

I am Legend

Screenplay by Mark Protosevich
based on the novel by Richard Matheson

In 1995, researchers at the University of Kansas used viruses linked to healthy respiratory cells to destroy and replace diseased cells in patients afflicted with lung cancer.

In 1997, scientists at the Krippen Center for Genetic Research in Berkeley, California made a significant stride forward. By manipulating the genetic information in a common blood cell and infusing it with the characteristics of a potent virus, they were able to create a biological warrior cell--the viragene. Once introduced into a host, the viragene could hunt and obliterate the body's natural enemies--tumors, thickening arteries, decaying bone. Anything. The 'enemy' would be consumed, digested, and

transformed into energy to fuel the viragene. It was a perfect tool. And the possibilities were limitless. AIDS, cancer, muscular dystrophy, even the flu--the viragene could beat them all.

The first human trials began in March of 1998. The initial trial group, dubbed the 'Krippen Ten', were afflicted with leukemia. These individuals, along with Dr. Krippen, were about to make more than medical history. They were to forever change the course of humanity.

"Being unconquerable lies with yourself; being conquerable lies with the enemy."

Sun Tzu, The Art of War.

"We used to wonder where war lived, what it was that made it so vile. And now we realize that we know where it lives. That it is inside ourselves."

Albert Camus, Notebooks.

"'Let there be light!' said God, and there was light. 'Let there be blood!' says man, and there's a sea!"

Lord Byron, Don Juan.

A VIDEO IMAGE FLICKERS TO LIFE. A ruggedly handsome man with dark, haunted eyes. Eyes that have seen hell.

NEVILLE

My name is Robert Neville. Today is October 17th, the year 2002. I was born in 1960, on this very day, so that makes today my birthday. (remembering) Every year for my birthday, my wife Ellen would throw me a party. A kid's party. Cake, ice cream, funny hats, "Pin the Tail on the Donkey". One year she rented a pony. It didn't matter that we were grown-ups and this was all kind of silly to the neighbors. She just did things like that.

She brought such joy into everything she did, everything she touched... (too nostalgic) I am forty-two today. I feel fine. I feel fit. My mental state is... pretty good. (withdraws) Let's start over. (focuses) My name is Robert Neville. I was born forty-two years ago in Des Moines, Iowa. I had a wife Ellen and a daughter Grace. My father's name was Bill and my mother's Charlotte. They were farm people. I hope... Someday... When someone finds these tapes...

You will know who I was. What I was about.
What I tried to do. What I try to do. (withdraws)
I think I killed six last night.

THE VIDEO IMAGE TURNS TO STATIC.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

ROBERT NEVILLE switches off the VIDEO CAMERA pointed at him. He collapses the tripod and rests the apparatus in a corner. He wears shorts, a t-shirt, tennis shoes. He slices a CD into an impressive MUSIC SYSTEM and Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony BLASTS from speakers throughout the house.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - EXERCISE ROOM - DAY

A serious workout facility. Weights, boxer's heavy bag, rowing machine, etc. Neville pushes himself through a series of strenuous exercises. His body is in fantastic shape. Taught muscle. Lean, not bulky. His movements are lithe, almost graceful. More track athlete than body builder.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - SHOWER - DAY

Neville washes his body and we notice the SCARS. On his ankles, wrists, neck, stomach, back. A few are the results of crude stitches, the others... Bite marks ? Scratches ?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

Neville passes shelves filled with COMPACT DISCS, AUDIO CASSETTES, and VIDEOTAPES. Another section filled with BOOKS and PAINTINGS. Only a carefully selected few hang on the walls--Degas, Klee, Rothko, Van Gogh. The rest are stacked like pallets. They must be copies. Mustn't they?

A TELEVISION gives us the "Today Show", A RADIO, NPR's "Morning Edition", "Resurrection" in the background. A wall of sound. The sound of everyday life. Normal life. Neville descends a SPIRAL STAIRCASE leading to the GROUND FLOOR.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GREENHOUSE - DAY

Neville strolls the aisles of a hothouse. Vegetables, fruit, herbs, potatoes. All in carefully compartmentalized lots. Panes of glass on the roof allow in SUNLIGHT.

Neville notices a loose screw on a shutter and pulls a SQUARE of METAL from his pocket. It's an ALL-IN-ONE-TOOL--something Neville is never without. Only two inches-by-two inches, it has a screwdriver tip, a serrated 'saw' edge, a knife edge, magnifying glass, etc.

Neville tightens the screw, holds the tool in his teeth--a habit--and makes sure the window is shut tight. Neville picks a few strawberries, checks the Condition of a tomato plant, and trims a vine with the knife side of the

tool.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Neville sits at a table eating a bowl of oatmeal with fresh s-strawberries, sipping a cup of coffee. On a wall mounted TELEVISION, Katie Couric and Bryant Gumbel. Neville watches with an almost disturbing gaze. He mouths along with them, somehow anticipating the "live" dialogue...

NEVILLE / KATIE

And for those of us who'd like to lose a few pounds, Dr. Art Ulene will be here to tell us about his new weight loss plan...

(If we paid attention we'd notice the information contained in the TV show and radio "broadcast" is old and familiar. We know these stories. There's nothing "new" about the news.)

Outside, we HEAR a DOG BARKING.

Neville enters a ROOM adjacent to the kitchen--a state-of-the-art MEDICAL FACILITY. Operating table, pharmacy, I.V.s, EKG, surgical equipment, you name it. He uses a hypodermic to withdraw BLOOD from his arm. He fills two plastic vials and tosses the syringe into a BIOHAZARD waste bin.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Spartan. Bed, reading lamp, a few books. A PHOTO of his wife and child. on the wall, an HISTORICAL PAINTING showing Napoleon's surrender at Waterloo. Nearby, within a second's grasp from bedside, are a SHOTGUN and a .44 MAGNUM.

At a closet filled with very few clothes--all the same type--Neville loses the robe and steps into a BLACK TIGHT-FITTING BODYSUIT. Similar to a diver's wetsuit, but the material is more flexible. It's some type of protective undergarment, composed of a Kevlar-like mesh.

He dons a Kevlar vest, a work shirt and durable pants. He slips on combat boots, tucks the pants into them, and TAPES THEM. He adds a "utility" belt and fits the BLOOD VIALS into a secure pouch. He straps on two wristwatches and chains an ELECTRONIC POCKET WATCH to his belt. Again, the DOG BARKS outside.

NEVILLE

All right, all right. Keep your fur on.

He picks up a REMOTE CONTROL and switches off the TV, radio, and music. It's replaced by an EERIE SILENCE.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

A no-frills underground garage. A LAND ROVER, SPORTS CAR, and MOTORCYCLE. (Now shut off, the walls are lined with HALOGEN LAMPS.) Neville walks to an

electronic control panel and hits a button. The garage door opens, but it doesn't open vertically. Instead, a horizontal panel slides back, parallel with the earth's surface, revealing a slanted cement ramp leading to the garage below.

SUNLIGHT pours in from above. The DOG BARKS. A MUSCULAR CANINE silhouetted at the top. Neville WHISTLES. The dog bounds down the ramp, delighted to see its master. Neville reacts coldly. No, "Hi, boy, how ya doin'?" Nothing. We know the dog wants a reaction, but Neville is firm. He opens a CABINET, grabs a bag, and pours some chow. The dog hungrily devours his breakfast and Neville sees the bag is empty. He opens ANOTHER and finds it's CRAWLING WITH ANTS.

NEVILLE

Terrific.

He dumps the infested bag into a trash Container. Neville whistles and points to the Land Rover. The dog leaps into the vehicle. Neville shuts the passenger door and we see the Rover has been customized. The roof, hood, doors, and trunk are crisscrossed with BARBED WIRE. All windows--save the windshield, and that is protected by chicken wire--have been replaced by THICK METAL PLATES. SLITS are cut into the steel, but visibility is limited.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Neville climbs behind the wheel. The interior of the vehicle is outfitted with emergency medical supplies, flares, heavy-duty flashlights, lamps, rope, wire, tools. The dog settles on a blanket on the floor. Neville hits a few switches and CLOSED-CIRCUIT MONITORS flicker to life. Via video, they show the side and rear views from the Land Rover. Neville starts her up and the souped-up engine ROARS to life. We stay within the Land Rover as it ascends the ramp.

NEVILLE

(donning sunglasses)

Another beautiful day.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Land Rover speeds along. We vaguely recognize the road as one of streets of SAN FRANCISCO, but something's wrong. The road is in great disrepair and littered with debris. The trees are barren, the area deathly silent, and there is absolutely no other traffic.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Neville continues to listen to Resurrection on the Rover's CD player. He spots a DRIVE-WAY and turns into it.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

High on a hill sits an abandoned broadcasting facility and tower. This too is in utter disrepair. The Land Rover is parked outside, the dog on guard.

A desolate wind whistles.

INT. RADIO STATION - BASEMENT - DAY

Very familiar with the equipment, Neville connects wires, throws switches, and powers up the EMERGENCY GENERATOR.

INT. RADIO STATION - DJ BOOTH / CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Neville adjusts the mixing panel and takes a seat behind a microphone.
(Throughout this scene we will notice that the radio station looks like a tornado blew through it.)

NEVILLE

Good Morning San Francisco. Big Bob Neville here with you this morning, as I am every morning. Monday through Sunday, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty five fucking days a year. Traffic? There is none. Weather? Who cares. News? I'm still alive. What about you, San Francisco? How 'bout giving me a call? 1-800-F-U-C-K-Y-O-U.

He glances to his right. The Telephone switchboard panel is shattered, dead, covered with dust.

NEVILLE

Wow. The board's lit up like a Christmas tree. Too bad our time is up. If you would like to see me in the flesh, however, I'll be doing a personal appearance this afternoon at Golden Gate Park. Today and every day. 12 Noon. All you have to do is show up. (dead air) Please (more silence, then pops a tape cart into a player) I leave you today with one of my favorites. I know you're sick of the fact that I only play classical music, but frankly, I don't care. I like it. And right now... that's all that matters.

An Eric Satie piano concerto. Melancholy and haunting.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS- VARIOUS - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES as the Land Rover cruises through the heart of the city. We don't spend much time here and it's frustrating, because we can't fully comprehend the visual make-up of downtown. The streets are deserted, litter and dust blow freely with the wind and the buildings look ravaged. Looted? Burned? Destroyed by earthquake?

EXT. PET STORE - DAY

Neville and the dog exit the Rover and for the first time we notice Neville wears a shoulder holster containing a .45 automatic. and carries an M-16 machine gun. A high-intensity flashlight is attached to the machine gun barrel and extra ammo clips taped to its handle.

INT. PET STORE - DAY

Merchandise is scattered on the floor--chew toys, plastic bones, etc.--and the dog is drawn to it. Neville whistles and the dog obeys, disappointed. Neville switches on the flashlight and heads for a STORAGE ROOM.

INT. PET STORE - STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Neville KICKS IN the door. The flashlight beam dances to all corners. Nothing but old supplies. The dog prances in and leads Neville to the bags of chow. He hefts them onto his shoulder. Whistles. The dog doesn't follow. His vision is locked on a thick piece of rawhide. He turns his sad eyes to Neville, who gives in, nods. The dog happily grabs it between his teeth.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

The monuments still remain, but the grass is scorched, tall, and dry. Neville eats a sandwich he made at home and the dog chews the rawhide. Neville checks his watch. 12:45. Scans the area. Absolutely no one in sight. Forlornly, he stares at the ground, the cracks in the pavement... Alone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The streets are abandoned, buildings deserted. The Land Rover parked at an intersection, the dog on lookout. Neville stands beneath a lamp post, a coil of WIRE over his shoulder. He measures a length, tosses it over the arm of the post, and creates an old-fashioned SNAPE out of the cable. He adjusts, tightens, and pulls one of the vials of blood from his utility belt. He takes a rag, douses it with the blood, and positions it as "bait" in the snare. Satisfied with the trap, he whistles for the dog and returns to the Land Rover.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

Neville sets another snare.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

The Land Rover pulls to a stop in front of what used to be Nieman-Marcus. Right now, it looks like a ghetto tenement.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Neville's eyes are glued to something across the street...

EXT. STREET - DAY

A BODY dangles from one of Neville's traps--one he must have set a previous day. It hangs limply, ankle ensnared by the cable, its head hanging a few feet above the ground.

EXT. LAND ROVER / STREET - DAY

With the dog at his heels, Neville chambers a round in the .45 and approaches the body.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quite abruptly, we are watching Neville from across the street, HIGH ABOVE, from a sixth or seventh story window. We HEAR movement and labored breathing.

BACK ON THE STREET

Neville reaches the body and spins it around. As soon as he sees the face of a MANNEQUIN, he knows he's fucked.

THE HIGH ANGLE

We HEAR a bolt slide on a rifle and we realize we're watching Neville through a SNIPER'S SCOPE. Neville's chest dead in our sights. We FIRE.

BACK ON THE STREET

Neville hits the dirt. The first bullet EXPLODES in asphalt. Neville rolls. The second bullet just misses him. He DASHES behind an abandoned car, escaping yet another shot from the sniper. The dog stands in the middle of the street, BARKING at an upper story window in Nieman-Marcus. Neville shouts...

NEVILLE
GET OUT OF THE STREET!

The dog continues to , its eyes on a specific section of the building. Neville steals a glance and sees a RIFLE BARREL poking out of a shattered window frame. ANOTHER SHOT whistles past the dog's fur. The beast flinches, afraid.

NEVILLE
GET OVER HERE!

He waves his arm and the dog comes running to his side. He pulls the dog close to him, sheltering him from the gunfire.

NEVILLE
Dumbest goddamn dog I ever had.

BLAM! A bullet HITS the car. Neville is pinned down.

NEVILLE
Great, Bob, just great.

He looks at the pistol in his hand. It's useless against a rifle. And unfortunately, the machine gun is in the Land Rover. He can't make a move. Unless...

Along the curb, hidden from the sniper's view, is a storm drain. Neville inches his way toward it and slithers inside. The dog tries to follow, but Neville motions for him to stay and speak. The dog understands and BARKS at the sniper.

INT. STORM DRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

Crouching down, Neville is able to scurry to the other side of the street. He inches his way through a crevice.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Neville crawls into a dilapidated BATHROOM in the store's first basement. The plumbing has been backed up for god knows how long and Neville can barely tolerate the stench.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - FIRST BASEMENT - DAY

What used to be "Housewares." Neville spies the no-longer-functioning escalators and strides upwards.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - ESCALATORS - VARIOUS - DAY

Neville reaches the fourth floor. We catch glimpses of BIZARRE GRAFFITI, but mostly we're taken aback by the sheer emptiness of the store.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SEVENTH FLOOR - DAY

Neville creeps up the escalator. He HEARS the sniper, but it's difficult to see anything because the windows in this section have been covered with sheets of cardboard, blankets, and plywood. The only light is a tiny shaft coming through the cracked pane the shooter is using for his rifle.

The shooter himself is bundled in rags. Gloves cover his hands, a parka hood hides his head, and a scarf shields his face. We see no details, only a shape. In a corner is a sort of "tent" made from bedsheets and blankets.

The sniper watches the street. Faintly, we HEAR the dog BARKING. The sniper SHOOTS. A distant ping!--the bullet hits the abandoned car. Neville gauges his surroundings, his enemy. Thinks. Positions himself about twenty feet behind the sniper. Locks target with the .45.

NEVILLE

Hey.

The sniper jumps, turns around, and shakes in his shoes at the sight of Neville. He fumbles with the rifle.

NEVILLE

Ah-ah-ah.

The sniper stops. It's no use--he'd never be quick enough.

NEVILLE

Slide the gun over here.

The sniper has no choice. He sets the rifle on the floor and shoves it at Neville, who quickly examines it.

NEVILLE

A hunter's gun. Where'd you find it?

No reply. Neville points the .45, SHOOTS and blasts the window behind the shooter. Glass explodes and SUNLIGHT pours into the room. The sniper SCREAMS with fright and scurries for darkness. Neville aims his pistol at another window.

NEVILLE

(a threat)

Where?

SNIPER

(his voice a raspy hiss)

Up north. In the mountains, a cabin.

NEVILLE

You're not part of Cortman's bunch.

SNIPER

Who?

NEVILLE

Never mind. In the mountains...
Were there people? Like me?

SNIPER

If there were, we wouldn't have had to
come to the city, now, would we?

NEVILLE

You're a smart one.

SNIPER

Thank you.

NEVILLE

You said "we."

The sniper realizes his error. Goes tight-lipped.

NEVILLE

How many?

No answer. Neville flips back the top of the "tent" and sees three sleeping areas.

NEVILLE

Where are they?

The sniper refuses to respond. Neville BLASTS another window. More LIGHT. Like a snake escaping a predator, the sniper slithers away, but Neville pounces on him and jams the .45 into the center of his back. He pins one arm and extends the shooter's other arm into the path of the light.

SNIPER

No!

The sniper is in agony.

NEVILLE

Tell me.

Frustrated, Neville, pulls off the man's glove. First, we see that the flesh is pale white. So pale it's almost translucent. Second, we see the effect of sunlight--the skin blisters and blackens.

NEVILLE

WHERE ARE THEY?

The sniper SCREAMS. Neville releases him and he hides in the shadows, caressing his tortured limb. The sniper decides to pull off his hood and remove the scarf, revealing...

A demonic visage. Ghostly white flesh so devoid of pigment we can see the blue and purple veins beneath the surface. His eyes are an unearthly cold blue/grey and white. He is completely hairless--nothing on his pate, no brows, no facial hair. His lips a deep ruby red. This thing was once human, but now, now...

SNIPER

(somewhat awed)

You're him, aren't you? You're Neville.

Neville reaches into his belt and takes out a VIAL of blood. The sniper's eyes light up.

NEVILLE

Where are they?

The sniper is mesmerized by the blood.

SNIPER

(can't help himself)

The bay... The basement.

NEVILLE

I was in the basement.

SNIPER

Down... below... By the... subway.

NEVILLE

Do they have guns?

He won't answer. Neville pours a few drops of blood and steps back. Thirstily, the sniper laps it up with his tongue, like a cat to some spilled cream. Neville looks away. The sniper falls back onto a pile of rags and lets his "fix" kick in. His body spasms and his face contorts. The sniper's arm jerks and he lets out a satisfied breath. A junkie feeling the high.

SNIPER

We heard about you. Way up in the hills
we heard about you.

Miraculously, the sniper's charred hand begins to heal.

NEVILLE

Your friends. Guns?

SNIPER

No. We found only the rifle.

His hand forms a fist. A sinister, unearthly hiss emerges from his gullet. He looks at the vial in Neville's hand.

SNIPER

More.

NEVILLE

You'll get more if you tell me the truth.

SNIPER

More!

And something dark, something terrible fills the sniper's eyes. He LUNGES at Neville. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Neville pounds him with three bullets. Two in the stomach. One in the shoulder. Blood spatters. The sniper teeters, but does not fall. Neville aims at the heart and fires, but his weapon is empty. He mutters "shit," hastily loads a clip. The sniper clutches at his wounds, kneels and touches the floor with his finger. He takes a deep breath and enters into some kind of meditative trance. He summons...

The scattered drops of his blood heed his call. Like droplets of mercury drawn to a common source, the blood moves across the floor and flows up his finger into the open bullet wounds. And heals them.

NEVILLE

That was clever, the mannequin. That
took some thought. You nearly had me.

Click. Neville jams in the clip. The sniper moves. POW. POW. POW. POW- Only this time, Neville aims at the windows. GLASS SHATTERS and a wall of LIGHT pours in, hitting the sniper like a freight train.

SNIPER

N000000000!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The skin on the sniper's face blisters. Smoke rises from beneath his

protective clothes. he HOWLS. Neville, with intense calm, holsters his .45 and raises the RIFLE.

NEVILLE

You know, I can understand me. But why shoot at the dog? What did that dog ever do to you?

The sniper staggers toward Neville, one last attack. Neville SHOOTS, hits the sniper square in the chest. The force of the blast propels him backward, to the open windows. The sniper slips on the broken glass and falls...

... out the window. Seven stories to the street below.

Neville moves to the window, locks at the sniper's body on the concrete. The DOG emerges from behind the abandoned car, sniffs in the direction of the corpse, and looks up at Neville in the window. Neville shouts down...

NEVILLE

STAY AWAY FROM HIM! You stay away!

The dog sits.

NEVILLE

Good boy.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

A bandana acting as a mask on his face, Neville pulls a spare gas can from the rear of the Land Rover and douses the sniper's corpse (blackening in the sun) with fuel. He ignites a book of matches, tosses them at the body, and whoosh--instant funeral pyre.

Neville reaches into a supply chest in the rear of the Land Rover. He pulls out a mean looking, more powerful MACHINE GUN, two ammo clips, a portable high-intensity halogen lamp, a COMBAT KNIFE, three small electronic devices, and a customized remote control. He hangs a pair of night-vision goggles around his neck and instructs the dog...

NEVILLE

Come.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Neville walks past rusting generators to a collapsed wall which connects the store to an old subway tunnel. The FLASHLIGHT on the barrel of the machine gun illuminates the path. The halogen lamp is strapped to his shoulder, but for now, it's switched off. Neville allows the dog to sniff a rag taken from the sniper's 'tent.' Having the scent, the dog proceeds into the tunnel. Prior to following, Neville fixes one of the SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICES to the to the wall.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

A dank, dark, creepy place. No more electricity to feed the lights or tracks. Neville paces himself behind the dog, flashlight illuminating old cigarette ads, a 49ERS billboard, a pile of cat and rat skeletons, the rails, more GRAFFITI.

Which we now see more clearly. This isn't the creation of homeboy gangbangers. It is fierce and savage in its beauty. Wild symbols, patterns, and colors. Majestic. Tribal. Neville has seen it many times before and doesn't like it. It spells trouble. He stops and attaches another electronic device to an overhead pipe.

The dog stops and utters a soft bark in the direction of a wrecked SUBWAY CAR spilled on the tracks ahead. Neville shuts off the flashlight and dons the night-vision goggles. He raises his finger to his lips and the dog knows to proceed quietly. Neville attaches the final electronic device to the door leading to the car and silently enters.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

THROUGH THE GREENISH TINT OF THE GOGGLES, we scan the interior. Ripped seats, trash, and in one corner, a HUMAN FORM. An EMACIATED CORPSE. Stripped naked, every ounce of blood drained. A festering bullet wound in the chest, the skin punctured by teeth marks. On its chest, an elaborate TRIBAL DESIGN, much like the graffiti, somehow raised from the skin, similar to a cattle brand.

Neville checks out the opposite end. Sleeping there are TWO FORMS. Breathing. He removes the goggles and motions for the dog to move back. He readies his weapon with one hand, and reaches back with the other, igniting...

THE HALOGEN LAMP. Instantly, BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT floods the compartment. The two figures stir awake and SCREECH.

NEVILLE

DON'T MOVE.

But they do not listen. Instead, they REACH into their bedding, pull out TWO HANDGUNS and FIRE.

Not what Neville expected. As bullets whiz past, he unleashes the machine gun, firing a spray across the car. One of the sleepers' bullets takes out the halogen. It shatters, burning Neville's cheek. More gunfire. Is he hit?

Neville falls back. A firefight in close quarters is not what he wants. He maneuvers back into the tunnel. Takes cover behind a pile of rubble and finds the dog already there.

NEVILLE

Never believe them, Robert, never.

BLAM! BLAM,! Bullets explode in the wall near his head. He sneaks a peek and sees the two sleepers firing at him from inside the train. Neville reaches into his belt and pulls out the customized REMOTE. He presses one of the buttons and KABLAM! The car is rocked with a small EXPLOSION. The door

is torn from its mooring and one of the sleepers is RIPPED APART- The wounded sleeper HOWLS with pain and falls to the tunnel floor, barely able to keep his body from splitting in half. Amazingly, he's still alive.

BLAM! The other one's still shooting. Neville takes cover. The second sleeper exits the car and tends to its wounded comrade. Both are the same type of creature as the sniper, but this one, the living one, is FEMALE. Her dying partner, a MALE, is finished. She caresses his face, then buries her mouth in an open wound, infusing herself. Dark blood covers her chin and chest, but as she walks, the liquid crawls across her skin into her mouth. It seems to give mass and power to her body and rich color to her translucent skin.

She raises her gun. Neville ducks just as she FIRES. BEEP BEEP BEEP. His electronic stopwatch sounds an ALARM. He switches it off and looks at the sunlight pouring into the tunnel. Its quality slowly starting to shift.

MOVEMENT. Both Neville and the female react to SOUNDS behind them, past the wrecked subway car. Neville knows what's coming. Far in the distance, we see MORE FORMS. What could be an army. He and the dog RACE to the crumbled wall of the department store. The female SCREECHES and gives chase. She's very fast, like a panther. Neville glances up, runs, presses the REMOTE...

The second DEVICE EXPLODES, collapsing the roof of the tunnel. Pipes, concrete, dirt--it all cascades down. A SHAFT OF LIGHT be in from the street above, stopping the female dead in her tracks. The light separates her from Neville and she does not like it. Frustrated, she snarls...

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - SUB BASEMENT - DAY

Neville helps the dog through the hole and heads for the escalator. Presses the REMOTE. The third device EXPLODES, sealing shut the connection from the store to the tunnel.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Neville and the dog hurriedly enter the Land Rover, haphazardly tossing supplies and weapons into the rear. Neville starts the vehicle and checks the sky. Must be about an hour before sunset.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The Land Rover zips down California Street and we PULL BACK, FAR BACK, revealing the scope and breadth of the city.

San Francisco has been raped, mutilated, and murdered. Buildings burned, streets littered with rusting cars, trees and grass dry, dead. No bombs were dropped--too , y of the structures are intact--instead, it feels as though something sinister and insidious rotted the place from the inside out.

Most startling is the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. Barricades, barbed wire, EMPTY NATIONAL GUARD TANKS--all scattered about like a child's toys. it looks like a war zone. The bridge itself is charred and torn, unstable, swaying in the

wind.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

This area too -has been ravaged. WIND kicks up LEAFLETS. The Land Rover speeds through, kicking up the old papers. CLOSE ON A LEAFLET as it sails to the ground. It reads:

YOU ARE NOT ALONE. I AM A SURVIVOR JUST LIKE YOU. I WILL HELP. YOU
CAN TRUST ME. THERE IS HOPE.

MY NAME IS ROBERT.

MEET ME IN GOLDEN GATE PARK. PORTALS OF THE PAST. 12 NOON.
MIDDAY. EVERY DAY. WHEN THE SUN IS HIGHEST IN THE SKY.

PLEASE.

The leaflet is yellowed and dirty. These things have been floating around for a long time.

EXT. HILL DISTRICT- DAY

Land that once held the beautiful homes of Pacific Heights, Nob Hill, and Russian Hill now looks like terrain in Bosnia. or the surface of the moon. Atop one of the hills still stands one edifice--Neville's house. The Land Rover climbs.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Neville presses a remote garage door opener.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

The vehicle slows outside a massive GATE fashioned out of wrought iron, corrugated steel, and barbed wire. It WHEELS open, allows entry, then CLANGS shut once the Rover's inside.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE REST OF THE HOUSE

A turn-of-the-century house. The kind you can't find in other cities. From a distance, it almost looks "normal." But normal it is not. Every window and door has been bricked and cemented shut. Small SLITS have been cut into the walls at strategic points to provide some vantage. These portals are covered with chicken wire and are outlined by sharp NAILS pointing outward at jagged angles.

The exterior walls are covered with a hodgepodge of metal plating--steel sheets, corrugated iron. The gables bounded by coils of barbed wire. High-intensity LAMPS (now shut off) and SECURITY CAMERAS jut out at odd angles, pointing at every corner of the surrounding landscape.

And what a terrifying landscape it is. In the immediate vicinity, every

other house--to the north, south, east, and west--has been burned and razed to provide Neville with an unobstructed view, and to prevent his enemies from using other structures as bases of attack.

Outlining the perimeter of Neville's house are TWO FENCES. The interior fence, only fifty feet from the house itself, is seven feet high and constructed of wooden beams and ribbons of BARBED WIRE, crisscrossed and interlaced. From within the house, once could see through, but no one could get past.

The outer fence, much higher and foreboding, forms an impenetrable square. It is composed of railroad ties, Telephone poles, metal sheets, iron staffs, barbed wired, and massive amounts of RAZOR WIRE. outside and in, it is bordered by row upon row of SHARP WOODEN PIKES, pointed out.

Between the two fences, within the compound, is a three foot deep DITCH, filled with muddy water. A crude moat. Its circle broken only by a thin LAND BRIDGE, over which now comes the Land Rover. We an ELECTRONIC WHIRRING and a STEEL DOOR, level with the ground, SLIDES BACK, revealing the slanted driveway into the UNDERGROUND GARAGE.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Neville and the dog climb from the stopped Rover. He looks up the ramp and sees the sun begin its descent. He hits a button and the upper door slides CLOSED. He winces with pain as he pulls off the shattered halogen.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

He BOLTS AND LOCKS the door to the garage, ignites THREE BIG GENERATORS, opens a fuse box, and flips the circuit breakers. Artificial light flickers on throughout the house.

The basement acts as a workshop, tool room, and repair facility. All manner of hardware is in stock as are various chemicals, electronics, and instruction manuals. At the opposite end of the room is a WEAPONS ARSENAL and TARGET RANGE. Neville deposits the busted lamp on a workbench and checks the rifle taken from the sniper.

NEVILLE

Sight's for shit.

He dumps it on the workbench and selects a gorgeous MARKSMAN'S RIFLE from his well-stocked arsenal.

NEVILLE

Now, if you had this, I might not be here right now. (sardonically) Too bad.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DUSK

Neville peels off the bodysuit. We see that his shirt is ripped above the sleeve and a shoulder badly BRUISED. He examines the vest and finds a BULLET flattened into the fabric. He pries it out and hangs the suit in his closet.

He slips into some loose fitting black pants, black t-shirt, and sneakers. Clothes for mobility, agility.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Neville looks at a shelf of VIDEOTAPES: NBC NIGHTLY NEWS/JUNE 5, 1992, NBC NIGHTLY NEWS/AUGUST 5, 1997, ABC NIGHTLINE/ DECEMBER 12, 1995, CBS EVENING NEWS/OCTOBER 27, 1994.

He pops one into a vcr and Dan Rather reports on the day's events. A long ago yesterday's events. Neville slides a CD into a player. Gorecki's Miserere. Like this morning, a wall of sound. Comforting. "Normal."

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Neville digs into a freezer and pulls out two frozen STEAKS from a dwindling supply of meat.

NEVILLE
It's my birthday. Why not?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

A rather sad figure, Neville sits at a lonely little table eating his steak. Next to it, a lumpy muffin with a thick candle stuck in its heart. A pathetic "birthday cake." Uneaten. On the floor, the dog devours his steak--raw. Neville's disturbed by the bloodiness of the meat and can't watch the red juice drip from the dog's mouth.

Nearby, past a TV playing the news video, is a wall of CLOSED-CIRCUIT MONITORS showing grainy black-and-white images of the area surrounding the house. There's MOVEMENT on a few of the screens and Neville attunes to it instantly.

NEVILLE
They're early.

He snaps into action. Moves to a LARGE COMPUTER SET-UP near the security video console, takes a seat, and calls up a PROGRAM detailing the various ELECTRONIC CONTROLS connected to the compound. Hits the keyboard...

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

LIGHTS. Dozens of bulbs along the outer fence ignite. others atop the roof SPRAY LIGHT onto the compound.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DINING AREA - EARLY EVENING

Neville grabs the muffin off the table, blows out the candle, and tosses it to the dog.

NEVILLE

Happy birthday.

The dog sniffs and doesn't find the prospect too appealing.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ARSENAL - NIGHT

Neville checks and loads a series of WEAPONS.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

He places GUNS around the house and heads UPSTAIRS.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

A HATCH opens onto a PROTECTED DECK--A makeshift "crow's nest." It screws with the aesthetics of the old home's architecture, but it serves a purpose, providing Neville with a high, secure vantage point. He rests his marksman's rifle in a crook, climbs up a small "lookout post," and raises a pair of NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS to his eyes...

IN THE DISTANCE, through the foggy green light of the glasses, we see FORMS beyond the outside fence. Right now, there are a dozen, perhaps twenty. However, to the left, to the right, MORE, many more, are journeying up the hill, toward the house. Hiding in the shadows creeping behind rubble, crawling through trenches.

ON THE ROOF, Neville slides down the pole, into the house.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville opens a DOOR, revealing a small room within--a converted closet. He moves INSIDE and we see its walls are lined with numerous HOLY TEXTS and FIGURES OF WORSHIP--

A crucifix, the Buddha, a Celtic cross, rosary beads, Hindu gods, a menorah, Norse rune stones, you name it.

Neville lights a candle and incense, silently prays. The dog rests outside the door. He becomes ALERT, hearing the SOUND before his master. AN EERIE MOAN. Low, resonant. A C Far in the distance. Beyond the walls, beyond the fence. The MOANING INTENSIFIES. The dog whimpers.

NEVILLE

I know.

The moaning subsides. It is replaced by a DEEP, RHYTHMIC DRUMMING. There is something powerful and dangerous to the beat. And it affects Neville.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville plays a CD. CRANKS UP THE VOLUME. The music is loud, angry and

disturbing. Krzystof Penderecki. Neville moves to the computer station, presses a co

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES from SPEAKERS mounted on the roof. Outside the fence, the DRUMMING INTENSIFIES. Combined with Neville's music, an odd, discordant symphony is created.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville sits on the floor, hands covering his ears. The dog whimpers his concern. Finally, Neville SCREAMS...

NEVILLE

STOP!

He SHUTS OFF the music. Outside, the drumming continues. Neville GRABS the dog by the collar and JERKS him to a small HATCH cut into the KITCHEN DOOR. He slides back a bolt and PUSHES the dog outside. The dog looks back at Neville with sad, frightened eyes. Neville angrily instructs...

NEVILLE

IT'S YOUR JOB. GO.

He slides the hatch back in place, locking the dog outside.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The dog begins his patrol of the inner perimeter. it is his job to alert Neville to anyone who makes it this far. out here, the DRUMMING is much louder.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Neville emerges from the hatchway, grabs the marksman's RIFLE, adjusts the sight with the screwdriver tip of the all-in-one-tool, and positions himself in the crow's nest. He arms the weapon and raises the INFRA-RED SCOPE to his eye.

NEVILLE

All right, Cortman. I'm ready.

EXT. BARREN LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

We shift our point-of-view to the area far beyond the outer fence, to the source of the drumming. And what we see should be terrifying...

AN ARMY. A horde of awesome, frightening creatures.

Close to three hundred in number. Male and female. All have the pale, translucent skin of the creatures Neville encountered in the department store

and subway, the same lack of hair, the same disturbingly blue grey/white eyes. But this group, this tribe, has something different about it. Something strong. Something imperious. Something savage.

They wear very little clothing and their magnificently shaped bodies. Most of the men and many of the women are topless, proud of their muscular torsos and ghostly flesh.

Unique TRIBAL MARKINGS AND JEWELRY adorn their bodies. However, all, each and every one of them, bear one identical mark on their chests. The "brand" Neville saw on the drained corpse in the subway car. It is their mark.

There is a hierarchy to the assembled:

Lowest are CARETAKERS, who nurse and tend to the wounded. Above them are the DRUMMERS. They intone frightening chants and beat out powerful rhythms on large decorated drums. Next are the CLERICS--A somber, serious bunch whose markings are very ornate, very significant, very "holy."

The greatest in number are the WARRIORS. The strongest, the fiercest, the most savage-appearing. Hate fills their eyes. Hate fuels them. A pure hate for one man--Neville.

Very near the top are two LIEUTENANTS, one leader of the Clerics, the other leader of the Warriors. The Cleric Lieutenant is CHRISTOPHER. An intense, almost sensitive looking fellow whose body is the most decorated, the most artistic in its impression. The Warrior Lieutenant is EVA. A fantastically strong, vicious woman whose body bears the SCARS of warfare. She possesses a manic, ferocious energy.

And the LEADER. The leader is CORTMAN.

He exudes the confidence and power of a king. His body is chiseled, his visage haunting. He commands this group with the calm of a head of state, the drive and focus of a field marshal, and the brute force of a tribal warlord.

He stands on a promontory, a big jagged hunk of concrete jutting from the earth's surface. It provides protection and perspective--beyond the range of Neville's guns, but close enough to observe his activity. There is constant movement in the ranks, but all await and heed the word of Cortman.

(*NOTE--Although these creatures consume blood, are allergic to light, and bear other similarities to vampires, they are not. They are something new, something we have never seen before, something strikingly different. There is nothing but their existence or behavior that is based in the occult or supernatural. They are real. And we will learn how and why soon enough. For the purposes of this screenplay, we will call these creatures Hemocytes.)

Cortman RAISES HIS ARM and the drummers cease.

CORTMAN

Bring her to me.

TWO WARRIORS shove forward the FEMALE Hemocyte Neville encountered in the subway. Eva forces her to "bow", in submission. Cortman gently strokes the

female's cheek.

CORTMAN

You wish to join us.

She nods in the direction of Neville's house.

FEMALE

He killed my love.

CORTMAN

Neville has slaughtered so many we loved.
You want to see him dead? See him punished
for this injustice?

FEMALE

Yes!

CORTMAN

You want to feed on him.

FEMALE

Yes!

CORTMAN

Why should we grant you that privilege?

FEMALE

Why?

She reaches into the small of her back and pulls forth the PISTOL she used against Neville.

FEMALE

I'll give you this.

Cortman and others LAUGH. He takes it, examines it.

CORTMAN

I haven't played with toys since I was a
child. What about you, Eva?

He tosses it to her. She looks at it with disdain.

CORTMAN

Do you really think I need these relics of the past?
I have every weapon I need. My body. my mind.
My soul. (re the gun) Such toys are pointless. (MORE)

CORTMAN (cont'd)

Neville. He needs them. Take them away,
and he is naked.

To prove a point, Cortman nods to Eva and she SHOOTs him twice in the stomach. He LAUGHS and we watch his body heal itself, blood refusing to flow, flesh sealing the holes. Eva THROWS the gun into the night.

CORTMAN

Remind her of what she has done.

Christopher turns to his clerics and they bring forth the DRAINED CORPSE the female and her "Love" fed upon in the subway car. There is real anger in the eyes of the Clerics.

CORTMAN

You recognize him?

The female realizes she is in trouble. Cortman shows her the DISTINCTIVE BRAND on the chest. Cortman touches his own brand. Others in the tribe touch theirs.

CORTMAN

It is our mark. It distinguishes us and unites us. Without it, we mean nothing. Without it:, we are no better than you. And you disgust me.

FEMALE

Please...

CORTMAN

"Please." (re the corpse) Did he beg? whimper and plea? If so, what: was your response? How did you react? With understanding? Compassion? Or with hunger? And brutality?

Cortman extends his arm. He CONCENTRATES and the muscles and tendons of the forearm thicken. Elegantly, his NAILS GROW, creeping forth from the flesh, forming RAZOR-LIKE TALONS.

CORTMAN

Life is eternal.

He SLASHES her throat. SLASHES her chest once, twice. Her body spasms and twitches at the massive blood loss, but there's clearly still life in her eyes. Her FLESH tries to heal itself, to heal the wounds. Cortman looks to Eva.

CORTMAN

Who goes forth tonight?

She motions toward TEN HEMOCYTE WARRIORS, their faces and bodies painted differently than the others.

CORTMAN

Feast on her. Let the blood give you strength. Your brother's spirit will live within you. Go. Drink.

The ten move on the female like vultures to carrion. She SCREAMS and within moments, she is drained. The other Hemocytes link hands and surround the warriors. Cortman approaches the body of the female, a last glimmer of life in her eyes. He whispers...

CORTMAN

This is not a punishment. It is a gift.

His talons puncture her heart. The talons RECEDE and her blood forms a pool in the "cup" of Cortman's hand.

CORTMAN

You have been chosen on this night of glorious darkness to do battle with an anachronism. our nemesis. Say his name.

Together, the warriors chant, "Neville."

CORTMAN

Allow the blood to flow through you, allow its power to strengthen your limbs, your flesh, your soul. Feel its beauty. Feel its immense force.

Fueled by the fresh blood, the bodies of the ten men and women seem to grow in mass and muscle. Their skin thickens, forming a kind of flesh armor. They open their eyes and they are red with ferocity, Cortman raises his own hand to his mouth, drinks, and kisses each warrior on the mouth.

CORTMAN

Feel the power.

He repeats this down the line, and when finished, the warriors are frighteningly pumped up, their bodies and spirits now adrenalized with terrible dark energy.

Everyone chants, "Ne-ville". Again and again - "Ne-ville". Cortman signals the DRUMMERS who begin an accelerated beat, an accompaniment to combat. Like magnificent predatory beasts, the TEN WARRIORS MOVE across the barren landscape and gather at the OUTSIDE FENCE. Cortman stands atop the promontory and points at the house.

CORTMAN

DESTROY THE DEVIL!

The warriors SCREAM.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

A dark intensity in his eyes, Neville watches the perimeter. The HOWLING and DRUMMING of the Hemocytes echoes through the night sky. He does his best to block it out. Block it out.

IN THE DISTANCE, LONG POLES are RAISED against the outer fence. The TEN climb, reaching the razor-wired crest.

Neville looks through his INFRA-RED SIGHT, finds the CHEST of one warrior and FIRES three rounds--two find the heart. The warrior drops. NEVILLE SEARCHES for another target.

ATOP THE FENCE, the warriors struggle to avoid lacerating themselves with the razor wire. THREE STRONG HEMOCYTES LEAP OVER THE WIRE and land in the

compound, avoiding the row of PIKES before the moat.

ON THE ROOF, Neville switches on SUPER BRIGHT LIGHTS aimed at the outer fence. (We notice a considerable DIMMING of other lights in and around the house--these lamps draw power).

ATOP THE FENCE, SIX HEMOCYTES are BLINDED by the light. One loses his footing and FALLS BACK onto the exterior PIKES, horribly impaled. Another BADLY CUTS HIMSELF on the razor wire. The blood loss is too great and the warrior nearest him--a BEAUTIFUL FEMALE--wills it to her, drawing the fuel into her mouth, into her system, and LEAPS into the compound.

IN THE CROW'S NEST, Neville removes the sight and uses the high-intensity lamps to seek out the THREE remaining Hemocytes on the fence. He SHOOTS. HITS one square in the chest, dropping him. SHOOTS. Bullets tear into the flesh of another, but they're off-center and the WOUNDS HEAL. This Hemocyte leaps, joining the others inside the compound.

The last of the three jumps down, but NEVILLE FIRES, catching her in mid-flight, spinning her off-balance. She tries to correct her fall, but lands on the INTERIOR PIKES. Her body is SPEARED in three different places, but she's still alive.

ON THE ROOF, Neville SHUTS OFF the high-intensity lamps (returning power to the other utilities). Inside the inner perimeter, the DOG BARKS, alerting Neville to the FIVE HEMOCYTES who made it into the compound.

NEVILLE

I know, I know.

He climbs through the hatch into the house.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville propels himself down the spiral staircase and moves to the MONITORING STATION- On the closed-circuit screens, we can see FOGGY IMAGES of Cortman and his followers outside the compound, IMAGES of the FIVE HEMOCYTES just inside the compound, and THE DOG patrolling the inner perimeter.

He checks the COMPUTER and we see an ELECTRONIC GRAPHIC--an OVERVIEW LAYOUT of the compound. Neville checks the VIDEO of the five within the compound, near the MOAT.

NEVILLE

You like surprises?

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

The five Hemocytes gather around the warrior impaled on the inner pikes. She struggles to pull herself off the sharp poles, but the blood continues to seep out of her.

WARRIOR ONE--A muscular male--gently leans in...

He kisses her. The OTHERS congregate and drink her blood. The Impaled Warrior dies. Again, we see the bodies of the Hemocytes grow stronger. They

turn, hiss at Neville's house, hiss at the dog, move through the pikes, and toward THE MOAT.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville bounds upstairs, to a second story slit/window. He PUNCHES out the protective chicken wire with his fist and reaches for something on a table... A FLARE GUN.

NEVILLE
I like surprises.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WARRIOR TWO AND WARRIOR THREE try to LEAP across the ditch, but don't make it. They slide into the WATERY MUD. WARRIOR ONE succeeds in jumping across. WARRIOR FOUR and the BEAUTIFUL FEMALE warrior approach the edge of the moat. Four is about to slide into the muck when Beautiful recognizes ODOR, INHALES DEEPLY and realizes something terrible.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville aims the flare pistol at the moat and FIRES.

NEVILLE
Happy birthday, Bobby.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The FLARE sails from the bedroom window into the moat. it takes only a split second for the Hemocytes to realize the ditch is filled with GASOLINE. Warrior One is blasted back by the ERUPTION OF FLAME. Two and Three HOWL WITH DESPAIR as they are roasted alive. FIRE SPIRALS into the black sky. The Beautiful Female PULLS Warrior Four to safety.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville watches as the flames SPREAD around the moat, forming a CIRCLE OF FIRE. As the flames grow higher, the DRUMMING AND CHANTING of the Hemocytes abruptly ceases.

NEVILLE
Get your attention, Cortman?

EXT. SURROUNDING AREA - NIGHT

Cortman and his followers watch in horror. EVA is furious.

EVA
WE GO! NOW! ALL OF US!

CHRISTOPHER

When we send more, it simply means more
dead. Our dead.

EVA
He can't kill us all!

CORTMAN
He can. He would. Even if it meant
killing himself in the bargain.

EVA
COWARDS! We're cowards!

Cortman GRABS her by the throat and LIFTS her into the air.

CORTMAN
YOU CALL ME COWARD?
YOU QUESTION MY JUDGEMENT?

He HEAVES her away like a rag doll. Eva lands hard. Cortman intimidates the
hell out of her --out of everyone.

CORTMAN
WHO ELSE CHALLENGES ME?
WHO AMONG YOU?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Neville checks the screens, but SMOKE obscures the view. He looks at the
computer. Moves his mouse to an area labeled MOTION DETECTORS / SENSORS and
creates an ELECTRONIC "X" on the screen for each of the Hemocytes in the
compound. Neville presses a button and an OVERLAY GRID appears.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WARRIOR ONE--through the flames licking the moat--encourages Warrior Four and
the Beautiful Female to press on. Warrior One looks to the inner fence.
Beyond it is the DOG, BARKING fiercely. When the warrior approaches, the dog
RUNS.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville observes the COMPUTER as one of the "X"s steps onto a RED quadrant of
the grid. Neville PRESSES a button.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

We HEAR an ELECTRONIC "BEEP" before Warrior One steps on a REMOTE-CONTROLLED
MINE. The CONCUSSIVE BLAST propels him up and back, into the fiery ditch.
Across the moat, Warrior Four and the Beautiful Female look on in horror.
Frightened, Warrior Four slinks back in the direction of the outer fence.

WARRIOR FOUR

We'll never get inside!

The Beautiful Female looks at him with disgust. She notices the blast has torn a HOLE in the fence, creating easy access to the HOUSE ITSELF. She turns to her cowardly comrade.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

I have a better idea.

She extends her RAZOR SHARP TALONS...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. - NIGHT

Neville's eyes watch the monitors He can barely make out TWO HAZY FIGURES beyond the moat. Suddenly, one drops from view. He checks the computer screen. The sensors only show the area between the outer fence and inner fence. (The area between the house and inner fence is unmonitored to allow for the dog's patrols.) There is still one "X" outside the moat.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The Beautiful Female stands over the corpse of Warrior Four, his throat slashed, body pale and drained. RICH CRIMSON drips from her lips and her body GROWS in strength and energy. She sets her sights on the house.

In a MAGNIFICENT LEAP, she hurdles over the moat, through the flames, and LANDS on the other side. The DOG GROWLS. She HISSES and moves toward him, talons ready.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville reacts with surprise as the final "X" disappears from the screen. He adjusts the grid, fiddles with the mouse, checks the video screens --nothing. OUTSIDE, the dog WILDLY, then MANICALLY SCRATCHES at the "dog door." Neville rushes to it, but can't open it--it's stuck. The dog YELPS in fear. Neville tries to force open the hatch, but it won't budge. The dog BARKS a warning. Then SILENCE.

He rushes to the MONITORS, but can't see anything. Just smoke and dead Hemocytes. He frantically paces. Then grabs a FLASHLIGHT and heads to the basement.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Near the garage entrance, Neville removes a STEEL PLATE from the wall, revealing a TUNNEL--about two feet high, three feet wide--leading from the house, below the compound. He grabs two .45 AUTOMATICS from the Arsenal, tucks them in his belt and slithers into the tunnel, flashlight showing the way.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Neville reaches a specific section of the crawlspace. Directly above him is another HATCHWAY. He undoes a bolt, slides it back, shuts off the flashlight and sits for a few moments in darkness, listening for movement above. When he's satisfied with the level of quiet, he reaches for the hatch.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The hatch, camouflaged by dirt and dry grass, FLIES UP from the ground. In a flash, Neville SPRINGS UP, .45s at the ready. Silhouetted against the gasoline flames in the moat, he surveys the area between the inner fence and the house...

Nothing. He silently moves to the HOLE in the barbed wire, inspects it. He follows FOOTPRINTS around the house, eyes moving side to side, behind, above. He rounds a corner ... MOVEMENT. Raises his weapons. And finds...

Nothing. MOVEMENT. He spins, ready to shoot... THE DOG. on the opposite side of the barbed wire fence, near the moat. Neville scolds the dog.

NEVILLE

What are you doing over there?

Neville points to the hole.

NEVILLE

Get inside.

The dog heads for the hole, then stops. He BARKS WILDLY. Neville spins, but the warning comes too late.

THE BEAUTIFUL FEMALE Hemocyte stands a few feet away from him. Completely nude. Her talons are sheathed, the blood wiped clean from her mouth and chin. Although her pallor is ghostly, there is no denying her body is comely, seductive, and magnificently shaped. Proud and calm, she extends her hand toward Neville, as if welcoming him.

He raises one of the weapons and aims at her heart. She pouts. And takes a step toward him. Neville's hand shakes. His face sweats. His finger cannot pull the trigger. The dog senses his master's dilemma and RUNS for the hole.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

Please don't hurt me. I want to...

The Beautiful Female steps within inches of him. Neville hates himself for being unable to act.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

... touch you.

Her hands caress his face and she kisses his neck. Her hands move down his body, along his arms, pull the guns from his fingers, and drop them to the ground. She pulls Neville's hands to her breasts.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

Touch me.

As Neville becomes lost in her flesh, the Beautiful Female extends an arm. TALONS emerge from her fingers. Her eyes glow with hate, with blood lust.

BEAUTIFUL FEMALE

So easy.

As her razor-sharp fingers move to his throat, THE DOG TACKLES them both. Neville snaps out of his sexual reverie and PUSHES her away. She LASHES OUT, SLASHING his forearm. Neville scrambles for the guns. The dog jumps at the Hemocyte, but she bats him away, knocking him unconscious.

Neville aims the .45s. FIRES. Three-four-five-six shots from each gun. Protecting herself, the Beautiful Female turns SIDEWAYS and covers her chest with her arms. The SKIN THICKENS an command, forming a protective shield. The bullets penetrate, but do not cause damage.

Neville drops the spent, smoking weapons to the ground. The Beautiful Female stands and "commands" her skin to return to "normal." She looks the helpless Neville up and down and laughs. A superior, cruel laugh. She bares her teeth, hisses, and moves in for the kill.

Like lightning, Neville reaches into a boot sheath, pulls his COMBAT KNIFE, and drives it into his attacker's heart. The Beautiful Female SCREECHES WITH SHOCK. Neville TWISTS the blade. She falls to her knees and tries to summon her body to heal, but the damage is too great, the loss of blood immense. She hisses and dies.

As life drains from her, her eyes become soft, almost human Neville is haunted by the transformation. And cannot bear to watch. A WHIMPER. The dog is regaining consciousness. Neville lifts him in his arms and heads for the tunnel.

EXT. SURROUNDING AREA - NIGHT

Cortman kneels, deeply feeling. He rises. Stoic. Majestically raises his arms...

CORTMAN

Let them hear you. Tell their souls we do not forget.

Christopher and his Clerics lead the tribe in a MOURNFUL CHANT. The DRUMMERS provide haunting accompaniment. There is something disturbing, yet beautiful about the sound.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Neville is shirtless, tending to the laceration on his forearm. He disinfects, bandages, then looks to the DOG who lies on an exam table, stunned, but conscious. Neville examines his pelt for cuts, checks his bones for breaks.

NEVILLE

You okay?

The dog looks up at him with sad eyes, then licks his face.

NEVILLE

You're okay.

The dog REACTS to the distant MOURNFUL SOUND generated by the Hemocytes. Neville too can't seem to deny its power. He LIFTS the dog in his arms.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville huddles in a corner, cradling the dog in his arms, needing the contact with another living thing. The MOURNFUL CHANTING INTENSIFIES. And Neville fights back tears. He desperately holds the dog, burying his face in his fur.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SURROUNDING AREA - DAWN

The Hemocytes are long gone. The bodies of the warriors who never made it past the outer fence have been taken away.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAWN

However, the bodies of the Hemocytes who died within the compound remain, smoldering in the early morning light. The gasoline fire has died and black acrid smoke forms a fine mist over the compound.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Neville and the dog slumber in the corner. An ALARM sounds from the upstairs bedroom and Neville BOLTS AWAKE, reaching for a gun that isn't there. The dog springs away. Body aching, Neville initiates his daily routine.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - MORNING

CLASSICAL MUSIC--upbeat (Vivaldi?)--plays over the following. Neville works out in the EXERCISE ROOM. SHOWERS. Applies a new bandage in the MEDICAL FACILITY. He selects a VIDEO-another past episode of the "Today Show"--and a TAPE of "Morning Edition." The sounds of "normalcy." He removes STEEL SHUTTERS from the roof of the GREENHOUSE. And picks fruits and vegetables for today's meals. He stops near a section of FLOWERS, taken by their simple beauty.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

He surprises himself by further depleting his supply of meat and giving the dog another STEAK. The dog, too, is shocked, but delighted. Neville sits

at the small table, barely touches his oatmeal and strawberries, and watches the dog.

NEVILLE

You saved my ass last night, you son
of a bitch. (re the steak)
For what it's worth... Enjoy.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Neville DRESSES. He finds himself staring at the PHOTOGRAPH on his bedside table. His wife and daughter. Both beautiful. Smiling. Neville's eyes are cold. Almost blank.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Neville addresses the VIDEO CAMERA. His daily journal.

NEVILLE

My name is Robert Neville. I was born in
Des Moines, Iowa, October 17th, 1960.
My father was Bill, my mother Charlotte.
I had a daughter Grace. My wife... Ellen.

He stops. Continues...

NEVILLE

Ten last night, there were ten. Tonight, they
will mourn and there'll be no attack. I'll have
"peace." But tomorrow it'll start all over again.
Why doesn't he give up? Why not, Cortman ?

Thinks.

NEVILLE

Why don't you, Bob? Why don't you?

He stares into the camera.

EXT. COMPOUND - MORNING - LATER

The Land Rover waits near the inner fence. The dog observes Neville's bleak task--the carting away of dead Hemocytes. Three corpses lay piled on the roof of the vehicle and Neville drags two more out of the moat. He wears gloves and a bandana covers his mouth and nose to block out the stench.

He tends to the sun-ravaged body of the Beautiful Female, but can't bear to look at her face. LIFTS her in his arms.

EXT. PRESIDIO - DAY

The Land Rover turns off California Street just below Highway 1, onto the grounds of the Presidio. It looks as though, at one time, a small war was

fought here. Neville steers the vehicle onto what once was the Army Golf Course. No links here. Only DEEP PITS dug far, far into the earth. An old sign reads: U.S. GOVERNMENT CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL EMERGENCY CREMATION CENTER. The Land Rover stops.

EXT. PRESIDIO - CREMATION PIT - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The dog stays inside the Rover, hating the smell of this place. Neville lines the Hemocyte corpses along the edge of the pit, douses them with gasoline and pushes them over the side. The Beautiful Female is the last to go. He lights a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL and LOBS it into the pit. A BURST OF FLAME rises into the air.

CAMERA CRANES to reveal the expanse and awful nature of this place. THREE DEEP CRATERS filled with the bones and ashes of human beings. It is a disturbing, unforgettable image.

Neville takes something from, the Rover and walks to the edge of another pit. He kneels and we see a small bouquet of FLOWERS in his hand. He whispers...

NEVILLE
I love you, Gracie.

EXT. PRESIDIO - DAY

The Land Rover exits, black smoke still rising from the pit.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - PORTALS OF THE PAST - DAY

Neville sits, waits. It is so silent, the air incredibly still. No movement, no sound, nothing. Neville can't bear it. He erupts with frustration, SCREAMS at the sky.

EXT. CEMETERY - OUTER GATES - DAY

The fences and gates of the cemetery look like Fort Knox. More barbed wire and evidence of conflict. SIGNS read: ENTRY FORBIDDEN! ABSOLUTELY NO ENTRY PAST THIS POINT BY ORDER OF U.S. NATIONAL GUARD. TRESPASSERS SHOT ON SIGHT.

The Land Rover waits outside a heavily fortified gate. Neville carries a huge CIRCLE OF KEYS. Uses one to open a padlock and chain.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Many graves have been dug up, many vaults ripped down. Others carry BIOHAZARD warning labels. The Land Rover stops at a BEAUTIFUL TOMB guarded by statues of angels. The door to its interior locked and chained. Neville waits. It's difficult for him, whatever he's about to do.

INT. TOMB - DAY

The door cracks open and Neville uses all his weight to push it in. LIGHT fills the crypt, illuminating dead flowers on a stone casket. Followed by the dog, Neville enters, collects the old flowers and lays fresh ones in their place. He kneels, shuts his eyes, and silently prays.

NEVILLE

It was my birthday yesterday, Ellen.
Forty-two. You wouldn't recognize me,
sweetie--I'm in better shape today than I
was when we got married. (thinks of something)
Gracie's birthday is next month, isn't it?
She would've been ten. That's a big birthday
for a kid.

He can't continue. Whispers...

NEVILLE

I miss you, Ellen. I miss you so much.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A beautifully decorated, sun-filled room. ELLEN NEVILLE, a pretty, gentle woman, lies in bed, half-awake. in his bathrobe, Neville reads the morning paper.

NEVILLE

Did you hear about this guy?

ELLEN

What guy?

NEVILLE

Dr. John Krippen. He's at the U.

ELLEN

What about him?

NEVILLE

This is really something.

ELLEN

Would you tell me, already?

NEVILLE

Wow. In theory, this could cure AIDS.

ELLEN

What are you talking about?

NEVILLE

"Krippen's Viragene." (laughs) Sounds like
something you'd buy from an infomercial.

Neville reads to her from the article.

NEVILLE

"A simple hemocyte..."

ELLEN

What's a hemocyte?

NEVILLE

A blood cell. (continues) "... which has been genetically altered and adhered to a virus." (explains) They started with lung cells a couple years ago, but Krippen's working with blood --on leukemia. (reads) "The altered cell--the viragene--is injected into the bloodstream where it destroys all cancerous cells and, by utilizing the properties of a virus, replaces them with healthy cells." It eats disease and makes you healthy. "Dr. Krippen states that, in theory, use of viragenes could be applied to HIV, other forms of cancer, damaged nerves, blindness --virtually any ailment."

ELLEN

Let me get this straight. Genetic engineering and viruses?

NEVILLE

The properties of a virus--I guess so it can multiply and grow throughout the bloodstream. But they disable it (MORE)

NEVILLE (cont'd)

somehow, so it's not harmful. This is amazing! And it's buried on page 12.

ELLEN

It sounds dangerous, Bob.

NEVILLE

Ellie...

ELLEN

All these so-called scientific breakthroughs. Playing with the building blocks of life. As a race, do you think we can catch up? I mean, we're back here, and they're twenty miles down the road.

NEVILLE

(significantly)

It could cure cancer. All forms of cancer.

ELLEN

(sadly)

Maybe there's supposed to be cancer. Does anyone think about that? What if

there's a reason? What if... All this goes against God's plan?

NEVILLE

I thought God's plan was simple.

She waits.

NEVILLE

To love each other, Ellie. To lend a helping hand to someone in need, to care for one another. Compassion.

ELLEN

Bobby, you're an idealist. You always have been.

NEVILLE

I have hope. You can never lose hope.

GRACE'S VOICE

Mommy?

Their daughter appears in the doorway.

ELLEN

What is it, honey?

GRACE

I don't feel good today.

ELLEN

Oh, come here, sweetie...

Grace joins them in bed. Ellen hugs her close. Neville finishes the article in the paper and joins them

NEVILLE

(whispers in Ellen's ear)

I'm going to see him. This Dr. Krippen.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

INT. TOMB - DAY

END FLASHBACK.

Neville stands. Dispassionate, almost militaristic in his movements. He collects the dead flowers and exits.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Neville locks the outer gate, climbs into the Land Rover and drives away, the SUN an hour or two away from setting.

INT. EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - DAY / DUSK

Neville secures the house for the evening. Fills generators with gasoline, checks power connections, repairs the hole in the inner fence, loads weapons, etc.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Neville barely touches his dinner as the dog devours its bowl of fresh chow.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The sun's last rays shine through the window slits. Neville washes dishes. The dog glances at the "doggie door" leading outside. Neville tells him.

NEVILLE

Not tonight. You can stay in tonight.

The happy dog follows him to the video monitor/computer station. Neville checks the screens--no activity yet. He sits behind the computer and looks at a CHESS PROGRAM--a game already in play. He analyzes the board, but is distracted.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville goes through his archives of VIDEO TAPES.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville sits up in bed, the dog at the foot, on the floor, watching TV. Guns in close proximity. A videotape plays John Ford's THE LOST PATROL. A small group of British soldiers cracking under the pressure of attack by a superior force of Arabs.

Neville's seen it many times. He's seen all his favorites too many times. He gets bored with it, stops the tape, returns to the archives and moves to another. He hesitates. Wanting to play certain tapes, and desperately not wanting to play them. He gives in, selects one, and moves to the vcr.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

VIDEO IMAGES. His wife ELLEN and daughter GRACE (5 years old here) washing the car in the back yard. Both wear bathing suits and are having a terrific time with the water and soap suds. Ellen turns the hose on the camera and we hear.

NEVILLE'S VOICE

Hey! This thing costs a lotta money!

The video camera ducks out of the way and we see Neville's bare feet.

Typical home movie shenanigans. He refocuses on his wife. She looks quite lovely in her bikini.

ELLEN

How come we're doing all the work?

GRACE

Yeah, how come? I think you should wash the car, daddy.

NEVILLE

Uh-uh. Mommy and I made a bet and she lost.

ELLEN

You cheated!

REVEAL NEVILLE. Sitting on the edge of his bed, haunted by the images. Haunted by his vibrant little girl, mesmerized by his wife's vitality, her beauty.

And then we HEAR... MOURNFUL CHANTING. SLOW, RHYTHMIC DRUMMING-
The ghostly cries...

VOICES OUTSIDE

Neville... Neville...

Neville shuts his eyes. Covers his ears. The dog goes to the balcony, demurely barks a reminder. Neville looks out. In the distance, in the darkness, the Hemocytes continue to MOURNFULLY WAIL. Neville SLAMS SHUT the steel shutters.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville moves to an ALCOVE containing a HAM RADIO setup, dons HEADPHONES and juices up the system. He SCANS and LISTENS. Nothing. The static and dead air, however, blocks out the cries of the Hemocytes. Neville switches to the emergency frequency and leans into his microphone...

NEVILLE

San Francisco KDX-CFY-CA 1971335.
San Francisco KDX-CFY-CA 1971335.

Listens. He's done this far too many times. Tried too many times. But still, he listens.

NEVILLE

San Fran--

He stops. What was that? He turns up the volume and now we HEAR it, too. Is it?

A human voice? Unintelligible, staticy. What did it say? Was it "Help me?" Was it?! He adjusts the scanner, cranks the volume. It's gone. Just like that, it's gone. Was it even there?

NEVILLE

Hello? Please...

Static. There was nothing. You're cracking up! Neville rips the headphones from his ears, throws them.

NEVILLE

There was nobody. Nobody.

He looks at the monitors, the Hemocytes. The CHANTING very loud now. Neville SCREAMS.

NEVILLE

LEAVE ME ALONE! FOR GOD'S SAKE.

Manically, he runs upstairs, grabbing a HANDGUN on the way.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Neville indiscriminately FIRES the pistol.

NEVILLE

LEAVE ME ALONE !

He futilely empties the clip. The Hemocytes collectively HISS. He THROWS the gun into the compound and falls to his knees. He cradles his head in his hands.

NEVILLE

Dear Jesus, why? Please. Why?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

He secures the hatch and collapses onto his bed. The dog sadly approaches. Softening greatly, Neville lays his hand on the dog. His eyes move to the photo of his wife.

EXT. SURROUNDING AREA - NIGHT

The Hemocytes stand hand-in-hand in mournful vigil.

CORTMAN

THE BLOOD IS ON YOUR HANDS, NEVILLE.
YOU ARE THE MURDERER.. TRY TO SLEEP
TONIGHT. TRY. REMEMBER THE FACES
OF THOSE YOU KILLED. WE WILL NEVER
FORGET. AND ONE DAY, YOU WILL PAY.
I PROMISE YOU THAT. THERE WILL BE
RETRIBUTION.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville's haunted face stares at the ceiling.

CORTMAN'S VOICE

RETRIBUTION, NEVILLE.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Neville drives the Land Rover out of the compound.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Eyes hidden behind dark sunglasses, a quiet, solemn Neville cruises the deserted city streets.

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - DAY

City Hall is in ruins. The Federal Building blown to bits. The Library has suffered damage, but the structure is intact. Neville, loop of wire in hand, sets another SNARE on a lamp post and keeps a watchful eye on the surrounding buildings.

What was that? Did something move? Nothing. Nothing, Bob.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - DAY

The Land Rover stops near the Bay Bridge. Neville looks around. Cars are overturned, burned, rusting. Boats in the harbor are ravaged, sunken.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

Neville has strung a series of five traps along the street. He's working on his sixth when he realizes he won't have enough wire. He returns to the Land Rover, pets the dog, and sets his machine gun on the roof of the vehicle. He removes the Kevlar vest and his shirt. It's hot today. He drinks from a bottle of water, grabs a fresh spool of wire, and returns to the post. He arranges and sets the wire and prepares to bait it when he STOPS. Absolutely dead stops.

MOVEMENT. About half a block away. He locates the source of the SOUND and sees something in one of the abandoned buildings. Neville reaches for his machine gun.

But it's not there. It's on the fucking roof of the Land Rover. The dog is hyper-alert. He heard it, too. Keeping his eyes glued on the abandoned building, Neville moves toward the vehicle...

The dog BARKS a warning, but it's too late...

Neville has stepped into the snare of his own trap!

SNAP! The wire WHIPS TAUGHT jerking Neville off his feet. He SMACKS his head on the asphalt as the wire PULLS UP. The snare LOCKS into place and

Neville HANGS above the street, upside-down, his head about three feet from the surface. The ALL-IN-ONE-TOOL FALLS from his pocket. He REACHES for it, but it's already on the street.

The dog BARKS AND BARKS. Panicked, afraid, scolding. Neville is so pissed at himself. The wire CUTS deep into his ankle. BLOOD drips to the street. He's a little dazed, but Neville's desperately trying to maintain clarity. The dog circles below, barking and whimpering. Neville breathes deeply, gauges his surroundings. What to do?! And then he realizes why the dog is so frantic.

The sun is setting.

As if on cue, his ELECTRONIC POCKET WATCH sounds its ALARM. BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. The color drains from Neville's face. BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. Neville angrily THROWS the watch down the street. The dog continues to BARK his warnings.

NEVILLE
SHUT UP! DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW?!!!

The dog backs off, circles the area, sniffs. Whimpers and growls. Transforms into defensive posture.

SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT in a nearby building. Neville hears it. Looks at the sky. About thirty, forty minutes before sunset. Damn! He calms himself. Can't panic, absolutely cannot panic. He tries reaching for the wire, to pull himself up, but it's just beyond his reach, the strain too great. He remembers his KNIFE in the ankle sheath. Pulls it and HACKS at the wire. No good. It would never cut through. He tucks the knife back into the sheath. Thinks.

CRASH! Something falls and breaks in one of the shops. More MOVEMENT. The dog REACTS, BARKS and RUNS to check it out.

NEVILLE
NO! STAY!

Neville can do nothing. The dog's gone. Must act quickly. Although it makes the wire cut deeper into his ankle, Neville SWINGS back and forth, making his body a pendulum. Reaches for the post. Misses. Swings back. Forth. GRABS IT. Holds on for dear life. In an impressive feat of strength and dexterity, he twists and PULLS himself up the post, to the overhang bar, and CRAWLS along it, even though the tension it creates on the wire is shredding his ankle.

Neville desperately tries to untangle the snare. His fingers can't quite do the trick, so he pulls the KNIFE and uses it to SAW into the cable.

A HOWL from within a building.

Neville glances in the direction of the sound. Just as the blade succeeds in slicing through enough of the wire, it weakens and SNAPS! Releasing an unprepared Neville. He FALLS and lands HARD on the asphalt. A bone BREAKS in Neville's wrist but that's the least of his worries.

He landed on the knife. It's sticking straight through the meat of his thigh.

He screams in pain! Reaches for it, but that arm has a broken wrist--and that's agony! He rolls to his side, feels for the handle with his good hand and psychs himself up for what must be done. He PULLS the blade, SCREAMS, and passes out.

The image loses focus... FADES... To BLACK. Silence.

FADE IN to grey. Unfocused, gaining sharpness... A SOUND. A wet sound... The DOG LICKS Neville's face and pokes him, urging him to consciousness. When Neville awakens...

IT IS NIGHT.

The look of terror on his face is unmistakable. The dog whimpers, prods him, begging him to move. A small pool of blood has collected around Neville's thigh and ankle. His broken wrist is swollen and he has a bad bump on his forehead. He coughs, spits, raises his head...

The atmosphere of the Embarcadero has changed. Gone is the deadness and silence--replaced by SOUNDS. Some far off, some closeby. Activity. There is life. Some kind of life. The dog's defenses are way up. He sniffs and growls.

The Land Rover is about fifty feet away. Such a short distance, but now, for Neville, in this condition, it is more like fifty miles. He examines his wrist, his ankle. The blood has coagulated and he looks to the thigh. He rips part of his shirt into a tourniquet. It's difficult to work with the broken wrist, but he manages to stop the bleeding. He tries to stand, but that is a joke. The ankle is bad enough, but the thigh wound is just too deep--it can't take the pressure. He falls back to the asphalt and catches his breath. He finds the knife, clutches it in his fist--just in case--and begins to drag himself toward the Land Rover.

SOUNDS. MOVEMENT. All around him. Something--footsteps?--circling the area. Neville accelerates his pace. The dog viciously growls, BARKS! And then Neville HEARS it, too. SNARLING. HOWLS. Not footsteps. Paws on pavement.

Neville knows what's coming and it terrifies him. Again, he tries to stand, but falls hard onto the street. He drags himself toward the vehicle, and his dog begins to circle, BARKING, urging him to move faster. Neville stops when he sees the first one...

A BLACK DOG. A hemocvte dog. Standing on top of a pile of rubble. Watching him with icy grey eyes. The beast's fangs are bared--long, sharp, vicious things. It assesses Neville and his dog. It BARKS AND HOWLS.

Neville's about twenty feet from the Rover. He remembers the MACHINE GUN on the roof and yells at his dog.

NEVILLE
THE GUN! GET THE GUN!

But this isn't "Rin-Tin-Tin." The poor thing has no idea what Neville means.

NEVILLE
GET THE FUCKING GUN!

No use. Neville presses on, dragging his wounded body toward the Land Rover. Holds tightly to the KNIFE when he sees...

FIVE MORE DOGS. DANE, BROWN, BOXER, WHITE, and GREY. All muscular, sharp-fanged, and icy-eyed. They snarl and sniff, calmly waiting, gauging their best attack...

The dog moves in close to Neville, guarding. Neville fears the worst. Hits the dog with his arm, instructing him...

NEVILLE
GO! RUN! Get the hell out of here!

The dog doesn't move.

NEVILLE
GO! You stupid thing! GO!

But the dog will not leave him. And the attack begins.

Black BARKS and THREE RUSH IN. Neville's dog meets BROWN, immediately engaging in combat. Neville knows his dog is doomed, but can't think about that now. The OTHER TWO are upon him! He LASHES out with the KNIFE, ripping WHITE open along the ribcage. The beast YELPS and retaliates and BITES into Neville's thigh. Neville SCREAMS- And KNEES White with the opposite leg. GREY BITES into Neville's broken wrist. The PAIN is unimaginable, but Neville STABS GREY in the chest. AGAIN AND AGAIN. Blood bursts from Grey's heart and the dog dies. Neville spins to see WHITE in the air, POUNCING, eyes on Neville's jugular...

But the beast is broadsided by Neville's dog! Battered and bleeding, he FIGHTS with a proud ferocity. Neville sees the badly wounded BROWN coming, LICKING BLOOD from Grey to gain strength. As his dog engages in struggle with White, Neville sees BOXER and DANE move in.

And Neville knows there is only one chance. Summoning every ounce of strength and adrenaline in his body, he RISES to his feet and emits a guttural, primordial SCREAM. Grimacing, denying the pain, he MOVES to the Land Rover, forcing his fragile limbs forward.

As Neville's dog and White engage in a brutal dance, Brown-rushing on the fresh blood--sets his sights on human prey. Neville makes it to the Land Rover. He rests against it--just for a moment--then reaches up and grabs the machine gun. He turns. Just in time to see Brown coming at him.

Neville OPENS FIRE and Brown is ripped in half. Neville WHISTLES and his dog breaks away from White. Neville shoots White, then SPRAYS bullets at the oncoming Boxer and Dane. The automatic weapon fire has the desired effect and the two beasts--sufficiently intimidated--run away.

Neville and his dog relax for a moment, then, almost simultaneously, realize they have forgotten about the leader, the BLACK. Who ERUPTS from behind, knocking Neville to the ground. The Black is about to devour human neck when Neville's dog BITES into Black's hindquarters. The Black YELPS, spins, and LOCKS ITS JAWS onto the dog's neck.

NEVILLE

NO!!!!!!!

Neville SMACKS the Black with the butt of the machine KICKS him away, and OPENS FIRE, emptying the clip into the hellish thing. Until it falls. Dead.

Neville checks his dog. The poor thing is bleeding badly. Fueled by desperation and conviction, Neville LIFTS the dog and deposits him in the Rover. Now well beyond pain-transcendent, really--Neville shuts the doors, climbs behind the wheel, and gets the hell away.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville drives in darkness, one hand comforting the dog...

NEVILLE

It's okay, boy. You're gonna be okay.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Hemocytes on their nightly vigil. Cortman observes Neville's house. The lights are off. No music, no signs of activity within. Curious. A trap? Perhaps not. Cortman leaps off the promontory and leads his followers across the barren landscape, toward the outer fence.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville looks ahead, observing the terrain. He's about half a mile away from home and can see the Hemocytes surrounding the compound. He stops the vehicle and turns to the dog...

NEVILLE

I'm going to get us home.

EXT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville exits, opens the trunk, straps on two SHOULDER HOLSTERS with fully loaded automatics and grabs two more clips for the machine gun. He takes a JERRY CAN of gasoline, a rag, and quickly manufactures a king-size MOLOTOV COCKTAIL.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO HOUSE - NIGHT

With its lights still off, the Land Rover slowly moves up the hill. And violently ACCELERATES.

EXT. AREA - SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

The Hemocytes furthest from the fence have no time to REACT to the speeding, armor-plated Rover heading straight at them.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville hits a series of SWITCHES.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

A BURST OF LIGHT! Not only from the LAMPS, but from a RACK OF LIGHTS on the ROOF, two HIGH-BEAM lamps mounted near the side mirrors, and FOUR LIGHTS rigged near the trunk.

The Hemocytes SCREECH and retreat. A few react like deer, frozen, and the Land Rover just PLOWS through them. NEAR THE FENCE, CORTMAN REACTS. He sees the Rover ROARING toward him and realizes Neville is outside the compound! He stands at the GATE--the only way into the compound--and BELLOWS...

CORTMAN

STOP HIM!

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville maintains focus. His eyes stay fixed ahead. He sees the Warriors forming a wall in front of the GATE. Takes a deep breath... And STOPS the Land Rover.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

Hemocytes form a circle around the vehicle. The LIGHT blinds them and SCORCHES their skin, but they must take advantage of this opportunity, they must get Neville!

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville readies the machine gun, undoes a ceiling BOLT.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

A HATCH opens on the ROOF of the Rover and Neville pops up. He SPRAYS MACHINE GUN FIRE in a circle, keeping the Hemocytes at bay. INTENSELY FIRES at the Warriors barring the gate. Neville crawls out farther, rests the machine gun, and pulls out the JERRY CAN. TWO BRAVE HEMOCYTES rush the Land Rover, SMASH a side lamp and headlamp, and crawl toward Neville.

He pulls a sidearm and SHOOTs! Dead shots in their hearts. Takes a LIGHTER from his utility belt. MORE HEMOCYTES move toward the Rover. Neville spots them. Lifts the MACHINE GUN. FIRES, keeping them back--momentarily. He tries to light the rag in the jerry can, but his hand isn't working well and the lighter SLIPS down the windshield. Neville curses, crawls out, REACHES for the lighter...

His arm is GRABBED by a Hemocyte. EVA. They lock eyes. She smiles and TALONS emerge from her fingertips.

Neville's weak hand fumbles for a sidearm and PULLS the trigger. A BULLET RIPS through Eva's shoulder, sending her back, spinning off the vehicle. Neville SNATCHES the lighter, ignites the rag, and THROWS the jerry can at the gate. It lands with a THUD. Neville FIRES the machine gun. Bullets RIP into the can and BLAM! A FIREBALL! At least a dozen Warriors are roasted. They stumble away, SCREECHING.

Cortman knows what Neville has in mind and hurriedly leads a CHARGE at the Land Rover.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville drops into the driver's seat. He reaches up to close the hatch and sees the FACE OF A HEMOCYTE. He FIRES. The shattered Hemocyte face disappears from view and Neville SHUTS the hatch. PRESSES the REMOTE CONTROL.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

THE GATE SLIDES OPEN. Halfway to the Land Rover, Cortman realizes he's made an error.

CORTMAN
BACK! INSIDE! INSIDE!

He changes the direction of the charge just as the Rover ROARS THROUGH THE FIRE. SIX HEMOCYTES manage to jump on THE VEHICLE as it SPEEDS into the compound and abruptly STOPS. Its REAR LAMPS SHINE on the open gate.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville hits the remote.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

The gate starts to shut. Cortman and his Warriors RUN to it. The HATCH on the roof of the Land Rover FLIPS OPEN. Neville emerges, machine gun in hand. First, he BLASTS THREE of the Hemocytes clinging to the Rover. (The other three are smarter and hang onto the SIDES of the vehicle, out of Neville's field of Vision.) Next, Neville SPRAYS the gate with machine gun fire, keeping Cortman and the Hemocytes at bay. Neville can only urge the gate to move faster...

NEVILLE
COME ON! COME ON!

He empties one clip, loads the LAST of the three, takes a few more shots, then relaxes when the GATE IS SHUT.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville accelerates, shuts the hatch, hits another REMOTE.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The other GATE--for the inner fence--SLIDES OPEN, as does the DOOR to the garage, revealing the sloping driveway leading underground. The Land Rover ROARS over the moat. the THREE HEMOCYTES holding tight as the Rover descends.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

The Rover SCREECHES to a stop, almost crashing into the wall. The overhead door starts to CLOSE...

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville checks the dog, comforts him, and almost opens the door. He stops when he faintly hears a SCRATCHING on the outer shell of the vehicle.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

The Three Hemocytes quietly release their hold on the Land Rover and set foot on the garage floor. They look to each other and devilishly smile.

INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Neville checks the VIDEO SCREENS. There they are.

NEVILLE

Were you fellas Boy Stouts? You know
what the Scouts always say... ?

He flicks a switch on another remote.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

The three Hemocytes barely have time to notice the HALOGEN LAMPS lining the walls of the room before they BURST ON. The creatures SCREECH! with pain.

Sunglasses covering his eyes, Neville calmly opens his door, steps out, and proceeds to exterminate the three pests.

QUICK MACHINE GUN BURSTS to the hearts of One and Two. When the clip runs out, a pistol for the Third.

NEVILLE

Be prepared.

As they lay dying, Neville shuts off the wall lamps, opens the passenger door, and gently carries out the wounded dog.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Neville deposits the dog on an exam table. How can he stand the pain?! His body shimmers with sweat from exertion, his eyes barely open, barely conscious. After making sure the dog is stable, he tends to his own wounds. Can't help the dog 'til you help yourself. He goes to a cabinet and INJECTS himself with a small dose of MORPHINE to eliminate the pain. To keep himself alert, he sniffs a capsule of AMYL NITRATE, then injects himself with an ANTIBIOTIC.

He takes a SCALPEL and cuts open his pants leg. The thigh is damn bad. He cleans it--which stings like a mother--bandages it, then releases the tourniquet. God, it hurts! He thinks about another shot of morphine, but he must stay conscious. He painfully removes his boots and cleans and bandages the ankle. Now the wrist. Swollen, throbbing. He feels the tendons, the bones, locates the affected section. He readies a splint, some tape, and more amyl nitrate.

And then, amazingly, Neville sets his own broken bone. The pain is intense. He nearly passes out, but manages to crack open another capsule of amyl nitrate. He applies the splint and tape. It's sloppy, but it does the job.

Neville turns to the dog. He injects the poor thing with a strong dose of morphine, knocking him out. He cleans and bandages, making sure bleeding has stopped, but he knows, and we know, that these wounds are deep and serious. Neville watches the dog's sad eyes as the morphine kicks in. He leans in and pets his faithful companion.

NEVILLE

They will not have you. I promise.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville moves to the central SECURITY PANEL. Switches on the monitors, boots up the computer, flicks switches, etc.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

LIGHTS. On the roof, along the fence, in the compound. EVERYWHERE. Lights at maximum power.

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING COMPOUND - NIGHT

The Hemocytes REACT to the shock of illumination. They scurry for cover, for pockets of shadow and darkness. Cortman defiantly STANDS near the gate, at the fallen BODIES of his soldiers. He screams a FIERCE CRY of anger as his skin sizzles from exposure to the light. CHRISTOPHER runs to his side and PULLS him to safety.

BEHIND A WALL OF RUBBLE, Cortman and Christopher join Eva and the others. The group appears dispirited, disillusioned. Others are angry, ready to attack.

CORTMAN

How many made it inside?

CHRISTOPHER

A half dozen.

CORTMAN

And the others? How many, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER

Altogether, over twenty dead. (a plea)
our numbers dwindle and we lose strength.
Perhaps it is time for change. Time to move
on. He is just one man.

CORTMAN

After what he has done? The blood he spilled?
All the souls taken? We must never cease,
we--all of us--can never change. Not if change
means allowing Neville freedom, life. That
cannot be.

He looks at the wounded, the dead.

CORTMAN

But you are right about one thing, Christopher.
That must change. We have lost too many.
Neville's death will come, of that I am certain, but it
cannot come at the expense of our lives. No more.
(to his followers) He will not have that pleasure.
But Neville will pay. We will feast on his flesh and
drink his blood.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Neville manages to pull himself into the crow's nest. He's armed to the
teeth--ready for an onslaught. He raises a RIFLE to his eye and looks
through the scope.

NEVILLE

All right, Cortman, come on.

HIS POV

No one there. He scans the area around the fence. There's one, two... A
few. But their backs are turned and they're walking away. No chants, no
drumming. Silence. Defeat. Is he grateful? Astonished? Or disappointed?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Neville hobbles over to the exam table and turns his attention to the
unconscious dog. He stitches and disinfects--as if this were the most
important medical procedure ever performed. He will not let this dog die.
He lifts one of the dog's eyelids and despises what he sees.

A faint greyness to the iris.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Neville searches for something near the Arsenal.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

Neville rests a heavy KENNEL CAGE / CARRIER on the floor. He puts a child's blanket within, then places the dog inside. Strangely, he CHAINS AND BOLTS the cage to the floor and walls. He gives the dog a sad, knowing look and exits.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville sits himself in a chair, elevates his wounded legs, and loads another shot of morphine. He injects himself and finally, mercifully, he sleeps.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAWN

The sun has risen.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CLANG! CLANG! Neville stirs from his drug-induced slumber. INSTANT PAIN! His legs and wrist are throbbing! CLANG! CLANG! NOISE from the medical facility. He lowers his legs. When the blood returns to them, the pain intensifies. Neville administers another low-level shot of morphine, gets to his feet and hobbles toward the sound.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL FACILITY - MORNING

CLANG CLANG CLANG! The dog is not happy about being in a cage. BARKS at Neville when he enters. Neville prepares a sedative and carefully injects it into the dog.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Neville switches off the power for the exterior lights. Hits the switch for the overhead door and remembers the Hemocytes he encountered here last night.

He steps to the Land Rover. There, on the floor, are one, two corpses. Both are completely drained of blood. There were three. Where's the third? Neville turns... And sees the THIRD HEMOCYTE standing before him. mouth red. Body gorged on blood. Death lust in his evil eyes.

Neville is so tired. And doesn't have a gun! Thank god for the SUN. As the

Hemocyte makes his move, the OVERHEAD DOOR slides open. Neville backs up the ramp, into the LIGHT as it cuts into the room and descends upon the horrified Hemocyte. The creature's skin blackens and blisters. With a disturbing intensity, Neville GRABS the Hemocyte by the throat and DRAGS him up the ramp, into the HARSH SUNLIGHT. Tosses him into the compound like a bag of trash.

NEVILLE
(exhausted)
Leave me alone.

EXT. NEVILLE'S COMPOUND - DAY

Neville carries out the morning's grim task: gathering the corpses of the hemocytes killed last night. Because of his weakened state, he builds a PYRE in the moat, adds the one he just finished off. So sick of it. Just sick of it all.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY

The Rover heads out of the city, crossing the BAY BRIDGE.

EXT. BERKELEY - DAY

The Land Rover speeds through the ravaged, desolate college town and veers toward the UNIVERSITY.

EXT. U.C. BERKELEY - DAY

The campus looks like the scene of a war. Not a riot, a war. It is perhaps even more bleak than anything we saw in the city. The Land Rover heads past a group of dead buildings, buildings which hold a terrible secret. The sign reads:

MEDICAL SCIENCES - KRIPPEN CENTER FOR GENETIC RESEARCH

Spray-painted over the sign is one word: ARMAGEDDON!

EXT. KRIPPEN GENETICS BUILDING - DAY

The Rover stops and Neville hobbles to the bunker-like structure, dragging a PORTABLE GENERATOR. Adorning the exterior wall--and we will see it within, too--is a LOGO. A circle with a spiraling line cutting through the center.

We recognize it as the "mark" of Cortman and his followers.

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - DAY

The LOBBY once saw awful carnage. Dried blood cakes the walls as do scorch marks from fires. Bullet holes are so plentiful, they create an odd "mural." more significantly, there is something ominous about this place. The

serpent's lair in the Garden of Eden.
Or Satan's throne room in Hell.

Neville wheels the Generator to a thick metal door. Impenetrable. He removes a panel from the floor and accesses a bundle of electrical wires. He fires up the Generator and attaches feed connections to the bundle. Attaches a bypass circuit and punches in his own code...

G-R-A-C-E.

The mammoth door HISSES, GROANS and OPENS, as if responding to an occult charm.

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - DAY

Neville steps into the first room of a large genetics lab. There are numerous rooms, each color and number coded, i.e. DNA STORAGE - ORANGE 7. The colors and ratings correspond to germ-free environments, biohazard conditions, etc. Amazingly, much of the interior of the Krippen Center is clean and in working order. But there are hints of disaster and violence--a bullet hole here, a blood spatter there.

Neville deposits the dog cage outside a room labeled ANIMAL RESEARCH LAB - RED 9 and walks to a LOWER LEVEL ROOM-ELECTRICAL - BLUE 5. He opens a panel and finds circuit breakers labeled EMERGENCY GENERATORS. Switches them on.

THROUGHOUT THE FACILITY, overhead LIGHTS flicker to life. The empty sterile rooms gleam with an antiseptic sense of dread. We see a few of the ROOMS --- BLOOD LAB - RED 9. AUDIO VISUAL - GREEN 2. VIRUS STORAGE - RED 10.

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - AUDIO VISUAL ROOM - DAY

SHELVES filled with VIDEOTAPES. Neville finds the ANIMAL TESTING section and selects a handful of cassettes.

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - ANIMAL LAB - DAY

Empty cages. Surgical tables. Microscopes. A VCR and TV and A/V CART sit in the corner. Neville pops in a cassette labeled TEST RESULTS/DOMESTIC ANIMALS/KRIPPEN 5/12/98. Sits in a chair, elevates his legs, and watches as the TV plays...

ON THE TV SCREEN, we see the face of DR. JOHN KRIPPEN. An intelligent, passionate face now panicked and deadened. His eyes have seen great disappointments. And even greater horrors. He speaks to a CAMERA which he runs himself.

KRIPPEN

... The viragene appears to have no discernible impact on birds. When injected into subjects, no matter the size of the dosage, the result was death. No mutation. The same results with fish and reptiles. (gravely) We had no such luck with the feline, canine, and rodent hosts. All accepted the viragene, all mutated.

The mice and rats exhibited no hostility when infected, nor did the cats, not really. Their predatory instincts were elevated, yes, but they maintained a more calculated, cunning approach to... feeding. The dogs... sadly, they... We saw the most alarming results with the dogs. The viragene seems to bring out a savage instinct, a primal brutality that goes beyond mere survival. (beat) Just like the humans.

The LARGE IMAGE shows us video footage of a GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG in a strong metal CAGE. The SMALL IMAGE is footage taken through a MICROSCOPE of the dog's BLOOD CELLS.

An LED READ-OUT at the bottom of the screen shows date and time (5/4/98/6:20 a.m.) . Krippen's VOICE provides commentary on one AUDIO TRACK, the SOUNDS from the dog in the cage on the other. There will be abrupt cuts and jumps, the tape having been hastily prepared.

LARGE IMAGE: SCIENTISTS inject the dog. SMALL IMAGE: STRANGE NEW CELLS mix with the others. (5/4/98/6:25 a.m.).

KRIPPEN

Hemocyte viral genetic agent introduced into normal canine circulatory system.

ABRUPT CUT. LARGE IMAGE: the Shepherd is happy and playful. SMALL IMAGE: the strange cells appear to be gobbling up select others. (5/4/98/7:02 p.m.).

KRIPPEN

Just over twelve hours. The viragene has eliminated any diseased or unhealthy cells in the host.

ABRUPT CUT. LARGE IMAGE: the Shepherd is lethargic, depressed. SMALL IMAGE: the strange cells are eating healthy red blood cells. (5/4/98/11:10 p.m.).

KRIPPEN

Sixteen hours. The viragene turns to healthy blood cells for fuel.

ABRUPT CUT. LARGE IMAGE: the SHEPHERD is magnificently healthy. Very active. Hyper-alert. He glows with remarkable strength. An eerie blue-greyness in its eyes. Its fangs appear sharper, more savage. SMALL IMAGE: fresh blood is introduced and we see the strange cells GROW AND MULTIPLY. (5/5/98/1:38 a.m.).

KRIPPEN

One liter of transfused blood introduced into canine system. The viragene feeds and multiplies at a rate of .25 percent per minute. Multiplication rate increases exponentially to amount of blood injected into host. Note increases in muscle strength, bone mass, pulse, adrenaline flow.

ABRUPT CUT. LARGE IMAGE: the Shepard is weak, emaciated, irritable and

hostile. He barks and lunges at the scientists near his Cage. SMALL IMAGE: The strange cells are desperately searching for blood cells, devouring them like candy. (5/7/98/2:00 a.m.).

KRIPPEN

Viragene consumes blood at an astonishing rate. If more blood is not introduced, subject will perish.

ABRUPT CUT. LARGE IMAGE: the Shepard is dying. An awful blackness in its eyes. SMALL IMAGE: the strange cells have eliminated all healthy blood cells. They move anxiously, searching, desperate to survive. They lose momentum and cease movement. (5/7/98/3:33 p.m.).

KRIPPEN

No additional blood has been given to the host. Subject terminates.

ABRUPT CUT. LARGE IMAGE: The dog's dead form lies motionless. A scientist carefully injects it with blood. SMALL IMAGE: fresh blood cells swim past the dead cells. They flicker to life. (5/9/98/4:24 p.m.).

KRIPPEN

No heart, respiratory, or brain function in forty-eight hours. Fifty cc's of blood injected into expired host.

LARGE IMAGE: the Shepherd's limbs TWITCH with life. The bluegreyness returns to its formerly lifeless eyes.

KRIPPEN

Reanimation occurs in 15.6 seconds.

LARGE IMAGE: the Shepard STAPES at the surveillance camera. Bares its fangs and snarls.

Neville abruptly STOPS the tape. He moves to the dog's cage and unhinges the door. The dog is still sedated and Neville locates a syringe and DRAWS BLOOD. He places a DROP on a glass slide and examines it under a MICROSCOPE. He REWINDS the videotape in SEARCH mode and FREEZES it so he can compare the SMALL SCREEN IMAGE to what he sees under the microscope.

The dog is still in the first stage. Neville notes the LED readout-- (5/4/98/7:02 p.m.). He FASTFORWARDS in SEARCH mode and STOPS on the IMAGE of the lethargic, depressed, hostile Shepherd. (5/4/98/11:10 p.m.). Sadly realizes how little time he has...

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - OFFICE - DAY

The nameplate on the door tells us this was the office of DR. JOHN KRIPPEN. Neville glances at the mementos on the desk--photos, awards--and wall--diplomas, certificates, a PHOTO of the entire academic staff of Berkeley. Standing among the distinguished gentlemen and ladies is Robert Neville.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - OFFICE - DAY

DR. KRIPPEN escorts a VISITOR into his office. Offered a chair, NEVILLE sits opposite Krippen. Looking every bit the professor in tweed jacket and corduroys, Neville smiles...

NEVILLE

Thanks for seeing me, Dr. Krippen.

Krippen is happy, energetic, pleased with himself.

KRIPPEN

We don't get too many visitors from the History Department. (recalls) We met at the Christmas Party, didn't we?

NEVILLE

Yeah, Jeff introduced us.

KRIPPEN

That's right.

NEVILLE

Listen, I know you're busy, so I'll get right to it. The work you're doing with leukemia--from what I read in the paper, it seems to me the same principles could apply to other forms of cancer.

KRIPPEN

Absolutely. We chose leukemia because, well, if we can do it with blood, we can do it with just about anything in the body. Once we tackle blood, the rest...

NEVILLE

The lymph system?

KRIPPEN

Down the line, yes.

NEVILLE

How far down the line?

KRIPPEN

What's the problem, Professor ?

NEVILLE

Six months ago my daughter Grace was diagnosed with lymphatic cancer.

KRIPPEN

How old is she?

NEVILLE

Seven. (a plea) If you could see her...

KRIPPEN

I'd be happy to recommend someone, but there's really nothing I can do.

NEVILLE

Please...

Krippen's SECRETARY pops her head in...

SECRETARY

The "Nightline" crew is here.

KRIPPEN

Have them set up in the lab, Margie. Oh! And let Ben know they're here.

SECRETARY

Right.

She exits. Neville feels insignificant, rejected.

KRIPPEN

Going to be on TV tonight.

Neville sort of nods. Krippen scribbles a name and number on a piece of paper, gives it to Neville.

KRIPPEN

Dr. Tom Bernardi. He's the best pediatric oncologist I know. Make sure you tell him I referred you.

NEVILLE

We have a doctor.

KRIPPEN

Well. I see. If you'll excuse me, professor.

Neville nods, stands, as Krippen shows him the door.

NEVILLE

Sure.

INT. KRIPPEN CENTER - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Krippen hurries to the LAB. Neville stands outside the office and crumples the piece of paper in his fist. Through a glass partition, we catch sight of a PATIENT. As if he senses Neville's stare, the man turns...

It is Cortman. Healthy. Human.

END

FLASHBACK:

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Neville offers a bowl of food to the dog, but it is uninterested. Neville tries a dish of water. No reaction. The dog sadly curls up in a corner of the cage.

DISSOLVE

TO:

Neville examines a recent blood sample from the dog under the microscope. His reaction tells us things are getting worse.

DISSOLVE

TO:

Neville sits in the corner, on the floor, watching the dog slowly die. The poor thing is withering away to flesh and bone. Neville can't stand it. He rises, reaches for a GUN, and aims at the dog's heart. His arm hangs there, waiting.

The dog's pained eyes look to him... Why? Neville cannot do it. Lowers the gun. And makes the decision. He takes a syringe and begins to withdraw BLOOD from his own arm. He allows a catheter to pour the red liquid into a pan. when he's lost about half a pint, he stops the process, opens the cage door, places the dish inside, LOCKS it.

He cannot watch as the animal hungrily laps up the blood.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Neville stands in the crow's nest, rifle nearby. He raises the night-vision binoculars to his eyes ... Nothing. No sign

The dog. Forever changed. Rejuvenated by the blood. Possessing a new strength. It paces, gnaws on the bars, and growls at Neville. The icy grey-blue eyes of the dog do not see a friend, a master. They see food. HOWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLL! The beast's appetite is great. The hunger painful. Neville curses himself for what he has done. SLAMS shut the door.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDIA CENTER - NIGHT

Neville cranks MUSIC-Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. LOUD. Neville sits. Thinks. Nervous. Concerned. He lurches to the stereo and shuts it off. Is drawn to a stack of VIDEOTAPES. Most labeled KRIPPEN. Another handful: CORTMAN.

A TV SCREEN FLICKERS TO LIFE: NIGHTLINE with Ted Koppel. Neville stares. Painful memories...

TED KOPPEL

... and this is 'Nightline.' The world of medicine has seen its share of miracle cures, from polio vaccine to heart transplants. However, all past achievements may pale in comparison to the work of Dr. John Krippen...

The tape FAST-FORWARDS. DR. KRIPPEN engages with Koppel...

KRIPPEN

The process is simple. A blood cell is genetically engineered to incorporate the properties of a virus. When this viragene is introduced into a diseased circulatory system, the new cells seek out the cancerous cells, destroy them, and replace them with healthy cells.

TED KOPPEL

There is some concern, though, doctor, because of the viral element.

KRIPPEN

We need to use a powerful virus, yes, but the virus itself is made impotent. We simply utilize its essential characteristics, its benefits--rapid duplication, molecular strength. This isn't really a virus. It's not contagious, it's not destructive.

Neville LAUGHS. He fast-forwards. The video image now includes CORTMAN. He and Krippen are seated in the lab. Cortman is the picture of vitality and health. Although a bit pale, he's muscular and charismatic...

TED KOPPEL

Joining us from Berkeley is "Patient One," Mr. Benjamin Cortman.

CORTMAN

Hello.

TED KOPPEL

Mr. Cortman, one year ago, you were diagnosed with terminal cancer. Leukemia.

CORTMAN

That's correct.

TED KOPPEL

And today?

CORTMAN

I'm cured. Thanks to Dr. Krippen. Every blood cell in my body is 100% healthy. Better than ever before.

TED KOPPEL

Indeed. There have been rumors, Dr. Krippen, that your viragene not only eliminates disease, but revitalizes the system as well.

KRIPPEN

That is a positive side effect, yes.

TED KOPPEL

What other side effects are there?

CORTMAN

None, really, that...

KRIPPEN

... Photosensitivity...

CORTMAN

... Oh. Yeah. The sun... My skin is really sensitive to light

KRIPPEN

Which has to do with blood supply...

KOPPEL

Yes, and that brings up the harshest criticism of your work, Dr. Krippen. The tremendous amount of donated blood needed to pursue these experiments...

ELLEN'S VOICE

He's very handsome.

Neville turns...

REVEAL we are now in his OLD BEDROOM. Watching TV with his wife. Their daughter GRACE fast asleep in Neville's arms. (NIGHTLINE continues in the background).

NEVILLE

Krippen?

ELLEN

No, silly, the other one. The patient.

NEVILLE

He was there today. I saw him. He had scary eyes.

ELLEN

Scary is attractive. Don't you know anything, Bobby?

CLOSE ON CORTMAN'S FACE. VIDEO STATIC. The NIGHTLINE tape has been replaced. We are now watching an in-house INTERVIEW with Cortman inside the Krippen Center.

He is inside a PADDED CELL. The camera recording this must have been behind

a thick wall of PLEXIGLASS. Cortman STARES at the lens. He is naked save a pair of boxer shorts. His body is muscular, his extremely pale skin drenched in sweat. He's lost most of his hair and his eyes are ice.

He's in a very agitated state. He paces, no stalks around the cell, occasionally pounding his fists against or headbutting the plexiglass wall. KRIPPEN'S DISEMBODIED VOICE is piped into the cell.

KRIPPEN'S VOICE

Ben?

Cortman SLAMS his body into a wall.

KRIPPEN'S VOICE

Ben? Why don't you try to calm, down?

Cortman RUSHES to the plexiglass and sneers...

CORTMAN

Calm? CALM?! YOU WANT ME TO
FUCKING CALM DOWN?!!
YOU GO TO HELL, KRIPPEN.
YOU GO THERE AND MEET YOUR
MAKER.

KRIPPEN'S VOICE

Ben...

CORTMAN

GIVE IT TO ME! ! ! !

We HEAR Krippen push something through a SLIDING TRAY into the padded cell. Inside, Cortman LUNGES for the contents of the drawer--a plastic packet of BLOOD and a syringe.

KRIPPEN'S VOICE

Please use the syringe this time, Ben.

Cortman throws the needle. RIPS open the blood packet and DRINKS. Every drop. Licks the plastic clean. Mouth smeared with crimson, he placidly approaches the plexiglass...

CORTMAN

You don't understand, doctor.
It's the taste. The flavor.
(lost in reverie) I can feel it...
Feel it inside me. (laughs)
God. It's so beautiful...

The blood races through his veins, apparent to us due to the translucence of Cortman's flesh. His muscles grow-pectorals, biceps. A transformation from man to superman.

CORTMAN

You did this. You made me. I am the
future, Dr. Krippen. Live with that.

VIDEO STATIC. A new tape. KRIPPEN. A shell of a man. A wreck. In the b.g., a blaring ALARM and flashing EMERGENCY STROBE LIGHTS. From head to toe, he is soaked with water. He clutches computer print-outs. Clears his throat and tries to muster up his former pride and dignity...

KRIPPEN

The latest estimates have it spreading to the rest of the country in six days. By the time it hits New York, ninety-five percent of the population of California will be infected. The fighting in the streets... The bloodshed... I fear is nothing but a harbinger of the real battle yet to come. (fights back nausea) We have determined that exposure to sunlight, plasma starvation, oxygen deprivation, massive blood loss, and severe damage to the heart are the only lethal means of stopping those... infected. Even so, cremation is the sole guarantee that reanimation will not occur.

He wipes moisture from his eyes. The ALARM stops. Somewhere, beyond the thick walls of the center, we HEAR the CRIES of the Hemocytes...

VOICES OUTSIDE

Krippen... Krippen...

KRIPPEN

Yes. Well. My latest blood test reveals I am in stage two of the disease. Already my mind is beginning to deteriorate into fantasies of savagery. I feel the desire to feed, but I cannot bear the thought of it. Nor can I bear the thought of... Of Cortman ripping me open. Gutting me. Feasting...

He pulls something from his pocket. A LIGHTER. We finally notice an object in the background. An empty GASOLINE CAN.

That's not water he's covered with.

KRIPPEN

God forgive me.

He ignites the lighter. His body BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

Neville shuts off the TV. Why? Why did I watch it again? Why torture myself?! He presses his fists against his temples. Closes his eyes. HOWWWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLL... The dog again. It BARKS and MOANS...

NEVILLE

STOP IT! STOP!

Neville watches the SECURITY MONITORS. Where are they? HOOOOWWWLLLLL... Damn dog. Neville STORMS to the medical center. He looks like he could strangle the beast,

but he stops and leans against the door...

NEVILLE

I'm sorry...

DISSOLVE TO:

MORNING. Neville asleep. Slumped against the med center door. All is quiet. But the silence is broken by a HORRIFIC CRY OF PAIN. Neville bolts awake. He flings open the door.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - MORNING

A SHAFT OF SUNLIGHT slices through the room to the cage. The dog desperately tries to stay away, but the light touches its tail and sizzles. The dog CRIES. Neville shoves the cage aside and covers the window with a blanket. He moves to tend to the dog, but it snarls at him as he approaches.

The dog's body is thin and weak. Its eyes are blank, the tongue a sick, pasty white. Neville draws blood from himself, but places the packets in a refrigerator. The dog sees them, and it drives him mad with thirst.

He yelps and whines, begging for the blood, but Neville betrays no emotion. How could he torture the poor thing like this?

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - OUTER FENCE - DAY

Neville walks the perimeter.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A stoic Neville eats breakfast.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GREENHOUSE - DAY

Neville tends to his garden.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Neville repairs the Land Rover. Four o'clock.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Neville enters, careful not to allow in sunlight. Switches on a flashlight. Its beam finds the dog. Inside the cage. Dead. This is what Neville expected. He covers the cage with a blanket and retrieves the blood from the refrigerator.

EXT. WOODS/PARK - DAY

The Land Rover drives over rough terrain, through an unpopulated, thickly wooded park area, and stops at Land's End, overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

Neville climbs out, machine gun in hand, and surveys the area. The dirt reveals SMALL ANIMAL TRACKS and up above, in the sky, are a few SEAGULLS. Neville can't believe it. He hasn't seen a bird in quite awhile. When they see him, however, they take flight, soaring out to the ocean.

Neville steps down to the BEACH. To his right, a LIGHTHOUSE and PIER. To his left, built into a hillside, is a THICK IRON DOOR. A weather-beaten sign reads SAN FRANCISCO UNDERGROUND TRANSIT--MAINTENANCE TUNNEL.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - DAY

Neville searches. Empty. Nothing lives here. When he reaches the top, Neville looks out at the majestic ocean, the sun beginning its descent. He looks down at the PIER. And spies an old TUGBOAT moored there.

INT. TUGBOAT - DUSK

Neville takes a closer look. Apparently, the craft is still seaworthy. What about it, Bob? Just go...

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Neville removes the cage from the Rover and pulls off the blanket. He fills a syringe with his blood, takes the already-prepared packets and rests them on the ground. He looks at the dog's dead eyes and whispers...

NEVILLE

Good-bye.

He opens the cage door, injects the beast with blood, then quickly runs to the Land Rover and locks himself inside.

INT. LAND ROVER - DUSK

Neville watches as the dog's body twitches back to life. It lifts its head and color--icy blue-grey--returns to its eyes. They find Neville. He exchanges one last look with the dog, then speeds away, unable to linger.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Again, Cortman and the Hemocytes do not come.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A forlorn Neville sits at the table, his dinner uneaten.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville watches the surveillance monitors. Nothing.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM NIGHT

Neville in bed, wide awake.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Neville stares at his uneaten breakfast. In a sudden BURST of VIOLENCE, he SWIPES the food onto the floor.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Although it's the middle of the day, Neville lies in bed, eyes staring blankly ahead, gently rocking himself.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDITATION ROOM - DAY

Neville stares at the religious icons. They mean nothing.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

The Land Rover ROARS out of the compound.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

The VEHICLE stops outside a decaying grocery store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Neville fills a SACHEL with bottles of LIQUOR--scotch, wine, gin, vodka. What the hell, grab CIGARETTES, too.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neville stands at the kitchen table. Fills a goblet with wine, a tumbler with scotch, and a martini glass with gin. The ritual is complete. Just one last step. Just go ahead... He lifts the tumbler of scotch to his lips. Stops.

He returns it to the table and goes to the media center. Locates and plays a VIDEOTAPE. One of his "diary" tapes, clearly made awhile ago. This Neville is pudgy, pasty, heavily bearded, and very drunk. He holds a PISTOL in one hand and a bottle of booze in the other.

NEVILLE (ON TAPE)

... Nobody tells Bob Neville what to do.

That's because there is nobody--not one damn body--to tell me anything! (laughs) What the hell difference does it make, anyway, right? Most people are bores, or assholes, or creeps, or... People betray you, people criticize you, people steal from you. Who needs people? (laughs hard) People who need people are the stupidest people in the world.

In the background, we hear VOICES bellowing, "Neville..."

NEVILLE (ON TAPE)
SHUT UP! SONSOFBITCHES!

He FIRES madly at the walls. HURLS the bottle, shatters it.

NEVILLE (ON TAPE)
Fuck. What'dja do that for, Bobby? That was the last of the scotch. Stupid.

He points the gun at his own temple. Pulls the trigger. CLICK. Empty chamber. Neville breaks up with LAUGHTER. The tape is shut OFF. Neville stares at the blank screen.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Neville empties the bottles of liquor into the sink.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville lies in bed. Wide awake.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GREENHOUSE - DAY

Many of the fruits and vegetables are rotting.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DAY

Dirty dishes piled in the sink.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT DAY

The shooting range is empty. Exercise equipment unused.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDIA CENTER - DAY

No wall of sound. No "normalcy."

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Neville still in bed. Empty food wrappers and water bottles litter the floor. He stares at the PHOTO of his wife and daughter. He's been staring at it for days. Finally, before he--and we--can take it no longer, he sits up...

NEVILLE

Get up, Bob. Just get up.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The VIDEO CAMERA sits before him, recording. Neville stares at the lens, words failing to come to his mouth. And then...

NEVILLE

My name is Robert Neville. I was born in Des Moines, Iowa. I had a wife Ellen and a daughter Grace. Since this all happened, I've had many dogs. They're good scouts, good sentries. They were necessary. And disposable. But this last one, he... He was a good dog. He seemed to... Gracie would've liked him. It was my fault. My own stupid fault.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

Dishevelled and depressed, Neville wanders around the park and finds himself at Portals of the Past. Somewhat dazed, he sits on his usual bench. One of his old LEAFLETS at his feet. He smirks at his desperate plea for contact then realizes something is written on the other side...

WHERE ARE YOU ROBERT???

For a moment, he thinks he's going crazy. But no, it's there, right in front of him. And then he notices the entire bench is covered with leaflets. Crudely, quickly taped down. All bear variations of the same message...

WHERE ARE YOU?

He stands. Disbelieving. Exhilarated. Terrified. Suspicious. He rips the flyers from the bench, frantically gathering them. One which conveys a more detailed message...

I HAVE TRIED FOR DAYS TO MEET YOU. WHERE ARE YOU, ROBERT? I AM ALONE AND NEED HELP. ARE YOU FOR REAL?

Neville feels a shiver run through his body. He searches his pockets for something to write with and scrawls a reply...

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I should have been here every day. I will be

here tomorrow, I will. 12 noon. When the sun is highest in the sky. I am
real.
I will help. I am here.

He signs his name and tapes it to the bench.

NEVILLE
I'm here, (shouts) I'M HERE. (at the
top of his lungs) I AM HERE.

His VOICE ECHOES throughout the city.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Again, the area is devoid of Hemocyte activity.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Like a housewife preparing for company, Neville cleans the house from top to
bottom. Changes bedding, washes clothes, tends to the garden. There's a
manic energy to his activity. He's not entirely "all there."

And then, when everything is clean, when the house sparkles, he turns to
himself. He showers, shaves, clips his nails, washes his hair. Stares at
himself in the mirror, smiling.

And the smile fades as a moment of clarity prevails.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Near the firing range, Neville dismantles a thick wire door used for storage.
He gathers some lumber, some metal plating, and his tools.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Neville dumps everything from the basement into the room. Clears out a
corner and gets to work.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Wearing a fresh outfit, bulletproof padding, and heavily armed, Neville
climbs into the Land Rover.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

Neville stakes out the surrounding area. Checks any place where someone
might hide. Places MOTION DETECTORS in a circle about two hundred feet
surrounding the bench. Doublechecks his weapons. Looks at his watch.

11:45. He waits. Not sure what to expect. He rests an ELECTRONIC DEVICE
next to himself on the bench. It will alert him to anything that moves past

the sensors.

11:55. The area surrounding the bench is relatively free of clutter. A waste basket, rotting garbage, newspapers, etc.

12:01. Neville looks around. Already anxious. Clutches his machine gun. He does not hear or see the pile of ROTTING GARBAGE move. He does not see a HAND. He does not see a HUMAN FIGURE emerge from a HOLE, dug into the ground behind the bench, a GUN in its hand...

However, Neville does feel the barrel press into his neck.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't move.

Neville does not panic. Simply does as he is told.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Now. Real slow. Put the gun down.

Neville follows orders. The gun barrel fits snugly into the base of his skull.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Well, well, well. I was beginning to think you were a fairy tale.

She starts to move around him. The gun moves with her.

NEVILLE

Oh no. I'm real.

And with the quickness of a cat, Neville ducks and BACKHANDS her hard. She FIRES a wild shot. Neville PUNCHES. SQUEEZES her wrist until she releases her gun. Neville grabs it and PISTOL BUTTS her in the forehead, knocking her out.

He stands. Finally able to look at his attacker. She's covered in filthy rags from head to toe. Neville pulls back the cloth covering her face... Although sheathed in dirt and grime, she is beautiful. Her flesh doesn't boil and blister in the sunlight. He brushes away her long dark hair. She can't be over twenty. She's still a kid.

Neville checks the area, the sensors. No, she's alone all right. He checks the hole and finds a full BACKPACK. Grabs it, tosses it over his shoulder, lifts her in his arms, and carries her to the Land Rover.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

The GIRL lies on an exam table, unconscious. Neville removes the filthy clothing, stripping her down to t-shirt and leggings. Can't let his eyes dwell on her breasts, her...

He washes her face and tends to her forehead. He prepares a syringe and when he looks for a vein, he sees TRACK MARKS running up and down each arm. He moves to her BACKPACK and dumps its contents. A few cans of food, rounds of

ammunition, a flashlight, batteries, syringes and ampules of Red Cross MORPHINE. Neville shakes his head.

He takes the syringe and carefully withdraws a BLOOD SAMPLE from a vein in her hand. Despite the long, dirt-encrusted fingernails, they are beautiful hands. Exquisite. He looks away. Takes the blood sample, injects it into a test tube, and places it in the centrifuge.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All is quiet. Again, the Hemocytes fail to appear.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Neville sits at the table, eating dinner and looking at bloodwork through a portable microscope. From the Medical Center, we hear a RATTLING. Then a TERRIBLE SCREAM. Neville expected this. He takes a plate of food from the stove.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Neville opens the door and we SEE the Girl is trapped inside a CAGE. Constructed last night by Neville specifically for this purpose. She is not happy. Like a rabid, feral animal, she rattles her cage and SCREAMS. He sets the plate of food on the counter and sits in a chair a few feet away from her. Calm. Cool. Waits for her to blow off steam.

NEVILLE

You hungry?

THE GIRL

LET ME OUT!!!

NEVILLE

What's your name?

THE GIRL

GO TO HELL! That's my name!

Go To Hell.

He opens his hand revealing a vial of MORPHINE- She stops.

NEVILLE

You're addicted?

THE GIRL

That's mine.

NEVILLE

Your blood's full of this shit.

THE GIRL

Give it to me.

NEVILLE

But you're not infected. AB Negative.
You're immune. Like me.

THE GIRL

I said that's mine. You have no right.

NEVILLE

That was pretty good. Your little stunt
in the park. Got the drop on me.

THE GIRL

I...

NEVILLE

Yeah?

THE GIRL

I wasn't sure. It coulda been a trick.
You coulda been one of them. When
they first get it, they can still take the sun.
That's why I'm in here, right? You weren't
sure about me, either.

NEVILLE

That's right.

THE GIRL

But... You seen my blood. You know I'm
okay, so let me out.

He grabs a sponge, soap, and a bowl of water. Places them--and the food--on
the floor just outside the cage.

NEVILLE

You should eat. And wash up.
You smell pretty bad.

THE GIRL

Fuck you.

NEVILLE

(re the morphine)
Do it and you get some of this.

THE GIRL

Give it to me NOW.

NEVILLE

This isn't a negotiation.

She lifts the bowl, soap, sponge and HURLS it at Neville. He sidesteps as it
shatters on the wall. She lifts the food and THROWS, SPLATTERING his shirt.

THE GIRL

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!

NEVILLE

Fine. We'll try this again a little
later when you're feeling more... civil.

THE GIRL

GOD DAMN YOU TO HELL!

OUTSIDE THE ROOM, Neville shuts the door, leans against it. Closes his eyes and covers his ears, trying not to be affected by her cries. He cannot let her see him like this. He cannot be weak. He must be in control.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville changes his shirt. For a brief moment, he's drawn to the photo of his wife. The Girl's screams have become pathetic whimpers. She's crying. In desperate need of a fix. Neville sits on the edge of his bed. Composes himself.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Neville steps inside. The Girl lies on the floor of the cage, sweating, shivering. Between sobs, she pleads...

THE GIRL

Please, mister. I'm sorry.

Neville prepares a morphine vial and syringe.

NEVILLE

You have to cooperate. I'll cooperate, too.
You talk to me, tell me a few things,
and I give you this.

THE GIRL

Fucking blackmail.

NEVILLE

What's your name?

No response. Just eyes on the morphine.

NEVILLE

Come on.

THE GIRL

Anna.

NEVILLE

Anna. Anna what?

ANNA

Please...

NEVILLE

Anna what?

ANNA

Anna McCauley.

NEVILLE

Anna, I'm Robert. Robert Neville.

Ever the gentle , he extends his hand for her to shake, but she just smirks at the gesture.

ANNA

I know who you are.
Everybody knows who you are.

NEVILLE

Everybody. What do you mean
everybody?

ANNA

Where I came from.

NEVILLE

Where's that?

ANNA

Give me the fucking drugs.

NEVILLE

Where?

ANNA

Just outside Portland. There were
ten of us living in the woods. It was
good, you know, real nice, a real "family."
Then... six months ago, the first ones
(MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)

came. We killed most, but more showed
up the next night. Me and Doug were the
only ones to get away. The only ones left alive.

NEVILLE

Where's Doug now?

ANNA

Doug's dead. GIVE ME THE DRUGS.

NEVILLE

Why come here? To the city?

ANNA

We ran into some people in Eureka.
They got a whole operation up there.
Soldiers started it up. Gung-ho assholes.
Survivalists. They got food, guns, a
hospital. They knew about you. Down

here. All on your own.

NEVILLE

Bullshit.

ANNA

It's not. I swear.

NEVILLE

Why not stay with them?

ANNA

Because I didn't want to spend the rest of my already pathetic life getting gang-raped, okay? They murdered Doug. And they had other plans for me. But I got away. I got away.

Neville explodes to his feet. Angry. Confused.

NEVILLE

There's no one! No one else! I tried... The radio, signal flares, it's pointless. For years I've tried...

ANNA

Then how do you explain me?

He approaches with the syringe.

ANNA

Thank you.

She sticks her arm out of the cage.

NEVILLE

Can't find a vein.

ANNA

Yes you can, yes you can.

Neville finally locates one and injects. Once the syringe is emptied into her arm, he steps back. Anna smiles and leans against the walls of the cage. Her eyes open wide with fear. Her body shakes. She looks nauseous.

ANNA

This isn't morphine!

NEVILLE

No. No, it's sticelezine. They developed it for rapid heroin detox, but it'll work for morphine addiction, too.

ANNA

You prick!

She lunges at him, but her stomach cramps and she falls.

NEVILLE

It's a severe shock to the system, but the treatment only lasts twenty-four hours.

ANNA

I swear, I'll kill you.

She collapses. Losing consciousness.

NEVILLE

You won't go through withdrawal--it's not a painful process at all. You'll be asleep most of the time. There's risk of heart attack, but I'll be monitoring you.

Anna's eyes roll back into her head. Her body goes limp. Neville unlocks the cage door and lifts her into his arms.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville rests Anna on his bed. She's still filthy, so he makes the decision to wash her. He cuts away her t-shirt and leggings with surgical safety scissors and throws them away. He tries very hard not to be entranced by her young, thin body. He simply does a job. or tries to.

He fills a basin with warm water, soaps a sponge, and gently washes her body. Up her legs, her buttocks, around her stomach, her breasts. Shampoos and rinses her hair. Softly caresses her face with a washcloth.

It's an undeniably sensual experience, but Neville does not cross the line. He is respectful. We see he has the heart of a caretaker. There is a gentleness to his actions which inform us that he must have been a wonderful husband. And a caring father. Neville opens a TRUNK and finds a NIGHTGOWN among his wife's things. Carefully fits Anna into it. He steps back and observes her. Peaceful. Beautiful. Angelic.

Just like Ellen.

He kneels, almost in prayer, then hooks her up to an I.V. and adjusts the flow of the medication. Neville takes towels and blankets, rips them into strips, and secures Anna's wrists and ankles to the bed frame. She's comfortable, but secure.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GREENHOUSE - DAWN

Neville selects the best fruit from his garden.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Neville places the fruit in a blender with some protein powder and water. Boils some oatmeal on the stove.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Anna is somewhat conscious. Neville undoes her wrist ties and sits her up. Like a father with a newborn, he attempts to feed her. She spits up and he wipes her face.

NEVILLE

We've got to get something into you.

He lifts a glass of the protein shake to her lips and she manages to drink some down.

NEVILLE

Good girl.

He lowers her onto the bed and gives her a series of three injections. Carefully following procedure in a MEDICAL MANUAL. When complete, he reattaches the wrist ties and sits in a chair opposite Anna. Watches her sleep.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

Anna's body convulses. Neville expected this. He prepares a syringe, injects her, and she relaxes.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville stands on the balcony, sipping a cup of coffee. The sun sets beyond the hills, over the ocean. He hears Anna stir and moan. He checks her blood pressure, temperature, pulse, and pupil dilation. Is satisfied with her vitals and removes the I.V. He gives her a final injection, removes one of the wrist ties and sits her up as she gains consciousness. Neville sits beside her with a bowl of rice and a spoon. Tries to get her to eat, but she shoves it away.

NEVILLE

I know you're hungry.

She is starving. But she won't allow him to feed her. With her one free hand, she takes the bowl and spoon from him and feeds herself. Big gulps of rice.

NEVILLE

Slow down. You'll get sick.

She listens. After a few bites, she realizes that she is clean and in someone else's clothes.

ANNA

What did you do?

NEVILLE

You were filthy.

ANNA

(angry)

Did you enjoy it? Giving me a little
bubble bath? Did you like my body?

NEVILLE

Eat.

ANNA

Did it turn you on? Did I get you hard?

NEVILLE

Stop.

ANNA

(re the nightgown)

Who's is this? Your mommy's? Grandma?
(sly) Mrs. Neville?

From his reaction, she knows she guessed right.

ANNA

Ah, I get it. Clean me up, dress me like
the dear departed. Then what? Wait 'til I
pass out and have a quick fuck for old time's
sake? Was I any good? I'd like to know...

NEVILLE

STOP IT.

He explodes. She LAUGHS. He secures her free wrist to the bed. She
continues LAUGHING...

ANNA

Bondage. I'm into it. Was she?

Neville closes the shutters to the balcony. Gathers up medical supplies and
the food, heads downstairs.

ANNA

What's the matter? Can't get it up?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville sits at the bottom of the spiral staircase, face buried in his hands,
determined not to let her see him hurt. He moves to the surveillance center
and checks the monitors. Still no sign of Cortman and the Hemocytes. He
adjusts a few knobs, a joystick controller, changing angles.

Something is out there. He ZOOMS IN. Dogs. Half a dozen contaminated dogs.
Scavenging. He ZOOMS IN closer, trying to get a better look. No. He's not
with them. A CRASH from upstairs. THUMPING. Neville bolts up the spiral
staircase.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anna is convulsing. The I.V. is on the floor, the needle detached. Neville

loosens the restraints and cradles her body until her limbs cease flailing. She vomits and he carries her into the bathroom. She heaves into the toilet and breaks into a cold sweat. He washes her face, and wraps her in a blanket. She looks at him with terrified eyes...

ANNA

I'm scared.

She leans into him and he holds her.

ANNA

I'm really scared.

NEVILLE

It's okay. I'm here.

She begins to cry and he softly caresses her face.

NEVILLE

I know.

She buries her face into his shoulder, sobbing. He looks at the blank walls of the bathroom, stroking her hair...

NEVILLE

I know.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Anna sits at the kitchen table wearing the nightgown and Neville's robe, gently rocking. Neville places a bowl of oatmeal and a cup of tea in front of her. The same for himself. He eats, she doesn't.

NEVILLE

It'll help with the nausea.

She takes a few bites. Sips her tea. They eat in silence for awhile until Anna decides to make conversation.

ANNA

How long have you been here?

NEVILLE

Almost twelve years. This was my house.
Is my house.

ANNA

I guess I thought you found it... Took it over when... it happened. Why did you stay? Everybody knew to get out of the cities. They took over the cities.

NEVILLE

My home. They can't take that from me.

ANNA

(tries to compliment him)

You... fixed it up real nice. I feel safe here.

Neville sort of nods a thanks.

ANNA

Don't you get lonely?

NEVILLE

I keep busy. There's a lot to do.

ANNA

Answer the question.

NEVILLE

Of course I do.

She nods. Understands. But wants to know more...

ANNA

I heard a lot of things. About you.

NEVILLE

Like what?

ANNA

That you've killed hundreds of them.
Thousands...

NEVILLE

And?

ANNA

That you like it.

He doesn't respond.

ANNA

They say you chop off their heads and
stick 'em on poles. That you cut out their
hearts and eat them raw. They say you rape
the women and cut off the men's cocks and
shove 'em in their mouths.

NEVILLE

Where did you hear this?

She hesitates for a moment. Then answers...

ANNA

Up in Eureka. Those guys...

NEVILLE

Right.

ANNA
Do you?

NEVILLE
Do I what?

ANNA
Do those things?

NEVILLE
What do you think?

She doesn't answer.

NEVILLE
I've got work to do. If you feel up to
it, you can help.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - COMPOUND - DAY

Neville spot-checks the fences. Makes repairs where necessary. Anna follows, carrying a spool of wire.

ANNA
Why stay here? Why not take off? Who
knows what you might find.

NEVILLE
Exactly.

ANNA
You afraid?

NEVILLE
I know what's here. Out there, I have nothing.
Here, I have everything. You said it before.
I'm safe.

ANNA
I said I feel safe. Doesn't mean I am safe.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GREENHOUSE - DAY

Neville tends to the garden. Anna picks strawberries.

ANNA
I mean, there could be more like you.
Like me. Uninfected. Surviving.
Aren't you curious? Don't you want to know?
There's a whole country... A whole continent...

NEVILLE
How old are you?

ANNA

Nineteen.

NEVILLE

I'm forty-two. When you're forty-two,
you like staying put.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Neville fills the generators, checks the Land Rover, the back-up car, the
motorcycle. Anna eats strawberries.

ANNA

Are you gonna rape me?

Neville looks at her with disbelief.

NEVILLE

Hadn't planned on it, no.

ANNA

Those guys in Eureka, that's what they
had in mind.

NEVILLE

I figured as much.

ANNA

Why are they like that?

NEVILLE

Who?

ANNA

Men. Most men are like that.

NEVILLE

Not me. So don't worry.

ANNA

Yeah, but you're... weird. Not normal.

NEVILLE

I'm not normal? (re the strawberries)
Not too many of those. You'll get sick.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - DAY

Neville replaces bulbs in lamps. Anna searches the surrounding area with a
pair of binoculars.

ANNA

Why do you think this happened?
My dad thought it was God. God got
so pissed off at what people were doing,
He decided to end it. Once and for all.

NEVILLE

This isn't about punishment. God doesn't want us to suffer.

ANNA

Oh yeah? Why then? Why let this happen?

NEVILLE

We let this happen. Not Him.

ANNA

How do you know?

NEVILLE

I don't. That's just what I believe. If I didn't, I would've blown my brains out a long time ago.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Anna and Neville sit down to dinner. Neville whispers a blessing, then serves the food.

ANNA

Robert?

First time she's called him that. He looks up.

ANNA

Can I stay here?

He analyzes her beautiful, youthful face. Her tough exterior has vanished like so much vapor.

NEVILLE

If you want.

ANNA

I do. Thank you.

He nods and shyly returns to his plate. They sneak glances at each other as they share the rest of dinner in silence.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Neville shows Anna how to switch on the powerful exterior lights. He lifts a pair of binoculars to his eyes and surveys the area. Again, no Hemocytes.

NEVILLE

Have you gone? Have you?

He retreats inside. Anna hesitates on the roof. Looks at the barren area beyond the compound fences. She waits for a moment, apparently deeply torn, then follows.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - SURVEILLANCE CENTER - NIGHT

He shows her the various closed-circuit screens and computer.

NEVILLE

For movement outside the far fence, your best vantage point is the roof. Beyond that, you're better off down here. (re the monitors) Visual checks here, (re the computer) sensor checks here. The area surrounding the house is monitored for changes in heat, sound, movement. If one gets inside the fence, you'll know.

The computer displays the electronic mines.

NEVILLE

If you can't take them out with a shot from the roof or one of the windows, use these. Each spot on the screen corresponds to a keyboard command. Press it and it ignites a mine. Just make sure you have the right one.

ANNA

Kind of cold-blooded isn't it?

NEVILLE

There are hundreds of them and just one of me. (rethinks) Two of us. It's just the way it has to be.

Anna thinks she sees the system's fatal flaw, a weakness.

ANNA

What happens if they all come-over the fence? All at once?

NEVILLE

They won't.

Neville hits a button on the computer keyboard. All the "mine" symbols start blinking red. He throws a switch and an ALARM sounds. A RED LIGHT FLASHES. Anna panics.

NEVILLE

In thirty seconds, the whole thing goes up. The house, the yard, the hill. All of it.

ANNA

Turn it off!

Neville enjoys her discomfort.

ANNA

TURN IT OFF!

He pushed it too far. Shuts the system down.

NEVILLE

Two years ago, I captured one of them.
Brought him inside and showed him just
what I showed you. Then I let him go.
They know. (remembering) Do you remember
the old Cold War? No, you were too young.

ANNA

I read about it.

NEVILLE

Well then. During the Cold War, there was
an unspoken understanding. If any of the
major powers launched an all-out assault,
the target country would retaliate in equal force.
It would mean total destruction. The attack
would be rendered meaningless. So peace was
maintained. I guess you could call it peace,
even what I have with Cortman--(MORE)

NEVILLE (cont'd)

it's a sort of peace. We have our border
clashes, skirmishes. But we both know...

ANNA

Where are they now?

NEVILLE

I have no idea. It could be a trick.
They might be gone. Once and for all.
Most of them--when things began to
settle down--became nomadic. When a food
supply became depleted, it became necessary
for them to move on, to find new sources.
But he remained. Laying his claim.
Establishing a power base.

ANNA

Who?

NEVILLE

Cortman.

ANNA

Who's Cortman?

Neville almost laughs. Can't believe she doesn't know.

NEVILLE

Who's Cortman?

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDIA CENTER - NIGHT

TVs litter the floor. Like an obsessed librarian, Neville searches for the

perfect assortment of videotapes. Anna sits in a chair like a moviegoer waiting for the show.

NEVILLE

How old were you? Sixteen?

Anna nods.

NEVILLE

Where were you living? Portland?

ANNA

No. We lived in the mountains.
About two hundred miles east.

NEVILLE

You didn't see any of this?

ANNA

My dad didn't allow TV. My brother...
My brother and I used to sneak into the
car to listen to the radio sometimes...

NEVILLE

But you never saw?

ANNA

Not until after. Not 'til it was all over.
When they came our way. From the cities.
My father thought cities were Sodom and
Gomorrah. And they were the offspring.
The damned.

He inserts the first cassette.

NEVILLE

You know what I did? I taught history.
I've kept all this as a record. A document
of the truth. Someday, it might help.
Someone, someone in the future...
They can see. See for themselves what
happened.

He presses PLAY. TV NEWS FOOTAGE.

NEWS ANCHOR

(ON TAPE)

... a disturbing occurrence at Berkeley.
Our John Sanchez is on the scene...

The tape now shows a herd of REPORTERS, FIREFIGHTERS, and POLICE OFFICERS outside the KRIPPEN CENTER at Berkeley.

SANCHEZ (ON TAPE)

Three doctors and two security guards were
murdered as ten patients fled the Krippen Center
for Genetic Research. We have no information on

the nature of the work being done here, but...

He sees a wounded DR. KRIPPEN escorted from the Center by two policemen. Blood drips from his forehead.

SANCHEZ (ON TAPE)

Dr. Krippen? Dr. Krippen?
Can you tell us why the C.D.C. was alerted?
Is there a public danger?

Krippen looks shell-shocked. He hides his face and slinks into the rear of a police car.

Neville shuts off the tape. Presses PLAY on another deck, another TV springing to life. VIDEO FOOTAGE of the San Francisco CHIEF OF POLICE at a PRESS CONFERENCE filled with ANGRY REPORTERS. Blown-up PHOTOS of the "Krippen Ten" rest on easels behind him. Most prominent is a photo of CORTMAN. Neville points to it for Anna.

NEVILLE

That's him. That's Cortman.

CHIEF OF POLICE
(ON TAPE)

These men and women are considered extremely dangerous. They have now killed twenty people in just forty-eight hours. Including four police officers.

REPORTER ONE
(ON TAPE)

Chief, we've gotten no clear answer on this...
Are these people carrying some kind of virus?
We have a right to know.

CHIEF OF POLICE
(ON TAPE)

I'm going to turn that over to Dr. Petersen
from the C.D.C.

DR. PETERSEN steps up to the microphone.

DR. PETERSEN
(ON TAPE)

Upon the CDC's review of Dr. Krippen's research, Washington has given us the authority to term this a Code Red situation. Each of the ten is carrying a potentially lethal virus-type agent.

SHOUTS AND CRIES FROM THE PRESS.

REPORTER TWO
(ON TAPE)

Is it contagious?

REPORTER THREE
(ON TAPE)

What are the symptoms?

DR. PETERSEN
(ON TAPE)

Listen, we're still trying to get a handle on this ourselves. The Berkeley campus is under quarantine. For the moment, we have no plans to implement such containment in the city itself.

Neville shuts off the tape.

NEVILLE
No, but you should have.
(to Anna)
You don't know what it was like.
The fear. The panic.

He starts another. VIDEO FOOTAGE of the GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA reading a statement. The poor man looks absolutely distraught.

GOVERNOR (ON TAPE)
... just spoken to the President. Although it grieves me to do so, for the safety of our citizens, the National Guard has declared a state of martial law in the State of California. I am told such considerations are underway in Arizona, Nevada, Utah, and Oregon. Under the statutes of martial law, and in accordance with the extreme circumstances of this situation, all personally-owned firearms will be confiscated by the military. Also, a mandatory curfew --for all civilians--is instated. The curfew will begin at sunset and last until sunrise the following day. Anyone on the street during this period is considered dangerous. A "shoot-to-kill" order has been issued. Anyone exhibiting symptoms of infection must admit themselves to the nearest medical facility for treatment. If a child is symptomatic, the parent or parents will be held responsible. Noncompliance in this request is a punishable offense. Punishable by death. Finally, all bodies... All victims... must be properly disposed of. If you see a corpse, do not touch it. Call the 800 number at the bottom of the screen and a disposal unit will be alerted.
God have mercy on us all.

Neville switches off the tape. Turns to Anna.

NEVILLE
In six days--less than a week--the world turned upside down. San Francisco became a war zone. Do you know what people do when you tell them they no longer have rights? That an individual is powerless? They fight. It was ludicrous to think mankind would just roll on its back and comply. I saw my neighbors--people I've known for years--become bloodthirsty savages. Infected, uninfected, it didn't matter. We were all driven mad. The survival instinct went ballistic. Food, guns, medicine, blood

--it all became priceless. Worth killing for. Those who had become the targets of the had nots. A city of five million people. Within a month more than half were dead. Six weeks later, about ten thousand like me. AB Negatives. We were all determined to
(MORE)

NEVILLE (cont'd)
live. But we didn't gather together. There was no unity. It was every man for himself. Trust had been abolished. By the end of the year, it was me. Just me.

ANNA
How? How did you do it?

NEVILLE
I remained calm. It's the great secret of survival. When all around is chaos, when everyone is driven to the brink of insanity... relax.

ANNA
(a confession)
Don't you... Don't you wish, sometimes, that you died too? With everybody else?

NEVILLE
Every day.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. A sensor ALARM. Neville bolts to the surveillance center. Scans the monitors for signs of activity, but finds nothing.

NEVILLE
I'm going to the roof. Stay here.

He grabs a rifle and heads up the staircase. Anna moves to the videotapes. Curious to find a certain something...

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Neville surveys the area with binoculars. For a brief moment, he thinks he SEES SOMEONE going over the far fence. He raises the rifle scope, but finds nothing.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

VIDEO IMAGE. Neville's wife, ELLEN, playing in a park with daughter GRACE. Home video. Happy times.

NEVILLE'S VOICE
Turn it off.

REVEAL ANNA. Watching the tape. She turns to him...

ANNA

She was beautiful.

NEVILLE
Turn it off, Anna.

ANNA
What happened to her...?

NEVILLE
TURN IT OFF.

He MOVES to the TV and presses the wrong button. The image won't go away. Angry, disturbed, he frantically tries to shut it off, then YANKS the plug out of the wall.

NEVILLE
Don't do that again. Ever.

He shuts off the other electronics.

NEVILLE
You should get some sleep.

ANNA
What about you?

NEVILLE
I'll be fine. I get about two or three hours just before dawn.

ANNA
You sure?

NEVILLE
Go to bed, Anna. Please.

She heads upstairs. Steals a glance at him, but he isn't looking at her, he's looking at his reflection in the blank TV screen.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - A FEW HOURS LATER

Anna sleeps. An angel. REVEAL NEVILLE standing over her.

DISSOLVE TO:

Neville lies on a mat on the floor. Staring at the ceiling.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

ELLEN stands at the living room window, anxious, nervous. OUTSIDE, ARMY HELICOPTERS fly overhead. The streets are virtually deserted. Dusk is

approaching. And the curfew. Ellen checks her watch. The Land Rover SCREECHES into the driveway. NEVILLE hurries into the house carrying a big gym bog. Ellen opens the door and LOCKS it once he's inside.

ELLEN

Where were you?!

Neville draws the curtains.

ELLEN

You have a phone in the goddamn car.

NEVILLE

Kitchen door locked?

ELLEN

What?

NEVILLE

IS IT LOCKED?!

Neville opens the bag revealing a MACHINE GUN and clips of ammunition. Ellen is paralyzed by the sight of it.

NEVILLE

Where's Grace?

ELLEN

Asleep.

NEVILLE

How's she doing? Is she...

ELLEN

Bob!

NEVILLE

WHAT?

ELLEN

Where did you get it?

NEVILLE

One of my students is in the National Guard. He gave it to me.

ELLEN

Gave it to you?

NEVILLE

I traded him.

ELLEN

Traded what?

NEVILLE

Blood. My blood. There's some kind of

rumor going around that transfusions of
AB Neg can keep you safe.

ELLEN

Is that true?

NEVILLE

No. But he thinks so.

ELLEN

For God's sake, what if they find out?!
Do you know what they'll do? They're
killing people who hide guns!

NEVILLE

Just SHUT UP, Ellen. Okay?

They stop when they sense Grace in the room. She's staring at them with dark, glassy eyes. Emaciated, clearly infected. She just looks at them--as if their fighting was her fault.

GRACE

Daddy? I'm scared.

Neville feels an overwhelming sadness. He moves to her just as she faints.

THE IMAGE DISTORTS. A few days later. We MOVE with Neville into a DARKENED BEDROOM...

NEVILLE

Ellen?

He SEES his wife, sitting on the edge of the bed. Her wrist is BLEEDING and the weak Grace is drinking from the wound. A guilty Ellen explains to her horrified husband...

ELLEN

She needs it, Bob. And I'm not afraid.
What is meant to pass will pass.

THE IMAGE DISTORTS. TWO C.D.C. MEN IN BIOHAZARD SUITS enter the house. A BIOHAZARD-SUITED NATIONAL GUARDSMAN stands watch. The C.D.C. Men see Grace's dead form. Neville stands in a corner, very near the edge of shock. One of the C.D.C. men turns to him, his voice electronically distorted...

C.D.C. MAN ONE

It's just the two of you, sir?

NEVILLE

Yes. My wife died last week.

They load Grace into a body bag and carry her to the door. OUTSIDE, a GARBAGE TRUCK waits. More GUARDSMEN. More GARBAGE TRUCKS on every street. The distraught Neville, maintaining composure, moves to his pre-customization Land Rover.

NEVILLE

I'm coming with you.

C.D.C. MAN ONE

That's not allowed.

NEVILLE

I'm AB Negative. Besides, you can't stop me. I still have that right.

THE IMAGE DISTORTS. Neville's Rover stops outside the ARMY GOLF COURSE--the MASS BURIAL SITE. The GARBAGE TRUCK unceremoniously dumps its cargo. The body bags fall. A BIOHAZARD-SUITED WORKER carrying a large HOSE sprays the corpses with GASOLINE. Another WORKER tosses a TORCH over the side and the pit ERUPTS IN FLAMES. Neville watches in horror, the crimson fire reflected against his skin.

THE IMAGE DISTORTS. Neville in his HOUSE. He UNLOCKS the door to the master bedroom. KNOCKS a warning...

NEVILLE

Ellen? It's me.

He pushes into the room and we SEE a terrified Ellen huddled in the corner clutching the machine gun. She is pale and emaciated. Sweating, paranoid. Infected.

ELLEN

Are they gone?

NEVILLE

(tenderly)

They're gone, sweetie.

He kneels beside her. Eases the gun out of her tight grip.

NEVILLE

It's okay...

ELLEN

Is she...?

NEVILLE

She's gone, honey. It's over for her. She's at peace.

Ellen begins to sob. Desperately hugs him.

ELLEN

Oh God, Bob. Just kill me. Please.

It would probably be best, but the idea is anathema to him.

NEVILLE

I can't do that.

THE IMAGE DISTORTS. The CEMETERY. Working quietly and in darkness, Neville slips past SECURITY and carries Ellen's dead body to the TOMB. INSIDE THE

CRYPT, he lays her to rest. She's dressed in her WEDDING GOWN. Neville places her within the stone coffin and kneels in prayer.

NEVILLE

I love you, Ellen. I will love you forever.

CLOSE ON HER FACE as the stone coffin lid slides into place.

THE IMAGE DISTORTS. San Francisco in ruins. Buildings and cars on fire, crashed helicopters smoldering in the streets. HORRIBLE CRIES of pain and thirst.

NEVILLE'S HOUSE. The first crude barricades up.

INSIDE, Neville sits in a chair in the center of the room, empty bottles of LIQUOR at his feet, a cigarette dangling from his lips. Dirty, unshaven. The machine gun resting in his lap. He just stares. Waiting. FISTS POUND AGAINST THE DOOR,. GLASS BREAKS. ARMS REACH INSIDE.

He waits. A small band of HEMOCYTES breaks through the front door. Neville readies the machine gun, stands. Calm. The terrifying creatures move toward him. Six, maybe eight. And he sees the leader's face...

Ellen.

Skin translucent, body muscular, almost naked--the wedding gown stripped away. Her eyes are icy, dead. Long claws extend from her fingertips. She smiles at her husband...

ELLEN

Robert...

Neville raises the gun to his eye. Takes aim. Ellen and the Hemocytes are upon him. He looks into her lifeless eyes. Hungry for him. I knew you would come, Ellen. I knew.

NEVILLE

God forgive me.

And he OPENS FIRE.

END

FLASHBACK.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville SCREAMS as he comes awake from his nightmare. He lashes out at imaginary attackers. Utterly terrified. Anna JUMPS from her bed and tries to calm him...

ANNA

Robert! It's okay!

He flails, but she holds him. He leans into her, sobbing.

ANNA

It's okay...

They both receive something from the embrace. A connection. A necessary thing. A simple human need for touch, for understanding. He looks into her eyes. She gently touches his face. They kiss. Deeply, passionately.

They make love with deep emotion, sensitivity, and passion. As if they were proving to each other and to themselves that they are still human, that they can steel feel.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Neville prepares breakfast for Anna.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Carrying a tray, Neville quietly enters and delivers breakfast-in-bed to her. Sunlight streams in through the window-slits. She leans against him and he holds her.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Neville and Anna walk the perimeter. Hesitantly, she reaches out and takes his hand.

ANNA

Would you ever leave here?

Neville doesn't answer. He spots something entwined in the barbed wire over the main gate. He lets go her hand and climbs up a series of ladder steps nailed into the wood on the interior of the gate posts. He reaches the top and pulls out a piece of clothing...

A little boy's BLUE PARKA.

NEVILLE

How'd this get up here?

Unseen by Neville, Anna is frozen. Her eyes fixed on the parka. Color drains from her face. Neville drops to the ground and examines the dirty, tattered coat.

NEVILLE

Must've been a bad wind last night.

He turns to Anna, who is still fixed on the parka.

NEVILLE

What's wrong?

ANNA

Nothing.

She smiles and kisses him.

ANNA

Let's go inside.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

In a series of DISSOLVES, they make love all afternoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DUSK

Neville stands in the crow's nest, eyes on the horizon. A vibrant red-and-purple sky. Massive clouds. Breathtaking. Neville exudes a sense of peace. A beguiling tranquility.

ANNA'S VOICE

Robert?

He turns and sees her. She wears a simple, pretty dress and a scarf around her neck. Very feminine. Ellen's.

NEVILLE

You look beautiful.

ANNA

Dinner's ready.

She goes to him and he holds her. Has she been crying?

NEVILLE

Are you sad?

ANNA

No. No.

She kisses him. Looks at his dirty hands and clothes.

ANNA

You should wash up.

Her smile seems genuine. He obeys and heads downstairs.

NEVILLE

Yes ma'am.

Anna hesitates.

ANNA

I'll be right down.
I just want to look at the sunset.

Neville smiles and descends. when he is out of sight, Anna's smile fades. She appears distraught, torn. She undoes the SCARF and ties it high on the crows nest, like a flag.

A signal.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The table is beautifully set and Anna has made dinner. Romantic MUSIC in the background. She stands near the table, waiting, as Neville comes from upstairs. He approaches the tender domestic setting.

ANNA

I hope it's okay. I haven't actually cooked anything in god knows how long.

NEVILLE

Looks wonderful.

He kisses her. It takes her a moment to fall into the embrace, the warmth. Just as soon as she gives in, she breaks off. Smiles and instructs Neville...

ANNA

Sit. Before it gets cold.

Anna returns to the kitchen and carries a PITCHER--the blender, really--to the table. She pours him a wine-glass full of what looks like a fresh fruit shake.

ANNA

I looked for wine...

NEVILLE

Not here.

ANNA

Right, so I made a sort of virgin fruity thing...

He takes a sip.

NEVILLE

It's good.

She smiles and takes her seat. They start to eat, both a little nervous. Like a first date. Anna watches as Neville takes another drink, tries the meal--chicken and pasta.

NEVILLE

This is great, Anna. Thank you.

She picks at her food. He takes her hand.

NEVILLE

I'm sorry about what I did. When I

brought you here. I felt I was doing what was right. I want you to know, Anna, that I care. About you.

ANNA

I know.

NEVILLE

I would do anything for you.

ANNA

Don't say that. Please...

NEVILLE

Why? I mean it. I would...

ANNA

Please, Robert, please...

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. A SENSOR ALARM. BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. Neville rises from the table and heads to the surveillance station. As he walks, his stomach cramps up, but he presses on. When he looks into the monitors, what he sees shocks him...

ON THE MONITORS, THE HEMOCYTES. Hundreds of them. Cortman and his entire tribe.

NEVILLE

My god. Anna...

He WINCES in pain when his stomach cramps again. Anna doesn't move from the table. She just sits and watches him.

NEVILLE

Anna!

He's very confused by her behavior. His vision BLURS and for a moment, he's dizzy, and then he remembers.

NEVILLE

The lights.

He SWITCHES ON the exterior compound lights, but nothing happens. Outside remains dark.

NEVILLE

Anna! Downstairs. The generators...
Something must be wrong with...

He takes a step and falls to his knees. The pain is intolerable. He braces himself from falling over. His vision is cloudy, his speech starting to slur...

NEVILLE

What's happening?

Anna slowly rises and comes to him. He reaches out for her, but she passes

and moves to the surveillance center where she UNPLUGS the computers and security monitors.

NEVILLE

Oh, Jesus, no. You can't do that...

He glances at the kitchen table. His nearly-empty GLASS. Sees hers was never filled. He looks to Anna. She stands in the middle of the room, shivering with fear and shame. Tears in her eyes. Neville feels completely betrayed.

NEVILLE

Why?

Anna cannot look at him.

ANNA

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

And then he hears... "Neville... !" He crawls across the floor, makes it to his feet, and pulls himself up to one of the window/slits. A nightmare is what he sees...

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Numerous POLES are placed against the fence. HEMOCYTES--all mouths red with fresh blood--prepare for a massive assault. CORTMAN climbs the first pole, stands atop the gate to the compound and addresses the troops...

CORTMAN

We have waited long enough. The hour is nigh. Let us pay a visit to the Devil.

CHRISTOPHER signals the DRUMMERS, who beat out the charge. EVA HOWLS to her WARRIORS, who in turn emit a FIERCE BATTLE CRY. And Cortman leads them over the side...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville falls to the floor. Eyes wide with fear. Again, he manages to get to his feet, stumbles to the staircase, and heads upstairs. Anna follows...

ANNA

Robert! It's over!

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fighting exhaustion from whatever drug he's been given, Neville forces himself to move. He stumbles and slips, but succeeds in opening a CABINET near the balcony. He grabs the FLARE GUN, a case of FLARES and opens the STEEL SHUTTERS.

ANNA'S VOICE

No, Robert.

He sees her standing at the stairs, a GUN pointed at him. Her hand is trembling, her face stained with tears.

NEVILLE

I assume if they wanted you to kill me,
I'd be dead already.

He loads the first flare. She waves the gun.

ANNA

Please!

Neville steps onto the balcony and FIRES into the air. Anna can't bring herself to do any more. She lowers the gun and covers her face in shame. ON THE BALCONY, Neville LOADS and FIRES flare after flare. The night sky becomes filled with phosphorescent orange light. He aims a few at the fence, and the final flare at the moat.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The moat ERUPTS IN FLAMES, catching a few, but most have moved beyond the moat, to the inner fence. CORTMAN hisses and sneers, his gaze fixed on his nemesis on the balcony.

CORTMAN

NEVILLE!

The two antagonists lock eyes. Neville above, Cortman below. Heaven and Hell. The gasoline fire burns, black smoke spiraling into the sky. The mass of Hemocyte bodies swarm toward the house. The flares slowly sink to the earth, leaving glowing trails behind them. A surreal, hallucinatory, horrifying scene.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville stumbles inside and from the cabinet grabs a SHOTGUN, MACHINE GUN, and all the ammo he can carry. He loads the shotgun and turns to Anna. For a brief, very brief moment, he ponders the act of killing her. Then simply states...

NEVILLE

Get out of my way.

She steps aside and falls to her knees as he heads downstairs.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville falls down the last few steps. For a moment, he lies there. SOUNDS of the Hemocytes POUNDING, SCRATCHING, SCRAPING at the outer shell of the house. Neville's eyelids are heavy. Sleep. Just let it come...

NEVILLE

NO!

Using the machine gun as a crutch, he defiantly gets to his feet and stands. Eyes shifting from one spot to the next as the SOUNDS direct him. The SOUNDS are intolerable...

Fingers. Hands. Arms. Forcefully tearing apart the house, reaching inside. Neville hefts the machine gun in one hand, the shotgun in the other.

NEVILLE

Come on!

And they come. The blood-fueled, rage-filled faces of the Hemocytes poke through the crumbling walls, their sharp talons ripping open the house like a birthday gift.

Neville OPENS FIRE. Merciless and unfeeling. The last acts of a desperate man. Blood sprays, but the Hemocytes press on. Most of their wounds non-lethal, they crawl into the room like a swarm of insects. Neville manages to drop a few, but the onslaught is endless, limitless. He pushes back, heading downstairs...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Neville shuts a TRAP DOOR, sealing off the upstairs. He makes it to the ELECTRICAL CONTROL PANELS. They've been irrevocably sabotaged. Why, Anna? Why? Breathing heavily, he goes to the DOOR to the GARAGE. He's about to unbolt it, stops. Listens... Scratching. Scraping. Voices on the other side... "Neville..." They're in the garage.

Neville is trapped. Hemocytes to all sides. The outcome is inevitable. He drops the machine gun. Loads one last round in the shotgun. Kneels. Puts the barrel under his chin. Reaches for the trigger... And stops. Remembers. Maybe there's a way out.

He moves to the SMALL DOOR leading to the CRAWLSPACES under the compound--the series of tunnels. He has difficulty opening it, so takes the familiar ALL-IN-ONE TOOL from his pocket and uses it to jimmy open the latch. He manages to open it and sticks the tool in his mouth to get it out of the way. He climbs in and shuts the hatch just as the Hemocytes CRASH through from the garage.

INT. CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

Pitch black. Neville cannot see his hand in front of his face. He slithers toward a SLIVER OF ORANGE LIGHT at the end of the tunnel. He grasps the shotgun tight. He LISTENS to the FOOTSTEPS of the Hemocytes on the surface above him. Their HOWLS, SCREECHES, and CRIES. The incessant DRUMMING in the distance... Dear god, make it stop.

His eyes grows weary, his fingers lose their grip on the gun. Passing out. Like a protagonist in Poe, he is virtually buried alive. Just as he succumbs to the effects of the drug, darkness turns to LIGHT. Orange light from the flares in the sky. Neville senses what is coming. Someone has opened the trap door. Someone has found his hiding place. Neville's eyes open to see

the face of his discoverer...

Cortman.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

THE FOLLOWING IMAGES HAVE A DISTORTED, HALLUCINATORY FEEL:

Neville pulled from his grave, by dozens of clawed hands. The shotgun ripped from his hands. His clothes torn from his body. Spite-filled faces. Shouting, cursing, spitting. Screeching with glee. Barbed wire pulled from the fences, cutting into his flesh. Cortman's talons teasing his throat. Anna. Surrounded by Hemocytes. They pay her no heed. She walks among them untouched, unharmed. Neville's face. A tight grimace. Clearly he is in pain...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WE FOLLOW NEVILLE'S FACE, first surrounded by earth, then Hemocytes, then sky. It's a disorienting effect. We're not sure what's happening to him, and then, we REVEAL...

Neville lashed to a thick, long wooden pole. Bound with rope, straps of leather. And barbed wire. He is virtually naked, his shorts affording him a minor degree of dignity. His entire body is laced with scratches. His face is battered and bruised. They've been having fun with him.

The Hemocytes gathered at the base of the pole secure it to the ground. Cortman and his lieutenants stand before the tribe, displaying their prey. Showcasing the defeat and capture of the Devil. Neville opens his eyes. Orange, red, and yellow. The colors flicker and dance across his face. Sweat beads on his forehead from intense heat.

CORTMAN

Everything You held so dear...

REVEAL NEVILLE'S HOUSE. In flames. A black shell roaring like a furnace. The Hemocytes watch it with awe. They lustily dance and scream with joy. Cortman climbs the pole until he can whisper into Neville's ear...

CORTMAN

What does it mean now? Anything?

Neville turns away. Cortman holds his head in place, forcing him to watch. Cortman touches Neville's neck with a talon.

CORTMAN

Your life--as you know it--is over.

Cortman SCRATCHES Neville's neck with his talon. A thin line of blood begins

to flow. Cortman drinks. Neville tolerates the savage act--no more no less. He stares at his home as it crumbles into a fiery heap.

EXT. SURROUNDING AREA - NIGHT

The long pole, with Neville at the end in the dirt, is dragged through the street. The object of public humiliation. The Hemocytes crowd around him, kicking, laughing, spitting, occasionally scratching him with a claw. It's a celebration for them. A time to rejoice.

Each bump on the terrain causes the barbed wire to scrape across Neville's skin. He's in agony, but his face remains tight, unemotional, betraying nothing. Giving nothing. They move down the hill, onto the main road--a brutal parade.

EXT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The pole is moved hand-by-hand along a staircase leading into the subway tunnels. As Neville is passed along, he sees dozens of Hemocyte faces. Some laughing, some screeching with anger, others terrified to look at "it", at the Devil.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

It's dark down here, but moonlight filters in through crumbled streets, open sewers and transoms, casting this netherworld in an odd purple glow. Alien. Cortman leads the parade down the tracks to a ROUNDABOUT, a large open area where many tracks meet. It is multi-levelled, the "ground", having been excavated to REVEAL old layers of the city. Dormant relics of San Francisco's past. It is here where Cortman's tribe lives. This is "home." Their village.

As Neville is pulled, dragged, and thrown into it, he SEES more HEMOCYTES here than ever came to his house. They huddle en masse, fearful of the captive demon.

There is a decor to the underground Hemocyte village, a style, a sense of culture. The GRAFFITI is more than tribal markings. It exhibits a passion, a unique sensibility. Art. The dwelling spaces, the clothing, the makeshift "architecture"--there is something developing here. Not human, not what we once regarded as human, but something cultural. A new development. Artistically, aesthetically. Revolutionary. Evolutionary.

In the center of the roundabout, in a circular forum (the "town square"), Neville and the pole are raised and presented to the people of the village. The Hemocytes gather around Neville, hundreds of them. Chanting, drumming, screeching, hissing. All eyes on the demon before them.

CORTMAN takes his place at what must be the leader's post, a pedestal/throne on which he stands and addresses the assembled. He raises his arms and the Hemocytes give him quiet. Cortman raises a finger and points at Neville.

CORTMAN

Behold the Beast. No longer mighty.

No longer unconquerable No longer an
icon of fear. No longer a spirit to haunt
the minds and souls of our children.
(to the women) Bring them.
Let them see this Neville now.

The crowd parts and the WOMEN bring forth something Neville never imagined...

HEMOCYTE CHILDREN. Offspring.

Dozens of them. Two and three years old. The mothers hold the newborns and toddlers in their arms. High atop the pole, Neville cannot believe it. His expression is a mixture of sadness, terror, and guilt. Children!

CORTMAN

Look at them Neville. How many of their
fathers have you killed? Their mothers?
How many families did you destroy?

The children look at him with fear and revulsion.

CORTMAN

How arrogant you were. Arrogant in your
righteousness. To be so convinced that: you
were doing God's work, that you were his
avenging angel. The defender of faith. A faith
in humanity. But what became of humanity, Neville?
It was struck down. Smote by God. But you.
You cling to the belief that we are the abomination.
Did it ever enter your mind, did you ever consider...
that we are the chosen? That we are the future?

Cortman lifts one of the children into his arms.

CORTMAN

You are an illusion, Neville.
You mean nothing.

Cortman raises his hand. A talon emerges from his fingertip. He makes a delicate CUT in Neville's ankle and catches the flowing blood in the palm of his hand. Forming a "cup," he brings his hand to the lips of the CHILD in his arms.

CORTMAN

Drink, son.

The child's lips touch the blood. Cortman lowers the boy to the ground and he scampers off to join his friends.

CORTMAN

Don't be frightened of them, Neville.
Look beyond your own ideas and see
their beauty. Their souls.

The Hemocyte children stare at the "monster." Neville finds himself drawn to their faces. odd and ghoulish, yes, but possessing the innocence of all children.

Cortman signals to a group of WARRIORS who THROW long ropes into the rafters of the roundabout. Near the ceiling, OTHER WARRIORS catch the lines, loop them over steel beams and slip them back to their counterparts at ground level. These warriors tie one end of the ropes to the top of the pole.

As they work, EVA shoves ANNA into the circle. Kicks her until she's kneeling at Cortman's feet. He cups her chin in his hand and, as if to kiss her, lifts her to his face.

CORTMAN

Such a pretty thing.

(to Neville)

Did she played the temptress well?

Did she Neville? Were you seduced?

Anna violently breaks away from him.

ANNA

(spitefully)

Where's Ethan?

CORTMAN

Ethan?

ANNA

Where is he?

Cortman signals to a Hemocyte NURSE who enters a dwelling space and returns carrying a SMALL BOY in her arms. He is pale and thin, but not from infection. The boy--ETHAN--is barely conscious, NEEDLE MARKS line his bony arms and legs.

Anna runs to the Nurse and takes the boy into her arms, clutching him to her breast with love and desperation.

ANNA

Hey, baby brother.

He musters a smile for her, then drifts back to slumber. Anna examines the marks on his arms, turns to Cortman...

ANNA

You said you'd stop!

CORTMAN

When you returned, yes. (re Neville)

When he was defeated, yes.

Atop the pole, Neville watches the scene play in front of him. His eyes stay fixed on Anna, on Ethan.

ANNA

Well there he is! I did what you asked!

CORTMAN

And now you wish to go.

ANNA

That was the bargain.

CORTMAN

Where will you go, Anna? What will you find? (re Neville) More like him? Pathetic reminders of the past? Leading paranoid, delusional lives? Stay. You serve a purpose here. You've been treated well.

ANNA

Well? Treated well?

She attempts to exit the circle, but every way she turns, her path is blocked by Hemocytes. She pulls Ethan tight, tries to force her way past them, but the Hemocytes sneer and laugh. The NURSE GRABS ETHAN from her and she SCREAMS...

ANNA

NOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

She lunges for him, but EVA comes up from behind and stops Anna with an immobilizing hold. Anna bellows at Cortman...

ANNA

YOU PROMISED!

CORTMAN

Silly thing. We need you here. We need you to breed.

Anna SCREAMS as Eva forces her to the ground and binds her arms and ankles with leather straps. Anna fights her with fury, but Eva is too strong an opponent. Once Anna is bound, Eva hefts her and carries up a staircase to a higher level of the multi-tiered village. The Nurse follows with Ethan.

Simultaneously, Neville is LIFTED into the air as the Hemocyte Warriors PULL on the ropes. Their purpose is to raise him above the village, for all to view. A living totem. As Neville ascends, he can SEE the cavernous room into which the Hemocytes take Anna and her little brother.

REVEAL THE ROOM

It is filled with filthy beds. Lit by CANDLES. Inside, the Hemocyte NURSES tend to the room's INHABITANTS...

DOZENS OF HUMANS. The elderly and infirm, on one side, youngsters on the other. The children invoke the most empathy. Anywhere from three to twelve in years, they lie bound. I.V.s of MORPHINE or SEDATIVES feed into their arms. Some of the Nurses FEED the captives a horrible gruel while others DRAW BLOOD. Collecting it from open wounds, pouring it into large bowls and dishes.

Neville's eyes are filled with shock, anger, and sadness. Food. He locks at Cortman with disgust. Ascending a staircase as Neville is lifted higher into

the air, Cortman explains to his prize...

CORTMAN

Savagery gives way to civilization.
It's a necessary step for us. Fewer of
your kind remain and if we feast on each
other, or others like us--we cannot survive.
For a race to thrive it must not cannibalize
itself. Therefore, we raise our sustenance.
Nurture it, let it grow. Allow it to multiply.

Neville wants to berate Cortman, but his lips are sealed. His mouth remains tight.

CORTMAN

No harsh words, Neville?
No condemnations? I'm disappointed.

IN THE CAVERNOUS ROOM, Anna is bound to a rusty cot. Ethan to a small bed. Both are quickly narcotized. Subdued.

Neville hangs his head in despair as his body is lifted into the rafters. The Hemocytes below secure the ropes to the ground. Neville hangs above the village. For all to see. No possible means of escape.

Cortman stands on a ledge high above the village, addresses the throng, and points to Neville.

CORTMAN

Here he is and here he will stay.

Cortman LEAPS into the air and GRABS HOLD of a PIPE near the pole. Hanging with one hand, he extends the other, allows his talons to extend, and SLASHES the soles of Neville's feet. Neville GRIMACES in pain, but won't allow Cortman the pleasure of a scream. BLOOD begins to flow and drip from Neville's soles. The crimson drops fall...

Onto the tongues, into the mouths of the Hemocytes below. Like children catching the first snowflakes of winter.

CORTMAN

DRINK CHILDREN!
Drink the blood of the fallen!

Eva leads the Hemocytes in a SCREECH of support. Far below, not joining in the bacchanalia, is the leader of the Hemocyte Clerics, CHRISTOPHER. His eyes are on Neville. Does he betray a note of sympathy? He looks away and signals the DRUMMERS to take up a victorious rhythm.

Dangling above his enemies--now his captors--Neville's chin drops to his chest. From the battle, the beating, the humiliation, the defeat--he is beyond weary. His eyelids droop, his jaw relaxes. He catches himself and grinds his teeth together, keeping his mouth closed tight. Why?

He has not said a word since the fight at the house.
Why?

INT. SUBTERRANEAN VILLAGE MORNING

Well, yes, it is "morning", but there's no way to tell down here, aside from a few pinholes of early morning light peeping through a crack or crevice on the surface.

On the various layers of the community, we find the Hemocytes exhausted. From fighting, from celebration, from feasting. They prepare for sleep, huddled together like pups.

High above them, strapped to the pole, Neville gently swings, the ropes creaking. He's fighting to stay awake. Above him on the catwalk of pipes, ventilation ducts, steel girders, and old electrical cables, appears CHRISTOPHER. He appears calm and serene--not a threat. He approaches Neville until he's only a few feet away, eye-to-eye.

CHRISTOPHER

You don't remember me, do you?

Neville doesn't know what the hell he's talking about.

CHRISTOPHER

I was a student of yours. At the University.

Neville is stunned. Assesses the man's face. Tries to imagine what he looked like before infection.

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher Collier. I was a theology major. I minored in history--I took your class on Ancient Conflicts. As a seminarian, I appreciated your focus on moral issues in war. What will they make of this, Professor? The historians of the future? How will they see the events of today? A victory or defeat? You don't care to comment? You were always quite eloquent in your opinions.

Neville looks in the direction of the room containing the humans. Christopher follows his gaze, comments...

CHRISTOPHER

"In every war, in every great struggle, we see the sacrifice of innocents. Are their lives worth it? If thousands will live, should we allow a handful to die?" Your words, Professor, not mine. Your questions. If I recall, you never provided us an answer.

He turns back to Neville.

CHRISTOPHER

I was never ordained. As a priest:. But I have a flock. A barbaric one, yes, but we are unified, we are strong. Does it surprise you to see us as such? As something more than monsters?

Neville remains quiet. Christopher reaches into his clothes and uses a damp rag to wash Neville's wounds.

CHRISTOPHER

Some of us are not without compassion.
Some of us saw Cortman's pursuit of your defeat
a pointless, selfish obsession. He wants you kept alive.
He always wanted you like this, don't you see?
He wants a trophy. A living symbol of his strength.
He'll bleed you, feed from you, have you father more
like yourself.

He lifts a container of gruel. Brings a spoonful to his lips, but Neville refuses to eat.

CHRISTOPHER

You're behaving like a child.

Christopher tries to force feed him, but Neville spits out the food and SNARLS at Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

Fine... Have it your way. Soon, you'll be
begging for my kindness.

He departs down a staircase to the village.

CLOSE ON NEVILLE'S FACE

He waits until Christopher is gone. Looks below and sees the Hemocytes sleeping. And he opens his mouth, REVEALING...

The all-in-one tool.

His tongue and inner cheeks are scratched and bleeding, but he managed to keep it safe. All this time. Very carefully, he pushes it out onto his lips with his tongue then clenches it tight in his teeth. He maneuvers his hand through his bonds and extends his fingers...

He only has one chance. Takes a deep breath and spits out the tool. It falls... Nearly slips from his fingers, but he snares it between his second and third fingers. Twists it around until it's safe in his palm. By touch he finds the serrated edge and goes to work on his bonds.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN VILLAGE - TWO HOURS LATER - DAY

The Hemocytes are fast asleep. Communal slumber appears to be part of their regimen.

THE RAFTERS

Sweat dripping from his brow, Neville works diligently. His right hand already free, he releases the left. Using the bonds around his waist as a fulcrum, he leans over stretching his back as far as it can go, and cuts through the ropes around his legs and ankles. The serrated edge of the all-in-one tool is almost smooth from wear. Neville clenches it between his

teeth and proceeds to wriggle out of the remaining bonds and barbed wire, causing the POLE to SWAY...

BELOW, where the pole is secured to the ground, the ROPES start to CREAK. A dozing Hemocyte sniffs the air, then returns to sleep.

ABOVE, Neville grips an overhead pipe and PULLS himself up, out of bondage. The ropes burn his skin and the barbed wire bites, but he makes it up, into the rafters. Lying atop a ventilation duct, he relaxes and breathes deeply. He peers over the side and looks below. Everyone asleep. His eyes stop on the CAVERNOUS CHAMBER where the humans are kept. Where Anna is kept.

He rolls away and slithers along the duct, away from the village. Must be quiet. Absolutely quiet. He moves onto a thick roll of electrical cables and... almost falls! He grabs a cable and PULLS HIMSELF UP to safety. Crawling on his hands and knees, he moves toward an entrance to a subway tunnel. Almost there...

And he slips. Neville braces himself, but must use one of his wounded FEET to do so. He HOWLS in silent pain.

And the tool falls from his mouth.

IT SAILS DOWN. WE FOLLOW IT as it LANDS inches away from the face of a HEMOCYTE CHILD. The little creature's EYES OPEN and find the odd piece of metal.

IN THE RAFTERS, Neville knows he must move quickly. He follows the cables, then drops to a concrete ledge. Although the souls of his feet are tender from the cuts, he must stand, he must walk. He takes a few genteel steps, then overcomes the pain and heads for the tunnel.

He stops when he SEES the HEMOCYTE CHILD before him. Just staring at him. She is afraid, yes, but her curiosity supersedes fear. The little Hemocyte girl cocks her head and her eyes find an open cut on Neville's torso. The blood. Like a father with a glass of warm milk, he dips a finger into the blood and offers it to the girl. She cautiously, hesitantly licks it up and of all things, smiles at Neville.

He looks at the girl's face. The innocence in her smile, the simplicity, the naturalness of her act. She's hungry. Neville gently touches her head.

NEVILLE

(whispers)

Go back to sleep, sweetheart.

She obeys. Neville watches as she returns to her flock.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Weak, battered, filthy, and barely clothed, Neville forces himself down the tunnel. A few RAYS OF LIGHT poke through from the surface, but they are GREY AND MISTY. WATER drips through the ceiling of the tunnel--it must be raining.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A torrential downpour. In the middle of the water-slicked street, the ventilation grating to a subway shaft is punched up and out. NEVILLE crawls out to the surface and lies on his back, allowing the rain to wash over him. Freedom.

EXT COMPOUND - DAY

The sky is filled with THUNDERCLOUDS. Rain turns the earth into a blanket of mud. Neville plods through the muck, cold and wet, until he arrives at the site of his house. Stops when he sees what little remains...

A BLACK SHELL. Foundation and framework. Charred and crumbling. Debris, ash, and cinders litter the area. The rain creates a hissing cloud of steam and smoke.

Neville sloshes through the mud and shifts through debris, finding charred reminders of the past three years--the books, his paintings, CDs, the exhaustive videotapes. Now all a melted mass of paper, plastic, and metal.

He finds a pair of shoes and joyously covers his scarred, throbbing feet. Nearby, in a pile of cinders, is the frame for the photo of his wife and child. The glass cracked, the frame scorched, the picture itself burned away.

He moves down, into the foundation, into the BASEMENT. Most of the weapons are twisted and burned, a few are functional. He takes essentials--two handguns and a mini machine gun. Searches for usable ammunition and thankfully finds a locker full untouched by fire. In a pile of ash, he discovers the COMBAT KNIFE and ankle sheath.

IN THE GARAGE, he finds shelter from the rain. The Land Rover is a junk heap, horribly wrecked by fallen timbers. He finds a long pipe and uses it as a crowbar to open the trunk. Inside is a pair of COVERALLS and, unscathed, an EMERGENCY KIT. He slips into the coveralls, opens the kit, and checks his supplies--freeze-dried food, a tool kit, medical supplies, a flashlight, and batteries. It's enough. Enough to start over.

He checks the sports car--wrecked. Next, the MOTORCYCLE. Thanks to the lucky placement of a fallen sheet of corrugated steel, it survived. He tosses off the metal and pulls out the bike. It's smoke-damaged, scorched, and a few of the hoses are melted, but it will work. He can get it to work.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

The RAIN still batters the earth's surface. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING coming in from the Pacific. Neville has fashioned a pair off makeshift saddlebags and a gun rack on the bike. He climbs aboard the motorcycle and tries to start it. No go the first time, but the second...

The bike's engine ROARS to life. He checks the gas gauge--a full tank. Enough to get him... Where? Where Bob? Who knows? He plows through the mud...

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - VARIOUS - DAY

The bike SPEEDS through the abandoned metropolis. Neville's eyes are straight ahead.
No looking back.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

Neville reaches the entrance to the bridge and pulls off onto a promontory-- where tourists used to stop and take pictures. He comes to a stop, but keep the engine running. He looks down the length of the bridge, at the ocean, back at the city. His eyes find the LIGHTHOUSE where he set free the dog. The TUGBOAT at the end of the pier.

The ocean is rough, waves break on the shoreline. STORM CLOUDS gather in number and force. RAIN pounds down on him. Neville assesses it all. Everything. Past, present, future.

And knows what he must do.

EXT. ABANDONED CHEMICAL PLANT - DAY

Somewhere in an industrial section of the city.

INT. CHEMICAL PLANT - DAY

Neville walks down an aisle, machine gun in hand, flashlight searching the LARGE BINS to his left and right. Into three plastic Containers, he fills PHOSPHOR, SULFUR, and MAGNESIUM.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SUPPLY YARD - DAY

Virtually picked clean.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SUPPLY YARD - DAY

Neville breaks into a small office. Searches until he finds PIPES, BLASTING CAPS and DEMOLITION EXPLOSIVES.

INT. SUBWAY SWITCHING YARD - DAY

An elephant's graveyard of SUBWAY TRAINS. Above, RAIN pours through the cracked and broken SKYLIGHT.

INT. SWITCHING YARD - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

In what used to be the "nerve center" for the city's Underground transit system, Neville scrutinizes a SERIES OF MAPS, all detailing the routes and layouts of the subway system. To his right is a MANUAL, flipped open to a

page reading "EMERGENCY POWER SUPPLIES--START-UP PROCEDURES."

INT. SWITCHING YARD - GENERATOR ROOM - DAY

Neville primes lines, checks circuits, hits igniters. He reaches the final switch, says a prayer, and THROWS IT...

The yard lights up like a christmas tree.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Neville sits in the motorman's compartment, reading another MANUAL, munching on freeze-dried food. He starts up the engine and miraculously, the motor comes to life.

INT. SWITCHING YARD - DAY

The LEAD CAR, towing THREE PASSENGER CARS, pulls onto the main track and comes to a stop.

INT. SWITCHING YARD - CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

Like a kid with his first model train set, Neville checks the maps and plots a course on the "big board" detailing the lines throughout the city. He throws a series of switches and the SOUND of rails and tracks being put in place REVERBERATES throughout the tunnels and yard.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN

In the lead car, Neville mixes the CHEMICALS into the pipes and attaches the blasting caps. Once a half dozen pine bombs are complete, he checks and loads each of his guns.

INT. SWITCHING YARD

Neville steps into the yard and looks up, through the skylight... Night. They'll be awake. And angry.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Neville climbs into the motorman's compartment and lays out a MAP of the tunnel system. A course plotted. He looks into the tunnel before him... Into the belly of the beast.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

The TRAIN GROANS down the tracks. Rusting, creaking, it starts to breathe, remembering the rhythm of the rails...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

A look of grim determination on his face, Neville accelerates, further into the tunnel.

INT. hemocyte VILLAGE - NIGHT

The empty pole is lowered into the center of the village. A FURIOUS CORTMAN bellows orders to Eva and her warriors...

CORTMAN

FIND HIM!

A STRANGE SOUND- Everyone HEARS it. A SCREECHING. A RUMBLING. The walls of the village shake. Children run frightened to the shelter of their mothers' arms.

INT. VILLAGE - CAVERNOUS ROOM - NIGHT

Strapped down, in a weakened state, ANNA HEARS the SOUND, too. It's a familiar sound. No, it couldn't be...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

The TRAIN ROARS down the tracks.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Neville at the controls, pushing the machine forward.

INT. HEMOCYTE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Eva and a few Warriors run to the center TRACK. She presses her ear to the rail and cannot believe what she hears. She looks to Cortman with astonishment...

He knows what's coming...

CORTMAN

Neville.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Neville peers through the motorman's window. There's the village, dead ahead. He HITS THE BRAKES...

INT. HEMOCYTE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The TRAIN BURSTS through a pile of debris, flattening a few Hemocyte warriors and SCREECHES to a stop. Thirty, fifty descend upon the lead car.

A passenger door HISSES open and out steps Neville. And his machine gun. He OPENS FIRE, cutting through the attackers. He HEAVES the first PIPE BOMB...

IT EXPLODES WITH WHITE LIGHT. Not a damaging blast, but the CHEMICALS BURN with a WHITE HOT INTENSITY. He throws another, and another, and another. Soon the center area is bathed in a BRILLIANT GLOW.

The light blinds the Hemocytes. They SCREECH and run for cover. More significantly, the sight of Neville terrifies them. For many of them, it's as if the Devil has been resurrected and he's come for retribution. Mothers lead children into the rafters, nurses and clerics pray and flee.

CORTMAN

NO! NO!

Eva and the Warriors will fight. If they could only see. Blindly, they move toward the train. Neville tosses a BOMB at the base of the stairs, clearing a path. He grabs two bombs and RUNS, firing the machine gun only when necessary. He throws a tackle into a Hemocyte Warrior, uses the butt of the gun on another, and makes it up the stairs.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - NIGHT

Neville BURSTS into the space, brandishing his weapon. It's Nurses and Clerics in here, and they're petrified. They HISS and SCREECH, but they're not the fighting type.

Neville searches bed after bed. Children. old men, wrinkled women. Glassy-eyed, empty faces. And then he finds Anna. He kneels beside her bed and rips out the I.V.

Not completely drugged, her sad eyes find his and search for compassion, for understanding.

Neville pulls out the combat knife...

... and hurriedly cuts through her bonds.

NEVILLE

Can you walk?

ANNA

I think so...

He hands her a GUN.

NEVILLE

Take this.

Neville frees her brother. Anna takes Ethan in her arms and hugs him dearly. Neville frees another CHILD, and ANOTHER. They're somewhat conscious and stumble to their feet.

NEVILLE

We have to go.

MAN'S VOICE

Neville.

Neville turns, ready with the machine gun... It's Christopher. Neville hesitates. Finger on the trigger...

CHRISTOPHER

Take the children. The others are too weak. You'll never make it.

TALONS emerge from Christopher's fingertips. And he SLICES the bonds of another child. Neville lowers the gun.

CHRISTOPHER

We shall have to find another way.

Neville, Anna, and Christopher free the children. About a dozen in total. HEMOCYTE WARRIORS appear at the door.

Neville sees them and ROLLS a PIPE BOMB right at them. It EXPLODES, sending them flying and flaming into the air. The room CATCHES FIRE. Neville lifts a WEAK CHILD into his arms and heads for the stairs. Anna urges the children to follow.

INT. HEMOCYTE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The area is still bathed in phosphorescent glow. Neville THROWS another BOMB, again clearing a path. He and Anna usher the children past BLINDED HEMOCYTES into the train.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Neville and Anna lie the children on passenger seats in the second and third cars. When Neville opens the door to the third, he comes face-to-face with a HEMOCYTE WARRIOR.

Although unable to see, the creature fiercely latches onto Neville. The children SHRIEK. The machine gun falls from Neville's grasp and he struggles to reach a handgun in his belt. The Hemocyte raises his talons...

BLAM! Anna fells him with a single shot to the heart. Neville pushes the body out of the train and seals the doors. As Anna secures the children, Neville runs to the motorman's booth. As the glow from the bombs diminishes, Hemocytes storm the train. As their angry fists POUND against the windows, Neville gets the train the hell out of there.

INT. HEMOCYTE VILLAGE - NIGHT

A FIRE RAGES in the cavernous room. Christopher and a few others manage to flee... The HEMOCYTE CHILDREN huddle in the dark, terrified by the nightmare, hiding from the bogeyman.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

The TRAIN ROARS away from the village.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Anna makes her way to Neville and, weak, collapses. He catches her and sits her on a bench.

NEVILLE

How do you feel?

ANNA

I'll be fine.

NEVILLE

(re the children)

Are they okay?

She nods.

ANNA

They think it's a dream.

He smiles. Returns to the motorman's station.

ANNA

Robert?

He turns to her.

ANNA

Thank you.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

As the train RUSHES down the tunnel, REVEAL CORTMAN. On the roof of the lead car. EVA and a MUSCULAR WARRIOR atop the passenger cars.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

We HEAR a window SHATTER and the SCREAMS of children. Neville and Anna REACT. He grabs the MACHINE GUN, loads a fresh clip and positions Anna at the controls.

NEVILLE

Just keep your foot here, your hand on this. Let the train do the rest.

FOLLOW NEVILLE as he MOVES into the rear car. Standing there is the MUSCULAR WARRIOR. The children huddle in fear in a far corner. The Muscular Hemocyte RUNS toward Neville. Neville SHOOTs, but this guy is big and rushing on blood. He keeps coming. Neville calls to the children...

NEVILLE

Get in the next car, THE NEXT CAR!

The children MOVE to Car No. 2. Neville empties the clip, but the Hemocyte grins and moves in for the kill. Neville PULLS OUT the last PIPE BOMB and lobs it at the Hemocyte...

NEVILLE

Say good-bye.

Neville DIVES. The BOMB EXPLODES inches in front of the Muscular Hemocyte, igniting him and the car in BRIGHT WHITE FIRE. In the second car, Neville attempts to calm and quiet the distraught children, but when he HEARS GLASS CRASH and ANNA SCREAM, he tells them...

NEVILLE

Stay here. Don't move.

IN THE LEAD CAR, Neville finds EVA cradling ETHAN in her arms. CORTMAN holds a struggling ANNA from behind, his TALONS at her throat. Although still moving damn fast, with no one at the controls, the train is losing speed. Neville raises the machine gun, but Cortman can only sneer...

CORTMAN

Put that wretched thing down.

Cortman's talon presses into Anna's flesh. Neville lowers the weapon. Cortman gestures to the smashed open window.

CORTMAN

Lose it.

Neville complies and throws the machine gun away.

CORTMAN

On your knees.

NEVILLE

No.

CORTMAN

On your knees, Neville, and beg for her life.
Do it, or she'll watch her brother die quite painfully.

Eva HISSES. Neville looks at Cortman with contempt. What's that? Just past Cortman and Anna, over their shoulders, through the front window of the train... Is it...?

Light at the end of the tunnel. Neville goes to one knee.

CORTMAN

Do it.

Neville drops to the other.

NEVILLE

Cortman? Do you pray?

CORTMAN

Pray?

NEVILLE

If you don't, I would start.

Neville goes to floor and braces himself. Cortman turns... Through the front window, he SEES. A THICK METAL DOOR.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The train CRASHES out of the tunnel, THROUGH the barrier, off the tracks, INTO the SAND, where it topples on its side,

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Neville, Anna, Cortman, Eva, the Children--all thrown out like rag dolls. A SEAT becomes UNHINGED and SMACKS Neville in the skull and he drops.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The lead car SLIDES TO A STOP about ten feet into the ocean's edge. WAVES CRASH against its hull. RAIN pummels the beach. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING fill the raging sky.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

Chaos. Children crying, smashed glass, twisted metal. The boy Ethan gets his bearings and searches the car for his sister. Anna is near the front of the car, crawling away from an apparently unconscious Cortman--his legs PINNED under smashed and twisted metal. Also knocked out is Neville.

The lead car is sinking into the sand. WATER rushes in and the car's flooding. Ethan moves to his sister, but the way is BLOCKED by a battered, bloody EVA. She HISSES at the boy.

ANNA

Ethan! Run! Run and hide!

The boy knows to listen. He crawls through to the beach. Eva LUNGES for him, but a BULLET rips through her shoulder.

ANNA

Hey bitch!

Eva SPINS to see Anna pointing a gun at her.

ANNA

Leave my little brother alone.

Anna FIRES, unloading every bullet into Eva's chest. Eva tries to press on, but the wounds are too severe. She drops to her knees. Her flesh tries to

repair itself, but too much blood is lost and there's too much damage to the heart. She hisses and dies. Anna hurries to Neville. She shakes him...

ANNA

Robert!

Neville is out cold.

ANNA

I need you!

Neville's eyes open. She starts to help him to his feet when a WAVE CRASHES into the lead car and it SINKS DEEPER into the sand. Anna SLIDES down the aisle, into the water. He reaches, but she's gone. Using the seats as a "ladder," Anna pulls herself out of the water. She's nearly clear when... CORTMAN GRABS HER ANKLE. Anna SCREAMS. Cortman EMERGES from the water and draws a deep breath. Anna struggles, but Cortman's grasp is tight.

Neville finds his COMBAT KNIFE, slides to them. He SLASHES Cortman's arm, virtually severing it at the wrist. Anna frees herself. Neville pulls her out of the car...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The lead car SINKS deeper. WATER FILLS the interior. On the sand, Neville and Anna get to their feet and see the rest of the CHILDREN in the second car, WATER on one side, FIRE--from the burning third car--on the other.

He and Anna run to the car and help the panicked, crying children from the wreckage. Neville lifts a helpless child into his arms and nods in the direction of the TUGBOAT.

NEVILLE

Take them to the boat!

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

In the lead car, Cortman is drowning. His hand dangles and blood forms a cloud in the rushing water. He spies EVA'S BODY down the aisle. He looks at her dead eyes. The pool of blood around her. Cortman closes his eyes... And wills the blood to him. It creeps down the floor, along the walls, to his TALONS. He lifts the crimson to his lips and DRINKS.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The rain is incessant. The children cover at the thunder and lightning. Anna and Neville lead them down the PIER, to the TUGBOAT. Two more children--too weak to walk--remain at the train wreck and Neville returns for them. Anna scans the faces of the others, searching for...

ANNA

Ethan?

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - NIGHT

UNDERWATER, Cortman holds his hand to its split-open wrist. The HAND FUSES to its former limb. Muscles bulging from the feeding, Cortman LIFTS the twisted metal and frees his legs from the wreckage. Eyes open wide, glowing with hate, he SWIMS through the cracked open windshield, into the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - NIGHT

Neville returns to the boat with the last two children. A panicked Anna meets him,

ANNA
I can't find Ethan!

Neville scans the beach and CALLS OUT...

NEVILLE
E-THAN!

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates the LIGHTHOUSE and NEVILLE SEES the BOY in the window, hiding.

NEVILLE
He's in the lighthouse. You stay.
(re the children) Watch them.
I'll be right back. I promise.

He gives her the last gun and runs to the lighthouse.

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Neville climbs up the creaking staircase. Ethan spots him and runs away, up the stairs.

NEVILLE
No! Ethan! Wait!

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Neville emerges from a maintenance door and steps onto the catwalk surrounding the pinnacle. Atop the DOME of the lighthouse, painted into the sky, is a LIGHTNING ROD. Neville sees it, keeps low, and calls out..

NEVILLE
Ethan!

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. Followed by a child's whimpering. Neville moves to it and finds Ethan cowering in a fetal position. He cautiously kneels, gently extends his hand...

NEVILLE

Please, Ethan, come with me.

With tear-filled eyes, the boy looks to Neville.

NEVILLE

I won't let anyone hurt you.

Ethan slowly extends his hand. Neville takes it, smiles, and lifts the boy into his arms. He stands. When he turns, he finds... CORTMAN waiting for him. Dripping wet, pumped up, eyes gleaming, teeth bared.

CORTMAN

Hello Robert.

TALONS emerge from his fingers.

CORTMAN

By now, we should use first names, don't you think? I'm Ben.

Neville steps back, away from Cortman, who calmly advances, the two men moving around the circular catwalk.

CORTMAN

You're very resilient, I'll give you that.

Neville continues to back off, Cortman closing in...

CORTMAN

Shouldn't you simply give in? Join the rest of them? Die?

Neville glances to his left and sees what he wanted--the maintenance hatch. He quickly lowers Ethan and instructs...

NEVILLE

Go to the boat! Go to Anna!

The boy does as told and runs down the stairs. Brandishing the COMBAT KNIFE, Neville turns to Cortman.

CORTMAN

You're sentimental. A weakness.

The two men face off. Cortman makes the first move. SLASHES at Neville's chest, RIPS through the coveralls and SCRAPES his flesh. Neville LUNGES with the knife, but Cortman is swift and easily steps aside. He LAUGHS.

CORTMAN

You'll have to do better.

EXT. BEACH - PIER - NIGHT

Ethan runs into Anna's arms. She looks up at the lighthouse.

ANNA

ROBERT!

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - CATWALK - NIGHT

Neville looks down at the boat, at Anna. SHOUTS to her...

NEVILLE
GO, ANNA! GO NOW!

CORTMAN
How noble.

Cortman SLASHES. Neville ducks and crawls away.

CORTMAN
Show some dignity.

Neville THRUSTS with the knife. Cortman BLOCKS and the knife FALLS over the side, into the sea. Cortman LAUGHS. Pulls in his talons and proceeds to PUMMEL Neville with his fists. Neville can barely defend himself. He falls and pulls himself up. Neville appears hopelessly doomed to defeat. Cortman extends his TALONS and moves in... Like a cat, Neville scurries up the lighthouse dome. It's slippery, but he makes it to the very top, clinging to the lightning rod.

CORTMAN
Please, Robert. Where do you think
you're going?

NEVILLE
I don't know, Ben...

Neville stands and LEANS against the rod, using his weight to SNAP it free from its mooring.

NEVILLE
But you can go to hell.

With the lightning rod extended like a spear, Neville slides down the dome and DRIVES IT STRAIGHT INTO CORTMAN'S HEART. Cortman HOWLS with pain. His chest BURSTS with crimson. Blood gurgles from his throat and all he can mutter is...

CORTMAN
No...!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LIGHTNING FLASHES IN THE SKY. In a split second, Neville JUMPS into the hatch. Like the Hand of God, a BOLT OF LIGHTNING slashes across the night sky and touches the spike of metal in Cortman's chest. The top of the lighthouse--and Cortman--EXPLODES IN A BURST OF WHITE SPARKS. Cortman's SCREAM ECHOES. His scorched body falls into the ocean.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Anna waits at the boat. Neville runs across the sand. Although weak, his face is filled with joy. She waited. Anna waited. At this moment in time, he is happy. It's all behind. You can move forward. He STOPS DEAD when he SEES...

A PACK OF WILD HEMOCYTE DOGS. Waiting. Six vicious creatures. GROWLING. Hungry. They circle Neville, waiting for the precise moment to move in for the kill. A HARSH BARK stops them. ANOTHER DOG runs from the forest and climbs atop a large rock. THE LEADER.

Neville's dog.

The other dogs back off, intimidated. Neville's dog runs across the sand, BARKING at his subordinates. Tails between their legs, the others break into the forest. Neville's dog--proud and strong--approaches his former master.

A look of recognition and understanding passes between them.

The dog looks to the boat, turns to Neville. His eyes. There's still something in the eyes. The dog gently BARKS and steps aside, allowing Neville entry to the pier. Neville walks on, breaks into a run, and falls into Anna's arms.

The dog observes, mournfully HOWLS and returns to the forest.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

The Children sit huddled under blankets, clinging to each other for warmth. Neville looks at them. The next generation. He STARTS the engine. The storm is subsiding, the sea calm beyond the breakers. Anna holds him and leans her head on his shoulder.

ANNA

Where are we going?

Neville doesn't have an answer. He just goes forward. He moves the boat forward.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

The tugboat passes under the Golden Gate Bridge. Neville is oblivious to the physical pain in his body. There's energy coming from him, a sense of purpose.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

"Hell is oneself, Hell is alone, the other figures in it merely projections. There is nothing to escape from and nothing to escape to. One is always alone." (pause) T.S. Eliot wrote that, and just yesterday, I might've agreed with him. But I don't feel alone. Not now. I'm not escaping, I'm changing. I'm no longer trapped. Not by Cortman, not by me. I have hope. (pause) I was born in Des Moines, Iowa in 1960. I had a wife Ellen and a daughter Grace.

My name is Robert Neville. I am legend.

He pulls Anna close and drinks in the sky. The morning sun breaks through the clouds and lights a path to the future.

FADE OUT.