

End of Tape

by  
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THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA

Black.

Then a flicker. But it's not much before the screen goes black again.

Static forms on the screen, and then forms...

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

...into a foggy blur of colors. Moving colors. News music emits from...somewhere.

6:14 PM 10/07/2009

The camera zooms out and auto-focuses. Once the blur disappears, the camera films a television screen. The moving colors form a NEWS 8 logo with a blue, flowing background.

The music emits from the television speakers.

The logo dissolves and two NEWS REPORTERS sit at a desk and stare out the television screen.

The video camera zooms in and out once every moment.

NEWS REPORTER TWO

Welcome back. We continue our story in which officials have advised to leave the phone lines open for special emergencies only. This includes calls for fires, severe injuries in home, and severe injuries outside of home.

Shots of large lines of traffic and emergency vehicles zooming by dissolves over the reporter.

NEWS REPORTER TWO (V.O.)

Multiple major highways and residential roads have been clogged with traffic since early this morning, and they cease to clear up as emergency vehicles respond to dozens of accidents caused by many drivers falling unconscious as they drive to their destination.

A POLICE OFFICER appears on screen with a microphone below his mouth.

POLICE OFFICER

We advise those who must leave the building they're in to keep one lane open for emergency vehicles...

ERIC (O.S.)

There's definitely something weird going on here...

The second news reporter returns to the television screen.

NEWS REPORTER TWO

...And local hospitals are at their breaking point as dozens of patients pour in due to injuries that closely resemble that of a "bite mark." Doctor's have released a report saying that multiple patients with these bites show the same symptoms after about two to three hours. These symptoms are coughing, sneezing, nausea, and, occasionally, fainting and unconsciousness.

The news camera moves over to the other news reporter.

NEWS REPORTER ONE

There have been numerous reports of public disturbances throughout residential areas. Police officials have phone calls flooding the lines of homes being broken into by slow, dangerous intruders. We advise viewers tuning in with us to lock their doors and windows and report any suspicious activity in your area...

The news reporter continues with his report as the video camera swings around slowly on a tripod.

The camera auto-focuses as it scans the dimly lit basement that is almost completely empty except for a table, some chairs, and old, torn boxes.

Finally, the camera stops as it faces ERIC NEWMAN (36), skinny, scruffy, with greasy hair. He looks at the camera and fumbles with it.

The camera zooms in quickly at his nostril.

ERIC

Oops...Anything up there?

He lets out a nervous laugh.

Eric continues to fumble with the camera until it zooms all the way out.

ERIC

There we go. Now you can see me,  
I'm sure.

He stares a bit off-screen at where the side-open viewer should be. He fixes his hair a bit. He then runs his hand through his hair and creates a comb-over. His hair is so greasy that it actually holds.

ERIC

I guess I should start by  
introducing myself.

(Clears through)

Hello ladies, and gentlemen, if you  
swing that way, my name is Eric  
Newman. I am 36-years-old and I  
have been told that I am a very  
nice, happy guy. I like long walks  
on the beach, looking at the stars  
at nighttime, swimming...

He lets out another nervous laugh.

ERIC

Who am I kidding? I haven't had a  
girlfriend since the eighth grade  
when I used to be normal as oh-so-  
many people said I'm...Not. So I'm  
pretty new at this and I want to  
apologize in advance.

He stares at the camera, sighs, and stops recording.

JUMP CUT TO:

Eric pulls away from the camera and looks back at it.

ERIC

Okay, so, I'm pretty sure I'm not  
the only one who is watching this  
news report, but there is something  
strange happening. There seems to  
be a lot of break-ins happening.  
And a lot of people are being sent  
to the hospital. They said to keep  
our doors and windows locked...  
Well, I always keep mine like  
that...So it must be serious.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I've been looking outside for a  
while and I really don't see  
anything happening on our street.  
Which is good, I guess.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

2:38 AM 10/08/2009

The camera flickers on, but it's very dark. Sirens echo  
throughout the city outside.

Suddenly, light floods the screen as Eric turns on a lamp. He  
looks very tired.

ERIC  
These sirens have been going on all  
night.

Eric stares out the window, then back at the camera.

ERIC  
I don't know if I should be scared  
or annoyed.

He looks back at the window, sighs, and shuts the camera off.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12:01 PM

Eric sets the camera on a counter and holds a cordless phone.  
He shrugs.

ERIC  
Well, the phones are dead. They're  
making some kind of weird sound.  
Here...

He turns the phone on and holds it up to the camera. A  
strange beeping sound emits from the tiny holes in the  
receiver.

Eric pulls the phone away.

ERIC  
I guess it doesn't really take long  
for civilization to come apart.  
I've been keeping an eye outside  
and I really don't see anything  
weird going on.  
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I mean, there are some people down the street walking down the sidewalk...Kind of slow, it's weird...

He chuckles.

ERIC

I guess the "Slow Children At Play" signs show the truth, now.

He chuckles a bit more, then it fades away and he sighs.

ERIC

I've never really been a funny guy. You're probably wondering, "Who is this guy?" Well, that is, if you're watching this. I just don't really talk to people, only to a few, mostly to myself.

He looks at his feet, sighs again.

CUT TO:

12:04 PM

ERIC

Though, there's one person who I think understands me very well. Donna McGuire. She lives just down the street. And she's...Damn, she is hot. And it's nice because she's just a few years younger than me and she's able to keep herself in amazing shape! And she has a nice rack, too.

(Beat)

This is her camera by the way. Well, it's both her and her husband, Mark's, camera.

He looks directly into the camera.

ERIC

Donna's on here. I borrowed the camera from them to film something, and on the tape was just...Nothing interesting. I guess they forgot to take it out. Let's see if I can find a part with her on it.

He leans into the camera.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

The camera slowly pans across the room. It quickens its pace and MARK McGUIRE (34), buff, handsome, comes into view.

MARK

Okay dude that's enough. We have to go. The movie's starting soon and Donna's gonna be here in a few minutes.

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hold on, this camera's pretty cool.

MARK

Just leave that here.

Mark opens the apartment door and they both walk out.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

The camera operator shuts the door.

A very attractive and stunning woman walks towards the two. This is DONNA McGUIRE (33), and, as Eric stated, her breasts are nice and plump.

She smiles as she sees the camera. Then looks over at Mark.

They greet and hug each other, and a kiss follows.

MARK

How's it going?

DONNA

I just got done shopping with Rachel.

MARK

And you didn't get anything?

DONNA

There was nothing out there. What's with the camera?

Mark sees that the camera is still filming.

MARK

Dude, I told you to put the camera up.

He walks over to the door and unlocks it.

MARK

I bought it today while you were out. I was just showing it around the apartment.

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.)

He also bought it because he wants to see how he performs in bed.

Mark slaps the camera. The camera operator steps back as he attempts to dodge the slap.

MARK

Shut up and turn the camera off, man.

Donna walks up to him and grabs his shoulders.

DONNA

(Kissy-face)

Aw, it's okay. As long as you try, honey. Oh!

She covers her mouth and steps back from Mark's face.

DONNA

I'm sorry my breath smells.

MARK

(Chuckling)

What?

DONNA

I just had Chinese food. My breath probably smells terrible.

MARK

I have some Listerine strips if you want one.

DONNA

Yeah that'll be great.

Mark pulls out the pack of Listerine strips and opens it. Donna attempts to grab one, but can't. She giggles.

DONNA

(Faintly)

I can't get it...

MARK

Here.

Mark takes one and Donna reaches for it, but he snatches it away from her. She smiles, and Mark holds the strip up to her face.

Donna giggles some more and opens her mouth, sticks out her tongue.

MARK

Okay, it's going to be hot.

DONNA

(Her tongue still out)

I know, I've had one before.

Mark laughs.

MARK

What?

Donna rolls her eyes and pulls her tongue back in.

DONNA

I've had one before.

MARK

Okay...

Donna sticks her tongue back out and Mark lays the strip on it. Donna pulls her tongue in and lets the strip dissolve in her mouth. Her face contorts a bit from the stinging pain.

DONNA

Oh, that's hot.

MARK

I told you!

CAMERA OPERATOR (O.S.)

Why don't you kiss her to make her feel bett—

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12:07 PM

Eric leans back.

ERIC

Yeah, so basically the first eight minutes of the tape were just him walking around the apartment filming the rooms and stuff.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

It was actually really boring, so,  
you didn't miss anything.  
But...She's hot, isn't she?

Eric grins and leans towards the camera...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

12:10 PM

He's close to the camera; he stares at it. Thinks.

ERIC

I love her.

(Beat)

And I know she loves me back. I'm  
almost positive that if either of  
them left one another, she would  
come to me. We've talked a lot.  
Whenever Mark was gone on "business  
trips," we'd go over to each  
other's houses and talk almost all  
day about...Stuff. While somewhere  
else, Mark is probably going at it  
with another woman.

Eric fumbles with his hands for a moment.

ERIC

God, if only I could have a chance  
to just, for a moment, suck on  
those titties—

CUT TO BLACK.

The screen remains black for a bit. Then, a few lines of  
static, and after that...

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

9:15 PM

Eric lifts the camera up to eye level. His hair is wet and  
his face shows what looks like panic.

ERIC

Okay, first of all, I just want to  
say sorry for blabbering on about  
my sad love life and Donna and the  
stuff I did with her and what I'd  
like to do with her.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

The battery had run out, and I know that what I said was wrong and that she has a husband and...God, I really hope she doesn't see this tape. It would ruin me and my chances to keep her trust...

He walks quickly to the window, and talks during the process:

ERIC (O.S.)

But I had just gotten out of the shower and gotten dressed when I heard this huge...BOOM! It came from outside and it was kind of faint, but it was strong enough to shake the house a little. I looked out the window, and this is what I saw.

He turns the camera around and points out the window. It takes a while to focus, but everything becomes clear...

An orange-red fiery glow pulses in the distances. Even though it's dark outside, a large cloud of smoke is visible as it billows into the sky.

ERIC (O.S.)

I don't know what had caused it, but Jesus Christ! There is some weird, fucking shit going on in our city. Am I the only one who noticed this? Because there ain't any other house lights on in the neighborhood and there is absolutely nobody in the streets.

He pans the camera across the neighborhood. Just as he said, no lights in the windows, no movement in the streets. He focuses back at the fire near the city.

ERIC (O.S.)

God, that...Explosion, I'm guessing, was actually pretty loud from that distance. That looks like it's about...Seven miles away...Damn, if it was the gas station just a few blocks from here, I wonder how loud—

BOOM!

A huge blast of bright white, yellow, and orange light. The camera shakes and the microphone goes out. It now sounds like the camera is underwater.

Eric falls back into his room. The camera cuts out every other second as the sound slowly returns to normal.

ERIC (O.S.)  
HOLY MOTHER OF FUCKING GOD! JESUS  
FUCKING CHRIST!

Eric quickly runs back to the window and points the camera past the houses across the street.

An extremely large ball of fire rolls up towards the night sky, and the orange glow quickly fades off the house rooftops.

Flames lick at the sky, tall enough to see over the rooftops of all the houses.

Car alarms blare from every direction.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Shit! Holy shit! Jesus Christ!

A moment later, Eric begins to chuckle. Then it turns into a laugh. Almost a maniacal laugh.

ERIC (O.S.)  
I fucking knew it! That's the God damn gas station that I was talking about! Oh my God...Damn that was the loudest thing I've ever heard in my sorry-ass life! Did you see that explosion?! Oh my God!

He continues to laugh. And zooms in at the flames that seem to get taller.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Fuck, man!

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

1:14 AM 10/09/2009

News reports emit from the television speakers (O.S.) as Eric fixes the camera's position.

ERIC  
Now, I know I should be sleeping, but I've just been watching the news all night to get a clear idea on what is going on.

He shakes his head.

ERIC

Nobody knows. I mean, the news is just focusing on what's happening around them rather than what's actually happening, if you know what I mean. They're saying stuff about people looting stores because law enforcement is nowhere to be found when it comes to helping those in need and protecting the people and whatnot. They've even showed stuff that...

He contemplates for a moment. Then reaches for the camera.

JUMP CUT TO:

Eric pulls away from the camera.

ERIC

They showed stuff that...Well, you wouldn't normally see on the news.

(Beat)

They showed dead bodies on the street. Mutilated bodies. Bodies that looked like they've been dead for a while and all this blood...

He sighs.

ERIC

They showed news clips from other countries, too, like India and China, Great Britain and France. People hanging one another, wars in the cities and deserts, just people killing people.

(Beat)

Whatever's happening in this city is happening everywhere else. But I guess since it's late night news and children don't normally stay up this late, they're allowed to show this kind of stuff. And...

Eric trails off and looks past the camera.

ERIC

Hold on...

He continues to watch the television.

NEWS REPORTER ONE (O.S.)

(Faintly)

...And we may have a possible explanation for the major even that is happening around the world...

Eric quickly grabs the camera and spins it around on the tripod. He focuses the camera on the television and zooms in so the television screen fits the camera screen.

NEWS REPORTER ONE

...With many reports flowing in for the mysterious behavior seen through many citizens of almost every city in the United States, and those outside the country, biologists in Berkeley, California have released a report stating that the bodies of the recently deceased...are...

The reporter stops and stares at the Teleprompter.

NEWS REPORTER ONE

Hold on, can you stop the Teleprompter?

The reporter reads over the lines over and over again to himself. He nervously chuckles and looks over at the other news reporter, clears his throat.

NEWS REPORTER ONE

...Biologists in Berkely, California have released a report stating that the bodies of the recently deceased are returning to life...And attacking the living.

ERIC (O.S.)

(Quietly)

Oh shit.

NEWS REPORTER ONE

Police officials were able to contain one of the attackers and send the body to the University of California in Berkeley, where they had concluded that the attacker was deceased at the time, yet, was still able to perform basic motor skills.

The reporter shakes his head and clears his throat.

## NEWS REPORTER ONE

They ask to inform viewers to avoid all contact with the assailants. They can be recognized due to their "poor balance and slow, jerky movements; with discoloration of the skin and trance-like stare."

The camera switches over to the second news reporter.

## NEWS REPORTER TWO

Other universities reject that theory, and believe that such an event could only be caused by a natural force or chemical that causes severe emotional instability in the brain. Other theories include those of bioterrorism, a possible release of a dangerous chemical that causes a mind-altering effect to make its victims commit acts of rage, and even religious and supernatural causes through Voodoo mysticism.

Eric chuckles...

## ERIC (O.S.)

You've got to be kidding me...

## NEWS REPORTER TWO

The theories are endless as more and more continue to pour in, and doctors, themselves, have concluded that an accurate explanation will not be available until further study, which may take weeks, even months.

The reporter looks at her papers and clears her throat.

## NEWS REPORTER TWO

Fires continue to erupt throughout the city and continue to burn out of control as all emergency assistance have been completely cut off. We advise those who may be in danger to the fire threat to seek shelter in more rural areas...

Eric turns the camera back to him.

ERIC

Jesus...I can't believe what I just heard. This is actually happening.

He stares at the camera for a moment, then leans into it.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1:37 AM

The camera focuses on where the gas station had erupted. The fire has grown smaller, but spreads. The smoke moves away from Eric's house.

ERIC (O.S.)

Thank you Mother fucking Nature. The wind is blowing away from my house, and those poor suckers caught in the direction of the wind will have to find a new place to keep away from these...Dead people. God it's weird actually saying that...

(Beat)

I just hope my house doesn't catch on fire.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

10:55 AM

Eric points the camera at the television. On the screen: static.

He flips through the televisions channels. All of them: static.

ERIC (O.S.)

It's been like this for...I think five hours...It's finally happened. The phones are dead, the media is dead, everyone outside is dead...

(Eerily cheerfully)

But they're still walkin'!

He sets the camera on a table and squats in front of the camera.

ERIC

I still haven't seen anybody outside yet.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

(Beat)

But I will. I know I will.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

8:10 PM

BUMP.

Eric points the camera at the windowless back door.

WHUMP.

Eric's breathing begins to grow louder (O.S.).

THUMP.

The camera grows shaky as Eric's hands, obviously, shake.

Between the bumps, whumps, and thumps are scratching sounds; nails against the door.

ERIC (O.S.)

(Quietly)

Holy shit. Holy shit. Holy shit.

Holy shit...

The noises continue.

ERIC (O.S.)

(Quietly)

One of them is fucking out there...

His loud breathing continues. Eric slowly walks over to a lamp and turns it off.

The thumping stops.

Eric becomes extremely still.

ERIC (O.S.)

(Slow, shaky whisper)

I think it knows I'm in here...

All is quiet except for Eric's breathing. He turns the camera onto NIGHT VISION MODE.

Very slowly, he takes a step forward towards the door.

Step by step, he passes furniture very quietly. The floorboards quietly creak beneath his feet.

As he nears the door, he slowly sneaks off to the side towards a window with the curtains mostly closed.

He reaches the window and bends down a bit. His hand enters the screen and he grabs the curtain. Slowly, he pulls the curtain back and looks out the window at the back porch.

In a blur, a pale, featureless figure quickly glides past the window.

Eric freaks. He lets out a yelp and trips backwards. He flies to the floor and drops the camera. It turns and faces him as he crab-walks backwards away from the window.

His breathing has grown even louder, and now, quicker.

For a moment, he's completely still. Only his eyes, which reflect some source of light, shoot from the window to the camera. The window, then the camera. Window. Camera.

He slowly gets on his hands and knees and crawls over to the camera. He picks it up and crawls around a couch.

Eric rises above the couch and stands all the way up. He uses the camera to pan around the living room, zooms in on every window, searches.

He passes a window. Nothing. Then records the last window in the room. He pans back to the other window.

There, stands the silhouette of the figure. Eric gasps and ducks behind the couch.

He regains his courage and calms his breathing, and slowly rises above the couch again. He almost comes to a standing point.

He zooms in on the figure, which now becomes a bit more clear. It wears ragged, torn clothes. That's all that's visible.

Then, the figure turns. It's eyes light up from some off-screen light source. The eyes stare right at the camera. All of this happens in a flash.

Eric flies back down beneath the couch. His breathing is quick and heavy. The camera shakes uncontrollably in his hands.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Shaky)  
Jesus, I think it saw me.

Eric slowly rises above the couch again. He zooms in on the window where the figure stands...Or stood. It's gone.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Whispered)  
Where did it go?

He stands all the way up and searches through all the windows in the living room. He finally reaches the door and takes a step forward, but then stops.

Eric turns the video camera around. He opens his mouth to say something, but stops.

He turns the camera back around to where it faces the door. He then rushes to the door, stops. He grabs the doorknob...

And twists.

Slowly, he opens the door slightly and sticks the camera out. He pans the camera across the small backyard surrounded by a picket fence.

All the backyard is empty. Eric takes a deep breath and slowly lets it out, and then steps forward.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Outside noises become heard in the camera microphone. A car alarm goes off and echoes through the area. Gunshots echo through the city once every moment. A siren or two comes from...Somewhere.

Eric walks down a few steps to the porch and stops. He pans the camera across the backyard again. Everything is still.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Whispered)  
I just want to take a quick, good  
look at it.

Step by step, Eric walks towards a corner of his house. He stops right at the corner and takes a deep breath, braces himself.

He jumps forward and around the corner. Nothing. Nothing but bushes surrounding an air conditioner.

Eric walks along the wall of the house and keeps his back to the wall. His breathing soon becomes heavy.

He turns around and faces a window that looks into the living room.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Whispered)  
It was standing right here. Where  
did it go?

He continues forward.

He walks around the air conditioner when it WHIRS on. Eric yelps and jumps away from the air conditioner.

For a moment, he stares at the contraption, then laughs nervously. He points the camera at an open gate in the fence. Eric quickly walks over to it.

He opens the gate up.

ERIC (O.S.)  
This is probably how he got in...  
And probably got out.

He zooms in on the neighborhood street. Most of the houses are dark inside. And then, a woman walks into view from the sidewalk.

Eric quickly zooms out to fit the woman in the screen. She stumbles slowly down the sidewalk. None of her features are visible.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Whispered)  
Look! There's another one!

He films the woman for a moment longer, then shuts the gate and quietly locks it.

ERIC (O.S.)  
I don't want any more coming in  
through the back.

He turns around and walks back towards the corner of the house. Before he reaches, there comes a faint moan (O.S.).

Eric spins around and films just the gate. Slowly, he turns back around towards the corner.

He walks to the corner of the house before the figure stumbles around in front of Eric!

The figure's features are now more distinct. Its nose is torn and bloody, with dry blood that stains its mouth.

The figure growls and snarls as it reaches for Eric. Eric quickly dodges the figure's lunge and runs for the door.

He trips and falls. The camera flies from his hand and lands on a step of the porch. It faces the corner of the house.

Eric groans in pain (O.S.). His legs squirm on the porch as he continues to groan. Behind him, the figure stumbles towards him rather quickly.

Eric scrambles to his feet and hisses in pain. He quickly grabs the camera and opens the door. He turns around and quickly slams the door shut just as the figure reaches the door with outstretched arms.

The screen begins to cut out. Then—

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

9:14 PM 10/11/2009

ERIC (V.O.)  
Why can't I see anything?

Sounds of fumbling with the camera.

ERIC (V.O.)  
Oh, right.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

The lens cap comes off and all the surroundings are blurry. The camera attempts to auto-focus itself, but it can't.

Eric sits in front of the camera. He's one big blur.

ERIC  
...Let it focus...

He zooms in and out, and finally, everything becomes clear. Eric has a beard coming in from lack of shaving. He's dressed in different clothes, too.

ERIC  
Alright, that's better. So, I'm pretty sure it's been about two days since my last recording. I ran out of battery just after my first experience with Mr. Crazy out in my backyard and it took me a while to find the charger.  
(Beat)  
He's still there.  
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

I've been watching him through my windows. All he does it wander around. He looks up at the sky a lot, some times he'd sit down and lean against the fence...It's really weird. He acts like a normal person, but he's not.

Eric takes a deep breath.

ERIC

The radios have now stopped broadcasting stuff. First, it was just the radio DJs talking about the shit that's going on, then it switched to recorded broadcasts, such as what you need to do, where you need to do it...And now all there is is static.

(Beat)

This is possibly one of the most exciting things in my life...And believe it or not, I'm actually enjoying it.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - LATER

9:39 PM

Eric points the camera through the blinds and the window, across the street, and at the house across from him.

A light is on. A woman stands at the window. She waves to him for help.

Eric points the camera down at the bottom story of the house across from his. A group of the stumbling creatures gather around the front door.

The creatures pound on the door and scratch at it.

ERIC (O.S.)

Damn, look at all of them down there. I think there are about... Six or seven of them. More are joining them.

A few creatures on the street stumble towards the group. He points the camera back at the woman.

ERIC (O.S.)

Shit, you have no chance, lady.

The woman grabs some chords from the blinds and begins to open and close the blinds in a certain pattern. She continues this as Eric films.

ERIC (O.S.)  
I think she's trying to talk to  
me...I don't know Morse code.

He sets the camera on a table and grabs the cords of his blinds. He moves the blinds as if they say what he says:

ERIC  
I-don't-know-what-you-are-saying.

For a moment, he stares out the window. And then he laughs.

ERIC  
God, I'm such a loser.

He grabs the camera and continues to film down at the front door.

One of the creatures walks over to a window next to the door and breaks it.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Oh shit.

He tilts the camera back up and records the woman, who looks off to the side of her room at the sound of the broken glass.

He tilts back down at the creatures, who quickly pile into the house. Most of the group gets in before Eric tilts back up towards the woman.

The woman attempts to push her bed towards the bedroom door, but it's too heavy for her. She begins to move it, but she stops as she grows tired.

She pushes her shoulder into the bed and moves it at least half a foot before she jumps and lets out an inaudible scream. She tries to move the bed frantically, but it won't budge.

The woman is now obviously crying, and she jumps again. She begins to scream more, and there is now something in the room with her.

Shadows glide along the wall.

The woman sinks towards the back of her room, cries hysterically. She disappears out of window view.

And then the creatures walk into view. They stumble towards the woman. The creatures gather around and reach their arms out for the woman.

Eric slowly tilts the camera back to the street, where the other creatures who were slow to move have now lost interest in getting inside the home. They wander off somewhere else.

He films back up at the window. The group of creatures kneel down and feast on the woman.

ERIC  
(Quietly)  
Bye-bye.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

6:30 AM 10/12/2009

It's light out already. The camera focuses outside in the backyard. The sun rises, very few clouds in the sky...And no movement.

ERIC (O.S.)  
My subject has disappeared. I went outside earlier because I hadn't heard anything from him or seen him since yesterday. When I got to the gate, it was open.  
(Beat)  
I think they remember. I think they remember who they used to be, and what they used to do. I mean, if they're able to walk and moan, they have to at least remember some stuff they learned that's as simple as...  
(Beat)  
Opening a fence gate.

He continues to pan across the backyard.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Or I could have not closed it all the way. The gate's old, the wind could have blown it open.

He turns the camera around to face him.

ERIC  
It was really quiet out today. I didn't hear anything. Some birds where chirping. That's it.  
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)  
For once in my life, I felt a sense  
of peace.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

10:00 AM

Eric holds the cordless phone to his ear.

ERIC  
Hello, hello, hello...Is there  
anybody in there? Just nod if you  
can hear me...Is there anyone home?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

1:13 PM

The camera focuses on a fly stuck between the window and the window screen. It buzzes angrily as it tries to find a way out.

The fly hits the window screen and falls to the bottom on the window sill.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Rather loudly)  
That sucks.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

3:33 PM

Eric faces the camera. He looks very happy.

ERIC  
Hey! It's 3:33! Make a wish! Let's  
see...I wish for—

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

7:05 PM

The camera sits on a counter and films Eric making a meal. He slowly opens a can of soup.

Once he finishes, he takes the lid off the can, sets it aside, and picks the can up.

He tips the can on its side to dump the soup out, but the can slips from his grip and falls to the counter.

Soup pours out everywhere.

ERIC

FUCK!

Eric grabs the can of soup and throws it across the kitchen. Soup splatters on the counters and ground, and the can TINKS and TANKS across the kitchen.

He rubs his eyes and walks over to the camera.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

8:55 PM

Eric sits in front of the camera. Behind him is the television. It's turned on, but there's only static.

ERIC

Who knew the end of the world was so boring.

He chuckles.

ERIC

God, I wish I had a computer. I could probably look up some video on Youtube about what's going on.

(Beat)

And some porn.

JUMP CUT TO:

9:00 PM

ERIC

I just got done looking outside at the city. The fires are finally dying down, but I have heard some gunshots...People are still alive.

JUMP CUT TO:

9:01 PM

ERIC

God, I wanna get laid before I die.

JUMP CUT TO:

9:03 PM

ERIC

Okay, there's been something on my mind for a very long time, my whole life, and I just need to get it off my chest...Mom, if you ever see this...You know Buster, the dog you adored when I was, like, eight? And how I accidentally ran him over with the four-wheeler? Well, it wasn't an accident...

(Beat)

I was bored.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

10:00 PM

Eric holds the camera up to his face.

ERIC

Okay, so it's been a week since this thing has first started. I haven't gone shopping for food for about a month. I'm all out. I can't go to the grocery stores because there's nothing there. When the media was still...Working, they showed clips of every single aisle empty. Either because people looted the place, or because people saw what has now happened coming. And I'm going to go search for those peoples' houses and take what's mine.

He takes a deep breath and stares deep into the camera.

ERIC

Let's go.

He flips a switch, and everything goes green as the camera enters NIGHT VISION MODE.

He turns the video camera around so it faces the door and then walks towards it.

ERIC

I'm not going to any of the houses near mine because there are too many of those crazies out on the street and I don't want to attract too many of them.

Eric opens the back door and walks out to...

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

He shuts the door behind him and walks towards the back of the backyard, but stops.

ERIC (O.S.)

Hold on...

He turns around and walks quickly towards the gate that's cracked open a bit.

He opens the gate and films the street. About seven creatures slowly stumble on the street. A few stand in place, while others attempt to keep their balance.

ERIC (O.S.)

Shit, look at that one...

One person limps across a lawn. Half of her body is burnt to a crisp. Smoke still rises from her smoldered body.

Eric quietly shuts the gate and quickly walks to the back of the backyard.

He holds the video camera up high and films over the fence. The camera pans across the woods behind Eric's house. There's no movement.

He pans for a moment longer, then brings the video camera down.

He steps up on support boards and pulls himself over the fence. While at the top of the fence, he slowly lowers the camera to the ground.

About two feet above the ground, Eric drops the camera, and then he falls in front of it. He brushes himself off and grabs the camera.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eric walks into the woods and around the trees. Branches snap beneath his feet, and each time that happens, he curses at himself.

He finally reaches the other side of the woods. In front of him is another neighborhood. There's a street, and after the street, more houses.

He films one house in particular. Light glows from inside through the windows.

Eric begins to walk towards the street, but stops, and steps back.

Light shines down on the street and against the lit house. The rumble of an engine slowly fades in.

Eric quickly dives behind some bushes and then sticks the camera up above the bushes. A car pulls up to the house.

The car stops and parks, but remains running. Four MEN jump out of the car, each with a gun drawn.

MAN ONE

See, I told you some people still  
lived here. Remember, grab anything  
you can that's worth something.  
Search for any money, jewelry,  
anything.

Two of the men run up to the front door, while the other two run around back.

One of the men at the front door pounds on it.

MAN ONE

Let us in! Right now!

He tries the knob, but it's locked. He continues to pound on the door.

MAN ONE

Let us fucking in right fucking  
now!

When there's no answer, he says something inaudible to the other man.

The other man pulls out a walkie-talkie.

MAN TWO  
(Into walkie-talkie)  
Okay, go ahead and go in.

The sound of glass breaking echoes through the neighborhood. The two men at the front door run over to a window and smash it with their guns.

The two men climb in, and just as the second man gets in, a girl's scream breaks the silence.

More screams and yells emit from inside the house, and Eric continues to roll. He looks behind him, back in the woods. It's dark, but nothing moves inside.

He looks back over at the house. No movement from inside. Then...

The door opens. One of the men has a FATHER at gunpoint. He shoves him down to the sidewalk, and then in front of the headlights of the truck.

The man forces the father to his knees.

Another man walks out with a TEENAGE DAUGHTER and a YOUNG SON at gunpoint. He pushes them to their knees across from their father.

The two men taunt the three family members and insult them, cuss at them, threaten to shoot them, when the other two men walk out.

One stuffs cash into his pocket, while the other has a box with jewelry that falls out, and other valuables.

MAN THREE  
Oh, hey, look out!

The third man points his gun at the front door. A woman stumbles out of the door. She moans as she walks with jerky movements.

BANG!

The woman's head snaps back and she falls to the ground.

YOUNG SON  
MOM!!

The son and daughter begin to cry. The father struggles in the man's grip.

FATHER

That was my wife! You fucker! I'll  
fucking kill you!

MAN THREE

She was already fucking dead!  
Fucking deal with it!

FATHER

You bastard!

The father spits in the man's mouth. The man steps back and wipes the spit from his face. He growls and grabs the father by the hair, points the gun at his temple, and shoots. BANG!

Blood sprays on the truck headlight.

Eric gasps (O.S.) and the camera shakes as he jumps from the noise.

The daughter and son scream and cry at what they just saw. The son cries hysterically and pulls away from the man's grip.

The son stands up and runs away from the truck.

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

Run! Jack, run!

But he doesn't get very far when another one of the men pulls out his pistol and shoots the boy in the back.

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

(Hysterically)

OH MY GOD!!

The man who shot the boy walks over to his body. Eric zooms in on the boy. He still moves, and breathes, but lightly and quickly.

He lifts the camera up at the man until the boy is off-screen. The man points the gun at the boy and shoots.

Eric pulls the camera behind the bush.

ERIC (O.S.)

(Whispered)

Holy shit! Oh fuck! Fuck, fuck,  
fuck, fuck...

The camera becomes shaky again.

He turns the camera and looks behind him. A few stumbling creatures now emerge from the woods and slowly walk towards him.

Eric turns back to the house and holds the camera above the bush. The man who killed the boy walks back over to the truck.

Man One steps in front of the girl who cries hysterically and pistol whips her.

MAN ONE

Shut up!

She cries out in pain, but slowly calms down.

MAN ONE

(Faintly)

How old are you?

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

(Hyperventilating)

What?

MAN ONE

HOW OLD ARE YOU?!?

TEENAGE DAUGHTER

(Hysterically)

Sixteen! I'm sixteen! Please don't hurt me! Please...!

The man looks up at the other three men. They all nod at each other.

MAN ONE

Sixteen's good. Put her in the back.

The man holding her at gunpoint grabs her beneath the arms. She screams out and thrashes her feet everywhere.

Her cries for help soon become muffled as the men shove her in the car. They shut their doors and speed off. The tires squeal, and the car disappears.

Eric stays put. He then turns back towards the woods. The creatures are closer, now. They're arms are stretched out, ready to grab.

He quickly stands up and runs across the street to the front door of the house.

He records the body of the wife. Her neck has a bite mark on it. Her eyes are wide open, and blood still leaks through the bullet wound in her forehead.

INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Eric slams the door shut and runs into the...

KITCHEN

He slams the camera down on the kitchen table and runs to the pantry.

Eric throws boxes of cereals and other foods out on the table. He slams canned foods on the table, then grabs dozens of paper bags that hang from the pantry door.

He stuffs as much of the food into the bags as possible.

THUMP. THUMP-WHUMP.

Eric looks up at the ceiling as he slides the last canned food into the bag.

He looks at the camera, then back at the ceiling. Eric walks over to the camera as he continues to stare up.

Eric points the camera up at the ceiling, then back down towards the stairs at the back of the house.

He begins to walk to the...

STAIRWELL

Eric passes the back sliding door. The glass is broken.

He stops at the foot of the stairs and looks up at the top. The thumps continue from upstairs. Eric sighs.

He takes a step up the stairs. Followed by another. Then another. He slowly ascends the stairs as the thumps continue down the hallway (O.S.).

Eric reaches the top of the stairs and points the camera down the hallway. At the end of the hallway is a room with a closed door.

Eric hurries down the hallway and stops immediately in front of the door. His breathing, once again, becomes heavy.

His hand reaches for the doorknob, and he twists it around slowly. The door cracks open, and it creaks as he slowly pushes it open.

All is quiet.

He pans the camera around the room. No movement. No thumps and whumps.

The room is messy, with scattered clothes, furniture that has been tipped over, blinds pulled from the windows, etc. He pans to the right of the room, then back to the left.

Then, loud thumping, like heavy stomping, grows louder and louder very quickly to the right of the room (O.S.).

The camera spins to the right just as an old man, no longer alive, with his skin dry and cracked, eyes pale and empty, growls and moans as he lunges at Eric!

The old man tackles Eric to the ground, and Eric attempts to crawl away backwards. He holds the camera up at the old man as he claws at Eric's legs.

An old woman, freshly dead with a bite mark on her neck, falls to the floor, also. She claws at Eric's legs with the old man.

Eric screams and kicks the old man in the face. The old man's head flips back, but it doesn't stop him. His head falls forward again, and Eric kicks him in the face again.

Blood flows from the old man's nose. Eric rears his foot back once more and kicks the man in the face. The old man releases his grip on Eric's leg, blood flows from his mouth, teeth fall out.

Eric rolls onto his stomach and crawls away from the old couple. He scrambles to his feet and turns back around to see the two slowly get to their feet, also.

Eric runs to the stairs and gets halfway down before he stops.

ERIC

Shit!

The camera reveals three zombies on the back porch. They enter through the open sliding door slowly. They look up at Eric with tired, dead eyes.

Eric runs down the stairs, stays close to the wall. The zombies move toward him, their arms out, their mouths open wide.

Eric runs into...

A ROOM

Runs through the room and into the...

DINING ROOM

And through the...

ENTRYWAY

Before he reaches the...

KITCHEN

Where he slams the camera on the counter, perfect enough to where it faces the back door. The two first zombies walk into the room by the stairs, but the third walks towards the kitchen.

Two more zombies enter the house through the back door and follow the third zombie slowly towards the kitchen.

Eric fumbles with the grocery bags (O.S.), his breathing quick and heavy.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Shit! Shit, shit, shit...!

He runs back around the counter and grabs the camera just as the zombies round themselves into the kitchen.

He runs into the...

ENTRYWAY

And opens the door. He steps over the body of the dead wife.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Eric stops and looks at the zombies that were in the woods minutes before. They now walk across the street, still ever-so-slow.

He gains courage, takes a deep breath, and runs towards the street around the zombies. They moan and growl as he runs past them. One of them trips towards him, its hands out to grab him.

But Eric pushes the creature away with the camera.

He runs through the woods, dodges the trees, until he reaches the fence.

Without any concern for the food, he tosses the bags over the fence. Then he holds the camera over the fence and drops it.

The camera falls to the ground. The video becomes choppy as it hits the ground, but regains perfect vision, and continues to record.

Off-screen, the grunts and heavy breathing indicate Eric having a hard time getting over the fence. Seconds past until he finally falls to the ground on his feet. He falls to his knees.

He falls back on his butt and sits against the fence to catch his breath. It begins to slow down, and he becomes calm. There comes a moan (O.S.).

Eric's body jolts as he looks behind him, as if he can see through the fence. Then he looks at the camera, picks it up, and turns it off.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

2:23 AM 10/13/2009

Eric uses a knife to slice some pieces of apple and plops them into his mouth. He contemplates, nods, and then:

ERIC

I've been thinking about something  
that may be a problem...

He eats a piece of apple and leans towards the camera.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

2:49 AM

The camera sticks out the window and looks down at the street where a few corpses walk slowly and aimlessly.

Eric turns the camera around and points it at him. He sits on the window sill.

ERIC

I can't sleep. I miss talking with  
Donna. To be honest, I'd really  
want any woman right now.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

3:00 AM

Eric points the camera at him. He lets out a fake gasp and looks behind him. He looks back at the camera.

ERIC

I always expect there to be, like, a ghost or someone to be behind me when I film myself like this.

(Beat)

At least there'd be someone else here besides me.

(Beat)

Maybe I could make a friend with one of those people out there? I mean, how hard can it be?

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

10:55 AM

Eric holds the camera up in front of him.

ERIC

I've been talking to myself a lot lately. It's funny because I'd talk to myself, then get in an argument about something stupid, like, why I'm not checking the TV to see if anything came back on and it's like I'm going crazy or something—

JUMP CUT TO:

10:56 AM

ERIC

—and what about the animals? I mean, will they get eaten, too? They're not people, but they're still meaty—

JUMP CUT TO:

10:57 AM

ERIC

—I've been asking all these questions and nobody's here to answer them—

JUMP CUT TO:

10:58 AM

ERIC  
—“Somewhere over the rainbow way  
up high—”

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

11:10 AM

The camera sits on the counter. Eric walks to the sink and begins to fill dozens of cups up with water. He sets them next to the sink.

ERIC  
I don't know when the power might  
go out, so I'm preparing.

He continues to fill up the cups.

ERIC  
I think I'm going to do the same  
with the bathtub, but that means no  
showering...Plus, mildew and mold  
and stuff...But when the power's  
out, that's it.  
(Beat)  
Maybe not.

Suddenly, someone pounds on the front door (O.S.). Eric stops filling up cups and stares over at the front door.

The pounding continues. It's fast and in pattern.

Eric looks at the camera, then grabs it. He walks towards the front door, reaches for the handle, but stops and takes his hand away.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Who...Who's there?

ALEX (O.S.)  
Please let me in! I'm okay! I'm not  
one of them and I haven't been  
bitten! Please, just let me in!

Eric stares at the door.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Awkwardly)  
How do I know you don't have a  
posse round up to kill me and steal  
my stuff?

ALEX (O.S.)

What?

ERIC (O.S.)

Why should I trust you?

ALEX (O.S.)

I...I don't know!

(Beat)

The window! Look out a window! The one to my right!

Eric walks into the...

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

...And opens the blinds of the window. For a moment, nobody is there.

Then a young woman, with black, wavy hair, covered with speckles of dry blood appears at the window. This is ALEX (25).

ALEX

See! There's nobody else around!  
Please, let me in before any of those people get me!

Eric shuts the blinds and walks back over to the door. He opens it up and Alex slips in. He shuts the door and locks it, turns around, and keeps the camera on Alex.

ALEX

Thanks.

Eric doesn't respond.

ALEX

I've been running for days. The places I've been in either get broken into or catch on fire from some of the ones that are spreading.

ERIC (O.S.)

Well...I guess that could be a bad sign for me, couldn't it?

Alex frowns.

ALEX

I guess you could say that.

(Beat)

(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I'm Alexis, by the way. You can  
call me Alex for short.

She holds out her hand, but Eric doesn't shake it. He holds  
up a cup of water.

ERIC (O.S.)  
My hands are full.

ALEX  
Right...What's with the camera?

ERIC (O.S.)  
Oh this? It's nothing. Logging this  
whole experience, I guess.

ALEX  
(Perplexed)  
Oh, okay, then. Oh, hey, is it  
alright if I have something to  
drink? I'm really thirsty from  
running all over the place. All the  
grocery stores have been looted and  
there wasn't shit at any of the  
places I stayed in.

Eric stumbles to find his words.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Sure. Go right ahead. Here.

He holds up the glass to her. She takes it and gulps the  
water down.

ALEX  
Thanks. What's your name?

Eric doesn't respond. Alex cocks her head.

ALEX  
Is something wrong—?

ERIC (O.S.)  
Eric...My name is Eric...

ALEX  
Well, thanks for letting me in,  
Eric.

She begins to walk towards the kitchen.

ALEX  
Is this your place?

Eric drops the camera to his thigh so it points at the floor.

INT. HOUSE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - SECOND STORY - DAY

11:39 AM

Eric walks into another bedroom.

ERIC (O.S.)

This is where you can sleep, I  
guess. How long do you plan on  
stay—?

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

12:13 PM

Eric sets the camera on the counter and walks back to the sink. He resumes filling up cups of water. He sets the cups next to the sink.

He looks up at the ceiling, shakes his head and sighs. Eric drops the cup of water in the sink and reaches for the camera.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

6:24 PM

Eric and Alex eat dinner at the kitchen table. Eric sits at one end, Alex at the other.

ALEX

I saw your light on last night.  
Then this morning, some of those  
things broke into the house I was  
in, and I figured I could come  
here.

Eric doesn't say anything.

ALEX

So have you seen many of those  
people? The bad ones?

ERIC

Which "bad" ones?

Alex rests her fork on the plate.

ALEX

The ones that have been killing everyone this entire time.

ERIC

Oh, right. The dead ones. No, I haven't, really. I mean, I'd see a group of them walk around, and then they'd disappear.

ALEX

And you've been pretty safe? None of them had tried to break in?

Eric stares at her for a moment, then resumes eating.

ERIC

No, only one.

ALEX

Oh.

They're quiet for a moment as they continue eating.

ERIC

Hey, what were you talking about when I first let you in? About how you said you weren't bitten by any of them?

ALEX

You don't know?

ERIC

Know...?

ALEX

Anyone who's bitten by one turns into one.

ERIC

Like a vampire.

ALEX

Yeah, except vampires aren't real. These are.

ERIC

Vampires are real. I've seen them before in National Geographic.

ALEX

Yeah, but they're not "vampire" vampires.

ERIC  
They drink people's blood!

ALEX  
So do mosquitos but you don't turn  
into one when you're bitten by one.

Eric drops his fork on the plate and folds his arms. He sighs, shakes his head, and resumes eating.

ERIC  
I'm sorry.

Alex stares at him blankly, then bows her head.

ALEX  
It's okay.

ERIC  
I just thought that when you die  
you turn into one of them.

ALEX  
Well, that's true, too. They talked  
about it on the TVs before they  
went out.

ERIC  
I must've missed it.

Alex looks at the camera.

ALEX  
You really like to take that with  
you where you go, don't you?

ERIC  
Until now, it's the only thing I've  
been able to talk to since this  
thing's been happening.

ALEX  
Well it's a good thing I came  
around then, isn't it? A few more  
days of solitude like this and  
you'd probably go crazy.

Alex chuckles and Eric stares at her. For a moment, it's completely silent. Then Alex clears her throat.

ALEX  
What'd you mean by the other "bad"  
people?

ERIC

Some people broke into a family's house. Killed everyone but the daughter. They stole her and I'm pretty sure they raped, and possibly killed her.

Alex gasps and covers her mouth.

ALEX

Oh my God. Really?

ERIC

Yeah.

He stands up and walks to the camera.

ERIC

I'd watch out if I were you.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

8:40 PM

Alex's face engulfs the entire screen. She quickly pulls her head back.

ALEX

Oh, that's attractive...

She fumbles with the camera, points it in every direction.

ALEX

Let's see what's on this weirdo's tape.

She continues to fumble with the camera, then sighs.

ALEX

Jesus, how do you get to "watch" mode?

A toilet flushes (O.S.). Alex becomes still. A door opens (O.S.) and Alex quickly sets the camera on a table. She steps away from it and throws her hands behind her back just as Eric walks in.

He looks at her, then the camera.

ERIC

What are you doing?

ALEX

Nothing. I was just...Looking out the window, to see if I could see anything...

Eric stares at her.

ALEX

There was nothing out there, by the way.

ERIC

Were you messing with the camera?

ALEX

I was just looking at it. I guess I must have turned it on and accidentally pressed record.

There's silence between them.

ALEX

I'm going to go downstairs and make a snack. I guess I didn't have enough to eat earlier.

She walks out of the room. Eric looks at the camera and walks towards it. He picks it up.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Donna and Mark smile at each other. Mark holds the camera out and films them both.

MARK

Happy anniversary.

DONNA

Happy anniversary.

They kiss passionately.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

10:14 PM

Eric sits on his bed.

ERIC

God damn it, I hate it when people mess with my stuff...

(Beat)

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

But she's one of the very few women  
in my house.

He thinks for a moment.

ERIC

God damn it.

INT. HOUSE - ANOTHER BEDROOM - SECOND STORY - DAY

7:14 AM 10/14/2009

Eric pushes the door open. It squeaks as it slowly opens all the way.

He slowly and quietly walks into the room.

Alex sleeps in the bed. She snores lightly as she sleeps soundly.

Eric walks over to the side of the bed and squats down next to her. He focuses on her face. All is quiet except for her light snoring.

Then Eric's breathing becomes heavy and shaky. He uses the camera to check her body out. He moves it back to her face. A strand of hair slides in front of her face.

He uses his finger to brush it out of the way. Then waddles over to the end of the bed. Eric slowly slides the blankets up so her feet are visible.

He wiggles his index finger beneath her foot. Her foot twitches and he stops, takes his finger away. All is still.

Then he begins to tickle her foot some more. She kicks, takes a deep breath, and turns onto her back, rolls over the blankets, and smacks her lips.

Eric stands up and views her body. Eric pulls away any remaining blanket on her body, then scans her.

Slowly, he reaches for her pajama bottoms around her waist. He grabs hold of them and slowly pulls the front down. Alex's underwear becomes visible.

Eric's breathing gets harder.

He takes hold of her underwear and begins to pull when Alex rolls over onto her side. She groans as if she's about to wake up.

Eric backs away quickly, turns around, and walks briskly out the door. He quickly shuts it and leaves no time for the door to squeak shut.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

8:11 AM

Eric films a lone zombie that walks down the deserted, littered street. It stumbles side to side.

ALEX (O.S.)

Morning.

Eric turns around to see Alex walk into the room.

ALEX

What are you doing?

She walks up to the window and sees the zombie. Her eyes grow wide.

ALEX

Shit. How long has he been out there?

ERIC (O.S.)

For about thirty minutes.

ALEX

And you've just been standing here filming it?

ERIC (O.S.)

...Yeah. What else am I going to do? It's not going to come over here.

ALEX

Are you sure?

ERIC (O.S.)

Yes.

ALEX

Okay...It's weird seeing one so early in the day. Most of them usually come out at night.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

9:11 AM

A bathroom door is cracked open, and Eric films what's inside.

Water splashes inside a bathtub, and in the reflection of the mirror is Alex. She washes her self in steaming hot water.

Eric continues to film her.

Alex shuts off the water and steps out of the shower. Eric quickly walks away from the bathroom, then slowly walks back towards the door.

He films Alex's reflection in the mirror through the crack of the door. She dries herself off with a towel.

Alex looks at the mirror. She sees Eric through the reflection, and he notices.

Eric books it.

ALEX (O.S.)

Hey!

Eric runs down the stairs, but stops when Alex runs after him.

ALEX (O.S.)

Get back here!

He turns around and holds the camera at his side. She has the towel wrapped around her. Everything is upside down.

ALEX

What the fuck?! How long have you been filming me?!

ERIC (O.S.)

I, uh...

ALEX

How long have you been fucking filming me?

ERIC (O.S.)

Only a few minutes!

ALEX

Only a few minutes?! Look, when I came here, I was hoping this would be a type of safe house! Do you have any fucking decency?!

ERIC (O.S.)

I'm sorry! It's just—

ALEX  
 "Sorry" is not going to cut it!  
 (Looks at the camera)  
 Is it still filming?

ERIC (O.S.)  
 (Nervously)  
 No...

ALEX  
 You're still filming aren't you.  
 The light is on!

ERIC (O.S.)  
 That just means that the camera's  
 on—

ALEX  
 Oh, bullshit! Give that to me right  
 now!

She reaches for the camera. Eric pulls it away from her. They begin to fight over it.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

11:10 AM

Eric films outside at the house across the street. Two zombies stand in place by the house. They sway side to side, bump into each other, but could care less.

ERIC (O.S.)  
 God, look at them...

He turns the camera to face him.

ERIC  
 ...They're so careless. If only  
 more people were like these...

Alex walks into frame. Eric looks at her and quickly stops recording.

JUMP CUT TO:

Eric continues recording. Alex is nowhere to be seen.

ERIC  
 ...If only people were like those  
 dead people out there, life would  
 be so much easier. I mean, they're  
 really slow.  
 (MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 Just take their teeth out so they  
 can't bite you, and you can  
 practically do anything you want  
 with them...

He stops and thinks about what he just said.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

3:15 PM

The camera sits on a small tripod. Eric pulls back and sits against the wall right in front of Alex's room door. He knocks on it.

ALEX (O.S.)  
 You don't have the camera, do you?

ERIC  
 Yes.

ALEX (O.S.)  
 God damn it. Turn it off or—

ERIC  
 Look, I don't need to talk to you  
 face to face. This is fine. I just  
 want to talk, okay?

It's quiet for a moment.

ALEX (O.S.)  
 Okay. Talk.

ERIC  
 Okay, first, I'm still very sorry  
 for what I did. It's just that I've  
 been alone for so long, and when  
 you came here, my thoughts started  
 to get all mixed up. I haven't had  
 a girlfriend since the eighth  
 grade, you know?

Alex sighs (O.S.)

ALEX (O.S.)  
 That's a good excuse, but it's  
 not—

ERIC  
 In eighth grade, I went out with  
 this girl named Sandra for, like,  
 two days.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Well, I asked her to the dance, but as far as I was concerned, she was my girlfriend. I am almost completely positive that she only said yes to be nice. She never really loved me. Then at the dance, during a slow dance song, I tried to make my move...And she freaked out. She shoved me away and started yelling at me about how it meant nothing and that she would never go out with a freak like me. Then she stormed off and left me in the middle of the crowd of people who laughed at me...I felt like I was in the movie 'Carrie'...And ever since then, I've been really shy around women and...Honestly, I don't know what to do with myself.

Alex is quiet for a second.

ALEX (O.S.)

...Well, I'm sorry...But that's not good enough to give you the right to do what you did.

ERIC

I know it's not. I just want you to understand what's going through my mind right now since you've come.

(Chuckles)

You know, if you hated me so much right now, you should've left.

ALEX (O.S.)

And where else would I go? There's nobody left in this God damn city!

Eric chuckles again. He thinks for a moment.

ERIC

It's a good thing you mentioned that. For all we know, we could be the only one's left in this state. In the country. I think that we should start considering us...I mean, what I'm saying is...We need to make...A new beginning...Life.

The two become quiet. Then the door swings open. Eric quickly stands up.

ALEX

Excuse me?

ERIC

Do you get what I'm saying?

ALEX

(Angrily)

Yeah, I do! Who the fuck do you think I am? We've only just met each other and you're already talking about fucking me? I'm not some whore who decided to walk the streets looking for a guy!

She pushes him.

ALEX

God, I don't need this right now! My friends are dead! My family's dead! I have more important things on my mind than having sex! What about you? Have you tried contacting your family? Have you thought about what's happening around you?

(Mocking him)

"Oh, it's part of survival to start a new life with a new family." NO! You just want to get in my pants! You seemed like a nice guy, but after what you did—just after the day we met—I don't know if I can trust you! You give off this weird vibe and to tell you the truth, I'm scared! I thought I should have only been afraid of those fucking things out there, but now I've realized that they're not the only things I need to watch out for!

She walks back in the room and slams the door shut in his face.

Eric walks to the door, stops, walks away, stops, and walks back to the door. He sighs and walks to the camera.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

6:36 PM

The sun sets and the sky become fiery red.

Dozens of vultures fly in a circle in an area near a house.

ERIC (O.S.)  
They probably found another dead  
body.

JUMP CUT TO:

The sky is still red, but a bit darker.

ERIC (O.S.)  
You know, I can't help but think  
about that one night—the night  
when I went into that other  
house—and the idea those guys had  
for that girl...And I think I  
should....

He sighs.

The camera tilts down and films a zombie sitting in the corner of a fence and a house. The zoom is close enough to see thousands of flies swarm around the corpse.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Jesus, look at all those flies...

A door opens (O.S.) and Eric turns around. Alex walks out of the room and down the stairs.

ALEX (O.S.)  
I'm just getting something to eat.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

7:50 PM

NIGHT VISION MODE

The camera sits high on a tripod. It focuses on an open door that leads into a dark abyss.

Eric walks away from the camera and struggles with something off-screen.

He walks back into view and carries the television. He walks into the pitch black room.

Moments later, he walks out and up the stairs. Silence takes over, then footsteps that come from above.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Alex! Come to the basement! There's  
something on the TV!

Faster, heavier footsteps follow on the ceiling, then on the stairs, and then Eric runs into the basement. He runs into the dark room.

A moment later, more footsteps come from the stairs, and Alex walks into view.

ALEX  
Where are you?

ERIC (O.S.)  
In here.

Alex looks into the dark room and hesitates. She slowly creeps into the room.

Silence.

ALEX (O.S.)  
I can't see anything.

ERIC (O.S.)  
I'm right over here. Follow my  
voice.

More silence.

Then the sound of a struggle.

Alex gasps. Eric grunts.

Shoes squeak on the hard floor. Alex tries to speak, but her voice is muffled.

More silence.

Alex takes a step out of the dark room. She has a solemn look on her face. She opens her mouth to speak, but instead, blood pours out. It runs down her chin and splatters on the floor.

Her body jolts, her knees buckle, and she falls to the floor.

Eric walks out from the room with a large steak knife in hand. He stares at Alex, watches her. She gurgles and gasps.

Eric walks over to the camera, tilts it down, zooms out. Alex pulls herself slowly across the floor. She tries to speak, but can't.

Blood stains the back of her shirt, and she continues to spit up more blood. She hyperventilates as Eric walks in front of the camera and kneels next to her.

ALEX

No, no, no please, don't! God,  
please don't do this to me!

Eric stabs her in the back again. She screams out in pain and continues to try and pull herself forward, but grows weak. Eric drops the knife and backs away from her.

Alex continues to hyperventilate. Her body convulses and she gasps for air.

Her breathing grows lighter and slower. She coughs up more blood, and soon, she stops moving.

Eric accidentally kicks the tripod. It tips over and the camera crashes to the ground.

A second of static, then turns into—

INT. THEME PARK - TEA CUP RIDE - DAY

Donna laughs and screams with joy as she rotates the tea cup that she and Matt are in faster and faster.

Only for two seconds. Then more static that turns back to—

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Eric is on top of her and flips her onto her back. He pulls out a pair of pliers from his pocket.

He opens her mouth and begins to rip each tooth out one by one. Every time he pulls one out, it makes a sickening suction sound.

He drops the teeth next to him.

Once he finishes with the teeth, he grabs her hands.

He digs the pliers deep beneath each fingernail and rips them off. He finishes the left hand and moves to the right, then finishes that one, each fingernail missing.

He climbs off Alex's body and runs off-screen. The sound of moving objects, metal clanking against metal.

Alex's body twitches.

Eric returns and sits on her body, faces her head. He grabs her arms and begins to tie a knot around her wrists with rope.

Alex's eyes slowly flutter open. She begins to sit up, lets out a wheezy moan. Eric pushes her back down and finishes the knot around her wrists.

He gets off her body and gets on his knees in front of her. He pulls her body towards him to where only the top half of her body is visible in the screen.

Eric undoes her pants and pulls them off. He unzips and pulls his pants off (O.S.)

Alex squirms on her back. Something crinkles like a plastic bag (O.S.).

Eric spreads her legs apart and comes back into view as he bends over her body. He thrusts himself into her continuously and groans in satisfaction in sync with Alex's wheezy moans.

Eric's thrusts grow faster and his breathing gets fast and heavy. He throws Alex's body around.

She snaps her toothless mouth at the air.

Eric lets out a loud, satisfying groan as he orgasms.

His breathing is hard, deep, and fast, with happiness sprinkled in it.

Alex continues to snap at the air. The camera moves as Eric picks it up.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

8:19 PM

Eric walks up the stairs.

ERIC (O.S.)  
That felt great.

He walks up to the basement door, opens it, walks out, and shuts the door.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

8:40 PM

Eric cooks his dinner, something that sizzles and hisses on a hot pan. Steam waves up towards the ceiling. He waves it away.

ERIC

I wonder if that's how it feels with a woman who's...alive, you know? I mean, she was still warm and everything, but I wonder if a live one would move in a certain pattern with you, rather than... Squirm and kick around...But damn, that was probably one of the best experiences of my life...

He pushes the hot food around on the pan. He pours a little olive oil in the pan.

ERIC

I'm not finished with her, yet. She's still down there. I don't want to use up any more plastic bags right now, either. I mean, they're good protection, because who knows what kind of diseases those things carry...down there...But I may need to use the bags for other reasons to. So that's why I'm going use other parts of the body, see which I like best...

He stares at the ceiling and thinks for a moment.

ERIC

She's probably going to get dry... Same with the ones who've been dead for a few days or so...

He looks at the olive oil bottle.

ERIC

I think that this could be good lubrication.

He stares at the bottle a moment longer, shrugs, and turns the camera off.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

11:11 PM 10/15/2009

The camera focuses outside on a slightly chubby woman zombie. Eric chuckles.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Looks like we got another one!

He walks over to the front door and opens it up. He whistles at the zombie. She slowly turns her head.

ERIC (O.S.)  
(Like a dog)  
Come here! Come on! Are you hungry?  
Are ya? Are ya?

The woman stumbles towards the house with a limp. She moans as she gets closer.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Come on! You're almost there!

Eric backs away from the door and the woman walks in. She heads for Eric rather quickly.

He lets the camera follow his hand as it grabs a pan. He picks it up and holds it out in front of him.

The woman moans as she reaches for him when he smacks her upside the head with the pan. She falls to the floor and Eric drops the pan.

He pulls the pliers out of his pocket and sits on top of the woman as she struggles to stand up. He drops the camera—

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

8:08 PM 10/19/2009

NIGHT VISION MODE

Eric, his pants gone but his boxers still on, drags a different woman's body towards the very dark room in the back of the basement. She squirms in his grip, but he keeps her in a tight grasp.

He stops, walks around, and stands over the body.

His body blocks the view of the woman's face. Eric holds up a blunt object and brings it down on the woman's head. She gurgles on blood and her body convulses, twitches.

He brings the object down again, and her body becomes still.

Eric grabs her underneath the arms and pulls her into the dark abyss. He walks out moments later and turns the camera off.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10:15

Eric holds the camera up to his face.

ERIC

Damn, those bastards bite hard. If I didn't pull out their teeth, my dick would be history right now.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

12:42 PM 10/22/2009

The camera faces his feet.

ERIC (O.S.)

Oh shit...

He lifts the camera up and shoots out the window. Two beautiful twin teenage girls of about eighteen stumble down the sidewalk. They're dirty, bloody, bruised, dead.

ERIC (O.S.)

You're a lucky man, Eric. A lucky man...

He walks over to the front door and opens it up. He steps out and video tape the girls. Behind them, more zombies stumble side to side.

The two twins look at Eric and begin to walk toward him.

ERIC (O.S.)

That's right...Come to papa.

The twins walk on to the lawn slowly. He chuckles, but then stops.

ERIC (O.S.)

What the fuck...?

Her turns to his left. A zombie stumbles out of the bushes and grabs at Eric! He's decayed, with bits of flesh that fall off.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Get the fuck off!

He kicks at the zombie but it refuses to let go. Finally he kicks the zombie in the face. It stumbles backwards and falls to the ground.

Eric walks up to it and stumps on the zombie's face. He stomps on it over and over again. The face turns to mush and caves in with each blow.

He breathes hard as he pulls his foot off the last stomp. Strings of goo stretch from the face of the zombie to his shoe.

Eric backs away from the zombie and looks back at the twins who are now dangerously close to Eric.

He quickly runs to the door and inside, but leaves the doors open.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Oh man I'm out of battery.

The twins walk in to the house. Eric continues to back away. He grabs rope off the counter and sets the camera on the counter.

Eric runs at the twins and pushes through them. He shuts the door, turns, and pushes one of the twins to the ground. He grabs the other one and pushes her face first against the wall.

He begins to tie her hands together when—

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10:49 PM 10/30/2009

Eric sits at the end of the counter while the camera sits on the other. He swings side to side in the swivel chair.

ERIC  
So it's been eight days since I've last "updated."  
(Chuckles)  
I make this sound like a blog. But yeah, any way, I've been pretty busy lately...I'm sure you know with what.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I don't want to call it an  
addiction, but it just feels so  
good...

He gets out of the chair and walks to the camera.

ERIC  
It keeps me from going crazy.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

7:14 AM 10/31/2009

Eric sets the camera in front of him on bed.

ERIC  
Happy Halloween. And what a perfect  
time for all this stuff to be  
happening! And I have something to  
celebrate it with...

He bends down and out of view. Then he pops back up with a  
bag of candy corn.

ERIC  
Candy corn!

He pops one in his mouth and chews.

ERIC  
They're kind of stale...But they're  
still good. The best candy.

He holds the bag out very close to the camera. Everything  
goes out of focus as the bag gets too close.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

10:14 AM

Eric holds the camera up above him.

ERIC  
I wonder who's manning the power  
plants? There's gotta be someone  
there for the power to last this  
long...

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

1:00 PM

## STOP MOTION

Two pieces of candy corn "walk" on the carpet. Eric's hands suddenly come into view and shake the candy corn as they "talk":

ERIC (O.S.)  
 (As Candy Corn #1)  
 It's a lovely day for Halloween.  
 (As Candy Corn #2)  
 Why, yes. Yes it is.  
 (As Candy Corn #1)  
 Would you like to accompany me in  
 trick-o-treating?  
 (As Candy Corn #2)  
 That would be delightful.

His hands disappear and the candy corn walk across the screen.

The camera changes angles and the candy corn continue walking. On the opposite side of a screen, a completely orange-colored candy corn walks in.

Eric moves the orange candy corn and makes a growling noise.

ERIC (O.S.)  
 (As Candy Corn #1)  
 Cool costume. You look awesome.

The orange candy corn growls again. It walks towards the other two and falls on top of Candy Corn #2. The top part of the candy corn disappears.

Eric's hand wiggles the candy corn and makes it scream in pain. The orange-colored candy corn runs away.

ERIC (O.S.)  
 (As Candy Corn #1)  
 Oh my God! No! Don't die!

He helps the second candy corn up, but this time, he growls. Then makes the second candy corn tackle the first. The top part of the first candy corn disappears.

Eric screams for the candy corn.

ERIC (O.S.)  
 Oh no! They're everywhere!

He lets out a quiet scream.

He turns the camera to show an army of orange-colored candy corns. He sets the camera down and the candy corns begin to march on their own toward the camera.

Then, they all stop. Eric sighs (O.S.) and swipes the candy corn out of view.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

3:01 PM

Eric sits down at the counter.

ERIC

You know what really pisses me off? People are so stupid. Those things out there are as slow as fuck, and yet, they seem to somehow take over the entire human population. Yeah, it was unexpected, but come on, the U.S. has the best military, we should have been able to blow their asses away. And I'm here with no weapons whatsoever and I'm still able to...Fucking tackle, tie, and take the teeth out of these things with no problem.

(Beat)

God, what a world to grow up in. All I'm waiting for now is—

Any lights on in the area flicker off. Eric throws his hands up.

ERIC

And there it is. Looks like I won't be able to cook any more food and freeze to death during the winter.

He sighs and walks to the camera.

ERIC

As long as there are no rules for what I do, it's fine with me.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

2:55 AM 11/01/2009

Fire rises up to the sky miles away.

ERIC (O.S.)

This is the first explosion I've seen since...Well, the last one. It's far away but it was loud enough to wake me up. It's nice to know that there's someone else alive out there blowing our shitty city up...

He turns the camera to him.

ERIC

Sweet dreams.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

9:45 AM

Eric holds the camera outwards. It faces him. He looks extremely happy.

ERIC

Okay so I have half a battery left and so I'm going to make every shot I have worth it because...Jesus, it must be my fucking birthday.

He walks down the stairs, through the kitchen, and into the...

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

He walks up to the window and pulls the blinds open.

ERIC (O.S.)

Look who decided to finally show up!

Outside, Donna walks down the street. She walks in a tattered night gown. Her skin is gray, pale. Dry blood cakes her mouth. A few patches of hair are missing from her head.

ERIC (O.S.)

I have to be dreaming. I must be dreaming...

He pans the camera across the window and gets a good view of the portion of the street he lives on. It's empty.

ERIC (O.S.)

Fuck it. This is a too great of chance to pass up.

He walks to the front door, opens it, and steps out.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Eric walks down to the sidewalk. Donna notices him and stumbles towards him.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Hey, Donna! How's it going? Long  
time, no see!

He backs away from her as she slowly jerks towards him.

The camera gets a good view of the neighborhood street: cars smashed into one another. Partially burned down houses. Trash everywhere, bodies everywhere.

He turns around to get the other side of the street. Dozens of zombies flock together. None of them seem to notice Eric.

He looks back at Donna. She's dangerously close to Eric now. Eric begins to walk back to the house, turns, and walks backwards.

He clicks his tongue, calls for her. She stumbles faster and faster, her arms wobble and bounce as she walks, along with her breasts, and she gurgles on...something.

INT. HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Eric walks through the front door and Donna follows in. He gently pushes her aside and shuts the door, but doesn't lock it.

He turns back to Donna and checks her out with the camera as she attempts to stay in balance.

ERIC (O.S.)  
God...Even when you're dead, you're  
still beautiful...

She turns towards him.

ERIC (O.S.)  
Alright, let's get the show on the  
road.

Eric shoves her to the floor and straddles her chest. He pins her arms to the floor with his knees. He pulls out the pliers, and with one hand holds the camera, and in the other, he wiggles and yanks the teeth from her mouth.

No blood leaks from the holes. She doesn't care a thing about her teeth. She continues to try and move, gurgles, moans.

ERIC (O.S.)  
God damn it.

He sets the camera down on the floor next to them. All there is is his knee and pale skin in view.

Then there's a suction sound as he pulls each tooth out. Once every moment, a dirty, unbrushed tooth falls to the floor. Chipped. Broken. Decayed.

He sets the pliers down and picks the camera up.

Eric faces the camera at her. She opens her toothless mouth and lets out a moan.

ERIC (O.S.)  
There...Now you're not so dangerous to me. You may have no teeth, but you're still dashing.

He becomes quiet for a moment. Even Donna begins to quiet down.

ERIC (O.S.)  
You need to be washed up.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

10:01 AM

Donna sits in a rocking chair with rope tied around her wrists.

Eric walks in with a bucket of water and kneels in front of her. She tries to snap at him, and a gushy, gummy noise squishes from her mouth.

Eric pulls out a rag, squeezes the water from it, and gently wipes the dry blood from around her mouth.

ERIC  
Where's Mark, Donna?

She answers with a moan.

ERIC  
That's what I thought. He left you, didn't he? He was scared, afraid of what might happen to him if those crazy people broke into your home.  
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

He never loved you. He probably went off to try and survive with his secretary or business partner or whoever he'd really like to fuck.

He dips the rag in the water and squeezes it. He continues cleaning Donna.

ERIC

I knew you'd come back for me. But you're too late. You've become what you feared, haven't you? I bet you were afraid, like Alexis. I bet you wouldn't have wanted to start a new life with me. That you just wanted to talk like we always do.

He finishes up.

ERIC

But you don't have to worry about that anymore. You're dead, I'm alive. We both know what I'm going to do with you. I'm going to like it, so I won't care.

He stands up.

ERIC

And neither will you.

He walks to the camera.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

6:30 PM

The sun sets outside and casts an orange glow against the wall. The camera faces the end of the bed. A lantern illuminates the room with a bright, white light.

ERIC (O.S.)

While Donna is taking a little nap...

He walks into view with two hangers, one with a collared shirt on it, the other with a nice suit.

ERIC

I'm getting ready for "our night."  
Now, I'm wondering which would be  
the better attire. Casual? Or  
formal?

He looks at each one and contemplates.

ERIC

Well, she is in a nice night gown.  
That's a little more formal. I  
guess I'll go with the suit!

He sets the suit on the bed and walks back to the closet.  
Hangers slide and scrape against the metal bar.

He walks back to the camera.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

8:34 PM

NIGHT VISION MODE

Flies that seem invisible in the darkness create a loud,  
annoying buzz.

Eric walks down the stairs and into the darkness. He lands at  
the bottom and pans the camera across the basement.

ERIC (O.S.)

(Taunting)

Donna...

He takes a step forward.

ERIC (O.S.)

Come out, come out wherever you  
are!

Something makes a sound behind him. He spins around. A  
figure, most likely Donna, stumbles quickly out of view and  
into a room beneath the stairs.

ERIC (O.S.)

Oh I see...Hide and go seek, yeah?

He walks towards the room and walks in. He looks around the  
room. Nothing's there.

Eric continues through the room and out another door. He  
spins to his right where the foot of the stairs are...

Nothing.

He turns back around and walks back into the room beneath the stairs.

He stops in the middle of the room and looks to his right. Still nothing. He then looks to his left.

A dark figure with two glowing eyes stomps towards Eric. Eric quickly dodges the grasp of Donna and jumps out of the room.

Donna stumbles out of the room.

ERIC (O.S.)

Oh! I found you! Come on. Dinner's ready.

He walks to the stairs and stops halfway up as he ascends to turn and see Donna struggle up the first step.

ERIC (O.S.)

I bet it's easier to go downstairs than upstairs, huh? Here, I'll help.

He takes a step forward.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

8:45 PM

NIGHT VISION MODE

Eric walks to the table, which is set up very nicely, with a tablecloth and two candles in the center, lit and glowing.

Donna sits at one end, a rope around her torso and two legs. A salad and a sandwich sits in front of her.

The same meal sits in front of Eric. He puts a napkin in his lap and takes a bite from his sandwich. He smiles at Donna as he chews.

ERIC

You know, I read that in Mexico, on November first and second, they celebrate a holiday called Day of the Dead. Now, I know that's a more spiritual holiday, but, hey, how ironic is it that this event is happening on the holiday?

He laughs and takes another bite from his sandwich.

ERIC

What's the matter? Are you not hungry?

Donna tilts her head to the side, but it snaps back up, and she lets out a wheezy moan.

ERIC

It's alright. You're probably not that hungry anyway. You don't need to eat...I don't want you to lose your figure.

He takes another bite from his sandwich.

ERIC

So I didn't know whether to wear a suit or a casual collared shirt. I'm sure you don't mind either, huh? I mean, you're practically naked! Which is fine with me, of course.

He takes a drink of wine.

ERIC

How's the wine taste?

He stares at her for a moment.

ERIC

It's okay, take your time.

(Beat)

I hope the meal is okay. The power's been out all day so I can't really cook up anything special.

He looks at the camera.

ERIC

Oh, and I hope you don't mind me recording this stuff. All of this really means a lot to me.

He gets up and walks to the other end of the table. Donna begins to snap at him.

ERIC

You really have to try this wine. It's delicious.

He attempts to pour the wine into her mouth, but she spews it out as she tries to bite his hands.

ERIC

It's okay, you can try it later.

He sets the cup at the edge of the table in front of her. He walks back to the other end and sits. Eric accidentally hits the table.

It rocks and the wine glass falls over. Red wine spills all over Donna's lap. Eric gasps.

ERIC

Oh no! I'm so sorry! I'm so clumsy!

He rushes over to Donna and uses her napkin to try and get the wine out.

ERIC

This will never come out if I do this. I'll have to hand wash it myself. Come on, there are extra clothes in the basement.

He unties her and pulls the chair out for her. She stands up and wobbles side to side before she gains her balance.

Eric rushes over to the camera.

INT. HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

8:59 PM

The camera sits about half a foot off the ground. Donna stumbles towards the camera slowly.

Eric comes into view and stands in front of Donna. He forces her to her knees.

A belt buckle rattles, followed by the sound of a zipper unzipping. His pants drop to the floor, and his boxers fall halfway down to his knees.

Donna's gurgling and moaning stop and turn into a more choked, gushy sound. Eric moans in satisfaction.

ERIC

That's right, just like that...

He continues to moan, but stops and hisses in pain. He steps back.

ERIC

Hey, don't try and bite, okay? It's no use. It hurts, okay?

He steps forward and begins to moan again. Almost immediately after, he hisses in pain once again.

ERIC  
What did I say?  
(Irritated)  
Okay, let's just get in the next  
position, alright?

He pulls Donna up to her feet and takes her off-screen. Seconds later, Donna appears on screen again, but this time, on the floor, on her back. Only her naked torso is visible.

A paper bag ruffles (O.S.), then Eric appears on top of her, still with his white, long-sleeved collard shirt on.

He continuously moves up and down, grunts, digs his fingers into her skin.

Donna lets out a loud moan. He forces her mouth shut, sticks his index finger on her mouth, and shushes her.

ERIC  
Sh, I'm halfway finished.

He takes his finger off and grabs at her hair. He begins to pull on it. Suddenly, clumps of hair slide out of her scalp.

Eric barely notices as he just drops the clumps of hair on the floor and resumes his business.

Suddenly, the basement door opens and a bright flashlight shines down the stairs.

One of the men from the house raid before stomps down the stairs. Eric looks up and stares at the man while the man shines the flashlight at him.

MAN ONE  
What the fuck?!

Eric gets off of Donna quickly. The man pulls out a gun.

MAN ONE  
Don't fucking move you sick son of  
a bitch! Hey, guys! Get down here  
and take a look at this!

Donna slowly struggles to her feet as the man walks down to the bottom of the stairs. The second man walks down and stares at the scene.

ERIC (O.S.)  
It's not what it looks like—!

MAN TWO

What the hell is going on here?

MAN ONE

I told you someone lived here because of the lantern in the window. And get this, this guy, the guy who's living here, is fucking one of those things! Look! He even has a plastic bag for a fucking condom!

MAN TWO

(Chuckles)

Holy shit...

Donna stands on her feet.

ERIC (O.S.)

Please, don't hurt me. I don't want any trouble.

MAN ONE

Man, shut the fuck up, you sick bastard.

Donna walks over to Eric. He pushes her away. Donna stumbles backwards and falls down.

MAN ONE

How does it feel? You gotta be one sick puppy to do something like this.

The second man walks to the dark room. The door is shut, but the man opens it up.

Flies burst from the room in a giant black cloud. The two men stumble backwards and the flies dissipate throughout the room and out of the basement.

MAN TWO

What the fuck!?

MAN ONE

What the fuck is in there?

The second man shines his flashlight in the room. He covers his mouth.

MAN TWO

Oh shit, dude. There has to be at least seven of those things' bodies in here...

The man looks in the room, then looks at Eric with a threatening look.

MAN ONE

Did you kill them and wait for them  
to come back so you could fuck  
them?

ERIC (O.S.)

I uh...Uh...

The man points the gun at Eric.

MAN ONE

Answer the God damn question!

ERIC (O.S.)

JUST ONE! Just one! God, please  
don't shoot!

MAN TWO

Did you hear that? This guy's just  
as fucked up as us!

Donna sits up and moans.

MAN ONE

Damn, if only she was still alive,  
I would do that shit until this  
whole thing was over.

He shoots Donna. Her body falls back to the ground.

ERIC (O.S.)

NO!!!!

Eric runs towards the men fast with his boxers on. The second one shoots Eric in the chest. Blood sprays on the floor as Eric spins around and falls on his stomach. His face contorts as he screams in agony.

MAN TWO

He came after me! You saw! He would  
have hurt at least one of us!

MAN ONE

It's alright. He fucking deserves  
it.

The first man walks to Eric and kicks him in the stomach.  
Eric screams louder.

Gunshots come from upstairs.

MAN THREE (O.S.)  
(From the first floor)  
Guys! There's a whole crowd of  
those things coming in! We have to  
leave now!

MAN TWO  
Come on, let's go.

They run up the stairs, but stop. A few zombies already walk down the stairs. The two men grab the zombies and throw them down the stairs as they clear a path.

The zombies at the bottom of the stairs slowly climb to their feet.

The men disappear howling and yelling as they shoot their guns.

More zombies stumble down the stairs quickly. Their moans grow louder. The sound of buzzing from the flies grows louder, also.

Eric crawls towards the back of the basement. He grunts and lets out shouts of pain every time he drags himself.

The zombies hold their hands out as they slowly stumble toward him.

Eric's torso disappears off-screen, but his legs are still visible. The zombies crowd around his body and they fall to their knees.

The way their bodies move indicate that they feast on him. His screams grow very loud and are filled with nothing but pain. They soon turn to gurgling, and then silence.

More zombies fall down the stairs. The buzzing from the flies gets louder. Blood begins to pool around the group of zombies. It flows across the floor.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

End Of Tape.