

BABYLON FIELDS

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TEASER

3:16 AM Scraping, charging industrial music --

FADE IN:

1 TIGHT on JANINE BELTRAN (early 30s). Cocksure beautiful, 1
sweaty, her eyes reflect a burning intelligence and...
trouble. She pushes through a STROBE INFUSED dance floor
in a dark dance club. Bodies flitter and fro in a
adrenalized, primal freak. She talks on her cell, over
the industrial din.

JANINE (ON CELL)
-- She wants a *spinal tap*?!
Roger, please, the woman doesn't
have MS. I've done two MRI's,
three nerve conductions. She's
classic Munchausen.

Janine makes her way down a dark hallway of the club --

2 -- into a DIM, YELLOWISH ROOM -- comes to a stop. 2

JANINE (ON CELL)
Whatever. Put her up. I'll deal
with it in the morning. Bye.

Janine hangs up. She breaks the fourth wall, reveals that
we're in --

A DANCE CLUB REST ROOM

A BEARDED HIPSTER -- ZACH --steps up behind Janine. She
holds on his reflection in the mirror, anticipates. He
kisses her neck. Janine closes her eyes. Zach puts a hand
to her waist, the other brings a pill to her lips. She
bites, playful, closes teeth on Zach's finger, nibbles,
lets it slide, sensual, out of her mouth.

QUICK CUTS: Fingers fumble at belt buckles. Jeans pulled
down. Janine leans over the sink. They rut. The
industrial noise goes deafening with heavy bass, rapid
drums... a screaming, unintelligible vocal --

3 EXT. NIGHT CLUB -- NIGHT. 3

The first rays of dawn peek through the cold night.
Janine exits the club alone, unsteady. We can smell the
sex and booze on her as she moves for the PARKING LOT.

4 I/E. JANINE'S CAR -- DAWN. 4

Janine chugs a Red Bull. Drives down a TWISTY, WOODED ROAD. She forces tired eyes wide and alert, flicks through radio stations and -- someone skirts out into the middle of the road!

Janine sees -- an AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOY, clothes ragged and filthy. She gasps, slams the breaks, fishtails, SMASHES into a guardrail at the edge of a RAVINE, tires caught in the muddy gully under it --

5 Janine bolts from the car, shaken, scared, looks back 5
down the road, sees: the boy walk into the WOODS. Janine flashes stunned recognition -- *what the hell?* -- she catches her breath, resolve, goes after him.

6 EXT. WOODS -- DAWN. 6

The boy picks up his pace. Janine picks up hers. Club heels make it hard on her footing. The boy is swallowed up by the dark and the woods. Gone. Janine stops. She's scared, she's confused, she thinks she might be losing her mind. Something is horribly wrong.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. INDUSTRIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAWN. 7

The beginnings of a construction site somewhere off the Long Island Expressway. A stray dog is heard barking in the distance.

CLOSE ON -- The ground. Worms and Beetles emerge from the soil, as if they're being forced, or pushed up, unnaturally. A sort of rebirth.

On the other side of the construction site, the stray dog continues barking. He barks at the dirt, crouching in an attack stance, growling as -- SOMETHING -- painfully emerges from the ground. Soil falls away, reveals: a MAN'S FACE! Eyes wide with terror, mouth open, gasping! Rebirth!

8 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAWN 8

5:55 AM. Babylon, Long Island -- an upscale suburban burg situated near the bay. McMansions, older ranches, colonials, manicured lawns, high-end cars in the driveways.

A FIT WOMAN JOGGER exits a Tudor colonial, tightens the laces on her running shoes. Ear buds in, iPod on, song chosen, she hits the street.

9 EXT. PARK -- DAWN 9

She enters an empty suburban park. The jogger exhales blasts of cold steam, pauses. Cramped. Goes hands to knees. Collects her breath. She goes to switch songs, and in the momentary silence --

A rustling. A branch snaps. The jogger holds up. Nervous. Scans the area. Is someone following her? A beat. New song chosen, she resumes her run.

10 EXT. PARK -- DAWN. MOMENTS LATER 10

We're with the Jogger as she pushes into a more secluded part of the park. She picks up the pace as her iPod music picks up pace. And then, suddenly -- someone or something plummets into her like a train, tackles her out of frame!

Her scream is immediately muffled. She's held down by a DARK MALE FIGURE, his filthy, SORE-COVERED HAND over her mouth. The FIGURE raises his elbow to forearm, and smashes the joggers head, and face. It's savage, fast, bloody --

CUT TO:

11 A RUBBER GLOVED HAND scoops a soil sample from the ground. The sample is poured into a test tube of clear liquid. The soil lyrically liquefies, undulates... 11

EXT. OPEN FIELD -- EARLY MORNING.

8:34 AM. Winter barren trees form a horizon. RHONDA WUNCH (50s), a gentle-faced woman who's only recently brought herself back from troubled times, stands by the edge of the field. Impatient, gazes out at --

Her son, THOMAS WUNCH (30s). Good looking, edgy behind the eyes, he kneels in the middle of the field, caps the test tube, packs it into a PH SOIL SAMPLE KIT. He stands, looks out over the field, sees -- 75 yards away -- a MAN stands silhouetted against the horizon, rock still.

Thomas holds on the image -- it feels odd somehow. Beat. He turns away, crosses to Rhonda.

THOMAS

Sorry for the wait. I could've met
up with you.

They walk for Rhonda's Acura parked on the service road.

RHONDA

And leave our breakfast date to
chance, oh no.

THOMAS

What, you think I'm going to sneak
out on you?

RHONDA

I know my son... The escape
artist, chomping at the bit to get
on the next plane out.

Thomas gives her a light, playful hug.

THOMAS

But I always come back, right?
Sooner or later.

RHONDA

Usually later.

THOMAS

Never been Strong Island proud --
not that you could blame me.

RHONDA

(changes subject)
Anyway! What exactly were you
doing, something about tetanus?

THOMAS

Some cases popped up, may be
bacterial spore activity in the
soil.

His cell rings. LAURA.

RHONDA

Spores. Lovely.

THOMAS

Got the CDC to send me up to see
you, didn't it.

Thomas ignores the call, silences and pockets the phone.

RHONDA

Who was that?

THOMAS

Laura.

RHONDA

Call her back. It might be about the wedding.

THOMAS

Breakfast first.

He flashes a grin, gets into the passenger seat --

12

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE/NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL -- DAY.

12

Cleaned up, dressed for work, yet hungover, JANINE nurses a take-out cup of coffee, sits across from DR. WILLIAM FREZZOLA (50). Make-up does a poor job of covering a small bruise over her eye. A badge clipped to her blouse announces her as a NEUROLOGIST. She nervously fingers an ANATOMICALLY CORRECT HEART PENDANT hanging from her neck. Frezzola eyes her with a mixture of professional interest and... opportunity.

FREZZOLA

... the drinking, pills, your inability to retain relationships beyond the first stages of gratification --

JANINE

(distracted)

I know. Being a slut.

FREZZOLA

That's judgmental language. Unfortunately, though, your acting out is typical of someone with a background like yours -- being a foster kid...

JANINE

The mommy-daddy-never-loved-me blues.

FREZZOLA

This man you're with, are the feelings real?

JANINE

(laughs)

For Zach? He's a good lay, owns
the club, drinks are free.

FREZZOLA

Bottom line -- your Courtney-Love-
as-high-functioning-neurologist
routine will only work until it
doesn't.

(re: bruise)

Your head... what happened there?

She absently touches the bruise.

JANINE

Fender bender. I'm --

BLAM -- she's cut off by a huge commotion in the hallway.
It sounds like wild panic -- running feet, SMASHES --

FREZZOLA

What the --

Janine's radar is up, she's out of her chair, opens the
door, peers out --

13 A frantic SECURITY GUARD runs down the hallway, barks 13
into his walkie --

SECURITY GUARD (ON WALKIE)

Unit three! We've got a situation
in triage!

Behind him: nurses, orderlies, hustle down the hall --

14 INT. SANCTUARY/ST. MATTHEWS CHURCH -- DAY. 14

A short line of parishioners wait by the confessional
booths.

15 INT. PRIEST'S CONFESSIONAL -- CONTINUOUS. 15

FATHER BRIAN HARRIES (30s) patiently listen to a RASPY
VOICED MAN'S confession

RASPY MAN

... I've stolen from family. Sold
my body. Beaten a lame man half to
death for five dollars -- all so I
could shoot poison into my veins.

Father Harries is suddenly uneasy. He looks to the dark mesh partition, can't make out the man's face on the other side.

RASPY MAN

And like Esau coming to Jacob, I begged the person I loved the most for his forgiveness. And like Esau, I was cast out...

Father Harries's mouth falls open -- recognizing. He grabs at the divider in the booth, opens it --

Across from him -- a grey, slightly decayed, DEAD TWIN VERSION of *himself*. This is GRAHAM HARRIES (30s), the Priest's identical twin. They hold on each other for a beat. It's like looking in a *distorted* mirror. Then, Graham exits the booth.

16 INT. SANCTUARY/ST. MATTHEW'S -- CONTINUOUS. 16

Harries exits the confessional booth, sees his twin brother making his way to a pew at the front of the church. Off the priest -- who's flat-out terrified --

17 EXT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 17

Well-kept, upper middle class. Rhonda and Thomas exit Rhonda's car, move for the house.

RHONDA

Fly Laura up for the weekend. I'll get tickets to a show --

THOMAS

Maybe next month.

RHONDA

Which becomes the month after, which becomes six, which becomes --

THOMAS

Ma --

RHONDA

Sue me for being lonely.

18 INT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 18

Thomas and Rhonda enter --

THOMAS

What's going on with that single's
cruise?

RHONDA

I bought the ticket...

THOMAS

Good for you! It's time you jump
back into --

RHONDA

Did I leave the TV on?

Thomas hears it -- television static. Then notices: muddy
boot prints in the vestibule. Bugs on the rug.
Something's not right.

THOMAS

Mom --

-- but she's already moving for the living room. As
Thomas moves after her -- In the living room, a MAN is
siting on their couch.

MAN

Look who's home --

ERNIE WUNCH (late 40s), a filthy bruiser of a man, skin
gray, mottled, veiny, signs of decay, eyes DEAD.

Rhonda screams, falls against a wall. The color drains
from Thomas' face.

ERNIE

That's what I get?! C'mon!

He grins, wicked, teeth rotted. A black shiny BUG
scuttles from his ear. Hits the rug. Off Thomas' and
Rhonda's shock and fear --

19

INT. ER WAITING ROOM/HOSPITAL -- DAY.

19

Wide-eyed, Janine enters. A CROWD of freaked nurses and
patients back away from the front entrance. The security
guard blocks Janine's view, takes a fearful step away,
reveals --

A LEGLESS AMPUTEE -- in ragged filthy clothes -- uses
decayed arms and rotted hands to painfully walk himself
across floor. Janine moves to help the legless man,
shouts at the confused, freaked orderlies.

JANINE

Someone get a wheelchair!

No one moves.

JANINE

Don't just --

She comes to a hard stop as she sees that -- *half the man's face is nothing more than rotted flesh clinging tenuously to cracked bone.* And then, she sees through the ER's doors --

-- A large crowd of filthy, DECAYED PEOPLE, stretch back into the parking lot. They stream en masse into the hospital, push past each other, some stiff, others more limber, all as though they're lost, desperate for answers, crying, pleading -- "*What's happened to me?*" "*Help us!*"

Off Janine -- wide-eyed, aghast -- *What is this!?*

20 INT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY.

20

Rhonda is frozen against the wall, hands clamped over her mouth. Petrified, Thomas backs away as Ernie makes a slow approach.

THOMAS

Who... are you... ?

Ernie moves closer, menaces -- leans into Thomas.

ERNIE

What about now? Am I familiar yet?

Thomas jumps -- grabs Rhonda -- who runs -- they both scramble down the hallway --

ERNIE

C'mon!! Aren't we gonna talk about what the hell happened to me?!!!

21 INT. BEDROOM/THE WUNCH HOUSE -- DAY.

21

Thomas pulls his mother in, slams the door shut, locks it, pushes a heavy chair in front of it. His mind races. Rhonda collapses to the floor, hyperventilates -- Bam! Ernie bangs and kicks at the door. Rhonda screams!

ERNIE (O.C.)
*I dug myself out of some hole on
 Scanlon, Rhonda!*

RHONDA	THOMAS	*
<i>Thomas, my God, how --</i>	<i>It's not him! It's impossible. It -</i>	*

ERNIE
Who put me there?!

Rhonda screams as -- a slat in the door buckles!

22 INT. HALLWAY/THE WUNCH HOME -- CONTINUOUS. 22

Ernie slams his shoulder against the door, over and over.

ERNIE
*I didn't come home all this way
 to be ignored by my Goddamn wife --
 and kid!!*

Wood splinters. The door gives. He pushes the chair away,
 and rages into --

23 -- The BEDROOM. Rhonda and Thomas are gone. 23

24 EXT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 24

Thomas grips his mother's hand. They hit the drive way
 and -- come to a hard, shocked stop.

DOWN THE STREET: a dozen filthy, decayed people -- the
 LIVING DEAD? -- wander the street, some looking lost,
 some crossing lawns for houses.

A DECAYING MAN -- jaw missing -- waves his hands in a
 silent plea as a hysterical HOUSE WIFE crumbles on the
 lawn. A BLUE/GREY DEATH BLOATED MAN -- in a burial suit
 cut up the back and that keeps slipping off -- tries to
 avoid a cluster of crows that peck at his ankles.

At another HOUSE: an EMACIATED, DECAYED WOMAN, stark
 naked and completely bald (from chemo?), bangs on the
 front door --

BALD WOMAN
 Let me in, Patrick!

RHONDA
 (recognizes her)
Lisa?

The front door is thrown open. A man in a track suit aims a shot gun at the bald woman (LISA) and -- bam! In the chest! Lisa's body jolts back! Stumbles off the lawn! Collapses in the street.

Off Rhonda's scream --

PULL BACK TO:

A high angle of -- chaos on the Wunch street -- a car RUNS OVER a dead man. Thomas guides his mom into the car. As the CAMERA ascends, we see beyond --

25

EXT. BABYLON'S MAIN STREET -- DAY

25

-- A BIRD'S EYE VIEW of BABYLON'S MAIN STREET -- of the chaos in the street -- the wanderers, the bodies, the runners -- More chaos. A car crash. Screams. Living people shocked, some running, some staring dumbfounded --

-- as more than a hundred LIVING DEAD stream like ants down side streets into the center of town --

END TEASER

ACT ONE

26 INT. BATHROOM/THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY.

26

9:10 AM. Spigots turned on. Steaming water streams from a shower head. A nude Ernie steps into the shower. He moans in gratitude as caked dirt and dead skin and bugs wash from his veiny grey body.

Hand over his wet hair -- his fingers freeze at the back of his head. He flashes confusion. Worry. Something wrong. We move off his shocked face, follow the dirt and dead flesh streaming off his body into the tub.

ERNIE (O.C.)

Ah, Jesus...

As the mess swirls down the drain --

27 I/E. RHONDA'S CAR -- DAY.

27

Thomas drives hard, talks on his cell via headset. Rhonda bites her fist, teary, hysterical.

THOMAS (ON CELL)

-- I'm calling in a possible 42 code! Yes, quarantine! There's these people... twenty, thirty, maybe... they... they may be infected with something. Diseased. Their skin, it's rotted, decayed like... they were dead. Yes, *dead!* Contact the -- *listen to me, dammit!* -- people are losing it! Contact the police!

He disconnects -- tense.

RHONDA

Thomas, how... *how could he -- ?!*

THOMAS

I don't know!!!

RHONDA

-- be back!!!

*
*

Thomas takes a breath, gets a grip.

THOMAS

I'm getting you out of town.

He turns onto the MAIN STREET into -- CHAOS. Traffic jammed. Dead people emerge from alleys and side streets, peer into cars, bang on windows, beg for answers, help.

RHONDA
How can this be real?!

Thomas throws the car into reverse, fishtails back --

28 INT. ER WAITING AREA/NORTH SHORE HOSPITAL -- DAY. 28

The living are gone. Scores of dead enter the waiting room. Some confused and scared. Some angry and aggressive, banging and pushing at a closed double door, demanding --

LIVING DEAD WOMAN
 Let us in!!!

LIVING DEAD MAN
 We're people, dammit!

*

29 INT. OTHER SIDE OF DOORS/ ER TRIAGE -- CONTINUOUS. 29

Frightened patients huddle. Two SECURITY GUARDS brace the doors shut as another fumbles with a lock. Janine takes charge, breathlessly directs a group of shaken, confused orderlies.

JANINE
 Until we know what this is -- get everyone to the cafeteria!

ORDERLY
 We can't leave the ER.

JANINE
 Do it! Please.

The orderly grudgingly concedes.

ORDERLY
 (to patients)
 OK, all of you, this way!

He leads the patients deeper into the hospital.

Janine looks as -- a CHAIR is thrown through a glass divider. A horde of living dead push into the ER, crying, scared, hold out pleading, decayed arms and hands, asking -- *"Why do I look like this?" "What do we do?"* --

Janine and the guards dash back not before she looks, sees -- A KINDLY LIVING DEAD MAN standing in the middle of the melee, lost and scared. Janine flashes stunned recognition. She knows him -- and knows that he died. --

JANINE
 (to herself)
 Mr. Scharbo...?

30 INT. CHURCH RECTORY -- DAY.

30

Close: shocky, Father Harries pours himself a scotch. His dead twin, Graham, leans back at the kitchen table, amused. Harries keeps his distance -- bugged out.

GRAHAM
 You should just relax, really.

FATHER HARRIES
 You're not my brother! You can't be. My brother's *dead* --

GRAHAM
 The morning of our confirmation, mom was making eggs. You and I had an argument, you said I stole your crucifix -- and pushed me into the stove.

He raises his left palm, reveals: three concentric-circle BURN SCARS -- like stigmata.

GRAHAM
 I'm back, Brian. Accept it.

Father Harries realizes -- this *is* his brother. He grabs the bottle. His mind races.

GRAHAM
 So Mom and Dad. Still kicking it in Wisconsin? We should call them, tell them the great news. Tell 'em I'm clean, too. It's like I've been taken apart, scrubbed, and put back together.

FATHER HARRIES
 What... do you want?

GRAHAM
 Christian love and compassion, of course. Maybe now, after all of what's happened.

FATHER HARRIES
 (tight)
 I didn't put that needle in your arm --

GRAHAM

No, you didn't...

FATHER HARRIES

Turning our family inside out
until there was nothing left.

GRAHAM

Family? The one that showered
their golden child with love,
saving his holy ass, while giving
me the rope to hang myself with.

FATHER HARRIES

You didn't have to take it.

GRAHAM

But you knew I would. Pathetic
junkie like me, how could I not?
Twenty thousand bucks into my arm
and the knowledge that my brother
would walk free --

Father Harries clasps his eyes shut, prays --

FATHER HARRIES

Holy Father, I've been a good
priest, a good man...

GRAHAM

Matter of opinion.

FATHER HARRIES

I've been devout -- committed to
service!

GRAHAM

I'm sorry, Brian, but from where
I've been, I can tell you,
everything you believe about God
and faith and mortality and
souls... it's all about to be
completely rewritten.

FATHER HARRIES

(scared)
What do you mean?

GRAHAM

You should remain... flexible.

Graham grins. Off Father Harries uneasy reaction -- a
COMMOTION from the sanctuary -- people shouting --

GRAHAM
Your sheep are calling.

31 EXT. KING'S INN HOTEL -- DAY. 31

A MOTEL on the main blvd. Several other people dash into rooms, lug bags, look over their shoulders, fearful. Rhonda's car pulls into the parking lot. They get out. Thomas leads Rhonda, shell-shocked and faint, past a row of doors to a room.

32 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- LATER. 32

Shades drawn. Rhonda on the edge of the bed, hands clasped, eyes clenched. Thomas paces, on his cell --

THOMAS (ON CELL)
How soon? Christ. Ok. Yes -- Matt Conte, chief of police, I know him. OK -- Be in touch.

He disconnects --

THOMAS
(to Rhonda)
The CDC knows -- they're coordinating with Matt --

Rhonda tightens, looks away. Thomas can't believe he's caught in this town, in this mess.

THOMAS
They want me at the precinct, be the eyes and ears.

RHONDA
Tommy, no --

THOMAS
You'll be safe here.

RHONDA
But your father --

THOMAS
Mom, please! It's not him, that's ridiculous --

**
*

RHONDA
That was your father, Thomas! His eyes... his smell... *it was him!*

Thomas holds on her -- knows she's right, but refuses to believe it.

RHONDA
We... we should go back.

THOMAS
What?

RHONDA	THOMAS	**
We should act like nothing	-- Mom!--	**
is wrong, like we're glad		**
he's back--		**

RHONDA	THOMAS	**
--We have to act natural.	-- Stop it!	**
Act like we want to find		**
out what happened to him --		**

Wild eyed and heaving breaths, Rhonda catches herself.

RHONDA
If he knows, Thomas. Oh, God...

Thomas grabs her hands, holds her gaze, steady.

THOMAS
He took off, Mom. Remember that.
He left you. For Daytona.

RHONDA
Yes, but --

THOMAS
No, he *left* you! Don't forget
that.

Off Rhonda, she sniffles back a sob, nods --

33 EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY. 33

10.45 AM. Chaos. Living people stream to the station for protection and answers. Nervous cops on the perimeter, some focused on the job, most as lost as everyone else. Some DEAD wander in the near distance, down the street...

34 INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY. 34

Red-eyed, freaked out cops and detectives work phones. One burly cop is elbows to knees, head in hands. Thomas enters, looks, finds who he's looking for -- MATT CONTE (late 40's) -- a hardened cop, edgy and holding back panic -- barks orders into a phone --

MATT

I don't want to hear that right now. You need to get your guys on the street. Now!

THOMAS

Matt!

Matt sees Thomas. He was expecting him, isn't happy about it.

35 JUMP: MATT CONTE'S OFFICE.

35

Matt slumps down in his chair, frazzled --

MATT

What in God's name are we dealing with here, Tommy?

THOMAS

No one knows for sure. Not yet.

MATT

Your bosses said they're mobilizing a quarantine --

THOMAS

Right -- it may be bacterial.

MATT

Jesus...
(beat)
Rhonda... she alright?

THOMAS

(irked)
I've got her safe at a motel.

MATT

Maybe she should come here. We --

THOMAS

(sharp)
My mother's none of your business.

MATT

I'm concerned is all, she --

THOMAS

Just get your crew in line, ok?! I'll need men.

*
*
*

MATT

Whoa! You're giving *me* orders? --

THOMAS

Yeah, the little snot-noser who
used to prank your squad car is
giving you orders.

MATT

Still a smart ass --

THOMAS

You think I want to be here
talking to you?! I don't.
But I have my orders and
I'm giving you yours.
Either work with me or be
replaced. I've got the
authority.

**
**
**
**
**
**
**

Matt holds -- Little Tommy Wunch is threatening *him*?
Thomas holds his gaze. Dead serious. Matt relents.

MATT

Alright. What do we do?

Beat.

THOMAS

We look at the cemetery.

36 INT. HOSPITAL/ER AREA -- DAY.

36

The hallway is packed with living dead people. Some are
scared, comfort each other; but some -- eerily eye --
Janine who watches through a the hallway door glass. She
sees Mr. Scharbo, who leans against the wall, painfully
removes a rotted shoe from a rotted foot. He catches her
eye, makes his way to the window in the door -- gets
close to Janine's face through the glass --

SCHARBO

I died, Janine. You were there,
room 344, with my wife.

Janine is speechless.

SCHARBO

(through the glass)
...It's like a dream, isn't it?

37 INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY.

37

Rhonda sits in the dark, on the edge of the bed, rosary
clutched, eyes closed tight, prays, still manic. She
mouths the words to the Hail Mary over and over and...
her eyes open as if hit by a realization. She sits with
the feeling, scared... but with resolve.

The crowd looks -- Graham leans back in the rear pew. They panic, back away, TERRIFIED. Eyes go from the priest to Graham. Father Harries jolts --

GRAHAM

What if God's tearing up the lease?

39 INT. BEDROOM/THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 39

Ernie, cleaned up the best a decaying dead man can be, rummages through a closet. He takes down a cardboard box, looks through it, finds an old family photo: him, Rhonda and Thomas in better times. He drops it. Finds another photo: Ernie and Matt Conte outside of the precinct.

40 A FLASH OF MEMORY: Five years earlier. A CROWDED PUB. 40
Ernie does shots, hits on a TART. Feels eyes on him. Sees: MATT CONTE, watching, grim.

41 FLASH CUT BACK TO: Ernie in the BEDROOM. He holds on the 41
photo, tosses it aside. Back in the box, he finds -- a POLICE SHIELD. He smiles, satisfied, clips it to his waist. A door slams in another room. Ernie turns with a start.

RHONDA (O.C.)

Ernie.

42 INT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 42

Ernie enters the foyer. He finds Rhonda standing in the middle of the foyer. Tense. Beat.

ERNIE

Didn't think I'd be seeing you again.

Not quite stable, Rhonda clenches, then -- lies.

RHONDA

Whatever happened to you... it's good that you're back. I've waited for you.

Off Ernie -- *really?*

43 INT. TOOL SHED -- DAY.

43

Dark. Barely audible labored breaths. The door opens. A shaft of harsh light hits -- the JOGGER, bound with rope, mouth covered by duct tape, bruised and bleeding in a corner. A MAN enters. Shuts the door. The jogger's eyes flash open, terrified. On her arm: a large MOUTH-SIZED BITE WOUND. The tape muffles her attempt at a scream. The man kneels down beside her, touches her face with a SCABBED HAND. Graham.

GRAHAM

Shh! This won't take long.

He leans in to her crotch area, lower, BITES HER THIGH! The woman tries to scream. Eyes roll up. Blood gushes --

44 EXT. TOOL SHED -- DAY.

44

Silence from within. We PULL BACK, reveal -- the tool shed sits on Church grounds.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

45 A FLATSCREEN TV: A NEWS REPORT. The streets of Babylon. 45
The chaos. The fear.

NEWS REPORTER (O.C.)
Is this real, a case of mass
hysteria, or some gigantic hoax --

46 INT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 46

11:50 PM. Edgy, Ernie sips a beer, flicks off the TV.
Listens to sounds coming from the kitchen.

47 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY 47

Rhonda chops carrots, shaky, makes a poor attempt at
normality.

48 EXT. WUNCH BACKYARD -- DAY 48

Ernie exits the house, walks over to the edge of the
property that looks out to the LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Connecticut is seen in the distance.

From the KITCHEN: a repetitive chopping. Ernie looks over
his shoulder, annoyed and... confused.

49 KITCHEN: RHONDA drops her carrots into some boiling 49
water, then grabs something from the oven. Pigs in the
blankets.

50 BACKYARD: She walks outside with a tray of the piggies 50
and some mustard. And another beer. She walks over to
Ernie. Puts the tray down on a little table. Ernie keeps
his gaze on the horizon. Gestures out at the water.

ERNIE
What do you think, this the end of
all this? World as we know it?
That why you came back, make up
for lost time?

He turns to her and we see the suspicion.

RHONDA
I told you, I --

ERNIE
Yeah, yeah, want to know what
happened to me.

(MORE)

ERNIE (CONT'D)

You didn't know I died. I got that. What I don't get is... pigs in a blanket?

RHONDA

You're here, Ernie. How, why...? The sooner we accept it, the sooner we can get back to normal... make things right.

ERNIE

Were things so wrong?

RHONDA

We both know how things were, Ernie.

ERNIE

And yet, here you are.

RHONDA

You're my husband. This is my house.

Ernie lets that sit, a little chastened...

ERNIE

Saint Rhonda. Always with the second chances. Tommy on the other hand -- not so warm-hearted.

RHONDA

He's... with what's happening --

ERNIE

Yeah, big doctor man. You know what I think, Rhonda? That boy knows something --

RHONDA

Thomas was just as shocked as me.

ERNIE

Shocked. Right, because you both *thought...* ?

RHONDA

You ran off to Daytona with one of those... stripper girlfriends.

ERNIE

Daytona? Who the hell goes to Daytona?

RHONDA
That's what Matt said.

ERNIE
Oh, crap on that!

RHONDA
What *is* the last thing you
remember?

*
*
*

ERNIE
-- The pub. Matt was there --

ERNIE
-- And... someone else. It's all a
muddle.

RHONDA
Maybe you blacked out.

ERNIE
You gonna 12 step me now?

RHONDA
You'd done it before. Get drunk,
have a blackout... I wouldn't see
you for days... a week.

Ernie goes dark at the memory of past actions. Rhonda
gets closer to him --

RHONDA
Maybe that's what happened and
then... you got into an accident.

ERNIE
Accident?

RHONDA
It makes sene.

She HUGS him --

RHONDA
Missed you.

Ernie is surprised, confused. Over his shoulder we see
Rhonda's face: horror, disgust, counter to her words.

ERNIE
(soft)
An accident didn't bury me,
Rhonda.

He suddenly grabs one of her hands. Hard. Rhonda
stiffens, tries to pull away. He's too strong.

RHONDA

Ernie, please --

ERNIE

This --

He forces her fingers deep into -- a large, long canyon at the back of his scalp!

ERNIE

-- was no accident!

Rhonda screams, pulls away with all her strength. He lets her go. Ernie holds on her, still suspicious.

ERNIE

I'm gonna find who did me, Rhonda.
 (beat/re: the
 kitchen)
 Water's boiling.

He exits. Off Rhonda -- she exhales fear.

51

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY.

51

Thomas, Matt and two other cops exit an POLICE SUV, all in SURGICAL MASKS and GLOVES, anxious. A terrified GROUNDSKEEPER meets them.

GROUNDSKEEPER

I said I'd wait, but hell if I'm I
 going back in. Place is all yours.

He hands Matt a CHAIN OF KEYS, makes a b-line for a battered Buick. Thomas ignores the man, looks out at --

-- the Babylon graveyard. Empty. From his POV, it's a creepy, disheveled mess: mounds of raw soil, tipped-over stones, etc.

MATT

So what are we looking for.

THOMAS

If it freaks us out -- that's probably it.

They enter, tread slow, see: 2 out of 3 graves are disinterred: holes half-filled with loose soil, trails of dirt, ripped up grass. Headstone dates ranging from the '60s to the early '00s.

Then Thomas sees in the distance -- A WOMAN -- back to him -- dressed in a DARK WINTER COAT over a white lab coat we hardly see. He starts to approach her, slowly, warily, circles around to see her face -- *is she dead?*

We see, he sees: she's beautiful, and clearly ALIVE. He's surprised -- he knows her. JANINE. Her eyes flash up, and meet his. There's history here. Both struggle not to show too much.

THOMAS

Janine?

JANINE

Thomas, what are you doing here?

THOMAS

I was sent in. You alright?

JANINE

...Technically. The hospital is a nightmare.

He sees: the headstone of the disinterred grave she stands over: DONTAE WILSON 1994-2007.

THOMAS

Your foster brother.

JANINE

I saw him on the road last night.
Thought I was seeing things.
Thomas... what's happening?

THOMAS

Doesn't have a name yet.

Thomas flicks on a small mag light, kneels beside the grave, sees: SIX FEET DOWN in the DARK HOLE, an open disheveled coffin and loose dirt. And something else: whitish FUNGAL ROOTS poke through the soil, and through the BOTTOM of the coffin.

Janine watches him. Again, we see the flicker of a history...

JANINE

The CDC sent you for *this*?

THOMAS

No. There'd been a few cases of tetanus, may have something to do with the soil.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Seemed simple, come in, collect samples, see my mom, get the hell out. Then...

JANINE

...The sky falls. Your timing always did suck.

THOMAS

What I'm famous for.

Janine looks away, eyes going across the cemetery, shivers --

JANINE

Liked this place better when we'd get high here.

Her gaze lands on something --

JANINE

The Mausoleums.

Thomas follows her gaze to -- a row of seemingly untouched MAUSOLEUMS.

JANINE

They seem untouched.

52 JUMP: Thomas and Janine approach the MAUSOLEUMS. Matt and 52 the other cops come over. Matt isn't happy to see another civilian, especially Janine -- she was always trouble.

MATT

You shouldn't be here.

THOMAS

She's a neurologist --

MATT

-- I know, Janine.

**
**

THOMAS

Then you know we can use her help.

This is news to Janine, but not unwelcome. Matt eyes her warily as Thomas leans in to listen at a MAUSOLEUM door. *Anyone in there?*

THOMAS

We should look inside.

Matt goes through the groundskeeper's keys, finds one that matches, unlocks and pushes open the door. Thomas turns on a pocketlight, looks: inside, nothing. He stoops in. Janine hesitates, but can't overcome her curiosity, and follows after him. Thomas shoots her a warning look --

Thomas nods.

53 They both stoop low. It's cramped: a weird, stray intimate moment. Thomas' mag light beam hits a STONE CASKET atop a slab. Janine's blouse is open -- and Thomas spots the anatomically-correct HEART PENDANT. An old memory. Janine feels his eyes on it. 53

JANINE

Don't get homesick on me now.

Thomas holds on her a beat -- then GRABS the edges and shoves the top half of the casket cover over, reveals --

INSIDE: rotting, cobwebby, half-rotten, inanimate SKELETAL REMAINS.

Janine instantly dry-retchers, covers her face with her gloved hand. Thomas doesn't flinch. He holds on the rotted face, thinks, then --

54 QUICK CUTS: Other mausoleums and crypts opened. Rotted, INANIMATE BODIES revealed. One horrific face and state of decay after another. *Dead*. 54

Off Thomas and Janine -- baffled.

55 I/E. RHONDA'S CAR -- DAY. 55

Thomas drives, Janine beside him. Thomas makes a turn.

JANINE

... but why would only the one's buried below ground come back.

THOMAS

Maybe it has something to do with why I was sent. The soil. It -- *dammit!*

He suddenly slams on the breaks!

56 EXT. ROAD NEAR CEMETERY -- DAY. 56

LARGE ANONYMOUS BLACK VANS have blocked the road leading out of town. Babylon's frightened denizens stand outside stopped cars, terrified, ranting, furious. WHITE HAZMAT-SUITED GUARDS with M-16s form eerily ominous lines across the yards and fields on either side.

Thomas and Janine get out the car, Matt comes striding up behind them from his vehicle.

MATT

Finally.

He wades towards the blockade.

JANINE

(to Thomas)

Quarantine?

THOMAS

(nods)

Wait here.

He follows after Matt. We hold on Janine as she watches, then -- her cell rings. PEARL. She answers, relieved.

JANINE (ON CELL)

Pearl. Thank God. Are you -- *he is?*

ON THOMAS AND MATT: They push themselves through the crowd. A HAZMAT stands on top of a VAN, shouts over a bullhorn.

HAZMAT WITH BULLHORN

Return to your homes. Now.

Matt holds up his badge --

MATT

Matt Conte, chief of police! Who's in command here?

HAZMAT WITH BULLHORN

Return to your homes!

THOMAS

I'm a federal agent!

The HAZMAT in charge steps forward --

HAZMAT CHIEF

Thomas Wunch?

ON JANINE: She turns away from the crowd, cups an ear, has trouble hearing Pearl on the phone.

JANINE (ON CELL)

Pearl... listen to me! Please.
Pearl -- Ok. Ok.

She hangs up, flustered and anxious. Thomas walks back to her. He's tense, worried.

THOMAS

They're locking us down. No one goes in or out until the -- You ok?

JANINE

My foster mom. I need to see her.

57 I/E. RHONDA'S CAR -- DAY.

57

Thomas drives, Janine beside him, deep in thought.

THOMAS

Atlanta will be flying in specialists. Until then Matt's been authorized to get the... the dead... off the streets. You know these people, so I'll need your help finding subjects willing to be tested, blood work, brain scans.

Janine nods, eyes out the window. Beat --

JANINE

It's incredible... It's that line from Faulkner -- "*The past is never dead. It's not even past.*"

THOMAS

(reading into it)
This isn't about you and me, Janine.

Thomas doesn't want to go there, not now --

JANINE

The night before you left I watched you fall asleep, and there was this bug in my head telling me that I'd already lost you. That all of our plans... San Francisco... it was just vapor.

THOMAS

That's not true.

JANINE

It is. I saw the change. Felt it. And then... you were gone. No phone call. Acting like what we had never happened.

Beat --

THOMAS

(low)
I was scared, Janine.

JANINE

Of me?

THOMAS

Of what I'd become if I stayed.
(beat)
You should have come with me.

JANINE

No. Good and bad, this town is who I am -- balls to bone. And I'm not ashamed. All the people that treated me -- that treated us -- like so much trash and trouble... I'm better than them, and they know it now. But you... I feel bad for you, Thomas. Back here... face to face with everything you thought was over and done. It's killing you inside.

She's right. As he lets that sit -- Janine gestures out the window --

JANINE

Here.

Thomas pulls up in front of a poorer, cozier HOUSE than what we've seen.

THOMAS

I'll go in with you.

Janine holds, unsure then -- Thomas' cell pings. TEXT: MOM. "I'm home. Please come." Janine sees both the text and Thomas' anxiety as it ramps.

JANINE

Take care of your mom. Meet me in the lab when you can. I'll take Pearl's car back.

She exits.

Janine enters, slowly, but she knows the place.

JANINE

Pearl?

She turns the corner, jumps and freezes as she sees -- THE DEAD BLACK BOY she saw on the road. DONTAE (10). He sits at the center of the kitchen table, bluish/decayed, legs crossed, stares out, blank, creepy. A hanging moment -- then PEARL MONTTOYA (60) bustles in from the back rooms, right between the other two -- she's tired and shocky like everyone, but naturally buoyant. She sees Janine -- goes in for a fast hug --

PEARL

Janine, honey!

JANINE

Pearl, are you ok?

PEARL

Oh yes, specially now that Dontae is back. You remember him?

Pearl places a plate of noodles in front of the dead boy as if it's the most natural thing in the world.

JANINE

Pearl, maybe you shouldn't be here. Come with me to my place --

PEARL

This boy, the pain he went through, the leukemia... to see him back...

She wipes spittle from the boys lips.

JANINE

You shouldn't touch him.

PEARL

Janine, it's Dontae.

She sits beside Dontae, feeds him a spoonful of noodles. The boy chews, slow, dead eyes fixed on nothing.

JANINE

Pearl, please --

She grabs Pearl. Dontae suddenly snaps his head to Janine, eyes defiant, drool hanging from dead teeth. Janine let's go. Scared. Pearl puts a calming hand to Dontae's back.

PEARL

It's alright, sweetie. It's just
Janine. You were kids together.

Dontae holds on Janine for a tense beat, then -- turns
away, his gaze going back to the nothing. Pearl notices
Janine's fear and discomfort --

PEARL

Life has dealt us different cards,
Janine... Can't quit now.

Off Janine -- unnerved, trying to process.

59 EXT. WUNCH'S STREET -- DAY. 59

Thomas pulls Rhonda's car to a screeching stop in the
driveway. He's out of the car, fast, moves for the house.
He glances at LISA's corpse still dead in the street. He
tears his eyes away -- to the front door --

60 INT. THE WUNCH HOME -- DAY. 60

Thomas pushes the front door open slowly...

THOMAS

Mom?!

The TV is on. Thomas holds by the door -- anxious --
sees: Ernie drains a beer, sprawled on the couch.

ERNIE

Knew you'd come running.

He tosses Rhonda's cell phone at Thomas' feet. Thomas
realizes -- Ernie sent the text.

THOMAS

(tight)
Where is she?

ERNIE

Said something about the church,
got all weepy.

THOMAS

What... *did you do?*

ERNIE

Nothing! Just had a chat. Know
what she said, she said you guys
thought I had an accident! --

Thomas turns to leave -- mind on Rhonda. Ernie is up off the couch --

ERNIE

Don't give me your back! How did I die, dammit?!

THOMAS

No one even knew you were dead.

ERNIE

I didn't kill and bury myself!

THOMAS

... Then who did?

ERNIE

How should I know?! What the hell did you think happened to me?!

THOMAS

You... left. Five years ago.

ERNIE

Right -- Daytona. You always thought I was stupid. Mommy's brainy little soldier, hating my guts, playing the protector, setting your mother against me --

THOMAS

You did that yourself!
Slapping me around, coming home drunk, forcing yourself on her like one of your hookers --

ERNIE

If I was so bad -- why did your mother come back?!

*
**
**
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THOMAS

She's not thinking straight.

ERNIE

Maybe it's you that's not. Maybe you're not seeing the big picture.

Thomas holds -- has no response.

ERNIE

You know what I find just a little bit weird -- you, no curiosity about who murdered your old man.

THOMAS

Honestly, I don't know or care
what happened to you. You're a
footnote.

Ernie cackles -- *footnote?! -- he moves in close.*

ERNIE

You want to hit me? Let that rage
out of the cage? I know it's
there, ready to boil over. Yeah, I
know you.

THOMAS

You *never* knew me.

ERNIE

Son, looking at you is like
looking in the mirror.

Full on Thomas -- this is absurd, a toxic father/son
dynamic played out with a dead man. He turns and leaves
out the door, toward his car. Ernie shoves open the door,
yells from the front stoop as the car pulls out --

ERNIE

This ain't over!

Ernie watches and -- his eye goes across the street --

ERNIE'S POV: A DEAD MAN stands stock still on a lawn in
front of a medium-sized TREE that, unlike the winter
barren trees around it, is IN FULL LEAFY BLOOM -- just
like the tree Thomas saw in the field. The dead man looks
up at it, mouth slack and open.

61 Intrigued, Ernie steps down onto his lawn, then -- stops 61
cold. His jaw goes slack. Eyes go blank. Frozen, he emits
the same odd, low drone from the back of his throat.

We PULL BACK: see Ernie, the man and THREE MORE DEAD
PEOPLE, down the block, all eerily still, all blank, all
emitting the drone... All in collective unison.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

62 EXT. BABYLON STREET -- LATE DAY. 62

2:06 PM. Rhonda -- alone and moving -- makes her way down the street. Shops closed, the streets are strewn with post chaos trash, abandoned cars. SEVERAL LIVING-DEAD PEOPLE wander.

63 Rhonda walks fast. Cringes, whimpers, keeps going -- then stops. A block away: ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH -- 63

64 INT. ST. MATTHEWS CHURCH -- CONTINUOUS. 64

Rhonda steps gingerly in. The interior is a mess. Father Harries stands back, watches a HUDDLED WOMAN cry and pray at the altar's edge... Rhonda approaches, then -- holds, scared, sees -- the woman is dead.

Harries sees Rhonda -- flashes empathy.

FATHER HARRIES
She's lost, Rhonda.

THOMAS (O.C.)
Mom.

Rhonda turns as Thomas strides down the aisle toward her.

65 EXT. CHURCHYARD/CLOISTERS -- DAY 65

Moments later. Thomas and Rhonda stand under an archway. They talk, hushed.

THOMAS
I told you to stay at the motel.

RHONDA
I had to see.

THOMAS
You're not being rational --

RHONDA
He doesn't know, Tommy! He thinks I'm happy he's back.

THOMAS RHONDA
Mom, please -- -- And he is my husband. *
*

This stops Thomas -- has she gone certifiably?

RHONDA

What if this... what if it all means something? What if it's what God wants?

THOMAS

God has nothing to do with this.

RHONDA

You're a scientist, but you don't have an explanation, do you?

THOMAS

Not yet.

RHONDA

Then who are you to say that God has nothing to do with it? What if he's giving us a second chance?

Thomas' mind won't allow him to go there. His gaze flits over to a window. Inside, he sees Harries giving the dead woman communion.

THOMAS

I want you to come with me. They might be contagious.

RHONDA

With what? They were dead, Thomas. Father Harries is fine. I'm fine. You... the town needs your help... Go do what you have to do.

THOMAS

Mom --

RHONDA

I need to be here.

Beat -- Thomas is torn, then --

THOMAS

What we spoke about at the motel --

RHONDA

No one will know, Tommy.

Rhonda touches his face, gentle, motherly.

RHONDA

I promise.

She walks back into the church.

In the distance, Thomas hears sirens wail. He walks over to the edge of the church property, sees -- A COP CAR leading a heavily armed convoy of tactical POLICE VEHICLES. The round up begins.

66 INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY.

66

3:49 PM. Thomas -- frazzled, red-eyed, wanting out -- walks the hall with Janine. Despite their earlier conversation, she keeps it all business.

JANINE

Do you remember Mr. Scharbo?

THOMAS

Um... 10th grade chem.

JANINE

He died three weeks ago. Brain cancer. I treated him. He's also agreed to tests.

67 They enter an EMPTY EXAMINATION ROOM: Scharbo sits shirtless, flaky and grey, on the table. They approach, freaked, but wanting to be helpful. Scharbo sees them, smiles a corpse's smile. No teeth.

67

JANINE

Mr. Scharbo, you remember Thomas Wunch?

SCHARBO

Sure. My two best students, right here. The Katzenjammer kids!

THOMAS

(all business)
How're you feeling Mr. Scharbo?

SCHARBO

Call me Max. And I haven't felt so good in a long while.

Thomas places a stethoscope to Scharbo's sunken chest.

SCHARBO

(laughs)
Guess it's too late for a full check up. Maybe I wouldn't be in this situation if I was able to afford one before... Damn district pension.

There's a commotion from another room. They look. A KINDLY OLD WOMAN -- SCHARBO'S wife MARGARET -- tries to push past a GUARD into the examination room.

MARGARET

I want to see my husband!

GUARD

You can't --

She gets past the guard, enters the room.

JANINE

Mrs. Scharbo --

She ignores Janine goes right for her husband, hugs him tight, teary --

SCHARBO

Margaret!

MARGARET

Max, my God, I couldn't believe when I heard...

THOMAS

Please, you should --

MARGARET

No! Since my Max left this world this... it's everything I've prayed for.

She buries her head in Scharbo's arms. Thomas and Janine are put back by the living/dead moment of intimacy. Scharbo looks to them, shrugs, smiles.

THOMAS

(to an orderly)

Get her some gloves and a mask.

The orderly complies. Thomas motions for Janine to follow him.

68

They walk into the hall. Janine steals a look back, sees Scharbo stare at them, something off behind his dead eyes... predatory... hungry.

68

THOMAS

His heartbeat... it's ridiculously slow. I mean, what's acting as the engine here?

JANINE
(disturbed by
Scharbo)

Some kind of parasymphathetic
aggregation, an autonomic
anomaly... but I'm vamping. I'll
do a PET on him.

Thomas looks back at Scharbo and his wife. Margaret
KISSES her husband's dead lips, long and savory...

69 EXT. BABYLON STREETS -- DUSK/NIGHT 69

5:58 PM. A winter night falls on Day One. Dogs in the
streets. Wandering dead. But it's quiet. Occasional
distant sounds: screams, gunshots... Tactical police
trucks speed down the street --

70 INT. ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH -- NIGHT. 70

Rhonda sits in a pew, deep in thought, sees -- Father
Harries place a blanket over a shuddering dead woman's
shoulders. Rhonda feels the pinch of Empathy.

On HARRIES: He moves towards the back of the sanctuary,
stops at a window, attention caught.

HARRIES' POV: The CLOISTER: Graham quietly addresses
three other DEAD PEOPLE. They listen attentively,
students to a teacher, conspiratorial. One of the dead
spot Harries at the window. Graham follows the dead
person's gaze, sees his brother. The twins hold on one
another, one shaken, wondering, the other taciturn,
emboldened.

71 INT. LAB/HOSPITAL -- LATER DAY. 71

Thomas leans back from a microscope, wiped. Janine
enters.

JANINE
Anything?

THOMAS
No pathogens.

JANINE
That's a good thing.

THOMAS

Yeah, but... their blood is actually too clean. Like it's been cleansed of all bacteria -- even the kind that keeps us healthy. The PET scan?

She leans over his shoulder, calls up Scharbo's PET scan on a computer. Her hand brushes his. Neither flinch. A quick flit of their eyes to each other, then...

JANINE

(re: pet scan)

Instead of using about 20 percent of the body's energy, with them it's flipped -- the brain is actually *producing* energy. Mitochondria are blooming there and replicating so fast, they're radiating energy to the rest of the body...

THOMAS

What could that mean?

JANINE

It's a new physiological paradigm. It's as if... they've evolved...

Off Thomas -- *wtf?* --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

72 EXT. OPEN FIELD -- DAWN. 72

6:07 AM. The sun comes up on Day 2. A troop of tense TACTICAL COPS approach a group of dead people who stand in a jagged circle. The dead are tranced out, mouths open, emit the strange droning. A FAT COP brings his gun up, eye through the sight, targets a particularly NASTY AND DECAYED DEAD WOMAN. The woman stops droning, lifts yellowy eyes, locks on the fat cop. Defiant.

73 EXT. CHURCHYARD/SHED -- DAWN/DAY. 73

Graham heads to the shed, makes sure no one is looking. Coast clear, he enters the shed, closes the door behind him.

74 INT. TOOL SHED -- CONTINUOUS. 74

The jogger is barely alive, bloodied bite marks on her face... We see: one of her legs has been gnawed off at the knee. She's barely conscious. Graham falls to his knees matter-of-factly, leans over her --

GRAHAM

I have to leave now. Thank you so much for everything.

And he bites her THROAT -- killing her finally -- blood spumes -- Graham rips flesh, feral, eats and eats --

75 INT. NEUROLOGY LAB/HOSPITAL -- DAWN/DAY. 75

Janine sleeps in a desk chair. Thomas sits in a corner, takes in her face, beautiful, peaceful. He gets up, grabs a hospital gown off a hook, stands over Janine -- it's clear he still loves this woman. He gently places the gown over her like a blanket, quietly exits.

76 EXT. INDUSTRIAL CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAWN/DAY. 76

Ernie stands over a deep-dug hole that appears to have caved in on itself. He looks down, disturbed, touches the wound in his head. He climbs down into the hole. Digs around. He sees: white fungal roots poke through the soil. Curious, he touches one. Holds. A thought comes and... he digs. Slowly, then faster, with purpose.

Dirt and rock are displaced, and -- a RUSTED HATCHET HEAD covered in dirt and long dried blood is dislodged, falls into the palm of his free hand. Ernie looks at it, incredulous, then -- brings it to the back of his head, the wound -- *a perfect fit.*

77 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAWN/DAY.

77

A POLICE TACTICAL SUV and a CORRECTIONAL FACILITY BUS loaded with the dead barrels toward us... and slows to a stop. Standing in the middle of the street: GRAHAM. He's with the three dead people Harries saw him conspiring with. There's something different about Graham, the decay less pronounced, some color...

Two tactical cops disembark, guns aimed. Matt Conte is in the cab, recognizes Graham. Graham smiles, holds up a greeting hand. We see: the SORES that were on his hand previously are almost healed.

GRAHAM

I'd like to come to quarantine.
Please.

Off the cops' incredulous reactions --

78 EXT. INDUSTRIAL CORPORATE PARK -- DAWN/DAY.

78

As Ernie's walking away from his little burial site, hatchet head in hand, he hears a commotion behind him. He turns, sees -- DEAD stragglers cut off by a tactical POLICE TRUCK. The dead scramble. Tactical cops pile off the truck. Ernie sees -- Matt Conte. Matt supervises the round up, tries to keep it orderly. And then -- he sees Ernie. He's surprised -- looks like he's going to be ill.

MATT

Wunch?

Ernie comes at them just as they come at him --

ERNIE

Look at you, Matt. Big man in
charge now, eh?

Matt leerily approaches behind several other helmeted cops. He takes Ernie in -- the dead flesh, the eyes...

MATT

Tommy didn't say anything about
you -- being back.

ERNIE

Is that right? Look at me, Matt.
You notice anything different?

He smiles wide. Rotted teeth.

MATT

You... *died?* When?

ERNIE

That's the hot question.

MATT

We're rounding up, Ernie. All of
you. Quarantine.

ERNIE

It'll wait. 'Cause I don't
actually know how I died or when I
died, and that makes me a case
doesn't it?

MATT

Case?

Ernie pushes through the cops and prods Matt's chest.
Matt flinches back.

ERNIE

Somebody killed me, Conte! Last
thing I remember is being at the
pub -- with you. And then --
(Points to ground)
I wake up here! With a goddamn
hole in my head --

Ernie suddenly has the axe head held forth in his fat
hand. The cops suddenly grabs him!

ERNIE

Get the hell off!

He bellows, throws punches. He connects with a cop who
stumbles back, lip split and bleeding. Ernie holds up,
eyes locked on the man's busted mouth, the BLOOD. Ernie
blinks. An urge flashes through him. The other cops take
advantage of the lull, get him to the ground, knee to
back, cuffed.

MATT

Get his ass to the gym with the
others.

He moves for another truck.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Dammit, Conte! I was your partner!

A cop slams the butt of his rifle into Ernie's back!

FROM AFAR: Thomas hides behind a fence, watches --

79 I/E. TRANSPORT TRUCK -- DAY.

79

The truck moves out. Ernie is cuffed to an interior rail. Spits, fumes. He looks: the truck is filled with ten other dead people: teens, grandmothers, middle-agers, fathers. They look back, startled and cowed. Defeated.

A DEAD 13-YEAR-OLD GIRL, tranced out, creepily angelic, sits in a corner -- sings an opera piece, Menotti's THE BLACK SWAN. Ernie raises his voice, talks over the girl --

ERNIE

(to the other dead)

Look at all of you. You just gonna accept this? They're carting us off to God knows where.

More blank, exhausted stares.

ERNIE

(to singing girl)

Kid, enough.

The girl keeps going.

ERNIE

Enough!

The girl goes quiet, looks as if she's about to cry.

GRAHAM (O.C.)

Officer Wunch...

Ernie looks, sees: Graham sitting across from him, an odd glimmer in his dead eyes.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Be patient.

ERNIE

I know you. Harries, right? The priest's brother. Last time I saw you, you were robbing 7-11's for crack change.

GRAHAM

Heroin. But yes. That was me.
 (beat)
 It's a new world, isn't it?

ERNIE

I'd say so. Everyone's confused.

GRAHAM

But not you. You see the possibilities.

ERNIE

Don't know about that. I just know I shouldn't be in here. I've got things I've got to do. Questions I need answered.

GRAHAM

Of course you do. We all do.

ERNIE

But these people, they don't seem to get it -- they're *back*. We're back! Holy crap, why aren't they dancing in the aisles? God, all the things I want to do now --

GRAHAM

Does that include making all the same mistakes?

Ernie holds on Graham -- *was he just insulted?*

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

As things go forward, the past will have to be erased. It will require a good deal of thought. Planning. The future... will require leadership.

ERNIE

Leadership...

GRAHAM

We're here now, herded like undesirables. But you wait, Officer. There will be a reckoning. We just have to be patient.

Ernie is silent, for once --

80 EXT. INDUSTRIAL CORPORATE PARK -- DAY. 80

Cops and the dead gone, Thomas is down in the hole. *He knows it.* Digs around in the soil... searches --

FLASH BACK TO:

81 EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT 81

Janine in the woods -- right after her fender bender. She searches for the BOY. A rustling. The BOY running deeper into the darkness. Janine starts to run after him. The boy stops. It's Dontae. Dead eyes meet living, then -- continues into the darkness. Janine gulps back fear, disbelief, moves after him --

BACK TO:

82 INT. NEUROLOGY LAB/HOSPITAL -- DAY. 82

Janine wakes up. Groggy. Reorients herself -- thinks --

FLASH BACK TO:

83 THE WOODS -- NIGHT. Janine chases Dontae. Her footing is 83
bad, she almost trips up --

BACK TO:

84 NEUROLOGY LAB/HOSPITAL -- DAY. 84

Janine shakes off the memory, gets up, looks around the LAB.

JANINE

Thomas...

He's gone. She fingers the heart pendant around her neck, wistful. Her cell pings with a text. ZACH. "*Where r u?*" She hesitates, texts back: "*Hospital. U?*" The reply: "*Club, holed up. Need to c u.'*"

Off Janine -- a sudden temptation, wants a drink, a connection, anything or anybody to help her forget...

85 EXT. INDUSTRIAL CORPORATE PARK -- DAY. 85

Thomas keeps digging, grows frantic as he comes away with nothing but soil... It's not here. A beat, frustration.

He goes to climb out of the hole, stops, eyes on: WHITE FUNGAL ROOTS -- just like at the cemetery -- poke from the dirt.

86 INT. ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH -- DAY. 86

Rhonda sleeps in a pew. A shadow crosses over her. She wakes with a start. Sees -- a bird like LIVING DEAD WOMAN, pleading with skeletal hands, mouth sewn shut with morticians thread. As Rhonda holds, frightened -- a commotion outside. Shouting. Father Harries runs for the door.

87 EXT. ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH -- DAY. 87

Harries runs out, sees -- Matt Conte and his cops rough up a group of resistant dead.

FATHER HARRIES

Stop it!

He runs over as Rhonda comes out of the church. As Matt looks to Harries -- he sees Rhonda. Their eyes meet. Hold.

88 INT. NIGHT CLUB -- DAY. 88

Close on the dark inside door -- ZACH, the bathroom fuck-buddy from the teaser, opens the locks -- and there's Janine.

ZACH

What the hell, babe.

89 JUMP: Janine and Zach at the BAR. An opened bottle of tequila. Both in their cups. Janine half talking to herself. 89

JANINE

-- there's got to be some explanation for this. Some... hard science. Something measurable...

ZACH

I say it's a false flag. Big brother putting down the boot.

JANINE

(didn't hear a word)
-- it's as if the world had to get turned inside out, so I could...

ZACH

You could what?

JANINE

Maybe get what I want.

ZACH

And that's Tommy Wunch.

She shoots a look -- how does he know?

ZACH

I was hightailing it back here,
saw him outside the church.

JANINE

It's ridiculous, right.

ZACH

Him? Well, yeah. He left you.

JANINE

Funny... he's here and... with all
of this happening... I find myself
hoping... that it doesn't end.
That everything stays... inside
out.

ZACH

Screw all that.

Zach impatiently pulls Janine in for a kiss. She pulls back, their faces close, his eyes hot. She holds, torn, but she wants someone, anyone, now. She suddenly grabs and kisses him, wild, hungry and lusty, gripped by an instinct --

90

INT. CHURCH CLOISTER -- DAY.

90

Rhonda presses her back against a column, anxious, eyes on someone right in front of her. Matt.

MATT

That bastard hurt you?

RHONDA

No. And he never will. Ever again.

Matt holds on her, then -- gently touches her face. They kiss.

91 INT. NIGHT CLUB -- DAY. 91

Janine and Zach go at it whole hog. Janine is half-lidded and unreadable. It gets hotter and hotter and then, in mid-kiss, saliva and breathing -- Janine BITES Zach's lower face! He screams, tries to pull back. But her grip is like glue. She's totally feral, gnashing, pulling, biting. They fall to the floor -- he's muffled. As blood gushes --

92 I/E. RHONDA'S CAR -- DAY. 92

Thomas gets in the car. Tosses an evidence bag on the passenger seat. In the bag: samples of the WHITE ROOTS. He starts the car. The RADIO pops on. A distant, fuzzy, freaked NEWS READER'S VOICE comes clear --

NEWS READER (O.S.)

-- what was thought to be
localized to a community in
Suffolk County, New York is now
besieging areas in Nassau,
Westchester and in at least three
Connecticut counties --

Thomas look sick -- the world has now officially flipped. His cell rings. LAURA. Thomas holds on it, torn, then -- hits DECLINE. A beat -- he dials another number.

93 INT. NIGHT CLUB -- DAY. 93

Janine's cell phone is on the floor. Rings and rings. THOMAS. We PAN OVER, reveal -- Zach. Dead. Face a bloody mess, chunks torn out, teeth marks between his thumb and forefinger. And then -- Janine huddled in a corner, GASPING. Face, hands and lab coat covered with blood, in shock: confusion and bugged-out terror.

FLASHBACK:

94 EXT. WOODED STRETCH OF ROAD -- DAWN. 94

Janine's Nissan is stalled at the edge of a ravine, the fender smashed into the guardrail. Janine gets out, walks to the edge of the woods, enters --

95 EXT. WOODS -- CONTINUOUS. 95

Janine runs through the woods after Dontae. They run along a small babbling stream. He stops. Sudden.

She stops. They stare at each other. He continues into the black. She follows --

JANINE

Dontae!

She runs after him, ducks under branches -- then, she catches her foot on a fallen branch, goes down hard, hits her head on a rock, knocks herself unconscious. She rolls into the stream, face down in the water. She convulses -- Drowns. From below, we look up at her as she convulses. The WHITE FUNGAL ROOTS, aquatic like, undulate inches from her face.

BACK TO:

96 INT. NIGHT CLUB -- DAY.

96

Janine completely freaked, shuddering, crying. We close in on her horrified realization -- gasping --

As her cell phone rings --

END PILOT EPISODE

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