Murphy. He's shaking.

WARREN

Why is he still alive?

GARNETT

(checking his weapon)
And not a Zombie?

Hammond tosses Murphy back his shirt.

HAMMOND

He was given the only dose of an experimental vaccine right before the lab was overrun by Zs. That's when he was bitten.

Murphy rubs his wounds, remembering. He points to one particularly grisly bite (VFX) that took a fist sized chunk out of his lower rib cage.

MURPHY

Undead bastards got two of my ribs.

HAMMOND

You're alive aren't you? More than I can say for the rest of my men.

(then to Garnett and Warren)

You're looking at the only human known to have survived being bitten by a Zombie. His blood carries the anti-bodies for the ZN1 virus. If we can get him to the lab in California they can use his blood to make more of the Vaccine.

Garnett and Warren trade a look, "Is it possible?"

Just then GARNETT'S WALKIE crackles to life -- but it's Doc on the walkie, not the Island.

DOC

(on the radio)

Mayday. Mayday. Calling Camp Blue Sky. Come in Camp Blue Sky? Anybody on a radio? Anybody? This is Doc with Thompson and Carver. Come in Camp Blue Sky. What is your situation - over.

Garnett grabs the radio.

GARNETT

Doc. Doc this is Garnett. What's going on?

EXT. MAINLAND SHORELINE - ACROSS FROM CAMP BLUE SKY - NIGHT

Doc, Mack, and Addy are hunkered down on the shore across from the Island and Camp Blue Sky. Multiple fires are burning around the Island, silhouetting DOZENS OF ZOMBIES who roam about in search of victims. We hear a HUGE VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE followed by screams, then silence.

DOC

(into the walkie)

Garnett? Thank god you're alive. We thought everyone on the island was dead...

GARNETT

I'm not on the island. What's happening?

DOC

(garbled)

....batteries...dying...

GARNETT

Say again?

Just then there's another explosion on the island, probably the methanol still, sending a ball of flame into the sky, turning the camp into a war zone.

DOC

The Island's been overrun by Zs. Everything's on fire.

GARNETT

Survivors?

DOC

There was a ton of gunfire a while ago, but nothing since.

Addy sees something in the water.

ADDY

There! The escape boat!

Doc and Mack look where Addy points. Mack looks through his rifle scope.

SCOPE POV - TOWARD THE ISLAND

A small skiff full of WOMEN AND CHILDREN is crossing the water, heading in the direction of Doc and the others.

MACK

Survivors, women and children,
coming our way.

Doc joins the others as they come out of hiding and run to the shore to meet the boat of survivors.

DOC

(into radio)

We got survivors in the escape
boat.

GARNETT AND THE OTHERS

hear the last of Doc's garbled message.

Get here as fast as you can. But
watch out for (garbled)

Warren and Garnett jump back into the truck - Hammond and Murphy have no choice but to follow.

BACK ON THE BOAT - MOVING

Two brave Moms (Nana's Daughters, Marion and Carla) paddle across the dark water, their even braver KIDS (half a dozen?), fighting back the urge to cry -- all of them staring out into the blackness, looking for Zombies. So far, so good, the water is smooth and clear ahead of them -- but behind them, Camp Blue Sky is a fiery hell.

Doc shouts to them from safety.

DOC

Marion? Marion? This way...

Seeing Doc, the two Moms put their backs into paddling, steering a course toward Doc and the others, about thirty yards away.

MARION

Doc? Doc! I see you.

(then to the Kids)

Children! Look. Up ahead. I told
you help would come.

Twenty more yards and they'll be there. Mack and Doc start to wade out to meet them. Addy stands guard, watching their flank, gun in one hand, her GoPro in the other, documenting the burning island.

TWENTY YARDS FROM SHORE

The boat suddenly stops cold in the water, running aground on something. The Moms try to paddle their way free, but can't budge. The littlest kids start to cry but get shushed. Everyone freezes. The water is perfectly still below them.

MACK AND DOC FREEZE AS WELL

just off shore, fifteen yards away.

THE MOMS

pull their guns and quiet the kids. The older kids pull guns too. Carefully, Marion turns on a flashlight, holding it above her pistol as she sloooooowly aims her light into the murky water below, REVEALING:

FACES

dozens of them, submerged Zombies looking up at the light, their faces just below the surface. She's run aground on Zombies.

Marion fires her weapon, unloading a clip into the water, but it's all in vain -- she's only riled them up.

WIDER VIEW OF THE RESCUE BOAT

as Zombies churn the water around the boat like giant Pirahna, pulling the women and children down into the dark water and sinking the boat.

DOC, MACK AND ADDY

Noooo!

Too late. It's all over in a second, victims and boat slipping under the surface, which boils for a moment, before the black stillness returns, like nothing was ever there.

DOC

Goddamn it. No-No-No.

DOC, MACK, AND ADDY

take a few steps deeper toward where the boat sank, then realize they're in their own trouble.

ZOMBIES begin to RISE UP out of the water, surrounding them. Off their reaction as Doc, Mack and Addy stand back to back, preparing for the worst...

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. NSA LISTENING STATION - ARCTIC CIRCLE

Establishing. The dogsled is completely buried in snow. The sound of a DOG GROWLING intrudes...

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - ENDLESS WAREHOUSE

Gun in one hand and bottle of water in the other, CZ approaches the good Husky, who growls at him suspiciously. With each step he takes toward the dog, CZ scans around looking for the Zombie Husky.

CITIZEN-Z

...good doggy...yeah...good boy...
I bet you're thirsty...

CZ opens the bottle and pours out a little water to show him what he has. The exhausted dog stops growling, letting CZ get close enough to pour the water where the dog can drink it. The dehydrated Husky glugs down the water as it spills over his face.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

There ya go, see. ...you don't
wanna bite the hand that hydrates
you...

Suddenly the Good Husky stops drinking and begins growling again, not at CZ, but at something beyond him.

Citizen freezes, sensing what must be behind him. Careful to move slowly, he turns to face the ZOMBIE DOG.

The Good Husky growls deeply, warning off Zombie Dog.

The Zombie Dog growls back, a hideous, bone-chilling, Dolby busting growl.

The Good Husky YIKES and turns tail to run.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait!

CZ turns to see the Good Husky flee -- by the time he turns back and fires off a shot at the Zombie Dog, he misses, the undead mongrel turning away to chase after the Good Dog, both of them disappearing deeper into the complex.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

Damn!

EXT. ROAD ALONG THE LAKE - NIGHT

The pickup truck barrels down the curvy road that hugs the edge of the lake, dodging long abandoned vehicles and the occasional Zombie.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

Everyone's grim as Warren drifts around each bend, Hammond, Garnett, and Murphy hanging on. Suddenly they round a corner and all react to the view ahead, Warren slamming on the brakes.

THEIR POV - CAMP BLUE SKY - IN THE DISTANCE

The whole island burning to the waterline, trees, buildings, zombies. A scene of horror made doubly worse by the beautiful reflection of the flames in the still water.

GARNETT

Dear God...

HAMMOND

I don't think he had much to do with this.

WARREN

(stunned)

The water... our defenses? What happened?

MURPHY

What always happens...

HAMMOND

That fire's going to attract every undead man or beast for miles, we need to find those survivors and bug out.

Warren guns it forward before Hammond can change his mind.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - MOVING

tracking along with Addy, Mack, and Doc as they dash through the woods, running for their lives from Zombies that seem to be coming from every direction. Everywhere they turn is something that needs killing, with each Zombie dispatched we see how exhausted they are becoming. Soaking wet and covered in blood, Addy can barely swing her Z-whacker anymore. Doc has managed to hang onto his doctor's bag full of pills and bullets, but he's running low on strength, dragging the bag like it was full of gold bars.

Even Mack looks beaten as he helps the others scramble up a brush covered slope, growing frustrated and more desperate as they near the crest of the hill.

Exhausted and guns empty, they crawl out of the thick brush at the top of the hill only to discover:

SIX FRESH ZOMBIES

blocking their way, standing on a road that cuts through the forest. Out of ammo and out of breath, they collapse in despair, ready to die... then:

SPLORCH!! THE PICKUP TRUCK SLAMS INTO THE CROWD OF ZOMBIES

sending them flying like bowling pins, knocking them all out of frame. (Some fun for the SFX guys.)

Warren leans out the driver's side window.

WARREN

Get in.

Hammond and Garnett jump out to help Doc, Addy, and Mack into the back of the truck while it's still moving. Garnett grabs Doc,

GARNETT

How many more?

DOC

Nobody.

(then off Garnett and
Warren's look)

Nobody. I'm sure.

HAMMOND

Time to go then.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING

Everyone grabs onto something as Warren grinds a 180 out of there, zombies THUDDING off the outside of the truck. Even though they feel each thud, nobody reacts.

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - WAREHOUSE/CONTROL ROOM

Citizen-Z commandos his way around the labyrinth of warehouse, listening to the dogs HOWL and SNARL -- echoing all around him. He makes his way to the control room, locking himself in. He punches something into the keyboard and the monitors surrounding him switch over to show all the interior surveillance cameras.

UP ON THE SURVEILLANCE MONITORS

CZ watches the two dogs stalk each other, never on the same monitor. The BLACK ZOMBIE DOG looks crazy and hurt, howling and snapping at shadows.

CITIZEN

starts rifling through drawers looking for something. He picks through a bunch of dangerous, crazy looking stuff, finally coming up with a laser sighted pistol. He checks to see if it's loaded, fires up the laser sight. This will do.

EXT. ROUTE 9 - UPSTATE NEW YORK - NIGHT

The pickup booming along, back on track, Warren slaloming along between the debris.

IN THE TRUCK BED

Doc, Addy, and Mack hang on for their lives in the open truck bed.

MACK

What the hell's up with the Zs? I haven't seen this many in months. Fast ones too.

DOC

Maybe the cold is driving them south. Or gravity. Who knows what they're thinking.

ADDY

Who's up front with Garnett and Warren?

MACK

One guy seems ex-military.

ADDY

The skinny creep looks sick.

DOC

You don't look so good yourself.

MACK

(looking around)
Are we headed south? Isn't this the way to New York City?
(he knocks on the cab window)
Hey, where are we going?

Hammond opens the little pass through window.

HAMMOND

We'll let you know when we get there.

He shuts the window, end of conversation.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CAB - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Hammond turns his attention back front, missing Mack's fuck you look. Murphy weighs in,

MURPHY

I don't know what we brought them along for.

WARREN

(stating the obvious)
... uh because they're human beings who deserve to live?

Murphy shrugs, "if you say so."

GARNETT

How much further to this rendezvous?

HAMMOND

Just a few more clicks. Got a couple of Humvees and a team of killers waiting. Wish I had ten times that.

Garnett can see he's not kidding. Hammond consults a map from a tattered pouch of orders.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Should be coming up on the left. An old Post Office with a civil defense shelter in the basement. Supposedly there were still rations stored there.

GARNETT

When did you last have contact with them?

HAMMOND

Satellite phone died about a month ago. Must have been before that.

WARREN

A month? That's like two years
Apocalypse time.

GARNETT

Still got the phone?

HAMMOND

Yeah. Why?

Garnett holds out his hand and Hammond unclips his dead radio handing it to Garnett. Garnett taps it on the pass through. Addy opens the window.

GARNETT

(handing her the walkie)
Got a battery for this?

Addy takes the walkie and whips off her pack, pulling out a large clear baggie full of various batteries, starts sorting through them. Just as she finds a match and replaces the battery in Hammond's radio, THE TRUCK SCREECHES TO A HALT, tossing everyone around in back.

UP IN THE CAB -- FACES OF STONE

Everyone reacting to what they see.

WARREN

Tell me this isn't our rendezvous.

THEIR POV - THE POST OFFICE - NIGHT

Abandoned and destroyed, the perimeter fence breached, twitching zombies still stuck in the razor wire. One of the Humvees is empty, parked nearby. The other is crashed in front of the Post Office where it hit another car, piledriving the second car right through the wall of the post office.

Mutilated dead Zombies are everywhere, it must have been a horrific fight.

MURPHY

Hammond? Is it them? Hammond?

Without a word, Hammond gets out of the truck and approaches the tableau of destruction.

FOLLOWING HAMMOND

as he moves carefully toward the empty Humvee, stepping over corpses and dead zombie parts. Murphy yells again,

MURPHY (O.S.)

Is it them?

Hammond stops a few feet from the Humvee, reacting to something he sees on the ground in front of him.

HAMMOND

(resigned)

...yeah...

WHAT HAMMOND SEES

A zombified SOLDIER, cut in half just below the rib cage, trailing the last of its guts as it crawls toward Hammond, insatiable. Hammond pumps two shots into its brain, killing its appetite.

HAMMOND

...it's them.

WIDER VIEW EXT. POST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Warren parks and everybody piles out of the truck.

MURPHY

I've got to pee.

GARNETT

Don't go far.

MURPHY

Don't worry.

He pees right next to the truck. Classy. Hammond takes charge.

HAMMOND

It looks like my reinforcements may be dead. We need to make a quick search for survivors and any supplies.

(points at Murphy)

You. Zip it up and stay with me.

Hammond starts going through the Humvee while Murphy watches.

ADDY

Where'd all the zombies go?

DOC

Moved on, like locust.

HAMMOND

They'll be back. Garnett and Warren, clear the building. You three check the vehicles.

Doc, Addy, and Mack lock and load, moving off to check for survivors. Garnett and Warren cautiously move toward the Post Office.

FOLLOWING GARNETT AND WARREN - NIGHT

as they approach the front of the building where the car and Humvee have crashed. Two nearly devoured bodies in uniform dangle from the Humvee.

GARNETT

Looks like they never had a chance.

Warren signals Garnett to freeze.

WARREN

Do you hear that?

Garnett listens... nothing.

GARNETT

Hear what...

She cuts him off.

WARREN

There. Hear that?

They both listen hard, the SOUND EMERGING until it's undeniable. Crying.

GARNETT

Sounds like a baby.

Cautiously, they follow the sound of a baby crying, leading them to...

THE CRASHED SEDAN

stuck halfway through the front wall of the Post Office. Garnett approaches the car, weapon aimed at the driver of the car, still behind the wheel. He pulls the door open to reveal a WOMAN (30s) -- dead, a horrible gash in her forehead.

GARNETT

Driver's dead.

WARREN

Turned?

GARNETT

No. Looks like she took a blow to the skull. Brain dead on impact.

The WAIL of a baby draws their attention to the backseat.

WARREN

There it is.

A BABY, just over a year old, cries his heart out. Warren can get to the baby from her side, climbing into the back to reach the babyseat.

WARREN (CONT'D)

It's okay sweetie, we're gonna get you out of there.

She pulls a knife and cuts the seat belt, pulling the child free.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Wow. A real life baby. I haven't seen one of these in years.

She holds the baby awkwardly, not sure how to handle him. The baby continues to cry.

WARREN (CONT'D)

I think it's a boy. He won't stop crying. What do I do?

Garnett steps in to help her.

GARNETT

Maybe if you didn't hold him like a live grenade. Here, let me have him.

WARREN

(handing him over)

Me and babies... not so much.

Garnett takes the baby and cradles him in his arms like a pro. He wets a corner of his shirt with his canteen and lets the baby suck on it, quieting the zombie alert for the moment.

WARREN (CONT'D)

(checking mom)

What was she doing out here with a baby anyway?

GARNETT

Looks like they all were trying to
get to the shelter when they got
overrun.

Warren looks at the baby, then whispers to Garnett.

WARREN

(whisper)

What the hell are we going to do
with a baby?

GARNETT

Beats me. I quit planning more than
two minutes ahead years ago.

(then wincing)

See if there's a diaper or
something in there.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

Following Doc, Mac, and Addy as they search the compound for
survivors. The scope lands on each of them, as if the shooter
was trying to decide who to pick off first.

WIDER VIEW - DOC, ADDY, AND MACK

Move cautiously through the debris and gore, weapons ready.
Doc hears something, movement -- he turns to look, catching
just a glimpse of the SNIPER moving in the distance.

DOC

We got company.

ADDY

Dead or alive?

DOC

Human. He's hiding.

Mack sees something ahead,

MACK

Heads up...

THEIR POV - A SCRUM OF BUSY ZOMBIES

piled all over something about twice the size of a phone
booth, fighting and clawing to get at whatever is in the
middle of the pile.

ADDY

What are they after?

MACK

Only one thing. C'mon....

Mack starts piking the distracted zombies from behind, pulling them off the pile. Working as a team, they make quick work of the zombies, REVEALING:

A LARGE STEEL ANIMAL CAGE

usually used to hold zombies... or prisoners. Right now there's a YOUNG WOMAN (mid 20s, dark, exotic) sitting on the floor of the cage, wrapped up tight in a ball where she's just barely out of the reach of the zombies -- if she moved an inch she'd be dead. She remains perfectly still, Zombies clawing at her wildly, while Doc, Mack, and Addy finish off the Zs and bust off the lock.

ADDY

Careful, she might be dead.

Mack gently nudges the woman. Nothing.

MACK

Hey... Hey... you all right?

Still nothing. He nudges her again. Harder.

HER EYES POP OPEN

startling Mack who stumbles backward. Instantly the woman is on her feet, a blur of movement as she grabs Mack from behind and puts a knife to his throat. Doc just laughs.

DOC

Well, she ain't dead.

Addy tries to get her attention.

ADDY

(to the woman)

It's okay. It's okay. We're good people. We just saved you... Don't hurt him. Don't...

Taking a beat to get her bearings, the woman realizes where she is and that she's safe now. She looks at the dead zombies piled around her, then releases Mack. We get our first good look at CASSANDRA. She's tough, mysterious, beautiful in a post apocalyptic way.

CASSANDRA

Sorry... I didn't know where I was for a second... I must have fallen asleep...

DOC

Asleep? How long were you in that
cage for?

One of the zombies is still moving. Cassandra stomps on his
head cruelly to finish him off.

CASSANDRA

Two days...

Off all of them contemplating what that must have been
like...

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - WAREHOUSE

With his laser sighted pistol leading the way, CZ silently pads from corner to corner in his fuzzy slippers. He can hear the Dogs stalking each other, but can't pin down their direction or distance -- one second they are echoing from far off in the massive warehouse, the next they sound right on top of him.

CZ rounds a corner, and stops. Hearing BREATHING, he turns to aim his gun, pointing the beam of his laser right on the forehead of THE GOOD DOG -- who he almost shoots. With the beam still on his forehead, the dog looks past CZ, barking.

Citizen spins to see the Zombie Dog rushing toward him, slathering death. He sights the dog and fires, hitting it repeatedly -- slowing but not stopping it -- he never gets the perfect head shot.

Citizen finally runs out of ammo, leaving he and the living dog no choice but to retreat, turning to flee. The gravely wounded Zombie Dog pursues them, his strength and speed returning with each step.

Seeing he can't outrun the Zombie Dog, Citizen scrambles up the side of a stack of pallets, climbing until he reaches the top of all the crates. From there he can follow the chase 10 feet below, as the good Husky tries to outrun the wounded but unstoppable Zombie Dog.

EXT. POST OFFICE - NIGHT

Re-establishing; the overrun building, the crashed Humvees, the Sedan crashed through the wall with a dead mother behind the wheel. We HEAR the sad haunting sound of the baby crying...

MURPHY (OS)

Somebody better shut that kid up
before he attracts Zs like flies.

INT. POST OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

Everybody has gathered in the lobby. Garnett holds the baby, instinctively shielding him from Murphy.

GARNETT

It's a baby. They cry.

Hammond turns on the headlights to the car crashed through the wall, illuminating the group.

HAMMOND

(pointing to Murphy)

Shut up.

(then to Garnett)

And you... do what you can. He's
right about the Zs.

Garnett puts the baby in the car seat on the ground, rocking him with his foot, keeping an eye on Murphy. The baby's crying quiets some, but continues.

Warren stands guard at the door while Hammond and the others gather around Cassandra in the headlights. She seems out of place, her clothing more revealing than safe. Hammond offers her a sip of water, she drinks voraciously till he takes it away from her.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Why did somebody lock you in that
cage and leave you to die? What did
you do?

CASSANDRA

I didn't DO anything. I locked
myself in the cage for protection.

HAMMOND

Do you have the keys?

We see in her eyes she's lying.

CASSANDRA

I lost them...

WARREN

Why are you dressed like that?

Cassandra looks at herself, acts like she doesn't see the problem.

CASSANDRA

I don't have to justify myself to
you. To anybody.

HAMMOND

Maybe you do. We were supposed to
meet the men in those vehicles.
What happened here?

CASSANDRA

These men showed up about a week
ago, cleared the post office and
set up some kind of camp.

(MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Word got out they had food -- lots of it -- from the bomb shelter. It didn't take long, there was too many people. The soldiers shot some of the locals -- that brought the Zs. You can guess the rest.

MURPHY

What are we wasting time talking to her for? Give her the baby and let's go.

GARNETT

You can't just give this girl a baby and leave.

CASSANDRA

No shit.

MURPHY

Well, they can't come with us.

GARNETT

Nobody's asking you.

Garnett looks to Hammond, who knows Murphy's right...

HAMMOND

Look...

GARNETT

No way am I leaving a baby and this woman behind. Not going to happen.

MURPHY

It's just a baby...

HAMMOND

Shut up. That vaccine make you a jackass too?

Hammond hates this kind of shit.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

All right. We take them as far as the next safe outpost. But if they get to be a problem...

GARNETT

I'll take care of it.

Just then Warren ducks in from outside.

WARREN
...puppies and kittens.

Hammond looks to Garnett to translate,

GARNETT
...zombies.

Hammond joins Warren at the door.

THEIR POV - EXT. POST OFFICE

SIX ZOMBIES have discovered the Pickup Truck, swarming it like ants attacking an intruder.

HAMMOND
Awwright everybody, time to go.
(he points to Doc, Mack,
Addy and Cassandra)
You four, grab whatever food and
weapons you can find and load up
the Humvee -- keys are still in it.

They look unsure about following orders.

MACK
Hey we haven't talked about this...

HAMMOND
We can talk about it later. Right
now you need to do this.

Mack backs down.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Garnett, you stay with the baby and
Murphy till we come back. Warren,
you and I are going to clear the
zombies off that truck. Everybody
meets back here as fast as you can.

For a beat they all look at one another, barely conscious of what just happened. They just crossed an invisible line. Now they're a team, on a mission.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Go.

He watches Doc and the others head off to scavenge and get the hummer, then turns to Warren.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)
How do you want to handle this?

WARREN

We usually like taking it to them...
(then in a grudging show of respect)
...sir.

Hammond likes her attitude.

HAMMOND

All right then. Let's do this. But silent.

Warren nods yes, unafraid to get her hands dirty. They both unsheath nasty swords, trophies picked up from dead heroes.

FOLLOWING HAMMOND AND WARREN

as they take it to the Zombies. The Zs see them coming and turn toward them to feed. As Hammond and Warren wade in...

SOME NICE STYLIZED VIOLENCE

Hammond and Warren dispatching the zombies like the professional survivors they are. Warren takes the first Zombie, skillfully stabbing it right through the eye, scraping the blade around in the skull before withdrawing her sword and chopping off its head for good measure.

Hammond sees that, feels he needs to up his game - kills the next two Zombies with one swing, chopping off the top half of both their heads. As they move on to the next bunch near the truck...

FOLLOWING MACK, ADDY, AND SANDRA

Experienced scavengers, they grab weapons out of the hands of dead soldiers, water, some fuel, canned goods scattered everywhere.

DOC

away from the others, goes to pull a good axe out of the chest of a zombie, only to discover it's still "alive." Doc can't get the axe free, so the Zombie is able to grab him and the fight is on.

Mack and Addy try to get a shot in at the Zombie, but it's too close to Doc as the fight spins around, crashing into the surroundings.

The Z keeps pulling Doc tighter and tighter, Doc losing the battle to free himself. The Zombie opens wide, ready to bite his face when...

BLAM!!

a large caliber bullet blows a hole the size of a silver dollar clean through the zombie's head -- THE VIEW RACKS FOCUS BACK THROUGH THE BULLET HOLE, REVEALING:

A SNIPER

the one who's been shadowing them. He lowers his gun, a smile all you can see, the rest of him wrapped in camouflage like an American Muhajadeen.

DOC

turns just in time to see his mysterious hero dart back into the shadows.

MEANWHILE BACK WITH GARNETT, MURPHY AND THE BABY

The baby continues to cry, drawing a steady stream of Zombies to the front of the Post Office.

GARNETT

stands blocking the doorway, taking out each Zombie as they come. Long ago overdosed on violence, he uses the least amount of force necessary to put down the zombies, his fighting style a study in minimalism, his weapon a short steel rod sharpened on both ends.

But like the rising tide of a Tsunami, they just keep coming. One of them slips by Hammond...

A CREEPER

just a torso, crawling along like something in a Todd Browning film, heading straight for the baby.

MURPHY
(half-hearted)
Hey Mister... the baby...

Garnett turns to see the Creeper reaching for the baby...

SOMETHING IN GARNETT SNAPS

He pounces on the Creeper, piking it through the head, just out of reach of the baby, before flinging it across the room, into the wall, nearly hitting Murphy.

Garnett turns to see he's surrounded by a crowd of Zombies, but it's not fear we see in his eyes, it's the bloodlust he's been keeping at bay. He drops the pike, and pulls a huge claw hammer and bowie knife from his belt.

GARNETT GOES NUTS MONTAGE

He wades into the Zombies and lays waste to them. He doesn't just pike them, he destroys them, needlessly chopping and hammering them into a pile of de-animated flesh. It only takes a few seconds of screen time, but when it's over, a bloody Garnett stands in the middle of a dozen mutilated Zombies -- hating himself.

It's quiet now, the crying stopped. Garnett puts the knife and hammer back in his belt and turns to the baby, finding Murphy hovering over the car seat.

MURPHY

Kid finally shut up.

The way Murphy says it, we think he might have done something to the baby.

GARNETT

Get away from there.

THE BABY

looks still and peaceful. Too peaceful. Worried, Garnett shakes him... nothing. (We're sure the baby is dead.) Garnett looks to Murphy, ready to kill him, but the baby wakes up, crying again.

MURPHY

What the hell did you do that for?

Garnett ignores Murphy, happy the kid's alive and wailing louder than ever.

NEARBY IN THE CRASHED SEDAN

The MOTHER stirs slightly, awoken by her baby's cries.

GARNETT

rocks the car seat with his foot, keeping watch for zombies, humming a lullaby. Murphy rolls his eyes but it works, the baby stops crying.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

The pickup truck and Humvee pull up, ready to go. Warren and Hammond hop out and head inside to get the baby and Murphy.

GARNETT

grabs Murphy and hands him off to Hammond at the door. He turns back to grab the baby in the car seat, which is facing away from him. As he reaches for the car seat, the baby begins crying again, BUT THIS TIME THE CRYING IS DIFFERENT, DEEP AND GUTTURAL, like a sick cat.

Garnett and Warren know that can't be good. Fearing the worst, Garnett gently turns the car seat around, REVEALING:

THE BABY HAS TURNED ZOMBIE

Its eyes red and bloody, its skin deep blue. Seeing Garnett, the Zombie Baby HOWLS and lunges for him, sending Garnett tumbling backwards into a horrified Warren.

GARNETT

GAH!!!

Warren instinctively pulls her sword, but hesitates -- it's still a baby...

But an ugly, growling, zombie-baby.

WARREN

Mother of God...

The baby wails horribly and crawls across the floor towards Garnett and Warren, moving more like a pitbull than a baby. Horrified, they dive out of the way, scrambling to avoid the baby in the darkness.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Kill it!

Garnett pulls his hammer, but can't bring himself to use it.

GARNETT

I can't. I can't do it. You do it.

WARREN

I don't want to kill it. YOU kill it.

They may not want to kill the baby, but the baby sure wants to kill them. Crawling amongst the debris on the floor, the undead tyke SCREAMS LIKE A BANSHEE and rushes them. Freaked out, they dive for the door, shutting it behind them, locking the Zombaby inside, where it claws at the door and wails menacingly. Off their horrified looks...

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - WAREHOUSE

Citizen-Z is still on top of the stacks of crates, jumping from stack to stack as he tries to follow the two dogs below.

Running between the stacks, the Good Husky turns a corner and finds itself trapped in a dead end. CZ watches from above as the Zombie dog closes in on the Husky, its growl otherworldly.

CITIZEN-Z

Oh no you don't. You are not
killing the first living thing I've
seen in two years.

Looking for a weapon, he rips open the boxes nearest him, finding a bunch of random computer gear. He starts throwing heavy gear at the Zombie Dog, trying to force it back. He scores a few hits, nailing the dog with large sharp objects, but it only slows him down, inch by inch the Zombie dog closes in on the Husky.

Growing desperate, CZ kicks loose a piece of one of the crates, ending up with a sharp wooden stake. He turns to look below just as the Good Husky decides to fight for its life, leaping for the Zombie Dog.

The two dogs tumble and snarl down below in the shadows. In a desperate move Citizen-Z raises the sharp stake above his head, and dives off into the darkness.

MEANWHILE BACK WITH GARNETT AND MURPHY

Still standing with their backs against the door, as if the Zombaby might break it down. Hammond and the others gather around.

HAMMOND

What's the holdup?

ADDY

Where's the baby?

A particularly foul wail and more scratching answers her question.

WARREN

Turned.

MURPHY

...Only a matter of time.

Garnett dives for Murphy, smashing him up against the truck, ready to kill him -- but Murphy is tougher than he looks.

Besides, he knows Hammond won't let this go on long. Hammond and the others break it up, pulling them apart.

WARREN

Charlie! Charlie don't.

Garnett fights loose, grabs a smiling Murphy again. Hammond's had enough, putting a gun to Garnett's head.

HAMMOND

Get your hands off him now or I swear will send you to walk among the dead.

He moves the gun from Garnett's head to his heart, making it clear he will leave Garnett a zombie. His blood cooling, Garnett lets Murphy go.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Now get in the trucks. We're moving out of here.

The baby WAILS again.

WARREN

What about the... baby... thing? We can't just leave him like that.

MACK

She's right. Even if it's turned...

ADDY

It sounds so sad.

DOC

It's not sad. It's a zombie.

MURPHY

Amen brother. Let's go.

WARREN

We can't leave him like that.

GARNETT

(resigned)
I'll do it.

Hammond stops him.

HAMMOND

No I'll do it. I need you to pull yourself together.

Hammond checks his automatic weapon, turning on the laser sight and putting a night vision rig on his head -- he's not going to fuck around anymore.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Two minutes. Be ready to go.

INT. POST OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

The Sedan's headlights are shorting out and the room is plunged into darkness. The unseen baby's wail is whiskey deep and tense, like a cougar about to pounce. Hammond opens the door and slips in, shutting the door behind him, finding himself in darkness.

Instantly, the zombaby goes silent.

HAMMOND

Now he shuts up...

He can't see the baby, but he can hear him skittering across the floor in the dark, knocking around debris.

He chases the sound with his laser sight, but can't get a shot. Just spooky shadows, or a rat, which he shoots.

Hammond's seen some shit, but this is creeping him out. He gets serious, firing up his night vision goggles. Carefully, he moves deeper into the building.

HAMMOND (CONT'D)

(calling, soft, sweet)

Here baby. Here baby-baby. Come to Papa...

NIGHT VISION POV

Scanning the room over the top of his weapon. Something moves. Another rat. He lets it go. A few more steps, the tension grows -- this is worse than looking for Bin Laden.

Then he sees it! Just a glowing blur, ducking behind some tipped over stamp machines. Hammond fires, but misses.

HAMMOND

Shit!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Doc and the others huddle by the door while Murphy sits in the hummer. They can hear Hammond cursing inside, trying to find the baby.

DOC

(whispering)

You know if we wanted to ditch
these two, take the truck and go,
now would be a good time.

Everybody looks to each other, they were all thinking the
same thing... but....

GARNETT

Let's just play this out a little
farther.

Mack checks with Addy, she nods yes.

INT. POST OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

Hammond is over where he last saw the baby, near the debris
by where the car crashed through the wall. The car headlights
continue to short in and out, then die, plunging the room
into darkness again, except for the laser sight.

HAMMOND POV - NIGHT VISION

Following the sound of the baby BREATHING HEAVILY. He tracks
it to the car -- the baby must be under the car!

Carefully, Hammond goes down on his knees, bending over to
look under the car -- there it is...

NIGHT VISION ZOMBIE BABY

hiding under the car, glowing retinas staring back at
Hammond, hissing and reaching for him -- somehow the green
glow of the night vision makes the baby all the more
disgusting and macabre.

HAMMOND

is about to shoot the little fella, when suddenly he is
BLINDED as the headlights short back on, and the HORN BLARES
right in his face. Stunned, he rises up on his knees just in
time to see...

MOTHER ZOMBIE

thrashing her way out of the driver's seat, suddenly animated
by a weird combination of zombie blood lust and primal
motherly instinct.

Instantly she's on top of Hammond, taking him down hard as
she VICIOUSLY BITES HIS NECK.

Hammond fights for his life, but it's already too late, Mom's broken teeth biting a fist sized chunk out of his blood spurting neck.

ZOMBABY

crawls out from under the car and joins Mommy, biting Hammond viciously on the leg.

Hammond manages to let out a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM and fires his weapon wildly, hitting the baby and his own leg, the bullets impact knocking the baby, spinning across the room -- but it's not dead yet. The baby, speed crawling in his little footy pajamas right back to feed. Good Lord.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Everyone reacts to Hammond's screams and gunshots.

INT. POST OFFICE LOBBY - NIGHT

Garnett kicks open the door, light from the Humvee headlights streaming in behind he and the others as they move inside, armed and ready. Garnett leads the way, followed by Warren, Doc, Addy and Mac. Hearing the SOUND OF WET MUNCHING, they all turn toward the car, its headlights still flickering like a strobe, the horn buzzing eerily as the battery dies. There in front of the car, in the flickering headlights they see:

THE STAR OF OUR SHOW BEING EATEN

in a hideous tableau: Hammond is splayed out on his back, face chewed off, Mom feeding on brains from his cracked open skull, while Baby feeds off his heart, eating it right out of his chest -- like it were almost instinctively breast feeding zombie style. Hearing the intruders, mother and son look up at our heroes, then go back to feeding.

OUR HEROES (MINUS ONE)

stand in the doorway, watching, gobsmacked. The scene should feel like some kind of mistake, almost like the actors didn't even know it was going to happen, and don't know what to do or say now. They look at each other, lost, until the sound of wet chewing brings their attention back to Hammond's fate. They listen to the CHOMPING for a long beat, and then without a word, all begin firing at the same time.

WIDER VIEW

as they empty their guns into Mommy, Baby, and what's left of Hammond, blasting them into pulp. Out of ammo, silence returns, except...

CLOSE ON HAMMOND'S SKULL

Enough brains left to have turned zombie, his jaw opening wide, tongue SMACKING, driven by the parasite in his blood to chew, chew, chew...

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT ON CITIZEN-Z

Also DEAD, something SMACKING its lips over his corpse.

WIDER VIEW REVEALS

it's the GOOD HUSKY alive and well, LICKING Citizen-Z's face, trying to wake him up. Finally the dog slobber does its magic and CZ awakens with a start -- ready for a fight.

Instead he discovers the most grateful dog on the planet, tail wagging as he yips to find his new master alive.

CITIZEN-Z

You're alive! Holy shit! You're alive!

(through the slobber)

We're both alive! YES!

Then remembering, he looks around, seeing:

THE ZOMBIE DOG

A wooden stake through its skull, frozen mid snarl.

CITIZEN-Z

(surprised)

HA! Take that Cujo! Goddamn right.

(then to the Husky)

We did it, pup. Me and You. We're alive...

Then it really starts to sink in, Citizen hugging the dog as they sit on the floor, all the fear, all the death, all the loneliness of the last three years flooding in -- as he starts to cry...

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

...we're alive.

The Husky licks the salty tears off his face.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. NSA LISTENING STATION - ENDLESS TWILIGHT

The aurora borealis lights up the sky, unchanged by the carnage below.

CITIZEN-Z (OS)

Well let's see, we got Beef
Stroganoff and Tandoori Chicken.

INT. NSA LISTENING STATION - CONTROL ROOM

Citizen-Z is showing his new Husky friend a pair of MREs (Meals Ready to Eat) -- the dog watches intently, like he understands.

CITIZEN-Z

...yeah you look like a beef eater
to me.

He opens the canned four course meal and sets the whole thing down in front of the dog, salad, pudding and all. He turns away and we hear a single GLOMPH! Citizen looks back, the entire meal is gone. He inspects the empty container, licked clean.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

Damn dog... you were hungry huh?
Bet you'd like some more. One
Tandoori Chicken, coming up.

He pops open another MRE and sets it down, watching the dog destroy it.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

Slow down dude, I only have a ten
year supply. Dude? Hmm. We gotta
come up with a better name for you.
I know, how bout "the Dude" -- love
that movie -- nah, something
better...

(then noticing)

Uh-oh, what's this?

A map on one of his monitors catches his attention. It's a map of upstate NY, a small red triangle and some ID numbers are flashing near the Tappan Z bridge.

CITIZEN-Z (CONT'D)

(reading the ID number)

Delta, Xray, Delta? Holy crap.
Looks like somebody just came back
from the dead.

Snapping into action, CZ jumps into his chair and starts finger-whipping a keyboard.

EXT. POST OFFICE - SUNRISE

Daylight breaks as our group huddles by the trucks. Nobody's happy.

MURPHY

...none of this would have happened
if you'd just left the damn baby.

GARNETT

I didn't tell Hammond to go get
eaten by a baby.

WARREN

Never mind that now. We need a
plan.

MURPHY

My plan is I'm taking that Humvee
and forgetting about vaccines and
labs, and all of you. I wanted off
this train from day one and now's
my chance.

DOC

Wait-wait-wait. You can't just go.
What about California? The vaccine?

ADDY

What if it's real? What if there's
a chance? And you're it?

MACK

How do we know that's not just all
bullshit?

Just then we hear FOUR LOUD TONES, like the civil defense
announcement tones, coming from nearby.

WARREN

What the hell is that?

Addy follows the sound to the Post Office Lobby peeking
inside.

ADDY

It's Hammond's satellite phone.

Lit up on his belt, still strapped to his corpse. Addy steels
herself and unclips the phone. Yeck. She presses "talk"...

ADDY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello?

INTERCUTTING: CITIZEN-Z ON THE OTHER END

CITIZEN-Z
You're not Hammond...

ADDY
Hammond's dead.

This news lands hard on Citizen-Z. The next question's for all the money,

CITIZEN-Z
Is the package safe?

Addy thinks a beat before she answers.

ADDY
Package? What package? ...Who is this?

CITIZEN-Z
(ignoring the question)
Who's in charge?

The others stand by listening.

WARREN
Who is it?

ADDY
Won't say. They want to know who's in charge.

Warren picks Garnett.

WARREN
(to Garnett)
You are.

Addy hands Garnett the phone.

GARNETT
This is Charles Garnett. Staff
Sargent Army Reserve... Retired...
uh-huh. Yes. Uh-huh.
(he looks at Murphy)
...Yes, he's still alive. Uh-huh.
Uh-huh. ...But we don't... Wait...
Who are you?

The phone goes dead.

GARNETT (CONT'D)
Battery died.

WARREN
(re: the call)
So?

GARNETT
(re: Murphy)
So it looks like we're taking Mr.
Sunshine to California.

Off Murphy's crestfallen look...

INT. NSA LISTENING POST - CONTROL ROOM

Citizen-Z looks at the map showing the blinking symbol for Delta Xray Delta's location in Upstate NY. As the dog watches, CZ punches up a new map, this one showing their location on the entire United States. It's a long ways to California.

Plugging his vintage iPhone into an auxiliary cord, he cues up a song and turns to the microphone in front of him.

CITIZEN-Z
Here's a little something for
everybody out there with 3,000
miles of bad road between you and
home -- hope you can hear this.

He pushes play, firing up a song like "All Along The Watchtower" by Jimi Hendrix. As the MUSIC CONTINUES --

EXT. POST OFFICE - SUNRISE

As the Hummer and pickup pull away from the Post Office, Murphy, in the Hummer with Garnett and Warren, has no choice but to go along for the ride. Feeling something wrong in his mouth, he reaches in and pulls out a TOOTH, a big molar. Not a good sign. He keeps his deteriorating health a secret from the others.

AS THEY PULL ONTO THE ROAD

Doc is driving the pickup, with Mack, Addy, and Cassandra as passengers. Just as they reach the highway, Doc sees THE SNIPER who saved his life, walking along the side of the road.

Doc pulls over and rolls down his window.

DOC

Hey there. Hey! You're the sharp shooter that saved my ass, aren't you? I want to thank you.

The sniper just shrugs. He's a kid, 15 years old, tops, with a tricked out backpack and an awesome homebrew sniper rifle. His name is TEN THOUSAND, but we won't find out why till next week.

DOC (CONT'D)

Need a ride?

The mysterious kidniper shrugs yes and walks up to the truck as Cassandra opens the passenger door and scoots over to make room, but instead of getting in, without a word the kid deftly climbs up on the roof of the truck, rifle at the ready.

WIDER VIEW - Panoramic VISTA

As Citizen Z cranks up the music, our heroes drive off into the sunrise, the NYC skyline and Tappan-Z bridge ahead on the horizon, their odyssey to save mankind, just beginning.

END OF EPISODE