

(Name of Project)

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EXT. CHATTERTON ST. - DUSK

They reach their destination and park in the middle of the street. Everything seems normal. The cruiser lights are still flashing. Eddie and Tompkins get out of their cruiser.

The doors are still open and the engine is running.

They are three houses down from their original destination.

They make their way towards the house. They both have a "feeling" that something just isn't right. They both take out their flashlights and put their hands on the butt of their guns.

Eddie keys his shoulder mic.

EDDIE

27. Dispatch. Myself and Tompkins
are ten-six at the location.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Ten-four. All officers hold the air
until I hear back from Car 27.

The two officers cautiously proceed on the abandoned street. Dogs are heard barking in the distance. Some sound as if they are hurt. Others yelp in pain.

Then they see a FEMALE WALKING. Short, plump and dressed in clothes too tight for her and trashy stockings. Obvious prostitute. She moves as if she just finished off a 12 pack. Her shirt front looks as if she threw most of that beer back up.

She was dragging something with her. Black and furry and headless. A dead dog.

EDDIE

Is she dragging a dog?

TOMPKINS

What the fuck is she on? Bath
salts?

The Prostitute seems oblivious to the two cops.

Eddie and Tompkins just watch her.

Then they see more DRUNKS come out from the side of the house, moving in the same drunken gait, just a bit faster. They pounce on the headless dog and start to rip it open and feast on its intestines and meat.

Eddie and Tompkins unholster their guns, getting them ready then shine their flashlights on the group.

They draw their guns.

The feeders don't pay attention, but the Prostitute makes her way towards the two officers.

TOMPKINS (cont'd)
 (to the prostitute)
 STOP! POLICE!

No one responds. The Prostitute doesn't utter a sound. Just a little bit of grumbling. Her mouth starts to open.

EDDIE
 Stop! Let me see your hands!

Eddie keys his mic.

EDDIE (cont'd)
 (to dispatch)
 27. We have six at gunpoint. They look drunk or on bath salts. They just tore open a dog and are eating it.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Ten-four. 52-60, 52-62, 52-72.
 Start that way. Code three.

The group stop feeding and look back at the two officers. They slowly and drunkenly make their way to them.

The street lamps now are throwing uneven lights across the yards creating deep pockets of shadows between the trees.

Eddie and Tompkins keep backing up towards their cruiser.

Eddie flashes his light on the Prostitutes face.

He is horrified by what he sees. Her face is cut up, beaten, swollen and looks to have been bitten off. Her neck has a big gash on it and caked with fresh and dried blood.

But her eyes are the most troubling. They are clouded over with a milky white film, like a dead persons.

She does not seem to notice his gun or blink when the powerful police flashlight is shined in her face.

EDDIE
 Get down on the ground! Do it now.

She just keeps walking towards Eddie.

He holsters his gun for something less lethal.

EDDIE (cont'd)
(to Tompkins)
SPRAY!!!

Eddie pulls out his spray when she was within four yards of him. He sprays her right in the face, in her eyes.

No effect whatsoever. She keeps making her way towards him. She is starting to reach out to grab him.

He sprays her again. Two bursts. No effect.

Eddie empties the can in her face. She is now two feet away from him.

She reaches for him again. Snarling menacingly like a rabid dog. Eddie grabs her hands and knocks her feet out from under her.

She falls on her back. Eddie turns her over and cuffs her just like he's been trained to do. She keeps trying to bite Eddie.

The he hears Tompkins SCREAM..

He looks over to see Tompkins underneath a FAT LATINO in a dirty, blood and gore stained wife beater.

He is missing his lower lip and biting at Tompkins face. Tompkins has his forearm under the Latinos throat, keeping himself from getting bit.

TOMPKINS
Eddie. Fucking help me man!

Fat Latino starts to claw at Tompkins face, shredding his skin off. Tompkins cries out in more pain.

Eddie reaches them and grabs Fat Latino in a choke hold and lifts him off of Tompkins. Fat Latino is trying to bite Eddie and the blood all over Fat Latino loosens Eddies grip. Fat Latino slithers away then charges Eddie.

Eddie slams his flashlight into the bridge of his attackers nose. Stopping him, just for a second.

Tompkins takes out his baton and smacks Fat Latino hard on top of his shoulder. Then again. Then again until he hears bone break.

Fat Latino never cries out in pain nor does he go down.

Fat Latino turns around back after Tompkins. Tompkins strikes at Fat Latinos outstretched hands, then across his face. Fat Latino still seems unfazed.

Eddie than takes out his baton and strikes down on the top of Fat Latino's head four times, cracking it open. Fat Latino finally goes down and doesn't get back up.

As they turn around, another WOMAN attacks Tompkins and bites down on the side of his neck and starts pulling out a chunk of flesh.

Tompkins cries in pain. He pulls out his gun and shoots the woman under the chin, blowing out the back of her head. The noise is deafening and leaves Tompkins momentarily deaf.

Eddie yells something to him but he can only hear the ringing. He is getting weak from the blood loss.

Eddie grabs Tompkins and makes their way to the back of the cruiser for some cover.

Eddie pops the trunk and pulls out his shotgun.

Tompkins hearing is coming back to him.

TOMPKINS (cont'd)

She bit me. That whore bit me. Oh
shit. I hope she doesn't have AIDS.
Oh God it hurts. It's burning
inside Eddie.

Now two more Latinos make their way to the cops. One is a young PREGNANT LADY and the other is a TEENAGED LATINO. They look as looney and bloody and lifeless as the others. Eddie aims the shotgun at the Pregnant Zombie, but cant fire.

He then turns his attention to the Teen Zombie. He sees that his face is battered and bruised and that he has been disemboweled. It dawns on him what he's seeing. But he still can't believe it. The Teen Zombie charges him. Eddie shoots him in the chest. It sends the teen flying backwards and landing on his ass. Then the teen gets up shakily. The Pregnant Zombie gets closer.

Eddie slams the shotgun handle in her face. The Teen Zombie is charging faster and Eddie blows his head off.

Then he turns again to the Pregnant Zombie and fires into her head, blowing it clean off.

EDDIE
God help me.

Tompkins is coughing and wheezing. Eddie bends down to check on him.

EDDIE (cont'd)
You okay partner? Don't worry. I'll get you out and to a hospital. We have back up coming.

He picks up his radio.

EDDIE (cont'd)
(to dispatch)
Dispatch. I need an ambulance pronto. I have Tompkins down. I repeat. Man down.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Ten - four. Ambulance has been dispatched. ETA 4 minutes.

Tompkins coughs up some black phlegmy blood.

Then Eddie notices MORE ZOMBIES coming after them. At least a dozen or so attracted by the noise.

He is mesmerized by the number of walking dead until Tompkins tugs at his arm and points.

Eddie sees a walking dead LITTLE BOY, 9, with a stump for an arm, a half eaten face and no stomach area.

He takes a deep breath, aims, and gets the head shot. Then he grabs Tompkins and throws him in the backseat of the cruiser and he gets into the drivers seat. He reaches over and pulls shut the passenger door right as the Zombies start to swarm the car.

INT. EDDIE'S CRUISER

Eddie slams the car in reverse, running over the dead, then slams the car into drive and tries to peel out but his back tires are on top of zombies and the tires are just tearing their bodies apart.

The car finally shoots forward. He can hear the other police sirens getting closer. Eddie runs over many dead people. He races up a hill, in shock, never seeing the other police car that T-bones into the passenger side. The last thing Eddie sees is the airbag flying into his face.

FADE TO BLACK.