

Peste

by
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"THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE WAS RECOVERED FROM THE HOME OF MICHAEL AND
KATHLEEN DRAKEFORD.

DURING THE C1H1 OUTBREAK, THE COUPLE AND THEIR TWO DAUGHTERS SPENT
FORTY-EIGHT DAYS UNDER MANDATORY OHIO STATE QUARANTINE.

THE FAMILY'S CURRENT WHEREABOUTS REMAIN UNKNOWN..."

SMASH UP ON:

EMMA DRAKEFORD (14) peering in at us. She's a sweet looking kid. Earnest. Academic. Unconventional with a touch of edge. She'll be our guide. Our narrator. This story unfolds through her eyes.

(*NOTE: UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, ALL FOOTAGE IS RECORDED BY EMMA DRAKEFORD'S AMATEUR HAND.***)**

She spits on the lens and wipes it clean with her sleeve. A moment later, she puts the camera to her eye revealing we're in--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 29. A CAMPING LANTERN casts an eerie glow over this girly, meticulously neat space. Beatles posters on the walls. A bookshelf sags with hundreds of paperbacks.

THUMP! The sound is muffled. Strange. Coming from an indeterminate area somewhere inside the house. A moment of silence. Then...THUMP-THUMP!

EMMA (O.S.)

What the...?

Emma throws back the covers and gets out of bed. We catch a glimpse of her smiley face pajama bottoms and brightly colored toenails as she pads over to the door. Trying to locate the sound's source.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad?

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

EMMA PANS OVER -- An EMERGENCY STORAGE AREA. SUPPLY BOXES, BATTERIES, CANNED GOODS, FLASHLIGHTS and CAMPING LANTERNS stacked against the wall. GALLON JUGS OF WATER crowd the table. A RIFLE sits beside a roughly boarded up window. Clearly, this home is on lockdown. Bracing for catastrophe.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad? Is that you?

Emma moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lit by a few CANDLES. Cluttered with the detritus of close living. BOARDGAMES and piles of DIRTY LAUNDRY scattered about. Emma TRIPS over a battered MONOPOLY BOX and KICKS IT aside.

THUMP-THUMP!

On the couch, Emma's father, balding, pudgy, unassuming, MICHAEL DRAKEFORD (50s) snores in threadbare pajamas. Deeply asleep. KIT-KAT, the family tabby, purrs on his chest. Emma pets her.

EMMA (O.S.)

Good kitty.

THUMP! Emma jerks the camera up to the ceiling. The noise is clearly coming from upstairs.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma moves slowly, trepidation in her step, past framed FAMILY PHOTOS, CHEERLEADING AWARDS and ACADEMIC COMMENDATIONS. The THUMPS grow louder.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace? You awake?

No answer as Emma approaches a bedroom door bearing the signs: KNOCK! KEEP OUT! GO AWAY!

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stace?

Another muffled THUMP from within.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stace, I'm coming in. Don't get mad, okay?

Emma opens the door and enters into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma PANS AROUND. Unlike the orderliness of her bedroom, this place is filthy. There's garbage everywhere. Empty CANS, evidence of late night binges, are strewn about.

A COCKROACH skitters by. Emma yelps and jumps out of the way as it disappears underneath the empty bed. THUMP!

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace? What the hell?

Dim light leaks out from underneath the closed bathroom door.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stace?! What're you doing?
You're freaking me out!
Seriously!

Dreading what she's going to find, Emma moves over to the door and pushes it open.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FLASHLIGHT rocks on the floor, throwing uncertain shadows. Emma switches to NIGHTVISION and SWIVELS THE CAMERA AROUND, trying to pinpoint the source of the thumps. She lands on--

STACIA DRAKEFORD (16). Curled upon the floor. She jerks. Convulses. Eyes roll back in her head. Her foot repeatedly KICKS THE SIDE OF THE TUB. THUMP-THUMP.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace?

Delirious, Stace doesn't respond. Emma just stands and stares, bewildered by the bizarre movement beneath Stace's shirt, near her spine.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stace, it's okay.

But we hear the horror in her voice as she sets the camera down and LIFTS STACE'S BLOUSE.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

Something CLAWS ITS WAY OUT OF STACE'S BACK. Blood-slick and somehow aware, INKY BLACK TENTACLES EMERGE and wrap around Stace's waist. The HEAD OF A BULBOUS JELLYFISH-LIKE MASS PULSES INSIDE HER. Alive. Waiting. Growing.

Emma SCREAMS and runs out. The camera continues to record behind her. Off this we--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BENCH - DAY (TRIPOD)

PRE-QUARANTINE. Six weeks earlier. All is right and good in the world. The shit hasn't hit the fan. Yet.

Seated on the bench, Emma smiles winningly at us. Just an average teen on an average day. She's neatly dressed. Lipstick. Eyeliner. A strand of hair catches the wind. She tucks it behind her ear and clears her throat. Ready.

EMMA

Hi. I'm Emma Drakeford and welcome to my life.

A moment. Laughter off camera. Emma looks beyond us.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What? Was that bad?

VOICE (O.S.)

It wasn't *that* bad. Just act natural. Here.

Chubby, punky, African American GRACIE (15) Emma's best friend, pops into frame. With a bobby pin, she secures that stray strand of Emma's hair.

EMMA
I'm in focus, right?

GRACIE
Yes. For like, the twentieth time. Be still. I swear, what would you do without me?

EMMA
I'd be jacked up.

GRACIE
Ya heard.

They giggle. Gracie ducks back behind the camera.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay. Go again. Act natural!

EMMA
More energy or less?

GRACIE (O.S.)
Natural energy. Stop trying so hard. Just talk like you talk to me.

HONKING off screen. Emma waves to a car passing by o.s.

EMMA
Hey, Mr. Toomey!

GRACIE (O.S.)
Okay. You ready?

Emma nods. Smiles awkwardly. Tries to focus.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Want me to give you a countdown?
Like they do on tv?

Another nod from Emma.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Three...Two...One...

EMMA
(simple, honest)
Hi. I'm Emma Drakeford and this is my life.
(a moment, then to Gracie)
How was that?

GRACIE (O.S.)
Pretty g--

CLICK. BLACK.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - EVENING

EMMA PANS AROUND in a wide arc revealing three homes (including the Drakeford's) on this island of perfect middle class suburbia.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is where I live.

Across the street, LAWRENCE COLE (50s), the cul-de-sac curmudgeon, sets his garbage cans out by the curb. LUCY, his equally mean-spirited daschund, trots behind him.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Mr. Cole!

He gives an uninterested, half-hearted wave and, hiding his face with his hand, heads back inside.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Or not.

Lucy catches sight of Emma and barrels towards her, BARKING her little doggie-head off.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Lucy. Who's a good girl?
Who's a good girl?

Not Lucy. As soon as Emma bends down to pet her, Lucy starts growling and snaps at her. Emma snatches her hand back.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ow! You little sh--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Pleasant hustle and bustle. Petite KAY DRAKEFORD (late 40s) fiddles around on the stove, stirring up this and that. She's the high-strung sort. Too thin. Eternally anxious. Worries about everything.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is my awesome mom, making her awesome sauce.

KAY
What am I signing again?

EMMA (O.S.)
A release. Just in case I break the camera.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Then we get to pay for it? Joy.

Michael enters. Exchanges a kiss with his wife and begins unloading the dishwasher.

EMMA (O.S.)
 But I'm not going to break it.
 Hello? I'm the responsible one,
 remember?

STACE (O.S.)
 I heard that.

STACE enters. 100% healthy and everything Emma isn't.
 Primped. Pretty. Curvy and working it. The tension
 between sisters is palpable. Stace casually flips Emma
 the bird. Michael swats her with a dishtowel.

MICHAEL
 I saw that, smartass.

STACE
 (to Emma)
 How much stuff do you have to
 tape?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Enough to get an A.

STACE
 How much is that? Because you and
 that camera are already like,
 working my last fucking nerve.

MICHAEL
 (a warning)
 Stacia.

STACE
 (same tone)
 Dad.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Mr. Sparks says he only gives
 three As every semester so that
 people take New Media seriously.
 Competition is supposed to
 encourage increased performance
 among the--

STACE
 Sorry, I don't speak dork.

EMMA (O.S.)
 But you're fluent in bitch. Maybe
 you could teach me?

MICHAEL
 (another warning)
 Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (same tone)
 Dad.

KAY

Girls, if you can't act like two civilized human beings--

STACE

I'm totally civilized.

EMMA (O.S.)

Not, cheerleader.

STACE

Jealous much, Yearbook?

KAY

You're sisters. You're supposed to be best friends. You're supposed to take care of each other.

STACE

Like you and Aunt Evie, right?

EMMA (O.S.)

Yeah, mom. You hate Auntie E.

KAY

That's beside the point.

Michael whacks Emma with a towel.

MICHAEL

Smartass.

HONKING from outside.

STACE

That's me. I'm out.

KAY

Where're you going?

STACE

Omigod, we talked about this already!

KAY

No, we didn't.

STACE

I'm going to Laurie's house. I'll be back!

KAY

When?

STACE

Later!

And she's out the door.

MICHAEL
Before ten!

KAY
It's Wednesday!

MICHAEL
(after Stace)
Before nine!

But Stace is already gone. Michael and Kay exchange a look. Not happy with Stace. Or each other.

KAY
You shouldn't have let her go at all.

Kay returns to stirring her sauce. Michael pulls a strainer from the dishwasher. Not sure where it goes. Kay snatches it away.

KAY (CONT'D)
(get out)
I got it.

Embarrassed and a bit hurt, Michael notices Emma's still recording.

MICHAEL
(off-balanced, trying
to laugh it off)
I better not see this on The You
Tube. Where's the form?

Emma hands it over.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

ZOOM IN ON -- A plate. Meat loaf. Potatoes. Peas. A glass of milk. We ZOOM OUT...And ZOOM IN. Emma's just having fun. A throat clears o.s.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Emma?

EMMA (O.S.)
Yeah?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What're you doing?

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm *zooming*.

ZOOM IN. Big peas. ZOOM OUT. Little peas. A moment.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You done?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad, part of the assignment was to capture the minutiae of every day life. The key word being 'minutiae.'

EMMA PANS AROUND AND SETTLES ON -- MICHAEL. Who regards her with limited patience. Across the way, Kay picks at a rabbit sized portion.

MICHAEL
 Turn the camera off.

Emma sighs and sets the camera on the table.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Fine. But if I get a B, it's your-

CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

A small space filled with books. Michael sits in front of his computer. Intently focused on the screen. So focused he doesn't hear Emma creeping up silently behind him. An old game between them. She pounces.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad!

He nearly jumps out of his skin.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Got you. Say hi to the camera.

MICHAEL
 Hi to the camera. You finish your homework?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Yeah.

MICHAEL
 And?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Easy. Whatcha readin'?

EMMA ZOOMS IN ON -- THE COMPUTER SCREEN. The headline reads: PESTE VIRUS CRIPPLES NY CITY. STATEWIDE QUARANTINE INITIATED.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Paranoia. Mob mentality. And government overreach. Only in NY City. Nothing for you to worry about.

He CLICKS over to a SOLITAIRE GAME.

EMMA (O.S.)
You waiting up for Stace?

MICHAEL
Yep.

EMMA (O.S.)
Is she grounded?

MICHAEL
Very.

EMMA (O.S.)
Till when?

MICHAEL
Till she's thirty. I don't know
what happened. She used to be so
nice. She used to like us. Hey,
I gotta ask you something. Switch
that thing off.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, no! What about my A?

Michael gives her The Look. Emma sighs. All 'tude.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fine. Happy?

Emma SETS THE CAMERA ON A SHELF and APPEARS IN FRAME,
standing in front of her father.

MICHAEL
Is it off?

EMMA
Yes, dad! Talk!

But she's lying. The camera CONTINUES TO RECORD.

MICHAEL
(beat)
Is your sister on drugs?

EMMA
(giggles)
What?

MICHAEL
Why is that funny? I won't be mad
if she is.

EMMA
Yes, you will.

MICHAEL
(concedes)
Yes, I will.
(beat)
Is she?

EMMA

No!

MICHAEL

Then what's wrong with her?

EMMA

Nothing's wrong with her. She's just Stace.

A moment. Michael considers this.

MICHAEL

Is she drinking?

EMMA

Dad, I'm gonna leave.

MICHAEL

I don't even want to ask this, but-

EMMA

What?

MICHAEL

Is she having sex?

EMMA

Oh my God. Are we done?!

MICHAEL

What about C.J. Moreno?

EMMA

They're just dating.

MICHAEL

No sex?

EMMA

Not yet.

MICHAEL

Are you having sex?

EMMA

Wow. Just seriously. Wow.

MICHAEL

You're my daughter. I'm your dad. We're supposed to have talks like this.

EMMA

Says who?

MICHAEL

Is there anything going on that I need to know about?

EMMA

Other than the fact that you just made my brain vomit and cry? No. Can I go now?

MICHAEL

Go over that last problem again.

Emma retrieves her camera and holds it by her side. Pointed AT THE FLOOR. Keeping her taping secret.

EMMA (O.S.)

Can I ask you something?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Shoot.

EMMA (O.S.)

You and mom. Everything okay?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Why would you ask that?

EMMA (O.S.)

I'm your daughter. We're supposed to have talks like this.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Haha. Smartypants. Your mother and I are fine.

Emma gives her dad a kiss good-night. A real bond between these two. Emma heads to the door. As she goes, she turns back to find Michael has clicked back over to the article. Clearly more concerned than he's letting on.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

EMMA RECORDS THROUGH THE BLINDS. A CAR pulls into the driveway below.

C.J. MORENO -- (17), letter jacket, the kind of guy who stuffs geeks into lockers and thinks its hilarious -- drives. Stace gets out of the passenger side door.

EMMA (O.S.)

(whisper)
Sooo busted.

She moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Unseen, Emma RECORDS THROUGH THE RAILING as Michael and Kay bombard Stace the moment she enters.

MICHAEL

What the hell's wrong with you?
It's a school night! You didn't even call!

Stace ignores them and flounces up the stairs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Get back down here! We're not done.

Stace brushes by Emma. Glares at her.

STACE
Don't say anything. And don't tape me!

Emma continues to record. Follows Stace down the hall.

EMMA (O.S.)
When mom and dad fight, it's always because of you. You know that, right?

STACE
I said don't tape me!

Pissed, Stace turns and charges towards Emma. She KNOCKS THE CAMERA out of her hand. CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Michael drives. Seated in the passenger seat, Emma RECORDS THE WORLD rushing by. A RADIO TALK SHOW blares.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
(filtered)
Another three hundred and fifteen confirmed cases in Newark this morning, and *twenty-nine hundred* in Boston and the numbers keep on coming. So clearly the government has no idea what's going--

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Christ.

Michael SWITCHES OVER TO A MUSIC STATION. SOFT ROCK DRIFTS OUT. Michael hums along with it. Oblivious to the suckitude of his music selection.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad. You're killing me.

She reaches down and switches to a ALTERNATIVE ROCK STATION.

SWIVEL AROUND TO -- THE BACKSEAT. Stace dozes against the window. Her cheerleading outfit spills out of her bag. Emma CRANKS the music up. Loud. Louder. Stace suddenly WAKES AND KICKS THE BACK OF EMMA'S SEAT hard.

MICHAEL
Hey! HEY!

He turns the radio off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Okay, so we'll just not have any
 music at all. If I have to treat
 you two like children, I will.

Stace glowers at Emma.

STACE
 (mouths)
 I hate you.

She KICKS EMMA'S SEAT again.

MICHAEL
 GIRLS!

Emma resumes FILMING OUT THE WINDOW. The car stops at a traffic light. On the corner, a SMALL CROWD has gathered, holding signs reading -- "THE END OF DAYS IS NIGH!" "REPENT, THE HOUR OF JUDGEMENT IS UPON US!" "SATAN WALKS!" A PREACHER (50s), all fire and brimstone, points at Emma.

PREACHER
 --and there was a pale green
 horse. Its rider was named Death
 and Hades rode with him! They
 were given authority to kill,
 KILL, with sword, famine, and
 plague!' Repent and--

EMMA (O.S.)
 What. Ever.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Crowded. Chaotic. A DRUMLINE can be heard O.S. HIGH SCHOOLERS trundle by. Headed for the gym. An assembly about to begin.

Grinning easily at us, EVAN (16) fills the frame. He's the punk rock type. A BENT FORK around his wrist. Ponytail. Cute as hell. Perfect for Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Don't just stand there. Do something.

EVAN
 Like what?

EMMA (O.S.)
 I don't know. Just, like,
 whatever.

He laughs. He likes her. She likes him. It's adorable.

EVAN

(thinks)
Okay. I got it. You ready?

Suddenly, Evan LIFTS HIS SHIRT and FLASHES A NIPPLE. Then he's pulled away by his FRIENDS and disappears into the crowd. Emma starts laughing. Gracie pops into frame.

GRACIE

He soo likes you. Just get a room already.

They follow the crowd towards the gym.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Crowded. Full bleachers. The BAND PLAYS a FIGHT SONG and the CHEERLEADERS perform a DANCE ROUTINE. Emma ZOOMS IN ON--

STACE -- Who has perked up considerably. She dances with the rest of the squad. Throwing flirty glances at--

C.J. -- Who stands with the FOOTBALL PLAYERS. Pumping Jersey-style while simultaneously taping Stace's vigorously shaking backside with his cameraphone.

(LATER)

CLOSE ON -- A beleaguered CDC OFFICIAL (40s) stands behind a podium. Trying to hold the attention of a fidgeting audience. No one's taking this seriously.

CDC OFFICER

--at this time, the CDC is classifying it as a parasite, but it's substantially more than--

Someone makes a FARTING noise and the whole student body begins LAUGHING.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)

(clears his throat)
--that.

More tittering. CDC Officer presses doggedly forward. Bored, Emma SWIVELS THE CAMERA AROUND and lands on--

MICHAEL -- Standing on the sidelines with several other TEACHERS. Checking his watch. He catches Emma recording him. Annoyed, he motions to her: *Pay attention!*

CDC OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But the parasite isn't fatal. No matter what you read online or on facebook. That's the most important thing for everyone to remember. It *doesn't* kill you.

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- EVAN. Seated a few rows ahead of her. Just hanging with his FRIENDS and not paying attention at all. Evan looks back. Catches Emma's eye/camera. He winks. Beside Emma--

GRACIE -- Nudges her and makes a kissy face.

<p>GRACIE (whispers) Seriously, you two are gonna have like, beautiful punk rock babies. Ya heard?!</p>	<p>CDC OFFICER (O.S.) Early signs of infestation include weight loss, extensive bruising, especially around the trunk and abdomen. Markedly increased appetite and extended sleep cycles.</p>
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Gracie nudges Emma again and points.

GRACIE (O.S.)
(whispers)
Look!

Emma follows her finger and lands on a--

MALE TEACHER -- Standing off to the side. Though thin, he CHOWS DOWN on a massive BURGER. Practically inhaling it. Barely bothering to chew. There's something about it that's a bit...off. Nevertheless, the girls giggle.

EMMA (O.S.)
(whispers)
Wow. It's not even ten o'clock yet.

Emma returns her camera to the CDC OFFICER.

CDC OFFICER
(off to ASSISTANT)
Can you get the restraints?

ASSISTANT moves away.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
(to crowd)
You guys'll like this.

Assistant returns with a nasty tangle of RESTRAINTS. Looks like something from an S&M video. A super kinky one.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
We're pretty proud of these. Steel and reinforced titanium. Perfect for restraining an Infested or Twist, as they're called. Any volunteers?

A NERDY GUY pops up and jumps onto the stage. CDC Officer straps him up.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
And this goes here and this here
and...tada! Cool, right?

RANDOM STUDENT
Wrong, douchebag!

Titters from the audience.

CDC OFFICER
(a little hurt)
If you suspect an individual is
Infested or think you may be,
we've got these nifty magnets
here.

He HOLDS one up.

RANDOM STUDENT (O.S.)
They SUCK!

More laughter.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

CLOSE ON -- The CDC MAGNET. 'SUSPECT AN INFESTED? CALL 1-800-CDC-PESTE!' Beside Emma, Stace grimly loads up the dishwasher.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is my sister. Grounded
until she's thirty.

STACE
Shhh! Listen!

Raised voices drift in from the dining room.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I just don't see the point.

KAY (O.S.)
There's nothing wrong with being
prepared!

MICHAEL (O.S.)
There's prepared and there's
paranoid. Next thing you know
we'll all be walking around with
masks and those suits on.

KAY (O.S.)
Why is everything always a fight
with you? I'm just asking--

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 How much are we supposed to spend
 on this? A hundred bucks? Two?

EMMA (O.S.)
 (to us)
 That's the sound of my parents
 arguing. Mom thinks we're all
 gonna die.

A moment. Then Stace snorts laughter.

STACE
 Mom's such a case.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Hello Pot. Meet Kettle.

STACE
 What does that even mean?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 GIRLS!

Michael enters. On the edge of his patience.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 What're you two doing?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Nothing.

Hurriedly, she DROPS THE CAMERA TO HER SIDE. Recording
 on the down low.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Cricket, let's go.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Where?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (tight)
 We're going to get prepared.

STACE (O.S.)
 Can I come?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Grounded.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Ooh, fail.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 Finish cleaning the kitchen. Then
 you can start on the--

Emma leaves them and moves into the--

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Caller, what's the nature of your
 emergency?

CALLER (O.S.)
 WHAT THE (BEEP) DO YOU THINK?
 WE'RE OVERRUN WITH THESE TWISTED
 (BEEP)! SEND THE POLICE! SEND
 THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! SEND EVERY--

GUNSHOT, an AGONIZED SCREAM then...DIAL TONE.

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)
 Unfortunately, the call was lost
 and the status of the caller is
 currently un--

Michael switches off the radio.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Hey, I was listening--

MICHAEL
 Quiet!

He points. Emma swings the camera in that direction and
 WE SEE--

THE SUPERMARKET -- Packed. Cars everywhere. And not
 just cars, but pick-ups with TRACTOR TRAILERS, U-HAULS,
 and CAMPERS. POLICE OFFICERS on HORSEBACK monitor the
 chaos. But the panic, near borderline hysteria, is
 electric. Contagious.

Michael looks concerned. More concerned than we've seen
 him thus far.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 When we get inside, you stay close
 to me. Understand? Emma? Do--

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

We're MOVING. The DV CAM sits in a cart's child's seat.
 Recording through stainless steel bars. Emma's O.S.,
 pushing the cart. Michael leads the way, guiding the
 cart through aisles overrun with SHOPPERS.

And it's a fucking madhouse in here.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Water. Mom said not to forget it.

MICHAEL
 Yeah. Yeah. That's the first
 thing on my list.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BEVERAGE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma helps Michael load PLASTIC GALLONS of WATER into the cart. There aren't many left. Bewildered, Emma looks around at the people rushing to and fro.

EMMA
(awestruck)
Unbelievable.

MICHAEL
Cricket!

Emma resumes loading and they move over to the--

INT. SUPERMARKET - CANNED GOODS AISLE - CONTINUOUS

The shelves are nearly empty. Michael scans what's left with false cheer.

MICHAEL
Sardines and lasagna anyone?

EMMA
Seriously?

Michael grabs some cans and drops them in the cart.

MICHAEL
Just in case. When this blows over, we'll end up donating it all to the food bank.

Emma picks up some sardine tins.

EMMA
How many do I get?

A WOMAN comes up beside her and SCOOPS AN ARMFUL OF CANS off the shelf and into her cart. Emma grabs as many as she can before they're all gone.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECK OUT LINE - LATER

Lengthy. Wrapping around the store to the frozen food section. Michael flips through a magazine bearing the optimistic headline: END OF DAYS?

TONY SPARKS (40s) - ponytailed and hip - and ORELIA MORROW (30s) - coach fit - approach. Nod in greeting. Their cart's almost empty.

EMMA (O.S.)
Hey! Mr. Sparks. Coach.

MICHAEL
Tony. Orelia. Great minds think alike apparently.

ORELIA
Or not. Slim pickings all round. We're gonna try Academy in the morning.

Emma retrieves her camera, leaves the grown ups to talk, and wanders back over to the--

INT. SUPERMARKET - BEVERAGE AISLE - CONTINUOUS

Nothing left. Emma's ZOOMS IN ON -- A pair of MEN stand chest to chest. Mad-dogging each other. The object of contention? The LAST CASE OF EVIAN at their feet.

YOUNGER MAN
Step aside, pops! Step aside!

OLDER MAN
Son--

YOUNGER MAN
Ain't your son, pops! You best walk on or we got a prob--

Older Man suddenly grabs the younger and THROWS HIM INTO A SHELF. In an instant, FISTS begin to fly every which way as ONLOOKERS jump in. It descends into a FULL ON BRAWL.

Emma's KNOCKED TO HER KNEES AND NEARLY TRAMPLED. She's KICKED and JOSTLED as the fight spreads and escalates.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?! DAD!

Her camera's KNOCKED OUT OF HER HANDS and KICKED ASIDE. It continues to record as she covers her head with her hands. Curls up to protect herself.

MICHAEL
Emma!

And Michael appears in frame. He PUSHES A MAN out of the way and PULLS EMMA to her feet. Tries to drag her to safety.

EMMA
Wait!

She dives for her camera. Grabs onto it. Just as POLICE enter the fray.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tight-lipped, Michael drives. Emma wipes her bloody knee. She scraped the hell out of it.

MICHAEL
You all right?

EMMA (O.S.)
Just skinned it.

MICHAEL
(a moment)
What happened in there...

EMMA (O.S.)
What about it?

MICHAEL
Let's not mention it to your
mother. You know how she gets.

EMMA (O.S.)
Okay. I won't say anything.

MICHAEL
We're all gonna be fine. Once
everyone calms down, we're all
gonna be perfectly fine.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Carrying bags, Michael and Emma enter to find Kay still sitting at the table. She clearly hasn't moved since they left. Tears streak her face.

EMMA (O.S.)
Mom?

No response.

MICHAEL
(to Emma)
Finish unloading the car.
(concerned to Kay)
Honey?

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - NIGHT

Emma records as a MINIVAN packed full of gear, HONKS as it passes by. Behind the wheel, fat, bearded LOUIS TOOMEY (50s), leans out the window, and waves to her.

LOUIS TOOMEY
Emma! Tell your folks to get
outta town before this place goes
belly up! Be safe!

EMMA (O.S.)
I'll see you guys when it's over!

She waves at JEANETTE (6) who pops up in the back seat. The girl WAVES BACK. Louis HONKS again as he and his daughter disappear around the corner.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And there go the neighbors. And
my babysitting money.

She returns her attentions to the TRUNK and pulls out a bag. Then she hears a noise. HALF-HOWL/HALF-SCREAM coming from a copse of trees nearby.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the--

She drops her bag and ZOOMS IN on the SHADOWY TREELINE where something HUMPED and TWISTED MOVES. Emma gasps and drops down behind the car. A moment. Keeping low, she RUNS back into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Emma bolts up. Taking two stairs at a time. Breathing hard.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma hurries through.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace!

She barges into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stace is in bed. Calmly reading a magazine. Annoyed, she looks up.

STACE

Can you knock, nerdsauce?

EMMA (O.S.)

There's something outside!

Stace sighs and tosses her magazine aside. She gets to her feet.

STACE

Where?

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - NIGHT

Beside Emma, Stace skeptically studies the dark treeline.

STACE

Where'd you see it?

EMMA (O.S.)

(points)
Right over there.

STACE

I don't see anything.

EMMA (O.S.)

It wasn't my imagination!

STACE

I didn't say it was. Freak out much? I swear, between you and mom.

She grabs Emma by the shoulders. Her face fills the frame.

STACE (CONT'D)
Repeat after me. Everything's
gonna be fine. Say it.

EMMA (O.S.)
Everything's gonna be fine.

STACE
No one's gonna die.

EMMA (O.S.)
No one's gonna die.
(pause)
Does this mean we're friends
again?

Stace makes a face as she retrieves the bags Emma
dropped.

STACE
Gross. How many sardines did you
guys get?

They giggle as they head back to the house. Sisters
again. Emma turns the camera around. She ZOOMS in on
the treeline. Whatever was there, is long gone.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (PARKED) - NEXT DAY

Stace settles in behind the wheel. Seated shotgun, a
tense Michael secures his seatbelt and clutches the
passenger side door. In fear for his life. Emma's in
the back. Recording.

EMMA (O.S.)
This may be my last entry. The
cheerleader's driving.

STACE
I have a license, tardbox.

EMMA (O.S.)
You have a *permit*, conformist.

MICHAEL
(a warning)
Girls.

STACE & EMMA
(same tone)
Dad.

MICHAEL
Check your mirrors.

Stace does and pulls out in a hurry. Michael winces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Slow down, turbo. The school's
not going anywhere.

Stace makes an unexpected turn.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Where are you--

STACE
C.J. needs a ride.

Michael mutters a curse under his breath.

EMMA & STACE
Dad!

(MOMENTS LATER)

The car pulls up in front of the tidy MORENO HOME. C.J.
hurries out and clambers into the car, squeezing in
beside Emma and forcing her to move over.

C.J.
Hey, Stace. Thanks for the ride,
Mr. Drakeford.

MICHAEL
(not happy)
Yep.

C.J. turns his attentions to Emma and her camera.
Affably, he LICKS the lens.

EMMA
GROSS! You d--
(LATER)

C.J. texts. Emma records out the window. A NEWSPROGRAM
blares.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
The CDC has now confirmed that
C1H1 infection is spread by bodily
fluids; blood, saliva, semen--

C.J. snorts laughter. Emma punches him. Dumbass.

They drive past an ACADEMY SUPERSTORE. Like the grocery
store, the PARKING LOT is FULL. Overrun. They pass a
STRIP MALL. Several stores are locked, boarded up, and
bearing the sign 'CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.'

RADIO HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
--urging everyone to avoid contact
with Infested persons.

RADIO HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They can become aggressive due to the parasite's increased need to consume. Sensitivity to sound and light can provoke an Infested to attack and these attacks are often fatal.

TRUCKS pass by. Their open beds filled with PEOPLE and LUGGAGE or STACKS OF SUPPLIES. Despite surface normalcy, everyone's either leaving town or hunkering down.

Uneasy calm before the storm.

Abruptly, C.J. appears in frame. Solemn. Serious.

C.J.

Crazy, hunh?

EMMA (O.S.)

Yeah.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunchtime. Emma sits with Gracie and RACHEL (16). Gracie's stuffing her face. Chips, hamburger, french fries. Pigging out. Really pigging out. Not a good sign. But the girls don't sense anything amiss.

EMMA (O.S.)

What's *wrong* with you?

GRACIE

Stress! I eat when I'm stressed. I can't help it. I mean look around. Everyone's *leaving*.

Gracie points, FLASHING A MASSIVE BRUISE ON HER FOREARM. Emma PANS THE CAMERA AROUND. Despite typical loudness and laughter, there's an atypical number of empty seats. ZOOM IN ON--

STACE -- Sitting on CJ's lap. Laughing. Having a jolly old time with the rest of the POPULAR CROWD. WHIP BACK TO--

GRACIE -- And her bruise.

EMMA (O.S.)

What happened?

GRACIE

(around a mouth full
of food)

My brother punched me! Don't record me. I look like a little piggy!

Giggles. A snort or two.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (re: Gracie's soda)
 Can I have a sip?

Emma reaches into frame, claims Gracie's Diet Coke and chugs.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Hey!

EVAN passes by with his boys and flashes a nipple. Emma giggles. Ahh, young love.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A dozen STUDENTS interspersed throughout. A DOZEN MORE EMPTY SEATS. Michael passes back pop quizzes. He flashes one at Emma.

MICHAEL
 Make sure you get this on camera.

Emma snatches her test away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I told you to look at that last problem again.

EMMA (O.S.)
 I did!

MICHAEL
 Emma Louise Drakeford. Did you just tell a--

A STUDENT snorts in front of her. *Louise?*

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad!

MICHAEL
 Sorry.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Can I go to the bathroom?

MICHAEL
 It's five minutes before the bell. Can you hold it?

EMMA (O.S.)
 I've been holding it!

Michael sighs and inclines his head to the door.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

ZOOM IN ON -- A DROP OF BLOOD. On the floor. Conspicuous red against white tile. One leads to TWO...

THREE... FOUR... Emma follows the TRAIL OVER TO a STAIRWELL DOOR.

CRASH! Emma jumps out of the way as two STUDENTS TUMBLE OUT. Panicked. Losing their shit.

STUDENT #1
Oh my God! No way! No way!

STUDENT #2
Somebody call 911! CALL 911!
SOMEBODY!

They run off. Curiously, Emma enters the--

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

We're on the 2nd floor. Below, a small group of STUDENTS huddle on the stairs. Their silent, shell-shocked gazes are locked on CHARLIE KEATS (16). He crouches by the Emergency Exit. Shirtless. Sweaty. Dazed. Infested.

A PESTE has burst out of his back. A CLUSTER of SQUIRMING BLACK TENTACLES FLAIL and wrap around his waist. Inextricably linked to him and very much alive.

EMMA (O.S.)
(whisper)
Jesus.

CHARLIE
(choked)
Help me. Somebody, please...
Please... Help me.

A TEEN GIRL approaches.

TEEN GIRL
Charlie. It's okay. Shhh. The ambulance is on the way. You'll be--

Suddenly, the BELL RINGS. Blasting through the quiet space like a Klaxon. And something in Charlie SNAPS. In an instant he goes rabid. Certifiably batshit.

He ATTACKS THE TEEN GIRL and goes RIGHT FOR HER THROAT with his teeth. Her SCREAMS are reduced to a GURGLE as BLOOD from her JUGULAR SPLATTERS THE WALL.

Emma and the other students SCREAM and bolt for the exit. Behind them, Charlie continues to attack the girl. Teeth GNASHING. Ripping through flesh and muscle. Straight down to the bone.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma runs out with the rest. Camera thumping by her side.

EMMA (O.S.)
SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! SOMEBODY
DO SOMETHING!!!

She pushes her way through the crowd. Coach Orelia appears and grabs her by the shoulders.

ORELIA
Emma. Calm down! What happened?!

EMMA (O.S.)
(stammers)
Infested...He's...Charlie's
Infested! Erika...she...she...

ORELIA
Where?

EMMA (O.S.)
Stairwell! He's in the
stairwell...

Orelia moves away. Gracie pops into frame.

GRACIE
Emma, what happened? What ha--

EXT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Michael drives. Stace sits shotgun. Emma RECORDS THE HIGH SCHOOL OUT THE BACK WINDOW as they pull out of the parking lot. The CDC has descended and school's out for the day. VANS, FIRETRUCKS, AMBULANCES and Emergency PERSONNEL are everywhere. The high school is now a CONTAINMENT ZONE.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Newly PACKED FULL OF SUPPLIES. Emma PANS OVER thousands of dollars worth of equipment and survival gear. CANDLES, CAMPING LANTERNS, DRY and CANNED GOODS.

STACE
(sotto)
Wow. Someone was busy today.

Michael doesn't look pleased.

MICHAEL
(under his breath)
Unbelievable.
(aloud)
Honey?!

Kay hurries in. Quickly embraces Stace and Emma.

KAY
I heard what happened! It was all over the news. Are you all okay?

EMMA (O.S.)
We're fine, mom.

KAY
Did you know him?

EMMA (O.S.)
No.

KAY
Did you see it happen?

EMMA (O.S.)
(beat)
No, mom.

Stace picks up a BAT, one of FOUR sitting on the table.

STACE
A bat, mom?

KAY
(shrugs)
They had a bunch at the store.
Everyone was buying them.

STACE
A gun would be better.

MICHAEL
Nope. You're safer with a bat.
Twists hate noise, remember?

STACE
No.

MICHAEL
Am I the only one who paid
attention at the assembly?
(to Kay)
You did good, honey.

Kay and Michael exchange a kiss. Ending the issue.
Stace follows Kay out, leaving Michael to scan the newly
transformed dining room and though he doesn't seem happy,
he's just going to let it go...For now.

Drilling can be heard O.S. Michael moves over to the
window. We ZOOM IN and see Laurence Cole on a
stepladder, BOARDING UP HIS WINDOWS while his WIFE
watches. Michael just sighs.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad? Maybe we should board up our
windows, too. Just in case.

MICHAEL
(weary)
Turn the camera off, Emma.

For once, Emma obeys.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 1. Early. Just before dawn. Still in bed, Emma switches on her camera as another KNOCK comes at the door.

EMMA (O.S.)
Yeah?

Michael sticks his head in. He's somber. Concerned.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad, what?! It's like, not even light out.

MICHAEL
Come downstairs.

EMMA (O.S.)
Why? What's going on?

MICHAEL
Just come downstairs. There's something you need to see.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma enters to find Kay, Michael, and Stace seated together on the sofa in front of the television. All three are silent. Tense. Gazes locked on the screen. Stace moves over to allow Emma a place to sit.

Emma plops down beside her and turns the camera onto the TELEVISION -- A NEWS ANCHOR, rumpled and appropriately sober, addresses us.

NEWS ANCHOR
--and upon advisement from the CDC and state and local officials, Governor Marlene McKinney has declared a statewide Quarantine. Effective immediately.

A gasp from Kay. Michael wraps an arm around her.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
We'll be broadcasting throughout the day to update our viewers on current conditions. All persons are to remain inside their residences until further notice. If you have an emergency, run low on supplies, or feel the need to venture out for any reason, please call the number provided at the bottom of your screen. Also effective immediately, CDC Infection Teams will be conducting random sweeps for Infested persons.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Refusal to comply could lead to a fine or detention as dictated by local law enfor--

CLICK. Michael turns the TV off. A moment. No one really knows what to say.

MICHAEL

Thanks to your mother we have plenty of supplies. Internet's working. Phones are working. So we're just going to hole up and wait for this thing to blow over.

Off this--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 3. Emma skips down. In fine spirits despite the circumstances.

EMMA (O.S.)

This is the third day of Quarantine. And we're just waiting for things to get back to normal.

She moves into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Stace go through stacks of supplies. Stace counts. Michael records the results on a clipboard chart.

EMMA (O.S.)

What are you guys doing?

MICHAEL

Inventory. You wanna give us a hand?

EMMA (O.S.)

I'm documenting.

STACE

Well, document this. We have seventy-six cans of sardines.

EMMA (O.S.)

Vom. It.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Rain patters outside. Slow, soothing jazz plays. Unseen at the top of the stairwell, Emma records as Kay flips through the clipboard. Michael comes up behind her. Wraps his arms around her waist. A rare moment of intimacy between these two.

MICHAEL

Stop worrying.

He tosses the clipboard away and within moments, they're dancing. Moving slowly to the rhythm. Kay's responding in spite of herself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We're all going to be fine.

KAY

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Yeah.

And then they're kissing. Lightly at first. But getting heavier. Emma ZOOMS IN. And doesn't hear Stace behind her.

STACE (O.S.)

(whispers)

What are they doing?

EMMA (O.S.)

(whispers gleefully)

Dad's a pimp. They're totally making out.

STACE (O.S.)

And you're recording them? Gross!
What's wrong with you, perv?!

She wrenches the camera away from Emma. They wrestle over it.

EMMA (O.S.)

Hey! Give it back!

MICHAEL (O.S.)

GIRLS?! What are you doing up--

CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (TRIPOD)

QUARANTINE DAY 4. Lightness in the Drakeford home. The entire family is gathered.

STACE

This is so stupid.

EMMA

Just do it, Stace.

MICHAEL
You used to love it when I sang
this to you.

STACE
When I was like, two.

EMMA
When you were like, nice.

STACE
Fail.

MICHAEL
Okay, I'll start.
(sings)
*'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,
Will I ever see the wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire.
At thy will.'*

He nudges his wife. She joins in for the next verse.

MICHAEL & KAY
'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose--'

And then the girls pop in. A song in the round has begun...And they don't sound half bad. Ironically, it's Stace who has the purest, prettiest voice.

EMMA & STACE
'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose--'

MICHAEL & KAY
'Will I ever see the wed?'

RING! RING! Kay hurries out to answer the phone.

MICHAEL
(to the girls)
Don't stop! Finish this up! We
sound good!

EMMA & STACE
*'Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire.
At thy--'*

KAY (O.S.)
(distressed)
No! No! No!

STACE
(concerned)
Mom?

Honey?

MICHAEL

Emma grabs her camera and follows Michael and Stace into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An emotional wreck, Kay bolts up the stairs. Michael hurries after her.

STACE
Mom, what happened?

MICHAEL
Who was on the phone?

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?

MICHAEL
(to the girls)
I'll talk to her. Wait here.

He heads up. Emma turns the camera onto Stace who rolls her eyes.

STACE
Seriously? This is private. Turn it off, Emma.

(A SHORT TIME LATER)

Michael sits on the stairs. Emma and Stace on either side of him. Kay can be heard crying in the b.g.

STACE (CONT'D)
What happened?

MICHAEL
Grandpa.

STACE
What about him?

MICHAEL
Infested. Evie got the call this morning. He got attacked at the pump trying to get outta town. They're holding him at CDC Headquarters in Laramie.

EMMA (O.S.)
And then what?

Michael doesn't have an answer for that one.

MICHAEL
Just give your mother some time.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 7. Emma enters to find Stace seated at

her computer. Clicking away on JPGs. Engrossed.
Disgusted.

STACE

Em. Come look at this.

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- The COMPUTER SCREEN. The headline reads: *WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE.*

EMMA (O.S.)

No way.

Despite bad lighting and subpar focus, these GUERRILLA PHOTOS OF THE INFECTION CYCLE are labeled DAY 1, DAY 2, DAY 3, etc... They feature PARASITES (PESTES) post emergence from the human body.

DAY 1: Black and squid-like, a PESTE'S HEAD BULGES out of its HOST'S LOWER BACK. BLOODY TENTACLES wrap around the HOST'S abdomen. The Host's face is BLURRED OUT, but we can tell his MOUTH is open. An agonized silent scream.

DAY 5: The PESTE'S TENTACLES AND HEAD are LARGER, LONGER. THICKER. Growing at an exponential rate.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's so photoshopped. It's gotta be.

STACE

You wish. I heard, they live in your intestines and they eat everything you eat and grow six inches a day at least.

DAY 10: The HOST lays on his side. Limbs bent at an awkward angle. The PESTE'S TENTACLES HAVE MULTIPLIED. THICKENED. Partially obscuring the host's face and body. Forming strange HUMPS all over his wasted form.

DAY 15. The Host stands upright, but is barely recognizable as human. His spine is impossibly twisted. Bent. Broken. The parasite covers every square inch of skin. A TENTACLE has penetrated the Host's mouth, pulling it wide, giving him a gruesome, toothy LEER. He's wrapped in metallic RESTRAINTS.

EMMA (O.S.)

And then what happened?

STACE

It says, 'Subject Terminated.'

EMMA (O.S.)

Bullshit.

STACE

That's what it says. CJ's brother's quarantined on campus and he said the CDC puts termination orders on everyone three weeks after that thing pops out.

EMMA (O.S.)

Why?

STACE

Too violent probably. Parasites overstimulate your adrenal glands and they make you really strong. That's what they say anyway.

EMMA (O.S.)

But the person's still in there. They're just sick.

STACE

Duh.

EMMA (O.S.)

So why kill them? Why not just--

STACE

What are you telling me for? Do I look like the CDC, Em?

(re: camera)

I hate that thing. You're such a grade grubber. And school's been cancelled anyway.

EMMA (O.S.)

I don't care about my grade. When this is all over, people are gonna want to know what it was--

She breaks off as all the LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO OUT.

STACE

You've gotta be kidding me.

EMMA (O.S.)

Rolling blackouts. News said it was gonna happen.

STACE

Awesomesauce.

EMMA (O.S.)

But check this out. My camera has nightvision. See?

Emma clicks over to NIGHTVISION and hands the camera to Stace.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Can you see me?

She does the RUNNING MAN and the ROBOT. Stace giggles.

STACE (O.S.)
That would be cool if you didn't
suck so much.

Emma keeps dancing and Stace keeps giggling.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 9. Emma PANS AROUND the room. It's a mess. Reruns of *I Love Lucy* play on the television.

EMMA (O.S.)
It's the ninth day of quarantine
and welcome to a normal day in the
Drakeford house that now, for some
reason, smells like old cheese.

She moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed and surrounded by piles of dirty, wet clothing, Michael peers into the washer.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad? Whatcha doin'?

MICHAEL
What's it look like?

EMMA (O.S.)
What's that smell?

MICHAEL
Mold. Mildew. I should've gotten
this thing fixed before.

EMMA (O.S.)
Smells like ass cheese.

MICHAEL
(a warning)
Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
(same tone)
Dad.

MICHAEL
Don't you have something useful to
do?

EMMA (O.S.)
Not really. No.

MICHAEL
Go check on your mother.

Emma sighs.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - (MOMENTS LATER)

Emma moves through. Stace can be heard chatting loudly
in the b.g. Emma PANS THE CAMERA AROUND and we see Stace
in her bedroom, yapping avidly on her cell.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is Stace. On the phone
with C.J. for four to six hours
every single day.
(in her Stace voice)
'C.J., you have like, the best
biceps ever. Seriously. I
totally think you're just, like,
great. And I totally, totally,
like love you.'

Emma goes to the MASTER BEDROOM DOOR and KNOCKS.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mom? Mom, are you up?

No answer. Emma enters.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Cluttered. Quiet.

EMMA (O.S.)
Mom?

She follows a SOFT SNORE over to the bed where Kay hangs
off the side. PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES CLUTTER the
nighttable. Food sits abandoned on the tray.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dammit, mom.

She places the camera on the dressing table and goes over
to her mother. With effort, she heaves Kay back into bed
and covers her with a blanket. Kay mumbles something
unintelligible, but remains unconscious.

Emma grabs her camera and exits.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

QUARANTINE DAY 10. Emma enters to find Michael, seated in the easy chair. A pair of CAMPING LANTERNS beside him. Kit-Kat crouches near his head.

Emma points to the pile of paper in Michael's lap.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, are those tests?

MICHAEL
When everything gets back to normal, I have students to fail. Including my daughter who doesn't like to double check her homework when I tell her to--

A HALF-SCREAM/HALF-HOWL interrupts him. Michael jumps to his feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Turn off the lanterns!

Emma sets her camera on the table and SWITCHES OFF the lantern closest to her. Michael TURNS off the other. He GRABS A BAT.

Emma shakes. She looks small. Scared. Another HOWL/SCREAM.

EMMA
(whispers)
Is that a Twist?

MICHAEL
(nods, soft)
That's what they sound like.

In her pajamas, Stace appears behind them.

STACE
Dad?!

MICHAEL
Shhh!

A moment passes. Stace looks around and grabs a bat, too.

The three stand perfectly still as a TWIST, an Infested, passes by. His shadow is oddly BROKEN. HUMPED. HUNCHED and TWISTED. But he's NIMBLE somehow. Strangely light on his feet.

As he passes, he makes that queer HOWL/SCREAM. Searching for prey. After a few tense heartbeats, he disappears from sight.

Silence.

Michael releases the breath he's been holding and wipes cold sweat off his brow. Light-headed, Emma slumps against the wall. Weak in the knees. Freaked out. Trying not to cry, but unable to help herself.

STACE

Em, it's okay.

Michael embraces his youngest.

MICHAEL

Hey hey hey. Shhh. Stace, you remember the number to call?

STACE

Yeah. 1-800-Peste. Magnet's on the fridge.

MICHAEL

Get the cell. Call it. Report what we saw.

STACE

'kay.
(re: bat)
I'm keeping this.

MICHAEL

Fair enough.

Stace heads up the stairs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And don't mention this to your mother.

Michael continues to rock Emma.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shhh, Cricket. Shhh.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The power's still out. Emma RECORDS THROUGH THE BLINDS as a CDC PATROL VEHICLE, YELLOW CAUTION LIGHTS FLASHING, circles the area. Stace appears behind Emma. Reflected in the glass.

EMMA (O.S.)

You think they got him?

STACE

Yeah. Course they did. That's their job.

Emma lets out a long sigh. Her breath catches. Stace wraps an arm around her.

EMMA (O.S.)
You know Charlie from school?

STACE
What about him?

EMMA (O.S.)
I was there. I saw him when that thing came out of him. I saw him almost rip Erika Rudolph's head off.

STACE
We're gonna get through this. All of us.

EMMA (O.S.)
Grandpa didn't.

STACE
We are. Me, you, mom, dad. Kit-Kat. Even that asshole across the street and his stupid dog. Say it.

EMMA (O.S.)
(amused)
All of it? Cause that's like, a lot to rememb--

STACE
You are such a smart--

Abruptly, MUSIC blasts through the space. The LIGHTS CLICK ON. Power's back.

STACE (CONT'D)
Come on. I'll make you pancakes.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 11. CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! Stace hands Michael nails as he patiently boards up the windows from the inside.

STACE
(to Emma)
Are you gonna help or just stand there?

EMMA (O.S.)
Just stand here, thanks. You guys are doing a good job. That one's a little crooked though.

Stace sticks her tongue out at Emma. But it's not mean spirited at all. Despite the circumstances, these two are getting closer. Acting like sisters.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 12. Unseen, Emma records through the stairwell as Michael hurriedly packs up a box with canned goods.

Wrapped in a heavy trenchcoat and carrying a RIFLE CASE, Lawrence Cole stands in the foyer. He looks like hell. Ill at ease. Banged up. A man with a secret.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?

MICHAEL
Back to bed, Emma!

Michael brings the box over to Lawrence who peers in. Not happy. The two men speak in WHISPERS.

LAWRENCE COLE
This is it? You've got more!

The LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES.

MICHAEL
I've got a wife and two daughters to feed! It's fifty cans. Fair trade. Take it or leave it.

Lawrence deliberates for a moment then hands over the rifle case. Michael gives him the box. Without another word, Lawrence departs. Michael locks up behind him.

EMMA (O.S.)
What's wrong with him?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Don't want to know. Bed.

EMMA (O.S.)
Is that a gun?

He nods. Likes it even less than she does.

MICHAEL
Just in case.

EMMA (O.S.)
Do you even know how to use one?

MICHAEL
Emma, I'm going to count to--

CLICK. BATTERY'S DEAD.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Quietly, Emma enters to find Michael intently watching television. INSERT - TV. NAMES, like credits on a feature, scroll slowly by.

EMMA (O.S.)
Whatcha watchin'?

MICHAEL
List of new Infested in the area.
They run it every night.

EMMA (O.S.)
Anyone we know?

MICHAEL
Nope. How you holding up?

EMMA (O.S.)
Good, I think. Better than mom.
Not as good as Stace. But it's
not as bad as I thought it would
be. Have they found a cure yet?

MICHAEL
Not yet.

EMMA (O.S.)
But soon, right?

A half-smile from Michael.

MICHAEL
Yeah. Soon.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 14. In her pajamas, Emma moves over to the door.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace?

She opens up the door revealing -- STACE. Dressed to go out. Lipstick. Too much eyeliner. Hootchie mama shirt and rockin' cleavage. Mischievous grin.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are you--

STACE
Shhh!
(soft)
You want to go to a party?

EMMA (O.S.)
Are you crazy?!

STACE
Evan's going to be there.

Stace's grin widens. Knows she's got her.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

Dark. Deserted. A lonely wind. Emma and Stace crouch behind a bush. Waiting. Emma PANS AROUND.

STACE
Seriously? You brought that stupid camera?

EMMA (O.S.)
I really, really don't think we should be doing this.

STACE
You want to be stuck in the house for the rest of your life? I'm going crazy in there.

EMMA (O.S.)
No, but--

STACE
Quiet!

Both drop down as low as they can go as a CDC PATROL VEHICLE cruises by. It stops a few feet away from them.

EMMA (O.S.)
(soft)
Can they see us?!

Eyes alight, Stace clutches her bat close.

STACE
Quiet! We might have to run.

EMMA (O.S.)
Shit!

Another tense beat passes and... The CDC Vehicle moves away. Stace grabs Emma's hand. Yanks her up.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're gonna get in so much trouble. Let's just go home!

STACE
Um. Fail! Hurry up! And turn that camera off.

Stace bolts down the street. After a moment, Emma follows.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

Set far back from the road in a wooded area. A WARNING/BIO-HAZARD SIGN on the front door. The perfect spot for a bunch of bored, horny HIGH SCHOOLERS to break quarantine.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace! Whose house is this?

STACE

Who cares? They got carted off a few weeks ago. I don't think they'll be back.

Stace drags Emma towards the front door. They enter--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

FLASHLIGHTS and GLOWSTICKS compensate for the lack of electricity. In a salute to morbidity, Chubby Checker's THE TWIST pounds out of an IPOD and small set of speakers. Young bodies cheerfully get their Twist on.

The minute Stace enters, everyone HOOTS and HOLLERS. She's grabbed and pulled into the throng.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace, wait!

But Stace disappears into the crowd, leaving Emma on her own.

A GUY, drunk off his ass, grabs Emma's camera and shoves his face against the lens.

GUY

(shouts)

IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE
KNOW IT, AND I FEEL FINE!

And then he reels away, banging his head to the beat. Emma moves into the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Filled with TEENS carrying cups full of booze. A GIRL pours SHOTS for her FRIENDS and they toss them back. In the b.g., sits a HUMP. Emma ZOOMS IN ON --

MALE TEEN. Seated half-in/half-out of the pantry. Not partying at all, but GOBBLING RAW RAMEN. Barely taking time to breathe. Ravenous. Unseen and unnoticed by his peers.

Emma clocks this. It's weird. Really weird. But she moves on.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

A raucous game of BEER PONG in progress. Nearby, a game of (yep, you guessed it), TWISTER also in progress. This is more than just a fun time. It's release.

VOICE (O.S.)

EMMA?!

Emma turns and there's Evan. Pushing his way through the crush of bodies and heading her way.

EMMA (O.S.)

Hey!

EVAN

Hey! S'up?!

He studies her closely.

EVAN (CONT'D)

You all right?

EMMA (O.S.)

Yeah. I just... It's hot in here.

EVAN

Come on.

He takes her hand and pulls her into the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

They pass a STAIRWELL where Stace hurries up with C.J. Moreno.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace?!

But Stace doesn't hear. She and C.J. are kissing deeply. Headed to an upstairs bedroom. Ready to seriously get it on. As they go, Stace lifts C.J.'s shirt revealing a MASSIVE BRUISE ON HIS TORSO.

EXT. GAZEBO - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

A quiet spot surrounded by trees. Away from the claustrophobic clutter of the house. Evan has the camera turned on Emma. Just having a good time.

EVAN (O.S.)

Is it on?

EMMA

Can you see the red light?

EVAN (O.S.)

Yeah.

EMMA

Then it's on.

EVAN (O.S.)

After this is all over, what are you gonna do? First thing.

EMMA

I'm going to Dairy Queen. And I'm gonna order a large, no, two large Blizzards with Snickers toppings.

EVAN (O.S.)

(beat)
That's it?

EMMA

That's good, right? Blizzard with Snickers?

EVAN (O.S.)

I guess.

She snatches the camera back. Turns it on him.

EMMA (O.S.)

What are you gonna do?

EVAN

I'm gonna ask you out.

EMMA (O.S.)

Oh, yeah? Where're we going?

EVAN

Bowling.

EMMA (O.S.)

I hate bowling!

EVAN

You've never gone bowling with me. Bowling's pimp. And if you beat me, I'll buy you two large Blizzards.

EMMA (O.S.)

With Snickers topping?

EVAN
 With extra Snickers topping.
 (re: camera)
 Gimme that.

Emma hands the camera over. Evan sets it on the ground and pulls her close. He kisses her. Gently. Within moments, they're making out. And then--

SIRENS. They immediately sit up.

EMMA
 What was that?

EVAN
 Cops. Come on!

He helps Emma to her feet. She grabs her camera and they run back to--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Panic has swept through like a wave. Teens are grabbing their shit and bolting. The minute Evan and Emma enter the fray, they're separated. Emma looks around for Stace.

EMMA (O.S.)
 STACE! STACE!

She runs over to the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Stace hurries down, securing the buttons on her shirt. Clutching her bat. T.J.'s right behind her.

STACE
 What's going on?

EMMA (O.S.)
 We're totally busted! I told you
 this was a bad idea!

STACE
 Come on!

They run to the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

And exit with a crowd of kids. The LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES. They come to a--

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

And keep running. Out of breath, but busting their hump. They turn down a deserted street and Stace finally stops and doubles over. Trying to catch her breath. Laughing in spite of herself.

EMMA (O.S.)

It's not funny.

STACE

I'm sorry, Em. But seriously, that was awesome.

She collapses on a front lawn.

EMMA (O.S.)

It wasn't!

STACE

Was. I saw you and Evan out by the gazebo. How was it?

EMMA (O.S.)

We didn't do anything.

STACE

I did.

Emma's whole demeanor changes.

EMMA (O.S.)

You did? Like...it? How was it?

STACE

Kinda great. I mean, it was fast. But he was really really sweet.

EMMA (O.S.)

(squeals)

I can't believe you did--

SIRENS interrupt them. Stace bounds up and grabs Emma's hand.

STACE

RUN!

Laughing, they run towards home. LOW BATTERY continues to FLASH. CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 17. Seated on her bed amidst a pile of books, Emma records as Michael sits awkwardly. Hands folded. Serious. Kit-Kat mews around his ankles.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, what's up?

MICHAEL
(re: camera)
You might want to put that away.

EMMA (O.S.)
Why? It's my room. I can do what
I want in my room.

MICHAEL
Put it down, Emma.

Emma sets the camera on the dresser. STILL RECORDING.
And scoots over beside her dad.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I wanted to talk to you about
something.

EMMA
Is it serious?

MICHAEL
(nods)
It's about Gracie.

EMMA
What about her?

A long, long beat.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She's Infested?

MICHAEL
And Ron.

EMMA
How do you know?

MICHAEL
They were on the lists last night.
They probably got picked up in a
random sweep.

EMMA
And now what?

MICHAEL
The hospitals are full. The CDC
has containment area set up at the
Stadium, the Convention Center,
the Arena, City Hall. They'll be
taken care of until there's a
cure.

He takes a moment, then he says, very carefully--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
How've you been feeling?

EMMA
Fine. Why?

MICHAEL
No increased appetite? No
bruising?

EMMA
Dad, no!

MICHAEL
I have to ask. I know you girls
eat and drink behind each other.
(beat)
You all right?

Emma nods. But she's not all right. She's having a hard time keeping it together. He goes to the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Door open or closed?

EMMA
Closed.

Michael quietly shuts the door leaving Emma seated on her bed. A moment. Emma scoops Kit-Kat into her arms. Her breath hitches. On the verge of tears. Then she realizes the camera's still recording. She reaches over and switches it off.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wearing shorts and a tank top, Emma peers in at us. She adjusts the camera so that the viewscreen is turned towards her. She then rises - studying her recorded image in the viewscreen - and turns around. Examining the backs of her calves. Thighs. Upper arms.

She lifts shirt, revealing her midsection. All clear. No bruises. No peste.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 20. Beside Michael, Emma records THE SKYLINE. SMOKE, lots of it, obscures the horizon. Somewhere in the city, a fire burns out of control.

EMMA (O.S.)
What the hell?

MICHAEL
Inside, Cricket.

EMMA (O.S.)
But--

MICHAEL

Inside now!

Emma retreats.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Emma sits on the middle step, recording the kitchen at an awkward angle through the stairwell. Michael paces back and forth. Clearly frustrated. Orelia and Mr. Sparks sit at the table. A heated discussion in progress.

SPARKS

--can't contain this thing. No matter what they say. They can't contain it and they won't. Look outside for Chrissakes!

MICHAEL

What if you get caught? What if you get detained?

ORELIA

They can't detain all of us.

MICHAEL

And what if they do more than detain you?

SPARKS

They're not shooting civilians. Not yet anyway.

Holding a half-eaten tin of sardines, Stace takes a seat beside Emma.

STACE

What's going on?

EMMA (O.S.)

Shh!

STACE

Is that coach downstairs?

EMMA (O.S.)

Shhh!

STACE

(shushes, whispers)
What are they talking about?

EMMA (O.S.)

Breaking quarantine. A bunch of people are gonna try tomorrow. Before things get worse here.

Stace tilts the tin back and SLURPS SARDINES with GUSTO. Really enjoying them. And it's a bit...off.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

STACE
What's it look like?

EMMA (O.S.)
You don't even like sardines.

STACE
I'm hungry and they're not so bad.
Want some?

EMMA (O.S.)
Vom. It.

KAY (O.S.)
Stace?! Emma?

STACE
I got her.

As Stace heads into the Master Bedroom, we catch sight of a LARGE BRUISE ON THE BACK OF HER LEG. Emma ZOOMS IN on it.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace? What ha--

But Stace doesn't hear. Out of earshot down the hallway. Emma shrugs it off and returns her attentions to her father and his friends. Michael's shaking his head.

MICHAEL
I don't know. I just don't know.

He catches sight of Emma and her camera.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Emma! Put that awa--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT
(NIGHTVISION)

Emma's awake. In bed. Panning around the room. Trying to figure out what woke her. CLICK. CLICK. It's coming from the window. She gets out of bed and peers below.

There, in front of the house, stands Evan. Dark hoodie. Skateboard under his arm. The business end of a BAT peeks out of his backpack. He holds rocks in his hand. Ready to throw again.

Emma waves to him. He motions for her to come outside.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

The camera records in the grass. Emma and Evan sit curbside. Quiet. Both shy. The silence of the world around them is unsettling. Complete.

EMMA

Creepy out here.

Emma pulls her sleeves down over her hands. Cold. Evan wraps an arm around her. She leans into him. Head on his shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Who else do you know about?

EVAN

Micah. Melodie. And you heard about Paul, right?

EMMA

Hanley?

EVAN

Vilcek. He got Infested and his parents tried to hide him for awhile. He ended up going batshit on his little sister.

EMMA

And then what?

EVAN

His dad put him down. Shot him in the head.

EMMA

What happened to his sister?

No answer from Evan. Clearly, it was bad.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Wasn't she like, eight?

EVAN

(nods)
It sucks. It all sucks.

EMMA

When are you guys leaving?

EVAN

Tomorrow. Before it gets dark.
The CDC says--

A sudden SCREAM/HOWL from nearby. Twists. Evan pulls Emma to her feet and scans the distance. Emma takes out a flashlight, but before she can turn it on--

EVAN (CONT'D)

Don't!

EMMA

Why not?

EVAN

Light. They'll charge it.

Another SCREAM/HOWL. Closer this time. Evan pulls his bat. Holds it at the ready. He talks fast. Time's running out.

EVAN (CONT'D)
What's your dad gonna do?

EMMA
He hasn't decided yet.

Evan hands her a piece of paper.

EVAN
This is where my family's gonna be. My grandfather's place. He has a ranch. Huge. If you guys need a place to stay, there's room.

He makes a move to kiss her, but she pulls away.

EMMA
We shouldn't. Just in case one of us is...

Infested. Evan gently touches her face instead.

EVAN
When this is all over, you're going out with me.

EMMA
Be safe.

EVAN
Always.

The SCREAM/HOWL is closer than ever.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Get inside, Em. Go, now! Run!

Emma grabs her camera and runs back towards the house as Evan hops on his board and skates off.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 21. Once again, Emma hides on the top step, recording Michael and Kay who argue in the overstocked dining room. Suitcases are packed near the door. Kay yanks one out of Michael's hand.

KAY
Why are you doing this? Why are you even suggesting it?

MICHAEL
I'm trying to keep this family safe!

KAY
 We are safe! We're together! We
 have food and water and--

MICHAEL
 How long do you think it's going
 to last, Kay? Have you seen the
 lists every night? Have you been
 watching the news? Things aren't
 getting better. How much worse do
 they have to get before we do
 something?

KAY
 If you want to go, GO! But the
 girls and I are staying!

She opens up the door. Tosses the suitcases out.

KAY (CONT'D)
 Go! Go! Go!

She pounds on him.

KAY (CONT'D)
 Leave if you want to! Just go!

He takes her hand and embraces her as her pounding morphs
 into broken sobbing. She collapses into his arms. He
 holds her close.

MICHAEL
 Shhh. I wouldn't leave you and
 the girls. I wouldn't do that.

Emma leaves them where they are and pads down the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

To Stace's bedroom door. She KNOCKS.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace?

No answer. Emma quietly pushes the door open.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma ZOOMS IN on the bed where Stace snores. Sleeping
 deeply. She's got a nasty bruise on her SHIN. Another
 on her arm. It doesn't look innocuous at all. It looks
like a problem. Uneasily, Emma closes the door.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Filled with clutter. Michael and Emma sit on the sofa.
 Stunned by the tragedy unfolding before them on
 television.

ON SCREEN -- A NEWSWOMAN regards us solemnly.

NEWSWOMAN

This footage was recorded only moments ago. Be advised. It's graphic in nature. Viewer discretion is advised.

Chaotic images of a highway clogged with cars laden down with supplies. MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN FLEE past us. SCREAMING. We hear GUNSHOTS in the b.g. And the unmistakable HOWL/SCREAM of approaching Twists.

A MAN runs towards us. BLOOD runs down the side of his face. Mad with panic.

MAN

(to the Camera Op)

TELL THEM TO STOP SHOOTING! FOR GODSSAKE! THEY'RE BRINGING THEM RIGHT DOWN ON US!

As we watch, TWISTS BOUND OUR WAY. Their HUMAN characteristics have been completely taken over by the PARASITE. They're WARPED, ATHLETIC, SUPERHUMAN PREDATORS.

The Camera Op turns to run and is immediately overtaken. Pounced upon. CRUSHED. His horrible SCREAM abruptly cut off as the camera shatters. BLACK.

Michael switches the TV off. Beat.

MICHAEL

Orelia and Tim were out there.

EMMA (O.S.)

So was Evan.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 22. Michael boils pots of water. Emma enters. Perches on the counter. Watching for a moment, then--

EMMA (O.S.)

Does Stace seem weird to you?

MICHAEL

Weird, how?

EMMA (O.S.)

I don't know. It's just... She's sleeping a lot.

MICHAEL

She's not taking her mother's pills, is she? Cause if she is--

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad, no. That's not what I mean. She has...bruises.

MICHAEL
 (a warning)
 Emma, don't. You being paranoid
 isn't going to help anyone. Your
 sister's fine.

EMMA (O.S.)
 You always say that. You keep
 saying that. But what if it's--

KA-BLAM! Gunshot! Emma and Michael both jump to their
 feet and run into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael grabs his own rifle and goes to the window.
 Peers out. Listens intently. A moment later...KA-BLAM!

EMMA (O.S.)
 Where'd it come from?

MICHAEL
 The Coles.

EMMA (O.S.)
 That sounded really bad. We
 should go over there. See if
 they're okay.

MICHAEL
 I don't think so.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Why not? Because you think
 they're fine?

MICHAEL
 Because it's not our business!

Emma flounces out.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (after her)
 Emma!

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 23. Emma peers in at us.

EMMA
 It's the twenty-third day of
 quarantine. Almost a whole month
 stuck in the house. The power
 only comes back on for an hour or
 two every day. The phones are
 really spotty too. Mom hardly
 ever comes out of her room. Dad's
 really worried about everything.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 I'm worried about Stace. And
 Evan. And Gracie. And grandpa.
 It's a bad time.

She leans forward and turns the camera off. CLICK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

QUARANTINE DAY 24. Emma moves through, following a
 bizarre CRUNCHING NOISE that she can't quite place. She
 moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stace crouches in front of the pantry, binging on a
 bizarre assortment of foods - butter, raw meat, cans of
 sardines, raw rice. She makes GRUNTING noises as she
 eats. Barely taking time to chew. Feral. And she's
covered in bruises.

Emma approaches tentatively. Terrified.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace? Stace, what's wrong with
 you?

Stace doesn't hear. In a trance.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stace?!

Emma taps her on the back and Stace snaps back to
 reality. She whirls. Furious. Food smeared across her
 face, obscuring her features. She looks monstrous.
Severely fucked up.

STACE
 Don't tape me!

She lunges. Emma SCREAMS.

STACE (CONT'D)
 DON'T TAPE ME!

Stace wrestles the camera away. And tosses it aside.
 CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (TRIPOD)

QUARANTINE DAY 24. As before, Emma performs her check,
 using the camera to aid her. She examining the backs of
 her calves. Thighs. Upper arms. No bruising. KNOCKING
 at the door.

STACE (O.S.)
 Emma? Can I come in?

EMMA

Yeah.

Stace enters. She looks exhausted. Unwell.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You okay?

Stace shakes her head and takes a seat next to Emma. A moment.

STACE

I haven't heard from CJ. It's been more than a week. Something happened to him.

EMMA

You don't know that.

STACE

I know it. He wouldn't just not call. I wanna go over there.

EMMA

Are you crazy?

STACE

What if he's Infested? What if he...you know?

EMMA

What?

STACE

(a whisper)
What if he gave it to me?

Emma has no idea what to say.

STACE (CONT'D)

Cause we did things. You know?
At the party. We did things.

EMMA

You're fine, Stace.

Stace vigorously shakes her head.

STACE

I don't feel fine. I'm tired all the time and hungry. Something's wrong with me. I don't feel right. Something's wrong.

EMMA

It's stress. That's what it is.
Just stress. You're fine.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Look at me.
 (firm)
 You're fine. Say it.

Roles have switched. Emma's becoming the caretaker now.

STACE

You're fine.

A moment. Weak giggles.

STACE (CONT'D)

Did I hurt you?

EMMA

No.

They embrace. As they do, we see the back of Stace's arms and neck. Bruises. Everywhere. Stace isn't fine. Not at all.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Rain patters down outside. The battery operated radio blares. Emma just sits, recording Michel as he looks at his clipboard. Something's off. Numbers aren't adding up.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

--governors of Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, and Florida are meeting in Atlanta to discuss what they're calling a Southern Strategy to deal with the Outbreak. However, legislators in Washington are issuing an advance warning against any actions that may be perceived as a threat to the sovereignty of the United States government. Said Georgia Governor Roland Pitts-

MICHAEL

What'd I tell you guys? I don't care if you snack, but we gotta keep track of what we're eating cause I don't know what happens if we run out. Do I need to sleep down here to keep an eye on things?

EMMA (O.S.)

No.

MICHAEL

Where's your sister?

EMMA (O.S.)
Sleeping.

MICHAEL
It's three o'clock in the
afternoon!

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad.

MICHAEL
What?

EMMA (O.S.)
You're yelling. Stop yelling at
me.

MICHAEL
I don't know what's happening with
this family. Tonight, we're all
sitting down to a family dinner.
Your sister, your mother, me and
you. And we're going to have a
nice normal, under the
circumstances, family meal!

Michael storms out.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight. The entire family is gathered, but everyone
is sullen. Somber. Each lost in their own thoughts,
picking at their food. Emma PANS AROUND THE TABLE
landing on STACE. KAY. MICHAEL.

Finally, onto her own meager plate. RICE and SARDINES.
ZOOM IN. ZOOM OUT.

EMMA (O.S.)
Mmmm. Rations.

MICHAEL
Eat your dinner, Cricket.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 26. Emma KNOCKS on Stace's bedroom door.
As usual, no answer. Emma enters.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND. Discarded food wrappers
litter every surface. Empty SARDINE TINS, CANS OF
LASAGNA, and CRACKER BOXES -- evidence of Stace's secret
binges -- overflow the trashcan.

EMMA
 (breathes)
 Jesus, Stace.
 (pause)
 Stace?!

No answer. Stace is gone. The window is wide open. Curtains flutter. Emma hurries over and looks down. A STEP LADDER leans against the side of the house. Stace clearly snuck out.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dammit!

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - SIDE OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma SWITCHES TO NIGHTVISION and scans the night. She's standing in a MUDDY PUDDLE. Annoyed, she shakes off her shoes and moves to the--

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

STREETLAMPS have burned out. The neighborhood is deserted. Silent. No signs of life anywhere.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace?!

No answer. She catches sight of a MUDDY FOOTPRINT on the ground, likely Stace's, and heads in that direction.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Emma walks along. On edge. The world is freakishly quiet. Dark. She passes a few houses sporting WARNING/BIOHAZARD YELLOW TAPE across padlocked front doors.

The sound of an APPROACHING VEHICLE breaks the stillness. Emma ducks behind some BUSHES and watches as an OPEN BED TRUCK pulls into the driveway of a QUARANTINED HOME.

A pair of ARMED MEN carrying shotguns and BOLT CUTTERS jump from the truck. Speedily (they've got this down), they go to the front door, SNAP OFF THE PADLOCK, and barge inside.

A WOMAN remains behind the wheel, engine idling. Headlights OFF. Watching. Waiting.

(MOMENTS LATER)

The men emerge carrying valuables - jewelry, silver, etc... They toss everything in the truck bed and drive off.

Emma rises. Heads out.

EXT. CJ'S HOME - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

We've been here before. Lettering on the mailbox identifies this as the Moreno home. It's dark. WARNING/BIOHAZARD TAPE crosses the front door.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace?

Emma approaches and peers inside the dark windows. Nothing. A SIREN BEHIND HER. BLINKING LIGHTS. Emma whirls as a CDC Patrol Vehicle approaches. A routine sweep of the area. And Emma bolts. She runs--

EXT. BETWEEN HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

And onto the next street. Camera clunking by her side. Running...Running... Headed back home by a different route.

Emma rounds the corner and enters--

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

Nervously, she wades in. After a few steps, she stops abruptly and looks up. Above her, nested in the trees like freakish spiders are--

TWISTS. A half dozen of them. Covered in squirming alien blackness. Their bodies humped and misshapen. The human part of them sleeps. The Pestes are wide awake. And hungry.

Emma clamps her hand over her mouth to stifle a scream as tentacles strain towards her.

Slowly, she begins to back away. Her hand still over her mouth, muffling her whimpers. Step by agonized step. And then...

SNAP! A TWIG CRACKS beneath her foot. Emma freezes. Petrified. Did they hear? A HOWL/SCREAM is answer enough. Yeah, they heard.

She takes off like a shot.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emma bolts. Twists gain behind her. They haven't seen her yet, but they smell her. And they're closing in. Realizing she can't outrun them, she TRIES VARIOUS CAR DOORS. Searching for a place to hide.

She tries one. Locked. Another. Also locked. Another and she TRIGGERS THE ALARM. It blasts through the night.

EMMA (O.S.)

FUCK!

A pair of HOWL/SCREAMS answer her. With nowhere else to go, Emma drops down and squirms her way underneath a VEHICLE.

Emma shuts her eyes as Twists approach. They swarm the car with the alarm. It sends them into a rage as they pounce on it. RIPPING OFF DOORS. PUNCHING THROUGH GLASS.

Emma's crying now. So terrified, she's having trouble breathing.

Footsteps approach. BARE FEET WRAPPED IN SQUIRMING TENTACLES SLOWLY PASS BY, inches away from Emma. An Infested stalks the area. Searching for her.

The Infested stops. Emma braces herself, ready to run again if she has to. A heart stopping BEAT. Then...

SIRENS. Police CRUISERS and CDC PATROLS gunning for our looters scream by. FIRING SHOTS. The Infested HOWL and scatter.

A few moments later, all goes quiet.

Emma rolls over on her back. Half-crying. Half-laughing with relief.

LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES and...CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 27. Michael and Stace argue just outside Stace's bedroom.

MICHAEL

Do you have any idea what could've happened to you out there? Or your sister? I was worried sick! I almost called the cops!

STACE

C.J's Infested! And you don't even care!

MICHAEL

Of course, I care.

He notices a bruise on Stace's arm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's hap--

STACE

Nothing! Just leave me alone!

She goes into her room and SLAMS THE DOOR. Michael just stands there. Completely bewildered.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 29. WE'RE BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED. Emma spits on the lens, carefully wipes it clean with her sleeve. A moment later, she puts the camera to her eye. THUMP!

EMMA (O.S.)
What the...?

THUMP! She throws back the covers, gets out of bed, and pads over to the door. Trying to locate the sound's source.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad?

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

EMMA PANS OVER stacks of supplies.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad? Is that you?

She moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma TRIPS over a battered MONOPOLY BOX and KICKS IT aside. THUMP-THUMP! On the couch, Michael snores. Kit-Kat purrs on his chest. Emma pets her.

EMMA (O.S.)
Good kitty.

THUMP! Emma jerks the camera up to the ceiling. The noise is clearly coming from upstairs.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma moves slowly. The THUMPS grow louder.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace? You awake?

No answer as Emma approaches Stace's bedroom door.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stace?

Another muffled THUMP from within.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stace, I'm coming in. Don't get
 mad, okay?

Emma opens the door and enters into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma PANS AROUND. A COCKROACH skitters by. She yelps
 and jumps out of the way as it disappears underneath the
 empty bed. THUMP!

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace? What the hell?

Dim light leaks out from underneath the closed bathroom
 door.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stace?! What're you doing?
 You're freaking me out!
 Seriously!

Dreading what she's going to find, Emma moves over to the
 door and pushes it open.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FLASHLIGHT rocks on the floor, throwing uncertain
 shadows. Emma switches to NIGHTVISION and SWIVELS THE
 CAMERA AROUND, trying to pinpoint the source of the
 thumps. She lands on--

STACE. Curled upon the floor. She jerks. Convulses.
 Eyes roll back in her head. Her foot repeatedly KICKS
 THE SIDE OF THE TUB. THUMP-THUMP.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace?

Delirious, Stace doesn't respond. Emma just stands and
 stares, bewildered by the bizarre movement beneath
 Stace's shirt, near her spine.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stace, it's okay.

But we hear the horror in her voice as she sets the
 camera down and LIFTS STACE'S BLOUSE.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Oh, God.

A PESTE CLAWS ITS WAY OUT OF STACE'S BACK. Blood-slick
 and somehow aware, INKY BLACK TENTACLES EMERGE and wrap
 around Stace's waist. The HEAD OF A BULBOUS JELLYFISH-
 LIKE MASS PULSES INSIDE HER. Alive. Waiting. Growing.

Emma SCREAMS and RUNS OUT. The camera continues to record behind her.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad! DAD!

A moment of silence. The 'birthing' is complete.

Stace groans as she comes to, blinking her way back into awareness. Slowly, painfully, she sits up. Confused. Sensing that something is amiss, but unable to put her finger on exactly what it is.

Then she looks down. And sees it.

The PESTE. Its BLACK TENTACLES SQUIRM AROUND HER MIDSECTION. Its alien head embedded inside of her.

Stace lets out a strangled SCREAM. Horrified. The nightmare she only guessed at has come true. She's Infested.

STACE

(a whimper)

No...no, please...

She tries to PRY THE TENTACLES OFF, but they merely squirm and return. Inextricably linked to her.

She GAGS into the toilet. Pukes.

Then she tries to remove the tentacles again. This time, she wraps her hands around them and begins to PULL SAVAGELY. Straining hard. SCREAMING IN PAIN. CRYING. BODY TWISTING IN AGONY. This shit hurts.

Barely even aware of it, she KICKS THE CAMERA into the bedroom where it continues to record.

And yet the Peste remains. Undeterred. As much a part of her as it ever was. Exhausted and beaten, Stace gives up. The tentacles return to comfortably wrap around her waist.

Stace begins to weep then. Wretched. Miserable. Awful. Unable to stand - her legs are too weak - she scrabbles towards the door. Breath hitching.

STACE (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad? Em! Somebody
help...Help me...

O.S. We hear sounds of Emma and Michael pounding up the stairs. Headed her way.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Stacia?!

STACE

Dad?

Michael enters followed by Emma and stops. In an instant, he takes in the situation and drops to his knees. Devastated.

MICHAEL

Baby?

STACE

Dad? It's in me. Help me.

Trembling, she reaches for her father and for a second it looks like Michael might embrace her, but--

MICHAEL

Oh, dear God. I'm sorry, sweetheart.

And he abruptly pulls the bathroom door closed, trapping Stace inside. He holds the door shut.

EMMA

Dad? Dad, what are you doing?!

MICHAEL

Go down to the garage and get my nail gun.

EMMA

But--

MICHAEL

Do it now, Cricket! Now! HURRY!

Emma runs out. Stace fumbles weakly at the doorknob.

STACE (O.S.)

Daddy?

MICHAEL

Baby, I'm sorry...I'm so sorry. But I can't let you out. Not like this...I can't.

STACE (O.S.)

Please, I won't hurt anybody. I won't!

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

STACE (O.S.)

Let me out!

Stace begins to beat on the door and an inhuman HOWL/SCREAM, the trademark cry of the Infested, erupts.

Unhinged. Stace begins to RAM the door. Butting it with her head. Her shoulders. Savage.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Let me out! LEMME OUT! DADDY?!
MOM!

But Michael can't talk anymore. Instead, he tries to stifle rough, heaving sobs as he holds the door closed with both hands. The monster inside must be contained.

Emma hurries back in with NAIL GUN.

EMMA
I got it!

MICHAEL
Give it here.

Emma hands it over.

EMMA
Stace, calm down!

STACE (O.S.)
Why are you doing this?! LEMME
OUT!

CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! Michael begins to nail the door shut. Permanently.

EMMA
Stace--

STACE (O.S.)
Emma, I'm sick! Get mom! Mom
won't let him lock me in here!
PLEASE?!

CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! The final nail goes in. Michael pulls Emma back. A moment. Stace continues to bang away, but this door ain't movin'.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad?

Suddenly, KA-WHUNK! Stace rips the knob off with bizarre superhuman strength. Taking both the knob and several chunks of wood with her. Nevertheless, the DOOR REMAINS SEALED.

A long tense moment. Within, Stace lets out a loud CRY. Furious. Trapped. Defeated.

Michael collapses by the bed and draws Emma into his arms. Rocking her. Both are distraught. Crying.

MICHAEL

Shhh. Shhh.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 30. In the b.g, we can hear THUMPS, WEEPING, and anguished MOANS from an Infested Stace. Exhausted and devastated beyond repair, Emma peers in at us. She wipes wetness out of her eyes. Clears her throat.

EMMA

It's the 30th day of quarantine
and Stace is...

(deep breath)

Stace is Infested.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Michael enters. Unshaven. Red-eyed. He sits heavily on the bed. Doesn't seem to notice the camera at all. A long moment of silence. He's lost in thought.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Dad?

MICHAEL

(snaps out of it)

Yeah?

EMMA

Did you tell mom?

MICHAEL

She didn't take it well.

Another painful beat.

EMMA

What now?

MICHAEL

For now, Stace is contained.
There's water in there. We keep
her quiet. We keep her safe. And
we wait.

EMMA

Whatever happens, she's still in
there, dad. Don't forget that.
She's still Stace. She's just
sick.

MICHAEL

I know.

He kisses Emma's forehead and exits. Downtrodden.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 32. Emma enters to find the bathroom door has been reinforced by BOARDS - an extra level of protection. At the bottom, is a small open space for sliding food in and out.

Emma sets the camera down and crouches beside the door. Trying to keep things casual and light. Despite the circumstances.

EMMA

Stace? It's me. How're you feeling?

STACE (O.S.)

Okay. It doesn't hurt me, you know? It feels...weird, but it doesn't hurt. It's part of me.

EMMA

We're gonna get it out of you, Stace. Promise.

STACE (O.S.)

It just makes things really loud. I can hear mom breathing in her room. Dad's on the phone downstairs. He's been on hold for a really long time. Who is he calling, Em?

EMMA

FEMA. We're running out of food.

STACE (O.S.)

Shhhh!

EMMA

(whispers)
Sorry.

STACE (O.S.)

Did you bring anything?

EMMA

Dad said not until tonight. He said we have to ration it. The more we feed you, the faster it grows.

STACE (O.S.)

He hates me.

EMMA

No. He doesn't hate you, Stace.

STACE (O.S.)
He locked me in here.

EMMA
To keep you safe.

STACE (O.S.)
To keep *you* safe.

A moment.

EMMA
He's just scared is all.

STACE (O.S.)
I know. I can smell it. Kit-
Kat's scared, too. He smells
nice.

Emma has to take moment to let that one settle. That was
fuckin' weird.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're not scared.

EMMA
You're my sister. You'd never
hurt me.

Stace reaches out through the slot in the door. Offering
Emma her hand. A TENTACLE SQUIRMS ON HER FOREARM.
Nevertheless, Emma reaches out. Places her hand in
Stace's. Trust here. Sisters.

STACE (O.S.)
I lied, Em.

EMMA
About what?

STACE (O.S.)
(soft)
When I said it didn't hurt. When
it's hungry, it hurts me. It
squeezes me inside. Like it's
trying to rip me open. It gets so
hungry.

EMMA
I won't let it hurt you, Stace.

STACE (O.S.)
Promise?

EMMA
I swear.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 35. Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- A MEAGER PLATE Michael has prepared for Stace. Watery canned vegetables atop a tiny pile of rice. A pittance. Prisoners eat better than this. In the b.g, we can hear Stace's tortured GRUNTS and MOANS.

EMMA (O.S.)
This is it?

MICHAEL
That's all we have, kiddo.

EMMA (O.S.)
It's not enough.

MICHAEL
We're not going to make it to the end of the week as it is. Take it upstairs.

EMMA (O.S.)
No! She needs more!

MICHAEL
Unless you want to give her cat food, that's all we can give her for now.

Emma sighs and grabs the plate.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sounds of fast, feverish consumption on the other side of the bathroom door. Then Stace shoves the tray out through the slot.

STACE (O.S.)
Isn't there anymore? It's hurting me, Em!

EMMA
Stace, I'm sorry.

STACE (O.S.)
HELP ME, EMMA!

Stace begins to RAM THE DOOR. THROWING ALL HER WEIGHT against it. All the while letting out that trademark Twist HOWL/SCREAM.

EMMA
Stace, it's okay. Stace?

Inconsolable, Stace continues to ram the door. THUMP! THUMP! Helpless, Emma digs deep. Searching for something to console her sister. Then she has it.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(sings)

'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose--

The ramming slows.

EMMA (CONT'D)

'Will I ever see thee wed?'

'I will marry at thy will, sire.

At thy will.'

The ramming stops completely. Stace reaches out. Emma takes her hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Better?

STACE (O.S.)

That made it stop.

(pause)

Emma?

EMMA

Yeah?

STACE (O.S.)

I'm sorry about Kit-Kat.

EMMA

What about him?

STACE (O.S.)

He got too close. I couldn't help it.

Stunned, Emma realizes Stace ate the damn cat. She just closes her eyes. Nothing to do except deal with it.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

With the camera recording on the floor, Emma opens CAT FOOD CANS and shoves them through to Stace, who gulps and slurps with relish. She makes quick work of a half-dozen cans. BELCHES.

EMMA

Better?

STACE (O.S.)

Better.

(pause, then soft)

Why won't mom or dad come and see me?

Emma gathers up empty cans and searches for something to say.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's okay. I understand. It's probably hard for them. You should go to bed, Emma.

Emma claims her camera.

EMMA
Night, Stace.

She exits.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma gently closes Stace's bedroom door. Then leans against it and allows the sobs she's been holding in to finally escape. Rough. Raw. Broken.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 37. Emma enters and PANS AROUND THE ROOM. This space hasn't been cleaned in a month. The curtains are drawn. Clutter abounds. Cigarette butts everywhere.

Emma finally lands on Kay. Curled up in bed and staring at an *I Love Lucy* marathon on mute. She looks awful. Listless. Wasting away. Of no use to anyone. Smoking like a chimney.

Nevertheless, Emma sets the camera down. Settles into frame and tries to break through.

EMMA
Hey, mom. Can I talk to you about something?

KAY
Where's your father?

EMMA
He's downstairs.

KAY
I'm almost outta cigarettes. He said he'd get some more.

Beat.

EMMA
Why won't you go see Stace?

KAY
Stop it, Emma.

EMMA

She doesn't understand why you
won't go see her.

KAY

I said, stop!

EMMA

Just talk to her. She's still
Stace.

(pause)

Mom?

KAY

This is what happens.

EMMA

What?

KAY

When you don't do what you're
told. When you don't listen.
When you run around, doing
whatever you--

WHAP! Emma's hand BOUNCES OFF HER MOTHER'S CHEEK. It happens so fast both are stunned. Then Kay's face crumples.

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm so mad. I'm so mad at her.
This wasn't supposed to happen.
We were all supposed to be safe.

EMMA

It's not her fault.

Kay takes a deep breath. Tries to act like the adult here.

KAY

I'll go see her. But not today.
Tomorrow. I'll go see her
tomorrow when I'm feeling better.

EMMA

Okay.

Emma embraces her mother.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 38. A rainy miserable mess outside. Michael drives along, leaning forward. Focused hard on the road. The radio BLARES, but it's mostly STATIC.

Emma swivels the camera around. RECORDING OUT THE WINDOW. Very few civilian cars on the road. Most are either abandoned or looted. The storefronts are dark. Deserted. Ransacked. They pull up to a--

CHECKPOINT

A string of orange TRAFFIC CONES across the road. A few MILITARY GUARDS in FULL RIOT GEAR patrol the area. One waves Michael to a stop and approaches the car.

Michael rolls his window down.

GUARD #1

Where do you think you're going, sir?

MICHAEL

FEMA. My family's running low on supplies. I thought we were gonna be okay but--

GUARD #1

All Distribution Centers shut down a week ago!

Emma notices something strange in front of her. Hard to see through the driving rain. She switches on the windshield wipers and a WOMAN (40s) materializes. Slowly approaching the checkpoint. Barefoot. Red housedress. Arms outstretched. Distraught.

WOMAN

(soft)
Help me.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad?

But Michael's locked in an argument with the guard.

GUARD #1

Sir, right now you are in violation of CDC quarantine. So I need you to turn your vehicle around and return to your place of residence. If you're in further need of assistance--

MICHAEL

What the hell am I supposed to do? I called the hotline. Half of the time it's busy. And the other half of the time I get a recording. I'm trying to provide for my family. No one has any answers. You tell me. What the hell am I supposed to--

WOMAN

HELP ME!!!

This gets their attention. Immediately, Guards spring to action. Assault rifles aimed and ready.

GUARD #1
Ma'am, stop where you are and put
your hands in the air!

EMMA (O.S.)
(whispers)
Dad? Roll up the window.

Michael hastily obeys. Outside, the woman raises her hands, but continues to approach. The redness on her dress BEGINS TO RUN. Not a red housedress at all. Just COVERED IN BLOOD.

WOMAN
I killed them. I tried to stop
it, but I couldn't. It made me.
I couldn't stop it.

GUARD #1
Ma'am! Stop where you are or we
will shoot. You are in direct
violation of--

WOMAN
KILL ME! YOU HAVE TO KILL ME! I
CAN'T CONTROL IT! I CAN'T...

And then we see them. TENTACLES. Writhing beneath the woman's dress. Around her legs. Flailing around her head. Searching...Searching for prey.

MICHAEL
Jesus.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, let's go!

GUARD #1
Infested!

They OPEN FIRE and triggered by the sound, the woman lets out that queer HOWL/SCREAM and CHARGES. She BOUNDS towards the guards, LEAPING atop the car. SNARLING as she does so.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, DRIVE!

Michael jams the accelerator and squeals off, leaving the GUARDS behind them SCREAMING. Their fate uncertain.

(LATER)

Shell-shocked, Michael drives. Shaking the steering wheel in frustration.

MICHAEL
Shit! Shit! Shit! What the hell
are we supposed to do now?

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?! Chillax. I have an idea.

EXT. COLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and Emma approach. Michael has his rifle on his back, baseball bat in hand. Just in case. Emma follows, awkwardly trying to record while carrying grocery recycle bags and a lantern.

MICHAEL
I should probably knock, hunh?

Michael KNOCKS. Softly.

EMMA (O.S.)
Louder, dad. No one could hear
that.

He KNOCKS again. Louder.

MICHAEL
Hello?! Larry! Dana?

No answer. Michael tries the door. It's locked.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
All right, Cricket. Stand back.

EMMA (O.S.)
Be careful.

Michael takes a few steps back and then CHARGES THE DOOR. HARD. It doesn't budge. Michael massages his shoulder. That hurt. A lot.

EXT. BACK OF THE COLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The GLASS BACK DOOR is roughly boarded up. Michael grabs a board and pries it off. Then another.

MICHAEL
Get back.

EMMA (O.S.)
I *am* back.

He gives her a look. She sighs and takes a few steps backward. He takes a deep breath and SMASHES THE BOARD THROUGH GLASS. Shattering it.

Beat. Michael leans in. Listens. Doesn't hear anything.

MICHAEL
 Larry? It's Michael! I'm coming
 in, okay?

Still, no answer.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Maybe they left.

MICHAEL
 (not convinced)
 You know how Larry is and he has a
 gun, so stay behind me just in
 case. Watch the glass.

Carefully, Michael crawls through the hole between boards
 and glass. Emma follows.

INT. COLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Emma PANS AROUND. This place makes the Drakeford home
 look a five star resort. There's GARBAGE EVERYWHERE.
 Empty FEMA SUPPLY BOXES stacked to the ceiling. Hundreds
 if not thousands of discarded cans. Filth.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Oh my God. The *smell*.

Michael recoils and gags. Dry heaves a bit.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dad? You okay?

MICHAEL
 (nods)
 Just give me a second.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Smells like something died.

MICHAEL
 (a warning)
 Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (same tone)
 Dad.

A weak BARK from nearby. Emma whirls. It's Lucy, the
 mean spirited dog. Not much fight left in her, though.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Hey, Lucy.

Is that a tail wagging? Emma sets her camera down.
 Steps into frame with her hand outstretched. Lucy licks
 it.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

EMMA
Taking her with us. Look at her.
She's starving.

Emma shoves Lucy into one of the recycle bags. Lucy goes willingly.

MICHAEL
We already have cat we can't feed.

Emma slings the bag and Lucy over shoulder and retrieves her camera.

EMMA
We don't have a cat.

Off the implications of that--

INT. COLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHTVISION)

The smell's worse in here. Unbelievably bad. We can tell Emma has her hands over her nose as she SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND IN A WIDE ARC. Michael rifles through the pantry searching for food stuffs. Emma LANDS ON--

LAURENCE AND DANA COLE. Slumped against the oven. Both are dead. Rotting. Emma SCREAMS. Jumps away.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad!

She points. He looks.

MICHAEL
JESUS!

He pulls Emma backward. Nevertheless, Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- LAURENCE COLE'S BODY. Laurence's head is tilted back. Mouth wide. Rifle between his knees. Dried BLOOD and BRAINS splattered on the APPLIANCES. Self-inflicted gunshot wound. CHUNKS OF FLESH are MISSING from his LEGS. Likely, Lucy's doing.

Beside him, his wife lays on her side. Nude and wrapped in DESICCATED TENTACLES.

EMMA (O.S.)
I wanna get out of here. Can we just get out of here? We can check next door.

She pulls her father backward and they stumble out.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

Dark. Deserted. But blessedly clean. Compared to the horror of the last house, this place is immaculate. Emma and Michael move through.

MICHAEL

Kitchen?

EMMA (O.S.)

Straight ahead to your left.

Michael heads that way. Looks back.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry you had to see that back there. I should've known that's what was going on. You okay?

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad, I'm okay. You're the one who puked, remember?

Michael allows himself a wan smile. Touche'. He goes into the kitchen, allowing Emma a moment of silence. She ZOOMS IN ON -- A TOOMEY FAMILY PHOTO. MR. TOOMEY and JEANETTE. Smiling. Happy. A time long past.

Lucy whimpers in the bag. Emma reaches in and pets her.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Another charming, neat space. Michael frantically rifles through cabinets and the pantry, tossing a few meager findings onto the table, but there's not much here. This place has been cleaned out.

EMMA (O.S.)

Find anything?

MICHAEL

Help me look.

Emma sets the camera and the dog down and joins her father, searching the bottom cabinets. Nothing.

EMMA

Mr. Toomey's really neat.

MICHAEL

Too neat if you ask me.

EMMA

He must've cleaned everything out before they left. He didn't know how long they were going to be gone.

Michael throws open the last cabinet. Just glasses.

MICHAEL

Dammit!

A moment. Emma thinks.

EMMA

The garage! That's where they
keep all their Costco stuff.

MICHAEL

Which way?

Emma points. Michael heads in that direction as Emma
retrieves her camera.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Michael enter. Almost immediately Emma realizes
something's not quite right. She PANS OVER THE SPACE.
The Toomey minivan is parked on one side. Odd. It's not
supposed to be here.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad?

MICHAEL

Found it!

Michael's on the opposite side of the garage where there
are shelves of neatly stacked food stuffs. Water.
Canned goods. Dry goods. Enough to last months.
Michael couldn't be happier. Crisis averted.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

When this is over, remind me to
thank Louis Toomey. All right,
kiddo. Load up. We don't want to
have to make a whole bunch of
trips.

In the bag, Lucy GROWLS.

EMMA (O.S.)

Shhh. What's wrong with you?

And then a BLACK HUMP above Michael MOVES. SLITHERS.
DROPS TO THE GROUND BEHIND HIM.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(horrified whisper)
Dad...?

Michael freezes. Cold realization. His hands slowly
find his rifle.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

SHIT!

He grabs Emma's hand and pulls her out.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Emma run through. Glass SHATTERS all around them. Emma SCREAMS as TWISTS FORCE THEIR WAY INSIDE. Michael yanks Emma to the--

INT. TOOMEY HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

And they run up.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They hurry past tidy bedrooms with too many windows. Searching for a safe place to hunker down. Emma points to the attic trapdoor.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad!

Michael pulls the LADDER DOWN. He and Emma pound up into the--

INT. TOOMEY HOME - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Michael closes the door. Below, THUMPS, CRACKS and HOWLS/SCREAMS can be heard as Twists ransack the place.

MICHAEL

Cricket, help!

Emma tosses her camera aside and moves over to help Michael push a HEAVY BUREAU over the attic TRAPDOOR. Both strain. This thing is heavy as hell. As soon as they get it positioned, THUMP!

It POPS UPWARD as a TWIST RAMS THE TRAP. Michael covers Emma's mouth before she can scream. THUMP! THUMP! The bureau holds. No Twist is getting in this way.

But the ransacking downstairs continues. Relentless. Physically and emotionally drained, Michael and Emma collapse. The camera forgotten, Emma rests her head on father's shoulder. Closes her eyes. He wraps an arm around her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

In the morning, it'll be safe to come out.

EMMA

But they're gonna eat all the food.

MICHAEL
We'll think of something.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 39. Emma PANS AROUND THE ROOM.
Everything that can be broken, is. It's a disaster zone.
Michael emerges from the garage.

EMMA (O.S.)
Anything?

Grimly, he shakes his head.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wearily, Emma enters. A moment. Emma stops abruptly.
Her camera promptly TUMBLES OUT OF HER HAND AND CLATTERS
TO THE FLOOR. CRACK! The LENS BREAKS. Emma drops to
her knees.

EMMA
Mom?

And then we see what Emma sees -- KAY. On her back
beside the bathroom door. Pale. And very, very, still.

Michael can be heard in the next room.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Kay? Kay, honey, where are you?

STACE (O.S.)
Emma?

EMMA
Stace, what did you do?

Stace's voice is choked. Broken.

STACE (O.S.)
I couldn't help it. She came in.
I tried to stop it, but I
couldn't.

EMMA
(anguished)
WHAT DID YOU DO?! MOM!

Emma scoops her mother's limp body into her arms.

EMMA (CONT'D)
WHAT DID YOU DO?!

Emma rocks Kay and we see BLOOD. Too much blood.
Soaking the sleeve of Kay's bathrobe. And there's no arm
in the sleeve. Its been ripped clean off.

Sobbing, Emma continues to rock her mother. Keening. Incoherent. Inconsolable. And then Michael enters.

MICHAEL

Baby?

He pulls Kay away from Emma. Slaps her cheeks. No response.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Oh, no. Please, no.

Within the bathroom, Stace THUMPS.

STACE (O.S.)

I'm sorry! I couldn't stop it! I didn't mean to!

Michael takes this all in, dry-eyed. Resolute. He gently sets Kay down. And exits the room.

EMMA

Dad, where are you going? DAD?!

She returns her attentions to her mother. Tries to straighten her bathrobe.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Mom, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

STACE (O.S.)

Emma?

EMMA

SHUT UP! YOU SHUT UP, STACE!

Michael reenters. Rifle brandished. Headed straight for the bathroom. Ready to end this for good.

EMMA (CONT'D)

DAD, NO!

Emma leaps up. Stands protectively in front of the bathroom door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL

We can't control her, honey. I'm sorry.

EMMA

But it's Stace!

MICHAEL

STACE (O.S.)

Move!

Emma?!

EMMA (CONT'D)
YOU LEAVE HER ALONE!

Emma wrestles her father for the gun.

MICHAEL
Let it go!

EMMA
You're not gonna hurt her! Stop
it! STOP--

KA-BLAM! A SHOT GOES OFF. Embeds into the wall. The sound knocks Michael back to shamed sanity. He's shocked. Mortified with himself. He allows Emma to snatch the gun away. She's crying. Trying her best to be strong. Rational.

EMMA (CONT'D)
She's still Stace. She's
just...She's just sick.

He nods. With his emotions now in check, he goes over to the window and peers out. No Twists.

Wordlessly, he scoops up Kay's lifeless form and exits the room. A huge PUDDLE OF BLOOD soaks its way into the rug. A moment.

STACE (O.S.)
Please don't hate me, Em. Please
don't. I'm so sorry.

Stace reaches her hand out. The tiny TENTACLES that we saw earlier have multiplied, thickened. Emma backs away from them. Scared of her now. In a hurry, she exits the room.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Emma? EMMA!

The camera continues to record.

(LATER)

The sun has shifted. The LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES. Lured by the smell of blood, Lucy sniffs her way inside. Searching for food. She never sees the BLACK MASS OF TENTACLES emerging from the bathroom, reaching for her. Silent. Deadly.

She YIPS as she suddenly SNATCHED INSIDE. HORRIBLE GRUNTS and SLURPS from Stace as Lucy is consumed. Still warm and writhing. LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES AGAIN. CLICK. BLACK.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 40. A light sprinkling of SNOW on the ground. Emma hangs back while Michael, wearing a coat, digs a grave. Kay is wrapped in a heavy quilt nearby. The steady CHUCK-CHUCK-CHUCK of the shovel into ground, the only lonely sound to be heard.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 43. Emma settles down in front of us. Drained. Hair a mess. Nose running. Shivering. She studies the **NEWLY REPLACED LENS, THE CRACK IS GONE.** Briefly, she adjusts it. Screws it in tighter.

In the b.g., we can hear Stace HOWL/SCREAMING. An endless, unsettling cacophony.

EMMA

It's the forty-third day of
Quarantine. Mom's dead.

Stace keeps screaming.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Stace hasn't eaten in three days.
Power only came on for an hour
yesterday. Internet's down.
Phones. We lost water pressure
two--

A MOTORCYCLE ENGINE approaches outside. Emma frowns and scoots over to the window.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Coach?

She runs out.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candlelit. Peaceful. Cozy. Emma sits on the floor. Michael and Orelia are on the couch. Empty cans, empty plates, and the camping stove on the coffeetable are remnants of a rather decadent meal. Emma munches on a candybar. Listens to Orelia's somber tale.

ORELIA

We got as far as Indianapolis.
Hooked up with a group of
travellers squatting in a motel
off the 70. That's when Tony...He
was bruising pretty bad, but when
he went through our entire food
supply one night, that's when I
knew. And Tony, I think he
already knew.

ORELIA (CONT'D)

One morning, I woke up and he was gone. He didn't say good-bye. I think that was easier for him. So I made my way back. The 70's mess. The 40's worse. Took the backroads. Saw a lot. Things I don't ever need to see again. Heard even more.

MICHAEL

Where's the CDC?

ORELIA

They're still out there. Working with Reserve Units. Still conducting random sweeps, but their policy's changed when it comes to the Infested.

MICHAEL

Changed how?

ORELIA

They can't cure it. So now, they're just trying to contain it. On sight termination orders for all Infested.

MICHAEL

Jesus.

ORELIA

Canada did it. No Infestation up there. Germany. Israel. All clean. Even Texas. Or so I've heard.

(pause)

How far out is Stace?

EMMA

Two weeks since it popped out.

ORELIA

And you can control her?

Michael clears away everyone's plates. Can't answer her on that one. Still too painful.

MICHAEL

(to Orelia)

There's a sleeper in the study. You're welcome to it.

He points to Emma's candy bar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're not eating that?

ORELIA
Chocolate's harder to find these
days than gas and water.

EMMA
It's for Stace.

Wordlessly, Michael exits. A moment.

ORELIA
How's he doing, kiddo?

A long moment.

EMMA
I think we've been through the
worst of it.

ORELIA
Let's hope so.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 47. Emma RECORDS THROUGH THE BLINDS.
Below in the driveway, is a CDC VEHICLE. YELLOW LIGHTS
BLAZING.

EMMA (O.S.)
Random sweep. Shit!

BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR. She runs out.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma hurries down the stairs. With Orelia behind him,
Michel opens up the door as FOUR CDC OFFICIALS charge
inside. All wear BIOHAZARD SUITS that obscure their
features. Several carry SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

MICHAEL
What the hell is this?

FEMALE OFFICER steps forward. She holds a clipboard.
Her voice muffled by her mask.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
Michael Drakeford?

MICHAEL
What's this about?

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 In accordance with Emergency
 Quarantine Article 9.2, this home
 and its residences are subject to
 random health screenings as
 determined by local CDC and State
 mandates. Failure to comply will
 result in fines and detention. Do
 you comply?

MICHAEL
 No, I do not!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 This can be easy or this can be
 hard. If you make it hard for us,
 it'll be harder on you, Mr.
 Drakeford.

MICHAEL
 Get outta my house!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 (to two Officers)
 Sweep it.

MICHAEL
 Wait!

ORELIA
 Michael, don't!

Orelia tries to hold him back, but Michael BLOCKS THE
 STAIRWELL. He receives a RIFLE BUTT to the GUT that
 doubles him over. And another BLOW TO THE HEAD that
 draws blood.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad!

She drops her camera on the table and runs over to help
 him. Officers push by her.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 I'm sorry, Mr. Drakeford. I know
 this has to be a difficult time
 for you. We're just trying to end
 this thing.

She takes a moment to SHINE a PENLIGHT into his eyes. To
 CHECK HIS FINGERNAILS. His FOREARMS for signs of
 BRUISING. Another OFFICER uses an EAR THERMOMETER to
 take his take his temperature. The entire examination is
 brief, but thorough.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (turns to Orelia)
 Kathleen Drakeford?

ORELIA
 (a moment's
 hesitation)

Yes.

Another swift check of Orelia's vitals.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 (suspicious)
 Date of birth?

Orelia has no clue.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 According to Emergency Quarantine
 Article 6.5, any person detected
 outside of their authorized
 quarantine zone shall be detained
 and or returned to their
 authorized zone as determined by--

Her WALKIE BLIPS.

MALE CDC OFFICER (O.S.)
 (filtered, over
 walkie)
 Lt, we've got a barricade up here!
 Suspected Infested inside!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 What's inside, Mr. Drakeford?

MICHAEL
 (to Female CDC
 Officer)
 Please. She's my daughter.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 Infested?

Michael's silence is all the answer she needs.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Did she kill your wife, Michael?

More painful silence from Michael.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 You can't help her. She's gone.
 I've seen this before. It's
 better this way.
 (into Walkie)
 Break it down and terminate.

EMMA
 NO!

Emma jumps up, but a GUN IS POINTED RIGHT AT HER. Upstairs, we hear CRACKS and THUMPS as CDC Officers pry the wood off the door. Stace has begun to HOWL/SCREAM in anger. Fear. Nevertheless, Female CDC Officer performs a quick examination of Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Don't hurt her. Please, tell them not to hurt my sister.

A FINAL CRACK upstairs. CDC Officers are in.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

(*NOTE: THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE IS RECORDED ON OFC. CROWLEY'S HELMET CAM.***)**

CRAWLEY and his partner, BURKETT, pry the last piece of wood off the bathroom door. Inside, Stace goes silent. They ready their weapons.

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

Two in the head.

BURKETT

One in the gut.

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

On three. One. Two. Three.

KA-WHAM! Together, they KICK THE BATHROOM DOOR IN.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Officers burst inside and look around. For a moment, the room appears empty. Discarded bones in the tub. Piles of filth on the floor. Then Crawley LOOKS UP.

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

WATCH OUT!

HE FIRES AT A SQUIRMING MASS OF BLACK TENTACLES AS STACE DROPS DOWN ONTO HIM. A flurry of BLURRED MOVEMENT. GUNSHOTS. Curdled MALE SCREAMS. A BONE SNAPS. BLOOD ARCS and FLOWS.

Silence.

The HELMET CAM CLATTERS TO THE GROUND beside a very dead Officer Crawley. Stace's bare foot calmly steps over him. (**END CRAWLEY HELMET CAM FOOTAGE.**)

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

EMMA'S CAMERA CONTINUES TO RECORD. Michael clutches his daughter close.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
 (into walkie)
 Report.

Nothing.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (with growing
 concern)
 Crawley, report.

More nothing. Female Officer exchanges a look with her colleague. Should they check it out or not? Neither wants to. Shit. They head that way anyway and REVEAL--

STACE. Standing in the open doorway. A full on Twist. Her body bent. Misshapen. BLACK TENTACLES a SQUIRMING, VIRULENT MASS BEHIND HER. She's covered in blood.

In the next instant, she HURLS the Male officer into the wall with BONE CRUNCHING FORCE. His neck SNAPS. Female Officer manages to get off ONE SHOT before Stace GRABS HER and DRAGS HER OUT.

(LATER)

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- THE DEAD CDC OFFICER. His body is bent at an impossible angle. Michael and Orelia can be heard arguing in the next room.

ORELIA (O.S.)
 --back up on their way soon!
 You're going to have to take the
 girls and get out of here, now!

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 How?! You saw what she did!

ORELIA (O.S.)
 CDC vehicles are built to handle
 Twists. Just get her inside.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 How the hell do you suggest I do
 that? You didn't see what she did
 to her mother!

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- RESTRAINTS on the CDC Officer's belt. After a thought, she grabs them.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT
 (NIGHTVISION)

Stace is hunched in the corner of her bedroom, beside the ripped open corpses of the CDC officials. Rocking. Half-weeping/half-keening. Loathing herself.

Emma tries not to puke. And fails. She holds the camera to the side as she upchucks, spits, and quickly reclaims her composure. Determined to do this.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace?

Stace looks up. Blood all over her face. A monster.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We have to go. More people are going to come and they're going to kill you.

STACE

Because I did a bad thing. I tried to stop it. I couldn't.

EMMA (O.S.)

It's okay, Stace.

STACE

No, it's not. I killed mom.

EMMA (O.S.)

It was an accident.

STACE

Go away, Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)

I'm not gonna leave you. You're sick. And I'm gonna take care of you until there's a cure that can make you better. I'm coming in, Stace.

STACE

No! I'll hurt you. It's gonna make me hurt you.

EMMA (O.S.)

You won't hurt me. And I have restraints, so you can't hurt anyone else. I trust you.

Emma sets the camera down and moves slowly over to Stace. Restraints in hand. Shaking.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We're sisters. We're going to get through this together.

And she begins to hum Rose Rose. She's beside Stace now, humming the melody. The tentacles remain subdued as Emma begins to secure Stace in the restraints.

Downstairs, Michael has just realized Emma's missing. He pounds up the stairs followed by Orelia.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Emma! EMMA!

He comes to the top and sees...

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus. Em--

ORELIA (O.S.)
(whispers)
Quiet, Michael!

Emma continues to hum and secure Stace's restraints. Within moments, the final CLASP IS LOCKED. Stace is bound. Neutralized for now.

EMMA
Dad, it's okay. It's okay.

FADE TO:

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 48. Dressed in a heavy coat, boots, and carrying a suitcase, Emma peers in at us. Breath fogging in front of her. She looks tired, but hopeful. Something new on the horizon.

EMMA
Hi. My name is Emma Drakeford and it's the forty-eighth day of Quarantine. Me and dad and Stace and Coach are moving on. Coach said there are caravans of people like us. People with loved ones who are sick. We're gonna try and find one. Just until there's a cure.

HONKING outside.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(off)
I'm coming!
(to us)
If any of you out there are wondering why I don't just give up on her...When I was two and Stace was four, this lady who used to live in the Cole house...Well, her son died. Crib death, they said.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Afterward, I started having all these weird dreams about someone picking my nose while I was sleeping. I found out later that it was Stace. She was coming into my room every night, sticking her finger under my nose, to make sure I was still breathing. That's my sister. That's Stace.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Cricket?! We have to go!

EMMA

Everyone out there, I hope you make it. I hope your families make it. Good luck.

She turns the camera to the window and whistles as she exits.

THROUGH THE BLINDS WE SEE -- THE CDC VEHICLE. Michael waits anxiously by driver's side door. Stace, presumably, is in the back cab. Emma hurries outside and hops into the passenger seat.

A moment later, Michael pulls out. On her bike, Orelia follows after. And they all disappear around the corner.

LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES. CLICK. **BLACK.**