

Cabin Fever 2

[Revised DRAFT]  
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2/28/04

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EXT. FOREST - DUSK

A gorgeous vista, green and lush.

Beneath the canopy of branches, a small brook babbles over moss covered rocks.

A bullfrog CROAKS loudly from its perch atop what looks like... a human leg?

Sure enough, it's attached to A BODY semi-submerged in the water -- unrecognizable in the rapidly darkening light.

BEGIN CREDITS

TIME ELLIPSE: Dusk gives way to night. The moon casts a blue hue over the woods. The sun rises, illuminating the body for the first time.

It's PAUL. His clothing is largely torn away, revealing purple flesh swollen with open sores. There is the dull hum of swarming flies.

A shaft of sun carves its way through the thick nest of branches and creeps across the glistening water. It travels Paul's torso, up to his neck. As the light hits his face, his eyelids unexpectedly BURST OPEN and Paul tries to scream, but only rasping air escapes his lips.

As he struggles to his feet - blood, puss, even small chunks of skin splash into the water.

We follow the swirling GORE as it's carried off downstream.

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK, widening our view of the forest and following the route of the stream.

We RACE its course, across a meadow until we reach:

EXT. WATER BOTTLING PLANT - MORNING

CLOSE ON a sign reading: "Down Home Spring Water"

The stream dead ends into a man made pond, from which protrude several enormous steel pipes.

INT. BOTTLING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

We follow the pipes into the plant, and then the route of the water through the production line. The water gets pumped into holding tanks, then into the individual bottles. The company slogan appears on each and every plastic container: "Down Home Purity - From Us to You..."

EXT. FOREST - MORNING, LATER

Paul looks around dizzily for orientation. Dense forest on three sides. Beside him, a steep embankment and at its crest, he sees something. A passing CAR? A road?

He takes a few steps, clearly intent to make the climb, then notices something on his bare chest. A leech. He plucks it away. And sees another. And another. He's covered in them!

He panics, tearing them off his flesh with wild-eyed disgust, each bloated leech leaving behind an oozing wound.

EXT. EMBANKMENT, MOMENTS LATER

Paul crawls his way up the steep incline. The progress is taxing. CRACK! His ankle buckles, twisting at a sharp angle and shooting a thick stream of blood.

Paul's watering eyes squeeze closed, but he does not stop.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Paul reaches the summit, his heart pounding in his head. The world is spinning as he limps, delirious, into the road...

WHAP! A school bus smashes through Paul, instantly liquefying him and exploding his contents over the front grill. His remains are shotput twenty yards, then cartwheel down the embankment and SPLASH land back into the stream.

The bus wheels screech as the vehicle skids to a stop. The road fills with the sound of SCREAMING CHILDREN.

EXT. ROAD, ACCIDENT SCENE - LATER

The school bus and its hysterical occupants are surrounded by lit flares. The unconscious BUS DRIVER is loaded into a waiting ambulance.

The only other officials on the scene - two FOREST RANGERS, one male, one female - are pulling barricades across the road. She's young and frumpy. The Male Ranger [20s, buzzcut] is clearly quite high on his responsibilities.

A SHERIFF'S CRUISER arrives, lights flashing. The door opens and WINSTON'S booted leg glides to the pavement. He approaches the bus, full swagger in his step.

END CREDITS

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

It's mayhem. Kids are screaming, crying, some have already been sick and others are on the verge.

REVEAL Winston, impatiently competing for their attention.

WINSTON

Kids, I'm Deputy Winston.

(no response)

All right now. If we can all just settle down. Settle. Everything is under control.

(still nothing)

All right! I'm going to need you to shut up! Just shut the hell up!

The wailing intensifies. Winston tugs his hair in frustration... then pulls his GUN. This seems to work: A HUSH falls over the bus. The kids stare, saucer-eyed.

WINSTON

Good. Thank you. Now look, the bus seems to have hit a moose or something. We're gonna get you off to school very soon okay?

A LITTLE BOY raises his hand. Winston lets the boy wait a moment before calling on him.

WINSTON

Yeah?

LITTLE BOY

Can I go to the baf-room?

A chorus of high-pitched voices erupt. *Everyone* has to go to the goddamn bathroom. Winston's world threatens to plunge back into chaos, so he holds up his gun: a reminder. The HUSH descends. Winston indicates to the boy.

WINSTON

What number?

The boy slowly raises two fingers.

WINSTON

No. No fucking way.

EXT. ROAD, ACCIDENT SCENE - LATER

Winston is done. Investigation over. In the background, the Male Ranger is dutifully inspecting the bus. Winston and the Female Ranger light cigarettes.

WINSTON  
 So, how's it going?  
 (awkwardly flirtatious)  
 I got a forty in my cruiser...

The Male Ranger peels a strip of bloody cloth out of the buses grill. It's part of a pants leg.

MALE RANGER  
 Found something! Don't think deer  
 wear American Eagle.

WINSTON  
 It was a deer. Let's get these  
 kids to school. Or home. Wherever  
 the fuck they go.

The Male Ranger has now followed the splatter to the edge of the embankment. He looks down and calls out:

MALE RANGER  
 There's a trail of blood - seems to  
 go down this hill!

WINSTON  
 Okay then - let's wrap things up.

The Male Ranger approaches, gets right in Winston's face.

MALE RANGER  
 Look, something died here and I  
 take that real serious. You need  
 to go somewhere, that's fine by me.  
 I'll put it in my report. I know  
 over-promoted incompetence when I  
 see it, "Deputy."

FEMALE RANGER  
 Maybe we should check into this a  
 little further.

Winton sighs deeply, worn down.

WINSTON  
 Fine! Fine. We'll poke around a  
 bit. Jesus.

The rumble of an approaching large vehicle -- it's a Down Home Water Bottle delivery truck. Winston waves it past.

INT. WATER TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER eyes the disaster with disgust.

DRIVER  
Fucking gross.

CUT TO:

EXT. A DIFFERENT ROAD - MORNING

The Water Bottle delivery truck proceeds on it's journey. PAN to see a sign which reads: "Leaving Bunyon County"

EXT. FOUR-LANE HIGHWAY

The truck merges with city traffic.

EXT. BIG CITY - DAY

The truck drives past a SPORTS STADIUM...

But we don't stop.

Later: WE DRIVE PAST...CITY HALL...

But we don't slow down.

WE DRIVE PAST...AN OLD FOLKS HOME...

We make turns onto a suburban RESIDENTIAL STREET. We drive past UPSCALE HOUSES and up to a LARGE HIGH SCHOOL.

The truck passes the entrance. The high school is spared?

No. The truck STOPS SUDDENLY. The white reverse lights illuminate. The truck backs up, stops, and then TURNS INTO THE HIGH SCHOOL DRIVEWAY.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The truck pulls up to the curb. It comes to rest by the school entrance.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY

The DRIVER is wheeling the hand-truck down the hallway. We pass all kinds of regular high school activity: kids talking at lockers, kids walking around, kids making out. Some attach balloons along the walls of the hallway.

We pass through a set of doors into...

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - LUNCHROOM

Kids are eating, talking, horsing around.

The Driver pushes the water across the length of the lunchroom. Kids bob and weave out of his way.

He pulls up to the front of the line and hoists a CASE OF BOTTLED WATER onto the counter. The LUNCH LADY glares at him, annoyed.

LUNCH LADY  
Yeah just drop that anywhere.

A SKINNY GIRL moving through the line reaches for one of the driver's new bottles. As her hand touches it, she hesitates and then... decides on a SODA.

A FAT GIRL moving through the line reaches for one of the bottles. She hesitates. Instead, she grabs two large CHOCOLATE MILKS.

ZACH, our hero, pulls a water right from the case. He's a small guy, with obvious potential and kind features.

Waiting for the Lunch Lady's attention, he opens the bottle and is JUST ABOUT TO SIP when A HAND SMACKS it away from his lips. The open bottle skitters across the floor.

Zach turns to face DOUG, a towering, beady-eyed asshole.

DOUG  
(under his breath)  
Oops, sorry faggot.

Doug waltzes off. Zach grabs an Orange Juice.

LUNCH LADY  
(ringing Zach up)  
OK, so that's one water, one OJ...  
(to the Truck Driver)  
Put it all back there.

The Lunch Lady gestures toward's the storage room.

The driver slides the case off of the counter and returns it to the hand-truck. As he wheels to the back room - BAM!

TWO JOCKS, JACK and BOB, tackle each other, SMASHING into his hand cart. The tower of water wobbles.

JACK  
Sorry. My bad.

BOB  
Yeah. Our bad.

Jack and Bob brush themselves off and walk away. The Lunch Lady and Driver continue to the back room.

As they walk, we see TWO BOTTLES HAVE BEEN TAKEN from the driver's cases!!! Nobody notices.

While he pushes the bottles behind the Lunch Lady...

We see Jack and Bob pulling their STOLEN WATER BOTTLES out from beneath their jackets.

JACK

Sweet.

BOB

You owe me a buck.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - SAME

The two Jocks burst through the lunchroom doors. They move down the locker-lined corridor clutching their prize water.

BOB

The limo, it's got like four tv's!

JACK

Holy shit! We can totally--

BOB

Watch the Game!

BOB

Go Panthers!

JACK

Go Panthers!

They high-five as they round a corner. Jack turns toward's the school exit. Bob stops.

BOB (CONT'D)

Where you going?

JACK

I've got a few things to take care of. A little last minute romance.

BOB

(concerned)

I'll see you later, right?

Jack opens the bottle and takes a swig in SALUTE as he heads out the door, into the sunlight.



INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob is mid-stride. He passes two GIRLS, NATASHA [preppy, cute, jaded cheerleader] and KATIE [high-strung busybody.] The girls are not friends, just locker neighbors.

BOB  
Hey Natasha.

NATASHA  
You seen Jack?

BOB  
Your boyfriend just took off.  
Making preps for the special night.

NATASHA  
YOUR boyfriend, you mean?

Bob stares at her dumbly.

KATIE  
She's kidding, silly.

NATASHA  
Not really.

BOB  
You going to Prom, Katie?

KATIE  
Of course! Prom is going to be amazing, aren't you pumped?! I'm on the decorating committee, so I can assure you - it's going to be, like, totally beautiful.

BOB  
(being nice)  
Total touchdown.

NATASHA  
Please, please stop speaking in Football-ese.

Katie retrieves several blister packs of allergy medication from her bag, then eyes Bob's bottle of water.

KATIE  
Hey. Can I have that?

BOB  
Uh...sure. Yeah.

Bob tosses and SHE CATCHES IT.

BOB  
 (to Katie)  
 See you later.  
 (to Natasha)  
 Take another Valium, kay?

KATIE  
 (oblivious)  
 Okay! See ya, Bob!

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - LOCKERS - DAY

Zach confers with best-friend SHAMS [loudmouth, endearing geek-prince] while removing books from their lockers. Bob passes behind them, CHANTING the school Fight Rally.

ZACH  
 (shocked)  
 Wait... what are you gonna do?

SHAMS  
 I'm gonna shave my nuts! All the pros do it. Every one.

ZACH  
 I doubt that Katie will venture anywhere near your nuts.

SHAMS  
 Yeah, I can't believe she's my date. But at least I had the balls to ask someone.

ZACH  
 You and your hairy, hairy balls.

They both laugh, close their lockers, and shuffle off.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - DAY

"MOOSE," a huge and eager student bearing more than a passing resemblance to his nickname, squeezes out of an old Volvo filled with KEGS. He looks to a group of kids smoking.

MOOSE  
 KEGS BABY!

Moose jogs over to join CHRIS WELCH, the cool, rich, uber-stud (Part Spader, Part Stifler), his friend TYLER [silent, tough guy] and part-time shadow, Doug [the asshole.]

MOOSE (CONT'D)  
 My Uncle saw me lifting the stuff from his store. Can't go back...

Chris holds out a fist full of bills.

CHRIS

Fine. But we still need ice, cups, Jello, funnels, hoses - you know the drill. Get everything you can.

MOOSE

Okay. I have a club card. It's got dynamite savings. Dynamite.

CHRIS

Drop the gear outside my house. Come back for the party at seven.

MOOSE

You got it!

Moose starts squeezing himself back into the tiny car. Chris heads towards the school with Tyler and Doug.

CHRIS

(to Moose)

And don't invite any dicks.

DOUG

Yeah. No dicks.

CHRIS

Shut up, Doug.

Doug smolders.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Chris, flanked by Doug and Tyler, walks with great purpose. Everybody acknowledges him. He owns this place.

They pass: a handsome loner, always referred to by his last name - WEBER, putting stuff in his locker. He hates school. Hates most things.

VAL an UNATTRACTIVE bespectacled girl, stands beside him.

VAL

Go to Prom with me?

WEBER

No.

VAL

Why not?

WEBER

No.

VAL  
Please?

WEBER  
No.

The trio NEXT cross paths with Zach and Shams. As they pass, Doug SHOULDERS Zach as hard as he can, knocking him into the lockers with a painful BANG.

DOUG  
Oops. Sorry, faggot.

Chris stops. Looks at Zach with dim recognition, then surprising sympathy.

CHRIS  
(to Doug)  
Dude. Not cool.

DOUG  
(innocently)  
What?

CHRIS  
(to Tyler)  
I'll catch up with you guys later.

Tyler and Doug reluctantly but obediently trudge up the hall. It's just Chris, Zach, and Shams. Awkward.

ZACH  
Hey there, Chris.

CHRIS  
Zach-ster. What up?

SHAMS  
(over-eager, very uncool)  
Chris - you know I was thinking, I could totally hook you up with some killer gear for your next party - smoke machines, mirror balls - my cousin works at this theatrical lighting company...

CHRIS  
(interrupting)  
So Zach, you got a sec?  
(re: Shams)  
In private?

It's tough to say "no" to the most popular guy in school. Shams (for once) recognizes when he's not wanted.

SHAMS

Don't mind me. I'll just go to the parking lot and suck exhaust from someone's tailpipe.

CHRIS

(absently)

Sounds great, you do that.

Chris wraps an arm around Zach's shoulders and leads him off.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH - DIFFERENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Zach head briskly down the hall. Chris manages to greet every (worthy) passerby without breaking stride. It's second nature to him.

CHRIS

You know I've always liked you Zach. I mean, we were practically best friends.

ZACH

That was like, in the second grade. We've barely spoke since.

CHRIS

Yeah, well... you know how it is. But back then, you always stood up for me, and I swore I'd never forget it. Seeing that it's almost the end of senior year and you're probably gonna disappear to some freaky private school...

ZACH

I was accepted to Princeton.

CHRIS

(taken aback)

Princeton? No shit?

(sighs it off)

Cool, man. Well, anyway I think it's high time you attend one of my parties. And my pre-prom blowout is going to be the best yet. You can't miss it.

ZACH

I don't know what to say. I'm supposed to be honored, right?

CHRIS

Fuckin-A you are. And bring your date - she'll think you're a fucking Rock Star.

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)  
 (pauses, concerned)  
 Unless she's a troll. Who is she?

ZACH  
 Chris, I appreciate the thought--

CHRIS  
 You don't have a date. No prob,  
 there'll be plenty of trim there.  
 (considering)  
 Zach, you ever seen honest to God,  
 real-life teenage breasts?  
 (off Zach's blank stare)  
 Just answer the question.

ZACH  
 No. No I haven't. Happy now?

CHRIS  
 Not happy, but I better understand  
 how you've found time to get into  
 the Ivy Leagues. Please accompany  
 me on the next stop on my rounds.

They continue through double doors that wheeze closed behind them. The doors read: "Girls Locker Room"

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH - GIRL'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ladies are in various stages of undress; they remove FIELD HOCKEY UNIFORMS AND SHOWER. A few, standing by lockers spot the invading boys. A nervous girl, WENDY, throws on a towel.

WENDY  
 Chris...!

Zach nervously follows Chris into the room, looking around. JANINE, an angry girl who is half dressed, steps forward.

JANINE  
 Get out!

CHRIS  
 Don't worry, Chubbs. We're not  
 looking at ya.

Janine, now humiliated, turns away.

Chris walks right into the shower room. Zach pauses, shielding his eyes (but peeking through his fingers.)

Naked girls cover themselves, turn off the water and run, or grab towels. LESLIE, a female nerd, runs away from Chris.

LESLIE  
 What the fuck, Chris?

CHRIS  
I've got big news to tell my girl.

SASHA, a gorgeous blonde, stands beside BROOKE, a cute Brunette. They grab towels. Chris addresses Sasha.

CHRIS  
It's happening, Sash. Seven o'clock. Okay?

Sasha runs up and hugs Chris. They share a kiss. Sasha turns to Brooke.

SASHA  
Brooke! Are you so excited?

BROOKE  
Um... sure. Another party?

CHRIS  
Party of the century. Literally. I may never even make it to Prom.

Brooke exits the shower. Sasha's eyes harden.

SASHA  
You're making it to Prom. We're making it to Prom! I've been getting ready for six months.

CHRIS  
(interrupting)  
Sure, baby. Whatever you say.

The girls in the locker room start taking an interest. Two BOOKWORM GIRLS, MARIE AND GINA, approach Chris.

MARIE  
Can I come?

GINA  
Who's invited?

Chris looks at all the girls.

CHRIS  
Hnnnnnn. Let me see. You... You... and .....You.

MEANWHILE Zach can't take his eyes off BROOKE. She's started getting dressed and seems to have little interest in the antics around her. She's very pretty in a tough, no nonsense sort of way. Zach likes her a lot.

Wendy, still wearing just a towel, walks over nervously.

WENDY  
Chris? Can I come?

Chris looks at her. There's a long beat. Slowly, she opens her towel and shows him her BOOBS.

CHRIS  
...Sure. Yeah.

Wendy goes bananas. She hugs her friends like she's won on "The Price is Right."

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - AFTERNOON

Lab partners Zach and Shams are huddled over a half-dissected frog, an open textbook beside them.

SHAMS  
Chris. That guy is SO dick.

ZACH  
He is what he is.  
(offering the scalpel)  
You want to try?

SHAMS  
Hell no. You're the brains of this outfit.

ZACH  
What does that make you?

SHAMS  
The non-virgin.

ZACH  
You know, lies make Jesus cry.

Shams observes as Zach's dextrous hands perform the dissection flawlessly. He's no small talent.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
(stuck in memory)  
I still can't believe I was in the  
Girls locker room.

SHAMS  
I can't believe you saw Brooke  
naked and your head didn't fucking  
explode.

Zach removes one of the frogs legs.

SHAMS  
That fucker is so glad he's dead.



ZACH  
Actually, if done right the frog  
could survive an amputation like  
this quite easily, and with  
surprisingly little pain.

SHAMS  
Good to know. So. What was it  
that Lord Chris wanted exactly?

Zach averts his friends eyes; hesitant, uncomfortable.

INT. "HAMBURGER HUT" - AFTERNOON

Shams and Zach share a table with pals ERIC and SCOTT, both  
uber-geeks, each wearing vintage "Atari" T-Shirts.

SHAMS  
What do you mean you're not going?  
Of course we're going!

ZACH  
He didn't exactly invite "us."

SCOTT  
Tonight's our X-Box tournament!  
It's totally set. I got the DSL  
line installed and everything.

ZACH  
I know. I'm psyched.

SHAMS  
This is the chance of a lifetime.  
You couldn't possibly prefer to  
play fucking videogames!

ERIC  
Maybe he would.

SHAMS  
As the only one of us with a female  
date this evening, let me just  
say... Shut the fuck up, Eric.

SCOTT  
Maybe the party would be cool...

SHAMS  
(smiles patronizingly)  
Dude? No way. Look at yourselves,  
never gonna happen.

Scott and Eric look at themselves as instructed.

SCOTT  
(wounded)  
Whatever.

Brooke breezes in and takes a seat alone by the window. She's all in black, and looks both moody and intimidating.

ERIC  
Dude. Princess Leia. 3 o'Clock.

Their heads turn in unison; Zach's snaps back, mortified.

ZACH  
(quietly)  
Hey. Let's not stare, okay?

ERIC  
Just go talk to her.

Zach doesn't budge. Shams stands, theatrically thin on patience.

SHAMS  
This is fucking ridiculous. Zach - this is how it's going down. I'm walking over there. I'm getting you a fucking prom date. And in exchange, you're bringing me, my date, and her -  
(pointing at Brooke)  
- to Chris's party. End of discussion.

Before anyone can get a word in edgewise, Shams is moving across the diner. Zach's heart rockets into his throat.

ZACH'S POV: Shams approaches Brooke. Introduces himself. Chats. He CAN'T HEAR what they're saying. Shams takes a seat. They keep talking. Brooke starts LAUGHING.

SCOTT  
Holy shit. I think it's working!

Suddenly Brooke stands and approaches the table. Still smiling, she looks straight at Zach.

BROOKE  
It's Zach, right?

He nods, stupidly.

BROOKE  
Please don't ever sick your greasy, pea-brained minion on me again. Next time, just grow a pair, okay?

With that, Brooke heads out the front door.

ERIC  
OOOOOOO!!!

SCOTT  
OOOOOOOOO!!!

\*

Zach shoots Shams a look; "what the hell?!" Sham's shrugs back; "Sorry dude."

EXT. "HAMBURGER HUT" - CONTINUOUS

Zach chases her out. He gets a hand on her shoulder, turns her around.

BROOKE  
What?

Zach is utterly sincere, and visibly nervous. He breathes deeply and speaks rapidly, not missing a beat.

ZACH  
Look, I'm sorry. Fact is, my friend wasn't exactly operating at my request - but I'm not entirely upset because I've been meaning to talk to you for a long time. Now that I have your attention I'd like to say, I think you're very intriguing, not to mention quite beautiful. I've secured an invitation to Chris's party, which at the very least promises to be very memorable. Of course, tonight is also prom and due to the previously discussed "lack of balls" condition from which I suffer, I have no date. If you also are without a date, I'd be sublimely excited and deeply honored to take you.

She stares at him - then smiles, flattered and charmed.

BROOKE  
Okay.

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

Winston stands with the two rangers, gazing down at the red pulp that used to be Paul, dissolving in the stream.

MALE RANGER  
That's a guy right? Was a guy?

Winston stares, self-conscious and deeply rattled. After all, he knows exactly how the body got here...

FLASHBACK - CABIN FEVER 1:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

PAUL lies in the back seat as Winston drives, intermittently sipping from a beer.

PAUL  
(voice croaking, dying)  
I need... water...

WINSTON  
I ain't got no water man, all I got is a Forty. But if you want some water I'll find some for you, okay? You just sit tight buddy, I'll take care of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Paul lies in the stream.

END FLASHBACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Male Ranger prods the body with a stick. It SQUIRTS liquid, missing him by inches.

WINSTON  
I wouldn't do that.

The Ranger backs off, startled.

MALE RANGER  
You know what did this?

WINSTON  
A disease, I think. Eats your flesh right off.

FEMALE RANGER  
Nasty!

The Male Ranger looks from the body to the blood carried off in the water. Eyes widen as he puts two and two together...

MALE RANGER  
Oh God. Where do you suppose the water goes?

WINSTON  
Why?

MALE RANGER

What if it feeds a well? Or a reservoir?

WINSTON

Oh fuck...

MALE RANGER

Exactly.

(re: the stream)

We need to see where this goes.

FEMALE RANGER

(reassuringly, to Winston)

I'll keep looking for that deer.

MALE RANGER

Contact Fish and Game for extraction. They can get tissue samples tested.

(to Winston)

Let's get a move on.

Winston hangs his head. This is not good.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE, BOTTLING PLANT - AFTERNOON

The disgruntled FOREMAN faces Winston and the two Rangers. He dabs his sweating brow with a dirty handkerchief.

FOREMAN

Just a little flu. Been going around and kinda snuck up on me. I appreciate your concern, but everything is fine.

MALE RANGER

Do you do any regular tests on the water itself?

FOREMAN

Water is pure. I drink it all the time! Everyone here does.

Winston and the Ranger follow his gaze to the factory floor below. Everything is not fine. WORKERS are universally suffering from symptoms; coughing, dizziness, fevers.

PAN BACK just as the Foreman grabs a bottle off his desk.

FOREMAN

Gotta stay hydrated. It's the best thing.

As the Foreman tilts back his head to drink, they SPOT a purplish sore on the underside of his chin.

Winston takes a slow step back from the man.

WINSTON  
(to Foreman)  
Will you excuse us a moment?

INT. HALLWAY, BOTTLING PLANT - CONTINUOUS

Winston and the Ranger talk urgently just outside the office. The Ranger is chomping at the bit to escalate things.

MALE RANGER  
We gotta call the Feds. The FBI--

WINSTON  
Hold on a sec. We close this place, we should have this more or less contained.

QUICK FLASHBACK: They both recall the image of Winston waving the water delivery truck past the accident scene.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Shit.

MALE RANGER  
(enthusiastic)  
I'm making the call!

The Ranger rushes off down the hall.

WINSTON  
(to himself)  
No one probably drank any...

EXT. STREET - EARLY EVENING

Jack pulls his Camaro up to the curb. He leans to the backseat and grabs his Letterman's Jacket. We see the FINISHED WATER BOTTLE LAYING BESIDE IT.

He walks to the back of the car and opens the trunk. Inside we see flowers, an envelope with Natasha's name on it, and a banner. The banner reads: "I LOVE YOU NATASHA". Jack squeezes these items into his backpack. He's pumped.

EXT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A gorgeous two-story home. Jack sneaks up to a window. Inside, Natasha is trying on a prom dress with her mother. They're chatting and having a good time. Jack smiles.

JACK  
She's gonna love this.

Jack walks around to the backyard, looks up and FINDS a bedroom window with pink curtains. He smiles again.

Seen from behind, REVEAL that the back of Jack's neck is covered in a dripping sore.

He quickly inspects the ivy-covered trellis and begins to climb. He makes quick progress, though the rough ivy keeps getting in the way.

WOOSH! A couple of branches beneath his right foot SNAP, and he falls about a foot.

CRUNCH! Sharp pieces of wood nick his palm.

JACK

Damn!

Jack keeps moving, wincing as his hands make each grab. BLOOD trickles down his fingers.

He takes another grab, and his face scrunches in pain. The sore has spread to his wrist.

JACK

What the..?

The fingers on his left hand slowly open revealing some puss. The hand loses it's strength. RIIIIPPP!!!! HIS HAND SLIDES DOWN THE IVY, TWIGS TEAR HIS PALMS APART.

He anchors his feet. Tears fill his eyes as he looks down. It's almost 20 feet to the ground.

JACK

You can make it.

He closes his eyes, and takes a few more grabs... each time, losing more skin.

The eave is just a couple of feet further. He stares at the bedroom. It's not too far away.

Jack reaches the lip of the eave. He rests for a moment. SQUAP! A knuckle pops. Blood spurts on his tux.

He looks down again. The ground appears to be swaying. His breath comes in huge rasps.

JACK

(very faint)

Help...! Help me...!

No one's gonna hear. He's on his own.

In one motion, he SWINGS himself up, landing on the roof! He is on his stomach, spread-eagle on the black asphalt shingles. He lays his cheek on the stubbly surface.

Then... his body begins to slide.

JACK

No. No.

He lands on the SHARP EDGE of the rain gutter. KINK!

THE EDGE CUTS HIS HANDS AND FOREARMS. Blood floats along the white rim. He looks up at the bedroom. Natasha is inside, changing. Despite the pain, Jack is momentarily distracted. She's a hottie.

JACK

Damn.

The sound of BENDING METAL. THE GUTTER GIVES. Jack FALLS.

SNAP! His body folds as he crunches off the patio table and rolls into a deep thatch of bushes. His face hits the firm tundra. His backpack bounces onto the lawn.

Jack lays in the bushes, trying to speak. He only gurgles up a mouthful of blood before passing out.

INT. SHAMS HOUSE - EVENING

Shams is in a suit, rather than a tux. It looks good, though doesn't fit quite right. Shams' house in general is cut from a lesser cloth.

Shams turns to split, and runs smack into his father, SARGEANT FRANK [50s, mean.]

SARGEANT FRANK

I'm not bailing your loser ass out of jail. Whatever this night has in store, just bear that in mind.

SHAMS

Okay. Right back at you.

EXT. ZACH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Zach runs up the steps of his house. A tuxedo bag is draped over his shoulder. He has a spring in his step. He flies through the front door.



INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zach bounds into the hall, and then up the stairs - taking them 3 at a time.

Zach enters his bedroom, puts the tux on his bed, and turns on the stereo. Zach goes to the closet and pulls out everything he needs.

MONTAGE BEGINS. UPBEAT MUSIC OVER:

INT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Brooke sits at the dinner table with her PARENTS and LITTLE SISTER. She has her hair setting with curlers and pins. She clearly isn't the type for make-up and fancy dress, and manages to look both excited and miserable at the same time.

BROOKE'S SISTER  
I thought you said - boys, dances,  
all that - was bull...

BROOKE'S MOM  
Language!

BROOKE  
Don't you have dolls to play with?

BROOKE'S SISTER  
Who'd have thought. My sister in  
pink.

The two share a laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - EVENING

Delivery trucks roll in to the Banquet Hall parking lot. A sign outside reads: WELCOME CLASS OF 2006.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - EVENING

Big piles of chairs and large tables are being moved into a large ballroom by professionals.

Student Band members set up their instruments.

CUT TO:

INT. KATIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Katie is on the phone in her bedroom. She stands in front of a full length mirror wearing her prom dress.

KATIE  
 (on the phone)  
 I know that I should be there, but  
 it's Chris's party - and this might  
 be my last chance.  
 (for emphasis)  
*Chris's party.*

Katie sees a SIX INCH SORE on her left shoulder. She checks up close. It's blistering, black and green.

KATIE  
 Oh my God!  
 (back to the call)  
 No! The balloons are in clusters  
 of five, the streamers get braided.  
 We talked about this!

She goes to her closet and pulls out A BUNCH OF DRESSES. She drapes them across herself while looking in the mirror.

One has a high back that will COVER THE SORE.

KATIE  
 Because Shams invited me. Shams.  
 My date.  
 (impatiently)  
 The guy in Geometry that never  
 shuts up.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - EVENING

Doug and Tyler, both in tuxes, struggle with an enormous steel tank; rolling it on edge towards the door.

DOUG  
 Move it, fuck-nut. Jesus - you're  
 such a little bitch...

VOICE [OFF]  
 Dougie?

Doug and Tyler instinctively drop the heavy cylinder with a resounding CLANG. It's DR. VIOLA, kind-faced and an even kinder heart, but definitely soft in the head...

DOUG  
 Dad?

DR. VIOLA  
 Don't you boys look handsome. Is  
 that little Tyler?  
 (noticing the tank)  
 What are you doing with my Nitrous?

DOUG  
 Nitrous? Serious? Ohmygod, I  
 thought it was Helium.

INT. BANQUET HALL BALLROOM - EVENING

CLOSE ON: Helium balloons being inflated.

Kids are raising a large sign across the wall. It reads:  
 TIME OF OUR LIVES.

Mr. Sheppard and the lunch-lady are on the dance floor. They  
 share a modest tango while people work around them.

INT. SCOTT'S BASEMENT - EVENING

Scott ushers Eric into the techno-geek paradise that is his  
 father's basement. 42 inch Plasma widescreen. Tower  
 speakers. Massive amplifier. And resting on it's own  
 glorious pedestal... the X-Box.

Scott presses the power button ominously.

SCOTT  
 May the mayhem begin.

The boys' faces are bathed in light as the "HALO 2" opening  
 graphics fill the screen, and bass rattles the earth.

ERIC  
 (deeply humbled)  
 Awesome.

CUT TO:

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - EVENING

The TRUCK DRIVER sits at the counter of a small greasy spoon  
 diner. He has a bottle of water in his right hand. He  
 finishes chewing his dinner. HE LOOKS SICK.

He coughs out his mouthful of food. BLOOD sprays all over  
 the counter.

He coughs again. Another. Another. A bigger one. Another.  
 A waitress ducks out of the way.

Customers scramble to avoid the flying blood.

DINER CUSTOMER 1  
Call an ambulance!

DINER CUSTOMER 2  
What was he eating?

CUT TO:

INT. ZACH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Zach runs down his hallway stairs. He is dressed in his tuxedo. He carries the corsage. His PARENTS stand by the open door. They, like Zach, are small and full of warmth.

ZACH'S DAD  
I'm so proud of you.

ZACH'S MOM  
Look at my little man.

ZACH'S DAD  
If you need anything, don't  
hesitate to call, okay?

ZACH  
It's Prom. I think I'll be okay.

ZACH'S MOM  
Did you remember your inhaler?

Zach loves them, but enough with the neurotic babying already. He kisses them and walks out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Zach escorts Brooke towards the limo, while her MOM and DAD snap photos like rabid paparazzi. She looks gorgeous.

Zach opens the limo door for her. He's about to... but chickens out of a kiss.

INT. LIMO - EVENING

Zach and Brooke ride in the limo, drinking champagne, and sharing awkward glances. REVEAL Shams and Katie are also along. He's aggressively trying to get his lips on her. She's having none of it.

Shams PUTS HIS HEAD OUT THROUGH THE ROOF WINDOW. He pumps both arms in the air.

SHAMS  
THIS IS FREAKIN! AWESOME!

The limo stops at a red light as he's yelling. An Asian guy, waiting at the light in a convertible, looks back.

ASIAN DRIVER  
Take it easy, kid. It's just prom.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE

The limo pulls up to the house. There are several other limos, and a number of cars. The house is HUGE. It SITS ATOP A HILL on a large piece of land, by itself. The entire backside is SURROUNDED BY TREES.

Zach, Brooke, Sham, and Katie finish their champagne as they ease up the driveway.

MUSIC FADES. END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - EVENING

There's a swimming pool, hot tub, wooden cabana and tables with food. Streamers, Torches and Multi-Colored Patio Lights create the mood. Chris is mixing drinks.

Music BLARES from backyard speakers. The party is swinging.

Sasha walks past with a tray of JELLO SHOTS in her hand.

A JOINT is being passed around. It arrives at Bob.

BOB  
Yeah, me and Jack - we're taking a year off for some serious training. Then it's off to the NFL.  
(off the blank stares)  
Pro-wrestling is the back-up plan.

He passes to Moose.

MOOSE  
Sometimes I think about the future. You know, college. And... wait. I forgot what I was gonna say.

Moose takes a second, bigger hit, and passes it to Weber.

WEBER  
College is a scam to maintain the middle-class. And the future is fucked man, totally fucked.

Weber takes a hit. He offers the joint to Val. She does a weak inhale and pantomimes an exhale.

VAL

Yeah. Look at the colors. I am so wasted.

Weber rolls his eyes. He walks off, and passes the joint to ASHLEY [token slut.] She takes a huge hit, and hands it to JIMMY, a true pothead. Ashley joins Sasha.

ASHLEY

(to Weber, re: Val) )  
Who the hell did you come with?

WEBER

Not with her.  
(on second thought)  
What do you care, skank?

She flips him off and they part ways. BACK to Jimmy. He inhales, savors thoughtfully, and exhales.

JIMMY

Man, who rolled this joint? It's amateur hour.

He lubricates it with his mouth then takes another deep hit. He walks to a GROUP standing a few feet away, taps a guy on the shoulder. He turns around. It's....ZACH, with Shams, Katie, and Brooke.

ZACH

Ummmm....

He looks to Brooke for confirmation. Zach is out of his element, he'd be game but... she shakes her head.

ZACH (CONT'D)

No thanks. Maybe later.

KATIE

None for me. The prom committee would kill me, can you *imagine*?  
(eager)  
Have you seen Chris?

JIMMY

No. Wait, actually yes.  
(thinks, very high)  
Who's "Chris?"

SHAMS

I'll take that, thanks.

Shams takes a puff, smiles, and then looks to the crowd.

SHAMS

Does anybody want a hit?

Heads turn. Lots of hands go up. A small group begins to FORM AROUND THE JOINT, including:

SASHA

Where the hell is Natasha?

BOB

(anxiously)

And where the hell is Jack?

EXT. NATASHA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Natasha pouts in a bench on her front porch, miserable. Her dress is ruffled. Her FATHER sits quietly beside her.

NATASHA

I can't believe that football obsessed retard stood me up.

NATASHA'S DAD

I'm so sorry, sweetie.

NATASHA

Thanks, pop. It's just... it's Prom, you know? PROM.

She starts to CRY, wipes a finger beneath her nose.

NATASHA'S DAD

I never liked him.

The dad holds her tight. Suddenly a SCREAM.

Alarmed, they RUSH towards the source - into the backyard.

Natasha's MOM is frozen in SHOCK, staring into the bushes. The family TERRIER is licking blood from JACK'S UPTURNED PALMS! Jack's body is horrifically contorted.

NATASHA'S DAD

NO, Baxter!

The dog YELPS. Natasha shields her face and turns away.

Jack MOVES. They all JUMP. He weakly mouths "HELP."

NATASHA'S DAD

Dee, get an ambulance!

Natasha's mom runs inside. Natasha's dad notices the tux, sees the fallen backpack and gifts. He smiles sadly.

NATASHA'S DAD  
Help's on the way.

INT/EXT. BOTTLING PLANT - DUSK

The building has been swarmed by Feds. A dozen Black SUVs and white vans are parked outside.

Inside, INFECTED WORKERS have been herded into the breakroom. They pound against the locked doors. Intermittent SCREAMS and MOANS pierce the walls. It's haunting.

Officers part to make way for AGENT RIDGE [tall, intimidating, a man of very, very few words.] He approaches the MALE RANGER.

MALE RANGER  
(towards the breakroom)  
They're all gonna die?

AGENT RIDGE  
CDC is en route.

MALE RANGER  
The CDC -- it won't be... like that  
guy in the stream?

Agent Ridge ignores him, turning his attention to Winston, whom he sizes up with a single up-down glance. He doesn't like what he sees.

WINSTON  
Deputy Winston, Bunyon County.

Sidelong glances and WHISPERS ripple through the room.

AGENT RIDGE  
Bunyon County?  
(intrigued)  
An infected patient disappeared  
from your hospital? In the woods,  
folks burned in an open bonfire?  
We've just started looking into it,  
but what a shitstorm.

Winston can only stare back at him. His mouth opens to protest, then closes. A Junior Agent rushes in:

JUNIOR AGENT 1  
Ridge! We picked up a report from  
Mt. Vernon, 30 miles East. The  
water truck was located at a diner.  
The driver was DOA.

JUNIOR AGENT 2  
And an ambulance just picked up a  
kid, same town, different area.

(MORE)



JUNIOR AGENT 2 (cont'd)  
 They're reporting infection -  
 "unknown pathogen."

AGENT RIDGE  
 (to Junior Agents)  
 You know what to do.  
 (to Winston)  
 Let's roll, "Deputy."

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - EVENING

Chris carries bottles of wine across his elegant living room. Bob, with a beer cup in his hand and his tuxedo shirt totally unbuttoned, is looking at a fine African statue. He touches it, fondling the wood.

CHRIS  
 You break it, you buy it.

BOB  
 (defensive)  
 I'm not doing anything.  
 (as if this explains)  
 Ashley is totally ticked at me. I  
 think it's gonna be World War III.

CHRIS  
 Prom wouldn't be prom without at  
 least one.

Bob shrugs. Who cares. Chris sets the wine at the bar and surveys the digs. Joints are going around. Everybody has a cup. The music is up. The party is a tremendous success.

Zach and Brooke are sharing a deck chair, Zach is slowly coming out of his shell. A tray of jello shots passes and they each snag one.

ZACH  
 You just eat it?

BROOKE  
 (mouth full of Jello)  
 Yeah!

Zach does the same. BEAT. The moment is pregnant with a potential kiss. Brooke, shyly leans a bit closer... just as:

Moose and CINDY, his (enormous) date, JUMP INTO THE POOL, ruining the moment.

MOOSE  
 Fuck all ya'll!!! Cannonball!!!

The resulting tidal wave drenches the patio. Revelers GROAN.

One splash falls on some shoes, we rise up to see Katie's back. Her sore is now visible around the base of her neck. Nobody has noticed, including Shams, talking to (at) her.

SHAMS

So, long story long, I was accepted to all three schools, but Columbia has the best program. After living in this shitpit so long, I really think I'm more of a city guy...  
(sees she's not listening)  
Hello?

KATIE

I feel weird. I think I'm...  
(with realization)  
Drunk?

SHAMS

(un-smooth)  
Oh - You want to... maybe we can find an empty room inside?

Disgusted, Katie grabs ANOTHER glass of champagne and stands abruptly. She covers her mouth to stifle a rasping COUGH.

KATIE

I'll be right back.

Poor Shams is abandoned. Katie smiles as she passes people, mingling in her stupor.

KATIE

Hi guys. Anybody seen Chris?

She keeps walking. We check out the whole party from her wobbly point of view. She looks over at Weber.

KATIE

Sugarpants! Wait, you're not Chris.

We begin to see conversations as Katie does, in an audibly blurred SLOW MOTION.

ASHLEY IN SLOW-MO

If you see Bob, hide me--

Katie teeters, the people around her lose focus. Her feet gives way. She grabs Bob on her way down and hangs on.

BOB

Whoa! Careful there.

KATIE

I fell.

Bob helps her get her footing. He sees the sore on her neck.

BOB  
Katie, what's that?

KATIE  
What's what?

Bob points. She tries to glance over her own shoulder to see her neck - which of course is impossible.

KATIE  
It sort of hurts.  
(touching it)  
Ouch. What is it?

She's attracting attention. Then... CRUNCH! Katie loses her balance. The STILETTO HEEL on her right foot SNAPS in half. Her ankle twists and she FALLS.

Her ELBOW hits the ground first. IT CRUSHES INTO THE CEMENT. CRAAACKKKKKK!!! It opens on impact and the bones snap like celery, blood flying in the air. Feet jump to avoid it.

BOB  
Holy crap!

SASHA  
(incredibly repulsed)  
What the hell, Katie!

Katie tries to get up. She desperately scans for help, and finally SPOTS CHRIS. Her dress has ripped. The sore on her back is EXPOSED. EVERYBODY BACKS AWAY.

KATIE  
Chris! Please, help me.

CHRIS  
Katie. Don't move.

KATIE  
Come here.

Katie keeps moving, LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO GRAB HOLD OF. As Katie gets up, she hears CLICKING from her legs.

COUGH! Blood flies - it cannons towards Bob. He's able to dodge out of the way.

BOB  
Jesus!

CHRIS  
Take it easy! Stop moving!

Zach and Brook arrive. As does Shams. Katie's staggering around like a zombie and getting uncomfortably close. There is bedlam as people scurry away from her.

KATIE  
It hurts... Help.

VAL  
I'll call 911!

Val backs into a corner and starts talking into her phone. Chris retreats INTO THE HOUSE. He's followed by others.

KATIE  
Chris! Where are you going?

Katie moves towards Jimmy. He too scurries inside. Zach and Brooke hold on to each other.

BROOKE  
What's wrong with her?

Moose and Cindy RACE TO THE HOUSE. Then Shams and Ashley. Bob... Weber... they're all abandoning her.

KATIE  
Wait!

She's still coughing... just missing their backs.

Jimmy begins to SHUT THE SLIDING DOORS. Zach and Brooke race through. Katie is almost to the door...

KATIE  
DON'T LEAVE ME---

Jimmy SLAMS it SHUT, right in her face. Katie BANGS on the glass. People inside CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT THEY ARE SEEING. Katie's arm is hanging off the bone. Blood is all over her. She looks pleadingly at Chris. He's scared.

CHRIS  
Back Away, Katie! You're getting  
shit everywhere!

KATIE  
Don't look at me like that Chris!

Katie scans the patio. Some kids are on the far side of the pool, frozen. The rest are inside. She's all alone.

VAL  
(to Katie)  
An ambulance is coming, Katie!

SHAMS  
You hear that? Help is on the way--

Katie erupts into a tantrum.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
HELP ME! HELP ME!

ZACH  
(tormented, quietly)  
This isn't right.

Katie stamps her foot as she pleads, HARD. STAMP. STAMP. On the next one, KABOOM! Her knee explodes, spraying bits of blood and pulp all over the glass door.

Katie SCREAMS, hopping on her remaining leg. Brooke holds her hand over her mouth, choking back vomit. Some girls cry.

KATIE  
I NEED A TOWEL!

Katie topples and her body starts to roll. She moans as she heads towards the pool.

SPLASH! Katie hits the water. Everyone stares, frozen, as she sinks to the bottom.

ZACH  
Somebody help her!

No one moves. Zach slides back the door and steps outside.

BROOKE  
Be careful.

Zach grabs the POOL STRAINER from its hook. Curious, Chris silently emerges. In clusters, everyone trails behind - the herd following its leader. Zach dips the pole into the water, angling it towards Katie.

SASHA  
Don't you touch her, Chris.

CHRIS  
Not a fucking chance.

SHAMS  
She's still alive...

ZACH  
Grab it if you can, Katie! I'll pull you out...!

The spectators jostle closer for a better view. Katie wiggles, looks up at Zach, then HER EYES CLOSE. There is silence. Katie's blood fills the once blue water.

CINDY  
(defensive, panicked)  
We couldn't do anything. We didn't know what to do.

CHRIS  
We're all witnesses.

A CHIME. Wendy, the girl from the locker room, has finally arrived with FOUR FRIENDS, each holding bottles of liquor.

WENDY  
Hey y'all! Party, Party!  
(beat)  
What's everybody staring at!

Wendy's friends stop, shocked by the gruesome scene: Blood on the house, Blood on the cement, Dead girl in the pool. Wendy marches on, oblivious... then SLIPS in a puddle of Katie goo.

Her arms cartwheel for balance. SPLOOSH. She lands in the pool and surfaces immediately with one of KATIE'S ARMS - splashing frantically. She's hysterical.

WENDY  
What the fuck! What the FUCK!

Without a word, her four friends spin on their heels and leave. CHIMES on the gate tinkle behind them.

INT/EXT. SUV, CONVOY - NIGHT

The CONVOY of Federal SUVs speeds through the night.

Winston rides with Ridge, and is sandwiched between two AGENTS built like linebackers. He looks like a child.

WINSTON  
You know, you can let me off  
anywhere.

Agent Ridge grins silently.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Near a Burger King would be good,  
but I'm open.  
(off continued silence)  
What do you want from me?

AGENT RIDGE  
You're a link to the source of the  
epidemic. I may have... questions.

WINSTON  
Questions? You never even talk.  
And I'm not a link to anything. I  
got no idea what you're--

Agent Ridge reaches into his jacket and retrieves two earbud headphones. He places them, drowning out Winston's voice to the very faint MUSIC of Grand Funk Railroad.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
 Dude, not only is that rude, but  
 you got shitty taste in tunes.

INT. SCOTT'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Scott and Eric pause the game to refresh themselves with Gatorade and beef jerky. They're laughing, having a ball. They remove their headsets and wipe their sweaty palms.

SCOTT  
 You totally wailed on that last  
 tactical assault.

ERIC  
 Yeah...  
 (beat)  
 Dude, are we losers?

SCOTT  
 (shocked, the craziest  
 thing he's ever heard)  
 What?

ERIC  
 It's prom night and we're playing X  
 Box online with 12 year olds.

SCOTT  
 (thinks)  
 I'm sure the party is hella lame.

ERIC  
 Yeah. Just a bunch of drunk  
 assholes staring at one another.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The kids are in the living room - indeed, a bunch of drunk  
 assholes staring at one another.

Some are slumped on couches. The girls have their purses,  
 itching to leave... but waiting to see how things play out.

Wendy is in the kitchen, naked beneath several towels,  
 MUMBLING to herself. No one is going anywhere near her.

Chris is frantically hiding all evidence of underage drinking  
 and drug use. Sasha talks on her cell.

CHRIS  
 (to everyone and no one)  
 Feel free to help out you shits.  
 "Don't mind me and the five hundred  
 bottles of hootch, Officer."

SASHA  
 (into phone)  
 No, I'm not dis-inviting you... Yes  
 you're cool enough for me. The  
 party is really cancelled.

She flips her phone closed. Brooke stands to the side. She  
 dials her own cell, listens.

BROOKE'S DAD [VOICE]  
 Hi, you've reached the Brannigans.  
 Please leave us a message. Thanks.

Brooke doesn't know what to say, and hangs up the phone.  
 Zach soothingly rubs her back.

A GROUP approach the front door. Chris INTERCEPTS, locks it.

CHRIS  
 Where the hell are you guys going?

GIRL  
 Um... is there a reason to stay?

CHRIS  
 Yes! ME. This isn't MY problem.  
 This is OUR problem.  
 (noticing with SHOCK that  
 Sasha is among them)  
 Sash? What the FUCK?

SASHA  
 C'mon, Chris. If I miss prom I'm  
 gonna kill myself. I can meet you  
 there--

ZACH (O.S.)  
 No. We'll stick around. It's the  
 right thing to do.

Zach is flanked supportively by Shams and Brooke. All  
 around, people nod grimly - reluctantly agreeing with the  
 sentiment. Nearby, ASHLEY confers with Jimmy and Moose.

ASHLEY  
 Who's gonna tell Katie's parents?

JIMMY  
 The cops take care of that.  
 They'll take care of everything.

MOOSE  
 I thought you hated cops.

JIMMY  
 Yeah, well...



Over to Chris and Weber, still standing near the front door. They look out at the swimming pool.

CHRIS  
My dad's gonna freak.

Weber feels the door RATTLE against his back.

DOUG [OFF]  
It's Doug. Open up!

WEBER  
Dude, you don't want any part of this...

DOUG [OFF]  
Let me in, or I'll break your toes.

Weber shrugs and unhooks the deadbolt. Doug and Tyler cruise in. Despite their tuxes, they still look like gorillas. Tyler, as usual, doesn't say a word.

DOUG  
(seeing Chris)  
Bad news, Captain. No Nitrous...  
(re: the melancholy)  
Damn. Who fucking died?

He bursts out laughing. He's the only one.

VAL (O.S.)  
They're here!

Two police cruisers quietly roll in. The kids all get up. Some fix their clothes, still plotting their escape.

The COPS exit their cars. One is OFFICER PAUL [in charge, earnest.] Val leans out the front door and calls to them.

VAL  
She's around back!

Officer Paul and another OFFICER move around to the back. The other two stay in front.

OFFICER PAUL  
Please stay inside.

Val moves inside and closes the door. All the kids move to the patio door - still covered in blood.

Doug PUNCHES Weber, distraught.

WEBER  
What the hell?

DOUG  
That's for letting me in!

They watch the cops cross the patio. Bob slides open the door and walks out. Zach, Brooke and Ashley follow him.

BOB  
She fell in the pool.

BROOKE  
It wasn't our fault.

OFFICER 2  
Just step back and close the door.

Officer Paul inserts his radio earpiece as he looks at the bloody pavement and the body in the pool.

OFFICER PAUL  
(into his walkie)  
Looks like-- what happened to the other kid. Yes, we'll do that.

OFFICER 1  
Get back.

SASHA  
We didn't do anything!

OFFICER PAUL  
Did anybody leave the premises?

ZACH  
Please tell us what's going on.

CHRIS  
Yeah! It's my house!

OFFICER PAUL  
Son, stay back. I need to know--

DOUG  
(cause he's a macho dick)  
This is bullshit. I'm taking off.

Officer Paul draws his gun. The other officers follow suit. STARTLED the kids back up.

OFFICER PAUL  
DID ANYBODY LEAVE?

CHRIS  
(trembling)  
No. No one's left.

OFFICER PAUL  
Good. Get in the house NOW.

JIMMY  
I knew I hated cops, man.

The kids look at the guns, freaked. They shut themselves in. The front is being watched by the two other officers.

The sound of multiple ENGINES. A white van pulls up, followed by several black SUVs. The calvary has arrived!

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Panic is rampant. MURMURS percolate - the kids collectively kick themselves for not bailing when they had a chance.

CHRIS  
(losing his cool)  
What the hell's going on, man?  
They can't fucking do this!

VAL  
(to Weber)  
I'm scared, will you hold me?

JIMMY  
I'm so high right now. Is this  
serious, or am I just freaking out?

Brooke looks to Zach. He puts his arm around her.

SASHA  
God I wish I was at Prom.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Ridge exits his SUV, Winston is about to follow. Ridge points as one might to a pet: "STAY."

WINSTON  
No way! I ain't no dog!

Ridge shrugs, then SLAMS the door on Winston and turns to address his MEN.

WINSTON (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Dick!  
(trying the door)  
Let me out!

AGENT RIDGE (CONT'D)  
Full perimeter. Phone and cellular  
service jammed. Now.

His men SCURRY. In the BG, others are barricading the driveway, searching the yard, and ERECTING LIGHT TOWERS AROUND THE PROPERTY.

Officer Paul approaches, and extends his hand. Ridge shakes it... after a moments hesitation.

OFFICER PAUL  
They're inside. I got men, front  
and back. Real mess by the pool.  
(looking, confused)  
Isn't there a Medical team?

AGENT RIDGE  
The EMT that treated the kid across  
town is already showing symptoms.

OFFICER PAUL  
Jesus.

AGENT RIDGE  
We wait for the CDC to arrive.

OFFICER PAUL  
I gotta tell you, it was hard  
pulling my weapon. These kids;  
it's still a small town --

Officer Paul's eyes shift as several AGENTS carrying high-powered RIFLES walk past.

AGENT RIDGE  
Perhaps its best if you leave.

Officer Paul smirks. These men are not likely to get along.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Zach is on his cellphone, talking with his parents.

ZACH  
Hey Mom... actually things aren't  
so great... I know you're  
surprised to hear from me...

Zach pauses. He really can't think of anything to be gained by getting his poor parents all worked up just yet.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
You know what, everything is fine.  
My nerves just got the better of  
me. You know how shy I am.

A series of loud KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

ASHLEY (OFF)  
I need in! Seriously!

ZACH  
(into phone)  
I will, I promise...  
(attempting cheer)  
Don't wait up. Hello? Hello?

The cell has no service. Zach looks at himself in the mirror, starting to cry.

ASHLEY (OFF)  
(pounding)  
I'll pee in the hall, swear to God!

ZACH  
(weakly)  
We'll get through this.  
(beat, more confident)  
We'll get through this.

He chokes back the tears, wipes all expression from his face.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zach emerges from the bathroom, looking surprisingly collected. At the end of the hall, Doug has cornered Brooke and is practically salivating over her.

DOUG  
How come we don't know each other?

BROOKE  
Different schedules, different  
friends...  
(beat)  
Different species.

DOUG  
That's not very nice.

Zach approaches, steel in his eyes.

ZACH  
(to Brooke)  
C'mon.

DOUG  
(to Brooke, pushing Zach)  
You take orders from this midget?

BROOKE  
Sure.

This fans Doug's flames. He pushes Zach again, harder. Zach simmers with RAGE.

ZACH  
This isn't the lunchroom, Doug.  
Don't waste precious time--

DOUG  
What're you gonna do...?

POP! Zach's fist collides with Doug's skull with surprising ferocity. Doug's head whips around, and he SLAMS into the wall. He stares at Zach; stunned, immobile.

VAL (OFF)  
Everybody! COME QUICK!

Zach and Brooke link arms and head towards Val's voice.

ZACH  
I think they cut our phone service.

BROOKE  
Yeah.  
(whispering, re: Doug)  
What's *his* problem?

ZACH  
He's pathologically averse to smart people. He's hated me since kindergarten.

BROOKE  
I see.  
(beat)  
I'm sure hitting him helped.

ZACH  
I know. But it felt great.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is gathered around the television, staring wide-eyed at a SPECIAL REPORT.

VAL  
It's on TV! Quiet everybody!

More kids ease in, take seats or lean against the walls. Wendy, lost in dementia, is on the far side of the room.

NEWSCASTER (TV)  
We interrupt previously scheduled programming with this bulletin...

WENDY (O.S.)  
I don't want to watch this!

Heads turn to SSSSSHHHH her.

NEWSCASTER (TV)  
 News of a potential biological  
 outbreak began here, at Last Stop  
 Diner, after a delivery driver died  
 from reported massive blood  
 hemorrhaging.

ON TELEVISION: SHOTS of the Diner. POLICE CARS WITH FLASHING  
 LIGHTS surround it. Cops exit their cars with guns drawn.

DINER COP (TV)  
 EVERYBODY IN! EVERYBODY!

Patrons and employees are bullied into the diner. Police  
 keep their distance... just point their guns.

DINER COP 2 (TV)  
 (to Camera)  
 Turn the Camera off! Now!

ZACH  
 My God.

NEWSCASTER (TV)  
 Though they confirm the quarantine  
 of the diner, authorities have  
 still declined official statement.

The faces of the kids watching are dark, twitchy.

NEWSCASTER (TV)  
 We've also received word of a  
 separate incident. As of yet, it's  
 relationship is unconfirmed.  
 However, exclusive testimony  
 indicates that this victim has also  
 been quarantined.

ON TELEVISION: SHOTS of Natasha's house.

NATASHA'S DAD (TV)  
 Jack - I mean, he was a strong kid.  
 I'd never seen anything like it.  
 (choking up)  
 The fact that my daughter had to  
 see it-- Jesus.  
 (listens to reporter)  
 I just dropped her at the school  
 dance. She couldn't be dissuaded.  
 (breaking down)  
 She's such a trooper...

ASHLEY  
 Ohmygod.

BOB  
 (overcome)  
 Jack? Jack! No, no, no...!

SASHA  
That bitch went to prom!?

ON TELEVISION: Baxter the hyper-aggressive terrier ATTACKS the CAMERAMAN. As the camera TILTS down we SEE that the mongrel HAS OBVIOUS SIGNS OF INFECTION.

NATASHA'S DAD (TV)  
No, Baxter! Bad dog!

NEWSCASTER (TV)  
Residents are advised to stay in their homes--

WENDY  
(SCREAMS)  
I DON'T WANT TO WATCH THIS!!!

From seemingly nowhere, a VASE flies into the television screen. The screen SHATTERS in a explosion of SPARKS.

Everyone stares at the gaping whole in the TV. Wendy just stands there, chillingly serene.

WENDY  
Please change the channel?

CHRIS  
You crazy bitch!

Chris drops to the floor. He starts sweeping up the debris, lost in OCD. TENSION in the room is electric.

JIMMY  
(standing)  
That's it. I'm outta here.

VAL  
You heard the cops - you saw the TV  
- we're supposed to stay put!

JIMMY  
Until what?! When?! We all come  
down with this thing? No fucking  
thanks. I'm take my chances.

He approaches the sliding glass doors, hesitates, then opens them and steps outside.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks several feet. Nothing. No cops. No problems. He picks up the pace...

The CRACKLE of a surge of electricity. The entire house is SUDDENLY bathed in BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.



Jimmy shields his eyes, but SEES that enormous industrial work-lamps completely encircle the property. He FREEZES.

AGENT 1 (O.S.)  
 (through megaphone)  
 Return to the house. The CDC  
 should be here within hours. Until  
 then, you all need to stay inside.

Jimmy eyes the tree line on the far side of the pool. It's only ten yards away...

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, HILLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Ridge stands beside Officer Paul. From their vantage point, they can see the entire property, lit like a baseball diamond. No one could come or go without their knowledge.

AGENT 2 VOICE (WALKIE)  
 I have him sir.

OFFICER PAUL  
 Ridge, he's likely perfectly  
 healthy...!

Agent Ridge shrugs, unaffected.

OFFICER PAUL  
 (to himself)  
 Go back inside, kid.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy looks around. EVERYONE has gathered at the sliding glass doors to stare. He takes another few steps.

AGENT 1 (O.S.)  
 (through megaphone)  
 Return to the house. You will be  
 safe there. Everything will be  
 fine.

Jimmy pauses. He drops his head and turns towards the house; humiliated, defeated.

THEN, HE UNEXPECTEDLY TURNS BACK, SPRINTING like the wind towards the tree line...

CRACK! A RIFLE SHOT slices through the air. JIMMY'S HEAD SNAPS backward. He twists and falls into the hot tub, floating face down.

The GROUP gathered at the sliding doors SCREAM en masse.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Winston has removed part of the interior door panel in an ongoing attempt to escape. (The SUV, like most police vehicles, unlocks only from the outside.) We see he's also removed the upholstery surrounding the sunroof.

Frustrated, Winston grabs his radio and scans the frequencies until he hears:

VOICE 1 (RADIO)

The kid at the hospital just died.

VOICE 2 (RADIO)

Have the toxicology reports brought here, and another sent to the CDC.

WINSTON

(into Radio)

And bring back a pizza. And some beer.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, LIBRARY - NIGHT

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS:

Lights illuminate an impressive home LIBRARY.

Zach's fingers SCROLL the bindings of an ENCYCLOPEDIA set.

Medical books are pulled from shelves.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

This is the "War Room," somber faces all around. Chris is utterly losing his cool; becoming less and less coherent. Zach has taken charge, the "research" spread out before him.

ZACH

We're in a stalemate until the CDC arrives.

CHRIS

(babbling)

...a total mess. Zoyla will never be able to clean this on her own...

WEBER

We're relying on info from the folks that just blew Jimmy's head off?

ZACH  
No, on common sense. It's all over  
the news. They have to do  
something.

DOUG  
(re: Zach)  
I'm not listening to a single thing  
that shit-fuck says.

BROOKE  
(to Zach)  
Could anybody have it?

ZACH  
Potentially.

VAL  
What it is?

ZACH  
Not sure, but there's disease  
called Necrotizing Fascitis. It's  
an infection of muscle tissue and  
the skin. I think it's something  
like that. Only worse.

Brooke leans close to Zach. He puts his arm around her.  
Doug ROLLS HIS EYES.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
It's a bacteria. The progression  
can happen in just hours. You get  
it like a cold, like mono.

BOB  
Fuck!

MOOSE  
This blows.

Shams grabs one of the books. Scans the page.

SHAMS  
The latest strain kills seven out  
of ten. The people who do live are  
left with huge scars- lost limbs...

Shams passes one of the books around.

SHAMS (CONT'D)  
There are some pictures.

The kids pass around and react to the horrible images of  
mutilated bodies both pre and post-op. Lots of AMPUTEES.

VAL  
Gross.

ASHLEY  
If I had those huge scars and  
stuff, I don't know if I'd want to  
live. Is that shallow?

BOB  
Yes. Yes it is.

ASHLEY  
Shut up. God, I hate you.

ZACH  
The first sign is skin  
discoloration. As it spreads, it  
starts to blister. I guess we kind  
of know what can happen from there.

Morose silence.

DOUG  
We need to figure out if anybody  
else has got it.

ZACH  
What we need to do is be extremely  
careful--

CHRIS  
(ignoring Zach)  
Yeah! I don't want sick people  
hanging out in here!

DOUG  
(taking charge)  
Everybody, take off your clothes!  
We'll do a... nude test.  
(to Brooke, grabbing his  
crotch)  
Wanna peek?

WEBER  
Zach?

Doug's gaze bores a hole into Zach. A competition for  
"leadership" has arisen...

ZACH  
(sighing)  
I guess it's an okay idea.

MOOSE  
I'm not taking my clothes off.

CHRIS  
(to no one in particular)  
Just so you know, I'm not bald down  
there. I shave.

Sasha looks at her "boyfriend," completely repulsed. Shams nods his own, private approval. Cindy touches Moose's arm.

ZACH  
Let's just get this over with.

CINDY  
Why not? For safety.

MOOSE  
No fuckin' way.

DOUG  
(menacingly)  
Do it. We all agree?

Everyone nods.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Moose, let's see some fatboy titty.

Moose starts to take off his clothes: Jacket, Shirt, Socks, Shoes, everything. Cindy picks up a long silver ladle and uses it to check under his arms and between his legs. Nearby, Bob is starting to SWEAT.

CINDY  
He looks good.

ZACH  
Okay. Weber, you're next.

Cindy checks everybody around the table. While we DISSOLVE through Cindy checking Weber, Kirstin, Doug... Shams READS:

SHAMS  
The pain is so unbearable that the body creates it's own anaesthesia. It DESTROYS IT'S OWN NERVE CELLS.

SASHA  
God! Please stop reading that shit, freak!

DOUG  
(to Cindy)  
Be thorough. We don't want any fucking mistakes.

We continue to watch Cindy check the kids. Now Zach, Brooke and Tyler are looked at. Time is compressed with dissolves.

CINDY  
Oh shit.

BROOKE  
What?!

CINDY

A sore.

People LEAP out of nearby chairs...they back away from BOB. Cindy moves back as well.

BOB

What? What?

BROOKE

A black splotch. On his leg.

BOB

(jittery)

Maybe it's a zit!

CINDY

No.

ZACH

(calmly)

Bob, just turn around and show us your leg.

Bob shows the group the back of his thigh. There is a very strange black splotch. Ashley GAGS.

ASHLEY

Oh my God...!

BOB

Hey everybody! Calm down!

DOUG

STAY RIGHT THERE, BOB!

Shams looks around. Everybody else has been checked.

SHAMS

I think that's everyone.

(to offscreen)

Sorry guys...

REVEAL THAT Bob is not alone. He's joined the ranks of other random "Infected": Kirsten, LARRY, and STEVE. Bob is scared, and a bit cold.

DOUG

(pointing)

What about HER?

They follow his finger to... WENDY, still silently wrapped in a towel, listless and forgotten. She suddenly realizes that all eyes are upon her.

WENDY

What? What's going on?

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

The house is QUIET. Kids slip shame-faced back into their clothes. Shams and Zach confer privately in hushed tones.

SHAMS

How are things going with Brooke?

ZACH

Best first date ever.

SHAMS

This is pretty fucked up. We're banishing people.

ZACH

We're isolating them to protect the healthy.

(beat)

I guess. Shams, I need to ask you a question.

SHAMS

Shoot.

ZACH

Have you done anything to place yourself at risk? Share a glass, a joint, anything - with someone we know is infected?

SHAMS

(concentrates)

No. No, I really don't think so.

ZACH

(slowly)

Did you kiss Katie?

Shams BLANCHES. He hadn't even thought of that. He keeps his cool... Barely.

SHAMS

No. No way, man! Lucky break too, cause man, you saw me trying...

Zach sizes him up, concerned and unconvinced.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Bob walks down a flight of stairs carrying his clothes in a pile. He looks over his shoulder. Wendy and the OTHERS are right behind.

Doug and Chris are their escorts. Both are wearing elbow-length yellow cleaning gloves and have white kitchen trash-bags pulled over their torsos.

DOUG

Don't come so close to me, okay?

Wendy just glares at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Keep going!

BOB

You guys can't do this.

WENDY

I don't have any sores! I'm okay!  
I'm clean!

DOUG

Sorry sweetheart, but you fell in  
the soup, so... you're fucked.  
(grins cruelly)  
We all voted.

CHRIS

(meekly)

It's at the very end.

BOB

Please, please don't. I'm  
claustrophobic. I'm--

DOUG

Keep moving.

Bob turns and tries to force his way back up the stairs, panicking. Doug SHOVES him. Bob wobbles precariously.

BOB

Dude, we're friends!

DOUG

Not really.

Bob takes a defiant step up. The tension between he and Doug crackles.

BOB

I'm going up. I won't touch  
anybody. I'm not staying down  
there--

Again he tries to pass, and again Doug shoves him, but this time - Bob loses his balance, toppling down the staircase and landing on the basement floor with a sickening CRUNCH.



INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Doug DRAG Bob's heavy, unconscious body to the end of the basement and towards A WINE CELLAR. His leg is twisted at a right angle. There is a big stone door, with a SMALL WINDOW in it.

Chris opens it to REVEAL a decent sized room, with rows of neatly racked bottles. The entire cellar is stone.

WENDY  
You'll come and get us, right?

KIRSTIN  
(re: Bob)  
Is he... dead?

Doug slams the door.

WENDY (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
What are we supposed to do?

DOUG  
Drink!

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Winston has dismantled the screen mesh that separates the back and front seats. He is squeezed behind the driver's seat, his legs buttressed against the front windshield. He pushes with all his might.

Nothing. He takes a quick sip from a hip flask he keeps tucked within his jacket, and tries again.

The seal around the window FLEXES slightly.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Officer Paul stands beside Agent Ridge, still surveying the scene from their elevated vantage point.

BELOW: Two OFFICERS in Biohazard Suits are retrieving Jimmy's body from the jacuzzi, and carefully sealing him in plastic sheeting.

ON THE STREET BEYOND: several cars -- a stationwagon, a News Van, and several sedans -- pull up to the barricades.

OFFICER PAUL  
You've got company.  
(Ridge follows his gaze)  
(MORE)

OFFICER PAUL (cont'd)  
Parents and local media. This  
should be interesting.

Ridge frowns. Officer Paul notices something else.

OFFICER PAUL  
Who's that?

BELOW: WINSTON has SHATTERED the windshield of the SUV in  
which he was imprisoned, and is crawling out across the hood!

Several PARENTS and a NEWS TEAM rush towards him!

AGENT RIDGE (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT

Winston is addressing a small gathering: Sargeant Frank  
(Sham's hotheaded dad), Dr. Viola, (Doug's dad), Zach's Mom  
and Dad and several other PARENTS.

The NEWS CREW is ROLLING camera. Winston is wildly  
disoriented, but can't help milk being the unexpected center  
of attention.

ZACH'S DAD  
Do you think the kids are safe?

WINSTON  
Um - looks like a killer house.

PARENT  
I spoke to my daughter. She said  
that kids are locked in the  
basement. Sick kids--!

ZACH'S MOM  
Our baby Zachary, he's very frail--

ZACH'S DAD  
On the phone, he wouldn't tell us  
what was going on!

DR. VIOLA  
I'm sure my son Douglas is helping  
take care of everyone.

WINSTON  
I've just arrived, but assure you -  
we're doing everything we can.

Agent Ridge approaches, flanked by Officer Paul.

REPORTER

Do you know when CDC is expected?  
Can you outline the plans for  
treatment?

WINSTON

(noticing Ridge)

Sadly, the safety of your kids is  
not our only concern right now.  
The man you all want to speak to is  
right over there--

(pointing)

He's the one calling the shots, and  
I'm sure would love to further  
explain the situation.

Led by an irate Sargeant Frank, the parents MOB Agent Ridge.  
Officer Paul can't help but smirk.

REPORTER 2

(to camera)

We continue our coverage of this  
horrific chain of events. One  
can't imagine a more tragic Prom--

With everyone swept up in the melee, Winston takes the  
opportunity to steal away. He pauses beside an OFFICER,  
whose attention is focused on the face-off between Agent  
Ridge and Sargeant Frank.

SARGEANT FRANK

You wanna take me on, Pussy?

WINSTON SLYLY UNHOOKS THE OFFICERS KEYPING FROM HIS UTILITY  
BELT! Winston then slips towards the parked police cruisers.  
He tries one door handle, then another. The key slips neatly  
inside the third.

WINSTON

Sweet.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Two cop cars speed into the parking lot, lights flashing.

The cars stop in front of the service entrance. The COPS  
jump out and are led into the school by a JANITOR.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - FOOD STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The police look at the cases of water. They check bar code  
numbers against a list they have on a clip board.

They find the six cases of bad water and see that two bottles  
are missing.

COP 1  
 These are them. Only two gone.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The PROM is in full swing. The kids are slow-dancing to the Band's very bad, very strange cover of Usher's "Do it to Me."

A large, hand-inked banner reads: "Moonbeams and Magic"

Rapid PANS from location to location paint a familiar picture: the dance has segregated into clear cliques. The JOCKS, the STONERS, the GEEKS, the BRAINS, etc...

The cops slip inside, and approach a cluster of adults - the PRINCIPAL and some CHAPERONES.

PRINCIPAL  
 We've heard the terrible news.

CHAPERONE 1  
 But everything is just fine here.

CHAPERONE 2  
 We've checked. Besides, the kids really need this night. Especially now--

COP 2  
 (into radio)  
 Officer Kasperski. Prom is clear.

Nearby, a very disturbed NATASHA dances alongside the PRETTIES, shuffling her feet like a robot.

INT. SQUAD CAR, MT. VERNON STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Winston is driving, admiring how superior the Mt. Vernon police cruisers are to the Bunyon County crappers.

The police scanner crackles:

COP 2 [RADIO]  
 Kasperski here. I repeat, Prom is all clear.

WINSTON  
 (into CB)  
 That's great news. So... where exactly is the high school?

COP 2 [RADIO]  
 (beat)  
 It's right off-- who is this?

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Shams look out the window...there's a small crack through which they can glimpse the action outside.

SHAMS

Figures that my Dad would be starting a fight...

(beat)

Maybe they'll shoot him.

Everybody is drinking, sitting around the room on couches and the floor. Ashley is bartending.

MOOSE

You know what I think? This could be one of those tragedies that they make trading cards out of. There's gonna be a card of me like this...

Moose makes a deathly face.

CINDY

That's not funny.

ZACH

My parents must be going nuts.

BROOKE

My mom probably had a stroke.

Val reaches for Weber's beer.

SHAMS

Hey - no sharing. Hopefully it's not too late.

Doug makes the connection, and leads the Witchhunt...

DOUG

(to Moose)

You and Bob were doing gravity chugs earlier. You fuckers used the same funnel!

MOOSE

(re: Ashley)

Yeah - well she's his GIRLFRIEND.

ASHLEY

We've been fighting! I didn't lay a *finger* on that asshole.

(beat)

But I saw Weber flirting with that chick we sent to the basement!

Val yelps, jealously. Weber punches Moose. Doug is about to get involved...

ZACH  
Go nuts. Have a fistfight. Get  
your hands ALL OVER ONE ANOTHER.

They looks at their hands, decide it's best to back down.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Don't do this. We have to be  
smart.

DOUG  
(paranoid, defensive)  
Is that a crack about me?

Tyler hits a joint, then offers it to Ashley.

ASHLEY  
Are you retarded?

WEBER  
We have any more weed?

MOOSE  
Jimmy had it all.

A quiet moment. They all know where Jimmy ended up. Tyler looks around. He sucks down what's left.

CINDY  
Do you guys think it's cruel to  
keep those guys in that cellar?

SASHA  
Fuck em. Where's Chris? He's so  
useless, it's like, shocking.

CINDY  
But they're all alone...

As this discussion continues, we FIND Chris, fetishistically cleaning the kitchen. He *is* useless. He takes an APPLE from a fruit bowl, bites into it - CRACK!

Chris's EYES WIDEN. Nobody else seemed to hear. He chews, as he does...there is CLICKING. He wipes his mouth. A little blood comes out... AND A TOOTH. He fights back tears.

SASHA  
Chris, can we put on some tunes?  
(beat)  
Helloooooo?

ASHLEY  
Earth to wastoid?

Chris tries to act natural, mouth full. He chews a bit, wipes his mouth again... TWO MORE TEETH. Blood runs. He SLURPS it back in - closes his lips AS TIGHT AS POSSIBLE.

ASHLEY  
Are you alright?

Chris's eyes water. He tries to swallow - CLICK... POP! He covers his mouth with his hands. A little blood leaks between his fingers.

BROOKE  
What's wrong?

DOUG  
Open your mouth!

ZACH  
Go to the sink, Chris. Slowly.

Though gagging on his own blood, Chris shakes his head - NO.

DOUG  
Don't fuck around, fucker!

Chris's eyes flood with heartbreaking desperation. He wants to say HELP, but can't. His body is saying it for him.

DOUG THROWS A BOOK AT CHRIS. It HITS HIM IN THE CHEST. Chris jumps up and down. The pain inside of him is about to burst. He can't hold it in...he can't...he can't...

SASHA  
Oh God Oh God Oh God Oh God...

Chris unleashes the LOUDEST CRY IN HISTORY. The squeal of a thousand babies.

CHRIS  
WAAAAAAAHH! WAAAAHH!

Blood flows out his mouth like a RIVER. His JAW is TOTALLY UNHINGED. He SOBS and SOBS, his jaw flapping freely.

SHAMS  
GET BACK!!!!

Everyone jumps. Chris catches a sight of himself in a mirror...when he sees his image, his wails INTENSIFY.

CHRIS  
WAAAHHAHHHHHAHAHA! WAHHHAAA!

Chris flees running down the hall, his howls diminishing with distance. No one reaches out to stop him, they all keep their distance.

From the edges of the room, everyone who has a drink, even a full one, CHUGS IT ALL THE WAY.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Doug, Weber, and Tyler stalk softly, following a dark trail of blood on the carpet. Weber wields a floor mop, Tyler a broom. The hall is uncomfortably quiet. The trail of blood ends at a linen closet.

The boys steel themselves, "weapons" at the ready. Doug flings the closet doors open.

It's empty. Doug pulls an overhead cord illuminating a single overhead lightbulb.

WEBER

Sssh. Do you hear that?

They stand still, and can indeed hear faint rasping BREATHING. Doug runs his fingers across the shelves. Tyler reaches out to open the lid on a large clothes hamper...

Chris EXPLODES from the hamper, and tries to force his way past them, BELLOWING with rage and pain and fear.

Weber and Tyler beat him to the ground with their cleaning tools. Chris screams. Doug looks sickeningly pleased.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

Chris is ushered to the Cellar. His entire torso is swaddled with blankets and tablecloths. BLOOD still seeps through.

Doug and Weber push him from behind with a BROOM. Leading him down the hallway.

They open the cellar door. Wendy JUMPS UP.

BOB

Time to go?

Bob sees Chris. His good mood fizzles. Everyone's conditions have significantly worsened. Bob's broken leg is covered in BUBBLING SORES. Kirsten's cheeks have sunken, revealing bone beneath. Oddly, WENDY STILL LOOKS HEALTHY.

WENDY

(eyeing Chris)

You can't be serious.

Chris is put in the cellar. The door closes. Chris just stands in the middle of the room. Then slowly, tearily - speaks through his mangled jaw:



CHRIS  
Hew geeys. Wast gee-ing on?

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, GAMEROOM - LATER

The gameroom features video games, a pool table, bean bag chairs, and a large screen TV. Shams, Brooke, and Zach have the space all to themselves.

BROOKE  
Do we have to go back up?

ZACH  
I don't see why.

BROOKE  
You know Zach, passing you in the halls - I never would have guessed that you were so, so...

Zach is doesn't let her finish. He leans in for the KISS. Brooke strokes his cheek. It's tender and sweet.

Shams eyes them, his eyes darkening with jealousy.

SHAMS  
Careful. I hear there's something going around.

Zach and Brooke separate and smile self-consciously. Whoops! It's true: this first kiss has much deeper resonance than most. JUST THEN, Weber appears at the door.

WEBER  
You need to come to the kitchen.

ZACH  
We're fine here, thanks.

WEBER  
(to Zach)  
Please don't leave our fates entirely in the hands of Pimple.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Weber herds Zach, Brooke, and Shams inside. Everyone stands in the kitchen. Doug has center stage.

DOUG  
Alright. It's "go" time.

Doug opens the freezer and takes out three ice-cube trays.

ASHLEY

What is this?

DOUG (CONT'D)

An ice-cube test. And no pussy  
shit. You got to bite right  
through.

BROOKE

No more. I can't take anymore.

ZACH

Doug, she's right. If we're  
careful, no one's going to get  
infected that isn't already. All  
we have to do is wait for the CDC.

DOUG

I don't want to risk standing next  
to some fucker who could start  
leaking shit all over me.

ZACH

This is sadistic.

DOUG

That guy had bad teeth. Show me  
you don't, or it's cellar time.

BROOKE

Calm down--

DOUG

What's wrong with you two? You got  
something to hide?

(turning to the others)

Anybody else feel it's better to  
know who's rotten?

Almost EVERYONE raises their hands. Brooke's stays down, and  
Zach reaches for it. Holds it tight.

DOUG

This all started cause that bitch  
Katie had it. SHE DIDN'T TELL US,  
NOW WE ALL MAY BE FUCKED. Let's  
take the littlest of precautions  
okay? I'll go first.

Doug walks up to the sink. He takes a cube out of the tray  
and holds it IN HIS TEETH... squeezes his jaw. CRACK! He  
breaks the ice-cube.

SASHA

That looks painful.

DOUG

Brooke, you're up. Go.

She walks slowly towards the sink. Sasha helps her get a cube out of the tray. Brooke looks back to Zach.

DOUG  
Weasel-boy can't help you. Come on, girl!

BROOKE  
I'm going!

Brooke takes a cube and puts it in her mouth. She bites hard on it... she squeezes... harder... she quits. Zach watches, anxiously. After all, he just kissed this girl.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
I need another try.  
(to herself)  
Please God, let me do this.

She bites, her eyes are tight. CRACK! The cube breaks. She let's the halves fall into the sink and pumps her fists.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Yes! Yes!

DOUG  
Zach? Let's go.

Zach takes a cube and bites and holds it between his teeth. WE SEE HIS TEETH RUBBING AGAINST THE HARD ICE... GRINDING AS HE TRIES TO BREAK IT. He takes the cube out of his mouth.

ZACH  
Dammit.

DOUG  
I'll bet you wish you were home with your socially challenged friends right now, huh?

SHAMS  
You can do it, Zach.

Zach puts the cube back in. The GROUP looks scared for him. Zach tries again. He squeezes. CRACK! Brooke hugs him.

Doug passes the tray to Moose. Moose leans over the sink. He looks terrified.

MOOSE  
No problem.

His jaw muscles TENSE. His cheeks REDDEN. Veins BULGE.

WEBER  
Keep squeezing, buddy. Break it!

Moose puts his hand on the edge of the sink for leverage. His face contorts with strain.

SHAMS

Keep it up.

THE FLESH ON HIS FOREHEAD STARTS TO SLOWLY RIP. A DROP OF BLOOD SLIPS OUT AS IF FROM A SHAVING CUT... CRACK!!!!

His FOREHEAD SPLITS OPEN! Blood gushes. We can see the inside of his head. He SCREAMS. He's not alone...

SASHA

Make it STOP!

Moose clutches the sides of his head in a panic. Then as he squeezes... WHOOSH! HIS EYE shoots OUT OF THE SOCKET!!! SPLAT! It hits the fridge.

MOOSE

What was that!!!

Moose covers his face with his hands. He's WAILING. He runs tight circles in the kitchen... dropping blood everywhere... He won't stop moving.

MOOSE

MY FACE!!!! MY FACE!!!

He can't see. He staggers close to the group.

WHAM! Doug konks him in the back of the head with a broom. Moose lands hard. He moans on the floor, down for the count.

A moment of silence as everyone looks around the room.

SHAMS

That's the grossest shit ever.

DOUG

Yeah... but the test worked.

SASHA

I'm gonna be sick.

ASHLEY

Me too.

CINDY

Me first!

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sasha, Ashley and Cindy knock into each other as they jockey for the first place position.

They're all moments from heaving. Cindy has her hand in front of her mouth. She looks like she has already started to vomit a little.

Ashley takes the lead.

SASHA

NO!

Cindy pushes Ashley into the wall like a hockey check, BAM! Cindy gets to the bathroom first. All three topple in.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

They try to get their bearings, all over each other. They push as they each try to pick up the toilet seat.

When the seat is half way up, Cindy hurls.

CINDY

AAAOOHHFFFFFF!

Sasha follows, some into the toilet, most onto the wall.

SASHA

AAOOFFFFWHOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLLFFFKKKFF!

Ashley is about to pop. There is no room to get to the toilet. She looks to the sink.

ASHLEY

CCHOOOOOFFKKK. CHOOKKFOOFK. CHIKKO!

Ashley pukes all over the sink and floor... Then SHRIEKS.

She stares at her vomit. It's BLOOD RED, and full of CHUNKS. She heaves again - this time producing a watery FLUID more black than red.

SASHA

(exhausted)

It really stinks in here.

She turns, notices Ashley's "predicament." They make eye contact, Ashley tries to speak, but can't stop PUKING.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CELLAR - LATER

SLAM. Doug seals Moose and Ashley inside. The cellar is getting crowded. Behind him, Cindy is having conniptions as separation from Moose sinks in.

DOUG

Girl, chill out.

Muffled by the thick door, we hear the sound of Ashley  
 RETCHING again, following by GROANS of disgust.

BOB (O.S.)  
 Damn Ashley! Like it wasn't fucked  
 enough in here already!

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Kids slow-dance beneath a spinning disco ball.

A NEWS CREW setting up on the far side of the gym. Local  
 reporter JILL VALENZUELA is starting to interview Prom-goers.

FIND: Natasha, fending off the hand-sy advances of another  
 JOCK, a virtual clone of JACK.

JOCK  
 C'mon sweetie--

NATASHA  
 My boyfriend DIED today.

JOCK  
 Didn't stop you from coming.  
 (beat)  
 Everyone gets lucky on Prom Night.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CHRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Val and Weber are in the middle of the room, half-clothed,  
 climbing all over each other.

As they remove each other's tops, they hit the bed. Val  
 pulls Weber on top of her.

WEBER  
 We shouldn't be doing this. It's  
 not... safe.

They make love in a frenetic hurry. Weber nuzzles her.

VAL  
 I love you. I love you.

WEBER  
 Oh, baby.  
 (eyes closing)  
 What's happening to us?

VAL  
 Don't talk. Just fuck me. Fuck  
 me. Fuck me--

He pumps as hard as he can.

WEBER  
OHHHHH...

VAL  
Don't cum.

Weber tenses up. He tries to hold back....

VAL (CONT'D)  
Don't....Wait....

WEBER  
I'm so.....

Weber can't hold it. He comes.

WEBER (CONT'D)  
...scared.....

He falls on top of her, exhausted. She holds him.

VAL  
(tenderly)  
You are so sweet. So sweet.

WEBER  
(quietly)  
You better not be sick.

He puts his face in her chest and weeps.

VAL  
We're all gonna die anyway. Might  
as well have a fucking orgy.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT

Bob and Moose are huddled in a corner. Kirby's body is in another corner. Wendy is passed out with a bottle of wine in her hand. Still bizarrely blemish free...

Ashley and Kirstin are lying down together between wine racks. They are MAKING OUT LIKE THEIR LIVES DEPENDED ON IT.

ASHLEY  
You feel soooo good.

KIRSTIN  
So do you.

Bob watches the girls, transfixed, then turns to Moose.

BOB  
(to Moose)  
Hey.

MOOSE  
Hi.

BOB  
(seductively)  
How's it going?

Moose shoots Bob a look. Well, as best he can with one eye.

MOOSE  
Don't.

BOB  
Don't what?

They sit for a quiet BEAT.

MOOSE  
Get away from me.

Moose scoots away. Bob moves close again.

BOB  
Come on. This is the end, man.  
Game over.

MOOSE  
Stop it!

Moose tries to get up. Bob, with his good hand, gently pulls Moose back down.

BOB  
You remember that time...at camp?  
It's okay... Who cares what these  
people think anyway.

Moose looks around the room at the motley crew. His macho attitude fades. He GRABS BOB'S FACE. They make out.

MOOSE  
Oh, Bob.

BOB  
Yes! Yes, Jack!

Moose pulls away. "What did you just call me?" He shrugs it off. They remove each other's clothes, lay down on the bench and start to have sex.

They moan with pleasure. Ashley and Kirstin moan with pleasure. REVEAL Chris watching it all, pleasuring himself.



INT. SCOTT'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Scott and Eric actually look a bit battle fatigued. The game is PAUSED. The floor around them is littered with soda cans and candy wrappers.

SCOTT  
We need more victims.

ERIC  
(pointing at the screen)  
Two more, coming our way!

SCOTT  
Wait, we know that screen name.  
That's--

ERIC  
Shams!

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, GAMEROOM - NIGHT

Shams and Tyler play X-BOX on the big screen. There is a bottle of whisky and two glasses in between them.

SHAMS  
Bring it, bitches.

Game characters pummel each other with futuristic artillery.

TYLER  
DIE FUCKERS! DIE!

They each take a drink.

SHAMS  
You now, I don't think I've ever  
heard you talk before.

TYLER  
Don't have much to say.  
(re: screen)  
Shit! Lost my shield.

SHAMS  
Turns out, playing videogames all  
night would have been fine.  
(tugging his collar)  
Is it hot in here?

TYLER  
Sorry, what?

Shams gets his game face on.

SHAMS  
Nothing. Just, this disease shit -  
it's pretty serious.

TYLER  
Anything in life you'd do  
different?

SHAMS  
(beat)  
I'm a virgin.

TYLER  
That sucks.

SHAMS  
What about you?

They continue their play.

TYLER  
(re: screen)  
Move! Move, move move!  
(beat)  
Me? I don't know. Beat the shit  
out of guys like you less often?

Tyler and Shams characters are getting DESTROYED.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
Dude, these guys are good.

SHAMS  
NO FUCKIN' WAY.

Shams gets into it. His fingers hit the pads like crazy. He squeezes as hard as he can. He watches his player onscreen fight back. Then...

We hear CRACK! CRACK! The sound is coming from Shams's fingers as he wails away at the game.

TYLER  
Do it!

Shams MASHES HIS PAD WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!

SHAMS  
AAAHHHHHH! HA!!!

A DOUBLE-CRACK! FILLS THE ROOM. THEY BOTH HEAR IT.

Tyler looks over and discovers that SHAMS THUMBS ARE MISSING. Actually, they're on the floor.

SHAMS  
Uh oh.

TYLER  
THE FUCK!!!...

Tyler BELLOWS. Shams however, is remarkably calm. No screaming. Just devastating disappointment.

TYLER  
HELP! HELP! HELP!

SHAMS  
Can't I catch a break?

Shams tries to pick up his thumbs - an ironically difficult task without them attached to his hand.

KIDS fill the doorway - Val, Zach, Brooke and the others behind them.

Zach takes in the sight, heart-broken.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT

Zach and shams confer on opposite sides of the thick door. Guilt and sadness wrestle across Zach's face.

SPLITSCREEN:

SHAMS  
Please. Please, Zach - I'm begging you. Don't leave me in here.

ZACH  
I'm so sorry.

SHAMS  
There's got to be something you can do. You're a bright guy.

ZACH  
Just hang in there. Help is on the way. You've just got to hang on.

SHAMS  
Fuck you! They're gonna let us rot and you KNOW IT! Think!

There's a long beat.

ZACH  
I don't know what to do, Shams.

He stands. Wipes tears from his eyes and starts down the long, narrow hallway.

SHAMS (O.S.)  
Don't leave me Zach! Zach!

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zach, Brooke, Sasha, and Doug are flipping channels in the guest bedroom. FLICK. An infomercial for "Salad Shooter." FLICK. An old episode of "Facts of Life." FLICK--

They all stare listlessly. Zach strokes Brooke's hair.

BROOKE  
I wonder what my sister's gonna be  
like when she grows up.

ZACH  
You'll get to see. Promise.

SASHA  
You can't promise. You don't know.

CLOSE ON: Doug, sweating profusely. His eyes are red, his breath a bit labored. He scoots closer to Sasha.

SASHA  
Don't even think about it.

DOUG  
(sudden outburst)  
Fuck! I need to FUCKING GET THE  
FUCK OUT OF THIS FUCKING PLACE!

They all STARE at him, stunned despite themselves.

DOUG  
What? Fuck you guys.

He stumbles towards the bathroom. Zach is concerned.

ZACH  
He's... off.  
(beat)  
More so than usual.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Doug, who does indeed look pretty damn crazy.

Doug DISCOVERS that the walls, toilet and floor are plastered with puke.

DOUG  
Pigs.

He struggles with his zipper and PEES into the shower. He runs a free hand through his hair... then looks at his fingers. He sees blood.

He ZIPS up, then looks in the mirror. He SPREADS HIS HAIR apart - sees a BLOODY SORE that extends behind his ear. He tugs the top of his ear for closer inspection... and it comes CLEAN OFF HIS HEAD.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
No FUCKING way.

He carefully tries to STICK the ear back on. It stays - secured by goey layer of puss.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Doug reappears in the doorway looking worse and frighteningly vacant. He's completely snapped... or is about to.

No one on the bed notices. Their eyes are glued to the NEWS:

JUDITH MARTIN (TV)  
...Jill Valenzuela spoke with some of the students. Here's the tape.

The news CUTS TO footage of JILL VALENZUELA, a peppy reporter, interviewing kids AT THE PROM. She passes two kids SLOW DANCING.

JILL VALENZUELA  
What do you two think of the tragedy?

DANCING GIRL (TV)  
It's a shame.

JILL VALENZUELA (TV)  
How about you?

DANCING GUY (TV)  
Yeah. Total bumner.

They two kids go back to slow dancing. We SEE that Natasha is miraculously recovered from her trauma. She's in the arms of a new BEAU.

Jill walks over to three girls, MARYANN MCDONOUGH, a girl with way too much attitude, JANINE, and TRACI, a petite girl who speaks softly.

SASHA  
(to Doug)  
Hey - weren't you going to Prom with MaryAnn?

DOUG  
(stonefaced)  
I blew her off. Came her instead.

BROOKE  
Lucky break for both of you.

JILL VALENZUELA (TV)  
Did you guys know the kids at Chris  
Welch's house?

Janine leans into the microphone.

JANINE (TV)  
I did. It's so tragic you know.  
They were so young.

Sasha starts to CRY. Zach and Brooke turn to one another.

BROOKE  
Were?

SASHA  
(sobbing, gasping)  
Oh my God. Prom! Look... How...  
Beautiful...

Jill Valenzuela turns to MARYANN MCDONOUGH. Doug's jaw  
CLENCHES.

BROOKE  
Look Doug. Your sweetie.

JILL VALENZUELA (TV)  
I understand this evening is  
particularly hard for you. Your  
date is trapped in that house--

MARY ANN (TV)  
Hi, I'm MaryAnn. Let me first just  
say that I feel really bad for all  
of them. And I did feel really bad  
about Doug, too - I mean, I still  
do but-- sometimes he was such a  
jerk. If he'd just come directly  
to Prom like I asked...

DOUG  
Fuck you, MaryAnn.

Traci pushes past MaryAnn and looks in the camera.

TRACY (TV)  
Yeah. I want to send all my wishes  
and prayers. But it's true... Doug  
wasn't very nice.

JANINE (TV)  
Yeah. He was so conceited.

DOUG  
SHUT UP!

JILL VALENZUELA (TV)  
 Our hearts are with these kids -  
 struggling to enjoy their special  
 night under these awful  
 circumstances.

Doug THROWS A GLASS at the screen, and the 2nd TV of the evening is OBLITERATED.

SASHA  
 Dammit! That's the last TV!

Doug is SHAKING with rage. He looks like a volcano.

DOUG  
 Wish those fucking bitches were  
 here!

BROOKE  
 Dude, settle.

DOUG  
 Fucking all you fuckers are fucked!

SUDDENLY: Doug's EAR FALLS OFF. No one moves.

DOUG  
 Fuck.

Doug RUSHES for the window, throws it open. The RED LASER DOT from a rifle sight traces it's way up his torso.

DOUG  
 FUCK!!!!

He takes off down the hall.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, DINING ROOM - LATER

Zach addresses the gathered troops. They hang on his every word - he's emerged as the clear leader.

ZACH  
 Alright everybody. We looked, but  
 there's no sign of him.

Alarmed WHISPERS spread through the group.

TYLER  
 He's in here somewhere.  
 (beat)  
 I could take him.

ZACH  
 He's... a little nuts and hasn't  
 got anything to lose.  
 (MORE)

ZACH (cont'd)  
That makes him much more dangerous.  
We need to watch each other's  
backs.

Weber raises his hand. Zach POINTS.

WEBER  
Watch our backs? We're SCREWED. I  
mean, if the CDC doesn't arrive  
soon, and now with a psycho running  
around--

ZACH (CONT'D)  
They'll come. This has become far  
too big.  
(darkly)  
But yes, for some of us the clock  
is ticking. We can't stand by and  
do nothing while our friends die.

Everyone looks down - towards the BASEMENT.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

BAM! The cellar door flies open. It's Zach and Brook, with  
a small set of curious bystanders. Moose Bob, and several  
others are in pretty bad shape. Wendy is STILL blemish free.  
Zach looks ready for war.

Shams eyes him gratefully, optimistically.

SHAMS  
Zach?

ZACH  
Hey there, buddy.

WENDY  
I'm not sick! I swear, I'm not!

ZACH  
There's a chance you're immune.  
I'm sorry that this happened to  
you, but you might be valuable to  
the CDC. Thank you for being so  
brave.

Wendy calms immediately. Zach turns towards Chris:

ZACH  
Chris -

CHRIS (O.S.)  
(mangled jaw)  
Yeag - Warz sup?

ZACH  
I need power tools.



INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT HALLWAY - LATER

We follow a long extension cord. It runs down the hallway, past kids' feet, and underneath the cellar door. Zach and Chris watch through the window. Cindy paces behind them.

SASHA

I can't watch.

She looks at Brooke expectantly.

BROOKE

I'm staying.

Sasha storms upstairs. Doug peek through the window.

SASHA (O.S.)

Crazy mother-fuckers....

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT

An impromptu MEDICAL STATION has been built. There are boxes of bandages, scissors, twine, paper towels, a tube of antibacterial ointment, and TWO BOTTLES OF VODKA.

Zach holds a CIRCULAR SAW.

Sheets have been laid down on the floor. Shams is laid out on top of them.

SHAMS

(eying the circular saw)

That's a far cry from a scalpel.

Zach waves Bob over. ZACH AND BOB throw SHEETS OVER THEIR HEADS. Eye holes have been cut out. THEY LOOK LIKE GHOSTS.

Bob puts his foot on Shams' wrist. HE HOLDS IT DOWN.

Zach puts Safety Goggles on. He lines up the blade on SHAMS' FOREARM.

SHAMS

You have to take off that much?

Zach indicates where the discolored veins in the hand end and healthy flesh begins.

ZACH

There's no point if we don't get it all.

SHAMS

(lightly)

Yeah, what's an extra inch or two--

ZACH

Shams - you sure you're cool?

Shams nods and Zach squeezes the trigger. RRRRRRRRRR!

BLOOD FLIES EVERYWHERE! WINE RACKS GET SPLATTERED.

SHAMS

AAAAAAAHHHH!

PIECES OF BONE chip away and sail in the air. ZACH GRIMACES WITH STEADFAST DETERMINATION.

Then, it's time for Shams other wrist - and the left hand is severed as messily as the right.

The sick kids are huddled in a corner, facing away, blood all over their backs. The saw WHINES to a slow stop.

Brooke administers rapid medical attention... bandages, vodka, the works.

ZACH

(raising his goggles)

Who's next?

TO BLACK:

The grinding WHIR OF THE POWER SAW OVER:

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

The scene outside has become more melee than managed police scene. Parents are swarming. News crews have literally set up camp. Even a PROTEST GROUP has made an appearance...

Agent Ridge has detained several parents; Sargeant Frank is being led away in cuffs, YELLING at the top of his lungs.

A REPORTER and CAMERAMAN corner Agent Ridge.

REPORTER

We understand that an entire small town in Bunyon County has undergone similar containment.

The reporter thrusts the microphone in Ridge's face and lets it hover there. He doesn't say a word.

REPORTER

Any comment on the situation inside the house?

Ridge reaches over and plucks a cable from the side of the camera. The small light glowing on top dims. The cameraman CURSES and Ridge walks away, soon joined by a JUNIOR AGENT.

JUNIOR AGENT  
No sign of him sir. The cruiser he  
stole is still MIA too...

NEARBY: Officer Paul is conversing with Zach's parents and  
Doug's dad Dr. Viola.

OFFICER PAUL  
This is total chaos.

ZACH'S DAD  
Is there anything we can do?

OFFICER PAUL  
Pray.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Winston is driving, utterly preoccupied with the array of  
fancy doodads on the dash: GPS, call monitors, data  
computer... he punches buttons arbitrarily.

The radio crackles:

VOICE (RADIO)  
Deputy Winston. You're ordered to  
respond. Return the vehicle.

WINSTON  
(to himself)  
Y'all can clean your own mess.

WHAM! The cruiser CRASHES into an electrical pole. Two high-  
tension power lines fall to the asphalt, writhing like live  
snakes. Winston hurries from the car to survey the damage.

WINSTON  
Whoops.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, STREET - CONTINUOUS

There's a loud electrical SNAP, then a strange deep, droning  
noise - like the world's largest television set being turned  
off - BEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOP.

The entire BLOCK is plunged into darkness. Every streetlamp,  
every home, every traffic light... INCLUDING THE SECURITY  
LIGHTS WHICH SURROUND CHRIS' HOUSE.

INT. SCOTT'S BASEMENT, DARK - CONTINUOUS

A FLASHLIGHT winks on. Scott and Eric are in the middle of  
the basements black void.

ERIC  
Tell me you saved the game.

SCOTT  
We should have gone to Prom.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The gym is a black abyss. Emergency lighting sputters to life above green exits signs, casting the alarmed students below in eerie silhouette.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A lighter FLICKS, and the lonely butane flame casts a futile bubble of illumination. Zach's face glows.

SHAMS  
What's going on?

BROOKE  
Did they cut the power?

ZACH  
That wouldn't make sense.

Running FOOTSTEPS on the floor above their heads. The CREAK of a door opening. More FOOTSTEPS. Then, glass SHATTERS.

ZACH  
Shams, everyone, stay put.  
(to Brooke)  
Stay close.

Led by light of the tiny flame, they move as quickly as they can through the door and up the stairs.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

Officers and Agents surround the house, clutching flashlights, guns drawn. Under the veil of blackness, the property seems much larger, harder to easily canvas.

PERSONNEL on the street scramble to reposition the Police vehicles so that the headlights illuminate the house. Though they move with efficiency, the multiple distractions allow them to miss... A FEW SHAPES ESCAPING FROM THE HOUSE!

NEARBY: Officer Paul observes the siege in progress with concern. Another OFFICER approaches:

OFFICER PAUL  
Where's our power, Lopez?

OFFICER LOPEZ  
 There's a line down on Oak. We're  
 talking at least another fifteen.

Officer Paul watches as Agent Ridge silently, cautiously  
 leads a TEAM towards the patio.

AGENT RIDGE  
 (to his men)  
 No one leaves this house.  
 Understood?

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Zach and Brooke reach the living room, a half-dozen kids are  
 watching as Weber delicately shimmies through a hole smashed  
 in one of the windows. Almost everyone has left.

ZACH  
 Stop that!

Zach grabs Weber by the belt-loops and pulls him back inside.

WEBER  
 What the fuck, dude!

ZACH  
 What are you doing?

WEBER  
 I'm not dying in here, man.

Zach looks out the window. He can see several SHAPES fleeing  
 towards the treeline surrounding the property. It's a clear,  
 narrow path to freedom. He glimpses Val, the last to escape,  
 disappearing into the thatch of woods.

BROOKE  
 (to Zach)  
 We have to stop them.

ZACH  
 If they contact more people, Weber  
 this thing will be impossible to  
 stop.  
 (beat)  
 Where were they going?

WEBER  
 (shrugs, half-joking)  
 Knowing these assholes, they'd be  
 tempted to go to Prom--

Brooke and Zach eye one another with alarm, then glance again  
 towards the window...

WEBER

Let the Police handle it, hero.

ZACH

The Police will kill them.

WEBER

They're already dead.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Ridge and his men reach the patio. In the pool, Katie's body has dissolved into a nearly unrecognizable blob.

The sliding doors leading inside are locked. Agent Ridge gestures for his men to SMASH the glass.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The AGENTS step slowly into the living room, washed in the muted yellow light of the idling Police Cars outside. FLASHLIGHT BEAMS scan the darkness, find the destroyed TV, the blood-spattered kitchen. Drinking glasses... no kids.

ACROSS THE HOUSE, more agents BURST through the front door. They motion the "All Clear."

Ridge looks uncharacteristically worried.

RIDGE

I want air support. They can't have gotten far--

An AGENT emphatically gestures for Ridges attention, pointing towards an open door and a stairway leading down.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Ridge and his men step slowly down the stairs towards the basement, guns still at the ready.

Ridge notices the extension cord snaking its way towards the heavy cellar door.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, CELLAR - NIGHT

The door CREAKS open. The darkness here is impenetrable. There is faint SCUFFLING. The Agents are not alone.

AGENT RIDGE

Don't be afraid. You're all going to be okay.

Circles of light from the flashlights glide across the blood soaked walls. FIND the circular saw still dripping with gore... Then SUDDENLY FINDS CHRIS, who has pressed himself flush against the wine racks, trying to hide.

Terrified, Chris RUSHES FORWARD, babbling through the cavity that used to be his mouth.

CHRIS  
OyMahGewd - plez gelp ge!

The closest AGENT GASPS in disgust and surprise. He impulsively squeezes his trigger - CRACK! - and what remains of Chris's face EXPLODES in a geyser. His body wobbles, then collapses to the floor.

Several STIFLED SCREAMS echo against the stone walls.

The Agents swivel on their heels nervously.

EXT. MT. VERNON STREET - NIGHT

Winston has gotten the Cruiser moving, but it's on it's last legs - every foot it traverses accompanied by the SCREECH of grinding metal. The front end is hopelessly mangled, smoke billows from beneath the hood.

WINSTON  
C'mon. C'MON--

The car dies, clanging to a permanent halt.

WINSTON  
Fuck!

He looks out the window. Directly beside him, at the rear of an immense, full parking lot, is Mt. Vernon High.

Right on cue, the power returns. The overhead fluorescents in the parking lot illuminate. A dim but distinct CHEER rises from the school - hundreds of relieved revelers celebrating the resumption of prom.

WINSTON  
Sweet!

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

The stand-off continues.

AGENT RIDGE  
All of you. Come out!

Nothing. No response.

SUDDENLY: the lights blaze back to life, and SHAPES lurking in the shadows become clear. The agents are startled.

THEN: the kids make a collective RUSH towards the door - Shams, Bob, Moose, Kirsten, Ashley - the Agents take AIM:

Moose is SHOT in the chest and collapses on an Agent, bleeding all over while smothering him with his girth.

Agent Ridge lines up Ashley in his sights...

But Shams and Bob wrestle him to the ground. Agent Ridge lands on the CIRCULAR SAW which WHIRS to life beneath him.

His mouth opens in a silent SCREAM, a fountain of blood erupting over his lips.

INT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The KIDS reach the empty living room, only to find more AGENTS, ready to pick them off one by one.

They FREEZE.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The entire property is once more blanketed by the powerful glow of security lights.

Officer Paul stares at the house expectantly.

The sound of GUNSHOTS pierce the quiet... and Officer Paul's walkie blazes to life with PANICKED CHATTER.

WALKIE  
(different voices)  
Ridge is down ... we've got six  
kids ... wounded, most dead... it's  
a bloodbath ...

NEWS CREWS scurry to make sense of the unfolding drama. Groups of PARENTS press against the officers who restrain them, desperate for answers.

Overhead, a HELICOPTER flies past.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A ring of teens loiter near the gym, taking quick, furtive sips from concealed brown-bagged beer.

WINSTON (OFF)  
What you got there?



They turn in unison. Winston is swaggering towards them, hands on hips. PANIC lights in their eyes.

TEEN 1

Nothing.

TEEN 2

Yeah, nothing Officer.

Winston snatches the paper bag from the closest teen, and peers inside. It's a Colt 40.

WINSTON

Uh-oh.

TEEN 3

Please, please, be cool. It's PROM, man.

Winston sizes them up, overflowing with pantomime deliberation. He quickly confiscates all of their contraband.

WINSTON

Go on. Get back inside, don't let me catch you out here again.

They disburse like lightning in a chorus of "Thank Yous." Once they're out of sight, Winston chugs one. He tosses the bottle into the bushes and carries the remaining inside.

EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT

Zach and Brooke run through the moonlight. They bob and weave to avoid sharp branches.

Brooke trips over a log. She falls HARD.

ZACH

You need to stop?

BROOKE

No.

Brooke gets up. They keep running, trying to find their way.

They hear the helicopter overhead. A SEARCHLIGHT traces the ground nearby.

They duck behind a tree.

INTERCUT:

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A SNIPER in the Helicopter has Zach in his sights.

HELICOPTER PILOT  
 (into radio)  
 We have two runaways. Clean shot.

EXT. CHRIS' HUGE PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Officer Paul is currently in command. He hesitates.

OFFICER PAUL  
 Stand down. We'll intercept on the  
 ground.

HELICOPTER PILOT  
 Who is this? Where's Ridge?

It just so happens, Agent Ridge is being carried out of the  
 house in a plastic bag...

OFFICER PAUL  
 Ridge is indisposed. Stand down.

EXT. RAVINE - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter moves in one direction. Zach and Brooke run  
 in the other.

BROOKE  
 Do you know the way?

ZACH  
 I thought so. I think we're  
 close...

Feeling they've lost their pursuers, they pause to catch  
 their breath.

ZACH  
 I'm a little turned around. You  
 okay?

Brooke nods. They hear RUSTLING! They look around - spot  
 the BUSH where it's coming from.

Zach PICKS UP A BIG STICK and holds it over his head. Brooke  
 picks up a smaller one.

The bush rustles again and Zach SWINGS. He hits... A BODY.  
 EDDIE, a party-guy in a tuxedo, rolls out.

EDDIE  
 OWWWWWW!

Two more party-guys, LYLE and MITCH, emerge from the bushes.

MITCH  
Fuck! We thought you were cops.

BROOKE  
What are you doing?

LYLE  
We came out here to drink.

EDDIE  
Wait...

Mitch looks at Zach and Brooke, still splattered with blood from their "surgical" endeavors.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Where did you guys come from?

LYLE  
They got that... "thing!"

ZACH  
No. Promise.

EDDIE  
Look at them! They were at Chris'!

Lyle and Mitch pick up sticks, take an offensive posture.

MITCH  
Get away.

ZACH  
We'll go. Just, tell us which way the prom is.

LYLE  
Forget it!

Lyle swings at Zach. He misses.

ZACH  
I'm not sick! I'm trying to help!  
Doug is on his way to--

Mitch swings. He hits Zach in the leg.

ZACH  
Help us! Please!

Mitch CLUBS Zach in the shoulder. Zach's had enough. He lays a HUGE SWING into Mitch's RIBS. BOOM! Mitch goes down. He chokes as he tries to get his breath. Zach looks to Lyle.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Which way?

Lyle points. Zach and Brooke run like hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Up ahead Zach and Brooke see the HIGH SCHOOL.

ZACH  
Over there!

They run past a convenience store. Brooke does her best to keep up. Zach blazes into an intersection. He look behind him to check on Brooke. SCREEEEEECH -

A CAR HITS Zach. Zach bounces off the windshield and somersaults onto the pavement. Brooke reaches him.

BROOKE  
Are you alright?

ZACH  
Yeah. I think so.

Zach is WOOZY, his pants torn and the flesh beneath deeply gouged. The IRATE DRIVER gets out of the car.

IRATE DRIVER  
What the fuck, kid! You ran into  
the middle of the road--

He takes long look at Zach, who's struggles to his feet in the beam of the headlamps. He's bloody, wild-eyed, and pissed. This is definitely NOT the same Zach we met yesterday... The Driver shuts up and closes his door.

Brooke grabs him. Zach follows, now slowed by a LIMP.

BROOKE  
Come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

A TRUCK pulls up in front of the school.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sasha prepares to climb out of the cab. The TRUCK DRIVER leers at her hungrily. Sasha is... not all there. Sweat beads on her forehead.

SASHA  
Thanks for the ride.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Glad I could help, darling.  
(beat)  
Quick kiss for luck?

SASHA  
Forget it.

TRUCK DRIVER  
C'mon. Peck on the cheek. Don't normally pick up hitchhikers...

Sasha rolls her eyes. Whatever. As she leans in for the micro-smooch, the truck driver turns his head and kisses her FULL ON THE MOUTH, pulling Sasha forward greedily.

SASHA  
(tearing away)  
Fuck you, pig!

TRUCK DRIVER  
You have a nice night, Sweetheart.  
You go make some horny boys night.

She flips him off. He GRUNTS like a pig as she scampers towards the Gym. His LAUGHTER tapers as she dovetails from view, his expression shifting to dawning displeasure. He has something in his mouth. He fishes inside with a finger and retrieves... A BLOODY TOOTH.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Winded by her brief jog, Sasha stops at a parked car to inspect her reflection. She adjusts her hair. Puckers her lips, then is seized by a COUGH... which expels a blob of dark blood onto the car window.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The BAND takes a break and a DJ [50s, hopelessly out of touch] takes over a turntable.

He unsleeves an album and places it on the spindle. The gym floods with Air Supply's "Two Less Lonely People."

Kids MOAN, but don't stop dancing.

CLOSE ON: The DJ, oblivious, nodding his head to the smooooooth rhythm. SUDDENLY an unseen hand SHOVES him.

WINSTON takes his place, record in hand.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Kids shake their heads and hair to "Pour Some Sugar on Me."

Winston makes the rounds, nods and points double-barrel fingers at clusters of teens who smile back, confused.

He FINDS two HUSKY GIRLS and saunters over.

WINSTON  
How're you ladies tonight?

HUSKY GIRL 1  
Good.

WINSTON  
All alone?

HUSKY GIRL 2  
Our dates took off. Evidently  
drinking in the fields is more fun--

The first girl ELBOWS her.

HUSKY GIRL 1  
You don't have to tell everybody.

Winston discretely removes his HIP FLASK... Then notices the NEWS CREW on the far side of the gym. Local reporter JILL VALENZUELA is still pestering Prom-goers.

WINSTON  
We should find a place to party.

HUSKY GIRL 1  
Aren't you a cop?

WINSTON  
Off duty.

They glance at one another, uncertain.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
This is Prom Night, ladies. Love  
is in the air.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Winston and the two girls hang out on the floor, drinking the recently liberated beer.

At the far end of the hall, a FIGURE bangs on the doors. Winston excuses himself and cruises down the hall.

He opens the door a crack. Standing outside, grinning calmly, is Doug.

WINSTON  
What up, dude?

DOUG  
Hey--  
(taking in Winston's  
uniform)  
Officer. Will you let me in?

WINSTON  
What's wrong with the front door?

DOUG  
It's just, look, I forgot my asthma  
inhaler, and all this dancing... I  
got an extra one in my locker--

WINSTON  
Whatever.

He lets Doug pass, not noticing the BLOOD which coats the side of the young man's face. Instead, Winston trots excitedly back to his "dates" and Doug disappears down another corridor.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

SLOW MOTION POV: Moving through throngs of dancing students, who shake and shimmy, pausing with momentary curiosity as they're passed.

REVEAL: Sasha carving her way across the dance-floor towards the stage. Her eyes are fixed on something there:

CLOSE ON: the focus of her fascination. Resting on a faux-marble pedestal wait the CROWNS for Prom King and Prom Queen. She grins - missing a front tooth.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

MONTAGE: Doug travels from door to door, sealing each one closed via an assortment of different means: bike chains, rope, blocking them with chairs...

CLOSE ON: Doug removing the FIRE AXE from its wall-mounted tomb in breakaway glass...

MEANWHILE:

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Zach and Brooke reach the Gym. They eye the front entrance.

BROOKE  
Let's do this--

ZACH  
We can't risk getting caught.  
(beat)  
I mean, look at us. We have to  
find a back entrance.

INTERCUT: Each door they try has already been secured. Doug is perpetually one step ahead.

They reach the last door. It too is locked, and the frustration in Zach's face is plain.

BROOKE  
We're wasting too much time.

ZACH  
(beat)  
I've got an idea...

QUICK SERIES OF CUTS:

Zach breaks down the door to the 4-H gardening shed.

He grabs a rake and a hoe.

Zach SMASHES the window leading into the locker room.

Zach and Brooke cut through the locker room to...

CUT TO:

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Zach and Brooke, gardening tools in hand.

PULL BACK: They're at the rear of the Gym, bloody, pale-faced Grim Reapers bathed in pink and green light.

ANOTHER QUICK SERIES OF CUTS:

Zach and Brooke dash from couple to couple, from group to group, from Hor'dourve table to punchbowl - spreading the word... messengers of the Apocalypse.

ZACH  
You need to get out of here!



## CHEERLEADER

The pretty girls are at Chris'! I actually have a shot at Prom Queen!

CUT TO:

## BROOKE

At least go outside?

## JOCK

I step out, I break hearts. Can't let that happen...

CUT TO:

## ZACH

You don't understand! Infected kids might BE here!

## BAND GEEK

But we go back on in fifteen.

CUT TO:

A SUDDEN HUSH descends over the gymnasium. All heads TURN to the stage. The DJ removes the needle from the record.

Sasha stands alone, the Prom Queen Tiara in her hand, blood dribbling from the corners of her mouth. She addresses the vast assembly of staring faces. This is *her* moment.

## SASHA

Thank you all sooo much. This is such an honor. A dream come true, really.

She places the Tiara an her head.

## SASHA

Is it on right? It feels weird--

Sasha over-exerts her attempt to squeeze the metal ornament over her hair -- and PEELS THE FLESH from her scalp!

She smiles and waves benignly, blood pouring through down her forehead and cheeks, pausing to COUGH several enormous GOBS which splash into the crowd.

Kids SCREAM and SCATTER. Balloons POP. ONE END OF THE BANNER falls. Tables and chairs get toppled. They're literally climbing and crawling over one another to reach the doors first.

JUST THEN: Winston and his two "dates" return from their sojourn in the hallway.

SWISH-PAN FROM WINSTON'S POV: Groups simultaneously discover that the doors are all jammed. A few find the open route leading back to the locker room, but most are trapped.

WINSTON  
(to himself)  
God dammit.

Winston turns on his heels and heads back into the school, abandoning his heavy-set new friends.

The THRONGS stream towards the main doors, but the path is blocked by DOUG, wielding his axe.

DOUG  
HI GUYS!  
(grins)  
You know, I had no idea how unpopular I was. Guess I should have been nicer. Fact is, I hate all of you even more than you hate me. But even a bully needs love...

The crowd slowly backpedals away from him. He spots Mary Ann in their midst, trying desperately to avoid his eyes.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
MARY ANN MCDONOUGH! Baby!

The herd PUSHES her forward. The rest shy away from her.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Ahhh. Come here, pumpkin.

Doug slowly puts his hands around her head. She cowers.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I was dying, and you said such awful things.

She squirms. He holds her tight and kisses her hard on the mouth, like Michael Corleone kissed Fredo.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Love ya!

She runs away.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Who else wants a warm fuzzy one?

CLANG! Zach's garden hoe connects squarely with the side of Doug's head. BLOOD SPRAYS into the crowd, hitting unprepared gawkers in the face.

ZACH  
(to the crowd)  
Go on! Run!

Doug is already clamoring to his feet, reaching for the axe.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

There is a MASS EXODUS from the Hall. Kids in formal wear run for their lives WAVING AND SCREAMING, just as:

POLICE CARS, SIRENS wailing, fly over the curb.

The cops lean out of their windows, GUNS DRAWN.

CURB COP #1  
FREEZE!

CURB COP #2  
Everyone! Back inside!

The cops get out of their cars. They all hear a DISPATCHER across their radios.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
...USE FORCE IF NECESSARY.

The kids, hands raised, back inside. THE COPS SHUT THE ENTRANCE DOOR. Two officers take huge CHAINS and look the door from the outside.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Three PREPPIE KIDS, Doug's blood on their formal wear, scurry down the corridor - their backs hunched like soldiers crossing an open field.

PREPPIE KID 1  
(whispering)  
Maybe we can get out through the library.

PREPPIE KID 2  
I got that assholes blood all over us.

FROM NOWHERE: The axe blade splits the 2nd Preppie Kid's skull in HALF! Blood and brains SPLATTER THE wall.

DOUG

The other two SCREAM, but their distress is ended quickly as Doug severs their heads.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zach and Brooke lead a group towards the coach's offices - he funnels them inside.

Mary Ann comes running around the corner. She tries to get into the room.

DANCING GIRL  
NO! SHE CAN'T COME IN! DOUG  
KISSED HER!

MARY ANN  
(crying)  
Please!

DANCING GUY  
NO!

ZACH  
It's okay!

BROOKE  
(to Mary Ann)  
Just stay in the corner.

Mary Ann sits on the floor. Everybody glowers at her. Then... SCREAMING along with Doug' LAUGH.

ZACH  
Stay here. Don't open the door.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Winston wanders the halls, the carnage of Doug's passage all around him, bodies in the hall, smashed lockers, severed electrical wiring resulting in sputtering lights overhead.

He comes upon the three dead Preppie Kids. He considers them for a LONG BEAT.

WINSTON  
(to himself)  
Best to handle this the Bunyon  
County way.

QUICK SERIES OF CUTS: Winston emerges from the Chemistry Classroom wearing a thick rubber apron, long latex gloves, and carrying bottles of Isopropyl Alcohol.

He laboriously drags the bodies into a haphazard pile.

He empties the Alcohol over the corpses.

He retrieves a silver Zippo from a pocket and sets them on fire... Whistling, he walks away.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Doug twirls the axe absentmindedly like a lumberjack on a morning stroll.

He rounds a corner, and finds himself face-to-face with three fleeing members of the STUDENT BAND. Each are lugging their beloved instruments and look utterly terrified.

It's a "West Side Story" gangland stand-off; the axe-wielding maniac vs. the DRUMMER, the SAXOPHONIST, and the VIOLINIST.

The Saxophonist cocks the heavy brass behind his body. As he's about to attack... Doug swings the Axe- hitting him IN THE ANKLE. The Saxophonist goes down.

Doug then turns on the other two, swinging wildly, narrowly missing. The drummer assaults Doug with the Crash Cymbal. He pulls back again, carving a deep slice of arm before the disk CLATTERS to the floor.

Doug swings the axe upwards. IT OBLITERATES the violin, then strikes the violinist on the inner thigh. SPLOTCH!

Doug has trouble getting the axe back out of the deep wound. The VIOLINIST HOWLS in pain.

Using one cymbal as a shield, another as a weapon, the Drummer redoubles his assault.

Doug abandons the axe, letting it dangle between the SCREAMING violinist's legs. He picks the Cymbal from the floor... and throws it like a Frisbee. It slices through the drummer's neck, striking the WINDPIPE AND VIBRATES. GONG!

His work done, Doug reclaims the axe with a sickening WET SQUELCH. He continues on his merry way, leaving the three bleeding, writhing victims in his wake.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, DIFFERENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Zach and Brooke tiptoe the hall, still brandishing rake and hoe respectively.

In the Trophy Case up ahead, Zach spots DOUG'S REFLECTION... but a moment too late!

Doug is upon them, swinging the axe. Brooke takes refuge in a nearby classroom.

Zach falls back, CRASHING through the trophy case, then is pummeled by the falling trophies.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, TYPING CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug walks in. He looks around, peeks under the desk...  
Brooke has disappeared.

DOUG

Lambchop?

Then..... DING! Brooke comes out from behind the open door  
and SLAMS Doug IN THE HEAD WITH AN ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER. Doug  
hits the floor.

Doug puts his hands up as a futile shield; his head has taken  
quite a beating, and the left side of his face has been  
turned to pulp. Blood spills over his fingers.

Brooke picks up the typewriter again. She hurls it at his  
head repeatedly: DING! CLICK! CHING!

Doug writhes in pain.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch!

Brooke runs out of the room.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brooke pulls Zach from the Trophy Case and drags him off down  
the hall.

DOUG (O.S.)

Zach! I can't WAIT to kill you!

Zach and Brooke run towards a corridor of classrooms... and  
smack into WINSTON.

ZACH

Oh thank God, we need your help,  
Officer--

WINSTON

Deputy.

BROOKE

Whatever.

Zach peers over Winston's shoulder. Smoke is billowing out  
of several classrooms. Winston is still FLICKING the silver  
lighter in his hand.

ZACH

What the fuck are you doing?

Winston follows his wide-eyed gaze, and notices that the flames from his funerary burn piles have spread to the walls and ceiling.

WINSTON

Whoops.

(Beat; as though the hallway behind him wasn't on fire)

Gotta take a leak.

BROOKE

What the hell smells so bad?

(looking closer)

Holy shit!

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zach and Winston bravely open bathroom stalls. The last one is locked. Zach KICKS IT OPEN. Inside is... MR. SHEPPARD.

Mr. Sheppard crouches atop the toilet, rubbing ROSARY BEADS and WHISPERING A PRAYER.

WINSTON

Say something nice for me too.

Winston and Zach step up to the urinals. Brooke takes a stall.

ZACH

So... You do realize there's hundreds of kids trapped in here.

WINSTON

(shrugs)

Yeah.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The gym is starting to fill with smoke and looks more like a third world refugee camp than a high school prom.

Students cower in corners, assiduously avoid one another, peek out back windows towards the gathering POLICE circus outside...

Sasha's corpse lies crumpled on stage. Natasha approaches, the first signs of a SORE appearing around her mouth. She gingerly removes the Tiara from her friends exposed skull.

CLOSE ON: The broad, rigor-mortis smile on Sasha's face.

INT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brooke carefully peeks out of the bathroom; coast is clear. Zach and Winston follow.

As they do, the axe flies through the doorway! Winston pushes Zach out of the way and the blow catches Winston in the back of the thigh. His legs SPLITS.

Brooke drops her rake and lunges for the axe head. She wrests it away from Doug, but trips over Winston and lands on the blade. A pool of blood slowly forms beneath her fallen form. Doug snatches her rake.

Zach and Doug face off. Its garden rake against garden hoe.

DOUG

Think you can take me, faggot?

They fence, but Zach is a man possessed. He lands every blow, Doug stumbles backwards - surprised and winded.

The two stare at one another. Zach stands his ground, ferocity gleaming in his eyes. Doug looks like he's about to CHARGE...

... but FLEES instead, racing back through the hallway towards the rear double doors.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Doug staggers outside. He's exhausted, low on blood. A GUNSHOT rings. Doug looks down, where a bloody hole has opened in his chest. He looks up to find:

Officer Paul, standing with gun still raised - flanked by several other OFFICERS. In the BACKGROUND, white CDC vans stream into the parking lot.

EXT. MT. VERNON HIGH SCHOOL, GYMNASIUM - LATER, SAME NIGHT

Teams of CDC AGENTS wearing biohazard suits efficiently evacuate the STUDENTS into waiting school buses.

Familiar faces are herded past: Zach, Brooke, Natasha... Winston. A LIMPING Winston is staging a loud protest to no one in particular.

WINSTON

I'm not getting on that bus. No way. Officer down.

(pointing at his badge)

See this word? DEPUTY? It means "NOT. GETTING. ON. BUS."



In the background, FIREMEN extinguish the remaining flames licking at the school walls, just as:

A 1986 Dodge Dart sputters into the parking lot, stopping an appreciable distance away.

INT. DODGE - CONTINUOUS

Scott and Eric, dressed in tuxedos replete with matching boutonnieres, have finally made it - and missed everything.

SCOTT  
What the fuck...?

ERIC  
See? Told you Prom would suck.

INT. CHRIS'S HUGE PARTY HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

CDC AGENTS escort Shams and Wendy - the only two survivors - away from the house. The two seem to have made... a connection. Shams is carrying his amputated hand.

SHAMS  
Anybody got a cooler and some ice?

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Zach and Brooke cradle one another. The wound on her chest has been bandaged with an enormous swatch of gauze. Winston is seated behind, his stream of belly-aching still unbroken.

WINSTON  
I shouldn't be here!

Zach turns to comfort him.

ZACH  
It'll be okay, man.

WINSTON  
It's been a bad day.

ZACH  
Yeah. But it's over now.

Winston nods, numbly....

...then reaches absentmindedly to scratch a small red SORE behind his ear.

**THE END**

## TAG ENDING:

The Truck Driver - the one who stole the kiss from Sasha - is unwinding at a local STRIP CLUB. A young BIKINI BRUNETTE giving him a lap dance runs her fingers through his hair, then pulls away, alarmed.

STRIPPER

What the fuck?!

TRUCK DRIVER

Song's not done.

STRIPPER

No. But I am! Gross!

She looks at her hand. It's streaked with blood.

TRUCK DRIVER

I got lots of dances tonight.  
Yours sucked.

He gets up and leaves the booth. We FOLLOW him through the club, PULLING BACK to reveal the crowded space. GIRLS lead customers back and forth from the back room...

... all of them now potentially infected.