

RESIDENT EVIL

Written by

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INT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

The automatic lobby doors slide open and in strides BRYAN (30's, casual). Slung over his shoulder is a REFRIGERATED COOLER. He steps to the counter and flashes a laminated tag.

BRYAN
Got a B-7.

CLERK
Through there.

BRYAN
Thanks.

INT. TRAUMA WING - CONTINUOUS

Bryan ambles through swinging double doors and moves down a hallway buzzing with the usual activity of a trauma center. He tries to lock eyes with a passing nurse.

BRYAN
Got a B-7.

She shuffles past. He tries someone else.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
B-7 here. You know where I can...

They also pay him no mind, ducking into a doorway.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Goddamnit.

He stops and does a slow circle, holding up his little cooler bag by the strap.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hello? B-7 here! Anyone order a heart or a liver or whatever this is? Anyone? Seems kinda impor--

DOCTOR
Hey!

Bryan turns to see a DOCTOR in a white coat approaching.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
This was supposed to be here an hour ago! What took you so long?

BRYAN

I came straight here man. They gave me the--

DOCTOR

Here. Give.

The doctor snatches the cooler and is already striding away with it.

BRYAN

Uhhh... Someone has to sign for that! Hello?

The doctor disappears into a room without looking back.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Asshole.

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan leans on the counter as the clerk looks over his clipboard.

CLERK

I can't sign for receipt of delivery because I'm not the one who received the delivery.

BRYAN

I know that. I'm saying the doctor who took the delivery just walked off. So what am I supposed to do?

CLERK

Get him to sign it.

BRYAN

He's back there putting whatever it was I gave him into whoever it is that needs it. You want me to walk into the operating room and hand him a pen?

CLERK

Then, you'll have to wait til he's out.

BRYAN

Yo. You know how long transplant surgery takes? That's gonna be hours. Anyone can sign it. Doesn't have to be him.

CLERK

Then why don't you sign it?

He glares at her. His eyes drift down to her name tag.

ANDREA.

BRYAN

Have a lovely evening.

She smiles joylessly at him. He turns and shuffles back toward the exit, grumbling to himself.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Stuck up grouchy...

He checks over his shoulder to see that she's not watching, raises his clipboard and scrawls 'Andrea' onto the signatory line on his paperwork, smiling to himself when...

STAFFER (O.S.)

Hey! Courier!

Bryan whirls around like a child caught stealing.

BRYAN

I wasn't...

A STAFFER in scrubs has emerged from the back room.

STAFFER

Thank god. Thought you left. You got time for another run?

BRYAN

Uhh... I'm actually pretty much wrapped up for the night.

STAFFER

Really? It's outside the zone so it pays double.

BRYAN

(big smile)

I can do that.

INT. MEDICAL BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The staffer hands Bryan some paperwork. Another REFRIGERATED COOLER BAG rests on the table.

SCRUBS GUY

It's a Schedule A so it's top priority. No stops, got it?

BRYAN

Yeah man. Cool. Where's it going?

SCRUBS GUY

Raccoon City General.

BRYAN

Damn. That's far.

SCRUBS GUY

Yeah it's up in the mountains so-- oh shit I didn't ask. Are you outfitted for winter conditions?

BRYAN

Uhh... Sure. Yeah I grew up driving to my Grandma's in Minnesota so it's all good.

SCRUBS GUY

Not what I'm asking. If your vehicle isn't outfitted with chains and four wheel drive I need to call another--

BRYAN

I got you. No sweat.

Bryan flashes a big salesman's smile.

CUT TO --

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Bryan's extremely unequipped car SKIDS down the mountain road on unchained tires amidst howling winds and blinding snow.

He rounds a bend and the car SLIDES SIDEWAYS before finding its grip.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Bryan clutches the wheel tight, laser focused. The REFRIGERATED COOLER in the passenger seat also lurches forward as he hits another slide --

-- but Bryan shoots out a hand to hold it in place.

BRYAN
This shit is icy as hell, damn.

A woman's voice, ASHLEY, pipes up through the bluetooth.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
What?

BRYAN
Talking to myself.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Can you talk to *me* please? I asked
you a question.

BRYAN
I know. I'm thinking.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Well if you need time to think then
that's the answer then. You just
gave me the answer.

BRYAN
I didn't just give you the answer
baby because I haven't... *answered*
you yet!

ASHLEY (O.S.)
Ok so answer then.

BRYAN
Baby I... I support whatever you
decide to do. Your body your
choice.
(beat)
That's my answer.

He waits for a reply.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
That's not an answer.

BRYAN
How is that not an answer? That's
the best answer I could--

ASHLEY (O.S.)
That means you don't want to keep
it.

BRYAN

It means I want to support *your* decision!

ASHLEY (O.S.)

If you wanted to keep it you'd say
*"Ashley I love you and nothing
would make me happier than to--"*

Her audio drops out.

BRYAN

Babe?

His car slides again.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Shit!

(regains control)

Ashley?

ASHLEY (O.S.)

--but that's not what you're saying. And that's the answer then. So cool. I see where you're at. And I'm gonna stay with my sister for a bit I think.

BRYAN

Baby don't do that. Don't do that.

ASHLEY (O.S.)

And you don't even care enough to come home and have this conversation face to face. You're off running around doing whatever--

BRYAN

Seriously? I'm working! I'm making money!

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Uh huh. I thought you got off at 10.

BRYAN

I did and then they needed me for... You do know that I don't deliver pizzas right? This is someone's life here.

He looks down at the cooler by his side.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
This could be some eight year old
boy's heart! Or someone's mom's
brain or--

ASHLEY (O.S.)
You're stupid.

Bryan takes a deep angry breath. Long exhale. *Stay calm.*

BRYAN
Baby don't go to your sister's.
I'll be home in about two hours. We
can talk about it. I'm not saying I
don't want to keep it. I'm just
saying... it's a lot to process.
I've had this information for about
three hours and I need to just...
take a beat and let it sink in.
That's all... I love you. And it's
scary but... fuck it. Life has some
scary shit in it. Maybe that's OK.
You know? So... Goddammit. Fuck it,
let's do it. Let's have it!
AAUGHH!! This is crazy but I want
to have it! I can't believe I just
said that! Oh my God I'm gonna be a
dad!

Silence.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Baby?

Silence.

ASHLEY (O.S.)
...and you're out there running
around like a--

BRYAN
Wait, did you hear what I--

ASHLEY (O.S.)
--I can't even hear you--

BRYAN
Hear me now?

ASHLEY (O.S.)
--This fucking guy is--

He looks at his phone. No bars.

BRYAN
Goddamnit!

He tries to slip his phone in and out of airplane mode to refresh the connection when --

He glances back up and sees...

A HUMAN SHAPE in the road ahead.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Bryan SLAMS the brakes. The tires LOCK UP on the ice --
IMPACT.

The pedestrian's body GOES FLYING.

Bryan JOLTS FORWARD. The cooler beside him tumbles into the footwell.

The car finally screeches to a stop.

Bryan sits at the wheel, dazed.

All is silent. Only his breathing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck... Oh fuck...

He LEANS FORWARD, peering over his dashboard. He can't see anything ahead except falling snow in the headlights.

He checks the rearview mirror.

Nothing.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Bryan steps out and moves toward the rear of the car. Nothing visible save the red glow of his tail-lights and darkness.

BRYAN
Hello?

No sound but the howling wind.

Bryan steps away from the car, following his own tire tracks and then he sees... SPOTS OF BLOOD on the ground.

He digs out his phone and turns on the flashlight. Its cold blue light shows a clear BLOOD TRAIL LEADING off to the side.

But no body.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

Bryan takes a few steps after the blood trail but pauses. It leads off the side of the road and into the darkness beyond.

Bryan stops. He looks back at the car behind him... The warm interior... The organ cooler in the passenger seat...

Could just drive on, deliver the organ and be done with it.

He looks back to the blood trail...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

HELLO?!

Still nothing. *Goddamnit.*

Bryan steels himself and treks forward, following the blood.

Every step requires effort as his feet SINK to his ankles. The wind bites at his light jacket.

Bryan trudges onwards. *How far could this lady have gotten?*

BRYAN (CONT'D)

HELLLOOOO?!

Then, finally -- the shape of A BODY lying in the snow.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Hello?

The body twitches but doesn't respond.

Bryan moves closer, bringing into view...

A middle-aged WOMAN in a horribly weather inappropriate brightly patterned RED SUN DRESS. She's gaunt with long red hair. She's covered in BLOOD. Her limbs TWITCH. Her teeth GNASH together as if she were in the midst of a seizure.

A horrible realization -- *He's really fucked this lady up.*

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Shit... Okay... Okay... Hold on lady, you're gonna be okay.

Bryan kneels beside her, grabs one of her spasming arms, and puts it around his shoulder.

He stands, pulling her to her feet. She turns toward him, teeth GNASHING, almost biting at him.

Bryan, focused on the task ahead, doesn't notice. He hauls the woman along in stumbling steps --

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Come on -- just up here.

THE CAR looms out of the snow ahead.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The passenger door swings open. Bryan delicately lifts the organ cooler and transfers it to the backseat.

He looks at the woman, who he's leaned against the car. She stands there, staring out at the snow, still gnashing her teeth, arms twitching.

BRYAN
You're good... Come on.

Bryan delicately guides her into the passenger seat.

MOMENTS LATER: Bryan, in the driver's seat, buckles his seatbelt.

He reaches across the bloody woman, his arm passing directly in front of her mouth, and once again she SNAPS weakly at it but he doesn't notice. He buckles her seatbelt.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
So sorry lady. My b. Just hold on.
I'm actually headed to the Hospital
anyway so this actually works--

He winces, realizing how callous he sounds.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Never mind. Hold tight.

He throws the car in gear.

MINUTES LATER: He's cruising down the road again. His headlights carving through the snow.

He drives more carefully, taking the turns gently. The cooler bumps lightly in the backseat.

The bloody woman beside him raises a bent arm, reaching for him. Not necessarily in a violent or threatening way but we can tell -- this is bad.

She paws at the side of his face. Bryan gently pushes her arm aside, trying to keep his eyes on the road.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
S'cuse me. Need to see. You're
good... You're good... Just a few
miles... You're --

BWOOP BWOOP! The faint, unmistakable crowing of a police siren.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS swirl in the fog behind Bryan... and a COP CAR comes sliding out of the mist.

Bryan looks at the bloody woman. He knows exactly how this looks.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Oh *fuuuuuuck*...

He pulls to the side of the road and puts it in park. The cop stops behind him.

He studies the rear view mirror as THE OFFICER steps from his cruiser and approaches.

Bryan sweats bullets as the cop taps on the glass. He rolls down his window.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Evening Officer.

The cop leans into view, a stern powerful face with an unreadable neutral expression.

OFFICER
Evening. I pulled you over cause I
clocked you swerving back there.
You really shouldn't be on the road
without chains and--

BRYAN
Officer I'm sorry to interrupt you
but I have a bit of a... situation
here.

Bryan delicately points to the woman beside him. The officer leans lower and flashes his light on her bloody face.

OFFICER
Dear Jesus, what is wrong with *her*?

BRYAN
She ran right out in front of me
and before I even had a chance to--

PEDESTRIAN
Maaaaaaaaauuuuuuuwwww....

Bryan and the cop stare as she fumbles a limp hand at Bryan's face. He lightly pushes against it.

BRYAN
She's... been doing that.

OFFICER
You struck this woman with your
car?

BRYAN
Uh... I did. Yes.

OFFICER
Step out of the vehicle for me,
sir.

Bryan sighs.

BRYAN
(sotto)
Shit.

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan stands near the cruiser as the cop checks his eyes with a pen light.

BRYAN
...and I know it's not okay.
Obviously. I mean never mind what
the hell she's doing out here in
the middle of nowhere jumping in
front of cars on icy roads.
Maybe she was trying to kill
herself and this was her way of...

OFFICER
Here. Blow til you hear the beep.

The cop holds out a breathalyzer and Bryan complies, blowing into the tube until it beeps.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Thank you.

BRYAN

The point is that if I don't get that cooler to that hospital in the next hour a man's life could be in danger. Or a child's life. Or whoever it is that's waiting on whatever that is.

The cop turns away from Bryan and grabs his radio.

OFFICER

This is 72, I've got a 1018, request medical. Copy?

No response. He turns back to Bryan.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

This weather's been playing hell with my radio all day. Tell you what. I'll escort you to the hospital. We'll get this woman medical attention and you can complete your delivery and then you and I will continue this conversation.

BRYAN

I appreciate that.

OFFICER

Let's go.

BRYAN

Uhh...

OFFICER

What?

BRYAN

Can she ride with you?

The cop stares.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

What if she has a seizure or something? I'm not trained for that.

MOMENTS LATER: Bryan and the cop work together to unbuckle the bloody mess of a woman.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

There we go. Upsy daisy.

PEDESTRIAN
Mmmmuuuuggghgh...

BRYAN
Atta girl.

OFFICER
Get under her armpit there.

The two of them walk her back to the cruiser and manage to maneuver her into the front seat. The cop shuts the door and turns to Bryan.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
DO NOT stop following me. If I
don't see you in my rear view
mirror I'm going to assume you are
fleeing and I WILL apprehend you as
a criminal. Understood?

BRYAN
Cool. Yeah. I got you.

OFFICER
Good.

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan sits into the driver's seat and shuts the door.

BRYAN
(mocking)
*Or I WILL apprehend you as a
criminal! OOOH! I'm a big bad COP
with a GUN and I...*

Bryan notices the copious amounts of blood on the passenger seat.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What the fuuuuuuuck...

The cop pulls past him and starts down the road ahead. Bryan groans and starts his engine.

He checks the back seat and sees that his cooler bag is sitting where he left it. At least that's not ruined.

He sighs, and shifts into drive.

MOMENTS LATER: Bryan squints as he drives. Snow flurries coming down but he can still see the flashing reds and blues through the mist.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I don't know how you can see shit
out here in this--

In the distance, the lights of the cop car VEER to the right and CAREEN off the road. They do a strange summersault and then go nearly dark, dimming in the snow as they settle upside down.

Bryan SLAMS his brakes and screeches to a stop.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
OH MY... God...

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

Bryan throws open his door, gets out and heaves his way into the mist toward the upside down cruiser that has slid some 25 yards into a field.

The snow ahead is SWIRLED WITH RED AND BLUE.

Bryan runs to the driver's side and kneels, pressing his face to the glass.

BRYAN
Yo, are you--

The cop hangs upside down. His eyes are wide open and vacant. Blood runs down his face.

Bryan looks past the cop.

The PEDESTRIAN is missing. The passenger door sits open.

What the hell?

Bryan pulls at the driver-side handle but it won't open.

He carefully rounds the front of the car and stops at the open passenger door.

Where did she go?

He gets down on his hands and knees and crawls into the upside down cruiser, getting a clear look at the dangling officer. Blood runs down (up) his face and pools on the ceiling below him.

Bryan reaches out... winces... and forces himself to put his hand to the side of the cop's throat, feeling for a pulse.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Shit, please be okay. I'm gonna --
 RADIO (O.S.) BRYAN (CONT'D)
 ...eight-seventeen... ...respond... (startled)
 Jesuussssss!

He collects himself before reaching for the radio mounted on the dash up by the officer's waist.

It's too far. He LEANS IN FURTHER, necessarily bringing his face closer to the cop...

...who still appears dead, eyes staring vacantly at Bryan...

Bryan strains upward and grabs the wired microphone. He pulls it down and examines it, turning it over in his hands.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Yo, where the fuck is the talk
 button?

He holds it to his mouth.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Hello?

He looks at it again.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 How do you work?

He finds the clicker on the top of the mic.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Hello?

The radio cackles in response.

RADIO
 ...seventeen respond...

BRYAN
 Yo. Can you hear me?

RADIO
 ...

BRYAN
 Hello? Uhhh... I'm not a cop. So I
 don't know what to say but there's
 an emergency here. Can you hear me?

RADIO
 ...Go for control...

BRYAN
Yo I can't hear shit.

Bryan cranes to look for a volume knob up by the dash. He rises, bringing his face once again closer to the dead cop.

He cranks a knob on the CB base.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

RADIO
.....Go for....

Bryan LEANS IN, LISTENING hard.

RADIO (CONT'D)
....We read you... ...go for...

Bryan's focus is laser sharp. He raises the mic to his mouth and --

PEDESTRIAN
AAAAAUUGGGGHHHH!!!

THE SHAPE of the **BLOODY WOMAN** comes SMASHING AGAINST THE WINDOW behind the cop's face--

BRYAN
WHAT THE FUCK!

Bryan recoils from the snarling woman who CLAWS AT THE GLASS.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Lady, please! Stop!

He looks down and sees...

...THE COP'S GUN has fallen free of its holster and lies on the ROOF of the car.

He snatches up the gun and levels it at her.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I'm serious!

The woman hisses, claws at the glass some more, and then darts around the front of the car. Bryan twists awkwardly to keep an eye on her.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Where you going? What are you doing?

And then she's rounded to the passenger side and squats at the open door, growling at him with fresh rage.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck off lady! Fuck away from me!

Bryan scrambles deeper into the cop car, fully under the dangling bloody officer, kicking at the woman in the doorway who's CRAWLING HER WAY IN after him.

Bryan YELLS, aims the gun at the her, and PULLS THE TRIGGER --
It doesn't fire.

Bryan looks for the safety. No time. He fumbles for the door handle and shoves it open.

On his hands and knees, he crawls into the snow as fast as he can.

The bloody lady clambers after him, SNARLING. TEETH GNASHING.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Shit --

He picks himself up and stumbles away from her, tromping through the snow AROUND the rear of the cop car. She's already up and rounding the car after him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
PLEASE! PLEASE, LEAVE ME ALONE!

Bryan stumbles in a clumsy orbit around the car, pawing at the safety as he goes. She pursues.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Where's the FUCKING safety
button???!!!

Another FULL LAP around the car. His heaving becoming a full blown panic as she closes the gap between them.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Please!

CLICK! Bryan finds the safety and FLICKS IT OFF.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
A-HA!

Bryan WHIRLS AROUND and...

...there's NOTHING behind him.

No sign of her.

Bryan, blinks into the dark but all he sees is falling snow and shadows beyond.

He whirls and aims behind him but that direction only shows his car parked on the street. No sign of her.

Wheezing and exhausted, he SLUMPS against the side of the car.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(gasping)
Oh my God... Oh my God...

He rubs his face and tries to steady his breath.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
That was absolutely--

PEDESTRIAN
AAAAAAAAAUUUUUGGGHHGHGHHH!!

The WOMAN comes SHRIEKING out of the dark...

Bryan raises his gun...

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

SIX SHOTS and EVERY SINGLE ONE MISSES.

The woman rushes on, arms outstretched, closing the gap when--

Bryan closes his eyes and SQUEEZES HIS TRIGGER AGAIN --

BLAM!

A seventh shot slaps her right in the center of the chest, and she drops lifelessly into the snow.

Bryan lets out a GASP -- *he fucking did it.*

He stares at her motionless body for an awed moment...

BRYAN
Hoooooooooly.... shiiiiiii.....

He takes a cautious step forward and leans over the woman. Smoke curls upward from the new hole in her chest.

He kneels, taking a closer look. Purple veins run up from her neck and cobweb her face.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What happened to you...?

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan sits into the driver's seat and slams the door. He digs his phone out and dials 911.

Connecting...

Connecting...

BRYAN
Come on.

He notices the NO SERVICE text where his bars should be.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck...

He looks out at the dead woman and the flipped cop car.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Okay... Okay, I'll get... someone.
I'll be back.

He turns the key and...

Grrrrgghgrr... Grrrrgghh... The engine growls and sputters but won't turn over. He cranks the key again gets nothing. White smoke seeps from the hood.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What is this now?

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bryan steps from his car and walks to the front, fanning at the smoke billowing from the hood.

BRYAN
Yo what the *fuck*?

As he circles the car he spots something.

SIX SMALL BULLET HOLES pepper the engine block.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Yoooo... Who shot my fucking...

He looks behind him. The dead woman is in line with exactly where he was standing when he shot her.

He looks back to the car as it dawns on him. He snatches his gun out of his waistband and stares at it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
No! Oh you stupid... *Fuck!*

INT. BRYAN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan sits into the passenger seat and pulls open the glove box. He digs around and produces a paper map. He clicks on the dome light and spreads it over the dash.

He traces a finger on the map and finds his approximate location.

BRYAN
OK I should be about here...

He sees that the road ahead becomes a winding tangle of mountain passes, curling back on itself before it nearly doubles back and feeds into Raccoon City.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
That's gotta be like seven fucking miles.

He exhales, defeated.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

He looks past the police car to his right. Beyond the field is a layer of trees and in the distance beyond that he can see light pollution from the town.

He looks at the map again. He traces his finger from his current location, this time ignoring the roads. Raccoon City is a short distance away on foot.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Two miles on foot.

Bryan thinks on this.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

EXT. SNOWY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan grabs the cooler out of the back seat.

BRYAN
Let's go buddy.

He straps it over his shoulder, makes sure the gun is in safety-mode and steps back into the field.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fucking freezing out here.

He walks again to the open passenger door of the squad car and squats. The upside down cop dangles as before.

Bryan hesitates... then, crawls in and grabs the officer's jacket by the sleeve, and YANKS. The jacket slides down but is caught in the seatbelt.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Come on man. I'm sorry but I need this.

He pulls harder, but the coat's not gonna slide off without some serious maneuvering.

Bryan takes a deep breath and reaches up for the seatbelt release.

WIDE SHOT -- Of the upside down cop car jostling with the thud of the cop falling from his perch.

BRYAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ow!

MOMENTS LATER: Bryan stands in the snow, zips up a Police Jacket and turns away from the cop car, walking toward the tree line. On his back are the letters: **RCPD**. (EVERYONE WHO'S PLAYED THE GAMES WILL JIZZ THEIR PANTS HERE.)

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Bryan CLOMPS through heavy snow as he treks across the FIELD, shivering and miserable.

Ahead, a WOODEN FENCE comes into view with a sign reading **"PRIVATE PROPERTY."**

Bryan hesitates. In BOTH DIRECTIONS, the fence stretches indefinitely.

MOMENTS LATER: He TUMBLES over the fence and lands in the snow on the other side. He pulls himself to his feet, brushes the snow off, and carries on.

He's gone about two steps when -- ARF!

A faint yip echoing over the landscape. He looks around.

BARK! This one is louder. He turns to see...

BARKBARKARFWOOF! A black missile, BARRELING out of the snow.

A ROTWEILER, bearing down on him, ready to kill.

BRYAN

Oh no...

Bryan RUNS. The dog OUT OF FOCUS over his shoulder, its barking GROWING LOUDER as it closes in.

A SHAPE looms into view ahead. A BARN.

Bryan wheezes. His feet SINKING in the snow up to his ankles. The dog is fifty feet behind him.

Forty.

Thirty.

He reaches the barn, grabs the doors triumphantly and YANKS. They don't open.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

COME ON, COME ON --

He SLAMS his hands against the door --

-- and it SWINGS INWARD.

Push doors, not pull doors.

He RUNS INSIDE.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Bryan heaves the door shut behind him and stumbles deeper into the barn.

WHUMP! The dog collides with the door seconds later, smashing it back open.

Bryan runs, searching for a hiding place, a weapon, anything.

He spots a LADDER leading up to the loft. He bolts for it, SLIDING in loose hay.

The dog is RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

Bryan grabs the rungs and CLAMBERS UP just as the dog LEAPS --

-- and SLAMS into the ladder with its full weight. The ladder SHAKES but stays upright. Bryan clings to it for dear life.

The dog falls to the floor and bounds back up, snapping at his feet.

Bryan pulls himself to the top and ROLLS onto the floor of the loft, GASPING for breath.

He stays there for a long beat, his GASPS turning to relieved laughter.

BRYAN
HHAHAhahaha... HA! Stupid dog!

His laughs slide dangerously close to tears. He pulls himself together.

He ROLLS back onto his stomach -- and PEERS DOWN.

The dog is still there, SNAPPING up at him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Learn to climb, bitch!

Bryan surveys the loft and sees a WINDOW at the far end. An idea hatches in his mind.

He grabs the ladder -- and PULLS IT UP off the ground, into the loft. Then, carefully, he extends the ladder over the dog's head. The dog JUMPS UP, snapping at it --

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck off...

Bryan bats at the barn door with the ladder. *He misses.* It's hard to maneuver. He tries again. Pushing the ladder against the barn door to little effect, nearly dropping it.

A THIRD TIME he tries and successfully SMACKS the ladder into the barn door, pushing it closed and sealing the barn shut.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Try pulling them shits open! With
your no thumbs! *Ha!*

With a satisfied grunt, Bryan tosses the ladder, aiming for the dog.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Suck ladder!

It SCAMPERS out of the way with a surprised whimper and promptly resumes barking.

Bryan turns and crouch-walks toward the window at the end of the loft. He takes out the COP'S GUN and aims it at the thick pane of glass, about to shoot out the window --

-- then stops, realizing...

He reaches out and easily slides the window open.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

Bryan cranes to look at the drop below. It's higher than he'd counted on.

BRYAN

Fuuuuuckk... The ladder! Fuck!

No choice. He crouches in the window -- psyching himself up for the eight foot jump.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Come on... You got it...

And he JUMPS down --

WHOOOMP! He does *not* stick the landing. Instead, he just sort of collapses onto the ground in a heap.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Unngh...

Both ankles hurt but they don't seem broken. He sits up and takes stock of his condition.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Am I good?

He looks himself over but seems fine. He checks the cooler. It too seems undamaged. That's when he realizes...

The barking has stopped.

Bryan looks to the barn wall nearby and spots a hole.

We PUSH IN on it. We all know what's about to --

BLARGGGHSNARLARF!!! The dog's head BURSTS through the hole, snapping and snarling.

Bryan leaps back, but then realizes -- the dog can't fit through the hole. Only its head protrudes.

Bryan picks himself up and watches, safely out of reach at the drooling, snapping, but completely powerless animal.

He LAUGHS and steps closer.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Awww... What's a matter? Huh?
Dinner got away from you?

The dog foams at the mouth.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Sorry 'bout that little buddy!
That's what happens when you pick
on the wrong--

SPLOOOOOSH!

The dog's mouth opens too wide and a SWARM of PINK TENTACLES SHOOT from it's throat!

BRYAN (CONT'D)
AUUUUUGGHHH!!!!

The TENTACLES WHIP FORWARD and WRAP THEMSELVES AROUND HIS LEFT ARM.

The tentacles CONTRACT, pulling Bryan toward the dog's mouth.

With his right hand, Bryan FUMBLES the gun from his waistband but DROPS IT into the snow. He's dragged over it, loses sight of it for a second. He blindly reaches, fumbling -- and miraculously plucks it up in the nick of time.

His ARM is pulled into the monstrous mouth. The TEETH sink into his forearm.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
AAAAHH!!

Bryan presses the cop's gun into what remains of the top half of the dog's mutated head and --

BLAM!

A spray of blood and brains, and the tentacles RELEASE HIM.

Bryan reels backwards falling into the snow.

He stares at the IMPOSSIBLE CORPSE hanging from the hole.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck... What the fuck...
What are you...

He rises slowly to his feet, mesmerized.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
That's not real... That's just
stupid... That's...

Pain in his arm. He looks down and sees a nasty bite.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Owww!! Jesus!

He looks at the dead mutant dog. He looks at the blood coming from his arm. He looks around at the darkened snowy field.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
This is insane. This is... I hate
this.

He staggers around the side of the barn.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Up a small hill sits a two story traditional FARMHOUSE. Bryan trudges his way towards it. All the windows are dark. He scans the area. No other structures in sight.

He makes his way up the front steps.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan pushes the front door open and peers inside. The living room is dark and cluttered with furniture.

BRYAN
Hello?

Nothing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hello? I had a... car problem and I
was hoping to use your phone?

Nothing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm gonna come in cause it's
really cold out here okay?

Bryan steps cautiously into the dark. He can't make out much. Only the dim shapes of furniture and a hall leading to the rear of the house.

He slides one hand along the wall and finds a light switch.

Click. The room illuminates and Bryan finds himself in a pleasant, cozily furnished home.

Everything seems in place. A knitted blanket decorates the couch. Taxidermied deer head on a wall. A cosy stone fireplace. Rustic, but warm.

He moves deeper inside bringing the dining room into view and with it the first sign of trouble...

The DINNER TABLE has been FLIPPED OVER on its side. Food is strewn across the floor.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

He stares at the mess imagining what bizarre scene could have unfolded here.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Uhh... Hello?

Something occurs to him and he examines his gun.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Yo how do you...

He fiddles with it, pulling at the chamber and flicking the safety on and off. Finally he finds the release and the clip drops to the floor.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

He scoops it up and holds it up to the light.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(counting bullets)

One. Two. Three. Four... Fuuuuck.

FOUR BULLETS LEFT.

Bryan slams the chamber back home.

He returns his attention to the living room and spots...

A LARGE DOUBLE BARRELED SHOTGUN hangs over the fireplace.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Hello.

-- He pulls the shotgun off the wall and cradles it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Damn. You're heavy.

He studies it and finds the spring that releases the barrels from the stock. It unhinges, revealing two empty chambers.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
No shells.

-- He opens drawers in the living room cabinet.

-- He feels around above an armoire, but no luck.

-- In the KITCHEN, Bryan cradles the shotgun in the crook of one arm and pulls open drawers with the other.

He steps to the fridge and pulls it open, leaning to get a look inside. Then --

-- He leans against the counter, shotgun resting beside him as he eats turkey out of Tupperware.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Mmm!

-- He washes it down with a can of Root Beer.

-- He walks cautiously up the steps with the shotgun cradled under one arm and a giant drumstick in the other hand.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Coming up!

INT. FARMHOUSE UPPER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

He pauses near the top and surveys the second floor.

The steps let out into a hallway with a room at either end.

-- Bryan pushes open a door and peers into a study. Library shelves and boxes of old records everywhere. Messy.

-- Bryan pushes open the other door to reveal an empty bedroom. He flicks the light switch but nothing happens.

Bryan steps in and moves toward the bed, pulling open a drawer in the bedside table.

BRYAN
Where the fuck do you keep the shells man?

He moves around the bed toward the dresser, taking a bite of the drumstick as he goes. He pulls open the top drawer of the dresser and...

Jackpot. A BOX OF SHOTGUN SHELLS amidst the underwear.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Yoooo...

Bryan sets the drumstick on the dresser and reaches for the box when he happens to glance out the window.

In the distance, he can still see the faint flashing reds and blues of the cop car.

He looks over the path he took from the cop car, and sees...

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit...

IN THE SNOWY FIELD BELOW -- Beyond the barn and the fence he sees a SOLITARY FIGURE running toward the house, following the same path he took.

Bryan leans toward the glass, studying the figure. Red dress flapping in the wind. He realizes what he's looking at...

THE PEDESTRIAN. Moving jerkily but relentlessly toward him. Following his tracks. She reaches the fence and begins climbing over.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck...

Bryan snatches the box of shells and pulls at the tabs, dropping the shotgun as he fumbles with it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He leans down, grabs the gun and lays it on the dresser. He pulls a couple of shells out of the box, others spilling onto the floor.

He leans to check on the status of the Pedestrian below. She's cleared the fence and is now sprinting up the slope toward the house.

Bryan's heart pounds as he fumbles with the shotgun, searching again for the release lever when --

GGGGAAAAAUUUUUGHGGHHGHHH!!!!!!

A FARMER IN A WHITE NIGHTGOWN comes screaming out of the dark recesses of the room and throws himself into Bryan.

The two land in a heap on the floor. The Farmer scrapes and claws at Bryan's face.

FARMER
AAAAAAAUUUGHGHH!!

BRIAN
AAAAAUUUGGGHH!!!!

The shotgun goes clattering out of reach. Shells roll all over the floor. Bryan does his best to fend off the man's claws and bites.

BRYAN
Stop! Please!

Bryan manages to get one hand clamped around the Farmer's throat, keeping him at bay. With his other hand, he fishes his pistol out from his waistband.

FARMER
Gggghh... Gghh...

Bryan shoves the pistol against his attacker's face and--

BANG!

The Farmer goes limp and collapses onto Bryan's chest. Bryan wriggles out from under him.

He scrambles back on his butt.

BRYAN
Fuck!

He takes in the messy scene, this man in a nightgown laying face down, blood pooling around his head.

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

BOOM! The door downstairs slams open. Bryan gasps. *The Pedestrian!*

Footsteps below rush through the living room toward the staircase.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Shit!

He lunges for the shotgun. He scoops it up and fumbles for the scattered bloody shells.

CLUMP! CLUMP! CLUMP! The footsteps are already climbing the stairs.

Bryan's shaky hands manage to load one shell into a barrel.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Please...

He reaches for another shell but his hands are wet with blood and it slips out of his grasp.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! The steps rush down the hall toward him.

Fuck it. Bryan snaps the barrel closed with only one shell inside. Still seated on the floor, he raises the shotgun toward the open door.

In the next moment the PEDESTRIAN comes screaming into the room and Bryan pulls the trigger.

BOOOOM!

Her head explodes, coating the doorway and ceiling behind him in a red paste and she collapses.

Blood pours out of her ragged neck and gathers in a pool around Bryan's feet.

All is silent again except his breathing.

Bryan stares dumbly at the two bloody bodies on either side of him and drops the shotgun.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

...wow...

He pulls his feet toward himself as the blood pool spreads.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

...oh wow...

For a long beat he can't put a coherent thought together. He stares stupidly at the dead woman until...

Something in the jagged gaping neck wound... *moves*.

Bryan watches in mute fascination as the flesh around the spine bulges slightly and then to his horror...

A THIN WHITE TENTACLE the size of an earthworm slides out of the wound. It twitches randomly, coiling and uncoiling and then slides out a little longer.

Then another emerges.

Two shoelace sized tentacles slither out into the blood puddle, probing -- exploring.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh damn.

They extend further, reaching out toward Bryan's feet. He scurries away from them. And now four new tentacles slide from the neck. All of them moving and stretching out over the blood puddle, across the room toward...

...the body of the Farmer.

Bryan gawks as the tentacles from the Pedestrian find the leg of the dead Farmer. They immediately surge up his body like hungry snakes.

That's when Bryan notices that the bullet wound in the Farmer's head has sprouted little tentacles of its own.

These new tentacles are already extending and reaching down his body toward the approaching tentacles of the Pedestrian until...

They MERGE, mingling together where they form a TIGHT BRAID. The braid pulses, strengthening. The braid begins to CONTRACT, and the head of the Farmer starts to slide, pulling his body toward the gaping neck wound of the Pedestrian.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus Christ...

Bryan watches in absolute horror as the two corpses slide toward each other until the bloody head of the Farmer is sucked against the jagged neck wound of the Pedestrian.

The sucking continues and the Farmer's head is pulled into the Pedestrian's neck wound which somehow opens itself like a giant mouth.

Now the two torsos have met and the arms and legs of both dead people begin to spasm.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck this!

Bryan's awe shifts into terror. He snatches up the shotgun and the box of shells (half full) and bounds from the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan grabs a set of CAR KEYS from the rack by the door and runs out onto the front porch.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Bryan runs down the steps, looking from his keys, to -- OH HELL YEAH. The farmer's BADASS TRUCK in the driveway.

Bryan dashes toward it.

INT. FARMER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The engine ROARS TO LIFE as Bryan turns the key.

BRYAN

Come on, baby, that's right...

Bryan throws the truck into gear, gaze shifting up to a giant **IRON GATE**, locked with a heavy padlock, blocking his path.

EXT. FARM / GATE - NIGHT

Bryan sprints to the gate and examines the PADLOCK. It has a DIAMOND EMBLEM on the lock. He looks at the keys in his hand. None of them have a matching emblem. He tries them all anyway -- none fit. He steps back, thinking, then... an idea.

MOMENTS LATER: Bryan stuffs shells into the shotgun. He plants his feet and raises it, carefully lining up the shot.

BRYAN

I got this...

No room for error. He takes a breath... steadies himself... and -- **BLAM!**

A CACOPHONOUS CLANG RINGS OUT. Blue smoke blocking his view. He fans it away and steps forwards to see...

The lock is still solidly intact. *What the hell?*

Bryan opens the shotgun and pops the shells out. As he reloads --

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh you're gonna come off that motherfucker. Just see if you don't...

Again, Bryan AIMS HIS SHOTGUN at the lock. Takes a careful breath and squeezes the trigger...

BLAM! The lock is unharmed.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Goddamn motherfuck...

He scowls.

INT. FARMER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Back in the truck. The engine ROARS to life. Bryan SLAMS the gear into drive, his foot hovering over the gas. He hesitates. He looks at the COOLER in the passenger seat.

BRYAN
Hold on.

Bryan leans over and buckles the cooler's seatbelt.

He glances toward the door of the farmhouse. It's dark inside. Can't see anything.

Then...

A HAND reaches out of the dark and grips the doorframe.

Then a second hand.

Then a THIRD AND FOURTH ARM extend from the darkness. The body of the thing is still concealed in the dark. As its shape begins to loom out of the shadows...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
No thank you...

He SLAMS the gas. The truck ROCKETS FORWARD.

EXT. FARM / GATE - CONTINUOUS

Bryan's truck SLAMS into the gate which BURSTS OPEN.

But the IRON BARS of the gate don't just give way. They warp and lodge themselves under the truck, heaving it upwards and off its axis.

INT. FARMER'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Bryan SLAMS FORWARD at the force of impact. The cooler flies from the seat and CRACKS the windshield.

And the truck immediately STOPS DEAD. Bryan slumps back in his seat, and with a CLINK --

-- a KEY, dislodged by the force of impact, falls from the sun visor and lands in Bryan's lap. On it, the same diamond emblem from the padlock. THE GATE KEY.

Annoyed, Bryan throws the key aside and presses the gas again.

BRYAN
Come on, come on...

EXT. FARM / GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan steps from the truck and looks back to see...

The truck is FUCKED. The mangled wrought iron bars of the gate have STABBED through his tires. It's not going anywhere.

In the distance the SHAPE of the mutated Farmer / Pedestrian creature lurches down the steps of the farmhouse.

Bryan grabs the cooler from the passenger seat, turns and and RUNS.

He huffs down a LONG, SNOW-COVERED ROAD toward town.

Behind him, a GARGLED SCREECH rings out.

MONSTER
AAAAAAAUUUGHGHHH!!

He picks up the pace.

EXT. ROAD - LATER

The road cuts through a dense forest now, with the cooler strapped over his shoulder. He's put some distance between him and the farmhouse but he can't keep up the pace and has slowed to a speed walk, occasionally checking over his shoulder as he goes.

BRYAN
What's that? It's snowy? Oh not a problem, I'm equipped for winter conditions... Absolutely I am. I used to drive to my old fucking Granny's house all the time! I'm sorry what's that? Am I a fucking idiot? It would appear that I am, yes. Is that going to be an issue?

Bryan's arm throbs. He lifts his sleeve and FREEZES as he sees thick BLACK LINES running up his wrist, disappearing into his jacket.

Bryan PULLS BACK his coat to reveal --

-- the BITE WOUND from the dog.

It looks horrid.

The wound is FESTERING. Skin turning purple, infected black veins SPIDER-WEBBING OUT from the wound.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

No no no no no -- come ON, no --

Bryan realizes the same thing we do. HE'S INFECTED.

His breath hitches in his throat. On the verge of hyper-ventilating.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Keep it together...

He keeps walking, fighting tears.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

You're good... You're good man.
You're heading to a hospital and
that's where they fix stuff like
this all the time. Til then it's
just... a walk in the woods...
People do this for fun sometimes...

He walks on. Boots crunching in the snow.

A SHRIEK echos from the woods behind him.

Bryan picks up the pace. He digs out his phone. Still no bars.

He tries to call Ashley but it doesn't engage.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Nothing? Really?

He opens the voice memo app and hits record.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

This message is for Ashley. Umm...
We got cut off and I know you're
upset with me but something a bit
more important has come up. Uhhh...

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Basically like I found myself in a fucking Twilight Zone monster movie situation and I'm not even being joking right now. Really fucked up stuff is happening and a cop died and I had to... a lady got shot... and a guy got shot... and I don't even know why I'm leaving this message for you because this is probably one of those 'play this if you find my body' kinda deals. So I guess Ashley if you ever hear this it means I didn't make it but I want you to know how much...

Ahead, he spots something that stops him dead.

The forest road reaches a steep hill and runs through a DARK UNDERPASS TUNNEL.

A steep, snow-covered slope to either side of the road.

There's no going around it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

...How much I love you.

He stops the recording.

SCRREEEECCCCCHHH!!!

That thing behind him is still getting closer. Bryan looks at the dark mouth of the tunnel... and sighs.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

You're stupid for this...

He moves forwards.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Bryan moves through the tight enclosure, his footsteps bouncing off the walls back to him.

BRYAN

Hello?

He flicks on the phone's flashlight.

He presses onward. His light only gives him about fifteen feet of visibility but he presses on.

Ahead, an RV looms out of the dark.

It has skidded sideways, and now, at a DIAGONAL, blocks the entire width of the tunnel.

No going around to either side.

Bryan looks back. The mouth of the tunnel behind him is just a tiny pale shape now.

He kneels down, looks under the RV. Dark and shadowy. Fuck that, he's not going under.

He eyes the FRONT PASSENGER DOOR of the RV. No other choice.

He grabs the handle, and the door swings open.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Uhhh... I'm gonna come in.

Inside, it's pitch dark and dead quiet.

Bryan grabs the edges of the door and hoists himself up.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

He looks down the long, dark interior of the RV. It's unoccupied but cluttered. A little sofa on one side and a tiny table on the other. The rear has a bathroom area and a bedroom beyond.

No signs of carnage or struggle. He takes a deep breath.

BRYAN
Helloooooo...

He inches forwards, clumsily clutching the phone for light and the shotgun for confidence.

Little by little he moves through the vehicle and soon enough his light finds the back door of the RV. *His exit.*

A NOISE up ahead, between him and the exit. He freezes.

Something moves behind the CLOSED DOOR of the RV bathroom. A shuffling and bumping from inside.

Something is alive in there.

Bryan swallows and adjusts his grip on the shotgun.

A strangled, gurgling MEWLING sound from behind the door.

He inches closer. The shotgun SHAKING in his hands. Just about to squeeze past the door --

-- when the door SHAKES, bumped hard from something inside.

Bryan levels the gun at the door.

He slides his finger onto the trigger. Swallows. Takes one slow step toward the...

Squeak

He freezes and looks down. His shoe has landed on a STUFFED ANIMAL with a squeaker inside it.

He looks around and notices -- kids' stuff everywhere.

The sound of a CHILD'S WHIMPER comes from behind the door.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

What the...

He takes another slow step.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

More whimpering. *Definitely a kid in there.*

Bryan lowers the gun and reaches a slow hand toward the door.

He hesitates. *Is this stupid?*

He yanks the door open and steps back, raising the gun again, when he sees...

A 6 YEAR OLD GIRL, curled up against the wall, cries silently to herself.

Bryan eases. His fear melts into concern.

He lowers the gun, leans it against the door and kneels.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey there...

She doesn't respond, recoiling against the wall.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna hurt you. Are you OK?

She whimpers.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Hey...

He reaches out and softly places a hand on her shoulder.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hey it's OK.

Slowly, she turns to face him.

Bryan recoils.

Her RIGHT FOOT is a MASS OF WRITHING PINK TENTACLES.

Black and purple veins snake their way up her leg and disappear under her shorts. Her arms and chest show the veins poking out under her tank-top. Less severe as they make their way across her body.

Bryan studies the trajectory of her infection with horror. Half of her face looks clear but the other is infected.

LITTLE GIRL
Help me.

BRYAN
Oh shit...

LITTLE GIRL
Please? I'm scared.

Bryan steps back.

BRYAN
You're... you're gonna be okay.

LITTLE GIRL
My mom bit me on the foot and I hid in here. But I don't know where she went.

BRYAN
Oh. That's... That's okay. We'll find her.

LITTLE GIRL
My foot hurts.

Bryan looks at the tentacles that should be her 'foot'.

BRYAN
Oh really? Uhhh... Okay. Well we're gonna get you out of here, okay?

She raises her arms for him to pick her up. He doesn't move.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Damn. Uhh...

LITTLE GIRL
Please.

BRYAN
Yeah. Okay.

He awkwardly leans forward to help her when--

SPLAAAASHH!! The tentacles in her foot jerk toward him like hungry snakes. Bryan throws himself back, knocking over the shotgun and landing on his ass.

LITTLE GIRL
HELP ME!

The tentacles from her leg wrap around his ankle. He kicks at them frantically.

BRYAN
Get the fuck off me!

LITTLE GIRL
Help me!!

The tentacles grab his leg and pull him toward her.

BRYAN
Stop!

LITTLE GIRL
Help me!

He grabs at the barrel of the shotgun, fumbling to get it into position.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
PLEASE!

BRYAN
Fuck off me!

The tentacles tighten around his leg. The girl is being pulled from the bathroom by the force of her own parasite.

Bryan aims the gun at her leg.

LITTLE GIRL
What's happening to my leg??

BRYAN
I'm gonna try and fix your leg here
sweetie! Just hold--

BOOM!

He blasts the tentacles into a spray of blood, freeing himself. He scrambles to his feet.

LITTLE GIRL
AAAAAAH!!!

Her arm begins to sprout its own tentacles and soon she's crawling toward him, seemingly against her will.

Tendrils shoot from the sick side of her face. She advances and he retreats.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
AAAAAUUGGGH---

BOOM! Bryan blasts her right in the head and her whole body rips apart, blood coating the back of the camper like a layer of paint.

All is still.

Only him breathing.

BRYAN
Goddamnit! Fuck!

He lowers the gun. Blood drips down the walls.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I didn't wanna do that!

He stares at the wreckage. He shuts his eyes and gathers himself.

This didn't happen.

He rises and steps over the goo, making his way to the far side of the RV.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bryan steps from the RV and shuts the door behind him with trembling hands.

Ahead lies the mouth of the tunnel and a road toward town.

He starts walking.

BRYAN
That didn't just happen. I didn't shoot a little girl in the face. I'm a good person. I like kids. I--

MONSTER (O.S.)
 (distant)
 AAAAAAaaaauuuuuuggghhhh.....

BRYAN
 The fuck...

Bryan speed-walks, fumbling with the shells in his pocket. He puts two in his mouth and manages to fold open the shotgun. He shoves the shells in.

MONSTER (O.S.)
 AAAAAUUUUUUUGgggghhhh...

It's closer. Bryan picks up the pace.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Out of the tunnel now, he hauls ass down the road.

BRYAN
 Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

After about fifty yards he's already winded and has to slow to a speed walk.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 Goddamn. Move, motherfucker.

He tries to jog again but he's got a stitch in his side.

MONSTER (O.S.)
 AAAAAUUUGGHH!

Much closer now. Bryan whirls and aims the shotgun at the tree line while walking backwards.

BRYAN
 I'm gonna die. I'm dead.

He sees it...

Moving through the shadows of the woods comes the lurching shape of THE MONSTER, scampering jaggedly on four legs, with four arms groping from tree to tree.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 What... the... fuuuuuck...

His foot catches a crack in the pavement and he falls, landing hard on his butt.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh God...

The Monster steps from the tree-line into clear view for the first time. It's a grotesque tangle of flesh that moves, insect-like, toward him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

OH JESUS!

As it prepares to leap --

HEADLIGHTS cut through the fog behind Bryan and shine onto the approaching monstrosity.

The creature SCREECHES and scampers back into the fog as quickly as it came.

An SUV bursts from the fog behind Bryan and rolls to a stop.

The doors fly open.

Bryan watches from his ass, like a dazed baby as A BADASS SILHOUETTE emerges from the vehicle -- strong, heavily muscled body, MP5 up and ready by the shoulder.

This is MAX.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Who -- Who are -- Did you see --

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG! Max FIRES over Bryan's shoulder.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

OH JESUS GOD!!!

Bryan cowers as Max advances, firing into the fog.

Another SCREECH, further away -- *the creature is fleeing.*

The MP5 swivels toward Bryan who holds up his hands --

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh God no! Oh please!!

Another, much less badass silhouette emerges from the SUV. A wiry skittish woman with a WHITE LABCOAT (PAULINE).

She plants herself behind Max for cover, peering out at Bryan.

PAULINE

Did it get him?! Is he infected?!

BRYAN
Thank God! Thank God you're here!

PAULINE
I think you should shoot him!

BRYAN
What? No!

PAULINE
He could be infected! Shoot him!

BRYAN
I'm not infected! I'm good! Don't shoot!

Max lowers his gun.

MAX
He has the bag.

CUT TO --

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Max drives and Pauline rides shotgun. Bryan sits in the back, clutching the cooler. Pauline twists to face Bryan.

PAULINE
Hand me that.

BRYAN
Hand you what? This? Nah.

PAULINE
I'm not asking. Hand me the cooler or I'll have Max pull this car over and shoot you.

BRYAN
I don't think--

PAULINE
Max shoot him.

MAX
I'm not gonna shoot him.

BRYAN
Why do you keep telling this dude to shoot me man?

PAULINE
Okay, fine, Max hand me your weapon. I'll handle this myself--

MAX

I'm not handing you my weapon.

Pauline shifts angrily in her seat. She glares at Bryan.

PAULINE

You don't have any idea what you have there.

BRYAN

It's some kid's heart or some drunk's liver right?

PAULINE

No it's not some *drunk's liver*! It's a patented proprietary biochemical solution and right now it's the best chance any of us have of seeing the morning.

BRYAN

Yo, what are you talking about? What the fuck is going on around here anyway?

Bryan unzips the cooler, slowly.

PAULINE

What are you doing?! Don't do that!

Bryan pauses, and gestures for Pauline to explain.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

The substance in that cooler is worth about half a billion dollars. It's a one-of-a-kind lab developed genome adapter.

BRYAN

Talk to me like I'm stupid, please.

PAULINE

(deep breath)

I work for the Umbrella Corporation. We've been contracted by the government to investigate genetic enhancements for potential...

Max shoots her a stern look.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

...For a lot of reasons that are classified.

(MORE)

PAULINE (CONT'D)

But basically in recent weeks we've made some pretty remarkable progress in genetic manipulation. We've synthesized a way to create about a thousand years of evolution in a matter of minutes.

BRYAN

You what?

PAULINE

We've unlocked a substance that can almost instantaneously transform any organism into a highly superior hyper evolved version of itself without the need of iterative procreation.

BRYAN

Highly evolved? How is any of this the highly evolved version of itself?! I saw a dog's head explode into tentacles. I saw a little girl's foot try to eat me!

PAULINE

What you saw is the natural evolution of an apex predator. Lethal, un-killable. Think about it, if a combat veteran could regrow a lost limb in the blink of an eye --

BRYAN

With a fucking *tentacle*??!

PAULINE

It's a work in progress! It's still in the development phase!

BRYAN

You're telling me that what's in this box is the cause of all this shit going on?

Bryan lifts the lid of the cooler revealing an almost glowing vial of GREEN LIQUID.

PAULINE

What you have there is not the cause. It's the solution. It's the antidote. It will neutralize the agent that's causing this but--

BRYAN

Why the fuck am I the one that's
been carrying this shit around?

Bryan shoves the cooler at Pauline who snatches it greedily.

Outside, the rural snow covered fields have given way to an
industrial sprawl of warehouses.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

You got a bio-hazard that's turning
this place into the apocalypse and
you hired a glorified Postmates
driver to bring you the cure? Are
you fucking dumb?

PAULINE

When we put the request in through
your service we weren't yet in a
crisis. We thought it was
contained. And going through the
elevated security protocols to
retrieve it, would have required...
unfavorable attention from our
supervisors.

BRYAN

Wait wait wait... So you *knew* you
fucked up and you wanted to try and
do some sneaky shit to cover your
ass, so you used *me* rather than let
your bosses know? Am I
understanding that right?

PAULINE

It wasn't an emergency when we
called you! We had a usable sample
of that in our lab and we ordered
you to bring this as a purely
redundant safety measure.

BRYAN

But then?

PAULINE

But then one of our technicians
compromised the original sample.
Human error.

BRYAN

What did they do?

PAULINE

It doesn't matter what they did!

BRYAN

Did they drop it or something?!

PAULINE

It's not important if they dropped it or not! Accidents happen! It could have happened to anyone! It's slippery in a lab! You know how often they have to clean the floors in those places?

BRYAN

It was you wasn't it?

PAULINE

Here's what's important! Everything that's happened to this town? Everything you've seen? All of that has happened in the last *two hours!* That's how fast this thing works! So I'm sure you can understand what would happen if this spreads to the rest of the world. That's why it's so important that we get this to the lab immediately. There. Look.

Pauline points out the window.

Through the snow, Bryan can make out the tower of the HOSPITAL, the tallest building in town.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

There's a team currently operating in a safe and contained facility on the top floor of Raccoon City General Hospital. They're waiting for this. If we can get this to them, they can turn this into a cure and we have a shot at actually neutralizing this outbreak.

Max slows the car to a stop.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Why are you stopping?

Ahead, STREETLIGHTS shine down on a horrid scene. A stretch of road that is blocked by a mob of infected.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

A dozen infected BLOCK THE ROAD.

Two men FUSED AT THE TORSO, rolling back and forth, unable to stand.

A woman with a RED TENTACLE erupting from the center of her face that slaps at the street around her.

PAULINE
Plow through them!

Max shifts into park.

MAX
It's not a *tank*. We have to clear
it. Stay here.

Max throws open his door.

PAUL
Don't get out!

BRYAN
Yo where you going?

*

Max steps out and paces toward the infected.

Bryan and Pauline watch as Max, all business, cleans house.

He raises his pistol -- BLAM! *Headshot.*

Another zombie rushes him but he whirls expertly -- BLAM! Headshot. He keeps pivoting as more come at him -- BLAM BLAM BLAM, *headshot, headshot, headshot!*

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit, he's really good at
this.

PAULINE
Yeah that was fucking cool.

Max whirls again -- BLAM! The last groaning zombie hits the street.

Suddenly Max goes rigid and turns away from them. Something in the mist has caught his attention.

PAULINE (CONT'D)
What's he... what is this, now?

Max waits a long beat and then levels his gun at something we can't see and steps into the darkness.

BRYAN
Whoa whoa whoa, where's he...?

Max is gone.

Pauline and Bryan watch and wait...

No sound but the wind in the trees.

They sit rigid, studying the swirling dark.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Where the hell did he go? Why did he do that?

PAULINE

I don't know...

BRYAN

Did he just fucking leave us?

They wait longer.

PAULINE

I'm sure he's fine right? I mean you saw how he lit those guys up? He's great at this stuff.

Still nothing... just the eerie whistle of wind.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Let's go.

BRYAN

Let's go?

Pauline points at the cooler.

PAULINE

This is my responsibility. Alright? To get *this* to *that building*. Not you. Not him. If he's not coming back we have to keep moving, it's what he'd want.

BRYAN

What he'd want? What is wrong with you? You're talking about him like he's dead? He just left!

PAULINE

Well where is he?

BRYAN

I don't know! He might be thirty feet away! Give him a beat! Jesus.

Beat.

Again they lean toward the windshield. Listening. Studying.

No sound.

Seconds feel like years.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I think you're right, I think we
gotta go, it's the responsible
choice.

PAUL

It's what he would --

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Right, it's what he would
want us to do.

*

Pauline climbs over into the driver seat -- then pauses.

PAULINE

Where are the keys?

Pauline checks the ignition, feels under the seat.

BRYAN

They have to be somewhere.

PAULINE

Well they're not --

(realizing)

Goddamnit! He took them! Does he
not trust us?! That asshole!

A beat as they both consider the situation, then...

PAULINE (CONT'D)

One of us has to go out there.

BRYAN

Go out... *there*? Into hell? Really?

PAULINE

We can't just sit here. Am I wrong?

BRYAN

Can you call like another Max guy?

PAULINE

There's no other Max's! That's the
Max! That's the only one!

Bryan thinks.

He cranes to look behind him, and sees -- a heavy BLACK CASE
in the trunk. He grabs it, hauls it into the seat, and snaps
it open to reveal...

ANOTHER MP5.

BRYAN

Gun.

PAULINE

Huh?

Pauline turns and looks at the case.

BRYAN

There's a big gun here.

PAULINE

Well? What are you waiting for? Go!

BRYAN

I don't know anything about guns!

PAULINE

I don't either!

Another beat of hesitation from Bryan, then --

BRYAN

Goddamnit...

Bryan grabs a CLIP, and tries to slide it into the gun but can't figure out how it goes in.

PAULINE

What are you doing?

BRYAN

I'm trying to figure this shit out!

PAULINE

Oh would you just -- flip it around!

Bryan flips it over.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

No, not over, around. Like --

Bryan flips it around and SLIDES IT IN.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Yes, like that -- Yes!

Bryan fumbles for the safety of the gun.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

What are you--

BRYAN

I'm looking for the safety! They all have the safety in different places, man, it's confusing! Wait, here it is --

He flicks off the safety and triumphantly cocks the gun and --

BLAM! The gun goes off, firing into the dashboard. They both grab their ears.

PAULINE

Jesus! What are you doing, you don't shoot a gun in a car!

BRYAN

I didn't do it intentionally! I'm not a gun guy! Have I not been clear about that?!

PAULINE

You could've shot through the engine block! Then what kinda trouble would we be in?

Bryan takes a breath and throws open the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bryan steps out, slinging the strap of the gun over his shoulder. He looks toward the swirling darkness where Max disappeared.

BRYAN

Shit... Okay... Come on... You got this.

He paces forward...

...moving at an agonizingly slow pace. One foot... then another... then anoth--

HONK!

Bryan JUMPS out of his skin and whirls around.

Pauline is shooin' him onwards through the windshield.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I'm fucking going! Don't honk the fucking horn!

Bryan turns back toward the dark and moves deeper in.

Swirls of mist... and nothing. No monsters, no Max.
Deeper in he comes upon a shape. A body lying prone.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Max!

He takes another step closer.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Max!

Another step and the view becomes clear.

Max is extremely dead. His bowels spread across the pavement.
Bryan gags and clamps a hand over his mouth.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh fuck...

Bryan spins in a panicked circle, aiming at the mist around him, but there's no sign of anything.

He turns back to the body and sees...

...the KEYRING is clipped onto the belt of Max's uniform. So close. Inches away.

Bryan creeps toward him... reaching a cautious hand.

His fingers tremble...

HOOONK!

Another blare of the car horn. Bryan JUMPS again and whirls back toward the headlights.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

YO! STOP! I'M DOING IT!

Silence.

Bryan, muttering to himself, leans toward Max again...

...and Max's body abruptly SLIDES four feet away from him, then stops. *Something is pulling him further into the mist.*

Bryan hesitates.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Uhhh....

The body slides again deeper into the dark. Bryan takes a frightened step after it.

The keys still glinting within reach. He eyes them, sitting there. Four feet away. Ready to be grabbed. He looks up at the swirling dark beyond Max's body.

Push in on Bryan as he gathers all of his courage--

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

He turns and speed walks back toward the headlights.

HOOONK! HOOOOOONK!

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I'm coming!

HONK. HONK. HOOOOONK. HONK! HONK!

The honking growing more insistent, frantic, and a snatch of a YELL in the wind --

PAULINE

...help!

BRYAN

Shit...

Bryan starts to run. His view through the mist clears to reveal...

The car. PAULINE is being pulled by the legs out the passenger window by a FLESHY TENTACLE that has wrapped around her ankle.

PAULINE

HELP ME!

She pounds the horn.

Bryan looks down the length of the tentacle to where it disappears into the mist.

He can just make out a hint of RED in the fog... The DRESS of the Pedestrian Monster. It steps out of the shadows and stares at him.

BRYAN

Oh fuck...

PAULINE

SHOOT IT! Please shoot it!

Bryan aims at the monster. Then the tentacle wrapped around Pauline's leg. Which part should he shoot?

PAULINE (CONT'D)
JUST SHOOT --

Bryan squeezes the trigger, and the gun jumps to life, bucking and spraying wildly.

POPOPOPOPOP -- Little spurts of blood erupt on the monster.

The tentacle RELEASES Pauline and retracts.

Pauline falls to the ground, then pushes herself up and starts to run toward Bryan.

BRYAN
The cooler! Get the cooler!

Pauline freezes, debating for a second -- then darts back toward the car.

The tentacle of the creature flails toward her again.

POPOPOPOPOPOPOPOP -- Brian sprays the gun again and the tentacle recoils.

Pauline reaches through the window, grabs the cooler and runs toward a side street.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
COME ON!

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan and Pauline huff around a bend and find themselves in a narrow alley. They make their way toward the rear, no sign yet of the monstrosity but they can hear its approaching shrieks.

BRYAN
Fuck me!

They sprint past dumpsters and steaming vents. They round another corner and push down an even narrower passage until they come to a heavy WROUGHT IRON GATE held shut by a CHAIN and PADLOCK.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Really?

PAULINE
What are you doing, just shoot it!
Shoot the lock out!

BRYAN
That doesn't work! I'm telling you!

MONSTER (O.S.)
GRAAAAAAAUUGHHH!!

The monster's shadow appears at the mouth of the passage behind them.

BRYAN
Oh shit...

Bryan looks at the lock. Fuck this. He pulls at the gate, and sees that the chain is loose enough to allow for a narrow but perhaps navigable gap.

PAULINE
Thank you!

Pauline wriggles through first without asking.

PAULINE (CONT'D)
Come on!

Bryan follows, shoving himself through headfirst, but is snagged around the torso. *He forgot to unstrap the MP5 and it's caught on the bars!*

Pauline sprints on down the alley but Bryan is stuck halfway through. Head in, ass out. Vulnerable as hell with his back to the MONSTER WHICH IS NOW ROUNDING THE CORNER.

BRYAN
Oh fuck...

Bryan cranes to see the monstrosity. It lurches toward them.

Bryan manages to pull his body through the gap but the gun is still wedged in the bars. He pulls uselessly at the strap.

The monster barrels forward.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
AAAAAAaaaahhh!!!

Bryan stops struggling. Somehow a moment of clarity descends. He looks down to the MP5 and gently twists it vertically.

The gun effortlessly slides through the bars.

He's free.

PAULINE
COME ON, COME ON!

Bryan runs toward Pauline, not even looking back as the monster smashes into the iron gate.

Ahead of them is a dead end. Brick walls on all sides.

PAULINE (CONT'D)
We're fucked! We're so fucked!

BRYAN
THERE!

Pauline kneels over a MANHOLE COVER. She tries to pry it up and gives up immediately.

Bryan drops to his knees and shoves the barrel of his gun into the hole. He uses the gun like a crowbar, leveraging the lid up from its cradle.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Grab it!!!

Pauline squats and pulls at the cover, wrenching it aside.

Behind them, the monster bends the bars of the gate, straining to wriggle through, but it's too large.

Pauline and Bryan look down into the dark of the sewer below.

PAULINE
I really have a hard time with dark
enclosed--

Bryan ignores her and slides down into the black.

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

SPLASH! Bryan collapses into the tunnel, a foot of filthy water surges around him. A beat later, Pauline lands beside him.

They pick themselves up and push deeper in.

A few yards and it's almost pitch black in here.

Bryan gags and pulls his coat over his nose.

BRYAN
Can't see shit in here...

PAULINE

Hold on...

bink -- Pauline's flashlight pops on.

They trudge through the heavy sludge. Pauline slings the cooler over her shoulder. Bryan does likewise with the MP5.

After about twenty yards they pause. Pauline shines her light back the way they came.

No sound of the monster. Only their breathing and trickling water. They look back toward the tunnel ahead of them.

BRYAN

Please be going the right way...
Please.

Bryan presses forwards but after a few steps realizes Pauline hasn't moved. He turns back.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

What?

Pauline eyes him blankly.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

What?? Let's go!

PAULINE

(oddly calm)
This cooler strap is digging into
my shoulder in a weird way.

BRYAN

What?

PAULINE

Let's trade.

Pauline points to the gun in Bryan's hands.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Cooler for gun?

BRYAN

Sure whatever.

Bryan steps back to Pauline, unslinging the gun. He hands it over and Pauline snatches it up --

-- and immediately jumps back, aiming it at Bryan.

PAULINE
Don't fucking move! Don't try
anything! Show me your arm!

Bryan looks down and sees that the infection is showing on his wrist.

BRYAN
OK, just hang on a sec--

PAULINE
You're infected!

BRYAN
Wait -- wait!

Pauline's not listening. She plants the gun on her shoulder and aims it at Bryan's head.

Bryan hoists the cooler up in front of his face. Pauline lowers her aim down to his belly. Bryan adjusts.

PAULINE
Stop that!

BRYAN
Fuck you! Don't shoot me!

PAULINE
Fuck you! You're gonna eat me!

Pauline aims back at his face and again Bryan raises the cooler.

BRYAN
Pauline! Wait! It's a cure, right?!
If we get it to the hospital before
I turn, I could save myself.

PAULINE
You're never gonna make it in time.

BRYAN
We don't know that! This happened
like an hour ago, and I'm still me.

Is he getting through? Pauline looks conflicted.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Please... Please. My girlfriend...
she's pregnant. I just want the
chance to be there when my kid is
born.

Pauline hesitates. Bryan looks at her, pleading.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Please, just let me have that
chance.

Pauline softens. *Did it work? Is she gonna--*

Then she clenches her jaw and raises the gun back toward his face and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

Bryan squeezes his eyes shut. Nothing happens.

Pauline tries again. Nothing.

PAULINE
*Where's the safety? Where's the
fucking safety on this?*

BRYAN
I'm not fucking telling you!

BLURRRRP.

From deep in the tunnel comes a hideous belching noise.

They freeze. *Whatever that was, it was big.*

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What the fu--

BLUUUUURRRRP.

Bryan gestures to Pauline.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Gun.

No argument, Pauline shoves the gun into Bryan's hands and scoots behind him, peering out.

Bryan flicks the safety off.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Light.

Pauline shines her light forwards but it only offers a few yards of visibility.

BLUUUUUUURRRRP.

PAULINE

Oh what the fuck is that,
seriously?

They inch forward and come to a T-junction.

Bryan looks left. Darkness. He looks right and...

Fifty yards away, pale blue light pours down through a grate.

Sitting perfectly still in center of the tunnel beneath it is
a LARGE, OBESE NAKED MAN.

He sits like a toddler, with his legs spread before him, arms
at his sides and a slack stupid expression on his face. He's
CHALK-PALE, and HAIRLESS from head to toe.

His presence here feels impossible. Almost like a
hallucination.

Pauline clamps a hand over her mouth fighting a gag.

Bryan stands rigid, aiming his gun at the fat man. Struggling
to make sense of what he's looking at.

The man makes no motion except to take a ragged uneven breath
every few seconds. He's definitely alive. His enormous WHITE
BELLY SEEMS TO SPASM, whether it's from inhalation or
something else is impossible to know.

Bryan takes a step closer.

BRYAN

Uh... Hello?

PAULINE

(whispers)

Don't talk to him!

Bryan ignores her and moves closer.

The man's eyes are shut and his chin rests on his chest, as
if he's nodded off. His huge man-boobs slump toward either
limp arm and his giant belly hangs over his lap.

BRYAN

Sir?

PAULINE

Just shoot him!

Something in the belly PULSES and Bryan and Pauline freeze.

PAULINE
HELP ME! HE--

Her cry is cut off by a rat SQUIRMING INTO HER MOUTH.

We see her throat BULGE as the rat goes down her trachea.

Still more rats swarm over Pauline toward Bryan. In seconds Pauline is completely subsumed by the squirming mass.

Bryan aims his gun at the horde of rats and squeezes the trigger, UNLOADING the rest of the cartridge, screaming, spraying it back and forth until it's empty.

The mist of blood and smoke thins. He's SHREDDED THEM ALL.

He gunned the herd of rats into goo.

Pauline's corpse, riddled with gunfire, is in the middle of the mess, one hand still reaching out limply.

BRYAN
Holy... holy shit.

But then there's MOVEMENT in the carnage. RAT CHUNKS SPROUT TENDRILS. Tendrils find tendrils. The array of gore begins to slide into itself and COALESCE.

Bryan fights the urge to vomit as the dead rats begin to merge with Pauline's corpse to create --

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck no.

He's not going to stick around and find out. He grabs the iron rungs in the wall beside him and CLIMBS.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

He emerges from the sewer and ROLLS onto the street. Panting heavily. Finally catching his breath when --

-- *chitterchitterchitter* --

-- A SURVIVOR RAT scrambles up his leg.

Bryan SCREAMS, grabs the rat -- and SMASHES IT DOWN into the street. It splats. Bryan rises, slapping at himself, then peers back down into the manhole.

Inside, the rat/Pauline blob surges and roils.

Bryan kicks the little squished rat down the hole and slams the manhole cover shut again.

He turns to face the Hospital. It's shrouded in mist but it's just a couple blocks ahead.

He's almost there.

He pats the cooler --

BRYAN
Come on baby.

-- and begins to LIMP down the street.

Five steps. Ten.

It's eerily quiet.

He keeps trudging ahead.

A GUST OF WIND blows through the street, clearing the fog ahead of him.

City center, office buildings lining the road.

And, standing ON THE ROOF of a building up on the right...

An INFECTED FAST FOOD WORKER clad in a stained apron stares down at Bryan like a gargoyle.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What is this shit now...

The man isn't moving -- just watching. Eyes tracking him.

Bryan freezes. Looking from the Infected Fast Food Worker, to the HOSPITAL looming ahead -- *so close*.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck it. Let's go.

Bryan's grip tightens on the cooler and he makes a run for it -- sprinting past the building.

The Fast Food Worker's jaw drops open and he lets out a HORRID CRY. He runs toward the edge of the roof, and LEAPS, arms pinwheeling, descending in an arc toward Bryan.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Holy--

The worker pancakes himself on the ground, EXPLODING right in front of Bryan.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Jesus!

Bryan takes a stunned moment, clocking just how close he came to getting nailed.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Stupid.

Bryan starts to move again, tiptoeing through the goo that was the Fast Food Worker.

He picks up the pace, running between two more high rises. The HOSPITAL is only two blocks away.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

We made it. Let's go!

INFECTED (O.S.)

AAAAaaauugghh...

He looks up to see a crowd of infected lining the rooftops of the buildings on either side. All staring down at him.

BRYAN

You gotta be fucking --

Another creature lets out a scream. Then ANOTHER and ANOTHER. Building into a horrible chorus.

Bryan SPRINTS while keeping one eye up.

The first of the roof monsters -- a FUSED ZOMBIE of MOTHER AND DAUGHTER -- runs forward and LEAPS off the roof, falling in a loose arc until --

-- it EXPLODES on the ground in front of Bryan.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Bryan leaps over the gore and keeps going like a running back heading for the end zone.

We SWEEP DOWN THE STREET, over the long roof --

-- as one after another, the infected SPRINT toward the edges of the roof and LEAP.

An infected blob comprised of THREE CHILDREN. A monster of a FUSED MAN AND HIS DOG. An OLD LADY.

They plummet through the air, arms pinwheeling, reaching for Bryan, screeching -- and one after another they SPLATTER around him.

Bryan is pelted with sprays of gore as he runs this gauntlet, bodies detonating all around him.

FINALLY, half a block from the Hospital, the chaos has stopped. He slows to a trot and looks back.

The street is FILLED with the remains of the infected.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Goddamn.

He fiddles with the gun and braces it against his shoulder ready for the remains to re-animate.

Nothing happens.

He jerks the gun, on full alert.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Are you guys... are you dead?

No movement. Just pancaked goo. Bryan lowers his guard a bit.

He looks up at the rooftops.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

So you can die.

Time to go.

He turns and looks to the hospital. For the first time he takes in its condition.

The building looks like a WAR ZONE. Various ragged holes belch smoke here and there. Windows shattered. Signs of infected everywhere.

Only the TOP FLOOR has power. The glow of electric light forming a halo.

That's where I need to go.

Through the LOBBY DOORS he spots a CROWD OF INFECTED.

No going in that way.

To the right of the LOBBY he sees the PARKING GARAGE.

A metal gate is pulled down, blocking the entrance. Bryan runs to it. Tries to pull it up. No dice.

A massive LOCK on the left side of the gate.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What is with all the fuckin'
padlocks in this city? Damn!

Bryan scratches his head and thinks. He looks at the MP5 by his side. *Maybe not the right tool for this job.*

He pulls the pistol from his belt. *Here we go.*

He takes two steps back from the lock and slowly raises the pistol, sighting the lock above its little sight.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Come on baby. Here we go.

BANG!

A chunk of concrete explodes a solid foot from the lock.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Goddamn it, I suck at guns! Shit!

Angry, Bryan steps forward and presses the pistol to the padlock.

BANG!

The lock cracks open.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuckin' locks!

He grabs the grate of the parking garage and HAULS IT OPEN. A dark expanse stretches before him.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

He steps inside, and PULLS the grate closed behind him. He stares outside past the ramp, searching for any sign of pursuing threat but the coast seems clear.

He makes his way deeper into the dark.

It's silent and still in here. Bryan digs out his phone and his flashlight pops to life.

He raises it, scanning the lot. Every gap between cars, every pillar, every pocket could hide something new and terrible.

BRYAN
Hello?

His voice echoes back at him.

For a long moment he just stares and listens.

No sound in here.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
It's cool. I'm fine. I'm okay.

He moves deeper in.

At the far end of the garage an elevator bay looms like a dim beacon.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Jackpot.

He quickens his pace, shining the light to either side as he goes. No sign of anything.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Come on baby. Come on.

He arrives at the elevator and his smile dissolves when he sees a card reader above the call button.

Bryan presses the button. It doesn't illuminate.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
For real?

He presses it again. Nothing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I need a fuckin... Really?

He jabs at it rapid fire but it's useless.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I came all this way and I can't...
This is the end? Here?

He pounds the button but it's no use.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
It ends here like this?

Then he notices his arm.

The bite has gotten drastically worse. White scabs spreading up toward his hand, flaking off in big swathes. He pulls up his sleeve and sees that it's traveling up his forearm and into his bicep.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh my god...

A wave of panic hits him and he unstraps the cooler and the MP5, dropping them. He rips off his jacket in a quiet tantrum.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh please...

He tears open his shirt, almost crying now.

He steps to the window of a nearby car and studies his reflection. The infection has moved all the way up his arm and is spreading its venom into his torso.

Despair.

He flops down and sits against the car, staring at his arm, utterly hopeless.

A few feet in front of him is a parked minivan and on the back windshield is one of those STICKERS of the STICK FIGURE FAMILY. A little stick dad, and a little stick mom and a little stick child.

A wave of anguish.

He digs his phone from his pocket. Still no bars.

He opens up voice memo and starts another recording.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

This is for Ashley.

He wipes his face, gathers himself.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Hey sweetie. Umm... It looks like there's a chance I might not get to talk to you again and that means we won't be able to finish our conversation from earlier tonight. But it's a really important conversation and I want you to know how I feel about it. I hate my response. I hate that my first reaction was one of fear. I think I've felt afraid of change... and of growing up... and the idea of having a baby means that all that is coming whether I want it or not. But... I've felt a lot of fear tonight in a different way.

(MORE)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Like some really scary shit has gone down that I'll probably never be able to tell you about but the one good thing about it is that it's made me realize something. It's made me realize that I do want it. I do want to have a kid with you. And I shoulda said what you wanted right away with no hesitation. Ashley I love you and nothing would make me happier than to start a family with you.

He cracks a little bit but clears his throat.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

And whatever happens tonight... And whatever you decide. I just wanted you to know that.

He ends the recording and the dam bursts. Tears. Snotty pathetic childlike tears.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I don't wanna...

He does that little kid thing where you're crying so hard you can't even make a sound. Just a silent suspended wail.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I... never... got to meet my daughter!!

Pity party becomes a pity rager.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

I NEVER GOT TO MEET MY OWN DAUGHTER!!

He reaches for the MP5 that sits on the ground near his feet and pulls it into his lap.

He wipes his face, takes a deep shaky breath and holds the gun in both hands, considering its possibilities.

Is he gonna fucking off himself right here and now?

Snot and tears pump from his face. He racks the gun and --

SPEAKER (O.S.)

Uhhh... Hello?

Bryan freezes.

What the fuck?

SPEAKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

He looks around.

SPEAKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dude in the parking garage. I'm
talking to you.

He weakly points at his chest, looking for the source.

SPEAKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah you. The crying guy.

He wipes his face and collects himself. He stands.

BRYAN
Hello?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
I can't hear you.

Bryan cups his hands around his mouth and YELLS --

BRYAN
HELLOOO!

SPEAKER (O.S.)
No, come press the intercom button.

Bryan sees a small intercom near the elevator button. He moves to it and presses it.

BRYAN
Hello?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
There you go. Hi.

Bryan waits.

He leans forwards and presses the button again.

BRYAN
I'm Bryan.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
Hey Bryan. I'm Carl. I have no idea
how you got into the garage there
but it's kind of a miracle you're
alive.

BRYAN
You don't know the half of it man.
Listen, I have this... thing here.
(lifts cooler)
And I'm told you guys could use
this so... I'm here.

He releases the button.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
OHMYGODHEHASITRIGHTTHERE

Bryan cocks his head.

BRYAN
What?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
HOLYSHITI'MLOOKINGATITGUYSHEHASIT

BRYAN
Yo, I can't hear you man.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
I'm sorry! I'm sorry! It's just...
Listen we need you to bring that up
to us right away!

BRYAN
Okay, cool man, that's what I'm
saying. How do I get up there? The
elevator isn't opening.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
I'm not sure if you saw from the
street but this building's had a
lot of... activity lately.

BRYAN
Yeah man it looks like some Syria
shit up there.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
Listen, this building has taken a
lot of damage and it's not
advisable to use the elevator. You
really should play it safe and take
the stairs.

He eyes a sign right next to the elevator reading 'TAKE
STAIRS IN CASE OF EMERGENCY' with an arrow pointing to a
nearby door.

BRYAN
What floor are you on?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
Top floor.

BRYAN
Okay right. What number is that?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
Twenty eighth.

Bryan raises his eyebrows.

BRYAN
You think I should take the stairs
to the twenty eighth floor?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
I think that's safest, yes.

BRYAN
Yoooo...

Bryan does NOT want to do that. *But...*?

SPEAKER (O.S.)
Please hurry. It's vital that we
get the sample as soon as possible.

BRYAN
Yeah. Right. Got it.

He lets go of the button.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Want me to walk up twenty eight
flights of fuckin'...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Bryan stands at the bottom of the stairs, looking up at the daunting twenty-eight story spiral. He clutches the cooler closer to him -- and begins to leg it upward.

-- Bryan reaches the landing of the second story. Still going strong.

-- Third story. He pauses, out of breath, but still determined. He looks up and begins to move again.

-- Fourth story. He's wheezing. Doubled over. Completely out of breath.

Once more he looks up at the DOMINEERING SPIRAL above.

BRYAN
This is... no one could do this.

INT. 4TH FLOOR ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

Bryan stands in front of the elevator. Still wheezing. Finger hesitating over the call button.

BRYAN
Gonna fucking die...

He presses the button. Waits.

Ding!

The elevator doors in front of him SLIDE OPEN.

Just a normal elevator car. He leans in cautiously... peering around, examining every corner.

The doors try to close. He waves an arm and they open again.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

He takes a deep breath... and steps inside.

The doors close.

Bryan presses the button for the TOP FLOOR.

A BEAT -- As the elevator rises.

BRYAN
Goddamn. I shoulda done this four
fucking--

CREATURE (O.S.)
(distant)
REEEEEEEEEEAAAGGGHHH!!!

What the fuck was that?

BRYAN
That was... Just the cables
being... normal.

The elevator ascends.

Bryan clutches the MP5...

He hears a new sound. A light PATTERNING, like rainfall.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What the fuuuuuck...

Then another sound... A SIZZLING, like an egg frying.

Bryan looks up to see --

-- the ROOF of the ELEVATOR is MELTING. Greenish-brown ACID IS CORRODING THE ROOF, starting to DRIP THROUGH.

Bryan YELLS OUT and ducks back against the wall just as a SLOP OF ACID splats down on the center of the floor immediately EATING through the TILE.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck --

DROPLETS OF ACID spatter onto Bryan's shoulder and begin to sizzle through his jacket.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Ah! Fuck!

Bryan slaps at his shoulder.

He looks UP, through the SPREADING HOLE in the roof, now affording a view of the elevator shaft.

SEVERAL FLIGHTS UP he catches view of a BLOATED MONSTER standing in the doorway at the edge of the shaft, LEANING out, looking down at him.

The creature opens its mouth and SCREECHES --

-- then VOMITS another shower of acid down at him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
OH FUCKING GODDAMNIT PLEASE!

Bryan leaps to the opposite wall as the torrent of acid hits the wall and DISSOLVES IT, revealing the elevator shaft, sliding past.

The elevator car is literally dissolving around him.

Bryan pulls out his pistol and gives it a quick kiss.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Come on baby. Make this count.

He plants his feet, grips the gun tightly in both hands and aims it up at the creature.

POV: Trembling hands gripping the pistol, the sights lining up on the creature's head.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Come on...

BANG!

The bullet sparks off the wall beside the puker -- **ping* *ping* *ping** -- it ricochets around the elevator shaft, until finally it smacks into the wood paneling beside Bryan leaving a neat little hole next to his head.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

The creature VOMITS ACID AGAIN.

Bryan jumps forward just in time as the wall behind him DISSOLVES.

He now clings to the last solid corner of the car, the walls on every side dissolving --

-- and still he's rising toward the creature.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh god --

He tucks the pistol into his belt -- and the floor beneath him completely gives out.

Bryan CRIES OUT and GRABS ONTO THE button panel, clinging for dear life.

His feet DANGLE over the cavernous fall. He looks down to reveal --

The GIANT MONSTROSITY that's been pursuing him from the beginning. It's at the base of the shaft, climbing its way up, the Pedestrian's red dress flapping in the darkness.

It's seven floors down but unmistakably gaining.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh... Fuck!

He turns his attention to the creature above him. He's still rising, closing the distance.

It opens its mouth and lets fly another torrent of corrosive bile, this time aimed right at him.

Bryan grabs at a dangling cable and heaves himself aside, just barely dodging the spray.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Gaaahh!!

In the next moment he's closed the gap, now level with the puker.

He swings forward, plants his feet on the floor beside it and pulls himself onto solid ground.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - 15TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The puker turns to face him, the two of them now only a foot apart. It gags, prepping one massive spew that would be a game ender.

BRYAN
Un-uh... Hell no!

Bryan grabs its head with both hands and slams it backward into the wall, twisting its face away from him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
You tryin' to puke on me?! You
dirty mother--

PUKER
glug

MONSTER (O.S.)
AAAAAUUUGHHH!!

The sounds of the climbing monster below getting louder. Bryan holds the puker tight and leans forward, peering down to get a fresh look at the MONSTROSITY. It's closing in fast.

BRYAN
Goddamnit! Leave me the fuck...

He yanks the puker's head, pulling it over the shaft, aiming it like a fireman holding a hose.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
...alone!

The puker spasms and then blows chunks, spewing a gust of fresh acid. This time Bryan steers the flow straight down onto the climbing abomination.

The acid makes a direct hit on the monstrosity. It steams and sizzles, dissolving flesh into an instant smear of blood and gore, melting every part of the creature that it contacts.

MONSTER
AAAAAAAAAAUUUGHHH!!

The monster jerks defensively, then lets out a screech of rage. Its tentacles shoot out, gripping the doors of the landing several floors below.

It wrenches them open and worms into the lower hall and out of sight.

Bryan stands at the top, still holding the puker in a headlock.

BRYAN
That's right... Fuck you.

He looks down at the writhing thing in his arms.

PUKER
glugglug

BRYAN
And fuck you too.

He shoves it forward and the puker plummets down the shaft.

PUKER
AAAAUUGGHH...

Bryan watches it fall and lets out a satisfied sigh.

BRYAN
Goddamn right.

He looks down at his steaming shoes.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Dissolved my fuckin' nikes off...

He turns and takes in his new surroundings. He's in a hallway, the city outside some fifteen floors below. He's made progress.

He pops the clip out of his handgun and studies it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
One bullet left? Only one?

He pops the clip back in and tucks it in his waistband. He pulls the clip from the MP5.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four, five, six...
Six shots.

He reloads the MP5 and looks around.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Okay. Stairs. Stairs are good.

On a nearby wall is a small laminated map for emergencies. He studies it. There's a staircase on the opposite side of the building. But to get there he'll have to cut through... his gaze swivels to...

A set of doors labelled "MATERNITY"

He lets out a tired exhale.

INT. HOSPITAL / INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Doors CREAK OPEN. Bryan peers into the ICU...

...and FREEZES at the sight of what's ahead of him.

It's a vision out of hell.

Row after row of baby sized cribs/incubators grid the room. Each one cradles a large pink pulsating blob where the baby should be, or perhaps once was. The walls are coated with a thick layer of gore and crimson viscera and large adult sized FLESHY EGG SACS stick to the ceiling.

Bryan gags at the smell and resists the urge to flee.

On the far side of the room is a set of swinging double doors but the path there is narrow, and weaves between the sac topped cribs.

Bryan steels himself and CREEPS forwards... making as little noise as possible. His shoes squish on the ground. He WINCES... then carries on.

He kneels and gently grabs a nearby MOP and uses it to push a cradle that blocks his path, rolling it aside.

As it rolls he ventures a peek in. The dark infantile blob within the sac stirs briefly.

BRYAN
Gross...

He looks above him at a massive blob on the ceiling. An adult figure suspended within makes no move.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Gross...

He uses the mop to push another rolling cradle to the side.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Gross...

He's almost cleared a path forwards when...

The bed KNOCKS into a flesh sac on the wall with a SQUISH...

...and the sac begins to MOVE and swell.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh come on. Please don't--

POP The sac explodes like a paint bomb, splattering Bryan and the environs with a pink coating of amniotic fluid.

He staggers backward knocking into another crib--

POP another wet detonation behind him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Auughh!! God!

POP *POP* *POP* The chain reaction has begun. Baby sacs exploding into each other like some organic Rube Goldberg machine.

Bryan squats and covers himself against the flying slime that seems to be coming from every direction.

And then it's over.

He cowers in the center of the room, dripping in gunk.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

What the actual fuck.

For a long beat there's no sound, save for the wet drips of goo falling from every surface.

Bryan opens an eye and peers around him.

All is still.

And then on the cradle nearest to him...

A tiny mutant baby hand grips the edge. Something round and wet behind it slowly raises itself into view.

Bryan doesn't even wait to see the rest. He shoves the crib over onto it's side and starts toward the doors.

But he slips on the slime covered floor and lands hard on his stomach. He picks himself up and comes face to face with another mutant baby perched on a nearby crib.

BABY

EeeeeeeeeeeEEEGHHHH--

WHAP! Bryan swings the mop like a baseball bat and sends the toddler flying.

That's when he notices...

The larger sacs on the ceiling have ruptured. Massive humanoid shapes come spilling slowly down toward the ground. Goo covered eyes open and lock onto him.

Terror. Bryan sprints for the doors, knocks cribs aside and vaulting over others.

He reaches the double doors, THROWS THEM OPEN --

-- and FREEZES.

EXT. HOSPITAL / DESTROYED WALL - NIGHT

Past the doors Bryan finds himself on the edge of a cliff. A massive horizontal crater caused by some explosion has carved into the EDGE OF THE BUILDING. There's nothing here but cold howling wind and the city below.

Wrapping around the jagged space is a narrow ledge, some 8 inches wide, looping around the edge of the chasm to the opposite side where the hallway resumes. It's his only path forwards.

Bryan turns back and sees the wet adult sized creatures have touched down and are heading toward him.

BRYAN

Oh god...

He pulls the double doors shut and shoves the MOP through the handles just as the nearest one SLAMS into it.

The door RATTLES. The mop shakes, but holds strong.

Bryan looks at the LEDGE ahead. He has no choice.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
This is horrible. This is the
absolute fucking worst.

He presses his back against the wall of the building --
-- and inches his way onto the exposed steel beams.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I hate this.

His heels cling to the remaining inches of the hallway as
torrents of wind try to push him off balance.

He's made it about five feet. WHEN --
-- a familiar HORRIFYING WAIL from below.

Bryan peers down and sees --
-- the PEDESTRIAN MONSTER looks up at him from the ground
several stories below.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Please no...

The creature leaps -- and GRABS onto the edge of the
building, its tentacles SPEARING into the walls.

It withdraws one tentacle and STABS IT IN AGAIN higher up.
The red dress flaps in the wind.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
GODDAMNIT, I'M SORRY, OKAY?! I'M
SORRY I HIT YOU WITH MY CAR! PLEASE
FUCK OFF!

It PULLS ITSELF UP. Two stories. Three.

Bryan INCHES ALONG, laser focused. A foot SLIPS but he
catches himself.

Another CRY from below, closer.

It's closing the gap fast.

He's not gonna make it in time.

The building SHAKES as the creature STABS its tentacles into
the wall below him.

Then... he sees something. A *SILHOUETTE* out of the corner of
his eye.

The giant slimy creatures press themselves like a mob against the double doors.

The glass window shatters, but they're too stupid to reach through and grab at the broom handle. They clog the narrow window reaching for him uselessly.

BELOW HIM -- The creature continues its climb.

Bryan aims the MP5 and lets her rip.

PA-PA-PA-PA-PA-PAP!!!

Little red divots pop across the Monster's body but don't slow it down.

Bryan pulls the trigger again but the gun doesn't respond.

It's EMPTY.

He pulls it free from his shoulder and hurls it at the Monster. He misses. The gun goes tumbling out of sight.

A writhing tentacle rises up and slams toward Bryan.

Bryan ducks -- as the tentacle SMASHES into the building, nearly missing him.

Below him, a cavity opens in the center of the creature and from it comes a MASSIVE INHUMAN ROAR.

An idea dawns on Bryan. His eyes light up. He turns to the zombies clogging the door.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Hey! ...Hey!!

They push against the door with renewed rage.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
COME AND GET ME! I'M RIGHT HERE!

The zombies SCREECH and BANG against the doors. The broom, jammed through the handles, SHAKES but holds.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
You wanna eat me? You wanna eat me?!

Bryan pulls out his PISTOL. One bullet left. He looks from the creature below him to the door across from him..

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Please...

Bryan closes one eye... then AIMS THE PISTOL at the BROOM jammed through the door handles --

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Please God work --

He holds his breath, steadies his hand, thinks a silent prayer and --

-- **BLAM!**

The bullet SPLINTERS the broom handle and the DOORS FLY OPEN!

A perfect shot.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
YES! YES!!! VIDEO GAMES, BITCH!
THAT'S RIGHT! COME ON!

In a surge, like a giant flesh waterfall the zombies come pouring out of the door toward Bryan. In unison they fall, PLUMMETING through the air and --

SMACK! SMACK! SMACKSMACKSMACKSMACK!! They SPLAT into it --

-- DISLODGING it from the wall!

The creature FALLS, flailing as it goes. One final time we see the red dress flapping away from us. And --

SPLAT!

The Monster explodes on impact like a massive red water balloon.

Bryan stares at the creature's remains, waiting for them to reform. They don't. The creature is dead.

He did it.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
You shouldn't have been standing in
the middle of the road anyways!

INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bryan COLLAPSES onto the solid ground of the hospital floor on the other side of the chasm.

He lays on the ground heaving.

BRYAN
Goddamn I'm so tired. Oh my God...

He looks at the room around him. On the wall nearby is another staircase sign.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Fuck you.

INT. STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Bryan huffs his way up the steps once more.

-- He passes 25.

-- He passes 27.

-- Finally he stops at the top. Level 28.

BRYAN
Praise the lord... Hallelujah...

INT. HOSPITAL / 28TH FLOOR - NIGHT

And there it is.

The double doors of THE LAB ahead of him. Bryan staggers victorious toward the brightly lit steel door.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
You made it.

BRYAN
...Yep...

He slumps against the wall.

SPEAKER (O.S.)
Drop the gun please.

He looks at the pistol in his hand. No bullets anyway. He tosses it aside and raises his empty hand.

SPEAKER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Is the sample intact?

He holds up the cooler.

BRYAN
Yes motherfucker open the door!
Damn!

After a beat, the door opens revealing a pristine white laboratory, so bright Bryan has to shield his eyes.

Standing in the doorway is **CARL (30s)**, nerdy.

Bryan leans against the doorframe, exhausted.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
I don't have a pen but somebody's
gonna have to sign for this shit.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Bryan shuffles in and pulls the cooler off himself, careful to hide his infected hand. Carl snatches it and hurries to the back of the room where two more scientists, **SHEILA** and **DAVE**, wait eagerly.

Bryan winces as he removes his jacket and wraps it around his gnarled hand which has now begun to pulse and bubble.

BRYAN
Fuck...

He pulls his collar up as well, doing his best to hide the discolored veins in his neck.

DAVE
Is it damaged?

CARL
Hold on.

The scientists huddle around the cooler as Carl unpacks the vial and holds it up. Bryan slumps against the wall.

SHEILA
Oh my God. It's intact! It's
actually okay!

Dave shoots Bryan a happy look but his smile fades.

DAVE
Hey... Are you okay? Is he okay?

The scientists stare at Bryan. He forces a smile and gives a weak thumbs up.

BRYAN
Just out of breath. Lotta stairs.
So that thing's all good then?

CARL
You did it, buddy. You did it!

BRYAN

Cool, so how long does it take to get that thing turned into a cure?

CARL

Not long.

Sheila's already carrying the vial to her station and inserting it into some futuristic looking device.

BRYAN

Oh cool. But like, what does not long mean? Like 30 seconds or like an hour or so?

DAVE

Don't worry. Those doors are solid as a bank vault. Nothing's getting in here. Hard part's over.

CARL

We just have to use this to synthesize a sample of the cure and then we can begin replicating that sample.

BRYAN

And once you take it, it reverses the... bad stuff?

All three scientists are already in go mode, manning their stations, typing on keyboards, preparing equipment, etc.

DAVE

That's the idea.

BRYAN

That's good. That's really good.

CARL

Sheila, talk to me.

SHEILA

85%. Almost there.

CARL

Dave, you ready with the binding agent?

DAVE

Binding agent ready... Now. Good to go.

Bryan takes a seat. His vision begins to blur. A pulse in his neck. He struggles to keep calm.

BRYAN
(weak)
Good job Dave...

Dave looks up at him puzzled.

DAVE
Hey is he okay?

Carl looks over at Bryan.

CARL
Are you... Are you alright?

BRYAN
I'm cool. Just... been a big day.
Lotta stairs.

SHEILA
Okay, passing it through to you
Dave.

DAVE
Got it. Binding now.

Wrapped tightly in his jacket, his hand begins to spasm.

BRYAN
(sotto)
Oh shit...

CARL
Talk to me Dave.

DAVE
I think we are... Good!

Bryan lifts his head, forcing himself to stay present, fighting off the infection with pure willpower.

BRYAN
You got it?

CARL
Let's extract and multiply.

DAVE
Copy that. Extracting now.

Dave pulls a gigantic futuristic syringe from his station, inserts it into a device and pulls back the hammer, sucking the green goo into the chamber.

A TENTACLE worms out from the folds in Bryans coat. He shoves it back in.

BRYAN
OK guys I should wait outside
because--

CARL
Quiet!

In the next moment Dave pulls the syringe out of the device and holds it up in a moment of triumph.

DAVE
Look at that.

SHEILA
We have it.

CARL
Thank God. Careful now. Let's prep
the multiplier.

Dave walks slowly across the room as if he were holding nitroglycerine. Bryan rises to his feet and takes a painful step closer. His eyes are now blood red and fluid seeps from his nose and ears. Something bubbles around his mouth.

BRYAN
I'm sorry guys but I think I have a
bit of a situation here...

SHEILA
Oh my God! He looks awful!

The other two turn and look at Bryan.

CARL
Oh my -- Hey! Stay back!

Bryan shuffles forward.

BRYAN
I'm okay. I'm not gonna hurt
anything. I just could use a little
bit of...

DAVE
Keep him away! He's infected.

BRYAN

No. I'm still fine. Lotta stairs. I just need...

Carl grabs a fire extinguisher and brandishes it.

CARL

Stay back! You need to leave the laboratory right now! Stay back!

Bryan's arm EXPLODES out of the wrapped up coat, into a muscular swarm of tentacles.

BRYAN

You stay back!

Sheila picks up a beaker and hurls it into Bryan's head. It shatters but doesn't slow him.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Ow! I'm not gonna hurt any of you!
I just need a little --

CARL

Dave, hurry!

Dave struggles to line the syringe up with another injection site in a device by the wall but he's panicking and he can't thread the needle into the hole.

DAVE

I can't.. get it!

Bryan staggers away from them toward the entry.

SHEILA

(to Bryan)

Stay back!

Sheila hurls another beaker.

BRYAN

I'm trying to stay back! Stop throwing shit! How do I open this?

Carl snatches up a long glass vial and brandishes it like a knife.

CARL

Dave I'll hold him off! Finish the sample!

BRYAN
I'm trying to fucking leave so I
don't...

Bryan freezes. His eyes bulge in their sockets. He jerks his head toward Sheila.

And then it happens...

He extends his sick hand toward them and... SPLAAAAAARRGHH

A stream of tentacles rip from the jacket around his hand, fly across the room, wrapping themselves around Sheila's head and...

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Oh damn...

POP! Her head explodes like a watermelon.

CARL
Sheila! Noooooo!!

Dave whirls, DROPPING THE GREEN SYRINGE. It SHATTERS on the floor, spilling its contents around his feet.

Carl sprays the fire extinguisher enveloping Bryan in a white cloud. Bryan's tentacles retract, sucking Sheila into the mist.

Carl backs away, horrified. Dave scurries under a table.

DAVE
Carl? Where is he?!

CARL
Dave stay there! I think he's--

Bryan comes hurtling out of the mist, Sheila's corpse now attached to his shoulder. He hurls himself into Carl like a truck, smashing him into the wall like a vertical pancake. Blood explodes in every direction.

DAVE
Carl! Noooo!

Dave scrambles out from under the desk and sprints across the lab. He makes his way to the door, has the presence of mind to flash his badge and the door slides open for him.

He runs into the dark of the hallway, panicked and without a plan.

Behind him comes the monstrosity that moments ago was Bryan.

Now it's a collage of Bryan and Carl and Sheila, loping toward him with it's appendages flailing in awkward momentum.

Dave sprints as best he can but Bryan closes the gap. As Dave nears the windows at the end of the hallway Bryan leaps and...

SMAAAASH!

Bryan collides with Dave and the two of them go flying through the glass and out into the night sky twenty eight floors above the town.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Bryan extends one long tentacle arm and clutches the wall, pulling himself and Dave back, swinging together like a massive flesh pendulum that smashes into the wall below.

The monster that was Bryan grips the wall with its tentacles.

Another tentacle grips Dave and yanks him into position, face to face with Bryan.

Dave's so terrified he can't even move. The fact that he's now dangling in the wind outside a building hundreds of feet above the ground is made insignificant by the fact that he's being clutched tightly by this mutant tentacled freak with a human head that stares at him hungrily.

Finally he manages a scream.

DAVE

AAAAAAUUUUUGGGHHH!!!

Bryan watches him without emotion. Then opens his mouth... and keeps opening it creating an impossibly large multi-fanged orifice. He pulls Dave's head into himself and then bites down.

The screaming stops.

Bryan hangs there in the night wind. Chewing Dave, absorbing him. His eyes scan the town below, then rise to the lights of the city in the distance. New bodies for him to conquer.

He lets out a roar, terrifying and triumphant.

There's more to do.

THE END