

Zombie & Juliet

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Your standard public high school joint. Pale puke walls. A giant flat-screen monitor hangs where the blackboard would normally be. The screen reads THE REPUBLIC OF MANHATTAN.

A calendar on the wall reads 2033. A flag on the wall has a series of red, white and blue stripes. No stars.

The TEACHER (30's), a hip-looking public radio kinda guy is lecturing the class. Sits on the front edge of his desk.

HIP-LOOKING TEACHER

The outbreak began in 2023 when the HIV virus mutated into something stronger, deadlier, the *HIZ virus*, which also kills you slowly -- but doesn't let you die. Within six months, the whole planet was infected --

A YOUNG HOTTIE in the back row raises her hand. SNAPS gum.

YOUNG HOTTIE

Why don't the zombies die, Mr. Domino?

MR. DOMINO

We don't say *zombies*, Seven. That's like using the N-word. They prefer to be called *Infected-Americans* --

(beat)

It mirrors the HIV virus. The symptoms aren't that bad for the first six months, but then sometime during the next few months, the infection becomes full-blown, the person dies, and is reborn, so to speak -- as a ravenous mutant.

(sighs)

But unfortunately, sometimes it progress MUCH more quickly.

He PUNCHES a remote. We now see a map of the Republic on the screen. It's been divided into northern and southern territories with a neutral zone between them.

MR. DOMINO (CONT'D)

Our founding fathers erected a wall around the island to stem the outbreak, and christened the new land The Republic of Manhattan. But there was a power struggle for control -- so it was decided that the Kapp family would control the Northern half of the republic -- and the Mont family the southern half -- with Times Square becoming a neutral zone between the two --

SEVEN

Separate but equal --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. DOMINO
 Ten points for Seven.
 (beat)
 The Monts and Kapps have existed peacefully together for years, but they're now at odds over a controversial piece of legislation that the Kapps have been trying to pass -- the *shoot on sight bill*.

WISE-ASS KID
 I saw that on the news. They want to kill anyone who's infected.

MR. DOMINO
 What do you think about that? Is it fair?

WISE-ASS KID
 Who gives a shit about FAIR? I say kill the fuckers. *I don't wanna get infected --*

MR. DOMINO
 But what about human rights? Why not just quarantine them while we look for a cure?

A SICK-LOOKING GIRL sitting next to Seven rubs her nose.
 HACKS a horrible-sounding COUGH.

SEVEN
 Ew. Don't you DARE fucking cough on me, FREAK.

MR. DOMINO
 Are you feeling okay, Gaga? Would you like to go see the nurse?

GAGA
 I'm fine, Mr. Domino. I'm just --

She suddenly PROJECTILE VOMITS a geyser of RED-BROWN PUKE all over Seven, who starts SCREAMING.

The classroom door EXPLODES off its hinges, and a dozen PARAMILITARY TROOPS in black Hazmat suits with assault rifles STAMPEDE into the room.

One of them, the LEADER goes up to Mr. Domino. Points his rifle at the students.

PARAMILITARY LEADER
 NOBODY MOVE. This in an INFECTED AREA.

Two troopers GRAB Gaga. Wrestle her into a body bag. Carry her away, SCREAMING. Two more GRAB Seven, now covered in puke, also SCREAMING.

SEVEN
 Let me GO, let me GO -- I didn't DO ANYTHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A trooper runs a hand-held scanner over her body.
Takes a reading. Nods. Looks at Leader.

SCANNER TROOPER
Negative, sir.

PARAMILITARY LEADER
Take her in for testing. We need to be
sure --

SEVEN
TESTING? What kinda TESTING?

A pair of troopers stuff her into a body bag, kicking and
screaming. Then haul her away.

Another trooper takes a reading of the chair Gaga was sitting
in. Turns, looks at Leader.

TROOPER
Infection level four, sir.

PARAMILITARY LEADER
Quarantine the room.

MR. DOMINO
Wait a minute, you can't do that --

Paramilitary WHIPS out a syringe. Jabs it in Mr. Domino's
neck. He falls to the floor, THWUMP.

PARAMILITARY LEADER
Sleep tight, and don't let the Bill of
Rights bite, professor --

Scanner Trooper turns and looks at Leader.

SCANNER TROOPER
What's The Bill Of Rights?

PARAMILITARY LEADER
Ancient history, soldier --

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL ROOFTOP - DAY

A BLACK HELICOPTER sits on the roof. Blades WHIRRING. The
troopers race out of the rooftop exit with the body bags.
Load them onboard. The copter TAKES OFF.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - CHOPPER POV - DAY

We see the giant wall around the city. The chopper flies over
the Hudson river. On the other side, in what was New Jersey,
is now a series of burnt-out slums.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - BURNT-OUT WATERFRONT - STREET CORNER - DAY

In front of what was an apartment building, now a pile of smouldering ruins, a body bag lies on the sidewalk. It ZIPS open. Gaga crawls out. Looks around. Deserted. Huh.

GAGA
Not TOO scary --

A PACK OF ZOMBIES appear down the street. Hideously disfigured. About half-way gone. They SCREAM at her. Gaga WHIPS her head in their direction.

GAGA (CONT'D)
Omigod, omigod, omigod --

She starts RUNNING -- and they CHASE AFTER HER.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

A GLOSSY, AIRBRUSHED ANCHORMAN sits behind his desk with a PERT, SMILING BLONDE ANCHORWOMAN.

SMILING BLOND ANCHORWOMAN
Drilling commenced in Harlem today, where officials believe there might be enough oil to keep government vehicles in operation for another few years -- and for private citizens that can afford one-hundred dollars a gallon.
(shakes her head)
I can remember when it was ten bucks --

GLOSSY, AIRBRUSHED ANCHORMAN
This just in. The Department of Health Control estimates that there still might be several thousand Infected-Americans in the republic.
(looks at Smiling)
I don't know about you, but that reward money is sure an incentive --

SMILING BLOND ANCHORWOMAN
Tell me about it. I turned in my mother-in-law, and it paid for my vacation to Central Park.

They both laugh. Glossy suddenly looks serious.

GLOSSY, AIRBRUSHED ANCHORMAN
In other news, tonight in Times Square, another fight broke out between the Monts and Kapps. Fortunately, police officers arrived and broke up the fight before anyone was badly injured.

(CONTINUED)

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SMILING BLOND ANCHORWOMAN

Due to a recent rash of such incidents, Republic of Manhattan president Don Gotti has declared that anyone involved in future acts of violence will be shot on sight.

GLOSSY, AIRBRUSHED ANCHORMAN

I must say, Nobu -- it's a sad state of affairs to have this trouble on the eve of the tenth of October weekend. What a way to start celebrating the birth our republic --

NOBU

Indeed, Brock --
(beat)

We now go to Paul David Brazill, live at The Madison Square Coliseum, where the Ultimate Extreme Gladiator finals are just getting underway. Tonight, it's black vs. white in a fight to the death.

BROCK

Again?

The look at each other. Big smiles.

EXT. UPPER EAST SIDE - MANSION - NIGHT

A tony, upper-crust monstrosity on upper Fifth Avenue. Three stories of vulgarity. Takes up the whole block. Nothing succeeds like excess.

A line stretch limos spill out DIGNITARIES, CELEBRITIES and other SUPER-RICH ASSHOLES who then walk up the red carpet to the entrance with their BODYGUARDS.

INT. MANSION - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Like something out of Versailles. GUESTS mingle, take drinks and finger sandwiches from SERVANTS. Onstage, GREEN DAY plays for the crowd. In their 60's, they still rock.

CAMERA finds CARLING KAPP (50'), scion of the family. Distinguished good looks. Big smile. You'd smile, too if you lived here. He charms a group standing around him.

CARLING

My dear, Harlem HAD to be burned down. We have BIG PLANS for the area.

ANOREXIC SOCIETY MATRON

Oh? And what exactly ARE your plans, my dear Carling?

CARLING

A country club RESORT -- surrounding a LAKE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG, FAT CAPITALIST PIG
Astounding, my dear boy. And I assume
membership will be *restricted*?

CARLING
But of course --
(sips his champagne)
Of course, given that our construction
methods have become rather medieval as of
late, it will take some time --

BIG, FAT CAPITALIST PIG
Quite. But first we have to pillage all
the OIL.

CARLING
(smiles, raises his glass)
Drill, baby, *drill*.

They all LAUGH.

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Part of a lux suite of rooms on an upper floor. Very grand.
Tasteful. Tons of books. A big, old globe. Old-school
computer with a giant monitor. A big record library.

Sitting on the bed is JOOL KAPP (17), Carling's niece. Very
pretty, but doesn't work it. No makeup. Hair in a tomboyish
bob. Smart. Feisty. Strong. Tons of self-will.

Think a young Kate Hepburn. With a dash of Ellen Page.
Rakish in slacks, fitted jacket and boots.

JOOL
But I don't *want* to go down there. I
can't stand those people. They're all
phonies. My IQ goes down a point every
minute I'm around them. All they care
about is money, class, privilege. They
have no conception about what's *really*
important in life.

Standing nearby is NIN (40's), Jool's nanny since childhood.
Smart. Sleek. Very Emma Peel. Now Jool's advisor. Confidant.

NIN
But your Uncle Carling expects you to
make an appearance.

JOOL
Tough toenails. I'm just a trophy to him.
Something to show off.

NIN
Can't you just humor him?

JOOL
No, I can't. I'm a person, Nin -- not a
THING.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOOL (CONT'D)

(off her look)

And I'm tired of being cooped up in this *mausoleum*. I feel trapped. Like a bird in a gilded cage. I want to GO OUT. See the world. Explore.

NIN

Out? Where? You know the streets aren't safe.

JOOL

Fiddlesticks. I'm a big girl. I can take of myself.

NIN

Oh, you can, can you. And where do you plan on going?

JOOL

Downtown.

NIN

Why on earth would you want to go *downtown*?

JOOL

There's a big Tenth of October street fair tonight, totally old-school. Food, drink, live music, you know -- a *street fair*.

NIN

Ah, yes. I've read about those --

JOOL

I can take a cab and have them wait for me. It'll totally be safe. And I won't stay long. I promise. I just wanna see regular people having FUN. What's so wrong about that?

NIN

Kind of like -- anthropology.

JOOL

Exactly. So can I go? *Please?*

NIN

You feel very strongly about this --

(beat)

Go. Have fun. But be back by eleven, okay?

JOOL

YES. Thank you, Nin. THANK YOU.

(clasps her hands)

Omigod, I'm so excited I could plotz.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NIN
I expect a full report when you get back.
(beat)
Oh. And don't forget your gun.

JOOL
Of course not.

She walks over to her desk. Opens a drawer. Pulls out a SIG SAUER MOSQUITO. RACKS out the clip. Checks it. SHOVES it back in, CHINK. Puts it her purse. Looks at Nin. Smiles brightly.

JOOL (CONT'D)
Don't leave home without it.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

A PEDAL-RICKSHAW CAB cruises south down Fifth Avenue, passes giant mansions. Airbrushed office buildings. Tony boutiques. We see other pedal-cabs, and also tons of PEOPLE ON BICYCLES.

INT. RICKSHAW CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

Jool looks out the window, full of anticipation.

THE RICKSHAW CAB

Gets to the border of midtown. Starts passing through --

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Once gentrified, the infamous avenue has returned to it's previous squalor. All of the fancy stores and restaurants are now home to peep shows, strip clubs, bars and whore houses.

The Gap sign now reads THE GASH. We see signs for CRATE AND ASSHOLE. STARFUCKS. JAMBA COOZE. S&M'S. HOOTERS.

JOOL

Looks out the window. Silently gasps at the motley crew of STREET TRASH milling about.

THE RICKSHAW CAB

Continues on downtown. The streets now lined with ancient BROWNSTONES. A STREET VENDOR hawks his wares. The people look young, hip. A bohemian kid plays a guitar on the corner.

JOOL

Smiles. Likes what she sees.

JOOL
He's cute.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - BLEECKER STREET - NIGHT

A STREET FAIR in full-swing. Rows of booths and stalls filled with food from around the world. A ROCK BAND plays on a raised platform. A throng of SMILING PARTIERS mill about.

CAMERA finds two YOUNG GUYS (17) walking through the fair. Deep in conversation.

YOUNG GUY

I'm not ready yet, Merk. It's too soon.

Meet ROMMY MONT. Nice guy, but awkward. Shy. Always deep in thought. Looks wounded. Haunted. One of those borderline types. Could transcend 'nerd' -- if he'd only try.

Think Ryan Gosling. Divided by Jessie Eisenberg. With a dash of Joseph Gordon-Levitt. Dressed a bit too geeky in pressed jeans and a sweater vest. Longish hair in search of a style.

MERK

Too soon? It's been over a year. You need to move on. You've elevated the grieving process into an art form. You need to get *laid*, my good man.

(waves his hand at the throng)

I mean, look at this sea of female flesh. All you need to do is dive in.

Meet MERK ROWE, Rommy's best friend, already pre-med. Smart. Funny. The ultimate wing-man. Tall and thin, with eyes that twinkle with mischief. Rakish in a vintage Ramones T.

ROMMY

I don't see the point. Why even try? We'll never get off this island, and until there's a cure for the virus --

(gestures)

You're just setting yourself up for disappointment.

MERK

(low)

Can you keep a secret?

ROMMY

What?

MERK

I was working at the school lab last night --

(looks around)

And I think I discovered something.

ROMMY

What?

MERK

A cure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY
For the VIRUS?

MERK
Shhhh --
(beat)
Yeah. I just need to try it on someone
who's infected.

ROMMY
You're not shitting me?

MERK
I shit you not, my lord.

Rommy stops in his tracks. Sees something. Stares.

MERK (CONT'D)
This is the part where you call me a
genius.
(sees him staring)
What are you looking at?
(beat)
Hello, Earth to Rommy, Earth to Rommy.
Come in, come in. We've lost your signal.
(beat)
HELLO.

IN THE CROWD

We see JOOL, drifting down the street toward them. In complete delight with all the sights, sounds and smells of the fair. Taking pictures with her camera. In her element.

She throws some money in a hat in front of a STREET MUSICIAN. Goes to a vendor. Buys a bouquet flowers. Sniffs them. Then buys a piece chocolate from another. Eats it, savoring it.

MERK

Nudges Rommy.

MERK (CONT'D)
Look. Someone dropped a hundred-dollar
bill on the sidewalk.

ROMMY
(still staring)
That's nice.

MERK
Okay. You just stand there like a robot,
and I'm gonna go get another beer.

He walks away, shaking his head. Jool comes into view. Sees Rommy gaping at her. Stops. Looks at him. Fake-angry.

JOOL
Drool much? Didn't your mother teach you
it's not polite to stare?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROMMY
I'm -- sorry.

JOOL
It's okay. Just busting your chops.

He comes out of his trance. Faint hint of a smile.

ROMMY
Color me busted.

JOOL
(offers hand to shake)
Jool.

ROMMY
(shakes)
Rommy. Nice to meet you.
(beat)
Pretty name.

They stop shaking. But don't let go. If this were animated, we'd see an electric spark CRACKLE.

JOOL
It's short for Juliet, but I HATE that name. It's so corny.
(beat)
Is Rommy short for -- Romeo?

ROMMY
Worse. Short for *Romulus*. Father's a Trekkie.

They realize. Let go. An awkward moment. Then --

ROMMY (CONT'D)
So you're, uh -- enjoying the street fair?

JOOL
Yeah, it's AMAZING. We don't have them where I come from. It's like another WORLD.

He looks at her expensive, understated clothing. Realizes.

ROMMY
You're -- from uptown?

JOOL
Yeah. But I think I like it better downtown.

ROMMY
You're a Kapp --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOOL
Shhh. Don't tell anyone. What happens in
Greenwich Village, stays in Greenwich
Village.

Pause.

ROMMY
You have -- the most beautiful eyes.

JOOL
(looks closely)
Yours are sad. Wounded. Like you've been -
(beat)
I'm sorry. That was stupid. I do that all
the time. I get too personal too quickly
-- talk without thinking. Some people say
I talk too MUCH. *Oh, look -- there's
Chatty Kathy.*

ROMMY
That's okay. I like to talk. I mean,
talking's good. If people would just talk
to each other, the world would be a --
(beat)
Would you like to get some ice cream?
(beat)
Sit and talk?

JOOL
I'd like that.

She leans in. Kisses him on the cheek. Then pulls away.
Surveys the damage. Rommy's face flushes a deep red.

ROMMY
Wh-what was that for?

JOOL
Just curious.
(beat)
I've never seen a boy blush like that.

PUSH IN ON Rommy's face. Heart racing.

ROMMY
So, uh -- what's your favorite flavor?

EXT. NEW JERSEY - CITY STREET - NIGHT

Across the river, what once was a bustling berg is now a
burned-out shell. In ruins. A deserted slum.

GAGA comes RUNNING down the street. Pursued by the trio of
zombies we saw earlier. They start GAINING on her. She turns,
DUCKS down an alley. Huffing and panting.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Gaga RUNS down the alley, the zombies in hot pursuit. She sees a door. YANKS it open. RUNS inside. The zombies follow.

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gaga TEARS ASS through the kitchen, GRABBING pots and pans and HURLING them at the zombies. But they BOUNCE off them and CLANG onto the floor. She RUNS into --

INT. ABANDONED RESTAURANT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Eerie. Chairs up on tables. Cobwebs. Rats SCURRY about. Gaga DASHES through the room. JUMPS under a table and hides. The zombies RACE into the room. Stop. Look around. Sniffing.

The front door FLIES OPEN. A tall, rugged GUY (40's) walks in. Dead ringer for Bruce Campbell. He holds a giant 'super-soaker' squirt gun. Meet BRICK COSMO, revolutionary warrior.

BRICK

Eat shit and MELT, mother-undead-FUCKERS.

He SPRAYS them with a brown liquid. The zombies fall back, SCREAMING. Their skin BUBBLES in a WHITE MIST. They HIT the ground and DISSOLVE into a gooey puddle of pulp and bones.

BRICK (CONT'D)

Disgusting.

Brick puts his weapon down. Steps around it.

BRICK (CONT'D)

You can come out now. The coast is clear.

GAGA (O.C.)

Who-who are you?

BRICK

Brick Cosmo, soldier in the infected revolutionary army. C'mon out. I won't hurt you.

(sings)

Buffalo soldier, dreadlock rasta --

Gaga comes out from under the table. Sees the zombie puddle.

GAGA

Thanks --

(gulps)

How did you do that?

BRICK

(holds up the gun)

Believe it or not, gasoline. Takes 'em out faster than you can say *pay at the pump*.

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CONTINUED:

GAGA
Why not just shoot them?

BRICK
We're kinda low on bullets these days.

GAGA
You said -- *infected revolutionary army*?

BRICK
Yes, ma'am. The revolution WON'T be
televised -- but we're still gonna kick
ass.
(looks her over)
You must be a newbie. Wanna enlist? We
offer room, board and zombie protection.

GAGA
Yeah, sure. What do I need to do?

BRICK
Just follow me to our secret
headquarters, and we'll fill you in.

EXT. ABANDONED CITY STREET - NIGHT

Brick leads Gaga down the ruined avenue.

BRICK
Keep your eyes peeled. These mofos can
MOVE.

GAGA
So how many are there in your
revolutionary army?

BRICK
Now that you're on board, six. But that's
just our cell. There's TONS of us out
here, and we're getting ready to rock the
fucking Casbah.

GAGA
What's your plan?

BRICK
Ever seen *Escape From New York*?

GAGA
Yeah, sure. I love old movies.

BRICK
Well, it's kinda the reverse --

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The crowd has thinned out. Carling stands chatting with TATE
CANYON (21). Incredibly good-looking. Natty in cool threads.
Oozing charisma. Great with the ladies. And a real mench.

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CONTINUED:

CARLING

I don't know where she is, Tate.
I haven't seen her all night.

TATE

That's a shame. I've been dying to meet
her. Maybe another time --

CARLING

Would you please excuse me a moment?
I'll be right back.

TATE

Of course.

Carling walks over to the bar where Nin is getting a drink.

CARLING

Have you seen Jool? I've been looking for
her all evening.

NIN

(turns white)
No, I haven't.

CARLING

You're lying, Nin. I can always tell. Out
with it.

NIN

She -- went out.

CARLING

Where did she go?

NIN

To a -- street fair.

CARLING

A *street fair*? Where on EARTH is there a
street fair tonight?

NIN

Uh -- downtown.

CARLING

DOWNTOWN? She went DOWNTOWN? Why on EARTH
would she want to go THERE?

NIN

Carling, she's young. Curious. It's only
natural that she'd want to see how other
people live.

(beat)

Think of it like -- anthropology.

CARLING

But it's not SAFE down there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NIN
Nonsense. She took a cab. And her gun.

CARLING
(sees something)
Jool. There you are --

IN THE DOORWAY

Stands Jool. Carrying her shoes in her hand.
Trying to sneak in quietly. Busted.

JOOL
Uncle Carling.

CARLING
Come over here. There's someone I want
you to meet.

Jool walks over. Looks at Tate. Smiles blandly.

CARLING (CONT'D)
I present to you my niece, Juliet.

JOOL
Jool.

TATE
You said she was a goddess --
(takes her hand, kisses it)
Did my heart love 'til now? Forswear its
sight -- for I never saw true beauty
until this night.

She pulls her hand away. NOT interested.

JOOL
I'm like, so sure. Gag me with Bartlett's
Quotations.

CARLING
(oblivious)
I'm sure the two of you are going to be
quite happy together.

JOOL
Excuse me?

CARLING
My dear, this is the man you're going to
marry.

JOOL
I don't understand.

CARLING
Tate is the heir to the Canyon dynasty.
You should be honored. The Times named
him one of the 'ten most eligible
bachelors in the republic.'

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CARLING (CONT'D)
 (big smile)
 Nothing but the best for *my* niece --

Jool stares at Carling. Then Tate. Speechless. Then at Nin.
 Who gives her a 'it's news to me' look.

CARLING (CONT'D)
 My dear, are you feeling alright? You
 look pale.

JOOL
 On what planet do you expect me to marry
 THAT yuppie gas-bag?
 (to Tate)
 No offense.

She turns on her heel, and quickly MARCHES out of the room.

CARLING
 What the -- ?
 (calls after her)
 You come back here THIS INSTANT, young
 lady.

NIN
 Calm down. I'll go talk to her.

CARLING
 Do that.

Nin nods. Rushes off. Carling looks at Tate. Sighs.

CARLING (CONT'D)
 I'm dreadfully sorry. I guess I should
 have briefed her.

PUSH IN on Tate's face. His look of disappointment.

TATE
 Was it something I said?

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - NIGHT

One of those classic, run-down, shitty neighborhood joints
 where the locals hang out. Rommy and Merk sit at dark table
 in the back with a pitcher of beer. Eating peanuts.

ROMMY
 She's amazing. I've never met a girl
 that's so smart, funny, confident --
 ALIVE.
 (beat)
 And STACKED.

MERK
 So what's where you disappeared.

ROMMY
 Yeah. There's just one problem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERK
What's that?

ROMMY
Can you keep a secret?

MERK
I can, but it might keep me.

ROMMY
What? You're always talking in riddles.

Merk smiles. CRACKS open a peanut.

MERK
You quarrel with someone for cracking
nuts because you have hazel eyes.

ROMMY
Yeah. Stuff like that. How do you THINK
of that?

MERK
That's actually from the Bard.

ROMMY
Okay, okay -- enough. The thing is --
(sighs)
Jool's a KAPP.

MERK
WHAT? Really?

A phone behind the bar RINGS. The BARTENDER answers it.

ROMMY
Yeah. And she said she probably couldn't
come downtown again because she was gonna
catch hell from her uncle.

MERK
So what are you going to do?

ROMMY
I'm gonna convince my father that she's
different, she's cool -- and not like
your typical Kapp --
(beat)
And then I'm gonna uptown and see her
again.

Bartender calls out to Merk. Holds up the receiver.

BARTENDER
Hey, Merk -- phone's for you.

MERK
(looks)
Thanks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MERK (CONT'D)
 (to Rommy)
 Be right back.

He gets up. Goes to the bar. Takes the phone. Listens.
 Rommy pours another beer. Takes a sip. Lost in thought.
 Merk comes rushing back. Looks wild-eyed.

MERK (CONT'D)
 My sister got infected. She's been
ejected from the republic --

ROMMY
 What the hell? How did you --

MERK
 My father. They've been looking for me
 all day, but couldn't find me because of
 the street fair --

ROMMY
 Holy shit.

MERK
 No shit. I gotta go home. C'mon, come
 walk with me.

EXT. BLEECKER STREET - NIGHT

The fair's still going full-steam. Merk and Rommy go down the
 sidewalk, avoiding the crowd.

MERK
 I'm going to go find her, Rommy. Give her
 the vaccine.

ROMMY
 Are you crazy? Do you know how dangerous
 that is?

MERK
 She's my twin, Rommy. I have to.
 (beat)
 I'm going to give you the formula. In
 case something happens to me. It'll be
 safe with you. I trust you.

ROMMY
 Okay. So what's the plan?

MERK
 Simple. Find my sister, save her life,
 bring her home, and then save mankind.

ROMMY
 Works for me --

INT. ABANDONED CONVENIENCE STORE - AT THAT MOMENT

Dark and dank. Windows boarded up. A series of crude bunk
 beds line one wall. On another, shelves filled with supplies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brick stands in front of his group of INFECTED REVOLUTIONARIES. There's about a dozen of them, in various stages of decay. But none of them are too far-gone.

Standing next to him is Gaga. Looking around nervously.

BRICK

This here's Gaga. She was just infected and thrown to the wolves. And she's decided to join the revolution.

The group starts murmuring. MONSTER (30'S), big and burly, stands. Stares at Gaga. Points a finger.

MONSTER

But she's just a young GIRL. How's she supposed to FIGHT?

BRICK

So what was I supposed to do, let the terminals GET her? And besides, it's strength in numbers, Monster.

RENO (20's), a tough biker chick, sneers.

RENO

You gotta be fucking kidding me. Last time I looked, we're not on *Sesame Street*.

MONSTER

I say we VOTE on it. All that say NAY, raise your hands.

He SHOOTS his hand up. Half the group raises their hands.

GAGA

Can I say something?

BRICK

Sure thing, little lady. The floor is yours.

Gaga looks at the group. Scared to death. But defiant.

GAGA

I'll have you know that I'm a Mont, NOT a Kapp, and that we think how you've been treated is unfair --

MONSTER

Big fucking deal.

GAGA

And -- that my brother has developed a vaccine for the virus.

A hush falls over the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRICK
Really? You didn't tell me that.

GAGA
Well, what with escaping from the zombies
and stuff, it slipped my mind.

HAMMER (20's), a dead ringer for Ving Rhames chortles.

HAMMER
Bull-SHIT. How do we know this fuckin'
vaccine WORKS?

GAGA
My brother's a genius. He's second year
pre-med, and he's only seventeen --

Something SLAMS against the front door. BANG. BANG. BANG.

GAGA (CONT'D)
What's THAT?

MONSTER
INFECTED ATTACK --

The BANGING increases. Every wall in the room starts SHAKING.
Everybody LEAPS up. Races around. Grabs their squirt guns.
Brick grabs a pair of super-soakers. Hands one to Gaga.

GAGA
How did they find us?

BRICK
Smell. In the last six months of
infection, they're like bloodhounds.
And you're fresh meat.

Monster RACES over to the wall. Opens a peep-hole. Looks out.

BRICK (CONT'D)
How many?

MONSTER
About a hundred --

GAGA
A HUNDRED?

MONSTER
Hell, we escaped from over a *thousand* on
the Jersey Shore --

GAGA
A THOUSAND?

MONSTER
Well, you know the Jersey Shore --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRICK
Quick, everybody -- up to the ROOF.

The BANGING gets louder. Red-clawed mutant hands start punching HOLES in the walls. Everybody RACES to the stairs on the other side of the room. Start RUNNING up the steps.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE ROOF - NIGHT

Brick, Gaga, Reno, Monster, Hammer and the rest FLY out onto the roof. Go to the sides. Look down.

AERIAL POV --

The building is surrounded by A HOARD OF INFECTED ZOMBIES. Ravenous, bug-eyed, screeching mutants covered in lesions, dripping goo, now scabbling up the walls like spiders.

JAG, former military (30's), big and bulky scans the crowd.

JAG
Semper FUCK --

Brick raises his squirt gun. SCREAMS.

BRICK
Get in FORMATION, soldiers. Three to a side, LET'S GO --

Four groups of three go to each side. Start SPRAYING gasoline down on the attackers.

A pair of SCREAMING INFECTEDS come over the wall. Jag SPRAYS them. They EXPLODE in a RED MIST -- POP.

JAG
Be all you CAN be --

Another ZOMBIE climbs over the wall. Reaches for Reno. She NAILS him. He EXPLODES, drenching her with goo.

RENO
Goddammit, I just did my HAIR --

A SLOBBERING ZOMBIE *flies up* over the side. Gaga NAILS him with a stream of gas in the chest. A giant HOLE opens up, his GUTS slide out -- and he POPS.

GAGA
It's like a videogame --

MONSTER
I'm getting low on gas --

RENO
So am I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICK
 (to Hammer)
 Ready for a little FIRE, scarecrow?

Hammer looks at Brick, strapped into a flamethrower.

HAMMER
 It's *Hammer-time* --

He FLICKS IT ON and a SPRAY OF FIRE SHOOTS OUT. He SWEEPS it down across the side of the building. It HITS them -- and they EXPLODE in SCREAMING FIREBALLS OF BLACK SMOKE.

Hammer RACES around the roof, SPRAYING fire down the walls, killing the rest, the air now thick with smoke.

BRICK
 Everybody DOWN. Cover your MOUTHS --

They all get down, pull bandannas up over their noses.

GAGA
 It smells like -- shit.

BRICK
 No shit. And breathing it will kill you.
 It's the virus, in a gaseous state.

HAMMER
 That's why we only use fire as a last resort.

BRICK
 (to Gaga)
 About that vaccine. Where does your brother live?

GAGA
 Like I said, we're Monts. Downtown.
 In the Village.

BRICK
 Perfect. That's where we're gonna enter the republic.

GAGA
 Are we going over the wall?

BRICK
 Don't be silly. Too many armed guards.
 (beat)
 We're going in through the *Holland Tunnel*.

GAGA
 That's GENIUS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRICK

Hey. How do you think I got to be the leader? My good looks?

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

A beautiful pre-war three-story single-residence on a leafy side street. Elegant. Tasteful. Like out of a time capsule.

INT. MONT RESIDENCE - STUDY - NIGHT

A manly, academic lair. Bookcases crammed with classic books. A fire CRACKLES in the hearth. Classic jazz on the hi-fi. Prints of classic art. The joint is, in a word -- classic.

ORSON MONT (40's) sits at his desk. Good-looking with a shock of dark hair. Professorial threads. Eyes normally crinkled with good humor. But not now. Not when they've been betrayed.

Seated before him is Rommy, beyond upset.

ROMMY

But Dad, that's not FAIR.

ORSON

LIFE isn't fair, Rommy. You know that. I'm sorry, but NO son of mine will EVER be associated with a KAPP. Did you know they're trying to pass a law that anyone who gets infected is to be SHOT ON SIGHT?

(beat)

And what about the election? What do you think my chances would be if word gets out that my son is dating a KAPP? I'd have to *disown* you. And you don't want THAT, do you?

(off his stare)

Don't worry son, it's only puppy love. You're young. You'll get over it. There's plenty of fish below fourteenth street.

(beat)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a conference call.

He reaches over. Starts dialing a number on the phone. Rommy glares at his father. Angry. Leaves the room.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Rommy shuts the door quietly. Looks at it. Seething.

ROMMY

Just try and STOP me.

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - JOOL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jool sits on her bed. Eyes on fire. Royally pissed off. Carling sits next to her. Tries to comfort her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLING

You'll see, honey. It's for the best. No niece of mine can be seen associating with a Mont. Did you know they're trying to pass a law that will give the infected *equal rights*?

JOOL

But I LIKE him. He's kind, decent, sensitive -- nothing like the pompous jerks up here. He cares about *people*, not MONEY.

CARLING

Now you're talking crazy.

(sighs)

It's just a schoolgirl crush. Tate is *much* better for you. He comes from a good family.

Jool stares at him, wild-eyed.

JOOL

But I don't even KNOW him --

CARLING

It's all been settled, darling. The wedding has been set for next week --

Nin appears in the doorway. Arches an eyebrow. Carling nods for her to come and take over. He stands. She walks over. Sits next to Jool. Tries to comfort her.

CARLING (CONT'D)

Get some rest, my love. You'll feel better in the morning. Nin here will take care of you.

He leaves. Jool looks at Nin.

JOOL

What am I going to do? I want to go out with Rommy, not *marry* somebody I don't know. And Uncle Carling said the marriage is NEXT WEEK --

NIN

We'll see what we can do about THAT.

JOOL

Really?

NIN

Of course. Ever since your parents --
(beat)
I've thought of you like a daughter.

They hug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOOL

So do I. I mean, you, like my mother.
(sighs)
What are we going to do?

NIN

I don't know. But don't worry. There's
more than one way to skin a fat-cat.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - THE WALL - NIGHT

A three-story-high wall of cinder blocks now surrounds the city-state. Coils of barbed wire on top. A sentry station at each block with armed guards. Searchlights sweep the area.

All is quiet. It's past curfew. Merk walks west toward the end of Christopher Street. Backpack loaded with supplies. Face smeared with green makeup for that 'infected' look.

He gets near the wall. Stops. Looks up at the sentry box.

MERK

Oh, great soldier of the Republic, what
say you?

A spotlight WHOOSHES across the dark sky. Lands on Merk, illuminating him in its bright light.

NASTY GUARD (O.C.)

HALT. Who goes there?

MERK

It is I, Merk Rowe, here to give myself
up. I have become infected with the virus
and wish to leave, sire. I simply wish a
safe exit without harm.

A giant net FLIES DOWN, trapping Merk. The rope YANKS UP, and he's lifted into the air.

MERK (CONT'D)

Thank you, my lord.

EXT. NEW JERSEY WATERFRONT - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

We recognize the area as the same place where Gaga ended up earlier in the story. Deserted. Ominously quiet.

Merk comes around a corner, looking bruised and battered. But okay. He holds a lantern. Picks his way through the rubble.

MERK

Okay, now if I were newly-infected
seventeen-year-old-girl, where would I
go?

EXT. CARLING'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rommy climbs up the drainpipe on the exterior wall of the house. He pulls himself up. Feet search for a resting place. They find it, on a narrow ledge. He rests a moment. Winded.

ROMMY
This is great, Rommy. Just great. You're gonna get yourself killed. I should have my head examined.

He takes a deep breath. Starts climbing. Goes up, up, up -- until he's just below Jool's balcony. He carefully grips the pipe. Keeps climbing. Sees her window.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
Thank god. Light from her yonder window --
(calls out)
JOOL.

Jool rushes out onto the balcony. Sees him.

JOOL
ROMMY?

Rommy climbs over. Goes to her. Takes her hands in his.

ROMMY
Hey, there. Miss me?

JOOL
You -- climbed up the building.

ROMMY
You are the sun, and the moon is -- really pissed off. I don't know. Something like that.

JOOL
Rommy, oh Rommy. Wherefor art thou --
(beat)
At two in the morning.

ROMMY
My bike had a flat and I had to walk.
(beat)
And running away from home is a big decision, you know? Kinda stressful.

JOOL
I can't believe you're here.

ROMMY
Neither can I. That was SOME climb.

JOOL
Wait a minute. You said *running way from home?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY

Okay, look. Here's the deal. Our families have forbidden us from seeing each other. Well, I say *screw them*. Why do we have to do what THEY say? We can still be together.

JOOL

You mean --

ROMMY

Come away with me. I've got some money saved up --

(off her look)

I know it's really sudden. If you need time to think about it, I totally understand.

JOOL

YES. YES. I will --

ROMMY

Really?

NIN (O.C.)

Jool, what are you doing out there? You'll catch your death of cold.

JOOL

Hold that thought. I'll be right back.

INT. JOOL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jool dashes over to Nin excitedly.

JOOL

It's Rommy. He's HERE. He climbed up THE BUILDING.

NIN

Really?

JOOL

YES. Guard the door. If Uncle Carling comes by, tell him I'm asleep.

NIN

You got it.

JOOL

Thanks.

She DASHES back out onto --

THE BALCONY

Where Rommy stands waiting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY
Everything okay?

JOOL
Yeah. That was my -- Nin. She watches out for me. But you better get out of here. If my uncle finds you, he'll KILL you.

ROMMY
Okay. What time should we meet tomorrow?

JOOL
How about -- nine-AM?

ROMMY
(nods)
Nine-AM.

JOOL
Where should we meet?

ROMMY
Times Square. We'll be safe there -- we can disappear in the crowd. Meet me in front of the old Disney store ruins.

JOOL
Isn't that -- kinda hokey?

ROMMY
(sings, off-key)
Can you feel the love tonight --

JOOL
Okay, okay --
(grabs him)
Kiss me, you fool.

And they embrace. Kiss passionately. Pull apart. Rommy smiles. Then suddenly looks freaked out.

JOOL (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

ROMMY
I just realized. Now I've gotta climb *back down*.

EXT. NEW JERSEY WATERFRONT - STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Merk walks down the street looking at the ruins, the decay, the rubble. Shakes his head sadly.

MERK
New Jersey and you, perfect together.
(beat)
Not.
(hears something)
What's that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops in front of the boarded-up convenience store. Puts his ear against the plywood covering what used to be one of the windows. Listens.

INT. BOARDED-UP CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Brick, Reno, Monster, Hammer and Jag are quietly hammering nails into pieces of wood to cover the holes that the zombies made during the attack.

It's a rather odd sight, really, seeing someone trying to hammer slowly. Softly. Gaga looks through a peephole in the wall. Keeping an eye on what's going on outside.

GAGA
I don't fucking BELIEVE it.

BRICK
What?

GAGA
My BROTHER is out there --

RENO
The one with the vaccine?

GAGA
Yeah.

BRICK
Then LET HIM IN --

Gaga slides back a two-by-four dead bolt across the door. Then slowly opens the door. Merk stands there. In shock.

MERK
Gaga?

GAGA
MERK --

MERK
I can't believe I found you -- so quickly.

GAGA
Get your ass IN HERE.

He comes in. She shuts and locks the door. They hug. Brick walks up to Merk. Offers his hand. They shake.

BRICK
The name's Brick. Brick Cosmo. I'm the leader of this here revolutionary cell.

MERK
(looks around the room, nods)
Cool. Cool.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MERK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Kind of a small cell --

BRICK

Well, there used to be about a hundred of us, but most of our troops got wiped out in The Battle Of The Meadowlands. We then decided to set up camp near where the newly-infected get dropped off. Figured that would be the easiest way to increase our ranks. That's why you found us so quickly. Not too shabby, eh?

MERK

Got it --

BRICK

Your sister tells us you've got a vaccine for the virus.

MERK

I do, but I haven't tested it yet.

RENO

(suspicious)

Why didn't you test it on yourself?

MERK

I'm not infected.

GAGA

You mean you *left the republic* to --

MERK

Hey. You're my *sister*.

BRICK

How much do you have?

MERK

Enough for all of you.

BRICK

Then let's get this show on the road and see if this shit works.

Merk shrugs out of his backpack. Opens one of the compartments. Pulls out a small medical bag.

MERK

It worked on the lab rats --

(looks at Gaga)

Don't worry. They only bad reaction would be getting the virus, which you already have.

GAGA

Okay --

She sits. Watches him prepare the injection. He wipes her arm with an alcohol swab. SQUIRTS the needle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MERK

Just relax. This won't hurt a bit.

She nods. Closes her eyes. He taps lightly on her forearm. Finds a vein. Injects her. She flinches.

MERK (CONT'D)

Okay. Give it a few minutes --
(to Brick)
So what was *The Battle Of The Meadowlands*?

BRICK

We were having our first rally. You know, getting organized. It was really trippy, like out of a John Carpenter movie --

MERK

Who's John Carpenter?

BRICK

Not important. Anyway, there were a couple hundred SERIOUSLY infected living in the bowels of the stadium, I mean, we're talking full-on *Night Of The Living FUCK*. It was *Twenty-Eight YEARS* Later-time.

GAGA

Merk, MERK. LOOK --

Gaga holds up her hand. The swelling and discoloration is gone. Her face looks normal, too. She beams with happiness.

MERK

It worked. It WORKED.

BRICK

(starts rolling up his sleeve)
Holy SHIT. You're a fucking genius.

PUSH IN ON Merk. Smiling. Holding up the syringe.

MERK

Hey. Friends DO let friends share needles.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

Rommy stands in front of what used to be the Disney Store. Most of the signage is gone. Now reads 'Di sey S_ore.'
And, underneath it, HOT LESBIAN NURSES in flashing red neon.

A crowd of HOMELESS PEOPLE, HOOKERS and various other FREAKS parade past him like something out of a John Waters film.

ROMMY

(sings softly to himself)
Everybody wants some, I want some TOO --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A VICIOUS-LOOKING HOMELESS MAN IN RAGS approaches him.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
Everybody wants some, how 'bout YOU?
 (sees him, steps back)
 Excuse me.

VICIOUS-LOOKING HOMELESS MAN IN RAGS
 Hungry. Need to -- EAT.

Rommy pulls out some change. Offers it to him.

ROMMY
 Here you go --

But Vicious-Looking ignores it. He GRABS Rommy's arm, YANKS it to his mouth and CHOMPS on it. Blood SQUIRTS in the air.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
 OW, HEY --

Suddenly Vicious-Looking's head EXPLODES IN A RED MIST, drenching Rommy with blood and goo.

A pair of COMMANDOS IN BLACK appear out of nowhere with shotguns. Watch Vicious-Looking's body crumple into a heap.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
 Holy SHIT.

The Taller Commando pulls out a scanner. Waves it across Rommy. It VIBRATES and HUMS. He reads the meter.

TALLER COMMANDO
 Infection level three.

BULKY COMMANDO
 Already? DAMN. Let's bag 'em, Marko.

ROMMY
 Bag 'em? No, WAIT. I'm waiting for my --

In the blink of an eye Taller WHIPS OUT a giant black body bag from his backpack -- and Bulky SHOVES Rommy into it.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
 (muffled screams)
 Hey, let me OUT OF HERE. You can't DO this. I'm supposed to meet my --

Marko PUNCHES the bag -- THWUMP. Silence.

MARKO
 Don't get mad. Get Glad.

BULKY COMMANDO
 (looks at his watch)
 Let's drop him off right away.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BULKY COMMANDO (CONT'D)

If we hurry, we'll have time for a meat
log afterward --

And they carry him away. Just then Jool appears. Out of
breath. She scans the passing crowd of filth. No Rommy.
She looks at her watch. Puzzled.

JOOL

Where IS he?

A DISGUSTING, TOOTHLESS OBESE BAG LADY passes by. Stops.
Smells Jool. Her hideous, deformed, face a rictus of death.

DISGUSTING, TOOTHLESS OBESE BAG LADY

Mmm. Someone smells -- clean.

JOOL

(starts backing away)

Stay AWAY from me --

Disgusting gets in her face. Pushes her into an alcove.

DISGUSTING, TOOTHLESS OBESE BAG LADY

Is that SOFT SOAP?

JOOL

I said GET AWAY FROM ME --

DISGUSTING, TOOTHLESS OBESE BAG LADY

Wanna NECK?

Jool LASHES out at her, SWIPES her nails across Disgusting's
face. Disgusting SCREAMS, RAKES hers across Jool's face. Jool
HEAD-BUTTS Disgusting, who REELS back. Momentarily stunned.

Another PAIR OF COMMANDOS appears and GRABS Disgusting.
One of them waves a scanner over her.

REPULSED COMMANDO

Holy fucking SHIT. Infection level SIX.

Jool slides around them. Then RUNS away.

FREAKED-OUT COMMANDO

Piece of shit's gonna turn ANY MINUTE.

The commandos pull out ASSAULT RIFLES. Stand back. Aim their
weapons at Disgusting -- just as she starts MORPHING into a
hideous, screeching, chattering ZOMBIE.

They OPEN FIRE and SHRED the repulsive creature into a
frappe' of blood, bones, puss, brains and goo.

REPULSED COMMANDO

Talk about *super-sized* --

FREAKED-OUT COMMANDO

I'm gonna get sick.

(realizes)

Hey. Where'd the girl go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REPULSED COMMANDO

Fuck it. I'm not chasing after her. They don't pay us enough.

(looks at the mess)

I mean look, now we gotta CLEAN UP this shit --

INT. BOARDED-UP CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Brick and the gang sit around a big plywood table set up in the back of the store. Everyone has had injections of the vaccine and are now healed. Healthy-looking.

MONSTER

(stares at Reno)

I haven't felt this good in a LONG time. I've actually got WOOD.

RENO

Keep it in your pants, buster. You know I only eat fish.

BRICK

Settle down, children. We've got serious business to discuss.

HAMMER

What's that?

BRICK

Well, now that we're well, we need to rethink our plan of attack.

JAG

Good point.

MERK

What do you need to rethink?

BRICK

Well, the original plan was to blow a hole through the walled-up tunnel, and then the zombies, smelling clean, uninfected flesh, would invade the island and kill everybody --

(beat)

Which now would include us.

MERK

How were you going to blow a hole in the tunnel?

RENO

We got us a surface-to-air missile in a garage down the street.

MERK

Where did you get *that*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAG
Nearby military base was having a *fire sale*. Literally.

MERK
I think your plan can still work.

BRICK
Yeah?

MERK
Sure. We blow a hole in the tunnel and go in BEFORE them.

BRICK
But they'll follow us --

MERK
So we kill 'em.

BRICK
But they'll be another wave behind them. And another, and another --

MERK
Yeah, but once we get through, we've got all of Manhattan to hide.

HAMMER
Yeah. And it'll be complete bedlam.

MERK
And then all we've gotta do is get to the media uptown so they can spread the word about the vaccine. We'll be *heroes* --

MONSTER
The man's a genius --

GAGA
Told you he was smart.

BRICK
All in favor?

Everyone raises their hands.

MERK
I'm really starting to get into this revolutionary thing.

RENO
People have the POWER.

MONSTER
United we CAN.

JAG
We shall OVERCOME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAMMER
Give me liberty, or give me DEATH.

GAGA
Liberty, equality, FRATERNITY.

BRICK
Let freedom RING.

Everyone looks at Merk expectantly.

MERK
(sings)
*You say you want a revolution, well you
know, we all want to change the world --*

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - OFFICE - DAY

A giant room. Stately. Elegant. Walls full of books.
A roaring fireplace. Right out of Masterpiece Theater.
Carling sits behind his desk. Nin stands in front of him.

NIN
Still no word?

CARLING
No. And I'm worried sick. My darling
niece is MISSING. I've got a whole
squadron out there looking for her. Are
you SURE you have no idea where she went?

NIN
No, I'm sorry --

FOOTSTEPS in the next room. They both turn, look -- see --

Jool stands in the doorway. Clothes torn and dirty.
Face scratched and bloody. Skin a dull green.

JOOL
I don't feel so good.

PUSH IN ON Carling's face. Freaked out.

CARLING
My god, you're INFECTED. Quick, Nin --
CALL THE DOCTOR.

INT. MONT RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Orson sits at the kitchen table with his wife CLIO (40's),
Rommy's mother. Attractive, bohemian in denim. They both look
haunted. Lost. Clio pours more coffee in their cups.

CLIO
I just don't understand why he'd -- run
away like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORSON
I bet it had something to do with that
Kapp girl.

CLIO
But didn't you tell him he couldn't see
her anymore?

ORSON
Yes, I did. But you know young love --

CLIO
(sad smile)
I seem to have a dim memory of it --

The phone RINGS. Orson gets up. Answers it.

ORSON
This is Orson --
(listens)
WHAT? But that's IMPOSSIBLE --
(listens)
But that's my SON. You can't just --
(listens)
Hello? *Hello?* HELLO?

He BANGS down the phone. Clio starts shaking with fear.

ORSON (CONT'D)
He HUNG UP on me --

CLIO
Wh-what happened? Where's Rommy?

ORSON
Rommy got infected. He's being ejected
from the republic.

CLIO
Oh, NO. My BABY.

Clio SHRIEKS with horror. Buries her face in her hands.
Starts sobbing.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Brock Landers sits at his desk with Nobu Phillips.
But this time, they *aren't* smiling.

NOBU
A late-breaking bulletin just came in --

BROCK
The president has just signed into law
the controversial *Shoot On Sight* bill
that has been the subject of fierce
debate amongst our republic's lawmakers --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOBU

As of today, anyone who is infected with the *HIZ Virus* will be shot on sight. The state police are right now sweeping Times Square and have already killed several dozen infected citizens.

(sighs)

I don't know how I feel about this, Brock. Isn't it kind of barbaric?

BROCK

Gosh, Nobu, I don't know. But heck, we're not supposed to offer our opinion. We're just here to read the news.

NOBU

I know. And that's another thing. I could write my own stories, but they won't let me.

BROCK

Aw, gee whiz. Is it that time of the month again?

(into the camera)

We'll bring you more on this late-breaking story as it unfolds. We now return you to our regularly scheduled programming.

NOBU

(leans over, whispers)

Brock. This IS our regularly scheduled programming.

Brock clears his throat. Looks at the Teleprompter.

BROCK

We now take you to our man on the street, Paul David Brazill, live on the scene, where chaos has erupted in midtown --

NOBU

In what the media is now calling *The Times Square Massacre*.

BROCK

Nice.

NOBU

I told you I could write --

EXT. NEW JERSEY - BURNT-OUT WATERFRONT - DAY

Rommy comes TEARING ASS down the street pursued by a HORDE of DROOLING, RABID ZOMBIES. They're getting closer and closer.

He gets to an intersection, DASHES around the corner. DUCKS into a dark doorway. The zombies FLY BY. Breathes a sigh of relief. Peeks out. Sees they're gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY
(whispers)
Holy *shit*.

Looks around. Doesn't know what to do. Then hears something.
Puts his ear to the door.

INT. BOARDED-UP CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Everyone sits around the big table. Brick and Merk are examining a large map.

BRICK
A fire truck?

MERK
Yeah. It's a few blocks away. We fill the water tank with gas. Spray the fuckers.

BRICK
Nice. So then with the missile launcher, we'll have a real convoy --

MERK
How much gas do you have?

BRICK
Well, it takes each of us about a week to scavenge a couple of gallons from old cars and the occasional gas station. We probably have enough in our reserves to fill the water tank about half-way. And then we'll need enough in the gas tank to get us into the republic.
(to Monster)
How much gas is in the missile launcher?

MONSTER
We're good.

BRICK
And Jag's got the Uzi in case of an emergency --
(to Jag)
How much ammo you got left?

JAG
Two clips.

A KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK on the door.

RENO
Someone's at the door --

JAG
I got it.

He goes to the door. Opens a peephole. Looks. Turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAG (CONT'D)
It's a young kid. Looks newly infected.

BRICK
Let him in --

Jag undoes a series of dead-bolts. Opens the door.
Rommy walks in. Looking relieved. Breathes a sigh of relief.

ROMMY
Ohmigod, thanks. I was being chased by a
bunch of --
(sees Merk)
MERK?

MERK
ROMMY?

Merk rushes over to him. They hug.

BRICK
Check out the bromance.

MERK
What the fuck HAPPENED?

ROMMY
Jool and I were gonna run away together.
We were gonna meet in Times Square, but I
got infected before she got there, and --
(sighs)
My life is over. Could one of you just
shoot me?
(sees Gaga)
GAGA?

GAGA
(waves)
Hey, there. Welcome to the jungle.
We've got fun and games.

Rommy looks at everybody. Realizes.

ROMMY
Wait a minute. The vaccine --

MERK
Yeah, it works. We're all back to normal.
Whatever THAT means --

ROMMY
Do you have any more?

MERK
No, I'm sorry. But I can make some.

ROMMY
How soon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MERK

Well, first we have to invade the republic. Then we can find a chemistry lab.

ROMMY

How in the hell are you going to INVADE the republic?

MERK

Have a seat. We'll fill you in.

ROMMY

You have a plan?

BRICK

Does a zombie shit in the woods?

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - JOOL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jool lies in bed with an IV drip surrounded by a quarantine tent. A series of monitors and equipment monitor her condition. Carling and Nin stand nearby, distraught.

A distinguished-looking DOCTOR IN WHITE (60's) checks her vitals on a clipboard. Then checks under the bandage on her face. Nods. Makes some notes.

JOOL

Why do I have to stay in bed? I don't feel THAT bad --

CARLING

It's for your own good, my darling.

JOOL

And what's up with the quarantine? I'm not contagious. You can't get the virus by touching me --

DOCTOR IN WHITE

I'm sorry, young lady -- but we need to take every precaution necessary.

(to Carling)

Her vitals have stabilized. But she needs to stay in bed and rest.

CARLING

Isn't there anything else you can do?

DOCTOR IN WHITE

I'm sorry, I'm afraid not. All we can do is make her as comfortable as possible.

CARLING

But that can't BE. Don't you have any experimental drugs you can give her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR IN WHITE

No. Not since the government stopped
funding research --

(sighs)

God bless us all.

NIN

Well, I don't care what any of you say,
I'm going to stay here and keep her
company. We can't just leave her alone.

CARLING

I'm not sure that's a good idea, Nin.
She's VERY sick.

JOOL

Stop talking to her like I'm NOT HERE.

CARLING

I'm only doing this because I love you,
Jool. You're my only niece. And we need
to make sure the virus is -- contained.

JOOL

What part of 'it's not contagious' don't
you GET? It's only transmitted through
THE BLOOD.

DOCTOR IN WHITE

Well, the jury's not out on that yet --

Jool eyes fill with rage.

JOOL

At least there's ONE good thing about me
getting infected.

CARLING

What on earth do you MEAN?

JOOL

Now I don't have to marry that fucking
pretty boy LAME-ASS.

NIN

Jool --

CARLING

What have I TOLD you about using the
F-word?

JOOL

FUCK you. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK.

(hisses)

You DISGUST me. I HATE you. You're not my
FATHER. He was KIND. You're a MONSTER.

Nin nods at Carling. *Go. I'll take care of this.* He turns
ashen-faced. Nods. Turns and walks out. The doctor follows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NIN
Don't you think you were a little harsh
on your uncle?

JOOL
I wasn't harsh ENOUGH.

NIN
What were you doing in Time Square?

JOOL
I was meeting Rommy. We were --
(beat)
Going run away together.

NIN
So what happened?

JOOL
I -- don't know. He wasn't there. He must
of -- gotten infected.
(beat)
And now he's GONE.

PUSH IN ON Jool's face. Beyond distraught.

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

A big, long red fire truck and a missile launcher drive side-by-side toward the walled-up opening of the tunnel. They pass through the empty toll booths. Then stop.

IN THE FIRE TRUCK

We see Brick behind the wheel. Gaga rides shotgun. Rommy and Merk sit in the back. Searching the skyline with binoculars.

MERK
See anything yet?

ROMMY
No. You?

MERK
Not yet.
(beat)
Don't be scared. This is going to work.

ROMMY
I'm not scared.

MERK
Then why are your hands shaking?

ROMMY
Fuck you. I'm cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE MISSILE LAUNCHER

We see Jag behind the wheel. Reno in the passenger seat.
Monster and Hammer sit in the back.

IN THE FIRE TRUCK

Brick leans out the window. Yells toward the back.

BRICK
Status report?

HAMMER
Coast is clear --

MERK
(looks through binoculars)
Hold on. I think I see something.

ROMMY
(sees it, too)
Oh my god --

IN THE DISTANCE

A pack of a hundred RABID ZOMBIES is RUNNING toward them.
SLOBBERING, SPITTING, SCREAMING. Scary as SHIT.

IN THE FIRE TRUCK

BRICK
(yells at Jag)
Prepare to FIRE.

ON THE MISSILE LAUNCHER

Jag yells at the team in the back.

JAG
Prepare to FIRE.

Monster nods. Gets ready to flip a switch.

MONSTER
READY, sir --

IN THE DISTANCE

The pack of zombies gets closer.

IN THE FIRE TRUCK

Brick nods. Yells at Monster.

BRICK
FIRE MISSILE.

ON THE MISSILE LAUNCHER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Monster FLIPS a switch -- and BANG, the rocket TAKES OFF in a CLOUD OF SMOKE -- and ROARS toward the tunnel.

IN THE DISTANCE

The zombies slow down a bit. Watch the missile.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The missile ZOOMS toward the walled-up tunnel entrance, then SMASHES through it, BOOM. Bricks and cement go FLYING.

ROMMY

Watches. Open-mouthed.

IN THE TUNNEL

The rocket ROARS through it trailing a BLAZE OF EXHAUST.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - HOLLAND TUNNEL EXIT - CONTINUOUS

The rocket SMASHES through the tunnel exit on the other side. ROARS into Tribeca. People SCREAM and JUMP out of the way.

It veers to the left and CRASHES into a loft building, which EXPLODES in a big, black cloud of SMOKE AND DEBRIS.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

The zombies see the opening. Smell more uninfected human flesh on the other side. Start RUNNING toward it -- and them.

ON THE FIRE TRUCK

Brick lights a big cigar.

BRICK

C'mon, kids. Let's go take a bite out of the rotten apple.

He JAMS the truck into gear. Starts heading toward the tunnel. Jag drives the missile launcher next to him. The engine SPUTTERS and COUGHS. Then dies. Brick stops.

BRICK (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JAG

Outta gas.

BRICK

Everybody get on the truck. HURRY.

Jag, Reno, Monster and Hammer JUMP off the missile launcher. SCRAMBLE onto the fire truck.

BRICK (CONT'D)

Let's MOVE OUT --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Brick starts driving. Reno sees something behind them.

RENO
There's more coming. STEP ON IT.

Everyone looks, sees --

IN THE DISTANCE

Another wave of zombies fills the skyline. There's gotta be A THOUSAND of 'em. Scary shit. Brick HIS the gas. Yells out --

BRICK
Get ready with the HOSES.

Jag and Reno each grab a FIRE HOSE. Monster climbs over to the side near the pump. The truck ROARS into the tunnel.

IN THE TUNNEL

The fire truck HAULS ASS. Headlights BLAZING in the darkness.

OUTSIDE THE TUNNEL

The wave of zombies reaches the entrance. Start POURING IN.

IN THE TUNNEL

Brick drives like a maniac. Sees ABANDONED VEHICLES up ahead.

BRICK (CONT'D)
Shit, shit, shit --

MERK
Just plow into 'em. The truck'll fuck 'em UP.

BRICK
Here goes nothing --

ROMMY
Omigod, we're all gonna DIE.

Rommy DUCKS DOWN just as the fire truck SMASHES through a cluster of cars -- BANG. Metal and debris goes FLYING.

BEHIND THEM IN THE TUNNEL

A wave of ZOMBIES fill the roadway like spiders on speed. SCREAMING, CHATTERING, SCRABBLING down the pavement.

ON THE FIRE TRUCK

Reno cocks her head. Hears them coming.

RENO
Zombies APPROACHING. Get ready --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jag and Reno brace themselves. Aim their hoses.
THE ZOMBIES get closer. See them. Go NUTS.

JAG
Gimme UNLEADED, baby --

Monster FLIPS on the pump. Gasoline SPRAYS out the hoses.
Jag and Reno SHOOT them with gas.

The mutants fall back, SCREAMING. Their skin BUBBLES into a
WHITE MIST. They HIT the ground and DISSOLVE into a gooey
puddles of pulp and bones.

But the infected behind them keep coming. Jag and Reno hit
THEM with gasoline, and they go down. But more and more keep
coming. Reno turns to Jag. Yells --

RENO
There's TOO MANY OF 'EM --

JAG
Keep SPRAYING --

IN THE TRUCK

Brick keeps driving like a maniac. SMASHES into another car.
Rommy BOUNCES around in the back. Freaking out.

SIDE POV

We see the fire truck FLYING down the tunnel. SMASHING into
abandoned cars, the zombies right behind them. They get
HOSED, EXPLODE, and another wave takes its place.

ON THE TRUCK

The hoses stop spraying. Jag and Reno look at each other.

JAG (CONT'D)
We're outta GAS --

IN THE TRUCK

Brick JAMS his foot on the gas. The truck LURCHES forward.

ON THE TRUCK

The zombies reach the rear end. Start climbing on.

BRICK

Sees them in the rear view mirror.

BRICK
JAG. SHOOT the fuckers --

Jag pulls out an Uzi and SPRAYS them with machine gun fire.
As each gets HIT, they EXPLODE IN A GREEN MIST.

EXT. HOLLAND TUNNEL ENTRANCE - DAY

The fire truck FLIES out of the tunnel, trailing zombies.

INT. FIRE TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Brick GRABS the steering wheel --

BRICK
Hold onto your tits --

And SWERVES into a hard right.

EXT. MANHATTAN - VARICK STREET - CONTINUOUS

The truck's cab turns north. The rear end JERKS forward with centrifugal force, and the zombies hanging on GO FLYING. Then JERKS to the right into an alley. SCREECHES to a stop.

IN THE TRUCK

Everyone watches a new wave of zombies come ROARING DOWN THE STREET behind them in the distance. They all exhale.

BRICK
God-DAMMIT.
(to Jag)
How much ammo do we have left?

JAG
One more clip. That's it.

ROMMY

Cowers in a corner. Pulls a snapshot out. Stares at it.

THE PHOTO

Is a Polaroid taken at the street fair. It's a close-up of Jool. Holding a large, multi-colored ice cream cone. Big grin. Eyes filled with lust.

ROMMY

Puts it back in his pocket. Blinks back tears.

ROMMY
(whispers)
Don't worry, Jool. I'm coming.
(beat)
Even if it kills me.

INT. JOOL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jool lies in bed, staring at a picture. Deep in thought.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - STREET FAIR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The fair is ending. People are cleaning up. Rommy and Jool stand on a street corner holding hands. They both look sad.

 JOO L
She was killed *before* you had a chance to
make love?

 ROMMY
I'm sorry. I shouldn't have --
 (beat)
Talking about the ex on the first date.
Definite no-no.

 JOO L
At least you had someone you *wanted* to --
 (sighs)
I always scare them off.

She looks down. Bites her lip.

 ROMMY
Hey. Wait a minute. This is great. We've
got something in common. My first
girlfriend, your parents. We could start
a support group. *Adult Survivors of
Zombie Abuse.*

She laughs despite herself. Looks up. Points at his shirt.

 JOO L
You got ice cream on your --

 ROMMY
 (looks)
Whoops. Can't tell if it's Ben or Jerry.

Pause.

 JOO L
 (softly)
I really had a great time.

 ROMMY
So did I. A *great time*. What a concept.
Been awhile. I could get used to it.

 JOO L
I don't want to go.

 ROMMY
Then don't go.

 JOO L
I have to. My uncle is going to KILL me.

 ROMMY
I'll come see you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 JOOL
 Soon?

 ROMMY
 Soon.
 (beat)
 Real soon.

INT. JOOL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jool sighs. Tucks the photo in her bag. Then hears a LOUD NOISE outside. Gets out of bed. Shuffles over to the balcony.

EXT. JOOL'S BALCONY - DAY

She looks out at the view.

 JOOL
 Holy *shit*.

DOWN BELOW ON THE STREET

It's complete bedlam. A horde of SCREAMING ZOMBIES run down the street ATTACKING and EATING people.

SCREAMING GRAPHICS *FLY ACROSS THE SCREEN* --

EMERGENCY NEWS BULLETIN. RED ALERT.
 INFECTED INVASION HITS THE REPUBLIC.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - AT THAT MOMENT

Our favorite news anchors sit at their news desk. Look into the camera. Grim. Trying to hide how freaked out they are.

 NOBU
 We've just received word that several thousand infected aliens have entered the city --

 BROCK
 They gained entry through the Holland Tunnel in lower Manhattan a short while ago --

 NOBU
 No word yet on how they managed to blow a hole through the wall that had sealed the tunnel until now --

 BROCK
 Everyone is advised to stay indoors, lock all your windows and doors, and wait for further instructions.

EXT. GOTTI PLAZA - DAY

The former Rockefeller Center. Now the seat of power. And where power puts its seat. Surrounded by barricades. Tanks. SWAT trucks. A mini-army patrols the perimeter.

NOBU (O.C.)
 We're about to go live to Paul David Brazill at Gotti Plaza, where the president is having a press conference.
 (touches her earpiece)
 Are you there, Paul?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GOTTI PLAZA - PRESS ROOM - DAY

A gaggle of REPORTERS sit packed like sardines, waiting. Standing off to the side is PAUL DAVID BRAZILL (40's), dark-haired, wearing glasses. Very Peter Sellers.

PAUL
 I am indeed, Nobu. The air is filled with tension as the members of the fourth estate wait for the president to arrive and make a statement --

NOBU
 So I guess it's pretty tense there right now, huh?

Paul does a 'take.' Frowns. Shakes his head. Then lights up.

PAUL
 Here's the president now --

PRESIDENT DON GOTTI (50's) appears. Slick, big-chested. Fancy suit. The spitting image of his grandfather.

PRESIDENT GOTTI
 Ladies and gentlemen of the press, we are under attack by infected rabid zombies. I have directed our troops to use all our resources to fight this plague against our great republic.
 (quiet, intense)
 We ask everyone to stay inside, and do NOT panic. We have the situation under control. There will be no questions. That's all.

He turns to go. But the reporters start waiving their hands. Clamoring for his attention.

ANGRY REPORTER
 Mr. President --

EAGER REPORTER
 Mr. President --

PRESIDENT GOTTI (CONT'D)
 What part of NO QUESTIONS didn't you fuck-heads GET?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT GOTTI (CONT'D)

Now go cover the fucking INVASION if you know what's GOOD for you.

(low)

Or else you gonna sleep with the zombies.

INT. JOOL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jool turns off the TV. Eyes wide as saucers.

JOOL

He IS coming back -- with the INVASION.

She slowly gets out of bed. Stands. Weaves a little. Unhooks the IV. Goes to the door. Locks it. Looks at the window.

JOOL (CONT'D)

Gotta build my strength. Get the hell out of here and find him. He's coming back. I KNOW it. I just know it.

INT. ORSON'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Orson and Clio watch the news on TV with NODDY HOLDER (50's), his campaign manager. Tall and thin with a belly. Orson clicks the remote. Shuts it off in disgust.

CLIO

I'm scared, Orson.

ORSON

Don't worry. We've got bars on the windows, and the front door is solid oak.

NODDY

I have to go check on my wife --

ORSON

You heard the president. It's *too dangerous* to go outside.

NODDY

Fuck that. My apartment's only five blocks away, and I'm not going to stay HERE when my wife is in danger --

He goes to the front door. Puts his hand on the knob.

ORSON

Noddy, no. Don't. You're acting crazy.

NODDY

Then I'm crazy.

Noddy opens the door. A HORDE OF ZOMBIES rush by on the street outside. He SLAMS it shut.

NODDY (CONT'D)

Holy SHIT --

Suddenly there's a loud POUNDING on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIO
Oh my GOD, it's THEM --

ORSON
You stupid FUCK -- they SAW you. Now we have to act fast. Help me move some furniture in front of the door.

NODDY
Okay, okay --

Orson and Noddy grab the couch. Start moving it.

CLIO
What can I do?

ORSON
(over his shoulder)
You know that bottle of thirty-year old scotch we've been saving for a *special occasion*?

EXT. CARLING'S MANSION - DAY

The joint's in lockdown. A massive barricade of SOLDIERS in riot gear patrol the perimeter. A TANK is parked in front.

INT. JOOL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jool stands with her legs apart. Holds a pair of small barbells. Starts to do arm curls. Then gets dizzy. Stops.

JOOL
C'mon. Don't be a wimp. You can DO it.

A KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK at the door. The doorknob JIGGLES.

JOOL (CONT'D)
Hold on a sec --

CARLING (O.C.)
The door is LOCKED. Why did you lock the door?

JOOL
Just a MINUTE --

She quickly hides the barbells. Grabs the IV cart. Attaches the tube to her arm. Shuffles over to the door. Opens it. Carling and Nin stand there. Carling, livid. Nin, concerned.

CARLING
I DEMAND to know why you locked the door.

JOOL
I wanted to get some rest -- and not be disturbed.
(beat)
And I'm scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLING

Don't worry, my child. We have the best security there is. No infected mutants will get inside MY house.

JOOL

I could give a shit about the *zombies*. I'm worried about HIM.

CARLING

But you're sick, Jool. It's best you forget about him.

JOOL

I'll NEVER forget about him -- and he's never going to forget about ME. He's coming back to RESCUE me.

CARLING

Hush, now. Enough silly fantasies. Now go to bed and get some sleep, and I'll see you in the morning.

He leaves. Nin comes over to the bed.

NIN

You really think he's coming back?

JOOL

Of course he is. I can feel it in my gut. Always trust your gut. It'll never steer you wrong.

NIN

That's my Jool. The incurable optimist.

She smiles. Leaves the room. Jool scratches an itch on her nose with her finger. Her sleeve drops. Sees a RED LESION.

PUSH IN ON her face. Horrified.

JOOL

Oh, *no*.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SOHO DISTRICT - DUSK

Magic hour at the apocalypse. The setting sun flashes gorgeous light on the windows of the old loft buildings. If all hell weren't breaking loose, it would be beautiful.

INT. FIRE TRUCK - DUSK

Brick points at the gas gage. Looks at Gaga, then Merk and Rommy behind them. Shakes his head.

BRICK

We're running on empty. We have to figure out how we're gonna get uptown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAGA

First I want to see if my parents are okay.

MERK

(looks at her, nods)
Yeah. Me, too.

ROMMY

Then we'll check on mine. And then we're gonna go get Jool.

BRICK

Sorry, kids. Too dangerous. We gotta keep moving uptown. We gotta get to the media.

ROMMY

No, goddammit. LISTEN to me. Here's what we're gonna do.

(looks at Merk)

First we're going to check on our parents.

(looks at Brick)

And then we're gonna take the subway tracks uptown so I can get JOOL. THEN we'll go to the media. GOT it?

BRICK

Are you fucking CRAZY? The subway's been out for YEARS -- and there's a shitload of homeless infecteds down there.

ROMMY

Fuck that. We stick together, we'll be fine.

(low)

I NEED to see JOOL.

Brick stares at Rommy. Gaga touches his shoulder.

GAGA

Please? Haven't you ever cared for someone special?

Brick looks at her. Her liquid eyes plead with him. He JAMS the key in the ignition. Closes his eyes.

BRICK

Goddammit.

PUSH IN ON Rommy's face. Triumphant.

ROMMY

Damn straight.

INT. JOOL'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jool looks at the lesion on her arm in the mirror. Now really scared. She pads back into --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HER BEDROOM

Where she goes to her night table. Rummages around in her purse. Pulls out another photo.

IN THE PICTURE

Rommy holds *his* ice cream cone. Deep in conversation. Not realizing that it's dripping on his shirt.

JOOL

Stuffs the picture in her knapsack.

JOOL
(under her breath)
I'm not going to die a *virgin*.

Hoists it over her shoulder. Heads for the balcony.

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET - BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Brick, Rommy, Reno, Jag, Monster and Hammer stand guard outside on the street near the fire truck.

ROMMY
What's taking them so long?

BRICK
They better hurry up.

JAG
We're sitting ducks out here.

MONSTER
They've been in there too long. I have a bad feeling.

ROMMY
Maybe I should go in and --

Merk and Gaga walk outside, Gaga's head on his shoulder, fighting back tears. Merk looks at them. Shakes his head.

BRICK
C'mon, let's get the fuck outta here.

SCREAMING *shatters* the still of the night. A PACK OF WILD ZOMBIES appears down the street, RACING right at them.

BRICK (CONT'D)
Quick, GET ON THE TRUCK.

They all RUN to the vehicle. JUMP on, just as the zombies get there, but Merk and Gaga aren't quite fast enough, and --

An infected GRABS Merk, BITES into his neck. The others PILE ON and start EATING him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They walk toward the turnstiles. One by one, they JUMP over them. Head across the platform to the subway tracks.

JAG
Monster and me will go ahead and check it out.

MONSTER
(points to the right)
North is this way --

They JUMP down onto the tracks. Start walking. Jag and Monster go up ahead of them. Gaga takes the rear. Still in shock. Rommy puts his arm around her.

ROMMY
Hey. Are you okay?

GAGA
No, I'm NOT OKAY. My whole family's DEAD.

ROMMY
Well, at least you -- know. I didn't get a chance to --
(beat)
I don't know if my mom and dad are --

He looks away.

GAGA
I'm so sorry --

ROMMY
And they got MERK. He was my BEST FRIEND.

They hear the noise of wheels WHIRRING along the rails.

BRICK
What the fuck is THAT?

A wooden HAND TRUCK appears. Jag and Monster pumping on each side of the handles.

JAG
Look what WE found.

MONSTER
Leave the driving *to us* --

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Most of the lights are out. It's eerie. Rats scurry about. The hand truck rolls down the tracks in the dim light.

ROMMY
(reads the number on the wall)
Thirty-fourth street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICK
What street is she on?

Rommy closes his eyes. Rubs them with his fists. Thinks.

ROMMY
Uh, seventy-fifth and fifth. Right on the park.

BRICK
You feeling okay?

ROMMY
(looks at him)
Well, let's see. My eyes are watering, I'm burning up with a fever, and it hurts when I breathe.
(beat)
Just peachy.

JAG
(sees something)
We got a problem, chief.

BRICK
(turns, looks)
Shit.

UP AHEAD

Is a crude ROADBLOCK made of wooden crates, trash cans and big piles of garbage. A fire burns dimly behind it.

THE HAND TRUCK

Slows to a stop in front of it.

ROMMY
What the fuck do we do NOW?

ANGRY MALE VOICE (O.C.)
HALT. Who goes there?

BRICK
We need to get through. We're on a mission from God.

ANGRY MALE VOICE (O.C.)
There IS no GOD.

A FILTHY, BEARDED HOMELESS SKELL emerges from the edge of the barrier carrying a spear. Infected. Badly. About to turn.

FILTHY, BEARDED HOMELESS SKELL
If there was, we wouldn't have been cast out of society to die a living DEATH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROMMY

Okay, so you're infected. We get it. I'M infected. But we've got a vaccine for the virus.

BRICK

That's right. And we need to get through so we can get the word out to the people. Like you --

FILTHY, BEARDED HOMELESS SKELL

You have a VACCINE? GIVE IT TO ME.

ROMMY

My friends, uh -- used it all up. But we're gonna make a new batch. Promise.

FILTHY, BEARDED HOMELESS SKELL

I don't BELIEVE YOU.

And right before their eyes, he TURNS into a RABID, CHATTERING ZOMBIE. He THROWS his spear -- which WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR and HITS Monster in the leg.

MONSTER

OWWW --

BRICK

GET 'EM.

Jag WHIPS OUT his Uzi. SPRAYS him with bullets. His skeletal body JERKS like a puppet in a dance of death. FALLS to the ground in a gooey puddle of flesh and bones.

MONSTER

(YANKS the spear out)

Fucking homeless zombie piece of SHIT.

Brick hops off the truck. Pulls a grenade out of his pocket.

BRICK

Stand back. I'm gonna blow a hole in that rat-trap.

Just then, a GROUP OF INFECTED HOMELESS SKELLS charges at them from around the barricade. Spears go WHIZZING through the air. One of them HITS Reno in the chest, THWUNK.

RENO

UH --

Jag OPENS FIRE on them in a hail of MACHINE GUN FIRE -- SHREDDING them to ribbons. He sighs. Checks the gun magazine.

JAG

That's it for the ammo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRICK
Great. Just great --
(to Reno)
Are you okay?

Reno looks down at the spear that's gone right through her.
Feels around behind her where it sticks out in the back.

RENO
I'm -- okay.
(looks down)
Just a little -- heartburn.

BRICK
Let me pull it out.

ROMMY
No, DON'T. Pulling it out might KILL her.

RENO
Well, that's just great. So I'm supposed
to walk around like a human pin-cushion?

BRICK
Zip it. You're alive. Be grateful.
(beat)
Everybody take cover.

Everybody gets behind the hand truck, ducks down. Brick HURLS
the grenade at the barricade. It EXPLODES, BANG. Debris goes
FLYING IN THE AIR, pelting the tunnel.

They get back up on the truck. Hammer takes Monster's place.
Monster wraps a rag around his leg. Pulls it TIGHT. Grimaces.

BRICK (CONT'D)
Alright, let's MOVE IT.

They start pumping the handles. The cart starts moving.

ROMMY
(to Gaga)
How you holding up?

GAGA
Well, considering my family is dead,
we're trapped in a subway tunnel, and I
just saw someone mow down a pack of rabid
zombies with a semi-automatic weapon --
(beat)
Can I get back to you on that?

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - STREET FAIR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Rommy and Jool stand on the corner. Now holding each other.

JOOL
Okay. Now I've GOT to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY

Yeah. I should go, too.

They stare into each other's eyes. Vibrating with unrequited lust. He tucks her hair behind her ear.

JOOL

Then why aren't we moving?

ROMMY

I dunno.

(beat)

Did the earth not move for you, too?

She smiles. They pull apart.

JOOL

Until we meet again.

ROMMY

Parting is such sweet sorrow.

JOOL

Oooh. Look who's the poet.

ROMMY

It's not -- original.

JOOL

It's the thought that counts.

(blows him a kiss)

Bye.

She turns around. Hustles off.

PUSH IN ON Rommy. Watching her go. Aching with longing.

ROMMY

(softly)

Bye.

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - JOOL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jool stands at the balcony railing. Looks at the drainpipe leading up to the roof that Rommy climbed up.

JOOL

Okay. Deep breath. You can do it.

She GRABS it. Then hears MACHINE GUN FIRE down below. Turns, looks down, and sees, much to her horror --

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - CARLING'S MANSION - NIGHT

A HORDE OF RABID ZOMBIES surrounding the barricades around the mansion. Carling's PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS stand behind shields and FIRE at them. But they're WAY outnumbered.

JOOL

(CONTINUED)

EXT. CARLING'S MANSION - ROOF - NIGHT

Jool makes it to the top. Climbs onto the roof. Looks over the edge. Sees dozens of zombies storming into the building.

 JOOL
 Can't stay here.

She goes to the other side. Looks at the chasm between her building and the one next door.

 JOOL (CONT'D)
 I can't jump across THAT.

Jool finds a long, wooden plank. Picks it up. GROANS. Her head starts spinning. She takes a deep breath.

 JOOL (CONT'D)
 C'mon. You can DO this.

Brings the plank over to the ledge. Carefully pushes it out until it reaches the other side. But it just barely makes it. She's gonna have to be very careful.

Suddenly a SCREAMING ZOMBIE appears on the roof. Jool pulls out her gun. SHOOTS it in the head. BANG. BANG. BANG. It EXPLODES with a POP.

She turns around, gets down, then starts crawling out across the board toward the other side.

 JOOL (CONT'D)
 Don't look down, don't look down --

But she does. Almost passes out. She takes a deep breath. Keeps on going. Just then, SCREAMING behind her. MORE rabid infecteds are on the roof. She's gotta HURRY --

She SCRAMBLES across the board on all fours. The zombies RACE over to the side of the building, get to the board, just as Jool makes it to the other side. She KICKS the plank --

And it FALLS over the side. But Jool SLIPS. GRABS the edge of the roof with her hands, legs KICKING WILDLY.

 JOOL (CONT'D)
 Omigod -- HELP.

 FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
 It's OKAY. Let go. I'll CATCH you.

She turns, looks down, sees --

ON THE GROUND

Stands a FEMALE COMMANDO IN BLACK. Meet Ginger Jones (27). Elite black ops. Feral. Menacing. And totally hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER
Just let go. I'll catch you, I promise.

ON THE ROOF

Jool looks down. Freaked OUT.

JOOL
But it's three stories --

Her hands SLIP, and she PLUMMETS DOWN to the ground --
where Ginger deftly CATCHES her in her arms.

JOOL (CONT'D)
Holy shit.
(beat)
Thanks.

Ginger puts her down. Smiles.

GINGER
No problem, Miss.

JOOL
(stares at her uniform)
Who ARE you?

GINGER
If I told you, I'd have to kill you.
(stares at her)
You're *infected*.

JOOL
Please don't shoot me.

GINGER
Relax. I'm part of a Mont secret black
ops cell. We find and hide the infected
until we can find a cure.

JOOL
Wow. That's -- great.
(closes her eyes)
I feel like I'm going to pass out --

GINGER
C'mon. Let's find a place where you can
rest.

JOOL
(eyes FLY OPEN)
NO. I can't leave. Rommy's going to be
here any minute.

GINGER
Who's Rommy?

She pulls out the picture. Shows it to Ginger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

 JOOL
 My *boyfriend*.
 (points at her building)
 I want to see if my family is okay. Would
 you come with me?

 GINGER
 Sure. Lead the way.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

The hand cart continues going north. Everyone stares ahead
 silently. Gaga turns, looks at Rommy. He stares at the
 picture. Sighs. Puts it away. Sees Gaga looking at him.

 GAGA
 How you feeling?

 ROMMY
 Like I'm swimming in a big vat of *fuck*
you.

 GAGA
 (feels his forehead)
 You're burning up --

 ROMMY
 I'll be okay. I just need to see Jool.

 GAGA
 We'll find her. I promise. Then we'll
 make some more of the vaccine --

 JAG
 SHIT.

 MONSTER
 FUCK ME.

Rommy and Gaga turn and look. The tunnel ahead has been
 WALLED UP WITH BRICKS.

 BRICK
 End of the line. Guess we're gonna have
 to go above-ground.

 ROMMY
 Where are we?

 BRICK
 Forty-second street.

 JAG
 Fucking GREAT.

 GAGA
 Why did they wall it up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRICK
Fucking KAPPS like to keep out *illegal immigrants*.

ROMMY
Oh, YEAH?
(raises his fist in the air)
Gimme your tired, poor, huddled masses yearning to KICK ASS.
(off their looks)
What. What you looking at?

INT. NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT

Brock and Nobu sit at their news desk. Look scared. Brock absently shuffles papers. Nobu sips from her coffee mug.

BROCK
This just in, the republic is now in a state of complete chaos. We urge everyone to STAY INSIDE --

NOBU
Fuck it, Brock. What's the use? It's Armageddon. Judgment day. The end of days.
(hiccups)
You know? Fuck it. We might as well jump off the roof --

Brock GRABS her mug. Smells it.

BROCK
(sharp whisper)
What were you told about DRINKING on the job?

Nobu GRABS the mug back.

NOBU
It's the END OF THE FUCKING WORLD, Brock. And I'm gonna have a FUCKING COCKTAIL, so DEAL with it.

She drains it. Reaches under the desk. Brings up a bottle. Pours some more. Brock stares in the camera. Blinks.

BROCK
We now go to Paul David Brazill, our man on the street, who --
(listens to his ear piece)
He's *dead* -- ?
(looks into the camera)
We'll be right back after this word from our sponsor.

He exhales. Assumes the camera is off. But it isn't.

BROCK (CONT'D)
You fucking LUSH --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOBU

Can it, pretty boy. Don't think I don't know about your Columbian BOOGER SUGAR.

(beat)

Hey. Gimme a bump of that --

Brock turns red. Looks to his right, then his left. Pulls a snifter out of his pocket. Hands it to her.

BROCK

Here. Maybe this will help even you out.

Nobu grins maniacally. GRABS it. HONKS a hit. Then another.

NOBU

WHOO, that's good shit. I feel like DANCING --

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A disaster area. Vehicles lie in ruins in flames. A movie theater is on fire. Zombies CHASE people in the street, SCREAMING. Explosions BOOM. Scattered GUNFIRE.

Brick, Jag and Rommy carefully come up the stairs to the mouth of the subway entrance. Press themselves against the wall. Carefully look around the corner.

BRICK

It's like *Resident Evil*.

JAG

But without the hot chick.

ROMMY

(sees something)

Check out the SWAT truck across the street.

BRICK

That would work --

JAG

Think the keys are in it?

BRICK

Don't need no stinkin' keys. I'll run across the street, get the truck, and come pick you guys up.

JAG

Better you than me --

BRICK

(sees something)

I'm gonna cover myself with that trash can --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY

Okay. I'll go tell the others.

He turns, walks down the steps to --

THE SUBWAY EXIT STAIRS

Where Gaga, Reno, Hammer and Monster are waiting.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

There's a SWAT truck across the street.
Brick's gonna go get it and then pick us
up.

MONSTER

Thank god. My leg hurts like a
motherfucker.

RENO

(points at the spear)
Poor baby. At least YOU'RE not skewered
like a shish-ka-bob.

ROMMY

Put a sock in it. We've gotta keep a cool
head if we're gonna get outta this alive.
C'mon, let's go --

RENO

Well, look who's all mature and shit all
of a sudden.

OUT ON THE STREET

Brick turns over a trash can. Gets under it. Starts moving
across the street. Zombies FLY BY, but don't smell him.

IN THE TUNNEL

The gang starts walking up the steps to the street. Suddenly,
SCREAMING from down below. They all turn and look.

ZOMBIES. Running up the stairs. Rommy GRABS Gaga's hand.

ROMMY

Let's GO.

Rommy, Gaga and Hammer RACE up the stairs, Monster and Reno
right behind. A rabid zombie GRABS Reno by the spear, YANKS
her down and starts EATING HER. She SCREAMS.

Monster pulls out his squirt gun to shoot, but gets GRABBED
by zombies who BITE INTO HIM and start EATING. He SCREAMS.

UP ON THE SURFACE

Brick makes it to the truck. He THROWS off the trash can and
JUMPS IN. Starts working on the wires on the steering column.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Brick HITS the gas, and the truck ROARS AWAY.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - FORTY SECOND STREET - NIGHT

The truck FLIES through the pack of infected. CRUSHING them. Zombies SPRAY into the air. But a few still hang onto the sides, climb onto the roof.

INT. SWAT TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Brick sees an intersection up ahead. Gets ready to turn -- and SPINS the steering wheel, HARD.

EXT. SWAT TRUCK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The truck CAREENS around the corner, SHAKING OFF the zombies clinging to the sides. But there's still one on top. He starts SCREAMING and POUNDING on the roof.

IN THE TRUCK

They all look up. Freaked. Gaga pulls out a book of matches. Lights one. Touches it to the pack. It EXPLODES in flames. She leans out the window. TOSSES it up.

ON THE TRUCK

The matches hit the zombie. It EXPLODES IN FLAMES.

IN THE TRUCK

Gaga smiles. Pulls a joint out from behind her ear.

GAGA

Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

Lights up. Takes a big hit. Holds it in. EXHALES.

ROMMY

Where the fuck did you get THAT?

GAGA

Times Square? Hello?

ROMMY

Gimme some of that.

GAGA

(hands it to him)
No woman, no cry.

BRICK

You think you should be smoking that NOW?

ROMMY

Excuse ME. After that shit back there,
I need to *take the edge off.*

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROMMY (CONT'D)

And besides, in my condition it's
medicinal.

Brick stares at him, taking a big toke.

BRICK

Fuck it. Gimme a hit of that --

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Ginger and Jool tip-toe across the marble floor.
Point their weapons. Eyes scanning the room.

GINGER

This room is bigger than my whole
apartment.

Jool leads the way toward the study.

JOOL

This way --

Suddenly Carling appears down the hall. He's been INFECTED.
Badly. Late-stage. Skin mottled. Bloody. Eyes BLAZING.

JOOL (CONT'D)

(horrified)

NO --

He RACES toward Jool and Ginger. They FIRE at him. BANG.
BANG. BANG. BANG. His head EXPLODES in a RED-BROWN MIST.
They lower their guns. Jool looks at him sadly.

GINGER

I'm so -- sorry.

JOOL

(eyes tear up)

That -- wasn't my uncle anymore --

GINGER

What about your parents?

JOOL

They were killed by infecteds when I was
seven --

(realizes)

NIN.

GINGER

Who's that?

JOOL

My nanny.

(thinks)

Maybe she's in the panic room. C'mon,
follow me.

She trots over to the grand staircase. Ginger follows her.
They RACE up the steps.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jool BANG, BANG, BANGS on the steel door to the panic room.
Ginger stands guard, weapon pointed down the hallway.

 JOOL
NIN, it's ME, JOOL. Are you in there?

 GINGER
Maybe we should check the rest of the --

The door OPENS. Nin looks at Jool, then Ginger.

 NIN
Thank god you're okay.

 JOOL
Thank god YOU'RE okay.

 NIN
Your uncle --

 JOOL
I know.

 NIN
 (sighs)
C'mon in.

INT. PANIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A very large room outfitted like a studio apartment. The best
of everything. Very comfortable. Ginger looks around.

 GINGER
Fanciest panic room I'VE ever seen.
 (looks at them)
Well, now that you're both safe, I should
get going.

 JOOL
Wait, could you stay a little while and
protect us? I have to wait for Rommy.

 GINGER
How is he going to find you if you're
holed up in here?

 JOOL
Oh, that's no problem. We can access the
roof over there.
 (points at a ladder up to a
 ceiling hatch)
Please? Just for a little while?

PUSH IN ON Ginger's face. Her face softens. She sighs.

 GINGER
Okay. Let's go up.

INT. SWAT TRUCK - NIGHT

Rommy's behind the wheel. Grim. Determined. Brick rides shotgun, eyes bleary from too much weed. *Wasted.*

BRICK

(sings)
*With their tanks and their bombs, and
 their bombs and their guns -- zombie,
 zombie, zombie --*

GAGA

So where to next?

ROMMY

First we go get Jool, then find somewhere to make the vaccine, and THEN go to the media.

(turns, looks at them)
 So no more Doobie Brothers, okay?

GAGA

I'm fine. Just have a mellow buzz. Still fully functioning --
 (looks at Brick)
 Not like Zombie Garcia here.

BRICK

Chill OUT. Relax. I'm just blowing off some steam, okay? Surviving a zombie apocalypse is STRESSFUL.

ROMMY

Yeah, and so is having your romantic rendezvous FUCKED UP by ARMED GUARDS.

GAGA

That must of been rough.

ROMMY

Yeah, well the story's gonna have a happy ending.

(looks out the window)
 We're almost there --

Rommy pulls the picture out of his pocket. Sneaks a look. It BLOWS out the window. He tries to grab it --

ROMMY (CONT'D)

Shit.

EXT. CARLING'S MANSION - ROOF - NIGHT

Jool, Nin and Ginger sit on the ledge of the roof. Look down below at the devastation. Searching for signs of life.

JOOL

Look. Over there in the park. There's another pack of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINGER
Zombies in the park. That's a LONG way
 from the Globe Theater.

JOOL
 (sees something)
 Ohmigod. ROMMY. He's HERE. I KNEW he was
 coming.

EXT. CARLING'S MANSION - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The SWAT truck is parked in front by the curb. Rommy, Brick
 and Gaga stand on the sidewalk. Look at the building.

BRICK
 Nice digs.

GAGA
 So this is how the other half --
 (beat)
 Uh -- lived.

ROMMY
 I'll go inside first. You guys stay
 outside and keep a lookout.

ON THE ROOF

Jool waves frantically. Beaming. SO fucking excited.

JOOL
 ROMMY. Up HERE.

ROMMY

Looks up. Sees her.

ROMMY
 Ohmigod, JOOL. THERE you are. I'm COMING
 UP.

JOOL (O.C.)
 I'm coming DOWN --

IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING

Rommy RACES inside.

ON THE ROOF

Jool RUNS to the trap door. FLIES down the ladder.

ON THE MAIN STAIRWAY

Rommy RACES up the stairs.

IN THE PANIC ROOM

Jool WHIPS the door open. RUNS into --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE CORRIDOR

Where Rommy RUNS toward her. They FLY into each other's arms.

ROMMY
I thought I'd lost you FOREVER --

JOOL
I KNEW you'd come find me.

They gaze into each other's eyes. Jool strokes his face.

JOOL (CONT'D)
You DID get infected.

ROMMY
It's okay. We have a vaccine.

JOOL
You DO?

ROMMY
Yeah. It's gonna be okay --
(studies her face)
You're infected, too.

JOOL
I'm okay. Just feel a little --

She COLLAPSES in his arms.

JOOL (CONT'D)
Tired.

And goes out like a light.

ROMMY
JOOL.

ON THE ROOF

Nin and Ginger scan the horizon. See something.

GINGER
Oh, no. The zombies in the park --

NIN
Are coming THIS WAY.

ON THE STREET

Brick and Gaga stand in front the building.

GAGA
Do you hear that?

The sound of SCREAMING gets nearer and nearer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRICK
 (looks)
 Oh, SHIT.

DOWN THE STREET

A pack of RABID SCREAMING ZOMBIES is coming right at them.

EXT. CARLING'S MANSION - NIGHT

Gaga and Brick RUN into the building.

INT. CARLING'S MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

They SLAM the door shut.

BRICK
 That's not gonna hold 'em long.

GAGA
 (nods)
 C'mon -- UPSTAIRS.

Gaga and Brick start RUNNING up the grand staircase.

ON THE ROOF

Nin turns to Ginger.

NIN
 We better go warn them.

GINGER
 Uh, YEAH.

They RACE toward the trap door, then BOLT down the ladder.

IN THE HALLWAY

Rommy holds Jool in his arms. He sees the lesions.
 There's now more of them. He kisses the top of her head.

ROMMY
 You're NOT gonna die on me.

JOOL
 (opens her eyes)
 Rommy -- ?

ROMMY
 Hold on. You're gonna be okay. You're
 gonna be okay.

JOOL
 Okay --
 (eyes go glassy)
 Need to -- sleep.

And she PASSES OUT again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE FOYER

The front door FLIES OPEN and the pack of zombies RACES INSIDE. Start FLYING UP THE STAIRS.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Gaga reaches the top. But Brick, still really high, TRIPS and FALLS. He groans. Grabs the railing.

BRICK
My ankle --

The zombies RUN UP THE STAIRS and ATTACK him. Start FEASTING. Gaga SCREAMS. RUNS down --

THE HALLWAY

Where she sees Rommy holding a lifeless Jool.

GAGA
They're COMING THIS WAY --
(off his stare)
Is she okay?

ROMMY
(hoists Jool over his shoulder)
I don't KNOW.

SCREAMING behind them.

GAGA
C'mon, LET'S GO --

They turn and RUN toward the steel door, which FLIES OPEN, revealing Nin and Ginger.

GINGER
Get IN HERE.

Rommy and Gaga FLY into the room. Ginger and Nin SLAM the door. Everyone looks at each other. Breathing heavily.

ROMMY
Thanks. Holy *shit* was that close.

He carefully lays Jool down on the bed. Strokes her hair. Looks up at them. Sighs. Then realizes.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
Hey. Where's Brick?

GAGA
Didn't make it.

NIN
(to Rommy)
Is she okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROMMY

I think so -- for now. But we gotta hurry.

GINGER

You're the boyfriend.

NIN

(half-smile)

His name is Rommy.

ROMMY

Nice to meet you. Nin, right?

(off her nod)

Okay, listen to me. I've got a vaccine. We need to get out of here so I can go *make some*. She keeps going in and out of consciousness --

GINGER

You've got a VACCINE?

ROMMY

Yeah, but it's not going do us any good if we're DEAD.

The zombies start BANGING on the door. Everyone looks. Horrified. Rommy turns to Nin.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

How strong is that door?

NIN

It's -- pretty strong, but --
(gestures helplessly)
I dunno.

ROMMY

(sees the ladder)

That goes up to the roof?

(off her nod)

Then LET'S GO.

One by one, they start going up the ladder -- first Gaga, then Nin, then Ginger, then Rommy, carrying Jool.

ON THE ROOF

Ginger closes the hatch. Examines it.

GINGER

It bolts from the inside. It's not gonna buy us much time.

ROMMY

We gotta figure out a way to get over to the next building.

Ginger pulls a coiled length of black rope off her belt --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GINGER
Check it out.

Holds up a black metal rod attached to it. She presses a button on the handle and a GRAPPLING HOOK flies out.

She deftly TOSSES IT across to the building on the other side. It HITS the ledge with a CLANG. Ginger pulls out a handle with a snapped-hook. Attaches it to the rope, CLICK.

ROMMY
So we grab onto that and slide down to the other side.

Ginger nods. Ties the other end of the rope to a chimney. Pulls it TIGHT.

GINGER
We'll have to go one at a time.

ROMMY
Gaga, you go first.

GAGA
Okay.

She grabs the handle. Pulls it along the cord to the side of the building. Looks at the other side. Then at them.

GAGA (CONT'D)
Wish me luck.

And then TAKES OFF. She FLIES down the cord with ease and LANDS on the roof with a SLAP of her feet.

IN THE PANIC ROOM

The door starts to BUCKLE as the screaming zombies BATTER it.

ON THE ROOF

Rommy looks at Nin.

ROMMY
Now you go.

Nin nods. GRABS the handle. Look across to the other side.

NIN
Here goes nothing --

And FLIES down the cord.

IN THE PANIC ROOM

The steel door BURSTS off its hinges, and the room quickly fills with SCREAMING ZOMBIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ON THE ROOF

Ginger nods at Rommy.

GINGER
You go next.

ROMMY
You go. Women and children first.

The trap door FLIES OFF. A pair of RABID ZOMBIES FLY OUT onto the roof and start RUNNING at them. Ginger pulls out her semiautomatic weapon and starts SHREDDING THEM TO RIBBONS.

GINGER
GO, GO, GO -- I don't know how much longer I can hold 'em off.

ROMMY
(nods, freaked out)
Fuck this hero shit --

He takes Jool in his arms. GRABS the handle and goes SAILING down to the other side --

Just as a dozen zombies EXPLODE through the door and start EATING GINGER. She SCREAMS as her body is TORN APART.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

They all watch in horror. Jool wakes up again.

JOOL
What's -- going on?

ROMMY
(turns her head)
Don't look.

NIN
That poor woman.

GAGA
She saved us.

ROMMY
And now it's time to save ourselves.
(to Nin)
Where can find a chemistry lab? I need to whip up a batch of the vaccine.

NIN
Hunter college. It's just a few blocks away.

ROMMY
Okay, great.
(to Jool)
Just hold on. Okay? You think you can make it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOOL

Yeah.
 (feels something)
 Uh-oh --

And she VOMITS a GREEN-BROWN SPEW. Closes her eyes.
 Rommy wipes her mouth with his sleeve. Picks her up.

ROMMY

Stay with me, Jool --
 (beat)
 Stay with me.

EXT. HUNTER COLLEGE BUILDING - NIGHT

Old. Stately. Carved in stone above the door: SCHOOL OF
 MEDICINE. The SWAT truck pulls up in front. Stops.

Gaga sits the behind the wheel. Nin rides shotgun. Rommy hops
 out. Puts Jool over his shoulder. SLAMS the door.

ROMMY

We won't be long. Just stay in the truck.
 You'll be safe.

Gaga and Nin nod. Rommy races inside.

INT. HUNTER COLLEGE - CHEMISTRY LAB - NIGHT

A maze of beakers, test-tubes and bubbling liquids have been
 set up on a work table like something out of Frankenstein.
 Jool lies on top of another table, fast asleep.

Rommy watches the chemicals working. He's exhausted. Spent.
 Eyes are slits. Every muscle in his body is aching. He looks
 at a tube that's dripping liquid into a beaker.

ROMMY

(reads the sheet of paper with
 the formula)
 Then add five cc's of contaminated blood.
 (grabs a syringe, unwraps it)
 We're almost there --

He JABS the needle in her arm. Fills the syringe with blood.
 SQUIRTS it into the beaker. Stirs it with a glass rod.
 A door BANGS OPEN behind him. He turns and looks.

It's a late-stage INFECTED PROFESSOR. Just about to turn. He
 starts walking toward them. Points at Jool. Licks his lips.

LATE-STAGE INFECTED PROFESSOR

Hungry --

Rommy GRABS a length of steel tubing off the table --

ROMMY

Stay away from my GIRLFRIEND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And SHOVES it in his eye with a CRUNCH.
He COLLAPSES to the floor, THWUNK.

Rommy DASHES over to the work table.
Starts filling a pair of syringes with the vaccine.

INT. SWAT TRUCK - AT THAT MOMENT

Gaga and Nin sit in the truck, watching for zombies.

NIN
I wonder what's taking them so long?

GAGA
Dunno.

NIN
Are you okay?

GAGA
I miss my brother.

NIN
I'm sorry. What was he like?

GAGA
God, he was AMAZING. He developed the
vaccine, you know.

NIN
No, I didn't.
(sees something)
OhmiGOD.

GAGA
(turns, looks)
What.
(sees)
Oh, NO.

EXT. SWAT TRUCK - NIGHT

A WILD, RABID PACK OF ZOMBIES ATTACKS the truck. Swarms all
over it like bees on a hive. POUNDING on it, SCREAMING.

IN THE TRUCK

Gaga and Nin hug each other for dear life.

GAGA
I can't TAKE THIS ANYMORE.

NIN
Our father, who art in heaven --

The zombies BURST THROUGH the windows and start RIPPING THEM
TO SHREDS and FEASTING ON THEM.

INT. CHEMISTRY LAB - NIGHT

Rommy injects Jool's arm with the vaccine. Watches her. Waits for some sign of life. Takes her pulse.

ROMMY
Better, better --

He gives himself an injection. Holds his arm up. Rubs it. Looks at Jool. Still nothing. Walks over to the window. Looks out. Goes white.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
Holy *shit*.

JOOL (O.C.)
Where are we?

Rommy SPINS AROUND. Sees Jool. Sitting on the counter top. Sleepy-eyed. Scared to death.

JOOL (CONT'D)
That was some gnarly-ass nightmare.
(beat)
Could you hold me?

He RACES over to her. Hugs her for dear life.

ROMMY
You're okay. You're OKAY.

JOOL
Can we -- get some ice cream?

ROMMY
There's no time for that right now.
Zombies are coming into the building.
We gotta go.

JOOL
(hugs him tight)
Will you protect me?

ROMMY
Until the end of the earth.

He helps her down. Grabs her hand.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
C'mon, follow me.

INT. HUNTER COLLEGE BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR FOYER - NIGHT

A pack of screaming, chattering ZOMBIES run into the building, now smelling uninfected human flesh.

IN THE STAIRWELL

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rommy leads Jool by the hand as they stumble up the stairs. He looks over the railing, sees them coming from below.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR STAIRS

The wave of creatures FLIES UP the steps.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Rommy and Jool get to a door to the roof. He tries to open it, but it's LOCKED.

ROMMY

SHIT.

Jool looks at her hand. It's normal. She looks at him.

JOOL

The vaccine?

ROMMY

Yeah. We're both good.

He KICKS it open, BANG. They RACE OUT onto --

EXT. HUNTER COLLEGE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE - ROOF - NIGHT

Rommy SLAMS the door shut. Sees a bunch of construction equipment and lumber. Abandoned during the apocalypse. He walks over. Picks up a nail gun. Looks at Jool.

ROMMY

Go find the fire escape. I'll nail the door shut. They'll be up here any SECOND.

She nods. Races off across the roof. He grabs a board. Starts NAILING it across the door with the gun. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. Grabs another board. Starts nailing it.

Suddenly there's BANGING and SCREAMING on the other side.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

SHIT.

A mutant head CRASHES through the door above the board. He SHOOTS it between the eyes with the nail gun. It SCREAMS and POPS, drenching him with goo.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

FUCK.

He grabs another board. Starts nailing it over where the head crashed through. BANG, BANG, BANG. A pair of mutant arms BURSTS through above that. Then ANOTHER. And ANOTHER.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

NO, NO, NO --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He WHIRLS around. Sees a CHAINSAW. GRABS it. YANKS the cord. The motor ROARS. He SAWS through the arms -- CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH, CRUNCH. Gets SPRAYED with blood.

JOOL

Walks around the perimeter, searching.

JOOL
They don't have a *fire escape*?

She makes it all the way around. No dice. Then realizes.

JOOL (CONT'D)
That's what they were BUILDING.

ROMMY

Stands in a bloody mess of zombie arms and limbs. NAILING a giant piece of plywood over the door. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. He finishes. Takes off his sweater. Wipes his face.

Jool RACES over. Puts her arms around him.

JOOL (CONT'D)
Rommy.

ROMMY
God, you feel so GOOD.

JOOL
So do you.

ROMMY
I missed you so much.

JOOL
I missed you MORE.

They hold each other. Suddenly more BANGING on the door.

ROMMY
That's not going to hold very long.
You find the fire escape?

JOOL
There ISN'T ONE. We're TRAPPED.

ROMMY
Then we're fucked.

JOOL
I don't mind dying, now that I've got you back.

(beat)
At least we had these -- last few moments together.

(eyes fill with tears)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOOL (CONT'D)

My whole life I've forced myself to be strong -- and -- and --

(GASPS)

I can't *do it* anymore.

She starts CRYING. Rommy strokes her hair. Comforts her.

ROMMY

Shhh. It's gonna be okay. You're with me now. We're not gonna die. You hear me? We're NOT gonna die.

The plywood starts to BUCKLE. A hand PUNCHES through. Jool SCREAMS. Another hand PUNCHES through. And ANOTHER.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, NO you don't --

He GRABS the chainsaw. RIPS the cord. It ROARS to life.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

Stand BACK.

Jool RACES out of the way. The board FLIES off the doorway --

And a pack of zombies CHARGES at Rommy. He SWINGS the chainsaw back and forth, RIPPING THEM TO SHREDS -- DRENCHING him in blood, brains, skull, guts and goo.

ROMMY (CONT'D)

Got you NOW, mother-FUCKERS.

JOOL

Watches. Horrified. Amazed.

Suddenly the ROAR of a helicopter up above. They both look. Jool starts jumping up and down. Waving her arms. YELLS.

JOOL

Over HERE, over HERE.

Rommy smiles. Starts to put the chainsaw down, just as ANOTHER WAVE of zombies comes PILING THROUGH THE DOOR. He RIPS the cord. Brandishes it over his head.

ROMMY

Oh, YEAH? You want some more of THIS?

And he RIPS INTO THEM, SPRAYING a FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD AND GUTS.

IN THE AIR ABOVE

Is a News Four chopper. It starts slowly descending. A rope ladder comes down. Jool races over to it. GRABS it. Starts to climb up, but it SNAPS -- and she HITS the roof. THWUNK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROMMY

Finishes ripping them apart. Races over to Jool, chainsaw in hand, nail gun tucked in his belt.

THE CHOPPER

Hovers above them. The PILOT comes over the loudspeaker.

PILOT (V.O.)
(electronic)
Grab onto the undercarriage. I'm afraid
if I land, more will come and get on.

Rommy nods. Drops the chainsaw. Puts his hands together in front of his knees. Jool looks at him. Scared.

ROMMY
Climb up. HURRY --
(off her look)
C'mon, GO --

She nods. Puts one foot onto his hands, reaches up, and he BOOSTS her up to the undercarriage. She starts climbing up to the cockpit, just as --

ANOTHER LATE-STAGE INFECTED PROFESSOR

Comes out onto the roof. Starts coming toward Rommy. He GRABS the chainsaw. Snarls --

ROMMY (CONT'D)
I'm getting REALLY fucking sick of you
guys.

He YANKS the cord. Nothing. YANKS it again. Nothing. Yanks it AGAIN. It ROARS to life. Then SPUTTERS OUT. He DROPS it.

Infected Professor starts getting closer. Rommy pulls out the nail gun. CHARGES at him. JAMS it against his forehead. Tries to NAIL him. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Nothing.

ROMMY (CONT'D)
God-DAMMIT.

He GRABS Professor's head. TWISTS his neck. CRACK. Professor weaves a little, then falls over. THWUMP.

Rommy JAMS the gun in his belt. RACES over to the chopper. Tries to JUMP UP and GRAB the undercarriage -- but it's too high. He JUMPS again. GRABS IT. His hand SLIPS, and he FALLS.

THWUMP. He gets back up. JUMPS again. Misses --

JOOL

Comes out the door of the cockpit. Starts climbing back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE PILOT

Watches her. Shakes his head in amazement.

PILOT
Now THAT'S true love.

ON THE CHOPPER

Jool hugs the bars of the landing gear. Reaches down. Rommy JUMPS UP. GRABS her hand. Starts climbing up, just as --

ANOTHER WAVE OF ZOMBIES

Flies out onto the roof. CHATTERING. SCREAMING. They RACE over toward Rommy just as he works his legs up over the bar.

Rommy YANKS out the nail gun and starts SMASHING them on the head with it -- as the helicopter starts slowly rising.

IN THE HELICOPTER

The pilot, a grizzled, old news pro looks at Rommy and Jool climbing in. Tips his baseball cap.

GRIZZLED PILOT
Bet you kids were shore glad to see ME.

They nod, staring down below at the zombies filling the roof. Relieved. Hugging each other tightly.

ROMMY
You could say that.

JOOL
Thanks, mister.

GRIZZLED PILOT
Funny thing. First I was trying to cover the story, then I had to start saving people like you trapped on top of the buildings. Life sure is funny sometimes, huh?

Rommy gazes at Jool. A glimmer of a smile. She wipes his face with her sleeve. Nuzzles him with her nose.

ROMMY
(softly)
Hilarious.

Jool sighs. Runs her fingers through Rommy's hair.

GRIZZLED PILOT
So where do you want me to drop you two lovebirds off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ROMMY
(looks at Jool)
Where do you want to go?

She smiles faintly. Shakes her head. Exhausted.

JOOL
You decide.

He thinks a moment. Then brightens.

ROMMY
I hear Staten Island is really nice this
time of year --

She nods. Leans in. And they kiss.

FADE TO BLACK