

Z-Nation

EPISODE 2 [REDACTED]

"PEACE OF MURPHY"

Written by

[REDACTED]

Directed by

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PRODUCTION DRAFT 08/01/15

FULL BLUE 08/05/15

The Asylum

[REDACTED]

FADE IN:

1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

1

We open on a desolate stretch of back-road.
The mid-day sun beats down. There's no noise. No crickets chirping.
Like most places in this world: dead and way too quiet.

A RUSTED BILLBOARD casts a shadow across the sweltering tarmac. A cartoon bear warning visitors that "ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FOREST FIRES".

Behind the billboard, in the distance - AN ATOMIC FIRE RAVAGES THE LANDSCAPE.

SLOW FOOTSTEPS break the silence.

A WOUNDED-MAN drags himself down the road. Blackened and burned: The clothes are literally falling from his back.

He's sick and desperate - A victim of radiation poisoning.

The Wounded-Man reaches the shadow of the billboard before stumbling - And collapsing to his knees.

He looks towards the sky. Coughs.

WOUNDED-MAN
Please. Somebody... Anybody?

ANGLE ON: A VEHICLE APPROACHING FROM THE DISTANCE

The man smiles, his prayers have been answered.

WOUNDED-MAN (CONT'D)
Oh God, stop. Please stop.

He climbs to his feet with what strength he can muster and frantically waves his arms around.

The Truck continues its approach - It's not slowing down.

He realizes - and DASHES to the side - just as the vehicle speeds past.

SCREECH! - The Truck comes to a complete stop just past the billboard.

Brake-lights shine. The truck reverses back towards the bewildered man.

The driver side window rolls down, revealing the mans savior -

MURPHY sitting at the wheel with ROBERTA riding shotgun.

They're in the middle of an argument.

MURPHY

Yes I have a driving license!

(to Wounded-Man)

Sorry about that buddy. Between the rags and... grilled complexion I mistook you for a Z.

*

WOUNDED-MAN

It's alright. Please, do you happen to have some water. It's been days since I --

As the man looks up, Murphy's eyes widen with recognition.

ANGLE ON: THE NAME 'CDR JEFFERSON' STITCHED ONTO HIS UNIFORM

Murphy begins to tremble with nerves. It's like he's seen a ghost.

MURPHY

You're --

As Murphy stumbles over his words, the wounded man: CDR JEFFERSON, mimics a similar look of recognition.

WOUNDED-MAN/JEFFERSON

Murphy?

Jefferson climbs to his feet, but before he can muster another syllable, Murphy REVS the throttle and speeds away--

Leaving Jefferson beneath the shadow of the billboard.

CUT TO:

2 INT. TRUCK INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS

2 *

Murphy drives ahead like a man possessed. He's trapped in a thousand yard stare.

ROBERTA

Whoa, what the hell was that?

MURPHY

Nothing...

I didn't like the look of the guy, OK?

ROBERTA

Bullcrap. He knew you. I heard him say your name.

MURPHY

Nu-Uh. No you didn't.

The rest of the gang - DOC, 10K, and CASSANDRA - watch as the man falls to his knees, becoming an increasingly smaller spec of dust along the road.

DOC
That was ice-cold man. Dude was on his last legs.

MURPHY
Well, now he's on his knees.

Roberta angrily PUNCHES Murphy's arm.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Ow - Cut that out!
You want me to stop and help every desperate radiation-addled loser who's wandering out here?

ROBERTA
You know how I feel about this.

10k notices the rising tension, he attempts to defuse it.

10K
Y'know what the worse thing about the nuke was - No superpowers. Like, I know it sounds dumb but I'm kinda pissed that we ain't running around with all kinds of awesome superpowers right now. *

DOC *
Nukes don't give you superpowers, *
moron. *

MURPHY *
What's so cool about superpowers, *
anyway? Superheros are dumb and... *
Whiny. *

ANGLE ON: Cassandra's arm - Mutated blood pulsates through a spider-web like system of veins.

CASSANDRA
I wasn't complaining...

Murphy smiles at the pseudo-comradeship, he's about to speak - but pauses. He's becoming increasingly distracted.

ANGLE ON: A COLUMN OF BLACK ATOMIC SMOKE RISING UPON THE HORIZON

10K *
Look at that. More fallout. *
(beat)
(MORE)

10K (CONT'D)

Twenty bucks says that's where
burning man was hobbling away from.

DOC

Burning man! Dude, that brings back
some wild memories. Burning Man
85'... Buddies and I got jacked on
cactus juice...
At least I think it was cactus
juice.

Murphy stares off into the horizon. He's in a trance.

CUT TO:

3 INT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - LAB - FLASHBACK 3

Murphy is restrained to a medical stretcher -

BEING MAULED BY A PACK OF ZOMBIES

He screams in agonising pain as the zombies bite, scrape and
tear. He's completely helpless.

The ravenous sound of the Z's feeding drown out Murphy's
screams.

CUT TO:

4 MURPHY P.O.V 4

Staying in the flashback, we're in Murphy's P.O.V.

HE ROLLS SIDE TO SIDE, WATCHING HELPLESSLY AS THE ZOMBIES
BITE, MAUL AND TEAR HIM APART.

It's too much. He begins to pass out.

A BLACK FOG ENVELOPS HIS VIEW AS --

The sound FADES to a dull beat and the screen FADES TO BLACK.

...

BLAM! - A faded gunshot penetrates the silent darkness --

SIX MORE GUNSHOTS all in quick succession.

LT. HAMMOND (O.S)

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - LAB - CONTINUOUS

5

We leave the P.O.V to see --

LT. HAMMOND, eyes wide, uniform stained with blood, EJECTING a clip from his sidearm. He loads a fresh clip and walks towards what's left of Murphy.

The zombies are slumped across Murphy after having collapsed into their meal. Bullet holes in every head.

Hammond unceremoniously pulls each one of the zombies from Murphy's body.

Murphy is a bloody half eaten mess - Seemingly unresponsive.

LT. HAMMOND
This... whole thing was wrong on so many levels.

Hammond sighs and readies his pistol, pointing it at Murphy's head.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
I give you merc--

ANGLE ON: HAMMOND'S SIDEARM - MURPHY'S HAND GRABBING THE BARREL.

Hammond's eyes widen in horror.

MURPHY
Please!

Murphy's hand shakes as Hammond releases his grip on the gun.

Hammond can't believe it. Murphy is half dead and half eaten - but alive.

LT. HAMMOND
Unbelievable. It worked. You're not infected.

MURPHY
Help... Help me!

LT. HAMMOND
(ROBERTA V.O)
WATCH OUT!

CUT TO:

6 INT. TRUCK INTERRIOR - CONTINUOUS

6

ROBERTA
MURPHY!

An overturned SUV blocks the road ahead and Murphy hasn't noticed. He's distracted by his day-dream.

Moments from collision - Murphy snaps out of it.

He YANKS the wheel - maneuvering the vehicle around the obstruction.

DOC
Dammit Murph you to tryin' get us
all killed?

ROBERTA
WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

Murphy stares ahead, falling back into a daydream.

MURPHY
Trying to remember.

FADE OUT:

7 TITLE SEQUENCE 7

SUPER: THREE YEARS AGO - TWO YEARS POST Z-DAY

CUT TO:

8 EXT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - COURTYARD - DAY 8

An assortment of Zombies aimlessly wander around the courtyard.

LT. Hammond, pistol in hand, bursts into the courtyard through a set of plated-doors. The severely wounded Murphy follows Hammond through the doors, he can barely even limp.

LT. HAMMOND
Not much further.
Keep quiet.

Murphy drags himself towards Hammond.

MURPHY
I'm gonna' pass out, throw up or
die - and I ain't sure in what
order.

He brushes his hand against one of many wounds.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Ugh, those are my ribs. Definitely
ribs. They took my ribs!

LT. HAMMOND

You gotta' stay with me man.
Chopper ain't coming back so we
need to get outta' here.
C'mon!

Hammond and Murphy make their way through the wrecked courtyard. Navigating the maze of derelict vehicles and burning scenery.

Packs of zombies feast on the dozens of corpses that litter the area.

Hammond pulls Murphy to the ground, taking cover behind a wrecked Army Truck.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Get down --
Stick with me and I guarantee you
you will survive. So long as you do
what I say, when I say without
hesitation.

Murphy can barely open his eyes. He's about to pass out.

MURPHY

Cut the macho bullcrap, I got it.

Ignoring Murphy, Hammond scans his surroundings. He notices -

ANGLE ON: AN ABANDONED MILITARY HUMVEE - PARKED 100 YARDS AWAY.

LT. HAMMOND

There. That's our ticket out.
Murphy --

Murphy has passed out, slumped against the vehicle.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Hey - Murphy!

Hammond SLAPS Murphy back into consciousness.

ANGLE ON: FOUR ZOMBIES CHARGING TOWARDS THE PAIR.

Hammond SHOOTS - Dropping all zombies with expert precision.

He quickly grabs Murphy and lifts him to his feet.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Stay with me! Don't scare me like
that, man.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 9

Hammond and Murphy make their way towards the Humvee.

LT. HAMMOND
Keys. Better be keys in here.

Hammond opens the driver side door and climbs inside.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Murphy get in the back.

Hammond starts the engine. It ROARS to life.

ANGLE ON: A GROUP OF ZOMBIES BEING ALERTED TO THE NOISE

Hammond jumps out of the Humvee as we hear the snarls of the approaching horde.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Change of plan. You're driving.

Hammond climbs into the back of the Humvee and prepares to mount the .50 Cal.

MURPHY
Drive? I can barely see... my guts
are hanging out - I can't drive!

LT. HAMMOND
Either you're driving or you're
manning this thing.

Hammond loads an imposing rack of bullets into the turret.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Pick one.

Murphy gives in and opens the Humvee door.

MURPHY
Alright. But when I pass out and
kill us both: don't be mad.

With his last remaining ounce of strength, Murphy pulls himself into the drivers seat, grimacing through each painful movement.

The zombies swarm towards the Humvee.

Hammond opens fire - The .50 Cal cuts through the zombies like butter. Tracer fire lights up the courtyard. Limbs fly in all directions, some explode entirely -

It's a shooting gallery.

CUT TO:

10 INT. HUMVEE INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS 10

The THUMP-THUMP of the .50 Cal reverberates throughout the vehicle as Murphy starts the Humvee.

CUT BACK TO:

11 EXT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS 11

As the Humvee begins to pull away, Hammond turns the turret towards the next wave of rapidly approaching zombies.

LT. HAMMOND

Move it!
Can't hold 'em off forever.

Hammond continues his barrage of fire.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. PORTSMOUTH NAVAL PRISON - EXIT - MOMENTS LATER 12

The Humvee SPEEDS AWAY down the road - .50 Cal still blasting away at the horde of pursuing zombies.

Hammond taps his earpiece, another attempt to contact someone in charge.

LT. HAMMOND

(radio)
Dr Merch, do you copy? This is
Delta-Xray-Delta. I made it out
with one of your test subjects.
It worked Doc. The vaccine works.
(beat)
Dr Merch, do you copy? Anybody?!

CUT TO:

13 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT 13

The once bustling command center is completely silent. The hum of machines and blur of monitors keep the room alive.

Hammond's voice comes in over the radio.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O.)

Anybody? This is LT. Hammond, DELTA
X-RAY DELTA - In need of immediate
assistance, over.

Footsteps.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS SIMON CRULLER enters the command center.

Covered in snow, pale from the cold. Eyes wide with fear -
He's in total shock.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)
Northern Light? Dr Merch? Sit-Con? -
Does anybody read me, over.

Cruller slowly turns towards the source of the voice. In a
trance he stumbles towards the radio - not unlike a zombie in
both motion and lack of life.

Cruller places a headset around his head and nonchalantly
takes a seat in the command chair.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)
This... This is Northern Light. How
may I be of assistance?

What follows is a radio conversation between the pair.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)
Northern Light? What the hell?
You guys have been dark for over an
hour.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)
I'm still here. Just me. Nobody
else.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)
Nobody else? What do you mean?

Cruller is struggling to speak.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)
They're all gone.
They evaced without me. And now
they're... Gone.

Lt. Hammond realizes that Cruller is loosing it and his
situation, not unlike his own, is dire.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)
What's your name son?

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)
Si- Simon. Private First Class
Simon Cruller, Sir.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)

Alright, Private Cruller. Listen up. At this moment, I am in possession of what may be, The most vitally important asset that has ever existed in the history of military engagements, and what is certainly in my view, the last hope for humanities survival.

Cruller starts to come around, enticed by Hammond's statement.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)

Asset? You mean Operation Bitemark?!

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)

Yes. Dr Merch's vaccine. It worked. Murphy, one of the docs subjects. He was exposed and didn't turn.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)

Survived being bitten? No, Sir. No. That's impossible.

LT. HAMMOND (V.O)
(radio)

Unless Z's have learned how to drive, Private, I'd say he's still Human.

(beat)
Can you help us?

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)

I'm just one man! I--

LT. HAMMOND
(radio)

Private. There. Is. No. One. Else.

SIMON CRULLER
(beat, composing)
Alright, I can do this.

Cruller punches buttons on the computer.

A satellite view of the Humvee Zombie chase appears on Cruller's screen.

SIMON CRULLER (CONT'D)
I see you. Got you on my screen,
Sir. Alright, keeping following I-
95 'till you reach downtown.

Cruller leans into his monitor and inspects the map.

SIMON CRULLER (CONT'D)
Ah - SEALS! There's a Navy SEAL
Forward Operating Base about three
clicks south-west of your current
position.

LT. HAMMOND
SEALS?

SIMON CRULLER
At the docks - You know Frogmen,
never too far from water.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DESTROYED BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

14

SCREEEAACH!

The Humvee comes to an abrupt stop, JOLTING Hammond into his seat.

LT. HAMMOND
Hey - Why we stopping?

Hammond turns around to view the obstruction.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
You have got to be kidding me.

ANGLE ON: HUNDREDS OF ZOMBIES FORMING A RIVER OF MEAT.
BLOATED & BLOODY: AN ORGANIC MASS OF SNARLING CORPSES. IT'S
OUTRIGHT DISGUSTING. A ZOMBIE MOSH PIT.

With barely enough room to stand, the corpses have formed an immovable blob of gnashing jaws. Those lucky enough to find arm room snap their hands towards the Humvee.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Where did the damn bridge go?

MURPHY (O.S.)
THAT'S YOUR RESPONSE? HAVE YOU SEEN
THIS?
LOOK AT THAT. ONE DAMN CIRCLE OF
HELL DANTE FORGOT ABOUT!
WE AIN'T GETTING THROUGH!

Before Hammond can react to their new problem, the all too familiar GROWL of a zombie horde grabs his attention.

LT. HAMMOND

(radio)

Private. We got a little problem here. Need an alternate route ASAP.

15 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 15

Simon stares at the satellite image of the 'Meat River'. He can barely digest what he's looking at.

SIMON CRULLER

(radio)

A 'little problem' sure. OK.

Cruller punches more keys, zooming in on the image.

SIMON CRULLER (CONT'D)

(radio)

From what I can tell: Hydroelectric dam failure on a catastrophic scale. Everyone caught in the resulting wave --

CUT BACK TO:

16 EXT. DESTROYED BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 16

Hammond's attention is caught in a three-way between the conversation, the approaching horde and the river of zombies.

SIMON CRULLER (O.S.)

(radio)

Got washed away and ended up down river --

LT. HAMMOND

(radio)

How, what and why ain't important right now, son. That horde is right behind us. We need an alternative route.

SIMON CRULLER (O.S.)

(radio)

I can't see one, Sir! You have to go through.

LT. HAMMOND

(radio)

Ain't afraid of dying, son.
(MORE)

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
 But there ain't no way in hell I'm
 spending my last moments sinking
 into a swamp of Z's!

CUT TO:

17 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 17

Cruller leans over the monitor, analyzing... Trying to find a solution.

SIMON CRULLER
 C'mon Simon, think... Think.

LT. HAMMOND (O.S)
 (radio)
 Private, we're about to get lit up!

Cruller's eyes snap open - a light bulb moment.

SIMON CRULLER
 Lit up!

LT. HAMMOND
 (radio)
 Yes! AKA, dead. Eaten --

SIMON CRULLER
 (radio)
 Yes, Sir. I understand, just give
 me a moment.
 (back to himself)
 OK. Let's see here.

Cruller taps more keys. A BLUE OVERLAY appears across the map highlighting a BRIGHT ELECTRICAL SYMBOL imposed over the river.

SIMON CRULLER (CONT'D)
 Junction box! OK, this actually,
 probably definitely won't work.
 (beat)
 Sir, you still there?

18 EXT. DESTROYED BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS 18

The sounds of the approaching horde are now intertwined with that of the meat river.

LT. HAMMOND
 (radio)
 No where else to go, Private.

SIMON CRULLER (V.O.)
(radio)

Alright. You see that junction box
on the other side of the river?

ANGLE ON: A junction unit sitting half submerged amongst the
pit of zombies.

SIMON CRULLER (V.O.)
(radio)

Second I'm done explaining, I will
attempt a remote overcharge of the
unit.

LT. HAMMOND
(radio)

Won't that just electrify the
entire thing - and us?

SIMON CRULLER (V.O.)
(radio)

That's the plan!

(beat)

Sir, are you familiar with
'galvinisation'? If enough current
surges through that mass of Z's,
'it' should form a stable enough
crossing --

Hammond can't believe what Cruller is suggesting.

LT. HAMMOND
Son. YOU CAN NOT BE SERIOUS.

19 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 19

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)

I know how this sounds but please
trust me, OK?
Drive through now, you'll make it a
few feet before sinking.
Galvonised. Maybe a few more feet,
But - That should be all you need!
Oh, and you'll be safely insulated
of course.

CUT BACK TO:

20 EXT. DESTROYED BRIDGE/ Z-MOSH PIT - MOMENTS LATER 20

They're out of time. The horde is feet away.

MURPHY (O.S)
 That guy is a nutjob!
 There's no way I'm driving across
 an electrified Z-bridge!

LT. HAMMOND
 If that's what it takes, that's
 what it takes.

Too late! - A horde of zombies latch onto the back of the Humvee. Hammond points the turret, shoots -

CLICK. The ammo has finally run out.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
 (radio)
 PRIVATE! DO IT NOW!

CUT TO:

21 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 21
 Cruller taps more keys as sweat drips from his brow.

SIMON CRULLER
 Here we go. Oh boy.

'Bleep'

CUT BACK TO:

22 EXT. DESTROYED BRIDGE / Z-MOSH PIT - CONTINUOUS 22
 ANGLE ON: THE JUNCTION BOX GOES HAYWIRE. SPARKS FLY, SENDING -
A PULSATING WAVE OF ELECTRICITY SURGING THROUGH THE MEAT PIT.
 AS ONE ORGANISM. THE TWISTED HORDE BECOME COMPLETELY RIGID.

23 INT. HUMVEE INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS 23
 LT. HAMMOND (O.S)
 MURPHY GO!

Murphy closes his eyes and, once again, begins to scream.

Driven by fear, he grabs the wheel, revs the engine and with white-knuckle rage releases the clutch.

They speeds towards the electrified bridge.

CUT BACK TO:

24 EXT. DESTROYED BRIDGE / Z-MOSH PIT - CONTINUOUS 24

The Humvee shoots towards the bridge. Two front wheels hit -
BLUE SPARKS FLY. HEADS POP. BONES CRUNCH. Like the sound of
 damp wood on a campfire.

The Humvee bounces, the sickening sound of exploding limbs
 and rupturing bones drown out the sound of the vehicle as --

THE TWO BACK WHEELS MAKE CONTACT - More Crunching.

Amazingly, the Humvee doesn't sink, it drives across to the
 soundtrack of what hell sounds like on a bad day.

As the vehicle reaches the other side -

ANGLE ON: THE APPROACHING HORDE CHARGING ACROSS THE BRIDGE -
 AND IMMEDIATELY FRIED. IT'S A ZOMBIE BBQ.

DOZENS MORE Z'S CHARGE INTO THE ELECTRICAL CURRENT, JOINING
 THEIR BRETHREN IN THE MEAT PIT.

THE HORDE IS DEAD.

25 EXT. BACK ROADS - MOMENTS LATER 25

Hammond is momentarily shocked, both physically and mentally.
 He shakes his head, bringing himself around.

LT. HAMMOND
 We made it? We actually --

HONK!

The car horn interrupts Hammond. In synch with the horn, the
 Humvee comes to a gradual stop at the roadside.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
 Murphy? Buddy you good?

CUT TO:

26 EXT. ROAD SIDE - MOMENTS LATER 26

The horn still blasting, Hammond dismounts the turret and
 runs towards the driver-side door.

He swings the door open, revealing -

Murphy, slumped across the steering wheel. Knocked out cold
 from either bloodloss or the electric stunt.

LT. HAMMOND

Oh crap! Murphy - Murphy! Wake up!

SCREACH - 'CLICK'

Hammond looks towards the source of the sound -

A DOZEN NAVY SEALS, WEAPONS RAISED, BLOCK THE ROAD AHEAD.

Behind them - A MILITARY HUMVEE.

Hammond throws his arms into the air. He's desperate.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Whoa whoa! Don't shoot! My name is
Lieutenant --

JEFFERSON (O.S)

Hammond.

We're reintroduced to a healthier looking CAPTAIN JEFFERSON, late 40's, as he walks through his men towards Hammond and the unconscious Murphy.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Commander Jefferson, Navy Seals.
Heard you boys needed some help.

LT. HAMMOND

Murphy - The asset. He's lost
consciousness, he needs immediate
medical attention --

JEFFERSON

Davis!

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER DAVIS, late 30's, like the other men - calm and gruff, lowers his weapon and runs towards the severely wounded Murphy.

CPO. DAVIS

(checking Murphy)

Holy --

Sir, we need to get this man back
to HQ.

JEFFERSON

Men: get the VIP into the Hummer
(to Hammond)

But, before we go any further I
have a question, L.T.
Just how in God's name did you get
past our defenses?

LT. HAMMOND

You wouldn't believe me if I told
you...

(ACT TWO)

27 EXT. DERLICT GAS STATION - NIGHT - FLASHBACK 27

At a quiet roadside, sits a long since abandoned Gas Station.

SUPER: SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS - TWO MONTHS AFTER OPERATION:
BITEMARK

Beneath the rusted canopy sits a group of NAVY SEALS sat around a makeshift table, Hammond and Murphy sit beside them.

The place is lit up with small sources of light - Torches, candles and head-lamps. If the apocalypse wasn't raging around them, it would be quiet cosy.

Captain Jefferson guides the soldiers through his plan.

CPO Davis is in the process of replacing a shirtless Murphy's bandages. The bite marks have only just begun to heal.

EIGHT OTHER MEN SIT AT THE TABLE.

LT. HAMMOND
Sir, any word from Mount Wilson?

JEFFERSON
None.

A concerned silence washes over the group.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Way I see it, we only got one option of getting these two from one coast to the other: Head south towards Massachusetts, see what supplies we can rustle along the way.

Jefferson looks around his men. They nod in agreement.

Murphy raises his hand like a child in class.

MURPHY
Can I put my shirt back on now?
It's freezing out here.

Davis leans into Murphy's ear.

CPO DAVIS
(whispering)
Shut up moron, The Commander's talking.

Jefferson eyes up Murphy with a suspicious gaze.

JEFFERSON

Once we cross state lines, we head
straight to Clinton, meet up with
The Baron and see if we can't
strike us a deal and acquire us
some air support... After that -
assuming Z's ain't learned how to
take down a chopper - We head
straight to Mount Wilson.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(beat)

Davis. Once you're done tending
Murphy - Tend the wagon.

ANGLE ON: A LARGE TRUCK FULL OF HUMAN CARGO. LIKE AN OLD
CIRCUS WAGON.

CLOSE UP: THE DESPERATE, WASHED OUT FACES OF THE PEOPLE
INSIDE.

CPO. DAVIS

Copy that, sir...

JEFFERSON

Good. Healthy cargo is valuable
cargo.

(to Hammond and Murphy)

Just to reiterate Gentlemen; the
wagon is off-limits. They're for
trade, not pleasure.

Murphy takes offence at the implication.

MURPHY

US? You think we would --
Um, yeah. I'm takin' that leak.

*
*

Before Hammond can respond, Murphy stands up and leaves the
table.

LT. HAMMOND

Stay in sight, not too far.

MURPHY (O.S)

Wanna' come hold it for me?

Jefferson watches Murphy stroll away from the camp.

JEFFERSON

(to his men)

Gentlemen. Chow down and hit the
hay. We roll at dawn.

The SEALS leave the table, giving Hammond and Jefferson some
alone time.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Lieutenant. That boy of yours --

LT. HAMMOND
I know. Don't worry about him.

JEFFERSON
Gotta' tell you L.T. This whole savior thing... I ain't convinced. Frankly, your boy scares me.

Jefferson unclasps a hip-flask and takes a swig.

LT. HAMMOND
He ain't that bad once you --

JEFFERSON
No, you misunderstand.

Jefferson takes another swig before TOSSING the hipflask at Hammond -

Who CATCHES it with a solid grip.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Month ago, I had one objective: Find a sustainable, safe area for my men and I to pitch up and live out this damn apocalypse. We found one: Mount Rushmore. We were - are - tired. Tired of all this.

LT. HAMMOND
(dubious)
Sure...

Hammond takes a sip before throwing the flask back.

JEFFERSON
But the moment you crashed into my FOB with your boy: well, everything changed didn't it? You told my men and I to head towards a different mountain. Mount-Goddamn-Wilson.
(beat, drinking)
And now, I find myself leading my men on what is without a doubt, the most deadliest road trip since the damn Donner Party departed Wyoming.

LT. HAMMOND
We've all got a part to play, right?

JEFFERSON
Well, I didn't choose to play this part.

(MORE)

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

And I certainly didn't choose to do the things that will be required of me to keep your boy alive.

Another swig. He throws it back to Hammond, who dwells on Jefferson's observation before taking a drink.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. HILLSIDE - DERELICT GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER 28

Murphy is taking a pee alongside a ridge that overlooks hundreds of miles of surrounding area.

ANGLE ON: THE HORIZON - A CITY BURNS OUT OF CONTROL

Hammond approaches Murphy.

MURPHY

Back-off. That wasn't a serious offer --

LT. HAMMOND

Cut the crap. We need to talk.

Murphy zips up and faces Hammond.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)

Any hope we have of making it to Mount Wilson, right now is dependent on Jefferson and his men. They're well trained, well equipped --

MURPHY

OK, I get it. They're badasses. Oo-rah! But The Wagon? Like, are you kidding me?

LT. HAMMOND

Don't put that on me! You think I have a say in how folks around here run their business?

MURPHY

Their business?! Have you heard yourself?

LT. HAMMOND

What is your problem man? Jefferson is our only chance of making it to Mount Wilson. You may not like it --

*
*
*

MURPHY

I'm not cut out for this crap,
Hammond!

I spent the first two years of this
thing locked up, away from the
whole apocalypse thing. Then one
day, they jab me with some crazy
drug, let me get chewed up by some
Z's and before I can push by guts
back in, you've got me heading out
West with a bunch of GI Joes who's
tolerance for slavery is
surprisingly low!

*
*
*
*

LT. HAMMOND

It's just the way things work
around here man! Are you done?

MURPHY

Not by a long shot --
(beat)

I didn't ask to be humanities
savior, Hammond!
Because I've gotta' be honest with
you, looking at that -

Murphy POINTS towards the 'The Wagon'.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

You're gonna' look me in the eye
and tell me that all this is worth
saving?

(beat)

Nah man. Humanity lost the game the
second the first Z' got back up.
All been down hill from that point.
Even if we did stop it, stop all
this. There's no going back!

Hammond is looking over Murphy's shoulder. He seems worried.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me?

LT. HAMMOND

You see that?

MURPHY

(turning around)
See what?

CUT TO:

LT. HAMMOND (O.S.)
INCOMING, WE GOT INCOMING.

In a flash - Jefferson storms out of his tent, weapon ready:
Always prepared.

Lt. Hammond charges towards the camp, closely followed by
Murphy.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Sir, we've got incoming from the
hillside.

JEFFERSON
How many?

LT. HAMMOND
Too many.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. HILLSIDE - DERELICT GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER 30 *

Jefferson takes a look over the hillside, and for a brief
moment, his stern demeanor gives way to a face of shock and
fear. *

ANGLE ON: HUNDREDS OF FLAMING ZOMBIES MAKING THEIR WAY UP THE
HILLSIDE.

Like a swarm of ravenous fireflies, the zombies converge on
camp - The flames of hell following them.

JEFFERSON
(shocked)
Sweet Mary. Jesus Christ, we. We
need too...

ANGLE ON: Zombies charging up the hillside. They're halfway
there.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Our position is compromised. We're
bugging out. Pack it up boys- ASAP.

Two seals watch over the approaching horde. The glow from the
fire lights up the faces of the men as they prepare to defend
the camp.

SEAL #1
They're on fire!
How are they not stopping?

SEAL #2
I stopped trying to figure this
crap out months ago. Just shoot.

In perfect synchronicity, the SEALS OPEN FIRE on the horde.

CUT BACK TO:

31 EXT. DERLICT GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER 31

The evacuation is in full swing.

The SEALS grab their supplies and load them into TWO MILITARY VEHICLES.

Davis attempts to get a moment of Jefferson's time.

CPO. DAVIS
Sir, what about the 'cargo'?

JEFFERSON
The Wagon? Christ, there's no time.
We're gonna' have to leave it,
Davis.

CPO DAVIS
'It'? They're people, Sir. I can
save them! Give me the order

*
*

JEFFERSON
They're cargo. But, we need 'em.
Go see what you can do --

*
*

ANGLE ON: A ZOMBIE CHARGING TOWARDS JEFFERSON

Maintaining eye contact with Davis, Jefferson raises his
sidearm to the left, shoots -

And DROPS the charging zombie. Jefferson remains completely
unfazed.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
But do it fast, Chief.

*

Sgt Davis grabs a HAND-AXE from a nearby bench and sprints
towards the Wagon.

*

Hammond looks around the camp, picks up a crowbar and runs
towards the Wagon.

LT. HAMMOND
Murphy stick with me!

CUT TO:

32 EXT. 'THE WAGON' - DERELICT GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER 32

Davis and Hammond are attempting to break open the Wagon's doors while Murphy looks on - he's terrified.

BANGING AND MUFFLED CRIES REVERBERATE FROM INSIDE THE WAGON

WAGON SLAVE #1 (O.S)
GET US OUT OF HERE!

Murphy is becoming increasingly anxious.

MURPHY
You gotta' hurry up guys!

CPO Davis continues swinging the axe against the lock.

WAGON SLAVE #2 (O.S)
DON'T LEAVE US!

CPO. DAVIS
How about you give us a hand - seen as I'm the one who pushed your damn guts back in!

MURPHY
And if you don't get me outta' here the Z's will be chewin' on 'em again!

ANGLE ON: A ZOMBIE DIVES AT HAMMOND - WHO SLAMS THE HAND-AXE INTO ITS HEAD - IT SLUMPS TO THE GROUND, AXE IN HEAD.

LT. HAMMOND
He's right. I'm sorry man. I don't get him out of here, what's the point to all this - any of this? *

WAGON SLAVE #3 (O.S)
PLEASE LET US OUT! *

Hammond backs away from the Wagon.

WAGON SLAVE #4 (O.S)
HELP!

CPO. DAVIS
(drawing his weapon)
Screw it, please don't ricochet!

Davis aims his weapon and SHOOTS the lock.

ANGLE ON: THE PADLOCK BREAKING.

CPO. DAVIS (CONT'D)
Yes! *

The gunfire has attracted a nearby pack of Z's --
Davis begins to open the wagon doors.

ANGLE ON: THE PACK OF ZOMBIES DESCEND UPON DAVIS.

Before Davis can raise his weapon - they pounce upon on him. *

MURPHY

NO!

Hammond isn't hanging around, he grabs Murphy and forcibly
pulls him away from the horror.

LT. HAMMOND

We're leaving - NOW!

The zombies waste no time in charging the wagon and attacking *
the trapped inhabitants. *

SCREAMS. FLESH TEARING.

Murphy looks back at the unfolding horror. He's in shock.

ANGLE ON: ACROSS THE GAS STATION - THE FLAMING ZOMBIES RISE
ACROSS THE HILLSIDE, OVERWHELMING THE LINE OF SEALS.

It's chaos.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. DERLICT GAS STATION - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 33

The SEAL convoy is packed up and ready to leave. At the
front: Jefferson rides shotgun with Sadowski driving.

Murphy and Hammond run towards the Humvee.

Murphy goes for the Humvee door - Jefferson steps to the
side, blocking Murphy.

JEFFERSON

Where's Davis? He was with you! *

MURPHY

Dead. Along with your precious
'cargo'.

JEFFERSON

DAMMIT!

Jefferson is genuinely upset - for a moment.

The Screams of the Wagon's inhabitants pierce the night. *

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
He... He made his choice.

MURPHY
They didn't.

JEFFERSON
Son: Unless you plan on joining
them - get in the damn Humvee.

MURPHY
Don't need to tell me twice. *

Jefferson steps aside and takes one last look at the now
overrun Gas Station.

JEFFERSON
We needed those.
We really needed those people.

ANGLE ON: A SWARM OF ZOMBIES SURROUND A GAS PUMP AS IT
EXPLODES - CAUSING A HUGE EXPLOSION ENGULFING THE AREA.

The blast briefly lights up the night sky.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. HUMVEE INTERIOR - MOMENTS LATER 34

Jefferson grabs the car radio.

JEFFERSON
(radio)
Bad day boys. Try to enjoy the
fireworks.

MURPHY
(whispering to Hammond) *
This is one fine group you got us
into. Good job.

(ACT THREE)

CUT TO:

35 EXT. CAMP FIRE - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT 35

The fire has now dimmed into a small bundle of glowing embers. The group have fallen asleep around the camp.

Murphy sits atop the truck, staring off into the distance.

ANGLE ON: THE DISTANT BURNING CITY-SCAPE.

CLANG!

Murphy snaps awake from his daydream as Roberta climbs the truck.

ROBERTA
Perimeters secure!

*

MURPHY
God Dammit woman!
You scared the crap outta' me.

ROBERTA
I made the bogeyman jump. Sweet!
(beat)
Alright, others are asleep. No one
but us: talk.
(beat)
The guy we met on the road earlier.
I'm not deaf I heard him say your
name.

MURPHY
And?

ROBERTA
And If I didn't know any better,
I'd say that fleeting encounter is
bothering you.

MURPHY
What's with the sudden interest in
me? You dig the new complexity?

Roberta shoots Murphy a 'really?' look.

*

Murphy rubs his eyes, they're bloodshot with sleep deprivation.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Somebody I knew in a pervious life.
Thought he was dead.
Guess not.

Murphy stands up, staring towards the burning city. *

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY - FLASHBACK 36

We flashback to a bustling marketplace that has sprung up in a former city park.

Dozens of survivors go about their business. Buying, selling and trading all manner of wares and equipment. Stall owners yell offers of two-for-one discounts and guaranteed satisfaction - a throwback to the markets of old.

It's a hive of Post-Apocalyptic commerce.

SUPER: CLINTON TRADING POST - WORCESTER - THREE MONTHS AFTER OPERATION: BITEMARK

Amongst the crowd of grizzled survivors, we see Hammond, Murphy and Sadowski.

CPO. SADOWSKI
Alright: I'm on Meds, ammo and purification tabs, you two are on Dies-

MURPHY
Diesel! We know! Jefferson repeated it like twenty damn times.

CPO. SADOWSKI
Then how about you two lovebirds piss off leave me in peace. *

Sadowski leaves the pair and joins the crowd of shoppers.

LT. HAMMOND
Thought that guy was never going to leave --

Hammond realizes Murphy isn't listening, he turns towards the object of Murphy distraction.

MURPHY
Are you seeing this?

ANGLE ON: A LINE OF SHACKLED ZOMBIES SHAMBLE THROUGH THE MARKET PLACE CARRYING CARGO ON THEIR BACKS.

Their teeth and hands have been removed, leaving them largely docile. At the front, a man dressed in black overalls baits the zombies with a hunk of black meat attached to a pole.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
Looks like they found themselves
some loyal employees.

CUT TO: *

37 EXT. MARKETPLACE STALLS - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK 37

Murphy and Hammond make their way through the maze of stalls, momentarily stopping to check the inventory of each one.

The stalls are stocked with everything a zombie survival expert could wish for - Weapons, canned food, clothing. Even some fresh produce is on offer.

LT. HAMMOND
For the past three months, my only
objective has been to get you from
one side of this damned nation of
ours to the other.

STALL OWNER (O.S)
Fresh rat! Get your grilled rat
right here!

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Look around you Murphy. You thought
the old one was bad? This is the
new world now - and it sucks!
I watched my best friend since high
school - one of the biggest
badasses I have ever known - die a
slow, painful death because he
stepped on a shard of glass and we
didn't have any antibiotics. Boom.
Dead.
That's how the world works now! It
sucks. But it ain't beyond saving.
I have to believe that.

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

SLAVER (O.S)
Cargo comin' through!

A line of shackled people are herded through the street like cattle. Murphy and Hammond step aside to let the line pass.

Murphy looks at the people as they shuffle by: Their faces are despondent and defeated. Drained of life - not unlike the zombie workers we saw moments ago.

SLAVER (O.S) (CONT'D)
Barons auction, tonight at the
marketplace!
Adult men and women of all sizes
ALL certified healthy by a Baron
approved Doctor!
Restock your cattle Y'all!

The line passes and the crowds return to the streets.
Murphy and Hammond continue on their way.

MURPHY
Like I being tellin' you since
Salem, Hammond.
This world is beyond redemption.
Jefferson too.

LT. HAMMOND
You let me worry about Jefferson.

Murphy dwells on the comment before turning his attention to
the marketplace.

ANGLE ON: A GROUP OF FISHERMAN HOISTING A WHALE INTO THE AIR,
READY FOR FILLETING.

MURPHY
Whales? We've regressed to
whaling!?!... *
(to Hammond) *
You seen this? That's a damn whale!

LT. HAMMOND
People gotta' eat, right?

ANGLE ON: THE WHALES EYE - OPENS!

The whale roars to life - It's a Z-Whale.

It swings violently in a pendulum motion. The fishermen step
aside trying to avoid the whale's erratic movements.

MURPHY
Oh dude, Z-Willy looks pissed. *

ANGLE ON: THE WHALES BLOW-HOLE EXPANDS

A jetstream of putrid bloody water shoots out of the whales
blow-hole - and dowses Murphy.

He stands frozen as the bloody sludge drips from his body.

LT. HAMMOND
Oh man...
Are you? --

MURPHY

OK? No, Hammond. No I am not.

LT. HAMMOND

We should probably get you cleaned up.

Hammond leaves, almost embarrassed for Murphy - Who remains frozen, covered head to toe in whale gunk.

MURPHY

Screw Greenpeace. Kill all the freakin' whales.

Hammond catches the attention of a nearby stall-owner.

LT. HAMMOND

Hey you. Know where we can find the Baron?

STALL OWNER #2

Big-ass white marquee, end of the line. You can't miss it.

ANGLE ON: BEHIND A NEARBY MARKET-STALL - SADOWSKI WATCHES OVER HAMMOND & MURPHY.

*
*

CUT TO:

38

EXT. DERELICT FASTFOOD JOINT - DAY

38

The two Humvee's are parked up alongside a derelict Fast Food restaurant.

The SEALS patrol the perimeter as Jefferson studies a map laid across the hood of one of the vehicles.

Jefferson continues to study the map as ENSIGN ANDERS, early 30's, thin and malnourished, approaches his commander.

ENS. ANDERS (O.S)

Sir!

JEFFERSON

What is it, Ensign?

ENS. ANDERS

Just got word from Sadowski. Hammond and Murphy have made contact with the Baron.

JEFFERSON

Good. The Baron is many things: but stupid ain't one of 'em. He'll offer us something good in return.

Jefferson breaks away from the map. He looks tired.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
That been said: that Jarhead
Hammond ain't dumb either.
(beat)
Load up the Hummers, we roll in
ten.

CUT TO:

39 INT. THE 'BARONS' MARQUEE TENT - LATER 39

Dressed in a faded all-white suit and Texan cowboy hat, THE BARON, mid 50's converses with Lt. Hammond and Murphy. The Baron is one larger than life stereotype of a guy.

THE BARON
Say you looking for diesel?
Boys: you sure made the right
choice in buying from the Baron.
Smart choice too.
All wells between here and
Connecticut - tapped.

MURPHY
Wonder who tapped them?

THE BARON
(gesturing to himself)
The Baron!

MURPHY
I got that. Rhetorical.

LT. HAMMOND
Rumor is nothing comes through here
without you knowing about it.
Don't suppose you know where we can
find a chopper?

THE BARON
A chopper?! Oh C'mon, give me
something hard, like a tank!

MURPHY
Holy crap you have a tank?

THE BARON
(beat)
Well, no. Want one though. *

LT. HAMMOND
Great! So you know where the
chopper is located? *

THE BARON
Well sure I do. Who Ya'think owns
the damn airfield? The B--

LT. HAMMOND MURPHY
The Baron. The Baron.

THE BARON (CONT'D)
YOU'RE GODDAMN RIGHT!

Hammond sighs. He's the polar opposite of the Baron.

LT. HAMMOND
Can you take us their now?

The Baron's smile fades into a menacing grin.

THE BARON
Now Boys. I did promise Commander
Jefferson first dibs. And I'm sure
he ain't gonna' take too kindly to
us making deals behind his back.

LT. HAMMOND
(beat)
How did you know we're working with
Jefferson?

THE BARON
Working?
That frogman told me he owns you -
I'VE BEEN CONVERSIN' WITH CARGO?!

Jefferson and his men storm into the tent, weapons raised.
They overheard the entire conversation. *

The SEALS stand ready to cover Jefferson. *

JEFFERSON
Boys. This ain't personal, you have
to know that.
Hammond. Stand down.

LT. HAMMOND
Stand down?
What the hell, Jefferson? I thought
we had a deal?

JEFFERSON
We had a deal - it went up in
flames along with that cargo.
The moment we lost the wagon, well
it doomed us all. A lesser leader
would have given up. Not me. I saw
an opportunity to fulfill a promise
I made to my men. *
I intend to follow through on that
promise. *

The Baron leaves the Marquee.

THE BARON
Howdy Jefferson! How's your head?

JEFFERSON
My head?

THE BARON
I presumed you had suffered some
kind of traumatic head injury; the
consequence of which has caused you
to lose all sense of value!
You think I'm in the business of
handing out choppers in return for
two pieces of broken-ass cargo?

*

*

JEFFERSON
Trust me Baron. To the right
people, I reckon that piece of crap
is worth a thousand JFK'S.
(to Hammond)
We've taken this as far as it can
go. Boys and I are cutting our
losses and cashing out.

Hammond is trying to keep his cool while searching for a way
out.

LT. HAMMOND
Never took you for a traitor,
Jefferson. You're selling out every
man, woman and child --

JEFFERSON
No, L.T. I'm selling out you.

*

Hammond draws his weapon - he's hopelessly outnumbered.

LT. HAMMOND
Stay the hell back!

The SEALS pull their weapons on Hammond.

It's a standoff.

JEFFERSON
What's your end game here L.T.?

LT. HAMMOND
Same plan since day one. Guarantee
Murphy's safety 'till we reach
California.

JEFFERSON
They got you running a fools
errand, Hammond.

*

LT. HAMMOND
Murphy, find cover. *

Murphy looks around for a place to retreat to. *

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
Murphy, I said get back --

CLICK.

Hammond turns around, to find Murphy pointing his own handgun towards him. Double-Crossed.

MURPHY
Sorry L.T.
Kinda' don't wanna' get shot
Y'know?

Before Hammond can digest the betrayal, Jefferson takes the opportunity. He storms towards the cornered Hammond -- *

DELIVERS A RIGHT HOOK - KNOCKING HAMMOND TO THE GROUND. *

The second Hammond falls to the floor, he aims upwards towards Jefferson - *

Who KICKS the gun out of Hammond's hand, before STOMPING his boot on Hammond's head.

The stomp knocks Hammond out cold. *

JEFFERSON
Apologies Hammond. But you kinda' deserved that.
(to his Men)
Toss the Lieutenant into the truck. *

Murphy grinds his teeth as he watches the SEALS drag Hammond's unconscious body away.

MURPHY
(to himself)
Oh, great..

(ACT THREE)

*

CUT TO:

41 EXT. CAMP FIRE - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY 41

Roberta is listening to Murphy recount the tale.

ROBERTA

So how come you never mentioned
him, any of this before?

*

MURPHY

You never asked.

ROBERTA

Huh. Fair enough.

MURPHY

How long you think he'll last out
there?

ROBERTA

Only got a brief look at the guy,
but between the malnourishment,
dehydration. Few days, at a push --

MURPHY

Wait - You think he could still
make it? Like, he still has a
chance?

ROBERTA

Maybe?

(sarcasm)

Maybe a good samaritan will stop by
and give him a hand

Before Roberta can react, Murphy has pulled the truck keys
out of her pocket.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Yeah, Murphy that wasn't an actual
suggestion.

Murphy jumps into the drivers seat and hits the ignition.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Oh Murphy I know you ain't taking
the truck!

Roberta quickly jumps into the passenger seat.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

The hell you think you're doing?

*

MURPHY
Something I shoulda' done a long
time ago.

Murphy ACCELERATES away from the camp.

CUT TO:

42 INT. TRUCK INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS 42

ROBERTA
Murphy stop the truck! You can't
just leave everyone behind - AGAIN? *

He continues driving, remaining steadfast.

MURPHY
I'll stop to let you out, how's
that sound?

ROBERTA
Asshole! Pull ov--

Roberta looks ahead, and grabs the dashboard with fear.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

Murphy sees the source of Roberta's fear. He slams on the
brakes --

Bringing the truck to a sudden stop in the middle of the
forest road.

Ahead of the truck --

A PACK OF ZOMBIE WOLVES COME CHARGING TOWARDS THE TRUCK.

DOZENS OF SNARLING BLACK FANGS OOZE COAGULATED SALIVA.

The pack dashes past the vehicle. An undead furry blur.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Wolves?!

MURPHY
Z-Wolves!
Heading towards camp.

ROBERTA
TURN AROUND NOW!

CUT TO: *

(ACT FOUR)

*

43 EXT. CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

43

The group are tucked up in sleeping bags around the camp. They're all asleep, aside from Cassandra, who is staring up at the nights sky. She's captivated.

A chorus of howls break out.

CASSANDRA

Uh-oh. Guys!

Doc wakes up - grumpy and annoyed.

DOC

Aww man, I was having the best dream. Don't get many of those no more.

A second chorus of howls break out.

DOC (CONT'D)

Aww hell!

ANGLE ON: THE PACK OF ZOMBIE WOLVES CHARGING TOWARDS THE CAMP

*

ANGLE ON: THE PACK GNASH THEIR JAWS WITH ANTICIPATION.

Cassandra senses this isn't a normal pack of wolves.

*

CASSANDRA

Wake up, we got a big ass pack of Z-Wolves incoming!

*

*

ANGLE ON: MURPHY AND ROBERTA'S SLEEPING BAGS - EMPTY

Cassandra and Doc form a defensive back-to-back position around the smouldering campfire.

DOC

You sure they're wolves kid? I can't see --

ANGLE ON: A Z-WOLF CHARGING TOWARDS DOC - JAWS WIDE OPEN.

It prepares to strike -

BLAM! - The head explodes into illuminous green mush.

10k, rifle smoking - climbs out of his tent.

10K
Four thousand and --

DOC
(interrupting)
Nuh-uh. Animals don't count kid.

10K
If they're zombiefied they count. *

CASSANDRA
I can sense their hunger. They're
defiantly zombies. *

10K
Ha! If Cass can sense 'em they
count! *
It's official Doc. *

DOC
Dammit. *

ANGLE ON: A PAIR OF GLOWING GREEN EYES FORM WITHIN THE
DARKNESS.

10K
Are those --

ANGLE ON: A DOZEN MORE GREEN EYES SNAP TO LIFE WITHIN THE
DARKNESS.

DOC
Radioactive Zombie Wolves!

RAW! A second wolf charges towards the group, Doc shoots:

Dropping the wolf in mid-air. *

Doc notices the truck is missing.

DOC (CONT'D)
Where did the damn truck go?!

62 A third wolf attempts an attack: the group open fire. 62 *

The gang are in full combat mode as The Z-Wolves encircle the
camp. *

CASSANDRA
Call 'em when you see 'em! *

RAW! - A Z-Wolf dashes through the air towards 10k - *

Who drops to the ground, rifle still in air - and fires - *

Hitting the Wolf as it flies through the spot he just stood. *

A spray of BRIGHT GREEN BLOOD splashes across 10k. *

10K
Cool!! it glows in the dark! *

DOC
And it will make ya' sterile! *

10k takes a few tentative steps back from the corpse. *

Cassandra and Doc take down two more Z-Wolves. *

CASSANDRA
Seriously, where the hell are
Murphy and Roberta?!

On cue - TIRES SCREECH *

The truck smashes into the center of the camp - *

Crashing into several Z-Wolves, sending them flying in all
directions - *

And causing the group to DIVE OUT OF THE WAY. *

The truck has come to a stop on the fire-pit. Roberta climbs
half out the window to provide cover for the gang. *

ROBERTA
EVERYBODY - INSIDE NOW! *

Roberta opens fire into the circle of glowing eyes - *

The gang throw themselves into the truck. They're inside
within seconds. *

Roberta BANGS on the roof. *

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Murphy, GO GO GO! *

Murphy revs the engine and speeds away from the Z-Wolf
infested camp. *

CUT TO: *

44 EXT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - DAY 44

A sprawling razor wire fence encircles the perimeter of Haven
Bay airfield.

Multiple hangers stock all kinds of aircraft, from crop
dusters to Vietnam era fighter jets.

It's a post-apocalyptic aviation nerds dream. *

Loudspeakers placed along the perimeter fence blast heavy metal music - Packs of Zombies claw at fence, attempting to shut off the distraction. *

ANGLE ON: AN ARMORED CAR WITH A PROPELLER BLADE ATTACHED TO THE BONNET - HURLING TOWARDS THE GATE WITH JEFFERSON'S TRUCK FOLLOWING BEHIND *

INT. MILITARY TRUCK INTERIOR - CONTINUOUS *

Jefferson and the five remaining SEALS drive Murphy and Hammond towards the airfields entrance - Which is kept Z free by the loudspeakers. *

LT. HAMMOND
(whispering)
You treacherous son-of-a-bitch.
Once I'm outta' these cuffs --

MURPHY
(whispering)
Traacherous? I saved your life,
Jefferson was about to shoot you
... And me!

LT. HAMMOND
(whispering)
And now he's trading us in for his own private chopper! So look at how that worked out. *

MURPHY
(whispering)
Oh sure, like I never warned you to
(yelling)
Not trust the dude who sells people into slavery!

Jefferson snaps -

JEFFERSON
WILL YOU TWO JUST SHUT UP FOR ONE GODDAMN SECOND?

The group continue their drive in awkward silence. *

The car and truck pulls up beside the gate. The Baron leans out the driver-side window. *

Awaiting their arrival is CAPTAIN WILBERFORCE, 50's, A large well built man covered head to toe in engine oil. *

THE BARON
Howdy Wilberforce!

CAPTAIN WILBERFORCE
Hey boss! These boys with you? *

THE BARON
Sure are! Got somethin' special *
today: Just wait 'till you get a *
load of this.
(to Jefferson)
Show him!

Jefferson steps out of the truck, leans inside and yanks *
Murphy onto the tarmac. *
He Murphy's shirt and pulls it over his head, revealing - *
The many zombie bite marks that cover Murphy's body.

CAPTAIN WILBERFORCE
Holy crap on a cracker.
Are those? Z-bites?

THE BARON
Well they sure ain't mosquito
bites, jackass!

JEFFERSON
As I was explaining to your boss,
he may not look like much, but
trust me when I say that the blood
coursing through this mans veins is
worth more than any material
object.

Jefferson pushes Murphy back into the truck before jumping *
back inside. *

LT. HAMMOND
You goddamn sell out. You're no
SEAL.

Murphy looks as if this is the end of his California road *
trip. *

(ACT FIVE)

CUT TO:

45 INT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 45

An AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL OPERATOR sits at a small desk, relaying guidance into a microphone.

The control room is more of a glorified shed than a functional control center.

OPERATOR
(radio)
Y'all clear Mike. Take her out.

The door to the room SWINGS OPEN. Sadowski and Anders throw Murphy and Hammond into the room.

SADOWSKI
(to Operator)
You, keep an eye on these two.

OPERATOR
(saluting)
Sure thing, Major asshole!

Sadowski leaves as The Operator turns to Murphy and Hammond, who are in the process of picking themselves up from the floor.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
(sarcasm)
So... How's your day been?

Murphy and Hammond exchange an awkward glance.

Hammond scans the room, searching for something - anything to improve their situation.

ANGLE ON: THE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL EQUIPMENT

LT. HAMMOND
Yo, you got AM on that thing right?

OPERATOR
Course man. You know how a radio works, right?

LT. HAMMOND
Say... We're having one hell of a day. How about you whack on One-eight-five Double D.

OPERATOR
(confused)
The hell you wafflin' about?

LT. HAMMOND
One-eight-five! The... 'Adult'
station?
You tellin' me you never heard of
it?

OPERATOR
(excited)
Adult station? Wait a sec... The
porno channel is back up! Aw man I
thought Z's took that broadcast
down! *

The operator begins turning his dials. This is the most
exciting thing he's experienced in months.

MURPHY
(to Hammond)
What the hell are you doing?

OPERATOR
Ah right, one... eight... five--

SCREEECHHHHH!

A high pitch wail blasts from the speakers - deafening the
radio operator.

OPERATOR (CONT'D)
(removing headphones)
OW! WHAT THE FU--

In an instant --

Hammond breaks free of his cuffs - grabs the back of the
Operators head and SLAMS him into the desk. He slumps to the
ground, knocked out cold. *

Hammond jumps into the chair and takes over control of the
radio.

MURPHY
HAMMOND! You really need to start
sharing your plans with me!

Hammond ignores Murphy and grabs the headphones.

LT. HAMMOND
(radio)
Cruller? You there?

SIMON CRULLER (O.S)
(radio)
Lieutenant Hammond?! Are you
alright?

CUT TO:

46 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 46

Cruller sits at his terminal, conversing with Hammond via the
radio.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)
I haven't heard from you in weeks!
You activated my intrusion
defenses: Hope I haven't destroyed
your ear drums.

LT. HAMMOND (O.S)
(radio)
We're alive son, but we won't be
much longer if you don't get us
outta here'.

SIMON CRULLER
(radio)
Oh boy, just like old times.

ANGLE ON: CRULLERS MONITOR - A SATELLITE FEED TRACES THE
SIGNAL TO... THE AIRSTRIP! *

*

SIMON CRULLER (CONT'D)
(radio)
I see you Delta-Xray-Delta. Wow!
That's a lot of tech.

ANGLE ON: THE SATELLITE ZOOMS INTO A HANGER BAY - REVEALING
THE BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF AN F-16 FIGHTER JET.

SIMON CRULLER (CONT'D)
(radio)
Sir! I think I may have found a
'distraction'.

ANGLE ON: CRULLERS MONITOR - "REMOTE HACK INITIATED" APPEARS
ACROSS HIS SCREEN.

CUT BACK TO:

47 INT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS 47

LT. HAMMOND
(radio)
Do whatever you gotta' do, but do
it fast, Cruller!

*
*

CUT TO:

48 EXT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS 48

Beside an APACHE HELICOPTER, Captain Wilberforce, The Baron
and the SEALS hash out their deal.

CAPTAIN WILBERFORCE
She's all ready. Hellfire missiles;
they're should we say 'a bit hit
and miss'.

JEFFERSON
So long as she flies Cap, that's
all we need.

In the distance - We hear the SOUND OF AN ENGINE ROARING TO
LIFE - A JET ENGINE.

The men look around the area, searching for the source of the
noise.

THE BARON
If I didn't know any better, I'd
say that sounds like an F-16 Jet
engine powerin' up --

JEFFERSON
CLEAR THE RUNWAY!

ANGLE ON: THE F16 JET POWERING DOWN THE RUNWAY. IT'S TOTALLY
OUT OF CONTROL.

CUT TO:

49 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 49

Cruller is controlling the jet via a videogame style
joystick.

SIMON CRULLER
Word of warning: never was much of
a flight sim fan. More of an RPG
kinda' guy.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS 50

The jet carers down the runway. -

And SMASHES straight through the perimeter fence -

Within seconds - A pack of ravenous Z's swarm through the opening.

CUT BACK TO:

51 INT. NSA 'NORTHERN LIGHT' COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS 51

Cruller stares at the monitor in shock.

SIMON CRULLER

OK. I did not mean to do that.

(to the radio)

There's your distraction, L.T.

Use it!

CUT TO:

52 EXT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS 52

The group are in a state of disbelief at what they just witnessed. *

THE BARON

Oh man... I planned on trading that
for a tank - A tank! *

ANGLE ON: IN THE DISTANCE - A HUGE FIREBALL RISES FROM THE
JET'S IMPACT POINT. IN THE FOREGROUND, HUNDREDS OF Z'S FLOOD
THROUGH THE FENCE.

THE BARON (CONT'D)

And now we're overrun! Whada' great
day this has turned out to have
been.

The Baron unholsters his two wild-west style Smith & Wessons.

JEFFERSON

(to his men)

Boys: beat-feet to the chopper!
We're leaving!

ANGLE ON: MURPHY AND HAMMOND LEAVING THE RADIO ROOM AND
JUMPING INTO THE BARONS CAR

Jefferson is the only one to notice the pair.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Hammond...

CUT TO:

53 INT. THE BARON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 53

The propeller is now spinning like an out of control ceiling fan. *

Hammond hits the gas - just as a swarm of zombies charge the vehicle -

STRAIGHT INTO THE PROPELLER. BLOOD & GUTS SPRAY ACROSS THE WINDOWS.

MURPHY *

This isn't a car, it's a goddamn
blender on wheels! *
Man, The Baron is gonna' be pissed *
when he finds out we took his car. *

LT. HAMMOND *

That crazy sonofabitch has got *
bigger problems to worry about than *
being carjacked. *

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS *

The Baron, two revolvers in hand, is blowing away Z's left *
right and center like an old fashioned cowboy. *

THE BARON *

I could do this all day fellas! *
Yee-Haw! *

He blows away two more Z's *

THE BARON (CONT'D) *

Seriously! I have a ton of ammo and *
way too much free time! Bring it *
on! *

The gunshow continues. *

ANGLE ON: OVERHEAD - JEFFERSON'S APACHE FLIES ABOVE. *

CUT TO: *

54 EXT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS 54

Hammond drives the car down the airstrip.

A SECOND LINE OF ZOMBIES CHARGE INTO THE PROPELLER - MORE BLOOD AND GUTS.

Hammond swerves the car left and right: Hitting several Z's.

55 INT. THE BARON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 55

Hammond stares ahead, attempting to navigate the Z-Infested air strip.

MURPHY

You sick bastard, you're enjoying this ain't you?

LT. HAMMOND

(beat, smiling)

Maybe.

(to Murphy)

We're almost there

CUT TO:

56 EXT. HAVEN BAY AIRFIELD - PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS 56

The propeller car CRASHES through the mesh fence: Hammond and Murphy are home free.

CUT BACK TO:

57 INT. THE BARON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 57

Murphy, like a puppy on its first roadtrip, looks left to right and back again. He can't believe they made it.

MURPHY

We made it out. Hammond!

Haha! We made it! We --

BOOM!

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE BARON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER 59

An explosion rocks the vehicle. Flames engulf the bonnet - setting the propeller alight.

MURPHY
WHAT THE HELL!?

LT. HAMMOND
IT'S JEFFERSON - HANG ON!

A SECOND EXPLOSION - DESTROYS THE PROPELLER.

ANGLE ON: A HUNK OF PROPELLER BLADE SMASHING THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN - STRAIGHT INTO HAMMONDS FACE

He falls back into his seat, loosing control of the vehicle.

LT. HAMMOND (CONT'D)
OWWWW - GRAB THE WHEEL.

A THIRD EXPLOSION.

60 EXT. ROAD TO THE AIRFIELD - CONTINUOUS 60

The force of the explosion FLIPS the armored car forwards - it lands upside down - slowly spinning clockwise with the momentum of the now wrecked propeller.

*

SMASH CUT TO:

61 TOTAL BLACK. 61

*

CUT TO:

*

63 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 63

We're back on the country road from the intro.

The recognizable SMOKEY THE BEAR BILLBOARD casts its oddly menacing shadow across the road. In the distance we see the gangs truck approaching.

64 INT. TRUCK INTERRIOR - CONTINUOUS 64

The gang are all hunkered down inside. Roberta rides shotgun with Murphy behind the wheel - He's intensely focused on the surrounding area.

Doc is in the middle of a rant.

DOC
Just sayin'! Stranding us in backwoods surrounded by nuclear powered Z-Wolves: it sucked man!

*

MURPHY
They were glowly eye puppies!
Nothing you couldn't handle.

*
*
*

CASSANDRA
(looking out the window)
Hey - didn't we pass that stupid
billboard yesterday?
Where you taking us?

*
*

MURPHY
I'm looking for something.

Murphy scans the environment when suddenly his eyes widen.
He violently steers the truck off-road.

DOC
OW, watch it. Old man back here!

Murphy stops the truck beside a forest clearing. He jumps out
the truck, possessed and intensely focused.

MURPHY
Wait here. This won't take long.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. CRASH SITE - DAY - FLASHBACK

65

The Baron's car is now a smouldering wreck. Along the
roadside, against a nearby tree: Murphy tends to a severely
wounded Hammond.

A bloody laceration runs the length of Hammond's face from
forehead to chin - The scar we see show in S1.

*
*

Murphy tries to wipe away the blood.

MURPHY
At least you'll have one bad ass
scar. Chicks dig scars, Y'know?

LT. HAMMOND
Don't need no scar to impress the
ladies.

*
*

Murphy laughs nervously.

ANGLE ON: THE BARON'S MEN ARRIVING AT THE CRASH SITE.

They take up positions around the pair.

HAMMOND

(beat)
Murphy. I'm sorry.
I let you down.

MURPHY

Don't matter. It's done.
(beat)
Just keep me alive.

LT. HAMMOND

You have my word.

The Baron arrives, flanked by his guards.

THE BARON

Oh boys. You're gonna' be in my
employment a long time to work off
the cost of my vehicles.
Jet included.

*
*
*

All hope of getting to California fades from Murphy's face.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON: JEFFERSON LAID AGAINST A LARGE OAK TREE.

Murphy storms towards his former protector.

Jefferson opens his eyes, barely able to focus on the
approaching object. Murphy towers over Jefferson.

The roles are finally reversed. Murphy squats beside
Jefferson.

JEFFERSON

Mur -- Murphy? Ha!
(coughs)
You came back.

MURPHY

When I thought I had nothing to
lose, you still found a way to
take something from me.

Jefferson can barely speak.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

The Z's took my flesh. But you...
You took my freedom, Jefferson
(beat)
Now I'm gonna' return the favour.

Murphy DISPLAYS his teeth - AND BITES INTO JEFFERSON'S NECK.

JEFFERSON

Murphy! UGH!

Murphy removes a small hunk of flesh and spits it straight into Jefferson's face.

66 INT. TRUCK INTERIOR - MOMENTS LATER 66

Murphy stands over Jefferson. The group continue to look on in stunned silence as Jefferson transforms into one of the undead. *

MURPHY
Pay back's a bitch.

CUT TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

(END OF EPISODE)