

STATIC

Part II:

"Obsession"

by
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"Obsession"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. FLIGHT 1001 - PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

A mostly quiet row of passengers, a few familiar faces among them:

- OLIVER and TESS engaged in an unheard conversation
- A lone JENNIFER staring blankly at her laptop before closing her eyes, rubbing them tiredly
- HENLEY joining Jennifer with an unheard greeting

After a full 360', we end up face to face with Alicia, sitting in an aisle seat, seemingly just waking up from a nap.

She lets out a small YAWN, throwing a glance towards the person sitting next to her in the window seat -- A small boy, maybe six or seven years old. He is turned away from us, his head mostly pressed into a pillow next to the small window.

Alicia runs an affectionate hand through his hair, wearing an absent smile. She is about to lean in to kiss the back of his head, but is distracted by a PING, announcing the Captain over the intercom.

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.

Alicia gives her son a gentle rustle.

ALICIA

(softly)

It's time to wake up now, David.

No reaction, the boy not moving an inch.

A slight worry crosses Alicia's face as she shakes him a little harder.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
We're landing soon, baby. You
need to get up now.

Still no reaction, the boy remaining slumped against the window.

Alicia, now really worried, is about to give it another try, when:

A HAND reaches onto her shoulder from behind, STARTLING her.

The hand belongs to an air stewardess.

STEWARDESS
Is everything alright, miss?

ALICIA
(freaking out)
It's my son, he's not waking up!

The stewardess smiles warmly, eerily so even.

STEWARDESS
Nonsense. He's perfectly awake.

Puzzled, Alicia turns back to her son, who is slowly turning to face her, his head hanging low, his skin deathly pale.

ALICIA
David...?

He looks up, opening CLOUDY WHITE eyes, his face contorting into a hideous SNARL.

Alicia SCREAMS as her UNDEAD son pounces, TEARING into her throat with SNAPPING teeth.

As BLOOD showers us completely, we:

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE BUS - NIGHT

Alicia springs up into frame, SCREAMING to high heaven, now surrounded by the dreary, blood spattered interior of the bus used by the survivors to escape Los Angeles.

TESS rushes up to the screaming Alicia, who seems to be trapped in her nightmare still.

Tess tries to bring her out of it, speaking as softly as she can, but she's clearly nervous as well.

TESS

Alicia, you need to calm down.
It's just a nightmare.

It's not helping.

OUTSIDE:

MARCUS, HENLEY and JENNIFER stand next to the bus, or more accurately -- A flat tire belonging to the bus.

They react to Alicia's screams.

HENLEY

(to Jennifer)

I thought you gave her something
to help her sleep.

JENNIFER

Not enough, it seems.

MARCUS

You think so?! Every one of those
things within five miles are
gonna be awful curious if we
don't shut her the hell up right
now!

HENLEY

The tire, can you fix it or not?

The screams from within the bus is clearly putting everyone
on edge.

MARCUS

Do *you* know how to change a tire
on a damn bus?

JENNIFER

(impatient)

Yes or no will do, Mr. Hamilton.

Marcus paces for a beat, mind racing, but clearly
distracted by Alicia's screams.

He violently BANGS the side of the bus.

MARCUS

Somebody shut her the fuck up!!

INSIDE:

Tess is cradling the hysterical Alicia, who looks like she
might not even be awake -- Trapped in a horrible nightmare.

TESS
I don't know what to do! She
can't hear me! Alicia! Wake up!!

OLIVER steps into frame.

A makeshift BANDAGE wrapped around a bloody wound on his
shoulder.

OLIVER
(nervous)
If there are any of those things
nearby she's gonna attract them
all.

Tess keeps her attention on Alicia, hugging her close,
riding out the screams.

TESS
I know.

OLIVER
We need to make her stop.

Tess throws him an annoyed look.

TESS
What the hell are you saying?

Oliver looks torn, lowering his eyes.

OLIVER
I...

Jennifer enters the bus, moving past Oliver, wearing a
determined expression.

She crouches next to Tess and Alicia.

Tess gives her a puzzled look.

TESS
What are you-?

SLAP!

Jennifer SLAPS Alicia across the face, hard enough to bring
her out of the nightmare. Also hard enough to draw a wince
from both Tess and Oliver.

The silence lays thick for a few seconds as Alicia seems to
regain her senses.

MARCUS (O.S.)
Thank you!

Tess gives Jennifer a shocked look.

TESS

I can't believe you just did that! What, she hasn't been through enough?

Oliver helps Alicia down on the back seat of the bus, giving her a reassuring nod. There's a slight tinge of guilt in his expression, soon replaced by a wince, as fresh blood seeps through the makeshift bandages wrapped around his shoulder.

Jennifer faces Tess with an even look.

JENNIFER

Sometimes you need a little pain to be reminded that you're still alive.

Tess crouches next to the recovering Alicia, throwing Jennifer a harsh look in the process.

TESS

Nice and logical, huh?

Jennifer looks like she might respond for a beat before just shaking her head, dejected, promptly turning away, stepping off the bus.

Tess swallows her anger, letting out a sigh. She turns her attention to Oliver, who sits slouched in a seat near the back of the bus.

TESS (CONT'D)

Are *you* OK?

OLIVER

Just tired.

Tess sinks down in a seat across the aisle from Oliver, still keeping an eye on the silent Alicia.

TESS

Haven't slept a wink since the plane. I'm having a hard time deciding on what to freak out about the most. The fact that I may never see my family again, or that when I do, they might try to eat me alive. I'll probably never sleep again.

A solemn beat.

OLIVER

Want me to slap you in the face?

Tess gives him a dry look.

TESS

Jerk.

There's definitely some very well hidden affection hidden in her tone.

Their attention shifts to Jennifer, Henley and Marcus as an argument rises to a volume that can be heard from outside.

OUTSIDE:

Marcus stands up from a crouch next to a flat tire.

MARCUS

Forget the tire, the entire axel is screwed. I give it ten more miles tops before the whole thing snaps in two.

JENNIFER

We'll procure one of the abandoned vehicles along the road. We're bound to run across a few by the time this one expires.

MARCUS

Abandoned? We both know every "abandoned" vehicle will be inhabited by x number of pissed off cannibals.

Henley steps a few feet away from the group, scanning the dark desert horizon.

HENLEY

(slightly distracted)
Getting another car isn't the biggest issue here. We're stuck in the desert without food or water. Sooner or later we're gonna have to chance a trip into a populated area. The longer we wait, the weaker we'll be.

MARCUS

You plannin' on fighting off a whole town full of those things with one pistol?

Henley stays silent for a beat, clearly deep in thought.

Jennifer approaches him with a lower tone.

JENNIFER

What are you thinking?

HENLEY

I spotted a sign a few miles back. A gas station and a motel not far up the road. It won't be much, but we should at least be able to stay there for a while.

JENNIFER

And long term?

HENLEY

I head out to the next town along the road, fill up a large vehicle with supplies and bring it back.

JENNIFER

Alone?

HENLEY

(shrugs)
Best way to stay undetected.

JENNIFER

As much as I appreciate the initiative, this is no time for heroics.

Henley manages a slight smile.

HENLEY

Yeah? Let me know when it is.

He turns his gaze back towards the seemingly endless desert.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

A dark SEDAN weaves in between countless unmoving cars scattered across all lanes.

The silent city of Los Angeles is barely visible in the distance.

The speeding car attracts the attention of a group of horribly disfigured UNDEAD, the creatures giving hopeless chase, HOWLING for blood.

INSIDE the car, MADISON sits behind the wheel, expertly avoiding car wrecks and undead alike.

His face is full of excitement, much in contrast to his two passengers -- HIROSHI and MITSUKO, fear etched in their expressions.

Mitsuko is holding a bloody towel against her side. It doesn't appear to be too grievous a wound though.

Madison throws the worried couple a gleeful look.

MADISON

Don't worry kids, daddy's got
this under control.

A stray undead SPLATTERS all over the windshield while Madison has his back turned to the road ahead, drawing frightened YELP out of Mitsuko.

Madison casually flips the windshield wipers on, wiping bits of gore and coagulated blood off the portal.

HIROSHI

Thank you for getting us out of
the city, but please be more
careful. My wife is injured.

Mitsuko puts a hand on her husbands arm.

MITSUKO

(Japanese, subtitled)
Don't worry, it's not that bad.

Hiroshi gives her an angry look.

HIROSHI

(Japanese, subtitled)
Be quiet and let me handle this!

Mitsuko lowers her eyes, looking down submissively -- A common expression it seems.

Hiroshi turns back to Madison.

HIROSHI (CONT'D)

If you could just slow down.

Madison lets out a weary sigh.

MADISON

Yeah?

HIROSHI

Please.

Madison draws a GUN from his jacket, aiming it backwards and BLOWING Hiroshi's head off in one brutally efficient second.

MADISON

I really hate backseat drivers.

Mitsuko, spattered with her husband's remains, is frozen in shock.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Alone at last. Listen, before you do the whole screaming widow thing, I want to make something very clear. You're nothing but an appetizer to me. The main course is waiting right down this road and if you do anything to fuck up my schedule I will cut off your head, rape your corpse and leave it for the fucking cannibals when I'm done. Understand?

Mitsuko's wide eyes are still nailed to her dead husband.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(scream)

Do you fucking understand?

Something changes in Mitsuko's eyes -- Something primal pushing through to the surface.

Madison catches a glimpse of her expression in the rear view mirror.

MADISON (CONT'D)

(realizing)

Oh fu-

With a BANSHEE SCREAM, Mitsuko leaps forward, DIGGING her long, perfectly manicured fingernails into Madison's neck.

She scratches and CLAWS with a feral intensity that would make the undead proud, even though she is still very much alive.

Madison SCREAMS in pain, losing control of the car as he tries to swat Mitsuko away.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch!!

He manages to catch her with a hard elbow to the head, dazing the feral woman long enough for him to pick up his gun from the passenger seat.

Lifting it up for the kill, he feels the fresh blood on his face and neck.

His sadistic smile of victory FREEZES as Mitsuko gives him a demented smile of her own.

Confused, he turns his attention back to the road ahead.

A large SUV stranded in the middle of the freeway dead ahead, impact imminent.

CRASH!!

Metal and rubber is SHREDDED as the sedan hits the larger vehicle dead on, violently FLIPPING OVER, sending the car barrel rolling through the air, accompanied by an EXPLOSION.

Rolling over at least a dozen times some ways into the desert next to the freeway before coming to a halt, the car is suddenly dead silent.

Off the smoking wreck, we:

BLACK OUT.

END TEASER

ACT 1

STATIC...

Forming:

"PART TWO"

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - FREEWAY - MORNING

The SUN crests dusty wasteland, tumbleweeds crossing the seemingly endless freeway cutting through the rough terrain.

The brilliant morning sunlight hits the dirty, bruised face of Mitsuko, as she lays next to the smoking car wreck.

BLINKING AWAKE, she lets out a painful groan, slowly fighting to her shaky feet.

Broken glass falls out of her hair.

Dazed, Mitsuko surveys the destruction, the sedan completely totaled, laying on its side in the middle of the desert, at least a hundred feet from the road.

The SUV it impacted still sits relatively unscathed nearby.

Mitsuko FREEZES as she hears another GROAN from the wreckage, accompanied by a bloodied HAND shooting up from the passenger side, PULLING an enraged Madison out of the wreck.

MADISON

Oh this is gonna be special,
girl. I'm gonna put all kinds of
effort into fucking you up.

His other hand appears out of the wreckage, holding the GUN.

Eyes widened, Mitsuko TAKES OFF running, heading towards the nearby SUV.

Madison FIRES, bullets tearing into the dust all around the fleeing Mitsuko, his aim detracted by the fact that he is simultaneously climbing out of the wreck.

Falling off the wreck, Madison pulls himself up, displaying a slight LIMP as he walks after Mitsuko, RELOADING his gun.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Ain't nowhere to run, girlie.

He fires two well placed shots, hitting the SUV in front of Mitsuko.

Terrified, she backs up against the car, eyes darting all around for an escape as Madison gleefully approaches, gun trained on her head.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Did I not explain what was going to happen if you fucked with my schedule?

Mitsuko appears to sense something nearby, her expression changing slightly. She edges her hand towards the handle of the SUV passenger door behind her back.

MADISON (CONT'D)

No one home anymore, huh? Almost takes the fun out of it when you ain't all there.

He shrugs, grabbing his junk suggestively, his lips cracking into a sadistic smile.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Oh well, I'll just have to get over it. Time to get fucked, sweetheart.

With a SCREAM of defiance, Mitsuko PULLS the passenger door of the SUV open, unleashing a large male UNDEAD, its cloudy eyes locked on Madison as she uses the door to shield herself.

TACKLED by the frenzied zombie, Madison manages to squeeze off a couple of panicked shots, hitting it in the chest to little effect.

Barely managing to keep the thing from BITING into his jugular, Madison falls backwards, hitting the dirt hard.

Mitsuko watches the struggle with a hint of satisfaction in her demented eyes.

MITSUKO

(Japanese, subtitled)

Fuck that, asshole!

She rounds the SUV, quickly getting into the driver's seat, her shaking hands finding the ignition, key still in place.

Egged on by Madison's SCREAMS of frustration, she turns the ignition, the car miraculously ROARING to life.

OUTSIDE:

Madison presses the ghoul back with all his might, forcing his gun up under its jaw, SQUEEZING the trigger, the gunshot turning the zombie's head into a mist of brain matter and bone splinters.

He rolls over just in time to watch Mitsuko peel off in the damaged SUV.

With a roar of frustration, Madison unloads the rest of his entire clip into the fleeing vehicle.

INSIDE:

Mitsuko YELPS as bullets tear out upholstery and disintegrates half the dashboard.

Unhurt by some miracle, she keeps driving, hearing Madison's screams of murder fading.

Her rapid breathing turns into a hopeless, desperate LAUGH.

As her disturbing laugh devolves into SOBS, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MORNING

A simple set of low buildings melt out of the vibrating heat like a mirage.

A sign hangs next to the freeway exit:

"DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS"

The service station sits apart from the elongated motel complex that stretches out to about a dozen rooms along its "L" shaped length.

Two pickup trucks and a sedan sit parked while a Winnebago is stranded in front of the gas pumps, front door hanging open.

The whole complex sits at the bottom of a shallow valley, a ridge obscuring our view of the road further ahead,

The familiar SHUTTLE BUS groans to a halt a couple of hundred feet back down the freeway, STEAM flowing out of a busted radiator.

Behind the wheel, Marcus lets out a drawn out sigh.

MARCUS

If I push her any further, the damn thing'll blow up on us.

Henley and Jennifer join him, taking in the motel down the road.

JENNIFER

Just far enough.

MARCUS
"Desert Rose"? Looks like a
shithole.

HENLEY
Good.

Marcus gives him a questioning look.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Less chance of all the rooms
being "occupied".

Oliver leans in from behind the others, looking a little
worse for wear.

OLIVER
Who wants to bet we'll run into
at least a couple of hooker
zombies down there?

Marcus gives him a wry expression.

MARCUS
Well kid, you've finally found
something with low enough
standards to get you laid.

Henley can't help but smile.

HENLEY
If it ain't all dead...

MARCUS
It might still give head.

Jennifer gives them a look of mild disbelief as the two
older men chuckle at their comedic brilliance.

JENNIFER
So this is what passes for male
bonding these days?

Marcus just gives her a gruff chuckle as he steps off the
bus.

Henley gives Oliver a friendly pat on the shoulder as he
follows.

HENLEY
I think he likes you.

Oliver shakes his head, bemused.

OLIVER
Yeah, I'm feeling the love.

Still shaking his head, he heads back to a sleeping Tess in the back of the bus.

Alicia is sitting huddled up nearby, watching her sleep.

Much to Oliver's surprise, she speaks.

ALICIA

(low)

Your shoulder looks infected. You should clean it.

OLIVER

Nah, it's fine. Just a flesh wound.

He smiles as he sits down in the adjacent row.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I always wanted to say that.

As the ridiculousness of the statement hangs in the air, Oliver's expression sinks a bit.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I still can't believe this is happening. I mean, how far do you think this thing has spread?

Alicia's eyes remain locked on some invisible, distant world.

ALICIA

Doesn't matter...

Oliver frowns.

OLIVER

What do you mean? Of course it matters. What if the whole world is just... dead.

Alicia finally looks at him, an eerily vacant expression on her face.

ALICIA

To me it already is.

She looks back out the window, already miles away.

Off Oliver, both saddened and creeped out, we:

PASS THROUGH the windows, finding Jennifer and Henley scoping out the motel while Marcus takes a leak against a rock formation next to the road.

The uneven flow and litany of curses suggest he suffers from a not so slight prostate issue.

Slightly distracted by the spectacle, Jennifer shakes her head, turning her attention back to the structures ahead.

JENNIFER

What do you think?

HENLEY

A manager, maybe one or two employees. Judging by the cars parked out front I'd say a maximum of six guests, probably less.

JENNIFER

How much ammo do you have left?

Henley pulls out his Sig Sauer, ejecting the clip, checking it.

HENLEY

Eight left in the last clip.

Finished with his business, Marcus joins them, hearing the last part.

MARCUS

I say we hit the manager's office first. Middle of nowhere place like this, I'll bet you twenty bucks there's a sawed off shotgun under the counter.

JENNIFER

Never thought I'd see the day when small town paranoia finally worked in our advantage.

Marcus gives her a harsh look.

MARCUS

The hell does that mean?

Henley steps in.

HENLEY

She means you're probably right.

MARCUS

Oh. Then why the hell didn't she just say so?

Henley gives Jennifer a bemused look.

HENLEY
Why indeed.

JENNIFER
(rolls eyes)
Just go kill things, please.

Marcus pulls an already gory hollow POLE out of the bus --
The same one he used in the previous episode.

Jennifer takes in the drying brain matter caked on one end
of the pole, looking slightly queasy as Marcus drops the
pole on the ground, STOMPING one end, flattening it out
enough to now call it a makeshift SPEAR.

MARCUS
(shrugs)
Just in case G-Man here isn't the
crack shot he thinks he is.

Henley slams the clip back into his pistol.

HENLEY
Let's go.
(to Jennifer)
Wait for the all clear before
bringing the others down.

She nods, giving him one last worried look.

JENNIFER
Do be careful.

Henley just gives her a reassuring smile, moving off down
the road towards the Motel with Marcus in tow.

As they get out of earshot of Jennifer, Marcus throws
Henley a smug look.

MARCUS
Looks like Dr. Ice Queen's got a
crush on Agent G-Man.

HENLEY
I think you're confusing reality
with one of those soap operas
you've been watching in the
retirement home, old man.

Henley leads on with a smile as Marcus merely mutters and
growls unheard curses.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - FREEWAY - DAY

CRACK!

The ashen face of an UNDEAD smashes towards us, putting a big CRACK in a glass barrier between us and the creature.

PULLING BACK, we find a beaten up Madison staring at the creature through the side window of a stranded sports car along the freeway.

His expression is filled with mixed contempt and fascination.

The thrashing zombie looks to be a younger woman, or rather she used to be.

MADISON
Bad hair day, honey?

The window finally EXPLODES outwards, the frenzied ghoul pushing through.

Quick to react, Madison hits the female undead over the head with the handle of his spent gun, resulting in a wet CRACK, coagulated blood spurting all over his face.

He keeps hammering down with demented glee, ending up completely covered in gore as he takes out a fraction of his frustration.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - FREEWAY - DAY

The sports car RACES down the desolate road, a fearsome looking Madison behind the wheel, murder in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A plain reception area with a seedy looking office behind the counter.

Several fake stuffed animals adorn the walls, trying to emulate an old fashioned hunter's lodge theme but ending up being creepy and cheap looking.

The front door cracks open slightly, Henley carefully entering, gun first, followed by a spear wielding Marcus.

Henley scans the room, throwing a quick peek over behind the counter.

HENLEY
Looks clear. Check the counter.

Marcus rounds the counter, searching around.

UNDER the counter, his hand finds an attached HOLSTER holding a small .22 caliber pistol.

He pulls it out, looking disappointed.

MARCUS

What kind of self respecting man keeps a fucking peashooter like this? I'll be lucky to stop a fly with this thing.

HENLEY

Better than nothing.

MARCUS

I'm keeping the spear, is all I'm saying.

A silent beat as both men look around.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

So where the hell is everyone?

BOOM!

A lanky, bearded MANAGER ZOMBIE explodes out of a nearby restroom, POUNCING onto Marcus' back with an excited HISS.

Panicking, Marcus FIRES the small pistol wildly, spinning around under the force of the impact.

A stray bullet GLANCES Henley's face, tearing out a chunk of his left ear.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Get him off me!

Henley staggers back, dazed by the wound along his face.

OUTSIDE:

The noise of the gunshots stirs some additional activity.

One of the motel room doors is broken off its hinges, giving way to THREE pissed off undead.

The trio instantly lock their cloudy eyes on the struggle inside the nearby office, RUSHING towards it.

INSIDE:

Marcus manages to FLIP the smaller undead manager off his back, sending it CRASHING into the counter with a frenzied WAIL.

His brief moment of triumph is rudely interrupted by the trio from outside, as they come CRASHING through the front window.

A slightly recovered Henley manages to pull Marcus with him towards the back door in the office behind the counter.

HENLEY

Come on!

Marcus defiantly FIRES the remainder of the rounds in his small pistol towards the pursuing four undead, barely staggering two of them as the bullets do little damage.

MARCUS

I fucking told you this gun was useless!

Behind him, Henley KICKS the back door open, sending it flying off its hinges in a brutal instant.

Pulling Marcus outside, he fires at the first zombie to follow, hitting it right in the face, stopping it dead in its tracks, its corpse tripping up the next one to come rushing outside.

Heading towards the nearest cover -- The parked Winnebago next to gas pumps by the freeway some hundred feet away, the two men give it all they've got as the remaining three undead close in relentlessly.

HENLEY

Into the RV!

Scrambling inside, Henley is about to pull the door shut behind them when closest undead manages to slip its ashen hand inside, keeping the door from locking.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

Shit!

He KICKS the door instead, SMASHING it into the zombie's face.

As a result, the door is badly bent out of shape.

MARCUS

Oh that's just great!

HENLEY

Shut up and move!

Hustling Marcus towards the back of the RV just as two of the pursuing undead scramble into the tight space, Henley FIRES at the back window, shattering it.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

Go! Jump!

MARCUS

(as he runs)

I'm too old for this shit!

With a scream, Marcus jumps out of the back window, closely followed by Henley just as all three zombies have rushed into the RV behind them.

Wasting no time, Henley scrambles towards the gas pump still inserted into the RV's gas tank.

SPRAYING gas all over the large vehicle, he turns to Marcus.

HENLEY

Move!

Getting the drift, Marcus takes off, Henley not far behind.

ON THE RV, as the three zombies reach the back window, all three climbing over each other chaotically.

OUTSIDE:

Henley turns back mid sprint, FIRING a round towards the gasoline soaked RV.

BOOM!!

Henley and Marcus are thrown off their feet as the entire gas station goes up in a massive inferno -- A ball of flames shooting into the sky like a miniature mushroom cloud.

OVER TO:

JENNIFER, watching the spectacle from a safe distance, looking shocked.

Oliver steps up behind her.

OLIVER

So... Was that the signal he was talking about?

Jennifer just gives him an incredulous look.

OFF the BLACK SMOKE now forming a huge pillar in the sky, we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

All the survivors are gathered inside the office.

Marcus holds his "spear" tightly as he stands watch by the front door.

Still high on adrenaline, he shakes slightly as he takes in the destruction outside -- The Gas station nearby but a smoking ruin.

Behind him, Jennifer is tending to Henley's face while Tess keeps an eye on the quiet Alicia on a nearby couch.

Oliver comes out of the office behind the counter, holding a pile of DVD cases marked with dates.

OLIVER

Looks like the manager kept the security tapes stored digitally. Fancy stuff for a shithole.

Henley winces as Jennifer applies a bandage.

HENLEY

Check last night's footage. See if the timeline of whatever happened matches the airport.

OLIVER

(nods)
On it.

He disappears back into the office.

TESS

Shouldn't we be moving on? Half the state must have felt that explosion.

MARCUS

We're in the middle of a valley. I think we're good for a while. Unless there's more of those things still lurking nearby.

JENNIFER

There's been nothing so far to suggest any kind of intelligence or restraint. As soon as they detect our presence, they blindly attack.

TESS

What about the airport? They were all just laying there until we showed up.

Henley stands, seemingly deep in thought.

HENLEY

No, there were a few of them roaming around.

Oliver peeks out of the office.

OLIVER

Yeah, me and my shoulder can attest to that.

Jennifer studies Henley for a beat.

JENNIFER

What are you thinking?

HENLEY

What if the one that attacked Oliver was like a sentry.

Tess lets out a slight laugh.

TESS

What? Like a zombie alarm system?

HENLEY

Exactly. Think about it. If they were all roaming around, we'd never have gotten out of the city alive. There would have been literally millions, while we barely came across dozens on the road out of the city.

JENNIFER

So you're suggesting that most of the infected, or whatever they are, lay dormant until disturbed?

MARCUS

I'm sorry, but that's just a little too optimistic for me to swallow.

HENLEY

Guess I'll find out when I get to the town down the road.

Marcus shakes his head.

MARCUS

Hell of a risk during the day.

HENLEY

(smiles)

Hell of a risk any time. We need decent supplies and transportation that won't break down after a hundred miles.

Jennifer pulls him aside, voices lowered.

JENNIFER

Haven't you been through enough of an ordeal for one day?

HENLEY

We both know the best thing to do is to keep working the problem. The minute we sit down and bury our heads in the sand people are gonna start realizing just how fucked we are.

A beat passes, Jennifer holding his gaze for a beat, finally offering a small nod.

JENNIFER

Good luck.

HENLEY

Yeah...

Another beat, interrupted by:

OLIVER (O.S.)

Guys! You'd better come check this out.

Henley and Jennifer share a puzzled look as they move into the office behind the counter, finding Oliver perched in front of a computer screen.

The image shows footage of the interior of one of the dozen motel rooms.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Our now crispy manager friend seems to have been quite the peeping tom. He had high def cameras set up in every room.

Jennifer makes a disgusted face.

JENNIFER

Charming...

OLIVER

Bad news for privacy, good news for us. I pulled up the footage from last night. Looks like the three that gave Henley and Marcus a run for their money were staying in room six when it happened.

HENLEY

Yeah, no shit.

OLIVER

(clears throat)

Anyway... Here's what the camera picked up.

ON THE SCREEN:

The time code reads:

09:00:28

The three male patrons sit around a table in the middle of the room, playing poker.

Oliver plays the footage.

09:00:29

PATRON#1

(from footage)

Aces high! Read 'em and weep girls!

09:00.32

The laughs and conversation suddenly stops.

PATRON#2

(from footage)

Guys, do you feel th-

09:00:34

STATIC.

09:00:35

All three players are slumped down over the table -- DEAD.

Oliver pauses the footage.

Jennifer looks spooked while Henley rubs his chin thoughtfully.

HENLEY

The exact same time as in the airport.

JENNIFER

(shaking head)

That's... not possible. That completely rules out any form of biological agents. Nothing spreads that fast.

OLIVER

Wait, you missed the important part.

HENLEY

What are you talking about?

OLIVER

Observe...

He rewinds the footage to 09:00:33.

During the freeze frame, he uses the mouse to highlight the windows of the small room, ENHANCING that part of the image.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Look.

He plays the footage.

During the one second before the image becomes static, the windows CRACK into spider webbed patterns.

HENLEY

The hell...?

OLIVER

I checked the footage from the vacant rooms as well. Same deal. Any smooth glass surface in view cracks about a second before the static.

All three share a look.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What are we thinking here?

HENLEY

It has to be some kind of high frequency signal.

OLIVER

Whatever it was, it didn't get recorded by this equipment.

(MORE)

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Which is lucky as we'd probably be dead right now if it did.

HENLEY

So if this is some kind of super death signal, why aren't we dead like everyone else?

OLIVER

Maybe the high altitude, isolated location and the weather front created some sort of protection.

Jennifer lights up.

JENNIFER

So in theory, there could be other survivors.

OLIVER

It's pretty thin, but yeah. My biggest question in all this is-

TESS (O.S.)

Why the hell are everyone coming back to life?

Their attention turns to Tess, who stands in the doorway, seemingly having heard most of their conversation.

Oliver fires at her with an imaginary gun, making a "click" with his tongue.

OLIVER

Gold star.

JENNIFER

Whatever is bringing people back as these monsters appears to happen after death. Even the people on the plane came back to attack others after a while, and they weren't killed by this supposed "death signal".

Henley shakes his head, frustrated.

HENLEY

This shit is making my head hurt. The plan stays the same regardless. I'm heading out to gather supplies. You guys can brainstorm about this all day long if you like.

Marcus appears in the doorway next to Tess.

MARCUS
I ain't letting you waltz off
into that town without backup.
I'm coming with.

Henley gives him a dry look.

HENLEY
You think you could refrain from
shooting me this time, "partner"?

MARCUS
(dirty smile)
Sure. Out of bullets anyway.

Off his crusty smile, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - FREEWAY - DAY

A disturbing CLANKING sound echoes across the desert.

Sweeping across the desolate surroundings, we come to find Mitsuko's SUV racing down the freeway -- The source of the sound.

The engine sounds like it might seize up any second.

Mitsuko peers out the front window, spotting a fading pillar of dark smoke rising from behind a ridge ahead.

LEAVING HER, we cross the rough terrain next to the road, some ways into the wasteland, coming across the smoking wreckage of an upturned Greyhound bus.

The large vehicle looks like it has plowed right off the road recently, most likely a result of the sudden death of the driver.

A horribly disfigured female undead hobbles into frame from behind the wreckage, its head flicking towards the sounds of Mitsuko's fading SUV with feral intensity.

Blood bubbles out of its eyes and mouth as it turns its face towards the harsh desert sun, letting out a horribly hoarse banshee WAIL.

BEHIND the female zombie, a mess of LIMBS and bodies begins to CRACK out of rigor mortis within the crashed bus.

A small horde has been stirred out of its slumber...

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Oliver remains in front of the computer, silently typing and clicking.

He is alone, until Tess crosses into the small office.

TESS
Henley and Marcus are leaving for
the town.

OLIVER
(distracted)
Mmmmm...

TESS
What are you doing?

OLIVER
Surfing the internet.

Tess gives him a surprised look, pulling up a chair next to him.

TESS
Seriously? It's still working?

OLIVER
Even if every single person on
the planet dropped dead last
night, it'd still take a few days
until the basic comforts started
to fail. Most power stations and
servers are pretty automated
these days, so the internet
should remain active for at least
a few weeks. Come to think of it,
we probably shouldn't stick
around any nuclear power plants
in the near future.

TESS
Now there's a sunny thought.

Oliver continues typing away.

OLIVER
I've been scanning for any signs
of life over the last twelve
hours.

TESS
(hopeful)
And?

OLIVER

Nothing. There hasn't been so much as a Tweet since exactly 9pm last night. The only activity on the net right now consists of spam programs and automated updates.

Tess hopeful look turns into the opposite.

TESS

Oh...

OLIVER

I'll keep at it. There has to be someone else out there. There just has to be...

Tess puts a comforting hand on his uninjured shoulder.

LEAVING them, we cross outside, where Henley and Marcus are getting into one of the pickup trucks parked in front of the motel.

Jennifer closes the driver's side door after Henley hops in, giving him one last look of doubt.

HENLEY

Don't worry. We'll be back before nightfall. Keep everyone together in the office. Barricade the doors and windows just to be on the safe side.

JENNIFER

(nods)

Keeping busy sounds like a good idea.

She seems to WINCE slightly, her hand grasping her side momentarily, as if in pain. She wipes away a few pearls of sweat from her pale brow.

Henley seems to notice her discomfort.

HENLEY

(low)

How are you holding up?

JENNIFER

I'll be fine.

HENLEY

We both know that's not true.

JENNIFER

Considering the circumstances, my condition is the least of our worries.

HENLEY

Just take it easy, OK?

Jennifer forces a smile.

JENNIFER

Keep your focus on what's ahead. I'll manage.

HENLEY

You always do.

With a shared, private smile, he starts the car, pulling away down the road.

ON JENNIFER, as she watches him drive off, waiting a beat before fishing out a small bottle of pills from her pocket, dry swallowing a pair of white orbs.

She turns back to the motel, surprised to find Alicia standing in the doorway, watching her curiously.

JENNIFER

(taken off guard)

You're up. That's good.

Alicia looks into the distance as she speaks, her tone even.

ALICIA

I lost my son last night, so personally, I don't really care about what happens to me or anyone else around here anymore.

JENNIFER

I know it must feel like that right now, but trust me, you'll-

ALICIA

(interrupting)

Do everyone else know that they're being led around by a junkie?

Jennifer stops cold.

JENNIFER

What are you talking about?

ALICIA

I work...

(beat, empty laugh)

Worked as an ER nurse. I've seen enough addicts to last a lifetime. Does your partner know you've fallen off the wagon?

Jennifer gives her an icy look.

JENNIFER

You've obviously been through a debilitating trauma recently. I understand your desire to lash out, but I honestly don't know what you're talking about.

Alicia gives her a slight smile, filled with hidden contempt.

ALICIA

I guess I wouldn't want to lead a bunch of people to their deaths while sober either.

She makes a zipping motion across her lips.

ALICIA (CONT'D)

Our little secret.

She turns away, heading back into the motel office, leaving a rattled Jennifer behind.

As her expression turns darker, we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. CLEARVIEW - DAY

A sizeable sign reading "Welcome to Clearview, population 348" drifts out of frame as we move down the one street town.

The surroundings are littered with the occasional CORPSES, scattered across the eerily quiet desert community.

A lone, seemingly aimlessly roaming male undead wearing a tattered postal uniform wanders into frame.

His cloudy eyes seem unfocused as he hobbles awkwardly down the street.

ZOOMING away to the outskirts of the small town, we find Henley and Marcus, in cover behind their parked pickup, surveying the scenery from a small bluff.

MARCUS

Looks like your theory was right for once.

HENLEY

You think you'll be able to keep up, old man? I don't have to tell you what'll happen if just one of those roamers alert the sleepers.

MARCUS

Roamers and sleepers, huh? Already got the zombie lingo down, G-Man.

Henley just shakes his head.

HENLEY

Don't make me regret letting you tag along.

MARCUS

(smirk)
I thought we were bonding here.

HENLEY

Come on, you geriatric fuck.

MARCUS

Asshole.

Keeping low, the two men begin their descent into the silent town.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer, Oliver and Tess are in the midst of sliding a sizeable desk over to the broken back door.

Jennifer throws an annoyed look over to a nearby, idle Alicia.

JENNIFER
Care to join us?

Alicia gives her a slight shrug.

TESS
It's OK, we can manage.
(pointed, to Jennifer)
Right?

JENNIFER
(sighs)
Right...

They manage to shuffle the desk up against the doorway, FLIPPING it upright to block the entrance.

As they move back into the main reception area, we notice similar makeshift barricades in front of every window and door.

Oliver takes in their work with a sense of pride.

OLIVER
Not bad for a day's work.

Tess passes him by with a dry expression.

TESS
Like you have any familiarity
with that concept.

Oliver offers up a mock insulted face.

OLIVER
Look who's talking, little miss
sorority princess.

Her next look suggests he should cut his losses.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Said with affection, of course.

Their banter is interrupted by Jennifer as she raises a hand.

JENNIFER
Be silent.

OLIVER
(beat)
What?

JENNIFER
Do you hear that?

A distant CLANKING sound can be heard.

Even Alicia seems to perk up, standing to get a better listen.

TESS
Sounds like...

OLIVER
(realizing)
A car!

Sharing an urgent look, he and Jennifer hurry over to the front door, pulling down a bookcase blocking it, rushing outside just in time to find:

A damaged SUV descending into the valley.

Tess joins them, slightly out of breath as well.

TESS
Those things can't actually
drive. Right?

JENNIFER
Highly unlikely...

She seems to be worried about something else entirely.

Oliver, having no such worries, hurries towards the freeway, waving his good arm.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Wait!

Too late, as the SUV comes to a halt right in front of them.

Jennifer lets out a visible sigh of relief as Mitsuko steps out of the car, looking dazed.

OLIVER
You have no idea how good it is
to see someone else that's not
out to eat people!

Wary of the group in front of her, Mitsuko takes a few steps back.

TESS
We're not infected.

She does a little spin, as if showing off.

TESS (CONT'D)
See?

Mitsuko seems slightly reassured, her tense stance relaxing a bit.

Jennifer takes in her demolished appearance -- Bloody clothes, dirty face.

JENNIFER
Are you from flight 1001?

Mitsuko manages a slight nod.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Have you encountered any other survivors.

A long beat, a single tear streaking Mitsuko's dirty face.

MITSUKO
(low)
Yes. A man.

OLIVER
That's great!

He turns to Jennifer, who looks like someone just poured ice water into her veins.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
(beat)
Right?

MITSUKO
He... he murdered my husband.

Tess pales.

TESS
Oh my God... Why would anyone do something like that with all this going on?

Jennifer approaches Mitsuko, an urgency in her voice.

JENNIFER
This man, is he still alive?

Mitsuko nods, tears now spilling freely.

Jennifer is almost holding her breath.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Where is he?

Mitsuko can't meet her gaze, merely pointing back down the road where she came from.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Everyone inside, right now!

The barely hidden fear in her voice gets everyone moving back to the motel.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARVIEW - DAY

Henley and Marcus huddle in the shadows of an alley next to the main street, a large supermarket sitting across from them, beyond a sizeable parking lot.

The lot is mostly empty, with only a handful of cars parked by the staff parking.

HENLEY

Looks like the event hit just after closing time.

Marcus points to a minibus parked down the street. A decal across its side reads: "Clearview retirement community".

MARCUS

Those things got some good mileage and it'll hold up to twenty people easy.

Henley smirks.

HENLEY

"Clearview retirement community"?
You been here before?

MARCUS

Ha ha, fucking hilarious.

HENLEY

You get the minibus and I'll start loading out supplies from the supermarket.

MARCUS

Got it.

As Marcus moves to leave, he is stopped by:

HENLEY

Oh, and try not to wake up the whole town.

MARCUS

Right back at you, jackass.

Henley just shakes his head as Marcus sneaks off towards the minibus, carefully sidestepping any corpses on the way.

FOLLOWING Henley, as he rushes across the desolate parking lot, reaching the front of the supermarket.

All the plexi glass windows have CRACKED slightly.

Right inside the sliding doors lay a dead security guard, keys still clasped in his pale hands.

From the look of his position, his head towards the door, it looks like her fell on his way towards us.

Henley steps closer to the sliding doors, pleased as they OPEN automatically, but not so pleased when the already cracked glass fails under the strain of movement, POPPING with a moderate noise.

Also popping are the joints of the dead security guard as he begins to STIR.

HENLEY

Ah shit...

Henley quickly rushes over to the security guard, STOMPING down on the back of his head, causing his head to CRACK open. The corpse stops moving.

Offering a regretful look to the now twice dead security guard, Henley presses on into the store.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL - DAY

Gathered in the barricaded reception area, Alicia, Tess, Oliver, Jennifer and now Mitsuko sit in tense silence.

Oliver holds a pissed off look on Jennifer.

OLIVER

How long were you planning on keeping it from us?

Jennifer can't seem to quite face the angry gazes of the others, looking a little extra pale.

JENNIFER

I didn't want to worry you. With everything else that's been going on...

TESS

Really? You didn't think the fact that a homicidal rapist maniac is gunning for us might warrant some attention?

JENNIFER

I was hoping he wouldn't make it out of the city.

Alicia, who has been dead quiet, looks to Jennifer.

ALICIA

(low)

Can I talk to you for a second?

Jennifer is slightly taken aback.

JENNIFER

Sure...

Moving into the adjacent office, Alicia closes the door behind them.

ON Jennifer, walking inside with a puzzled expression.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What is it?

Before she has a chance to turn back to face Alicia, she is completely surprised as an ARM wraps around her neck from behind, beginning to choke the life out of her.

Alicia leans in, eyes filled with tears of RAGE as she begins to squeeze the life out of Jennifer.

ALICIA

(screaming)

You have any idea what that monster did to me?

Jennifer thrashes wildly, turning slightly blue.

Alicia TIGHTENS her grip further, Jennifer's legs beginning to fail, her body starting to go limp.

Out of the corner of her frenzied eyes, Alicia spots a reflection of the two of them in a cracked mirror across the room.

Seeing the fear in Jennifer's eyes, she seems to snap out of her rage, looking shocked instead.

She lets go, causing Jennifer to fall to the floor, COUGHING violently.

Alicia looks at her own hands like they're foreign objects.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I... I'm sorry.

She slides down to a sitting position against the closed door across from Jennifer.

She begins to cry silently.

ALICIA (CONT'D)
I don't know what I'm doing anymore.

Jennifer coughs a few times to regain some form of a voice.

JENNIFER
Welcome to the club.

Alicia wipes her tears.

ALICIA
What kind of monster preys on people during a plane crash?

Jennifer's eyes go cold just by thinking about it.

JENNIFER
You're lucky to be alive.

ALICIA
Yeah? Lucky...

JENNIFER
This is going to sound insane, but the fact that you turned your anger towards me is actually progress. A lot of women blame themselves, keeping all that rage and shame bottled up until it kills their spirit.

ALICIA
Sounds like this isn't your first time.

Jennifer gives her a sad smile.

JENNIFER
You want to know what kind of monster James Madison is?

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - FREEWAY - DAY

A sports car sits parked by the freeway in the distance as we find a SHAPE climbing a steep ridge some ways into the desert.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Twelve years ago we interviewed the sole survivor of one of Madison's sprees. He'd beaten her senseless and mutilated her. You see, he needs the world to know about his exploits just as much as he needs to rape and kill. In order to leave a witness, he mutilates her to make her undesirable to him, sparing her life in his own twisted way.

Madison reaches the top of the ridge, overlooking the motel below.

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

He won't care if the world has ended. Not as long as we're still alive. His obsessions won't let him stop, ever.

Spotting Mitsuko's SUV next to the motel, Madison's lips form a chilling smile.

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

God help us all if he finds us...

Madison takes a step forward, but STOPS when he spots MOVEMENT down in the valley below.

A large group of UNDEAD charge down the freeway, straight for Mitsuko's parked SUV, gathering around it, CLAWING at it.

Madison cocks his head.

MADISON

Persistent fuckers...

Off his predatory smile, we:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The survivors huddle low in the cramped office, Oliver daring a peek outside through the blinds.

His eyes are nailed to the DOZEN undead gathered around Mitsuko's car, their heads sporadically SNAPPING in every direction, searching for prey.

OLIVER
(whisper)
They followed the car.

Mitsuko looks down, shame washing over her.

MITSUKO
I... I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Jennifer throws her a comforting glance.

JENNIFER
It's not your fault. None of us know exactly what these things are capable of. It appears some form of short term memory is still present.

Tess anxiously pulls Oliver away from the window.

TESS
What now? Henley and Marcus will drive right into those things when they come back.

JENNIFER
Perhaps the creatures will leave once they ascertain no one occupies the vehicle anym-

CLANG!

A loud noise cuts her short, all faces in the room going WHITE.

TESS
What was that?

CLANG!

Jennifer chances a peek through the blinds.

CLANG!

She rears back as a small ROCK makes contact with the window, causing the loud noise.

Her searching eyes then find:

MADISON, sitting cross legged on the roof of the adjacent motel building, nonchalantly THROWING another pebble towards the office window from his higher vantage point.

He gives her a cruel smile.

Jennifer's expression goes dark.

JENNIFER

Madison...

As another rock hits the window, she looks over to the undead, all their heads now turned her way, white eyes keenly locked on the office. One of the undead appears to be looking STRAIGHT AT US.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Oh no.

A cacophony of excited SCREAMS erupt from the undead, as they CHARGE.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARVIEW SUPERMARKET - DAY

Henley navigates the empty supermarket with a trolley filling to the brim with various supplies:

Water bottles, canned foods etc.

Arriving at the sporting goods section, his eyes find a healthy collection of hunting rifles and shotguns.

HENLEY

God bless hillbillies everywhere.

Tossing a few shotguns and a rifle into the trolley, he searches around for ammunition.

Hopping the counter, he finds a large cabinet, stacks of shells and bullets visible through the door made of reinforced glass.

He lifts one of the shotguns, ready to smash the glass with its butt.

He pauses as a large SHADOW falls on him from behind.

Henley's face falls.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

Oh fuck.

He spins around, just in time to bring up the shotgun defensively as a HUGE male undead pounces, throwing them both back into the large cabinet, SHATTERING the glass.

Keeping the obese undead at bay with his shotgun, Henley spots a name tag on its chest.

"Hello, my name is Larry"

BILE shoots out of the frenzied Larry's mouth as his darkened teeth SNAP for blood while his considerable frame CRUSHES Henley.

As the snapping teeth close in on a quickly tiring Henley, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARVIEW - STEET - DAY

Marcus carefully navigates around the seemingly abandoned Minibus, seeing no one in the front seat, he crosses over to the side walk.

With a sudden JOLT, he presses up against the side of the large vehicle, holding his breath.

IN THE DISTANCE, a lone prowling undead crosses the street, predatory SNARLS echoing throughout the quiet town.

Satisfied the prowler has passed, Marcus lets out a sigh of relief, moving up to the side door of the minibus.

INSIDE, he finds the still body of an OLD WOMAN, propped up in the seat right next to the door.

Her eyes closed, her skin deathly pale, but looking at peace.

Marcus regards the dead woman sadly for a beat.

MARCUS

Goddamn it...

Her eyes SNAP open, pale and feral, only to freeze in a lifeless stare as a metal pole PIERCES her skull, decaying brain matter shooting out the exit wound.

Almost gently, Marcus lifts her out of the minibus, laying her down on the street.

He closes her pale eyes.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You're with God now, old girl.

Off his remorseful expression, we:

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A frustrated SCREAM cuts through the room as we find Jennifer and Oliver pressing up against an overturned table blocking the windows next to the barricaded front door.

HANDS of undead PUNCHING through glass, reaching around for warm flesh.

The barricade barely holds under the constant assault, Jennifer and Oliver's bodies the only thing holding it in place.

OLIVER
(panicked)
Can't hold them much longer!

Tess rushes into the room from the back office, carrying a HUNTING KNIFE.

With a scream of rage mixed with revulsion, Tess SLASHES at the grasping arms of the undead, coagulated blood spraying all over her face.

The barricade nearly breaks, Jennifer almost thrown away from the force of the impacts.

JENNIFER
(frustrated)
This isn't going to hold!

MITSUKO (O.S.)
Here!

All eyes snap to Mitsuko, who is in the process of PULLING DOWN a set of stairs leading to a small hatch to the attic.

JENNIFER
Go!

Mitsuko climbs the flimsy stairs, pushing up through the hatch with shaking hands.

Alicia is quick to follow.

Before Jennifer can protest, Oliver leaves his position holding the barricade, blindly rushing to safety.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Wait! Not yet!

With Oliver's absence, the barricade begins to fail rapidly, Jennifer THROWN back violently.

ON TESS, in a world of her own, slashing and stabbing with wild abandon.

Jennifer pulls her back, nearly getting a taste of the blade in the process.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Tess, it's me! We need to go!

Looking fearsome with the splattered blood all over her face, Tess manages a shaky nod, hustling up the stairs towards the attic.

Reaching the stairs as the last living person in the room, Jennifer throws a look back towards the failing barricade just as the first undead claws its way through.

ABOVE:

Reaching the hatch, Tess turns back to Jennifer.

TESS

Come on! Hurry!

TESS' P.O.V:

Jennifer takes the first steps up the ladder, only to be suddenly PULLED BACK in a ruthless instant, disappearing out of frame.

Nothing but the SNARLS of the undead is heard.

Tess, shocked to the core, is pulled up into the attic by Oliver, who promptly pulls up the stairs and SHUTS the hatch in our face.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARVIEW SUPERMARKET - DAY

Larry BELLOWS right into frame, his rotten teeth and bile infested gums close enough to smell.

Henley lets out a desperate scream as he tries to push off the obese zombie to no avail.

His hand searching for anything of use, Henley finds a loose shell spilled out of the many boxes from the broken cabinet.

Managing to push his right knee up under the layers of undead fat, Henley PUSHES Larry far enough away to free up both hands.

In a motion so incredibly fast it's almost a blur, Henley slams the shell into the breach of his shotgun, giving Larry one last push, turning the shotgun on his face.

With a distinct KA-CHINK, Henley pumps the shell into the chamber.

Larry lets out a snarl filled with cold fury and frustration, almost as if it knows what's about to happen.

BOOM!

The deafening sound of the shotgun rings out, the shell tearing off Larry's ugly face, the remains of his undead lard falling back down onto the completely exhausted Henley.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - ATTIC - DAY

Cramped and filled with creepy old furniture and dusty rock and roll memorabilia, the attic now housing the shaky survivors.

Below the unnerving sounds of undead searching around can be heard.

Tess rears back from Oliver as he attempts to put a hand on her shoulder.

OLIVER

I'm sorry...

Tess glares at him.

TESS

You just ran. I can't believe you left her alone down there.

Awash with palpable guilt, Oliver shakes his head.

OLIVER

I didn't... I mean, I didn't think-

TESS

(snaps)

Just don't! She's gone and now you have to live with that.

ALICIA (O.S.)

I... I almost killed her a few minutes ago...

All eyes go to the quiet Alicia, who hangs her head in the far corner of the cramped space.

TESS

What are you talking about?

ALICIA

That man she was talking about. I
blamed her for what he did to me.
(slight laugh)
How fucked up is that?

TESS

Look, don't think about that
right now. There's nothing we can
do about it anymore.

ALICIA

It's not right that she's dead
and I'm alive. I'm useless. At
least she tried to help everyone.

No one has an answer, the only sounds to be heard coming
from the undead below.

MUSIC: "The Day the World Wnet Away" by Nine Inch Nails.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARVIEW SUPERMARKET - DAY

A ragged and worn Henley limps out of the front doors,
pulling his overfull trolley into the parking lot.

His face falls when he finds:

A stirred HORDE of undead.

The previously comatose corpses lying around town now
STIRRING, no doubt having been disturbed by the gunshot.

Henley searches around for any sign of Marcus.

HENLEY

Come on, old fart. Any time would
be nice.

He pulls the RIFLE out of the trolley, opening a box of
bullets, loading it.

HENLEY (CONT'D)

(nervously repeating)
Any time would be nice.

BOOM!

He fires a shot towards the closest undead, taking off its
head.

He cocks the semi automatic rifle, FIRING another round
into another undead, the horde now fully awake, converging
on our lone agent.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Come on, you ugly fucks!

BOOM!

Another headshot takes out an uncomfortably close undead, its running momentum halted in an instant, throwing it into a backwards somersault.

Henley keeps firing, taking down half a dozen undead, but its clear there are way too many.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Dark meat is off the menu,
motherfuckers!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! CLICK!

The rifle dry, Henley flips it over, using it as a club on the first undead to reach him, CRACKING its skull.

Batting away two more, he is quickly overwhelmed.

A female zombie leaps onto his back, BITING into his shoulder.

Henley screams, flipping her off his back and curb stomping her head into oblivion.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
Come on!

All but ready to embrace death, Henley sees:

MARCUS, PLOWING through the horde with the minibus, HONKING gleefully as body parts fly in every direction.

MARCUS
Senior citizen my ass!

He comes to a screeching halt next to Henley.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Stop looking at me and get the
fuck on!

Batting away one last undead between him and Marcus, Henley tips the contents of the nearby trolley into the minibus through the side door, hopping in.

Marcus guns it, plowing his way out of town.

A silence hangs in the air for a beat.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Nice town.

HENLEY

Yeah, friendly locals, good shopping.

MARCUS

You OK?

HENLEY

Apart from now being bite buddies with Oliver, sure.

MARCUS

Yeah, I saw that bitch take a good chunk out of your shoulder.

HENLEY

(dry)

I'm sure I was tasty.

Marcus hides a crusty smile as he accelerates down the empty freeway.

LEAVING the minibus, we see the HORDE pouring out of the town, still in relentless pursuit...

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL & GAS - ATTIC - DAY

Tess lays on her stomach next to the hatch leading down to the offices below, a small sliver of light cutting across her face as she gently cracks it open.

BELOW, several frenzied undead roam about restlessly.

She quietly closes the hatch, turning to the others.

TESS

No sign of Jennifer.

Mitsuko looks queasy.

MITSUKO

Maybe they already...

(beat)

You know?

Everyone SHUDDERS.

ALICIA

What are we gonna do?

Tess hangs her head.

TESS

No idea.

OLIVER

How many are there? Maybe we could use some of this junk to fight 'em.

Tess gives him a dark look.

TESS

So now you want to fight back, huh? Excuse me if I highly doubt that.

OLIVER

Look, I said I was sorry! What the fuck do you want from me?

TESS

Keep your voice down! How about growing a set of balls, for one.

Oliver shakes his head.

OLIVER

I'm sorry if I don't want to die.

Their argument is cut short by the distinct sound of a GUNSHOT, followed by several more.

Tess hurries back to the hatch.

TESS

It could be Henley!

Oliver holds her back, fear in his eyes.

OLIVER

It could also be our favorite psycho killer. Unless you already forgot about him.

Mitsuko and Alicia share worried looks.

ALICIA

I vote stay here.

A few more gunshots ring out, followed by eerie silence.

The survivors hold their breaths for several agonizing beats.

HENLEY (O.S.)

Jennifer! Anybody in here!

Tess lights up, pulling open the hatch, hurrying out to find Henley and Marcus, both armed with a smoking shotgun each, standing in a circle of blown away zombies.

TESS
You're back!

Henley looks around as the other survivors come out of their hiding place. There's a distinct sliver of guilt hidden in their relieved expressions.

MARCUS
Looks like we arrived just in time.

OLIVER
Yeah, understatement of the year, old man.

Henley is looking increasingly disturbed by the lack of a certain someone.

HENLEY
Where's Jennifer?

The others share a guilty look.

Henley's face slowly turns into a mask of anger and sorrow.

HENLEY (CONT'D)
(low)
What happened?

Before Oliver can speak, Tess steps up.

TESS
We couldn't keep them out. She made sure we all got up into the attic, but...

She trails off, leaving the sentence hanging heavily in the air.

Something changes in Henley's eyes -- The ever present warmth draining away, replaced with something else. Something cold.

HENLEY
Get into the car. We're leaving.

TESS
But-

HENLEY
(snapping)
Now!

As the others move past him, Henley turns his dark gaze to the undead around his feet.

The amount of hate in his eyes is unsettling.

With one last looks around the tragic scene, he turns away and disappears into the harsh, blinding sunlight outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

CLOSE ON:

An EYE, rapidly blinking awake, pupils dilating in FEAR.

PULLING BACK, we find a bruised and bloody, but ALIVE Jennifer.

She sits propped up against a bare desert rock, her hands BOUND behind her back.

Her eyes slowly focusing, she finds a SHAPE looming over her.

Madison smiles.

MADISON

What's up, Doc?

Off Jennifer's mounting terror, we RISE up high above the harsh desert, until the two forms are barely visible anymore.

END MUSIC.

STATIC...

END OF PART II