

World War Z

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

Max Brooks

Revised Third Draft
Additional Revisions
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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK as we see: **FIVE YEARS FROM RIGHT NOW**

Still in BLACK, a cell phone rings. It's picked up.

GERRY (V.O.)

Yeah?

DEXTER (V.O.)

Gerry? Dex. Where are you?

GERRY (V.O.)

Home, waiting for the fireworks to start. The army's going to put the hammer down like nobody's seen since God smote Sodom and Gomorrah.

1 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE -- DAY

1

Five companies of soldiers in bio-contamination suits fan out across the Benjamin Franklin Bridge, forming a massive firing line as panicked civilians race across the bridge toward them, escaping some enemy we don't see yet.

Media helicopters swarm overhead. Tanks, Bradleys, Humvees and trucks with satellite gear roll up behind the soldiers.

2 HARD CUT BACK TO BLACK UNDER:

2

DEXTER (V.O.)

Gerry --

GERRY (V.O.)

The army's got barricades all along the river to force every Z coming toward Philadelphia over the bridge into a kill zone in Franklin Square.

3 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE

3

Several hundred shadowy, ambiguous forms start to move into the streets that lead to the square. A soldier receives a transmission on his helmet radio, yells to the rest:

SOLDIER

Fire in the hole!

They hit the ground as a Comanche helicopter fires two ROCKETS. They BURST into a hundred smaller bomblets which --

-- EXPLODE over the enemy, causing SECONDARY EXPLOSIONS as they ignite the gas tanks of abandoned cars.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

Thick black smoke swallows the scene.

The troops CHEER. Media choppers SWING IN for a closer look.

4 BACK TO BLACK UNDER: 4

DEXTER (V.O.)

Gerry...remember when you were doing that UN report on Afghanistan and I called you right before the Taliban hit and told you to get out?

GERRY (V.O.)

Yeah...you were on the night shift at CIA Langley when the raw intelligence came in and --

DEXTER (V.O.)

Then listen to me now.

5 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE 5

Through the smoke we can make just out hundreds of bodies unmoving on the ground. Then, slowly, other figures begin shuffling and shambling toward us. Lots of them.

6 INT. GERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY 6

GERRY LANE, 30s, and his wife KARIN are watching the battle on TV.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Get out of Philly, Gerry. Empty every bank account you've got and get the hell out right now.

GERRY

Oh my god....

7 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE 7

For the first time, emerging from the smoke, we see the enemy: thousands of zombies that SURGE toward us.

Artillery cannons and Comanche helicopters open fire. Soldiers blaze away with automatic weapons, advancing bravely into the front lines...only to be overwhelmed by the wave of Zombies...more and more pouring in as --

-- cannons and chain-guns on tanks and Humvees FIRE at the approaching tide, shredding the first rows of zombies. Rockets slam into surrounding buildings, but they keep coming.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Hundreds of mortar rounds explode, transforming the road into hell incarnate as the tide of Zombies washes over the defenders. A falling soldier WIPES CAMERA.

8 BACK TO BLACK UNDER: 8

DEXTER (V.O.)

Gerry? Are you there? Gerry?

But there's only the electronic *beep-beep-beep* of a cell phone system gone dead. The sound FADES OUT SLOWLY then we

HARD CUT INTO:

9 EXT. STREETS - PHILADELPHIA -- DAY 9

The streets are a nightmare of unprecedented magnitude. Cars blast the wrong way down one way streets, crashing into other cars or pedestrians in their frenzy to get out of town. Looters ravage shattered stores. Cars and buses are on fire.

Gerry is driving one of the cars trying to escape. With him are Karin and their daughters: four-year old **CONSTANCE** and eight-year-old **RACHEL**. Constance is crying, terrified, as Gerry swerves in and out of traffic.

KARIN

It's all right, Constance,
everything's okay, you're safe.
Mommy and daddy are right here, see?
(finds a cd)
Here, here's your happy song.

She shoves the CD into the stereo. A kid's rhyme song, the kind guaranteed to make your teeth itch, starts playing.

HAPPY SONG

*Love you, love me, love is a tree.
Love you, love me, happy as can be.*

RACHEL

Where are we going?

GERRY

I don't know, Rachel...but we can't stay here.

RACHEL

But if those things are everywhere,
then where do we go? Where's home?

GERRY

We're working on that, honey, we --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Gerry SWERVES to avoid slamming into a truck. The near-accident amps up Constance's crying. The song gets louder.

GERRY
Watch it!

HAPPY SONG
*Love me, love you, love
hits the spot! / Love me,
love you, give it a shot!*

Gerry's cell phone rings. He yanks it out of his pocket.

GERRY
Yeah?

MCENROE (on phone)
(over static)
Gerry? Gerry, can you hear me?

GERRY
Mac?

10 INT. UN BUILDING - MCENROE'S OFFICE - DAY

10

ROBERT MCENROE -- British, patrician, 50s -- is packing up furiously as other staffers run past in the hall. Through the window, vast tracts of Manhattan are on fire.

INTERCUT with Gerry in the car.

MCENROE
Cell phone repeaters are going out
all over town...wanted to make sure
you got out.

GERRY
Doing the best I can.

Gerry SWERVES around one car, almost hitting another.

MCENROE
We've almost finished evacuating
everyone at this end. Army trucks
should be back for the last of us
any second. I wish you could've
gotten here before --

GERRY
Too late now. We'll be okay. Where
are they taking you?

MCENROE
Somewhere safe, they say. But I
don't know if that place exists
anymore. Not in this world.

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA WELLSTONE, 30s, attractive, smart, professional sticks her head in McEnroe's office.

MOIRA

Trucks are here, we have to go!

MCENROE

Time's up.

MOIRA

Is that Gerry? Tell him that even though the rest of the team is far away, we'll always be with him in spirit.

MCENROE

Moira says --

MOIRA

And we'll see him on the other side of this.

MCENROE

She says --

(beat)

Gerry?

BACK TO SCENE

As Gerry swerves around an overturned TRUCK that's ablaze. He glances at his phone. NO SERVICE. Tosses it aside.

GERRY

They're gone.

Then we hear something new over the traffic...a distant ROAR.

KARIN

What's that? Gerry...?

He sticks his head out through the window and looks up.

An out-of-control Boeing 757 *hurtles through the air upside down*, heading right toward us.

GERRY

HOLD ON!

He GUNS the engine, side-swiping cars as the plane tumbles and rolls overhead and we --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

-- PUSH IN on one of its windows where for one frozen moment out of time we SEE passengers fighting zombies as the airplane SLAMS into the center of Philadelphia and EXPLODES.

Gerry barely gets clear of the blast zone. CRANE UP to reveal Philadelphia floating in a smear of black smoke and fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. SUBURBS - USED CAR LOT -- DAY

11

The panic is here as well, but not as crazed as in the city. Gerry slows as he drives past the lot, looking to the RVs and campers parked in rows.

GERRY

There's the answer to your question, Rachel.

RACHEL

Which one?

GERRY

Where's home?

He pulls into the lot.

12 INT. USED CAR LOT - LATER

12

Karin holds Rachel and Constance as, in BG, Gerry talks with a salesman, who nods to an older model RV, big enough for a family. Gerry hands him a wad of cash and the keys to his car. The salesman goes inside as Gerry hurries back.

KARIN

Gerry, what are you doing? That's three times what that crate is worth.

GERRY

Doesn't matter. Money won't be worth a damn soon anyway.

(includes Rachel)

Okay, get everything out of the car and into the RV. We need to get back on the road as fast as we can.

They hurry toward the car and begin unpacking. Being careful not to let Rachel see, Gerry takes a handgun out of the glove compartment, hiding it in his jacket as he heads for the RV.

13 INT. RV -- AFTERNOON

13

Gerry drives the RV down a street, Karin seated beside him, Constance asleep in the back. Rachel, perched at a window, looks forlornly at the cars roaring frantically past them.

RACHEL

I don't like this thing. It smells like old people.

KARIN

It'll pass, honey.
(to Gerry)
We're going to need supplies.

Gerry nods, his expression telling us that he's barely holding this and himself together for them.

GERRY

I know, I know. It's just...we do one thing at a time, step by step, and we'll be fine, just step by step --

KARIN

There.

She points to a supermarket up ahead. Cars are parked in front as looters run in and out of the place.

GERRY

Too dangerous --

KARIN

We may not get another chance. It could be worse further up.

GERRY

Okay...okay, everybody hold on.

He swerves the car into the supermarket parking lot.

14 INT. SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

14

The place is in chaos. People grab whatever they can and run out, smashing through doors and windows. Most of them are grabbing stuff that would otherwise be valuable: hardware, Mp3 players, cat litter, anything electronic, frozen food.

Karin pushes one cart with Constance in it while Rachel sticks close to Gerry, pushing another. They move fast through the chaos. Gerry starts to grab the last frozen turkey.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

KARIN

No...nothing perishable. Cans and
dried food. I know how to can food
if it comes to that.

(off Gerry's look)

Had to get something out of eight
years in the Girl Scouts.

He nods and they race down the aisles, grabbing as much canned
and non-perishable food as they can stuff into the carts.

MOMENTS LATER, they swing around an aisle leading to drug
supplies and first aid kits. Crazy addicts are ransacking
the prescription counters, barely aware of anyone else as
one of them BEATS a pharmacist caught in the back.

Gerry keeps a close eye on them, one hand on his gun, as
Karin grabs whatever first aid supplies she can find.

GERRY

That's it, we have go to --

KARIN

Just a bit more --

GERRY

Now.

They hurry away as one of the junkies sees them heading for --

-- the cash registers, where a solitary WOMAN, the owner or
manager, stands beside the door, tears flowing, her forehead
bleeding, looking at the chaos that was once her store.
Gerry comes to her, holds out money for the supplies.

GERRY

Here.

(no response)

Here.

She's too far gone in shock to even notice. He presses the
cash into her hands, nods to Karin, and they head out into --

15 EXT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

15

-- rushing for the RV as the addict we noticed earlier follows
them into the parking lot. They hurriedly empty the carts
into the back of the van as he approaches.

ADDICT

Whatcha got in the van, dude?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

GERRY

Nothing.

ADDICT

Let me see.

(beat)

I SAID I wanna SEE.

He starts toward them. Gerry pulls out the gun as Karin frantically shoves the rest of the supplies in the back. He holds the gun on the addict who circles toward the front, weaving and feinting, trying to spook Gerry.

ADDICT

You gonna shoot me? Huh? You got the STONES to think you gonna SHOOT me, fucker?

He CHARGES Gerry, who FIRES. The bullet goes THROUGH the addict's arm, spinning him around and sending him to the ground. Gerry sees others coming, drawn by the gunfire.

Karin and the rest climb in as Gerry floors the gas and they PEEL out of there as fast as they can.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 INT. RV - EVENING

16

Exhausted, they come to an intersection of on-ramps. One reads NORTH, the other SOUTH.

KARIN

What do you think, Gerry? North or south?

GERRY

I don't know...could be months before they get control of the situation and winter's coming.

KARIN

If we go south, there'll still be food, even in winter. But up here, once the trucks stop and the last stores are empty....

She doesn't finish it. She doesn't have to. He looks at the two on-ramps, agonizing over his decision.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

The last time I was at the office, I saw a report from Finland on how they're handling the plague. They discovered that when the snows come, it doesn't make any difference whether you're alive, or --

(beat)

-- or whatever, sooner or later a body exposed to extreme cold stops moving. When the snows come it'll stop those things in their tracks.

RACHEL

Does it destroy them?

GERRY

Maybe. At the very least, it might put them to sleep long enough for the government to get organized.

(to Karin)

Heading for the Canadian border takes us away from the big cities. Fewer people means fewer problems. No one can get to us.

KARIN

But we'll be cut off too.

GERRY

I know. But all we can do right now is go step by step and deal with whatever comes next when it comes. If you're on the tenth floor of a building and a bomb goes off, you run to the other side of the building. If the room catches fire, you dive out the window. Then you have the time between the tenth floor and the ground to figure out what to do next.

RACHEL

My teacher says if you're falling off a cliff, you may as well try to learn to fly. You've got nothing to lose.

GERRY

Your teacher's very smart.

RACHEL

Then how come she's dead?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

There's no good answer. They look to the crossroads, silently debating. Finally, Gerry nods, his mind made up.

GERRY

North.

They drive onto the on-ramp heading north, passing a freeway sign that reads WOLFE ISLAND/CAPE VINCENT CANADIAN/US BORDER CHECKPOINT 120 MILES.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

17

The RV has parked for the night along a high ridge, a sheer drop on one side, nearly impossible to approach.

18 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

18

Karin has gone over to where Rachel and Constance are asleep. A small child's plastic CD player is playing the Happy Song very softly beside them. Karin pops out the garishly colored and very recognizable CD and puts it in its case.

She then joins Gerry, who is watching a portable TV. The news program shows snarled freeways and panicked crowds.

TV ANCHOR

As the infection spreads across the country, millions of people continue to flee the cities, invading the suburbs and the countryside, often taking the infection with them.

Katrina-like footage of thousands of people loaded up with whatever they can carry, clogging shelters or on the road.

TV ANCHOR

Refugees from the areas most heavily hit by the infection continue to overwhelm emergency shelters and pour into neighboring states, many of which have set up patrols to keep these refugees out by any means necessary.

We SEE people trying to get across a bridge, only to be met by weapons fire from waiting police and national guard forces.

TV ANCHOR

Meanwhile, the President, Vice President, and their families were
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)
evacuated to an undisclosed location,
along with members of Congress and
others needed to handle the crisis,
escaping with only moments to spare.

Helicopters in front of the White House lawn and the Capitol
Building take off just as zombies penetrate the barricades.
It feels like the fall of Saigon.

TV ANCHOR
After the evacuation, military forces
pulled back to areas that could be
more easily secured...abandoning
Washington to the infected.
(beat)
We repeat...Washington has fallen.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

19

The RV lumbers down a narrow road never meant for vehicles
of this size, approaching a small public campground.

20 INT. RV - DAY

20

Karin sits beside Gerry as a group of MEN approach, armed
but not overtly threatening. They wave for the RV to stop.

KARIN
I don't like this...I don't think we
should stop....

GERRY
We don't have a lot of choice, it's
not like we can do a 180 in this
thing.

He comes to a stop, but leaves the motor running. Before
standing, he reaches under the seat for the handgun and slides
it into his belt. INTERCUT WITH --

21 EXT. CAMPGROUND - DAY

21

-- as Gerry cautiously opens the door as the men approach,
led by STAN ROSEN, 50s.

GERRY
Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)

STAN

Don't know yet. This area around here is ours.

GERRY

I thought it was a public campground.

STAN

It is. But we got here first, so we make the rules. Rule number one is we don't let in anybody who's infected.

GERRY

We're all fine in here.

STAN

Then you won't mind if we take a look around, just to be sure.

Gerry hesitates, glancing back to Karin and the kids. His hand strays near the gun. Stan notes it.

STAN

We're not after your stuff, mister. We just want to be sure. Don't turn this into something bad.

Gerry meets his gaze, and decides, reluctantly, to trust him. He steps aside as Stan nods to one of the other men, who enters the RV. As Gerry and Stan talk, we INTERCUT with the man looking carefully at Karin and the kids.

STAN

We've got some more rules while we're at it. Everybody lives off what they bring with them or catch. No stealing or begging for supplies from anybody else. And nobody brings a stranger into camp.

Satisfied, the man starts toward the entrance only to step on something on the floor: the CD containing the Happy Song. Rachel and Constance are stricken, but still too scared to say anything as --

-- the man emerges from the RV and nods to Stan that it's clean. The others visibly relax. Stan extends a hand.

STAN

The name's Stan Rosen.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

GERRY

Gerry Lane. My wife Karin, daughters Rachel and Constance.

STAN

Make yourself at home. I'll check back after you've settled in.

They head away. Gerry puts on his best face for Karin and the kids.

KARIN

I don't know about this.

GERRY

It'll be okay. No big cities for miles around. Nobody infected. We'll be safe here, for a while at least. Step by step, right?
(to Rachel)
We're learning to fly, aren't we honey? Honey...?

He touches her face, trying to be reassuring, but she's still crying, holding the broken CD.

GERRY

It's okay, I'll get you another one, I promise.
(to Karin)
I'm going to check the area, see what I can see. Be right back.

He kisses Karin and moves out of the RV.

22 EXT. CAMPGROUND - ELSEWHERE - MOMENTS LATER

22

Alone, in the sheltering trees, Gerry is on his knees, throwing up, letting go of the fear and tension and terror that took them this far. He collapses to the ground, tears of relief and stress coming freely.

DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. CAMPGROUND -- AFTERNOON

23

There's a dusting of snow on the ground. More campers and mobile homes have arrived. Not a crowd, but enough to notice.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

I repeat, this is our last broadcast.

24 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

24

Karin and Gerry are watching a static-riddled news broadcast. The anchor is exhausted, the camera work ragged.

TV ANCHOR

With electricity out across most of the country, we're using emergency backup power for this transmission.

Karin holds Gerry a little closer as the anchor continues... they are losing their last lifeline to the outside world.

TV ANCHOR

Speaking from an emergency command center at Mount Weather in Virginia, the President announced evacuation orders for the entire country.

The PRESIDENT appears on-camera.

PRESIDENT

It has been difficult for us to control the situation on the ground because until now there have been no clearly defined lines of attack or defense. That is about to change. We will concentrate our population in areas that can be defended, forcing the enemy to come to us in ways that we can control. Consequently --

25 INT. BIG CITY - DAY

25

Crowds of refugees are being directed by soldiers toward areas that are penned off or behind barbed wire as a crowd of zombies appear behind them, only to be shot down by the soldiers. The crowds stampede through the fencing.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

-- if you are in the suburbs or countryside, make your way back to the nearest large city. We will use all our military firepower to defend these islands of security, designated red zones.

26 EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

26

A somewhat better dressed group of refugees are ushered into a helicopter which then RISES into the sky, joining other choppers flying toward a mountain range in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Other groups, chosen by lottery, will be evacuated to green zones, areas that will not require a heavy military presence because they are too difficult for the infecteds to reach: secluded valleys, islands, or other isolated regions. We can then concentrate our efforts in the cities, where they are needed the most.

BACK TO SCENE

As a crawl of various local addresses appears on-screen

PRESIDENT

If you do not have transportation to the nearest red zone, army trucks will come by the pickup centers listed below for the next several days. After that --

He hesitates. There's something we don't know. He forces a smile.

PRESIDENT

After that, wherever you are, just hold on and we'll get to you just as soon as we can. Your country won't forget you.

KARIN

Should we take a chance on it?

GERRY

The roads are full of those things, we'd never make it to the nearest pickup point. Besides, they'll have to find ways to bring in food for everyone. That means riots, starvation...we're better off here.

They turn their attention back to the TV for:

TV ANCHOR

When France, England and Australia announced similar evacuation plans, officials there described it as the Radeker plan, after controversial South African apartheid leader Paul Radeker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

TV ANCHOR (CONT'D)

But sources with Homeland Security insist that the American plan was developed exclusively through talks with local emergency agencies.

Gerry looks out the window to see Stan leading his fourteen-year-old son THOMAS into camp, clutching a bleeding hand.

GERRY

Be right back.

He heads out to --

27 EXT. CAMPGROUND - CONTINUOUS

27

-- as Stan sets Thomas down by the door to their camper.

GERRY

What happened?

STAN

Little accident setting a rabbit trap.

(to thomas)

I'll try to find something to wrap that with.

GERRY

I may have something. Just a sec.

Gerry ducks back inside as Stan examines the cut.

THOMAS

Shouldn't we do this inside? It's cold out here.

STAN

We don't want blood in the camper. Sooner or later we're gonna leave here and I don't want any of those things smelling blood as we go by.

Gerry approaches with a pressure bandage, hands it to Stan.

STAN

Thanks. Every drug store we saw on the way was empty. Between the looters and the Zs, wasn't much left. I can give you something in trade.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

It's okay. Maybe later.

(to thomas)

How'd you learn to make a rabbit trap?

THOMAS

There's a guy in the next town, Garcia Mendez, used to be a gardener. Now he teaches all these CEOs and big deal millionaires he used to work for how to catch food, cure meat, that sort of thing. You want to meet him? It's a long walk, but --

GERRY

That'd be great, thanks.

They turn as a CAR with a camper shell glides toward an open parking spot nearby. Stan shakes his head.

STAN

Another one for the welcome committee. Don't know what good they think that shell's gonna do when the snows come. I'll bet good money they don't have more than a few days worth of supplies in there. They'll start coming around for food real soon.

(beat)

Those things are bad enough, but having to watch out for our own kind, that's hard. Can't blame 'em, I guess. The schools teach you everything except how to survive. Kids come out knowing about every kind of software, but how to look for water? Rotate crops?

(rubs it in)

How to build a rabbit trap?

Stan smiles...the smile fading as he regards the camper. He shakes his head, worried, and lowers his voice for:

STAN

You sure you got enough ammo for the long haul, Gerry?

GERRY

I'm good.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

STAN

Just got to hold on, Gerry, do what
we have to...for as long as it takes.

Gerry nods and starts away, glancing glances to the new arrivals. They're still running the engine, warming their hands on the heat from the vents. They wave to Gerry. He nods distantly, then continues off as we go to a

HELICOPTER SHOT

Pulling UP until we can see abandoned freeways littered with broken cars, covered by snow. A nation on ice.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 BLACK SCREEN

28

Holding for just a moment UNDER the words:

TWO YEARS LATER

Before coming in hard on --

29 EXT. RELOCATION CAMP - DAY

29

Located on what was once the University of Philadelphia campus. Barbed wire fencing surrounds the area. In the streets beyond, buildings have been burned out or boarded up. Debris and signs of looting are everywhere. Feral dogs and cats move freely down the street as inside the camp --

-- refugees line up for food, water and other supplies as a military bus pulls up below a sign that reads *CAMP SUNSHINE CIVILIAN RELOCATION FACILITY #17*.

FEATURE the faces of the refugees as they step down off the bus: shell-shocked, haunted. Among them are Gerry, Karin, Constance and Rachel, carrying their few possessions. They're thinner, pale, exhausted down to their souls.

30 INT. TEMPORARY SHELTER - DAY

30

The shelter is set in what was once a fourth-floor classroom. Gerry, Karin and the kids enter what will be their home for the near future. Like a man in a trance, Gerry walks to the window, getting a bird's eye view of the city.

Buildings have been burned down or blown apart by artillery shells. Stores have been looted. Past the neighboring Woodlands Cemetery, people sift through the rubble of their homes. There are no working cars for as far as the eye can see...and in the distance, pyres of bodies are being burned.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

We end on Gerry's haunted eyes as he takes all this in.

31 EXT. WATER ALLOCATION CENTER - DAY

31

Gerry and several hundred others are carrying large plastic bottles at the entrance to the camp, lined up to get water from an army supply truck. Gerry looks off to --

-- a row of brownstone apartments spray-painted with official markings. The marks on one door read **2 DNZ 1 ZD**; another reads **0 DNZ 4 ZD, 2 ?** Some doors don't have any markings. Gerry nudges the man next to him, points to the markings.

GERRY

What're those marks?

MAN IN LINE

They're left behind by the sweep and clear teams. 1 DNZ means one dead non-zombie; 1 ZD means one zombie destroyed. This way the burn teams know what they're walking into.

(beat)

There's always some who get caught behind the lines when the war's over. The Z's are no different. Some of 'em got locked in cellars or attics by relatives. Others don't have legs to walk out on but the rest of 'em works just fine.

GERRY

And the doors without markings...?

MAN IN LINE

They've been secured but the teams haven't made a final check. Usually they're empty, but you never really know what's on the other side of a door until you knock, eh?

GERRY

So what're the question marks for?

MAN IN LINE

Some folks couldn't handle the stress of the war, went crazy, started acting like zombies, like that Stockholm Syndrome, but way out of control. Some of 'em are so crazy you can't tell who's what until you get close.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MAN IN LINE (CONT'D)

The S&C teams take 'em out just to be safe. When in doubt, shoot 'em in the head and run like hell.

Gerry nods, but something in his eyes is very worried by this as he moves up to accept his ration of water.

32 INT. TEMPORARY SHELTER - DAY

32

Gerry is painting over the graffiti. He comes to the *Remember Philly!* spray-painted on the wall. He hesitates, as though it would be disrespectful to cover it up...then does so.

33 EXT. TEMPORARY SHELTER - DAY

33

Gerry is dumping debris when a sweep and clear team roars up to an apartment building with unmarked doors. They pile out, line up, and RUSH inside. For a moment, silence.

Then: the sound of GUNFIRE comes from inside. When they emerge, they spray-paint 2 ZD on the door, then move off.

The other survivors barely notice.

Gerry goes back to work as the first working car we've seen since his return approaches. It stops in front of him.

The door opens and McEnroe emerges. Looks to Gerry. Smiles.

MCENROE

Hello, Gerry.

GERRY

...McEnroe...? Mac?

He reaches to McEnroe, as if to confirm that he's real.

GERRY

Sonofabitch! You made it through!

MCENROE

Only the good die young, you know.

And the two embrace.

GERRY

How did you know I was here?

(CONTINUED)

MCENROE

I've had the sweep and clear teams keeping an eye out for your name on the refugee lists.

(beat)

I have a job for you, Gerry. An important job, if you want it.

GERRY

A job. God, it's been so long since I heard those words, it's like they belong to a different world.

MCENROE

Is that a yes, then?

GERRY

I...sure, I mean, yeah. What's the --

MCENROE

We'll talk about it back at the office. I'll send a car to get you tomorrow morning, say nine-ish. Meanwhile, I'll see what I can do about getting you out of all this and back into your old place again.

(beat)

Good to see you alive, Gerry. World went to pieces for a long time. Now we begin to put it all back, eh?

He claps Gerry on the shoulder, then gets back into the car and drives off. Gerry starts back toward the shelter, first walking, then running.

CUT TO:

34 INT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - HALLWAY -- DAY

34

Gerry walks with McEnroe past workers cleaning up debris and replacing broken windows.

MCENROE

Excuse the mess. Good news is the power's back on. Just a few hours a day, but it's a start.

(beat)

So, tell me, how did you do it?

GERRY

Do what?

(CONTINUED)

MCENROE

Survive. My wife, kids and I were chosen for the Ellis Island green zone. Luck of the draw. Some of the others were fast enough to make it to the red zones, but for those caught outside...well, they had a much harder time of it. So what did you do to --

GERRY

We did what was necessary.

He says it hard, cutting off both the discussion and the emotion behind it, and changes the subject.

GERRY

Listen, I was thinking, you've got kids around the same age as Rachel and Constance...do you have this CD, it's called "The Love Me Love You Song?" We called it the Happy Song, goes like "Love you, love me, something-something give it a shot."

MCENROE

How dreadful. Never heard of it, sorry. Why?

GERRY

Just...trying to keep a promise.

They pass a suite of debris-filled offices identified by a sign as UNITED NATIONS INVESTIGATIVE SERVICES. Gerry looks at the names on the door, seeing his own there.

GERRY

Theresa Camafelo...did she --

MCENROE

No. She didn't make it.

GERRY

Rudy Rose? Big John?

MCENROE

They left yesterday for London, to coordinate relief efforts with their counterparts. I'd been holding back Mr. Rose for another job, but once we learned you were alive, we --

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

MOIRA (O.S.)

Gerry!

GERRY

Moira...?

Moira flies down the hall toward him. She hugs him.

MOIRA

I knew you'd make it. I said the team would make it through.

(a touch of sadness)

Well, most of it....

GERRY

Yeah. You look good.

MOIRA

(to McEnroe)

See? A man of infinite taste and discretion.

MCENROE

If you're both quite finished....

McEnroe leads them into --

35 INT. MCENROE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

35

-- where McEnroe, Moira and Gerry sit.

MCENROE

I asked Moira to sit in on this because it concerns you both. In the past, whenever there's been a catastrophe affecting our member nations, the UN compiles a report detailing what happened, why, what was done wrong, and what we should do about it in the future. So that's what we're going to do.

(beat)

We're going to prepare a report on the war.

Gerry looks to Moira and back again as this sinks in.

GERRY

You're serious.

MCENROE

Millions died during this war, Gerry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCENROE (CONT'D)

People want answers. They want to know why those in charge didn't connect the dots, why it got out of control and who's to blame. Someone has to write it. Given your reputation for even-handedness and the experience you acquired with the Darfur, Iranian and Sudanese reports, you were the first choice of nearly every government we spoke to.

GERRY

Nearly every government.

MCENROE

Some wanted you because you're fair, thorough and complete. And some didn't want you for exactly the same reasons. Of course, it was pretty much a moot point since as far as we knew, you were dead.

MOIRA

I said it was very narrow minded to let a little thing like death limit our options, but Mackie is such a stickler for the rules.

MCENROE

It's too big a job for one investigator, so I offered the job to Mr. Rose and Moira here, based on her work in China and Bolivia just before the war. But now --

GERRY

Those were terrific reports, I can't think of a better choice.

MOIRA

Flatterer.

MCENROE

The two of you would make a good team. So the job is yours, if you want it.

(beat)

I won't lie. This is going to be an ugly, thankless job. But we're the only ones who can do it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MCENROE (CONT'D)

There's too much distrust out there for any single government to pull off an investigation like this.

MOIRA

Everyone wants to cooperate in finding out what went wrong with the war and who's responsible...just as long as it's not them.

MCENROE

So you're going to spend a lot of time looking over your shoulder.

GERRY

A job this big...it'll take months.

MCENROE

Hence the team approach. Moira will handle the ground-work, set up the interviews and coordinate travel, leaving you to be your usual creative self. Obviously you'll handle the interviews together. But yes, we estimate four, maybe five months. If you don't want it --

GERRY

(too quickly)

I do...I do. The last few years, I kept going by telling myself, we'll get past this, someday we'll get our lives back again. Now we can.

MCENROE

And you needn't worry about Karin and the girls. I'll make sure they're looked after at this end.

(beat)

Come on, Gerry. You're the best person for the job and you know it.

GERRY

Can I interview anyone I want?

MCENROE

Within reason. To expedite things, each country has given us a list of people they think we should talk to.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

So there's probably an even bigger list of people I shouldn't talk to.

MCENROE

I'm not worried. You're like a dog with a bone: once you start you don't stop. I need that determination. I need you. Both of you.

He approaches Gerry, his tone quiet, reflective.

MCENROE

We survived the war, Gerry. Now it's time for someone to tell the world why so many of us had to die in it. To make sense of it all. If you can think of anything more important than that...let me know.

Gerry finally looks up and nods, his decision made.

GERRY

When do we start?

MCENROE

At the beginning. The plague started in China, so you'll go there first. After that, we've secured permission for you to travel to Israel, Germany, anyplace you like.

McEnroe looks out the window at the cityscape.

MCENROE

It's the first time anyone's been authorized for that kind of travel since the war started. Knowing how much things have changed here, I can't imagine what's waiting for you overseas. You'll be the first to see it, like astronauts visiting another world. What's left of it.

The shelter is lit by Red Cross lanterns. Karin is washing dishes in a plastic bucket as Gerry enters.

GERRY

I tucked Rachel in.

KARIN

Constance?

GERRY

Already asleep. Listen, about this report --

KARIN

I still think it's a bad idea.

GERRY

I know.

KARIN

Who's wants to re-live the last two years? Not me. Not Rachel. Lord knows not Rachel.

GERRY

We can't just pretend it didn't happen.

KARIN

I can. I can do that just fine.

He studies her eyes, knowing what she's talking about. Looks away. She softens, touches his face.

KARIN

But I know you. I know how you are. You're happiest when you're doing something, when you can grab a problem by the scruff of the neck and wrestle it to the ground.

She studies his eyes, a smile making its way to her lips.

KARIN

You need this. You've worked so hard to keep it together for us. Now it's my turn.

GERRY

Mac said he'll get us both sat-phones. Even with land-lines down, they'll still work. And he'll pull some strings to get you out of here and back into our old place as fast as --

She kisses him to stop him talking.

KARIN

It's okay. Go. With my blessings.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

GERRY
So you're saying I should shut up.

KARIN
Yes.

They kiss harder.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. DULLES AIRPORT -- DAY

37

Hauling their bags, Gerry and Moira walk through the nearly deserted airport, heading for --

38 INT. INSPECTION AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

38

There are two lines, one for men, one for women. Heavily armed SOLDIERS look on as travelers are directed into one of two screened off areas, separated from view by heavy drapes. Moira goes one way while Gerry goes toward --

-- the other screened-off area, where he removes his clothes as more soldiers and a doctor look on.

When he is naked, a DOCTOR runs an ultraviolet hand-scanner over his body. Looking for bites. In a tone that suggests such questions are routine, he asks:

DOCTOR
Any physical contact with strangers in the last thirty-six hours? Any blood transfusions or injuries from bites, scratches or shared needles?

GERRY
No.

The doctor nods to the soldiers, who step back and relax slightly. One of the soldiers approaches Gerry.

SOLDIER
Transit papers.

Gerry hands them over. The soldier notes the UN seal, then hands them back.

SOLDIER
Gate seven.
(calling off)
Next.

39 INT. DULLES AIRPORT - TERMINAL SEVEN - LATER 39

Gerry and Moira wait as two **CHINESE OFFICIALS** inspect their papers without enthusiasm, then escort them down the jetway.

40 INT. CHINESE MILITARY TRANSPORT PLANE - EVENING 40

Lots of cargo, and a few cramped seats, the plane well on its way. Gerry and Moira sit in one row, with the officials off in another row. The officials look straight ahead, severe and formal. They never look toward their passengers.

After a moment, Moira subtly undoes the top button of her blouse, revealing cleavage. The Chinese officials don't react, seem not to see. Then, finally, one of them steals a glance in her direction. She smiles, glances to Gerry.

MOIRA

Just wanted to make sure they weren't zombies.

(off his look)

Well, you can never be too careful, now can you?

He manages a smile in spite of himself. Turns back to her.

GERRY

You never told me how you got through the war.

MOIRA

I was in the Brooklyn red zone. It was...hard. Not as hard as being caught outside, but still....

41 EXT. BROOKLYN - STREETS - AFTERNOON 41

Food is being handed out of trucks to desperate people, but there's no fighting, only a grim determination and a sense of will and resolve. Moira is among them.

MOIRA (V.O.)

Food had to be flown in and there were always shortages. Sometimes we had nothing for days at a time. But what I remember most is how we all came together as a community to help each other.

A young man sees an older woman miss getting a food ration, and hands her some of his own as Moira looks on.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MOIRA (V.O.)
That, and the gunfire.

42 EXT. BROOKLYN - FENCED AREAS - NIGHT

42

Rows of zombies lurch toward the end of the street that has been fenced off, their eyes on the people inside, as soldiers in sniper nests above and to the side mow them down like wheat. They fall atop each other in piles, but keep coming.

MOIRA (V.O.)
They came at us day and night, herded into the kill zones, sometimes just one or two, other times whole waves of them. The bodies piled up like walls, and they just climbed over them. The soldiers stood their ground day and night, a constant steel rain.

BACK TO SCENE

As Moira looks to Gerry.

MOIRA
I was so proud, seeing everyone come together. That kind of cooperation is what got us through the war, and it's what'll get us through the pain of rebuilding the world.

She looks to him almost as though silently seeking agreement. He nods absently and looks off, but says nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 EXT. BACK ROAD -- DAY

43

A Chinese military car bounces through the rural back-country. Gerry and Moira are in the car with the driver and a **TRANSLATOR**. They drive past several burned-out villages and burning PYRES that line the road, blackening the sky. Guards in sterile masks look on as villagers throw bodies covered in sheets onto the pyres, stacking them like cordwood.

TRANSLATOR
A little farther down is one of our field hospitals put into action during the war. It now handles clean-up for all of the provinces this side of Beijing under Dr. Soong Tsai, head of field inspection services.

He nods to the pyres outside.

(CONTINUED)

TRANSLATOR

This was a heavily infected area, neutralized efficiently by our forces. Clean-up is also being handled effectively and quickly, with everyone protected from corpse smoke.

MOIRA

Yes...very efficient.

TRANSLATOR

Burn teams are organized from local villages. Each team is required to burn no less than ten point five bodies per pyre.

This strikes Gerry as blackly comic.

GERRY

Ten point five bodies.

TRANSLATOR

Yes.

GERRY

Where do they get the point five?

TRANSLATOR

Body parts. Torsos. Limbs.
(beat)
Also children under three feet.

The humor leaves Gerry's eyes as he looks out at the pyres.

GERRY

Ten point five.
(looks out)
It's a hard road.

The translator nods but doesn't meet his gaze or look outside.

TRANSLATOR

Yes. A very hard road.

The car continues on its way to a military hospital in BG.

44 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

44

Gerry and Moira are waiting as **DOCTOR SOONG TSAI** enters: thin, straight and careful.

MOIRA

Dr. Tsai?

(CONTINUED)

DR. TSAI

Yes.

MOIRA

This is Gerry Lane, I'm Moira Wellstone.

GERRY

It's an honor. Please, sit.

Tsai does so, looking a bit nervous about all this.

GERRY

We're here today because the very first instances of infection took place here in China, even though your government went out of its way to deny that there was anything wrong.
(a smile)
You don't have to comment on that.

DR. TSAI

Thank you.

MOIRA

Do you have any information on how the plague got started?

DR. TSAI

A patient zero? No. And because the government cauterized the area, I don't think we will ever know. It could have been caused by a virus, a biochemical accident, radiation --
(rueful smile)
Have you ever heard of the Jiang Shi?

Gerry shakes his head, no.

DR. TSAI

It means Walking Corpse. The legend dates back to the Qing Dynasty. When someone dies far from his village, and the family cannot afford to transport him home, they hire a Tao priest who has the power to reanimate the body and teach it to walk back to its village for burial.
(beat)
Perhaps one of them decided to keep walking.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

GERRY

Were you on-site for any of the early outbreaks?

DR. TSAI

Yes. I was working night shift at a hospital ten kilometers north of New Dachang when the call came in.

45 EXT. NEW DACHANG - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

45

An elderly woman leads Tsai toward a low-slung metal shack as other villagers look on, fear and worry on their faces.

DR. TSAI (V.O.)

I got to the village around midnight. As soon as I saw their faces, I knew this was serious.

The woman pushes the door open. Tsai pauses at a stench from inside before following the woman into --

46 INT. SHACK -- CONTINUOUS

46

-- where several men and women lay on straw pallets, fevered, pale, moaning softly in pain. Pulling on latex gloves, Tsai bends to examine the woman nearest him. Her skin is mottled and dark in places, as if bruised from the inside-out.

She moans as he turns her arm, revealing a bite mark, red and inflamed. The next patient has an identical bite mark on his shoulder.

DR. TSAI

Do they all have such bites?
(she nods)
How did it happen?

WOMAN

They were trying to subdue him.

DR. TSAI

Subdue who?

47 EXT. ANOTHER SHACK -- MOMENTS LATER

47

A villager guard a padlocked shack. As the woman and Tsai approach, he unlocks the door and opens it. They enter --

48 INT. ANOTHER SHACK -- CONTINUOUS

48

-- and the stench is even worse here. A single bare bulb hangs from the ceiling, swinging slightly as we reveal --

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

-- what was once a young man, now shackled to a post, bound and gagged, his complexion gray, eyes rolling and unfocused. But when it sees Tsai, it locks on with frightening intensity.

Tsai moves toward the young man, who is pulling at his shackles, focused only on Tsai. The man's head rolls and lolls, his mouth snapping and closing on the gag. Tsai reaches to take his pulse. Can't feel it.

DR. TSAI
No pulse. Impossible.

He puts a stethoscope to the man's chest. No heartbeat.

DR. TSAI
What happened to him?

WOMAN
He was swimming in the lake where other men had disappeared. He said something under the water bit him.

He injects a needle to draw blood. Pulls back on the syringe. A thick, dark brown fluid enters the syringe, like blood that has nearly coagulated. Then, suddenly --

-- the young man lunges at him, pulling the gag free. Tsai scuttles back as the infected man yanks at the chain and TEARS its manacled arm OUT OF ITS SOCKET. It LUNGES for Tsai as the woman yanks Tsai out the door to --

49 EXT. ANOTHER SHACK -- CONTINUOUS

49

-- where the guard SLAPS the padlock on again. From inside we hear the thing scratching and clawing, trying to get out. As Tsai processes what he has just seen, we HEAR:

GERRY
And then what did you do?

50 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

50

Back with Moira, Tsai and Gerry. Tsai looks away.

DR. TSAI
I returned to the hospital and told my superiors what I had seen. They said that all appropriate steps would be taken to deal with the situation.

GERRY
After everything you saw, you just went back and filed a report?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

Tsai nods...but something in his eyes, and the way he looks away tells us there's more to this story than he's saying.

GERRY

Dr. Tsai --

DR. TSAI

I'm sorry, but that's all I can tell you. Now I must return to my duties.

GERRY

But --

MOIRA

We appreciate you taking time out to talk to us, Doctor. We'll let you know if we have any other questions.

Tsai nods awkwardly and walks out, leaving Gerry and Moira.

GERRY

Why did you just cut me off at the knees? He knew something --

MOIRA

And either he didn't want to talk about it, or when they debriefed him they only cleared him to talk about what happened up to a certain point.

GERRY

We still could've --

MOIRA

What? Knee-capped him if he didn't cooperate? From the day we left New York I never figured anyone was going to just hand us a big piece of the picture. But over time, a lot of small brush strokes will give us that bigger picture. We'll get there.

(beat)

The Chinese government's hosting a reception for us tonight. I'll talk to our liaison, see if he can get these people to relax a little Okay?

Gerry hesitates, then finally nods.

MOIRA

Okay. Then let's finish the tour.

She exits. Gerry takes a BEAT, then follows, still bugged.

51 EXT. DOWNTOWN BEIJING - ROOFTOP PATIO -- EVENING

51

A reception is underway at an expensive suite overlooking the city. Music and conversation filters through doors that open out onto the rooftop. Gerry glances to Moira, talking with another diplomat, then steps outside in search of some air. He stands at the edge of the rooftop, looking out at the brightly-lit city for a moment before:

OFFICIAL (O.S.)

The lights are back on, do you see?

Gerry turns to see a Chinese **OFFICIAL** approaching, drink in hand. It's not his first. Also not his fourth.

GERRY

Kind of hard to miss it.

OFFICIAL

We do what we have to. We get it done.

(beat)

Are the lights back on in America?

GERRY

Here and there. The hospitals come first, before houses or apartments.

OFFICIAL

Of course. You see? You also do what is necessary.

(beat)

I have relayed your request to my superiors, and I'm afraid we cannot allow you into the Northern provinces. The radiation level is still too high. It will not be safe for many years yet.

GERRY

I understand.

OFFICIAL

But I will do what I can to ensure that our people are more forthcoming. There is little we can do to combat fear of reprisal, even when it is not justified, but --

GERRY

The man we spoke to earlier, Dr. Soong Tsai, wanted to talk to us.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICIAL

Ah. Dr. Tsai. I am afraid he is being transferred tomorrow morning.

GERRY

Where?

OFFICIAL

I do not know. Perhaps in a few weeks --

GERRY

We'll be gone by then.

OFFICIAL

Then there is nothing we can do.
(changing topics)
Do you have family still in America?

GERRY

My wife, Karin. Two daughters, six and ten.

OFFICIAL

To be away so long...this must be hard on them.

GERRY

Yes. And you? Is your wife here with you in Beijing?

OFFICIAL

No. She --
(beat)

At the height of the crisis, she went to help evacuate her family from the Northern provinces, where the infection was at its worst. Over half a million cases. The night before she was to return, I learned that our government had decided that the only way to stop the infection was to...cauterize the wound.

He throws a sharp look to Gerry, who suspects what's coming.

OFFICIAL

I was told that no one must know. The fate of the country depended on secrecy. But I knew she would call that night, as she did each night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

If I heard her voice, I would have
to tell her the truth because --

(I loved her)

-- so that night, I did not answer
the phone. It rang all night. Then,
the next day....

52 EXT. CHINA - RIVER ROAD -- DAY

52

A flood of refugees line the road as far as the eye can see.
A young woman -- the official's wife -- is urging her family
toward a ferry packed with refugees.

She glances up to see a missile contrail descending toward
them through the flawless sky. She shields her eyes as --

-- a thermonuclear BLAST goes off, WHITING OUT everything.
A telltale mushroom cloud rises into the troposphere.

53 EXT. DOWNTOWN BEIJING - ROOFTOP PATIO

53

Back with Gerry as the official looks off, his eyes moist,
shoving down the emotion. He knocks back his drink.

OFFICIAL

This is China, Mr. Lane, and in China
we do what we must. The lights are
on because we are not afraid to do
what we must.

He returns to the reception, leaving Gerry alone in the night.

54 INT. BEIJING HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

54

Gerry sits on the outdoor patio of the hotel room, the sat
phone in hand. He waits for it to be answered, then:

GERRY

Yes, hello, my name is Gerry Lane,
I'm trying to locate a friend who
used to work there at CIA.

(beat)

Frank Dexter. He was stationed both
in DC and at Langley. We went to
college together. Wanted to see if
he's still alive or --

(beat)

Well, if he is alive, could you give
him my number? 001-474-288-2000.
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

He sets down the phone, looks out the window to the night... and sees a military jeep parked nearby, no one inside.

55 EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT 55

Driving the jeep, Gerry heads down the same back road that leads to the field hospital. Then he HEARS an oncoming truck and kills the headlights, gliding off the road into the brush.

A moment later, a truck full of armed soldiers rumbles past. He waits until they're gone, then checks a pocket GPS to confirm which way he's going, and drives on.

56 INT. TSAI'S OFFICE - NIGHT 56

Soldiers are "helping" Tsai to pack his reports and other material, being none too gentle in the process. Piling folders into boxes without filing. Tsai looks on, shaking his head, tired and beyond fighting. He looks out the window to see Gerry in the shadows, nodding to him. Tsai hesitates, then with the soldiers busy at their work, walks outside.

57 EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT 57

Tsai steps into the shadows, at first not seeing Gerry, then:

GERRY (O.S.)
What else happened that day, Dr.
Tsai? What really happened?

He turns to see Gerry nearby.

GERRY
I won't use your name. I just want
to know the truth.

Tsai looks out at the night, his knowledge boring down at him, then:

DR. TSAI
When I saw the first cases of
infection at the village, I didn't
know what I was dealing with. But
there was no question it was virulent,
contagious...and far beyond anything
I'd been trained to handle.

58 EXT. NEW DACHANG - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT 58

Back in the village, Tsai is on a cell phone, pacing.

(CONTINUED)

DR. TSAI (V.O.)

So I called the Ministry of Health to report my findings. From the way they spoke, I began to suspect I was not the first to make such a call.

VOICE ON PHONE

Those who are infected should be restrained. If any have passed into coma, vacate the room and secure the exit.

DR. TSAI

It's already been done. We're going to need a full medical team. We have to quarantine the area, post warnings --

VOICE ON PHONE

Are you armed?

This stops Tsai cold. He takes a BEAT, then:

DR. TSAI

Armed? No, why should I be?

VOICE ON PHONE

Stay where you are. Support will arrive within two hours.

Click and disconnect. He hesitates, then dials again.

DR. TSAI (V.O.)

I knew then that something was wrong. More wrong than I had suspected. So I called an old friend at home, Dr. Gu Wen Kuei, of the Institute of Infectious Diseases at Chongqing University. He was well connected inside the government. If anyone knew what was going on, he would.

Tsai takes images of the wounded villagers with his phone.

DR. TSAI (V.O.)

When I told him what I had seen, he asked me to show him those who had been infected.

Finished, he puts the cell phone back to his ear.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

DR. TSAI
What do you think? Gu?

KUEI (on phone)
Have you had any direct skin-to-skin
contact with the infected?

DR. TSAI
No.

KUEI (on phone)
And you've already called it in?

DR. TSAI
Yes, of course. The medical team
should be arriving at any time, and --

KUEI (on phone)
There are no doctors coming. Do you
understand me, Soong? There are no
doctors coming. If you want to live
get out of there! Get out of there
right now!

Kuei hangs up. Tsai hesitates for a BEAT, then heads out of
the shack toward his jeep, walking fast, then running.

60 EXT. ROAD -- LATER

60

Tsai is driving back to the hospital a convoy of military
troop trucks passes him going the other way, heading for the
village. He watches them in the mirror as they disappear.

DR. TSAI (V.O.)
When I got back to the hospital, I
called the Ministry of Health to
follow up on my report. They said
they received no such report. I
tried calling my friend Gu, but he
was not at home, and he was not taking
calls at the university.

61 INT. TSAI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

61

Back with Gerry and Tsai.

DR. TSAI
There is something about the day
that dispels fears that seemed so
real in the night. So by late
afternoon I decided to go back to
the village.

62 EXT. NEW DACHANG - DAY

62

Tsai drives into the village, then climbs out slowly, looking with horror at something we don't yet see.

DR. TSAI (V.O.)

What I saw...there are no words.

The village has been burned down, everyone killed, infected or not. Charred bodies lay in the dirt, cut down while trying to escape. Tsai falls to his knees as the horror sinks in.

63 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

63

Back now with Gerry and Dr. Tsai, who still feels the pain of that night. He looks off into the distance, where the smoke from hundreds of pyres rises into the sky.

DR. TSAI

When I came here to supervise the cleanup, I would go into a garden behind my house every night to lose myself in the scent of flowers and escape the smell of burning bodies. Now...I hardly notice.

(beat)

And I no longer go into my garden, because I am afraid I will discover that I have lost the sense of smell.

And a final silence fills the room.

64 EXT. BEIJING STREET - NIGHT

64

Gerry drives the jeep into a secluded alley near the hotel, gets out, and continues on foot through the shadowed street.

His attention is drawn by a mewling sound in an adjoining alley. A series of small wooden cages are filled with cats, kittens, dogs, rats, anything with four legs small enough to fit in the boxes.

Nearby, several Chinese men and women, half-starved, are gathered around a small barrel fire. Cooking the remains of one of these animals. Desperate for any kind of food. They turn to him with eyes that hardly seem to focus...drawn faces, haggard, almost lifeless. He continues away.

65 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

65

Gerry is asleep when the sat-phone rings. He answers it.

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

Yeah...?

DEXTER (on phone)

Why did the zombie cross the road?

Gerry sits up, recognizing the voice.

GERRY

I don't know, Dex...why did the zombie cross the road?

DEXTER (on phone)

Nailed to a chicken. How're you doing, Ger?

GERRY

I'm alive. Everything else is negotiable. Where are you these days?

DEXTER (on phone)

Moscow, but I'm heading home later today. So what's up, pal? I'm guessing there's a reason you knocked on the wall besides seeing if I've still got a pulse.

GERRY

I assume you know about the report Moira and I are doing for the UN?

DEXTER (on phone)

No, the letters CIA stand for Can't Investigate Anything. Of course I know. Everybody here is worried about what it's gonna say. Why?

GERRY

Moira's coordinating the interviews, and I'm starting to get the feeling that either she's dragging her feet or she's being rubber-roomed by the powers that be. We're only getting low-level guys who don't have any big-picture information.

DEXTER (on phone)

C'mon, Ger. You think these people are gonna give you anything you can actually use?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED: (2)

65

GERRY

No. That's why I called. I figure it couldn't hurt to give dig up some sources on my own. If anybody who can point me in the right direction, it's you. If you're willing.

DEXTER (on phone)

I'll see what I can do, no promises. Stay out of the line of fire, Ger.

Click and disconnect. Gerry goes back to sleep.

66 EXT. BEIJING HOTEL - MORNING

66

Gerry, tired from his nocturnal adventures, is having a coffee as Moira comes up alongside.

MOIRA

Plane's waiting, we're good to go.

GERRY

I thought we had until three.

MOIRA

I pulled some strings, got us an early flight out.

(beat)

You look like hell.

GERRY

Didn't get much sleep last night.

MOIRA

Yeah, I didn't sleep much either, what with the commotion.

GERRY

What commotion?

MOIRA

Somebody stole one of the government jeeps assigned to hotel security. The police were all over the place. They found it abandoned half a mile from here. They're combing the area to find out who did it.

GERRY

Lot of trouble for a stolen car.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

MOIRA

China is still under martial law,
Gerry. Stealing a government vehicle
is something they execute people
for. They're dusting for prints
now, should have something by noon.
(pointedly)
The plane leaves at eleven.

He looks up at her, and we sense: she knows. But she's not
yet ready to confront him. He nods, rises.

GERRY

I'll get my bags.

MOIRA

I think that would be wise.

And as he heads away we HEAR:

KARIN (V.O.)

So where are you off to next?

67 EXT. BEIJING AIRPORT - DAY

67

Airplanes soar overhead as Gerry speaks on the sat-phone.

GERRY

Berlin. After that...maybe Israel.
Has Mac been in touch with you about
getting back into the old apartment?

KARIN (on phone)

Yes...he says the paperwork is nearly
done. Another day or two at most.
How much longer until you're done?

GERRY

I don't know. Same problem, there's
so much bureaucratic red tape --

KARIN (on phone)

It'd be great if you could be home
by November. Before the snows come.

GERRY

Did Rachel have the dream again?

KARIN (on phone)

The one where she sees you being
buried under snow, yeah. Woke up
screaming.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

GERRY

I'll be there. I love you.

KARIN (on phone)

I love you too. Take care, Ger.

He hangs up and looks out into the bright sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 EXT. CAMPGROUND - FLASHBACK - MORNING

68

TILTING DOWN from the sky to where snow covers the RV and other campers. Pale and down with the flu, Rachel looks out the window as Gerry, Stan, his son and several OTHERS head out, carrying backpacks. Among them are the two CAMPERS we saw earlier fighting with a frozen, incapacitated zombie.

Gerry waves encouragingly to Rachel, then hurries after the others, walking over abandoned Gameboys, ipods and other long-dead electronic gadgets...disappearing into the snow.

69 EXT. WOODED ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

69

Gerry catches up with Stan, who is carrying a long pike with a shovel head at one end, bracketed by ax heads. His son Thomas, wearing a home-made jacket, carries several more bound together by rope.

STAN

Everything okay with Rachel?

GERRY

She can't seem to shake this flu. I thought I'd try to trade batteries or canned food for antibiotics, in case anybody's holding.

STAN

She'll be okay. She's strong. Like my son here, the ox.

Thomas shoots him a look, struggling with the heavy weapons.

THOMAS

Thanks loads....

STAN

You should be proud...we're carrying on a proud tradition, making products with our own hands and traveling to other towns to trade. It's what made America great.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

THOMAS

Yeah, well, what made America great weighs a freaking ton. Itches, too.

GERRY

What kind of jacket is that?

STAN

Kevlar. I took apart some bullet proof vests we salvaged from a police car, fixed it up myself. Z's like to go for the arms, this stops 'em. I figure we can trade some of the lobos for more kevlar, make one for me too.

GERRY

Lobos?

Stan hands Gerry his home-made weapon.

STAN

The lobotomizer. Welded these babies myself. Taking out a zombie with bullets wastes ammunition, because the damned things don't stand still. This is made for close-up work. You can crush its skull with the shovel or one ax head, then yank it back to take out another one with the second ax, forehand and backhand, like tennis. Two for the price of one, efficiency in production.

THOMAS

Death by capitalism.

STAN

Damned straight.

70 EXT. ROAD TO TOWN - LATER

70

They walk through a heavily wooded area toward a hill above the next town. As they come to a clearing they see --

-- a zombie, lightly covered in snow, loping slowly down the middle of the road. The two CAMPERS don't show much fear.

FIRST CAMPER

Yo, check it out...a corpse-sicle. Surprised it can even move. How'd you get all the way out here, iceman?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

It continues toward them slowly, as though frozen solid.

STAN

Don't play with it, just put it down
so we can get on with --

Then Gerry sees that something's wrong --

GERRY

Stan, look...its clothes...there's
hardly any snow. It's not frozen.

STAN

Look out!

Too late. The zombie LUNGES at them, fast. It rips out the
camper's throat as Stan comes on the run, lobo in hand.

STAN

Out of the way!

Stan SINKS the lobo into its head, killing it. But as he
yanks the ax clear, three more zombies emerge from the woods.

The battle is brutal and bloody...gunfire and lobos cutting
a swath through the zombies, who are fierce but out-numbered.

Finally, they stand over the dispatched zombies, exhausted.
Stan carefully touches one of the now-inert bodies.

STAN

I don't get it...these things should
be frozen solid. But it's hardly
cold at all.

THOMAS

Dad...?

Thomas points to a line of smoke rising from the other side
of the hill. They head toward the smoke.

71 EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

71

As Gerry and the others crest the hill, they see that the
town is ablaze. A tiny gas station BELCHES fire from a
destroyed pump and piles of burning tires. Zombies swarm
over the wreckage, devouring whatever they find.

GERRY

That's why they weren't frozen.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

STAN

Those tires are gonna burn for weeks.
The warmth will extend their hunting
range, that's for sure.

THOMAS

Far enough to get to us?

STAN

Don't know. But one thing's for
sure, we're on our own now.

(beat)

Okay, lets head back. Use branches
to cover our trail. I don't know if
these bastards can read tracks, but
we don't know that they can't either.

As they head away, Gerry glances down at the town one last
time, fingering the parcel of goods he was prepared to trade
for antibiotics, then walks back, disappearing into the snow.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. BERLIN - GOVERNMENT OFFICE - PRESENT - DAY

72

Enough to ESTABLISH UNDER:

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN (V.O.)

We appreciate you coming here today
on behalf of the United Nations.

73 INT. BERLIN - GOVERNMENT OFFICE

73

Several well-dressed German bureaucrats sit at one end of a
long conference table, including **MINISTER WALLENSTEIN**, 50s.
Gerry and Moira sit at the other end of the table beside a
huge stack of three-ring binders.

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

We offer our condolences for the
losses suffered in the United States.

GERRY

I appreciate that, but we've all
been through a very difficult time.

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

But your country suffered more than
was necessary. Still, death is the
stepchild of delay, is it not?

Before Gerry can pursue this, the minister pats the binders.

(CONTINUED)

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

To assist in your investigation, we have written our own recollections of the crisis, and conducted two hundred interviews covering our evacuation protocols during the emergency as well as food allocation measures, affects of the crisis on morale and private infrastructure, a system analysis of --

GERRY

Minister Wallenstein, I...think there's been a misunderstanding. We were looking forward to personally interviewing these people, and yourselves, about what happened during the war.

MOIRA

Obviously we appreciate the effort, and we're sure you've been very thorough, but personal interviews are essential to finding areas that may not be covered in your reports.

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

How do you know what is covered by the reports until you read them?

GERRY

We should go out and see these people --

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

Not possible. We are still rebuilding our police and security forces after the war. So traveling in Germany is very dangerous. There is organized and disorganized crime, if you will, throughout the unsecured areas. We cannot guarantee your safety. In time, that will change, but for now --

GERRY

Then why can't we at least interview you? You're right here --

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

I'm afraid we are very busy with the task of rebuilding Germany from the ashes of these terrible years.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN (CONT'D)

To take such time at this critical moment...I'm sorry.

(beat)

Take the reports back to the United States. After you have examined them, if you have any questions, we will answer them as soon as we can.

GERRY

Can I...look, can I ask just one question? One question and I'll go.

They exchange a glance, and the minister resignedly shrugs.

GERRY

After the plague spread beyond China, travel restrictions were put in place to slow its spread to other countries. But we have reports that a number of ships were illegally smuggling refugees out of infected countries, many of them allegedly registered to German citizens.

MINISTER WALLENSTEIN

We investigated this, and did not find any German guilty of smuggling people out of infected countries. Now we must go. Good day to you.

GERRY

Can you at least tell me what you meant by "death is the stepchild of delay?"

They ignore him and exit, leaving Moira and a pissed.

GERRY (V.O.)

We can't just roll over on this!

Gerry paces, angry, as Moira tries to be the voice of reason.

MOIRA

We're guests in a foreign country that is under no legal obligation to cooperate more than they already have. What options do we have?

GERRY

This is bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

MOIRA

Yes, it is. On the other hand, we don't know what's in those reports yet. Maybe some of it's useful.

GERRY

C'mon --

MOIRA

At least it's a place to start.

GERRY

I can't believe you're taking their side.

MOIRA

I'm not taking anyone's side, Gerry.

GERRY

No, you're not, and maybe that's part of the problem.

MOIRA

I can't talk to you when you're like this. I'm going back to the hotel. You want to stay here and sulk, be my guest.

She heads away. Then his sat phone CHIMES with an incoming text message: **PUBLIC TOILET. 415 WILHELMSTRASSE. 2:00 FD.**

75 EXT. PUBLIC TOILET - LATER

75

It's a run-down toilet in a run-down, deserted part of town. Rats and garbage as far as the eye can see. Gerry enters --

76 INT. PUBLIC TOILET - CONTINUOUS

76

-- and looks around. The toilets have all been smashed, the walls covered in graffiti. There's a BEAT then:

DEXTER (O.S.)

What do you call ten thousand zombies in Washington, DC?

Gerry turns to find **FRANK DEXTER** standing behind him: African-American, 30s, a gentle face framing hard eyes.

GERRY

I don't know, what do you call ten thousand zombies in Washington, DC?

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Redundant.

(beat, a smile)

I postponed going home for this. You should be grateful. Not a lot of people would do this for a friend, not with the kind of heat you've got right now.

GERRY

I appreciate that. It's good to see you alive, Dex.

DEXTER

Guys like me don't die. It's against the rules.

GERRY

So how'd you get by?

Dexter is uncomfortable with the question, shrugs it off.

DEXTER

Got picked for a green zone during the lottery. Luck of the draw.

GERRY

Yeah, that's what Mac said about being chosen for the Ellis Island green zone. Luck of the draw.

DEXTER

So?

GERRY

Nothing, I guess. It's just, when they announced the whole green zone, red zone thing, it sounded so random. But it seems like a lot of the right people made it in. Luck of the draw.

(beat)

The news at the time said that Paul Radeker, the South African apartheid leader, was involved, but --

DEXTER

Misunderstanding. Urban legend. Never happened.

GERRY

Do we know that, or --

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Moot point, he's dead, move on.

He hands Gerry a sheet of paper with names and addresses.

DEXTER

I got a few names for you, mostly mid-level bureaucrats. Don't know how much good they'll be. But the name on top, Bruno Helf...I'd talk to him for sure.

GERRY

Thanks. Anything else?

DEXTER

Berlin's split up into armed camps, each group claiming they should be running the country. We're talking turf battles, full-on street wars, the whole country'll probably flip into a civil war before things stabilize again. So be careful.

GERRY

(rueful smile)

Remember when the Berlin Wall came down, and the Soviet Union fell with it, and we all breathed this sigh of relief? "Well, we're safe now."

DEXTER

Different world, Ger. Long time gone.

Dexter starts to turn away when --

GERRY

Dex? When did the CIA first know that there was a problem in China?

DEXTER

Depends on how you define know. We were monitoring the coded messages between Beijing and their diplomatic envoys, same as everybody else, so we knew something was going on. But we were too smart for our own good. We didn't know that we knew.

He looks out through a broken window. Shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

When all this started, it was so... unbelievable. When we unscrambled their codes we assumed we were looking at a second code inside the main code. "Walking dead" as code for compromised agents, suicide bombers, actors from '70s sitcoms whose best years had passed, how were we supposed to know that when they were talking about the walking dead, they were talking about the walking dead. Nobody speaks that plainly unless --

GERRY

-- something's seriously wrong and there's no time for misunderstandings.

DEXTER

We didn't know that. We couldn't know that.

GERRY

But the Israelis figured it out.

DEXTER

Yeah, they did, and if you find out how, tell me, I'd love to know.

(beat)

I better go. I've had one of my guys distracting whoever's been tailing you, but --

GERRY

I'm being followed?

DEXTER

Twenty-four/seven. What'd you expect? But here's the really interesting part. They're following you.

(beat)

They're not following her.

Gerry is hit hard by this. Dexter heads for the door.

DEXTER

Hey, Ger...what do you call a hundred senators whose brains have been eaten by zombies? Status-fucking-quo.

(beat)

And what do zombies and governments have in common?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (4)

76

GERRY

I don't know, Dex...what do zombies
and governments have in common?

DEXTER

Self-preservation at any cost.

GERRY

(doesn't get it)
That's not funny.

DEXTER

Wasn't meant to be. Watch your step.

And with that, he's gone.

77 EXT. BERLIN - URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

77

Gerry is walking alone when he notices someone hanging back,
keeping an eye on him. This AGENT needs to be sufficiently
identifiable that we can recognize him instantly later.

Realizing he's being tailed, Gerry turns into an alley too
small for cars. He continues to the end and while the agent
is still halfway down the alley, Gerry flags down a beat-up,
barely functioning taxi. He's in and gone before the agent
can get to the street, and there are no more taxis around.

78 EXT. BERLIN - ANOTHER STREET - MOMENTS LATER

78

The taxi chugs through a concrete neighborhood, passing people
in doorways who watch the car with predatory interest.

Then the taxi stops before a particularly bad area of town.

TAXI DRIVER

(heavy accent)

Here. No further. You must walk.

GERRY

How much further?

TAXI DRIVER

That way.

The driver waves in a general direction, eager to get the
hell out of there. Gerry gives him some money and steps
out. The cab does a quick 180 and gets the hell out.

Gerry continues on foot, trying not to draw attention as he
approaches a roadblock/check-point set up in the next street.
Armed men stand guard, wearing turf patches, checking the ID
of people as they pass.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

He looks down a narrow side-street, in case that might be the way to go when suddenly --

-- a car bearing the insignia of a rival group ZOOMS around the corner and OPENS FIRE on the checkpoint. Civilians dive for cover as the guards FIRE BACK at the intruders.

Gerry is caught in the cross-fire. He dives for cover as BULLETS slam all around him. A young woman nearby is exposed to gunfire, too scared to run.

Gerry DASHES to her and pulls her to safety as more bullets rake the alley.

Then the drive-by assault is over as quickly as it started. But his actions have drawn the attention of the men at the checkpoint. One of them comes toward him.

GUARD

(in German)

You! Who are you? What are you doing here? Where are your papers?

Gerry takes off. The guard pursues.

Gerry races down the alley, ducking through doorways and up onto a fire escape, pulling up the ladder as he goes. He jumps across a narrow gap between this building and the next one, then down another escape that leads behind a wall.

He jumps to the ground, twisting his ankle slightly, but continues to hurry off, breathing hard.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. BERLIN - CLUB - EVENING

79

A down-and-dirty club in a sleazy part of town. Gerry checks the information provided by Dexter, then enters --

80 INT. BERLIN - CLUB - EVENING

80

-- and there's a goth, dark, brooding, German fetish feel to the club. People come here to sell drugs, get drunk, get laid, or get into a fight, with not much in-between.

BRUNO HELF, 40s, wiry, sits in a corner booth. He looks up as Gerry approaches and extends a hand.

GERRY

Herr Helf? Gerry Lane. I believe you're expecting me.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

HELFF

You are late, I almost left. I'm told you have questions.

GERRY

Yes. I understand that during the crisis, people such as yourself helped smuggle refugees out of infected areas.

HELFF

That's right.

GERRY

Didn't it bother you that you were carrying people who might've been infected?

HELFF

No. There are rules on my boat, and rule number one is, we do not take chances. My father said, the man who runs into a burning house is not a hero, he is a fool, because the fire does not know what courage is and does not care. So before I let people on my boat I check them. If they have marks, I don't take them. But not everyone was so careful.

81 EXT. CARGO SHIP -- NIGHT

81

A big commercial cargo carrier glides through the night, and we see crew members running, guns being fired.

HELFF (V.O.)

Other boats took a hundred, two hundred people at a time, anyone who could pay, no questions asked. And they never checked for marks.

82 EXT. CARGO SHIP - DECK -- LATER

82

Crew members drag several bound and gagged zombies to the edge of the ship as others look on, guns ready.

HELFF (V.O.)

Later, when the living became the dead, and the dead became the undead, they were, shall we say...unloaded.

Snapping, tearing futilely at their bonds, the zombies are thrown overboard, disappearing into the dark water.

83 INT. BERLIN - CLUB - EVENING

83

Back with Gerry and Helf. Helf leans in, intense.

HELFF

The crews did not understand...or
did not care...that the dead do not
need to breathe. And in the water,
ropes expand, chains slip --

84 EXT. FLORIDA - BEACH -- DAY

84

A group of 20-year-olds are horsing around in the surf.

HELFF (V.O.)

-- and sooner or later, every sea
touches the shore somewhere.

One of swimmers is YANKED down. He BOBS up, screaming, only
to be pulled down again. Blood stains the water.

SWIMMER

Shark! Get to the shore!

They swim toward shore as others are yanked down, screaming,
into the water. A few make it to shore, exhausted and
terrified. They look at the blood-stained surf --

-- as a hundred zombies walk out of the sea and LUNGE at the
survivors, their SCREAMS taking us back to --

85 INT. BERLIN - CLUB - EVENING

85

-- where the club's growing music merges with the screaming.

GERRY

Why hasn't any of this been reported
or prosecuted?

HELFF

Prosecution would expose those in
the government who received kickbacks
from the money we collected. They
took a piece, the zombies took a
piece...something for everyone.

GERRY

I've heard rumors that the refugee
situation got out of control at the
Indian port of Alang. Were you there?

Helf steels himself, eyes heavy with memory, then nods.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

HELFF

As the infection spread across India, people were desperate to escape. They would pay their whole life savings just for a seat on a boat. Ships were pouring in from all over to pick them up. It was a feeding frenzy. For us...and for them.

86 EXT. PORT OF ALONG -- NIGHT

86

Dozens of ships choke the seaport, with sideboats beached to pick up passengers. The shoreline rises into a hill crowded with thousands of refugees crying out, waving passports and money, bargaining for a place, a seat, a chance, a hope.

Fights break out between the desperate and the determined. People wade into the sea, climbing onto boats already loaded to capacity only to be clubbed by men with guns.

We FIND Helf's ship parked offshore, where a handful of refugees are being led aboard from a sideboat.

SHIP'S SECOND

That's the last of them.

HELFF

You checked them for wounds?
(he nods)
Then we go.

He hurries off as Helf kicks the engine into high gear. The boat cuts through the night. Then suddenly, in the distance, we hear GUNSHOTS, and a SOUND that no one could ever forget: ten thousand terrified people SCREAMING at once.

HELFF

...merciful god....

ON THE SHORE

Thousands of zombies crest the hill, swarming down onto the stranded refugees. What was chaos turns into blind panic. Armed men fire, but the undead tide keeps coming.

People dive into the sea, swamping sideboats as crews kick them away, fighting to get to open water.

A big ship cabled to a smaller one on-shore is pulled sideways as more people climb in. The cable SNAPS, spilling refugees into the sea as --

(CONTINUED)

-- more zombies plunge into the water. The sea foams with people swimming for safety, many of the boats caught in the maze of ships crowding the port, fighting to get away.

Two boats collide, capsizing. Screams fill the air as passengers and crew fight for their lives in the sea of teeth.

Helf is torn by the cries of men and women struggling against the death that prowls below, pulling them down. In agony, he turns the boat around, heading for the refugees.

HELFF

Stand by the ropes! Hurry!

He complies as Helf drives into the midst of the horror.

HELFF

(half to himself)

"The fire does not recognize courage."
Let's hope the sea does.

Within moments the swimmers nearest his boat reach for ropes and hands. Many of them are grabbed by zombies beneath the water and yanked down with a scream.

A zombie starts to pull itself up the anchor line. A crew member FIRES, blowing it back into the sea. The deck is crowded, the boat full. Helf shouts to his second.

HELFF

That's all we can carry...get us out
of here!

The second complies as Helf sees a young woman still in the sea, clutching her infant child, fighting to stay above the water. She SCREAMS for help. His reaction is immediate.

He JUMPS down to the lowest rung of the side-ladder, reaching for her as she struggles with sea and child.

Suddenly a Zombie BREAKS surface, jaws SNAPPING for Helf's flesh, barely missing as Helf grabs the woman, yanking her up as the engines kick in. The boat DARTS forward through the maze of ships as Helf turns to the passengers.

HELFF

Are any of them infected?

SHIP'S SECOND

We're still checking, but so far --

CREW MEMBER

Sir!

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

The crew member backs away from the woman and infant Helf just pulled out of the water. He yanks off a blanket to reveal that the infant has blood on it.

WOMAN

No! She's not infected! The blood's from someone in the boat! Look!

She frantically washes the child's arm, and in a moment it's clear that the blood is only on the surface. The ship's second checks the infant, it's okay. Helf nods to the woman.

HELFF

What about her?

CREW MEMBER

I checked her...no wounds.

They relax as the woman moves off with her child. But as we TILT down to her bare feet we SEE that she is leaving a slight footprint of blood from a bite on the bottom of her heel.

87 EXT. HELFF'S BOAT -- NIGHT

87

The ship glides through the open sea, far from the madness of Alang. Helf walks past the exhausted refugees sleeping on the deck. He lights a cigarette, his hands shaking.

He takes a breath of fresh air, allows himself the comforting knowledge that he has escaped unscathed...when he hears a wet, tearing sound coming from the aft end of the boat.

He follows it cautiously until he sees the woman he rescued earlier, sitting on the deck, facing away from us, covered by the blanket. The sound is coming from here.

Helf shines a flashlight on her...and discovers to his horror that she has turned. The thing that was once a young woman looks up at him absently as she quietly devours her infant child.

Helf's eyes go wide with the light of madness as he reaches for his gun, pulls it out and FIRES.

88 INT. BERLIN - CLUB - NIGHT

88

The gunshot ECHOES as Helf looks away. He discovers wetness running down his face. Brushes at it with his palm as Gerry notices the agent following him enter the club in BG.

HELFF

This is not a place for tears.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

HELFF (CONT'D)
This is a place for bad people.
Criminals, smugglers, pickpockets ---

GERRY
Pickpockets...?

89 EXT. BERLIN - CLUB - NIGHT

89

Gerry emerges from the club and pulls his coat closer around him as he walks off. A BEAT later, the agent also comes out. He starts to follow Gerry when --

-- a young man BUMPS into him.

YOUNG MAN
Sorry.

He continues off as the Agent follows Gerry.

90 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - EVENING

90

Gerry is waiting in the shadow of a doorway as the young man approaches. He hands over a cell phone he pickpocketed from the agent in return for a handful of Euros. He continues on his way as Gerry flips open the phone, sees RECENT CALLS and pushes the most recent one. It RINGS on the other end, then:

MOIRA (on phone)
Moira Wellstone.
(beat)
Hello?

He looks up. Moira is visible in her window, on the cell. It's all he needs to know. He closes the phone.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - DAY

91

The city looks remarkably unscathed as an El Al plane lands.

PA VOICE (V.O.)
El Al flight 754 from Berlin now
arriving at gate 27.

92 INT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM LATER

92

Gerry is waiting for his bags as Moira confers with a porter. He checks his sat-phone, seeing 1 NEW MESSAGE. He hits PLAY.

KARIN (on phone)
Gerry, it's me...we've got a problem.

93 INT. GERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

93

Karin is pacing, pissed, as she leaves the message for Gerry.

KARIN

We were packed, ready to go, and suddenly the relocation people said there's been a delay, could be weeks or months before we get back into our place! When I asked why, they said there's some problem on your end of things. What's going on over there? Call me.

She hangs up. Hard.

94 EXT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

94

Gerry and Moira have moved to a secluded area outside the terminal and they're going at it.

MOIRA

Gerry, what did you expect would happen?

GERRY

This is my family we're talking about here! What do they have to do with --

MOIRA

You've upset a lot of people, Gerry. People whose good will we're both counting on, for your family, for mine. It's everything I can do to keep the Chinese and the German governments from filing complaints that would shut this whole thing down because of you!

GERRY

This is bullshit --

MOIRA

I've tried to cover for you, but you've abused the trust of our hosts, going out on your own, doing unauthorized interviews --

GERRY

Unauthorized? By who? I thought we could talk to anyone we wanted!

(CONTINUED)

MOIRA

Within reason.

GERRY

And this justifies penalizing my family? I trusted you, I trusted Mac --

MOIRA

McEnroe's got nothing to do with this. He's outside the loop. This goes a lot higher than him.

GERRY

My family is living in a goddamn school room! Think about that!

MOIRA

Maybe you're the one who should be thinking about that, Gerry.

GERRY

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

MOIRA

Gerry god damn it, listen to me.

He stops, sucks it up. Crosses his arms.

MOIRA

There are two ways we can write this report, Gerry. One way is to examine how we responded to the emergency, and recommend ways to improve that response in the future. The other way is to play the blame game, and nobody wins that game.

GERRY

You know, just once, I want to see a defense attorney in a murder case say to the jury, "my client, the families of the deceased, the public, we've moved on. Why play the blame game? Why dwell on the past?"

MOIRA

This isn't a murder trial, Gerry.

GERRY

Yeah?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GERRY (CONT'D)

Tell that to the fifteen million people who died because somebody screwed up!

MOIRA

The only way the human race is going to pick itself up off the floor is by every nation on the planet working together. The moment you start pointing fingers and saying he's guilty or he's responsible, nobody works with anybody. The past is the past, what happened, happened. We move on or we stagnate.

GERRY

So the whole zombie war was, what? A misunderstanding? Nobody's fault?

MOIRA

The system broke down. We're going to be very clear on that.

GERRY

Moira, we are the system. And if we close our eyes to what happened it's going to stay broke!

MOIRA

You just don't get it. I'm trying to help you. Back home they're saying that you've gone beyond the mandate of this report, breaking the law and turning this into a personal and political vendetta. And they're right. One more mis-step and they'll wash their hands of the whole thing. You, and your family, will be on your own. Is that what you want?

GERRY

I didn't come all this way to write a goddamned zombie war pop-up book. And as for trying to help me --

He reaches into a pocket and tosses her the cell phone his associate pickpocketed from the agent.

GERRY

-- tell your friends to stay away from me. I suggest you do the same.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3)

94

He stalks away from her as she regards the cell phone, realizing what it means.

MOIRA

...shit....

GERRY

(calling back)

And leave my family out of this!
Leave them alone!

95 EXT. TEL AVIV AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

95

Gerry steps out into the harsh light, his emotions running high.

GERRY

(to himself)

Just...leave them alone.

And as he begins walking away, we HEAR:

WARMBRUMM (V.O.)

The problem with most people is that they don't believe something can happen until it already has.

96 INT. WARMBRUMM HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

96

JURGEN WARMBRUMM, 50s, avuncular, is cooking dinner and talking to Gerry as kids run in and out, grabbing nibbles from plates. This scene is the very first time we've seen a functioning, "normal" home environment in the entire story, and despite himself, Gerry moves through it like a man who sees something he lost long ago in the window of a store.

WARMBRUMM

That's not stupidity or weakness, that's human nature. I just happened to be born into a group of people who live in constant fear of extinction. It has taught us through horrific trial and error to always be on our guard.

He looks to where a kid is edging toward a piece of dessert.

WARMBRUMM

If you eat that dessert before dinner you will not get another dessert for six months. Your choice.

(CONTINUED)

The kid takes a powder. Gerry smiles. It's a gentle smile, the first one we've seen. Warmbrumm pats his shoulder.

WARMBRUMM

That is what we do in the intelligence service. We provide information and the illusion of choice when we have already decided what must be done. Unlike the CIA, we do not fix the intelligence around the policy. In Israeli politics, intelligence comes first. In US politics, intelligence is much harder to find.

Warmbrumm keeps cooking as Gerry approaches, pulling himself back into the present, and his mission.

GERRY

So how did you do it? Every other intelligence service intercepting communiqués between China and her embassies had the same information. But you were the first to figure out what was going on. How?

WARMBRUMM

Help me make the table and I'll tell you.

Smiling despite himself, Gerry helps him to set out the tablecloth, beginning to enjoy the sense of normalcy.

WARMBRUMM

Do you know what a minyan is, and where it comes from?

GERRY

A minyan is the ten men needed to sit shiva for the dead. I assume it comes from when God told Abraham He would spare Sodom and Gomorrah if he could find ten honest men.

WARMBRUMM

A logical and brilliant assumption. Also completely wrong.

(beat)

On the eve of reaching the promised land, the people of Moses were getting cranky. Is it nice there, they said? Is there enough food? Is it safe? Is there ample parking?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WARMBRUMM (CONT'D)

Moses said God tells me it's safe. The people said good for you, but to tell you the truth, after wandering in the desert for forty years, we're not so hot on what you or God have to say.

Warmbrumm begins to set out plates, candles, napkins.

WARMBRUMM

So Moses created the first reported intelligence agency. He picked ten men and sent them to spy on the land of Canaan. They all came back with the same basic information. Yes, it's nice. Yes, there's food. Yes, there's ample parking. But safe? Nine said no, it's not safe, we should turn around and go back to Egypt. The tenth, Caleb, said they're wrong, it's safe enough. Everyone yelled and screamed and carried on, but he held his ground. And he was right. And here we stand.

(beat)

You've got that look that says *why is he telling me this?*

GERRY

I assume there's a reason.

The table set, Warmbrumm sits heavily.

WARMBRUMM

Shortly before October 1973, Israeli intelligence unanimously agreed that recent Arab troop movements did not pose a threat to us. A month later, the Arabs almost drove us into the sea. To prevent similar mistakes in future, we created the intelligence version of a minyan. If nine of us look at the same information and come to the same exact conclusion, it is the responsibility of the tenth man to disagree. No matter how improbable the scenario, he has to keep digging on the assumption that the other nine might be wrong.

GERRY

And you were the tenth man.

(CONTINUED)

WARMBRUMM

Everyone assumed that this talk of zombies was cover for something else, so I began my investigation on the assumption that when the Chinese said zombies, they meant zombies, that human beings were being reanimated as killing machines. Slowly, the pieces came together to show that yes, this was true, this was happening, it was a threat not just to us, but to the whole world.

(beat)

So I wrote my report, and sent it upstream.

97 INT. MOSSAD HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - FLASHBACK -- DAY

The office of the Israeli Secret Intelligence Service. At one end of a long conference table sits Warmbrumm. Midway down the table Warmbrumm's **SECTION CHIEF** squirms uncomfortably as a government **OFFICIAL** -- the head of Mossad -- sits at the other end of the table, reading Warmbrumm's report.

The room is silent except for the rustle of pages. The section chief doesn't want to be here. He looks to Warmbrumm with a "why are you doing this to me?" expression.

To break the painful silence Warmbrumm points to the report.

WARMBRUMM

I've attached some high altitude reconnaissance photos, but they don't really show....

He tapers off at a lethal glance from his section chief.

Finally, the official finishes reading. Re-stacks the pages. Taps them so they're properly lined up. Places them in the folder, closes it. Places his hands flat on the folder as he looks out across the table for another silent BEAT, then:

OFFICIAL

Zombies.

The section chief sees his career passing before his eyes.

SECTION CHIEF

Minister, I --

The official silences him with a gesture, waits for Warmbrumm.

(CONTINUED)

WARMBRUMM

The intercepts are very clear about the aggressive nature of the infection. We don't yet know whether it is spread by contact or if it is airborne, but the process is always the same. The infected person dies --

SECTION CHIEF

Or seems to die. It could be like catalepsy, a condition that looks like death, but --

WARMBRUMM

The infected person dies. The corpse then reanimates at the most primitive, aggressive level. It attacks, it feeds, and continues to do so until destroyed by a bullet to the brain or decapitation.

(beat)

Several neurologists suggest there could be a bacteria that produces a biochemical bath that preserves the neural system even in death. Because only the instincts necessary for survival are revived -- violence and the need to feed -- it's possible that the infection can only reanimate the most primitive parts of the brain.

OFFICIAL

And your solution to this is a wall?

WARMBRUMM

Along with heightened security checks to isolate anyone who exhibits signs of sickness or disorientation, anyone with visible wounds, especially bite marks. We already have secure fences along the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and elsewhere. We can start there and secure the rest in short order.

OFFICIAL

Your report mentions Jerusalem.

WARMBRUMM

It's too wide-open, too exposed, there is no way we could secure it.

(soberly)

We would have to abandon Jerusalem.

(CONTINUED)

This goes down hard. Warmbrumm presses it, his tone urgent.

WARMBRUMM

The infection spreads with frightening speed. One becomes two becomes four becomes eight and suddenly you are outnumbered. They do not respond to threats. They do not tire or register fear, do not notice pain or injury. If they are allowed to gain even the smallest foothold in Israel, it will be too late for all of us.

The official taps his fingers on the report. Finally:

OFFICIAL

According to your personnel file, you have been ten years with the Mossad. No disciplinary or drinking problems. Your last review describes you as "sane, sober and competent," three words that I wish were not at the other end of this report.

(beat)

You realize that if this report is incorrect, if any part of it is in error, you will be fired in a manner so breathtaking in its rebuke that no intelligence service on the planet would hire you? That your career would be over? That for all intents and purposes you would be the walking dead? Do you truly understand that?

WARMBRUMM

I understand.

OFFICIAL

(sighs)

I was afraid you did.

He takes the folder, puts it in his briefcase, and stands.

OFFICIAL

I will convene a meeting with the Prime Minister at three o'clock. Meanwhile, I suggest you send a copy of this to our American friends.

And he starts out of the room UNDER:

GERRY (V.O.)

And did you?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3)

97

WARMBRUMM (V.O.)

Of course.

98 INT. WARMBRUMM HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

98

Afternoon sunlight slants through the windows as Gerry sits with Warmbrumm.

GERRY

What did they say?

WARMBRUMM

Nothing. And that has always puzzled me. If I sent a report to the CIA to say that Martians were going to land next Tuesday at ten sharp, they would be on the phone to my superiors within minutes to find out what I had been drinking. But they never followed up, never asked a single question. Total radio silence.

GERRY

Maybe they thought it was a joke.

WARMBRUMM

The Mossad is known for many things. A sense of humor is not one of them. Intelligence agents are born into a state of natural curiosity. If that curiosity did not manifest itself, or was told not to manifest itself, the obvious question is...why?

Warmbrumm gets up wearily, walks to the window to look out.

WARMBRUMM

Many questions have emerged from this war, and one great truth. The truth my people learned in Dachau, Auschwitz and Treblinka. No matter how high that black, implacable wall of death, we find a way past it. We climb over it, go around it, tunnel under it. We did not simply shoot our way out of this, Mr. Lane. We hoped our way out and we thought our way out of it. Once the horror was upon us, even men like Paul Radeker rose to the challenge.

GERRY

Radeker...?

(CONTINUED)

WARMBRUMM

Of course his work will never be properly recognized given his colorful past, but without him, your country and many others would not be standing today.

GERRY

I heard he was dead.

WARMBRUMM

One hears many things.

GERRY

Is there anyone who knew him, worked with him, that I can talk to?

WARMBRUMM

I'm afraid that is all classified.

Warmbrumm crosses to the kitchen where dinner is ready.

GERRY

I need to know what happened, why nobody will talk about him, and why the government denied he had anything to do with the evacuation orders.

WARMBRUMM

I'll think about it.

GERRY

Yes, but --

WARMBRUMM

Mr. Lane...in this home, in this place, there is still a time called supper. It is a time when we pray... and eat...and celebrate the fact that around most of the world they are no longer eating us.

Cheering kids and some adults surround the table as Gerry looks on, rediscovering this moment of peace.

CUT TO:

Gerry is walking down the street, on the sat-phone.

(CONTINUED)

99 CONTINUED:

99

GERRY

Sandy? Gerry. Is Mac around? Did he say when he was coming back? Look, I need to talk to him, and this is the third time I've --

As he listens to the voice at the other end he notices --

-- a MAN standing across the street. Watching him. UNDER what follows, Gerry glances around and sees another man a bit farther down the street, also keeping an eye on him. Their presence should feel more ominous than just surveilling.

GERRY

Okay, can you -- I understand, just -- tell him to call me asap about my family, all right?

He hangs up, glances again at the ominous figures, then starts into the hotel lobby when he sees another, similar figure, just inside. He heads away down --

-- an intersecting street. Looks back. The two men are closing in behind. There's no question he's being stalked.

He spots a passing taxi and gestures for it. The taxi pulls over and Gerry gets in.

But before he can say anything a VAN screeches to a stop in front of them, blocking the taxi.

Armed and masked GUNMEN jump out of a van, weapons raised. The men following Gerry yank him out of the taxi and shove him into the van. They SLAM the door and the van races off.

100 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

100

Gerry is on the floor of the van looking up at the gunmen. One of them pulls out a black hood.

MASKED GUNMAN

Put this on!

GERRY

Look, I'm here on behalf of the United Nations, and --

MASKED GUNMAN

Put it on!

Gerry takes the hood and puts it on.

101 EXT. AIRFIELD - LATER

101

Still hooded, Gerry is led into a black, unmarked helicopter. It RISES into the air and moves off as we

DISSOLVE TO:

102 INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

102

The hood is pulled from Gerry's head. He blinks against the lamp-light. The house is sparsely decorated. Ascetic. He hears someone moving behind him.

RADEKER (O.S.)

Would you like something to drink?

Gerry turns as PAUL RADEKER comes into view: an older man with a shaven head and clear blue eyes. He carries a scotch and soda, and speaks with an South Afrikaner accent.

GERRY

Water...?

He hands Gerry a glass of water. Sits facing him.

RADEKER

Excuse the precautions. I am in the unique position of having saved half the world...while condemning the other half to death. There are many who would like to kill me for both offenses.

(beat)

My name is Paul Radeker. I understand from our mutual friend in the Mossad that you have been looking for me.

Off Gerry's reaction, we go to --

103 INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

103

Radeker sits across from Gerry in a room full of books and maps and other paraphernalia.

RADEKER

In the eighties I worked with the Apartheid government in South Africa. It was a difficult time. On the black side you had the ANC and the Inkatha Freedom Party, and on the white side were right wing Afrikaners who wanted a racial showdown to prove

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

RADEKER (CONT'D)

once and for all who was in charge.
We were surrounded by enemies. The
country was resting on a bed of nails.

He gets up, pours a drink.

RADEKER

As director of emergency planning, I
was asked to develop a strategy by
which a white minority population
would not only survive, but win
against a larger, more violent black
majority. A doomsday strategy for
the survival of the Afrikaner people.

He returns, sits heavily, the years weighing on him.

RADEKER

I began by accepting that we cannot
save everyone. For any people to
survive such a scenario, the first
casualty must be sentimentality.
Imagine a boat at sea overwhelmed by
people struggling to get aboard.
Try to save them all and you will
sink the ship, dooming everyone.
You must decide who is to be saved,
and who must be sacrificed. My plan
to answer that question was brilliant,
if I say so myself. But when details
of the plan leaked, it was withdrawn
and the death threats began.

104 EXT. DRAKENSBERG CABIN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

104

A small, quiet, isolated cabin. Heavily armed men in black
uniforms and masks are drawing close to it.

RADEKER (V.O.)

Even after apartheid ended in '93,
there were still many who wanted me
dead on principle. So I moved to my
cabin in Drakensberg and stayed there
right up to the year of the plague,
the year of the great panic --

In a sudden move they RUSH the cabin, kicking in the door to --

105 INT. DRAKENSBERG CABIN - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

105

-- find Radeker reaching for a gun in his desk, too late, as
the door CRASHES open and armed men enter, weapons up.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

RADEKER (V.O.)
-- when finally the outside world
came for me.

TEAM LEADER
Put the gun down! Put it down!

Seeing he's outnumbered, Radeker does as he's told.

TEAM LEADER
Are you Paul Radeker? Are you?

Radeker straightens, determined not to show fear.

RADEKER
Yes.

They remove their masks, revealing a mix: white, black, Asian.
The leader approaches and says the unanticipated:

TEAM LEADER
Sir...we need your help.

106 INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

106

Back with Radeker and Gerry in the present.

RADEKER
The men who I was brought to see
stood in the shadows. But I heard
many accents: one man addressed as
Prime Minister, another as Mr.
President, Chancellor...
(a smile)
They wanted to know if I had a plan.
A doomsday plan for the survival of
the human race against a force that
would soon outnumber and destroy
them.
(beat)
"Did I have a plan." Idiots. Of
course I had a plan.

107 INT. DARK ROOM

107

We don't know where we are or who's there. Speared in a
single white light, Radeker stands before rows of seats where
a number of important people are sitting in the darkness.

RADEKER
Phase one: you must identify those
you most wish to save.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADEKER (CONT'D)

The criteria could be age, IQ, party affiliation, whatever would make them valuable assets in a new world. You move these people into green zones, areas protected by mountains, rivers or other natural defiles, where the infected cannot reach, virtually guaranteeing their survival. To prevent rioting by those left behind, you would of course pretend that the selections are random.

VOICE IN SHADOWS

What about everybody left outside?

RADEKER

That's phase two. You must entice as many people as you can out of the suburbs and back into the big cities...as bait.

There's shouting from within the ranks of the shadowed figures, outrage and dissent, over which he continues --

RADEKER

Human bait whose presence will keep the undead rooted to the spot, trying to get at them. This will allow you to herd the enemy into kill zones and eliminate them. Every zombie attacking these survivors will also be one less zombie endangering those you most wish to protect.

VOICE IN SHADOWS

This is insanity --

RADEKER

Of course you cannot tell the people in these red zones that they are bait, because they will try to escape. So you have to convince them that they are your first priority instead of what they actually are: bait.

PRESIDENT (O.S.)

And what about everybody else?

We recognize the voice as the president, but we don't feature it. The room goes quiet.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT

What do we do about everybody outside the red and the green zones? The suburbs, the country...we're talking about potentially millions of people.

RADEKER

If you send in your soldiers, scatter and dilute your forces, they will die and there will be no one to protect the rest. Everyone dies.
(beat, softly)

What do you do about the rest? You close your eyes...and walk away.

Those in the shadows are instantly on their feet, pissed.

VOICES IN SHADOWS

No way we can sell this...it's a public relations nightmare...can you imagine what would happen if this got out...I'd expect this from a member of a racist government --
(louder)

Who the hell asked to have this fucking war criminal brought in here?

ROLIHLAHLA (O.S.)

I did.

Then: a figure emerges from the shadows. An African official, **ROLIHLAHLA**, with leonine features, strong but gentle eyes, straight, tall, elegant and heart-broken. The room grows silent as he approaches Radeker, who isn't sure what to do.

Rolihlahla goes to him, studies his face with sad eyes whose gaze seems to go to a place deep within Radeker's soul. He lowers his gaze as the elder statesman puts a hand on his shoulder. Turns to the rest of those who sit in darkness.

ROLIHLAHLA

This man will save our people.

(beat)

This man will save all our people.
God help us.

He looks back to Radeker, and this is the first time we've ever seen him deeply moved.

ROLIHLAHLA

God help you.

And he embraces Radeker.

Gerry studies Radeker, eyes are lost in the memory of that moment, misting in the way of men who do not allow themselves the luxury of tears. Gerry is at a loss for words.

GERRY

Mr. Radeker, I....

RADEKER

It's all right. I was there, and even I still do not have the words. On that day, I was able to save half the world...by sacrificing the other half. I have paid a price for that, and may pay another when my time here is done. But now, perhaps, you can do better than I did. Perhaps you can save all of them.

He crosses to his desk, opening the drawer to remove a folder.

RADEKER

Do you know when and where the infection started?

GERRY

April 2nd, in New Dachang, China.

RADEKER

And when did the Americans find out what was going on?

GERRY

Right around the time the Israelis sent in their report...late June, early July. Why?

RADEKER

This is a report prepared by your CIA on the incidents of infection inside China. How I obtained it is of no importance. But notice, here.

He hands Gerry the report.

RADEKER

The report is dated April 15th, less than two weeks after the first incident. Your government knew what was happening and sat on that information for months. They said nothing. Did nothing.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

Stunned, Gerry flips through the report, pausing at the list of cc's in the back which includes Dexter's name.

RADEKER

I give this to you less to illuminate the past than to protect the future.

He leans in to Gerry, his tone urgent.

RADEKER

A phrase has come to my ears lately, Mr. Lane. Project Phoenix. I do not know precisely what it is, only that those who have whispered it to me...are terrified by it.

(re: the report)

It is my hope that this...will lead you to whatever nightmare that is.

He nods to one of the masked figures who brings over the hood. Radeker stands before Gerry, studying his eyes as Rolihlahla studied his own.

RADEKER

My report showed a way mankind could survive. Let us hope that your report will demonstrate a reason why mankind should survive.

The hood goes over Gerry's head, taking us to BLACK and total SILENCE. Then the ROAR of traffic abruptly brings us to --

109 EXT. TEL AVIV - STREET - DAY

109

-- where the hood is taken off Gerry's head as he is nudged out of the car, which races off. Gerry blinks against the sunlight, then heads quickly away UNDER:

MOIRA (V.O.)

Mac, it's me. Gerry's gone.

CUT TO:

110 INT. GERRY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

110

Moira is pacing in the room, on the sat phone, anxious. The place has been searched. INTERCUT with McEnroe in New York.

MOIRA

His room is empty and the front desk said he took off for the airport, he could be anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

MCENROE

We'll find him. Passport information doesn't get passed along as fast as it used to, but sooner or later we'll --

MOIRA

It's worse. I just heard from my people. He found Radeker.

MCENROE

Jesus.

MOIRA

When word of this gets upstairs they're gonna go batshit.

MCENROE

He'll check in sooner or later. We can try to reason with him --

MOIRA

I think we're past that, Mac. If we don't make the call, they'll think we're complicit.

MCENROE

Moira...we lost fifteen million people in the war. Do you think for a second these people will hesitate at making it fifteen million and one?

MOIRA

Mac --

MCENROE

This isn't what I want! I put him on the report to give it a measure of credibility, not --

MOIRA

I know. But you said it yourself, he's a dog with a bone.

MCENROE

There's digging up a bone and digging up a goddamned brontosaurus! Shit....

MOIRA

Neither of us wants this, but Gerry set the rules of engagement, not us. We're out of time. Make the call.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (2)

110

MCENROE

All right...I just hope they can
find a way to deal with this without --

MOIRA

And Mac...they're probably going to
want to know where to find his family.

MCENROE

I know.

Reluctantly, McEnroe hangs up, hesitates, then dials.

CUT TO:

111 INT. TEMPORARY SHELTER -- MOMENTS LATER

111

Gerry enters and sets his bags down on the floor. The place
is lit by a few lamps, the rest given over to shadows.

Then Karin enters, sees him...and runs to him. They embrace.

KARIN

What are you --

GERRY

Shhh.

They kiss.

KARIN

I've missed you. God, I've missed
you.

(beat)

You okay? You look tired.

GERRY

Yeah, I'm just...glad to be home.

KARIN

So does this mean you're done?

GERRY

Almost. Just a couple last things
to check out. How's Rachel?

KARIN

Better. She's in bed. I was just
about to tuck her in yet. You can
do it if you want.

He nods, gives her a kiss and heads OS.

112 INT. RACHEL'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

112

He nudges open the door. Rachel is asleep in bed. He quietly sits on the edge of the bed, brushing the hair from her face. He studies her face in the half-light.

113 EXT. CAMPGROUND - FLASHBACK -- NIGHT

113

Gerry, bone-tired, is walking back into the campground, covered in snow, coat pulled close against the wind, carrying a rudimentary ice-fishing rig. Thick drifts of winter snow have engulfed the campers and RVs.

He pauses beside the car with the camper-shell that arrived earlier, now covered in snow. He brushes aside the snow to see the young couple inside...frozen to death, huddled against one another in their last moments.

Gerry turns from the sight and continues toward the RV UNDER:

GERRY (V.O.)

I dug a dozen holes in the ice.
Nothing. The fish have gone deep.

114 INT. RV -- MOMENTS LATER

114

Karin sits on a bed beside Rachel, who is fevered, ill, half conscious. Gerry paces, angry at himself and desperate.

GERRY

How's her fever?

KARIN

Not good. A hundred and two. We need to get some solid food in her, she's not strong enough to fight the infection on what we've got here.

GERRY

There's another lake a couple miles farther down the road. I'll try there tomorrow.

He goes to Constance, who is crying.

CONSTANCE

Is Rachel gonna die?

GERRY

No honey, Rachel's not going to die. She's just real sick. But she'll get better. You'll see.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

He glances to Karin, whose eyes show great doubt.

115 EXT. CAMPGROUND - PRE-DAWN 115

As Gerry exits the RV, ready to try again, he glances at the shell-covered car. The passenger door is askew, as though someone opened it but couldn't get it closed again.

Not knowing what this might forebode, he moves to the car. Brushes away the new snow. Looks inside.

The body of the frozen young woman is gone. He notices tracks in the snow where the body has been dragged.

His gaze follows the drag-tracks to Stan's camper. He looks up to see a trail of smoke rising from the camper's stove.

Gerry closes his eyes, refusing to acknowledge the horror of what he knows has happened.

116 EXT. FROZEN LAKE - FLASHBACK -- DAY 116

Gerry is sitting beside an ice-covered lake, arms folded against his chest for warmth, his shotgun nearby. He's been there a long time. Fishing lines extend into the water beneath the ice. But there are no fish in the waiting bucket.

Then he hears something. Looks off.

Across the field, a lone deer, nearly starved, tries to find bits of grass beneath the snow. It hasn't seen him.

Hands trembling from the cold, Gerry reaches for the shotgun when the deer SEES him and LEAPS toward the protective woods.

Gerry GRABS the shotgun and FIRES, missing it. He runs after it, feet pistoning snow, running and falling. He FIRES again --

-- but the deer is gone. Exhausted, despairing, he SLAMS a fist into the cold ground, as if trying to wound the earth. He hits it again and again until he falls back, sobbing.

117 EXT. CAMPGROUND - FLASHBACK -- DAY 117

Gerry returns to the campground with nothing to show for his efforts. He passes the car with its camper shell.

The frozen passenger and the driver are now both gone. Fresh drag-tracks lead to Stan's camper. Gerry continues past it.

118 INT. RV - FLASHBACK -- DAY

118

Rachel is in bed, fevered, barely conscious. Fighting tears, Gerry brushes the hair away from her sweating, pale face as Karin looks on, hand over her face, tears flowing.

KARIN

You have to do something.

GERRY

Karin, listen to me, I --

KARIN

Do something!

GERRY

There's nothing left to do --

KARIN

(cold, desperate)

Yes there is.

There's a ferocity and an unspoken ultimatum behind her eyes. He gets it at once, horror and inevitability in his voice.

GERRY

No....

KARIN

Gerry, you have to --

GERRY

I can't...don't ask me...we can't do that...can't do that to her --

KARIN

If we don't she's going to die!
Look at her! Damn you, look at her,
and then tell me what you can and
can't do! You tell me --

She breaks down. He looks to Rachel in agony, looking for some escape from this moment, but there's nowhere to go....

GERRY

God...god...god help us...god help
us...GOD...!

He turns and BURSTS out the door.

119 EXT. CAMPGROUND - FLASHBACK -- CONTINUOUS 119

The door BANGS shut as he leans against it in silent despair. Then he starts across the way...toward Stan's camper.

120 INT. RV - FLASHBACK -- MOMENTS LATER 120

We're looking OUT through a window as Gerry approaches carrying a small parcel wrapped in paper. He continues into the RV and hands it to Karin. She takes it silently and moves off. We HEAR paper being unwrapped.

121 INT. RV - FLASHBACK -- LATER 121

Rachel is propped up in bed as Karin dips a spoon into a bowl of soup and meat, carefully tipping it into Rachel's mouth. She tries to smile for her, as if everything's fine, but tears roll down her face as she portions out each spoon.

122 EXT. RV - FLASHBACK -- CONTINUOUS 122

Gerry sits on the cold ground, his back pressed to the RV...and the strangled sounds that come from him speak of horror and grief and pain and necessity, sounds no human throat should ever have to make...as now we're back in --

123 INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - PRESENT -- EVENING 123

-- where Gerry studies Rachel's sleeping face for a moment. Then he reaches beneath the bed and pulls out a long belt, like an airplane belt. He reaches across the bed and pulls out a matching belt from the other side.

He slides one clasp into another. With the familiarity of long practice, he belts her into the bed. He fastens another one across the lower part of her body. She barely stirs.

As he leaves the room, a sliver of light from the hall on her face, we understand what Karin meant by *tucking her in*.

124 INT. TEMPORARY SHELTER - BEDROOM AREA - NIGHT 124

Karin and Gerry are in bed, post-love making. She studies his face, touches it.

KARIN

Something's wrong, isn't there?
That's why you didn't tell me you
were coming home.

GERRY

Yeah, it's bad, Karin.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GERRY (CONT'D)

About as bad as I've ever seen it.
That's why I had to see you. There's
one last lead to run down. If I
follow it...we could lose everything.

(beat)

Or I can stop now. Close my eyes...
and walk away.

KARIN

Gerry --

GERRY

It's a huge risk, not just for me,
but for you and the girls. I don't
know what'll happen.

KARIN

Take everything we went through,
everything the whole world went
through, and put it on one side of
the bed. Now put "things might not
work out" on the other, and tell me
what risk means in all of that.

(beat)

Whatever it is, Gerry, whatever you
have to do...finish it.

And she kisses him for a long BEAT before we HEAR:

DEXTER (V.O.)

So what happened to you in Israel,
Ger?

125 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - STREET - NIGHT

125

On his own again, Gerry walks the street, sat-phone in hand.

DEXTER (on phone)

Word is you've gone off the grid. A
lot of very bad people are looking
for you.

GERRY

I figured. Listen, I need to see
you. Tomorrow.

DEXTER (on phone)

Jesus, cut me some slack. If anyone
knew I was even talking to you --

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

GERRY

Remember that restaurant where Karin and I had dinner with you and that stripper? Meet me there tomorrow night at eight o'clock.

DEXTER (on phone)

I'll...look, I'll do what I can. No promises.

126 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE -- DAY

126

Back where we started, but now it's a bombed out war zone. Apartment buildings facades cratered by blast, supermarkets devastated, the bridge cratered by tank treads and explosions. A sign on the empty road reads *FRANKLIN SQUARE*.

REVEAL a condo above what was once a restaurant. The walls are blown out, exposing bed-sheets and clothes that flutter like weathered flags. Blown-out windows stare down like the eyes of the dead as Gerry hurries through the piles of debris.

127 INT. ABANDONED CONDO -- DAY

127

He enters an upper floor of the condo, alone, anxious. Wind whips through the blown-out building. Then he turns to see Dexter behind him.

DEXTER

So what's all this about?

GERRY

The truth.

DEXTER

Truth's out of fashion. This year it's all short skirts and big lies. Same as every other fucking year.

Cutting to the chase, Gerry whips out the report given him by Radeker, shoves it at Dexter.

GERRY

Memo from C. SWAN to seventeen people inside the CIA including yourself, dated thirteen days after the first outbreak in China.

DEXTER

Where'd you get this?

GERRY

That's not important.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

The fuck you say. Are you trying to get yourself killed? If the wrong people find out you've got this --

GERRY

Does that include you?

DEXTER

Watch it Ger, I may be the only friend you've got right now.

GERRY

You lied to me. You knew what was going on in China practically the whole time! And you did nothing!

DEXTER

It's not my place to do, Ger! Decisions like that are made way the hell above my pay grade!

GERRY

Dex --

DEXTER

China was our number one competitor back then, economically, politically, you name it. So when the boys at the top saw the report, you know what they said? "Fuck 'em. Let 'em stew for a while. Let this mess eat them alive long enough to disrupt their economy, stress their resources, scare the hell out of her people." Governments have fallen from a lot less than this, you know.

GERRY

Jesus....

DEXTER

They didn't understand how serious it was, didn't think it could get outside China, and if it did, that we could handle it. China wouldn't have wanted our help anyway, they were keeping a lid on the whole thing.

GERRY

You still could've warned people.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

We had green, yellow, orange and red threat levels, you want to add Zombie to the top of the list? You want the President to go on TV and say there are zombies in China and have the Chinese turn around and say he's nuts? We didn't know what we were dealing with, Ger!

(softer)

We didn't know...we're not the enemy.

Gerry moves to one of the shattered windows, looks out over the devastated husk of what was once Franklin Square.

GERRY

You know what I think the problem was, Dex? Who I think the enemy was, really? It wasn't secrecy, or politics, or the economy, it wasn't even the zombies. It was arrogance. The arrogance that says "it's not our problem. The arrogance that says "whatever it is, we can handle it." That's what took down Franklin Square, Philly and the whole damned of the country.

DEXTER

Yeah, well, you got that one right.

Gerry turns to Dexter, surprised by his agreement.

DEXTER

When I called you that day and told you to get out, you never asked where I was. I was right here, Ger, and that arrogance was on full display. I saw it, up close and personal, and I wish to god I never had.

CAMERA GLIDES OUT of the condo into --

-- HOVERING IN MID-AIR over the street as the walls of the condo start to REBUILD THEMSELVES...debris falling upward, windows un-shattering...we're moving backward in time, going back to the moment he's describing. Trucks and convoys of troops start moving into position.

128 CONTINUED:

128

DEXTER (V.O.)

People were terrified that we couldn't contain the infection. So the Pentagon decided to give the country one well-publicized stand-up battle with us as the winners. A smack-down like that would help people calm down so we could win this thing.

129 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE -- DAY

129

Five companies of soldiers and heavy equipment move into position in the area leading to the Benjamin Franklin bridge while others direct the crowd that surges around the emplacements as a stream flows around stones.

DEXTER (V.O.)

They set up barricades to force the Z's onto the Benjamin Franklin Bridge and the Delaware Expy. It was a natural choke point. So that's where the brass decided to make their stand. On the ground.

(beat)

What the fuck were they thinking?

We find Dexter on the skirmish line, talking MOS, trying to get through to the generals, pacing, agitated.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I'd seen the reports from China, I knew what was working and what wasn't. I tried to tell 'em. They wouldn't listen. Fucking arrogance, man.

INTERCUT WITH DEXTER IN THE PRESENT, IN THE BLASTED OUT CONDO as he paces, growing increasingly agitated by the memory.

DEXTER

They should've put two companies of snipers on the roofs, in every balcony, every window, and turned the whole bridge into a shooting gallery. Fire until your gun melts then get out of the way for the next guy. Just airlift in ammo, guns, beer and porta-potties. But they wouldn't listen.

BACK TO SCENE

Soldiers in bulky anti-contamination suits get into position, building up sandbags as the last civilians race past.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (V.O.)

So the taxpayers could see where their money went, they packed the road with big-ticket toys, electronic warfare vehicles crammed with jamming equipment for Christ's sake.

Heavy equipment is moved into place as soldiers bark orders. Massive trucks with satellite gear roll into position.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Then they stuck everybody in big, hot suits designed for radiation and biochem and if you were in one you couldn't run for shit. Worse still, every suit had a wireless network so they could hear and see what everyone else was hearing and seeing.

BACK WITH DEXTER IN THE PRESENT.

DEXTER

Think! You've seen these things! You're looking at the goddamned walking dead! You're looking at the most horrifying sight you will ever see from cradle to grave!

BACK TO SCENE

Looking through an eyepiece that shows the zombies starting to emerge into the street. MULTIPLY the image to two, four, eight, sixteen different POINTS OF VIEW of the same scene.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Now you're not just seeing the horror in front of you, you're seeing that horror multiplied times a thousand other eyes, a thousand other voices.

We FIND Dexter looking on at the control center at the back of the bridge, displays showing the soldiers' POVs.

DEXTER (V.O.)

When I heard a thousand hardened jarheads at the same exact second take in a breath so hard, so sudden that I could feel the fear in them, I knew it was going to go bad.

We PULL BACK to find Dexter on his cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Get the hell out of Philly, Gerry.
Get out right now.

The zombies continue to pour into Franklin Square.

DEXTER

And then it started.

A soldier receives a transmission on his helmet radio, yells:

SOLDIER

Fire in the hole!

They hit the ground as a Comanche helicopter fires two ROCKETS which BURST into a hundred smaller bomblets that EXPLODE all over the street, blowing zombies apart and igniting the gas tanks of cars, causing SECONDARY EXPLOSIONS. Thick black smoke swallows the scene.

The troops CHEER. Media choppers SWING IN for a closer look.

As the smoke CLEARS, we see that many zombies have been destroyed, but others are only damaged. Limbs and organs hanging, they keep coming.

The cheers fade.

The Comanche FIRES again. Rockets and bomblets SLAM into the zombies, but their numbers continue to grow as more join their ranks from behind. Six, seven hundred...a thousand.

They keep coming.

The soldiers look nervously to each other. We SEE the carnage through eye-pieces networked to helmet cameras...grainy black-and-white video giving the scene a stark realism and horror.

ANOTHER SOLDIER

Fire!

Artillery cannons and chain-guns on tanks and Humvees BLAST out at the approaching tide, shredding the first rows and blowing up more buildings. The zombies' eyes never leave the soldiers in the distance...intense, intent, determined.

Hundreds of cannon, artillery and mortar rounds are fired. The road is transformed into a vision of hell: fire, smoke, explosions...a solid wall of absolute destruction.

The firestorm seems to go on forever, a roar loud as the end of the world that grows and grows...and finally stops.

(CONTINUED)

The smoke swirls and parts. The streets and buildings are covered in blood and body parts. Hundreds, maybe even a thousand bodies totally vaporized by the attack.

The next thousand keep coming. And the thousand after that.

The tanks, humvees and artillery FIRE, but in smaller numbers. The soldiers look to the big vehicles, some of which have stopped firing.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Then it happened. The big guns, the tanks and humvees and Comanches, started running out of ammo.

SOLDIER

What the fuck...?

BACK WITH DEXTER

In the present as he stalks the room.

DEXTER

The Bradleys only carried a handful of ground-to-ground rockets, the kind that did the most good. The rest of their racks could only handle ground-to-air rockets and heat-seekers. They shot their wad of relevant munitions in the first fifteen minutes.

BACK TO SCENE

As a tank FIRES a silver object that STREAKS past CAMERA.

DEXTER (V.O.)

You know what an armor-piercing depleted-uranium dart does to a horde of walking zombies?

FOLLOW the dart as it penetrates a hundred zombies, crashing through chests and legs and stomachs and hearts, until it comes out the other end, embedding itself into a wall.

The zombies who were holed by the dart keep coming, heedless of the gaping wounds in their bodies.

DEXTER (V.O.)

Absolutely nothing.

The zombies are now uncomfortably close to the first line of soldiers, too close now for heavy munitions fire.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (4)

129

Fingers tighten on triggers as the word comes --

ANOTHER SOLDIER
Open fire! Fire at will!

The soldiers OPEN FIRE on the zombies, who gain speed and momentum now that they are within feeding range. Some are struck in the head and fall but the rest keep coming, walking right over the bodies of those who were destroyed.

In an instant the zombies are all over them. The defense line breaks, transforming into a series of desperate fights. Zombies swarm through their ranks. Blood and screams. Gunfire and snarls. Soldiers struggle hand to hand.

We SEE the battle magnified a hundred times over in the soldiers' helmet cameras...one after another going to STATIC as they are pulled down and killed.

A Humvee, swarmed by zombies, GUNS the engine in reverse, trying to get the hell out of there...and SLAMS into a tank, the accident cutting off escape for other vehicles.

An armored personnel carrier, also swarmed, BLASTS away with its chaingun, striking another vehicle that EXPLODES, pouring molten metal and fuel across the bridge.

Zombies ablaze in burning fuel take down soldiers trying to retreat as more vehicles burst into flame. It's a scene of absolute carnage...an inferno...a rout.

130 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - FRANKLIN SQUARE -- DAY

130

HELICOPTER SHOT looking down at the carnage, with other media choppers SOARING PAST beneath us...as we slowly PULL BACK --

-- higher and higher, until we can SEE the roads leading to the bridge choked with zombies drawn to the struggle: ten thousand, a hundred thousand...half a million of them. They surge toward the battle zone like a river as we go back to --

131 INT. ABANDONED CONDO - PRESENT -- AFTERNOON

131

-- where Dexter looks out at the wreckage from that day, the steam slowly going out of him, exhausted by memory.

DEXTER
I lost friends that day, Ger. Guys
I'd known for ten, twenty years.
Good men given bad orders. Barely
got out alive myself.

He turns away, can't look at it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

The brass saw what was coming and refused to accept that their strategies wouldn't work. Facts didn't matter. Global warming. Katrina. AIDs. Evolution. When people decide something's not a threat because they don't believe in it, because it's inconvenient, because it's against policy, that's not just arrogance, that's magical thinking. And when you enter the realm of magical thinking, anything can happen.
(softly)
Including zombies.

He turns back to Gerry, his voice weary, beaten, sad.

DEXTER

You wanna put that in your report? Go right ahead. I'm tired and I just don't give a fuck anymore.
(beat)
There's your story. We knew it was coming. We let it happen. It got out of control. People died. The end.

GERRY

I'm not sure it is done. So I need you to do one more thing for me, Dex. Project Phoenix. You know anything about it?

DEXTER

No. Should I?

GERRY

I don't know. But if you could look around, I'd appreciate it.

DEXTER

I'll see what I can do. But this is the last time. After this, I'm done. I'm done with all of it.

With that, Dexter exits, leaving Gerry alone in the building.

CUT TO:

132 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

132

Gerry has temporarily set up residence here, on a mat in the main room. He's writing notes and going through his files as there's a KNOCK at the door.

Gerry sits up, instantly wary. Nobody's supposed to know where he is. He goes to the door. Hesitates. Then OPENS it. There's nobody there...just a manila envelope outside the door.

He opens the envelope. A cell phone slides out and RINGS. He answers it.

GERRY

Yes?

DEXTER (on phone)

I found something on this Project Phoenix, but if it's even close to what I've heard, you're walking face-first into a shitstorm of biblical proportions. If you go after this, I won't be able to protect you. You'll be on your own.

GERRY

I understand.

DEXTER (on phone)

The Defense Department's scheduled some briefings on Project Phoenix for bigwigs and corporate types. I can give you the computer access codes for the contractor briefings, but that's all.

133 INT. UN BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

133

A door opens, and Gerry enters. The place is otherwise deserted. He moves through the shadows toward McEnroe's office UNDER:

GERRY (V.O.)

What am I supposed to do with access codes? The only way into the DOD is through a computer with a CRASH-certified hardline.

The door's locked. Gerry hesitates...then forces it open and enters McEnroe's office.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

DEXTER (on phone)
You'll think of something. Like I
said, this is where I get off.

134 INT. MCENROE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

134

Gerry sits at McEnroe's desk and turns on the computer. He logs into the Department of Defense system and inputs the access codes.

A moment later, the logo for Project Phoenix appears on-screen along with the words BUILDING A NEW FUTURE IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE PRIVATE SECTOR.

He scrolls down to a series of dates and places. The places are all Air Force or Army military bases.

He chooses the next available briefing, taking place at Arnold Air Base, Tennessee. A pass appears. He clicks on the image and hits PRINT. The color printer spits out the pass. He takes it and studies it UNDER:

GERRY (V.O.)
Colonel Davies, please. Gerry Lane,
with the United Nations. Thanks.

TIME CUT to REVEAL Gerry on McEnroe's phone.

GERRY (V.O.)
Yes, Colonel, how are you? Good.
I'm hoping you remember, we met three
years ago in London at...yes, exactly.
I'm well, thanks. Happy to be alive.
Listen, sorry to call so late, but
as you can probably tell from the
caller ID my boss Bob McEnroe has me
working overtime at the office pulling
together a report about how the sweep
and clear teams are doing in heavily
wooded areas like western Tennessee
and the Great Smoky Mountains, places
that are hard for the teams to reach.

135 EXT. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING - NIGHT

135

Gerry slips out of the building, makes sure no one is around, and continues down the street UNDER:

GERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's busting my balls and the report's
due in two days, so I come to you in
desperation on behalf of myself and
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

GERRY (CONT'D)
the UN...do you think you could
wrangle me a helicopter to do a fly-
over of the area?

136 EXT. OPEN FIELD - MORNING

136

Gerry gets out of a car and walks to the middle of a big,
wide open field UNDER:

GERRY (V.O.)
Just a fly over, that's right. I go
up, I look around, I come down, I
write my report and go home. I speak
for Mac as well myself when I say
that we'd really appreciate the help.

Gerry looks up as a military helicopter descends.

GERRY (V.O.)
Thanks, Colonel, you're a life-saver.

The chopper hovers above the ground long enough for Gerry to
jump in before taking off again.

137 EXT. GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS -- DAY

137

The chopper soars over some very rocky and isolated terrain.
Gerry, wearing a radio headset, looks down at the ground as
it flashes past beneath them. The pilots call back to him.

PILOT
-- and we were over this sector two
weeks ago when I saw over a hundred
Z's inside that wash down there. So
I just fucking unloaded on 'em with
everything I had: Hellfire missiles,
50 cal. There was arms and legs
and brains flyin' all over the place,
it was a thing of beauty.

CO-PILOT
Biggest nest we've found yet. Jack
even got down on foot so he could
hit some Z's with a pie in the face.

GERRY
What's a pie in the face?

CO-PILOT
PIE. Short for Pyrotechnical
Initiated Explosive Ordinance.

138 EXT. CANYON - FLASHBACK - DAY

138

The pilot stands in front of the chopper and FIRES PIE rounds at approaching zombies. As they strike, they EXPLODE the zombie's heads like miniature bursts of TNT.

CO-PILOT (V.O.)

You don't need to get a clean hit to the brain, just sink one of these babies anywhere near the head and the explosive charges do the rest.

(beat)

Like playing horseshoes with human heads and dynamite.

BACK TO SCENE

As the pilots assume a mock serious tone.

PILOT

Gotta get your fun while you can. We figure there are less than a thousand down there in the woods.

CO-PILOT

We've cordoned off the area with electric fences that'll fry even them. We bring the fences in closer every day, giving 'em less room to run. Like shooting fish in a barrel. If we're not careful pretty soon the Z's are gonna be extinct.

PILOT

One more thing to blame on global warming, man.

(beat)

How much longer you want to check out the area, sir?

GERRY

Why?

CO-PILOT

We're running low on fuel. Estimate we've got maybe another half hour.

GERRY

(knowing the answer)

We've still got a lot of ground to cover. Is there anyplace around here we can put down, re-fuel?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

PILOT

Arnold AFB is ten minutes from our current position. I can request a drop-and-gas --

GERRY

That'd be fine.

The pilot nods and the chopper angles off.

139 EXT. ARNOLD AIR BASE - TENNESSEE - DAY

139

The chopper is on the tarmac as a fuel truck comes up. Gerry stretches his legs as he gets his bearings.

GERRY

Where's the nearest head?

PILOT

Next to the commissary, if you want to get a cup of coffee. Should be done here in about twenty minutes.

Gerry nods and heads away. As the pilots turn their attention back to the chopper, Gerry starts toward the area indicated, then angles off in a different direction, slipping the printed pass over his neck as he goes.

140 EXT. BRIEFING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

140

A GUARD stands outside a briefing area as Gerry approaches. The guard checks Gerry's ID, then hits it with a hand-held barcode scanner. For a moment, there's no reaction, and we wonder if this is going to go badly. Then the hand-scanner flashes green and the guard moves aside. Gerry enters --

141 INT. BRIEFING AREA - CONTINUOUS

141

-- normally a small theater where movies would be screened for soldiers. A number of VIPs, businessmen, and uniformed types are seated in rows looking to the stage, where a BRIEFING OFFICER is speaking, the meeting already in progress. There are video screens on either side of the officer.

BRIEFING OFFICER

-- and having successfully developed the raw technology needed to integrate this as a tactical weapon in various warfighting scenarios, we're now looking to partner up with contractors in the private sector who can provide finished material for the program on

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

BRIEFING OFFICER (CONT'D)
a classified basis, just as with any
defense contract.

UNDER the preceding, trying not to attract attention, Gerry makes his way to a seat at the back of the room. As he sits, an image of a high-tech COLLAR appears on the video screens.

BRIEFING OFFICER
This mechanism is key to the
weaponization process. It contains
both electrical charges and a small
amount of thermite.

The image changes to a working lab. But rather than staying in the briefing area, we PUSH INTO the screen so that it FILLS FRAME, taking us INSIDE the report, INTERCUTTING with Gerry's reaction as needed.

142 A WORKING LAB

142

A zombie is held by metal restraints as the collar is slipped over its head by robotic arms and latched into place. It snaps and bites wildly at the robotic arms.

BRIEFING OFFICER (V.O.)
Once a subject has been obtained,
the weaponization process takes only
a few minutes.

143 A PENNED-OFF AREA

143

A dozen zombies wearing similar collars prowl the area, tearing futilely at the fencing.

BRIEFING OFFICER (V.O.)
The collar can deliver an intense
electric shock in front, behind, and
on either side of the head. The
subjects respond by moving in the
opposite direction, hoping to escape.

A researcher at a control panel begins delivering shocks to the zombies, herding them in the same direction.

BRIEFING OFFICER (V.O.)
Shock them on the left, they go right.
Shock them on the right, they go
left. Shock them from behind, they
go forward.

The zombies are now moving as instructed, back and forth across the penned area.

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

BRIEFING OFFICER (V.O.)
It's like steering a remote-controlled cars. You drive them toward the enemy and keep them there until the enemy is destroyed.

144 A PENNED-IN AREA - LATER

144

The fencing that holds back a dozen of the weaponized zombies begins to open. Facing that gate is a single soldier. They start to pour through, coming right at him.

BRIEFING OFFICER (V.O.)
When the elements of our zombie draft have finished their mission, or should any of them get out of control, each collar is equipped with a fail-safe mechanism. The implanted thermite charge is triggered and --

With the push of a single button, the thermite in each of the collars DETONATES, literally blowing their heads off. They fall in a row at the foot of the unharmed soldier.

BACK TO SCENE

As the video presentation concludes, and the briefing officer looks to the rows of consultants, contractors and officers.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Our preliminary studies indicate that the tactical and psyops value of these subjects against enemy forces will be substantial. Producing and maintaining the control systems for the first three years of the program will require a substantial mutual commitment for whichever contractors we select.

OFFICER
Before we go too far down the road of mass production, I'm not real comfortable with sending our people into the field with these things unless we can know exactly where they are at all times.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Because the subjects can't be harmed by radiation, we hit them with enough trace radiation to guarantee we can
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRIEFING OFFICER (CONT'D)
find them, but not enough to harm
soldiers and civilians in the field.
(a smile)
As one of our staff said, "nuke 'em
till they glow then shoot 'em in the
dark."

OFFICER #2
What about the enemy they infect?

BRIEFING OFFICER
There should be enough residual
radiation in the saliva to let us
easily find and destroy secondary
infections.

OFFICER #2
And the ones they infect?

BRIEFING OFFICER
Our sweep and clear teams can secure
the area long before tertiary
infections set in. The good news is
that at the end of each mission, the
number of available weapons at our
disposal will have doubled, making
this the only self-replenishing
weapons system in history.

OFFICER #2
But if our forces are delayed --

BRIEFING OFFICER
There are still issues to resolve,
no question. Nonetheless, our use
of these resources is inevitable.
We know that Russia, North Korea and
several African nations are developing
similar programs. Even now, zombies
are being fitted with explosives by
Islamic extremists in lieu of standard
suicide bombers. They will be used
by terrorists and military forces
against the interests of America and
her allies unless we are prepared to
respond in kind.

He continues OVER AN IMAGE of a zombie being fitted for a
collar and released, snarling, into a pen, we HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: (2)

144

BRIEFING OFFICER

As we could not afford a ballistic missile gap in the sixties, or a biowar gap in the nineties, we cannot afford a weaponized zombie gap going into the twenty-first century.

Gerry checks his watch, realizes he's running out of time, and slips out.

145 INT. UN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

145

Moira comes out of an elevator as McEnroe comes alongside.

MCENROE

Anything?

MOIRA

They're staked out across the street from his place, nothing yet, that's all we know and all we probably should know. The rest is --

ASSISTANT

Mr. McEnroe? I have a Colonel Dexter on the line from Wright-Paterson AFB. He's upset about the amount of air-time and fuel we're using --

MCENROE

What fuel? What's he he --

ASSISTANT

He wants to know how much longer Mr. Lane is going to need the helicopter.

McEnroe glances to Moira, and they hurry toward his office.

MCENROE

Send it to my office.

146 EXT. ARNOLD AIR BASE - TARMAC - DAY

146

Gerry hurries to the landing field, where the pilots are waiting. He nods, smiles, and jumps in as, a moment later, the chopper takes off.

147 EXT. GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS - DAY

147

The chopper flies back the way it came, over the same rugged terrain. Gerry allows himself to relax as the pilot hears:

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

147

RADIO VOICE

Arnold Control to X-Ray Zero Bravo,
do you copy?

PILOT

This is X-Ray Zero Bravo, we copy.

RADIO VOICE

Switch to sub-channel.

PILOT

Roger that.

Silence as the communication continues on a sub-channel.
Gerry looks out at the passing scenery, the weight of what
he has seen weighing on him. Then, after a BEAT:

SECOND PILOT

Sir? We've got a problem. We're
registering a drop in fuel pressure.
We're going to have to land and check
it out.

GERRY

Can we hold off until we're in a
secure zone?

CO-PILOT

Negative. Pressure's dropping fast,
and a fall from ten thousand feet
will kill us just as good as any of
those things. Should be okay if we
don't stick around too long.

The chopper begins its descent.

148 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - GAS STATION -- LATER

148

The chopper sits beside a deserted gas station on an empty
road. The words NO MORE GAS have been crudely painted on
the front window. A corrugated tin shack and a storage area
border a thick line of trees. The second pilot and co-pilot
check out the rear of the chopper as Gerry comes up alongside.

CO-PILOT

Yep, looks like they didn't close
and tighten the fuel line properly.

GERRY

Anything I can do to help?

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

148

PILOT

Well, you can check that garage, see
if they've got a pipe wrench in there.
Biggest one they've got. Might save
us some time.

Gerry nods and hurries across the lot, entering --

149 INT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

149

-- and the place is a mess. He finds some tools on the work
bench and picks through them, looking for a pipe wrench.
When he doesn't find what he needs, he goes to the first of
two tall storage cabinets. Behind him, we notice the door
to the second cabinet starting to OPEN. As it CREAKS Gerry
spins around at the sound and --

-- a CAT emerges from the cabinet, sees him, and takes off.
Gerry smiles, relieved, as he opens the first cabinet --

-- and a badly decomposed zombie in the overalls of a gas
station attendant LURCHES OUT of the cabinet with a snarl.

Gerry tumbles over the counter as it lunges at him, its body
so decomposed that muscles and tendons hang in tatters. He
SLAMS the garage door and throws the lock, penning it inside
as he turns to see --

150 EXT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

150

-- the chopper rising into the sky, stranding him.

GERRY

No...god, no....

With a crash of glass, the zombie inside struggles out after
him as a second one appears at the edge of the trees.

Gerry takes off, running for all he's worth.

The zombies pursue.

Gerry crashes through the trees, breathing hard, terrified,
trying to put distance between himself and his pursuers.

We catch glimpses of the zombies in pursuit, hear snarls and
the crash of feet against underbrush.

Gerry zigs one way, then another, trying to lose them when
he comes into a CLEARING...and stops, his eyes wide in horror.

Dozens of zombies lay on the ground, covering the clearing.
They lay side by side, like beetles, blackened by sun, bloated

(CONTINUED)

and distorted by rain and the elements. They could be mistaken for dead bodies piled into a mass grave until --

-- Gerry INHALES in CLOSE-UP.

One of the zombies, hearing a living breath, opens its eyes.

They all open their eyes. Snapping awake like trap-door spiders, attentions sprung by the arrival of prey.

Gerry starts running again, his face a mask of terror.

Another zombie appears in front of him, blocking his path. He TACKLES it like a linebacker, knocking it down as he keeps running. Breathing hard. Sliding down one hillside and charging up the next as he sees --

-- an electric fence, and on the other side, several soldiers. He runs toward the fence, the zombies closing in on him, yelling at the startled soldiers.

GERRY
OPEN THE GATE!

They hesitate as they see the tide of zombies chasing him.

GERRY
MY NAME IS GERRY LANE! I'M WITH THE
UNITED NATIONS! I'M UNINFECTED! MY
NAME IS GERRY LANE, I'M A HUMAN
BEING, I'M UNINFECTED, OPEN THE
FUCKING GATE!

One of the soldiers runs for the controls and turns off the electricity as the other opens the gate. Gerry barely has time to run through when the gate SLAMS shut, the electricity HUMS back to life --

-- and the zombies that strike the fence FLASH into fire and smoke, flesh and tissue burning, the light strobing as --

-- Gerry is THROWN to the ground by one of the soldiers, who keeps a gun trained on his head.

SOLDIER
(to second soldier)
CHECK HIM FOR WOUNDS!
(to Gerry)
DON'T MOVE! DO NOT FUCKING MOVE!

Gerry nods as the other soldier checks him for wounds.

DISSOLVE TO:

151 INT. UN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

151

Several staffers are talking quietly in the hall as the elevator doors open, and Gerry enters, haggard, worn by his trials, carrying a boxed copy of his report. Moira doesn't see him as she comes out of her office, only to be brought up short at the sight of him. She stops, inches from him. Give it an awkward BEAT, then:

MOIRA

So much for the team, I guess.

She continues away. Gerry watches her go, then heads to --

152 INT. MCENROE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

152

Gerry THUMPS the box containing on McEnroe's desk.

MCENROE

And what's that, exactly?

GERRY

My report. Handwritten, one copy, since I didn't exactly have access to a computer.

McEnroe sighs as he regards the box in front of him.

MCENROE

I'm sorry, Gerry. We can't use it.

GERRY

Why not?

MCENROE

Information gathered without proper authorization, under dubious circumstances, that can't be verified and wasn't done under our jurisdiction and you ask why?

(beat)

Fruit of the poisoned tree.

GERRY

Mac --

MCENROE

Further, as I have lately been reminded by counsel, we do not have immunity when it comes to publishing classified material. Had your information come through proper channels, had it been declassified --

(CONTINUED)

GERRY

That was never going to happen.

MCENROE

What's in that box was obtained from questionable sources by illegal means including misrepresentation, trespassing and theft of classified documents. Its publication would constitute a federal crime. I'm trying to protect you.

GERRY

Where was your concern when they tried to kill me?

MCENROE

Behind this desk, where it remains. Besides, we have only your word for that.

GERRY

Mac --

MCENROE

Either way, now that you're here we have a different set of problems to consider. By pulling every string I've managed to secure a promise to keep you out of jail, but only in return for respecting the confidential nature of this material.

GERRY

What about the report?

MOIRA

We're going with Moira's version. The less problematic one.

GERRY

Mac, the problem isn't the report! The problem is that the same people are making that same bad decisions that led to the war in the first place! If you do this, you're practically guaranteeing it's going to happen again!

MCENROE

Gerry, it's over. We're having a press conference to announce it in ten minutes and --

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: (2)

152

GERRY

Mac, listen to me. Just...listen to me.

Gerry hesitates, this is the secret he's been carrying. He agonizes over it. Finally, hoping the truth will help....

GERRY

In order to survive, during the war, we all did things that in another place and time we never could have done. Terrible things. For the most part we did them with our eyes open.

(beat)

We did what was necessary. But Rachel --

153 INT. RV - FLASHBACK -- DAY

153

Rachel is better, but still weak. She approaches the kitchen.

RACHEL

Mom...? Dad...?

She glances outside, sees them talking out of earshot. Steadying herself, she moves to the stove and the steaming pot of soup. Hungry, she ladles it into a bowl. Digs deep --

GERRY (V.O.)

She didn't know, she didn't know, she didn't --

-- and comes up with the skeletal remains of a human hand, boiling in the broth to pull out every bit of nutrition.

She SCREAMS. A scream as big as the world, a scream that ECHOES ACROSS THE CUT TO --

154 INT. UN BUILDING - MCENROE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

154

-- where Gerry is pacing, distraught.

GERRY

When she found out what we'd done, it was too much for her. She knew that only those things fed on human flesh, and when she realized what she'd done, something inside her just...broke. Part of her decided that if she ate the same thing they ate then she must be one of them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

GERRY (CONT'D)

(beat)
The technical term for it is a
psychotic break.

He sits heavily across from McEnroe, covering his face.

GERRY

She didn't talk for days, as if she
just...wasn't there anymore. After
a while we got her to respond, and
now, sometimes it's her, like she
always was, but other times --

(beat)
We can't leave her alone.

155 EXT. STREET -- DAY

155

Rachel is walking alongside Karin, who holds her hand tightly.
Nearby we see several other children playing, their parents
looking on or chatting. Like everyone else, they're armed.

GERRY (V.O.)

We're always sure to be with her
when she goes outside, around other
people, because sometimes....

Rachel looks to the other children, and her face darkens.

GERRY (V.O.)

...sometimes....

Before Karin can react Rachel YANKS free and LUNGES for the
other children, SNARLING and biting.

The other parents react instantly. Some reach for their
weapons as Karin RUNS desperately to Rachel.

KARIN

No! No, don't!

She grabs Rachel, holding her tight as she struggles to get
loose. Karin reaches into her coat to pull out a hand-
lettered sign on a looped length of string...a sign written
in a mother's careful handwriting that says *Not Dead*. She
forces it around Rachel's neck, crying out to the adults:

KARIN

She's not dead...she's not dead...
she's not dead!

With one last lunge, Rachel goes limp in Karin's arms, her
eyes vacant. Karin, crying, rocks Rachel in her arms.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

155

KARIN

She's not dead...not dead...not dead.

156 INT. UN BUILDING - MCENROE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

156

The room is very quiet for a BEAT, then:

GERRY

It's important to me that we get the truth out, Mac, because I need to be able to look down into wherever Rachel's soul is hiding in her, and tell her that it's not going to happen again...that the common coin of our humanity is something deeper and more profound than personal convenience and enlightened self-interest. And I need her --

(beat)

-- I need her to understand that we're not them, and they're not us, and she's not one of them. And I need her to know I'm telling the truth. Because maybe it'll help her...maybe it'll do some good. Maybe it'll....

His voice fades away, and he realizes that he's crying. He looks away. Silence. Finally, McEnroe clears his throat.

MCENROE

I wish there was something I could do, Gerry. I truly do. But there's nothing.

GERRY

I understand. To tell the truth, I thought that might be your answer. But I wanted to give you one last chance.

With that, Gerry picks up the box, starts for the door.

MCENROE

Gerry...leave the box. As I said, the only thing keeping you out of prison right now is my promise to turn over the contents of that box.

(beat)

I know you don't like this, but it really is for the best, you know.

With a look of resignation, Gerry hesitates, then sets the box down and walks out.

157 INT. UN BUILDING - HALLWAY

157

Gerry emerges from McEnroe's office and blows past Moira and the others as a saddened McEnroe steps out into the hallway.

MCENROE

Right...let's get to it.

They move off.

CUT TO:

158 INT. UN BUILDING - MCENROE'S OFFICE - LATER

158

McEnroe sits behind his desk, tie loosened, drink in hand, looking at a TV on the wall that shows the press conference taped earlier that day.

MOIRA

-- this report concludes an exhaustive six month investigation into the events that led to the recent crisis. It answers every question that has been raised, and sets out a road map for dealing with such events in the future.

UNDER this, McEnroe glances with curiosity at the box Gerry left on his desk. Reaches over and opens it.

All of the pages inside are blank. McEnroe's eyes widen at the sight, remembering:

GERRY (V.O.)

*I thought that might be your answer.
But I wanted to give you one last
chance....*

159 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

159

Gerry carries the box containing his report toward a building that bears the name COWAN & CLEAVES PUBLISHING, INC. He takes a long, clean breath then enters the building.

160 EXT. TEMPORARY SHELTER -- AFTERNOON

160

Karin leads Rachel and Constance out of the shelter...and into a waiting RV.

161 INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - PRINTING FACILITIES -- AFTERNOON

161

Pages are ejected from a printing press, dropped into stacks.

162 EXT. RV -- CONTINUOUS

162

As Gerry approaches from down the street, Karin looks up at him from the entrance to the RV and smiles.

163 INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE - PRINTING FACILITIES -- CONTINUOUS

163

Bound editions come off the press bearing the title *WORLD WAR Z, An Oral History of the Zombie War*.

164 EXT. RV -- CONTINUOUS

164

As Gerry comes up alongside Karin, she holds out a small brown envelope.

KARIN

A surprise. Found this while I was clearing out the back of the classroom. I was waiting for a good time. Guess this is as good as any.

He opens it to find the garishly colored CD with the "Happy Song." She smiles, kisses him as he looks to Rachel, who manages a thin smile as she looks up at him. She is still wearing the sign that says *Not Dead*.

He touches her face, smoothes the hair out of her eyes, and continues into the RV as Rachel gets in behind him, the sign across her chest swaying gently. *Not Dead*.

Not Dead. Not Dead.

As they drive off we FIRE UP the "Happy Song," which continues as the head away as we FADE TO BLACK --

-- and cross-fade the music into Paul McCartney's "Hope of Deliverance" and finally

FADE OUT:

End