

VIRAL

LONDON LOS ANGELES NEW YORK PARIS TOKYO MOSCOW

a screenplay by
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BEGIN MAIN TITLES

As Frank Sinatra croons "NEW YORK, NEW YORK", a series of scenes paint the visual timeline of a growing viral threat.

EXT. MANHATTAN - BROADWAY AVENUE - DAY

Sidewalks deluged as TOURISTS and LOCALS mingle together. A fleet of YELLOW CABS sit in wait for a traffic light's shift to green. A normal New York day until --

A convoy of two dozen, camouflage HUMVEES bolt through the intersection. It immediately captures everyone's attention as they gawk with curiosity.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

The morning sun rises above New York City, blanketing skyscrapers with an auburn glow.

Soles from a pair of overworn sneakers SCUFF across the deck as a YOUNG BOY approaches a pay telescope. A cotton, surgical mask covers his nose and mouth.

He inserts a quarter into the change slot. Then another. Leaning forward, he views the city through the lenses.

INT. NEW YORK SUPERMARKET - DAY

A major chain, though perished and bare. Absolute chaos with racks overturned and carts scattered around. An INFANT's defeating CRIES are heard somewhere in the store.

PANNING by the aisles to reveal that every shelf is empty. However, in the baby aisle, a MOTHER comforts her crying Infant. She desperately searches for a jar of baby food.

EXT. BRONX - EAST RIVER - DAY

A gloomy fog overshadows the city with limited visibility.

THFT, THFT, TFHT. A chopper's propeller slices through the dense overcast while flying above the East River.

It provides a short term AERIAL VIEW of Rikers Island as Sinatra's voice slowly fades away into crackled static --

SINATRA [V.O.]
-- It's up to you. New York... New
York...

END TITLE SEQUENCE

[ALL ACTION IS CONTINUOUS, IN REAL TIME, AND UN CUT]

OVER BLACK

Consumed by darkness. Pure silence. And then --

A steel door SQUEALS open, SLAMMING against a concrete wall. Set of metal keys JINGLE out of the lock.

The raspy, cigarette-laden voice of a MAN speaks. His words are filtered through a radio headset.

MAN [O.S. / RADIO]
You must have really pissed off the
devil to be sent straight to hell.

A WOMAN replies in a dauntless tone tangled with shivers. Her voice amplifies in the same radio.

WOMAN [O.S. / RADIO]
I asked to be transferred here.
Born and raised in Queens.

Heavy footsteps TRUDGE towards you.

MAN [O.S. / RADIO]
Well then... welcome home.

A switch flips on. You FLICKER INTO --

INT. RIKERS ISLAND INFIRMARY - STORAGE - DAY

The Woman, LAUREN CHASE, mid-30s, stands before you. Attired in a tee, cotton shorts, and socks -- all white. Hair twisted in a ponytail. Arms crossed to contain body heat.

A supply of rubber biosafety suits line the walls behind her. All grouped by color -- Camo green, blue, red, and orange.

MAN [O.S. / RADIO]
I only have one size two left in
blue. You'll be assigned unit
seven thirty A.

The Man, GUS, 50s, steps into view. Friendly face withered with age. Rubber overalls strapped over his torso. He holds a clipboard of papers in one hand. Ballpoint in the other.

Gus points directly at you.

GUS [RADIO]
Say hello to your new best friend.

Lauren leans down, gazing deep into your soul. Becomes apparent that you are the eyes and ears of a blue, biosafety suit's helmet cam -- **You are the 730-A.**

Gus shoves the clipboard under his arm. He grips the 730-A, pulling you down from the hook.

SPINNING until you're looking at Lauren once again. She grabs the shoulders of the suit, sizing you up.

LAUREN [RADIO]
It's heavier than what I'm used to.

GUS [O.S. / RADIO]
The PVC is interlaced with a thick carbon fiber. It provides extra armor when out in the field.

TWISTING left, and then right, as Gus unscrews the helmet. You DESCEND to the floor and placed on the cold concrete.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
Have you ever been out there?

At ground level, you see Lauren step through the 730-A's leggings and slide her feet into the connected rubber boots. She does a little jig, pulling the suit over her body. A long ZIIIPPPP secures it closed.

GUS [O.S. / RADIO]
Nah. I was here doing my release physical when the shit hit the fan.

She grabs the helmet. ELEVATED slowly, getting a full view of her suit -- air coupler on the left hip, zipper diagonally across the torso, and 730-A stenciled in ink on the chest.

Once again, you stare right into Lauren's eyes.

GUS [O.S. / RADIO]
Perfect timing, wouldn't you say?
Haven't even left this building since.

ASCENDING above, ROTATING one hundred eighty degrees. Pulling you DOWN over Lauren's head, now looking at Gus.

GUS [RADIO]
How is it?

While wearing the 730-A helmet, her voice comes in clearly.

LAUREN [O.S.]
It fits perfect.

GUS [RADIO]
 Good. I'd hate to come all the way down here for another one. Word of warning. They have orders to open fire on anyone caught outside the buildings without a suit on.

PULLING UP, off of Lauren's head. View shifts to chest height as she holds the helmet under her right arm.

You see Gus's hand scribble notes on his paperwork. He peels the top form off, handing it to Lauren.

GUS [O.S. / RADIO]
 You're set to deploy in fifteen minutes. You need to get that signed by Doctor Greer first.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
 Where can I find him?

Gus checks his wristwatch.

GUS [O.S. / RADIO]
 He's usually in his office around this time. Take a right. Follow the hallway through a set of double doors. Then... the third door on the left.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
 Thanks.

While remaining at chest level, you PROCEED into

CORRIDOR A

Bare, concrete walls lead down a lonesome hallway. Blinding fluorescent lights glow atop the polished floor. Closed doors on each side, spaced out about twenty-five feet apart.

Lauren ADVANCES down the hallway. Her reflection is visible on the floor every other step.

AHEAD - A DOCTOR, garbed in blue scrubs, BARRELS a gurney through the forward double doors. A PATIENT lies strapped in, coughing up blood onto his chest.

You STOP as they zoom by. Lauren's curiosity SPINS you around for a second look. And then, back on the path.

She pushes the doors open, walking into

CORRIDOR B

Same as Corridor A, but the rooms are open and welcoming. Lauren steps by office one... two... and then three --

GREER'S OFFICE

You PEEK in through the doorway. Filing cabinets lie toppled over, vomiting paperwork across the floor.

GREER, 50s, sits at a metal desk. Weary, unslept eyes lost in an outdated *New York Times* sports page. He wears a biosafety suit similar to Lauren. Large angular helmet with transparent face-shield rests on a stack of medical books.

Unknowing that Lauren is there, he raises a brown square of freeze-dried food to his mouth, taking a hearty bite.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Greer looks up.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
Doctor Greer? Lauren Chase.

You PROGRESS towards the desk. At Greer's level, you WATCH him chomp the food.

Lauren reaches out for a handshake. Greer wipes crumbs away from his fingers and gives her hand a firm squeeze.

GREER [RADIO]
Welcome aboard. I'm surprised
NEIDL (needle) would loan you to us
right now. When'd you get in?

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
About an hour ago.

Lauren slides her paperwork across the desk. Greer glances over it, quickly signing his name at the bottom.

GREER [RADIO]
Have you ate yet?

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
I had lasagna on the helicopter
ride over.

GREER [RADIO]
I'd kill for some lasagna.

Greer waves his final bite of food.

GREER [RADIO]
I've been stuck with Salisbury
steak for the last three months.

Greer reads the paper more thoroughly.

GREER [RADIO]
God damn Admin. They always do
this shit to me. We'll need to do
a rapid-fire brief.

Greer slides from the desk and pops in the last piece of a
food. He grabs his helmet, speedwalking to the door.

Still under Lauren's arm, you FOLLOW Greer into

CORRIDOR B

He looks back at Lauren.

GREER [RADIO]
You're going out when we're done
here. Use the restroom now --

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
-- I'm good.

Greer cuts a quick corner. You TRACK him into a

SUIT PREP ROOM

A metal examining table is bolted to the floor. Coiled air
hoses snake from the ceiling. Steel framed doorway leads to
the neighboring room.

Greer dictates information that he's repeated at least a
thousand times.

GREER [RADIO]
Not sure what you're used to.
Here, everyone within our command
is color coded by uniform.
Virologists, biologists, and
doctors wear blue.

Greer and Lauren SLIDE their helmets on the table. Both
stand before you in full view.

GREER [RADIO]
Navi are red. They manage GPS on
the missions and know the New York
streets better than Randy McNally.

Greer offers a pair of black rubber gloves to Lauren. She accepts, sliding her hands deep inside. Greer grabs his own and puts them on.

GREER [RADIO]
Orange suits are for Wheelers.
They are the only people authorized
to operate vehicles on the Island.

They both snap elastic, rubber rings over the base of the gloves. A quick palm check. Front - clear. Back - clear.

GREER [RADIO]
Gunners wear camouflage. Most are
surviving police, military, and
firemen. They handle security at
the facilities and on extractions.

Greer grabs the 730-A helmet. RISING UP, looking at him the whole time. And then LOWERED over Lauren's head.

GREER [RADIO]
There will be one of each on your
extraction team.

Greer disappears behind Lauren. CLICK, CLICK. He returns to the front, reaching under your view. CLICK, CLICK. All four helmet hooks are secured.

You LOOK UP as Lauren reaches for an air hose. Then DOWN as she scrambles to connect the hose to the suit's coupler.

GREER [RADIO]
That's just temporary Oh-two.
We'll fill up in the next room.
Can you hook me up?

You GLANCE over to the table.

Lauren grabs Greer's helmet and slides it over his head. She reaches around his neck with his face shield mere inches from you -- CLICK, CLICK. And then under his chin. CLICK, CLICK.

GREER [RADIO]
Check, test. Am I coming in clear?

You NOD in reply. Greer reaches towards Lauren's left ear.

GREER [RADIO]
There are two radio frequencies in
your helmet. A has a proximal mic.
Picks up anything in a ten, fifteen
foot range.

You hear a CLICK as a knob is twisted.

GREER [RADIO]
The other is connected to the main
control center.

Garbled VOICES fade into the radio.

VOICE 1 [V.O. / RADIO]
I need to get a unit at J.A.T. to
transport a Level Four patient.

VOICE 2 [V.O. / RADIO]
Dispatching now --

-- CLICK. You're returned to the proximal frequency.

Greer walks into the next room.

Taking a step to follow, but STOPPED -- still connected the
air hose. Lauren pops it off the coupler and JOGS into the

POWER & AIR SUPPLY ROOM

LEFT - An abundance of yellow diving cylinders, maybe
thousands, stocked on an endless row of shelves. A rubber
hose extends from each tank's pillar valve.

RIGHT - A massive generator HUMS. AC cables tangle down from
a digital meter and gauge system.

FORWARD - A closed, steel containment door with a biohazard
warning sign "BSL-4 AREA". It's secured by an access keypad.

Greer removes one tank from the storage, sitting it on the
floor. Then another.

GREER [RADIO]
Extractions typically last an hour.
Maximum free air capacity on these
suits are ninety minutes. In case
of emergencies, there are smaller,
backup tanks on the bus.

Lauren CROUCHES and connects her suit to the air supply. You
hear a rapid BURST of air. Then a long HISS like a tire
going flat. It fades away as the tank empties.

RISING UP as Lauren stands. She points to the power station.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Will I need to load the energy
source?

GREER [RADIO]
 New suits come fully charged. You
 can reload yours in the evening.
 The battery has about a fifteen
 hour lifespan.

Greer bypasses Lauren, stopping at the containment door. His fingers hover above the keypad.

GREER [RADIO]
 All internal doors marked with this
 sign, share the same code --

You WATCH Greer's fingers BEEP in the code -- 1 8 8 4.

GREER [RADIO]
 -- Eighteen eighty-four. It's when
 the city purchased the Island.

Bolts unlock in the door. It automatically pulls open.

Lauren FOLLOWS Greer into a

DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER

LOOKING AROUND - A series of short, metal pipes spike from the bland concrete walls. The floor is constructed of steel grating. A corded handle extends from the ceiling.

Another containment door, but with a different sign -- Skull and Crossbones labeled "DANGER - AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY".

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Do you know where I'll be
 operating?

Greer stands in the center of the room. He stretches to reach the handle. A quick jerk, pulling it down.

GREER [RADIO]
 You've been placed with extraction
 team three fourteen. Your Navi
 will get the details once you're
 off the Island.

Water sprays from the pipes, engulfing the room in a thick cloud of mist.

GREER [RADIO]
 Look. I've read your CDC file many
 times. I know your residence is in
 Jackson Heights and you probably
 have friends and family out there.

Greer and Lauren raise their arms. Lauren ROTATES in circled steps, fifteen degrees at a time. Greer is now behind you.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
Forget about them.

Your view FADES into a blur, fully obstructed.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
Bringing back someone of special interest, infected or not, is punishable by immediate discharge. That's a direct order all the way down from the HHS.

The shower stops. Water dissolves from the face shield. You're once again looking at Greer. He's all business, ensuring you understand the terms.

GREER [RADIO]
We've all had to make sacrifices --

-- And then --

SNAP TO BLACK

You can't see anything. The only sound comes from leftover water droplets TRICKLING to the floor.

A quick GASP as it --

FLASHES TO BLUE

Ultra-violet lights ZAP on. Greer does a close inspection of your biosafety suit. Once finished, you SCAN every inch of his, stopping back at his face.

Greer twists his helmet's transmission knob.

GREER [RADIO]
Can I get a vehicle dispatched to the rear entry of the NIC building?

BACK TO BLACK

Darkness once again. It doesn't last long as you --

RETURN TO NORMAL LIGHTING

Greer steps to the containment door. He glances back at you.

GREER [RADIO]
Entry doors are monitored by
security. Turn away.

TURNING LEFT, staring at the empty wall.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
I'll assign you a pin code when you
return this afternoon.

Greer inputs a code into the keypad. Each tapped number
BEEPS -- * * * *.

A locking system unlatches in the door. Greer gives it a
hefty shove, pushing it open. He steps out of the building.

You see natural light for the first time. Lauren WALKS
through the doorway, outside to --

RIKERS ISLAND INFIRMARY - LOADING BAY

Sunlight attempts to pierce through an impenetrable haze.
Strong winds whirl trash across a parking lot filled with
abandoned vehicles. Some are tagged with a spray-painted X.

Greer jogs down a set of concrete steps.

GREER [RADIO]
Don't have time to give you the
full tour.

LOOKING BACK at the infirmary -- a haunting, three story
brick building. Windows are barred and boarded up.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
We use all ten jail buildings on
the Island. Everything to the east
is reserved for the uninfected.

RIGHT - a series of overturned dumpsters, all stuffed with
blood-stained, hospital sheets.

FORWARD - Greer waits for Lauren at the sidewalk's edge. She
picks up her pace.

GREER [RADIO]
Everything on the west is for
infected isolation and research.

LOOKING NORTH over the East River as small waves roll along
the rocky shore. A capsized tugboat bobs in the water. You
see the shadows of the Bronx's south area of Longwood.
Cylindrical smokestacks stretch into the sky.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
The infected are separated into
five levels. We do our best to try
to save one through three.

You TURN to face Greer again.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Wait, five? We've only encountered
four in Boston.

GREER [RADIO]
How long were they alive?

LAUREN [O.S.]
A week, tops. Once they were
comatose from the blood loss, they
were euthanized.

GREER [RADIO]
We did the same here until we ran
out of potassium chloride. And
then we discovered there's a second
incubation of the virus.

GLANCING over Greer's shoulder, noticing SOMETHING on the
road in the distance -- an oncoming vehicle.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
Our ride's coming. I'll introduce
you to a Level Five first hand.

The vehicle, an old minivan, brakes by the sidewalk. Roof
completely chopped off by the jaws of life. NASCAR, 30s, an
out of place country boy, sits behind the wheel. He wears an
orange biosafety suit with his nickname etched on the sleeve.

NASCAR [RADIO]
Where are we going?

Lauren climbs aboard the

VAN

BOUNCING slightly as she adjusts her position. She CLICKS
into a seat belt. Greer slides on next to her.

GREER [RADIO]
Detox facility five. And can you
make it quick?

NASCAR [RADIO]
Quick? I'll show you quick.

Nascar STOMPS the gas. The van JERKS you a little off balance. Lauren grabs the driver's seat to hold on.

Nascar looks back at you through a mirror taped to the dashboard. Eyes curious, but suspicious, as he speeds through

RIKERS ISLAND BACK ROADS

Everything becomes a blur as you discover why he's called Nascar.

LEFT - Razor wired fence surrounds a towering, brick building. Sign emblazoned with "RIKERS ISLAND POWER PLANT".

Then the tires SCREECH in a sharp right. Nascar's goal is to keep it over fifty.

RIGHT - A collection of semi trailers. Going by too fast, but appears they're full of lumpy BODYBAGS.

Another SCREECH! Slamming on the brakes. You're JARRED.

AHEAD - A backhoe blocks the road. Its OPERATOR sits in the cabin, also wearing an orange biosafety suit.

Nascar stands up in the seat and waves his hands.

NASCAR [RADIO]
Get the hell out of our way.

The Backhoe Operator cranks a lever. Rather moving, the boom rises, providing a path for the van. Nascar creeps by.

RIGHT - A massive hole is carved out of an old baseball field. Rusted fence crests into the ground as if its been run over by a tank.

A dump truck reverses to the hole. You're GLUED to that truck as the dumping bed angles upwards.

A series of DEAD BODIES, each wrapped a bloody sheet, slides from the truck. They plop into the hole -- a mass grave.

In shock, Lauren SNAPS to Greer.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Isn't there a more humane way to
bury the dead?

Nascar cracks a laugh. You TURN your attention to him.

NASCAR [RADIO]
Humanity was the first thing to
leave this Island.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
 We're not talking about a single
 lab rat rejecting a vaccine --

BACK TO Greer.

GREER [RADIO]
 -- Casualties pile up by the
 hundreds each day. We have to make
 as much room for the uninfected as
 possible.

Unable to argue the validity, Lauren just looks away.

LEFT -- Five separate brick buildings with V-shaped walls.
 Adjoining corridors connect their vertexes.

Nascar slows to a stop outside of the fifth building --

DETOX-5 BUILDING

The lawn was once luscious green grass, now full of waist
 high weeds and dismal brown. Greer slides out of the van.

Lauren UNSNAPS the seat belt. She climbs down. ALL FOCUS
 remains on the building.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Wait here. We're going to need
 transportation to the deployment
 zone after this.

NASCAR [O.S. / RADIO]
 Sure thing. I'll keep the meter
 running for ya.

FLANKING Greer, you wade through the lawn of Detox-5.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Our testing procedures follow all
 CDC standards.

Lauren and Greer stop by the main door. It's glass, but
 reinforced with latticed steel. You instinctively TURN AWAY
 as Greer inputs his security code.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
 There will be a supply of Mosquitos
 in your extraction kit.

BUZZZZ. You LOOK to the door. The handle spins downwards
 and Greer pushes it open.

GREER [RADIO]
 We only accept red. If it's black,
 they won't get in. The goal for
 extractions is to bring back as
 many uninfected people as you can.

Greer GUIDES you into

DETOX-5 - ENTRANCE LOBBY

Leather chairs sit overturned in a waiting area. Old, stained magazines strewn all over. Antique photos of the Rikers Island Jail hang on the walls.

AHEAD - A short hallway forks into a Y. The right side, pitch black. The left, lit brightly. You FOLLOW Greer.

LEFT FORK - White concrete hallway with barred prison cells on each side. Streaks of blood on everything but the ceiling. It's grimly silent --

POW! An echoed shotgun blast SHAKES you up.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 What was that?

Greer steps in front of you and looks into the left hallway.

GREER [RADIO]
 More than likely the security unit.
 Most of them shoot when they get
 nervous. Hell, everyone's on edge
 these days.

Greer reaches towards the right side of your helmet. CLICK. An LED light flashes on. He does the same on his own.

You TREAD behind Greer into the darkness of

DETOX-5 - RIGHT HALLWAY

It contains similar jail cells as the left hallway. The only difference, there is more blood on the floor.

Greer points downward.

GREER [RADIO]
 See that line on the floor?

DOWN - A yellow line extends in the center of the hallway.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
Treat it like a tight-rope above
the Empire State Building.

CENTERED on Lauren's feet as she slides heel to toe on what's
visible of the yellow line. Soles SQUEAK in the blood.

GROWLING filters through your radio.

A LOUD CLINK, like a BODY running full speed into steel.

And then another... CLINK!

RIGHT CELL - Through your light, a LEVEL FIVE INFECTED stands
behind the bars. Blood stains its tattered clothing. Eyes,
mouth, and nose all hemorrhage. Pupils fully dilated
resembling the soulless, dark eyes of a hungry shark.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
That is a Level Five.

Breathing hard, it SNARLS at you.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
After the brain's motor sensory is
damaged at Level Four, the virus
mutates into a rabid state. They
become extremely violent and will
kill anything they can get to.
Even their own family.

LAUREN [O.S.]
How long does it last?

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
About a week and then their pulse
tops three hundred. Eventually,
the heart explodes.

The Level Five lunges forward, CLINKING into the bars again.

You FALL BACK, fearing of an attack.

BLOODY HANDS reach around your helmet, pulling you against
the left cell. Lauren SCREAMS.

LAUREN [O.S.]
One of them's got me!

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
I told you to stay on the line!

Greer rushes to Lauren's aid. He punches at the hands,
yelling at the cell.

GREER [RADIO]
Release her, dammit!

The Level Five sprints across the right cell. CLINK!
Stopped by the bars once again.

The Hands release their grip around Lauren's helmet.

MOVING BACK, as Greer drags you away. You LOOK into the corridor. Boots scramble, slipping in the blood. HANDS reach out of every visible cell that fade into darkness.

You're pulled into the

DETOX-5 - ENTRANCE LOBBY

LOOKING UP, directly at the ceiling as Lauren lies on her back. Greer reaches an arm out.

GREER [RADIO]
Our people aren't the ones dying
from the virus.

Lauren grabs Greer's hand. PULLING UP, he helps Lauren back to her feet.

GREER [RADIO]
It's from being careless. You drop
your guard for a split second, it
will kill you.

Lauren TREKS behind Greer back to the main door. He quickly punches in the code - * * * *. The door opens. Both return to the exterior of the

DETOX-5 BUILDING

Nascar remains parked by the sidewalk. Lauren and Greer JOG through the grass. Both slide onto the

VAN

Nascar speeds off before Lauren has a chance to secure the seat belt. He looks back at you.

NASCAR [RADIO]
You guys contaminated my ride.

GREER [RADIO]
Tell Williams to put the cleaning
bill on Doctor Greer's tab.

It drives along a

SERVICE ROAD

RIGHT - Junked vehicles set atop each other creating a high-reaching security wall. Remnants of barbwire fences are coiled at the top.

FORWARD - You see the large, open asphalt of the

STAFF PARKING LOT

Empty of people, but a convoy of New York prison buses sit parked in a row.

You FLASH BY the buses.

GREER [RADIO]
There they are. Stop here.

Nascar slides sideways by the

RIKERS ISLAND PRISONER BUS 314

This bus has seen its share of action, riddled with dents. Blood streaks over the shell. New York Corrections painted in navy blue on the side and "314" on the roof. Sixteen total windows and only half are secured with a steel grate.

GREER [O.S. / RADIO]
Guys. This is your assigned Viro.
She's new. Show her the ropes,
okay?

You SLIDE off the van and meet your extraction TEAM. These are **THE PEOPLE YOU WILL RELY ON IN ORDER TO SURVIVE.**

WHEELER, 20s, a shifty eyed black man, operates a wheeled pressure washer. His orange biosafety suit is covered in gang signs. Boxed, curly afro consumes most of his helmet.

WHEELER [RADIO]
It's about time. We need to roll
out now.

He turns the nozzle towards the bus to wash off the blood. Some of it is so thick, it'll take a sandblaster.

NAVI, 30s, a bookworm brunette in a fire red biosafety suit, looks down at a tablet device. She glances up at Lauren. Eyes squint behind a pair of strapped glasses.

NAVI [RADIO]
Hey.

GUNNER, 40s, a beefy, muscle head, loads a sawed-off shotgun. He wears a military issued Hazmat suit. Face hidden by a black gas mask. Dog tags proudly dangle around the neck.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Welcome to the jungle.

Greer places a hand on your shoulder. You TURN to him.

GREER [RADIO]
Good luck out there.

Before Lauren can reply, Nascar drives away. You watch the van fade away as it speeds into the Island.

TA-TA-TAP. Water smacks rubber. You look DOWN. Wheeler sprays the blood away from Lauren's suit.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Unlike him, I don't like blood in my ride. Get on.

STEPPING UP as Lauren boards

BUS 314

Ripped, leather bench seats on both sides. After the first pair, a locked, caged barrier separates the rest of the bus. A windowless emergency door dead-ends the rear.

You WATCH the door, waiting for the next person. It's Navi. She steps up and takes the first seat behind the driver.

Lauren bullets a question --

LAUREN [O.S.]
Do you know where we're going?

Wheeler stomps up and hops in the driver's seat.

WHEELER [RADIO]
-- Where are we going? Are we there yet? Can you stop so I can pee? Fucking women.

NAVI [RADIO]
They've really been pushing Manhattan in recent weeks. Probably there.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Is there any chance of stopping in Jackson Heights?

NAVI [RADIO]
 -- Jackson Heights?

Gunner rushes onto the bus. He's all gung-ho, marching by Lauren. Shotgun firmly gripped in his gloved hands.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 It's only a mile away --

WHEELER [RADIO]
 -- Don't tell me you're going to be one of those, or I'll leave your ass here before we even get to the gate.

NAVI [RADIO]
 We have to stick to our orders.
 Sorry.

Wheeler turns a key in the ignition. The engine RUMBLES to a start, SLIGHTLY SHAKING as it warms up.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Last person who pulled that shit, his whole team was put on a boat and told "Good Luck".

Before Lauren can find a seat, Gunner slides open the cage door. He glances back at you.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 You'll have to stand rear watch when we get over the bridge.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Alone?

GUNNER [RADIO]
 Don't worry --

Gunner pumps the shotgun.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 -- Susie Q's got your back.

You SIDE STEP past Gunner and through the cage opening. Under the rear seat, you SPOT a closed trunk. Lauren rushes to it and opens the lid.

SEARCHING inside -- a few belts of shotgun shells, a first aid kit labeled "Mosquitos", battery packs, mini-oxygen tanks, a six shot flare gun, and a clamshell cell phone.

She grabs the cellphone and opens it. Fingers press the power button, but it's dead.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
There's no use for that. We rely
on our suit's transmitter for com.

Lauren tosses the phone back in the trunk.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I was hoping to call my daughter to
see if she is still alive.

Gunner draws a long pause before his response.

GUNNER [RADIO]
We see a lot of casualties out
there. If I find a phone on
someone's person, you'll get it.

You GLANCE DOWN at Gunner's dog tags. Aluminum is speckled with blood. Both are mysteriously empty of engravings. Gunner notices you looking. He JINGLES the tags in his palm.

GUNNER [RADIO]
There's no point in having my name
on them anymore. No one cares who
we are out there. Dead or alive.

The bus JOLTS forward and drives through the parking lot. You WATCH Wheeler shift into second gear, gaining speed.

WARNING

You are about to enter a highly quarantined area of New York

49% are dead... 49% are infected...

2% are surviving by Any Means Necessary to take YOUR spot.

If easily frightened, I suggest you stay on the Island...

An uneasy silence overtakes the bus interior --

-- BAH-DUMP. Like a heart-beat as the six tires roll over an asphalt separator crack, now driving onto the

RIKERS ISLAND BRIDGE

BAH-DUMP.

You SLIDE onto a right side seat.

BAH-DUMP.

You LOOK through an open window. Fifty feet below, you see the East River.

BAH-DUMP.

Hundreds of BODIES float face down in the water. Streaks of blood washes away from their clothes.

BAH-DUMP.

TAP, TAP on your helmet --

You quickly SPIN around. Right in your face is the handle of a wooden, Louisville Slugger baseball bat.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Have you ever played Whack-A-Mole?

BAH-DUMP.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah. When I was a kid.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Great. You get to relive those childhood memories today.

Lauren reaches out for the bat, taking it from Gunner.

BAH-DUMP.

Gunner points to the open window. You LOOK OUT again.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
If the moles pop their head in, you knock 'em back out.

BAH-DUMP.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
We've got out first set of orders.

That grabs Lauren's attention. She MOVES towards the front of the bus, eager to hear the location.

Navi reads from her tablet device.

NAVI [RADIO]
Thirty-first street. Seventh avenue. Supply pickup at Penn Station.

Obviously something Wheeler didn't want to hear. He smacks the steering wheel.

BAH-DUMP.

WHEELER [RADIO]

Fuck!

LAUREN [O.S.]

What? What does that mean?

WHEELER [RADIO]

It means we're going to be blind for ten minutes, loading this piece of shit.

NAVI [RADIO]

You know we have no choice.

BAH-DUMP. Gunner STOMPS to the rear of the bus. You TURN to see what's he's doing.

Gunner digs inside the storage trunk. He rises back up with a handful of shotgun shell belts and begins to strap them around his waist.

GUNNER [RADIO]

I had three friends do a supply run to Grand Central last week.

BAH-DUMP. Over the final separator in the bridge, now on

QUEENS - NORTH HAZEN STREET

GUNNER [RADIO]

They never came back to the Island.

Wheeler gears down, slowing the bus to a stop.

You LOOK through that same open window again.

STRAIGHT - A forest weaved of oak and maple trees borders the road. The flash of a WHITE T-SHIRT disappears through the trees. A RUNNER? An INFECTED? SOMEONE.

SLIGHTLY RIGHT - Searching for the Runner. All you see is the Bowery Bay shore deep in the distance. The cylindrical tanks of its water treatment facility appear cracked open with immense explosion holes.

You APPROACH the front of the bus and look FORWARD. About sixty feet ahead, the road is blocked by a wheeled, brick wall. Wild, painted text reads **QUARANTINE ZONE**.

A PLATOON of GATE SOLDIERS, too many to count, step into formation in front of the bus. Each in a Hazmat suit like Gunner. All aim a high-caliber assault rifle at the wall.

Wheeler REVS up the engine.

Gunner leans over Lauren's shoulder to look out.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Let's rock and roll.

A loud BUZZ emits from the wall. It slowly draws open.

HUNDREDS of PEOPLE rush the opening. Some are visually sick LEVEL FIVES, while most are in a straight up panic.

POW-PA-POW! Gate Soldiers make a hole as they unleash a flurry of bullets into the Crowd. Bodies fall dead.

One Soldier waves towards the bus.

Wheeler shifts into first. He STOMPS the gas with both feet.

Lauren FALLS BACK from the force as the bus speeds through the gate. She drops the baseball bat.

BA-BUMP, BA-BUMP. Driving over the fallen bodies.

You CLIMB UP and try to regain balance. The bat rolls by Lauren's feet. You LOOK DOWN to grab it. Then BACK UP.

An INFECTED jumps onto the front brush guard. He hangs on, blocking Wheeler's view. Blood flows from all facial orifices. He BANGS a heavy fist on the thick glass.

Wheeler jerks the wheel left and then right, trying to shake the Infected off.

Gunner aims his shotgun at the windshield.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Are you fucking crazy?

GUNNER [RADIO]
How else are we going to get him
off --

-- SCREEEECH! Wheeler SLAMS on the brakes.

The Infected flies off of the bus and into the road. Force from the asphalt cracks his skull open. He lies there dead.

THUMP, THUMP in the back section of the bus. Gunner points it out. You TURN to see another INFECTED trying to crawl into an open window.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Watch the windows!
 (to Wheeler)
 It's getting too hot in here. Get us out, man!

Lauren RUSHES to the rear of the bus and pulls up the baseball bat. WHACK! She hits the Infected right in the face but he's not giving up. HE WANTS IN THIS BUS.

Wheeler kicks it back into gear. Too late as a FEMALE INFECTED tries to climb in the opposite side.

Lauren swings again. THUD! He's still progressing, now halfway into the bus.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Help! He's not giving up. I need help!

Gunner snaps into the killing mood. He starts to hum and sing CCR's "*Susie Q*".

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Oh Susie Q. Ohhh Susie Q.

You SEE Gunner take aim with his shotgun at the Infected --

-- BOOM! Blood spatters everywhere. The Infected's dead body hangs in the window. Gunner STOMPS his boot, kicking it out. He PUMPS another shell in the shotgun.

GUNNER [RADIO]
*Oh Susie Q, baby I love you...
 Susie Q.*

Lauren MOVES to the other side and swings at the Female Infected. PLUNK! First contact is a home run. She loses her grip and falls out of the window.

Gunner continues humming *Susie Q*.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
 Turn right!

A sharp right THROWS you into the seats as Wheeler turns onto

19TH AVENUE

Shade briefly consumes the bus interior from bordering trees and industrial buildings.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Now a left!

Wheeler shoots a hard left onto

49TH STREET

You PULL UP in the aisle, steadying yourself as the bus gears into third.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
How far on this road?

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Two miles until we hit Northern Boulevard.

Gunner slides into the seat across from you.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Are you okay?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah. I just didn't expect that.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
It will only get worse.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Don't scare her now. We'll need her focused later.

WHAM! The whole bus SHAKES.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
What the fuck was that?

Wheeler tries to check in the mirrors --

WHAM! Gunner slides up, continuing his song.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Like the way you walk.

Gunner leans over you.

WHAM!

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
We've got a rogue vehicle.

You LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, sparks fly from ground metal as a pickup truck SLAMS into the side of the bus. THREE INFECTEDS surf on the truck bed, balancing for a jump.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Like the way you talk --

An INFECTED dives at the bus, clinging onto the open window.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Get out!

Lauren jabs the baseball bat at the Infected's fingers.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Open the rear door.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Yeah, fuck you man. I'm not opening shit.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Help me back here!

FORWARD - Gunner overpowers Wheeler and pulls a lever.

REAR - The Emergency door swings open.

RIGHT - The Infected reaches inside for leverage. Gunner stomps towards you.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
-- like the way you talk --

CLICK, BOOM! Gunner BLASTS the Infected out of the bus. You WATCH Gunner load another shell as he walks towards the emergency door.

GUNNER [RADIO]
-- Susie Q.
(normal tone)
Get some speed.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
I'm red-lining at seventy. Going any faster will blow the engine.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Then shake 'em off!

The bus jerks right, THROWING you against the open window. You get a full view outside -- Apartment buildings victims of rampage. Bricks cracked. Windows shattered. Vehicles wildly parked all over the sidewalks.

Eyes FOLLOW the pursuing truck through the windows as it lingers behind the bus.

The truck speeds up again, a few feet from the rear door. An INFECTED crawls atop the roof, sliding to the hood. It makes a solid effort to JUMP INTO THE BUS, but --

-- BOOM! Gunner shoots him down. His body rolls over the truck's hood.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Oh shit!

LAUREN [O.S.]
What?!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Which way do I turn?

SPINNING FORWARD - Up ahead, a series of road cones and orange construction signs block the path.

NAVI [RADIO]
The bridge is out over Grand
Central Parkway!

WHEELER [RADIO]
Get these guys off my ass or
they'll push us off the road!

SPINNING BACK - The last Infected on the truck attempts the same maneuver. Gunner takes aim, and then shifts the crosshairs to the DRIVER.

BOOM! Buckshot spiderwebs long cracks in the windshield's glass. Blood BURSTS within the interior. The Driver falls limp over the steering wheel, HONKING the HORN.

GUNNER [RADIO]
All secure ... oh Susie-Q, baby I
love you. Susie-Q.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
There's a pedestrian bridge. Try
that!

Wheeler takes a quick left to

ASTORIA BLVD NORTH

Throwing you against the open window again. Looking out, you WATCH the pursuing truck FLY over the road and CRASH into a concrete containing wall below. It bursts into flames.

A sharp right pulls you AWAY from the window.

SHREEE --- SQUEEEEEEEEEEL!

Sparks engulf the whole bus as it attempts to squeeze through a narrow, metal pedestrian overpass.

THA-DUMP, bouncing onto

ASTORIA BLVD SOUTH

Wheeler struggles to regain control as the bus hops over a tall curb, CRASHING through a chain fence into --

ST. MICHAELS CEMETERY

BAH BAH BAH BAH BUMP -- Granite tombstones are demolished. Stone debris SPLASHES atop the bus.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Get me back on the road!

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
I'm looking! I'm looking!
(beat)
Right, right, right!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
It's another fence!

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Trust me!

The bus SHATTERS through a wooden privacy fence. It bounces over another curb and returns to

49TH STREET

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief. Navi pumps a fist.

NAVI [RADIO] Woo!
GUNNER [RADIO] Hell yeah.

LAUREN [O.S.]
It's all over right?

WHEELER [RADIO]
You are new aren't you?

LAUREN [O.S.]
This is the first time I've
witnessed anything this bad.

GUNNER [RADIO]
It's never over. It's a war
anytime we leave the Island.
People are finding their way to the
safe zone, and making the exits
more difficult.

NAVI [RADIO]
We've got two miles until the
expressway and about four to the
destination.

A QUICK FLASH of shade fills the bus as it drives under a
train trussell bridge.

Navi spins in her seat, leaning over to talk to Lauren.

NAVI [RADIO]
Where did you come from?

LAUREN [O.S.]
They sent me from Boston.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Bah-sten.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I was working with doctors on a
vaccine for the virus.

WHEELER [RADIO]
So if we get infected out here, you
can heal us?

NAVI [RADIO]
Don't jinx us. No one's getting
infected.

Gunner PLOPS down in one of the adjacent seats. He unsnaps
his face masks and lets it dangle over his chest. Sweat
rolls from his buzzed haircut.

You LOOK to Gunner.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Don't worry. I'll put it back on.

Then BACK TO Wheeler.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 No. We never had any success.
 Couldn't even contain it, much less
 stop it.

Everyone turns blank with an "all hope is lost" stare on their face. Lauren attempts to sound more encouraging though it sounds robotic. Something she'd say in a news report.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 But we were making great strides
 every day.

NAVI [RADIO]
 You said you had... have a
 daughter. I have a son.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Is he safe on the Island?

NAVI [RADIO]
 No. His father took him on a trip
 to Niagara Falls. They were never
 allowed back into the States. I'm
 hoping they're still alive --

WHEELER [RADIO]
 -- they're dead.

NAVI [RADIO]
 Not everyone is a soulless asshole
 with no reason for living, okay?
 Some of us need something to look
 forward to. Something to get us to
 tomorrow.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 And some of us need to get back to
 work. What am I doing here? I'm
 running out of road.

Navi looks down at her tablet. Then through the windshield.

NAVI [RADIO]
 Follow it around this building,
 then take a left.

Wheeler pulls the wheel towards the right. Then a quick spin left, driving onto

48TH STREET

LAUREN [O.S.]
 What were you doing before the
 attack?

NAVI [RADIO]
 Working at a florist in Manhattan.
 I was a delivery manager, sending
 flowers around the city. I'm even
 a product of the extractions,
 picked up at Bellevue. They gave
 me this job when I came to the
 Island.

You slowly TURN to Gunner. He wipes sweat from his face.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 I was with the N.Y.P.D.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Bullshit. Go ahead and tell her
 what you really were.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 I was in the safety division --

WHEELER [RADIO]
 -- You were a crossing guard at a
 fucking elementary school.

Gunner's fingers tease the trigger of his shotgun.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 You know what? Every time I' sent
 out with you, I get a step closer
 to blowing your brains out.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Go ahead and try. I'll leave you
 all out in the city.

NAVI [RADIO]
 Stop guys. We have to rely on each
 other to make it back alive.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 It doesn't matter what we did. It
 matters what we do now.

Lauren has had enough of Wheeler's aggressiveness.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 How about you? What were you
 doing? Pizza delivery? Taxi
 driver?

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Shit no.
 (beat)
 Forty-two, ninety-two, seven, R.
 You can call this my work release.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 What's he talking about?

GUNNER [RADIO]
 He's a felon. Car thief --

Wheeler mockingly cuts in.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 -- Hey. It doesn't matter what we
 did. It only matters what we do
 now.

Navi points ahead.

NAVI [RADIO]
 It's going to get tricky up here.
 Roosevelt, Greenpoint, and Queen's
 Boulevard all fork. You need to
 get on Greenpoint. It'll take us
 straight to the expressway.

Another FLASH of shade as the bus drives under a longer train
 bridge. And then a slight right, turning onto

GREENPOINT AVENUE

NAVI [RADIO]
 It will be about a mile until we
 hit four ninety-five.

You LOOK out of a side window. Small businesses and shops
 line the sidewalk. All with front windows broken out -- A
 Sporting Goods Store, Subway restaurant, Clothing Store, and
 a Coffee Shop.

You PULL back into the bus.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 There aren't many people out.

WHEELER [RADIO]
There aren't many people alive.

NAVI [RADIO]
A lot of them stick around
hospitals, churches --

GUNNER [RADIO]
-- And parking garages.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Yeah. They treat those fucking
things like hotels.

Wheeler turns his attention back to the road. He SLAMS on the brakes.

WHEELER [RADIO]
What the fuck is this?

NAVI [RADIO]
She's not bleeding and she doesn't
look sick.

Lauren MOVES FORWARD to the front. You SEE a TEEN GIRL standing in the middle of the street. She flails her arms, signaling for help. Oddly, she doesn't move towards the bus.

GUNNER [RADIO]
It's your time to shine, doc.

Gunner straps into his toxic mask.

WHEELER [RADIO]
We don't have time for this, man.

GUNNER [RADIO]
I'm not letting a helpless teenager
die out here alone.

Lauren runs to the rear of the bus. She pops open the trunk. You LOOK DOWN as her hands rush to open the first aid kit.

It's full of round, plastic packs that resemble birth control pill cases. They have about thirty small buttons around the circle. This is the **Mosquito**.

Lauren RISES UP, on a mission to the front of the bus.

GUNNER [RADIO]
I'll provide cover.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Remember the rules.

Lauren NODS in reply and then HOPS DOWN the steps. The first time out of the bus, now standing at

43RD STREET / 47TH AVENUE

RIGHT - Vehicles abandoned in the street. DEAD BODIES scattered around, left in a pool of their own blood. A busted fire hydrant spouts brownish water.

Deep in the distance, you see the greyed silhouette of the Empire State Building.

UP - Blank traffic lights sway in the breeze.

The Teen YELLS for your help at the top of her lungs, but filtered through the radio, it sounds like faint whispers.

TEEN [O.S. / MUFFLED]
Help me! Please!

Lauren APPROACHES the Teen cautiously.

Gunner rushes by your side. He maintains a vigilant watch on an empty corner playground -- Noonan Park.

TEEN [RADIO]
Please get me out of here. I'm not sick.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I still have to check.

You look DOWN into Lauren's hand as she presses a button on the Mosquito. A small needle springs out. Cotton surrounds the metal below the tip. It drips with a clear chemical.

LAUREN [O.S.]
This will be no worse than a bee sting. Okay?

The Teen grows more frantic.

TEEN [RADIO]
Just get me out of here. They --

LAUREN [O.S.]
-- Calm down! We have to do this before you can get on the bus.

Lauren POKES the needle into the Teen's flesh. The Teen winces. Blood bubbles from the hole. Lauren presses the same button, disconnecting the needle.

You wait and WATCH the blood soak the cotton.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Well... Is she clean?

The Teen's blood maintains the red color.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah. She's fine.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Everything's going to be okay.
We'll get you back to safety --

-- Gunner grabs the Teen's arm. He pulls to lead her away, but she's stuck.

DOWN - The Teen's ankle is cuffed to a sewer cover. Too heavy for her just to walk away.

Gunner whispers.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Start moving. It's a trap.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Wait? What are you talking about?

GUNNER [RADIO]
Someone's using her as bait.

PANNING around the intersection -- A six-story brick apartment building. The street to the east. The remnants of an Italian restaurant. The street to the south --

TEEN [O.S. / MUFFLED]
Please don't let them kill me.

BANG, BANG! Gunshots ECHO from the plastic playground equipment in Noonan Park.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
Get back in the bus!

Lauren RUNS to the bus.

BANG! A bullet WHIZZES by her head. She SCREAMS.

BOOM! Gunner's shotgun FIRES.

Lauren DIVES onto the bus steps. You SPIN around in the doorway to see Gunner reloading the shotgun.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Come on man, we need to get the fuck out of here.

FIVE INFECTEDS appear from behind playground equipment in the park. Each climb over the metal surrounding fence.

CLICK, BOOM! One INFECTED down as Gunner fills it with buckshot. PUMP, BOOM! Another INFECTED down.

The bus CREEPS away from the intersection. You see the Teen reach out for Lauren one last time.

TEEN [RADIO]
Take me with you!

Lauren CLIMBS UP and WALKS through the bus. She LOOKS out the windows as Gunner sprints along its side. The bus moves too fast for him. He soon trails behind.

REAR - Out of the emergency door, Gunner chases the bus. The three Infecteds sprint in pursuit.

Lauren SLIDES DOWN, reaching out for Gunner. His breathing becomes so heavy you can hear it through the radio.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Slow down. He can't make it!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
We can't stop. Who knows what's around here.

Gunner tosses his shotgun to Lauren. You catch it, RISING UP.

LOOKING THROUGH THE SIGHTS.

Lauren SHAKES while taking aim at an Infected. She pulls the trigger -- BOOM!

Force KICKS YOU DOWN on the bus floor. You LOOK out of the doorway. Still three Infecteds running -- Must have missed.

Gunner gets a burst of adrenaline. He dives into the back of the bus. Lauren grabs his arms, helping pull him in.

LAUREN [O.S.]
He's in! Go, go, go!

Wheeler kicks it into high gear.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
We need to get the hell off of these back roads. How far is it to the highway?

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Quarter of a mile.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Why would they use a young girl
 like that? She was uninfected.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Welcome to the world we live in.
 People are doing whatever it takes
 find a ride back to Rikers.

NAVI [RADIO]
 Think of it like being underwater.
 Holding your breath, it's fine.
 Once you reach that breaking point,
 you'll do anything to get back to
 the top before you die.

Lauren slides into a seat and LOOKS out of the left bus
 window --

A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST attends to an INFECTED in front of
 St. Rafael's Church. His white Vestment covered in blood.
 The man of God, fearless of this plague, waves at you.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Starting to see signs for the four
 ninety-five. Where to go?

NAVI [RADIO]
 Take a right!

Wheeler hits a sharp turn, sliding onto

BORDEN AVENUE

Your view SLOPES DOWN with the on ramp. Lauren holds on to
 the seat in front of her.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Where's the fucking road? It's
 blocked.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
 It should be up here.

LEFT - Out the window, you see a blur of a brick wall --

-- And then a low clearance bridge. A Group of PEOPLE flock
 out of the darkness and run towards the bus. Too slow, they
 quickly disappear.

FORWARD - Navi checks her tablet. Finger slides over the
 screen.

NAVI [RADIO]
Shit. We missed the turn. The
highway's up there.

Navi points upwards.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Find a way to get there!

NAVI [RADIO]
I'm working on it. Take another
right!

WHEELER [RADIO]
It's a one way road.

GUNNER [RADIO]
The streets are empty. Does it
matter?

Wheeler spins the wheel in a right turn to

VAN DAM STREET

He follows the lane for a LOOOONG rounded turn. It finally
evens out as the bus drives on to the

QUEENS MIDTOWN EXPRESSWAY

AHEAD - Clear roads with no vehicles across the six lanes.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Fucking finally.

NAVI [RADIO]
It's smooth sailing from here.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Yeah --

Gunner readies more shells in his shotgun.

GUNNER [RADIO]
-- Until we hit downtown. Then
another shit storm to wade through.

LAUREN [O.S.]
What's the plan for when we get to
Penn Station?

WHEELER [RADIO]
We get in. Grab our shit. Then
get the fuck out.

NAVI [RADIO]
I'll check what we're picking up.

Navi reads from her tablet.

NAVI [RADIO]
Ten buckets of food. Two boxes of medical supplies. One hundred gallons of water... Twenty jugs total. All located in the central corridor elevator.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Shit. Sounds like it will take more than ten minutes.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Which level?

NAVI [RADIO]
Ground level.

LAUREN [O.S.]
What about picking up the uninfected people?

WHEELER [RADIO]
You're on the wrong team for that. I'm not picking up a damn person after getting ambushed back there.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I was told that's our purpose. To find uninfected people and bring them back to the Island.

WHEELER [RADIO]
You saw what happened when we tried that good samaritan shit for one person. This bus sits twenty. Multiply that by five for the crazy motherfuckers coming out of the woodwork.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Then why are we doing this?

GUNNER [RADIO]
Food.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Food? I saw food supplies on the island.

GUNNER [RADIO]
That's not for us.

WHEELER [RADIO]
We have to earn our stay. These missions are our only way to get food and water. I haven't ate in nine days --

NAVI [RADIO]
Seven here...

GUNNER [RADIO]
Ten...

WHEELER [RADIO]
Not all of us live in the first class quarters of the infirmary.

FORWARD - The toll lanes for the Queens Midtown Tunnel.

WOOSH! The bus narrowly speeds through the brick columns and into the

QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - WESTBOUND LANE

Electrical power is out. An emergency light shines every few hundred feet. Wheeler flips on the bus headlights. It looks like an easy ride until --

WHEELER [RADIO]
Shiiitt!!

Wheeler grips the wheel tight as he slams on the brakes. Bus slides sideways, with the rear scraping against the wall.

AHEAD - Abandoned vehicles block the path. Enough room for a motorcycle to squeeze through, but definitely not the 314.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Why didn't you pick this up?

NAVI [RADIO]
All I have is a map of the city, not a god damn traffic report.

LAUREN [O.S.]
So do we walk from here?

WHEELER [RADIO]
Fuck you. It's a mile long tunnel. I knew we should have took the fifty-ninth street bridge.

NAVI [RADIO]
 This tunnel is a straight shot to Penn Station. If we had taken the bridge, we'd have to go through Time Square. And that is a fucking warzone.

GUNNER [RADIO]
 The fifty ninth has been out for a week. The army finally received orders to destroy it.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Fuck. They really are isolating the Island from the rest of the world --

You maintain focus on the FRONT while they argue. A DOZEN INFECTEDS emerge from the blocking cars. Some carry homemade melee weapons. Some with guns.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 -- Guys. We're not alone here.

Wheeler and Navi look ahead --

An ASSAULT of bullets PLUNK off the bus.

Lauren DIVES on the bus floor to take cover.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Relax. It's bulletproof glass.

More BULLETS begin to crack the dense glass.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
 Not if fifty bullets hit it. Get us out of here!

Wheeler kicks it into reverse. A warning signal persistently BEEPS. Back-up lights illuminate the rear.

You WATCH through the emergency door as the bus exits the tunnel, returning to the

QUEENS MIDTOWN EXPRESSWAY

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
 Try the other lane!

SPINNING AROUND in a twisted turn by the bus. It CRASHES into a digital road sign.

Wheeler regains control. He shifts back into first.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
They're coming out of the tunnel!

Gunner steps over Lauren -- CLICK, BOOM! You SEE a shotgun shell bounce on the floor.

The bus shoots into the safety of the

QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - EASTBOUND LANE

No emergency lighting in this one. Completely dark except for the headlights.

Lauren RISES UP, taking a deep breath.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Jesus, this city is nuts.

NAVI [RADIO]
Just wait 'til we're in Manhattan.

A feint WIIISHHHH is heard outside of the bus.

LAUREN [O.S.]
What's that noise?

WHEELER [RADIO]
Water.

AHEAD - The tunnel is full of water, about a foot deep. It cascades atop the fenders.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
I'm guessing the tunnel's about go down soon.

A SHADOWY FIGURE comes in to view and then --

THUMP! It's flung from the front brush guard and bounces against the tunnel wall.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
What the hell was that?

Gunner rushes by Lauren to look out the windshield.

WHEELER [RADIO]
A tunnel rat.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Must have been a god damn big rat --

-- CLANG! Metal on metal.

Windshield SHATTERS. SPARKS fly. Everyone PANICS.

SHHRIIPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!

You DUCK DOWN as a fallen ceiling structure slices through the right side of the bus, inches away from decapitating Lauren.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Fuck!!

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Stop the bus!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO] Hell no!
GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO] I see daylight!

You PEEK OVER the seat, but continue to lay low, fearful of another structure.

WHEELER [RADIO]
There's something blocking the road.

LAUREN [O.S.]
What is it?

NAVI [RADIO]
Looks like a car.

WHEELER [RADIO]
I'm not stopping this time.

AHEAD - As the bus speeds forward, it slowly fills with daylight. You see a hatchback parked sideways in the middle of the tunnel exit.

GETTING CLOSER TO IMPACT. A DEAD BODY sits behind the wheel --

CRASH!!

The bus BULLDOZES the car, pushing it through the last fifty feet of the tunnel. And then they hit --

MANHATTAN - EAST 36TH STREET

Wheeler doesn't let up on the gas. He spins the wheel to the left, guiding the hatchback --

-- BAM, into a light pole. It SMASHES down over the bus, embedding itself in the hood.

Wheeler gears into reverse. He goes back enough to shake off the pole. Then forward, continuing on the westbound lane.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Welcome to Manhattan.

You LOOK OUT of the open bus window. DEAD BODIES litter the sidewalk. The first level windows and doors of all buildings are boarded up. "Hello Cruel World" is tagged in red on a wall. Could be paint, but it's probably blood.

As the bus crosses

36TH STREET / 3RD AVENUE

You see trees overturned. Endless lines of abandoned vehicles, mostly yellow cabs. A pair of ADULTS aimlessly walking the streets. They flag their arms, trying to grab your attention --

-- And then your view is blocked once again by towering apartment buildings.

GUNNER [O.S. / RADIO]
It's insane, huh?

Gunner slides in the seat forward of Lauren. He looks out.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah. I've only heard stories about how bad it was. I could have never imagined this.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
I need to know where to go --

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
-- We're on thirty-sixth. We need to get on thirty-fourth. Take the next left you get.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
If I put on the turn signal, you think anyone would notice?

The bus begins to turn onto

LEXINGTON AVENUE

Gunner spots something on the street ahead. You WATCH him slide up and approach the driver's seat.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Stop the bus!

WHEELER [RADIO]
Stop the bus? We're almost there.
Sit down and fucking wait --

OUT THE WINDOW - You see what caught Gunner's attention -- A prison bus similar to the 314, turned on it's right side. Huge dent from a massive collision embedded in the left.

FORWARD - Gunner jabs the barrel of his shotgun against Wheeler's helmet.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Either this bus stops moving, or
you do.

Wheeler slows by the curb. He raises his hands in surrender.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Thirty seconds... And I'm gone.

You WATCH Gunner stomp through the bus and hop out of the emergency exit. He continues up Lexington Avenue. His breathing labors like a man about to go irate... or cry. It slowly fades from the radio as he walks out of range.

Gunner disappears into the crashed bus.

FOCUSED. Waiting --

SOMETHING grab's Lauren's legs. Before she can see what it is, you're THROWN to the floor.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Help!

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Oh shit! Go help her!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
My ass isn't leaving this seat!
You help her!

You ROLL OVER and see Navi's feet rush towards you. Lauren desperately reaches for her, but --

LAUREN [RADIO]
HELP!

THUD! Lauren lands hard on the pavement.

Lauren is DRAGGED ACROSS the street. A full view of cracked asphalt flashes before you and then --

TWO INFECTEDS TURN Lauren on her back. They hover over you, completely enveloping your view.

STRAIGHT UP - Blood drips from their black eyes like tears. More spews from their nose and mouth. Both GRUNT as they fight to tear through Lauren's suit.

SHAKING as an Infected grabs the helmet. He tugs with all his strength, but it's locked and not coming off.

ZIIPPPPPPPPP! The other unzips Lauren's suit.

Lauren kicks and screams in total horror, but she's too vulnerable --

WEEEOH-PFFTTTT. A flash of red as a road flare bounces by Lauren's head.

THROUGH THE CHAOS, you see Navi in the bus. Flare gun gripped tight in her hand. She fires another one --

WEEEOH-PFFTTTT. A direct hit on an Infected, but they're not giving up. They return all focus on Lauren, obstructing your view again.

CLICK, BOOM! Both Infecteds fall dead atop of Lauren. Two for the price of one.

A boot pushes one Infected off. Then the other. You SEE Gunner standing above you. He carries a second sawed-off shotgun identical to his own. Three pairs of dog tags wrapped around its barrel -- these have a name.

A snuffle is heard in the radio as Gunner reaches for Lauren's hand. He pulls her UP, back to her feet.

ZIIIIPPPP to secure the suit shut again.

LAUREN [O.S.]
God, that was close.

Gunner hops back on the bus. Lauren CRAWLS UP.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Thank you.

Wheeler drives away, continuing on Lexington Avenue.

WHEELER [RADIO]
That was some serious hero shit,
bro. But next time, I'm not
sticking around for it.

NAVI [RADIO]
What did you see in there?

Gunner plops down on a seat.

GUNNER [RADIO]
They were all dead. Mutilated.

LEXINGTON AVENUE / 35TH STREET

NAVI [RADIO]
I'm sorry.

Gunner pumps the shotgun with the dog tags. His voice fueled
with vengeance.

GUNNER [RADIO]
I'm killing anyone I see on these
streets. Infected or not.

WHEELER [RADIO]
That's the attitude you need to
have out here. You're a soldier.

NAVI [RADIO]
Take the next right, and then it's
a few blocks away.

LAUREN [RADIO]
Isn't that a little selfish?

WHEELER [RADIO]
When it gets this bad, it's no
longer the survival of the fittest.
It's survival of the smartest.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Nice theory. How have you survived
this long?

Wheeler glares at you through the overhead driver's mirror.
He spins the wheel right, now turning onto

34TH STREET

All along this street, shadows flicker in and out due to
variant sizes of the buildings. Wheeler drives at full
throttle, ZIPPING through abandoned vehicles.

NAVI [RADIO]
I've got a map of Penn Station.

You HUDDLE over Navi's shoulder. A diagram of Penn Station's first level displays on the tablet screen. Her gloved fingers point out the route.

NAVI [RADIO]
We enter through the seventh avenue entrance --

Navi taps the left side of the screen.

NAVI [RADIO]
-- And we stay to the left. The supplies are in this elevator. Next to customer service. Here.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Wait. I'm lost. How do the supplies even get out here?

34TH STREET / PARK AVENUE

WHEELER [RADIO]
The same way they got to you in Boston.

LAUREN [O.S.]
No one ever delivered anything to us. We have a quarantine warehouse stocked below our facility.

GUNNER [RADIO]
In the first month, they were using choppers from LaGuardia to deliver supplies to Rikers Island.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah, when they converted the prison into the research facility. I saw that on the last few news broadcasts.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Then they started to ration the fuel, we had to do these runs to the airport instead.

WHEELER [RADIO]
In an armored SWAT truck. That bitch was hard as hell to drive.

34TH STREET / MADISON AVENUE

NAVI [RADIO]
They're moving further away from
the Island each time.

GUNNER [RADIO]
The Army started dumping loads off
in random areas of the city for us
to pick up. And the bigwigs at the
CDC thought it would be best that
we picked up as many uninfected
people we could fit in the bus --

WHEELER [RADIO]
-- Which I still think is bullshit.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Why is that? We're trying to
preserve what's left of the city.

WHEELER [RADIO]
You're a fresh fish. You don't
know how the system works yet.

LAUREN [O.S.]
So how does it work? Enlighten me.

34TH STREET / 5TH AVENUE

BUM-BUM-BUM-BUMP, like driving over a row of speed bumps at
full speed. Koreatown is a mass grave in the street.
HUNDREDS of DEAD BODIES lying all over. Wheeler drives over
them without a care.

WHEELER [RADIO]
We're not coming out here to pick
up the uninfected. We're picking
up guinea pigs.

NAVI [RADIO]
Oh god, not this conspiracy shit
again...

WHEELER [RADIO]
It's not about saving the race.
It's about racing to save. The
doctors only care about who creates
the vaccine first. Us. Japan.
France. Whoever. Once they run
out of those to test, they'll turn
to us.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I've worked directly with CDC
doctors and that's not the case.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Then what is the case? Enlighten
us about this thing. What will
happen next?

Navi and Gunner both look to Lauren for an answer.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I... I don't know.

34TH STREET / 6TH AVENUE

NAVI [RADIO]
We're coming up on it soon. Only a
block away. Take the next left.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Just drop it. No one knows what
will happen next. Not you. Not
me. Not even God.

WHEELER [RADIO]
When... if you get back to the
Island today, go around to the
other buildings. Take the tour.
All of the uninfected live in the
pink building. The sick ones,
overflow all the rest.

NAVI [RADIO]
Slow down or you'll miss the turn!

Wheeler turns left at the intersection, now driving on to

7TH AVENUE

Navi points ahead.

NAVI [RADIO]
Up there. Under that roof is the
main entrance.

Wheeler gears down. The bus stops, slightly diagonal in the
street. The interior is filled with a dark shadow from the
neighboring building -- Madison Square Garden.

Wheeler shuts down the engine. He pulls the keys from the
ignition and darts from the bus. Navi follows, leaving her
tablet in the seat.

You FOLLOW Gunner out of the bus to

PENN STATION

He keeps a vigilant watch on the streets like before, with a shotgun in each hand.

UP - The towering side wall of Madison Square Garden. A tall, Jeremy Lin Knicks banner flaps in the breeze.

RIGHT - North up Seventh Avenue, a row of yellow cabs sit parked by the curb. Most with their windows busted out and covered in blood.

More abandoned vehicles in the distance, but they appear plowed to one side of the road.

ACROSS THE STREET - Limbs of crushed DEAD BODIES extend underneath the fallen canopy of the Pennsylvania Hotel. Though a grim sight, the hotel's four American flags continue to proudly fly on their columns.

FORWARD - Towards the station. A mix between DEAD BODIES and bags of trash line the sidewalk. The main doors to the station are broken off.

Everything seems to be frozen in time.

Lauren walks toward the entrance and into

PENN STATION - LOWER LEVEL

Slightly dim, with the only light source coming from east facing windows. Shop doors are drawn closed. Restaurants and food stores victims of riots. Escalators powered off.

More BODIES, everywhere across the floor.

No sign of Gunner, Wheeler, or Navi.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Hey... Guys?

No response.

Lauren WALKS through the station. Stopping to look UP --

The train timetable. No destinations. No arrivals.

Lauren SPINS around in search mode. She grows anxious.

Navi finally comes into the frequency.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Where are you?

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'm at the timetable.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Come around the corner. We need
your help.

Lauren JOGS through the station and around the corner to spot the team standing by a closed, dual-door metal elevator.

Wheeler points to you and Gunner.

WHEELER [RADIO]
You two on one side. Me and her on
the other.

Gunner places his fingers in the crack of the elevator door. Lauren does the same. Soon after, Wheeler and Navi grip the opposite door.

Eight hands, pulling with all their might --

Wheeler's fingers slip. He falls backwards. The door doesn't move an inch.

WHEELER [RADIO]
We can't do with the gloves on.
There's no way.

NAVI [RADIO]
We can't take them off.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Look around you. They're all dead.

Gunner approaches Lauren.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Can we catch this virus from dead
people?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Only HIV has been proven to survive
with a deceased host, and that's
only during refrigeration --

SNAP, SNAP. Enough for Wheeler as he pulls the gloves off. Navi snaps hers off. Same with Gunner. Lauren hesitates.

LAUREN [RADIO]
I prefer to keep mine on.

Everyone gives a second attempt to pull the door open. Fingers turn white with pressure. It opens an inch. They get more leverage and it fully opens. All but Lauren rush in.

Lauren tries to look in the elevator, but the others obstruct your view. They treat these supplies like people lost in the desert who have just found an oasis.

Gunner rolls an overused, dented, five-gallon jug of water from the elevator. He drops one shotgun to the floor by Lauren's feet and uses the other to bust open the top.

Gunner tips the jug over. It freely leaks out on the floor. He snaps the mask off and drops to his knees. Cups his hands to collect water. Then raising for a well-needed drink.

GUNNER [RADIO]
You want any?

Lauren SHAKES her head no in response.

Wheeler carries out a grey bucket labeled "100ct SALISBURY STEAK MRE". He and Navi rip the top off. Bags loaded inside.

Navi and Wheeler twist their helmets off, tossing them to the side. They grab a bag and tear it open with their teeth.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I think I'm going to walk around
and check out the area.

Lauren BENDS DOWN, grabbing the shotgun by her feet.

Wheeler speaks with his mouth full of freeze dried steak.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Don't go too far. We'll need your
help loading bus.

Navi tosses Lauren a bag of food.

NAVI [RADIO]
Just in case you get hungry.

Lauren stashes the bag in her suit's pocket.

She distances herself from the group. A finger on the trigger, hand on the pump.

Lauren FOCUSES on the floor. She stops for a second at each DEAD BODY, as if she is profiling that person.

A BLONDE TEEN lies dead in an awkward position. Face covered in dried blood with the eyes open. Pink, Versace handbag clutched in her fingers. Material goods don't matter now.

Lauren grabs the purse. She dumps the contents on the floor -
- lip gloss, makeup, tampons, change bag, and a cellphone.

She instantly snags the phone. Fingers press the on buttons, but nothing even flickers on the screen.

UP - On an escalator, a FAT MAN, also dead, lies on the top step. Baggy cargo shorts barely hang on his blood covered body. An older model cellphone lies next to his hand.

Lauren tosses the Blonde Teen's phone on the floor and JOGS up the escalator to the

SECOND LEVEL

DOWNSTAIRS - Navi, Gunner, and Wheeler continue to devour their rations, definitely not leaving hungry.

ESCALATOR - Lauren snatches the cell from the Fat Man. It has power, but an empty battery logo flashes on the screen.

She tries to dial a number, but with the gloved fingers, it presses three at a time.

Lauren SCANS the area, stopping at a sign over a pair of double doors -- "MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EAST ENTRANCE". She runs over and huddles in the doorway.

You LOOK into Lauren's right hand. She slowly turns the glove. After a tense sigh, she unravels it from her hand.

Fingers quickly dial the number again -- 718. 305. 4872.

Lauren tugs the right sleeve, pulling the phone into her biosafety suit. Through the radio, you can barely hear it.

RING... RING...

LAUREN [O.S.]
Come on. Please pick up.

RINGING --

The voice of Lauren's daughter, MEGAN, 16, answers the call. She's full of pep and energy.

MEGAN [V.O.]
Hey! It's about time you called.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Shit.

Lauren knows that it's only a recording.

MEGAN [V.O.]
Too bad I'm not here to answer it.
Leave a message or text me.
Byeeee.

BEEP.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Megan! I don't have much time.
I'm in New York. Manhattan. If
you get this, call the number on
the ID. If I can find another
phone --

Something rustles on the other end of the line. Megan picks up the call mid-message. Her voice totally opposite of the message. Tired, with words slurred together.

MEGAN [V.O.]
Hel... hello?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Megan!

MEGAN [V.O.]
Mom...?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah. How are you doing?

Megan COUGHS a few times.

MEGAN [V.O.]
It hurts so bad.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Are you still at home?

MEGAN [V.O.]
Yeah. Please --

LAUREN [O.S.]
-- I'm coming soon. You're strong.
You can fight through it --

BLIP. The cellphone dies.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Hey, what are you doing up here?

Slightly surprised, you TURN to see Navi. She's still without her hood.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I found a phone and called my
daughter. She's still alive.

NAVI [RADIO]
That's great news --

Lauren extends the phone out of her suit. Navi quickly snatches it away. She jabs in a phone number.

LAUREN [O.S.]
It's too late. The battery is
dead.

Gunner and Wheeler jog up escalator. Both hoodless as well. Wheeler's attention turns to the MSG sign.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Holy shit.

Wheeler points to the sign, making sure everyone else knows what he's going on about.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Do you think the rumors or true?

GUNNER [RADIO]
That it's a mass graveyard? I
doubt it.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Let's check it out --

NAVI [RADIO]
-- No way! Being around these dead
people are enough. Twenty
thousand? NO.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Yeah. She's right. And we need to
load this stuff on the bus before
they find us here.

WHEELER [RADIO]
That shit ain't going anywhere.
It'll take a second.

Wheeler stands before you. He reaches up, CLICK, turning on the hood's LED light.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Lead the way, doc.

Lauren GULPS as Wheeler opens one of the doors. You LOOK into a corridor engulfed by darkness. Lauren steps into

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - FLOOR LEVEL CORRIDOR

Lauren LEADS the extraction team down an hundred yard concrete hallway. She readies the shotgun, anticipating the worst. The corridor finally leads to

SECTION 66

Pitch black inside the coliseum. Lauren's helmet emits a beam of light, stretching across the floor. Basketball court left abandoned, set up for a New York Knicks game.

UP - Into the stands. At full capacity like a sellout crowd, every seat you see in the light is occupied by a DEAD BODY.

THU-THU-THUMP. Running footsteps over the hardwood. They gradually amplify, getting closer.

FORWARD - A group SHADOWY FIGURES run across the basketball court. It's hard to make out who it is, but with the tension in the air, no one's taking the chance to find out.

GUNNER [RADIO]
I knew we shouldn't have came in here!

BOOM! Gunpowder flashes as Gunner fires into the darkness.

You RUN back to the entry doors through the

FLOOR LEVEL CORRIDOR

First out is Wheeler. Then Navi and Gunner. Lauren's last into

PENN STATION - UPPER LEVEL

SPINNING to look into the corridor. The Shadows become more visible -- EIGHT INFECTEDS.

Wheeler SLAMS the double doors shut. Gunner pushes a hard shoulder against them. He points into the station.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Get something to keep this shut!

Navi scurries around in a panic.

Lauren looks LEFT and then RIGHT. Focus stops as you see a coiled fire hose behind a broken glass cabinet.

Lauren shoves the shotgun under her arm and SPRINTS to the hose. She yanks the door open. Glass falls onto her right hand, slicing a long wound in the skin.

No time for first aid, she grabs the nozzle and RUNS back to the double doors. You WATCH Lauren's hands figure-eight the hose between the handles. Once tight, she takes a step back.

Gunner and Wheeler release their hold. The Infecteds SLAM into the doors. The metal dents outward but doesn't open.

GUNNER [RADIO]
Good work.

WHEELER [RADIO]
We need to get our asses back to the island. Now.

NAVI [RADIO]
You're the dumbass wanting to explore.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I suggest you all put your helmets back on.

DOWN - Lauren searches for her glove. No luck as it has been lost during the panic.

LAUREN [RADIO]
And has anyone seen my glove?

FORWARD - The team has disappeared, back to the escalator. With no helmets, they didn't hear Lauren.

She runs to catch up as everyone stops. Frozen. Not moving an inch.

You GLANCE to the first level elevator. About FIFTY INFECTEDS fight over the food and water rations.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Fuck!

One Infected wears Wheeler's biosafety helmet.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Now what do we do?

Wheeler grabs a steel trash can. He heaves it at the window, CRASHING through the glass.

LAUREN [RADIO]
What do you plan on doing?
Jumping? That's at least a ten
foot drop.

Wheeler points out of the broken window.

WHEELER [RADIO]
We can make it on top of that.
Then over to the bus.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! More shotgun blasts.

WHEELER [RADIO]
It's either jumping. Or dying.

Wheeler steps through the window. He prepares to push off.

BOOM! BOOM! --

Silence.

NAVI [RADIO]
You think he got them all?

LAUREN [RADIO]
I only heard about ten shots.

NAVI [RADIO]
Maybe they scattered back into the
subways.

BACK - The remaining Infecteds from downstairs dash up the escalator. All set their sights on you three.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Fuck no they didn't!

The fire hose unwinds around the double doors. The MSG Infecteds SPRAWL out, joining the rest.

AT THE WINDOW - Wheeler dives outside.

Navi follows, SCREAMING on her way down.

Lauren SLIDES into the window with Gunner's old shotgun in her lap. Wheeler waves his hands at you.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Throw me the gun.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I don't trust you enough right now.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Fine. Fuck your trust. You can
die with it.

Wheeler jogs across and jumps on top of the bus. Navi gives you a concerned look before she jumps behind Wheeler.

A quick GLANCE over your shoulder. Infecteds, all ready to kill, run towards Lauren. And then --

FREE FALLING in a pushed jump. Lauren lands hard on the concrete roof top. The shotgun slips from her hands. She quickly grabs it and rushes to the edge.

Wheeler slides down the front of the bus to the hood. And then a jump to street level.

Navi waves for you.

NAVI [RADIO]
Come on. Just one more jump.

Lauren builds up the courage and then FLIES onto the bus. Her boots slip on the roof, almost falling off the side. Navi grabs Lauren's arm, helping you up. Before Lauren can give thanks, Navi slides down the hood.

You notice something from the NORTH, three blocks away on Seventh Avenue. It's an NYFD FIRE TRUCK, speeding directly in the open path towards the prison bus.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Hey... Hey! The fire department is
coming!

Lauren waves her arms and YELLS to attract attention.

LAUREN [RADIO]
Hey!! Over here!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
What? There's no fire
department left.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Most of the firemen are on
the Island.

The fire truck is now two blocks away, and gaining fast.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Then who is that?

Wheeler checks up the street.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Get the fuck away from here!

Wheeler and Navi dash away.

As the fire truck hits one block away, you SEE that it's operated by INFECTEDS.

Lauren stands frozen, not sure what to do. Wheeler and Navi are gone from sight.

A split second to decide --

Lauren DARTS to the end of the bus. As she jumps down to the street --

CRASH!! The fire truck PLOWS through the prison bus, SLAMMING it into a set of parked taxis.

You ROLL on the ground and finally stop. Shotgun glued to Lauren's hands and not going anywhere.

You LOOK through

32ND STREET

Wheeler and Navi are in a dead sprint away from you. Lauren CLIMBS UP and RACES through the street. It's narrowed, packed with tightly parked metro buses.

QUICK GLANCE over the shoulder. A pair of INFECTEDS hop off the fire truck, but they don't chase after you. They want to make this hunt fun.

FOCUSED AHEAD, signs slowly shift from English to Korean text as Lauren hits

32ND STREET / 6TH AVENUE

A brief stop in the intersection, trying to FIND the others.

As Lauren catches her breath, you SPOT Navi a block away. She yells at you. Out of range, it's muffled in the helmet.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Hey! Over here!

Navi waits behind a USPS mailbox as Lauren sprints TOWARDS

31ST STREET / 6TH AVENUE

Lauren BENDS DOWN. Hands rest on the knees, breathing hard, slightly BOBBING. Words tangled with gasps for air.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Where... did he... go?

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
I don't know.
(beat)
He outran me. I don't know if he
kept going, or is hiding somewhere
around here.

PAT, PAT. Navi gently smacks Lauren's back.

NAVI [O.S. / RADIO]
Come on. Stand up. You'll catch
your breath better.

RISING UP as Lauren stands tall.

LEFT - Small businesses at the base of tall buildings. Each
with their metal door pulled down. A DEAD WOMAN sits on a
bus stop bench. She's hunched over, covered in blood.

RIGHT - A green construction wall surrounds an industrial
lot. Heavy machinery sits idle, unmanned, and slowly
rusting.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Where can we go now?

NAVI [RADIO]
Call for help.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'm not walking around looking for
another cellphone.

Navi reaches towards your helmet. CLICK.

NAVI [RADIO]
No. Call the control center.

Lauren hesitates a second before she gets it.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Hello? Control? This is the
doctor on extraction team three
fourteen. Is anyone there?

Waiting. Waiting. No response.

Lauren reaches up to twist back to proximal. Navi stops her.
Voice muffled as this frequency doesn't include the external
microphone.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Keep it on, just in case

A vehicle ROARS from 32nd Street. Navi PULLS you behind a double decker tour bus. LOOKING UP to see a few DEAD BODIES dangling over the edge.

AROUND THE BUS, you see that fire truck creep through the intersection. The same Infecteds hang on to the side rails, keeping a vigilant watch on the streets.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Why are they doing this? They should be seeking help before they die.

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
They've given up help. It's brutal. Clans are set up to protect the territories. We're trespassers to them.

The fire truck disappears around a set of buildings.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Have they resorted to cannibalism?

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
I don't stick around long enough to find out, but by now? I wouldn't doubt it.

You SEARCH the area for a getaway and see an array of abandoned vehicles.

LAUREN [O.S.]
The one's in orange. The drivers... Um, Wheelers. How does that rule work?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Rules? That's only on the Island. There are no rules out here.

Lauren points to the closest vehicle -- simple four door sedan. A black, spray-painted X tagged on the hood.

LAUREN [O.S.]
We could take one of these back.

Lauren SQUEEZES into the car's open window. You see a pair of keys stuck in the ignition.

LAUREN [O.S.]
This one has keys!

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
It's no use.

You GLANCE back to Navi.

NAVI [RADIO]
All these X's, the gas has been
sucked out. That's how they mark
them.

SCANNING the street. Nearly all vehicles have an X.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
We can use this.

LAUREN [O.S.]
The bus?

NAVI [RADIO]
The map.

Navi spots a map printed on the back of the tour bus. A giant star marks the office location, with other local streets labeled in the area.

Lauren steps up to Navi's side. You READ the map as Navi's finger points out a route.

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
We're here.

Her finger scrolls four blocks, slightly past Park Avenue.

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
And this is where I used to work.
We can hide out there until the
next team comes.

LAUREN [O.S.]
When's that going to be?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Maybe tomorrow. Maybe next week.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Wait. I was told these last an
hour. If we aren't back soon,
won't they send for us?

Navi gets a laugh out of that.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
 If we're not back soon, they think
 we're dead. They're not going to
 gamble losing another vehicle... or
another doctor.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 What's that supposed to mean?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
 It means that you're God on the
 Island. If we both were crawling
 to the gate, they'd shoot me first
 and then escort you in.
 (beat)
 It's a half mile away. Are up for
 the run?

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Five, six minutes? We won't make
 it.

Lauren SPOTS something on the sidewalk. A CYCLIST's body
 tangled in a wrecked bicycle. Deep cracks in both his
 protective helmet and skull. Blood oozes out of the wound.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 The bike.

Lauren and Navi RUSH to the Cyclist. Both overshadow his
 body. While reaching for the cycle tires, the Cyclist
 twitches -- he's not dead.

CYCLIST [MUFFLED]
 Hell...

LAUREN [O.S.]
 He's still alive!

NAVI [MUFFLED]
 He won't be for long. His brains
 are hanging out of his head. We
 need to move.

Lauren and Navi jerk the bike from the Cyclist's body. He
 rolls over, revealing a massive skull fracture.

Navi steadies a foot on the pedal and climbs over the
 crossbar.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
 Get on the seat and I'll pedal.

Lauren mounts herself on the seat. With the shotgun held in her lap, she wraps the other arm around Navi's waist. Your view is completely blocked by Navi's suit.

As Navi gyrates, the bicycle's chain GRINDS on its crank. With bent rims, the ride slightly WOBBLES.

LEFT - A semi-trailer lies jackknifed and overturned as you ride by the intersection of

31ST STREET / BROADWAY AVENUE

The stretch towards fifth is a long and haunting one. Navi starts to get the hang of riding double and increases her pedaling speed.

RIGHT - A construction shelter covers the sidewalk. Patchy plywood wall borders the scaffolding. "THE EMPIRE" is tagged under a long row of tally marks, similar to a prisoner counting his days in jail.

LEFT - The fallen Harold Square hotel sign is embedded in the roof of a brown UPS truck. FOCUS stays on the hotel's second floor windows. Golden steel words read "LIFE".

View remains to the left as you cross

31ST STREET / 5TH AVENUE

FOUR INFECTEDS attempt to jump start a stray car. One carries a woodsman's axe. Another smacks a metal pipe in his hand.

LAUREN [O.S.]
There's more! Pedal faster!

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
I'm trying!

The Infecteds take a a few approaching steps before going into a full sprint after the bike.

LAUREN [O.S.]
They're coming!

Navi pedals more furiously. With the Hotel Chandler on the RIGHT and an equally grand apartment building on the LEFT, there is nowhere to go but straight.

Lauren attempts to GLANCE over her shoulder, but it shifts the balance on the bike. Navi loses control and stops dead on with a curb. You're THROWN OFF to the sidewalk.

BACK - The Infecteds are still in pursuit, a half block away.

Lauren SPRINGS UP to her feet. You look DOWN at the bike and see the front rim is completely bent into the fork.

LAUREN [O.S.]
How far are we?

Navi crawls to her feet. The crash has heavily scraped the front her suit.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Madison... Park... two blocks.

QUICK LOOK FORWARD - An abandoned electrician's van is parked under a tree just beyond the intersection. The side doors open. A pair of JEANED LEGS dangle out.

Lauren points it out to Navi.

LAUREN [O.S.]
There!

You and Navi SPRINT through the intersection of

31ST STREET / MADISON AVENUE

Something grabs your attention to the LEFT. The fire truck remains on patrol, only a few blocks away.

FORWARD - Attention turned back on the van as you quickly approach. The legs belong to a DEAD ELECTRICIAN. His clothing is covered in blood from screwdriver wounds, not the virus.

Navi jumps into the van. Lauren quickly looks RIGHT - The Infecteds are still on the hunt. She DIVES into the

ELECTRICIAN'S VAN

Lauren helps Navi push the Electrician's body out of the van. Both grab a side door, slamming them shut.

Navi lunges between the front seats to lock the doors. She crawls back next to you, searching through tools for a weapon. She rises back up, wielding a power drill. A press of the trigger -- VROO, VROO. It has power.

You hear footsteps STOMP the pavement and surround the van.

PASSENGER SIDE - THUMP! One of the Infecteds give the doors a shoulder block.

DRIVER'S SIDE - THUMP! Another Infected does the same.

REAR DOORS - Windowless, you can't see anything until -- BAM! The axe blade slices through the metal. A quick jiggle pulls it out. And then another swing into the van. BAM!

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Shoot them!

LAUREN [O.S.]
There's only two shots left, and
four --

SMASH! Glass SHATTERS. Navi and Lauren SCREAM.

FRONT - The Infected with the metal pipe smashes through the passenger window.

BAM! Another swing of the axe.

THUMP! THUMP! Both SLAM into the sides.

The Infected cracks all the glass away. Rather unlocking the door, he dives in through the opening. He stretches a hand to grab Lauren.

You CRAWL BACK a few inches out of his reach.

VRO-VRERRRRRRR! Navi jabs the drill into the Infected's arm. The bit bores through his flesh and bone. He ROARS an ungodly scream and pulls back out of the window.

BAM!

REAR - The axe starts to form a larger hole in the door.

LAUREN [O.S.]
What do we do?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
I don't know!

Lauren looks DOWN. Hands desperately search through tools, junk, trash, and wires across the floor. You see a plastic lunch box

BAM! The axe cracks through the locking system on the rear door. It jiggles open an inch.

Lauren dumps the lunch box contents out -- a heavily molded bologna sandwich, a closed coffee thermos, and two cans of Vienna sausages.

You WATCH Lauren's gloveless hand POP open the can's lid.

REAR - The door swings open. All four Infecteds are ready to attack, but stop frozen. Eyes glued to Lauren as she raises the Vienna sausages.

The passenger door swings open. Navi dashes out.

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
Come on!

Lauren throws the cans out the rear door. She TURNS to the front and squeezes through the door. Now back on

31ST STREET

Lauren DARTS after Navi, running past the van. You see the Infecteds battle over the Vienna sausages.

Back on the path AHEAD, She breaks into a dead sprint. Both ZIGZAG between sidewalks, using parked semi trucks for cover. You finally make it to

31ST STREET / PARK AVENUE

After crossing the four-lane intersection, not taking a second to look anywhere else, you and Navi STOP.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
It's just ahead, a half block away.

A crashed metro bus blocks the RIGHT sidewalk. Fallen scaffoldings obstructs the LEFT. The only option is FORWARD - Construction dumpsters block you and Navi from the florist.

Navi climbs atop the dumpster. She dashes to the edge and jumps to the next.

Lauren SCALES the dumpster. Its contents covered with a thick rubber tarp. Soft and squishy underneath, you SINK with each running step. And then a JUMP to the next.

The second's load is jagged and harder to navigate. Lauren loses her footing and you TRIP. It pushes the tarp to the side -- The load is comprised of DEAD BODIES.

Behind you -- RURRRRRR! SCREEECH!

While on her knees, Lauren TURNS BACK to look at the electrician's van. The fire truck cuts onto thirty-first street, in a direct path to the van, stopping next to it.

The fire truck Infecteds hop off, each brandishing a clubbed weapon -- Baseball bat, crowbar, and police baton. A war ensues between the two groups.

With the view slightly impaired by leafless tree limbs, all you see is an Infected hit the ground. And then another. The battle disappears behind the vehicles.

PA-RAP-PAP-PAP! A series of rifle shots echo through the streets. Something is happening back there, you can't see it.

NAVI [O.S. / MUFFLED]
Hey! Come on!

SPINNING FORWARD to see half of Navi's body sticking out of a florist shop's doorway. She waves you over.

Lauren HOPS down from the dumpster and runs into the

MANHATTAN FLORIST

Bamboo blinds dangle over broken storefront windows. Dead flowers and shattered ceramic gifts litter the floor. A series of flattened mylar balloons hang from a metal rod. Surprisingly enough, they all say "GET WELL".

Navi leads Lauren behind the counter. Both CROUCH low, using it for cover. Breathing slowly fades back to normal.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Did you hear the gunshots back there?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
It's probably rival clans. Better they kill each other than us.

FORWARD - Three desks lie toppled on the floor. Paperwork everywhere. Newspapers, yellow and pink receipts, wrapping paper, and catalogs.

Navi crawls into the paper trash in front of the middle desk. She plows it to the side, searching for something and eventually finds it -- a framed photo.

She slides back to the Lauren's side. You LOOK at the frame. A wrinkled photo of NAVI'S SON, 7, is behind the glass. The boy smiles with Yankees shortstop Derek Jeter.

LAUREN [O.S.]
That's your son?

Navi breaks down instantly, but attempts to fight the tears.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Yeah.

LAUREN [O.S.]
What's his name?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Josh. He's eight now.

Navi cracks open the back of the frame, removing the photo. Denial that Josh is dead weaves within her optimistic tone.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
He loves baseball. His dream is be
a Yankee one day.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'm sure when this is all over,
he'll reach that dream --

CRUNCH! SOMEONE lurks into the florist, stepping on the broken ceramics. Navi motions an inaudible "Shhhh".

The footsteps get closer. Louder.

The shotgun barrel rises in the center of your view, pointing straight to the ceiling.

CRACK! That Someone is merely on the other side of the counter. It becomes deathly quiet for a moment --

A DOCTOR's voice fades into Lauren's radio.

DOCTOR [V.O. / RADIO]
Hello? Is anyone out there?

Lauren scrambles to switch the radio.

THA-THUMP! That Someone lunges atop the counter, looking down on Lauren and Navi.

UP - It's Wheeler. He realizes he's looking down the shotgun barrel. Quickly slides back over the counter.

NAVI [RADIO]
Fuck. Scared the shit of us.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Where the hell did you go?

Wheeler walks around and sits next to Navi.

WHEELER [RADIO]
I hid in some bank.

Wheeler shakes the front his suit. Obviously a little fatter than before.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Decided to start a retirement plan.
I thought I saw you two come in
here.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Did you see what happened up there?

WHEELER [RADIO]
There's the fire truck, and two
cabs out on the street. The guys
in the cabs are packin'.

Navi pokes Lauren.

NAVI [RADIO]
Someone was trying to call you on
the radio.

Lauren switches the frequency on her helmet. The Doctor's
voice comes in again.

DOCTOR [V.O. / RADIO]
Hello... Hello?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Hello? Who is this?

Navi and Wheeler watch Lauren's lips as if they can't hear
the whole conversation.

DOCTOR [V.O. / RADIO]
Who are you?

LAUREN [O.S.]
My name is Doctor Lauren Chase.
I'm with an extraction team in
Manhattan.

DOCTOR [V.O. / RADIO]
Doctor Ward at Langone.
(beat)
This is great news. I have ten
uninfected people with me that you
can take back.

LAUREN [O.S.]
We don't have a vehicle.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
What are they saying?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Who is it?

DR. WARD [V.O. / RADIO]
 There are a few squads in our
 parking garage, but the keys are
 missing. Might be able to figure
 something out. Where are you now?

Lauren turns to Navi. She's lost in the photo of Josh.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Hey. What streets are we on?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
 We're next to Thirty-First and
 Lexington.

Lauren relays the information to Dr. Ward.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Thirty-First and Lexington.

DR. WARD [V.O. / RADIO]
 Perfect. Get to First. We're in
 the Arnold and Marie Schwartz
 building.

Dr. Ward's voice fades out as he switches off his own radio.

Wheeler and Navi both anticipate the news.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 You said you were extracted from
 Bellevue. How far is Langone from
 that?

NAVI [MUFFLED]
 They're nearly side-by-side. It's
 three, maybe four blocks from here.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 We may have a way out of here.

Lauren LOOKS to Wheeler.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 He said you were a car thief --

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
 -- Yeah. That's right. There's no
 chance of stealing any of those out
 there --

LAUREN [O.S.]
 -- Think you can hotwire an
 ambulance?

Wheeler chuckles.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
If it means getting back to the
Island, I'll hotwire a fucking
lawnmower.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Then let's do this.

Navi folds up Josh's picture and slowly peeks over the counter.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
It's clear.

Navi leads the way to the doorway. Wheeler next. And then Lauren RISES up to follow.

Wheeler tiptoes out onto the sidewalk. He looks around a parked car, back towards the fire truck. Quickly returns to the doorway with an update.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
The fire truck's still there. I
couldn't see if those two cabs were
still out.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
One of the blocks is a park. We
can hide in there if we need to.

Wheeler and Lauren NOD. A few deep breaths and then --

All three SPRINT outside of the florist, back onto

31ST STREET

LEFT - Navi running ahead of you, sticking to the sidewalk.

RIGHT - On the opposite sidewalk, Wheeler maintains a straight path. He hurdles over trash and slides atop blocking vehicles. He begins to pull away as you cross

31ST STREET / LEXINGTON AVENUE

Fueled by adrenaline and possibly some fear, Lauren finds another gear. You speed by Navi and take the lead.

AHEAD - A fallen, neon, PARKING sign blocks the sidewalk. You HURDLE over it, and continue on, not looking back.

Shade flashes from trees as Lauren RACES through to

31ST STREET / 3RD AVENUE

It begins to get greener, with trees standing taller than their neighboring buildings. Lauren's breathing becomes so labored it sounds like an asthma attack.

FORWARD - Another structure blocks the sidewalk, but this won't be easily jumped over. A twisted fire escape lies fallen atop a parked SUV. Lauren runs into the road, around the obstacle.

A rogue TAXI CAB turns at the next intersection. It's manned by THREE INFECTEDS -- One DRIVER, and two GUNMEN in the rear. Barrels of rifles stick out of the windows.

LEFT - Still blocked by the steel fire escape.

AHEAD - The taxi Driver spots you. He speeds dead on into your direction.

LEFT - Finally an opening as Lauren runs behind a parked minivan --

POP-POP-POP! The passenger side Gunman shoots at Lauren as the cab speeds by. Bullets PLINK off the minivan's hood.

GLANCING BACK - Through the trees, the cab continues to the next intersection.

Lauren jogs into the street, maintaining focus on the cab. It does a hard U-turn on Third Avenue, sliding the tail completely around.

Navi jets by you.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Don't stop now!

SPINNING AROUND, back on the path following Navi. Lauren picks up the pace, passing her once again.

Both finally hit

31ST STREET / 2ND AVENUE

The street ends, blocked by a massive, two-story theater.

RIGHT - A lonely Second Avenue stretches to the south.

LEFT - Second Avenue stretching to the north.

FORWARD - Another look at the theater. There is no park that Navi mentioned.

She stops by your side for a quick second --

WEE-WHEET. Wheeler WHISTLES for your attention. It comes from the north side of the theater building, hidden behind a set of trees. Navi points to it.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
The park's over there!

Navi and Lauren SPRINT north on

SECOND AVENUE

After passing the theater, you see a small, fenced in area. Wheeler waits, hidden behind a tree trunk.

A QUICK GLANCE BACK sees another CAB join in the chase. Only a DRIVER in this one. They wildly pinball through the abandoned traffic.

Wheeler springs over a waist high fence like it's second nature. Lauren JUMPS attempting the same, but a pointed iron bar catches on to the suit --

RIIIPPP! Lauren THUDS hard on the ground. She LOOKS to her suit's legs. The right is fine. The left is ripped from the knee down, exposing her flesh.

Navi rolls over the fence top and lands next to Lauren. Almost instantly she's back on her feet.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
Damn it!

Navi sticks her feet in the fence, preparing to climb again.

THROUGH THE FENCE, you see the photo of Josh flying across the road in the wind.

Lauren stretches to grab Navi's leg.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Don't go. Forget about it. It's lost!

Navi kicks Lauren away.

NAVI [MUFFLED]
I can't forget about him!

Navi crawls over the fence. She races to grab the picture.

LEFT - The two cabs speed in Navi's direction. Both racing to take the lead.

FORWARD - Navi steps on the photo to keep it from flying away. She bends down, picking it up.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Watch out!

Navi doesn't acknowledge Lauren. All focus remains on the photo. A smile grows on her face as if she's finally accepting Josh is dead and she'll be with him again --

THA-DUNK! The leading taxi drives into Navi. Her body flips onto the hood and crashes into the windshield. It SCREECHES to a halt.

The two Gunmen step out. They grab Navi's dead body. Both haul her into the cab and it speeds off.

As Lauren sits on the ground, lamenting over Navi, the second cab's Driver spots you. He gets out and slowly proceeds to the park gate.

Lauren BUSTLES back UP. She runs through the trees into a

COURTYARD

The twenty-floor, Kips Bay Towers borders the left. A six piece playground swing sits idle under an oak tree. Some of its swings are missing.

One on one with two shots left. Lauren PUMPS the shotgun. You SPIN around, raising to take aim --

The Infected TACKLES Lauren to the ground. The shotgun slips from her hands.

The Infected rabbit punches the helmet --

STATIC BLACK OUT

The radio continues on as the fists THUD against Lauren's skull. Her screams are chilling as she struggles.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Get off of me!

COURTYARD

Transmission returns to see the Infected flailing fists at Lauren's face shield --

A chain spins around the Infected's neck. A quick jerk yanks his body off of Lauren.

SLIDING BACK - You see Wheeler tightening a swing chain multiple times. Pulling tighter. The Infected CHOKES for air but too late. He's strangled to death.

Wheeler releases the Infected's body. Lauren WATCHES him walk around her. He picks up the shotgun.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
Still don't trust me?

Wheeler tosses the shotgun into Lauren's lap. She RISES UP, back to her feet.

Wheeler looks around for Navi.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
Where'd she go?

LAUREN [O.S.]
She's dead. They took her away.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
Fuck. Now where do we go?

LAUREN [O.S.]
She said it was just past the park.

Lauren points east. Without realizing there's a cab with a running engine on Second, both PROCEED to First.

Wheeler and Lauren stop behind a six foot metal gate and look out across First Avenue.

UP - The colossal NYU medical building. TRACKING DOWN to the first floor. Lauren turns SLIGHTLY RIGHT, spotting the neighboring ARNOLD AND MARIE SCHWARTZ BUILDING.

LAUREN [O.S.]
We have to get over there.

Side by side, Wheeler and Lauren SCALE the gate. Wheeler hops down as Lauren slightly STUMBLES.

Both DASH across

FIRST AVENUE

A quick HURDLE over a knee high stone wall and CREEPING LOW to the front entrance. The automatic doors are locked shut and won't open.

Lauren SCANS inside but you mostly see her own reflection.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Is anyone in there?

INSIDE, Dr. Ward jogs towards the door. A blue biosafety suit is worn over his chubby torso. Bushy beard in his helmet. Ten PATIENTS, all wearing scrubs, flock behind him.

Dr. Ward's mouth speaks, but words inaudible.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I can't hear you.

Dr. Ward switches his frequency knob.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Are you Doctor Chase?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yes.

Dr. Ward gives a suspicious look to Wheeler.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Who's this guy?

LAUREN [O.S.]
He's the team's Wheeler. Are you going to let us in?

DR. WARD [RADIO]
These doors won't open without power.

LAUREN [O.S.]
How do we get in?

DR. WARD [RADIO]
You have to prove you're not infected. Your suit's torn to shit and he's missing the helmet. How do I know this isn't some ploy?

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
Fuck you man!

Wheeler SLAMS a hand on the door.

WHEELER [MUFFLED]
Let us in!

Lauren pulls her Mosquito from the suit's right pocket. She presses a button, extending the needle. Quickly swabs her wound. The blood swirls with the chemical. It stays red.

She extends another needle, poking it in Wheeler's exposed neck. He glares at Dr. Ward as the blood remains red.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
You'll have to meet us in the
garage.

Dr. Ward points to his left, your right.

Wheeler dashes away. Lauren pockets the Mosquito and FOLLOWS to the

NYU MEDICAL FACILITY - GARAGE

Lower level, basement garage. Strategically parked vehicles have their headlights on, providing light inside.

LEFT - A hospital emergency exit opens. Dr. Ward rushes out with his ten Patients. He points to a few parked, NYU Medical Center ambulances.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
We can take one of those.

Lauren and Dr. Ward both return their headset frequencies to proximal.

Everyone heads to Squad Unit 1952. Wheeler opens the driver's door.

WHEELER [RADIO]
This one got gas in it?

DR. WARD [RADIO]
They all should. The average
civilian doesn't even know where
the gas tank is on one of these.

A door SLAMS shut somewhere within the garage.

LAUREN [RADIO]
You hear that?

PANNING through the darkness, and then quickly blinded by a pair of headlights.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
I didn't hear anything.

Wheeler disappears under the dashboard.

Dr. Ward opens the rear doors. He shouts orders to his Patients.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Dump everything out to make room
for everyone.

The Patients convene in the ambulance cabin. They throw out a stretcher. Then boxes of basic medical supplies.

Lauren steps up to Dr. Ward.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Are these all of the survivors you
have left?

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Sadly, yes. Everyone's dead in
Langone. At least two thousand --

Another door SLAMS. Dr. Ward heard this one. He retreats to the rear of the ambulance, climbing inside.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Everyone get in!

The engine RUMBLES to a start. Wheeler returns to a seated position.

ANOTHER QUICK SCAN of the garage. SHADOWS appear behind vehicles. Lauren HURRIES to the passenger side door. She swings it open and CLIMBS into

RESCUE UNIT 1952

Wheeler jerks the gear into drive.

BACK - The Patients are sardined in the cabin. As Dr. Ward pulls the doors shut --

A HORDE of INFECTEDS surround the ambulance. Those with weapons start beating on it. It ROCKS from side to side.

An Infected grabs a Patient, dragging them into the garage. All others try to move closer towards the front.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Drive!

PA-PA-PAHHH... The engine stalls.

Three Infecteds reach in and clutch a Patient each. Dr. Ward kicks their arms, but it's not enough. He loses three more into the darkness.

You notice Dr. Ward protecting one specific FEMALE PATIENT.

DRIVER'S SIDE - Wheeler sparks wires under the steering wheel.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Get it started!

FRONT - An Infected spins a construction pickaxe in his hand. He swings at the grill --

LAUREN [O.S.]
Now!

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
I'm trying, bitch!

BAM! The pointed end is embedded in the radiator. Blue cooling fluid spews out. He jerks the pickaxe out.

The engine kicks on. Wheeler STOMPS the gas. Two Patients fall out from the force alone, now down to five.

THA-DUMP! Wheeler drives over the pickaxe Infected.

WATCHING AHEAD as Wheeler wildly speeds through the garage. Other INFECTEDS lunge out but are flung against the ambulance body.

You see daylight from the exit.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Where do I go? Left or right?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Right! Same way we came in!
Through the tunnel!

Wheeler BOUNCES up over the exit ramp, getting a little airborne, and landing on

1ST AVENUE

A quick spin of the steering wheel.

Wheeler wastes no time increasing speed, flashing through

1ST AVENUE / 33RD STREET

WHEELER [RADIO]
How far is it?!

LAUREN [RADIO]
I don't know!

DR. WARD [O.S. / RADIO]
A few blocks up!

Lauren checks her SIDE MIRROR. You're not alone on the streets. The first cab trails behind, and gaining quick.

LAUREN [RADIO]
Speed up! They're following us!

Wheeler puts full force on the pedal but it's not enough. The cab pulls up on the passenger side, nose to nose --

BAM! The cab slams into your door. Both driving over eighty while continuing through

1ST AVENUE / 34TH STREET

Dr. Ward squeezes between the front seats.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
You missed the tunnel road! Take the next left or we'll never hit it.

BAM! The cab hits the squad again. Lauren rolls down her window. She extends the shotgun out with a finger on the trigger.

A SHARP LEFT, ambulance nearly flipping over, driving onto

35TH STREET

The cab remains lodged on the side --

BOOM! Lauren fires one of the shells at the cab. BURSTS the front tire and peppers the quarter panel. The Cab Driver loses control, sliding on the sidewalk.

You WATCH the cab CRASH into trees of the St. Vartan's Park.

DR. WARD [O.S. / RADIO]
This turn! Right!

Wheeler makes a quick turn right onto the

TUNNEL ENTRANCE STREET

AHEAD - Abandoned vehicles block the path to the tunnel. Going too fast to stop, Wheeler jerks right, riding on the sidewalk. An iron fence GRINDS the squad's cabin.

BA-DUMP! Hitting the street again. Easing right onto the

QUEENS MIDTOWN EXPRESSWAY

Back on a familiar road as the ambulance speeds into the darkness of the

QUEENS MIDTOWN TUNNEL - EASTBOUND LANE

Wheeler flips the light switch. Headlights beam on and auburn emergency lights flash. The WIIISHHHH is a little louder this time with deeper water in the tunnel.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Fuck those back roads. Straight on
 the expressway until we hit the
 Island.

Wheeler looks over to you.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 I'm surprised you finally shot that
 thing. How many are left?

LAUREN [O.S.]
 One, but I'm saving that.

You LOOK BACK to check on the Patients. Dr. Ward consoles the Female Patient.

Everything's SHAKEN UP as Wheeler jerks the wheel right.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Don't want that thing ripping
 through the roof again.

FORWARD - Daylight slowly fills the tunnel.

Fading in, brighter and brighter, exiting to the

QUEENS MIDTOWN EXPRESSWAY

Lauren LEANS OVER, checking out the dashboard gauges. The ambulance breaks a hundred on the speedometer.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 You gonna check them too?

Dr. Ward heard that. He instantly replies.

DR. WARD [O.S. / RADIO]
 I've already checked my patients.

You GLANCE to Dr. Ward.

BACK - The other Patients surround the Female Patient.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
Now god dammit!

Dr. Ward attempts to fight them off. They overpower him and push the Female Patient toward the rear doors. She pleads for help, but those are ignored --

A hefty shove forces her out of the ambulance. You WATCH her body bounce and grind across the asphalt.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
No!!!

Dr. Ward punches at the Patients. He starts CRYING heavily. Another glimpse at his dead wife as Wheeler cuts onto the

BROOKLYN QUEENS EXPRESSWAY

Dr. Ward drops to his knees.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Why? Why!?

LAUREN [O.S.]
You need to get off on exit forty-one.

A Patient interrupts Lauren's navigation.

PATIENT [RADIO]
But that takes us to Jackson Heights... away from the Island.

LAUREN [O.S.]
We have someone else to pick up.

This infuriates Dr. Ward.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
What?! You're going to pick someone else up after throwing my wife out?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Look. She was infected. We both know they weren't going to let her in.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
She got sick yesterday. It's still treatable.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 I'm not running shuttle stops
 through here. If you want to pick
 up someone else, you can come back
 later.

Lauren aims the shotgun's barrel an inch from Wheeler's face.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 You are making this stop.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Really? I don't think you're
 heartless enough to even think
 about it.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 I told you I was saving this shot.

Lauren PUMPS the shotgun.

Silence fills the cabin.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 Maybe we can work out a deal when
 we get back? You can have my
 quarters, and fifty percent of my
 rations.

Wheeler thinks it over. A good offer for these rough times.

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Deal. Just get that fucking thing
 out of my face.

Lauren lowers the shotgun. A QUICK LOOK to the highway
 ahead.

LAUREN [O.S.]
 It's coming up.
 (beat)
 Thirty seconds?

WHEELER [RADIO]
 Fifteen...

LAUREN [O.S.]
 That's all it will take.

Wheeler turns off the expressway onto Exit-41.

Maintaining a high speed, he shoots on to

QUEENS - NORTHERN BLVD.

WHEELER [RADIO]
I need to know where to go.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'll tell you when to turn.

RIGHT - Looking out of the passenger window. A flaming car sits upside down in a gas station parking lot.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
This is wrong. And you know it is,
Doctor.

Lauren ignores Dr. Ward as she focuses on her neighborhood.

DR. WARD [RADIO]
Whoever you bring on, I'm testing.
If they fail, they get the same
treatment.

LEFT - A crashed pickup truck rests in the brick wall of a CVS Pharmacy.

Mass collection of DEAD BODIES pile up on the sidewalks. They lead to the Jackson Heights Medical Clinic.

A car dealership comes up. All the vehicles in the lot have been looted and destroyed. Each covered in a thick dust.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Slow down. The turn's a block past
the car lot. A left at this gas
station.

FORWARD - You see a large American flag waving upside down atop a metal pole.

Wheeler turns on to

77TH STREET

The narrow street is crowded with parked cars. Seamless rows of brick duplexes line the sidewalks. Front yards are minimal, some only concrete.

You WATCH out of the passenger window. The houses flash by in a blur. This was once nice neighborhood, now an abandoned ghetto.

LAUREN [O.S.]
This one.

WHEELER [RADIO]
With the garage?

LAUREN [O.S.]
Yeah.

Wheeler slows to a stop by the curb.

RIGHT - Lauren's house. Bushes growing savage over the yard. A little garden sits hidden next to the two-step porch.

WHEELER [RADIO]
Fifteen seconds.

SPINNING REAR - Lauren looks to Dr. Ward.

LAUREN [O.S.]
You and I both know she wasn't going to make it.

Dr. Ward eyeballs the shotgun. He nods.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Can I trust you to take this, and make sure he waits?

Dr. Ward nods again. His shaky hand grips the shotgun.

Lauren TURNS, opening the passenger door. She SLIDES out of the seat, onto the street. She slowly approaches her home. Breathing increases in the radio. And then you hear --

DR. WARD [O.S. / RADIO]
Move over. I'm driving now.

WHEELER [O.S. / RADIO]
The hell you are --

BOOM! You FLINCH at the sound of a shotgun BLAST.

LOOKING BACK at the ambulance. The driver side door opens. A Body THUDS on the asphalt. And then the door SLAMS shut.

Tires SQUEAL and roll a cloud of smoke on the road. You WATCH the ambulance drive away. It pulls a sharp left, disappearing around a corner.

BACK TO THE ROAD - Wheeler lies in the middle of the street. Right hand clutches his chest.

JOGGING over to Wheeler's side. Lauren overshadows him as you look DOWN. His chest is split open with a hole completely through the torso. Buckshot speckles his suit.

Wheeler's lips quiver, preparing his final words --

COUGH, COUGH. Spitting up blood as he falls limp. Dead.

Lauren BOWS her head for maybe a split second of silence, and then TURNING BACK towards the house.

RUNNING along the sidewalk, STOPPING at the front door. Lauren twists the knob -- Locked.

LAUREN [O.S.]

Megan!

She BANGS on the door.

DOWN - In the porchside garden. Bushes overgrown atop stone lawn statues -- a Crowned Frog, Garden Gnomes, and Mushrooms.

Lauren reaches to grab the frog. A twist of the crown reveals a key underneath.

BACK TO THE DOOR, sliding the key in the lock. She turns the knob. It opens, but there is still SOMETHING blocking it.

Lauren thrusts a stiff shoulder into the door. Using all of her strength, she plows a couch across the floor. She runs into

LAUREN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

LOOKING AROUND - Furniture stacked in front of the windows. DVD Player, flat screen television, and table lamps disassembled on the floor. Family photos of Lauren, MEGAN, and her HUSBAND, cocked sideways on the wall.

LAUREN [O.S.]

Megan?!

Lauren CREEPS into the

DINING ROOM

Melted candles of various colors sit atop the dining table. Chairs are missing from the room.

KITCHEN

Cupboards bare. Fridge open and empty. The dining room chairs create a wooden barrier around --

MEGAN. She bears a strong resemblance to her mother. Dried, bloody tears streak her cheeks. Eyes barely open.

Clothing dirty, unchanged for weeks. She clutches a steel butcher knife for protection.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Megan!

Lauren APPROACHES the chairs.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Meg --

Megan responds, voice weak and hardly audible.

MEGAN [RADIO]
Stay... away... from me.

Megan lifts the knife, pointed directly at you.

LAUREN [O.S.]
It's me.

MEGAN [RADIO]
Mom?!

After a brief inspection, Megan drops the knife.

Lauren slides the chairs away. You LOWER as Lauren gives Megan a long hug.

MEGAN [RADIO]
Dad... never came back.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'm here now. You're going to be okay. Have you ate anything?

MEGAN [RADIO]
I can't remember the last time I had food.

Lauren digs in her left pocket, pulling out the food ration bag. She pops it open and offers it to Megan.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Here. Eat this.

Megan empties the bag's contents in her hand. She ravages through the food like an animal.

Lauren stands, LOOKING around the kitchen. She spots a dishrag. A quick grab and TURNING to the sink. Twisting the faucet -- No water.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'll be right back to clean you up.

Lauren rushes through the house into a

HALLWAY

Blood spots the carpeted floor. She takes a few steps and then cuts into the

BATHROOM

Shower tiles stained with mildew. Toilet seat slightly broken. A dozen empty, handsoap bottles scattered around.

Lauren grabs the sink faucets, trying both. Nothing.

As she comes up, you SEE Lauren for the first time through the medicine cabinet mirror. She takes a moment to reflect.

She MOVES to the shower and tries that knob. Still nothing. LOOKING to the toilet. It's full of piss, and there's no way she'll use that.

Lauren flips the tank lid off. Porcelain CRACKS on the floor. INSIDE, a cup worth of water, if that. She extends the towel in, soaking it all up.

Lauren RUNS back into the

HALLWAY

Water drips on the floor from the hand towel as she returns to the

KITCHEN

SLIDING DOWN to her knees. Megan stops eating for a moment as Lauren wipes the blood away from her face.

Lauren notices Megan wants more.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Sorry... Keep eating.

Lauren pulls out her Mosquito. She nervously presses a button. A needle extends out.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I need test your blood, okay?

With a mouth full, Megan simply nods. Lauren jabs the needle in Megan's arm. She STANDS UP, turning away from Megan. You WATCH the blood slowly change to black.

Lauren drops the Mosquito on the floor. She begins to cry as she GLANCES BACK at Megan. There's little hope now.

LAUREN [O.S.]
I'm going get you to a safe area so
you won't stay sick, okay? Stay
here. I'll be right back.

Lauren RUNS frantically back into the

HALLWAY

And takes the next door past the bathroom into the

GARAGE

Shelves contain jugs of household and car fluids. A large chest freezer leaks water on the floor. A sedan sits parked, facing the closed garage door. Driver's side open.

Before getting to the car, you SEE a blood trail going from the driver's door to the trunk. Lauren suspiciously reaches into the car, pressing a button to pop the trunk.

Lauren APPROACHES the rear of the car. She opens the trunk.

LAUREN [O.S.]
Nooo!

You SEE a BODY inside, one Lauren is familiar with -- her HUSBAND. He's dead, a victim of the virus. Blood covers his face. Arms and hands scarred by deep gashes.

Next to the body, Lauren spots four torn pieces of paper and a black permanent marker. The papers are scribbled with text. Lauren pieces them together like a puzzle --

I LOCKED MYSELF HERE TO PROTECT HER. PLEASE SAVE MY DAUGHTER.

Lauren tugs her Husband out of the trunk. You SEE his feet drag on the garage floor. QUICK LOOK to the freezer as she opens the lid.

Lauren musters all of her strength to pull her Husband's body up and into the freezer. Once in, she closes the lid.

Lauren retreats to the car and grabs the permanent marker. You WATCH her write on top of the freezer.

DAVID MICHAEL CHASE
2/24/1982 - 2017

She tosses the can to the ground and returns into the

HALLWAY

And back to the

KITCHEN

Megan has devoured the whole bag of food.

CLICK, CLICK. Lauren starts to unhook her helmet. CLICK, CLICK. She PULLS you off her head, sitting you on the counter. You fully see Lauren and Megan.

Lauren UNZIIPPPPS the suit. She slides her arms out of the sleeves and steps out of it.

 MEGAN [RADIO]
What... What are you doing?

 LAUREN [RADIO]
You need to put this on.

 MEGAN [RADIO]
What about you?

 LAUREN [RADIO]
I'll be fine. Trust me.

Megan grabs the counter top to aid herself up. She takes the 730-A, stepping into it.

Lauren disappears beneath your view. Cabinet doors wildly swing open. She returns with a pair of kitchen gloves and duct tape.

Megan slips her arms into the suit and ZIIIPPPS it up.

 LAUREN [RADIO]
Put these on.

Lauren gives Megan the gloves. She slides her hand into each.

 MEGAN [RADIO]
Mom. I love you.

 LAUREN [RADIO]
I love you too. Give me the left.

Megan extends her left arm. Lauren quickly wraps the duct tape around the suit, securing a seal around the glove.

 LAUREN [RADIO]
Now the right.

Before Megan lifts her arm, she COUGHS in Lauren's face. Blood oozes from her mouth.

MEGAN [RADIO]
Mom --

LAUREN [RADIO]
-- Hurry up. You'll be fine.

Megan raises the right arm. Lauren secures that glove with duct tape. She bends down, wrapping a few times around the cut left leg as well.

Lauren grabs the side of the 730-A helmet. You LOOK at her face the whole time. She lifts you UP and then DOWN over Megan's head.

Lauren reaches behind you. CLICK, CLICK. And then slightly below your view. CLICK, CLICK. The helmet is secure.

She grabs Megan's hand, and LEADING you into the

HALLWAY

Megan's steps are slightly stuttered, BOUNCING around. You FOLLOW Lauren into the

GARAGE

LAUREN [RADIO]
I'll drive.

MEGAN [O.S.]
Dad said there was no gas.

LAUREN [RADIO]
Get in the car and I'll figure something out.

Megan AMBLES around the car. She opens the passenger door and SLIDES in.

RIGHT - Out the side window, you see Lauren desperately collecting ALL containers on the shelf -- Window washing fluid, antifreeze, and motor oil.

OVER YOUR SHOULDER - Lauren cracks open the gas tank lid. She furiously empties every liquid inside. Regardless what damage it will do, Rikers is only "one mile away".

LEFT - At the driver's seat. Waiting. WATCHING. And then Lauren pops into the car. She spins a series of keys around, finding the right one. A quick jab in the ignition --

PUT-PUT-PUT-VROOOM. The engine struggles to engage, but it finally does so.

You WATCH Lauren aim a garage clicker at the door. Before pressing a button, she realizes there's no power.

She STOMPS the gas. The car JERKS forward and CRASHES through the garage door. Megan DUCKS and SCREAMS.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
It's okay. It's just wood.

You RISE back up, looking through the windshield as the car speeds northbound on

77TH STREET

Megan's curiosity has you looking out of the LEFT window. And then a quick look through the RIGHT.

You LOOK at the gauges. Gas gauge flashes a red E with a pump logo. Speedometer breaks a hundred miles per hour and rising.

Lauren JERKS the wheel to miss an abandoned van in an intersection.

LEFT - Over Lauren's arms, you see a shopping center. Like plowed snow, a pile DEAD BODIES peak in parking lot.

RIGHT - Flashing through another intersection, you see the charred remains of a Jackson Heights metro bus.

You begin to BOUNCE up and down as Megan has a coughing fit inside the helmet.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
Hey. Are you okay? Look at me.

SLOWLY TURNING to look at Lauren.

LAUREN [RADIO]
Oh shit.

She attempts to put more force on the gas pedal, but it's already going through the floor.

Megan returns your view to the front. The road is ending soon, blocked by a concrete barrier.

You BOB down, and then pulled back UP, like someone dozing off. Then finally you LOOK DOWN into Megan's lap.

Lauren's focus is on the road. A sharp turn right PUSHES your view to the side. A quick left BRINGS YOU BACK to the center.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
Megan! Wake up! Come on!

Lauren's hand reaches in front of you. She RAISES Megan's head. Begging. Pleading.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
Please. We're almost there!

AHEAD - You see the ambulance taken Dr. Cole. It lies overturned, with all the Patient's bodies scattered across the road.

CLANG, BANG! Pistons explode in the engine. Grey smoke rolls from underneath the hood. The liquid have finally taken its toll on the engine.

Lauren releases her grip on the helmet to focus on the road. You DROP back down into Megan's lap.

SCREECH! Tires brake hard on the asphalt. You hear the driver's door open and Lauren rush out. Footsteps run around the car, opening the passenger side.

Lauren reaches under Megan's legs and neck, PULLING you from the car.

SPINNING AROUND with Lauren, you WOBBLE as she runs towards the Rikers Island Entrance on

NORTH HAZEN STREET

You SEE hundreds of PEOPLE still fighting for admission through the Quarantine Wall.

LAUREN [O.S. / RADIO]
Someone! Please! Help me!

A pair of patrolling GATE SOLDIERS notice Lauren. They sprint towards you.

GATE INFECTEDS attempt chase after them --

PARAPAPAPAP! Rifles from the other Gate Soldiers hold off the onslaught long enough.

The first SOLDIER to Lauren's side radios for help.

SOLDIER 1[O.S. / RADIO]
I need an E-vac vehicle at the gate
ASAP to pick up a viro.

Lauren falls, exhausted.

You SLIDE onto the asphalt. All that's visible are the two
Soldier's boots running to you.

One Soldier picks up Megan. He backpedals away from Lauren.

You SEE Soldier 2 with his rifle aimed at Lauren's head.
Finger a millionth of an inch away from pulling the trigger.

SOLDIER 1[O.S. / RADIO]
Spare her.

Lauren cries, begging for mercy. Soldier 2 hesitates before
he pulls back the rifle.

SOLDIER 1[O.S. / RADIO]
I need you to make a hole for me to
get back through the gate.

Soldier 2 puts his sights on the Crowd.

ALL FOCUS is on Lauren as Soldier 1 carries Megan towards the
gate. Nothing can be heard except the BURST of fifty rifles
shooting at the same time.

Lauren, on her knees, waves a final goodbye as she disappears
from view behind the horde.

The Quarantine Wall pulls closed.

SPINNING AROUND in Soldier 1's arms. A small prison van
stops next to you.

Two DOCTORS, both in blue biosafety suits step out of the
rear doors. They rush to Soldier 1.

SOLDIER 1[O.S. / RADIO]
This one was dropped off outside
the gate.

DOCTOR 1 [RADIO]
By who?

SOLDIER 2[O.S./ RADIO]
Look at it out there. We don't
have time to get names.

DOCTOR 1 [RADIO]
We'll take her now. Load her up.

Soldier 1 slides Megan into the

PRISONER VAN

Both Doctors climb aboard. Before going any further, they attempt to verify. Doctor 2 reads the stencil on the suit.

DOCTOR 2 [RADIO]
Dispatch. Look up seven thirty A.

A moment passes before a Voice responds in your headset.

VOICE 1 [V.O. / RADIO]
Seven thirty A... Doctor Lauren
Chase. Class five Viro.

DOCTOR 1 [RADIO]
Can I get a physical confirmation?

VOICE 1 [V.O. / RADIO]
Brown hair, hazel eyes, five seven,
one thirty-six.

Doctor 2 gives a deep inspection of Megan. Description is an identical match, but they were never given the age.

DOCTOR 2 [RADIO]
Looks about the same.

Doctor 1 moves a flashlight back and forth, trying to get Megan's attention.

DOCTOR 1 [RADIO]
Hey. Hey! Wake up.

DOCTOR 2 [RADIO]
She's not responding.

Doctor 1 checks a small gauge on the suit.

DOCTOR 1 [RADIO]
Her oxygen's empty. She can't
breathe!

DOCTOR 2 [RADIO]
Take off the helmet!

Doctor 1 tugs beneath your view. SNAP, SNAP. He leans forward, reaching around you. SNAP, SNAP.

REMOVING you from Megan's head as the van speeds away.

Wind picks you UP out of the rear doors.

FLOATING through the air. You SEE the van driving away towards the island. Radio strength fades away --

DOCTOR 1 [O.S. / RADIO]
Doctor Chase?! Get a mosquito --

FALLING DOWN like a feather. To the left... then the right.

TWIRLING, seeing the stone columns beneath the bridge.

A light SPLASH in the East River.

GARGLE-GLUNK, water bubbles into the hood.

SINKING under the water --

STATIC BLACK OUT

Your view becomes cloudy with dense static, flickering to black. The transmission is lost until --

UNDER WATER

You SEE a pile of sunken DEAD BODIES. Everyone's skin is decomposed in thick patches from the water.

And then --

END OF TRANSMISSION.