

STATIC

"Panic"

by
Jon Nyqvist

"Panic"

TEASER

STATIC...

Flickering into the fuzzy image of a haggard looking woman. We can barely make out her features under layers of grime and matted hair.

She appears to be speaking into the lens of a cheap digital video camera, seemingly holding it in her own shaky hands.

Terrible inhuman SCREAMS echo in the background, a loud BANGING creating an urgency in the woman's movements.

Her message is barely understandable, badly broken up by bouts of static.

WOMAN

My name is-

STATIC.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

A witness to the end of humanity-

STATIC.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(urgently)

I hear them clawing at the walls. The screams. Those horrible screams. I can't-

STATIC.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(sadly)

It's funny... I've known I was going to die for-

STATIC.

A long beat as the woman stares into the lens, only her deeply sad eyes visible in the dark surroundings.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(solemn)

Only a matter of time now.

(beat)

Henley... I-

STATIC, slowly morphing into:

FADE IN:

"PART ONE"

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The shapely figure of an attractive air stewardess, as she makes her way down the long aisle, checking on the mostly asleep passengers.

As the stewardess leaves the frame, we find:

TESS MILLS -- A sweetly attractive young woman in her early twenties, locked in conversation with the passenger sitting next to her: OLIVER LOMAX -- A slightly nerdy looking guy in his mid twenties.

TESS

Tokyo is just amazing! I mean, it's just so different from any other place on the planet. When I first got there, I basically spent a week completely lost.

OLIVER

I'm glad to hear someone else say that. I was starting to feel like an entire city was playing a big joke on me.

TESS

So what were you doing over there? Business or pleasure?

OLIVER

I wish I could say both, but that'd be a lie. I pretty much just got high and went to anime themed night clubs for two weeks.

Tess lets out a small laugh, probably thinking he's joking. The expression on Oliver's face tells us he's not.

LEAVING the two of them, we cross the aisles over to the other side of the cabin, where we find a serious looking woman in her late thirties intently gazing at a small laptop, her fingers hammering away on the keyboard.

The soft glow of the screen reveals her attractive, but worn features. Her name is DR. JENNIFER RAVENROCK.

She reacts with a small start to:

HENLEY (O.S.)

Relax, Jennifer. It's over.

She looks up to find HENLEY COMBS -- A good looking man in his mid thirties with a sympathetic air about him. He wears a suit that practically screams "government employee".

JENNIFER

I'll relax when he's got a needle
in his arm.

Henley sits down in the unoccupied seat next to Jennifer,
forcing her to close up her laptop. He studies her for a
beat, clearly making her uncomfortable.

HENLEY

You don't look too hot.

Jennifer gives him a dry look.

JENNIFER

Thanks. Just what every woman
wants to hear.

HENLEY

You know what I mean. You should
be resting at home, not plane
hopping around the world chasing
monsters.

JENNIFER

Really? Tell me, Agent Combs,
would one of the world's most
dangerous sexual predators be on
his way to death row today
without my profiling expertise?

A tense beat, broken as Henley lets out a small chuckle.

HENLEY

We'd probably still be chasing
dead ends in Bangkok if it wasn't
for you.

(more serious)

But that doesn't change the fact
that you shouldn't be in the
field anymore.

JENNIFER

You don't need to worry about
that for much longer...

HENLEY

What's that supposed to mean?

Jennifer lets out a tired sigh.

JENNIFER

Never mind.

(beat)

Could you do me a favor?

HENLEY

Of course.

JENNIFER

Go check on Rowlands back there.
I don't like the idea of Madison
alone with only one agent on
guard duty.

Henley stands, shaking his head, slightly bemused.

HENLEY

You worry too much.

JENNIFER

Trust me, agent Combs, I've seen
enough to know the exact opposite
is true.

She opens her laptop, resuming her typing as Henley moves
down the aisle.

We trail him, as he passes through a curtain, until we come
across another pair of awake passengers, the more spacious
seating suggesting that we have moved into First Class.

A Japanese couple, both in their mid thirties. Their
expensive clothes suggest they're relatively well off
economically speaking.

HIROSHI ODA wears a pair of reading glasses, browsing a
news paper while is wife MITSUKO ODA is touching up her
make up.

She stops, throwing a cursory glance at her husband.

MITSUKO

(Japanese, subtitled)
Husband?

HIROSHI

(distracted)
Speak English. You need the
practice for the dinner tomorrow
night.

His English is almost perfect.

MITSUKO

(slight accent)
Of course.
(beat)
I was just wondering if we'd have
some time to ourselves
afterwards...

Hiroshi keeps reading, oblivious.

HIROSHI

This is a business trip, you know that. This deal with the Americans will ensure the company's future. Everything must go perfectly, do you understand?

Mitsuko lets out a slight sigh, slouching back into her seat.

MITSUKO

(Japanese, to herself)
Perfectly.

A slight PING announces the voice of the CAPTAIN, as his steady voice filters out of the intercom.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

The very rear of the long passenger cabin, the entire section empty save for two figures sat opposed to each other -- One male, one female.

The man is a ruggedly handsome guy in his late thirties with blonde hair and a charming smile. But there's something slightly off about him... Something dark behind the perfectly chiseled features.

His name is JAMES MADISON.

He grins lewdly at the woman sitting opposed to him, constantly keeping a vary eye on him.

She is tall, athletic and clearly not someone to mess with.

Her name is agent MARCIE ROWLANDS.

As we pan around them, we realize that Madison is securely restrained by both handcuffs and leg shackles.

He keeps his grin while the captain's announcement begins.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

(over intercom)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. We will be arriving at Los Angeles International in ten minutes. Please return all your seats into the upright position and fasten your seat belts. There is a small weather front coming up, so we might be experiencing some turbulence.

The announcement ends with another ping.

Madison speaks with a slight drawl.

MADISON

Ten minutes, huh? What do you say
we salvage what's left of this
little honey moon while we have
the chance?

Marcie keeps a straight face, clearly not into playing games.

MARCIE

(dry)
No thanks. I've seen how your
dates end.

Madison LUNGES forward with a pure ferocity not often seen in a man. His restraints SNAP tight, keeping him in place.

Marcie rears back defensively, despite her best efforts not be intimidated.

Madison LAUGHS -- A cold, deeply disturbing laugh.

MADISON

Baby, you ain't seen nothing yet.

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The captain and his CO-PILOT sit at the intricate controls, guiding the aircraft to a landing vector.

Through the window, we spot the lights of Los Angeles as some clouds give way.

CAPTAIN

Try control again.

The co-pilot nods, speaking into his headset.

CO-PILOT

(into headset)
Control, this is Flight 1001 out
of Tokyo, requesting final
landing instructions.

STATIC...

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)

(into headset)
I repeat -- This is Flight 1001,
requesting final approach vector.

Nothing but static.

CO-PILOT (CONT'D)
I can't raise control, sir.

CAPTAIN
That's impossible. There's no way
the weather could be interfering.
I've got a visual of the damn
airport for God's sake!

CO-PILOT
I don't know what to tell you. No
one's picking up the phone down
there.

The captain pauses for a beat, years of experience kicking
in.

CAPTAIN
OK, I'll circle the runways once
so we can get an idea what the
traffic is down there and I'll
take us down on the first one
that's clear.

(beat)
Twenty-seven years and this is
the first time control's gone
silent on me.

CO-PILOT
First time for everything...

Off his uneasy expression, we:

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

We're back with the passengers, things livening up as
people are waking up and preparing for the landing.

We find Tess and Oliver once again.

Oliver is peering out of the window, while an oblivious
Tess carries on talking in the aisle seat.

TESS
I mean, sure, I missed my family
and my friends, but this year has
been a real eye opener. There's
so much out there... So many
things you can learn by just
travelling...

She trails off, noticing that Oliver is paying more
attention to the outside view than to the conversation.

TESS (CONT'D)

Am I boring you? 'Cause I tend to talk a lot. Helps pass the time, you know?

(no response)

OK, starting to feel neglected here.

OLIVER

(distracted)

Huh?

(beat)

Check this out.

Tess leans over to the window, their personal space in serious conflict. Oliver is slightly taken aback by her sudden proximity, but covers well enough.

TESS

What am I looking at?

OLIVER

Los Angeles...

TESS

(duh)

Which is where the plane is landing in a few minutes.

OLIVER

Look at the lights on the freeways.

TESS

Heavy traffic in L.A... No headlines there.

OLIVER

(spooked)

They're not moving...

Tess frowns.

TESS

What the hell are you...?

She stops, gazing down towards the countless freeways below.

Headlights fill up every road, but there's no flow of traffic -- No movement at all. Additionally, there seems to be several minor FIRES spread all over the roads, as well as the whole city, small pillars of black smoke rising up into the dark sky.

BACK ON Tess and Oliver, sharing a look of uncertainty and mounting anxiety.

PULLING BACK, we melt through the portal, rising up above the soaring plane as it circles towards the unmoving city.

BLACK OUT.

MAIN TITLE: "Static"

END TEASER

ACT 1

FADE IN:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: The fasten seat belts sign, as it LIGHTS UP with a bright red flash.

WIDEN, to reveal Jennifer, now seated across from James Madison, along with both agents Rowlands and Combs.

The restrained prisoner glares at the stone faced doctor -- Clearly some history here.

MADISON

So, here we are "Dr." Jennifer.
Tell me, what ever will you do
without me, huh? You'll miss our
little game, I can already tell.

Jennifer leans in slightly, smiling for the first time.

JENNIFER

I guess I'll just have to settle
for the pleasure of watching your
timely execution.

MADISON

I'll dedicate my last words to
you. Something tasteful, yet
spicy.

JENNIFER

Can't wait.

The entire plane SHAKES -- Heavy turbulence.

MADISON

You know, after you've spent so
much time poking around inside my
head, I feel like I should be
returning the favor.

(grins)

Poke around your insides for a
while.

SMACK!

Henley delivers a sharp blow to Madison's jaw, splitting his lip.

HENLEY

(wry)

Damn turbulence made me tip over.
You OK there Madison?

Madison spits out a gob of BLOOD, as well as what looks to be half a tooth.

MADISON

Peachy, boss.

Another bout of turbulence, this time really tearing into the plane, the hull GROANING from the strain.

Jennifer gives Henley a concerned look, pulling him aside, out of earshot.

JENNIFER

Check with the Captain. That didn't feel like your average turbulence...

Henley nods, moving down the aisle.

WE TRAIL him as he passes increasingly worried looking passengers, among them familiar faces:

- Tess and Oliver, nervously peering out of the window.
- Hiroshi throwing a comforting arm around the obviously unnerved Mitsuko

Henley pushes past first class, walking up to a stewardess who is in the process of strapping herself into a seat near the entrance to the cockpit.

She greets him with a practiced smile, but her nervousness is palpable behind it.

STEWARDESS

Agent Combs, good, the Captain would like to see you right away.

The cockpit door buzzes open, allowing entry.

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - COCKPIT - NIGHT (CONTINUED)

Henley staggers into the cockpit as the plane SHAKES violently, nearly throwing him off his feet.

HENLEY

What the hell is going on?

CAPTAIN

We're being hit by some serious winds and control has gone silent. We're flying blind.

Henley leans up against the pilot's seat, peering out through the front window.

OUTSIDE: RAIN lashes against the window, along with TEARING wind.

The shaky view of LAX lays straight ahead, but none of the runways are lit up.

HENLEY
What can I do?

CAPTAIN
Pray we don't crash into another
plane on one of those runways
when we land.

The co-pilot is making a last ditch effort to contact control.

CO-PILOT
(into headset, shouting)
Control! Come in control! God
fucking dammit, come in!!

The tarmac is approaching at rapid speed, until:

CAPTAIN
Hold on!!

SQUEEEEE!!

The landing gear makes contact with the tarmac with a piercing whine.

The force of the impact throws Henley off his feet and back into one of the many panels in the cockpit, setting off a small explosion of SPARKS.

QUICK CUTS:

- The Captain, gritting his teeth as he does his best to stop the lumbering aircraft as it hurtles down the dark runway.
- Tess and Oliver, huddling in their seats, overhead baggage FLYING all over the cabin, tagging a nearby passenger in the head, CRIMSON spattering over Tess' face.
- Hiroshi hugging his wife for dear life, protecting her with his own body as the hull SHAKES, the lights in the cabin shorting out infrequently.
- Jennifer SCREAMING as the impact causes Rowlands to topple over towards Madison, who proceeds to BITE her in the neck, RIPPING open the female agent's artery, showering blood all over his face.

- Madison letting out a howl of pure ecstasy, mixed with pain as the shaking of the plane causes his restraints to chafe into his wrists, drawing blood.

- OUTSIDE VIEW of the plane speeding down the runway, its lights hitting ANOTHER plane -- A smaller cargo plane, sitting right in its path.

- On the Captain, realizing what is about to happen. His eyes widen.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Oh God...

BOOM!!!

The jet CRASHES into the cargo plane, cutting it in half.

The landing gear is completely SHREDDED upon impact, throwing the plane into a deadly slide across the tarmac.

A stray piece of fuselage is torn off the hull, hurtling straight at us, forcing a:

BLACK OUT.

DARKNESS

Several silent beats pass by, slowly accompanied by rapid and irregular heartbeat.

VOICE (V.O.)

(hysterical crying)

No no, please!! Oh God, no,
please don't!

(deafening wail)

Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!

The heartbeat stops.

STATIC.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - WRECKAGE - NIGHT

The bloodied face of Jennifer SHOOTs into frame, her breathing rapid, her eyes darting in every direction.

All around her people are WAILING in agony or fear -- Complete chaos.

Some sections of the passenger cabin have been completely destroyed, leaving nothing but a mess of metal debris and mutilated passengers.

Taking in the chaos, Jennifer seems to snap back to her senses somewhat.

JENNIFER

(low)
Madison...

She whips around, finding nothing but a pile of UNLOCKED restraints next to Rowlands dead body.

The female agent's unmoving eyes fixed on Jennifer in an almost judgemental gaze. The keys to Madison's restraint have been tossed next to he body.

Tears push to the surface as Jennifer crouches next to the dead agent, gently closing her frozen eyes.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(crying silently)
Marcie... God dammit.

Her eyes drift to Marcie's gun holster, now EMPTY.

She swallows her tears, standing up, turning around to find:

MADISON, standing next to an open emergency escape hatch. He has Rowlands' gun trained at her with a wicked grin.

MADISON

Round two, doctor.

He drops out of the hatch, disappearing into the night outside.

OFF JENNIFER, completely FROZEN, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

General PANDEMONIUM, as survivors leap out of the ruined plane, scrambling away from spreading fires.

Wounded get TRAMPLED as panic rules the day.

A man caught on FIRE falls out of the wreckage, igniting a leakage of JET FUEL, causing him to go up in a huge ball of FLAMES, taking out half a dozen more people in the fiery blaze.

Amongst the chaos, we find TESS, weakly supporting a dazed OLIVER. Then again, it could easily be the other way around as both look completely out of it -- Covered in blood spatter and soot.

Dragging each other out of the worst of it, they collapse in a heap, drawing ragged breaths.

TESS
(dazed)
What happened?

She feels her own face, coming up with sticky blood between her finger.

TESS (CONT'D)
(freaking out)
Oh God, I'm bleeding!

Oliver manages to sit upright, facing her. He gives her a cursory glance, wearing a nauseous expression.

OLIVER
I don't think its your blood.

Tess notices his almost green face.

TESS
What's wrong?

OLIVER
Aside from narrowly surviving a plane crash? Not too hot when it comes to blood.

He PUKES, drawing a disgusted expression from Tess.

TESS
Nice.

Off Oliver's embarrassment, we:

CUT TO:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - COCKPIT - NIGHT

SPARKS fly in every direction.

Both the Captain and the co-pilot are dead, completely RIDDLED with debris that appears to have come flying through the window upon impact.

Both are quite literally nailed to their seats.

A loose panel blocking the entrance to the cockpit is pushed aside, revealing Jennifer.

She scans the cockpit, momentarily taken aback by the grisly corpses of the pilots, before spotting a HAND sticking out of a pile of debris right next to the entrance.

She painstakingly digs through the debris, gradually uncovering the bruised and bloodied HENLEY -- His sporadic GROANS a weak sign of life.

JENNIFER

Wake up, Henley! I need you to be okay!

Henley blinks awake with a pained grunt, Jennifer letting out a sigh of relief.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

You scared me, you bastard!

HENLEY

(pained)

I take it the runway wasn't clear.

JENNIFER

What the hell is going on? We've been down for minutes now and there hasn't been any sign of search and rescue. We're in the middle of fucking Los Angeles International!

Henley manages to get back to his feet. Apart from a few nasty scrapes he seems mobile enough.

HENLEY

Might have something to do with the fact that the captain was unable to get through to flight control. I think we may have just crash landed into the next nine eleven.

Jennifer attempts to support him as they move through the treacherous wreckage, passing countless bodies of less fortunate passengers.

JENNIFER

I don't care how well funded an operation we're talking about here. No one's got the means to take down an entire air port in the middle of Los Angeles.

HENLEY

That's the thing, isn't it. Just when you think you can imagine the worst possible scenario, the world just up and gives you the middle finger once again.

Jennifer COUGHS as a plume of smoke is blown into their faces.

JENNIFER

(dry)
Poetic...
(beat)
Henley...

HENLEY

You never call me that.
(sensing)
What's wrong?

Jennifer can't seem to meet his gaze.

JENNIFER

It's Madison...

Henley tenses visibly.

HENLEY

Oh fuck no!

Jennifer just shakes her head.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me!

JENNIFER

It's not just that... He... He
killed Rowlands.

Henley's face turns to stone.

HENLEY

(blank)
Come on...

They push through an emergency escape hatch, forcing a:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

A few hundred yards from the wreckage, the survivors have gathered onto the runway, huddled together in small groups.

Out of the original 246 passengers, it looks like less than a third has made it out of the wreck. Additionally, half of those seem to be injured in some way, most of them critical.

MOANS of pain and fear create a spooky ambiance as we come across Jennifer and Henley as they reach the survivors.

A DELIRIOUS woman stumbles into them, bleeding from a serious head wound. She mumbles incoherently.

WOMAN

(rapidly, mumbling)

My son. Have you seen him? Have you? Have you seen my little boy? He's only a baby, only a baby. My son, have you seen him?

The woman wanders off into the crowd, repeating her mantra.

As they pass by a group of mostly unharmed men, one of them spots the BADGE attached to Henley's belt.

RANDOM SURVIVOR

(shouting)

Hey! You there! You some sort of cop?

The attention of the large, panicked group instantly shifts to Henley and Jennifer.

RANDOM SURVIVOR

(shouting)

Where the fuck are the ambulances?

Many similar questions ripple through the scared crowd.

HENLEY

Everyone calm down! Keep the wounded warm and calm until help arrives!

RANDOM SURVIVOR

(shouting)

Look around, cop! There ain't no fucking help on the way.

The shouts are becoming more frequent, more hostile -- A powder keg about to be lit.

JENNIFER

Please, everyone listen to me!

Her voice gets lost in the shouts.

The panic is reaching critical, people actually beginning to push each other around.

BOOM!

A single gunshot rings out, instantly freezing the crowd.

Henley re-holsters his side arm.

Jennifer gives him a nod before turning to the shocked crowd.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
My name is Dr. Jennifer
Ravenrock. I need all of you to
listen to me.

PANNING ACROSS the frightened faces of the survivors. Among them we see Tess, Oliver and the Odas.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I don't know what's going on any
more than you do, but if we
surrender to panic, we won't last
the night. The emotions you are
feeling right now can be
controlled. Fear can be harnessed
as long as you don't let it
control your actions. Comfort
each other when needed. No one
here is alone, and if we stick
together, I promise you
everything will be okay.

A man steps up, same guy that incited the shouting before. He seems a bit calmer though.

MAN
That's all well and good for
those of us still standing. But
half of us are seriously hurt
here. I don't think positive
thinking is gonna solve their
problems.

Jennifer examines him for a beat -- A middle aged, slightly greying man wearing a sharp suit, though not all that sharp anymore.

JENNIFER
What's your name, sir?

MAN
Marcus Lee Hamilton.

JENNIFER
Can I talk to you in private?

Marcus relents, allowing her to lead him to the sidelines.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Mr. Hamilton, I realize you think you're acting in the group's best interest, but let me be perfectly clear -- The last thing these people need is someone adding paranoia to their substantial emotional load right now.

MARCUS

Look, I don't mean to disrespect all your psycho babble.

JENNIFER

(dry)

Wouldn't want that...

MARCUS

I'm just looking out for the poor bastards that can't even stand anymore. If help ain't coming, we need to bring it here ourselves.

Henley walks in on the conversation.

HENLEY

He's not all wrong, Jen. I took a rough tally of the wounded and some of them need some serious medical attention. And even if we manage to find some first aid stuff that hasn't burned to a crisp on the plane, it won't be nearly enough.

MARCUS

And it's pretty clear that the cavalry isn't here to bail us out any time soon either.

JENNIFER

(sighs)

I'm open to suggestions.

OLIVER (O.S.)

Airport pharmacies.

Oliver, having hung around the sidelines along with Tess, finally decides to contribute.

JENNIFER

And you are?

OLIVER

(offers hand)

Oliver Lomax.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)
I know I wasn't officially
invited, but I'm pretty good at
crashing parties.

Behind him, Tess rolls her eyes.

JENNIFER
(bemused)
Right.

HENLEY
(nodding)
Kid's got a good point. There's
tons of stuff in there we could
use. Just one problem... We still
don't know why this place is
completely dark.

TESS
Yeah, I've tried calling every
number on my cell, but...

MARCUS
(interrupting)
Let me guess? No service?

TESS
Actually no. The phone works
perfectly, but I didn't get a
single answer. I asked around and
it seems to be the same for
everyone who tried it.

HENLEY
You're telling me *no one* is
picking up the phone?

Tess nods, the fear palpable in her eyes.

TESS
(to Jennifer)
Look, I get what you meant about
preventing full blown panic...
But I gotta say, I'm starting to
seriously lose it.
(gestures)
Look at the city! There's no
moving headlights, no sounds of
traffic! No anything! Where the
fuck is every one?

JENNIFER
I... I don't know.

Off Jennifer, as clueless as the rest of them, we rise up
into the night sky, getting a full panoramic view of
downtown Los Angeles -- A city seemingly frozen in a moment
of silence.

A single, HOLLOW SNARL echoes throughout the skyscrapers...

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Back with the survivors of the crash.

People seem a bit calmer than before -- A modicum of order as injured have been moved to the centre of the "camp", tended to by others to the best of their limited abilities.

Off to the side, we find a small group consisting of Jennifer, Henley, Marcus, Oliver and Tess. They speak in slightly hushed tones.

HENLEY

I figure it's got be about a mile and a half to cross the rest of the runway into the main terminal. Question is whether or not who ever is behind all this is still around. All we have is my SIG and two spare clips.

Marcus is nodding manically.

MARCUS

I fucking knew it! It's another goddamn terrorist attack!

JENNIFER

Keep your voice down, Mr. Lee! The last thing we need is those kinds of speculations spreading amongst these people.

HENLEY

The plan remains the same regardless of what we find. Medical supplies and transportation and we start taking these people to the closest hospital. If we wait any longer we'll have thirty people bleeding to death by morning.

(beat)

Volunteers?

Oliver shares an uncertain look with Tess, who merely shrugs.

OLIVER

Fuck it. Need something to take my mind off how screwed we are.

MARCUS
(nods)
Count me in.

TESS
(sighs)
I'm a sucker for peer pressure.
I'm in.

OLIVER
(smiles)
I'm starting to think you can't
get enough of me.

TESS
(dry)
Yeah, we're bonding, it'll be
great. Just don't puke on my
shoes again.

As the two of them continue their mostly UNHEARD banter, Jennifer pulls Henley aside, out of earshot of the others.

JENNIFER
We still have one major issue.

HENLEY
(nods, grimly)
Madison.

JENNIFER
He won't leave us alone. Not
until we're both dead.

HENLEY
Or he is.

JENNIFER
The point is there's no telling
what he'll do to these people
just to screw with us.

HENLEY
Look, I hate to say it, but we've
got bigger problems than one lone
sicko right now. Let's just focus
on one thing at a time.

Jennifer manages a small smile.

JENNIFER
Typical male strategy.

Henley pulls the slide back on his SIG SAUER pistol, checking the chamber, letting it snap back with a distinct CLICK.

HENLEY

Haven't had any complaints.

Jennifer follows him back to the others, just as Marcus disengages from a larger crowd of survivors.

MARCUS

I convinced them this was the best course of action.

(pointed, to Jennifer)

Don't make me a liar.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - DARK RUNWAY - NIGHT

We watch as Jennifer, Henley, Tess, Oliver, and Marcus leave the other survivors through and UNKNOWN P.O.V.

A slight sound of BREATHING adds an eerie, voyeuristic feel to the perspective.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

Amongst the survivors, we pass by the injured as they are comforted by other passengers, until we find:

MITSUKO and HIROSHI, sitting a few feet to the side of the main group, slightly isolated.

Hiroshi angrily shuts off his cell phone.

MITSUKO

(Japanese, subtitled)

What's wrong?

HIROSHI

(Japanese, subtitled)

The hotel keeps putting me on indefinite hold. No answer for over ten minutes!

(beat, angrily)

Typical!

MITSUKO

(Japanese, subtitled)

Calm down. We are lucky to be alive.

HIROSHI

(Japanese, subtitled)

Not if I miss my meeting. I can kiss my career goodbye!

He pauses for a beat, a thought forming.

MITSUKO
 (Japanese, subtitled)
 What?

HIROSHI
 (Japanese, subtitled)
 The hotel is right next to the
 airport. All we have to do is
 walk and we'll be there in no
 time.

MITSUKO
 (Japanese, subtitled)
 What about waiting for help?

HIROSHI
 (Japanese, subtitled)
 I can take care of us. Come on!

He helps her to her feet.

Mitsuko still seems reluctant.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
 (Japanese, subtitled)
 You did say you wanted to spend
 some time together.

Mitsuko relents, following him off down the dark runway.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

The group consisting of Jennifer and the others approaches
 the main terminal from the runway, passing desolate
 airplanes and airport vehicles, moving up to a maintenance
 access door.

A few lights can be seen inside the terminal, through the
 massive plate glass windows facing the runways.

The group forms up next to the maintenance door.

Henley is in the lead, drawing his pistol.

HENLEY
 (hushed)
 Stay quiet and stay behind me.

He tries the door, which surprisingly slides open.

OLIVER
 (re: the open door)
 Is that good or bad?

HENLEY

Also, try and keep the talking to
a minimum.

He takes a steadying breath.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

Let's move.

He deftly cracks open the door, stepping inside at a brisk pace, scanning the dark interior, keeping his pistol up and ready.

The others follow suit, all be it slightly less deftly.

Henley sweeps the room, mostly filled with baggage carts and conveyor belts.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

(low)

Clear...

They press on, up some stairs towards a long hallway.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

A distant noise echoes down the corridor, almost like a constant KNOCK on a metal surface.

ON the group, their heightened senses picking up the strange noise, sharing perplexed and slightly anxious looks.

MARCUS

What the hell is that?

HENLEY

Stay low.

He leads them down the long, empty corridor -- The rapping noise becoming increasingly loud, until it becomes clear that it's coming from right behind the double doors at the end of the long hall.

Henley throws a quick look back to Jennifer, who is right behind him. She offers a small nod.

Henley PUSHES through the double doors, bringing up his sidearm.

He FREEZES, eyes widening.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
 (shocked)
 Oh my God...

WIDE SHOT: The main lobby of the main terminal, housing countless tax free shops, restaurants and cafeterias, all bathed in a shadowy gloom.

The LIGHTS FLICKER, pushing through the darkness, revealing the whole terminal to be literally covered in CORPSES.

Imagine every single person in a busy airport suddenly having dropped dead on the spot, and you'll get the idea.

The floor is barely visible.

CLOSE ON: The body of a security guard, stuck at the bottom of a still running escalator, the rotating steps constantly BANGING against the flashlight on his belt, creating the eerie echoing sound in the otherwise dead silent terminal.

Henley turns away to stop the others from entering, but he's too late, faced with the frozen stares of his fellow survivors.

Silent tears are streaming down Tess' face, while Oliver ducks back out of the room, GAGGING at the sight at so much death.

Jennifer and Marcus both seem transfixed, unable to take their eyes away from the bizarre display of countless dead bodies.

JENNIFER
 (low)
 They just...

She closes her eyes for a beat, gathering her wits.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 (to Henley)
 What are you thinking?

Henley shakes his head.

HENLEY
 There aren't many biological agents that can kill this many people this fast.

MARCUS
 How can you know they died quickly.

HENLEY
 Look at them... It's like they all just dropped.
 (MORE)

HENLEY (CONT'D)

There's no sign of panic or any attempts to flee. If this was some form of gas or nerve agent, more bodies would be massed at the exits.

Jennifer kneels down next to one of the nearest corpses -- A young woman that seems to have crumpled while talking on her cell, as the phone is still tightly clenched in her stiff hands.

The "disconnected" signal is heard vaguely.

Jennifer feels the dead woman's brow just as a slightly recovered Oliver returns. He cringes as Jennifer makes contact.

OLIVER

Why the fuck are you doing that?
What if they're infectious?

JENNIFER

Whatever killed these people was clearly airborne. If it was still present we'd be dead by now.

OLIVER

Great...

Jennifer turns her attention back to the body.

JENNIFER

She hasn't gone completely cold yet, which means she died just a few hours ago...

TESS

(quietly)
They all died while we were over the Pacific?
(beat)
What if it's spread to the city?
I live here, all my friends, my family... My sister's supposed to be here to pick me up!

She sobs, starting to hyperventilate.

Jennifer stands, moving to put her arms around the shaking Tess.

JENNIFER

Don't think about that. We need to stay focused right now.

Tess manages a small nod.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Good. Let's get the supplies and get back to the others as soon as possible.

Oliver is shaking his head, his eyes glued to the dead bodies littering the entire floor.

OLIVER

Fuck that! I'm not walking through this shit, no way! I just... can't, OK?

Henley puts a firm hand on the younger man's shoulder.

HENLEY

You wanna stay here all by yourself?

Off Oliver's conflicted expression, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The dull moans of the injured survivors fills the air, those left standing doing their best to keep those not so lucky comfortable.

We find the DELIRIOUS WOMAN from earlier, still wandering around, repeating her endless mantra:

WOMAN

My son. Have you seen him? Have you? Have you seen my little boy? He's only a baby, only a baby. My son, have you seen him?

Her mumbling goes mostly ignored by the others, until:

VOICE (O.S.)

You looking for a little boy?

The woman perks up -- A flash of lucidity, turning to face:

MADISON, as he swaggers out of the surrounding shadows.

WOMAN

(hopeful)
You found my son?

MADISON

(smiles)
I sure did. What's your name, honey?

WOMAN/ALICIA

A-Alicia... Where is he?

MADISON

He's safe and sound, right back here.

He puts an arm around the distraught Alicia's shoulders, leading her away from the others, into the dark...

ALICIA

Thank you so much!

CLOSE ON: Madison's wicked smile.

MADISON

Don't mention it...

They fade into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A.X. HILTON - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The vast parking lot outside a row of airport hotels, the Hilton standing amongst the most prominent.

CLICK, CLACK, CLICK, CLACK!

The sound of high heels hitting the pavement echoes throughout the otherwise silent parking lot.

Hiroshi and Mitsuko walk into frame, the latter responsible for the noise.

MITSUKO

I don't like this... It's too quiet.

HIROSHI

It's the middle of the night.

He pulls her along towards the entrance to the hotel.

ON MITSUKO, as she throws a look to the road beyond the parking lot, where several cars have been driven off the road. A few of them having crashed into each other.

It's too dark to make out any potential drivers or passengers.

Mitsuko shakes off the CHILL running up her spine as she follows her husband towards the hotel.

LEAVING them, we cross over to the crashed cars on the road, finding DEAD BODIES in each of them -- Drivers and passengers who have instantly died while driving their cars.

CLOSE ON: The back window of a car wrapped around a telephone pole -- Heavily condensed and nearly impossible to see through.

A HAND SLAMS up against the window at disturbing speed.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

Henley leads the others past a long row of tax free shops, each follower gingerly stepping over the countless corpses laying in their path.

Something CRACKS sickeningly as Oliver accidentally STEPS on the hand of an elderly male.

He makes a face of pure revulsion.

OLIVER

Oh Jesus! I just fucking stepped on a dead guy!

Tess moves past him, her face oddly blank.

TESS

Doubt he'll mind.

OLIVER

Not funny.

TESS

Wasn't trying to be...

Henley stops the group, indicating something up ahead.

HENLEY

I see a pharmacy over there. You guys start packing stuff.

(to Jennifer)

You know what we need, right?

JENNIFER

Basically. Been a while since med-school...

HENLEY

(winks)

Not *that* long.

Marcus steps in.

MARCUS
 (to Henley)
 What about you?

HENLEY
 There's a Homeland Security
 office not far from here. I might
 be able to check the security
 footage and figure out just what
 the hell happened here.

MARCUS
 Sure thing, cowboy. I saw a
 shuttle bus parked just outside
 before we came in. I think I
 might be able to hotwire the damn
 thing and get some injured
 survivors under a roof.

Henley nods.

HENLEY
 Just don't drive off without the
 rest of us.

MARCUS
 You clearly don't know me very
 well, so I'll let that one slide,
 G-man.

Jennifer steps in to separate the two.

JENNIFER
 (to Marcus)
 Meet you by the maintenance exit
 when we're done.

HENLEY
 Hope you know what you're doing,
 Jen...

Henley moves off leaving the others to head for the
 pharmacy.

Oliver shakes his head.

OLIVER
 Sure, why not let the only guy
 with a gun wander off? Loving
 this plan.

Marcus brushes past him, heading back to the maintenance
 exit.

MARCUS
 You whine like a cat in heat,
 kid.

Oliver gives the older man a dirty look before picking up the pace.

WE STAY on the elderly dead man with the now crushed hand.

Slowly closing in on his ASHEN face until we're close enough to almost smell the death on him.

His eyes OPEN -- Cloudy white orbs, completely devoid of life.

His body SPASMS VIOLENTLY, ragged WHEEZES giving way to a low, predatory SNARL.

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - HANGAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: ALICIA'S face, PRESSED against the cold concrete floor of one of the massive hangars lining the nearby runways.

Her face is streaked with tears mixed with soot and dirt, as she SOBS.

Pulling back slightly, including a GUN pressed to the other side of her head, keeping her down.

The gun is pulled up, and out of frame.

WIDE ANGLE:

MADISON stands above the huddling Alicia wearing his wide grin while absently toying with the gun.

Alicia's clothes are TORN, her arms and legs bruised -- Evidence of what Madison does best.

He crouches next to her as she pulls herself into the fetal position, quietly sobbing.

MADISON

Sorry about the minor fib. I
guess L.A. Just brings out the
beast in me.

He pulls her up into an iron grip with fearsome speed and strength, wrapping an arm around her windpipe from behind.

Alicia struggles hopelessly while slowly turning a shade of blue. Madison wears an expression of pure perverted ecstasy.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Say hi to your son, bitch.

Alicia is almost out of time, when a piercing SCREAM cuts through the empty hangar -- An animalistic SHRIEK.

Before Madison has time to react, he is TACKLED by an unknown assailant, sending him and Alicia sprawling to the concrete.

The attacker CLAWS at Madison, who is barely able to keep the beastly assailant at bay in his prone position.

His eyes widen as he gets a good look at his attacker -- A woman, clearly no longer ALIVE -- Her face a sickly grey, her eyes cloudy white and her movements unnatural and stiff.

There is an eerie hollowness to her frenzied snarls as she desperately tries to sink her rotting teeth into Madison's flesh.

MADISON (CONT'D)
What the fuck!?!

He HOWLS from pure exertion as he PUSHES the undead woman off, throwing her a few feet back.

She recovers almost instantly, CRAWLING back towards Madison with surprising speed.

She almost reaches him...

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Four deafening gunshots explode through the hangar, accompanied by bullets that RIP INTO the undead woman, turning her face and chest into hamburger, the force of the impacts sending her flying backwards a few feet.

A pregnant pause follows, as Madison draws a few ragged breaths.

A snaps to the side, as if remembering something, raising his gun towards where Alicia fell.

He finds nothing but quickly FADING footsteps as Alicia is seen running out of the hangar, guided by pure survival instinct.

Madison FIRES his pistol twice, both bullets going wide of their mark, SPARKING against the floor and the metal wall as Alicia ducks out of an exit, disappearing into the night.

Madison lowers his gun, increasingly frustrated.

He KICKS the now twice dead woman's corpse.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Fucking fuck!!

Off his frustration, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dead silence.

PANNING around the large, luxurious lobby, we find several dead BODIES:

- An elderly couple slumped in front of the check in desk

- A bell hop crumpled at the base of the stairs, two suitcases resting next to him

- A group of four young men wearing expensive suits, all dropped in a heap near the entrance.

We come to a HALT on the frozen faces of Hiroshi and Mitsuko.

Mitsuko shakes her head in disbelief while Hiroshi just stands expressionless, his mind seemingly incapable of processing the horrifying scene.

MITSUKO
(Japanese, subtitled)
What's going on?

Hiroshi remains wide eyed... silent.

MITSUKO (CONT'D)
(Japanese, subtitled)
Hiroshi!!

She pulls his arm, snapping him out of the daze.

HIROSHI
(Japanese, subtitled)
I... I don't know.

Mitsuko is growing panicked.

MITSUKO
(Japanese, subtitled)
What do we do?

Hiroshi runs his hand through his hair nervously, beads of sweat forming on his brow.

HIROSHI
(Japanese, subtitled)
I don't know!!

BAM...

A dull echo of a distant noise reaches the scared couple, their heightened senses picking it up instantly.

MITSUKO
(holding her breath)
There's someone upstairs...

BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM!

The solitary sound becomes a cacophony of rapid BANGING.

WE RISE UPWARDS, melting through the ceiling, arriving at a long corridor lined with doors leading to the first floor guest rooms.

Almost EVERY DOOR is SHAKING in its frame, being HAMMERED from within.

It would seem the guests are awake...

WE DROP back down, finding Hiroshi and Mitsuko as they listen to the eerie noise of a thousand doors being pummeled throughout the whole building.

PING!

They both JUMP at the sudden sound of a clear BELL.

Their attention turned to the check in desk, the horrified couple spot a PALE HAND reaching up from behind the desk, GRABBING a hold of the bell located on top.

An UNDEAD concierge pulls himself up from behind the desk.

His hollow, DEAD EYES lock in on Hiroshi and Mitsuko.

The concierge lets out a ghastly ROAR.

Mitsuko SCREAMS in pure terror as the undead man VAULTS the desk, SPRINGING towards her.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A "pharmacy" sign, blinking off and on, lit by a broken neon light.

PANNING DOWN, we find Tess, Oliver and Jennifer going through the shelves, packing stuff into backpacks.

JENNIFER

How are you guys doing?

Oliver sweeps an entire shelf worth of bottled pills into his backpack.

OLIVER

Well enough to fall off the wagon again. What about you, Tess?

He gets no answer, as Tess stands still by the entrance to the pharmacy, staring at all the dead people covering the floor outside. She looks down to a piece of paper clenched in her hand -- A plane ticket.

TESS
 (quietly)
 Gate 27-D...

Jennifer pauses, a concerned look on her face.

JENNIFER
 Tess? Are you with us?

Tess throws her a blank look.

TESS
 My sister is waiting for me...

She TAKES OFF running, navigating the corpse littered floor with relative ease.

JENNIFER
 (shout)
 Wait! Tess!!

Oliver is already moving.

OLIVER
 I'll get her.

He takes off as well, leaving Jennifer with three fully packed backpacks.

JENNIFER
 (frustrated)
 Shit!

In the background behind Jennifer, just within our periphery, a SHADOW streaks across the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - OFFICE - NIGHT

A fairly large office housing a dozen desks with personal computers and stacks of papers.

The seal of Homeland Security can be seen stamped onto a few of the miscellaneous papers.

HENLEY stalks into frame, leading with his gun, scanning the empty office.

He STOPS, spotting several men and women dressed in dark suits, all DEAD at their work stations, slumped down behind their computer screens.

Henley's expression flashes with anger as he feels the pulse of the nearest victim.

HENLEY

Damn it.

A crosses the room, reaching a fortified door with a keypad next to it.

He enters a long combination, the door locks CLICKING open.

He enters the small room beyond -- A security station filled wall to wall with monitors and expensive looking computer equipment.

Each monitor tells the same grim tale -- Death spread out all over the entire airport.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

Jesus... Everyone...

He takes a breath, sitting down by the main console, typing in a few commands.

The screen directly in front of him flickers, a few basic prompts superimposed on the footage.

With a few deft keystrokes, Henley begins to rewind the footage of the main terminal, his own entrance with the others earlier flashing past in an instant, followed by several beats of nothing but rewinding footage of the corpse filled terminal.

Until...

STATIC.

Henley hits pause, checking the time code above the image showing a terminal alive and full of people.

09:00:31 PM

He lets the footage play out.

09:00:32...

People walking, talking -- Alive

09:00:33...

Nothing but an average busy evening at one of the most active airports in the world.

09:00:34...

STATIC.

09:00:35...

Death... Absolute and final. Every single person that stood alive two seconds ago now lays dead.

FREEZE FRAME.

Henley's shocked expression is reflected in the screen.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Only one second... No fucking
way...

He switches to another feed, another terminal.

He rewinds, frame by frame.

STATIC... Alive.

Frame by frame forward...

STATIC... Dead.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Oh my God...

Off his face, reflected in the image filled with static,
we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

A row of empty airport shuttle busses -- Various ads posted
on their sides.

CRASH!

Marcus uses a nearby rock to SMASH the window of the
passenger door of the nearest bus, reaching in and pulling
aside the broken door.

He hops into the driver's seat, pulling out a plastic panel
beneath the steering wheel, exposing a bundle of colored
wires.

He hotwires the ignition, the engine turning a few times,
but not enough to start.

MARCUS
(to himself)
Come on now girl, don't make an
old timer look bad...

OUTSIDE, a SHADOW rushes past, drawing Marcus's attention
with a start.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Anybody there? Could use the help
in here.

A beat of silence.

Marcus shrugs it off, trying the wires again.

The engine GRINDS to life -- The headlights turning on.

Marcus's triumphant smile fades as he spots:

A MAN, standing right in front of the bus, lit up by the headlights.

Matted hair covers most of his deathly PALE face.

He stands absolutely still, WHITE eyes peering almost curiously into the sudden light.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Hey, buddy? You one of the
survivors off the plane? You're
not supposed to be wandering
around.

His voice triggers a violent reaction, the man THROWING himself blindly towards the bus and Marcus's voice, running full speed into the front of the bus, his head SMASHING against the front window, leaving a huge, bloody CRACK in the glass.

As the UNDEAD man spots a shocked Marcus within the bus, he proceeds to POUND the weakened windshield, spreading the cracks.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What the hell is your problem!?

The undead lets out a blood thirsty ROAR, SMASHING his head through the glass, beginning to claw through it with bleeding hands, his jaw SNAPPING at Marcus, who quickly rears back.

His mind racing, Marcus jumps out of the front seat, scanning the bus for a weapon.

He KICKS out against the nearest of the many vertical metal POLES spaced out across the shuttle.

After a few good kicks, the pole dislodges, Marcus picking up the improvised weapon just as the undead man is about to crawl through the windshield, his dead eyes firmly locked on his prey.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Last warning, asshole!

The undead lets out a piercing SNARL, lunging the rest of the distance.

With a SCREAM, Marcus thrusts the metal pole forward, PIERCING the undead man's head, right through his eye, freezing him in his tracks.

GORE begins to seep out of the hollow pole, prompting Marcus to drop it.

The undead topples backwards with a wet THUD.

Off Marcus, breathing heavily, eyes wild, we:

CUT TO:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT
HEAVY BREATHING.

OLIVER rushes into frame, severely out of breath.

OLIVER
(shout)
Tess! Goddammit we don't have
time for this shit!
(louder)
Tess!!

A sudden CLANK, causes him to whip around, finding the entrance to a small coffee shop.

One of the many tables has been tipped over, a SHAPE standing next to it, back turned to us. The hair, clothes and approximate height matches that of TESS.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Jesus, Tess, you scared the shit
out of me.

Tess reacts with a sudden JERK, her head turning upwards with a sudden move.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Come on, Jennifer is waiting...

He trails off as Tess stays quiet -- Unnaturally so.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(growing impatient)
What the hell is wrong with you?

TESS (O.S.)
Sorry about the drama, but I had
to make sure my sister wasn't
here...

A confused Oliver turns around, finding Tess walking towards him down a set of stairs.

She notices his puzzled expression.

TESS (CONT'D)
What?

OLIVER
Who the f-

A soul crushing WAIL cuts him off, as "Tess" POUNCES out of the coffee shop. Taking him down into a tangled mess.

The real Tess screams as the undead girl BITES deeply into Oliver's shoulder, blood GUSHING all over her ashen features.

Oliver howls to high heaven as the relentless zombie tries to follow up with another bite, this time aiming for his neck.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Ahh fuck, get her off me!! Get
her the fuck off me!! Help me!!!

Tess snaps out of her shock induced daze, running up towards the struggle and KICKING the crazed undead girl in the side, throwing her off the thrashing Oliver.

Tess tries to pull the whimpering Oliver to his feet, but her smaller frame has her at a heavy disadvantage.

TESS
Move it, goddammit!!

Oliver is crying hysterically as blood smears all over the helping Tess.

Their struggle is interrupted by another SNARL, as the undead girl has recovered, launching into another charge.

Tess can do little else but brace herself for the attack.

TESS (CONT'D)
(defiant)
Fuck you!

The undead girl is inches away, when her face EXPLODES onto Tess and Oliver in a shower of blood and brain matter.

The headless undead girl falls out of frame, revealing HENLEY, his side arm smoking slightly.

A silent beat, only Oliver's moans echoing throughout the space.

TESS (CONT'D)
What the fuck was that?

HENLEY
A big problem. I was checking the monitors to find out what killed everyone-

OLIVER
(in pain)
Could we have this conversation later, you know, when I'm not bleeding to death?

TESS
(ignoring him)
What was it?

HENLEY
What killed them isn't important...

TESS
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

HENLEY
It's what's brining them back to life that has me a little concerned.

Tess is just shaking her head.

TESS
I don't understand.

HENLEY
You don't need to. Right now you just have to do one thing.

TESS
Which is?

Henley points to something behind her.

Tess turns around, still supporting Oliver.

Both their expressions go cold.

REVERSE ANGLE: The sea of corpses covering the terminal floor is MOVING -- A cacophony of MOANS and SNARLS, undead limbs SNAPPING out of rigor mortis.

HENLEY
Run!!

Henley helps support Oliver as the three survivors take off down the terminal, dodging the moving limbs of awakening dead as best they can.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The moans of the injured survivors have died down a little, the others sitting over them in a quiet vigil.

The calm is interrupted by:

ALICIA
(scream)
Help me!

The survivors react with a collective start as Alicia comes running out of the surrounding darkness -- Her clothes torn and her exposed skin bruised and dirty.

She is SOBBING hysterically, rapidly spreading fearful looks amongst the survivors.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
He's trying to kill me!

She SCREAMS, seeing:

A CRISPY MAN, or more accurately, the man who fell into the jet fuel in the crash, lumbers into the tightly grouped survivors.

PANIC explodes exponentially as he TEARS into the nearest injured and defenseless survivor, blood SPURTING all over bystanders, inciting a STAMPEDE, as the survivors FLEE in all directions, TRAMPLING the prone injured.

More "resurrected" plane crash victims LEAP into the crowd, turning the scene into a crimson orgy of death.

Alicia pushes through the chaos, her instincts guiding her towards the lights of the distant terminal.

OFF the utter carnage, WE PULL AWAY to a safe distance.

Madison steps into frame, taking in the slaughter -- Undead EATING their prey.

Madison's expression lays somewhere between curiosity and morbid fascination.

MADISON
Looks like we've got ourselves a
whole new ball game...

As the last screams of the "survivors" die out, pan up towards the darkness of the cloudy night sky, forcing a:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

FADE IN:

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT

An overfilled backpack is dropped into frame, into a small pile on top of two other bags.

PAN UP, finding JENNIFER, having dropped the bag right outside the pharmacy. She WINCES in apparent pain, clutching her side. Fishing out a bottle of pills, she dry swallows a couple, taking a few deep breaths, beads of sweat glistening on her forehead.

A distant GUNSHOT snaps her out of her thoughts, an alarmed expression finding its way to the surface.

JENNIFER

(low)

Henley...

ANOTHER GUNSHOT, this time very close.

A strange noise fills the air -- The sound of a thousand wails and undead, approaching fast.

Peering down the long terminal, Jennifer sees:

Henley, supporting an injured Oliver along with Tess, rounding a corner, running towards us as fast as they can.

HENLEY

(screaming)

Jen! Run!!

Jennifer stands puzzled, her eyes widening as an ARMY of undead comes flooding from behind the bend, less than thirty feet behind Henley and the others.

JENNIFER

Wha...?

HENLEY

Gooooo!!

Oliver manages to keep going supported by only Tess, as Henley stops briefly, whipping around and FIRING six well placed shots into the lead undead, taking it down and causing those behind it to topple over its corpse.

Henley picks up the pace, pulling a shocked Jennifer with him.

JENNIFER

Wait! The bags!

Henley doesn't stop, leading them down the maintenance exit.

HENLEY
(emphatic)
Fuck the bags.

He fires another couple of shots backwards, taking down an uncomfortably close undead, drawing blood thirsty snarls out of those that follow it.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL - MAIN TERMINAL - NIGHT
(CONT'ED)

Tess and Oliver stumble out of the maintenance door, quickly followed by Henley and Jennifer.

Henley SLAMS the door shut, locking it behind him.

Two seconds later something SMASHES into on the other side, the door visibly BUCKLING a few inches, but holding for now.

The horde BANGS relentlessly on the door, weakening it by each passing second.

JENNIFER
(shaking)
What the hell are those things?

OLIVER
Who gives a fuck?!?

HENLEY
He's right. Whatever they are,
our well being seems to piss 'em
off big time.

TESS
Where's Marcus? He was supposed
to meet us!

OLIVER
Son of a bitch probably took off
first chance he got.

CRASH!

A shuttle bus comes hurtling towards them, CRASHING through a luggage transport, throwing suit cases in every which way.

The bus comes to grinding halt next to our survivors.

Marcus greets them from behind a broken and bloody front windshield.

TESS
(to Oliver)
You were saying?

MARCUS
Get your asses on board. The
neighbors ain't friendly anymore.

Henley gives the older man a pat on the back as he enters the bus.

HENLEY
We noticed.

Everyone finds a seat, Henley remaining standing next to Marcus in the front.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Let's go get those s-

BAM BAM BAM!

A pair of bloody HANDS desperately POUND one of the side windows of the bus, scaring the crap out of Oliver who is sitting right next to it.

OLIVER
Jesus, shit! It's one of those
things out there.

Henley draws his gun, just in time to aim it straight into the face of Alicia, as she reaches the passenger door.

ALICIA
(hysterical)
Help me!! Please!

Jennifer reaches out to Henley, pressing his gun wielding hand down.

JENNIFER
It's OK, I recognize her from the
crash.

She moves to Alicia, helping her aboard as Marcus guns it, tearing away just as the maintenance door fails, undead POURING out of the terminal, each one instantly taking up the chase, following the bus on foot with excited snarls and howls.

ON THE BUS.

Jennifer removes her jacket, wrapping it around the shaking Alicia, who seems to be slipping into a state of catatonia - Her eyes staring blankly ahead.

Tess approaches Jennifer.

TESS

What's wrong with her?

JENNIFER

Her mind is shutting down. This only happens in extreme cases of emotional distress.

TESS

(shudders)

You don't mince words, do you?

JENNIFER

I've found that secrecy and misdirection do very little to ease people's minds. Often it has the opposite effect, breeding paranoia, making things even worse.

A small beat.

TESS

Do you think we'll make it?

JENNIFER

It's important that we believe we will...

TESS

You didn't answer my question.

JENNIFER

(sad smile)

I know.

MARCUS (O.S.)

Heads up, people!

ON Marcus, as he peers through the broken windshield.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

We should be at the survivors any second now.

They round the corner of a hangar, reaching the crash site.

All the survivors, save for Alicia, stand up to look out of the side windows as the bus rounds the crash site.

Tess buries her crying face into the arms of an utterly shocked Oliver, while Jennifer just stares blankly out the window, her brave facade showing its first cracks.

Marcus and Henley share a devastated look.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
God help us all...

OUTSIDE:

DOZENS of undead FEED ravenously on what used to be the survivors of the plane crash.

Disgusting SMACKS and CRACKS are heard as tendons and bones are CRUSHED within the jaws of the undead -- A scene straight out of a horrible nightmare.

ON JENNIFER, her eyes darting, as if searching for something that would make sense of what she is witnessing.

JENNIFER
I... I told them... I told them...

She slumps down into her seat.

MARCUS
I told you bastards we shouldn't have left them behind! Goddammit! They're dead! Everyone's fucking dead!

Tess' sobs grow louder.

Oliver snaps.

OLIVER
Shut the fuck up! You're not helping!

MARCUS
Like you're such a fucking hero!

Henley is watching the shell shocked Jennifer, almost as if expecting her to step up. She remains silent.

The screaming between Oliver and Marcus is cut short by:

The hungry wail of an undead, as it comes CRASHING through the already broken passenger door, clawing itself inside the moving bus.

PANIC takes over as the survivors SCREAM, trying to get as far away from the invader as possible while Henley is taken off guard, tackled off his feet and pinned by the slavering ghoul.

His gun SLIDES across the aisle, out of reach, as he puts all his strength into keeping the zombies snapping jaws away from his own flesh.

The bus SWEVERS dangerously as Marcus, distracted by the carnage lets go of the steering wheel.

OUTSIDE:

Several undead are caught in the path of the bus, POPPING like melons on impact.

INSIDE:

Marcus regains control of the bus as Henley continues his hopeless struggle.

HENLEY
Somebody kill this fucking thing!

ON the others, having fled to the back of the bus, sharing frightened looks. Even Jennifer seems to have been taken over by the shock.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Jen! Help me!!

JENNIFER
I can't! I don't know what to do!

Henley SCREAMS as the zombie closes in on his bare throat, inches from a crimson meal.

BOOM!

A gunshot explodes within the bus, the zombie SLUMPING down over an exhausted Henley, a gaping hole in the back of its head.

PUSH IN on Alicia, the young woman holding Henley's gun, still shaking, but with a spark of lucidity in her eyes.

She drops the gun, almost as if shocked by what she just did.

SILENCE.

OUTSIDE:

The bus hurtles down the runways, disappearing into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - FREEWAY - NIGHT

Two shapes wander down a silent freeway.

Dull THUMPS can be heard from within the still standing cars as the figures pass by -- Undead trying to get out.

ON HIROSHI AND MITSUKO, holding each other tightly as they slowly traverse the bizarre scene.

MITSUKO
(Japanese, subtitled)
I can't go on... I can't...

She slumps to the ground, a nasty, bleeding WOUND revealed soaking blood through her dress.

Hiroshi holds on to her, desperation showing in his eyes.

HIROSHI
(Japanese, subtitled)
Mitsuko! Don't give up! I will
keep you safe. I have to.

MITSUKO
(Japanese, subtitled)
At least we got to spend a little
time together.

Hiroshi laughs sadly, kissing his wife.

HIROSHI
(Japanese, subtitled)
I guess you're right.

He looks around.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
(Japanese, subtitled)
So this is the way the world
ends...

A sudden LIGHT blinds them both, as a CAR pulls up next to them.

A side window HUMS open, revealing the smiling face of Madison.

MADISON
You folks look like you need a
ride.

Hiroshi and Mitsuko share a relieved look.

HIROSHI
Thank you very much!

He lifts Mitsuko into the back seat, laying her down gently.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)
 (Japanese, subtitled)
 Please, you need to rest.

She kisses his hand with a warm smile.

Hiroshi hops into the passenger seat next to Madison, who throws a look back at the resting Mitsuko, LICKING his lips.

MADISON
 Strap in. It's going to be a
 bumpy ride...

WIDE SHOT:

The car pulls away down the freeway, dodging useless cars, disappearing into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAWN

The sun rises from behind jagged mountains.

The beginnings of the vast Nevada desert spreads out beneath us -- A long, straight highway cutting through the rough terrain.

A beat up bus pulls over at the side of road.

WE DROP INSIDE.

Shell shocked silence rules amongst the survivors.

BLOOD smears the floor of the bus -- A reminder of the carnage.

Jennifer is heading for the exit.

MARCUS
 Why are we stopping? We need to
 get as far away from the city as
 possible.

Jennifer passes him by without a word.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Hey! I'm talking to you!

Henley puts a firm hand on the older man's shoulder.

HENLEY
 Just give us a few minutes.

OUTSIDE:

Jennifer walks aimlessly out of earshot of the bus, stopping by the vast desert.

She slumps to her knees, SOBS pushing through -- Tears spilling into the dust below.

Henley approaches her from behind, a sad expression on his face. He lets her cry for a beat.

She seems to sense his presence, not turning towards him while speaking.

JENNIFER

I told them it would all be OK...

HENLEY

You couldn't know this would happen. No one could!

JENNIFER

I promised...
(screams)
I fucking promised!!

The sobs come back with force.

Henley kneels behind her, wrapping his arms around her, turning her to face him.

She cries into his shoulder.

HENLEY

We did the best we could.

He lifts her face gently, looking into her red eyes.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

(firmly)
We did the best we could.

JENNIFER

Not good enough...

HENLEY

We still have people in that bus that will need our help. We don't get to give up today.

JUMP TO:

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

Running down the long road, the BUS in its shaky sights. RAGGED BREATHS accompany the rapid approach.

BACK ON:

Jennifer and Henley, still embracing.

JENNIFER

What are we supposed to do?

Henley seems to be sensing something.

HENLEY

(distracted)

The only thing left we *can* do...

UNKNOWN P.O.V:

Rushing towards the embracing couple, accompanied by an excited SNARL.

Henley's hand flashes out towards us, a GUN pointed directly into camera.

A blinding EXPLOSION blows us into a:

BLACK OUT.

HENLEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(over black)

Survive.

STATIC fills the screen, the word "STATIC" itself emerging from the random patterns of white, grey and black dots.

END OF PART ONE