

WE'LL ALWAYS BE FAMILY

Written by

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A black screen. A TITLE CARD appears:

WE WILL ALWAYS BE A FAMILY...

EXT. PARK - DAY

It's a hot and sunshiny Summer day, we are in a park, it's bustling with characters enjoying themselves.

John, 30, is affectionately hugging his wife, Lisa, 30 on a patchy picnic blanket, they don't mind the patches. They are genuinely in love. Their daughter Mary, possibly 8 or 9, is running around near them chasing fluttering butterflies. They are a happy family.

A strong breeze whirls through the park, carrying some kind of vague mist with it, no one in the whole park notices.

The mist invades several characters all at once, Lisa is one that is invaded.

A single leaf falls over Lisa. As it reaches the ground, Lisa's personality shifts, John doesn't notice.

Mary waves to her parents, she wants them to join her. John goes, Lisa stays. He grabs her, tossing her up in the sky, Mary is having the time of her life, SCREAMING in excitement.

John lands Mary, and she takes off upon reaching the ground, a massive grin on her face. Excited, John, looks over at Lisa, her once cheerful and upbeat demeanor is replaced with a cold, blank, lifeless expression, a drop of blood leaves her nose. John is concerned, his smile disappearing.

FADE IN:

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

CARD: 8 YEARS LATER

Mary, now 18, lie sleep in the car. John doesn't wake her as he exits the car, he makes his way around to the trunk to get their bags. Mary is tossing and turning in the back seat, she is trembling. SCREAMS and GROWLS fill the car, they are Lisa's. John SLAMS the trunk, Mary violently shifts awake, she was having a nightmare, John appears outside her window, clueless to his daughter's ordeal.

JOHN

Come on!

MARY

Come where...what time is it?

Mary opens the door to reveal a shoddy motel, a light neon sign, that's supposed to read, "Vacancy" only reads "--cancy." The parking lot looks deserted with a few cars scattered about. Heaps of garbage pack a tiny trash can near the registration building, a vague stench of urine stains the air---a sense of hopelessness all around them.

MARY (CONT'D)

What is this?

JOHN

A motel...closest one to the hospital.

(handing Mary a bag)

Help me with this.

Mary takes a bag from John, and follows him up the stairs to the second floor, they pass a more seasoned woman who is out on the bannister smoking a cigarette, she blows the smoke in the air catching Marys' eye, the woman flashes a wide grin, hardly any teeth in her mouth.

MARY

Gross.

The more seasoned woman doesn't hear her, John does but doesn't say anything. They arrive at their room at the end of the hall, and John opens the door, they enter.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mary tosses her bag on the bed near the bathroom, John lays his near the window seal. The room is modestly clean all be it some stains on the retro wallpaper, there are smudges on the mirror that hasn't been cleaned, and the smell on the outside was Old Woman compared to the moldy stench that permeated around them.

MARY

Smell's like shit in here.

JOHN

Language.

MARY

Right...smells like crap in here...better?

JOHN

It's the closest one to the hospital...no use complaining about it.

Mary falls silent when her dad mentions the Hospital another time, it isn't something she enthusiastically wants to talk about, and an anger scowl forming on her face already.

John pushes the conversation further, breaking their impromptu silence.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So...how do you feel about everything.

MARY

About what? Me, going to see my crazy mom, at some crazy hospital, for crazy infected nut-jobs?

John raises his voice; it catches Mary off guard, surprising her.

JOHN

Mary!

Mary is so bothered by John's reaction; she grabs her bag, heads into the bathroom and SLAMS the door behind her.

John SIGHS than sits on the bed closest to the door, he buries his head in his hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mary? I didn't mean to yell...okay...I just want us to talk about it, can we do that?

Mary ignores him. Instead, running water is heard filling the tub. John SIGHS again.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

We see photos of a happy family sprawled around the house, smiles in a lot of them. A loud COMMOTION can be heard in the background it Lisa and John are arguing.

We pass by the main staircase on our way to the living room where Lisa and John are in the middle of a heated argument.

In the living room, Lisa is SCREAMING at John. She is furious, John is trying to calm her down to no avail. She has destroyed several family photos as well as furniture, she is in a manic state.

LISA

I'm NOT CRAZY...WHY WOULD YOU EVEN SAY THAT!

JOHN

I didn't...why haven't you been taking your pills, Lisa?

LISA

I DON'T WANT THEM, NO...I DON'T NEED THEM ANYMORE. I'VE SEEN THE WAY YOU TWO LOOK AT ME NOW, LIKE I'M HALF DEAD. YOUR MOCKING ME, AREN'T YOU? ESPECIALLY HER, THAT LITTLE SHIT!

Lisa is talking about Mary.

We come back to the Main staircase where Mary, 8 or 9 now, is at the top of the stairs obscured from her parents. She looks miserable, she has a front-row seat to the madness unfolding in the other room. We move back into the LIVING ROOM, John is irate.

JOHN

Do you hear yourself, she's your daughter...why would you say that?!

LISA

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT...YOU'RE TURNING HER AGAINST ME...YOU BOTH HATE ME!

Lisa drops to the floor, wailing hysterically, blood trickling from her nose.

John tries to console her, wrapping his arms around her. Lisa becomes violent, stabbing him with a nearby shard of picture glass. The attack sends him to the floor.

Mary hears John wincing in pain and rushes down the stairs into the

YOUNGER MARY

Daddy, are you okay?...Mommy Why are you and daddy fighting?

Lisa turns her violence towards Mary and attacks her, she is unrecognizable to Mary. Lisa attacks Mary. SLAMMING her to the ground.

JOHN
Lisa, NO!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary is soaking deep in the small ceramic white tub, a lit cigarette in her mouth. The tub is so small her feet sticking out on the other end, but she doesn't mind.

There is a knock on the door it's John, he is checking on her. Mary immediately douses the cigarette.

JOHN (O.S.)
Mary...you okay?

MARY
Go away.

JOHN
OK...but the room is only so big...
don't see myself going very far.

Mary tries to hide her faint laugh, but John hears it.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Listen... I'm sorry, I yelled...I
didn't mean it.
(beat)
If...when you wanna talk, I'm
here, I mean we got all night.

John gently knocks on the door, turns then heads for the bed, the sound of the T.V switches on.

Mary sinks back into the tub.

MARY
Great...now I feel like shit.

Mary turns her attention to the ceiling, a smudge staring back at her. She becomes mesmerized by the stain until it resembles that of a coffee stain, the kind you would see on a wooden table after a spill. We zoom into the stain.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Pulling back from the stain reveals Mary, now 10 or 11, sitting at the kitchen table with John.

He is stressed out, and it shows on his face. John is holding the end of a coffee mug, he hasn't taken a sip, Mary is messing around in her cereal.

MARY

Daddy, is mommy, okay?

John isn't listening, it's like he is there, but his mind wanders somewhere else. Mary tries shaking him to get his attention.

MARY (CONT'D)

Daddy, did you hear me?

John snaps out of his trance, he turns to Mary as if he heard everything she said, he hasn't.

JOHN

That's good, sweetie.

MARY

Did you even hear me?

JOHN

Of course, I did.

MARY

Sure, you did.

JOHN

I'm sorry...Daddy's just got some things on his mind right now.

MARY

About, mommy?

John hesitates, he doesn't want to drag Mary deeper into the evolving situation. He pats her on the head and gives a big, warm smile, it's suppose to reassure her...it doesn't.

JOHN

Don't worry about that, Mary, that's for the grown-ups to figure out.

Mary removes his hand and presents a stern look, the kind of look a typical 10 or 11 year old wouldn't make except if they were in an active nightmare.

At that moment, John knows Mary has some idea of whatâ€™s going on. His façade dissipates, and a more convincing frown begins to form.

MARY

But she's my mom, I don't want her to be sad anymore.

JOHN

Mom isn't sad... she's just---

Lisa saunters in like the living dead, a scowl of distrust written all over her face. John pauses and sips his coffee. Mary goes back to playing in her cereal. Lisa presses her hands firmly on the counter.

LISA

Don't let me stop you...continue!

John puts his coffee down.

JOHN

Please, not today, Lisa.

LISA

No...I said...keep talking...clearly it was ABOUT ME!

Lisa takes a dish and SLAMS it to the ground. A drop of blood coming from her nose. Mary is instantly startled, John leaps from his chair.

Mary clinches up in her chair; she covers her ears.

A terrible scene plays out; John grabbing hold of Lisa, her SCREAMING and SHOUTING. The violence spills over to the kitchen table, knocking the coffee over in the process.

Marys' eyes meet a stain it created, this is a traumatic experience. Pull back out, and we are back in the Motel Bathroom.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mary is sitting upright in the tub she is covering her ears as she stares at the stain on the ceiling, she is reliving the trauma.

Mary realizes this and slowly releases herself from the apparent panic attack. She begins lightly sobbing.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

John is sitting in a chair watching T.V, he isn't really watching it, mainly using it for the noise. The T.V isn't taking his mind off of visiting, Lisa. He SIGHS, gets up and goes to unpack his bag for the night.

Almost unpacked, he spots a photo that he, Lisa and Mary took last years back; they smile huge grins with Mary making bunny ears behind them. These are clearly good times.

JOHN
(softly)
Those were the days.

John sits on the bed, still clinching the photo. The T.V noise turning to vital sign BEEPS as he stares more profoundly into the photo.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

Card: 3 YEARS AGO...

John is seated in the waiting area, rapidly tapping his foot on the ground he has hints of blood on him and is in apparent shock. A nurse comes over, startling him.

NURSE
Sir? It's okay, everything is fine.

JOHN
My wife...how is she?

NURSE
She's in stable condition now, the doctor has just finished stitching her, he'll be out to speak to you shortly.

JOHN
Thank you.

The nurse holds his shoulder briefly before walking off.

John returns to his seat and time flies before a doctor approaches him. John leaps from his seat and shakes his hand.

DOCTOR
How are you, sir.

JOHN
I'm fine, where's my wife?

DOCTOR
Can we go somewhere more private,
to talk?

John agrees.

JOHN
Yeah...sure.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

John follows the doctor back to his office, and the pair have a seat.

JOHN
I should really be with my wife,
why can't I see her?

DOCTOR
Sir, your wife...tried to kill
herself, this isn't a simple
matter.

JOHN
(angry)
Don't you think I know that.
(beat)
She hasn't been on her meds for a
while...I've been trying to get her
back on them---

DOCTOR
How long has she displayed
these..." fits?"

JOHN
Recently...they've been getting
worse and worse though.

John sulks in his seat, he is blaming himself for not doing enough, or he's upset that he didn't see this coming.

DOCTOR

Sir, none of this is your fault... your wives been infected, for how long, we don't know but with her deteriorating mental state and refusal to take the medication, these are clear causes for concern...this outcome was bound to happen.

JOHN

But I let it get to this point, I knew she was sick, and I knew she was getting worse and I didn't do a damn thing to stop it.

(beat)

So don't tell me it wasn't my fault.

(beat)

It was!

DOCTOR

I would advise we hold her, to assess her mental state and monitor the infection process.

JOHN

What about our daughter? She won't understand.

DOCTOR

If you want to help her...this would be a tremendous first step.

John hesitates then nods his head in agreement. The doctor walks around to John placing his hand on his shoulder as John begins to sob.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Your doing the right thing here, we'll take good care of her.

Slowly we come out of the office and traverse down the hall into Lisa's room. She is unconscious, and we see her arms, there are deep cuts on her arms, they have been stitched up. We end up at her face, and she may be unconscious but looks to be in tremendous pain.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

John pulls back from the photo and stands to his feet, Mary is standing at the bathroom door. She knows he's been wandering somewhere.

MARY

Am I interrupting?

JOHN

(holding out the photo)
No...no, I just found this picture.
We looked happy, you know?

MARY

(pointing)
Sure...so bathroom's all yours.

JOHN

I'm good... I'll shower in the morning.

MARY

Gross.

Mary PLOPS on her bed, a loud CREAK emerges as she turns over. John hands her the photo.

MARY (CONT'D)

Pass.

JOHN

Come on, maybe you could give it to, mom.

MARY

You think she'll be lucite enough to know who we are this time?

JOHN

Mary, come on, that's still your mom.

MARY

My mom that didn't do anything but get worse and worse. My life was hell with her around.

JOHN

Not all the time.

MARY

Sure, only for the times that were supposed to matter. Who knows, I might be next.

JOHN

Mary...enough!

MARY

Fine by me.

Mary grabs her bag, storms off towards the door.

JOHN

Where are you going?

MARY

Anywhere, but here.

Mary SLAMS the door behind her. John gives up and climbs into his bed.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The light goes out in Mary and John's room, Mary SCOFFS and walks off in the stairs' direction. She sees the same Old Woman still smoking on the railing. Mary approaches her.

MARY

Bum one off you?

NOTHING

Aren't you a little too young, miss?

MARY

Aren't you a little too old?

The Old Woman breaks out into a burst of coughing laughter before handing Mary a cigarette. She lights it for her.

NOTHING

Here you go, smart ass.

MARY

Thanks.

NOTHING

So, had a fight with you boy-toy there?

MARY

What...no, that's my dad.

(beat)

Boy-toy...really?

The Old Woman laughs. She takes another puff of her cigarette. Mary follows her lead as if she was a pro.

NOTHING

Looks like you know what you're doing there, missy.

MARY

Had a lot of practice, you gonna tell?

NOTHING

Tell who, boy-toy? Shit no...I was where you are right now when I was your age.

MARY

Your mom crazy too?

NOTHING

Worse, my husband.

MARY

What happend to him?

NOTHING

Who knows, havent seen in years, we split...soon after we tied the knot.

MARY

He dead?

OLD WOMAM

Your a straight shooter, aren't you? But yeah, found out a while ago he died.

MARY

Sorry for that.

OLD WOMAM

Don't be, that's how things go.

(beat)

Still, it's the regrets that keep me up at night.

MARY

Regrets?

NOTHING

Shit yeah, and I have a heap of em'. But you never realize it until it's too late. Life suck like that.

MARY

You two fight a lot...wait you said at my age, you were married at 18?

OLD WOMAN

Diffrent times, but yeah, we fought all the time.

MARY

I know what that's like.

OLD WOMAM

I'm sure you do.

MARY

That odvious, huh?

The pair of them take another puff. A silence falls over, the Old Woman exhale than goes to speak.

OLD WOMAM

The things unsaid are the things we should say.

MARY

Meaning?

OLD WOMAM

You don't want to wake up one morning...old as me with Old Woman but regrets.

Mary is speechless as she leans in on the railing, placing her chin on top. The Old Woman takes another puff. We focus on the back of them as they look out into the endless night.

MARY

Maybe your right.

OLD WOMAM

Damn right, I'm right.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

John is tossing and turning in the bed, he can't get to sleep. He springs awake but, Mary still isn't back yet. John SIGHS, then sits up wiping at his eyes.

JOHN
What am I gonna do?

John goes for his back, he pulls a ruffled up letter out the side pouch. It reads: "To Mary, From Mommy." John holds the letter out in front of him. It holds great importance to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Should have let Mary have this
sooner, right, Lisa?

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CARD: 2 YEARS AGO...

John is sitting in a chair, reading something on his phone. Lisa wakes up, alerting John, he puts his phone away and scoots closer to her.

LISA
Hey, you.

JOHN
Hi.

LISA
How long you been there?

JOHN
Not long, how are you feeling?

LISA
Today or in general?

JOHN
General.

LISA
Like crap, the doctor says---

JOHN
I don't wanna hear what he says, I
wanna hear it from you.

LISA

I...I...I don't know how I feel.
One day I'm on top of the world,
the next, I feel like shit.

(beat)

It's getting worse, John.

JOHN

Don't say that, okay, just don't.

LISA

Fine...Where's Mary?

JOHN

She...she didn't wanna come. She
doesn't like seeing you like this.

LISA

Your not a good liar, babe. She's
pissed, isn't she?

JOHN

She is.

They share a laugh.

LISA

But how is she?

JOHN

She misses you, she's not saying
it, but I know she does.

LISA

I know...I know it's tough on her
right now. I'm just glad she has
you...

(sincere)

Thank you.

JOHN

Hey, of course...don't worry when
you get better you'll make it up to
her.

Lisa laughs.

LISA

Right, sure...sure.

Lisa reaches for a letter on the nearby tray, she clinches
tight for a minute before handing it to John.

LISA (CONT'D)

Give this to her will you... in
case I'm not me next time she
decides to come.

John starts to cry, he tries to hide it, pretending to be strong for Lisa, but Lisa can see he's struggling.

John looks down at the letter in his hands a tear hits it.

JOHN

I will, I'll make sure she gets it,
OK?

John looks up at Lisa, she has grown cold and dead-eyed, she's checked out. A drop of blood falls from her nose as she angrily turns to John and aggressively lashes out.

JOHN (CONT'D)

NURSE...NURSE!

A group of nurses rush in to subdue a manic Lisa, John clears out of the way watching his wife fall apart in front of him. He puts his hands over the back of his head, and we zoom in on the letter.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Coming back out, we are in the motel room again, and John is still staring at the letter. He puts it on Mary's bed then climbs back into his own bed.

Mary enters, she notices her father sleeping and makes her way to her bed she spots the letter.

MARY

What's this?... It's from mom.

Mary puts the letter to the side and climbs into bed. She thinks John is sleep, but he's wide awake.

MARY (CONT'D)

Dad... I'm sorry. This isn't on
you, what happened to mom isn't on
you I get it, but it hurts...it
hurts that she isn't there...that
she can't be there it just hurts.

(beat)

But I can't keep blaming you, I
can't let the things unsaid be the
things I should've said.

Mary wipes away a tear then turns to go to bed.

MARY (CONT'D)
Night...dad.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mary is tossing and turning in bed, John is fast asleep. She is having another nightmare. We zoom in on Mary's face as her eyes flash open.

INT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

We zoom out and Mary is back in her home she is a spectator.

MARY
Where am I?...back home---

Mary's younger self runs past her, she is happy. John is chasing her with a sheet over his head.

JOHN
The ghost is gonna get you!

MARY
(to herself)
I remember this.

We traverse into the kitchen where Lisa is prepping a meal, occasionally glancing at John and Mary's commotion. A drop of blood drips from her nose.

Mary runs into the back of her mom, playing.

YOUNGER MARY
Sorry, mommy.

Lisa doesn't respond. Instead, she is shaking violently, Mary backs away in fear.

YOUNGER MARY

Daddy...mommy's not feeling good again.

MARY
No...not this.

John drops the sheet and rushes to the kitchen, Lisa turns with a knife in hand and slashes at younger Mary cutting her forearm.

Just then, a scar on Mary's forearm begins to sting her. Mary reaches for it, clearly in pain.

INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

John rushes in and the day outside turns to night instantly. Mary is visibly alarmed by the sudden shift and runs to the kitchen. The entire house warps and bends and Mary finds herself in the basement.

Mary looks around at her old basement than on the ground, a trail of blood leading away from her.

Mary follows the trail, finding her mom in the corner covering in a bloody night gown. Lisa is scratching a wall with her bare hands, running them raw and bloody.

MARY

Mom?

Just then, younger Mary appears and stand inches away from her mom.

YOUNGER MARY

(afraid)

Mommy?

MARY

Don't!

Younger Mary can't hear Mary. She approaches her mom, cautiously.

YOUNGER MARY

Mommy...are you okay?

MARY

Don't touch her!

Younger Mary reaches out to touch her and Lisa violently turns, lashing out, but can't reach her, she is chained to the basement wall. She is unrecognizable to younger Mary, she falls to the ground,

And John appears running down grabbing hold of Younger Mary, shaking her.

JOHN

I told you never to come down here!

YOUNGER MARY

But mommy---

JOHN
But nothing. Don't...come...down
here...PROMISE ME!

YOUNGER MARY
But---

JOHN
PROMISE!

YOUNGER MARY & MARY
I promise.

We zoom in on Mary's face as she closes her eyes.

When we zoom back out, we are in the motel room, and it's morning.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Mary wakes up, and it's morning, John is gone, and his bed is made up. Mary gets up and changes into something else.

MARY
It wasn't a dream...I hated seeing
her like that.

Mary finishes changing and packs her bag, leaving her bed unmade. She takes one last look in the motel room and sees her and her parents standing in the middle of the room, smiling like the good old days. She closes the door and heads to the Receptionist building.

EXT. CHEAP MOTEL - MORNING

John is loading up the car, while Mary drops off the keys to the Registration building. She spots the Old Woman on the second floor having an early smoke, she waves to her, and the Old Woman shoots a grin her way, barely any teeth in her mouth.

MARY
Still gross.

John SLAMS the trunk than gets into the car, he honks the horn to catching Marys' attention.

JOHN
All set?

MARY
Yeah, let's go.

Mary gets in the car, and John drives off down the road.

INT. JOHN'S CAR - RUNNING

John is driving with Mary in the back seat listening to music. Mary reaches in her bag and pulls out the letter from her mom. John sees this in the rearview mirror but pretends not to notice. Mary takes a deep breath and opens the letter than begins reading.

LISA AND MARY (V.O.)

Dear Mary, My sweet, sweet girl.

Lisa's voice takes over as we leave the car a come to an overview shot of it driving along the road, the vegetation is a bit overgrown, and there are few to no cars on the road.

LISA (V.O.)

I know things must be hard to understand right now, but I hope you will one day understand one day, understand why mommy acted the way she did and why I seemed like two different people when you only knew the one. Mommy was...is infected, and it's slowly taking over...I know you don't understand, no one really does. One minute you're okay, the next your not. It's a mystery that we have yet to solve. But I want you to know...no I need you to know, mommy loves you no matter what, mommy will always love you. I know you have questions and I wish I could be there to answer them but I can't, and the way things are going I won't be able to, so just look after your dad, you two are all each other has left. When you...if you ever revisit me, I want to be all there for you, I want to see the woman you have become, so I can at least be proud of that.

LISA AND MARY (V.O.)

Love you, always, Mommy.

Mary tears hit the paper as she finishes reading; she hides her face from her dad, she doesn't want him to see her cry. He does but pretends not to. They drive on.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

John and Mary arrive outside the hospital, the place looks like a military base with wire fencing and armed guards out on patrol, surprisingly, John and Mary aren't phased by this ensemble. They exit the car and make for the guarded front checkpoint. They are met by an armed guard.

GUARD

Name?

JOHN

John Keegan and Mary Keegan.

GUARD

For?

JOHN

Lisa Keegan.

The Guard checks some files than turns to open the door.

GUARD

Follow me.

Mary and John follow him inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

John and Mary are being escorted by an armed guard. They pass rooms full of other infected patients being handled by hazmat suited nurses.

Mary spots one patient bleed profusely in a room before a nurse closes the door.

GUARD

(to Mary)

Keep up!

MARY

(to Guard)

Sorry.

There are SCREAMING and animalistic noises coming from another room as well as gunshots incoming from outside. Patrols are rushing down the halls. They come to the end of the first floor where a second checkpoint is in place.

GUARD

Wait here, don't go anywhere or you will be arrested. Understood?

JOHN

Yes

John nudges a distracted Mary.

MARY

Oh...sure.

GUARD

Mhm.

The Guard enters the checkpoint office.

A nearby T.V is playing the news, it's calling it an emergency report.

NEWSMAN

Good evening, we have breaking news regarding the bizarre infection, now dubbed, "The Bleed", it has been approximately 6 years today since this seemingly random disease has taken root worldwide, causing millions to become violently crazed or sickeningly manic. Here for more analysis: Doctor Edmund Wright, Doctor?

A masked man with horn-rimmed glasses comes on the T.V. This is a scientist.

EDMUND WRIGHT

Thank you, as you may know, "The Bleed"---

The guard returns and orders Mary and John to follow them, Mary is distracted by the T.V. John grabs her.

JOHN

Come on, Mary.

MARY

Oh...right. Dad their calling it "The Bleed."

JOHN

I heard.

The guard brings them outside room 230.

GUARD

There will be an armed guard waiting outside the room.

(MORE)

GUARD (CONT'D)

Do not walk past the red line, do not touch the patient, do not accept anything from the patient, do not give the patient anything. Understood?

MARY

We got it...geez.

GUARD

Good.

The first guard leaves, and another takes his place.

JOHN

You ready?

MARY

Do I really have a choice?

JOHN

No, but it's nice to think you do.

Mary chuckles than grabs her father's hand, she squeezes it, surprising John. He squeezes her's back. The guard opens the door, and Mary and John enter.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 230 - DAY

John and Mary enter the room, still holding hands. There is a glass wall separating them from one half of the room. On the floor, a blood-red line, reading: DO NOT CROSS. Half the room is decently clean while the other half, the half with Lisa on it is badly destroyed with blood covering a lot of the floor. Lisa herself is chained to the wall, and her hands are locked. She winces and growls at John and Mary, we never see her, but she isn't herself right now. She shrieks and roars like a violent dog.

Mary takes a deep breath and steps forward letting go of her father's hand, John doesn't stop her. She stands inches away from the red line. She looks straight at her mom.

CUT TO BLACK.

MARY (O.S.)

Hi...mom.