

ALL THAT REMAINS

By

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Episode 2/8: Run For Your Life

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FADE IN:

INT. CROWN COURT - DAY

A JUDGE, 50s, pounds a gavel.

Mack, in cuffs and shackles, stands with his LAWYER, 30s.

JULIA, 36, worn down looks fraught with worry and frayed hair frames her slim body, sits among "spectators".

JUDGE

Mack Abernathy, you stand accused
of the murder of Cal McNamara. How
do you plead?

MACK

Guilty.

Shock from the spectators. The Jury chats among themselves.

Julia winces, covers her mouth.

Lawyer whispers in Mack's ear.

MACK

No... I did it. I'm man enough to
own up to the crime.

(scans the room)

A father will do anything to keep
his kin safe. I don't regret my
actions that night and will face
the consequences knowing I did what
I could to ensure my son's safety.

Mack stares at the Judge.

MACK

So do what you will.

Mack finds Julia's gaze. She fights a losing battle with her
emotions, sobs into a handkerchief.

The Judge takes a moment...

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - TERMINAL 2 - DAY

Flights cancel across the boards.

Julia wheels her luggage carrier toward a packed herd of
arguing people and airport attendants.

SUPER: **Chicago, 7:21pm**

VOICE ON SPEAKERS (V.O.)
Due to extreme weather conditions,
all flights have been grounded. We
are sorry for the inconvenience.

Julia makes her way through the crowd.

JULIA
Excuse me. Sorry. Sorry.

She collars an ATTENDANT.

JULIA
I need to talk to-

Attendant blows her off. Julia remains, mouth agape.

VOICE ON SPEAKERS (V.O.)
Due to extreme weather conditions,
all flights have been grounded. We
are sorry for the inconvenience.

Julia plonks down in a chair with a sigh. Fishes through her
handbag, pulls out her cell. Makes a call.

A long BEEP. She looks at her phone. No signal.

JULIA
Typical...

People rush by here and there.

VOICE ON SPEAKERS (V.O.)
Due to extreme weather conditions,
all flights have been grounded. We
are sorry for the inconvenience.

JULIA
No, you're not.

Another WOMAN, HALEY, 34, a beautiful woman in the prime of
her life, legs crossed reading a magazine, chuckles.

HALEY
I know, it's so patronizing, right?

JULIA
No arguments from me.

Haley flips through the magazine.

Julia checks her watch. Looks around. Spots a coffee stand.

DYLAN, 9, a charming yet devilish little tyke, takes a seat next to Haley.

DYLAN
Mom, can I have some money for a
candy bar please?

Julia takes out her purse, notices Dylan.

HALEY
Just one, Dylan.

She hands him a few bucks.

HALEY
No, wait for me.

DYLAN
I am nine, mommy.

HALEY
Yes, and there are lots of people
here.

JULIA
I'll take him.

HALEY
Are you sure?

JULIA
Yeah, gonna go grab a coffee, so
it's no bother. Want one?

HALEY
I could go for a coffee. Thanks.

JULIA
No problem.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - COFFEE STAND - DAY

The VENDOR makes two lattes.

Dylan picks out a candy bar, hands the money to the vendor.
Julia pays for the coffees.

VOICE ON SPEAKERS (V.O.)
Due to extreme weather conditions,
all flights have been grounded. We
are sorry for the inconvenience.

RAHEEM, 35, turban askew around his head, big bushy beard, passes the coffee stand gaining much attention.

Dylan's intimidated by the man's Middle-Eastern appearance.

Julia collects the coffees.

JULIA
Thanks. Come on Dylan.

DYLAN
Is he one of those bad people?

JULIA
Who?

DYLAN
The man with the beard.

Julia inspects the terminal. No sign of Raheem. Lots of bearded men though.

DYLAN
Mom says they're dangerous.

JULIA
Beards?

Dylan cocks an eye.

JULIA
No. They just look silly.

Dylan giggles.

JULIA
Come on, let's get back to your-

The power goes out. All the flight boards blacken. Silence falls. The roar of a twin-jet engine grows closer.

People rush to the windows, gazing out at the runway.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - RUNWAY - DAY

A private, twin-jet plane descends altitude rapidly, one of its engines billowing smoke.

It crashes into a BOEING 747 on the ground. A mushroom cloud of fire and smoke ascends from the carnage.

People watch from inside, at the windows. The fire and chaos reflects in the windowpanes.

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - TERMINAL 2 - DAY

Julia, Dylan and Haley stand at the windows, mortified.

Panic commences. Voices rise. Arguments break out.

Dylan looks across at Raheem, staring at the carnage outside with a dark expression on his face.

Raheem gradually turns away, glancing at Dylan before going into the crowds of people.

Dylan grips Haley's hand.

HALEY

Oh my God... we should go. Come on
Dylan, we're leaving.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Panic outside. People acquire taxis. People argue. Taxis peel away from the curb into immediate traffic.

An ARMY of SIRENS in the distance.

Two MILITARY COPTERS soar over the airport.

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - DAY

A dozen or more SOLDIERS in the cabin. One pilot/co-pilot.

CAPTAIN HUGH ALEXANDER, 47, rough yet well kept and in peak physical condition, coordinates his men.

HUGH

When we hit the deck, move into
formation and sweep the grid. If
you come across infected, contain
them immediately. We cannot run the
risk a citywide outbreak. Ridley!

LT. RIDLEY JEFFERSON, 29, a handsome son of a gun with a cocky edge, looks up attentively.

HUGH

I want you and Stone to set up a
perimeter with Miller and Carson.
No one in or out without my say so.

(beat, to ALL)

We have never before faced an event
like this. So man up, lock n load,

(MORE)

HUGH (cont'd)
 'cause the second you step outta
 here you're walking into hellfire
 and brimstone and the devil's
 calling your name. Are you gonna
 answer his call?!

ALL
 No, sir!

Ridley smirks.

HUGH
 Then let's do it!

SGT. LEAH STONE, 24, beautiful yet downplayed, cocks her
 auto a seat across from Ridley.

RIDLEY
 Never thought the Captain was a
 scholar. Guy's a damn wordsmith.

LEAH
 Gotta give it to him. Guy knows how
 to rally his troop.

SGT. JAMES CARSON, 31, a rough and ruggedly handsome soldier
 with an always-scanning pair of eyes, agrees with her.

CARSON
 And I don't know about the rest o'
 you, but I'm ready and able to do
 whatever I gotta do.

RIDLEY
 Could you be more of a cliché? You
 sound like a walking sales pitch
 for the perfect soldier.

CARSON
 Screw you, man.

Hugh breaks up the comedy.

RIDLEY
 Captain.

HUGH
 We're in our own backyard and we're
 dealing with something we're not
 trained to combat. You'd do well to
 remember the infected are our own.
 This is no laughing matter, Ridley.
 No time for jokes. This is serious.

RIDLEY

I know, sir. I'm just lightening
the mood before we run into a hail
of death and chaos.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

The helicopters land on grass. Bystanders look on, chat to each other.

Hugh leads his squadron toward the airport.

Ridley, Leah and Carson lead a small group toward an ARMY of POLICE VEHICLES that barricade the road.

RIDLEY

Who's in charge here?

POLICE SERGEANT GARRY KELLER, 41, mustached and rather stocky, greets Ridley alongside his fellow OFFICERS.

RIDLEY

Lieutenant Ridley Jefferson of the United States Marines, these are my comrades, Sergeants Leah Stone and James Carson. We are here under the executive orders of-

KELLER

With all due respect, we got it.

RIDLEY

With all due respect, I don't give a rat's ass what you think, we got a job to do, and I'm gonna ask you to step aside so I can reassure the people you've probably scared by blocking 'em in here. So move.

Keller scoffs.

RIDLEY

Either that, or you can be the one to explain we got an unknown virus sweeping the nation and put the chills up their spines yourself.

Keller's expression drops. Officers look to each other.

RIDLEY

Thought as much.

Ridley proceeds through the officers. Leah and Carson stay with them.

KELLER
What's he talking about, virus?

LEAH
Do I look like a scientist?

Ridley climbs atop a police cruiser. A mass convergence of panicked civilians on the packed road in front of him.

RIDLEY
(to a nearby cop)
Hand me that megaphone.

Cop hands him a megaphone.

RIDLEY
(into megaphone)
Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention.

Silence falls over the crowd.

RIDLEY
Our presence may unnerve you, but our reason for being here is to ensure your safety. You're free to go whenever you please, but we ask that you submit to a blood test before you do.

SCIENTISTS, made evident by their white coats and masks, set up checkpoints around the grass. Tents, tables, etc.

RIDLEY
Due to a recent string of events, the President of the United States has ordered a nationwide quarantine with immediate effect.

Voices raise concerns about the virus, the quarantine, the military presence, not being allowed out, etc.

RIDLEY
You're scared. I get that. But this is not up for debate. We cannot risk a citywide pandemic. So submit to a blood test and you'll be on your way within the hour.

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - TERMINAL 2 - DAY

Hugh leads his squadron AND 8 scientists inside.

Haley, Dylan and a whole group of should-be PASSENGERS make their way OUT of the Terminal.

HUGH
Ladies and gentlemen if I may have
your attention.

Haley grips Dylan's hand. They reach the Marines.

HUGH
I'm gonna ask you to step back.

Marines spread out in a line stopping passengers leaving.

HALEY
I have to get my son back home.

HUGH
I understand that but I can't allow
anyone to leave, ma'am. So take a
step back, please.

HALEY
You can't keep us here. We have
rights.

HUGH
You have the right to be quiet and
stay where you are.

Haley's lip rises.

Julia makes her way through the crowd.

HUGH
Now if you will all remain calm we
can sort this out quickly.

JULIA
What's going on?

Scientists prepare foldout tables and chairs. Set up various
medical equipment: syringes, vials, etc.

HALEY
He said we can't leave.

JULIA

What gives you the right to dictate
if you don't mind me asking?

Hugh steps forward casting his dominant figure over her.

HUGH

The President, ma'am. And with all
respect intended, I'm gonna ask you
to step back as well.

DYLAN

Mommy, why are they wearing masks?

Passengers and Haley notice the doctors in masks.

HUGH

You all have questions, I'm sure.
But right now, I'm gonna ask all of
you to please remain calm. We have
the situation under control.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Sandbags and military checkpoints with rising barricades.
Soldiers and cops stand guard.

People converge on the grass in ten lines for 10 doctors.

Doctors extract blood from various people. Run tests.

Leah, Carson, Keller and Ridley gather around a small table
with a map of the airport spread on it.

RIDLEY

Units have set up quarantine zones
here, here and here. It's our job
to ensure that the infected remain
contained in these areas. If even
one gets out, we're gonna have a
crisis on our hands. Got it?

Leah and Carson nod.

KELLER

What do we do with the infected?

Ridley shoots Keller a dark look.

RIDLEY

Nothing we can do. Once they turn,
we put 'em down.

Horrified, Keller looks to Leah and Carson.

KELLER

Put 'em down? You're talking about killing innocent people like dogs. It's a disease, right? We can cure-

RIDLEY

You get it, you die, you come back, you kill. We've already lost Texas, we can't risk losing another state.

KELLER

What do you mean, lost Texas?

Ridley rolls up the map.

KELLER

No, don't play the quiet game, you are gonna tell me. Now.

RIDLEY

It's classified.

KELLER

I don't give a shit. You just said you lost Texas. I wanna know how. Or consider my men off the job. Good luck dealing with a thousand pissed off holiday makers.

Ridley likes this.

RIDLEY

No one's holding a gun to your head. You don't wanna help, don't let the syringe prick you too hard.

Ridley walks off. Carson and Leah follow him.

CARSON

That was harsh, L.T.

RIDLEY

So's the situation. Gotta lay down the rules. Let 'em know who's in charge. And that's us.

Ridley nods to DOCTOR ELWIN CARMICHAEL, 51, a weathered man with stubble, removing a pair of rubber gloves.

They enter a tent. Leah and Carson remain outside.

INT. TENT - DAY

US ARMY MEDICAL CADETS tend to sick people, taking blood pressure and temperature.

Elwin pulls up a clipboard, flips through several pages of information, sighs.

RIDLEY

How many?

ELWIN

(discreetly)

Eighty so far. All showing signs of rapidly increasing symptoms. One of yours just put one down. I had to watch a mother of two take a lethal sedative like she was a rabid dog.

Ridley rubs the space between his brows.

ELWIN

I don't think it's foreign.

Ridley squints.

ELWIN

The mother, Meaghan Walker, she's from Chicago. This is domestic. If we keep these people here, we may as well kill 'em all now. Boarding those planes might save their life.

RIDLEY

We have it under control.

ELWIN

They're not gonna wait for their turn, Lieutenant. How long do you think it's gonna be before someone out there turns and attacks? When that happens, you lose-

RIDLEY

I need you to stay headstrong. If we panic, we lose hope.

ELWIN

There is none.

(beat)

We can't stop it.

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - TERMINAL 2 - DAY

Dylan sits on Haley's lab at a medical table. A doctor takes his blood.

DOCTOR
Do you feel dizzy, nauseous or hot?

DYLAN
Nope. I feel fine. Hunky-dory like my mommy says.

Haley smiles.

Doctor runs the blood through a small scope. He zooms in, takes the blood sample away.

DOCTOR
You're all clear.

Dylan smiles.

Doctor presses an ink marker in a pad, and puts it onto Dylan's hand. A big, blue round dot.

HALEY
Go and wait with Julia, okay?

Dylan nods, makes his way to Julia.

Haley pulls up her sleeve. Doctor jabs a syringe in her wrist, extracts blood.

DOCTOR
Do you feel dizzy, nauseous or hot?

Dylan shows Julia his dot.

JULIA
That is cool.

DYLAN
I'm gonna show all my friends at school tomorrow.

JULIA
Tomorrow? I thought you were going on vacation?

DYLAN
I don't think we will now. Mommy said we're leaving just as soon as we're allowed.

Haley slides back on her chair. Doctor stands. Two MARINES grab Haley by the arms.

HALEY

No, get off me. I'm fine! I swear!

DYLAN

Mom?!

Haley kicks and screams as Hugh consults Doctor. They talk. Hugh gives a slight nod.

HUGH

Take her containment.

Marines lead Haley away.

DYLAN

MOM?!?!?

HALEY

Dylan! DYLAN! No let me go! I've gotta see my son! DYLAN!

They take her through a door, out of sight.

JULIA

Dylan, she's gonna be alright.

DYLAN

Where are they taking her? I want to see her.

HUGH

Can't do that son. She carries the virus. It's too risky.

JULIA

He's her son.

Hugh arrogantly walks off.

MARINE

Ma'am, you're next.

Marine motions to Julia.

DYLAN

Why did they take her?

JULIA

I'll find out, okay? Just stay where I can see you.

Julia takes a seat at the Doctor's table. Extends her arm.

JULIA
You had no right to just take her.

DOCTOR
We're doing it for your safety.

JULIA
My safety? You haven't even told us
what this is.

DOCTOR
It's best you don't know.

Doctor plunges the syringe into her wrist.

JULIA
To hell with that. I wanna know. So
tell me.

Doctor's eyes meet hers.

DOCTOR
Do you feel dizzy, nauseous or hot.

Her hand clamps down on his.

JULIA
Tell me.

DOCTOR
Ma'am, take your hand off me.

JULIA
Tell me, or I'll jab that syringe
in your eye.

DOCTOR
I'm not allowed to divulge to the
general public the nature of our
purpose here. I could get fired.

JULIA
That's the least of your concerns
right now, don't you think?

DOCTOR
I can't tell you.

JULIA
Then tell me why you took Haley
away from her son. Give me that
much at least.

Doctor's eyes tremble as they scan for Marines.

JULIA

I won't say a thing to anyone.

DOCTOR

Alright, alright... we contain the infected to stop the virus from manifesting in the uninfected. Like wildfire. It just keeps spreading, but... you can't put it out. Once you get it you can't get rid of it.

JULIA

What does it do?

DOCTOR

It... it kills you.

Julia grows uneasy.

Doctor tests Julia's blood as she looks around, coming to terms with the news.

DOCTOR

Lucky for you, that's not the case. You're clear.

Julia nods, looks around. Panic takes over.

Dylan's gone.

JULIA

Dylan?

INT. TENT - DAY

A ZOMBIE on a gurney writhes, GROWLS and kicks. Marines hold it down. Ridley lends assistance.

RIDLEY

Doc!

Elwin prepares a sedative.

RIDLEY

Hurry up!

Elwin arrives. The zombie breaks free, bites a Marine in the neck. Blood everywhere.

Patients SCREAM. Some of the sicker patients teeter. Their eyes blacken. Blood seeps through.

Ridley pulls the zombie off the Marine. Elwin plunges the syringe into its neck, pumps the sedative.

Marine convulses on the ground. Others tend to him.

The worse off infected turn almost instantly. New zombies lunge at Marines and Patients.

RIDLEY

SHIT!

Ridley pulls up his automatic, fires on the zombies.

ELWIN

Stop!

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

The gunfire causes panic. People scatter. Enter cars. Cops and Marines try to calm the situation.

Cars break through the barricade. Marines fire on vehicles.

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - TERMINAL 2 - DAY

People hear the gunshots ring out. Shouting commences.

Hugh arrives at the doors. Witnesses the chaos.

MARINE

Sir, what do we do?

HUGH

Lock the doors.

MARINE

But our men-

HUGH

I gave you an order. Lock this place down.

Marines reluctantly close the doors and chain them shut.

JULIA

DYLAN!

Julia makes her way through the moving mass of human bodies.

Passengers and Attendants flee in multiple directions. A young girl falls in the stampede.

JULIA
Dylan, where are you?!?!

She proceeds past the waiting section. A DEAD MAN sits back in his seat.

The man's eyes burst open. Black and bloodshot. His eyes lock onto the young girl. She SCREAMS.

He lunges at a running woman. Bites her face, ripping off a chunk of flesh and half of her lips.

A WHEELCHAIR ZOMBIE drops out of its seat. Locks onto the girl. GROWLS voraciously.

Another turner attacks a man. Three more rip into people.

The young girl scoots away from the Crawler.

People run toward the doors. Zombies jump them. Bite, tear and scratch them.

Hugh and his Marines shoot the infected left/right/center.

Zombies corner Doctor. Rip into him like a steak.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

A taxi careens off the road and through a fence.

Zombies attack humans. Civilians, Marines and Cops scatter. None make it far.

Keller climbs atop a police car, sidearm in hand. Voracious zombies envelop the vehicle. He hesitates.

A hail of gunfire as Carson and Leah shoot zombies outside the tent.

Ridley tumbles out of the tent, zombie on top of him. He holds it off.

RIDLEY
Sonovabitch!

Carson pivots, shoots the zombie in the head. Ridley shoves it to the ground.

RIDLEY
Doc!

Elwin emerges from the tent, horrified. His face darkens as he sees the destruction.

A station wagon collides with an SUV. The station wagon driver flies out the windshield.

Zombies tear into downed people. Rip out their innards.

CARSON
I'm running low! We gotta abort!

LEAH
There's too many of them!

Ridley seeks an exit, finds the broken fence.

RIDLEY
Run for the fence, I'll cover you.

CARSON
The hell are you talking about?!
There's too damn many!

RIDLEY
I am your commanding officer, you
will do what I say. Now move!

Ridley opens fire on the horde.

Mostly everyone's either dead or turned. The survivors make for the barricade. Zombies hot on their asses.

Carson, Leah and Elwin charge for the fence.

RIDLEY
Come on, you ugly pricks. Dinner's
on the table. COME AND GET IT!

Blood drips from a bite on Ridley's wrist as he unloads his automatic on dozens of infected simultaneously.

Keller trembles something rotten. His eyes navigate all the chaos around him.

Zombies rip, tear and eat human remains.

Keller bites down on the barrel of his gun, blows his brains out. His body falls into the horde. They devour him.

Carson grabs a woman with a BABY, ushers her to the fence.

Leah helps a young boy toward the fence.

LEAH
Run!

INT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - TERMINAL 2 - DAY

A bloodbath. Zombies attack. People die.

The Crawler's hand touches the young girl's knee.

Hugh drags it away, beats the shit out of it with his rifle.
Finishes it with a bullet to the head.

HUGH

What's your name?

GIRL

Abby...

HUGH

You come with me, Abby. You're
gonna be alright. I Promise.

Hugh lifts her into a carry and takes her away, firing on
the horde as they approach.

Marines fall. Doctors die. Hands reach out. Cries of pain.

Julia and a zombie tumble over luggage and spill to the
floor. It mounts her. She kicks, pushes.

Hugh rips a door open, sets Abby inside.

ABBY

Look out!

A zombie reaches for him. Hugh kicks it in the gut. It keels
over. He butts it in the head with the hilt of his rifle.

Julia WHACKS the zombie with a small luggage cart. Gets free
and makes for somewhere NOT overrun. Limited choices.

HUGH

Get over here! Move!

Hugh fires on zombies. Survivors make for the door.

HUGH

Move move move move! I ain't got
all day! COME ON!

Julia ducks, avoids and dodges zombies, making for the door.

HUGH

Hurry!
(beat)
Get inside! Now!

Julia barely makes it.

Hugh runs out of ammo. Ditches the gun. Pulls up his sidearm and pops off shots.

JULIA
I can't find Dylan!

HUGH
No time.

Hugh pushes her inside, backs up.

Zombies converge on the door.

Hugh kicks one away and slams the door shut. Zombies pile up, scratching and banging.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - LOST AND FOUND - DAY

Twenty survivors, men, women and children, stand and sit in shock, some with their hands on their heads.

Hugh tilts a shelf against the door. Miscellaneous items tumble off to the floor.

Abby takes residence on a box.

HUGH
Anyone bit or scratched?

No one answers.

HUGH
Sleeves and pant legs. Pull 'em up.

JULIA
I need to find Dylan. He's all by himself out there.

HUGH
Are you blind, lady? We barely made it in here. Those things are all over the terminal. And we're stuck in this room. So unless you got a magic portal gun, we're not going anywhere right now. So sit down and shut the hell up.

Hugh scans the room.

HUGH
Bites, scratches, fever, nausea,
anyone sick, come forward.

No one steps forward.

A MOTHER, 30s, hugs her SON, 10, close, crying her eyes out.

HUGH
Ma'am, is he bit?

MOTHER
It's just a scratch. He'll be fine.

HUGH
Let me see.

She pulls up a handkerchief. His small arm, ripped open, the bone just visible.

Julia winces, turns away.

MOTHER
It's just a scratch.

HUGH
Give him to me.

MOTHER
What... why?

HUGH
He's a threat.

MOTHER
He's only ten. He's my son. He'll
be fine, I know he will.

Hugh reaches. Julia steps in his way.

JULIA
No. You've done enough.

HUGH
He's been bitten.

JULIA
He's a boy! You don't get to say if
someone lives or dies. Especially a
ten-year-old boy who is probably
scared enough already without some
asshole pointing a gun at him.

Hugh sneers.

HUGH

If he turns, it's on you.

JULIA

If he turns, we'll let her decide.
She's the only one in this room
with that right.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Ridley backs up firing. Zombies fall. More arrive. He runs out of ammo, ditches the gun. Pulls up his sidearm.

He pops them in the head one-by-one.

Notices a gas trail leading to a demolition derby of mangled vehicles on the road.

Ridley leads the zombies toward the gas.

One creeps up. He nails it with a wicked left hook. Backs up further. Pops off a final shot.

Zombies arrive. Reach out and GROWL.

Ridley climbs atop an overturned utility vehicle. Aims at the gasoline on the ground.

RIDLEY

Welcome to the Windy City.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - RUNWAY - DAY

Carson and Leah lead 20 survivors and Elwin toward a HANGAR.

A gunshot POPS. An IMMENSE EXPLOSION. They look back.

A massive mushroom cloud of fire and smoke ascends from the front of Terminal 2.

Zombies brush through the gap in the fence onto the runway.

SCARED WOMAN

Oh God...

ELWIN

We need to get out of Chicago!

Leah scoops the young boy up and carries him away. Survivors make for a hangar at the far end.

Carson grabs Scared Woman by the hand and leads her away.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - BAGGAGE - DAY

Conveyor lines have stopped. Luggage all over the place.

Raheem pulls a suitcase off the conveyor, sets it on the floor and unlocks the small padlock with his key.

CLANG. A small soda can rolls across the floor.

Raheem scans for movement. Spots something. He abandons the suitcase and pursues the source.

Someone shrinks back under a table with a cloth draped over.

Raheem grabs an umbrella, wields it like a baseball bat and closes on the table.

He pulls up the cloth. Takes a step back.

Dylan looks out from beneath the table, petrified.

NOTE: Raheem has a THICK Iraqi accent.

RAHEEM

You're not meant to be in here.

DYLAN

Neither are you.

RAHEEM

It's not safe. You could get hurt.

Dylan emerges from beneath the table, brave.

RAHEEM

What are you doing in here?

DYLAN

What are you doing in here?

Raheem discards the umbrella.

RAHEEM

My flight home was canceled. I came to collect my luggage. Your turn.

DYLAN

I... I'm trying to find my mommy. The men took her. But I can't find her anywhere. I saw them come in here, but... can you help me?

RAHEEM

No.

Raheem turns away, making for his suitcase. Dylan follows.

DYLAN

Please. I can't find her.

RAHEEM

Not my problem.

DYLAN

I'm scared.

Raheem looks back.

RAHEEM

You should be.

Dylan gulps.

RAHEEM

Look, your mother is dead. Everyone out there is dead. You are alive. I am alive. If you want to stay that way, you need to run for your life and never look back.

DYLAN

Is that what you do? Run away.

RAHEEM

In this situation, running is all you can do.

Raheem kneels at his suitcase, fishes through clothes.

DYLAN

But the monsters will get her.

RAHEEM

Not my problem.

Raheem plucks a satellite phone from his luggage.

DYLAN

What's that?

RAHEEM

A phone.

Raheem pulls out the antenna, searches for a signal.

DYLAN
They don't work.

RAHEEM
This is a special phone.

DYLAN
What's so special about it?

RAHEEM
Is this a quiz show? Why are you still here? I thought you wanted to search for your mother.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - LOST AND FOUND - DAY

Hugh sits back against the wall checking his ammo.

STUART HENSHAW, 38, worn and frayed with specs, looks like a salesman, checks the Son's fever.

Julia paces, biting her thumbnail. Acknowledges Hugh.

JULIA
Soldier, a word.

Hugh acknowledges her.

JULIA
Now. Please.

She heads to a quiet corner. He hesitantly follows.

JULIA
What is this virus?

HUGH
It's classified.

JULIA
Oh save me the bullshit. I think we're long past that, don't you? The Doctor who took my blood sample told me it kills you. But what I saw out there, were people coming back from the dead.

Stuart dabs Son's forehead with a handkerchief. Son sweats.

JULIA
No time like the present.

HUGH
It doesn't matter.

JULIA
Look at that boy. Really look at
him. What if that was your son?

Hugh glances at the Son and Mother. Sighs.

HUGH
Ebola.

She retracts her hand from his arm.

JULIA
What?

HUGH
The CDC were working on a cure for
the Ebola virus. Even went as far
as injecting a test subject with
the unfinished serum. In the first
ten hours, the patient showed
increased signs of stabilization,
but in the eleventh hour, the virus
strain mutated. We lost contact
twenty hours ago, so the President
ordered immediate recon. But we
were too late. The infection had
already spread across the state. So
it's been locked down to avoid
further contamination.

Julia takes all this in.

JULIA
Where did it hit?

HUGH
Texas.

Julia's face falls. She covers her mouth.

HUGH
You got friends out there?

JULIA
My family...

HUGH
I know it doesn't mean much, but
I'm sorry for your loss.

JULIA

They're in Odessa. Are you sure it
got there? Not just Houston or-

HUGH

It's a Red Zone. Nothing left. I'm
sorry. I can't imagine-

Julia waves him off and sinks to the floor. Her hand finds
its way to her face. She cries.

Hugh looks at her with an understanding look, turns away.

Son vomits bile and blood onto Mother's blouse. Convulses.
Mother panics.

STUART

Put him down. I could use some help
over here, now!

MOTHER

Danny... Danny, no...

Stuart and two other survivors restrain "Danny".

Julia pulls a photo from her wallet, discards the wallet.
Her teary eyes survey the photograph.

Julia, Mack, Ellie and Charlie, all smiles. Julia's finger
swipes down Ellie and Charlie's faces.

JULIA

I'm sorry...

"Danny" ceases convulsing. Mother drops to her knees beside
him, cradles him in her arms.

MOTHER

Danny... wake up... please... come
on, wake up. WAKE UP!

Hugh cocks his pistol.

Stuart and the two survivors lock onto him. Hugh hesitates.
They step out of his way.

Mother cradles dead Danny in her arms. A shadow grows over
her. Her eyes navigate Hugh's hulking frame.

MOTHER

No. NO...

He hands her the gun.

HUGH

I was told you're the only one here
with the right to choose.

She unwillingly takes the gun.

HUGH

You won't have long before you lose
that choice.
(to onlookers)
Give them some privacy.

Survivors and Stuart turn away.

Hugh sets a hand on the wall. Bows his head. Dog tags jangle
about. He sighs.

A sudden GUNSHOT pops. Gun CLOCKS the floor. A body drops.

Julia's eyes widen.

JULIA

Oh...

Hugh looks back. Closes his eyes.

Mother lays dead on the floor, bullet hole in the back of
her head, blood spilling out.

Hugh storms over, grabs the gun.

HUGH

You stupid...

A painful INHALE. Hugh looks over his shoulder.

"Danny's" eyes blink open. He GASPS painfully, sitting up.

Hugh mercifully shoots him in the head.

Zombies HAMMER on the door. The sound grows louder as the
pounding intensifies. The shelving shudders.

Hugh notices a ventilation grate on the wall behind a shelf.

Stuart covers "Danny" with his jacket.

Hugh topples a shelf against the one at the door, unearthing
the grate. He takes a knee, tests the screws.

Stuart respectfully closes Mother's eyes.

Hugh whips out a Swiss army knife, applies the Phillips to
the screw and twists.

STUART

What is with you? You just brushed off shooting a kid in the head like it was nothing.

HUGH

He was dead already.

STUART

That what we can expect if we turn?

Hugh confronts Stuart.

HUGH

This is not a democracy anymore. You do what I say, or you're on your own. Am I clear?

Stuart gives him a disgraceful look.

HUGH

Am I clear?

STUART

Crystal.

Stuart walks off.

HUGH

Make yourselves useful and move the shelves against the door, give me some time, and I promise I will get you out of this deathtrap. No one else dies today.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

20 Survivors huddled up in the aisle. Zombie hands reach up to the glass and swipe it.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY

Carson prepares the plane to leave. Flips switches. Leah and Elwin standby, both on guard.

LEAH

Sure you can fly this?

CARSON

My brother gave me a crash course in my dad's crop duster before...

Leah sighs, eyes wide.

CARSON

...sorry, poor choice of words. But I should be able to get this thing in the air. Trouble is, we got a lot o' dead between us and those doors. If we don't clear a path the turbines are gonna have themselves a meal of rotting flesh. Means this thing is pretty much worthless if a bunch o' dead folk get tangled up in the engines.

LEAH

Shit...

ELWIN

Can we shoot out the windows?

CARSON

If you wanna get sucked out at twenty thousand feet, be my guest. Air compromises the interior, at twenty thousand feet it's a vacuum on reverse. You'll be skydiving if you're lucky enough to avoid the engines, which you won't be.

ELWIN

A lower altitude. Say, a thousand feet above sea level. The air will hold if we stay low.

Carson flips a switch above him.

LEAH

It's worth a shot.

CARSON

The stick, pull back, you ascend, push forward, you descend. Keep an eye on the altitude meter, you don't wanna drop below five hundred feet. She's a heavy bitch. These switches, amber and green, above and below, they'll retract the landing gear to give you better maneuverability. Staying with me? Push the amber to retract once you're off the ground. The green when you come into land.

He pats on the throttle.

CARSON

Not too soon or too late. You don't wanna overshoot the L.Z. Throttle controls your speed, pull back and it'll slow down, push and it'll speed up.

LEAH

Why... why are you...

CARSON

'Cause, you're gonna be flying them outta the red zone. Not me.

LEAH

What?

Carson pulls up his rifle.

CARSON

I could do with another clip, if you got one to spare.

LEAH

We're not splitting up, Carson. We stay together.

CARSON

We're smack dab in the middle of carnivore country in a plane that might as well be a lunchbox. I can give you a window and you're gonna take it.

LEAH

No.

CARSON

With the captain MIA and Ridley off the grid, I'm next in charge, and I am giving you an order, Sergeant.

LEAH

They'll rip you apart.

CARSON

They gotta catch me first.

She reluctantly hands him a spare rifle clip.

LEAH

You're an idiot. You know that?

He appreciates that.

LEAH
Stay alive. And keep running.

CARSON
I'm not ready to become a human
happy meal just yet.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Carson grips the door lever. Survivors look on, confused.

Leah and Elwin stand at the cabin entrance. Leah fights her own emotions. A rogue tear trickles down her cheek.

Carson's ready, wrests his hand. Someone COUGHS. He stops.

Survivors part, all looking back at an INFECTED MAN sitting back, looking like death.

Carson, Leah and Elwin approach the man.

ELWIN
Sir?

Infected Man looks at them through glazed over black eyes. Blood drips like tears from his eyelids.

Elwin checks the Infected Man's temperature.

ELWIN
His temperature's through the roof.

CARSON
He been bitten?

ELWIN
No. This is natural.

Infected Man dies...

Carson ponders on a thought. Looks at Leah. She nods.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

A horde of ravenous zombies reach for the plane.

The door opens. Leah and Carson hang Infected Man out of the plane, attracting the zombies.

Zombies shamble out of turbine vicinity.

CARSON

NOW!

They release Infected Man and pull the door shut.

Zombies feast on Infected Man. Rip out his organs. Fillet his arms and face. Tear out his eyes.

The turbines fire up. Zombies lose their footing, fall down.

The private jet rolls out of the hangar. Rogue zombies join the feeding frenzy.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

Survivors buckle in. Elwin finds a seat at the front.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY

Leah buckles in, braces herself and takes a breath. Carson pulls back on the throttle.

CARSON

(into microphone)

Ladies and gentlemen this is your captain speaking, please buckle in and sit tight, we will leaving shortly, expect light turbulence.

Leah shakes her head.

CARSON

I always wanted to say that.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - RUNWAY - DAY

The private jet coasts past the blazing BOEING 747.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY

Carson pulls the throttle back as far as it can go.

INT. PRIVATE JET - DAY

A TEENAGE GIRL rolls her sleeve over a bite on her wrist. She looks out the window.

Zombies on the runway shamble aimlessly.

INT. PRIVATE JET - CABIN - DAY

Carson punches in coordinates. A dot appears on the radar.

LEAH
DC's in the other direction.

CARSON
We're not going to DC.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - RUNWAY - DAY

The jet's turbines ROAR as the plane lifts off the ground.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - LOST AND FOUND - DAY

The ROAR of the jet turbine hits people's ears.

STUART
That's a plane.

Zombies at the door slowly disperse. The banging ceases.

STUART
We gotta get outta here. Flag them
down. They could be a rescue team.

HUGH
That ain't no rescue team and that
sure as hell ain't stopping.

STUART
What...

HUGH
It's leaving. Listen.

The ROAR grows quieter.

HUGH
We're on our own.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - RUNWAY - DAY

The private jet ascends into the skies as sunset dawns...

Zombies on the runway shamble and shuffle, watching the jet
leave sight.

The rogues GROAN and GROWL, converging in a massive HORDE.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - LOST AND FOUND - DAY

Stuart stands, a desperate expression befalls his face.

STUART

They're coming back, right?

Hugh goes to work, unscrews the last screw. He lifts the grate off, opening the shaft.

A ZOMBIE rises and BITES Stuart on the trap. He CRIES out.

Hugh swivels, shoots the zombie in the head.

Stuart stumbles forward, hand to his bleeding trap. He locks onto Hugh.

Hugh shoots him in the head. He drops like a sack of spuds.

HUGH

If anyone else has been bitten or scratched, now would be a really good time to speak up.

A few survivors reveal scratches on their arms, one has a bite on his leg, another has a bite on his shoulder.

HUGH

Against the wall.

Abby steps forward, pulls up her sleeve. A tiny, minuscule scratch on her hand by the wrist.

HUGH

Against the wall, Abby.

ABBY

What? But you said-

HUGH

Now.

She stays rooted. Hugh grabs for her. Julia steps in his way before he can reach.

HUGH

She's infected. We need to deal with it. Before she turns.

JULIA

No one else dies. Scratches might not infect you. We don't know how this works yet.

He gets in her face.

HUGH
We know bites do.

He shoots the two bitten men in the head. Other survivors cower in fear.

HUGH
Let me make this clear. I call the shots. If you wanna survive you will listen to me and me alone. I make the decisions that keep us ticking over. So before you get in my way again I suggest you remember who has the gun.

Julia nods.

HUGH
She stays behind with the others.

JULIA
N-

Hugh takes aim at Abby's head. The girl winces. Julia steps in front of her.

Hugh and Julia stare each other down. Neither backs off.

JULIA
She comes with us. They all do.

HUGH
This isn't up for debate. I just told you. I make the rules. Does anyone else disagree with me?

Other survivors (non-infected/scratched) fall in line and leave the infected/scratched behind. Survivors halved.

Hugh smirks, takes point at the vent.

ABBY
I don't wanna stay. I wanna go with you. Please. Don't make me stay.

JULIA
I won't.
(to Infected/Scratched)
Stay behind me. We're all getting out of here.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - BAGGAGE - NIGHT

Utter darkness. A flashlight plays along the conveyors.

Raheem, holding the flashlight, proceeds with caution. Dylan follows, brave yet slightly scared.

They close on a door at the far end. The flashlight finds a signboard on the door "MAINTENANCE".

DYLAN
What's your name?

RAHEEM
Quiet.

Dylan scrunches up his face.

DYLAN
Your parents called you Quiet?

RAHEEM
No, be quiet. My name is Raheem.
Stop with the questions, kid.

DYLAN
Dylan. My name's Dylan, not "kid".

Raheem reaches for the doorknob.

DYLAN
You're really rude, you know.

Raheem sighs, fighting back his urge to shout.

RAHEEM
(in Iraqi)
Allah help me.
(in English to Dylan)
Just stand over there and be quiet.
Can you do that?

DYLAN
Yes, sir.

Dylan stands over by the wall, folds his arms in a huff.

Raheem turns the doorknob. CLICK. Pulls the door. SCREECH. Shines his flashlight inside. A nauseated look befalls him.

DYLAN
What's in there?

Raheem closes the door, forearm covering his mouth.

RAHEEM
We go back.

DYLAN
I wanna see.

RAHEEM
No, you don't.

Raheem walks off as Dylan approaches the door.

RAHEEM
Do not open that door.

Dylan opens the door. Steps back in abject horror.

Bodies, dozens of them, piled up all around a darkly lit room. Flies BUZZ over their rotting carcasses.

Dylan's eyes water as he sees --

Haley, bullet hole in her head, buried under a mound of bodies, eyes wide open.

Raheem slams the door shut. Stares at Dylan.

DYLAN
My mom... she was... they... why
would they...

Dylan bawls and hugs Raheem. The man awkwardly hesitates.

DYLAN
They killed her. They killed her!

CRACK. CRUNCH. GROWL. THUD. CLANG. CRACK.

Raheem looks down the corridor.

A MARINE ZOMBIE breaks out of a door, surveys both ways with his cold, black and bloodshot eyes. SNARLS.

RAHEEM
We have to go, Dylan. Stay right
behind me.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - VENTILATION SYSTEM - NIGHT

Hugh leads the survivors down the narrow crawlspace.

Julia lags back. Abby and other infected/scratched taking up residence behind her.

A zombie hand reaches through a side grate. Hugh jerks back against the other side.

HUGH

Dammit... everyone get as close to this side as you can.

Hugh shuffles sideways toward the far "crossroads".

Abby winces, scooting out of several hands' reach.

Hugh looks left/right/up. Opts for the right direction and rounds the corner.

Hands grab the grate and rip it off. A zombie crawls into the vent, chasing a scratched female.

Julia allows Abby in front. Looks back.

Zombies flood into the vent SNARLING and GROWLING.

The pursuing zombie grabs the scratched female's leg and bites a chunk out of her thigh.

At the end, Hugh turns around. He kicks the grate heavily.

Dead Zombie Marine falls to the ground outside. A flashlight beams through the grate.

Raheem leans down, sees Hugh.

HUGH

Miller...

Dylan sees Hugh.

DYLAN

That's him. He took my mommy.

Zombies proceed up the ventilation system, gaining on the scratched survivors.

Abby takes one glance back. SCREAMS.

ABBY

They're coming! They're coming!

Hugh feeds his Swiss army knife to Raheem.

HUGH

Unscrew the grate.

Another scratched survivor meets gnashing teeth.

JULIA

Hurry!

INT. TERMINAL 2 - BAGGAGE - NIGHT

Raheem hands the flashlight to Dylan, goes to work on the screws. First one out.

Panic in the vents increases. More SCREAMING.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - VENTILATION SYSTEM - NIGHT

Zombies reach Julia. She kicks one with venomous force, snapping back its neck.

Another reaches out. She scoots forward. Kicks it square in the face breaking its nose.

Raheem slides the grate away. Hugh makes it out. Survivors exit the ventilation system quickly.

Abby crawls for the exit. Julia holds off the horde.

Another one's head meets her boot.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - BAGGAGE - NIGHT

Abby's almost out. Hugh slides the grate back into place.

RAHEEM

What are you doing?!

HUGH

Keeping us alive.

Abby pushes against the grate. Hugh puts his weight against it. She CRIES out.

ABBY

Please! Please!!!!

HUGH

Gimme the knife.

Raheem shakes his head.

Hugh pulls up his gun, takes aim at Raheem's head.

Dylan kicks Hugh in the shin. Raheem tackles Hugh out of the way. Dylan slides the grate away.

Abby crawls out huffing and puffing.

Hugh and Raheem struggle for control of the gun. During the struggle, a gunshot POPS off.

Julia crawls out of the system, seeing Dylan instantly.

JULIA
Dylan...

INT. TERMINAL 2 - VENTILATION SYSTEM - NIGHT

Zombies crawl over their dead kin and steal for the exit.

INT. TERMINAL 2 - BAGGAGE - NIGHT

Julia slides the grate into place. Piles luggage against it.

Raheem and Hugh spill to the floor. They struggle in a tug of war over the gun. Raheem gets the upper hand.

JULIA
Stop!

Raheem butts Hugh in the face. The gun slides away.

Hugh overpowers Raheem, punches him with lefts and rights to the face, bludgeoning the man. A gun COCKS. Hugh pauses.

Julia holds the gun in a shaky hand, aimed at Hugh's head.

JULIA
Let him go.

HUGH
You shoot me, you'll never make it
outta Illinois alive. You need me.

JULIA
I SAID LET HIM GO!

Hugh looks at Raheem, then the gun. He backs off Raheem.

Survivors look for an exit. Banging on a door at the far end gains their attention.

Zombies reach through the grate, pushing the bags.

DYLAN
They're gonna get through.

Hugh notices Abby.

Raheem surveys the room. Follows the conveyor lines all the way to the top.

RAHEEM

There. We can get out through the baggage line.

HUGH

(at Abby)

Not her.

JULIA

You don't have a say in the matter. I have the gun now. And if you so much as think of abandoning her, I will put you down. Got it?

HUGH

Then consider yourselves trapped in this hell.

Hugh leans against the wall, smirking.

RAHEEM

I can fly a helicopter.

Hugh's expression shifts.

JULIA

You can get us outta here?

RAHEEM

If we can get to the helicopters, I can. Yes.

JULIA

Alright, you heard him. Climb the conveyors. We're leaving.

Survivors mount the conveyor lines. Raheem helps Abby and Dylan onto the baggage line.

JULIA

(to Hugh)

Guess we don't need you anymore.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

Raheem exits through the conveyor flaps. Surveys the area. No zombies nearby. He clammers to the ground.

Dylan, Abby and survivors make their way out of the system.

Raheem makes for the helicopters.

RAHEEM
Stay close, Dylan.

ABBY
Where is everyone?

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Raheem climbs into the pilot's seat. A bullet hole in the windshield. He fits on a headset.

Dylan and Abby make it inside. Survivors buckle in.

Raheem flips switches, grips the stick.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

Helicopter blades BUZZ and WHIR.

Julia runs toward the helicopters, gun still in hand.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - RUNWAY - NIGHT

The sound of the helicopter ROTORS attracts the zombies. A thousand shuffle toward the fence.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

Julia closes on the helicopter.

ZOMBIES arrive. Through the fence. From the street. All of them converge on the helicopter.

JULIA
Oh...

Zombies in front of her, behind her, next to her.

JULIA
TAKE OFF!

She shoots oncoming zombies in the chest. No effect. She aims at their heads. One goes down.

Julia backs up as the copter rises off the ground.

Zombies reach for the helicopter. It rises above them.

INT. MILITARY HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Raheem pulls the stick back.

DYLAN

We can't leave her.

EXT. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL - NIGHT

The helicopter makes its way north.

Julia shoots. The gun clicks, empty. She throws it down.

Two/three dozen zombies converge on her position from all directions, enveloping her.

Julia sighs, closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK: