

# RANCORIUM

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. SERER LABS - HALLWAY - DAY

Sunlight sparkles in from cracked windows.

The hall lights are OFF.

A cork board in the middle of the hallway has a flyer announcement regarding Going Green.

The door to Lab Room 11 closes.

At the far end of the hallway a man stumbles forward.

Curious, he pivots towards the sound of the closing door. Spinach-like soup drips out of his mouth.

A stampede of people follows him.  
The mob storms forward.  
Tramples him down.

Those that slip and fall struggle to rejoin the collective.

Among the zombie mob, a gaunt faced man, hard cheekbones, skull like, thinning hair. His eyes are distant, stares through time and space. This is ROYCE.

All have the same symptoms as Royce. Others, far worse. More legions, cuts and marks of gangrene on their skin.

SERER LABS - ROOM 11 - DAY

The infected mob on the other side scrapes at the door as ROBERT (30's) holds it closed, locking it.

LAURA (late 20s) pushes a desk towards him. Together, they block the door with it.

Both Robert and Laura appear to have been through hell and back, but neither one of them are as bad off as those in the hallway.

Two of the infected mob manages to break through part of the door. Two arms belonging to two different people. Both frantically snatch at anything near them.

ROBERT  
Just get it...!

Laura backs into JEFF (early 30s), who already has a jagged cut in the top of his right shoulder. A blood soaked mess.

Jeff rips off part of his tattered shirt, and wraps the shreds into a makeshift tourniquet. He gives Laura a look of anger.

She brushes past him, and gets to a desk. She opens the drawers, searches...

LAURA  
Where is it!?

ROBERT  
Phosphocreatine Alcyone!  
Phosphocreatine Alcyone!

LAURA  
I'm looking, damn it!

JEFF  
Got the right desk?

LAURA  
I don't know!

Jeff rams himself into another desk, rips out the drawer too hard.

The contents spill out all over the floor.

He drops to his hands and knees, scrambles to look over the loose contents.

Laura finds a small bottle marked "Phosphocreatine Alcyone"

The arms manage to grab Robert by the head, jerk him back. They pull his head through the door.

His neck snaps.

Laura throws the bottle hard down on the floor, it breaks open. A white gas forms, spreads out quickly through the lab.

The infected crash through the door. Robert's lifeless body slumps to the floor.

Laura rushes to the far end of the lab.

Jeff scoops up whatever he can, and follows her.

Hands grab his feet, pull him back into the gas cloud. He fights them off, comes forward. He finds one additional bottle of "Phosphocreatine Alcyone".

He looks into Laura's eyes as he's pulled back yet again, but not before he smashes his bottle hard on the floor.

The glass cuts into his hand, leaves a small but noticeable streak of blood.

Laura closes her eyes.

Out of the cloud, on all fours, one of the diseased men lunges forward like a rabid dog, letting out a moan, followed by a snake's hiss.

Right up to her face.

The infected man, however, stops short of biting off Laura's face. He cocks his head in light curiosity.

Takes a slow step back, falls like a rag doll to the floor.

Jeff climbs over him, and stops short of reaching Laura. He smiles at her.

Then his face goes blank

He goes to sleep.

Her eyes open.

SERER LABS - ROOM 11 - LATER

The mist lightly covers up most of the bodies on the floor, including Jeff. Laura carefully steps over them.

One of them comes to life. A blood streaked hand lightly grabs her right ankle as she goes by.

Laura takes a short, small breath as that same hand slides away back to the floor. She dares to look back to Jeff, who gives a light twitch himself.

Laura glances to the broken door, hurries.

The cloud dissipates.

Laura steps in a few streaks of blood and dark green puss. She covers her mouth and nose as she moves ahead.

She makes it to the broken door, is about to get out...when she notices that the exit is blocked by the additional pileup of bodies behind it in the hallway.

JEFF  
(horse)  
We did it.

She cranes her neck back. Jeff, still on the floor, his back to her.

SERER LABS - HALLWAY. - LATER

Like a worm through soil, Laura pushes her way through the pileup of men and women in front of the lab entrance.

As she emerges, her dirty face gets additional streaks of blood and dark green slime.

She slides down across the floor, takes a moment to gather herself. The moment of silence turns out to be short lived: Jeff's hand lurches from the body pile.

The rest of him follows.

Giving birth a second time, the pile expands outward, making room for Jeff as his bony jaw cries in agony as he frees himself.

But his action isn't one of threat or malice.

His arm stretches out.

A plea for help.

SERER LABS - BREAK ROOM - LATER

Seated, a deformed Jeff's bloodshot eyes follow every Laura's every movement. He's calm and quiet.

Laura gathers an assortment of chips and cookies from the broken up vending machines. She takes a candy bar, opens it.

The heat in the building has caused the candy's chocolate to melt. She discards it.

Jeff presses against his Adam's apple with his left thumb.

JEFF  
(extremely raspy voice)  
Alighieri? That's twenty two miles  
from here, Laura.

LAURA

I know.

JEFF

The rest of Detroit could be infected. Could have spread out. We wouldn't have enough between here and there.

LAURA

We can chance it.

JEFF

Wouldn't it be easier to find some here, create a synthetic? Buy us time?

LAURA

Alighieri has more of the Alcyone, better, stronger. Look at your hands, Jeff. Even if we had the time, we don't.

JEFF

What's that supposed to mean?

She only nods her head slightly, catching a glimpse of his reflection in the broken Plexiglas.

JEFF

Don't ignore me. Not now.

LAURA

Even if we could replicate whatever is left here, it's only short term. I don't know how long it will last.

JEFF

Should I tell them? Or you?

Laura goes over to a double door entrance to the break room, opens the doors.

HALLWAY

Crammed elbow to elbow in the outside hall: Eighty people, all with the same problem as Jeff, await the news from Laura. Laura can barely look at them.

SERER LABS. LINEN ROOM. - LATER

A pile of nicely folded lab coats, gauze, gloves etc.

Laura snatches all of the contents and puts them on a cart.

INSERT SERIES OF SHOTS:

--One of the eighty infected people puts on a lab coat;

--Laura wraps a white linen gauze around Jeff's zombie-like head;

-- a blue towel cuts in two with sharp scissors, held by infected hands.

-- white gauze wraps around a diseased zombie arm, up to the wrist, then the hand..

-- Laura cuts open part of the white gauze around Jeff's eyes. His bloodshot eyes stare back at her.

-- rubber gloved hands scoop up a few small bottles of "Phosphocreatine Alcyone", and put them on a lab table.

SERER LABS. ROOM 110. - DAY

Scientists, all covered in lab coats.  
Some in fishnet head coverings filter masks.  
Others are wrapped like mummies with various colors of torn, ripped linen.

All of them in the room have access to "Phosphocreatine Alcyone". They are busy, studying under microscopes, taking notes etc.

One of them confers with JEFF, his back to Laura.

Laura can't hear what either person is saying, but like Jeff, the infected scientist presses down on his neck in order to speak.

The scientist gives Laura a look of doom.

His face, though partially wrapped, still exposes part of a half- grape skin like color and part of his lower jaw.

The zombie scientist breaks his stare, as he goes back to the research.

LAURA

Even if they manage to make a synthetic, it's only temporary. Might not even last an hour.

JEFF

If they can make enough, they can make more. Bit here, bit there.

HALLWAY

She takes Jeff aside, out into the hallway. The door to Room 110 remains open. Some of the infected scientists occasionally glance towards the pair with bitter stares.

LAURA

(keeping her voice low)

This is costing us time. Wrapping them up, dressing them.

A day ago people were turning into  
(pause)

They came after us. Or did you just forget all of that?

JEFF

That's not the point. Going to Alighieri will save me, for sure, others. But them? They can't all come with us.

LAURA

What?

JEFF

Maybe it will last only an hour, but if it's enough to keep them from reverting- they'll keep working..

LAURA

Before that. Something about coming with us? Who's coming with us?

JEFF

Seven more people.

LAURA

Infected people.

JEFF

That's right.

LAURA

The answer is no. Look...

She shuts the door, escorts Jeff away further down the hall.

LAURA

These people can turn back at any time. We can move faster if it just you and me.

In the upper corner: a spider walks along its web. HANSON (30s) curiously watches it.

Hanson's face and hands are badly burned by some chemical, covered up casually with torn, tied up pieces of a blue towel. Besides Jeff and Laura, he's the only one in the hallway.

JEFF

Chances are there are more infected out there. If there's a group of us, there's less likely chance we'll be attacked.

LAURA

No.

JEFF

If we get attacked, it also could increase the chances of a reverse transfusion. Our cure reverses the infection.

LAURA

We can't be sure...

JEFF

Maybe if a bite from one of the turned changes a normal person into one of them, maybe it will work the same way, only the reverse.

LAURA

We don't know if works like that.

Laura glances toward Hanson, who briefly looks back. Hanson then looks back to the spider. He reaches out, the arachnid crawls on his fingers.

LAURA

Do they know about that possibility?

INT. SERER LABS. LOBBY - DAY

Broken glass, tables and chairs among blood, green infection and cut up bodies litter the lobby.

A few feet away, the receptionist, remains on the floor next to her chair. Laura looks down to her, the dead woman's nametag reads LUCY.

STARS (late 30s) tests a fire axe, blood still on the edge. The one with the axe has his head bandages decorated with a crude color marker of blue stars. The red stripes are jagged, streaks of dried blood.

Stars also notices the corpse, looks to Laura.

He puts his free hand to his jugular.

STARS  
(slight embarrassment)  
It wasn't me.

LAURA  
It's fine. Might not be the same  
axe.

Stars offers it to her.

STARS  
Here.

Laura slowly reaches out to take it. Jeff approaches with six other infected up people.

One of the six wears no gauze bandages. He didn't stand out so much while among the crazies attacking Jeff and Laura a short time ago. Now, another story. ROYCE again.

He's hardly changed at all, just more ticked off.

ROYCE  
Take it from him if it makes you  
feel better.  
(steps closer to Laura)  
I understand you thought about  
leaving us behind.

Stars brings the axe closer to himself, inspects the craftsmanship of the oak handle. What a prize.

Laura's eyes glance back to the blood on the axe blade.

ROYCE  
HEY I'm talking to you...

JEFF  
That's enough, Royce.  
(to Laura)  
Here's our entourage.

The other five:

PO

A woman in her mid 20's. She has the letters PO drawn in black marker over her right gauze covered cheek. If it wasn't for her C rack and long blonde hair, it would be tough calling her gender because of the virus effects.

VICTOR

Detroit Vipers tee shirt, blue jeans. White hair, white goatee.

STEVE

40-something Big Man at 6'4 and 220 pounds. Cross tattoo on his bare chest, covered only by a denim jacket that reads BIKERS 4 JESUS. There seems to be light goofing between him and Victor. They clearly know each other.

ANDREA

A 30 something woman about 6'0. Her right wrist is severed at the hand.

Hanson, who has made himself a crude white peace flag, attached to a broken mop handle. On closer inspection, the flag has a few random spots of dried blood on one side.

Royce steps up.  
Presses his neck.

ROYCE  
Before I step foot out of this bitch, let's get a few things out of the way.

LAURA  
It's not that I don't trust you, any of you, it's just that-

ROYCE  
We are on the same side here, aren't we?.

LAURA

It's not like that. Up until a few hours ago-

ROYCE

Hours ago. How about yesterday?

STARS

Hey, she don't mean anything by it -

ROYCE

Hell you say.

(back on Laura)

You want to be in charge here, little lady? Fine. I got no problem with that.

He takes another step forward, more angry with each word. His crooked teeth spits out drops of saliva.

ROYCE

Yeah, we did this. We all did it. Some remember, some don't. I don't. Not that I want to.

JEFF

Come on, Royce. Time to go.

ROYCE

Yeah. Time to go.

(to Jeff)

Just keep your "girlfriend" away from me.

The group files out of the building, all of them but Stars carrying supplies of some kind. Stars has his axe, he is satisfied. Despite Royce's demeanor, he isn't the last to leave.

ANDREA

I don't like her either.

ROYCE

Cut it.

EXT. SERER LABS - PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot is full of cars with bodies of dead people and birds around them. A few of the cars are trashed.

Right in front of the building is a yellow van, streaked with blood and grime. Back boors busted out, two back tires flat. The windshield a spiderweb maze.

Jeff glances briefly at the dismembered, torn up body close to the van. Laura also gives the body a good once over.

PO  
(presses her neck)  
Friend?

LAURA  
Sister.

On one of the delict cars, Hanson pulls a dismembered zombie corpse off the hood, leaving a streak of blood and dark green goo.

Hanson caresses the hood. Even though the car is a junk heap, he treats it like a long lost friend.

Behind him, Victor puts his fingers to his throat, but changes his mind.

Victor watches Hanson go through the ritual.

Hanson props his flag on the smeared car roof.  
Opens the passenger side door.  
Creeps inside the car.

I/E. HANSON'S CAR.

Hanson checks the visor. Takes a small picture from it.

He acts like it is something so delicate that even a small smudge would destroy it.

It is a picture of a woman smiling back at him. She's average mid-thirties. He stares into her eyes for a few moments.  
Puts her picture into his breast pocket.

**BAM!**

PARKING LOT

Victor's gaze shifts to:

Andrea, who hits another car on the trunk, not too far from them.

With another pounding with her good hand, she breaks open the trunk of the other car, which is in better shape than Hanson's car, not by much.

Andrea fishes around.  
 Finds a tool kit.  
 Opens it with her good hand.  
 Dumps the contents-

Screws, nuts. One big screwdriver.

Andrea takes a moment, her attention zeroes in on  
 Jumper cables.

Victor comes up. Shakes his head. Puts his fingers to his  
 throat.

VICTOR  
 Good luck finding something to jump  
 around here.

He gives her a light smile. She pays him no attention.

STEVE  
 Hurry it up, people. We have to go.

Looks to Stars.

STEVE  
 They had all this time to do this.

STARS  
 Did they?

STEVE  
 Could have at least checked the  
 cars. Got to be at least one in the  
 lot that runs.

STARS  
 Some people are ready. Some not.  
 (cocks his head, puzzled)  
 Yo, Jeff!

JEFF  
 What?

STARS  
 Been meaning to ask. What's with  
 the birds?

JEFF  
 Not sure.

A few car isles over:

Royce lightly smiles when he walks up to a slightly rusted Cadillac, parked near a sedan with inverted bumper stickers all over the windows.

Other than the bit of cancer on the right passenger side door, and a dead, bloody bird on the roof, the Cadillac is unscathed.

He casually reaches into his pants pocket.

EXT. SERER LABS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A car's engine ROARS, a lion awakened from slumber. It gets the attention of the other six members of the party.

Seated in the car, Royce looks over the gas gauge. Half a tank. No emergency lights, nothing wrong with the car. All except one thing: the static on the radio.

Po walks up next to the car.

PO  
This yours?

ROYCE  
No, it's Jimmy's. He gave me the  
keys a little while ago.

Po glances back to the building, then to everyone else, who are heading in this direction. Andrea has her jumper cables hanging around her neck.

Royce reaches over, curiously takes an unmarked CD, puts it in.

Strauss. The Blue Danube.

Royce cranks it.

As the other five approach, Steve glances at the car with the inverted bumper stickers. He breaks off from the group and inspects it.

Andrea ties part of the cable around her neck. Part of the cable is already cut, wires poke out, press into her neck.

Andrea no longer has to press her fingers to her neck to speak clearly. The two clamps on this end dangle over her chest like an industrial necklace.

The other part of the cables Andrea ties up like a snake around her bad arm.

ANDREA  
What's this?

ROYCE  
Music.

ANDREA  
Who I mean.

ROYCE  
Strauss.

ANDREA  
Who?

STARS  
It's classical.  
(notices her bizarre look)  
That's interesting.

His gaze shifts to Victor; Victor puts a strip of reflective silver gauze tape over his neck and a small screwdriver.

VICTOR  
(deep and raspy)  
Testing One -Two - Three.

He rips off another bit of tape, wraps it completely over his neck. Po glances to Victor, but then leans in closer to Royce.

PO  
We can't all fit in this.

ROYCE  
(relaxed bliss)  
We'll improvise.

VICTOR  
(slight improvement)  
Testing. Testing. Good to go.

STARS  
Brilliant.

Victor tosses him the tape. Stars, still able to hold his prized axe with one hand, catches the tape effortlessly with the free hand.

VICTOR  
Share in her genius.

I/E. BUMPER STICKER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Steve slowly opens the door to the bumper sticker car.

Nobody in the car.

The bumper stickers, whose messages only can be seen from the inside of the car, taped all over the car interior except for the steering wheel and gear shifts. They have no common theme.

The backseat, ripped open in the center, dried blood streaked around torn leather and various bumper stickers and tape. Protruding out of the crude vagina is the head of a dog on a stick, facing up...

Steve jerks away, slams the door. It falls off like a crumb off a metal cake.

He looks around, his vision spins. He falls like rag doll right next to the broken off door. Gasps for air.

Jeff and Laura step closer. Jeff blocks Laura off.

Jeff now inspects the blood drenched bumper sticker car. He slowly backs away.

Takes a few breaths.

Victor steps up, takes a look. Shares Jeff's look of dismay.

EXT. SERER LABS - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

The music no longer plays. Everyone but Stars and Hanson is in the Cadillac. The six inside of the car all have a somber look as they leave the parking lot of Serer Labs.

Seated in the ripped open trunk, axe by his side, Stars refuses to glance around at the carnage they leave behind.

Following them on foot, the nomadic Hanson, who carries a crowbar with a torn white cloth tied around it.

I/E. CADILLIAC - DAY

Shop windows busted out, bodies twisted, broken, burned.

The Cadillac cautiously drives down the street, avoiding random bodies, both dismembered and whole.

Turned over, half burned cars with the initials B M K spray painted red on a handful of them. SOS on random others.

ANDREA

Royce, put the Strauss back in.

Royce glances to her from the rear view mirror. Royce nods to Po, seated next to him in the center. She reluctantly presses his neck.

ROYCE

Why? It won't take us long to get to Alighieri.

ANDREA

Either that or we talk about what we seen back there.

ROYCE

Rather not.

Po removes her fingers from his neck.

ANDREA

Someone here has to say something.

Jeff wraps gauze tape over his throat, several layers.

Po reaches out again to Royce, who waves her off.

ANDREA

Come on! We didn't do any of this!

Nobody challenges her, but no one confirms it either. The only response she gets is Jeff slowly tearing off tape.

ANDREA

We don't even know how it all started.

LAURA

Nobody knows.

ANDREA

"Nobody knows". Somebody knows. Somebody should know something.

LAURA

Yes. Just not us.

Victor closes his eyes tight. Whispers a quick prayer.

ROYCE

(distorted, deep rasp)

What the hell?

In the road ahead of them: a barricade of barbed wire, held up between two defunct DON'T WALK street signs.

Between the signs and the buildings rest a smashed up truck on one side, a demolished van on the other.

Victor opens his eyes, and looks with the rest of them.

Stars, still in the open trunk, steadies himself, and takes a look.

Stars taps on the Cadillac lightly with his axe. Royce slows down even more.

With his axe in one hand, Stars hops out of the trunk, investigates. Jeff gets out of the car and follows.

LAURA

Hey, wait...

Royce stops the car.  
Shifts it into park.

Nobody says a word.

In the street of death, Stars and Jeff observe that in addition to the wall of barbed wire, rows of spikes line up to the right side of the street.

To the left: the street is clear up to the next intersection, a hundred plus bodies of the dead, stacked up on each other like sandbags.

In the Cadillac, Po bites down on red licorice as she looks around.

Victor glances up to the building apartments above the trashed out stores.

No signs of life, save for one open window. His eyes follow down to the pavement, where a huge splash of dried blood marks a point of impact. The body isn't there.

ANDREA

You sure you guys didn't come this way before, right?

LAURA

Very.

Victor steps out of the car, walks over to Stars and Jeff.

VICTOR

We should go back. Find another way around.

Then he sees the pile of bodies from afar.

VICTOR

Has to be another way.

JEFF

Not by car.

VICTOR

It's been what, almost fifteen miles? Not much farther to go, even if we keep driving slow.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM echoes through the streets.

The three men look around, then focus back to the wall of the dead on the left.

In the same direction of the Woman's cry: A SHRIEK of several voices, belonging to an unholy echo of several unseen zombies.

A shotgun blast ECHOES. Automatic gunfire follows in a cadence of sound.

Stars holds his axe in a defensive position, ready to go. Royce pulls the Cadillac up a few notches to see the action.

Steve gets out of the Cadillac, armed with a tire iron. Po and Andrea follow.

Everyone waits, watches...

The gunfire ceases.

The screams continue, the echo bounces around in the streets.

Stars tightens his grip on the axe.

A WOMAN (20s) frantically climbs over the barricade of the damned, she glimpses towards the intended goal: the Cadillac. She spills to the pavement, bangs her right knee in the process. Scrambles up and sprints with a new limp.

A MAN (20's) - with a SAWED OFF SHOTGUN, comes over the wall of the dead. The wall comes alive, half of the bodies thrust up, spill out and cover him.

Prune skinned hands grab the man, hold him down. Something beneath him stabs him in several places head to toe. His limp body rips apart.

The Woman gets closer.  
Her panic increases at the sight of the motley crew.  
Slows down, darts towards one of the buildings.

A dark figure jumps out from one of the busted up store windows.

This zombie is at a far worse stage than seen yet: dark blue prune skin, shirtless.

The arms and legs stretched forward like a human spider.  
Double-jointed rag-doll like limbs.

The chest briefly opens up like a bird's talon. The rib cage mutation pops outward, an open vice.

The zombie-thing pounces on her like a tiger!

Jeff and Stars rush up to the nasty thing and the woman.

The monster and the woman wrestle, roll once over. The prune skin zombie grabs her by the head and pulls her up to tear out her neck with his jagged teeth.

STARS

Jeff!

Stars throws him the axe; Jeff catches it. Swings.

The Zombie eyeless face glances up once before the edge of the edge smacks him in the jaw. The blow knocks him off the woman.

Jeff shuffles his hold on the axe, turns it around so the blade faces forward.

The scared woman gets up, runs into Stars, pushes him away..

The street becomes alive, two dozen or so of the prune zombie things, some on two feet. Others on all fours.

All of them have the likeness of the creature that Jeff and Stars encountered.

Royce backs up the Cadillac the moment he sees this event. He turns the Cadillac around. And, in reverse, speeds down the street, catches up to the fleeing woman. She catches a glimpse of Royce, backs away.

Laura gets her attention.

LAURA

You! In the trunk!

Po grabs the screaming woman from behind, and roughly dumps her into the open trunk. The car roars, muscles forward as Royce shifts gears.

The Zombie who was knocked around by Jeff stands up and spits out an unholy hiss. Jeff charges, pushes the monster backward with the axe handle, and forces the thing to trip.

Impales it on a store front shard of glass.

Out of the chest, blood, dark puss, a thousand maggot parasites. The thing's talon like rib cage opens up and lets out an unholy moan.

Jeff takes a few moments, staring down at the sight. Stars yanks his arm.

STARS

Let's go...

Dismembered bodies that formed the wall get to their feet. More Prune skinned monsters, funky rib cages, claws, fangs. The whole shebang.

STARS

Come on!

With the rest of the Prune Zombies right behind them, they run. Half of the bodies of the broken wall also come to life in a blood frenzy; a dozen just became doubled.

CADILLAC

Royce comes back to the intersection. He and Laura witness various multitudes of prune skinned zombies pouring out from the left side alleyways onto the street.

Royce makes a choice: his foot slams on the metal, and the Cadillac zooms right for the part of the street where the spikes await.

STREET

Jeff and Stars join Victor, Steve, Po, and Andrea.

They all observe the Cadillac swerve away from the ground spikes, but not getting clear of them all; all tires POP and shred away.

The Cadillac skids on bare rims, sparks shoot up from friction. The momentum carries the rows of ground spike into a madman's collection.

When the Cadillac comes to a stop at a full 360, Royce frowns as he faces his new friends heading towards him, and the horde that follows them.

He attempts to open the driver's side door. Jammed.

In a fit of rage, he shifts himself in the seat, and kicks. The door clunkers off the hinges.

Royce casually steps out into the road among the spikes surrounding the tireless Cadillac.

Looks to the door next to him. An insane idea comes to him, sadistic delight fills his face.

He steps down between spikes, rips one spike out, and STICKS IT IN HIS NECK.

Laura stumbles out, amazed at the new sight for a moment. Then she helps the woman out of the open trunk. The rest of the group catches up to them...

As Royce rolls up a string of spiked wire around his right wrist.

ROYCE

You fellas better hustle on.  
I'll be right behind you.

VICTOR

You can't hold them all off by  
yourself.

ROYCE

Life sucks.

Royce steps onto the hood of the Cadillac...then on the roof. Victor hesitates, mad dashes around additional road spikes and into a narrow, nearby alley.

Royce's muscles constrict, as he lifts up part of the spiked wire from the ground.

With an unholy yell, he turns his entire body. The result: the spiked wire acts like a massive whip, IMPALING five of the eyeless dark prune zombies, all in the side of the head.

Royce runs to his right, drags the spiked wire behind him.

A good yank.

Those five caught by the attack stumble forward.

Fall in front of four other zombies-  
They trip-

Two others get impaled by spikes in the neck and chest. The spikes latch onto other wires of spikes on the street. TEAR into legs and feet.

INT. CORTWELL'S FLOWERS - CONTINUOUS

What was the last standing full storefront window joins the rest of the block in a symphony of glass shards as Royce smashes through and into the store.

Flowers and plants of all colors and kinds surround him. He runs over red roses already scattered all over the floor with the glass.

Halfway in, the wire of spikes TIGHTEN.

Royce strains, continues on. Wins the tug of war.

He realizes that the spiked wire is lighter. He reels it in. Like a fish on a hook.

Streaks of blood, black goo. Ripped pieces of prune skin, some random maggots, three severed zombie left hands, various blood stained roses and one zombie foot.

Royce drops the spikes of dismemberment due to bulk and awkwardness of the added attire.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Eyeless prune skin zombies rush in, crowd the narrow alley.

One zombie rushes ahead of the rest, and pays the price as it gets WHACKED in the head by a whiplike metal.

The thing's jaw breaks, the monster falls to the concrete, right next to Andrea's boots. She snakes the end of the jumper cables to smack down another zombie.

VICTOR throws a trash can that knocks the brains of a small handful of the frenzy mutations as STEVE hits another zombie with the tire iron.

STARS pulls out a piece of pipe from the side of a building wall. The pipe sails across the head of a zombie.

Jeff and Po lead the way down the alley, Laura and the woman survivor in between a few steps behind.

They turn a short corner.

With much dismay, a dead end.

Jeff looks around, and, without further mental debate, comes right up to a back door of some unknown business. He slams the axe right into the door. Pulls it out.

Another swing. Wood splinters chunk out. Laura and the woman victim wait for a moment near a dumpster.

Po looks down the way they came, hears the loud echoes of the zombie mob and can make out her other colleagues, holding the line as much as possible.

Finally, he shoots out a front kick, and the door smashes open. A back door alarm buzzes loudly in response.

The dumpster comes alive, a prune zombie jumps out like a jack in the box and grabs the mystery woman around the neck, pulls her back.

The zombie proceeds to pull the woman into the dumpster with it, and nearly drags Laura in with them.

Laura smacks it away, and pulls the woman out.

Dumpster Zombie springs back up to finish the job with Laura.

The lid slaps down back on it, axe planted down in it. Jeff attempts to get the axe out of the lid. It won't budge.

He grunts as the Prune Zombie pops back up.  
Axe blade jammed through the plastic lid and into the skull.

EXT. STREET.

Royce pulls out the spiked wire out of the rotted flesh of one of his kills.

EXT. ALLEY.

Po joins Jeff, grabs the handle.  
They twist and TURN the axe like a lever.  
Splits the skull of the eyeless dumpster zombie.  
Twists its neck at the same time.  
The axe breaks.

Mystery woman slung over her shoulder, Laura runs into the building.

INT. ARCADIA GREEK RESTAURANT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pots and pans clatter as Laura and the dead woman enter the kitchen.

Laura only finds out that the woman is dead when the corpse's head suddenly limps over.

The woman slumps out of Laura's grasp.  
Falls lifelessly to the floor.  
Blood pours out under the body.

Laura takes a breath, backs up INTO ANOTHER EYELESS PRUNE FACE ZOMBIE who was squatting on a metal table nearby. Arms extend to grab Laura. Po jumps on it, pots, pans crash.

Laura steps closer, sees Po beating the thing with the axe handle. The monster wrestles Po, knocks her off.

The thing is pissed. It gets up and stalks Laura...only to find a butcher knife in the belly.

Jeff plants the next butcher knife between the empty eye sockets.

Followed by the behind axe handle impaling courtesy of Po.

EXT. ALLEY. - CONTINUOUS

The army of eyeless prune skin zombies still fill the alley, pushing through each other, as they attempt to get past the four warriors that block progress.

They have a new threat.

ROYCE and his spiked wire whips shadows over the zombie mob from behind.

Jumps off a battered car-

Bears down on them with a Superman punch.

EXT. STREET - SUNDOWN

The silent, busted up Cadillac remains still,

Fifty something mutilated, dismembered zombies lay in the street alongside older carnage and destruction.

Rose pedals soak in puddles of blood.

HANSON surveys the destruction.

Follows the trail of carnage.

ALLEY

A severed zombie hand impaled with a jagged edge of a broken metal jumper jaw, rests upside down on the right side of a building...

Spiked wire connecting backs of heads, shoulders, legs of random immobile prune zombies.

The dumpster showered with both dried and fresh blood, and a severed zombie left arm, axe blade still planted in the plastic lid and zombie skull.

Maggots all around.

A pair of mangled, torn jumper cables.

HANSON'S HAND...closes the back door of the Chinese restaurant.

INT. ARCADIA GREEK RESTAURANT. KITCHEN. - NIGHT

A still working cracked flashlight sits upright on a metal table among streaks of blood, pots, cutting utensils etc. The light illuminates the room with reflections bouncing off the various sources of metal.

The mystery woman stays where she died.

Hanson looks around:

Everyone but Laura, Jeff and Royce are present.

Victor sticks out his boot, carefully turns the head of the lifeless zombie to another side.

VICTOR  
Just in time, brother.

Hanson steps forward, Po hands him a butcher knife. He studies it, sees his own reflection.

VICTOR  
Give us a hand?

ARCADIA GREEK RESTAURANT. DINING AREA. - CONTINUOUS

Laura and Royce, seated alone, but apart from each other, both with different thoughts.

Outside of partially smashed, boarded up window. The streets are empty of life, full of death.

Led by Jeff, the rest of the bunch emerges somberly from the kitchen. Royce barely glances in their direction, focusing more on his crude spiked glove and wristband.

Jeff sits down in front of Laura.

She looks into his bloodshot eyes.

JEFF  
(to everyone)  
We keep going. There's still a chance We're not that far from Alighieri.

ROYCE  
Right. That's most likely ground zero right there.

STARS  
Most likely.

ROYCE  
And you all still want to go there?

STARS  
I do. Come on, you were good out there. Mad dog off a leash.

ROYCE  
You miss the point. Yesterday I took my kid to school, kissed my wife, walked my dog.

STARS  
And maybe one of those things ate your kid. Turned us, we ate...

ANDREA  
Shut up, Vic.

VICTOR  
You know I'm right.

STARS  
Damn skippy.

ROYCE  
You all can go to hell.

STEVE  
Hey!

ROYCE  
'cuse me, Holy Roller.

JEFF  
Everyone knock it off. Be cool.  
We take a vote.

Victor and Hanson walks in the diner.

VICTOR  
Hanson's here. And we're ready.

ANDREA  
You actually cut that thing up?

VICTOR  
Got to know what we're dealing with here. What's this about a vote?

ROYCE  
Do you want to go back?

VICTOR  
Back? We just got here.

JEFF  
For going ahead, raise a hand.

Jeff and Victor raise their right hand. Everyone but Royce and Laura follow. Jeff looks to Laura.

JEFF  
It's done then. Six to two. We go on. We leave in ten.  
(specifically to Laura)  
A moment of your time, please?

Laura nods, she moves to get up, but Stars backs her off.

STARS  
We'll be in the back.

ANDREA  
Need a couple more knives.

Her one liner is met by silent glances from Royce and Nelson; who don't find the joke funny. A few of the group do smile a slight bit, not that it may have been funny, but maybe she could have been serious.

Royce shrugs, leaves his booth.

They leave Laura and Jeff alone...once Jeff is sure they have the privacy...

JEFF  
When we leave, I want you near the center of the group.

LAURA  
They go for the un-infected.

JEFF  
So far.

LAURA  
"So far"

JEFF  
Do you want to go back?

LAURA

Royce is right.  
The fact that Alighieri isn't that  
far from here, and they supposedly  
have what we're looking for..

JEFF

Supposedly?

LAURA

I don't think it would shocking in  
the least if we got to where we  
want to go and someone else took  
the cure for themselves.  
Hides it, destroys it.

JEFF

Then we'll find it. Find what we  
can.

LAURA

We already have some of it.  
It's not the best, but it's enough  
to reverse the virus. We don't have  
to hunt for that.

JEFF

I understand.

LAURA

I think Royce could be right about  
signs of remission. What's he's  
talking about, and what we just  
been through, I would agree.

JEFF

Then you should stop trusting me,  
too, right?

LAURA

I didn't say that.  
But if excessive violence, Anger  
Rage, If that's a trigger-

JEFF

All the more reason to go on.  
We get the stuff, we get better.  
There are other survivors out  
there. We can still save them too.

LAURA

I'm just saying, why wait for one of us to turn into one of those eyeless-

JEFF

It's not going to happen.

LAURA

How can you be sure?

JEFF

Weren't you?

(pause)

Between you and me, I think there's few in our little group that would rather do their own thing.

LAURA

All due respect, they look to you more than me.

JEFF

I'm not the leader type.

LAURA

Until today.

INT. ARCADIA GREEK RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Everyone gathers around the body of the human crab like monster, sprawled out on a metal table. The prune zombie is ready for autopsy.

Victor cuts the skin with the edge of a machete. The dead thing reacts in reflex.

Hordes of maggots and worms spew out of the hole, the talon ribs closes back up like a vice. Instead of red blood, a pea colored soup spits out.

Steve makes the sign of the cross; Po averts her eyes.

LAURA

(puts on a rubber glove)

We should be safe from the infection.

ANDREA

This is new.

LAURA

No, an advanced strain, a mutation maybe, but not a new strain.

STARS

Just the same, it springs another leak-

LAURA

We all been out there, we would have already been exposed.

Victor reacts first, takes a clear cake lid, and closes off the escape of the maggots and mutant zombie blood.

PO

Sick.

VICTOR

Parasites.

LAURA

Not the cause. But a part of the puzzle. Look-

She reaches to the prune zombie head.

LAURA

No eyes. No teeth.

She lifts up the arm, bends it back and forward carefully.

LAURA

Multiple joints, back, forward. The arms and legs are broken. The prune skin, the bodies have been decomposing. This body has been dead for at least a year.

She eyes Royce.

LAURA

Hold it down for me. Victor-? Cut here, and over here. Carefully.

Victor makes more cuts. More green junk, a few worms.

LAURA

We aren't looking at the dead coming to life...

She reaches down, pulls. Out of the body the talon mouth emerges, the rest of it revealing to be a lobster like creature without the pinchers..but with five slender flexible arms.

White and green mucus drip down the thing's body.

LAURA

Something alive using the dead as a shell. Like a snail.

STEVE

Is it still alive?

LAURA

No.

ANDREA

And you know this how?

Laura locks eyes with her for a moment.

Victor hacks into the thing, the machete lodges deep in the creature's body. With no further reaction from the beast, Victor holds it like a hunter's trophy.

VICTOR

Good enough?

ANDREA

No, not really.

(to Laura)

Does this cure work on that? Is there a connection between us and...that?

LAURA

Nobody here has the parasite or anything like it, but it can't be random chance.

ROYCE

Were we infected by something like this? Or will we become something like that, the cure only slowing down the process?

LAURA

Doesn't work like that. If it was the body itself, that's one thing. Not one of you is going to change into a crab like starfish.

ROYCE

But If one of those worms is something other than a worm, you follow me? That can feed off a host, breed more, and when one becomes dominant, it grows into that, same thing, right? Takes what it needs, takes out what it doesn't.

STEVE

One of those things isn't in me.

ROYCE

How would we know, until it's too late?  
Maybe that's just stage one.

STEVE

Nothing like  
That is in me. Or anyone of us.

JEFF

I agree.

The thought breaks, as a loud RINGING PHONE echoes out from the nearby one room office.

ARCADIA GREEK RESTAURANT. OFFICE. - CONTINUOUS

A single machete on a scattered desk.

More unanswered rings.

Stars and Jeff enter the office.

Takes a moment...Jeff picks up the phone. Listens.

STARS

Anybody?

Jeff shakes his head.

JEFF

Nobody.

STARS

Nobody?

Jeff stares right back, then looks away, looks to the plaque on the wall, an award for the owner and the restaurant.

STARS  
Least it's ringing.

EXT. ARCADIA GREEK RESTAURANT. - NIGHT

The restaurant is empty once again. Some short distance away from the door, Royce's chain of spike wire trails behind the group.

Royce follows a few steps behind them, occasionally looks around across the street. There is no sign of additional survivors or eyeless prune skin zombies.

As promised, Laura travels with the group, near the center of the Wild Bunch. She's flanked by Jeff and Steve, Po in back of her,

Stars, who carries a rolled up tablecloth with something in it tied to a busted broom handle like a hobo's goods- just ahead of her.

A few paces ahead of Victor, Andrea with new tools: an entire half set of knives, prongs, machetes, anything she can possibly carry, all which shine in the moonlight and small pockets of fire from junk cars, buses.

On point: Hanson and his white flag.

Stars walks a little faster, taps Hanson on the shoulder.

Hanson glances back to Stars for a moment. Stars has his right hand out, holds out a small assortment of spikes.

STARS  
Got these off Royce. Sure you don't want one?

Hanson shakes his head no.

STARS  
Okay, but I'll offer again later on if we get jammed up again with another delay.

VICTOR  
It's alright, man. Leave him be.

STARS  
Maybe he seen someone, something. Maybe I want him to open up.

VICTOR

All the same, don't need to force it on him.

STARS

I'm offering.

VICTOR

Why don't you offer me one?

STARS

We got drivers taped up tight to our necks. That's different.

VICTOR

Is it? When we get there, get cured, having a piece of metal taped to the neck is one thing. Having a homemade spike trachea is something else.

STARS

We're out of drivers, tape. I just want to know if he seen something we didn't.

VICTOR

Course he did.

STARS

That's what I want to know.

VICTOR

Why?

ANDREA

You two, knock it off.

STARS

Don't you want to know?

ANDREA

If he wants to talk about it, he'll talk about it later.

STARS

Well then he can talk about something else.

STEVE

Those things are blind, they'll use smell, sound.

(MORE)

STEVE (cont'd)  
More we raise our voice, more we  
announce where we are.

STARS  
They weren't after us. They were  
after that one person we found.  
Nobody else.

ANDREA  
They'd go after Laura too.

STARS  
Would they? She was exposed to the  
Phospho stuff whatever it's called,  
she's been around us, contaminated  
blood, she hasn't even gotten a  
skin itch.

ANDREA  
All just the same, maybe it's  
better idea for those discussions  
to wait until we're all good to go.

STARS  
How many of them did we fight?  
Estimated?

ANDREA  
I don't know. Fifty. Sixty.  
Somewhere around there.

STARS  
There should be more, right?  
Where are they?  
Not on this street.

STEVE  
That's an interesting point. Why  
question it, and be glad that  
they're not?

PO  
And maybe there's the chance that  
we haven't woke up that extra fifty  
yet.

ANDREA  
See? That's what I'm talking about.  
That's exactly what I mean.

STARS  
Well, if we don't talk, how are any  
survivors going to hear us?

ANDREA

True, but if we find some on the way, what are they going to do? Spill on out, say hello?

STARS

At least we can save someone this time.

VICTOR

Hey. We make to the place, we'll do just that.

STARS

Bust a few more heads. You both would be down with that.

VICTOR

Got that right.

STEVE

Not me.

VICTOR

What do you mean, not you? You mean all that faith stuff of yours?

STEVE

Self defense is one thing; revenge is another.

Hanson glances back to Victor for a second, as if to protest, but says nothing. His gaze returns to the street ahead. Nobody notices the brief stare but Stars.

STARS

Well, tell you what. I'll keep smiling. After a while I'll start to hum and sing. I'll crack some jokes. And any of you guys can join in, talk about something, tell me to shut up. Call me stupid, anything you want. But between here and there, somebody is gonna engage me in some conversation, so help me God.

VICTOR

All just the same, if a fella don't want to jam a spike into his neck, he don't have to. Especially if he's not infected.

STARS

So that's why he didn't go with us on the car ride? Well, he's with us now, ain't he? And if he's not infected, all the more reason for him to open up, am I right?

(taps Hanson on the right shoulder)

C'mon, friend, say something.

LAURA

Cut it out.

STARS

I'm just saying-

Hanson takes out a harmonica, and while holding the white flag, strains to blow a few bars. Not too bad overall. The music echoes off, carries.

STARS

So now you're social.

Some of the group have a mild laugh out of it.

STARS

Comedian harmonica player in our midst.

FADE TO:

EXT. MONROE AVENUE - NIGHT

A short time later, the heroes have strolled a good two miles down the street.

The group crosses over into GREEK TOWN, where several buildings on both sides of the street have storefronts and other businesses that have passing resemblances to Greek architecture, mythology, historical landmarks etc.

Farther down the street a CASINO can be seen.

Aside from a small handful of street lamps, and still smoking cars and scattered, burned up dead bodies of man and random doves.

Hanson has put away his harmonica; Stars has kept his promise.

STARS

Jessie Welsh, she wasn't the prom queen, she was the second runner up. But she was my queen, my girl, a treasure on the eyes. Long legs, she was a great swimmer. That's how we started dating, my high school treasure. Her family didn't approve of me much, account of my father doing time for armed robbery. I wasn't a saint either, been in a few things. Some things I got caught with, some not. Bad seed, they called me. Bad seed and bad news. Never mind that I got my act together, got clean, went to church, got Jesus, things like that.

STEVE

What Church? Denomination?

STARS

Saint Paul. It's a Lutheran church, about fifteen minutes from here. Towards North Side. Anyway

(continues)

Don't even bum a smoke anymore, Still, Never was clean enough for 'em. Jessie's family.

They tried to break us up three times straight, if it wasn't for her old man working the shop, they would have packed up and left for Pittsburgh where they have some relatives.

(beat)

They figured, with her getting accepted into State, the distance and time apart would do the work for them. So they waited, and they waited.

PO

(off)

Three o' clock.

JEFF

(to Po)

Since we left Brick town, stepped into the Greek.

LAURA  
See something?

JEFF  
Movement. Out there.

Laura looks to where Jeff and Po nod to; she doesn't see a soul. Stars also glances, shrugs, and continues his story.

STARS  
It worked, alright. But not the way they thought. Not the way they wanted. She fooled around on me, frat guy she replaced me with was an asshole. Knocked her up, she dropped out, miscarried. He moved on to his next girlfriend.

VICTOR  
Happened to her?

STARS  
Don't know. More of the same cycle, I guess. Anyway, she didn't talk to me for five years, with the exception of the occasional Happy Easter or something like that, or bumping into each other in the supermarket and not knowing what to say.  
Five years.  
Then that sixth year, Happy Easter I bump into her in the store. I knew what to say then, We forgave each other, talked more. We got engaged three months ago. Her parents still hate me.

(pause)  
Okay Joker  
(meaning Hanson, a few steps ahead)  
How about you? Ready to share yet, or are you into taking requests?

Hanson ignores him.

STARS  
Alright. Suit yourself. Let's talk about something else.

VICTOR  
Like what?

STARS  
The Lions.

VICTOR  
The Tigers.

STARS  
Not into baseball.

VICTOR  
Okay, does it have to be the Lions?

STARS  
No.

VICTOR  
Okay. I'll pick the subject. I'll talk for awhile. Alright?

STARS  
Be my guest  
(brief glance back)  
Not like anyone's going to stop you anyway.

Most of the group ignore the challenge. Most eyes watch for signs of movement around them as they march on.

Only Jeff gives Stars a silent glance of disapproval. Jeff's eyes then motion to the other side of the street, upward. Back on Stars.

Everyone keeps moving forward. One big family.

VICTOR  
More barricades. Aren't we bright as bulbs.

STARS  
Come on, why talk about that?

VICTOR  
You said, any subject. Figure if we're going to risk talking, might as well be a topic regarding our situation. Besides, I just want to speculate, it isn't gospel. Just thinking aloud, nothing more.

STARS  
Not much else to say about it.

VICTOR  
I think there is.

ROYCE  
(far back)  
I'll hear him out.

VICTOR  
Again, it's probably nothing. But  
here it is: to me, how did a group  
of survivors put up all that stuff?

STARS  
They did it before it got out of  
control, most of it was to stop  
people coming this way by car.

ANDREA  
Vic, Y'all was better off with the  
Book, quoting verse.

STEVE  
He's not the only one.

VICTOR  
Right. I'm just more Catholic.  
(pause)  
You all probably think I'm full of  
it.

STEVE  
Oh, I think there may be something  
to it.

VICTOR  
I was just speculating.

STEVE  
Speculating...

VICTOR  
Just saying, you know.

ANDREA  
You both can knock it off. Talk  
about something else.

STARS  
How about you talking about  
something?

ANDREA  
Alright. Who would win in a fight:  
Lady Gaga or Keisha?

VICTOR  
That a trick question?

STEVE  
Must be.

STARS  
You mean who's hotter, right?

VICTOR  
I don't know. I'll take the latter.  
My son, he liked the Lady Go-Go-

STARS  
Gaga.

VICTOR  
Whoever.

STEVE  
On the advice of counsel, I refuse  
the answer the question.

VICTOR  
My son, he's more into the current  
pop music scene than me. I'm more  
into country and bluegrass.

ANDREA  
I asked who would win in a fight,  
not who's more attractive.

ROYCE  
It is a trick question.

STARS  
You want to chime in Royce?

ROYCE  
I'll take both.

STARS  
Who asked you anyway.

ROYCE  
One gets even days, other odd.

STARS

You're odd. Okay, who wins in a arm wrestling contest? Earthworm Jim or Q- bert?

VICTOR

That's easy. Earthworm Jim. Q- Bert's got no arms.

This time, small figures appear in the distance. Human or walking corpse, it isn't easy to tell. They walk among fire and lots of smoke.

JEFF

Whoever they are, they're getting closer. We still got some tape or gauze left?

STEVE

A little.

JEFF

Give it to Royce.

ROYCE

You think I'm putting all that on and around my head, you're crazy. I don't hide who I am.

LAURA

You are the one of us who stands out.

ROYCE

Look who's flapping.  
(to Hanson)  
Where's the harp?

LAURA

Maybe we should call out to them.

ROYCE

Why?

LAURA

What can it hurt?

Hanson steps to the side, and waves his white flag like a patriotic Fourth Of July.

PO

Here's a better question. Why haven't they called out to us?

LAURA  
 (loud)  
 Hey! Can you hear me? We're okay!

ROYCE  
 (under his breath)  
 "Okay"...

LAURA  
 (calls out again)  
 Don't be afraid!

Hanson lowers his flag. Jeff stops the group from moving forward.

#### ACROSS THE STREET

Three figures appear like dark shadows behind smoke, fire and burned out rubble. Small dancing lights appear around their midsections.

A fourth figure appears, same as the other four. This one cocks his head, as if cranking his neck.

Then there were six. When they casually approached, they become EIGHT. They all wear the same black and green camouflage suits and combat boots. All eight carry FLAMETHROWERS. They aim them forward.

The only thing that separates them from one another is the masks. The one in the center has a GAS MASK; all the others have animal themed Halloween masks: PIG, GOAT, RAM, BULL, WOLF, TIGER, and ANTELOPE.

ANDREA  
 What the hell?

Jeff splits off from the group, Hanson is about to follow him, but Stars waves him off, and takes his place behind Jeff.

STEVE  
 (low)  
 I don't like this...

VICTOR  
 (low)  
 Be cool, brother.

Hanson steps back, puts his peace flag beside him, leans on the side of the building. Watches.

Jeff and Stars stand in the middle of the street and stop as  
The Eight Flamethrowers form a semi circle around them.

GAS MASK  
(calm, direct)  
Where are you going?

JEFF  
Couple of blocks in that direction.

GAS MASK  
Nothing down there. Nothing and  
nobody.

JEFF  
Alighieri.

GAS MASK  
The science research facility?

JEFF  
That's right. I don't expect anyone  
to be there, but someone might be.  
In any case, that facility may have  
a cure for the virus.

GAS MASK  
Cure? It isn't a cure. What do you  
think started..Are you all  
infected?

JEFF  
No.

Glances at the flamethrowers.

JEFF  
There is a cure. We've all had  
exposure to a small dose of it,  
over at Alighieri's subsidiary  
branch.

PIG  
Serer?

JEFF  
That's right. There's also...  
Hey, do you want to lower those  
things, aim them somewhere else?

PIG  
What if I don't fucking want to?

Stars waves a little, getting Pig's attention.

STARS

We got people at Serer. Right now. They are replicating the formula, just enough to keep a temporary cure cycling. All we want is for you guys to let us pass. If you guys want to help, that's okay too. But all this...

Motions to the flamethrowers.

STARS

That's not needed.

JEFF

We don't want any trouble.

GAS MASK

You aren't trouble yet.

JEFF

(motions to Stars)

Show them.

GAS MASK

Show us what?

Stars takes off the hobo stick carefully, opens up the tablecloth. The lobster like monster within.

JEFF

What can you tell us about that?

GAS MASK

They hate the smell of smoke. Roast them up just the same. What do you think?

JEFF

We aren't them.

PIG

Bitch is dead, right? Leave it here, we'll fry it up.

JEFF

We need it.

GAS MASK

I told you. There's nothing down there. You're wasting your time.

JEFF

Fine. We'll go there, waste time.  
What's it to you?

Everyone shuts up, nobody moves for a minute. Then:

ROYCE

(calls out)

You all posing for pictures, or are  
you gonna do something?

BULL cocks his head to the side, looking out, spots Royce.  
Bull turns, aims, and presses the trigger down. A side street  
banner WELCOME TO GREEK TOWN becomes a temporary torch in the  
night.

ROYCE

Ooh. Impressive. Got marshmallows  
to go with that?

Behind BULL's mask: crazy eyes, infuriated. Gas Mask steps  
closer to Jeff and Stars.

GAS MASK

Your friend back there has a  
serious attitude problem.

STARS

Considering recent events,  
everyone's entitled to at least  
one. Right?

PIG

(lightly mocking)

"Can we all just get along?"

Gas Mask waves off his posse. They lower their flamethrowers.

GAS MASK

It's understandable. If you guys  
weren't talking we'd have toasted  
you.

STARS

You guys are wearing masks. Are you  
like us?

PIG

Fuck You.

A moment....

GAS MASK

Like you said, what's the harm?  
 (waves them on)  
 It's your time to waste, not ours.

PIG

Ain't nothing like you, spinach  
 faced motherfucker.

Jeff and Stars slowly back away, head towards the rest of the group. The Eight Flamethrowers remain where they are, watching them go.

Hanson remains in the shadows, peace flag beside him.

STARS

I don't trust them.

JEFF

There's more.

STARS

More to what they told us or more  
 of them?

JEFF

(to the rest)  
 We keep moving. These clowns might  
 follow us, might not.

Hanson stares at The Flamethrower Eight, focuses specifically on Goat.

JEFF

Watch your back.  
 (glances to Royce)  
 Don't give them an excuse.

Royce nods towards Hanson...Jeff looks to Hanson. But Stars is the one who comes back for him.

STARS

Hey, Hanson.

Hanson without breaking his gaze on the animal-themed group in the street, takes out his harmonica. This note is different from earlier. The tune is long and somber.

The entire group slows down, stops.

Stars taps Hanson on the shoulder. Hanson gives him an angry look back. Stars looks back to the street. Gas Mask and his cronies silently watch back...their eyes on Hanson.

GOAT slowly raises his flamethrower...

STARS  
 (to Hanson)  
 Man, if there's something to it,  
 now's not the time.

Royce steps up.

ROYCE  
 What I said back there, forget all  
 that. You're one of us. Come on.

Hanson stops his song without breaking his gaze on the Flamethrower Eight. Picking up his flag, he follows Royce. Hanson keeps a small glance towards the Eight freaks in the street.

ROYCE  
 Just keep walking.

Royce looks back briefly.

ROYCE  
 Forget them. They're just all show,  
 acting tough.

His expression contradicts that statement. Royce turns his attention back to the street ahead. He tightens his grip on his handful of spiked wire.

Po drops back, whispers something in Royce's ear. Royce nods, and walks with her and Hanson.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONROE AVENUE. - MINUTES LATER

Stars leads the way. They come to a small section of Greek town that still has a working WALK DON'T WALK sign. Steve looks around, the traffic lights are still functioning too.

Further up ahead: a few handful of businesses still have lights on, and one specifically stands out among the rest.

The Casino.

JEFF  
 They still with us?

Royce glances over his shoulder. The Flamethrower Eight are still about the same distance as they were when Royce last eyeballed them.

ROYCE

Yes.

He looks ahead, walks on, then quickly spins around. He catches them: The Flamethrower Eight stop walking forward, and they all pause in sync with one another.

Royce smiles a little, walks backward.

Hanson halts, Royce bumps into him.

ROYCE

Damn it, man, we're on the same page...

Hanson sprints away towards the Casino. Within a few seconds, it is clear what Hanson has seen.

Under white and yellow flashing lights: a row of parked, blood streaked limousines. On top of the hood, roofs and trunks of the cars: severed heads.

EXT. GREEK TOWN CASINO - CONTINUOUS

Hanson looks closely at the heads, one by one. He stops at a WOMAN'S HEAD. Her look of terror isn't less shocking than the others, it is her looks overall. He reaches out, parts her hair to see her face more clearly.

Hanson digs out of his pocket the picture, and holds it up for a quick comparison. Stars comes up to Hanson, looks over the picture, then the head.

Hanson sees Steve transfixed by another one of the heads on the next limousine:

The head of a German Shepard.

JEFF

Let's go.

INT. GREEK TOWN CASINO - NIGHT

While some of the bright neon sparkles from outside, the interior of the casino is another story.

The decor of unlit wall torches and an Olympian essence take on a more surreal feel in the darkness.

Not one light on inside the casino, save for a few dimming flashlights sprawled around the floor alongside dead, headless security guards.

The Flamethrower Eight come in through the revolving doors, slightly spread out on the casino main floor.

They hear a clacking sound far ahead; Royce's spiked wire. There is no visual sign of him or the others.

A cackle of STATIC off in the darkness.

PIG heads towards the source of the sound.

Pig finds a walkie-talkie on one of the slot machines. More brief sets of static. Morse code for S.O.S. He takes one hand off his flamethrower to reach for it. Withdraws his hand, puts it back on his weapon.

GAS MASK takes the walkie-talkie instead. Casually presses down on the button...holds it for a few moments before speaking:

GAS MASK  
Face fate with courage.

Gas Mask puts the walkie-talkie back where he and Pig found it. There are no more Morse codes for SOS or anything else.

The Flamethrower Eight move on, down the lobby, towards the stairway. A shadow far behind them becomes alive, comes closer.

It's a prune zombie, with a parasite in him. Goat catches the action, lights him up.

Gas Mask pulls out a concealed hunting knife with an astrological symbol as part of the handle.

GAS MASK  
Kill them all.

INT. GREEK TOWN CASINO. THIRD FLOOR - NIGHT

Royce walks to the People Mover station, and waits. The moonlight greets him from the windows above. Then, he turns in surprise as the indoor lights flicker. Red and white neon pop on, illuminating the floor.

The rest of the group joins Royce.

They notice that the floor is littered with trash, broken tables, lots of blood, fresh and old.

Some poor guy's ripped shirt stands out, half of it is still with his severed mangled left arm.

ROYCE

I don't like this one bit.

They are not alone.

From out of the corners of darkness, a small group of the walking dead spring up, the parasites controlling them like puppets.

There is something else among them. The light exposes the horrible truth.

A giant centipede, with severed human body parts and bones, linked together by hundreds of the lobster-like parasites.

Royce unravels his spike wire bracelet, and grabs part of the other end with his other hand like a rope.

The women come close to him, ready to defend themselves. Everyone has weapons ready to chop and slice.

The cult of the dead conducts a shrieking battle cry, charges forward.

Stars, Victor, Steve, and Jeff face off against them, they hold the line. It does not take long before they get the upper hand.

STEVE

Blessed be the Lord my Rock, who  
trains my hands for war, so says  
the psalm!

VICTOR

Amen!

The centipede thing raises up, and the head, a severed female human torso with broken human legs as antennae, screams unholy hell through rows of a shark toothed mouth. Six doll eyes gaze down on the heroes.

Despite the numerous blood smears across the floor in every direction, severed hands and heads from past victims, the centipede thing moves after Royce and the women.

Another centipede thing emerges from the skywalk a short distance away from Royce. It shrieks in the same manner the first one did.

One of the crab parasites rips out of a host's chest; Victor hacks away at the thing as it growls in anger.

The Flamethrower Eight appear.

From behind, Gas Mask plunges the knife into Jeff's chest.

PIG whips out a .44 magnum.

Empties the entire gun into Victor, splattering his Vipers hockey shirt with red tatters. Victor, knocked back, gets up, raises one of his machetes, defiant.

One of the centipedes catches him, chomping down on his head. The thing lifts Victor up, and thrashes him like a shark eats a fish. Rips him up, tears the head off. The rest of the body falls to the floor.

Stars smacks down WOLF, but GOAT lights him up. Stars backs away engulfed in flames, and falls over the railing. It is then Goat sees the bigger threat.

Goat and the rest of the Animals blast away fire and bullet at the first centipede, keeping it away.

Gas Mask pulls his knife out of Jeff, plunges it down once again, twists, takes it out. The knife sails downward once again, Jeff, soaked in blood, catches the arm, and struggles with Gas Mask.

STEVE

(loud)

Not by might, but spirit!

Gas Mask, distracted, looks up, finds Steve's boot connecting to his head.

Hanson swings the burning peace flag at Pig, who backs away, retreats with his buddies.

The PEOPLE MOVER comes towards the station; it surprises the heroes, and the centipedes as well.

ROYCE

(sarcastic)

It's about time!

Steve picks up Jeff in a fireman's carry. Jeff grabs the bag with the parasite on the way.

The doors to the mover open; the women get in as Royce whips his wire towards the second beast, keeping it back.

Steve, Hanson and Jeff dash toward the People Mover.

I/E. PEOPLE MOVER

They are welcomed by three man Police SWAT unit mixed in with a few members of The National Guard.

One .45 aims towards Po, Andrea and Laura, but all the rest poke out of the busted out windows of the People Mover.

OFFICER JONES, (40's) the one with the Desert Eagle 45, nods to his mixed unit, and they fire away.

The first centipede explodes in a dance of blood and bone around Steve, Hanson and Jeff. They all make it to the People Mover, where Royce has their back. Royce Is the last to board.

OFFICER JONES  
We're good to go!

The People Mover revs up and moves forward.

OFFICER JONES  
Don't know what you folks are doing  
down in Greek Town...what the...

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN #1  
Son of a bitch!

The panicked part time soldier, has his machine gun aimed directly a blood covered Royce. His buddies also get weapons on him. Laura steps in front of Royce.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN #1  
Lady, get out of the way!

OFFICER JONES  
INFECTED! Blast the mother fucker!

JEFF  
(steps forward)  
Hey, we're-

OFFICER JONES  
God help us!!!!!!

Officer Jones puts a bullet into Jeff's head. Jeff falls to the floor. The rest of Jones' crew reload as fast as they can, one of them even pisses himself in the process.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN #1  
You ain't taking me! You ain't  
taking me!

Hanson, Po, Laura, Andrea make a run for it, retreating back into the People Mover as far as they can. The officers unload ammo in their direction. Steve's BIKERS FOR JESUS shreds in blood more than ever before, his head bursts open many times over from the gunfire.

In the panic, not one gun fires even near Royce.

Royce, shocked at the bodies of Jeff and Steve beside him, looks back in absolute rage at the cause. With a scream to shatter eardrums, he swings his spiked wire laced arm.

It gets the first National Guardsman right in the mouth. The impact shoves the rest of the man's head through the rest of the shattered window.

Jerks it back, the impaled Guardsman comes with the wrist.

Royce tosses the human rag doll in front of the rest of the gunfire. The body is torn to pieces.

The rest of the Jones' crew pause and all have the same look of shock over their faces. Frantic, they reload. The Second Guardsman drops his clip.

Royce grabs him, and throws him to the other side of the Mover. Unlike his friends already in the next car, Royce approaches forward in a ticked off swagger.

OFFICER JONES  
Bring it, bitch!

ROYCE  
I'm not your bitch, but I'll bring  
the shit storm...

He whips his spiked wire down across the hands of one of the SWAT guys, who howls in pain as he drops his gun.

The gun goes off as it smacks the floor, and blasts the former owner in the left foot. Royce does not let him fall before punching him in the face.

Two left. The SWAT officer next to Officer Jones gets his gun on Royce, but Royce yanks his arm up as it fires away into the ceiling above, then in a downward arc away from the intended target.

Royce gives him an elbow in the face. Barb wire cuts across at the same time, blood streaks out over the terrorized man's neck and face. He falls, holding his neck as blood gushes out.

Now for Jones:

Puts his gun in his mouth, pulls the trigger. He sinks to the floor, dead. His brains streak the wall behind him.

Royce storms forward. Another gunshot, somewhere up ahead.

PEOPLE MOVER. THIRD CAR.

Hanson and the women slow down and glance back in the direction from where they came.

PO  
Stupid idiots...

LAURA  
Quiet.

With only the sounds of the People Mover in motion, there is nothing but silence.

PEOPLE MOVER. FIRST CAR.

Royce comes up to another soldier, who has already followed Officer Jones' lead in the same manner, a bullet in the brain.

Next to the dead man: a static cracking walkie-talkie.

PEOPLE MOVER. SECOND CAR. - MOMENTS LATER

Laura doesn't cry, but her look of disappointment is hard to mask as she reaches down for Jeff, caresses his dead body.

Po stares down at the pair and the bullet riddled Steve beside them.

Hanson swallows his spit upon the sight of the carnage. He feels the pulse of the National Guardsman sprawled out in front of him. Then the next one.

ANDREA

Still alive? Wake that ass up.

LAURA

What are you going to do?

ANDREA

What the hell you think? I'll finish the job.

LAURA

No you're not.

ANDREA

Fuck you, this was your idea. Hell, you and the Gimp

(meaning Hanson)

weren't even infected with the virus to begin with.

(to Hanson)

No offense. But I'm right.

Hanson takes the downed man's handgun, checks it.

ROYCE

(next car)

Any of those sons a bitches still alive?

Royce enters, clearly without a pot to piss in.

ROYCE

His ass is mine.

LAURA

This man lives.

ROYCE

Not for long.

Last soldier in the car behind me snuffed himself.

Lost half our team.

Time for some payback.

Hanson aims the gun right in Royce's face.

ROYCE

What in  
the fuck.

Laura stands up, leaving Jeff dead on the floor.

LAURA

Back up, Royce.

ROYCE

He won't do it.

LAURA

I don't anyone doing anything right  
now...

(approaches Hanson)

Put it down.

ANDREA

Yeah. Put down that motherfucker,  
we ain't pulling this shit.

LAURA

Andrea- Shut up.

She looks back to her in anger.

LAURA

You heard me.  
You and Royce back up, because  
Hanson isn't going to shoot anyone,  
and everyone's going to be cool.

ANDREA

News flash: your friend, our  
humbled leader and the preacher is  
dead on the floor, or didn't you  
notice?

Laura gets in her face.

LAURA

Yes, and I count five us left. Do  
we want to make it four?

(to Hanson)

Or three? Want to put it down now?

Hanson calmly lowers the gun away from Royce. Offers it to  
Laura, who takes it.

Royce steps up.

ROYCE

Then he better pull his weight.  
Crazy harmonica playing comedian.  
Points a gun at me. Think I'm  
turning? Look at your own damn  
self. And you're not even infected.

LAURA

Royce...Enough.

Royce gives Hanson a light shove.

Walks away.

Laura comes over, and strips down one of the dead men of a  
shoulder holster. Puts it on, the gun in the holster. She  
keeps her eyes on Hanson the entire time.

LAURA

Jeff's gone.  
(to everyone)  
Which means from now on I'm calling  
the shots.

ANDREA

I think Royce should -

LAURA

It's not open for discussion.

Nobody says a word after that, so she goes on:

LAURA

Royce. The dead soldier in the  
other car. He call anybody?  
Someone at D T C has to be keeping  
an eye on this.

ROYCE

I wouldn't be shocked if we had a  
welcome home party at Gratiot and  
Library, if they don't put us back  
near Beaubien. If they stop us  
there. They could stop us anywhere  
they like.

PO

That's right. Cadillac Center was  
the previous stop. We're going in a  
circle.

ANDREA

Those waiting for us might be just as trigger happy paranoid as these fools.

Royce nods in agreement.

ROYCE

More than likely.

LAURA

Hanson, Royce, Po come with me. Andrea, hang back. If that Guardsman comes to, we'll need him if we back it back around to Cadillac Center.

ANDREA

Jerk us off first chance he gets.

LAURA

We'll deal with it then. Right now, I want to get as much of the guns here as we can.

PO

Knives are one thing. Guns are another. I never fired a gun before. Have you?

LAURA

All we need to do is hold them back if they show up. Nobody has to be an expert marksman, nobody has to go all Rambo.

A brief glance towards Royce.

LAURA

That goes double for you, friend.

ROYCE

Oh no, you're breaking my heart.

I/E. PEOPLE MOVER - BRICKTOWN STOP - MOMENTS LATER

They slow down and stop. The doors open.

In car eleven: Hanson and a shotgun

Eight: Po waits, machetes ready.

Six: Royce and spiked wire.

Four: Laura and two 45 magnums.

Three: Andrea aims her new gun around, sees nobody around the platform.

Silence.

Moments pass, nothing but a soft wind. A new sight gets the attention of them all: it isn't an attack from any army. Off in the distance, a building goes up in flames, the smoke billows out from the source.

The doors close. The Mover goes forward towards the Renaissance Center.

#### SERIES OF SHOTS

A short passage of time, with the five watching the fires of Serer Labs miles away.

They remain where they are.

#### INT. RENAISSANCE CENTER. STATION. - MOMENTS LATER

The People Mover enters the Renaissance Center stop.

The car doors open again.

The interiors of the Renaissance Center are partially lit, but the place is lifeless. Streaks of blood over some of the marble walls, smeared bloody handprints.

Nobody in sight.

Hanson takes a breath, exhales. He takes a step forward, looks around.

He remains silent. Steps back.

The doors close.

The Mover goes on..and as they leave, nobody follows them.

INT. PEOPLE MOVER - THIRD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Andrea glances to the Guardsman, who comes around.

WEST

Damn...

ANDREA

What's your name?

WEST

West. Richard West, National Guard.  
Me and my team hooked up with a  
couple of stranded Detroit SWAT...

ANDREA

Stay down and save it. We just  
passed Renaissance. We supposed to  
say something, do something?

WEST

Renaissance Center?

ANDREA

What I said.

WEST

No. Nobody there.

ANDREA

Sure?

WEST

That's what I said. Where's my gun?

ANDREA

Confiscated.

West looks around, sees the bodies around him, blood.

WEST

Oh god...

ANDREA

God got up and left. Fella to your  
side there  
(meaning Steve)  
That was the preacher... Biker for  
Jesus, anyway. Other two God  
fearing folk also left us. God took  
'em and left.  
(loud)  
Laura!

WEST

He was one of them, infected.

ANDREA

Like me.

Laura enters. She looks down to West, who backs up closer to the wall, scared.

LAURA

I'll take it from here, Andrea.  
What's his name?

ANDREA

Dick West. I was going to ask Dick  
something.

She locks eyes with her.

ANDREA

Making conversation.

LAURA

Send Royce back, clean up some of  
this, make sure he brings the  
walkie.

Andrea sighs, exits to the next car.

LAURA

I'm Laura.

WEST

Get away from me.

LAURA

I'm not infected. There's another  
member of my team, also not  
infected, but he has severe burns.  
Mute. His name is Hanson. Two  
infected women, you met Andrea.  
Other girl is Po. You and your  
trigger happy team, gunned down two  
of ours, including my brother. As a  
result, one of mine had to defend  
himself and us. That's Royce.  
That's my team. Now, listen: are  
there anymore police or military  
types?

WEST

Two Detroit SWAT, snipers. Left  
behind in Cadillac Center.  
Compuware.

LAURA

Just two?

WEST

With civilians. About sixty,  
including kids. Everyone's pretty  
much armed though.

LAURA

I thought Cadillac was ground zero.

WEST

Ground zero?

LAURA

We're from Serer Labs. On our way  
to Alighieri Science Division.

WEST

Why?

LAURA

They have a cure for the virus,  
Phosphocreatine Alcyone. Serer had  
some, but not as potent. It was  
just enough to reverse fifty to  
sixty percent of the virus effects.  
I'm thinking the virus also broke  
out there or near Alighieri.

WEST

I don't know anything about a cure.

LAURA

It's possible some of those  
survivors do.

Royce enters, West breaks a nervous sweat. Royce ignores him,  
hands Laura a walkie-talkie. Royce goes towards the dead  
bodies, selects Officer Jones.

WEST

(curious)

You said there's a cure that  
reverses the process?

LAURA

Those in between.

WEST

No, no, no.  
There's no cure.

LAURA

There is.

WEST

I'm telling you...

Royce drags the body of Officer Jones across the floor, and goes into car two with it. West watches the cleanup nervously.

Royce gives him a quick glance back, then continues on his task.

Laura lightly slaps West on the shoulder.

LAURA

Hey-!

West focuses his attention on Laura, who puts the walkie talkie in front of him.

WEST

What's he doing?

LAURA

What I asked him to do. Listen to me. Someone's running this mover. I want you to take this, talk to them. No more stops until we get back to Cadillac Center.

EXT. CADILLAC CENTER - NIGHT

The doors to the People Mover are open, not a soul on board.

EXT. COMPUWARE PARKING GARAGE

With a .45 in a used, bloody shoulder holster, Laura leads the party through the dimly lit area. Everyone moves in a cross formation. West is right behind her, with Hanson and Andrea flanking him left and right, Po behind West.

Royce covers the back, making sure nothing pops out from the shadows.

West glances over to Andrea, notes the bag she carries.

WEST  
What's in that?

LAURA  
Dead crab.

WEST  
You had that with us the entire  
time?

LAURA  
What do you know about it?

WEST  
Not much. They started showing up  
before the virus spread out. Nobody  
knows where they came from.

LAURA  
Could these things have started the  
virus?

WEST  
Asking the wrong guy.

LAURA  
Take a guess.

WEST  
Are you kidding? What do you think?  
Two plus two equals four?

ROYCE  
(from the back)  
Don't be a smart ass.

WEST  
What do you want me to say? I don't  
know anything. All I know is that  
these things show up, grow into the  
crabs, then grow bigger like giant  
centipedes.

(pause)  
Where's this place you're looking  
for?

LAURA  
The new building, phase two. Where  
are your people?

WEST

In Compuware.  
Some are in and around the Hard  
Rock, other floors, but most  
everyone's on the 14th.

ANDREA

Makes sense. Atrium's a good view.  
All directions.

WEST

That it is. You guys would have to  
cross Campus Martius though, right?

LAURA

Is that bad?

WEST

That's where half the dead are,  
between there and the ice rink.

ANDREA

Notice some cars, vans. Any of them  
work? Anyone got keys?

WEST

Going on a trip?

ANDREA

Maybe someone drove over to Serer.

WEST

I said before, nobody went there.

I/E. COMPUWARE PARKING GARAGE. - MINUTES LATER

The bars of Amazing Grace lightly echo out.

Smashed cars, trash, more obstacles block the entrance, then,  
as the group passes by that maze of metal, they find a wall  
of sandbags with random small spaces in between.

The muzzle of an M-16 comes out of one; a pair of eyes peer  
through another.

The pair of eyes belong to a young man called BROWN.

A huge spotlight clicks on overhead, blinds West, Laura and  
Hanson.

BROWN

Alright, now. That's far enough.  
You can call me Mister Brown. My  
buddy next me, that's Mister Red.  
That's all you need to know. Who  
are you?

LAURA

We called in. What we want-

OFFICER BROWN

(looks to Royce)

Some of you are infected. You all  
could turn at any time.

WEST

Now wait just a minute.

BROWN

Yeah. I remember you. Man just  
happens to have new friends, but  
where's the old ones? Still on the  
Mover?

RED

Kill them all. Save ourselves.

BROWN

Quiet.  
What's in the bag?

WEST

Crab.

BROWN

You planning on bringing that thing  
in here? You crazy?

ROYCE

We don't have to come in there.  
Just going next door.

RED

Freak can talk. Look at that.

BROWN

Enough.  
Dead don't blink.

WEST

Whoa. This guy  
(meaning Hanson)  
He's not infected.

BROWN

Looks like one to me. They all look alike, think alike, EAT alike. You're all walking with dead men. You already dead, all infected.

LAURA

Who's in charge here? Let me talk to someone...

BROWN

Take the crab with you.

LAURA

We're on your side. If you don't want us in, fine. All we want is safe passage from here to the next building, through the park.

OFFICER BROWN

Why?

LAURA

We can stop the virus, reverse it.

OFFICER BROWN

What?

ANDREA

It's true. A small dose puts the infected somewhere in between. A stronger dose-

BROWN

There  
is  
no  
cure.

RED

(lightly mocking)  
They are the infection.

BROWN

Enough. Now I'm going to give you a choice. You all can stand there and wait until we send you all back to hell. Or you just go away. Come around here again I swear to GOD we'll cut you down. You sons of bitches killed my friends. My son. You want to come in here, with death? You go back to hell.

The group takes a few steps back. Head toward the ground level ramp that leads out into the park.

BROWN

Yeah, keep going that way. Hope you all don't trip over trip over something. Wouldn't want that.

Royce glances back towards Brown's direction.

BROWN

What you looking at, green beans?

As the near the end of the first floor parking ramp, Po looks out across the park, the graveyard of the unburied bodies litter over sidewalk and grass.

Royce surveys the challenge ahead, mentally notes West swallowing his own spit. West raises his eyes upward towards the adjoining Compuware Building next to the parking garage.

LAURA

What is it?

WEST

You asked for the person in charge. There is nobody in charge. And those guys just let us go.

It takes only a few moments of silence until everyone is on the same page as West.

Royce nods, rolls up his wires around his arm...

ROYCE

How many?

WEST

Let's just get it overwith.

ROYCE

That bad?

WEST

Bad enough.

EXT. CAMPUS MARTIUS PARK - NIGHT

The heroes quickly estimate the distance from here to the next building. It is about the length of two football fields.

WEST

(takes a breath)

Well, who wants to live forever?

And he darts forward.

ANDREA

Yeah, screw it.

She follows him, followed by Po, Hanson, Laura and Royce. Almost immediately they are greeted below by the obstacles of bodies and broken bones.

A few seconds later another welcome of bullets and arrows that whiz down from above.

As the six make through the gauntlet, West gets shot in the back side of right leg by an arrow. He stumbles in pain as a sniper's bullet blows into his head, and he goes down.

Andrea slides down in front of a monument, takes cover.

Laura and Hanson keep going, just as an arrow from above shoots through the wrapped up sack, ripping into the crab within. The broom handle gives way, snaps, but doesn't break off.

Royce and Po join Andrea behind the monument. Royce glances back towards the fallen West, whose lifeless body lies with the rest of the dead.

Royce unravels his spiked wire...

ANDREA

That won't make a difference.

(looks around, changes his  
tune)

No you're not.

ROYCE

(pissed)

Damn right I am. I don't think he's  
going to mind.

INT. COMPUWARE BUILDING - 14TH FLOOR - ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

From his position, one of the SNIPERS waits. With the exception of the echo of automatic gunfire bursts from the 9th floor, all other gunfire has ceased.

INSERT: SNIPER'S SCOPE

The green hazed night sight doesn't help the Sniper as much as it should. Royce, Andrea and Po are pinned down behind the monument, but it is heard to tell exactly what they are doing.

SNIPER  
(muttering to himself)  
Get up and smile, son of a bitch.

He can make out Royce's right hand, slamming down part of his spike wire into something, but the Sniper can't make out what that is.

SNIPER  
What are you doing, blood eyes?  
What the hell are you...Jesus  
Wept...!

Royce, Andrea and Po stand up and make themselves perfect targets, if it were not for the strung up three dead corpses slung over their backs.

SNIPER  
Sweet Lord Jesus!

He takes a shot, hits one of the dead bodies.

The guns from throughout the building erupt in fury again.

EXT. CAMPUS MARTIUS PARK - CONTINUOUS

Royce, Po and Andrea firemen carry the dead corpses as those shields of flesh tear open by rows of new gunfire. Shattered bones and bits of brain splatter over the trio, none of it their own.

EXT. ALIGHIERI.

They reach Hanson and Laura, who wait for them. A stray bullet zings across the wall and misses Hanson. A small cloud of dust fills the air.

The rag doll tattered corpses fall off the shoulders of Royce, Po and Andrea. With a hard yank, the spike wire rips out of dead meat.

The doors to Alighieri are boarded up.

Royce shakes his head.

INT. ALIGHIERI. MAIN FLOOR.

A dead body smashes through glass and board. It falls over a propped up couch and onto the floor. Royce smashes out some more glass before shoving the couch aside with fury.

As they enter...

ROYCE

(loud and VERY clear)

Listen up all you suckers and listen good! If there's anybody - ANYBODY - left in this bitch and you don't want to come out...

Storms forward. His spike wire drags beside him...

ROYCE

Don't! I don't want to see you! No cowboys, no Einsteins, no problems! We are NOT after YOU.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(from someone hidden in the hallways)

What...

ROYCE

You do not ask questions! We have one question, and it will be answered, and then, I don't want to hear a peep out of any of you sons of bitches in here! I'm running out of friends, running out of time, and I'm all out of patience. You jokers understand all that? GOOD! Here is the question, I'm NOT repeating it!

ALIGHIERI. THIRD FLOOR. LAB - NIGHT

The overhead fluorescent light flickers on.

Reveals several empty large cylinder containers, large biohazard stickers over the glass. Other containers on the other side of the room are another story.

Computers are smashed or toppled over.

The floor : among bits of trash, a ton of scattered note paper and fallen over chairs, random puddles of something that looks like spilled potato soup.

Hanson puts the bag with the crab parasite carefully down on a metal slab, which has smears of that soup like substance.

Hooks and restraints connected to the slab, not for a human subject. Not for a dog.

Hanson unravels the bag, exposing the dead thing within. Hanson figures out the hooks and straps down the crab. This discovery causes a beat of curiosity and marvel.

ANDREA

Piece of a puzzle.

Andrea looks around, finds more biohazard chemical marked cannisters on the far right of the lab. In these three cannisters are hundreds of small moving worms. She looks closer.

A crab parasite, as big as her hand, moves out from the worm barrier and taps the glass with spider like pinchers.

Royce. Laura and Po scan tables, shelves, the floor.

Po beelines to a cabinet, opens it up. She studies the contents. No luck. She looks over the next cabinet. Opens the glass panels, looks closely.

One bottle marked "Phosphocreatine Alcyone".

Po readies a syringe, and extracts part of the "Phosphocreatine Alcyone" into it. She offers it to Royce, who calmly takes it from her..

ROYCE

No. You first.

He gives the syringe to Laura.

Po nods, rolls up her left sleeve. Laura finds her vein, inserts the needle. A shot rings out, destroys the syringe. Laura jumps back.

Another shot rings out. Another cracked hole in the window.

ROYCE

God!

Andrea closes the blinds in front of the window.

Po looks down to the floor. A small mist rises from the broken syringe.

ANDREA  
Everyone alright?  
Royce?

ROYCE  
I'm cool.

Po nods. Laura looks around to the others. Hanson gives a thumbs up. Then waves them on over.

The crab on the table slowly dissolves into a slime puddle, like those around the floor and equipment. Everyone is amazed at the sight.

Hanson lightly holds up a discarded bottle of "Phosphocreatine Alcyone". He carefully opens up one of the cannisters. The crab thing moves to escape, but stops when Hanson lets a few drops fall on it. Everyone observes in silence.

The thing squirms, jumbles around the cannister, and lets out a nasty squeal of anguish. Like the dead brother, it also dissolves away. The new slime also consumes the worms around it as they likewise slowly steam into nothing.

After a few moments of silence, Hanson, Laura, Po and Royce comb the floor and tables again, only this time scooping up as much loose paper as they can.

THIRD FLOOR. HALLWAY. - MINUTES LATER

Laura storms out of the lab, a small portion of those notes in her hand. She sees a few SHADOWS of PEOPLE at the far end of the hallway.

LAURA  
What is this!

The only response she hears back are closing doors and scuffling feet. Whoever those people were, they avoid her and her query.

LAURA  
HEY!

They are gone. She goes after them.

ALIGHIERI - MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The stampede of the small handful of people hustles out of the broken doors. Laura runs after them, but stops short of the lobby.

Gunfire.  
Screams.  
Terror.

Laura stands, looking out, dumbfounded. The rest of the group falls in behind her.

She kicks over the last standing chair, screams in anger. She slams her collected paperwork down on a messy reception desk.

LAURA  
Son of a bitch!

ROYCE  
There might be someone else in here, shed some light.

LAURA  
There is nobody else, Royce. There is nobody else. There is just us. Tag, We are It.

ANDREA  
We gave it our best shot. There is no more antidote, it probably wasn't even enough. Everyone we ran into said it all along. Nothing here.

LAURA  
Either that or it's somewhere else.

Royce immediately looks out towards the entrance.

LAURA  
That's right. We just passed it.

Andrea is about to debate the idea, but closes up. Laura is spot on.

LAURA  
So why would they have it?

ROYCE  
That's easy. Kills those things.

LAURA

Why not just leave them here?

ROYCE

Other building's easier to defend.  
Has the garage, Mover access.

PO

Having armed people on the Mover  
supports that.

ROYCE

Plus a small patrol with  
flamethrowers out in the street,  
crazy enough to burn up the dead,  
infected.

A brief glance over towards Hanson. Then back to Laura.

ROYCE

Or whoever who gets in the way.

PO

We can't go back across the park.  
Not with four people.

LAURA

I know.

PO

And then the barricade.

LAURA

I know.

ROYCE

We just can't wait. We got  
(looks for a clock, sees  
one, cranks his neck)  
Time's up.

LAURA

You haven't turned all the way  
back, neither has Po or Andrea.

ANDREA

Maybe you and Jeff were wrong about  
the time limit, We don't even know  
for sure if those nuts over there  
even have the stuff. West didn't  
know.

LAURA

Then he didn't know.

ROYCE

No, he had to. Just kept his mouth shut.

ANDREA

Nobody has it. It is gone.

ROYCE

I say, screw it. We come up with a plan, take a risk knock on the door.

ANDREA

Those paranoid idiots don't give a damn.

LAURA

Alright, knock off the shit! We are going back-

ANDREA

You insane?

LAURA

We are going back,  
We will  
Find a way in.

PO

Alright. So what do we do?

LAURA

First, Andrea's right about one thing. There's only four of us. Even if we went out of this building another way, they'd see us. So, we search this place top to bottom. Any other survivors, get them out of hiding and down here. We also might get lucky and find more of the bottles of antidote around. Bring that down here if you find any. Next We have a head count. Inventory. Weapons, antidote, everything and everyone. Andrea I want you to read these notes.

(MORE)

LAURA (cont'd)

If there are any files we can find on working computers, or if we have any working internet connection or cell phones, I want you to be the eyes, ears and voice. The more information we have and more information they have the better.

ANDREA

Everything's smashed.

LAURA

Hey

we can find a working car in a parking lot we can find at least something else that works. I don't want to hear that sort of thing again. I don't want to hear that way of thinking again.

(to Royce)

We are not out of time. It's done when we are done and that's not going to happen.

ROYCE

Fair enough.

INT. GREEK TOWN CASINO - THIRD FLOOR - EARLY MORNING

Smashed glass, streams of fresh blood.

Remains of Victor.

One of the centipede creatures smokes up in a pyre of death.

A severed head with a torn up Tiger mask.

Wolf next to him, not moving.

Ram in a pool of blood.

A discarded, partially melted mask of an Antelope.

Goat watches as Gas Mask and Pig turn over the body near the Antelope mask.

Pig stands up to Goat, defiant.

PIG

Damn it. You and Orpheus better think next time, I don't care if you are leading up this crew. Can you fucking count? Four of our brothers down here, one more with the other beast dead outside on the street.

GOAT

(a woman's voice)

We faced our fears; We had to take action.

PIG

You and Orph

(meaning Gas Mask)

You want some action? I say we go after them, fry them up.

GAS MASK

We know where they were headed. Chances are they're dead by now.

PIG

And what if they're not? You seen what they have. If they get the stuff, you know what happens next. You aren't the least bit concerned?

GAS MASK

No. Why should you be? The bugs are wiped out, dead are ashes.

PIG

They haven't sent back the Mover. They haven't been taking calls. We could be the only ones left.

GAS MASK

It's not our job. We are the exterminators, man. Sons of Sodom. We only follow orders.

PIG

I'm a fucking electrician, four days ago. Screw this.

Pig takes off his mask. He's young guy, mid 20s. He tosses his mask on the smoking monster's remains.

PIG

I'm going back there, hunt them down myself. We cannot let them put that stuff anywhere near those creatures.

GOAT

He's right.

She takes off her mask. a rugged young woman, but High School Musical reject.

GAS MASK

They didn't like us, they'll turn  
us away, Eurydi.

GOAT

Not if we do what they can't.

GAS MASK

Alright.

He removes his gas mask, revealing himself to be a young  
eighteen year old, and could very well pass a football for  
the local High School Varsity team.

GAS MASK

Let's do this.

GOAT

Wait.

The fact that some of their good friends lay among the  
carnage at their feet seems invisible to the pair as they  
taste each other's lips during the Big Red moment.

They give each other a smile.

GAS MASK

(out to Pig)

Hey, Jason! Wait up.

INT. COMPUWARE BUILDING - HARD ROCK CAFE - MORNING

A new song plays over a loudspeaker: Morning Has Broken.

On the bar: liquor meant for drinking, liquor turned into  
Molotov cocktails, ready to be lit. Music that played moments  
before is quickly interrupted by a swarm of men and women who  
grab random weapons in a first come first serve basis.

Baseball bats. Machetes. Steak knives. Pipes. And guns. Lots  
of guns.

Random members of The Militia slam in clips to guns as they  
quickly move.

A small child grabs a homemade slingshot; his playmate buddy  
one of the cocktails. To up his friend, Young David takes a  
22 pistol to better confront the coming Goliaths.

## 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY.

A woman, lean and mean, shows another woman how to put an arrow in a hunting bow.

A man with a Uzi ignores them, waits in the darkness for the battle to come.

## 9TH FLOOR. OFFICE.

A BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, nice tie, his white shirt grimy and decorated in light dry blood splatter, releases the safety on his M-16. He does not like the sound of his own actions.

He takes a breath, and moves around hacked up, bullet ridden dead people. Takes a long look out of the office window.

His co-worker pumps a shotgun, loud and clear, ready for action, much more eager for payback than the other man.

In a corner: a young SECRETARY, terrified, holds a pair of scissors close to her chest.

## 14TH FLOOR - ATRIUM.

A teen couple embrace, the young man comforts his worried girlfriend. His fears are eased with one hand around her and the other on his 38 snub nose handgun.

YOUNG MAN

It's okay. If it comes to that,  
I'll do us both.

Around them, children huddle together as one as NATIONAL GUARDSMEN and POLICE OFFICERS in SWAT gear arm themselves, check their automatic weapons and sniper rifles.

SNIPER

Here they come!

## EXT. ALIGHIERI - MORNING

They are not alone.

Roughly twenty men, women and children march with them. Different ages, backgrounds, creeds.

None of them are infected with the virus, but quite a number of them look like they been through hell and back.

They all exit Alighieri along with

HANSON

Who has a new flagpole and a new white flag of peace alongside Andrea who carries the stars and stripes over her shoulder.

Royce is also with them, but without his spikes. Po close by.

Laura.

The five come more forward, lead the way.

LAURA

Now.

The CROWD around them, all start a soft repeated chant -

CROWD

Please do not fire. Do not be afraid. We come in peace. There is a cure.

ROYCE

This was a lousy idea.

LAURA

You wanted to say hello.

ROYCE

I was thinking a bit more like Mission Impossible Man From Uncle sort of thing.

LAURA

I didn't hear you object.

ROYCE

Yeah, well I didn't think I'd walk out here with the peace walk with my fly unzipped.

They get closer, and step over the streams of blood. Slightly ahead of them, the open graveyard. Some of the CROWD see the sight, get nervous. The closer to the dead bodies, the more scared they become. A few break chant.

LAURA

Keep going.

But there are fresh bodies before her. She looks to them briefly, averts her eyes.

Closer...

Then she looks to them again, a closer inspection.

Infected.

One of the crowd cries out, rushes to the bodies.

LAURA

No! No! No!  
Stay back! Don't touch them, go  
around.

The person does as asked, but the body language gives Laura a morbid curiosity. She studies the dead as the crowd avoids them and the other dead.

ANDREA

What is it?

LAURA

These are the people from last  
night. The ones who ran out of the  
door, got shot down. I'm sure of  
it.

They move on, pass the bodies...

LAURA

Our new group here. Was any one of  
them on our floor at the time we  
tried to give Po the injection?

ANDREA

Don't know.

LAURA

They weren't, were they?  
Me and Hanson, we would already  
be...

She trails off in thought.

LAURA

The batch at Serer. It was the  
stronger version of Alcyone all  
along.

ROYCE

Doc, you're making no sense at all.

LAURA

What if the formula here destroys one kind of creature, but the remains of the creature causes the virus?

ROYCE

That's interesting. And because you and Hanson were not infected, but exposed to  
 (glances To her, locks into her eyes)  
 Wow. What a kick in the rear. Any other cheerful revelations you want to share before the folks upstairs get itch fingers?

LAURA

Yes. You guys being around me and Hanson keeps you from turning back.

ANDREA

Yeah, right. Now you're suggesting that you and Hanson are immune to the virus as a result of what happened at Serer.

LAURA

Which is why me and Hanson were not infected when the crab things dissolved away. But anyone else nearby would be.

They come up to the fountain, the body of West. Like the other bodies, the crowd steps away from them. The crowd keeps up the chant, now get a little boldness in the words, defiant. Louder.

I/E. COMPUWARE PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dumbstruck Gas Mask, Goat and Pig watch the proceedings. Pig shakes his head in disbelief. Gas Mask's grip tightens on his flamethrower.

GAS MASK

Okay. That's okay. I know exactly what to do.

Goat girl grins. She reaches in her pocket, a can of black spray paint. She tags on the side of a pillar :

B M K - SOS

Pig glances to this action, but then sees Gas Mask, already headed towards the barricade with Red and Brown behind it.

RED

You guys are supposed to be in the Greek. But since you're here you can give us a -

Gas Mask sets the potato sack filled barricade in an instant bonfire.

Red and Brown scream in death, and in the panic, Brown fires off a round that goes right into a wall.

The second that sound echoes out, is the same instant the villain cranks his neck to look out...

Sure enough, he hears the long delayed orchestra.

EXT. CAMPUS MARTIUS PARK - CONTINUOUS

It takes only a moment for several of the survivors from the Alighieri building to scatter. a small handful of gunfire comes from above, corpses on the ground tear up with bullets and arrows. a few of the living are caught in the gun smoke.

I/E. COMPUWARE PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Laughing, Gas Mask runs back to his friends.

PIG

Crazy shit!

GAS MASK

You really want to see some crazy shit? Cross your fingers! Here comes the video game!

Gas Mask and his pals get ready, wait. Sure enough, they don't hesitate as the first wave of people sprawl out towards them in screams of panic.

The trio spit dragon breath, toast up two people at random. They can't burn up everyone, but the chaos causes many to fall over each other

Pig turns to fry the next person; finds a closed fist in his nose. As Pig stumbles back, Hanson swings his new peace flag at the young man's feet, and sweeps him.

Goat steps up to defend her friend; Old Glory flaps in her face.

Andrea body slams her.

A knife flies right into Andrea's neck, rips a new hole.

Blood flows out.

She falls down.

Goat pushes her and the flag out of the way.

Scared people run by them. Those people stop upon seeing the flaming barricade. There is nowhere to go.

In amusement, Gas Mask reaches down and twists his knife out of Andrea's throat. He helps his girlfriend up. They then look over to Pig, who's getting the shit kicked out of him. Hanson kicks once more, Pig mutters some cry for mercy before passing out.

Hanson turns to face Gas Mask and Goat. Behind Hanson, Royce and Po. Royce is ready to pounce.

ROYCE

Guess what?

I got an attitude problem.

Hanson blocks him, silently waves him back. Royce nods, understands.

ROYCE

I get seconds.

The crowd closes around them, a few help out those burned, smother out the flames around their friends.

Goat steps up to fry Hanson for good. She stops as Laura puts a gun to her head.

GAS MASK

Relax, Eurydi. She won't do it.

LAURA

He's right.

Laura lowers the gun, shoots her in the leg. Goat cries out buckles down in pain. Laura aims the gun down at Goat's chest, knocks away the flamethrower.

Gas Mask stares directly at Hanson.

Hanson tosses away the white flag, it clatters on concrete. Gas Mask drops his flamethrower, dangles his blade.

Hanson holds out his hand, Po gives him a butcher knife.

GAS MASK

Am I supposed to know you?

Gas Mask lunges and pokes his opponent in the shoulder, Hanson backs away.

Two more strikes, Hanson blocks both with his knife. The next attack have both men at a stalemate, with each wrestling for the kill.

Shouts in the distance, fires around the barricade die down, as a handful of people from the Compuware building get the flames under control. Now just smoke, something else grabs their attention.

It isn't the small crowd watching the knife fight. It is something else that bothers them. A small echo.

Moans.

The sound causes a distraction for Gas Mask as well. Hanson tackles him to the floor. Has the butcher knife to Gas Mask's throat.

Hanson hears it too.

GAS MASK

Infected!

The result has more panic effect than any sudden gunshot. The CROWD reacts accordingly, storms towards the barricade. Laura, pushed away, cannot stop them. The stampede keeps Goat on the ground.

It is the next armada that has her more concerned. Her boyfriend is spot on. A good hundred infected, give or take in the street on the other side of the garage.

Out in front are the infected SCIENTISTS from Serer who did not produce more of the cure for themselves. They all are reversed back into the mindless mob from a few days before. Some of them are fast enough to go into the garage first.

Royce blocks one of them, then gets in the way of another.

The infected trample over Goat, killing her in the process. Gas Mask reaches out, but his actions are in vain.

Instead he picks up his knife instead of the flamethrower- it is too far away, and gets up as quickly as he can.

GAS MASK

I'll be back!

No, he won't. His promise is broken as he bounces in between the infected mob like a human pinball. He falls and shares a similar fate as his girlfriend.

Screaming, Laura fires a few rounds in the air, but fails getting any attention.

Ahead: the barricade is no more; people, both normal and infected, spill over like maggots over trash.

INT. COMPUWARE BUILDING. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY. - MORNING

Several SURVIVORS, including THE BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, lock and load, ready to defend. They quiet down. All that is heard are the SHOUTS of the inevitable stampede both inside and outside of the buildings.

I/E. COMPUWARE PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Hanson looks down on the fallen Gas Mask. Hanson reaches in his breast pocket, shows Gas Mask the picture of the smiling woman. Gas Mask coughs for air.

GAS MASK

Oh. Her.

Passes out dead.

Laura picks up Gas Mask's knife. Cuts her hand, and holds it high.

LAURA

Hey!

ROYCE

What are you doing!

LAURA

Hey!!

The infected slow down, and take a good hard look in her direction. Royce sees the potential threat, takes a boxer's stance, ready to fight.

The infected who made it through the barricade, now come back, as if attracted to a beacon.

ROYCE

That was not a good idea.

LAURA

It's the only solution.

ROYCE

What?

LAURA

Time to test a theory.  
Goodbye.

ROYCE

There has to be another way!

She runs. The infected mob goes after her.

Royce and Po attempt to push away the masses, but they can't stop everyone.

Hanson joins in the fight, his picture of the woman left behind.

Focused on Laura, the crowd ignores him,

INT. COMPUWARE BUILDING. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY. - CONTINUOUS

Everyone ready to unleash bullets of hell.

Faces of fear, cold sweat.

UNKNOWN VOICE

We are NOT infected! Coming up the stairs! Don't shoot!

EXT. CADILLAC CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Laura slows down until she confronts the infected SCIENTISTS from Serer. Within seconds, she is surrounded.

Royce, Po and Hanson mingle among the infected crowd. Most of them ignore the three, only a few look over Hanson with curiosity.

Laura sees this.

Laura steps forward towards the infected scientists. As she approaches, she drops her guns and knives. She nods to them, and they understand.

Hanson protests the action, but Po stops him, holds him back.

It's too late. The army of the diseased swarms over Laura like bees on a log. They rip up her clothes and tear her body apart. As they feast on her arms, blood streams out on the pavement.

Royce looks over from his inner war zone, and becomes expressionless. The sight stuns him. He's about ready to head over to her and take some heads.

Then the infected mutants who drank her blood and ate her flesh gag. They fall like lifeless rag dolls, and even those around them who did not partake of the meal also choke..

Vapors rise from Laura's blood; the vapor thickens up and rolls down the street like a mist.

Steam rises from various faces; boils fade away, eyes go from bloodshot to nothing more than a serious case of pinkeye. Deep moans turn into deep breaths.

The mist surrounds Po. She slumps down, falls into Hanson's arms. Her face also alters.

Royce breathes in the mist. Unlike the rest, he does not fall. When the mist fades, his anger is gone, his infected face remains.

INT. COMPUWARE BUILDING. 14TH FLOOR. ATRIUM - AFTERNOON

Hands and scissors snipe away the bandages a piece at a time.

Hanson watches his work in the cracked mirror, as he helps reveal Po's face a bit at a time. She doesn't have super model looks, but considering the last few days she might as well get her magazine cover.

She doesn't say anything. Her smile says it all.

The rest of the facility has been transformed into a makeshift clinic; hundreds upon hundreds of cots, on the floor haphazard bedding for the masses.

All of the people lying on them are normal. Only a slight trace of the infection remain in a few, they are all cured.

A DOCTOR comes up to Hanson.

DOCTOR  
It's time.

Hanson rolls up his sleeve, sticks out his arm. The DOCTOR takes a blood sample. Hanson looks over to another patient, and takes the harmonica...

DOCTOR  
Not now.

Frustrated, Hanson shakes his head, puts it away.

In a corner, Royce sits alone, slightly depressed. A small group of children with tears and smiles come to cheer him up.

The children surround Royce, giving him a hero's welcome. Royce is their own personal celebrity. All that's missing on him is a gold medal and a cape.

A grimy SURVIVOR in her early 20's storms up, gun pointed right at him.

SURVIVOR  
Monster!

She squeezes off two rounds...

Royce's head explodes , showering the kids in his brains and blood.

Po slumps down in shock.  
Scared children weep.

FADE OUT.