

FADE IN:

1 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

An office building, well past sundown.  
In one of the windows, a malevolent blue glow.

FADE OUT.

2 TITLE

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT

FADE IN:

3 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The blue glow is coming from... a POWERPOINT PRESENTATION.  
DAVE GRIMSEY, twenty five and stressed in rumpled shirt and tie,  
pitches his presentation before an unseen audience.

DAVE  
... and as you can see from this, uh,  
this chart here...

GARY (O.S.)  
What chart?

Dave's POV of the audience reveals the room empty except for GARY  
NEWSOME, his sardonic co-worker.

Dave looks back and sees--no chart or graph on the slide.

DAVE  
Oh shit. Sorry. Let me --

He hurriedly clicks the mouse. A graph pops up. Gary snickers.

DAVE  
Ahem. Anyway, as you can see from this  
chart here, stocks are projected to  
flourish... um, to flourish... uhhh...

GARY mimes stabbing himself in the belly and slitting it open.

DAVE

I know, I know... oh Christ, I had it earlier... uhhh... oh! Stocks are projected to flourish over the next six to eight months with an increased profit margin of 11.2 million dollars, and --

GARY

I, uh... I don't think that's a decimal point there, Dave. I think it's just a spot on the board.

DAVE glances back. Sees he's right. Tries scrubbing it off.

DAVE

Yeah. 11.2 million dollars won't sound like a whole lot of money to these guys, will it?

GARY

Are you kidding? These Brioni-wearing shitheels probably walk around with 11.2 million in their pockets, man. Keep going.

DAVE

Yeah, right... um, where was I?

GARY

"Increased profit margin of 112 million dollars"...

DAVE

Oh right... with increased profit margin of 112 million dollars that, with your investment, will multiply tenfold.

GARY

And add to that 11.2 mil in your pockets.

DAVE

(changes slides)

Okay... so in conclusion, ummm... in conclusion, we feel... we feel... how do we feel, exactly?

GARY

How about "We feel that you should write us a big fuckin' check, Mr. Nagasaki or Mitsubishi or whatever-the-fuck-your-name-is..."

They laugh... and then Dave sighs and sits down and puts his head in his hands.

DAVE  
I'm dead, man. I'm never gonna be able  
to pull this off tomorrow. God, why  
did I ever volunteer to do this...

Gary comes over and claps him on the back.

GARY  
Hey, I've got a thought.

DAVE  
God help us all.

GARY  
Funny guy. You look pretty stressed.  
How's about we get a cup of coffee?

DAVE  
Please. I could use a break from  
all this shit, anyway.

GARY  
My ears feel the same way.

**4     INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT**

GARY and DAVE walk down the hall and into the break room. The lights  
are on when they PUSH OPEN THE DOOR...

TED  
(mumbling)  
...come on, give it to me fucker,  
come on and...

TED FIELDING (31) reminds us of the typical office drone. In the crook  
of his arms he's clutching a sheaf of printouts. He's shaking the  
vending machine, trying to free a bag of Skittles.

GARY  
Hey Ted, if you're gonna dance with  
it, maybe you should put some music on.

Gary reaches for the radio in the corner and turns it on. A RADIO  
BROADCASTER's voice:

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
Since four o'clock this afternoon, the  
death toll has...

Gary tunes the broadcast over to a music station -- soft MUSIC, the  
type heard in elevators: pleasant, but annoying. It's "I'll Never Fall  
in Love Again" by Dionne Warwick.

TED  
Dance with it? I'd buy it a drink if

it didn't act like such a fucking  
BITCH --

He smacks a hand against the glass helplessly. Dave sidles past him.

DAVE

Let me?

He walks up to the machine and then slaps it on the side once with his palm.

THUNK! -- his candy is free.

TED

Howdya do that?

DAVE

God's way of compensating for my shit  
presentation skills.

TED

Oh yeah, yeah, the Japanese thing.  
Yeah, you better nail it or the boss  
will nail your ass to a board.

DAVE

Thanks, Ted. Anyway, Gary's been  
helping me go over it a coupla times  
before we go home.

GARY

(in awful Japanese accent)  
I'm acting role of big Japanese business-  
man.

Laughter.

TED

Well, friends, I'm shoving off. These  
TPS reports can wait till morning...  
Beth's been riding my ass about  
spending more time at the office than  
at home.

GARY

Well, maybe if you spent more time  
riding *her* ass instead of the vending  
machine, she wouldn't feel that way.

TED

Hell with you guys... see ya tomorrow.  
Luck to you, Dave.

CU on TED as he walks out and CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

GARY

Methinks ole Ted's a tad bit fuckered

in the head.

5 **INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

As the tranquil MUSIC continues to play...

TED walks down the deserted and darkened hallway, jacket slung over his shoulder.

6 **EXT. DESERTED PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

TED wanders over to his car, fumbling for his keys.

He hits the button and his headlights FLARE UP.

He digs in pulls his phone from his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.

He dials.

TED

(beat)

Aw come on - cheap P.O.S., can't  
get a decent signal out here --

He hangs up. Stops.

HEARS movement behind him.

He turns.

An UNDEFINED FIGURE limps toward him. Ted squints.

TED

Hey, who's that?

The FIGURE limps on closer, into the beams of the light... pale and bloody, and he MOANS.

TED

Holy shit, man. What happened to  
You? Hang on, I'll call 911...

The FIGURE closes in, Ted shrinks back uneasily... and then the FIGURE falls flat on its face, inert.

Ted steps forward, looking at the FIGURE.

TED

What the --

The FIGURE suddenly grabs Ted by the ankle and lunges, teeth-bared.

Ted falls back as the FIGURE snarls, smashing him into the asphalt.

TED  
Get *off* me, you fu --

Ted SCREAMS as the FIGURE goes for his throat... the tranquil music continues to play.

**FADE OUT.**

**7**     **INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT**

As he balances coffee, his jacket and a book, GARY plucks Dave's coffee and takes a swig.

DAVE  
Hey - get your own!

GARY  
Doesn't it bother you that I make as much money as you and yet I never have to embarrass myself in front of company bigwigs like you do?

DAVE  
Every night, before I go to sleep, I cry a little more.

They sit down.

GARY  
How are you doing?

DAVE  
Dealing with it.

GARY  
She moved out yet?

Dave nods. Doesn't want to talk about it. Gary decides to keep things light. Glances at the book in Dave's hand.

GARY (CONT'D)  
The Life and Crimes of Richard M. Nixon. You truly are a master of political subtlety.

DAVE  
That's what I've been saying for years. *Finally*, someone gets me.

GARY smiles.

**8**     **INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

The doors smash open and Ted collapses through the door.

Blood pouring down the side of his head.

His ear is tattered.

Torn away.

He gasps and looks over his back. Starts running.

**9     INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE sips his coffee as GARY goes over to the radio when -

GARY  
Oh. There is some good news.

DAVE  
What's that?

GARY  
I asked out Meryl from Human  
Resources today.

He turns the volume of the radio down as Dave looks up.

DAVE  
Really? The redhead with --

GARY  
Yeah. That one.

DAVE  
Wow. How'd that go?

GARY  
Well, I don't think we'll be picking  
out china patterns any time soon?

DAVE  
So... no go?

GARY  
Hardly. I had to put on some of the  
Gary Newsome charm first.  
(beat)  
I'm taking her out next Friday.

DAVE  
Wow. Then there's hope for you yet.

Gary flips him off.

**10     INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

TED hurtles down the corridor.

Bouncing off the walls like a pinball.

Screaming:

TED  
Help! Somebody help!

AS WE CUT TO:

**11    INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT**

DAVE and GARY look up. They can hear the SCREAMS.

GARY  
What the hell?

They get up and run out of the room.

**12    INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

They step into the hall.

GARY and DAVE see a FIGURE crashing down the hall towards them.  
Screaming at the top of his lungs.

TED  
Help! Somebody help me, please!

DAVE  
Ted? What the --

TED emerges into view. We can see blood pouring down his face like a red curtain.

GARY  
Holy God! What happened?

TED  
The dirty bastard bit my fucking  
ear off!

**13    INT. BATHROOM - SMASH CUT**

They kick the door OPEN and drag Ted into the bathroom.

DAVE turns on the faucet as GARY sets him to the floor.

GARY  
Quick! Where's the first aid kit?

DAVE  
I don't remember!

TED is clutching the side of his head. DAVE grabs a fistful of paper



towels and soaks them in the water.

GARY  
Okay, Ted... let's take a look.

TED reluctantly lowers his hand.

DAVE hands the paper towels to GARY, who presses them against the wound and pushes.

TED  
Shit -- that fucking HURTS!

He leans over and VOMITS. He leans against the wall and moans with pain.

GARY  
Just take it easy, man. Just take it easy.  
(to Dave)  
Dave, call 911. We need to get an ambulance over here.

DAVE  
Right.

DAVE searches his pockets - no phone.

DAVE  
Shit. Either of you got your --

TED  
I'M FUCKING BLEEDING OVER HERE!

GARY  
Go use the phone in the break room!  
Go!

Dave nods. Runs out.

**14     INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE runs in and grabs the phone. Dials it.

Nothing.

Just a constant busy signal.

DAVE  
You gotta be kidding me --

He throws the phone down.

**15     INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Ted's breathing starts getting shallow.

He appears to be trying to say something. There's white spittle drying on the corner of his mouth.

16 EXT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The glass door is partly open.

A SHADOW FALLS ACROSS IT.

A low MOAN.

17 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

TED is lying on the floor moaning softly. His eyes are closed. DAVE and GARY are standing on either side of him. Dave motions for Gary to step away to talk.

GARY

We can't just sit here and do nothing.

DAVE

So what do you suggest we do? The phones are dead, there's no way to call out.

GARY

Fuck the phones. We'll take him ourselves.

DAVE

Not to be a nervous nelly, but with Mike Tyson wandering around out there I don't think that's such a good idea.

They look down at Ted. DAVE fidgets anxiously. He looks back at Gary.

DAVE

Besides, what's stopping him attacking us while we're getting him to the car?

GARY

Easy. We arm ourselves.

DAVE

With what? We work in a fucking office, Gary. We don't exactly have any weapons lying around here.

A prickly beat as Gary smiles grimly.

GARY

(beat)

There's one.

**18**     **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

GARY hurriedly walks into the room and picks up his briefcase.

Opens it.

DAVE walks in as Gary takes out a holster with a snub-nose .38.

DAVE

What the fuck is *that*?

GARY

Well, Davey, it's either a .38 Special or a stapler. Things are a tad bit fuckered up right now for me to think straight.

DAVE

You bring that to *work* with you?

GARY

We live in a world that's gotten progressively worse, would you not agree? What happened to Ted is only proof of that.

(beat)

Besides, sometimes I like to go to the gun range after work.

DAVE

You go to a gun range?

GARY

Doesn't everybody?

Gary takes the gun and they walk out.

**19**     **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

They walk down the hallway hurriedly.

GARY holds the gun at his side.

DAVE

Okay. So what's the plan of attack?

GARY

We get Ted out of here, in your car and we drive him to the hospital.

DAVE

What if the guy's still out there? Are you just going to threaten him with the gun -

GARY  
 Fuck "threaten." I'm shooting him.

In the distance, a DOOR SLAMS. They both look up. Gary frowns.

GARY  
 Was that the front door?

DAVE  
 I think so.

GARY  
 Oh shit. Where are your keys?

DAVE  
 In my coat pocket.

GARY  
 Okay. Go get them and meet me back here.

Gary starts walking down the hall.

DAVE  
 Where are you going?

GARY  
 I think we got a problem here.

Gary runs down the hallway now.

A beat.

20     **INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT**

DAVE walks in and grabs his coat.

He stops.

Looks back. The radio is still on.

He moves to turn it off -- then stops.

Turns it up.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
 ... Since the first reports of this outbreak, the death toll has been estimated at 500...

Dave's eyes open wide at this.

DAVE  
 What the --?

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
 Given the fatalities -- more of which  
 are being reported as the clock keeps  
 ticking, we're told -- authorities are  
 understandably investigating the very  
 real possibility that this may be a  
 terrorist biological weapons attack  
 on the country.

Dave's expression is overcome with awe and shock.

21 **INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS**

GARY rides the elevator down to the first floor.

He readies the pistol as the ELEVATOR jerks to a halt.

The doors open.

GARY  
 Not good.

The front door to the lobby is halfway open. Gary hurries over... and  
 sees a BLOODY FOOTPRINT on the floor. And another. Leading inside.

Whoever- or whatever- made the track walked *in*, not out.

GARY'S GAZE follows the tracks. Down the darkened hall.

GARY  
 Hell with this.

GARY shuts the door behind him and hurries back to the elevator.

22 **INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE is still listening to the broadcast.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
 (continuing)  
 ... under the advisement of the Center  
 for Disease Control, the federal  
 government has declared a state of  
 national emergency until further notice.  
 The C.D.C. admits to not having  
 identified an infectious agent or  
 a cause of the outbreak...

DAVE is still listening when he hears FOOTSTEPS outside.

Stops.

Listens.

DAVE

Who's that?

Beat.

GARY  
It's me, fucknuts.

Dave relaxes as GARY hurries in. His face is pale. Dave sees this.

GARY  
Jesus Harold Christ on rubber crutches  
David, what's taking so long?

DAVE  
I was listening to this broadcast -  
Gary, you okay?

GARY  
No, I'm not. But thanks for asking.

DAVE  
Well, I think I have an idea of what's  
going on -

GARY  
Yeah? Well, we got bigger fish to fry  
right now. I think whoever attacked  
Ted -

DAVE  
- is infected with whatever's gotten  
the government to quarantine the entire  
country?

GARY  
Actually, I was going to say whoever  
attacked Ted managed to find his way  
into the building.

DAVE  
Oh Jesus.

He sits down in shock.

GARY  
Yeah, which means we need to get  
Ted's happy ass to the car before  
this guy finishes the job-  
what's this about an infection?

DAVE points to the radio.

RADIO BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
... The early symptoms, which a victim  
may not recognize, include a sense of  
disorientation. Monitor any increase  
in body temperature, be aware of a

low-grade fever. Secondary symptoms  
which may take only hours, or minutes,  
to appear--

GARY

Okay. I've heard enough.

He turns off the radio.

GARY

The situation's changed, Davey-boy. If  
this is true, then we need to get gone  
ASAP.

DAVE

What about Ted -

GARY

Ted's already a goner. You heard the  
news report. We need to start worrying  
about us. What if --

(puts his hand to his mouth)

Oh Jesus, there's no telling, is there?  
I mean, we could already be infected.

Dave jumps to his feet as if the seat's red-hot.

GARY

We're fucked! We can't do anything!  
Fuck fuck fuck those fuckers!

DAVE

Hey! Let's not panic, okay?

GARY

(calming down)

You're right, you're absolutely right,  
let's just get in your car and high-  
tail it to the nearest ER -

DAVE

What about Ted, man? I mean, we can't  
just leave him -

GARY

Sure we can! It's easy - we get the  
keys, go to your car, hop in and drive  
off. Piece of cake.

DAVE

Well, I've got the keys and I say I'm  
not leaving him here.

Gary blinks at him - it's his only ride.

GARY

You're an unimaginable prick, Dave, you

know that?

DAVE

Look, you go get Ted and I'll go down  
and I'll bring the car around.

GARY

How do I know you won't just drive  
off and leave me here?

DAVE

Just get Ted, okay?

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

Fine. Here.

He holds out the pistol.

Dave stares at it.

DAVE

What are you doing?

GARY

In the Middle Ages, during the Black  
Plague, people used to gather their  
families - take them to the  
mountains... or the forest. They'd  
post guards encircling their camps...  
and they would kill anybody that  
appeared.

He spins the chamber and hands it over.

Dave takes the gun.

GARY

The ones that practiced this behavior  
survived the outbreak. Don't shoot me,  
okay?

DAVE

Let's go.

**23    INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

They walk down the hallway hurriedly.

Then stop in their tracks.

The door to the bathroom is OPEN.

GARY

Did you leave the bathroom door open?



DAVE  
(hushed)

No.

Warily, they APPROACH the door.

Dave holds the pistol up and they peek inside.

**TED IS GONE...**

... there is a large streak of blood on the floor but there's no other sign of the man himself.

On GARY and DAVE- bewildered.

GARY  
Fuck. This situation keeps getting better, doesn't it?

DAVE  
There is no way that he could have just gotten up and walked out... for God's sake, he was unconscious when we left.

GARY  
Okay. He can't have gone far --

A THUD!- like a sack of potatoes being dropped from waist height.

The two men jump with a start.

Listening.

DAVE  
Conference room. I'll check it out.

GARY nods.

DAVE moves carefully down the hallway.

**24 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT**

The door is open.

DAVE peers in.

DAVE  
Ted?

Silence.

DAVE  
That you, Ted?

He steps into the room.

And looks around.

The blue glow: everything looks clean and angular.

Then a SHADOW- moving.

DAVE

Ted?

DAVE raises the gun.

Crosses into the room.

To find:

A BLOODY STREAK ON THE BOARD. A handprint.

On DAVE.

**25 HANDHELD**

Racing across the conference room towards DAVE- who turns to face us as we smash cut to:

**26 DAVE'S POV**

Of TED'S ATTACKER- Infected- as he snarls at us and swipes and we duck, falling back against the door, THE ATTACKER leaping at us, hands outstretched and suddenly...

**BANG!**

The INFECTED'S EYES roll backwards in his head and he drops to his knees, collapsing forwards.

A beat.

Then DAVE pulls himself up to a sitting position. He's facing the body. He just sits there, pressed against the wall, breathing rapidly.

DAVE is in shock. His hand moves to his mouth as he swallows a sudden upsurge of bile.

There's a long, long beat.

DAVE

Oh my God --

Then the ZOMBIE stirs and gets to his feet, blood pouring from the hole in its chest- it moans and hurls itself after DAVE.

DAVE screams and starts running out of the room.

27     **EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

DAVE plunges through the darkened hallway, the gun in his hand. The ZOMBIE lurches after him, almost as fast.

DAVE hurtles toward the elevator.

Whacks the call button.

Looks back.

THE ZOMBIE IS STILL COMING!

DAVE

Open up!

The ZOMBIE sprints closer.

DAVE

OPEN UP, GOD!

The DOORS SLOWLY OPEN and DAVE crashes through. Turns back.

THE ZOMBIE HURLS ITSELF ON TOP OF HIM.

Dave screams, writhing like a headless snake.

We CU on the ZOMBIE'S OPEN MOUTH as it goes for Dave's throat.

Dave suddenly grabs the zombie's throat and shoves back.

Pushes it off.

He gets up and scrambles out of the elevator.

The ZOMBIE sits up.

Looks at DAVE, fixing him in its sights.

And snarls.

DAVE looks back and sees the pistol on the floor of the elevator... as the doors are CLOSING.

DAVE

Shit -

His arm shoots out.

The ZOMBIE lunges.

He grabs the gun and pulls it out as the DOORS CLOSE... but the ZOMBIE's hand grabs his wrist.

He screams and pulls himself free but the ZOMBIE is already prying open

the elevator doors.

28 **EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE is sprinting down the hallway.

29 **INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE crashes in through the door, pistol in hand.

He slams the door... and he hears something BEHIND HIM.

He spins around with a CRY.

Pulls the trigger.

A sickening beat: the expression frozen on GARY'S FACE- pleading, incredulous- he drops to the floor.

Before he knows it, DAVE empties all the remaining chambers into GARY's face.

For a moment, he just stares in disbelief at the mess on the carpet.

The gun falls from his fingers, empty.

Then he pukes.

DAVE

NO!

He turns and hurtles out of the room.

30 **EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE runs down the hallway.

He's losing his mind.

Repeating the same words -

DAVE

Oh my God. I fucking killed him.

Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh Jesus fuck --

31 **EXT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

DAVE is running down the stairs.

Suddenly, he stops.

TED is standing at the bottom with his head to the wall.

DAVE

Ted?

He doesn't react.

DAVE moves downstairs toward him.

DAVE

Ted!

Suddenly turns and looks up at us.

**A ZOMBIE.**

There's a moment of confusion.

Neither seems to recognize what they're seeing -- TED because he's no longer Ted and DAVE because he doesn't want to believe he's a zombie.

Then TED moans.

DAVE takes a step back.

Trips.

TED lunges, but DAVE scrambles to his feet and runs back upstairs.

And suddenly, the chase is on.

**32 EXT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

DAVE bursts through the bathroom door and braces his body against it.

Silence.

He gets his breath back. Tears pouring down his face.

Puts his ear to the door and listens.

Nothing.

Slowly, DAVE reaches for the doorhandle.

Gently, silently, he opens the door a crack.

**BAM!**

TED hits the other side of the door with such force that DAVE is almost knocked off his feet.

A beat.

Then TED leans in, his dead eyes wary, savage, looking for DAVE.

That's when DAVE jam-kicks the door shut on his neck.

For a moment, TED's stunned.

Then DAVE leans against his sink, his feet pressed to the door, and forces it shut.

TED's neck is still trapped.

He starts choking.

On DAVE.

On his face:

His effort.

His anguish.

His fear.

Until TED's dead.

**33     EXT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

The doors FLY OPEN.

We can hear the sound of the DEAD wailing.

**34     INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE is staring down at the corpse.

Despairing.

He reaches out to open the door. His hand is shaking.

Silence.

He pushes the door open. He's *right* on the edge of hysteria--and he's going over the edge.

He stands open and goes out.

Darkness.

The door swings shut.

**35     EXT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

DAVE pushes through a pair of double doors. A fire escape.

He staggers down the stairs and then walks into the lobby.

**36     EXT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

The doors are now WIDE OPEN and now DOZENS OF ZOMBIES are pouring in like a tidal wave.

We zoom in on DAVE'S FACE.

He stares into space as the HORDE comes closer.

And closer.

And closer.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

STATIC VOICE (V.O.)

We are in desperate need of supplies.  
Many are dead. This is a general  
distress call. Send help.

Silence.

**THE END.**