

CRIMSON ATLAS

by

Ryan Bartek

(503) 660-8130
ryanbartek@gmx.com
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FADE IN:

EST. INNER CITY DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

The sun is an orb of crimson, illuminating a war zone of charred wreckage, burned buildings and ghastly carnage. Like a graveyard, the atmosphere is dead silent.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It had gotten so bad I couldn't remember my name.

Boarded homes emanate freakish hisses and moans O.S.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At some point, time just froze.

A rat scatters to a decomposing body it feasts upon.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Life as a rat, just scurrying place to place. Avoiding everyone, everything. Just hunkering down, knowing it would be over any day. Then letting my mind do the rest.

Maggots eat away at the flesh of its rotting face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

All I wanted was to see California.

INT. ATTIC - DAWN

BRIAN, an average white male in his mid-20's, is passed out on the floor. He is filthy and bearded. SUPER: "DAY 87".

His eye flickers with growing awareness then opens with terror - he thrusts upwards and staggers about disoriented. Collapsing from stress, his expression is madness.

He speeds to a boarded window and observes the street below.

EXT. INNER CITY DETROIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Wrecked cars, smashed homes, charred death.

INT. ATTIC - DAWN

Brian steps back to the attic center and closes his eyes. He inhales and exhales, then reopens them with a cold glare.

He turns to the wall - a calendar flipped to JUNE. The sunny picture is of Ocean Beach San Diego, with blue waves and

sunny skies.

He stares at it as if hypnotized.

Closer and closer on the sunny snapshot while O.S. waves
CRASH onto the shoreline amidst laughter of a summer beach.

His expression abandons fear for absolute calm as the
interior of the attic is revealed - every surface is covered
with hand painted black crucifixes.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

The ceiling hatch opens and Brian cautiously climbs down.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The truth was I didn't understand
what had happened. One night, it
just began. Then from attic to
basement, I just hid. Not only from
them, but all people.

He stops in his tracks and eyes a locked door nervously.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Other people could handle everyone
they knew being eaten alive by
monsters. They fought back, they
made a stand. Yet with me,
something broke. And I went away.

Brian grabs a heavy crowbar laying against the wall.

BRIAN (V.O.)

All I knew is that they were out
there, and humanity was tearing
itself apart. All out war by night,
and an even worse chaos by day.

He curls his fingers around it.

BRIAN (V.O.)

All I knew was the violence kept
growing dimmer as the days passed.
At some point, the fires died. The
gunshots slowed.

He turns to a mirror on the wall and gazes at himself, a
caricature of an alcoholic homeless man at rock bottom.

BRIAN (V.O.)

And now I am a ghost of this silent graveyard.

INT. HOUSE HALLWAY - DAWN

The door handle turns, and he cautiously emerges into a hallway lined with boarded windows.

He nervously walks to another locked door, barricaded by heavy boxes and clutter.

BRIAN (V.O.)

No pattern, no rhyme. Nothing about them made sense. In one instant, the freshly dead had been resurrected with some kind of haphazard mutation. Fangs would rip from their jaws, their bodies would contort into grotesque demons.

He quietly begins to remove the barricade.

BRIAN (V.O.)

They were pure, feral instinct, and the only common factor was their lust for blood and hunger for flesh. If anything, they were like locusts - just mindless swarms of bloodthirsty insects that would come in waves.

Brian again meditates briefly before opening it.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The only thing I knew was that the sun destroyed them - melting, burning, sometimes both. Some lasted minutes, others fire-balled immediately.

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

He proceeds through the door and into another hallway, gripping the crowbar like a baseball bat.

BRIAN (V.O.)

And if the moon was high, only blunt force trauma put them down. Kill the brain, and they drop like flies. They might be dead, but they weren't invincible.

Brian turns a corner to find an empty living room with great relief.

He darts through another hallway and flips open door after door, finding nothing.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The way I saw it, my clock was ticking. I grew up in this city, and I was damned if I'd die here. For me, Detroit was a nightmare even before this mess. It was time for a vacation.

Brian realizes the coast is clear and lowers the crowbar so it limply dangles from his fist.

BRIAN (V.O.)

And then it hit me - even in this, you had to make time for the little things. I hadn't had a cup of coffee in months.

INT. KITCHEN - DAWN

Brian enters a kitchen with boarded windows, and opens cupboards. He snatches a small jar labeled instant coffee and smiles.

From behind a pantry door bursts a FEMALE ZOMBIFIED VAMPIRE. It comes at Brian full force, although clumsily trips over the fold-up ironing board.

The grotesque monster falls on it's face, splattering a gooey discharge on the linoleum.

It lifts its head up and growls in frenzy as the thin strips of light from the boarded window cracks are scorching its skin like the marks of a flame broiled grill.

The vampiric creature zooms at Brian.

With lightning reflexes he cracks the zombified demon with his crowbar, dislocating its jaw.

The undead beast stops in its tracks as slivers of light burn away its flesh with pussing, chemical meltdown - its rotting flesh oozing with greenish goo.

Like a gorilla in battle, the undead mutant roars at Brian with a half broken jaw.

Brian bashes the vamp's skull again with the crowbar and like a malfunctioning robot it stumbles and collapses.

Brian bashes the boards out the window so the sunlight finishes the job. He watches the beast burn, bubble and die.

BRIAN (V.O.)

It was now or never.

INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

Chunks of his beard fall into the sink as he clips it off with scissors.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Close on his hands grabbing two gasoline cans out of his stash of a half dozen filled to the brink.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Brian, now with a scissor-cut five o'clock shadow, breaks the lock off a liquor cabinet and grabs bottles.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He pours bottle after bottle of alcohol down the sink.

INT. HOUSE ROOM

Brian rips up a white bed sheet into small rags.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

He has dozens of empty bottles sitting in a wheelbarrow and is filling them all with gasoline.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Brian has a gasoline can in his hands and is splashing fuel all over the carpet, the walls, the furniture.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Brian backs down the steps of the front porch pouring gasoline everywhere.

He reaches the street and pulls a Zippo from his pocket. He sparks it up and lights the trail.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The fire burns delicately across the furniture, up the walls - reaching the attic and engulfing the crucifixes.

The calender lights up, flames replacing the blue waves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian calmly watches the house burn.

BRIAN (V.O.)

The truth was all I ever really wanted was to watch the world burn. It did, and I'm still here. Now the only thing left to burn away are the memories.

He looks to his side where a wheelbarrow full of petrol bombs are ready to be lit like Molotov cocktails.

Brian pushes the wheelbarrow down the war torn street.

He stops and lights one up then flings it through the window of a house. The flame bursts wildly.

Brian moves to the next house, lights another gas bomb and tosses it in.

He scoots it to the next house where O.S. vampiric creatures are hissing and moaning inside.

He throws another benzine cocktail inside and O.S. the vamps scream as they burn to death.

EXT. STREET - DAY

With the fury of hell in his cold eyes, he walks off revealing a block-long fireball in his wake.

TITLE CARD:
CRIMSON HIGHWAY

EXT. STREET - MOVING - DAY

Hours later and Brian is ROARING through decimated streets on a sport motorcycle, weaving through auto collisions and carnage long dried from the heat of the sun.

The loud roar dims as all audio fades.

BRIAN (V.O.)

It was my first time out of the rats nest. Since the start, I stuck to the block. I picked it clean, and never even turned the corner. I was such a goddamn coward, I didn't have the guts to seek a gun. Truth was, I barely knew how to load one.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Brian pulls up next to an abandoned car with emergency luggage still roped to the top.

Inside flies buzz over a decomposing corpse with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Not that I could blame him. After all, isn't that what I was doing out here?

Brian notices a gun bag in the passenger seat, puts a rag to his nose to block the smell, then removes it from the car.

He unzips the gun bag revealing a pump shotgun with matching harness and bullets large enough to kill a rhino.

Our anti-hero smiles.

BRIAN (V.O.)

Now this is what I'm talking about.

He loads the pump shotgun and shakily points it in the air. He pulls the trigger and the BLAST carries on for miles.

The O.S. sounds of hundreds of vamps emit from houses surrounding him - hissing, moaning, howling for blocks.

From inside the closed trunk of the car a vampire starts beating wildly, clawing at the metal trying to get out.

Brian gazes around and sees vague shapes moving inside boarded up homes, shadowy figures behind window curtains.

Close on Brian, beaded with sweat from the heat of the sun.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A ransacked grocery store quiet as a tomb. One window is painted black and slight light creeps through the disorderly job. The others are shut with steel blinds.

The blackened window smashes with a hurling brick, and Brian appears a silhouette against a reddish-tinged dusk.

Brian cautiously enters with shotgun drawn.

A walk-in cooler is revealed across the store directly in the path of the window's sunlight.

Nervously Brian aims his shotgun towards the darkness of the store and listens for movement.

The coast seems clear. He grabs a hand cart and darts through the aisles looking for food.

He collects some cans from the floor and turns the corner.

The produce section is rotten and molded. Brian disgustedly picks up an apple crawling with maggots.

Close on the maggots as a shadowy figure charges towards Brian him in the b.g.

Brian catches its hiss, drops the apple, and blasts the zombified vampire in half.

Its upper torso lands with a splash of intestines, and the beast drags itself towards him streaking a trail of gore.

Brian rushes up and stomps the creatures head in.

Another mutant vampire jumps atop an aisle divider.

A third smashes through the window of the dairy section.

Brian shoots it, streaking blackened blood across the glass.

5 more ghouls spill out from the dairy section as our protagonist runs for the broken shop window.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MAGIC HOUR

Moments from sundown as Brian runs outside into the dying sunlight - the chasing vamps writhe in agony.

Brian blasts apart all 5 of them, and the sun drops just as their hellish remains splatter on the pavement.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

The growling of zombified bloodsuckers erupts O.S.

Brian runs back through the broken window into the store.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

He runs to the walk-in cooler and locks himself inside.

INT. WALK-IN COOLER - NIGHT

It is pitch black inside as dozens of O.S. vampires beat on the door, tearing at it viciously.

Brian clicks on his headlamp and checks his watch - 8:22 pm.

In spooky illumination Brian trembles as the vampires outside get louder and their numbers O.S. continue to grow.

The batteries on the headlamp die - pitch black darkness as untold scores of demonic creatures gnash their teeth against metal and fight one another in primal dominance.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAWN

Birds chirp with the rising sun.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAWN

The cooler door is scratched and dented. Brian attempts to open it but its lodged against something. With three hard shoulder butts he pushes it open.

The smoldering, bubbling remains of dozens of zombie vampires prevented him from exiting - all of which were killed by light from the broken shop window.

Our anti-hero steps through a muck of gore on his way out.

EXT. STREET - MOVING - DAY

Brian is riding his motorcycle - he runs out of gas and veers to the side of the road.

Brian siphons gasoline from an abandoned car.

A LITTLE GIRL VAMPIRE leaps through the window of a suburban home - it charges at him mindlessly, bursting into flames.

The demonic child rapidly deteriorates as it continues running, then collapses in a pile. The skull dislocates from its body, rolling to Brian's foot.

A loud O.S. WHISTLE grabs Brian's attention.

EXT. NICK'S PORCH - DAY

NICK, a 27 yer old black man, is on his front porch and pointing an AK-47 at Brian.

NICK

Howdy. Don't fuckin' move.

BRIAN

Hey man... just passing through.

NICK

Yeah, I know - I know, I know, I know, I know... I just enjoy fuckin' with people

Nick lowers the gun.

NICK

What's your name?

BRIAN

Brian. My name is Brian.

NICK

Well Brian, I'm Nick. Why don't you get your ass over here and let's have a beer?

Brian gives a blank, exhausted stare.

BRIAN

You got some way I could clean up?

Nick laughs.

NICK

Yeah man, you up in The Ritz.

INT. NICK'S BATHROOM - DAY

A pot of bubbling water sits atop a tiny portable heater with a small screw on propane tank.

NICK

Rainwater is a god send these days.

Nick pours the hot water into a plugged sink and drops a rag into it. He picks the soaking rag up and hands it to Brian.

NICK

Here, to loosen your whiskers.

Brian puts the rag over his choppy scissor-cut ex-beard.

NICK

And when you ready, just soak that other rag in this water and you got yourself one mean sponge bath.

Brian chuckles.

BRIAN

Thanks man.

NICK

No worries.

He hands Brian a shaving razor and aerosol shaving cream.

EXT. NICK'S PORCH - DAY

Nick sits on a front porch chair drinking a beer.

Brian walks out the front door with a towel around his neck - a clean, sharply shaven handsome devil.

He looks to Nick and smiles.

NICK

Damn boy - back from the dead?

BRIAN

Really, thanks. I needed that.

Nick motions for him to sit in the chair beside him.

Brian sits down and Nick hands him a beer.

NICK

So man, I ain't had much company in awhile. Back when, I never would invite people in. Things have... inspired me to change my ways.

Brian nods

BRIAN

That's a quaint way to put it.

NICK

I've had a lot of time to think here, and it's only cause I got lucky. The old man that lived here, Old John - he was paranoid as shit. I knew him from work. Dude was armed to the teeth, always showing off his guns. Fuckin' 'Nam vet, you know, always ranting about FEMA CAMPS, about rich people with doomsday bunkers, that sort of shit. You'd think he would be happy down in that cellar, with the whole world gone crazy.

BRIAN

Was this the first place you went? This an entire time, I've been going house to house. At some point I just... fell off. I hunkered down in this attic - must've been weeks. Do you, do you know--

NICK

I stopped counting days awhile ago. Summer is at its peak though, that's for damn sure. It's gotta be late July, maybe early August.

BRIAN

Seems about right.

NICK

I'll never forget April 13th. Whoever makes it out this, that date will be infamous.

BRIAN

Yeah, yeah... Imagine the memorial.

NICK

Other people, they'd say I was jumpin' the gun, but I think its ok to think about this, you know? What's the point if we ain't got no hope? But yeah, this place - when I got here, it was getting dark. I had to break in. I was so paranoid I was gonna take a bullet from Old John but when I found him downstairs, he'd just shriveled up.

(MORE)

NICK (cont'd)
Guy was jello - I couldn't get him
to speak.

BRIAN
Damn.

NICK
Old John, he just got up and
wandered off like he was in a
trance. I saw him go off down the
street. I kept yelling at him, but
he just kept goin'.

BRIAN
That's fucked.

NICK
Yeah, well... You're like me - you
actually wanna live a little. You a
young man n' still got shit to do.

BRIAN
You aren't going to try to make it
anywhere else?

NICK
Shit, what's the point? I'm tight
as it is, and it's best to wait
this thing out. I mean, they're
dead right? They gotta rot, right?
It can't take longer then a few
more months, right? You just got to
wait 'em out. They all instinct,
like rabid dogs.

BRIAN
Like locusts, they just...

NICK
Consume until ain't nothin' left.
So fuck it, I stay put - keep my
head out the shit. Besides, who
knows whats really going on out
there. And you best believe there
some fucked up cannibals out there.

Brian laughs.

NICK

Really man! How long before the food runs out, before them grocery shelves picked clean? N' how many of those things are out there? 4 billion, 5 billion?

BRIAN

What about DC? There has to be something left of the government.

NICK

Yeah probably a bunch of terrified old white guys hiding in a bunker.

BRIAN

Damn straight! Lowest polls in history and food stamp riots. I know it shouldn't matter now, but it still pisses me off. Just every time I think about President Mitchell--

NICK

The fucking worst ever--

BRIAN

WORST! The absolute shittiest president ever.

NICK

(laughs)

President Mitchell. You know you suck fucking ass if even way on in the apocalypse people still be talkin' bout' how you were a thieving ass Ebenezer Scrooge.

BRIAN

You know you suck when you make Bush look good by comparison.

NICK

(laughing)

Oooh that's cold!

BRIAN

For real man! Emergency federal powers to take dictator-like control of ALL the food stamp

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
programs in the country and cut them to \$40 a month!?! Straight across the board - make less than \$500 a month, here, \$40 bucks. You make one dime over, they take it away completely. They catch you scamming, they put you in prison!

NICK
(laughing)
Serious bullshit!

BRIAN
Serious! You get elected president and the first speech you make is that "Dead Weight" speech?

NICK
I know, I know! Man, when America pulls it shit together, you should run for office.

BRIAN
Hell no - no chance in hell... But, um, yeah - what up with the military? You think there's a central command left? Maybe The Rockies, or Camp David, or Alaska. Maybe there's a huge line of tanks going city to city...

NICK
I bet they're in a bunker and they're gonna start taxing each other 'cause they don't know what else to do with their lives.

BRIAN
(laughs)
Ok. You win.

A cathartic silence is shared, then Nick grows serious.

NICK
You ever thought... I mean what should we call them? They're vampires right? Like mutant parasites, or...

BRIAN

Zombies, zombie vampires. Zompires, I guess. But... That sounds so fucking stupid...

NICK

Yeah, I know. It's fucked that we are even having this conversation, trying to find a name for those things out there.

BRIAN

I always liked that one best.

NICK

What?

BRIAN

'Things.' Those 'Things' out there. It's so...

NICK

Yeah, perfect.

BRIAN

Fucking ominous. It's...

NICK

They defy classification man, really. I've thought about that - really, every day, I'm contemplatin' this shit.

BRIAN

You know, a lot of people are probably thinking The Devil. Like, literally, Satan - and they think Satan is controlling those things. That's probably heavy on religious minds. I can't imagine The Bible Belt right now.

NICK

Probably looking like Salem, when them pilgrims burned those girls alive sayin' they were witches for trippin' off moldy bread.

BRIAN

Yeah! Or what about some weird doomsday version of the Spanish Inquisition? You think we got fanatics burning people at the stake to exorcise devils out them?

NICK

Them Bible Belt folk - man you know they'd all go to churches to pray in huge numbers thinkin' it was revelations. They'd be sitting ducks, all of 'em.

Nick catches what he was saying and grows cold.

NICK (CONT'D)

You know, I believe in God - on my own terms, at least. But if they say this is Revelations, I don't buy it, because it wouldn't make no sense for The Devil to go about conquering the Earth like this. I mean, Satan wants people to worship him so he'd become more powerful than God right? So to upstage the balance of the universe and overthrow the throne? What usefulness would turning the world into ah, ah, whatever the fuck this is... My point is this - without humans, Satan loses all his power, because no one would be left to worship him.

BRIAN

Good point.

NICK

It's a self defeating plan - give The Devil a lil' more credit. The Four Horseman wouldn't be some dragged out, sloppy mess like this. No man, this has government written all over it - some bio-germ weapon in a lab. An asshole with a PHD did this, not The Devil.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY

Nick and Brian sit at the kitchen table with an assortment of handguns. Nick is teaching Brian how to clean weapons.

Brian breaks the silence:

BRIAN

I'm going on vacation.

NICK

(laughing)

Is that right? Vacation? Right now?

BRIAN

I'd rather die on the road than
hide in a hole... I want The
Pacific.

NICK

For real? That's quite a haul.

BRIAN

For over a year now I've been
working the shittiest jobs trying
to save a buck. I finally raise
nearly two grand, and I get
arrested for a bench warrant. This
cop busts a u-turn, then says I
jaywalked. He ran my license, and
it came up that I owe 3 grand, and
they won't tell me what for. They
arrest me, take me to county, dump
me in for the entire weekend. Then
on Monday they say I had abandoned
a car and it got towed, impounded
and auctioned and I had to pay for
the tow truck, the abandonment, the
paperwork - and then they charged
an extra \$200 parking for the
auction lot! So the cops refuse to
let me out unless I pay half. I run
my debit and they nearly clear my
account. A week later I found out
the cops secretly charged me \$100
bucks a day to be locked up which
over drafted me, and by the time I
caught it I owed \$467 dollars.

NICK

Motherfuckers...

BRIAN

Turns out this car I sold to some
19 year old kid was never
registered in his name, and he just
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

dumped it on the side of the road when the transmission died. You know? Fuck me. All I wanted was to kick it on the beach. Just drag it out as long as I could. I worked full time since I was as kid, and I bought their blue collar bullshit. So fuck that man, give me a tent and food stamps. Just let me chill on the beach with sand castles and Coronas. Not much to ask for, huh?

NICK

I wish I would've had the guts to drop it all like that, back when we still could. I say to myself it was wise to stay at the industrial plant because I had gaurunteed retirement pension, a 401k option, and a solid paycheck every two weeks. I said to myself what my father used to - 'that's life.' But I knew I was never really happy. I always thought about dropping it all like you were trying to do. But I probably never would've left. Now I realize this was wrong of me, and living through this situation has made me realize above all that life is short. I get it now, I do. And I'm determined to survive, because once these things rot away, I CAN leave. I CAN get out. It's a restart from zero, but it's coming.

BRIAN

I hear you, but I feel out of time.

NICK

Yeah, but how you gonna get there? Roads ought to be totally clogged. The motorcycle is a tight idea...

BRIAN

Anything less would never make it through the traffic jams... Man, I watched NYC live, right when it first - that was the first city, you know? Cameras everywhere.

NICK

That was the first I heard too - everyone watchin' live, then emergency cut-away broadcasts. Whole world was watching.

BRIAN

The first time zone was somewhere off shore between Europe and America. I caught some crazy news on Facebook before the net went down...

They both look to each other, and realize the absurdity of their conversation.

BRIAN

Anyway... I'm staying in the styx. I'm not going to deal with the shit show of any big city. Less people is always the best chance.

NICK

And the right chance is the one that keeps you alive.

INT. NICK'S BASEMENT ARMORY - DAY

Nick unlocks the door to the well-secured basement - inside are dozens of assault rifles and semi-automatics.

NICK

Not too shabby, huh?

EXT. SKYLINE - MAGIC HOUR

The sun sets with magnificent glow.

INT. NICK'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nick and Brian gather the last of the supplies.

NICK

Sometimes I get carried away dragging bullshit up here. I just try to soak up the sun much as I can. You know, that shu--

A particularly grotesque vampire bursts through the boarded window and lands directly on top of Nick.

NICK

AH GET IT OFF, GET IT--

The vampire chomps down on Nick's neck, ripping open his throat - total gore, spurting everywhere.

Nick's trigger finger spasms and fires the AK-47. The bullets fly through the room, narrowly missing Brian.

With his own AK-47 Brian riddles both the vampire and Nick with bullets then flees to the kitchen and slams the door.

INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian looks around frantic - the only other exit is the backyard door. He pivots towards it, and immediately Vamps beat on it. Trapped!

Brian whips around the kitchen trying to establish a plan, then sees the dishwasher. In a frenzy he guts the racks and cramps himself in, slamming it shut.

Once Brian is hidden, both doors collapse at once as mobs of vampires break through like flooding water.

INT. NICK'S KITCHEN - DAWN

The next morning, and the kitchen is wrecked.

The dishwasher rattles hard - Brian cannot open it. Three handgun blasts erupt from inside, and he kicks out.

He falls to the floor in pain from severe cramping and stares at the ceiling for a moment.

INT. NICK'S BASEMENT ARMORY - DAY

Brian quickly fills duffelbags full of guns and ammo.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian rides his sportster, now strapped with gun bags. He passes a row of make-shift scorched crosses with blackened remains of crucified vampires once held down by barb wire.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian approaches the "Now Leaving Michigan" sign. He slows down, stops, then approaches it on foot. He smiles in self-satisfaction.

BRIAN

I'm out.

O.S. he hears the rumbling of choppers. From around the bend, FOUR NASTY BIKERS roar towards him in leather.

BRIAN

Ah, fuck me...

They park, and the ALPHA MALE approaches him.

ALPHA MALE BIKER

You call that a chopper city boy?

The other three Bikers laugh.

ALPHA MALE BIKER (CON'T)

Let me guess - you gonna say
'Please Sir, I don't want no
trouble. Please sir, just let me
go.' Hahaha.

Brian looks to his right and notices a small patch of wooded land alongside the minor highway.

ALPHA MALE BIKER (CON'T)

I bet you--

Brian darts towards the woods fast as he can.

The Bikers laugh, then their leader motions to act.

ALPHA MALE BIKER

Go get that fuckin' faggot.

The other three bikers chase after Brian, who has now disappeared in the trees.

Alpha Male removes the gun bags from the sportster, grabs a sledgehammer from his chopper, and smashes up Brian's bike.

ALPHA MALE BIKER

(Shouting)

Buy American you asshole!

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Brian is hiding behind a tree while in the b.g. the bikers search for him with guns drawn. One has a sniper rifle.

Brian pulls a snubnose .38 from an ankle holster.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

The Alpha Male unzips a bags and finds an array of guns.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

BLAM - a Biker's head explodes with a gory splash.

The other bikers turn to the gunshot direction. Brian walks fast at them with arm outstretched, gun firing.

BLAM the biker with the rifle takes a bullet to the head.

The remaining biker shoots clumsily and misses.

Brian shoots him three times in the chest.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Alpha Male Biker is worried, listening in.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Through Brian's sniper scope he is right in the crosshairs.

Brian squeezes the trigger.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

The bullet zooms at him, going straight through his skull and popping his head open with a red mist.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

Brian lowers the rifle.

The thrice shot biker struggles upwards and attempts to run away feebly.

Brian aims and nearly shoots him in the back, but gives an expression of morality.

The wounded biker falls over, coughing up blood.

BIKER 2

You sunuvbitch... I can't believe
you robbin me of this. This is
fuckin' cheap. You gook ridin'
pussy.

BRIAN

Fuck you, I'm on vacation.

The biker starts laughing, spitting blood.

BIKER 2

Yeh, n' where you gunna go?
California? Surf some blue waves,
college bitch?

BRIAN

God damn right you inbred sack of
shit.

BIKER 2

(Laughing)

Good, good. That's where we was
headed. See faggot, you trapped.
When the shit hit the fan, the
heads called for Ragnarok. Know
what that is? It's the final war
for the road city bitch...

The dying biker coughs up blood.

BIKER 2 (CON'T)

The Angels got too big for their
britches claimin' all of California
so many goddamn years. So before
the lights went out, the heads of
every club declared Ragnarok -- all
out road war to see who runs Cali.
We're all going there, every last
one of us. It's biker jihad you
motherfucker, you--

He convulses, then regains speech.

BIKER 2 (CON'T)

I hope you like war you cream-pie
twink, cause you gonna set the new
worl' record of dumb asshole
gettin' fucked by the eye of
goddamn fuckin, hurricane.

The Biker gives a gurgling blood last laugh.

Brian releases the cocked hammer and lowers the gun.

BIKER

Shoot me motherfucker. Come on
bitch. Come on you fuckin' pussy.

Brian walks away, leaving the dying man there as he continues to shout.

BIKER 2

The South has rised again
motherfucker! The South has dun'
rised again!

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian slides his fingers across the shiny chrome finish of the Alpha Biker's chopper.

He kicks over the dead Biker's corpse in the road and pulls off his leather jacket.

Now wearing the jacket, Brian puts on leather fingerless found in its pockets.

Brian straps his gun bags and gear onto his new chopper.

From O.S. the dying biker shouts.

BIKER 2

Goddamnit you pussy we gonna finish
this shit now!

The biker stumbles towards Brian, bleeding everywhere.

BIKER 2 (CON'T)

Man up you god damn pussy!! I
deserve a man's end, not bleedin'
tah death like a half-blasted buck!

The biker steps on a patch of loose soil that looks as if it were a freshly dug mound.

From beneath the soil a vampire bursts out and jumps on the bikers back, sinking its fangs in.

As it holds on like a leech, the sun lights the vamp up like a fireball. Both die instantly and fall to smoldering, charcoal-like remains.

Brian gives a mortified, wide eyed expression realizing there are dozens of these vampire mounds surrounding him.

INT. EARTH

One of the parasitic beasts sleeps beneath the soil,
burrowed like a grub to avoid the daylight.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

BRIAN looks over the loosened soil mounds.

BRIAN (V.O.)

I never killed anyone in my life,
and always wondered what if? But I
never thought vampire landmines
would be part of that equation.

EXT. GRASS - DAY

One of the soil mounds is being hit by rocks.

Brian is crouched close by, trying to awaken the vamp.

The rocks have no effect, so he aims them at another mound.
Still no effect.

Brian tries the third and with one rock a vamp explodes from
the earth screaming on fire, exploding like a roman candle.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian pulls a stick of dynamite out from his bag.

EXT. GRASS - DAY

The lit dynamite is thrown in the middle of the mounds.

It explodes and all the vampires burst from their grub-like
burrowing, all like roman candles of erupting gore.

As the smoke clear, only four mounds didn't react.

Brian gives a puzzled look.

EXT. MICHIGAN ROAD - DAY

Brian digs in a chopper's side bag and finds lighter fluid.

He walks up to the "Now Leaving Michigan" sign and squirts
the flammable liquid all over it.

Brian kick-starts Alpha's chopper and with a mighty ROAR
zooms off as the sign burns away in the b.g.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Brian sits in a corn field near a farm house, trying to open canned food with a half-broken opener. It breaks apart in his hand, and he throws it's remnants into the field.

Like a ghostly mirage, a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN approaches him.

She smiles, cries, laughs - every dynamic in one frantic whirlwind then collapses in Brians' arms - laughing, sobbing, vice versa.

Brian mumbles something inaudible into her ear.

INT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Brian and pretty young woman eat at the dinner table in silence.

She looks up and smiles playfully at him.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The pretty young woman is now a hideous vampire with her throat half torn out, fangs snapping at Brian.

He wrestles with her then flips her onto an overturned table. The table leg snaps the vampire's spine, paralyzing her bottom half. Still, she reaches for him maddeningly.

Brian coldly looks downward, grabs an axe, raises it high...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE POND - DAY

Brian is now seated at the dock of a pond. He sticks his hand in the water and gently runs it through the waves. A loosened rowboat floats aimless in the distance.

O.S. Brian hears the rip-chord start of a gasoline power generator - tunk, tunk, tunk.

He walks up a hill to get a better view.

EST. FARM - DAY

A FARMER, 57, stands outside a barn. Brian quietly approaches him with shotgun drawn, yet lowered.

The farmer continues shoving something into a grinder.

Brian squints his eyes, trying to determine what he's doing.

The farmer is jamming a human torso into a chipper shredder - the remains spit out like ground beef into trash bags.

The man senses someone behind him, and casually turns to face Brian. He casually looks at him, totally aloof.

Brian blasts the man through the chest with his shotgun, killing him instantly.

The female arm hanging out the chipper shredder rattles around caught in the gears.

INT. BARN - DAY

A muffled pounding is coming from inside a locked door.

Brian opens it and BIG MAN ALAN falls out. He has shards of a wooden chair hanging off him, as if he was tied up.

Brian cuts the ropes binding his hands.

Now free, the big man pulls the gag from his mouth and rushes up to the shotgun-blasted corpse on the ground.

In a rage, he kicks its skull in excessively.

BIG MAN ALAN

You motherfucker, you fucking motherfucker!

Big Man Alan stares at the destroyed remains for a moment.

BRIAN

Just what in the fuck happened here? What the fuck is this?

The big man is about to speak when they catch sight of a LITTLE GIRL in a white dress.

The little girl locks eyes with Big Man Alan, panics and runs away. He flares up with rage, about to explode.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Big Man Alan is driving a truck with two female survivors.

They drive past the farm house and see the little girl in a white dress.

He pulls over the truck and waves at her father on the front porch - the chipper shredder farmer.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DAY

All of the survivors are seated at the dinner table. The father is busy preparing food O.S.

BIG MAN

Sir, I want to thank you again.

FATHER (O.S.)

It's ok, it's no problem. What was it you said your name was again? Alan?

BIG MAN

Yeah that's right, Alan.

FATHER (O.S.)

How is it looking out there, with food resources? Are all the grocery stores gutted? We've been good here, me and my girls. We've had access to plenty of our own stockpile. But things are running dry.

BIG MAN ALAN

Well sir, it's hit or miss. I've been on the road and laying low since the beginning. I've tried to stay where I knew it would be low key. I met both these girls--

FIRST FEMALE SURVIVOR

You know if you're starving here, we don't quite feel right taking what little you have.

SECOND FEMALE SURVIVOR

Really, we still have lots of canned food left in the pickup.

FATHER (O.S.)

Nonsense, nonsense. What we have for you today, friends, is vegetable soup. It's not much, but let the Lord bless it.

BIG MAN ALAN

Amen to that brother.

Father brings out a pot of vegetable soup.

FATHER
(smiling)

Bon appetite.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DUSK

All three survivors are passed out on the kitchen table, drooling and drugged. Big man Alan is the only one slightly conscious, fighting the drug.

The father walks up to the second female survivor and drags her out the front door.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - MOVING - DUSK

Father drags the survivor down the porch steps, through the dirt yard, past the barn, past a chicken coup, and finally to a storage shed that he unlocks with keys from his belt.

INT. STORAGE SHED - FLASHBACK - DUSK

Father drags her inside and locks the door behind them, sealing off all outside light.

INT. STORAGE SHED - FLASHBACK

Behind a metal door we hear a vampire beast jerking around in the chains which bind it.

The father opens the door and the vampire is his other little girl. The child-thing is chained to the wall, animalistically attempting to attack her father.

FATHER
Daddy's brought dinner.

The father tosses the drugged survivor to his undead daughter and she rips into her with ensuing gore.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - MOVING - DUSK

Father walks back to the house casually.

INT. FARM HOUSE - FLASHBACK - DUSK

The father approaches the table.

The girl is sitting indian style at the edge of the table, her dress covered in blood. She is remorselessly hacking off the head of the first female survivor with a hunting knife.

Big Man Alan is still slightly conscious, watching the little girl systematically dismember his friend. Big Man Alan gurgles some incoherent noises.

The murderous family look to each other.

LITTLE GIRL

And what about him?

FATHER

We need to keep him in tact. We ain't got no generators. Ain't no food coming, n ain't got no freezers... We'll just take him piece by piece.

LITTLE GIRL

Do we have to?

FATHER

No choice darlin'. We just have to take what the lord offers us.

Big Man Alan gurgles in drugged stupor.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - PRESENT - DAY

Back to the present. Brian has freed Big Man Alan, and in a homicidal rage he snaps and chases the insane cannibal girl.

BRIAN

Stop, stop!

He won't listen. Closer and closer he gets, within inches...

BIG MAN ALAN

I got you, you little bitch.

Big Man Alan's head explodes from a shotgun blast, and whats left of him tumbles over like a gory timber-fall.

Little girl stops and looks to Brian, whose gun barrel is smoking. She looks like she doesn't know what to do, then darts away from him.

Brian chases her through the dirt yard, past the barn, the chicken coup, and finally to a storage shed.

Before he reaches her she opens the door entrapping her vampire sister. As if the undead carnivore will somehow help her, she runs straight into its arms.

Brian arrives just in time to watch a gruesome sight in which we are spared. While gnashing fangs and abominable gore stays O.S., we stay tight on Brian's aghast reaction.

Visibly shaken, he lifts the shotgun and BLAM!

EXT. FARM - MOVING - DAY

A haunted Brian walks trance-like to his motorcycle.

With his back turned O.S. the dead father makes insane vampire noises and a flame bursts behind him.

Brian stops then turns around slowly, approaching his charred, bubbling remains.

Brian upwards to the sky, as if speaking to the universe.

BRIAN

You don't need to get bit, huh?
That true? I wasn't really sure
until now... Real fucking funny.

He grows excessively angry.

BRIAN

HAR DEE FUCKING HAR!!!

His shouted echo dims before he continues.

BRIAN

It had to be something like this,
didn't it? It had to be something -
some bullshit like this. Some
fucked up bullshit like this,
because it just had to, it just
fucking had to. Just fucking
because. Cause there was no other
way, cause there was never any way.

He breaks down and begins sobbing from the horror.

INT. CANDLE LIT ROOM - NIGHT

Brian stares at himself trance-like in a mirror, then gently touches the surface.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian is in a pitch black farmhouse under attack from vampires. He is sticking a sniper rifle out of the cracks of

boarded windows, firing away at bloodsuckers.

Other survivors are O.S., shouting and shooting in the dark. One survivor screams O.S. as they are torn apart.

Brian shoots a vampire in the head.

SURVIVOR (O.S.)

More ammo, quick!

Brian shoots another vamp as a window crashes O.S. - from inside the farm house more frantic gunshots...

Brian blasts another vamp, then another...

Then realizes no weapons are firing because everyone's dead.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The farm house is surrounded by 50 rabid ghouls.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

One FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR shouts to Brian from upstairs:

FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR

Brian! Quick! Up here!

The farmhouse survivor drops a rope ladder from the attic hatch - a hole in the upper floor's ceiling.

Brian fires more shotgun blasts at dark figures then runs up the flight of stairs.

He reaches the ladder and climbs inside as three of the cannibal monsters are hop up, slashing at his heels.

INT. FARM HOUSE ATTIC - NIGHT

They push a small fridge on top of the attic hatch.

FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR

Karen? Did you see Karen?

Brian runs to a boarded window, peering through the cracks.

FARMHOUSE SURVIVOR

(crying)

Oh god baby, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Vampires are swarming the farm house, tearing it up.

EXT. NEBRASKA ROAD - DAY

Brian roars through dead highway on his chopper and zooms by a sign reading "240 Miles to Denver."

EXT. NEBRASKA ROAD - DAY

Brian is roaring his chopper, clears a turn and encounters a group of survivors pulled to the side of the road.

They are trying to fix a truck which on a hitch carries some kind of large metal box.

The group raise their weapons half hearted - a black man in his 30's (MURRAY), two attractive 20 something females (AUBURN and SANDRA), and a disheveled, bearded, slightly crazy looking man in his 50's (JACK).

Brian parks.

BRIAN

How's it going?

AUBURN

Engine trouble. I think we're shit out of luck.

Murray speaks up from under the front hood.

MURRAY

Unless you know how to fix a blown piston with sticks and rocks.

BRIAN

Sorry man.

MURRAY

Yeah, well... Where you headed?

BRIAN

Trying to find cover. We don't have too long... What's that thing on the hitch?

SANDRA

We found it in a stock warehouse a week back. It was one of those panic rooms they'd sell to rich people. We just randomly wandered into their shipping house - there were stacks of them. We stayed a few nights...

MURRAY

Shit was like The Marriot...

SANDRA

But we wanted to get on with it.

AUBURN

We're making our way to California.

Brian lights up.

BRIAN

Is that so? Where exactly?

SANDRA

We got this idea we can make it to the coast, nab ourselves a decent ship and just sail out.

BRIAN

Yeah, but to where?

AUBURN

I caught an article on a news site right about the time New York fell apart, right before they killed the internet and all the satellites. People were taking escaping en mass to the Pacific.

SANDRA

All sorts of people, tons of them - anyone that could get out. There are millions of people living like pirates out there. The NAVY is probably running the show.

MURRAY

Shit's looking like WaterWorld out there bro.

AUBURN

We're going to find our place out there. There are islands untouched by this. There are settlements. The NAVY has got destroyers and submarines and you name it.

BRIAN

Well, to be honest, I am headed that way.

MURRAY

That so?

BRIAN

For real.

SANDRA

What's your plan?

BRIAN

I'm going on vacation.

MURRAY

(laughing)

What he say?

BRIAN

I said I'm going to soak up some sun. I'm going to do what I always wanted to do. I know it sounds crazy. Well, it is. I'm crazy. There, I said it... Fuck it all, you know?

AUBURN

We know.

MURRAY

God damn we know.

BRIAN

So you really been sleeping in that thing on the road? No problems?

SANDRA

You know, there are tons of people out there now that would've killed to have found that stock house. But

(MORE)

SANDRA (cont'd)
the truth is we got so bored so
fast.

AUBURN
Murray had the bright idea to just
drag it along with us on wheels.

SANDRA
Really, it's worked. It's
ventilated enough just from the
holes will drilled in the side,
and surprisingly quiet. Those
things can't get in. It's like
being in a tank, and that top hatch
seals right up like a submarine.

Brian, to Jack:

BRIAN
It work as good as she say?

Jack just looks freaked out, and doesn't reply.

SANDRA
Never mind Jack. He's quiet with
new people. We keep meeting them
and they keep leaving us, you know.
Auburn and I have been on our own
since the beginning. We found Jack
some time ago, and Murray, he's
been through a few groups.

MURRAY
Don't get me started.

SANDRA
We picked him up about 300 miles
south of here. We've had a good
balance. You know, 10 days without
an accident. We lost someone
important you know, someone that
was from the beginning and long,
long before that.

BRIAN
I feel you.

SANDRA
It's just what happens.

AUBURN

Well look guys, we have to make a plan here. I vote we just lock ourselves in here. We're not that far from North Platte. We'll just pick up another truck there and come on back. It can't be more than 3 hours on foot. If we have to stay another night so be it.

SANDRA

It's getting hot out though Auburn.

MURRAY

Motherfuckin' humidity soup.

Murray turns to Brian.

MURRAY

That's the only bitch with that panic room on wheels - no electricity, no air conditioning. Just a sauna in a tin can.

SANDRA

So long as Murray keeps his shoes on we do just fine.

MURRAY

Ah kiss my ass.

INT. PANIC ROOM - SUNSET

Brian and the survivors climb inside the panic room and stretch out on blankets and sleeping bags.

Sandra seals the door like a submarine, and light comes as strips through the ventilation slits.

Sandra, Brian and Auburn lean against one wall as Murray and Jack lean against the wall opposite them.

Jack falls asleep easy as Auburn gets cozy next to Brian.

Murray pulls a large bowie knife and sets it next to him.

Sandra, to Murray:

SANDRA

Do you always gotta sleep with that thing next to you, just pulled out of it's sheath like that? What if you toss and turn in the middle of the night and cut a neck jugular or something.

MURRAY

Man, shut your trap. This here is Mr. Bowie, my best friend. This lil' bad boy has got me out more than I want to say in the past 3 months. This blade and me, we're connected. 3 times now, I the drop on 'em. 3 times they almost got me when I was under.

SANDRA

He's proud.

MURRAY

Damn right I am. Not many out there can say that right now.

Sandra waves her pump shotgun.

SANDRA

I sleep next to Mr. Remington. Your Mr. Bowie is way more homoerotic than that other Bowie's spandex crotch in The Labyrinth.

Brian laughs aloud, and snuggles closer to Auburn.

INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Brian wakes to someone moving around. He sticks his head up to glimpse and dazed and confused Murray.

Murray is ghostly white and hunched over Jack, his bowie knife covered in blood. In accidental reflex, Murray has killed Jack during a nightmare.

MURRAY

I... I dreamed he was one of them.

Auburn breaks from slumber and panics - instinctively shooting three shotgun blasts at Murray.

One hits Murray in the chest, killing him.

The other blasts puncture the wall of the panic room.

EXT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Vampiric mutants approach from multiple directions.

INT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

One vamp gnashes its fangs on the hole, bending the steel.

AUBRY

We have to pick them off!

Auburn rushes up and sticks the shotgun barrel out a blasted hole puncture. She fires at a vamp, blasting its face.

The reanimated Vampire Jack lunges up and bites into Auburn, ripping her neck open. Carnage sprays all over Brian.

Sandra shoots Vampire Jack in the face.

Brian shoots the nearly dead Auburn in the head.

Vampire Murray quickly comes undead and pounces for Sandra.

He bites into Sandra's face with a brutal crunch of bone.

Brian blasts the undead Murray through the side with a shotgun, spraying even more carnage.

The upper torso of Vampire Murray is severed from his lower half, but still he gnaws through Sandra's face.

Brian pulls out a pistol and shoots both Vampire Murray and Sandra in the head.

Covered in blood, Brian realizes the sound of vampires O.S. is growing louder.

Zombie Vampires shake the sides of the hitch violently, tumbling Brian around the claustrophobic box that's dripping with entrails and splatter.

EXT. PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

The panic room sits atop the hitch as dozens of vampires scratch and tear at it.

EXT. PANIC ROOM - DAWN

The panic room hatch swings open and Brian crawls out triumphantly, covered in splatter.

He falls off the hitch clumsily, then rushes up partially stumbling to the water tank on the back of the truck

Brian rips off his clothes and opens the valve, frantically scrubbing the wretched crimson from his skin.

EXT. ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian is now zooming down the highway with ROSA, 23, an attractive woman on the back of his motorcycle.

Brian and Rosa pull up to the remains of a checkpoint with barb wire coils and fencing.

They head into the area, looking for items to salvage.

ROSA

You know, my sister always used to say ammunition before nutrition.

Brian wanders up to the remains of a decomposing soldier and digs through its pockets. He notices something black and shiny on the ground.

BRIAN

Hey Rosa, what was that you were saying earlier?

ROSA

What, about that trip to Toronto when I was 14?

BRIAN

No, no - the music, the music.

Brian discovers an MP3 player with headphones.

ROSA

(shouts from afar)

I said I'd kill a motherfucker to hear some Iron Maiden right about now.

Brian turns it on.

BRIAN

I don't know about Maiden but I think we got a score. Check it out, MP3 player with headphones and everything. It's still got half the battery.

With his back turned, Brian fiddles with the MP3 player.

Rosa, smiling, walks up behind Brian.

After several steps, Rosa steps on a landmine. KABOOM! Rosa explodes like a fountain of gore, chunks flying everywhere.

Brian stops messing around with the MP3 player. He slowly turns around and gazes blankly at the smoldering remains.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Brian's chopper is draped with a tarp and hidden behind a wrecked car on the side of a road surrounded by woodland.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Brian is sitting on a log, looking haunted in the middle of the woods with a zipped gun bag beside him.

A loud SNAP comes from a twig stepped on O.S. and JAKE appears - drugged out, with bad skin. He is dreamlike in his calmness and spaced out in his speech.

JAKE

Hey bud. You, uh... Need a hand?

Brian is so drained he sounds just as spaced as Jake.

JAKE (CON'T)

It's cool man, I'm not gonna rob you or some shit. You can come up, you can get some sleep man.

Brian lets out an exhausted exhale.

BRIAN

Wherever you got to go... just take me there. Please. I just need... Just need to sleep.

Jake smiles with missing and yellow teeth.

JAKE

No worries bro. Really man, it's cool. I got no reason to fuck with you. Could use the company.

Jake extends a clammy hand and lifts Brian to his feet.

EXT. WOODS - MOVING - DAY

Brian and Jake walk through a secluded woodland path.

JAKE

You been the first I had up here since Burt went down.

Jake's trailer looms up the incline of a forest hill. There are generators spread around his trailer.

JAKE

It's been... Over three months right? I haven't had more then a few-a them things strolling across my property. I done spray painted my windows black, n' that helped. It's quiet, no hassle, no drama... Say, where you from?

BRIAN

Detroit, I'm from Detroit.

JAKE

Shit man, now I get it. You gotta calm down or you're gonna give yourself a heart attack.

INT. JAKES TRAILER - DAY

JAKE

Sit down, sit down.

Brian plops on the couch with his head hung low as Jake walks O.S. into another room.

JAKE (O.S.)

Bro you have no idea how bored I've been. I started challenging myself to Scrabble. Then I got lost absurd phrases and words. I started, like, studying the dictionary. Just so I could string together weirder shit. You know what an Acrotopheliac is?

Jake re-enters the room and grabs one of many marijuana pipes from the table.

He slips the pipe into the apathetic Brian's palm.

JAKE

That'll help you fall asleep bro.
Anyway, an acrotopheliac - it's
someone that's sexually attracted
to the stumps of an amputee.

Brian promptly lights the bowl without taking his eyes off Jake. He takes a deep inhale then begins coughing.

JAKE

Like to the point where they are a
nymphomaniac. Like they are
stumpfuck frenzied. You ever heard
of a gandermooner?

Brian looks strange - somethings not right.

JAKE

It's a man that goes apeshit under
the full moon when his wife is in
her third trimester and has to fuck
every possible woman he can get his
hands on like a sex crazed chimp.
He just cannot help himself, it's a
neurological condition created by
some chemical imbalance when his
seed is developed in his wife. It's
like weird sex ant antennae psychic
shit. So, I'm like, Acrotopheliac
Gandermooner. Holy shit. Now that's
a sentence.

Through blurry vision Brian notices the cracked open door from where Jake came from. On the desktop are beakers and instruments used to create crystal meth.

JAKE (O.S.)

Oh wait, did you... Oh fuck, wrong
bowl.

Brian looks at the pipe in his hand - meth crystals half burnt and sprinkled on the weed.

Jake approaches him worried.

JAKE (O.S.)

Shit... That was my midnight snack.

Realizing that he is about to be spun out on crystal meth in the Zompire Apocalypse, Brian's pupil expands as violent dissonant music plays loudly on the soundtrack.

BRIAN

You motherfucker!!!

Brian attacks Jake like a feral beast, relentlessly punching him in the face.

He pounds away like no other scene ever filmed. Strike after strike, we alternate between his cold blooded anger and the increasingly mashed up face of Jake.

Jake is a pulverized mush by the time Brian stumbles off of him with blood dripping off his knuckles.

TIME CUT:

EXT. JAKES TRAILER - NIGHT

Outside the trailer, three vampires roam around.

INT. JAKES TRAILER - NIGHT

Brian has regressed back into his womb of terror from the Detroit attic. Using black shoe polish, he has smudged huge black crucifixes all over the walls.

Suddenly the three vampires outside of the trailer feverishly tear at the door.

It bursts halfway open and the first vampire climbs through the upper half of the twisted steel frame.

Brian charges up and punches the creature so hard that it cracks the skull, killing the freakish beast.

Brian turns and faces the next vampire which is snapping at him outside the half broken door. Brian punches it so hard that it collapses the front half of it's skull.

The next vampire takes the place of the other, again trying to make it through the door.

Brian grabs a large metal pipe from O.S. and runs at the vampire - vaulting it right through its rotting chest.

EXT. JAKES TRAILER - NIGHT

Brian kicks open the tattered remains of the door and stomps up to the vamp with the lead pipe through its chest. It's

almost as if it were retreating and in fear of him.

He rips the pipe out the monsters back. The vamp falls to the ground and he quickly smashes its skull.

EXT. JAKES TRAILER - DAWN

The next morning and our protagonist emerges from the trailer half-crazed, carrying his gun bag.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

He finds his motorcycle intact and undisturbed.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

He walks down to sit exactly where Jake had found him.

A loud SNAP comes from a twig stepped on O.S. and Brian flips around with pistol drawn - a scared OLD MAN with a hiking pack stands there feebly.

OLD MAN

It's ok son, I'm not going to hurt you.

Brian looks at him funny, then rubs his eyes.

BRIAN

Are you fuckin' for real?

OLD MAN

Yes, it's me. Look son, um, I know a lot of people weren't very happy with a lot of things, but--

BRIAN

(dumbfounded)

Fuckin' for real for real. You're President Mitchell?

OLD MAN

Yes, Milton Mitchell...

EXT. WOODS - MOVING - DAY

President Mitchell follows Brian back up the trail to the motorcycle.

Brian keeps walking forward as if in a trance, not answering any of his questions.

PRESIDENT MITCHELL

So this car you have, it has plenty of food right? I'm so hungry, you have no idea. I'm starving. I got cut off from everyone three days ago... My detail - they just left me out here. Secret Service, my bodyguards, all gone. I woke up, and they were gone. No food, no nothing. They left a note for me... It said "no dead weight." I've been wandering out here for days... You know, I realize I made a lot of people angry with my policies. But I believe in conservatism. I mean, this all belongs to the past now. But you had to stick to your budget. We can't just give handouts across the board. Young people, they hated me. But when the young grow wise, they understand. They'll get I was trying to do the right thing. They will agree with me in the end... Hey son, where is it that you're headed? Where do you push on to next?

EXT. ROAD - DAY

President Mitchell and Brian emerge from the woodland trail.

President Mitchell looks at the abandoned car next to the motorcycle and thinks that's Brian's vehicle.

PRESIDENT MITCHELL

Wow son! Looks like you really have it together. Do you have the key for the trunk? Wait, hold on, there's a lever to open it in the front--

President Mitchell opens the car door then turns his head as Brian kickstarts the chopper.

VROOOM! Brian quickly drives off, leaving the powerless President on the side of the road.

President Mitchell chases him in the b.g. pathetically but soon vanishes with the scenery as if he never existed.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL REFINERY - DAY

Brian is in a rusting industrial refinery, hunted by a SNIPER. He hides behind machinery with revolver drawn.

KA-POW - a bullet sparks the metal near Brians' head.

He scrambles down a corridor of machines, then ducks behind scrap metal clicking open the revolver - three shots left.

BLAM - another bullet from the sniper hits the scrap heap.

Brian repositions himself, and the sniper fires again.

Our protagonist notices a broken piece of glass reflecting the sniper's position on the second floor.

Brian jumps out from the side of the scrap heap, blasting two desperate shots that luckily hit his chest.

As the sniper stumbles, Brian blasts him once more.

The sniper falls over the railing and splats to the ground.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Roaring down a country highway Brian spots a LONE MAN sitting near the shoulder of the road and pulls over.

LONE MAN

So you're here to bear witness?

BRIAN

I, uh, I don't know about all that man. Can I... Can I help you with something? You need some water, or, uh...

LONE MAN

We were at the zoo, since the very start. I was the custodian, and Betsy was one of the vets. She was an assistant, you know. She still wasn't too high class for me - one full year before I worked up the nerve to ask her out. And she says yes. One hour later, all this starts... We were holed up in the administration building. Neither of us wanted to go anywhere Everyone ran and someone had to take care of

(MORE)

LONE MAN (cont'd)
 the animals. Since the start, me 'n
 her just taking care of 'em. I was
 so happy, for the first time in my
 life. And so was she. We figured we
 didn't have long, so I asked her to
 marry me.

The Lone Man pulls a handgun

LONE MAN (CON'T)
 Then last night, when we were
 locked up tight, it just happened.
 I don't know how, or why, because
 they were locked up good. But the
 gorillas, the chimps - they turned.
 They broke in through the doors -
 hordes of undead monkeys. I watched
 vampire fucking gorillas rip apart
 my fucking wife - they tore her god
 damn legs and arms from their
 sockets.

Lone Man wells up with tears.

LONE MAN (CON'T)
 And I couldn't help... Whatever
 this virus is, it proved Darwin
 right. By God he was right...
 Imagine the Congo right now, the
 Amazon, or... ah... Fuck it.

The Lone Man shoots himself in the head and thumps over
 spilling gray matter like pink oatmeal onto the earth.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brian is in a basement peering out a boarded window that is
 ground level.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The moon eerily lights a vampire Brian is observing - it
 sits with its back against the trunk of a tree. The creature
 picks apart it's own face, and eating chunk by chunk.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Brian is on the side of the road, pissing into a ditch.

He hears the ROAR of engines O.S. and a gnarly group of FIVE
 BIKERS head his way.

Brian nonchalantly walks back to his chopper.

The Bikers pull up and park.

MAIN BIKER
(antagonistic)

You call that a bike?

Brian pulls the AK-47 and guns down the entire lot of them.

He calmly and apathetically drives off.

INT. ROOM WITH CONCRETE WALLS - NIGHT

Brian is aggressively doing push-ups on the floor as O.S. vamps shuffle around the building. The louder they get, the louder Brians' grunting. Close on his intense eyes.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Waves crash onto a picturesque California shoreline.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIZZA SHOP PARKING LOT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian, clean shaven and youthful, pulls his car into the parking lot of his work - a small pizza shop.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian walks into the pizza shop cheerfully.

His boss TONY, 42, is flattening dough.

TONY

Hey Brian, how's it going?

BRIAN

Sup' Tony.

TONY

So you hit up that Tina broad or what, huh? You got me closin' up for you on a Saturday night, you best've got a blow job.

BRIAN

Ah man, you know I can't divulge those sort of details.

TONY

Bull fucking shit kid - the chick has got the kind of teeth that could suck the chrome off a tractor. I want to know everything.

BRIAN

Ah fuck off you dirty old bastard,

TONY

Ha, ha, ha.

BRIAN

So what's it like getting the senior discount on Viagra?

Tony throws a wad of pizza dough at him jokingly.

Brian shrugs it off, and heads to the toilet.

BRIAN

Hold up man, I gotta drop a deuce.

INT. PIZZA SHOP TOILET - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian shuts the restroom door, locks it, then pulls an iPod from his pocket.

TONY (O.S.)

You best not be fucking with that iPod in there.

BRIAN

Ah come on man, you know I can't get a wi-fi signal in here.

Brian connects to Facebook, and his pleasant reaction turns horribly fearful.

INT. PIZZA SHOP WALK-IN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampire Tony is trying to pull open the walk-in cooler door as Brian pulls back on the handle with all his strength.

Vampire Tony succeeds yet falls inside clumsily.

Brian stabs an ice pick through Vampire Tony's eye, killing his former employer.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Brian emerges from the walk-in and notices the back door is open. O.S. the sounds of people running, screaming, shooting echo through the night.

Brian rushes up and slams it as a vampire hops up to its small window and peers it's zombified eyes inside.

The vamp thrashes around, alerting others.

The front window SHATTERS as beasts lunge in.

Brian runs back into the walk-in and locks it.

INT. PIZZA SHOP WALK-IN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampires claw at the door while Brian nervously paces around Vampire Tony's corpse as its blood which continues to spiral down the drain of the floor.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME HALLWAY - NIGHT

Back to present. Brian runs down a hall brandishing a shotgun past a sign reading "Cranbrook Retirement Home."

He turns a corner and runs into an elderly vampire woman. He fires the shotgun, blasting her in half.

Brian hops over her remains and continues running as a mob of elderly vampires race after him.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME SECOND HALLWAY - NIGHT

He drops the shotgun, pulls an uzi and fires - a dozen grandpa vamps spray gore across the wall

An old woman vampire in a pink robe and curlers attacks him from behind, biting his arm.

Brian pulls away in panic - dentures are stuck in his flesh.

He pulls a handgun and empties a clip into her rotted face.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Brian sits on the bleachers of a middle school baseball diamond. In the field are remnants of burn pits for corpses.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Brian enters cautiously with pistol drawn, passing a sign reading 'Fort Morgan Middle School.'

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

He seeks food, but the shelves are picked clean.

A movement clangs from inside the air-duct shaft.

He cautiously approaches the grate, kneels unto the carpet, and peers from a safe distance.

From inside the air-duct a slingshot rock whaps his head.

BRIAN

Fuck!

He paces around in pain then returns to the air-duct.

BRIAN

Alright, dammit. Fucking asshole...
Either you're a kid or a fucking
midget. So...

No answer. Brian digs in his backpack, pulls out a flashlight, then shines the flashlight into the darkness. DANNY, the 5 year old boy, is hiding inside.

BRIAN

Alright, alright, I get it... You
haven't had much of anyone come
through here. You're scared. I
would be too...

Brian listens for any reply, but none comes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I can help you. You might
have had it alright here, but
you're running out of food. That
much is obvious. Those things out
there, they might not have caught
on to you yet. But eventually they
are going to come in full force.
You're little slingshot there won't
hold up on a few hundred of them.
I'm amazed you've gone this long,
if you've been here the whole time.
So look, I'm going to get down very
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
slowly, and I'm going to stick my
head in the duct, and then we can
talk very calmly ok...

Brian sticks his head in the duct and gets hit with another
slingshot rock.

BRIAN
God fucking damn it kid!

He pulls out and paces around, rubbing his hurt brow.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brian digs through a bag attached to his motorcycle. He
pulls out a metal casing opens it - tranquilizer darts.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

Brian gets on his knees and cautiously approaches the air
duct.

He narrowly misses another sling-shot rock, then shoots the
kid with a tranquilizer dart.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Brian fastens the sleeping boy to his motorcycle with a
makeshift bungee-restrained child seat. Brian looks at the
sleeping boy then revs the engine and zooms off.

EXT. COLORADO ROAD - MOVING - DAY

We hover above the two as they drive down a country road.
Closer and closer into the face of the sleeping 5 year old
as shadows of tree branches whiz by his dreaming face.

INT. DANNY'S MOTHER'S CAR - FLASHBACK - DAY

DANNY'S MOTHER, 37, pulls up and abruptly stops outside Fort
Morgan Middle School. On the car radio we hear breaking news
of the epidemic.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
...and contrary to these
astonishing reports, the CDC has
stated...

Danny's Mother clicks off the radio and turns to Danny, the
5 year old boy Brian just saved.

DANNY'S MOTHER

Ok Danny, you remember what I told you... Just stay here and I will come back for you, no matter how long it takes. I know this isn't your usual school, but I promise there will be lots of kids to play with. There are people from all over the city staying here and all sorts of policemen that will make sure you are safe. I will come right back for you, got it? I just need to go to the house. I need to get some stuff... Come on Danny, say something, please. Please don't be mad. I just need to do this last thing...

DANNY

Ok mommy.

DANNY'S MOM

Just stay here and you will be safe. No matter what happens, you don't leave - no excuses, none at all. Ok? OK?? Alright, now come here.

Danny hugs her.

DANNY'S MOM

I love you Danny, I love you so, so much.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The lights have died and Danny hides beneath a school desk, covering his ears and trying to drown out the chaos. O.S. people are screaming, firing shots, being torn apart.

Danny looks towards a NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIER firing a machine gun through the broken window.

A SECOND SOLDIER runs up, firing through the window as well.

SECOND SOLDIER

They just keep coming!

NATIONAL GUARD SOLDIER

Keep firing! Keep firing!

Danny hops to his feet and runs out of the room.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Danny makes his way down the second story hallway as eerie dissonance roars on the soundtrack.

He rushes down a hallway illuminated by emergency lights and passes an open janitor's closet where a vamp is feasting on a fresh kill in the doorway.

Danny runs down the flight of stairs that's walls are covered in bloody hand prints.

A SCHOOL TEACHER stands at the base - he motions Danny towards the nearby gymnasium doors.

SCHOOL TEACHER

Quick, into the gym! Run, go!

The teacher is pounced on by a vampire, blood spurts hard.

Danny runs by the screaming man and the attacking creature and slips into the gym as they are about to seal the doors.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - NIGHT

About 100 are inside - school faculty, soldiers, police, children. The adults frantically board the windows of the gym, pushing desks and equipment in front of the exits.

Soldiers fire between openings as vampires tear at the boarded windows in increasing numbers.

Children scream and cower in huddles whereas Danny spots a large air-duct. It is half-covered with an iron gate - just enough room for him to squeeze inside.

The emergency lights die - terrorized people scream and shout.

Danny tries crawling in the air-duct but gets stuck.

One of the boarded windows smash and shadows jump in.

Soldiers and police fire their weapons in the dark, revealing flashes of the carnage.

Danny is still trying to wrestle his way into the air-duct as one vampire is moving close to him.

Danny succeeds - he crawls into the shaft.

INT. AIR-DUCT SHAFT - NIGHT

Danny clasps his hands over his mouth and sits in silent terror as he listens to the massacre in the gym O.S.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DAWN

The school is ravaged by burn marks, shattered windows, etc.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - FLASHBACK - DAWN

Light pours through cracks in the boarded and broken windows.

Danny crawls out of the air-duct into the splatter filled gymnasium.

Danny hears some banging O.S. and scatters back into the air-duct to hide.

A small detachment of troops push their way through the rubble that was propped against the entrance.

TROOP

Alright guys, come on. Grab 'em n'
burn 'em! We have to keep moving
-only got 4 hours of light left! We
cannot fuck this up!

Hazmat soldiers enter and pile corpses onto wheelbarrows.

One hazmat soldier picks up a severed hand and looks at it funny with his head cocked to the side, then nonchalantly throws it on top a pile of corpses.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - DAY

In the middle of the playground hazmat soldiers burn piles of vampire and victim corpses.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - FLASHBACK - DAY

Days later, and Danny digs through any food he can find. Danny grabs a can of Spaghetti-o's off the floor and fumbles with a can opener the way a 5 year old would, showing his ineptitude for survival.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - DAY

The child crawls into a different shaft. He completes a few twists and turns in its maze, then returns to his makeshift home - a nest full of supplies and a handgun with hundreds

of hand-drawn black crosses painted on its walls.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - SUNDOWN

The sun retreats and night arrives.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

From the sewers echo the ominous noises of the undead.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL AIR DUCT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Danny closes his eyes, trying to drown out the sounds.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Like fire ants erupting from a mound, dozens of Child Vampires crawl out from out of the sewers.

They instinctively enter the school in single file.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Mindless zombies vaguely performing remembered tasks from their lives as one child vampire scratches it's fingers on a black board.

Another two sit on the floor pushing around toy trucks.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL HALLWAY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Two little girl vampires fight over a Barbie doll, ripping it in half from their strength.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampire lunch ladies mull about the cafeteria.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL OFFICE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Principal Vampire stumbles around his office stepping on permanent files...

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL GYM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Vampire Gym Teacher stumbles around the basketball court, whistle still around his neck.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DAY

Weeks later and Danny is dirty, wild, ragged. He sits upstairs looking out a window to the street.

He hears someone enter the building, then runs to the nearest air-duct spot in the gym.

A man walks into the gym, a random SURVIVOR.

Danny makes a noise inside the shaft; the survivor hears it and investigates. He cautiously pokes his head inside and BLAM! Danny shoots him in the face.

The survivor drops dead and Danny's ear drums ring. Head throbbing, he comes out of the air duct.

DANNY

Mister?

Danny nudges the corpse with his foot.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Please Mister, get up. Please.

Danny gets more upset.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Mister, please get up.
Please.

Danny slumps on the ground beside him and begins to cry.

EST. MIDDLE SCHOOL - FLASHBACK - DUSK

Dannys' cries echo throughout the building.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL AIR-DUCT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Danny is in an air-duct, kicking at a child vamp clawing at him. It's halfway inside, caught by the grate.

An adult vampire forces his way into the situation, trying to climb inside as well. More vamps are heard entering the room O.S. attracted to the struggle.

Danny retreats down the air duct shaft.

The child vampire pushes its way through the vent and scrambles after Danny.

The adult vamp gets half-stuck and plugs the vent so no other beasts can get in.

Danny squeezes through one claustrophobic tunnel after another as the child vampire tracks him.

The child vamp encloses on Danny, snapping at his heels.

A large metal object stabs through its eyeball, skewering the brain and killing it. Danny is revealed with a ski pole.

INT. FORT MORGAN MIDDLE SCHOOL CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

The child is rummaging through a desk when O.S. he hears the rumble of a motorcycle engine.

He runs to the window and peers outside to find Brian pulling up on his motorcycle.

Danny scrambles back to the ventilation duct in the gym and hears Brian enter O.S.

He looks at both the pistol and the slingshot. He reaches for the pistol...

BRIAN (O.S.)

Look, I can help you. You might
have had it alright here, but
you're running out of...

But he's chosen the slingshot - cocked and ready...

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Back to the present. Another hidden location - no windows, concrete walls, one entrance.

Danny wakes up to a battery-powered fake campfire set with orange lighting.

BRIAN

Like it? Found it on the clearance
rack. Figured it'd be a steal, but
then I realized I wasn't paying for
it anyway...

Danny watches blankly.

BRIAN

It's... the best I can do right
now.

Brian lifts up a cut open can of cold Spaghetti-o's and offers some to Danny, though he doesn't budge.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Suit yourself... Sorry it's cold, but, you know, I really don't know what you know, if anything. I'm guessing you're probably smart enough to have a grip on the basics, especially if you got this far.

Brian shoves a spoonful in his mouth and swallows it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So look, sorry kid, but we can't light real fires - not at night, at least. They'll catch on. It's not because what you'd expect though. You think they'd be like bats or something, that they would have nocturnal abilities to see really clear at night, or pick up on the body heat of people, or have super strength or heightened smell or crazy monster abilities. Well, no, not at all. It took me a long time to figure out their patterns. They are nothing but instinct. They are pure rage, pure starving rage. But they aren't much stronger than they were as people. They are just fast, crazy, and lethal. They are all like lemmings going straight off a cliff... That works for us though. Because all we have to do to draw them off is light a big enough fire. When you just set a giant blaze, like an entire city block, they flock to it like pyromaniacs. They are just addicted to flame, but they never jump inside it. They don't burn themselves to death, they just sit there ogling at it like the prettiest thing...

Brian sets down the can and rubs his eyes.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm making my way to California.

Danny reaches out with a "give me/give me" hand gesture, and Brian passes him the can.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I wasn't really planning on this, and you may not understand this right now, but as an adult I couldn't just leave you there. I don't want to be in this position anymore than you do. The chances are pretty fair that eventually we're going to run into some people who can protect you, somewhere you can stay in relative safety... Do you have a name?

With pasta sauce on his lip, Danny stares blankly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Ok kid... That's what I'll call you - Kid... We're going to head west. Right now we have quite a ways to Colorado. Then we need to head through the mountains and through the desert. It's going to be dicey, but chances are those things'll be spread out... Do you understand?

Danny just keeps consuming Spaghetti-o's, not replying.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dozens of undead creatures claw away at the linoleum of the building they are hiding in.

One of the grunting, flesh starved vampires snaps the bone of a finger from the strength of its scratching.

INT. WORK SHED

Brian browses through tools inside a work shed and constructs a harness to secure Danny as he drives - something between an army issue backpack and a child car seat with holes for legs cut in the lower portion.

EXT. COLORADO ROAD - DAY

Brian sits on the motorcycle suited up for battle with Danny attached to his back.

The duo blaze off on the chopper with a savage roar, twisting and turning through the wreckage of a dead highway.

EXT. COLORADO FIELD - DAY

Brian sets cans filled with rocks on a fence for target practice then approaches Danny, handing him a pistol.

BRIAN
(squatting)

Ok kid... Soon enough we're going to be heading through the Rocky Mountains. I really have... no idea what to expect. And after all I've seen, I'm a little more fearful of the people that might be waiting then I am of those things. At least with them, we know what to expect. For the most part, at least... But I need you to at least have a grip on how to point and shoot, just in case, you know. We need to pop a few off here. You know... at any other time, this would be absurd, bringing a child here like this. Unless, maybe, you know, you were from Mississippi or something...

Danny stares blankly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Fuck it... I just want you to be able to point and shoot. Nothing fancy. That ok, kid?

Danny nods. Brian sticks ear plugs in Danny's ears.

BRIAN
Alright kid, go ahead.

Danny nearly drops the gun because it's weight...

...but then Danny steadies himself, fires, and hits the target dead center. Then 3 more targets, 5 more targets.

7 cans blasted in a row, and Brian is shellshocked. The gun barrel continues blast away, over and over. The gaze of Danny's eyes is that of hell unleashed.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Close on the gun shop counter. Brian's hand emerges from O.S. and sets down three small pistols, one after another.

Brian stands behind the counter and looks down at Danny.

BRIAN

Let's get you fixed up.

Brian fits Danny with equipment suited for him - smaller pistols with holsters, tiny bullet belt, etc.

EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY

Crows pick clean the rotting flesh of skeletal remains beside the road. They scatter as Brian zooms by.

Brian and Danny zoom past a sign that reads "Welcome To Lakewood, Colorado."

INT. LAKEWOOD LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Our protagonists collect bottles off a liquor store shelf and stack them in a wheelbarrow.

BRIAN

Ok kid, this is our last stop before the Rockies, the last big city. We're going to rest up good here before heading on in, just stick it out in the attic. But for now, we're going to burn down the rest of the city - every last building. Those things out there are addicted to watching fire, maybe the heat. Who knows. We'll draw every one of them we can out into the open, like a big herd of stupid. Just flush out the mountains, keep them migrating this way, whatever we can... Trust me kid, it works great.

EXT. LAKEWOOD STREET - DAY

Brian and Danny roll the wheelbarrow down the street, throwing petrol cocktails into every house along the way.

The fires moves like stormy waves, burning in slow motion.

EXT, BURNING CITY - DUSK

The sun sets and the vampires emerge. Untold numbers of them slither and lurch brainlessly to the flame, attracted like insects to fluorescent light. There are so many they are making strange moaning sounds, almost like mating calls.

INT. LIQUOR STORE ATTIC - NIGHT

They sit quietly in the attic, hearing the strange moans O.S. that are like a wave of sound.

Danny finally speaks, catching Brian off guard.

DANNY

They sound like whales. My teacher, she played a cd and had 'em on there. It gave me bad dreams. I was underwater, in an ocean, and everything was black. And I was floating, trying to swim up, but I wasn't strong enough, I was gonna drown. I just kept feeling them everywhere rubbing against my feet, and just that big scary sound of them real loud. My mommy, she came in and told me it was a dream. She made me hot chocolate... But it's ok, I'm not scared of them anymore. They're just big fish... Hey mister, after we go to the beach, let's go find my mommy. She's gotta be sad. I waited so long, but maybe she forgot where the school is. But it's ok. I know she'll have hot chocolate for me when I got home. It was my berfday when she dropped me off. She said we'd open presents when I got home. I hope she's not mad.

BRIAN

(holding back tears)

Yeah, it's ok kid, I'm sure she's not mad... We'll go find her later. We will. I promise.

DANNY

Ok Brian. I'm gonna go sleep now.

Danny lays down and drifts off easy.

Brian starts crying and clenches his eyes as the whale-like moan of mutant dead grows louder, louder.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The pair drive off into the Rocky Mountains as a massive blaze brightens the receding landscape.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

Brian heads west on the I-70 with Danny in harness.

Only slightly into the Rockies, Brian approaches what looks to be an abandoned command center hastily built by the military. It is a haphazard labyrinth of trailers, Hum V's, sand bags, and roll-out barb wire.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Brian parks and turns to Danny.

BRIAN

Don't go far, and watch where you step. Do you know what a landmine is?

Danny nods.

BRIAN

(under his breath)

Thank fucking Christ.

Brian unfastens Danny and lowers him the the ground.

Loud speakers squeak, and a voice BOOMS.

LT. HANNOWAY (O.S.)

Sir, don't be afraid. We are here to help you. Please lower your weapons.

Brian distrusts what he hears.

LT. HANNOWAY (O.S.)

Apologies for startling you sir. We've found that it isn't quite safe to surprise other people in person. Please just lower your weapon and I will come out to you. As a member of the US Army, I'm sworn to protect you.

Brian turns to Danny for his opinion. Danny nods for him to let down his gun, and Brian casually drops his as well.

BRIAN

Alright! I did as you said! Come on out!

LT. HANNOWAY, 31, emerges from one of the trailers in Army fatigues. He is a handsome, smiling with a superhero jaw line. He wears a communications earpiece.

Hannoway approaches Brian and Danny with a wide grin, extending his hand for a handshake.

LT. HANNOWAY

Pleased to meet you sir. I'm Lt. Hannoway. Are any of you injured? Do you need medical assistance?

BRIAN

No, no - we're in good shape. We could use something to eat maybe. We're dead set on pushing as far West as we can today. We might be able to bypass the worst of the mountains and make it to Grand Junction before nightfall.

LT. HANNOWAY

Ok sir. That is fine. But please, just wait a second. I am under orders to protect anyone that comes through. But we'll be quick to clear you, get you fed on your way.

BRIAN

To be honest I'd rather--

LT. HANNOWAY

Sir, please.

BRIAN

Alright.

Lt. Hannoway reaches to his earpiece, presses down on a button, and speaks into a microphone.

LT. HANNOWAY

Staff Sargent Thompson? Lt. Hannoway reporting. I have two survivors outside - both male. One child, one adult. Should I follow normal protocol?

He pauses for response. Neither Danny or Brian can hear it.

LT. HANNOWAY

Yes sir. 10-4 - over and out.

Lt. Hannoway, to Brian:

LT. HANNOWAY

Follow me sir. We'll get you out of here in no time.

INT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - DAY

Lt. Halloway, Danny and Brian enter one of the command trailers. Halloway motions for them to sit in chairs, and the two oblige.

The soldier receives another message on his earpiece and cups his hand around it.

LT. HALLOWAY

10-4 sir... Is Doctor Benson coming? ...Roger and out.

Lt. Halloway, to Brian:

LT. HALLOWAY

They will be here in just a second.

He looks to Brian and Danny for a moment, waiting.

Lt. Halloway acts as if a knock came on the trailer door. He opens it then stands at attention with a salute to a superior officer...

...but no one is there. Lt. Halloway is completely insane, acting out his orders to the ghosts of his former staff.

Lt. Halloway, to thin air:

LT. HALLOWAY

Permission to speak freely sir?

Close on Danny and Brian, who are completely freaked out.

LT. HALLOWAY

I don't believe it is safe to let them move forward.

Brian slowly reaches for a boot knife, loosens it...

LT. HALLOWAY

I think we should retain them with the others.

Brian attacks but Halloway is too fast, too strong. He ducks the knife and puts a sleeper hold on him as Brian kicks and squirms to get free.

Danny runs out the trailer door.

Halloway pushes Brian to the ground with a sleeper hold.

LT. HALLOWAY

Sir, stop - please stop. We are here to help you. I must follow my orders. I have to keep you safe.

Brian goes unconscious. Halloway zip-tie handcuffs Brian, and then zip-ties his ankles together as well.

LT. HALLOWAY

(into earpiece)

The situation is under control sir. Be advised to be ready in 05 minutes. And send someone after the boy. He can't be far. If we fail him, we fail every thing we're trying to accomplish here.

He lifts Brian over his shoulder and exits the trailer.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The lunatic soldier carries Brian through the compound to another trailer with drawn blinds.

INT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - DAY

He carries Brian inside a trailer holding 5 other bound and gagged survivors - SIMON, TERRY, RUSS, REBECCA and MIKE.

Through his gag Simon muffles at Lt. Halloway:

SIMON

Vuuhk U.

Halloway sets Brian down and turns to Simon.

LT. HALLOWAY

Sir, how many times do I have to tell you--

BLAM! Lt. Halloway takes a gunshot to the back of the head and drops over dead.

Danny stands behind his corpse with a smoking handgun.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - LATE DAY

All survivors except Mike eat Halloway's food rations.

SIMON

I can't thank you two enough. You have no idea how long we've been waiting. That motherfucker, he kept us gagged the whole time. This meal here, this is the first conversation any of us had had.

REBECCA

You know Simon, when I saw you there, I kept looking at you and trying to think what your back story would be. You looked like a cop, or a soldier, or a--

SIMON

Postman... Sorry to ruin your image of me.

MIKE walks up with wet hair and a towel around his neck.

MIKE

You know he wasn't even from here.

SIMON

Come again?

MIKE

The soldier. He wasn't from here. I was, and this place was dead when I found it. I was here for three days doing just fine, and that asshole lieutenant drove up on a Hum V.

REBECCA

For real?

MIKE

No shit. He just started talking about how his patrol was coming through soon, all smiling, all bright. Said they were under strict orders to protect any and all civilians. Shit, I was so happy

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)

for a second there. I couldn't believe it - I was about to have my own private army of bodyguards? Then I turned my back to that motherfucker, and the next thing you know, I'm stuck in that fucking trailer. Two months without a shower, being fed rations by a spoon by a god damn lunatic. You folks, you're all lucky. You showed up in the past week. It's just been me and that asshole and his delusional fucking friends in the most insane god damn solitary confinement punishment you could ever think of. Three weeks in and all I could think was I'd rather be with the god damn vampires.

INT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER TRAILER - NIGHT

Brian, Simon, Danny, Rebecca and Mike are trapped inside one of the trailers under vampire attack.

REBECCA

Terry, where's Terry? Did anyone see Russ?

SIMON

Just keep firing!

Brian, Danny and Simon continue blasting out the windows.

A vampire breaks it's hand through the trailer window and clutches Mike by the shirt. The vamp tries pulling Mike out the window, slamming his head against the wall repeatedly.

Rebecca grabs the back of Mike's shirt and tries to pull him back - his face gets slammed again, breaking his nose.

More vampire arms come through the broken window, and with their combined strength snap Mike's spine in reverse, folding his body the wrong way out the window.

Their strength pulls Rebecca with it, leaving her halfway hanging out the window. Brian grabs hold of her legs, but it is no use - she is ripped apart by zombified vampires.

The trailer shakes as even more O.S. mutant vampires run up and slam against it.

The trailer turns over from their combined force and crashes on it's side - Brian, Simon, and Danny tumble with it.

The window Rebecca hangs from is now essentially the ceiling. Her lower torso plummets down and her shredded remains rain intestines and gore on the frantic survivors.

Simon brushes Rebecca's liver off the shotgun and begins blasting away at the open window up top.

One vampire jumps into the trailer as Simon runs out of ammo and tears its fangs into his face.

Brian shoots the vampire, then he and Danny smash their way through another window and run for dear life.

EXT. ABANDONED COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

With undead ghouls in hot pursuit, the running duo spot another open trailer.

Close on Brian's determined face, Danny's wide-eyed panic... Close on the open door... Close on the flesh eaters...

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DUSK

Brian and Danny roar through the mountain highway, and Brian sees in his side view mirror the gathering darkness.

Brian slows down and stops on the shoulder - atop the hill is a small cabin.

INT. CABIN - DUSK

Brian pushes open the door slowly, and enters with gun drawn.

WHAM a frying pan wails him in the face.

DISSOLVE TO BLACK:

Everything goes pitch black for 20 seconds - no soundtrack, no visuals. The sound of Saturday morning cartoons come from a low volume TV set as Brian dreams flashes of the little girl cannibal being eaten alive by her vampire sister.

FADE UP:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brian wakes on a couch in the cabin's living room. The windows have metallic blinds enclosing them, and the front

door is bolted shut with dozens of locks.

Danny is sitting on the floor watching cartoons.

An attractive young woman, JEN, age 24, approaches Brian.

JEN

Don't expect me to apologize.
You're the one who barged in
without knocking.

Jen hands Brian an ice pack, which he presses against his sore forehead.

BRIAN

That's not the first bump I've
taken this week.

JEN

You're just lucky I didn't shoot
you in the face.

BRIAN

Appreciated.

JEN

You could have fucked up my whole
system, you, you whoever you are.
Those things out there, they could
be tracking you.

BRIAN

Don't worry, no problems, I torched
a chunk of that suburb on my way
here. And my name is Brian, by the
way.

JEN

What?

BRIAN

My name, it's--

JEN

No, no, no - repeat. This shit you
just mentioned, just casually, like
it was nothing.

BRIAN

I set a giant chunk of it on fire and then I drove away. Like right now, it's burning to the ground.

JEN

What do you mean, burned down Lakewood? Fuck you! Are you insane? I grew up in the fucking city!

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa...

JEN

It's not your god damn right! You can't just burn down an entire town! I ought'a shoot you!

BRIAN

Chill, please, just chill. It wasn't the whole town, just a fat chunk of it. So just...

JEN

Asshole!

BRIAN

Relax, PLEASE, stop... Those things are attracted to fire, like moths to a porch light. If you get a big enough fire, it's like they migrate to it. It'll clear the area you're attempting to flee, just forces them out of their hiding spots and keeps them moving away from you.

JEN

That's just some goofy theory. All you're doing is creating big herds of them. You're just dumping the problem off on someone else. What if people got killed because you put them up against some giant group of those things?

BRIAN

I'm not the first guy that's done this. I've found burned out cities everywhere along the way.

JEN

It's called a war zone. Your theory don't mean shit - and its just as stupid as Vampire Sasquatch. Seriously, Zombie fuckin' Bigfoot sounds more plausible.

BRIAN

Well, um... I did have a guy off himself in front of me sayin' gorillas mutated and killed his wife, so, um...

JEN

What? Yeti is gonna go moon beast cause it's the missing link or something? Give me a break. I mean, primates, maybe.

BRIAN

Well... It would be kinda cool, I guess. I... Wait, no, not cool, not cool at all. Fuck fighting a Vampire Sasquatch. But no, really, this guy told me apes tore his woman to shreds, and then he shot himself right in front of me. I... hadn't quite thought about it until right now.

JEN

Ok, well, I'm not sure how to respond to that. But if you're feeling all Fox Mulder, let's talk psychology then? You've been out there awhile - so do they move like a herd? Or is it mindless movement?

BRIAN

I think... Maybe a group think, like ants with their antennae, or when you see bird migrations. But I can't completely buy it, because I've seen too much erratic behavior. A week ago, I sat there and watched one of those things pick apart and eat it's own face.

Jen looks grossed out.

BRIAN

Like all night, it just sat there,
chunk by chunk. By the time it
stood up it could no longer see. It
ate eats own eyes for fucks sake.

JEN

People you've met, do they all say
the same things? Does any--

BRIAN

No one knows a fuck all. One guy
might be talking 'bout germ
warfare, another about doomsday
cults, another about Revelations...
One guy even strung together some
whacky shit pseudo-science about
anti-matter... Did you know that
you don't have to be bit to turn?

JEN

I found that out the hard way.

INT. CABIN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The first night of the apocalypse. JEN'S FATHER and she are
hammering boards to the windows as gunshots echo O.S.

Jen's father grabs his chest from a heart failure and drops
to the ground, face turning blue.

Jen runs up and tries to give him CPR.

JEN

Don't die on me, please don't die,
dad, come on, I need you now,
please.

Jen runs to the medicine cabinet and pulls out an adrenaline
shot. She rushes back to her father, and he still isn't
breathing.

She opens his shirt to reveal the skin.

JEN

Please work, please, please.

Jen raises the syringe and prepares to stab the adrenaline
shot into his heart.

Jen's freshly father opens his zombified eyes and swiftly leaps up at her.

Jen backs up behind furniture It keeps knocking away.

Jen picks up a baseball bat ready to swing.

He comes at her with fangs bared...

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Jen and Brian mutually rant.

BRIAN

I didn't know you didn't have to be bit. I had no fucking idea. How naive I was, and how lucky when I really think about it. Ignorance like that, I should be dead. And now it's like, great, wonderful, we're all infected - no matter what. It's like the entire world got AIDS on the same day. It's so fucking brutal.

JEN

(annoyed)

I don't want to hear your cried god damn river! Just shut the fuck up about it! I don't need it, the kid don't need it, no one needs it.

BRIAN

(stunned)

Um... Do I sound like a whiner?

JEN

No you just sound like every other asshole that comes through here. You all had nothing to talk about before, and now you just recite the same survivor bullshit. Talk about something else then mutant zombie vampire this that.

BRIAN

Do you think that's a stupid thing to call them?

JEN

Why? Because it fits the description? They are mutant zombie vampire undead cannibal fucking hordes. Why mask it?

BRIAN

Well... I must admit no one has talked to me so forcefully in a long time.

JEN

I'll say whatever the fuck I want, I'll do whatever the fuck I want and if you don't like it there's the motherfucking door. Somewhere the army is fighting. Somewhere there are people trying to solve this. Somewhere there are white-coats with fancy beakers and all that fucking alien technology the Pentagon has been hiding.

BRIAN

(chuckles)

Well, if there are aliens, then they certainly aren't much help at getting us out this mess.

JEN

Look, I didn't have a TV. We had the radio though - everyone was going crazy. Everyone knew it was coming, time zone by time zone. It hit the West Coast last before it went on to Asia and into Europe... You think they are still mass suiciding? One man passed through here, he said he saw tons of them just burn down the first night.

BRIAN

Like idiot animals they just stood in the sun the next morning. All frenzy, no self preservation. Millions of those things, they just, they must have stayed in the streets and burned to nothing. Like every world capitol it must have been this. I saw it the first night too, where I was. Tons of them, just lighting up... The really

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)
tough ones, they are the ones with the instinct to hide. They stick in houses, in basements, in sewers. Some of them even burrow into the ground. But the percentage of what is what, I don't know. Each mutation adapts differently.

JEN
But if we just sit tight...

BRIAN
Maybe they could die off, or... rot away, I mean. All we need to do is out live them.

JEN
If you haven't noticed, that's what I've been trying to do here. It's been quiet, and I've keep it that way. You're the first that's been here in some time.

BRIAN
Was your last company good company?

JEN
Actually I shot him.

Jen gets up and walks back into the kitchen.

JEN (O.S.)
There's some hamburger helper on the stove. I can spot a carnivore when I see one, but I gotta warn you it's all tofu... Don't whine anymore though, I really hate that shit... My name is Jen, by the way... And if you try anything fucked up, I'll put a bullet in your face.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER - DAY

Brian and Danny are fishing on the side of the river bank. Both of them spot a deer walking across the other side.

An arrow shoots right into the deers face, dropping it dead.

Jen walks up along the river bank and waves to the boys.

JEN

I never said I was vegan.

Brian glances at Danny and he smiles back.

Danny motions his hands as a slingshot, pretends to cock it at the dead deer, then releases his imaginary stone.

DANNY

Pop.

INT. CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The survivors devour the deer at the dinner table.

Jen takes a mighty bite.

JEN

Damn that's good.

Brian looks to Danny, who smiles with a mouthful of gnawed deer squishing through his teeth.

JEN (CONT'D)

So... You're the fourth guy that's been through here. There was a couple once too. One guy, he was a ranger. The other guy, the one I shot... He had it coming. Thought he might have a go at me, you know? Guy was a tweaker. I came in one day late, and he was waiting. Just slipped right in while I was hunting... Fucking bastard.

BRIAN

Were people headed west because of the Navy supposedly having some big fleet?

JEN

I hadn't heard that one.

BRIAN

This girl a ways back, she was saying the last article she viewed online before everything went down was about how people were trying to have refugee camps on floating barges, that the NAVY and the Coast

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

Guard were setting up a support network off ground.

JEN

That makes perfect sense. But is it legit? Do you think--

BRIAN

It's probably a chaotic, insane mess. But its probably out there. If there is anything, that's probably the best shot. But to be honest, I don't know where to start looking. San Diego had a big naval presence, and so did San Fran. But those two cities are just suicide missions. Just big hot zones where too many people were made into too many of those things. Right now, all I care about is--

JEN

Soaking up some sun. I got that. If I had to live in Detroit my entire life, I'd be hauling ass for California too.

BRIAN

Well, I appreciate the sparing of judgment. Not that anyone is keeping score.

JEN

No one expects anyone to be a hero. No one is asking shit from you. Right now, its every man for himself. Just do what makes you happy. But so you know, try as you might, you're never going to get me out this cabin.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Brian, Jen and Danny are having an aggressive firefight against vamps trying to break into Jens' cabin. All three are firing rifles out the window, blasting away.

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - MOVING - DAY

Brian is driving his motorcycle with Danny in harness.

Jen slowly pulls up to them on a motorcycle as well.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

They now drive into the Desert, past a billboard reading "Now Entering Utah."

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Their choppers zoom through the desert as vultures circle.

TIME CUT:

EST. ABANDONED DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

A burned out gas station rots amidst the apocalypse.

INT. ABANDONED DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

Danny, Brian and Jen hide inside, laid out on sleeping bags. Danny sleeps while Jen cuddles with Brian. She strokes his hand as they sit quietly and calmly in darkness.

EXT. CALIFORNIA ROAD

Brian, Danny and Jen drive past a sign that reads "California State Line" and make their way up the I-395.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Danny sleeps soundly in bed.

INT. OTHER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian and Jen are making out, getting hot and heavy.

TIME CUT:

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian, Jen and Danny drive into the mountain highways of Northern California.

The trio zoom on, marvelling at the wilderness.

EXT. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

On choppers they pass a sign - "Mt. Shasta Trinity Forest."

They clear a turn on the I-299 and approach a blockade in the middle of the road.

TWO SOLDIERS jump from their hiding spots with guns drawn.

SOLDIER ONE

Keep your hands where we can see them!

SOLDIER TWO

Get off those bikes, drop your weapons.

Brian and Jen raise their hands.

Comically, from behind Brians' back, Danny raises his arms slowly as well.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN steps over the blockade.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

It's ok people, relax. I'm in charge here, and I promise we're not going to shoot you. If anything, we could use a little company.

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - DAY

The two soldiers are laughing hard at Brian as they pass around a bottle of rum.

SOLDIER ONE

President? What, president?

SOLDIER TWO

Hahaha...

SOLDIER ONE

He think there's a... Haha...

SOLDIER TWO

Hahaha...

SOLDIER ONE

Hahaha...

SOLDIER TWO

Yeah, and here's a message from the Vice President, Sailor Jerry...

SOLDIER TWO

hands a glass of rum to Brian.

SOLDIER ONE
proposes a cheer.

SOLDIER ONE
Here's to the coming election and
another prosperous 4 years!

BRIAN
God save the Queen.

All three clank their glasses together in salute.

Brian grows solemn.

BRIAN
And this one for Rosa.

The men raise their glasses once more.

INT. COMMAND CENTER

JEN
What exactly is this place Captain
Hoffman?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
It was something tailor-made - a
little operation between the Feds
and our illustrious Homeland
Security. At least it was,
theoretically.

JEN
What do you mean?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
It only existed on paper. It was
sanctioned to be restructured from
its original use into a new base
for law enforcement. You know this
area at all?

JEN
No, not much.

Captain Hoffman pours a mix drink.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

You're on the outskirts of what many once called The Emerald Triangle. About 200 miles away are what people refer to as "The Pines" as well as another major stretch of mountain land that were world renowned. It's where in other, well, not so past times, that 70% of the worlds marijuana supply is grown. It was sacred land to the Native Americans, and believe you me, they were all high as a kite. It's where Bigfoot supposedly came from, but seeing as that those Indians smoked the peace pipe rather endlessly, it's no surprise they started seeing gigantic hairy creatures.

JEN

So this place is a drug bust center? Like an ATF sting operation?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

It was indeed. Or it was about to be. The greater purpose of this center, when it was first established - you are sitting in an artifact from the days of the Soviets. This little post was to be sitting operational for the chain of command in case they needed to go underground. There were more sophisticated shelters build since the 1950's, and this stayed a skeleton crew outpost. I've been in charge here for the past two years. I've felt more like I was a park ranger or something, just enjoying the nature. We were military trained groundskeepers, barely more than janitors, really. And not so long ago, we got the notification that the Department of Homeland Security would be taking over control. We were just kind of hanging around until the bureaucratic mess worked out.

JEN

I always heard there was a base in The Rockies, or at least that's what my Dad used to say.

CAPTIAN HOFFMAN

Yes, that is true. Supposedly there was a more sophisticated shelter in The Rockies, dug into the mountains. I have a feeling that if anything is to be found, any chain of command, that's the place. I can't speak for DC, our last transmission...

JEN

There's nothing up in The Rockies, or at least that we could see. It's dead quiet up there - we blew right through it.

Captain Hoffman grimaces darkly.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

Disappointing... Early on, we were notified of a mobilization. We were told to expect perhaps an upwards of 200 men. Trucks, supplies, higher brass. Another transmission never came.

JEN

So you have absolutely no idea whats happening out there at all? The military didn't have some secret power generated internet or communication system in an emergency like this? Like, at all?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

Don't let our uniforms fool you - we're all in the dark here. Our military fractured fast into regional commands. There was nothing but confusion and disaster, some apparent coups. You must realize that communications were severely damaged within 24 hours. By the 36 mark we were crumbling, and after 48, everything went black. The lights were off in the mainland. Satellite feeds were

(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (cont'd)
piecemeal. No one knows how many
nuclear plants melted down - we
could be in nuclear winter. It's
not like any of us could feel it or
have any idea, other than a
metallic taste in the mouth...

Hoffman chuckles a sick laugh, then relaxes into his chair.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
What you see right now young lady
is exactly what you get. Out of a
crew of 43, we're all that's left.

JEN
That's it? Three of you?

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
Correct, yes. Within the first
week, our numbers had dropped to
17. Even as well stocked as this
is, we wanted to play it safe, so
we decided to hunt what game these
redwoods offered. Early on, we had
some real successes.

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK - DAY

A soldier shoots a buck.

INT. SOLDIERS DINING AREA - FLASHBACK

Happy soldiers eat like kings.

INT. COMMAND CENTER - PRESENT

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
Those were some good old days that
lasted barely 6.

Hoffman takes a shot then pours another for himself.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D)
We... overestimated the timing of
our last hunting mission. We'd had
a party of 10 men head out, all
well armed. Unfortunately, we no
longer have the advantages of The
Weather Channel. Uncle Sam has
never provided much in the way of
(MORE)

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
this, as you might suspect. Our men were, well, caught in a freak storm of sorts, because it never rains here until early October. We've learned little about our common enemy, but while they certainly can't handle the sun, a day-lit sky turned black from thunderstorms does not provide any respite from their attacks...

EXT. TRINITY FOREST - FLASHBACK - DAY

The sun is quickly covered by growing storm clouds. The rain comes hard and day is nearly turned night.

Ten soldiers are slipping in the mud, trying to make their way back to base as MACKENZIE leads the group.

MACKENZIE

Johnson! You hear me Johnson!

JOHNSON

Mackenzie!

MACKENZIE

What time you got?

JOHNSON

17:33 hours sir! We still have at least...

Vampire swoops down and tackles JOHNSON, dragging him off into the woods.

Multiple vampires begin dropping from the trees, grabbing the men one at a time.

The hunting soldiers are sopping wet, panicked, firing in random directions.

One of the hunting soldiers slips in the mud and is jumped on by three vampires.

Mackenzie blasts them all with a machine gun, killing the injured soldier in the process.

Mackenzie backs up, firing into the trees. He stops - the scene is clear, quiet. Mackenzie is scared, looking around.

Vampires crawl out from the underbrush, shadowy branches, slowly closing in on their pray, snapping fangs, drooling.

Mackenzie fires away in all directions.

From above a single vampire hops down from a branch atop Mackenzie and he collapses from the weight.

He is pounced on by at least twenty zombified vampires which tearing him apart with one horrific scream.

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK - DAY

Capt. Hoffman looms over Mackenzie's shredded remains.

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - DAY

Back to present.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN

And then there were 7, with another 4 that went AWOL. You know Maam, to deny an enemy allegation, whether true or false, is to foster an allegation itself, and to warrant unsolicited publicity. Denial is always defensive measure, and propaganda is always offensive in nature. That might seem like quite the jumble, but it best suits the problem we find ourselves in. We have no issue with your people passing through, but if you should, say, encounter another group. I would most appreciate it if you would inflate our numbers. Especially if they seem even remotely hostile... We have something to discuss, by the way, about possible hostiles...

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - DAY

Brian and the soldiers discuss the same.

SOLDIER ONE

So they are out there, you know. Same thing we always thought would happen in some fucked up, Armageddon hell. People start eating people, you know? Like the Donner Party.

SOLDIER TWO

Oh fuck off with this.

SOLDIER ONE

No man, for real, for real. He knows it, he won't...

SOLDIER TWO

Shut up man, just shut up. Look, here's the reality you have to know - there are people out there, and they are a nasty bunch. We don't know how many, but more importantly, they don't know how many we are. Keeping up our appearance has done well for us. We want it to stay that way.

SOLDIER ONE

Look bro, they're Cannibals. They fucking eat people bro, they'll skin you alive. We've found all sorts of weird shit out there - creepy ass dream catchers of bone, remains of skulls, severed hands. Man, I even found a pile of ears bro, I swear it.

SOLDIER TWO

Yeah, cannibals, right. You have undead monsters running around doing fuck knows what with all their free time and the immediate thought is some redneck cannibals?

SOLDIER ONE

Why the fuck not? If not all this already then why not just dump that load of shit on top as frosting? They're coming here at night, rigging weird shit around our compound. I'm telling you bro, they are fucking stalking us, doing this weird ceremonial shit.

SOLDIER TWO

What the fuck ever man. As I was saying, the truth is that we are positive that some group is out there, and they might not be friendly if you run into them. They

(MORE)

SOLDIER TWO (cont'd)
know what we look like, but you're totally random. We don't know where there are, we don't know how many, but we do know they got some bulk. You ask me, their just a bunch of hillbillies from out this way and they built up some sort of community.

SOLDIER ONE
The hills have eyes bro, the hills have eyes.

SOLDIER TWO
They came by threateningly one day, and we exchanged some fire to scare them off. That was some time ago though, back when we had plenty more men. We were all out in the open too, so they probably think we have at least 50 guys sitting pretty, So yeah, while it is true that we've had some weird coincidences, it hasn't been a real problem. At least not yet.

Brian looks to soldier one.

SOLDIER ONE
Cannibals bro, cannibals...

INT. CAPTAIN HOFFMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The Captain finishes up his discussion with Jen.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN
In any instance, we rarely get people coming from the direction you just traveled. This really is a middle point from which none have returned. And the direction which you're heading - this is where we think their holdout is located, somewhere along the edge of this road. We don't know how many, but we know they are strong. That might not be what you were looking to hear, but apart from this rum, that's all I can offer you.

Hoffman fills up two shot glasses and hands one to Jen. He looks down to the floor, somewhat ashamed, trying to find

the right words to describe his particular irony.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

The last possible bastion of
American military in Northern
California... held hostage by a
handful of rednecks with shotguns.

Hoffman raises his head and lights up with a smile.

CAPTAIN HOFFMAN (CONT'D)

Just hope you don't run into Zombie
Bigfoot while you're at it. That'd
be one hell of a mindfuck.

Jen and Captain Hoffman clink their glasses together.

EXT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Jen stares down the mountain highway then looks to Brian as if he is supposed to do something.

Brian looks to Danny and leans down to speak with him.

BRIAN

Look kid, like we talked. About
leaving you at the safest spot...
This is the safest spot. I don't
know if you want...

DANNY

I wanna see the ocean n' I wanna go
swimmin'. There's just fishies, no
whales.

Brian pauses because he knows he should leave the child there, but decides against it.

BRIAN

Alright kid... It's your call.

Brian and Jen rev their motorcycles and speed off as Captain Hoffman and soldiers wave goodbye.

EXT. MT SHASTA TRINITY FOREST ROAD - DAY

Brian, Jen and Danny ride the motorcycles, weaving through wreckage.

They approach another road block, this time made of mangled cars, and park with motors running.

TWO REDNECKS (EARL and JED) appear from beneath camouflage tarps with pointed rifles.

EARL

Hands up!!!

Brian and Jen raise their hands.

JED

Search 'em!

A third redneck appears, climbs over the blockade, and begins searching them.

BRIAN

We only want to pass. We aren't looking for any trouble.

JED

How the fuck you get through the army?

JEN

We nearly didn't.

EARL

Bullshit, you're with them!

BRIAN

No no no, that's why we gotta keep moving. They had us, we were cornered, they tried to rape the girl...

JEN

They were monsters...

BRIAN

I killed one of the motherfuckers, we grabbed the bikes, we ran, I swear, I swear it man...

JED

Bullshit Earl...

EARL

How many of 'em? How many up there?

JEN

Maybe 50, all nasty motherfuckers. You don't want anything to do with them, and either do we. Please can we keep moving?

JED

What did they tell you about us?

BRIAN

They didn't say shit.

JEN

I overheard something, just a little, something about other people. That they were waiting to be attacked.

JED

How many did he say...

EARL

How many they think there are of us up here? What they tell you?

JEN

I don't know, a lot, maybe 100. They didn't sound like they had any interest in messing with you.

Jed looks to Earl, both still on the blockade.

JED

Well ain't that flatterin'.

Earl turns his attention to Jen.

EARL

Alright, alright... We'll let you through... Plus, you, uh... look like you could use somethin' to eat.

Something lights up in Brian's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLDIERS QUARTERS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Brian is with the two soldiers again, drinking.

SOLDIER ONE
Cannibals bro, cannibals...

CUT TO:

EXT. MT SHASTA TRINITY FOREST ROAD - DAY

Having visibly linked these ideas together, Brian gives a disgusted grimace.

Earl, to Jen:

EARL
You look like... You could put some
meat on them bones.

Jen thinks nothing of it while Brian gives a wide-eyed expression in the b.g.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The three rednecks cruise along in a pick up truck while Brian and the others follow.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

They approach an RV/Trailer park wedged on a mountain side, surrounded by plenty of trees and messy foliage. The RV/Trailer park is surrounded in barbwire.

There are a dozen survivors with tents, cars, trailers - RV's are crammed together as are the trailers in a makeshift fortress with deep pits dug into the earth to trap possible vampires.

Brian walks by one of the pits and sees the charred remnants of multiple vampire skeletons.

Brian looks closely at the campfire where a TOOTHLESS HILLBILLY WOMAN turns meat on a skewer.

He imagines the meat as a human head, and the toothless hillbilly woman as a filthy rag-wearing cannibal.

JEN
Hey Brian, over here.

Jen bites a big mouthful off a large turkey drumstick and smiles at Brian, chewing.

Brian looks to Danny, who's eating a way too big mouthful of meat from a much too huge turkey leg as well.

Brian vomits.

Jen gives a grossed out face as Earl approaches her.

EARL

Hey darlin', I wanted to show you somethin'.

Earl leads Jen off for a talk.

While Brian is spitting the last of his stomach juice out one of the redneck survivors (JIM) approaches him.

JIM

Hey Pukey, can we talk?

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

Earl walks with Jen.

EARL

Let me be honest - I don't really buy you're story. I might be country, but I'm not stupid. I also can tell trouble when I see it, and I don't see that in you. So it's fine n' we don't need to just keep going on promotin' any lies n' whether anything you said is true or not we'll jumps move on n' leave it at that. But since I'm showin' you the common courtesy, I wanna know if they said anything about us, n' exactly what they know, if anything.

JEN

Cannibals - they think you're cannibals.

EARL

(belly laughing)

Ah hell, that's just great!

Earl shouts to someone O.S.:

EARL (CONT'D)

Hey Arnold!

ARNOLD, one of the redneck survivors, comes forward.

Earl, to Jen:

EARL

Ay, tell this feller here what you
just tol' me!

Jen looks to Arnold, a little nervous.

JEN

Um... The soldiers. They think
you're a pack of... of wild
cannibals.

Earl and Arnold both belly laugh, then Earl wipes a tear
from his eye.

EARL

Ah, you don't understand. Arn' and
a few others, they've been going up
there for the past months leaving
all sorts of weird ass creepy
artifacts up there n', ah shit,
just tell 'er Arn...

ARNOLD

Yeah, yeah, get this - we, haha, we
started goin' round their site,
leavin' all sorts of bizarre
bullshit out there to freak 'em the
fuck out. I know it's fucked up
soundin' show, but ain't nothin'
'cept a little theatrics. Ain't
nothin' more then some chicken
bones n' fishin' wire, some hunks a
leftover deer guts we ain't never
gonna use. That's all we need to
keep these people out our shit,
just scare 'em right the fuck off.
Mick back there, he lopped a hand
off one them bloodsuckers an...

EXT. WOODS - FLASHBACK - DAY

Hoffman's soldiers look mortified as they approach something
cautiously with guns drawn. Eerie, symphonic dissonance
darkens the soundtrack.

The soldiers gather around a severed hand nailed to a wooden
post, pentagram carved into the palm, middle finger fully
extended and flipping them off.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

Back to present, Earl and Arnold are laughing.

ARNOLD

Haha, man, wish I coulda seen their faces. Or when Don back there, he fucking, haha, he left a bunch of these fake plastic ears splattered with catsup, haha. Strung 'em through some fishin' wire like an earlobe key chain, hahaha...

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVOR CAMP - DAY

Jim walks with Brian, looking over his shoulder nervous that someone might eavesdrop.

JIM

Listen - name Hoffman mean anything to you?

Brian feigns an ignorant expression, but Jim knows he's lying through this teeth.

JIM

It's ok man, I'm not going to pull anything on you're people. And you gotta keep your mouth shut, cause they can't know. So look, listen - I don't know how cozy you got with them back there, but maybe Hoffman mentioned a few guys run out? Ring a bell?

BRIAN

I don't know any...

JIM

I'm one of the guys. There was 4 of us when we ran out. By the time we made this place, we'd 3... When we got here, we'd long ditched our army clothes just to stay anonymous. We made up some shit story about escaping them, same as you, because that's how we always played it - anyone that came through, we had them inflate our numbers. So we came here and played civilian, kept up the myth. But the

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)

other guys, they wanted to keep moving. After a week, they left. I was, well... I met a girl from here. I was ok for a bit. I wanted to just leave that base, all those people, just leave them behind. Seemed safe enough here. It didn't... Sorry. I lost my train of thought. The girl, she didn't last all that long once they rode off. I really liked her. She was... You can't keep just thinking about meeting these people in the world before, you know? But I know, I've come to realize... Look, I want out.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Back to Jen, Earl and ARNOLD

EARL

See Maam, we might not be Nobel Prize Lore-rates, but we're smart enough to know that you gotta fake your enemy out, n' no one I mean no one wants to go fuck with a pack a cannibal headhunters or whatever's the fuck they are that's out there when they're convinced we might just be like 300 strong or whatever the fuck numbers we're terrorizing into their head from sheer creepiness. This is why I gotta ask you...

ARNOLD

Just keep spreading our lie, wherever you go. Once you head out these mountains, you tell everyone that comes by about them cannibals up in them hills and so long as they're scared shitless, we don't got nothing to fear. Bottom line is we can't handle nothin' that size, though we've been waitin' for 'em, just in case.

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Back to Brian and Jim.

JIM

I want out tomorrow, I'm serious, but don't tell anyone - they expect me to be around for the bitter end... Fuck dying here, and I'm not alone in this. Got one other kid out there. Look.

Jim points out STEPHEN, a younger guy in his early 20's.

JIM

That's Stephen, and he's with moving on. He wasn't one of these people either. He was up here on vacation when the shit hit the fan and just kind of ended up here. He's a decent kid, and a good shot. You gotta understand, these people - they aren't bad people. It's just, I'm not sure how to tell you this, cause you kind of just have to see it...

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Back to Earl, speaking as he leads Jen:

EARL

I know it's pretty redneck sounding, but some things ain't stereotypes. We all think they're gonna come sooner or later, them men down the road - they're gonna come try n' take our guns. They're gonna use the last grip of their power to do what they always wanted but never could. And then they'll strip us bare n' doom us to being bait. They are scared of us, but some day they won't be and they'll kill us or strip us. You know, when things were somethin' else - government gonna come door to door, pick up our arms? Yeah right - just try it. This was America, you know? Ain't never gonna let 'em take our guns. And now... It's just us, right here, the 12 of us, fronting as cannibals to protect the shreds of the Second Amendment. Not so sure that's what Jefferson had in mind, but someone's gotta stand for somethin'...

Jen, Earl and Jed approach an empty hitch of a semi truck.

EARL

This is our low budget version of a panic room. Ain't much, but it does the trick in a tight spot. Just pile in, lock up tight, nothin' gets in. Lived through it a few times in the early days, before Rudy. Rudy now, he's a genius. See, this cargo truck was full of lockers, like an industrial delivery going to a new high school or prison facility or what have you. We just had all this scrap sittin' here - no idea 'cept maybe melt 'em down, use 'em for bullets. But then Rudy, this brilliant light bulb he had pop up over his head...

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Jim, to Brian:

JIM

It's not this cannibal shit that freaks me out - that's understandable, no matter how weird it is. And now that I'm here, it's pretty fucking funny if you ask me. Sure as hell wasn't before, but hey, fates a joker, no? I still crack up picturing Hoffman's face, how terrified he was. So this front they've been playing, yeah its cute, it really is. But this fucking idea they had, this sick thing they've done to themselves...

Jed pops into the distance hollering for their attention.

JED

Hey fellas, suns' droppin'!

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - DAY

Earl shouts back annoyed.

EARL

That's where we're headed! Thanks Jed!

Earl turns back to Jen:

EARL

Peckerhead can't ever just look at
somethin' and know what it is for
what it is... Alright, and,,,

Earl and Jen turn into the sleeping area, and Jen's response is tight-lipped yet freakish.

EARL

I know it must look a lil' strange,
but it works like a charm.

The sleeping area is revealed to be a series of holes dug into the ground like open graves, each housing a metal locker like a coffin.

Earl hops into one of the holes.

EARL

As you'll see here, these lock
tight from the inside n' leave
plenty-a ventilation to breathe.

Some redneck survivors walk up carrying the covering for the locker graveyard, which acts as camouflage. The covering is a long patch of live grass placed over a wooden platform.

EARL

Got the trick from an old
landscaping job. Know how you'd see
'em just roll out grass like
carpet? When people would have
entirely lawns new lawns rolled out
on the dirt in one day? Well, we
applied this to Rudy's trick for
camouflage. We just keep this grass
patch watered and trot it back out
every night. Once it gets dark, no
one could ever tell we've been here
at all. We lock ourselves inside,
and our only rule as a group is
that we all go to sleep as one. We
crawl inside at Dusk, and creep out
the second the sun rises over them
mountains.

Pan to Brian, who barely masks the awful feeling that he is about to willingly bury himself alive.

EXT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - DUSK

The survivor community go inside the makeshift holes, securing themselves inside lockers and hiding from the night like ironic, reverse vampire.

Brian exchanges glances with Jen before they both lock themselves inside.

Danny runs over to Jen, and gets inside with her.

A few survivors lift the camouflage covering over the dugout.

INT. LOCKER COFFIN - NIGHT

Jen holds Danny as he sniffles, holding back tears.

Brian stares at the locker door in front of his vision, staring upwards with the glare of a dead man.

Back to Jen and Danny, who now both hear the sounds of O.S. vampires who are wandering over their hiding spot, lurking over the camouflage covering and making the boards creak. Danny shakes, Jen holds him tight.

We rise through the false earth, revealing the camp above swarmed with vampire zombies who wander mindless.

EXT. ROAD - MOVING - DAY

Brian, Jen and Danny are roaring through the highway. They are joined by Jim and Stephen, both riding choppers as well.

EST. ROAD MAP - DAY

Close up of a road map, Jim's finger pointing out the directions to a (fictional) city Santa Rosita.

JIM

We're right here, still mid-way through the Shasta Trinity Forest, and Santa Rosita, this dot right here, is about 50 miles north of Arcata. Been there once on vacation, back in the day.

JEN

Can we handle it alright? I mean, about how large is... How large was the population?

JIM

I think we'll be alright. Place was more of a hamlet than anything, just a tiny resort on the coast. Used to get big in July and August, but during the meantime, it was nothing much more than some Andy Griffith kind of ramshackle town. It's got a nice little stretch of beach on it though.

BRIAN

Sounds fantastic.

STEPHEN

Do you really think we should push it though? Isn't getting kind of late?

Brian looks around the redwood trees surrounding them.

BRIAN

Does it really look like we can pull some shelter out of our ass by sundown?

STEPHEN

No, but...

JEN

Brian, you might want to reconsider. That's a pretty long haul though, it's cutting it really close...

BRIAN

No, no, we can make it - we can do this.

JEN

We don't know if the roads will be totally clogged - we have no idea what to expect.

JIM

I'm with Brian. My hunch is that we might not get a shot at any kind of sanctuary in between this distance, and I'm not ready to chance it.

STEPHEN

Yeah, yeah, no doubt. We gotta keep cruising.

JEN

This is a really bad idea. We can find something nearby, we have enough...

BRIAN

I'm tired of waiting. It's here, it's really here...

JEN

If we try this, we might never make it. I know what you've been through for this, but this isn't about you anymore.

BRIAN

I never said it was.

JIM

Not about you either Jen, so why don't we just...

STEPHEN

Why don't we take a vote? It's that simple, right to the point. Just raise your hands right now if you are in favor.

Stephen, Brian and Jim all raise their hands.

Jen looks upset and glances over to Danny who raises his hand as well.

Jen grabs Brians' hand and leads him away from the group.

JEN

You're pushing it too hard, you know this is a bad decision.

BRIAN

There's nowhere to hide out here. What're we gonna do? Bury ourselves in the dirt again? You see a cabin anywhere, do you see anything? It's nothing except us and pine trees.

JEN

This is dangerous, this is different.

BRIAN

No it's not, it's the same thing as always - living like fucking cockroach people. We're going to push through the clearing, drive right into some campground town, find a meat locker or basement or windowless room and we're gonna sit pretty and then we're gonna get sunscreen and go swimmin' and have a fuckin' BBQ and all the other nice shit we shoulda spent more time doin' way back then.

JEN

That's a load of bullshit and you're just going to get us all killed, because you're fucking reckless.

BRIAN

I don't give a fuck.

Brian turns and tries to start walking away but Jen grabs his arm, swings him around, and slaps him in the face.

JEN

Asshole!

Brian stands there stunned. Jen slaps him again feebly, stops, stares at him. Jen looks as if she is about to cry, then kisses Brian.

She quietly walks back to her motorcycle.

Brian waits a second, then turns to the descending sun.

EXT. SHASTA TRINITY MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The survivors plow onwards, with Brian in the lead.

As redwoods whiz by, glimpses of the ocean come through the mass of trees. Brian speeds up faster, faster.

The group pulls through the clearing and are about to view Santa Rosita. Close on Brian who is smiling, overjoyed... then terrified.

They dramatically stop their choppers at the edge of the mountain clearing, the road leading down into Santa Rosita.

EST. SANTA ROSITA - DUSK

In this small coastal town a raging battle between two groups is currently underway - on one side a well-armed resistance and the other a savage biker gang.

There are two dozen shooting at each other, running through the streets. One building is ablaze as gunshots echo.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DUSK

Brian motions to the others and they pull back.

JIM

Ok, this is bad.

JEN

We got one hour, maybe. Brian?

BRIAN

I know, I know. We need to get down there.

STEPHEN

Into THAT?

JIM

Like there's any real chance bro?

BRIAN

We slide right down the hills, right out of sight. All of you saw it too - most that fighting is on the right side of that community. We just need to stay invisible to them, barge inside one of those buildings on the left. Once the sun drops, those people will have their hands full.

JIM

For sure, for sure. All we have to do is barge into the right spot. Anyone in our way, we drop 'em.

JEN

I don't want to kill anyone.

STEPHEN

No one said anything about--

JIM

Speak for yourself.

BRIAN

No one wants to kill anybody, we don't know who's who, we don't even know what we're dealing with down there.

JEN

Quit wasting time guys, we gotta move.

BRIAN

Alright, alright...

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DUSK

The group make their way down the mountainside quickly as they can, then reach the base.

Stephen points out a clear path towards quiet buildings.

STEPHEN

Right there, easy easy.

Brian, to Stephen:

BRIAN

You got it, you got it.

Brian looks back to his ensemble.

BRIAN

Ready?

Everyone nods.

BRIAN

Ok, ok - go go go...

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - DUSK

The group rushes in while trying to stay out of sight. They turn down a space between buildings.

Jim points out a doorway and rushes towards it. He passes a broken window and from inside it the flash of a fired gun.

Jim takes a bullet to the side of the head and drops dead.

Brian fires into the darkness of the window with an uzi, riddling the sniper with bullets.

The sniper falls out the window dead and they rush inside, trampling his bleeding corpse.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BUILDING - DUSK

Jen checks the building with gun drawn.

Stephen finds a door.

STEPHEN

Hey, over here! I think this might
be the basement.

Stephen opens the door without checking.

BRIAN

Wait, Steve - stop!!

While Stephen's head is turned, a vampiric zombie emerges through the basement doorway and rips into his neck.

Brian shoots the beast then runs to Stephen who is gripping his throat and gurgling blood.

Brian shoots Stephen in the head.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BASEMENT - DUSK

Jen clicks on a flashlight as they head down the stairs.

One vampire jumps out near the staircase base, and Jen shoots it.

She runs down the steps and points the flashlight into the basement darkness - empty. Just one small window in the corner touching ground level.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - SUNSET

Two survivors fire at each other from behind cover - one is a middle aged man, the other a biker in leather.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Bring it you fuck!!

The sun sets, and night is born.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - NIGHT

The two men continue to shoot at each other.

Dozens of vampire packs emerge from the mountainside, all attracted to the blaze and the slaughter. One by one they tumble down, running towards the firefight.

The Biker looks over just in time to see a set of fangs drill into his face.

The middle aged guy starts firing away at vamps.

MIDDLE AGED MAN

Sempre Fi motherfuckers!!!

Three vampires pounce and tear into him.

Back to the dead biker, and the particularly grotesque cannibal monster feasting on his intestines.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BASEMENT - DUSK

Brian, Jen and Danny hunker down below the window, listening to the continuing firefight outside.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CLEARING - NIGHT

One of the Santa Rosita survivors is firing away, shooting vamps as they approach - they pounce and rip him apart.

One of the feasting zompires rips off a chunk of flesh and slurps up the blood as other vamps fight over entrails.

From a burning house runs a biker with a large machete. He is panicking, unsure where to run as dozens of vampires encircle him. The vamps fight each other over him.

O.S. a freakish, powerful HOWL erupts from the forest.

The vampires encircling the machete biker stop and look to the forest fearfully. They back off from their dinner.

The machete biker drips with sweat.

From the thick of trees, over 8 feet tall and weighing at least 900 lbs, is a gigantic VAMPIRE SASQUATCH.

The Vampire Sasquatch, with mutated fangs ripping from its jaw, HOWLS a terrifying noise.

The biker pisses his pants.

The Vampire Sasquatch runs up to the biker full force and grabs his skull, crushing it in its giant hand. The VampSquatch slams his body like a wet noodle against the ground three times, then rips his spinal cord out with head head attached and throws it to the other vamps like a scrap.

The Zombified Yeti picks up whats left of the corpse and begins feasting on his stomach like a corn cob of splatter.

INT. SANTA ROSITA BASEMENT - DUSK

Brian puts his finger to his lip.

BRIAN

Not. One. Peep.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - NIGHT

Vampire Sasquatch ROARS at the moon, soaked in crimson.

TIME CUT:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

The sky is turning a lighter shade of purple/blue as dawn approaches.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - NIGHT

The shots have ceased, and the dead lurk.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brian is looking out the tiny ground floor window.

BRIAN

(hushed)

Maybe 15 minutes.

A loud alarm clock goes off - a digital watch attached to the wrist of the dead vamp near the stairwell.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The three vamps feasting on Stephen's corpse upstairs hear the alarm and beat on the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Jen flashes her light to the door which is rapidly breaking.

Jen, in regards to Danny:

JEN

Get him out of here!

Brian smashes the basement window with the butt of his gun, lifts up Danny and pushes him through.

Brian climbs outside the broken window as well and sticks his hand inside to lift out Jen.

From Brian's POV we see Jen run to the window from across the basement - as well as hear O.S. the basement door crash apart just as Jen reaches the window.

JEN

Quick, quick!

Jen clasps Brians' arm and Brian starts to lift her out.

Jen is viciously attacked by vampires inside the basement - she screams as they chomp down on her, shoving mouthfuls of her flesh into their starving, foul mouths.

Brian keeps pulling at her arm frantically as she screams.

One of the vampires bites onto Jens' forearm, severing it from her body.

Brian flies back and falls onto his ass, staring into the blackness of the basement and its O.S. sounds of feasting.

He looks down and realizes he's gripping the other half of Jens' arm.

Brian throws the severed limb aside and looks over to Danny who is comically getting inside the harness Brian made like a little kid hopping into full-body pajamas.

Brian slings Danny around his back and with guns drawn they make a run for the ocean which is 50 feet away.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - MOVING - NIGHT

As Brian charges forth two vampires are in his way and he shoots both in the head.

Still running, Brian looks to his right - 30+ vampires are chasing after them from afar.

Danny is blasting away, killing as many as he can.

Brian runs towards the ocean and with the scope of vision expanded nearly 50 vamps are in pursuit.

One of the Santa Rosita survivors runs into view, trying to escape the vamps as well. The survivor is pounced on by vampires and he screams as they tear into him.

Brian keeps running, closer and closer to the ocean as Danny and keep shooting.

Brian runs out of ammo and tosses his gun then pulls out a bowie knife and stabs a lunging vampire through the eye.

He dodges yet another lunging vampire.

Brian hears the mighty ROAR of the Vampire Sasquatch - it is now in hot pursuit of them as well, knocking vamps out of its way with gigantic hairy arms.

As Brian reaches the shoreline, he pulls the harness off and hurls Danny as far ahead into the water as he can.

Brian himself splashes into the water, turns, and pulls a small pistol from a holster on his back. Brian fires away.

One bullet rips through the Vampire Sasquatch' upper mouth, but it keeps coming.

Our anti-hero keeps pushing himself backwards into the water, firing away. The vamps keep dropping, and more keep coming.

As two vamps enclose him, they are both shot by Danny.

Brian dives in and swims hard as he can towards Danny.

Vampires attempt to swim after Brian, but they cannot adjust - they sink into the water and thrash about.

Brian catches up to Danny who is now out of bullets.

Danny clenches his eyes shut awaiting a brutal death...

EXT. FOREST SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun explodes over the mountains, blasting the landscape like an erupting volcano.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - DAWN

The sun hits like an atomic bomb that roasts the skin of all the vampires.

A vampire grabs onto Brians' shoe as it slowly burns away...

EXT. SANTA ROSITA SHORELINE - DAWN

The over-the-top "Grand Guignol" mega-meltdown is thus unleashed - all of the vampires, in gory detail melt, crumble, burn, disintegrate, and scorch to a cinder.

Vampire Sasquatch screams horribly as it burns, it's face melting like greenish red candle wax.

The vamp gripping Brian's shoe melts away into the water.

The demonic creatures all writhe in agony - blistering, bubbling, scorched by the brutality of the sun.

The VampSquatch crumbles into a heap of burning bones.

The great mass of them collapse into charred, bubbling remains spread across the beach and as goo in the water.

Brian and Danny quietly tread water.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - DAWN

Santa Rosita is now a ghost town of silent carnage. Dead people lay about. One turns into a vampire and immediately bursts into flames.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - DAWN

A WOMAN, 27, slowly walks out from one of the buildings carrying a rifle. She is attractive with blond hair pulled into a pony tail.

She approaches them slowly and dreamily, covered in blood. She stops and stands idle, staring at them as the wind gently blows through her hair.

WOMAN

Who... who are you?

Brian stares blankly and speaks dry:

BRIAN

I'm... On vacation.

She cannot believe it.

WOMAN

And you... you walked... into this?

BRIAN

Luck's been worse.

WOMAN

And... You don't know any of these people? You just... You're on vacation?

BRIAN

Correct. I came from Detroit.

WOMAN

In Michigan?

BRIAN

Yes, that Detroit.

WOMAN

You're telling me that somehow, magically, you just walked into all this?

BRIAN

Correct.

She stands there confused.

BRIAN

I know it sounds absurd, ok. But me and the boy, we just came over the clearing. Whatever that was, we stumbled right in and hid in a basement all night. And just before sunrise, those things barged in. We crawled through a window and ran. And now, just now, you walked up... But to be honest, I didn't think this water would be so fucking cold.

The woman looks back at the destruction of Santa Rosita.

WOMAN

Did anyone else make it? Are we...
Are we it?

BRIAN

Yeah.. I think... I think we're it.

She begins crying, sucks it up, then looks to Danny.

WOMAN

Is this your son?

BRIAN

No... my co-pilot, I guess. I
haven't thought about it. I just
kind of found him, somewhere back
in Colorado.

WOMAN

And... What about the ones from the
hills? The cannibals? How did
you...

BRIAN

It's a joke... They were playing a
joke. Anyone that passed through
their camp they had help perpetuate
the hoax, 'cause it gave them a
shield, like a wall of propaganda
or something, There's only like a
dozen of them up there, all of them
hicks. They've got nothing, nothing
at all.

She throws down her weapon and sobs uncontrollably.

WOMAN

(crying)

I fucking stood watch for months...
over a god damn rednecks in-joke!?!?

EXT. SANTA ROSITA - FLASHBACK - DAY

The woman stands guard like a sniper at the base of the road
Brian, Jen and the others came from.

From the top of the hill drives down a pick-up truck.

The woman crouches and gets ready to fire on the possibly hostile threat.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Two men (MAN ONE and MAN TWO) are driving down cautiously.

MAN ONE

Alright bro, we got the story
straight right?

INT. HOFFMAN'S COMMAND CENTER - FLASHBACK - DAY

Both man one and man two are soldiers sitting with Jim and Captain Hoffman at a table.

Hoffman leaves the room, and the conspiring soldiers admit their secret plan to Jim.

MAN TWO

Hey Jimmy, we're rolling out. You
game?

EXT. REDNECK SURVIVORS CAMP - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jim and two AWOL soldiers sit on a log watching a toothless hillbilly woman cook food over a campfire. She raises her witch-like face high and proud.

TOOTHLESS HILLBILLY WOMAN

Y'all come n' eat yer grits!

Man Two, to Jim:

MAN TWO

Hey Jimmy, we're rolling out. You
game?

Jim looks to the lone attractive female in the midst of all the dirty hillbillies and she smiles back.

Jim turns back to the awol soldiers with an expression that screams "no chance in hell."

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - FLASHBACK - DAY

The two AWOL soldiers begin driving down the mountain path into Santa Rosita.

The woman from the beach jumps out with rifle pointed aggressively, stopping their truck.

WOMAN

Freeze!!!

Both men are stunned and sloppily resort to the hoax about cannibals in the mountains.

MAN ONE

Don't shoot, don't shoot!

MAN TWO

You gotta help us, their up in the hills!

MAN ONE

Fucking cannibals man! A hundred strong! They fucking wiped out our group!

MAN TWO

They ate my fucking dog...

Even though it's broad daylight, from the thick of the forest jumps a vampiric zombie that immediately lights up like a fireball.

It shatters through the front window of the pickup truck and thrashes about, igniting both the men.

One of the men triggers his gun, shooting a string of automatic bullets throughout the cabin - the truck explodes and she is thrown by the blast.

Survivors rush up to assist her - one sprays the burning wreck with an extinguisher as another lifts her up.

INT. BUILDING - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The woman sits with her group of survivors.

WOMAN

Guys, we have serious problems.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA MOUNTAIN ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Like a sentient guardian, the woman perches as a sniper at the base of the hill - waiting, waiting - for days and days.

EXT. SANTA ROSITA MOUNTAIN ROAD - FLASHBACK - DAY

The woman hears the rumbling of motorcycle engines in the distance - the only other entrance to the community and the

one she neglected because of the soldier's hoax.

Through the POV of the sniper's lens the gun swings to this O.S. rumbling of engines.

Through the thick of trees she glimpses a savage biker gang living like a mobile army throughout the apocalypse.

She tightens her scope on the presumed ringleader - his maniacal smile of black and missing teeth, his untrimmed black beard, the scar on his face.

Closer and closer on her shaky trigger finger...

CUT TO BLACK:

LOUD gunshot.

FADE IN:

EXT. SANTA ROSITA BEACH - MORNING

Brian and Danny floating in the ocean.

She sniffles, compresses, and nods.

WOMAN

Can I... can I come too?

BRIAN

Where?

WOMAN

Vacation.

Brian looks at the bubbling corpse in the sun.

BRIAN

Depends... Got any sunscreen?

The woman looks at the bubbling corpse, and then chuckles at the horrible, awful reality.

She splashes into the water and joins them - laughing and crying alternately.

All of them tread water together, floating adrift - joyful if only for a day.

The waves crashing on the shore grow louder, louder...

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. BEACH - DAY

As the credits roll, we witness their big day in the sun - Brian cooks vegetable skewers on a BBQ grill and Danny blows bubbles like a normal little kid. The woman stretches out on a beach chair.

All is beautiful until we reveal the carnage and destruction surrounding them.

As the credits end, it is reaching dusk. Brian looks to the horizon with a weary of gaze of fear and fatigue. The sun draws down over the stark outline of the Mountains.

END CREDITS

EXT. SHOT - SHASTA TRINITY MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

It is the dead of night beneath a bright full moon. Somewhere in the redwoods a coyote HOWLS O.S.

Halfway through it is attacked by vampiric monsters and releases a final blood-curdling yelp.

All is silent once again, save for the chirping of crickets and the gnashing of bloodthirsty fangs.

FADE OUT

THE END