SOLIUM

By Sean Elwood

Fifth Draft

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INT. SOLIUM OF THE SEAS - DECK 4 - LOBBY - NIGHT

THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA

The video flickers on to reveal the bright lights and festive setting of the **Solium of the Seas** cruise ship lobby. Soft guitar music plays somewhere...

The camera looks up, and shows the ceiling of the lobby----8-stories high from the lobby floor.

A large art structure, made of twisted metal and tangled cloth, hangs above the lobby. Metal cables connect to the ceiling and deck walls and hold the structure above the lobby.

The video camera tilts down and a guitarist comes into frame.

The camera pans the lobby. Not many people occupy the area.

The camera pans over and tapes a WOMAN who sits in a chair in front of the camera. She is dressed in a formal gown, hair brushed and perfected, and make-up completes her dining attire.

She waves to the camera.

Hi!

WOMAN (Quietly)

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) It's our last day here on the Solium of the Seas...We just finished eating about thirty minutes ago, and we're now sitting here in the lobby, listening to soft music, with a delicious glass of wine.

WOMAN And it couldn't get any better.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) I'm thinking that we take another week off and stay on this ship for a while longer.

WOMAN Oh yeah, I'm sure the kids will enjoy being with your mother for another week. They laugh.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) You know you want to. I mean, where

else are you going to get Salmon like the one they served here?

WOMAN

(Laughs) You didn't even try any! That was probably the best Salmon I ever had. They sure know how to prepare it in Alaska. You really should have tried some. I mean, I don't really like fish that much, and it was still really good.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) I know, but I don't think I'd like it no matter where it's made.

The woman smiles and shakes her head. She lifts her glass up for a sip of wine when a SCREAM is heard from one of the upper levels.

The woman looks up.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) What was that?

The camera looks up at one side of the upper lobby. Then it pans over to the other side, just in time to catch...

A lady. Falling. Seven stories above them.

She screams and thrashes her arms and legs in the air as she falls. The camera can barely follow her at the speed she descends. But it catches her landing.

The lady's body bounces off the floor about half a foot. Her legs bend in impossible directions, as does her arms. Her body arches and bends in painful ways.

> CAMERA MAN (O.S.) Holy shit!

The camera man stands up and begins to rush to the lady's aid when----

A screech echoes through the lobby. It's inhuman. Beastly. Savage. The camera points back up at the lobby ceiling.

The camera man stops walking. Everything is quiet.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) What the hell was that----?

He brings the camera back down. The guitarist is silent and still. Anybody who was walking through or around the lobby has stopped in their tracks.

Everyone is still from where they sit or stand. Their faces are blank. Their mouths hang open.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.) Jesus Christ...Honey----

The camera spins around and faces the woman. She faces away from the camera.

The camera man slowly walks towards her. As he gets closer, the audio picks up a wheezing sound. It comes from the woman. She breathes heavily, as if her throat is closing up. Her body shakes a bit.

CAMERA MAN (O.S.)

Honey?

The camera man's hand comes into frame. It slowly reaches for the woman's shoulder.

Her breathing grows louder. The woman slowly begins to turn around. Her face is almost visible, but is hidden by her hair.

Running footsteps fade in.

The camera FLIES OFF in an unknown direction.

The video image SPIRALS out of control.

The impact of camera-to-floor skips frames in the film, and the camera man's broken up screams are the last bits of audio before the camera----

CUTS TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: One Day Later

FADE IN:

ALASKAN FRONTIER

The ground is almost impossible to spot as the small foliage and the tall trees carpet the land. Mountains grow higher and higher and the trees thin out as the land ascends. Snow caps the mountaintops, a barren winter desert, little foliage, all rock.

The mountains pass through, and reveal the town of **JUNEAU**, **ALASKA**. A small town surrounded by mountains on one side, forest on the other, and then the ocean on the third side.

Continue past the town and follow the ocean, which turns from a turquoise hue, to a deeper, darker blue. Beautiful. Pure.

The ocean continues to stretch onward. It's a calm ocean today, with small, natural ripples and waves that break the surface.

Soon, small white specks slowly appear. More and more cluster together. Icebergs. Obviously very tiny, even from a closer inspection.

But, there's something else. A small, gray and orange speck mixed in with the icebergs. It leaves a bubbly trail and a wake that pushes the icebergs aside.

A closer look, it's a...

EXT. LONG RANGE INTERCEPTOR BOAT - DAY

The 36-foot long boat splits through the calm ocean water's surface.

BRITTANY (BRITT) LANDRY, age 31, brunette, a natural, comforting look, drives the boat.

DEAN COURT, age 32, short hair, clean-shaven, athletic build, sits next to Britt and watches her drive.

Six other coast guards sit on the boat. They're quiet, their faces unrecognizable.

Britt looks out in the distance. Alaskan mountains are almost hidden in the misty horizon dozens of miles away.

This piece of ocean truly is a beautiful sight, even if there is not much to see.

The Interceptor smashes through the icebergs and breaks them apart. A few larger icebergs come into view.

One of the guards points in a direction. Everyone turns their attention to...

Sea lions. They sit on the icebergs, sleep, relax. Their blubber bounces up and down while the iceberg moves along the waves as the Interceptor passes by.

Whales breach in the distance; adult whales, baby whales, all in a group. Britt sees, and smiles. Dean watches Britt smile with a comforting look. He gives a small smile.

Porpoises appear and disappear beneath the dark blue water on another side of the Interceptor at a distance. The mist from their blow holes are the only real sign of them before they quickly dive back into the water.

Britt jumps as a helicopter flies overhead. It startles her, and she watches it pass over through the window.

The MCH-65 Multi-mission Cutter Helicopter makes a U-turn and flies back over the Interceptor.

Dean grabs the radio walkie-talkie. He switches the receiver stations.

DEAN (Into radio) Hey, Sky, it's Dean. You can go on ahead and point us in the direction, we'll follow you from here.

INT. MCH-65 MULTI-MISSION CUTTER HELICOPTER - DAY

SKY VANDERFIELD, age 40, pilots the large helicopter. He wears a helmet and sunglasses. He moves the radio speaker mouthpiece in front of his mouth.

SKY Copy that, Dean.

DEAN (V.O.) How's it look?

Sky looks off in a certain direction. Up ahead, it's extremely foggy as a giant cloud sits atop the ocean waters.

SKY It looks pretty foggy, still. Be careful down there.

DEAN (V.O.) Copy that. How you doin' up there?

Sky looks at his CO-PILOT.

SKY I don't think I can spend another minute with this other pilot, Dean. I wish I was down there with you guys.

The co-pilot laughs and flips Sky off.

DEAN (V.O.) Just push him out when he's not looking.

Sky and his co-pilot laugh.

EXT. LONG RANGE INTERCEPTOR BOAT - DAY

Dean sets the radio walkie-talkie on its hook and looks at Britt.

BRITT You wanna go over the mission to everyone before we get there?

DEAN Why? They've heard it before.

Britt grips the steering wheel.

BRITT Dean...Just do it.

Dean sighs and stands up. He faces the rest of the crew.

DEAN The Warrant Officer informed us that there have been complaints this morning about a cruise ship being in the way of incoming cargo ships, so he sent us out here to check it out.

CONNOR JOHNSON, age 26, loud and obnoxious, sits up.

CONNOR We're in the middle of a fucking ocean, how much room do those things need?

Pain overcomes Dean's face.

CONNOR And You two? Working together? Or are you both trying to fix the problem you started--?

BRITT

Connor, shove it.

LORI McDENVER, age 30, blonde and tall, physically fit, ties her hair in a bun.

LORI

(To Connor) Seriously, quit being a dick. It's bad enough we have to look at you, we don't really want to listen to you, either.

Britt looks back at Dean.

BRITT You know, I thought I wouldn't associate what happened with work anymore.

DEAN

Brittany...

BRITT No, it's okay. Everything will be fine.

Dean sighs. He looks at the walls of the interior of the boat. Both walls are stocked with weapons: M4 Carbines, Remington 870s, M16 Rifles.

The boat continues to move forward and in the direction that the helicopter went.

Dean faces the guards. He clears his throat.

DEAN Okay, everyone, this is just a routine patrol mission. We're heading to a cruise liner just to give it a check up. It's been getting in the way of incoming cargo ships... (To Connor) ...And yes, cruise ships and cargo ships have their own specific pathways that they follow through all the time. (To everyone) So you will now not only follow Britt's orders, but mine as well.

Dean looks down at:

KELLEN SPACEK, age 36, incoming beard and a natural innocent look on his face, sits against the wall in a seat. He looks out the front of the boat at the helicopter ahead.

> KELLEN We're not going to have to get in the helicopter, are we?

DEAN Don't think so...

KELLEN Okay...Alright...You know, I think I may just stay on the boat, keep a look out from here...

Dean cocks his head and gives a small smirk.

LORI You're that guy who's afraid of heights, right?

KELLEN Terrified. Sea level or lower is my friend.

DEAN What's your name?

KELLEN Kellen. Spacek.

BRITT Kellen may be afraid of heights, but he's a sharp shooter.

TRENT PETERS, age 25, skinny, very short hair, nervous, walks up next to Britt.

TRENT So, how long are we going to be out here for today?

Britt looks at Trent, then at Dean.

BRITT This is Trent.

TRENT Trent Peters. This is, uh, my first patrol mission.

DEAN (O.S.) In the 17th District?

TRENT Uh, no. In my life.

Beat.

DEAN (O.S.) So, you're new?

TRENT

Yeah.

DEAN (O.S.) How long have you been in the US Coast Guard?

TRENT About eight months.

Dean stares at Trent in almost disbelief. He leans into Britt.

DEAN Eight months?

BRITT

Look, he's been in the medical field for five years, and trust me, he's of better use than Connor...

Dean looks back at Trent, who forces a smile. Dean forces a smile back.

CYRUS KOZYRSKII, age 45, tall and bulging with what could be pure muscle, sits on a bench.

A wrist band wraps around his right hand. Stitched on it is "CYRUS."

Trent sits next down next to Cyrus.

TRENT Hey, I'm Trent...

Cyrus nods.

Nervous and intimidated, Trent looks at Cyrus' wristband.

TRENT (Nervously friendly manner) Cool wristband.

Cyrus stares at Trent for a moment longer, then looks away. Trent understands and faces away.

Connor slowly walks through everyone and stares at each of them.

CONNOR I can't believe I was stuck with a crew like this. I mean, look at this, we have... (To Kellen) A guy who pisses himself if he's five feet off the ground... (To Trent) A new guy who has no fucking clue what he's getting himself into... (To Cyrus) ...Shrek...

He motions to Dean and Britt.

CONNOR Hell, the leaders of this team couldn't even work out their own problems outside of the U.S. Coast Guard. Separated officers, working together, creating a whole new relationship.

Dean bites his tongue. Britt, on the other hand, swerves to the left.

Connor loses his balance and falls against the wall, and then to the floor. Trent laughs to himself. Connor catches himself. He stands up and comes face to face with Trent.

> CONNOR You think that's funny... "Maggot"?

Trent frowns. He shakes his head.

TRENT

Uh...No...

Cyrus stands up and towers over Connor. He looks up at Cyrus and backs away. Cyrus sits back down and looks at Trent.

TRENT

Thanks...

CYRUS (Russian accent) No problem.

Connor walks up to Lori and AMBER WINTERS, age 35, black hair hanging freely. Like Lori, she is physically fit.

Amber ties her hair in a ponytail.

CONNOR But I don't mind being with you two ladies. (To Lori) Hey there, hot stuff.

AMBER

Don't even try, Connor. She's more interested in her work than you.

CONNOR

Come on, let me get to know my fellow teammates. (Beat; then to both women) How about when we're done saving these people, we can go back to my place make a team of our own.

Lori grabs his groin and squeezes it.

LORI

How about the next time a girl grabs your dick, you'll think of me and be thankful that there's still something there to grab?

She releases her grip. Connor stumbles back, his face covered with a bit of shock. Amber laughs.

AMBER

What's the matter, CJ? I thought you liked feisty ones.

LORI Keep it professional, tough guy. I take my job seriously. You should do the same.

Kellen stands up and walks over to Dean and Britt.

KELLEN (Re: Connor) What a total dick. BRITT He just needs to get laid. DEAN We all do. Kellen sighs. KELLEN I don't know if everyone else has got the idea, so let me get this straight: you two dated? BRITT Dated, married, divorced...It's not worth talking about. KELLEN What happened? BRITT It's complicated. KELLEN Well...Why can't you talk about it? BRITT DEAN (Harsher) (Annoyed) It's complicated. It's complicated. Look, Kellen, she's right: it's not worth talking about. Just...Sit down. Kellen turns and walks away. Dean turns to Britt. DEAN You can't keep doing this. BRITT Doing what? DEAN You know what I'm talking about. BRITT No, I don't, please tell me what you mean.

DEAN

You can't keep pushing this away like it never happened.

BRITT Excuse me? No, Dean, that's exactly the opposite of what I'm doing. I'm doing missions, saving lives...I'm not going to let what happened interfere with my job, but I'm not going to erase it from my life, either.

Lori and Amber walk out onto the back deck of the boat. Connor follows. Trent moves up next to Britt.

> TRENT How far is this ship?

BRITT There's only one way to find out.

TRENT What's that?

BRITT Just keep going.

The boat continues through the thick fog until it finally disappears. And all becomes quiet.

LATER, FROM AFAR...

The sun is close to the horizon. The sky is a different color as evening slowly approaches.

INSIDE THE INTERCEPTOR...

Connor rests his head on the wall of the boat. His eyes are closed.

Kellen messes with a lighter: ignites it, blows it out. Ignites, blows it out.

Dean drives now. The radio crackles--

SKY (V.O.) Britt, do you copy? Over.

BRITT (Into radio) What's up, Sky? Britt looks over at Dean. He returns eye contact.

Trent perks up.

TRENT We found it?

Everyone perks up, now.

BRITT (Into radio) What direction are you looking at?

SKY (V.O.)

Northwest.

OUTSIDE OF THE INTERCEPTOR

The ocean waters are calm as the boat splits through the surface. The helicopter ascends higher and veers off to the right, and reveals--

The Solium of the Seas.

The top of the ship pokes out of the fog, but even from afar, it's a leviathan.

INSIDE...

SKY (V.O.) I'll circle around it, see if I spot any people.

BRITT Copy that. I'm going to circle around the ship as well and blow the horn. We'll keep a look out for anybody who walks out.

Trent and Kellen walk up next to Britt and Dean. Everyone else walks outside to get a look at the cruise liner.

> KELLEN And how many stories is it, exactly?

BRITT Don't worry, there shouldn't be any need to go up to the top decks. The helicopter circles around the ship. The entire top deck is empty and barren. No movement, no sign of life. Anywhere. Completely quiet and deserted.

The Interceptor slows down as it rides up to the side of the ship. The white leviathan towers over the small coast guard boat.

Dean pulls down the speaker for the megaphone. He honks the horn a few times.

DEAN This is the United States Coast Guard from the 17th District. If anybody can hear this message, please inform a crew member to locate to the lowest outdoor deck. I repeat, any crew members, locate to the lowest outdoor deck.

Dean honks the horn some more and repeats his message. Meanwhile, the helicopter flies overhead, above and around the ship.

Amber, Lori, and Connor look from the back of the boat as it rounds the bow of the ship. They pass right under the large, blue letters: SOLIUM OF THE SEAS

> LORI Where is everyone?

> > AMBER

All the lifeboats are still here...

They reach the port side and ride down towards the stern of the ship. Dean points ahead.

DEAN What's that? There?

A door hangs ajar on deck one. The Interceptor slows to a stop right next to the door. Connor looks inside.

The inside is dark and empty.

DEAN See anything, Connor?

CONNOR (O.S.) Nothing. It's really dark, but no passengers or crew. Trent looks at Dean.

TRENT Is the door supposed to be open?

Dean shakes his head.

TRENT Are we going in?

DEAN We have no choice.

MOMENTS LATER

THE BOW DECK

The helicopter lands on the heli-pad. The engine shuts off.

SKY (Into walkie-talkie) Dean, we've landed on the heli-pad at the front of the ship. The place looks pretty empty on the decks here, so it looks like all the action is inside.

DEAN (V.O.) Copy that. You don't see anything? Nothing through the windows or the navigation room or anything?

SKY

Nothing.

DEAN (V.O.) Alright, copy that. Keep me updated. We're about to dock the ship.

Sky gets out and stretches.

He walks over to the side of the bow and looks over the railings. Sky looks at the water, then up ahead at the wall of fog. He pulls out his walkie-talkie.

Sky rubs his eyes and groans. He yawns and rests his arms on the railing when he drops his walkie-talkie.

SKY

Shit!!

Sky watches his walkie disappear into the water below.

Mother...

Sky YELPS as the co-pilot wraps his arms around Sky and startles him.

He spins around.

SKY Dude, what the hell!

CO-PILOT I was just messing around, relax.

Sky rubs his eyes.

SKY I dropped my walkie in the water.

CO-PILOT Shit, really? Dude, you're so--

SKY I know, I know...I guess we can still use the helicopter radio.

CO-PILOT Oh, yeah, right, that's what I was going to tell you. It's not working. There must be some interference or something, maybe the fog, I have no idea.

Sky lets out a quiet, irritated sigh.

CO-PILOT Relax, if they need to call us, they can use the radio on the boat.

Sky shakes his head and can't help but smile. The co-pilot smiles back.

SKY (Still smiling) You <u>had</u> to forget <u>your</u> walkie-talkie today, didn't you?

He walks off. The co-pilot laughs and follows him.

THE INTERCEPTOR

Connor finishes tying up the boat to the ship.

The circle of light pans side to side as Dean exams the hallway. He stops at a point on a wall; a dark, coagulated substance stains the wall.

Multiple splatter dots decorate the rest of the wall.

Trent looks in with Dean.

DEAN

Shit.

TRENT What is that?

DEAN

Blood.

Dean stands up and turns to the rest of the team. He walks over to Britt.

BRITT What's it look like?

DEAN

Bad.

He grabs the radio walkie-talkie and switches to a certain station.

DEAN (Into radio) Base, this is Dean Court on the check up for the Solium of the Seas, over.

OFFICER (V.O.) Copy that, this is base. What's your status? Over.

DEAN

(Into radio) We found the cruise liner, Solium of the Seas. We're going to take a look inside real quick, but make sure we have back-up ready immediately. Our coordinates are 57 ° North, 135 ° West. Over. OFFICER (V.O.) Copy that.

Dean sets the walkie-talkie down and turns to the rest of the team. Britt looks at him in concern.

DEAN There's blood inside. On the walls.

BRITT So people are hurt. Or...

TRENT

...Or what?

DEAN Or we could be dealing with something worse.

Trent looks at Dean, then everyone else, then back at Dean.

TRENT (A bit impatient) ...Like?

LORI A hostage situation.

CONNOR Hostage situation? If pirates took over this ship, where are the other boats?

LORI Just because there aren't any other boats, doesn't mean there can't be pirates.

DEAN Exactly. For all we know, they could have gone back to land or to another boat.

BRITT Alright everyone, I want you all to arm yourselves with everything we have...

Pistols slide into small handgun holsters. Straps wrap around shoulders. M16 rifles and M4 Carbines hang by the waists. BRITT (V.O.) Every weapon will be needed, so pack ammo well, and be prepared.

Remington 870s rest on the backs of all team members. Guns click as team members slide clips into the guns.

INT. SOLIUM OF THE SEAS - DECK 1 - HALLWAY - DAY

A beam of light shines down the hallway and hits the corner. The light bounces off, and illuminates the rest of the hallway with a dim glow.

Guns drawn, Dean leads the team through the hallway. Britt follows in the back.

Dean walks over to the elevators. He shines his flashlight on the overview of the ship: each level, and what's on that level.

> DEAN Alright, we'll take the elevator to deck 4 and start there.

> > AMBER

It looks like the power is out, though. We should take the stairs.

And an elevator opens. Everyone spins around, guns drawn.

Trent jumps and pulls his hand away from the elevator call buttons. Everyone lowers their weapons. Trent takes a deep breath, then lets it out, shaky.

TRENT

Sorry...

Everyone makes their way into the elevator. Connor laughs at Trent.

CONNOR This fucker is going to get us killed.

Trent sighs and walks into the elevator with everyone else. Dean and Britt move into the front. INT. DECK 4 - LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open up, and Dean and Britt hold up their guns and flashlights.

They walk out of the elevator area and into the main lobby.

The entire lobby is empty. A few chairs have been knocked over. Broken glass litters the polished floor. The dim lights give the cruise ship an eerie atmosphere.

Everything is still and quiet. No movement except for the coast guards.

Britt walks up to Dean and whispers in his ear:

BRITT This place is too big. We need to call for back up to search this place.

Dean nods.

INT. DECK 1 - DAY

Elevator doors open and the guards pour out into the hallway.

The team rounds the corner, but Britt slows down.

BRITT

Shit...

She hurries to the door.

TRENT What's wrong?

Britt reaches the door and pulls up the rope that connects to the coast guard boat. Or, it did connect to the boat...

DEAN Where the hell is the boat?

They look out towards the ocean, from left to right.

DEAN I can't see anything in this God damn fog. BRITT (To Connor) How well did you tie it up?

CONNOR I tied it up just fine!

DEAN

Well not fine enough, asswipe. How the hell are we supposed to contact the district?

CONNOR

Look, it's not my fucking fault, alright? I don't know what happened, but you can't blame this shit on me.

TRENT

Can't we just swim out there? You know, grab a life jacket from one of the rooms and someone can go get it?

LORI You're insane----

KELLEN

The water is below freezing. Ten minutes in that water can cause severe hypothermia.

DEAN

I'll just radio Sky and have him call for back-up.

Dean walks down the hallway a bit and pulls out his walkie-talkie.

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Sky, this is Dean, do you copy?

No response.

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Sky, this is Dean, do you copy?

Dean continues to try and contact Sky. Trent and Britt continue to look out at the fog.

TRENT

Maybe the ropes just came loose somehow, and the boat drifted away.

BRITT No, the water looks too calm.

TRENT What do you think happened?

BRITT I don't know...Maybe the ropes did come loose...

Dean gives up with the walkie-talkie.

DEAN He's not answering.

CONNOR

Great. It must be my fucking birthday.

DEAN

Look everyone, forget about the boat for right now. We need to find out what is going on on this ship. I suggest that we check for any passengers or crew on this ship, and then we'll make our way to the helicopter.

CONNOR

What are you talking about? There are only eight of us, and there are probably dozens of pirates or... psychopath killers, and you expect us to save 2000 plus people as we search throughout the ship?

DEAN

What I'm saying is that we have to search for people, whether you like it or not. You signed up to do this shit, so fucking deal with it, get your ass up there and start saving the day.

Dean walks to the end of the line and turns to face the rest of the team. Everyone faces him.

DEAN

Okay people, listen up. This is how it's going down: I want you to start thinking about the lives you're saving and not yourself. We're each going to search a deck individually, starting from deck four. So we're going to make this quick and simple.

KELLEN

Individually? Dean, we don't know what the hell we're dealing with!

DEAN

Look, we're here, we do our job, even if we have to make the most drastic decisions. We need to find as many passengers as we can.

KELLEN

But if something happens, how are we going to get back-up? We need to get to the helicopter to at least radio the base.

AMBER

Just listen to the man. He's the team leader, he makes the calls. (To Dean) I'm up for a fight.

Amber winks and smiles.

They walk back to the elevators. Dean looks at the cruise ship map.

DEAN Alright, here's the plan: deck four, Kellen. Deck five, Lori. Six, Cyrus. Seven, Amber. Eight, Connor. Nine, Britt, and ten, Trent, you and I will be together.

TRENT I can take care of myself.

CONNOR Just go with him, asshole.

BRITT We'll be searching the cabins first, so once you're finished with those, move into the compartments. She presses the UP button. The elevator doors open. Everyone piles inside.

BRITT Search every closet and room, and watch your back. We don't know what to expect.

The doors shut.

INT. SOLIUM OF THE SEAS - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

As the elevator reaches each deck...

A. Kellen steps out of the elevator.

B. Lori steps off the elevator. Immediately, she aims in front of her and checks both left and right.

C. Cyrus steps off the elevator. He looks like a giant with his huge size and his long, heavy steps.

D. Amber, already ready for action, walks out of the elevator.

E. Connor walks off and prepares his Remington 870.

F. Britt steps off the elevator. As the doors close, she gives Dean one last glance.

END MONTAGE

INT. DECK 10 - DAY

The elevator doors open.

Dean and Trent step off the elevator.

They walk out of the elevator area and to a balcony that overlooks the lobby. Even with the lights on, the ship is eerily dim.

Dean and Trent look over the edge. It's a long drop to the floor of the lobby. The art structure still hangs perfectly above the lobby.

INT. DECK 4 - HALLWAY - DAY

Kellen slowly walks down a dimly-lit hallway filled with cabins. Cleaning carts, clothes, and chairs cover the floor.

He looks inside the open cabins. The doors are propped open by chairs or clothes. Or broken into.

Like the floor, all the cabins are a mess.

He walks up to the first cabin with the door closed. He stares at it, takes a deep breath. Kellen leans in and puts his ear to the door.

Not a sound.

He knocks on the door.

INT. DECK 7 - HALLWAY - DAY

Amber holds her M16 up in front of her. She flips on a flashlight connected to her rifle.

The beam pans back and forth on all the cabin doors. Some are propped open, some are broken open, others are closed.

Amber shines her flashlight in each of the open cabins. Each one is empty. She shines her light on one of the doors. The hinges are broken, and the door is cracked and damaged.

She walks up to a closed cabin and tries the handle. The door doesn't open. Amber sighs and looks down the hallway.

INT. DECK 8 - HALLWAY - DAY

Connor looks down his hallway and shines his flashlight in.

He shines the light on all the closed doors. Connor frowns and lets out an irritated sigh. He pulls out his walkie-talkie.

> CONNOR (Into walkie-talkie) Anyone want to give me advice on how we're supposed to get into these locked rooms?

INT. DECK 5 - HALLWAY - DAY

Lori pulls out her walkie-talkie.

LORI (Into walkie-talkie) Just knock on the door and say you're from the coast guard. Is it that hard?

CONNOR (V.O.) I'd like it if I didn't give myself away to whatever made all these passengers disappear.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - DAY

Britt sighs and stops walking. She pulls out her walkie-talkie.

BRITT (Into walkie-talkie) Everyone, just do what Lori says. I don't want anyone to skip over the rooms just because the doors are locked----

BANG! The sound of metal against metal echoes through the cruise ship. Britt spins around with her gun, shines her flashlight down the hallway.

INT. DECK 4 - HALLWAY - DAY

Kellen has his head against another door. He steps from the door and stares down the hallway. The noise continues to echo through the ship.

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean and Trent continue to look down to the lobby. They stare at each other, then back down.

TRENT Any idea where that came from? INT. DECK 7 - HALLWAY - DAY

Amber stares down the hallway towards the lobby. She slowly turns back around and points her flashlight at the floor.

Something catches Amber's eye. An employee plastic key card sits next to a cleaning cart.

Amber takes it. She looks at the closed door in front of her. She slides the key into the slot and pulls it out quickly.

The lock clicks, and she opens the door. The cabin is dark until the flashlight fills it up with white light.

> AMBER I'm with the U.S. Coast Guard. Is there anybody in here?

No response.

She steps away from the cabin and walks to the next. She slides the card through, the lock clicks, and she turns the doorknob...

INT. DECK 6 - CABIN - DAY

The door swings open, and Cyrus shines his light through. It's empty. He steps out of the cabin and continues down the hallway.

INT. DECK 4 - HALLWAY - DAY

Kellen pounds on the door.

KELLEN This is the U.S. Coast Guard, is there anybody in there?

He waits a moment, then pounds again.

INT. DECK 8 - HALLWAY - DAY

Connor knocks on the door.

CONNOR Is there anybody in there? I'm here to help you, I'm with the Coast Guard.

He listens in for any noises, then backs away from the door.

Connor looks down the hallway both ways, then back at the door. He rears his foot back and kicks the door. It doesn't budge.

Instead, Connor pushes himself back. He hits the opposite wall with great force and falls to his ass.

Quickly, he stands up to his feet, again looks both ways down the hallway, and moves to the next door.

INT. DECK 9 - CABIN - DAY

Britt looks into an open cabin. The bed lamps are on, but that's the only light.

She proceeds to the next cabin when a noise comes from the cabin before. Britt stops and turns around. She stares at the cabin she was just at.

Britt raises her handgun and flashlight and moves back to the cabin before.

Britt walks into the cabin and shines her light around. It looks empty. She walks over to the balcony door and reaches for the curtains.

She pulls the curtains out of the way. Nothing. The porch is empty.

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - DAY

Trent and Dean walk down the hallway slowly. They look in the open rooms.

TRENT What's up with you and Britt?

DEAN Now's not the time to talk about that.

TRENT I'm just saying...

Dean walks up to a closed door. He knocks on it.

DEAN U.S. Coast Guard, is there anybody in there?

For a moment, the two are quiet. Dean sighs and steps back.

TRENT Okay, so you two got married and then divorced.

DEAN Who told you?

TRENT

Kellen. (Beat) There's something more, isn't there?

DEAN It's something not worth talking about right now. Keep checking these rooms.

TRENT

I'm just saying that if there's something going on between you two, and it interferes with this mission, we're all going to have a problem.

DEAN We're not going to let it interfere with the mission.

They continue down the hall. Something's on Trent's mind...

TRENT Everyone's probably in the same room, you know...

Dean turns to Trent.

TRENT That's how hostage situations work.

DEAN We don't even know what happened here.

TRENT Some of these rooms were broken into, though. Look at these doors.

He walks over to an open cabin and points at the hinges.

TRENT The hinges are broken, and the door is damaged. Somebody forced this (MORE) TRENT (cont'd) door open. You'd think a simple knock would do, but what if that person doesn't answer the door? If you want to get in, you'll get in somehow.

INT. DECK 5 - DINING HALL - DAY

Lori walks down the hall into the extremely large dining room.

She lowers her gun, keeps her flashlight out in front of her. She sets her gun on an empty table.

Lori continues walking forward slowly.

She observes her surroundings. Something's there...

LORI Oh my God... (Into walkie-talkie) Hey guys... (Beat) ...I found everyone...

INT. SOLIUM OF THE SEAS - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE

A. Amber slides the car into the key slot and stops.

B. Kellen stops in his tracks. He looks down at his walkie- talkie.

C. Britt steps out of the cabin. She pulls out her walkie-talkie.

BRITT (Into walkie-talkie) Where?

LORI (V.O.) In the dining hall.

BRITT (Into walkie-talkie) How are they?

 ${\tt D}_{{\tt \cdot}}$ Connor leans against a cabin doorway. He rests his head against the wall.

LORI (V.O.) They're all dead.

E. Cyrus bites his tongue. He clenches his fists.

BRITT (V.O.) Everyone is in there?

LORI (V.O.) It looks like most of everyone. Men...

F. Dean stares down the hallway and rubs his eyes.

LORI (V.O.)

...Women...

He looks behind him. Trent squats in the middle of the hallway and stares at the floor. He looks defeated.

G.

LORI (V.O.) ...Children...

Britt presses herself against the wall. She slides to the floor.

BRITT (Upset) Fuck...

H. Amber continues to face the door. The key card still sits inside the key slot.

LORI (V.O.) Whoever did this has left already. That's why there aren't any boats...

Amber takes the key out of the key slot. A red error light flashes on the key slot.

J. Britt rubs her forehead. She leans her head back and takes a deep breath.

BRITT (Into walkie-talkie) That doesn't mean that we stop looking.

END MONTAGE

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean walks over to Trent.

DEAN

(Into walkie-talkie) Britt's right. There could still be people hiding. I want everyone to keep looking. There has to be at least one person who got away.

Dean squats next to Trent and pats his back.

DEAN Don't think that this is what most missions are like. We need to keep moving.

INT. DECK 5 - DINING HALL - DAY

The sun sets and the fiery light begins to darken.

Lori's flashlight beam slowly pans across the dining hall. It lights up the bodies.

Some still sit in their chairs, either slumped back, or face first on the table.

Some bodies lay on the floor, others on the tables.

Blood splatters stain the windows and white table cloths, some tables lay on their sides, chairs look as though they've been thrown about the room.

A woman lays on the table. Dry blood stains her mouth.

LORI Oh God...

A man leans against a chair. Half of his face is bloody, the muscle is exposed, as if something burned through his skin.

Body parts are scattered about: arms, legs, fingers, ears...

The flashlight illuminates all of this as it pans by, and then disappears into the dimness of the dining hall as the light finishes passing over it.

> LORI Who could have done something like this?

Cyrus walks down a long, dim hallway. He holds his M4 Carbine in front of him, the flashlight on it leads the way.

It's very quiet. The ship creaks a bit. The lights flicker quickly on and off. Cyrus stops and looks up at the lights. Moments later, they return back to normal, and he moves on.

> WOMAN (O.S.) (Faint) Help...

Cyrus stops and aims in front of him. He slowly makes his way up the hallway.

CYRUS

Hello?

The woman struggles with her speech.

WOMAN (O.S.)

...Help...

Step by step, Cyrus slowly makes it to a cabin, the door broken open, the room almost pitch black.

INT. DECK 6 - CABIN - NIGHT

Cyrus aims inside the room. His flashlight illuminates the room and brightens it up a bit. He searches through the room, until he aims it at the back corner.

A WOMAN sits on her knees and faces away from Cyrus. She rocks back and forth slowly.

CYRUS Ma'am, I'm from the U.S. Coast Guard, I'm here to help you.

He slowly makes his way to her.

Cyrus kneels down next to her. The woman slowly turns around. Her hair covers her face.

She faces Cyrus.

CYRUS

Shit...

The woman's face seems deformed. Her skin sags a bit. Her eyes are droopy, and her eyelids don't seem to cover her eyes correctly. Her eyes are pitch black. WOMAN (Struggled speech) Help...Me...

Cyrus looks down at her hands and legs. They're bloody. Her clothes are bloody. She even sits in a pool of blood.

Cyrus stands up and walks away from the woman. He sets his gun on a desk and walks to the cabin doorway.

> CYRUS (Into walkie-talkie) This is Cyrus. I've found a survivor, but she's hurt. I may need some assistance...

As he talks into the walkie-talkie, the woman stands up. The flashlight shines on her, and her body becomes a silhouette.

The woman grabs her hair and she PULLS HER FACE OFF.

INT. SOLIUM OF THE SEAS - NIGHT

BEGIN MONTAGE

A. Cyrus' terrified scream echoes through the ship.

B. Kellen turns around and faces down the hallway.

C. Lori spins around towards the exit of the dining hall.

D. Amber readies herself with her gun. She aims it in front of her down the hallway.

E. Connor walks out of the hallway and towards the elevator area. He stops and looks around.

F. Britt walks to the balcony and stares straight down to the lobby floor. Her breath is shaky.

END MONTAGE

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean stares down the hallway. He looks at Trent, who stands up with a worried look.

TRENT Who was that?

Dean pulls out his walkie-talkie.
DEAN Shit. (Into walkie-talkie) Okay, men, quick roll call. Kellen. KELLEN (V.O.) Here. DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Connor. CONNOR (V.O.) Here. DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Cyrus. No response. Dean looks back at Trent. DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Cyrus? TRENT Shit, man... DEAN Shut up. (Into walkie-talkie) Cyrus, are you there? Still no answer. TRENT Dean, he was the toughest guy in our team! You can't make a guy like him scream like that! Another scream echoes through the ship. But this one is different. Inhuman, animalistic... INT. DECK 4 - HALLWAY - NIGHT Kellen walks to the end of the hallway next to the elevators. He looks up.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Britt looks straight down the 5-story drop.

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean and Trent continue to look down the hallway.

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Anybody want to tell me what the fuck that was?

INT. DECK 5 - DINING HALL - NIGHT

The sun has set completely. Blue light floods through the windows.

Lori walks away from the main dining area and heads for the exit.

LORI (Into walkie-talkie) What the hell is going on up there, you guys?

She stops at the exit. The doors are shut.

Lori walks up to the doors and pushes on them. They won't open. She continues to push on the doors, bang on them.

OUTSIDE DINING HALL

On the other side of the doors, a rope holds them together by the knobs.

DINING HALL

She turns back around and walks back towards the main dining area. She reaches for her gun on the table----it's not there.

Something falls and creates a clatter. Lori holds the flashlight in front of her. All is still, but the noise echoes through the dining hall for a moment.

She searches for any movement throughout the dining hall, but everything is frozen.

Lori takes a few more steps when the lights go out.

She stops and stares up at the ceiling.

She looks back down and shines the flashlight in front of her.

Behind her, a body rises. There's a GHOSTLY MOAN...

Lori stops breathing. Her eyes slowly grow wide. She knows something's there...

Another body slowly stands up. Then another. The bodies are silhouetted against dark blue sky.

The lights fade back on, then fade off.

The bodies slowly walk towards Lori. More and more bodies stand up and make their way to her.

Lori turns around and sees the people, their faces unseen. She drops her flashlight. It breaks as it hits the ground.

The lights fade on. Then fade off.

More bodies rise up to their feet and join the others as they near Lori. She becomes surrounded.

The lights fade on.

The bodies move towards her.

The lights fade off. All is dark except for the dark blue hue that shines through the windows.

The lights fade on. The bodies are closer to Lori.

The lights fade off.

Lori's breathing grows heavier. Now most of the bodies in the dining room walk towards her.

The lights fade on. The bodies are even closer, only feet away from Lori. The lights fade off.

Lori's eyes begin to water, her breath is shaky.

The lights fade on. The unknown beings are just a foot or two away from her.

The lights fade off.

The lights fade on. A hand rises from behind Lori's shoulder. The fingers are bloody, burnt. They crack as they move.

The hand grabs her shoulder just as the lights----

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Britt continues to look down the drop to the lobby.

She turns around...And GASPS!

Connor stands in front of her.

CONNOR What happened to Cyrus?

She rubs her eyes.

BRITT I don't know. I'm meeting up with Dean right now.

Britt makes her way up the stairs.

BRITT You're supposed to be on the deck below me.

CONNOR I'm coming with you.

They make it up to...

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - DAY

Dean and Trent walk out of the hallway just to see Britt and Connor walk up the steps.

BRITT

Why?

CONNOR Something bad is going on and I don't want to be alone on this ship.

BRITT We don't even know what happened to him.

CONNOR Did you hear that scream? You can't make a guy like him scream like that. And what about the noise (MORE) CONNOR (cont'd) after that? That didn't sound human. There's something more to this place.

Britt sighs and looks at Dean.

DEAN I'll call for Lori and have her find Cyrus. (Into walkie-talkie) Hey, Lori, you there?

Britt looks at Connor.

BRITT You know, he could have just gotten scared.

CONNOR And scream like that? Yeah right.

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Lori, do you copy?

No answer. He looks up at Britt.

CONNOR You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

Dean looks at Connor, then at the walkie-talkie.

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Lori!

Still no response.

TRENT Three's a charm, eh?

BRITT Dean, what's happening to our team?

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Amber, where are you?

AMBER (V.O.) I'm towards the front of the ship. DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Kellen, what about you?

KELLEN (V.O.) I'm in the elevator area.

INT. DECK 4 - NIGHT

Kellen leans against elevator doors.

DEAN (V.O.) Okay, I want you to go up to deck six and find Cyrus, alright?

KELLEN (Into walkie-talkie) You've got to be shitting me!

DEAN (V.O.) Just do it! When you find him, head up to deck ten and meet up with us, you got that?

Kellen sighs.

KELLEN (Into walkie-talkie) Yes sir.

DEAN (V.O.) Amber, I want you to go to the dining hall and get Lori and do the same when you find her.

AMBER (V.O.) Copy that.

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean, Britt, Trent, and Connor walk into a different hallway full of cabins. Some doors are closed, others are stuck open.

DEAN Connor, Trent, you guys check the closed rooms. Britt, watch our backs.

They walk down the hallway.

Connor and Trent walk up to closed doors and knock on them. They listen in for any noise. Britt keeps watch down the hallway.

Dean continues down the hall to the first open door. He checks inside. The room is larger than other cabins. It's a suite. All the rooms are.

Connor and Trent move down the line, knock on the doors, listen in.

Britt faces the same direction as Connor and Trent. She spins around when there's a noise at the end of the hallway.

Dean walks up to the next open door. It's huge and dark, but empty.

He walks up to the next open door. Again, it's empty. He looks back at Connor, Trent, and Britt, then moves to the next open door.

A figure jumps out of the room and tackles Dean! They go flying against the opposite wall and fall to the floor.

Connor, Trent, and Britt run to Dean.

Dean gains the advantage and rolls on top of the figure. He pins the figure down and aims the gun at him. The figure holds his hands up.

The other three run up to Dean. Britt shines her light on the figure's face. HIEN CHU, age 39, in a cruise liner waiter uniform.

> HIEN (Vietnamese accent) Please, don't hurt me!

Dean looks up at Britt.

INT. DECK 5 - NIGHT

Amber walks slowly down the stairs to deck five. She has her M16 in front of her, the flashlight turned on.

She walks into the...

STORE DEPARTMENT

Clothing stores, jewelry stores, souvenir stores. All in one large hallway. She walks to a map of the ship on the wall. The dining hall is closer to the middle of the ship.

Glass SHATTERS.

Amber turns to the noise, her gun ready. It comes from inside one of the stores.

She walks into the...

LIQUOR STORE

Her flashlight shines through the many bottles that sit on shelves. It creates a golden glow that shimmers on the walls.

The store is filled with shelves of the liquor. Anything could be in there.

She walks through the store and looks down each aisle. Her flashlight shines on emptiness as she passes each aisle.

She reaches the last aisle. It's also empty. She sighs and looks at all the liquor bottles, impressed. She grabs a bottle and studies it.

Behind her, a dark figure appears. It moves slowly towards her.

She sighs at the bottle, oblivious to the approaching being. It gets closer. Closer. Closer...

Something catches her eye. Movement. A reflection against the bottles. A shadow grows over her. The floor creaks.

Amber drops the bottle and spins around, just to have a liquor bottle swing at her. She ducks just in time.

The liquor bottle smashes into the shelf of the rest of the bottle. Amber falls to the ground and trips the figure. He falls to the floor on his back.

Amber crawls onto him, flips him over, and twists his arm onto his back. The man yelps in pain. DONALD (DON) THORNEBURG, age 46.

Amber realizes he's not dangerous. He groans in pain.

INT. DECK 6 - NIGHT

Elevator doors open, and Kellen steps out, handgun ready. He takes a left towards the hallway of cabins.

He slowly makes his way down the hallway and checks each open room.

44.

KELLEN (Quietly) Cyrus!

He continues down the hallway.

KELLEN Cyrus, are you there?

There's a loud BANG! at the end of the hallway. Kellen stiffens up his aim.

KELLEN

Shit!

He continues forward and is only a few yards from the end of the hallway. The hallway makes a left, and beyond that is a mystery.

Kellen turns back around and faces the entrance of the hallway where the lobby is.

Behind him, a light buzzes out at the end of the hallway. Then another. Kellen turns back around.

One by one, the lights begin to flicker off towards him. Then the lights above him flicker off, and he watches as they continue all the way to the entrance of the hallway.

The dim lobby lighting isn't enough to light a path for Kellen in the hallway.

The boat lets out eerie creaks and groans. Kellen's breathing is heavy.

Shuffling footsteps come from the end of the hallway. Kellen shines his light at the sound.

Nothing's there.

The shuffling continues, followed by wheezy breathing. Kellen doesn't move. He can't.

KELLEN'S POV

His flashlight beam shines on the wall at the end of the hallway. A figure walks into the light.

The clothes are torn and bloody. The skin is pale. The figure stumbles over itself.

Its face is unseen.

BACK TO SCENE

The light stays focused on the lower part of the body as Kellen begins to back away in fear.

The figure makes strange noises, wheezing noises...

Kellen trips over suitcases and chairs, cleaning carts and clothes. He curses at himself as he keeps an eye on the person that stalks him down the hallway.

Kellen trips and falls to the floor. His flashlight falls to the ground and goes out. Everything goes BLACK.

His breathing gets harder and faster.

There are sounds of shuffling around.

The person's wheezing and growling gets louder and louder.

Footsteps come from all directions.

Objects crash to the ground, stuff pounds against the walls.

The flashlight turns on in Kellen's face. He points it ahead of him. The entire hallway is pitch black. He stares in front of him a bit longer as he stands up.

There's nothing at that end of the hallway, so he turns around.

The flashlight shines on the figure's face!

It's deformed, hideous, frightening. The eyes are completely black, the skin is pale. The skin on half of the face is burned away, exposes muscle and bone. Blood sprays from the creature's mouth.

Kellen screams and shoots the person in the chest. It falls backwards onto the floor.

Kellen runs down the hallway. He trips over a cleaning cart and falls on his stomach.

His walkie-talkie detaches from its clip. Kellen flips over onto his back and points his flashlight down the hallway.

The person stands up and lets out an animalistic screech. It runs down the hallway, chases after Kellen.

Kellen shoots the person in the head. The person's head snaps back and it falls to the ground.

Behind it, more people round the corner of the hallway and run towards Kellen at frightening speeds.

Kellen scrambles to his feet and runs to the entrance of the hallway. He reaches the entrance and grabs the large hallway door.

He begins to pull it shut, but it stops. He continues to try and move it, but it won't budge. He looks down. A chair is in the doorway.

The people are growing closer. Kellen tries to kick the chair out of the way. It hits the wall, still in the way of the door.

Kellen opens the door and kicks the chair into the hallway.

The people close in.

Kellen pulls the door shut just as they reach it. He falls backwards to the floor. The people pound on the door. Their screams are muffled.

Kellen grabs a railing and pulls himself up. He looks over the railing at the lobby floor.

A person runs onto the lobby floor. He looks up and sees Kellen and lets out a hideous screech. More people run onto the lobby floor and follow the leader. They run to the stairs next to the lobby.

KELLEN

Fuck!

Kellen runs to the nearest elevator and presses the UP button many times. He looks at the screen at the top of the elevator. It's at deck ten.

Kellen presses the button even more. The peoples' screeches echo through the lobby. Kellen runs back to the railing.

The people have reached the deck below him. They continue to race up the stairs. Kellen runs back to the elevator.

KELLEN

Come on!!

The elevator is at deck eight.

Kellen looks back at the stairs. The people round the first set and run up the second.

Kellen shoots at the first person to make it to the top of the stairs. The bullet hits the person's shoulder. It falls to the ground.

More people make it up the steps. It's too many for Kellen.

The elevator doors open and Kellen races in. He presses the CLOSE DOOR button.

The people race to the elevator. Kellen presses the CLOSE DOOR button constantly. The doors begin to close. The people throw their arms out, ready to attack.

The first person reaches the door just as the elevator door shuts. Kellen collapses to the floor from exhaustion and fright.

The elevator BINGS! and begins to ascend. Kellen doesn't take notice.

He empties his magazine and throws it at the door. He slides in a new magazine and cocks the handgun, ready for action.

Kellen pulls himself up and catches his breath. The elevator continues to climb until it reaches...

INT. DECK 12 - NIGHT

The doors open. Kellen prepares for a fight.

Nothing's there.

He steps out of the elevator and looks around. It's dark. One wall is all windows that lead to the outside portion of deck twelve.

Kellen walks around the elevator area and into an office area. Computers sit on desks. Leather chairs sit around the area, with plastic plants in corners.

He slowly walks to the middle of the office area where a large circle sits in the middle. Kellen walks up to it.

A closer inspection shows that it's a raised part of the floor, about seven inches above the floor, with a glass covering that shows the 8-story drop to the lobby floor.

Kellen backs away quickly.

KELLEN

Oh shit...

His breath is shakier than ever. The gun jiggles in his shaking hand.

Kellen takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. He turns around to meet face-to-face with another disfigured person!

The person attacks Kellen and tackles him...

...Onto the middle of the raised platform with the glass covering.

Kellen grabs the person by the throat and lifts his head up. He looks over his shoulder.

He sees the long drop.

He screams in fear; knees the person in the groin. He punches the person in the face and flips him over onto his back.

Kellen pins the person down, grabs his gun from the floor, shoots him in the chest three times.

The person convulses, then becomes still. Blood flows from his mouth. Blood drips from the bullet holes in the glass.

Kellen tries to calm down. He gets on his hands and knees to catch his breath.

CRACK.

Kellen holds his breath.

CRACKLE.

He cocks his head and looks at the glass.

A line cracks along the glass from where the dead body lays.

Another crack moves in another direction. More and more cracks begin to form beneath the weight of Kellen and the body. Kellen is as still as he can be. His whole body begins to shake.

Kellen moves his hand towards the edge of the platform. The glass cracks beneath his hand as it moves. He stops.

Beads of sweat form on his forehead. They drip onto the glass. One drop of sweat falls next to a crack. The drop of sweat causes the crack to grow even more.

Kellen begins to move his whole body towards the edge. The glass begins to crack faster. Kellen's body shakes even more.

He breathes heavier, prepares himself...And PUSHES himself forward.

The glass SHATTERS.

Kellen falls through the platform.

He SCREAMS.

The shards of glass fall eight stories to the lobby floor.

The infected body falls. It smashes onto the hanging structure.

Kellen hangs from the platform edge. He kicks his legs and tries to find support for them, but it's just flat ceiling at the top of the lobby.

He struggles to pull himself up, but it's no use. He slips and falls, but catches himself. His hands barely grip the inner edge of the platform. His fingers dig into the wood.

KELLEN Oh God! Somebody help me!

Tears fall from his eyes. He grinds his teeth as he attempts to pull himself up.

Kellen looks up. A person sits in front of him. Her skin is pale, her hair a bit messy.

KELLEN Please! Help me up!

The lady studies Kellen.

KELLEN What are you doing?! I'm slipping!

The lady looks at his hands, then in her lap. She grabs something and pulls it out. Kellen sees the glistening object. His eyes grow wide.

> KELLEN What are you doing?

The lady holds a steak knife. She looks at it, then RAISES it above Kellen.

KELLEN

What the fuck are you doing !?

The lady holds onto Kellen's hand. She slowly DIGS into his index finger. Kellen screams in pain and struggles to hold onto the platform.

The knife cuts right through until it hits bone. It stops. The lady pushes down on the knife and wiggles it. Kellen screams even louder.

The knife runs through with a sickening CRUNCH.

Kellen pulls his hand away and hangs by only one hand now. The lady holds the knife above his other hand. He screams and grabs back onto the platform with his injured hand.

The lady grabs his injured hand again and begins to slice into his pinkie. Kellen screams again.

Footsteps fade in, and someone tackles the lady. She slides across the floor. The knife flies from her hand.

The dark figure crawls back over to Kellen.

KELLEN Help me up! Please, help!

The figure reaches out for Kellen. With his uninjured hand, Kellen grabs it. He then grabs the figure's hand with his injured hand.

KELLEN Pull me up! Hurry!

But the figure just sits there.

Kellen stares at the figure's unseen face, then at the figure's hand. He sees a wristband. A closer look: stitched on the wristband is "CYRUS."

Kellen looks back up at the figure. He leans in. It's not Cyrus. It's another crazy person. Kellen looks back at the hand.

The person's sleeve slides up and reveals...

...Cyrus' severed hand. The person holds onto the wrist of Cyrus' hand. Kellen looks back up at the person.

The person gives a small, devious smile...

He lets go of Cyrus' hand...

And Kellen falls.

He screams as he falls down the 8-story drop. His body hits the twisted metal art sculpture hanging over the lobby. Kellen's scream cuts off as his body smashes into the sculpture.

The cables that hold the structure up loosen up from the walls that it hangs from.

Kellen continues to fall to the floor.

Finally, his body hits the floor. It crunches as the bones break and snap.

His twisted body lays on the floor.

People run into the lobby and begin to feast on Kellen's body. They rip his stomach open with pieces of the broken glass and pull his insides out.

One person grabs a large piece of glass and cuts into his neck. They slice away through the throat and grab Kellen's head by the hair.

Slowly, they pull. The skin stretches as Kellen's head detaches from his body. Blood sprays all over the floor.

More people reach into the neck of Kellen's body and pull out meat and muscle.

INT. DECK 10 - SUITE CABIN - NIGHT

The door opens up, and Hien walks in. Dean, Britt, Trent, and Connor walk in after him.

Trent shuts the door and locks it.

The room is bigger than the normal cabins: a large bed, a couch, a wide-screen TV. The bathroom has a bathtub and two sinks. The balcony is large.

Two other people sit in the room: MARKUS FOWLER, age 18, and BEATRICE ROBERTSON, age 59.

BEATRICE Oh look, Jackie Chan made it back alive.

MARKUS Who are these people?

DEAN We're from the Coast Guard, 17th District. We're here to help you guys.

Beatrice chuckles. The team looks at her.

BEATRICE You're a little late, aren't you? I'm not sure if you noticed, but everyone on this ship is dead. MARKUS They're not dead, they're crazy.

BEATRICE Well, some of them are dead.

BRITT What happened? We're losing contact with our team members.

MARKUS They're...Probably dead.

Dean turns to Hien.

DEAN You...Um, what's your name again?

HIEN

Hien.

DEAN Hien, what's happened to everyone?

Hien looks at Beatrice and Markus, then back at Dean.

HIEN

I don't know...We were heading to Juneau...It was just the night before we were supposed to get there...And people started going crazy. All at the same time. They started killing people.

TRENT

So it wasn't pirates?

BEATRICE Pirates? Fuck no.

Britt sits down on the bed.

BRITT We need a definite answer.

MARKUS

How many times do we have to say it? These people went crazy! They started killing people...

HIEN They were eating them...

Connor laughs. Everyone looks at him.

CONNOR

I'm sorry, I'm having a hard time believing this. Are you saying zombies took over this ship?

BRITT Don't be an idiot, zombies don't exist.

MARKUS No, these things are scarier than zombies. They're real.

BEATRICE You know what else is scary?

She holds a wine bottle upside down over an empty glass.

BEATRICE We're out of alcohol.

TRENT You're sure taking this lightly.

BEATRICE Alcohol helps with the stress.

Dean turns to Markus.

DEAN What's your name?

MARKUS

Markus.

He looks at Beatrice.

DEAN

And you?

BEATRICE Beatrice Robertson. Anybody hungry? I have some salmon from room service.

She walks over to the fridge and pulls out a plate with salmon on it.

Dean looks back at Markus.

DEAN Okay, Markus, you seem to know a bit more about what's going on. What are we dealing with? MARKUS You haven't seen any of them?

DEAN "Them"? No. Who's "them"?

MARKUS

Good. You don't want to get stuck with one. I've seen what they do. They're smart.

BEATRICE

Of course they are. They're like normal people, but a little messed up in the head. (To everyone)

Are you sure you don't want any salmon? It actually tastes better cold.

Everyone shakes their head.

MARKUS It's like they know what they're doing. They know they're killing... And they enjoy it.

CONNOR

Shit...

MARKUS They trick people, too. Lure them into places...Traps...

Dean looks at Britt.

BRITT You think that's what happened to Cyrus and Lori?

DEAN

If what he's saying is true, what else could have happened to them?

MARKUS

You've got to trust me. I was in the casino when it happened, watching my dad play black jack, when all of this happened. Since then, I've been hopping from hiding place to hiding place until I met this bitch.

He points to Beatrice. She gives a fake smile.

BEATRICE You're lucky I even let you in.

Dean looks at Hien.

DEAN

What about you? How'd you get here?

HIEN

I was her room service. I brought in the salmon before all of this happened.

BEATRICE

Ugh, but by then, people were getting killed and eaten, I just lost my appetite. But this little Asian man is so adorable. I ask him to do something and he doesn't hesitate.

HIEN That's how I found you guys.

CONNOR You sent him out there on his own?

BEATRICE We heard noises, shouting...

She points to Markus.

BEATRICE

We were both curious, so we asked him to go investigate. I mean, that's his job, following our orders...

BRITT You could have gotten him killed.

BEATRICE

Oh please, honey, he works for room service on a cruise ship. His life is going nowhere.

Hien frowns.

Beatrice sits down on the bed. The salmon is chopped and shredded. She begins to eat it.

Amber grabs Don's arm and tries to pull him up, but he's drunk dead weight.

AMBER Come on, get your ass up.

DON No, I think I'll just stay right here.

AMBER Bullshit. We have to leave.

DON I don't think it's a good idea to go out there...

Amber gives up and falls on her ass.

DON You know, you're a real...complete bitch, you know that?

AMBER If you don't get your drunk ass up and out of here, you'll wish I wasn't here to rescue you.

DON Rescue me? You can't do that.

AMBER

Watch me.

DON No, I mean, you can't do that. They won't let you.

AMBER

Who?

DON Everyone on this ship.

Amber stares at him, confused. Her walkie-talkie crackles in.

DEAN (V.O.) Amber, it's Dean.

AMBER

(Into walkie-talkie) Dean, thank God. I found a passenger in the liquor store. He's being complicated, but I'll get him up there.

DEAN (V.O.)

That's great. We found more passengers, too, but you have to be careful. We're dealing with something dangerous here, and I need you to keep an eye out for any people acting strange, okay?

> AMBER (Into walkie-talkie)

What are you talking about?

DON

That's what I'm talking about.

AMBER

Shut up.

(Into walkie-talkie) Dean, I don't think I understand what you're saying.

DEAN (V.O.)

The passengers on this ship have changed. They've gone crazy and according to the passengers, they'll attack you and kill you. Just keep an eye out and meet us up here. We're going to head to the helicopter to get these people out of here.

AMBER (Into walkie-talkie) Copy that.

She stands up and walks to Don.

AMBER

Let's go.

DON

I can't.

AMBER Fuck that, get up and move it!

I'm too drunk to die...

Amber lets out an irritated sigh and grabs his arm. She pulls him up, but he loses his balance and falls onto her.

His weight knocks Amber over onto a shelf.

The shelf begins to tip over. The bottles fall off and CRASH to the floor. The shelf tips over and CRASHES into the next one.

In a domino effect, the shelves knock one another over. Bottles SMASH to the floor, glass SHATTERS everywhere, liquor fills the floor.

The last shelf tips over and crashes to the ground. It's completely SILENT after the loud clatter. Amber and Don stand in shock.

The silence doesn't last long as an echo of dozens of animalistic SCREAMS fills the hallways of the store department.

AMBER

What the fuck?

DON Nice going, you crazy bitch! That's them! They're coming! I can't run in this condition!

Amber runs to the entrance of the liquor store. She looks down the hallway at the entrance of the ship theatre.

Dozens of people burst out of the doors and down the hallway towards the store department. They race towards Amber.

AMBER

Shit! Come on!

Dean grabs two liquor bottles and runs out of the store. Amber follows behind him, runs backwards. She shoots at the oncoming people.

The bullets pierce into their bodies. The people fall to the ground, and the rest of the group tramples over them.

DON Where are we going? Deck ten!

INT. DECK 10 - NIGHT

The team and survivors reach the stairs, but stop when they hear more gunshots. The screams of the crazy people echo through the ship.

Dean runs to the edge of the stairs. He looks down.

INT. DECK 5 - NIGHT

Don runs to the stairs, but he stumbles and falls on his face. The bottles roll away from him. He scrambles to his hands and knees and grabs the bottles.

Amber runs to him and pulls him away.

AMBER

Get up!

DEAN

No!

Dean crawls for the other bottle. Amber runs back to the hallway and shoots at the oncoming crowd of crazy people. They're fast and close in quickly.

Dean grabs the other bottle and starts his ascent up the stairs. Amber follows.

They make it to...

INT. DECK 6 - NIGHT

Donald already slows down. He's out of breath. Amber pushes his onward.

AMBER

Come on!

DON I can't! I'm too tired! The other team and survivors make their way down to deck nine. Dean looks over the edge and sees Don and Amber.

DEAN Come on, you guys! Run!

INT. DECK 7 - NIGHT

Don tries his best to continue up the stairs fast, but he trips over the steps and loses his balance. He drops a bottle again.

Amber grabs him and pulls him away from the bottle.

AMBER You bastard, I'm not going to let you get me killed!

INT. DECK 5 - NIGHT

The crazy people run to the stairs. They speed up the steps.

INT. DECK 8 - NIGHT

Amber pushes Don up the steps. He falls on his stomach, but Amber quickly catches him. He keeps hold to his liquor bottle.

Amber pulls him up the stairs.

INT. DECK 7 - NIGHT

The crazy people skip steps to ascend the stairs faster.

INT. DECK 9 - NIGHT

Amber and Don finally make it to the top. Don falls to his stomach again, extremely out of breath.

AMBER We have to go!

Dean looks down and sees the crowd of people run up the stairs from deck eight.

DEAN

Shit! Move!!

They run into the cabin hallway.

Amber hands Dean the employee key card.

AMBER

Take this!

Dean grabs the card and runs into the hallway.

Connor backs away from the stairs. He looks down the hallway on the other side of the ship. More crazy people run down the hallway towards him.

Don rolls onto his back. Amber yanks on his arm.

DON Just go without me!

AMBER

Fuck you! (To Connor) Connor, help!

Connor looks at Amber, then the people at the stairs, then the people in the hallway.

He backs away to the elevators and presses the UP button. Elevator doors open immediately and he runs inside. He presses the CLOSE DOORS button.

Amber stares at him, shocked.

AMBER

Connor!

He stares back, scared. The doors shut.

AMBER

Fuck!

Amber grabs Don from the underarms and drags him into the hallway. The crazy people reach deck nine and chase after them, along with the people from the other hallway.

Dean runs to the first door in the hallway and shoves the key card in the slot. He pulls it out; the light turns red.

He slides it in again. The light turns green and he shoves the door open.

Everyone runs in. Amber drags Don down the hallway.

Dean pulls out his gun and shoots at the oncoming crowd. People fall to the floor, and others trample over them.

TRENT

Come on!

Amber reaches the doorway and drags Don in. The crazy people fill up the hallway from side to side. They race for the door, arms ready to grab and pull, mouths open for eating.

Dean slips into the cabin. Britt slams the door shut just as they reach the door.

INT. DECK 9 - CABIN - NIGHT

The people pound on the door and scream muffled screeches. Britt locks the door and backs away.

Don lays on the floor, out of breath still, with a liquor bottle in hand. Amber collapses in a chair and drops her gun on the desk.

Beatrice walks over to Don and takes the bottle.

BEATRICE Finally! I thought I was going to go crazy.

Hien turns on the bed lamps.

Dean walks to the patio and looks outside. Beatrice sits in a patio chair and drinks the liquor nonchalantly.

Dean walks back into the room.

DEAN Where's Connor?

Britt walks to the cabin bathroom and opens the door.

A girl screams (O.S.).

Everyone looks over at the bathroom. Britt pushes the shower curtains out of the way.

Inside, cowering in the shower, is MICHELLE EDWARDS, age 22, young and beautiful, dressed formally. Britt stares at her in shock.

INT. DECK 11 - NIGHT

The elevator doors open. Connor stands in the elevator, gun ready, hands shaky, breathing heavy.

He walks out onto the deck. The elevator doors shut behind him. He looks back at them, then in front of him.

Connor slowly walks into the...

BUFFET AREA

The place is empty and destroyed. Tables are on their sides, chairs pile up everywhere.

Half-eaten food sits on the tables. Some dishes are shattered on the ground.

Flies swarm around the leftover food that sits in the pans at the food counters.

Connor swings his flashlight side to side as he observes the buffet area.

CONNOR Fuck...I'm a fucking idiot...

He turns around. The doors to the buffet are shut. He runs over to them and tries to open the door, but they won't budge. He tests the knob: the doors are locked.

DEAN (O.S.)

Connor?

Connor grabs at his walkie-talkie and struggles with it. He turns the volume down.

A table falls on its side. He spins around to the noise and holds his gun out; it shakes in his hand.

He walks past the tables and chairs, keeping an eye out for any movement. In the shadows, something moves.

Connor turns and shines his light on the figure. It's a quick flash of light across the figure's face, but it looks familiar. It's----

CONNOR

Kellen?

Connor walks into the darkness of the area up to Kellen. A closer inspection shows that Kellen's face is different... Saggy and loose...

There's another noise behind Connor. He spins around, but there's nothing there. He turns back around: Kellen isn't there.

Connor looks around the dark area. No Kellen in sight. He begins to back away past some floor cabinets.

One of the cabinet doors bounces as something inside it continues to hit it. Connor walks up to the cabinet door. He squats down and opens the cabinet door.

Nothing. Emptiness. He shines his flashlight in. There's nothing there.

Connor shuts the door ----

A little girl SCREECHES and shoves a knife into his stomach again and again.

Connor falls onto his back and the girl jumps on his legs. She STABS his legs. Connor screams in agony. She stabs his leg again. And again. And again. Over and over.

Connor shoves her away with his foot. She falls on her back, but immediately jumps to her feet. She screeches as she runs towards Connor, but he kicks again, this time in her face.

Her head SNAPS back and she falls to the floor.

More screeches emit from the entrance of the buffet area. Connor looks back. People hop over tables and chairs as they run towards Connor.

Connor bares the pain and forces himself around. He uses his good leg to push himself backwards. He pulls out his gun and begins to shoot at the oncoming people.

He empties his clip and throws his gun at the oncoming group. Connor continues to push himself away. He grabs at tables and chairs, throws them in front of him as an obstacle.

Connor presses his hand against his stomach. Blood SQUEEZES through the cracks of his fingers.

He falls on his back and pushes himself backwards as fast as he can. He looks up. Kellen stands over him.

Connor reaches for Kellen. He bends down and grabs Connor and pulls him into the...

Kellen picks Connor up and throws him onto the stove on his back. Blood begins to drip from Connor's mouth. He chokes on his blood.

CONNOR What are you doing?

The other people run into the kitchen and slow down. They slowly surround the two.

The kitchen lights flicker on and off. They create a strobe-light effect.

Kellen grabs at his hair, and begins to pull. His skin starts to slide off. Sticky, coagulated blood drips from beneath the skin.

Connor screams as the person pulls Kellen's skin off of their face. The person's face is bloody and mushy, the skin gooey and burnt.

The lights shut off and it becomes pitch black.

Sounds of shuffling and struggle. Connor breathes heavily and chokes on his blood.

A knob squeaks as it turns.

CLICK CLICK CLICK. A small spark appears in the darkness.

CLICK CLICK CLICK. The spark continues. All goes black.

CLICK.

A fire flares up in the stove. Right in front of Connor's face. He face's down, now on his stomach, held by the hair by the impersonator.

The Impersonator begins to push Connor's head towards the fire.

Connor pushes his head back to keep away from the fire. The impostor growls.

More hands grab Connor's head and push. Connor screams as his head gets closer and closer to the flames.

The hair on his eyebrows and face SHRIVEL up as the fire sears them away. Beads of sweat grows on his face. He continues to scream as the fire is only inches from his face. His head falls into the flames. The fire ERUPTS into an inferno as his head ignites into flames. Connor screams. Hands pin his arms and legs to the counter as they try and thrash about.

More fires ignite in the stove as the impersonator turns the knobs. The flames ignite Connor's clothes, and his body bursts into flames.

INT. DECK 9 - CABIN - NIGHT

The pounding from the outside of the cabin continues.

Dean pulls out his walkie-talkie.

DEAN (Into walkie-talkie) Connor? (Beat) Connor?

He lightly hits his head with the walkie-talkie in anger.

TRENT Son of a bitch...

The people on the other side go crazy and pound on the door harder.

MARKUS The door won't hold much longer.

Britt kneels in front of Michelle, who sits on a small couch.

BRITT

We're with the Coast Guard. We were called to come investigate the ship and see why it was stranded out here. Do you know what's going on?

She shakes her head.

MICHELLE

No.

BRITT There's some kind of infection that's spread through the ship. The people here are dangerous and will kill you. MICHELLE

Everyone?

BRITT Almost everyone.

MICHELLE Is anybody else still alive?

Britt and Dean look at each other.

BRITT

We don't know. But we're getting you out of here, we have a helicopter waiting to get you off----

MICHELLE No, no, no I can't go out there, I can't!

BRITT It's okay, we're going to get you there and protect you.

MICHELLE No! I can't go out there!

BRITT I know you're scared----

MICHELLE

No, you don't understand...I cannot go out there. I...Can't get hurt...

Michelle grabs her abdomen that bulges out a tiny bit. Britt's mouth is agape as she stares at the obvious.

MICHELLE

I'm pregnant.

Dean looks at Britt, at her shocked face.

MICHELLE

I found out about three months ago...I told my boyfriend last month...And we got engaged.

MARKUS Look, I don't think this is the right moment; they're going to get in--!

MICHELLE

I was planning on telling my family the night this all happened...It was formal night, and I thought it'd be the best time for something like this. I went to the public bathroom out in the hall...I felt sick...I was in there for a while, but I started hearing screams outside. I looked out and...

She stops, remembers the moment...

MICHELLE

...They were tearing people apart...I was so scared, I...Ran out and this cabin door was open, so I ran in and shut the door. I hid in the bathroom...The bathroom lock is broken, but the cabin door is automatically locked, so...But then the screams stopped, and everything went quiet. I haven't left since.

Britt gets teary-eyed, but she blinks them away and gets to her feet. Dean puts his hand on her shoulder.

DEAN

Brittany...

Britt shrugs his hand off her shoulder.

BRITT Don't touch me.

Trent shakes his head.

TRENT Why are we just standing here? What are we going to do?

DEAN I don't know. I can't think.

Trent looks at Britt.

TRENT

Britt?

Britt doesn't say anything.

TRENT For God's sake, does anybody have a plan?

DON Oh, great, the coast guard doesn't have a plan to save their own asses.

TRENT Shut the fuck up.

DON Sorry, sorry, it's the alcohol...By the way, where'd that bitch go with the liquor?

Everyone looks over at the open patio door.

PATIO

Britt walks onto the patio with her flashlight. She shines at the other side.

Beatrice stands on the other end of the patio. She faces the wall. Her breathing is wheezy. It gets louder as Britt nears her.

BRITT

Beatrice?

Beatrice's body begins to convulse. She slowly turns around. Her eyes are black, and blood drips out of her nose. Her wheezing is louder than ever.

Britt gasps.

BRITT

Dean!

Dean walks onto the patio and sees Beatrice. She growls.

Dean quickly runs back in the cabin, grabs the nearest gun, a shotgun, and runs back on the patio. He aims it at Beatrice's face. She doesn't flinch.

Dean hesitates.

MARKUS

Shoot her!

Beatrice steps towards Dean. He pumps the shotgun.

TRENT

Dean!

Beatrice lets out a screech. She pounces at Dean. He pulls the trigger. BAM!

Blood sprays on the wall behind Beatrice as her head EXPLODES. Drops of blood splatter on Dean and Britt.

Beatrice's body snaps backwards and falls to the floor of the patio.

Dean and Britt stare at the body in shock. Something attracts their attention. They bend down, and the others crowd around to see.

DEAN What the hell...?

A worm-like creature wriggles out of Beatrice's head. It's long and flat, and thrashes about violently.

BRITT

Trent...

Trent pushes his way through and squats down next to Beatrice's body.

BRITT

What is it?

Trent examines the worm as it wriggles away from Beatrice's head.

TRENT

It looks like... A parasite...?

DEAN

From what?

TRENT

I'm not sure...You can get parasites from almost anything. Not washing your hands before eating, getting dirt inside open wounds, eating undercooked food... DEAN Like sushi?

TRENT

Exactly.

BRITT She had that cold salmon before we left the room.

HIEN But it was cooked all the way when I brought it to her.

TRENT That can't be possible. The parasite should die when cooked thoroughly.

AMBER Do you know what kind of parasite it is?

Trent looks at the worm.

TRENT

No...But...All of this doesn't seem to make sense. This worm is long and in her head. If she got it from eating the fish, it'd take weeks for symptoms to show. This happened in a matter of minutes.

BRITT

This is probably how it started.

She looks at Hien. He looks at everyone else. The spotlight is on him.

HIEN

The special on the menu was the salmon...From what I saw in the kitchen, it was the most popular choice.

BRITT So everyone on the ship had it?

MARKUS

I didn't.
HIEN Not everybody. But most of the passengers did.

BRITT (To Dean) We're dealing with a thousand of these people here, Dean.

WHAM! Wood splinters (O.S.).

DON (O.S.)

Guys!

Everyone runs back into the cabin. The door begins to break down as the infected continue to pound on the door.

DEAN They're getting in.

DON No shit! What are we going to do?

Don takes a gulp of liquor.

Dean runs back to the patio and looks down over the balcony. He looks back and rips the sheets off the bed.

> TRENT What are you doing?

> > DEAN

Getting out of this room. Help me tie these sheets together.

They roll the sheets up and tie them together.

MARKUS You mean we're going down to the next deck?

DEAN

Yeah.

MARKUS That water is freezing, though! What if we fall?

DEAN Here's some advice: don't let go.

They finish tying the sheets together. Dean takes them and walks to the patio. He ties the sheets to the balcony and throws them over the edge.

They only go down a deck level.

One of the hinges from the door snaps.

BRITT They're getting in!

DEAN (To Amber) You first. Get down there and check inside.

Amber hops over the balcony railing and climbs down the sheet rope.

DEAN

Markus!

Markus climbs down the rope after Amber.

MARKUS Shit, shit, shit...

Britt helps Michelle up.

BRITT Get down to the next level.

MICHELLE I can't! I don't want--!

BRITT Just go! Everything will be okay. I'm here to protect you.

Michelle stares into Britt's eyes. She nods.

BRITT

Go!

Michelle runs to the patio and climbs over the railing. She begins to descend to the lower level.

Dean motions for Hien. He walks over and climbs over the railing, but he stops and looks down.

DEAN Just hold on tight and slowly slide down.

HIEN

I don't think I can...

The infected punch a hole in the door.

I told you what to do, now do it!

Hien grabs the rope and begins to descend.

EXT. DECK 8 - PATIO - NIGHT

Amber jumps onto the patio deck. She looks up and sees Markus struggle his way down.

He jumps onto the patio, turns, and helps Michelle down.

INT. DECK 9 - CABIN - NIGHT

Britt and Trent shoot at the hole in the door. Blood sprays inside as the bullets pierce the heads of the infected.

EXT. DECK 9 - PATIO - NIGHT

Don walks up to the rope. He climbs over the railing and drops the liquor bottle. He reaches for it and loses his grip.

Don screams as he falls----

----But Dean catches him.

DEAN I don't want anybody to fuck this up! Get down there without any problems, okay?

Don nods. He grabs the rope and slowly begins to slide down.

Amber helps Hien to the patio floor. She looks up at Don. He struggles to get down.

INT. DECK 9 - CABIN - NIGHT

The door begins to break down more. Britt and Trent continue to shoot at the infected.

DEAN (O.S.) Come on! Let's go!

BRITT (To Trent) Go! I'll hold them back! Tell Dean that I'll be the last one down!

PATIO

Trent runs to the rope.

TRENT Britt said----

DEAN I heard her. Just go!

Trent grabs onto the rope and begins to slide down. He stops when he sees his feet touch Don's head. Don is stuck in the middle, shaking.

> TRENT God damn it! Move!

> > DON

I can't!

INTERCUT: Deck 8/Deck 9 patios.

Amber looks up at Don.

AMBER

Come on!

DON I can't! I'm scared!

AMBER No, you're drunk! Get down here, now! (To herself) Jesus Christ, he's a fucking hassle!

Trent pushes Don down with his feet.

TRENT

Go!

The door breaks down. The infected begin to climb through the opening of the door.

Britt shoots one last time, then runs onto the patio. She shuts the patio door.

BRITT The glass won't hold them for long! DEAN Amber! Pull him down!

Amber looks at Markus.

AMBER

Hold me!

She climbs onto the balcony railing. Markus grabs her waist. She begins to pull Don down by the foot. He kicks and screams.

DON

Don't! No! I'm slipping!

AMBER That's good! Just let go!

Don lets go of the rope. Amber falls backwards and pulls Don with her. They fall to the floor of the patio.

The infected pound against the glass door. It begins to crack.

BRITT

You first, Dean!

Dean hops over the balcony railing and wraps around the sheet rope. He slides down after Trent.

Britt's gun is empty. She throws the gun to the floor. She hops over the railing and follows Dean down the rope.

EXT. DECK 8 - PATIO - NIGHT

Trent gets to the floor of the patio.

TRENT (To Amber) I'll help from here. Get inside!

Amber grabs the handle of the patio door and attempts to pull it open. It barely moves. She pulls harder. It slowly begins to open.

Dean gets to the floor of the patio. He walks over and helps Amber open the patio door. It moves a few more inches, then slides easier than before.

> AMBER I'll check inside.

She pulls the curtains out of the way----

An infected person stands there! It immediately opens its mouth and VOMITS on Amber's face and neck! Michelle screams.

Amber screams and falls backwards. Dean shoots the infected in the head. Brain and blood spray behind him.

Britt makes it to the patio just in time to see the outcome of the carnage. She runs over to Amber.

Amber screams as her skin begins to sizzle and bubble. Parasite worms wriggle in the vomit. The vomit burns through her skin. Muscle becomes visible. The parasites burrow into her muscle.

She screams in pain.

BRITT Get a wet cloth!

Dean runs into the...

CABIN

He runs to the bathroom and flips on the lights. The fluorescent lights take their time to flicker on. It creates a strobe-light effect.

Dean grabs a small wash cloth and holds it under the running water in the sink.

The lights continue to flicker on and off: short bursts of light, long periods of darkness, long periods of darkness, short bursts of light...

The lights flicker off for a moment. It's dark. Then, the lights flicker on.

Immediately, an infected passenger jumps out from the curtain-covered shower behind him and jumps onto Dean's back.

Dean falls forward. His head smashes into the mirror and shatters it. He then pushes himself backwards and crushes the infected person against the wall.

The infected passenger falls off Dean's back. He grabs the infected's head and smashes it against the toilet. Blood stains the toilet lid.

He smashes the head against the toilet again. Blood sprays all over the white toilet. The infected passenger becomes still.

Dean catches his breath and grabs the wash cloth.

PATIO

Dean hurries back out to the patio. He puts the wash cloth on Amber's bleeding, burnt face. She grits her teeth from the pain.

The glass doors on the deck above them shatter.

BRITT Get her inside!

They pick Amber up and carry her inside.

INT. DECK 8 - CABIN - NIGHT

They shut the door, lock it, and shut the curtains.

BRITT Somebody get the lights.

Hien walks over to a bed lamp and turns it on. Dean and Britt lay Amber down on the bed. She hisses in pain.

AMBER

My head hurts!

They look at her face. Something moves beneath her skin.

Parasites.

Britt looks up at Dean with a hopeless look on her face.

AMBER What is it?!

Britt sighs.

BRITT They're...Parasites...

Amber's eyes grow wide.

AMBER

Get it out.

Everyone looks at her. Nobody moves.

AMBER GET IT OUT!!

Without waiting any longer, Dean pulls out his knife. He holds it above her face.

Britt pulls out her knife and sticks the handle in Amber's mouth. Amber bites down on it hard.

Dean takes a breath, and DIGS the knife into her cheek. The parasites wriggle away from the knife as it cuts into her face.

Amber SCREAMS.

Britt, Trent, and Markus hold her down.

The knife slices through her skin. Blood leaks down her face. Dean pulls the knife out. A parasite wriggles out. Dean grabs for it.

Amber screams louder.

Dean pulls out the parasite. It's inches long.

The parasite wriggles out of his hand. It quickly burrows back into Amber's face. The bulges of the other parasites disappear as they slide into her eye socket.

DEAN

Shit!

Amber breathes harder and faster. Her eyes roll back into her head. Her back arches, then slowly lowers. Her breath escapes her. She becomes still.

Everyone stares at her in the silence of the room.

Dean looks up at Britt.

DEAN I...Tried...

BRITT

I know.

DEAN I had it. I tried pulling it out, but it slipped.

BRITT

I know----

Amber shoots up. She turns to Britt and tackles her to the ground.

Britt kicks Amber off of her. She flies against the wall. Trent takes aim, but Britt is quick with her M4 Carbine and nails her in the heart. Shock overcomes Amber's face as she slides down the wall. A blood streak stains the wall.

MOMENTS LATER

Trent throws a bed sheet over Amber's body. Britt and Dean sit on the bed. Don, Markus, Michelle and Hien sit on the couch. Trent walks over to a chair and sits down.

> BRITT So. It spreads. (To Markus) Did you know that?

MARKUS I hadn't seen it happen, so I didn't know.

DEAN

It was pretty fast, too. The entire ship could have been infected in a matter of hours. We're dealing with something nobody's ever seen before.

TRENT

Right. This is incredible: these parasites or worms or whatever infect the host at an incredible speed. This took minutes. It usually takes weeks.

He looks over at Amber.

TRENT

Vomiting on the infected's victims may be a natural reaction to spreading the parasite. It works in a way so that it can spread from one human to another.

DEAN

But there was a parasite in the old woman's brain...

TRENT

Yes, that's the main cause for why they're acting the way they are. The parasite somehow gets control of the brain and basically sets it to "Kill Mode". DEAN How are these parasites able to get from the stomach to the brain in such a short amount of time?

TRENT

I'm not sure. This is a new type of worm we're dealing with, so...Maybe there's some time of enzyme or something in the stomach acids of a human that causes the growth rate to speed up thousands of times. Then they travel through the body either by blood stream or even burrowing their way through the system to get to the brain.

Markus points to Amber's body.

MARKUS

Just like what those worms did to her when that person threw up on her. They dug into her brain.

TRENT

Exactly.

DON This is so fucked up.

TRENT

You never know what nature is gonna throw at you.

DON Yeah, well, fuck nature. Evolution's a bitch.

DEAN

We can't let this spread. If another boat comes along, or if the ship somehow floats to shore, and these people get out, it could be too late to stop the infection.

BRITT What are we going to do about it?

DEAN I've been thinking...

He stands up and faces everyone.

DEAN

We can use the radio in the navigation center to contact the 17th district. We'll call in for reinforcements, and have them blow the ship up.

BRITT

We can't do that!

DEAN

We have to. I'm not going to let anymore people die. We can't have more coast guards raid the ship, only to have them be bombarded by infected people. We have to stop this right now, to keep it from spreading to land. (To Trent) Will that work?

All eyes on Trent.

TRENT

I suppose it could. Though, if they didn't die when the fish were being cooked, I'm not sure if explosions will do anything...

DEAN

Then we'll nuke the fuck out of this ship if we have to.

DON What about the government side? Law, federal permission or whatever?

DEAN We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. We have a pretty good reason to back it up with...And witnesses.

Don, Markus, Michelle, and Hien all look at each other.

DEAN We have to get moving. We can't waste time. INT. DECK 8 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The door opens and Dean walks out with his M16 in hand. He takes the left side. Britt walks out with her M4 Carbine and takes the right.

They nod at each other and take the right towards the lobby. Trent and the three survivors follow.

They reach the stairs, and Michelle stops. She doubles over, and makes noises as if she's about to throw up.

Everyone turns and stares at her. Britt walks over.

MICHELLE I'm going to vomit...

Britt looks behind her at the public bathrooms. She pushes Britt to the door. Everyone follows.

INT. DECK 8 - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Michelle runs into one of the stalls and throws up.

Don and Hien sit against the wall. Trent stands next to them.

Markus leans against the stall.

Britt and Dean watch Michelle. She finishes vomiting and walks out of the stall. She wipes her mouth with toilet paper.

Her eyes grow watery, her voice weak.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry...

BRITT Shh...It's okay...

MICHELLE I just...Don't know what's going on...I can't do this in this condition...

Britt rests her forehead on Michelle's. A tear rolls down Michelle's cheek.

BRITT It'll be okay. Michelle looks up at Britt, then down. She notices Britt's hands touching the slight bulge of Michelle's stomach. Britt realizes this and pulls her hands back.

BRITT

Sorry...

Britt backs away. Everyone sees the whole thing.

BRITT Alright, this is what's going down. We're going to get out of here and head to the helicopter that's waiting for us at the front of the ship. (To Hien) What deck is the heli-pad on?

HIEN

Deck five.

BRITT For now on, Michelle is our top priority. Everyone put her before yourself.

MARKUS

DON You're serious?

What?!

BRITT She has something to live for.

Markus grows angry.

MARKUS

Excuse me? What makes her so important? Yeah, she's pregnant, but what about the rest of us? What about *me*!? I'm eighteen! I just graduated from high school, this is my graduation present--

DEAN

...Markus...

MARKUS

I still have a lot to experience in life! She's already experienced the pleasures: graduating, going to college, getting married, having a kid--!

BRITT

...Shut up.

MARKUS

I'm waiting for that myself, and you expect me to give my life for someone else who's experienced the most of what life's about already?

Britt shoves him against the stall wall.

BRITT

Listen, asshole, you better shut your fucking mouth before I feed you to those parasitic pussbags that are waiting out there just for you. I don't want to hear any bitching from you, or from anybody here, got it? There is a reason why I'm making her my top priority when it comes to getting survivors off of this fucking ship!

Markus shoves her off.

here--

MARKUS

Then why don't you quit being a complete bitch and tell us! What's the big fucking reason why I should believe that this girl should be your "top priority"?

BRITT I don't have time to explain. We have to leave.

DEAN Britt, don't even bother with him. Let's just get the hell out of

BRITT

God damn it, Dean, will you stop telling me what to do? This relationship is over! Let me worry about my own life!

DEAN

What are you talking about? We're leading this group, we need to get out of here, and who are you to bring up our failed relationship, especially during a time like this?

BRITT

Oh please, Dean! You're telling me that I'm blocking it out of my life when you obviously haven't come to accept the fact that it's happened. It's you who's pushing this away as if it never happened.

MARKUS

For God's sake, you're just fucking with us, trying to waste time by coming up with excuses when really you're thinking of a way to save your own ass!

DEAN

You know, you're a real piece of work, you dickhead.

MARKUS

Blow me.

Markus backs away.

DEAN (To Britt) You're just putting the blame on me. You lost the baby, this is your fault.

BRITT

WHAT!?

Everyone becomes quiet. Especially Dean. Britt's eyes water up quickly. She's speechless.

Until...

BRITT I didn't deserve that...

Britt turns away from Dean.

DEAN Britt, I'm sorry--

BRITT Don't even, Dean.

DEAN It just slipped--

Britt holds her hand to his face. Dean shuts his mouth. She walks over to a sink.

Britt faces the mirror above the sink and takes a deep breath.

BRITT

Four years ago, Dean and I were married. Everything was fine until we tried having a kid. We tried, but for some reason, I wasn't able to conceive a child. The doctor said there was a great chance I would never be able to. But we didn't give up...

Her breath becomes shaky.

BRITT

Finally I did get pregnant. You know, it was the best feeling I've ever experienced? After a number of failed times to try and have a kid? Along with being told that I would never be able to have one?

She turns around and faces everyone.

BRITT

Six months later, I miscarried.

Michelle grabs at her stomach.

BRITT

After that was total devastation. I didn't know what to do with myself. All that happiness, all those dreams were crushed. We had already prepared for the baby, but when this miscarriage happened, I had to watch everything we bought for the baby be returned to the stores.

DEAN

I, uh...Suggested that we try adoption, but she didn't want to.

BRITT

We'd argue almost every night. Things continued to get worse until we finally couldn't stand trying to work things out with each other. DEAN A few months later, we divorced.

Tears well up in Britt's eyes. She begins to cry.

BRITT

I just wanted a child of my own so bad. My whole life, I wanted to experience the feeling of knowing that my own flesh and blood was growing inside me. I wanted to experience the feeling of being a mother...To take care of a child of my own...To know what it was like to be with a child who had a part of me with her...

She turns to Markus.

BRITT

(Angrily) That's why. She's experiencing the one thing I'll never get to have. And I'm not going to let anything happen to her.

Markus keeps quiet. Britt turns to Michelle.

BRITT

That's why I need you to get to the helicopter.

Michelle nods.

MICHELLE

Okay. (Beat) I want to find my parents and brother first.

Britt looks at Dean.

DEAN We can't do that.

MICHELLE Why? I don't want to leave without them!

DEAN There's a great chance that they're-- BRITT Dean, don't.

DEAN She has to realize that everyone is dea--

BRITT I said shove it!

Britt looks at Michelle.

Michelle's eyes grow teary. Her breath becomes shaky and she shakes her head. Britt hugs Michelle, who collapses to the floor and cries into Britt's shoulder.

Everyone watches them cry. Britt look up at Dean.

DEAN Everyone here needs to realize that there's a chance we might not make it off this ship.

With that, everyone turns their attention away from Dean.

Markus turns away from them and faces the wall. He takes in deep breaths and swallows hard. His eyes grow teary as well. He just can't hold it in, and he, too, begins to cry.

Don shakes his head and covers his face. Hien's face contorts as he cries. He digs his face into his arms.

Dean kneels down next to Britt and Michelle and brushes away Britt's hair from her face. He kisses her forehead, leans his head on hers.

Trent slides down the wall and runs his fingers through his hair.

All is silent except for the quiet sobbing from everyone.

FADE OUT.

INT. DECK 8 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The bathroom door opens and Britt steps out. She looks around before giving everyone the okay sign.

They walk out of the bathroom. Michelle holds a flashlight. They walk to the stairs but stop in their tracks. In the elevator area are four infected. They stand at the elevators and stare at the top where it shows what floor the elevator is on.

They walk into the hallway.

Everyone talks in whisper.

BRITT They're watching the elevators.

MICHELLE What do we do?

HIEN We can use the elevators towards the back of the ship.

Britt nods and they walk down the hallway towards the back of the ship.

MOMENTS LATER

They reach the elevator area. Dean walks over and presses the DOWN button.

DEAN (To Trent and Britt) When we reach the fifth deck, get ready. There might be some of those things waiting for us.

The elevator DINGS. The doors open.

A group of infected people burst out of the elevator. Britt, Dean, and Trent shoot at the oncoming infected.

Michelle screams and runs up the stairs.

Hien stumbles back, turns, and runs downstairs.

Dean, Britt, and Trent continue to shoot at the infected. Blood sprays on the walls and floor. Bodies fall to the ground.

INT. DECK 6/DECK 5 STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Hien runs down the stairs to deck five, but stops when he sees the infected wait at the elevators. They stare up at the sound of gunshots and screaming infected, and then turn for the stairs. Hien backs away and runs up to deck six. He walks into a hallway. The infected run up the stairs; they take no notice of Hien.

He walks down a large hallway into the...

INT. DECK 6 - CASINO - NIGHT

The lights are on. They flash and flicker. Colorful lights reflect off the mirrors that align the wall and cover the ceiling.

Soft music plays in the casino.

Hien walks through slowly. He searches around the area. His reflection is everywhere, bounces off all the mirrors that surround him.

Gunshots echo from the upper deck.

A figure passes by on the left of Hien. He spins to his left. Nothing's there. Just more flashing lights.

The figures reflection slowly passes by through the mirrors behind Hien. He doesn't notice. The figure is unrecognizable.

Hien turns around and walks backwards. The casino is quiet. The music seems muted.

He backs into a slot machine. It creates a ruckus: lights flash, noises blare, coins fall into the metal bucket. It startles Hien.

Shadows move through the area. Reflections slide along all metal surfaces. It's disorienting. The music begins to echo, and everything grows blurry.

Hien looks over. A person walks behind a row of slot machines. He walks over to investigate, but as he rounds the corner, the person isn't there. He looks on the other side, and the person is nowhere to be found.

More reflections move along the metallic surfaces of slot machines and railings.

Suddenly, the lights go out. The flashing lights disappear. The music stops.

INT. DECK 8 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bodies litter the floor. The lights go out too.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michelle stops walking as the lights turn off above her. She turns on the flashlight.

INT. DECK 6 - CASINO - NIGHT

Hien backs away. He turns around just as the lights turn on.

A large, infected man stands behind him. He grabs Hien's head and smashes it into the mirror that they stare into.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DECK 5 - DINING HALL KITCHEN - NIGHT

The large man throws Hien onto a counter. Hien groans in pain, dazed.

The man grabs a butcher knife and walks over to Hien. He grabs Hien's arm and digs the knife into his skin. He cuts, and then SKINS him.

The man pulls the skin off. Strings of muscle snap as he pulls the skin off. Blood drips onto the floor. Hien screams in agony.

The man throws the skin and muscle onto the grill. It sizzles; steam rises up to the ceiling.

The man grabs Hien's other arm and slices into it. He skins almost the entire length of the arm and rips it off. Blood sprays onto Hien's face. He screams, but is still dazed.

The man throws the other piece of skin onto the grill. The skin shrivels and begins to turn dark.

The man rips Hien's shirt open. He slices into his chest and begins cutting. The entire width of his chest cuts open, and the man begins to peel his skin away.

Hien's eyes begin to roll back, and he continues to scream in complete agony.

The man rips the skin off. Muscle snaps, blood pours out over Hien's side and off the counter.

The man throws the torso skin onto the grill. Steam fills up the room and the sizzling is extremely loud.

The man hovers over Hien's head. Hien breathes quick and light. His eyes are closed shut. He opens them and looks into the infected's black eyes. He screams.

The man cuts into Hien's throat and cuts from ear to ear. He cuts around the neck and then sets the knife down.

By the hair, the man begins to pull. Hien screams as his face skin slides off of his head. His screams soon become gurgles, and then nothing.

The man pulls the skin off of Hien's face. Blood pools around Hien's head and drips off of the counter.

The man walks back to the grill and grabs the grilled arm skin.

He throws it on the floor in front of the kitchen door. A table blocks the door. Infected people look through a window built in the door.

They stare at the cooked piece of skin on the floor. Drool drips from their mouths. They lick their lips with hungry eyes.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michelle turns the corner of the hallway and stares down what seems to be forever. She looks at the wall. A sign reads "CABINS 9040 - 9080"

She walks forward down the hallway for a while.

The ship creaks and groans. Michelle's breathing becomes heavy.

She looks back down at the other end of the hallway and continues onward.

Michelle walks up to a door. On it reads "9056." She looks down at the purse she carries and unzips it. She pulls out her key card.

Slowly, she slides it into the key slot, then pulls it out. The lock clicks, and she opens the door. She slowly walks into the dark...

CABIN

She keeps the door open and turns the lock. She lets the door shut, but with the lock jutting out, it doesn't close completely.

Michelle shines the flashlight around the dark room. She looks in the bathroom. It's empty.

She walks further into the room, towards the twin beds.

MICHELLE

Wes?

She walks towards the patio, passes the two twin beds...

WES jumps out from between the second twin bed and the patio! He slams Michelle into the wall and they fall to the floor. Michelle screams and tries to push Wes off.

He screeches, blood and slobber drips from his mouth and onto Michelle's face. She rolls over, now on top. Michelle jumps to her feet and backs away.

Wes stands up and growls at Michelle. He stomps towards her. Michelle lifts her flashlight up and hits Wes in the face with it.

She covers her mouth, her eyes watery.

MICHELLE

I'm so sorry...

Wes growls and races towards her. She pushes him backwards and he stumbles through the curtains, falls onto the patio.

Michelle hurries to the door and shuts it, locks it, and backs away.

She watches Wes struggle to his feet. He runs into the glass door. His face smashes against the glass. Michelle flinches.

Wes shakes his head, looks at Michelle, and runs into the glass again. Blood sprays on the glass. His nose becomes bloody.

Wes stumbles backwards, blinks once, and then runs into the glass door. It cracks. Michelle flinches and looks away. Tears flow down her cheeks.

Wes' face is bloody and deformed. He struggles to keep his balance. Once more, he rams into the glass door. He stumbles backwards and falls against the balcony railing.

Michelle watches her brother fall over the railing and disappear from sight.

She collapses onto the bed and buries her face into her hands. She shakes her head as she cries.

MICHELLE

I'm sorry...

She wipes away her tears and takes in deep, shaky breaths. She sniffs away the tears and stands up. Michelle grabs her flashlight and walks to the cabin doorway.

As Michelle steps out of the cabin, she shines her light down the hallway.

In a quick flash, the flashlight passes over an extremely thin, topless woman as she walks out of a cabin further down the hallway. She looks at Michelle. Here black eyes seem shiny, like marble.

It's a frightening sight.

Michelle gasps and runs back into her cabin.

Running footsteps stomp down the hallway.

Michelle tries to shut the door, but the lock still keeps it from closing all the way. The footstep grow louder.

She runs into the bathroom and puts the flashlight on the counter. Michelle hides in the shower. She shuts the shower curtains completely.

The flashlight shines on the curtains. Michelle's body is a silhouette.

The cabin door opens (O.S.) and the woman's wheezing fades in. She makes gurgling sounds, gross sounds.

Michelle covers her mouth.

Objects fall to the floor. The woman's footsteps are loud.

Michelle tries to quiet her breathing. Then, she stops.

A shadow slowly moves across the curtain as the woman walks in front of the flashlight.

Her wheezing is sick and unnatural.

A bony hand grabs the curtains and slowly pulls them back. Michelle presses herself against the wall.

The woman peeks inside. She doesn't notice Michelle. Her face is bony, too; her cheek bones protrude from her skin, her eyes are sunken in. She looks almost anorexic. The woman backs away, walks in front of the flashlight, and her wheezing and footsteps slowly fade away.

Michelle, her mouth still covered, remains in the shower for a moment. She then pulls the curtains out of the way and steps out of the shower.

She grabs the flashlight and walks out of the bathroom and to the cabin door.

Michelle slowly opens the door and shines the flashlight out into the...

HALLWAY

She sticks her head out, looks to the right, shines her flashlight down the hallway.

She looks to the left----

----and gets TACKLED by the thin woman.

They fall to the floor. Michelle SCREAMS, the woman SCREECHES.

The woman tries to bite Michell's neck, but Michelle grabs the woman's neck and pushes her head back. She turns the woman's head away just as the woman VOMITS.

The yellowish-green slime sprays on the wall. It begins to burn the wall a bit. Parasites slide down to the floor.

Michelle keeps the woman's head up.

BAM!

The top of the woman's head EXPLODES. Chunks and blood rain on Michelle, spray on the walls, even stain the ceiling, and the woman's body goes limp.

Michelle throws the body off. Flashlight dance over Michelle's body. Dean lowers his shotgun as Britt and Trent run to her aid.

Britt leans next to the shaking Michelle. She helps her up.

BRITT We have to stick together. It's too dangerous to be alone on this ship.

MICHELLE I'm sorry! I wanted to find my brother...To see if he was okay... (Beat) They're all dead, aren't they?

Nobody says anything.

MICHELLE I just want to go home...

DEAN Then let's go home. Where's Hien?

He looks at Trent. Trent shrugs.

TRENT

I don't know.

MARKUS They probably got him. He ran off, and they got him!

Dean looks at Britt.

DEAN We can't go looking for anymore people. This is getting way out of control.

BRITT Then let's get moving.

They walk down the hallway towards the back of the ship.

INT. DECK 5 - OUTSIDE DINING HALL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The rope is still wrapped around the door handles. The doors shake. Infected pound against it.

Other infected walk up to the doors. They grab the rope and begin to unwrap it.

The doors burst open.

The infected that unwrapped the ropes screech at the others and run away. All the other infected people follow.

HUNDREDS of infected pour out of the dining hall.

The infected run towards the back of the ship. Others join the running mob from various compartments of the ship: bars, stores, more run down the stairs and join the crowd.

Most of the ship's passengers and crew run towards the back of the ship.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean walks up to a map of the ship. His finger follows a path to the ship's navigation room.

DEAN

Okay, it's on deck ten. Trent and I will head on over there. Britt, you take them to deck five and get them to the heli-pad as fast as you can.

BRITT

Okay. (To the survivors) Stay close to me.

Britt presses the DOWN button.

DEAN Be careful.

Britt smiles.

BRITT

You too.

The infected screeches fade in. Everyone runs to the stairs. They spot the hundreds of infected that run up the stairs.

TRENT

Oh shit!

BRITT

Oh my God...

DEAN Get in the elevators, now!

The doors open. Britt, Don, Markus, and Michelle run inside.

More infected run down the stairs from deck ten.

BRITT

Dean!

Dean spins around. The infected jump down the steps.

DEAN (To Trent) Go! Go! Go!

The elevator doors close, and Dean and Trent run down the hallway in the direction of the front of the ship. The infected chase after them.

They run down the hallway and shoot at oncoming infected. Heads explode, blood spurts on walls, bodies fall to the floor.

ELEVATOR

The elevator slows down to deck six. It stops.

MARKUS

Why are we stopping here?

The doors open. Infected people pile in and grab at everyone.

They scream as the infected pull them towards the elevator opening.

Britt shoots at the infected and kicks them away. The group grabs Markus and pulls him out of the elevator. He screams and reaches for Michelle. She screams and tries to pull him back.

MARKUS

Help! No!!

His grip slips from Michelle's and the infected yank him into the elevator area.

Britt shoots at the infected as the doors close. Markus' screams slowly disappear.

INT. DECK 6 - NIGHT

The infected drag Markus to the stairs and pin him down. He screams and tries to kick, but fails.

An infected man holds a corkscrew to Markus' face. His eye. Markus SCREAMS.

The infected man looks at Markus' mouth. Something shines inside it. He gets a closer look.

It's a tongue ring.

The infected man lets out a loud screech. An infected chef takes the place of the man and sees the tongue ring.

He pulls out cooking tongs from a pocket. The infected man holds Markus' mouth open. The chef sticks the tongs in Markus' mouth and fits the tongue ring through the holes of the cooking tongs. Markus screams and lets out incomprehensible pleads from his forced-open mouth.

The chef smiles...And PULLS SLOWLY.

Markus' tongue stretches out of his mouth. Markus screams. Tears drip from his eyes. The chef pulls more.

The piercing begins to tear through the muscle. Markus screams LOUDER, in agony. Blood drips from the piercing hole and into his mouth. He begins to cough on it.

The piercing slowly rips through the muscle. The ripping sounds are clearly audible, and blood pours out of Markus' mouth.

The chef twists his tongue around. Markus screams from the unbearable pain.

SNAP! The piercing rips through the rest of the tongue. Blood sprays on the chef's face, and on Markus' face. He screams as blood leaks out of his mouth.

The chef admires the tongue ring and disappears into the crowd of infected. The infected man takes the chef's place again. He holds the corkscrew in hand.

The infected man holds the corkscrew above Markus' face. Another infected person forces Markus' eye open, holds his eye lid back.

Markus screams as the corkscrew nears his eye. Other infected hold him down. Another infected person holds his head still.

The corkscrew is only centimeters away from his eye---and closing.

Markus can't help but stare at it.

The corkscrew's pointed tip pierces his eye slowly. Markus SCREAMS like never before. The infected man TWISTS the corkscrew as it digs into his eye.

The infected man rips his eye out. Blood flows from the socket. The infected man sticks the eyeball into his mouth and chews it off the corkscrew.

The infected man drops the corkscrew and grabs Markus' upper and lower jaw. He begins to pry Markus' mouth open. He screams in pure agony.

The man continues to pull. Markus continues to scream.

CRACK!

Markus' screams stop. His jaw snaps and breaks. The man gets in a better position, and YANKS Markus' mouth open.

The skin rips. Markus's head rips almost in half. A cloud of blood sprays on all the surrounding infected. Markus' ripped tongue flops out of the side of his mouth; his legs twitch and convulse.

The infected rip open Markus' stomach and rip his organs out. They begin to chew and feast on his insides. Blood smears on their faces and drip down their mouths.

An infected woman grabs his tongue and rips it out. She bites it in half.

An infected man grabs what's left of Markus' head and smashes it against the stairs. It takes a while, but finally, his head breaks open. He reaches inside and pulls out chunks of brain.

INT. DECK 9 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Trent and Dean run to the entrance of the hallway towards the lobby. They see the stairs.

DEAN

There!

They run to the elevator area, but stop.

Dozens of infected run down the hallway towards them. Dean and Trent back away.

TRENT

What do we do?

Dean looks behind him.

More infected run down the hallway they came from. They look at the hallway on the other side of the lobby. Infected run out. They shoot at the oncoming infected people.

Dean looks at the hanging structure in the lobby.

DEAN On there. We have to get across.

Dean runs over to the lobby railing. He climbs up, and JUMPS.

Trent has no time to hesitate. He climbs on the railing and jumps just as the infected reach him. Trent lands on the structure and barely hangs on.

The cables loosen from the wall. The structure shakes.

Dean climbs across the structure towards the balcony in front of the stairs.

One of the cables SNAPS!

The infected begin to jump onto the hanging structure. More cables SNAP.

Dean reaches the other side and jumps onto the balcony. He climbs over the railing and watches Trent.

DEAN

Trent! Come on!

Trent climbs across the structure. An infected jumps and grabs his leg. Trent screams and attempts to hang on. The infected loses its grip and falls five stories to the lobby floor.

More cables snap. Trent looks at Dean.

The structure jolts downward a bit. Trent looks down, then back at Dean.

DEAN

Hurry!

The cables continue to snap away. More infected jump onto the structure and add to the weight. Trent makes it to the other side.

DEAN

Jump!

Trent prepares to jump just as the last few cables SNAP!

The structure FALLS.

Trent JUMPS.

He reaches out for Dean, and Dean reaches out for him.

They grab hands. The structure falls beneath Trent.

It crashes to the floor and crushes any infected standing in the lobby.

Dean pulls Trent up over the balcony.

DEAN

Move!

The infected race through the elevator area. More run around the corner to the stairs and chase Dean and Trent up to...

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

They run into the hallway. Trent stops at an open cabin door.

TRENT Go on! I'll hold them here!

Dean looks at him one last time before he turns and continues down the hallway.

Trent looks back and sees the infected turn into the hallway. He shoots at them as he runs into a...

INT. DECK 10 - CABIN SUITE - NIGHT

He shuts the door, but it won't shut all the way. Clothes and other objects get in the way. He attempts to move them out of the way, but the infected burst through the door.

Trent falls to the ground, but immediately shoots at them with his M16. The infected pile up at the door to the point where it creates a mini barrier for the rest. They struggle to get over the pile of bodies.

Trent stands up and runs through the suite. Dozens of infected chase after him.

He runs to the...

EXT. DECK 10 - PATIO - NIGHT

He spins around and shoots at the oncoming infected more. His magazine empties. He looks up.

The infected grab him and tackle him against the railing. He falls overboard. The infected fall with him.

Trent falls five stories towards the "NO ACCESS" roof of deck five. His screams stop immediately when he lands face first on the roof. Blood sprays on the white surface and his body cracks.

His body bounces off over the edge and falls another five stories into the water.

Infected bodies fall onto the roof. Some fall into the water with Trent.

INT. DECK 5 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Britt, Don, and Michelle make their way down the narrow hallway of cabins. Infected run down towards them.

Britt shoots at them with her M4 Carbine. The infected fly off their feet and onto their backs as the bullets rip through their chests.

They walk up towards an open cabin door. An infected man jumps out and opens his mouth. Vomit sprays out.

Britt jumps back just in time. She pushes Don and Michelle back with her, and the vomit misses her.

She shoots the infected in the eye. His head snaps back and he drops to the ground. More infected run down the hallway. She shoots at them.

Michelle looks behind her. A group of infected round the corner.

MICHELLE

Brittany!

Britt looks behind her. She shoots at the oncoming group, then turns back to the other infected that run from the front of the ship.

Britt hands Don her M16.

BRITT

Here!

Don looks at the gun.

DON I don't know----

BRITT Just fucking shoot!

Don points the gun at the oncoming group. He squeezes the trigger. Bullets pierce the walls and ceiling, but they also hit the infected. They fall to the floor.

INT. DECK 10 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dean runs down the hallway towards the front of the ship. Behind him, the hallway is packed side to side with infected. They screech and push each other out of the way.

Dean runs to a door. "CREW ACCESS ONLY" is printed on the door. He tries opening it, but it won't budge. He throws his shoulder into it.

The infected storm down the hallway. They close the gap between Dean and them.

Dean stands back and kicks the door. It swings open. Dean runs in just as the infected reach the door. He slams it shut and locks the door.

Dean runs up to another door and opens it. He slams it shut and locks it.

INT. NAVIGATION ROOM - DAY

Dean backs away from the door.

The navigation room is large. Computers sit in the back, navigation controls sit in the middle. The front of the room is a huge window.

The fog has cleared, and the sun begins to rise.

Dean runs to the center navigation controls. He searches the electronic parts until he finds the radio.

He twists the knobs on the radio receiver until he finds the right channel.

DEAN (Into radio) This is Dean Court with the U.S. Coast Guard from the 17th District, do you copy? OFFICER (V.O.) Copy that, Dean, this is the 17th District.

DEAN (Into radio) I'm on the cruise ship, the Solium of the Seas, I gave the coordinates for it earlier. I'm calling for immediate extermination of the ship and I need back-up: ships, guns, bombs, everything.

OFFICER (V.O.) Let me transfer you over to----

DEAN

(Into radio) No, we need to destroy this ship immediately! There is an infection on the ship, everyone on board is dangerous, we cannot have this ship reach land! Please, send everything you can to blow up the----!

Hands grab Dean's head and smash it into the controls. They pull his head back.

Dean falls to the floor and grips his head in pain. Blood squeezes through the cracks of his fingers.

OFFICER (V.O.) Hello? Dean? Do you still copy?

A chair smashes against the radio. It explodes in sparks.

Dean flips over onto his back and sees an infected man in a captain's uniform. A name tag hangs from his shirt: CAPTAIN LOUIS ROY.

Dean quickly pulls out his handgun, but Louis kicks it from his hand. It slides across the floor.

Louis grabs Dean by the throat with one hand, and grabs his shirt by the other, and picks him up. He throws Dean onto the electronics. They crash and explode beneath his weight.

Dean grits his teeth in pain.

Louis' face comes within inches of Dean's. His voice is raspy and ghostly:

LOUIS (French accent) Don't try and stop me...

Slobber drips on Dean's face.

Louis picks Dean up by the shirt and throws him to the ground. Dean sees Louis' mouth open wide. He grabs a nearby binder and holds it up to his face as Louis VOMITS.

The yellowish-green slime sprays on the binder. Dean sits up and drops the binder. Louis kicks him in the face.

Dean's head snaps back. Blood sprays from his mouth.

Dean rolls onto his side. Blood drips from his mouth. Louis grabs him by the shirt and picks him up again. He slams Dean into the door.

The infected pound behind it.

A hand breaks through the door and grabs Dean. It pulls. Dean hits it away. Louis bites down on Dean's neck. Dean screams and grabs Louis' face.

He digs his thumbs into Louis' eyes. Louis screams and throws Dean to the floor near the gun. Dean begins to crawl towards the gun. Louis runs over and grabs Dean by the hair.

Dean flips onto his back.

LOUIS You're all going to die...

Louis opens his mouth. Hundreds of parasites wriggle and crawl out of his mouth. They flicker and twitch as they near Dean's face.

Dean grabs his knife. He slides it out and stabs Louis in the mouth. The knife stabs him in the throat. The parasites retreat back inside and Louis stumbles backwards.

Dean grabs his gun and shoots him in the chest. Louis falls to the floor.

WHAM!

Dean looks at the door. Another loud WHAM!

A third WHAM! and the door breaks open. Infected rush into the navigation room. Dean shoots at them, but there are too many.

He shoots at the front windows until one shatters.

Dean runs to the window. He sees Michelle, Don, and Britt make their way to the helicopter. He jumps out and slides down the incline of the front of the ship towards...

EXT. DECK 5 - HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

Britt pulls Michelle along. Don follows, the M16 still in his hands.

The helicopter's blades begin to rotate, faster and faster.

INT. NAVIGATION ROOM - DAY

Louis sits up. He pulls the knife out of his mouth and coughs out blood. He digs his fingers into his chest and pulls the bullet out.

He looks at the shattered window and growls.

EXT. DECK 5 - HELICOPTER PAD - DAY

Dean slides to the bottom of the incline and falls to the wooden deck floor.

Britt opens the doors of the helicopter. Don climbs in first. She looks at Michelle.

BRITT

Get in!

Michelle looks past her. Her eyes grow wide.

MICHELLE

Brittany!

Britt turns around. It's the helicopter co-pilot, his helmet off, his sunglasses lopsided. He vomits on Brittany's neck and clothes.

She screams and falls backwards into Michelle. She holds up her M4 Carbine and pulls the trigger, but the clip is empty. The co-pilot screeches and attacks, but a bullet flies into his head----his eye.

Blood spurts out like a hose and the co-pilot falls to the floor. Michelle and Britt look up. Sky hangs out the door, pulls his gun back. He nods at them with his helmet and sunglasses still on. Britt looks at herself. She takes her shirt off and sees the vomit burn through her tank top. The parasites wriggle into her skin. She grabs at them.

MICHELLE Oh my God, what's happening!?

BRITT Pull them out! Pull them out!

Michelle grabs at the parasites. They slip through her fingers and burrow into Britt's chest. There are too many to grab. They all disappear.

Britt hisses in pain. She looks at the rest of the cruise ship. Infected spill out of the navigation room.

> BRITT You have to go. Now.

MICHELLE You're coming with me!

BRITT I can't. I'm infected.

MICHELLE No, please, we can get help!

BRITT I'll be one of those things by the time we get to land. There's no stopping it. Get in!

Michelle begins to cry.

She pushes Michelle into the helicopter. Michelle sits in the chair and hangs out.

MICHELLE No, we can't leave you here! Please! I need your help!

BRITT I already helped you. You're on your own now.

Before Michelle can say anything, Britt shuts the helicopter door. Michelle screams and pounds against the helicopter door. No!!

She cries hysterically.

Britt pounds on the helicopter and backs away. The helicopter lifts off the heli-pad.

Michelle cries and watches Britt as the helicopter lifts into the sky.

Britt watches the helicopter float up, then turns around. Dean stands in front of her.

They look into each others eyes for a moment, and then give each other a huge hug. Britt squeezes Dean's shirt. Tears roll down her cheeks. She moves her mouth to his ear.

BRITT

I'm infected.

She pulls away, but Dean pulls her back into him. They give each other a long, passionate kiss.

They turn and face the oncoming horde of infected passengers and crew.

Dean loads a new clip into his M16 rifle. Britt pumps her shotgun.

From the back of the ship, every outdoor deck is filled with infected people. They run towards the front. The top deck is packed with the infected. They break through windows and jump to lower decks.

The thousands of infected people head to one spot: the front of the ship, where Dean and Britt shoot away at them. The bodies pile up around them. Blood stains the heli-pad.

It's two against two thousand.

The helicopter turns away from the cruise ship and flies away.

The sun finishes rising above the horizon and a new day begins.

EXT. MCH-65 MULTI-MISSION CUTTER HELICOPTER - LATER The helicopter nears the mountainous coastline of Juneau, Alaska. Michelle stares out the window. Don sits with his eyes closed. They look exhausted. Don yawns and opens his eyes. DON I can't believe we made it out of there. (Beat) And, God, I have one hell of a hangover. Michelle remains solemn. DON I think I'm going to stop drinking. She looks at the M16 in his lap. MICHELLE I didn't know you knew how to use that. DON I don't. (Beat) But I think I can shoot better drunk than I could sober. Michelle laughs a bit. He sets the gun on the helicopter floor. Don taps on Sky's arm. DON Hey, how much longer? I need a beer. MICHELLE I thought you said you were going to stop drinking? DON I lied. (To Sky) Hey, how much longer ----? Sky spins around and vomits on Don's face. Don flies back

Sky spins around and vomits on Don's face. Don flies back into his seat and screams. Sky looks at Michelle and screeches. Michelle screams. Sky crawls out of the pilot's seat and grabs for Michelle. Michelle kicks him in the face. His glasses fly off and reveal his black eyes.

Don continues to scream as the acidic vomit burns his skin off. The parasites wriggle into his nose, mouth, and eyes.

Michelle reaches for the M16, but Sky grabs at her and pulls himself towards her face. He opens his mouth. Vomit drips from the cracks of his rotten teeth.

Michelle grabs the M16, shoves it in Sky's face and pulls the trigger.

The bullets create a crater in his face. Blood and skull chunks spray on Michelle's arms and chest.

The back of his head explodes in brains and blood as Michelle continues to shoot at his face. Sky falls backwards onto the controls of the helicopter.

The helicopter nose dives towards the mountains. Michelle screams and holds onto her seat. She grabs the seat belt and buckles herself in.

The helicopter descends quickly towards the tree-covered mountains. As it gets closer, Michelle screams. The helicopter's screaming engine grows louder and drowns out Michelle's screams.

The helicopter SMASHES into the ground. It bounces up in the air and falls back to the ground on its side.

The helicopter blades break away as they whip into the ground. The hunk of metal slides down the mountain, knocks over trees.

Finally, two trees stop the helicopter in its path. Birds escape noisily from the tree. Dust settles. Everything becomes quiet.

The helicopter engine pops and cools down. Nothing moves inside.

Sky's faceless body lies in a tangled mess at the front of the helicopter.

Don lays motionless on the side of the helicopter, his eyes open, wide in fear, the skin on his face completely burnt away.

Michelle's body hangs from her chair. The seat belt holds her up. Her hair covers her face. The M16 lies in her motionless hand. Then... ...Her fingers grip the M16. She slowly takes in a deep breath...

EXT. JET - DAY

The jet flies high above the ocean water. Behind it, a large battle ship splits through the surface.

JET PILOT (V.O.) Command, this is 431. We are at the exact coordinates of the Solium of the Seas but the ship is nowhere in the area. I repeat, the ship is not in the area. I'm going to search a few miles surrounding the area. The currents shouldn't have taken the ship out too far.

The jet takes a sharp right and turns around.

The area is empty. Nothing but wide open ocean.

Static distorts the scene. The screen flickers and the colors mix up and switch between color and black and white. The screen----

CUTS TO BLACK.

A moment of black, and then...

EXT. PIER - DAY

THROUGH VIDEO CAMERA

The screen flickers back on. The image straightens up and the colors correct themselves.

The camera focuses on the long wooden pier that stretches down the coastline. Smaller piers bud out from the main pier and stretch out over the water a bit. People fish from the pier, or jump into the water.

The camera turns to SARAH. She licks ice cream on a cone. Behind her, a cruise ship sails towards the pier from a while away.

> THOMAS (0.S.) Oh yeah, now I see how you're so good. You practice on ice cream.

She swats the camera.

SARAH Shut up... Thomas laughs (O.S.). THOMAS (O.S.) So, what are we going to do today? You get to choose. SARAH Oh really? THOMAS (O.S.) Yeah. Today is your day. SARAH Hmm... Sarah looks up to the sky and thinks for a moment. She smiles and looks at Thomas. SARAH How about...We go shopping ... THOMAS (O.S.) Uh huh... SARAH ... See a good, cute movie ... THOMAS (O.S.) Alright... SARAH ... And then get some more ice cream. THOMAS (O.S.) More ice cream? Are you trying to get me fat? SARAH Don't worry, baby, I'll help you exercise it off tonight. She smiles deviously and takes a bit of her ice cream cone. Thomas spins the camera around so it faces him. Here's THOMAS. THOMAS

Oh ho-ho! I think I'm going to like today after all!

The camera points up to the sky. Seagulls float above the pier. The camera zooms in on one of them.

There's a commotion somewhere. People gasp and talk amongst themselves. The camera looks back down and behind Sarah and Thomas.

People sit in chairs or stand up and stare towards the ocean. They point and talk quietly to each other.

SARAH (O.S.) What's going on? THOMAS (O.S.)

I dunno...

He spins the camera back to Sarah. She looks out towards the ocean. The cruise ship is too close for comfort now. It doesn't look like it's stopping.

THOMAS (O.S.) Dude, that ship's coming in way too fast...

The cruise ship sails full speed towards one of the piers that bud off from the main pier. The people who fish and jump from the smaller pier see the ship...And begin to RUN.

> SARAH Thomas, it's not stopping! THOMAS (O.S.)

(To himself) Holy shit...

The cruise ship is only a dozen yards away from the smaller pier. Sarah and Thomas stand up. Then...

... The ship SMASHES into the pier! The ship DESTROYS the wooden pier. People SCREAM.

SARAH

Oh my God!

THOMAS (O.S.) Sarah, move! Run!!

They run from their table down the main pier. Thomas tries his best to keep the camera's focus on the ship.

116.

The ship continues to smash through the smaller pier. The ship mows over people who run away as it speeds towards the coast. The noise is like a runaway freight train, loud and

The image is jumpy as he runs, but it's clear enough to see

People run for their lives as the ship collides with the main pier. It heads for Thomas and Sarah. Thomas turns around to run away. The camera image is just a blur now.

THOMAS (O.S.) Run! Go, go!

what happens.

sharp.

Pieces of wood and other debris fly at Thomas and Sarah. Sarah covers her head and screams as she runs.

Thomas turns back around and slows down. The huge ship is a hundred yards away from him, but it still towers over him.

The ship slows down as it continues to destroy the main pier. It runs into buildings and mows down fleeing beach-goers.

One building EXPLODES into a ball of fire. Thomas falls to the ground.

The anchor falls from the front of the ship onto the pier. It crushes people who barely escaped being crushed by the ship.

The ship finally comes to a stop. Everything quickly settles down. All has gone silent.

People stop running, and turn to see the carnage. They slowly walk towards the ship.

Thomas turns back to Sarah. She runs to Thomas.

THOMAS (0.S.) Hey, are you okay? Are you hurt?

SARAH I'm fine. I'm just really scared...

Thomas looks back at the ship. He pans across the destruction it's caused.

THOMAS (O.S.) Holy fuck...

He stands up and walks towards the ship.

SARAH (O.S.) Where are you going?

THOMAS (0.S.) People are hurt, we have to help them.

SARAH (0.S.) No, I want you to stay here! What if something else happens?

THOMAS (O.S.) Sarah, people are hurt! We have to help them! Come on!

He runs towards the ship.

THOMAS (O.S.) Come on, hurry.

The get closer to the ship. It's a lot bigger way up close. The camera focuses on the bow of the ship, on the large, blue letters across the side: "SOLIUM OF THE SEAS"

Thomas slows down as he reaches the ship. Other people crowd around the Solium.

They look at each other and ask each other inaudible questions, point at the ship, talk amongst themselves, etc.

Then someone points at the side of the ship. Thomas focuses the camera at a door on Deck 1. It slowly cracks open a bit. Then opens all the way.

> THOMAS (O.S.) Hey, look, someone's getting out!

The people run towards the door. Thomas follows them. They stand in front of the familiar dark abyss.

SARAH (0.S.) Do you think they're okay?

THOMAS (O.S.)

I dunno...

The camera zooms into the darkness.

THOMAS (0.S.) I can't see anything----

An infected face fills up the camera screen with its black, empty eyes, its bloody nose and mouth, its burnt skin. The infected screeches and jumps out of the door. The camera zooms out and falls to the ground. More infected spill out of the door and attack any nearby beach-goers.

The entire ship is on-screen, the words "SOLIUM OF THE SEAS" clearly visible.

The screen flickers, and then----

CUTS TO BLACK.