

VIRAL EFFECT

By

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FADE IN:

INSERT - PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT - DAY

Chaos in the streets of an American city. A powerful virus has transformed its citizens into beings on a murderous rampage: the INFECTED.

Hoads of them relentlessly attack panicked pedestrians.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Over the past decade, we've come to  
know the pinnacle of terror: The  
Helicoid Virus.

One of the infected growls ferociously at the camera.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Danger at every turn. With no cure  
in sight, hope seemed to be lost.

Suddenly, a large cage traps the infected.

CHEERFUL MUSIC kicks in.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
That's why President McCoy signed  
the Infection Containment Act.  
Setting up hundreds of facilities  
to hold infected individuals, while  
the nation's top researchers  
continue to search for a cure.

A shot of RESEARCHERS working in a laboratory.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
To protect families, and make  
America safe again.

SERIES OF SHOTS - AMERICAN LIFE

A. A MAN plays catch with his SON.

B. Two elderly WOMEN sit on a park bench, laughing as they chat.

C. A smiling young WOMAN in a business suit hails a cab.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Security. Responsibility. Pride...  
Support the Infection Containment  
Act.

An AMERICAN FLAG sways in the wind in front of an enormous,  
windowless building.

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
For a future we can count on.

CUT TO:

INSERT - NEWS FOOTAGE - DAY

A female NEWS REPORTER stands outside a large windowless  
building similar to the one shown at the end of the public  
service announcement.

An enormous group of PROTESTORS stand outside the building.  
They hold various PICKET-SIGNS. One sign reads: "EVERY1 KNOWS  
U KILL ZOMBIES".

Many of the protestors wear PROTECTIVE MASKS over their  
mouths. A few wear entire full medical protective body suits.

REPORTER  
I'm standing outside the  
Williamsburg Federal Containment  
Facility where a protest against  
the Infection Containment Act is  
currently underway.

The protestors begin to CHANT.

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Ever since it was signed into law,  
the act has been met with polarized  
opinions from the public. Many  
credit the act with solving our  
country's infection crisis. Others  
insist containment is not an  
adequate solution to the problem.  
The protesters here are calling for  
the death of all those infected  
with the Helicoid Virus. Earlier  
today, I spoke with the Speaker of  
the House, Henry Lee, the leading  
advocate of what he calls the  
"Euthanasia Solution".

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEAR FUTURE - DAY

SHELBY, age twelve, sits in front of a cheap TELEVISION. Her eyes are locked on the screen in front of her. The expression on her face makes her look mature beyond her years.

ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN:

The reporter now sits in a chair opposite of CONGRESSMAN LEE, a man in his late-fifties.

REPORTER

Congressman Lee, thank you for being here.

Lee smiles at her.

LEE

Thank you for having me.

REPORTER

People have been hearing all sorts of things about your proposed "Euthanasia Solution." Could you clarify for the viewers what it really is?

LEE

Absolutely, Sharon. The "Euthanasia Solution" is a measure I'm proposing to Congress to permanently solve the infection crisis. If passed, all infected individuals would be transferred to a euthanasia center where they would be humanely euthanized. The so-called "containment facilities" set up under the Infection Containment Act would be demolished.

REPORTER

So your act would kill the infected? Is that what you're saying?

LEE

Well... in a manner of speaking, yes.

REPORTER

Do you really think the majority of Americans would support such an extreme measure?

LEE

It's not extreme. It's necessary.  
And the American people already  
support it. Take a look at-

REPORTER

(interrupting)

You wouldn't call killing millions  
of sick Americans, extreme? Sounds  
a little like a genocide.

LEE

(getting agitated)

It's not a genocide. This is about  
saving the lives of those who  
aren't already infected. Let's look  
at the facts here. The virus isn't  
only contagious by physical  
contact. Evidence suggests it has  
mutated to become contagious by  
air. Not to mention-

REPORTER

(talking over him)

What evidence?

LEE

Not to mention the fact-

REPORTER

What evidence is there of a  
mutation, Congressman?

LEE

Could you let me finish? I came  
here to be interviewed, not  
berated.

The reporter goes silent.

LEE (CONT'D)

As I was saying, with even the...  
possibility of a mutation in the  
virus' mode of transmission, the  
risks of containment far outweigh  
the benefits. Anyone promising  
containment would just be helping  
to perpetuate a lie.

REPORTER

But the government assures us that  
it's taken the maximum security  
measures to counter the risk of the  
illness spreading from facilities.

LEE

Then why are people still getting infected on a daily basis?

The reporter does not respond.

LEE (CONT'D)

It's been almost six years since the outbreak of the virus. Not one advancement has been made. They're no closer to-

REPORTER

Wait, Congressman-

LEE

No closer-

REPORTER

Congressman-

LEE

Let me finish. We're no closer to finding a cure today than we were six years ago. We haven't found a treatment. We haven't found a way to prevent infection. We've found nothing.

REPORTER

What do you have to say about the reports from Washington that progress is being made on that front?

LEE

Where are the results? I see no miracle cure. It's pointless to continue funding this thing.

SUDDENLY-

The screen goes black.

Shelby, irritated, turns around.

Her father, DILLON ROSS, stands behind her with the TV remote in his hand. He is a tall man in his late thirties.

His face is attractive, but stress consumes it. Lines mar his forehead.

Dillon wears a uniform that looks suited for a prison guard. "WILLIAMSBURG FEDERAL CONTAINMENT FACILITY" is inscribed on it.

SHELBY  
What the hell, Dad?

DILLON  
What?

SHELBY  
Why'd you turn it off? Give the remote back.

DILLON  
Cursing at me probably isn't your best strategy here.

Shelby rolls her eyes.

SHELBY  
Can I have the remote back... please?

DILLON  
In a minute. I need to tell you what's going on tonight.

SHELBY  
Oh my God.

DILLON  
Milton wants me working the graveyard shift. So you're going to be holding the fort.

SHELBY  
Who's Milton?

DILLON  
My boss. You gonna be okay on your own?

SHELBY  
Uh... yeah? Why wouldn't I be?

DILLON  
Right. There's microwave dinners in the freezer. If you use dishes, wash them.

He looks at the remote.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
 It's eight o'clock. Prime time  
 television, y'know? Some great  
 cartoons are probably on right now.

Dillon tosses the remote to Shelby.

SHELBY  
 Cartoons?

She shakes her head, and turns the news back on. Eyes glued  
 to the screen.

DILLON  
 Yeah. Or disturbing news stories.  
 Whatever.

SHELBY  
 (irritated)  
 Bye, Dad.

Dillon heads for the exit.

DILLON  
 I'll see you in the morning.

ON THE TV:

The reporter continues to interview Congressman Lee.

REPORTER  
 Some of your critics cite your use  
 of the word "zombie"-

LEE  
 I've never used that word to  
 describe the infected.

REPORTER  
 Your supporters do.

LEE  
 I can't speak for my supporters.

REPORTER  
 So you would agree that the term  
 "zombie" is derogatory?

LEE  
 Absolutely.

Beat.



LEE (CONT'D)

Look, the American people don't support me because they're cruel. No one should have to suffer through the horrors of infection, and our hearts go out to all those families with infected loved ones. But in situations like this, we can't afford to be quixotic. There is no cure. The American people realize this. And they support me because containment isn't working.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

An enormous windowless building can be seen in the distance.

A silver sedan turns on a side road heading towards the building.

INT. SILVER SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Dillon sits behind the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

The sedan passes a sign that reads "WILLIAMSBURG FEDERAL CONTAINMENT FACILITY".

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG FEDERAL CONTAINMENT FACILITY - EVENING

A group of protestors stand outside the facilities walls. The number of protestors has diminished since the news report.

RIOT POLICE, fully equipped with riot guns and shields, stand between the protesters and a large black gate leading to the facility.

The silver sedan drives past the protestors.

One ANGRY PROTESTER wearing a full HAZMAT SUIT takes notice of Dillon, and sprints towards his car.

ANGRY PROTESTER  
(muffled over mask)  
Fuck you!

The protester throws an egg at Dillon's car, and it splatters over the windshield.

EXT. PARKING AREA - EVENING

Dillon parks his car.

INT. SILVER SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Dillon opens his glove box.

He pulls a BOTTLE OF VODKA and BAG CONTAINING WHITE TABLETS out of it.

He quickly downs three of the white tablets with swig of vodka.

INT. WING A - EVENING

Dillon walks through Wing A of the facility.

The sheer scale of the place is staggering.

Twice the size of a football stadium, with walls of rough granite, the constant THRUM of ventilation and high-powered machinery echo throughout the building. Heavy steel pillars support the ceiling.

Thousands of stainless steel isolation tanks crowd the floor. Each tank is slightly larger than a coffin. They are organized in a grid.

A few TECHNICIANS wearing white lab-coats walk beside the tanks, checking gauges.

Dillon strides past many of the tanks. He suddenly stops.

The tank in front of him holds an unconscious INFECTED WOMAN. The woman's face looks emaciated, her skin is a dull gray, and most of her hair is missing. The tank next to it holds the body of an INFECTED BOY.

Dillon steps closer to the tank holding the woman. He wistfully looks at her face, and puts his hand against the glass of the tank.

A TECHNICIAN with a CLIPBOARD walks by, and Dillon quickly takes his hand off of the tank, and continues to walk passed it.

Dillon walks toward a large steel double-door.

Above the steel door reads the sign "CLEANROOM".

Dillon stops in front of the steel double-door. He puts his fingerprint on a FINGERPRINT SCANNER.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
Access authorized.

The double-doors slide open.

INT. CLEANROOM ENTRANCE - EVENING

Dillon walks through the cleanroom entrance.

He is in a small glass corridor. Clear vapor evaporates from beneath him.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
Sterilization complete.

He opens a shelf in the corridor, takes a HAZMAT suit from it, and throws it on.

INT. LABORATORY, CLEANROOM - NIGHT

A refrigerated 'cleanroom'- an operating environment used to work with contagious diseases.

The room looks crystal clear, all of its surfaces are blinding white. Air filtration units purify the room.

An operating table bathed in bright halogen light is situated in the center of the room.

The body of a CHIMPANZEE lies on the operating table. The chimp appears morbidly ill. Patches of its fur are missing, revealing sickly, gray skin. Red saliva drips from its mouth.

The chimp is unconscious, but breathing rapidly.

Its chest moves up and down with every breath it takes.

A researcher, DR. CHAMBERLAIN, stands beside the body of the chimp. He wears a HAZMAT suit. Underneath his protective mask, one can make out a mop of disheveled hair and a pair of eccentric eyes.

Dr. Chamberlain stands beside a trolley neatly prepared with an array of scalpels and syringes. A MICROSCOPE sits on the table next to the chimp.

He cuts into the chimp's flesh, WHISTLING while he works.

He looks up from the lab table when he notices Dillon has entered the room.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Dillon!

DILLON  
How's it going, doc?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
It's been crazy a day... there's a protest going on outside.

DILLON  
I saw.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Shouldn't you be monitoring it or something? Is that what you containment guards do?

DILLON  
I've got half an hour until my shift starts. Figured I might as well blow that time here.

Dillon paces toward Dr. Chamberlain.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Find anything I'd want to hear about?

Dr. Chamberlain's face lights up into a sheepish grin.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Grab a seat, my friend.

Dillon steps over to the lab table, sits on a stool beside Dr. Chamberlain and examines the chimp.

Dr. Chamberlain motions for Dillon to look through the microscope.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)  
Take a look.

Dillon looks through the VIEWFINDER.

DILLON'S POV:

An image of virus-infected cells.

LABORATORY

Dillon looks up at Dr. Chamberlain.

DILLON  
Is that the virus?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Hold on. You haven't seen the fun  
part yet.

Dillon peers back into the viewfinder.

Dr. Chamberlain injects the specimen with a SYRINGE  
containing YELLOW FLUID.

DILLON'S POV:

Strange new cells mix in with the others. One of them absorbs  
the virus.

LABORATORY

Dr. Chamberlain looks proudly at Dillon, eyes wide open,  
as if expecting applause.

Dillon looks up Dr. Chamberlain, confused.

DILLON  
What is it?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Our greatest hope, my friend!

Dillon continues to look confused.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)  
It's a strain of RNA binding  
protein that has been genetically  
altered and adhered to the Helicoid  
virus. A virogen. It destroys all  
infected cells and, by utilizing  
the properties of a virus, replaces  
them with healthy cells.

Dillon's face perks up.

DILLON  
So you're saying you can cure  
infection?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

Well... we haven't tested it on human subjects yet. But the fact that chimps can survive the injection looks promising.

DILLON

Survive the injection?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

We weren't so lucky with rodents. They died within minutes of the injection... size of the dosage didn't even matter. The same with feline, canine, birds, reptiles-

DILLON

So just about everything dies?

Dr. Chamberlain raises his finger.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

Not chimps. And since they're our closest relatives, I'd say that's very promising.

INT. SECURITY MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

Dillon walks into a room comprised of a bank of SECURITY MONITORS.

Sitting in front of one of the security monitors is MILTON. He is a large black man in his early sixties. He wears an outfit similar to Dillon.

MILTON

Where the hell have you been?

Dillon checks his watch.

DILLON

Am I late?

MILTON

You're not early.

DILLON

My watch reads two minutes 'til. Shift starts at ten. Is math your strong suit, Milton, because I think that makes me two minutes early.

Milton scowls and gets out of his seat.

MILTON  
You want to keep this job, Ross?

DILLON  
Sure.

MILTON  
Then act like it. Especially on big  
days like this one.

He motions toward one of the monitors displaying a group of  
protestors.

DILLON  
I'll make sure I show up three  
minutes early next time.

MILTON  
Sit down.

Dillon sits down in front of one of the monitors.

Another containment guard, WHITNEY, approaches from the back  
of the room. She is an attractive brunette in her early  
thirties.

WHITNEY  
Sir, the computer read a leakage in  
one of the tanks in Wing B.

Milton grumbles.

MILTON  
What's its number?

WHITNEY  
Tank 2175.

MILTON  
I'll take a look at it.  
(he gestures toward  
Dillon)  
Make sure smartass over here does  
his job tonight, Whitney.

Milton exits the room.

Whitney takes a seat in front of a monitor next to Dillon.

DILLON  
He's just a ray of sunshine, isn't  
he?

WHITNEY

I'd take him more seriously,  
Dillon. You wouldn't be the first  
guard he canned, y'know?

DILLON

I know, I know.

WHITNEY

Have you been drinking? You smell  
like a bar.

DILLON

Little bit.

Whitney sighs.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Relax. It was one drink. I didn't  
buy the bar.

WHITNEY

Yeah, well, tell that to Milton.

DILLON

You really think he'd do anything?  
Ever since I've been here, the  
guy's been continuously two weeks  
from retirement.

Whitney cracks a smile.

DILLON (CONT'D)

You feed the patients yet?

WHITNEY

Not yet. You want to do it?

DILLON

You think it'll help me keep my  
job?

Whitney shrugs, facetiously.

WHITNEY

Anything's possible.

Dillon walks behind the security monitors toward the back of  
the room.

He reaches a door. Above the door a sign reads "CONTROL  
ROOM".



INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dillon enters the control room.

A large COMPUTER TERMINAL sits against the back wall of the small room.

Dillon takes a seat in front of the computer terminal. He pulls up a screen that says "FEEDING TUBES ACTIVATED".

An image of RED SLUDGE sliding through TUBES into isolation tanks appears on the screen.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Whitney apprehensively studies one of the security monitors. She doesn't notice Dillon walk back into the security room.

DILLON  
What is it?

WHITNEY  
Look.

She points at the monitor.

INSERT - ON THE MONITOR

A dark FIGURE creeps along the hallway. The figure moves towards one of the isolation tanks.

He tampers with its wires.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dillon and Whitney study the screen.

DILLON  
Who is that?

WHITNEY  
No lab coat. Doesn't look like a technician.

DILLON  
Is it Milton?

WHITNEY  
Maybe. He went to check on a tank in Wing B.

Dillon points at the screen.

DILLON  
That is Wing B.

INSERT - ON THE MONITOR

The dark figure looks up at the camera, points a GUN at it, and the screen goes static.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Whitney looks at Dillon, alarmed.

DILLON  
I'll check it out.

He walks over to a crate labeled "TRANQUILIZER GUNS". He opens the crate and grabs a TRANQUILIZER GUN.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
What tank did Milton say he was checking up on?

WHITNEY  
2175. Want me to come with?

DILLON  
I can handle it.

INT. WING B - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dillon rushes through the corridor of Wing B.

The only sound in the corridor is the THRUM of high-powered machinery.

Dillon approaches Tank 2175.

It is open.

Dillon hears a SOFT NOISE behind him. He turns around.

Milton stands about ten feet behind Dillon, facing the opposite direction.

Milton stares at an isolation tank.

DILLON  
Milton?

Milton does not respond.

Dillon steps toward Milton.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Hey, Milton, not sure if you  
noticed, but the tank you should be  
looking at is this way.

Dillon stops just behind Milton. Milton GROWLS softly.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Milton?

He taps him on the shoulder.

Milton jumps a bit. He turns around.

MILTON  
Dammit, Ross. Not sure if you  
noticed, but this one's empty too.

He points at the isolation in front of him. It has nobody in it.

MILTON (CONT'D)  
Why'd you come down here?

DILLON  
Me and Whitney saw someone on the  
monitor. He was messing around with  
one of the tanks.

MILTON  
Are you sure-

Suddenly, an INFECTED MALE grabs Milton from behind. He bites him. Milton SHOUTS out in pain.

DILLON  
Shit!

Dillon, startled, clumsily aims his tranquilizer gun at the infected male.

The infected male takes another bite out of Milton's neck before Dillon shoots him with a tranquilizer.

The infected male immediately falls to the floor.

Milton stumbles over to Dillon. Blood oozes from his neck. He falls over, and starts convulsing.

His eyes roll to the back of his eyelids.

Dillon shoots him with a tranquilizer, and Milton goes unconscious.

Dillon hears FOOTSTEPS and GROWLING from the opposite side of the corridor, around the corner.

He looks around the corner.

A swarm of THE INFECTED crowd the corridor. They slowly move toward Dillon, moaning and growling.

Dillon turns around and runs.

CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Dillon rushes into the security room.

Whitney sits at in front of the security monitors with an anxious expression on her face.

DILLON  
We've got problems.

WHITNEY  
I know. Look.

Whitney motions to the monitors.

ON THE MONITORS: The infected are loose. They slowly tread across the corridors.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
Infected patients are out of their tanks all across Wings B and C.

DILLON  
How many?

WHITNEY  
I'm not sure. Hundreds probably.  
Did you find Milton?

DILLON  
Yeah. I tranged him.

WHITNEY  
You what?

DILLON  
He was infected.

Beat.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
We got any more firepower in this place?

WHITNEY  
There's more trangs in the crate.

DILLON  
Anything that holds more than one round of ammunition?

Whitney shakes her head.

WHITNEY  
Not that I know of.

There is POUNDING and SCRATCHING at the security room's door.

DILLON  
Shit.

Dillon heads over to the crate holding the tranquilizers. He grabs two TRANQUILIZER GUNS.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Here.

He tosses a tranquilizer gun to Whitney.

The pounding on the door continues. Whitney nervously looks over at it.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Maybe we should set up a barricade or something.

He grabs a CHAIR and puts it up against the door .

WHITNEY  
I'll contact HQ.

Whitney picks up the rooms TELEPHONE, and presses a button on it.

CDC OPERATOR (O.S.)  
(muffled over phone)  
CDC Headquarters.

WHITNEY  
This is Whitney O'Brien calling from the Willamsburg Containment Facility. We've got an emergency.

CDC OPERATOR  
(muffled over phone)  
Thank you, Miss O'Brien, we are  
already aware. Special forces are  
on their way.

Whitney hangs up the phone.

WHITNEY  
An officer outside must have  
already contacted them. They've  
sent special forces.

DILLON  
Good.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

FLASHBACK - DILLON'S HOUSE - DAY

Dillon walks into the living room of his house. His face  
looks youthful.

Dillon's son TYE (7), sits in front of a television, holding  
a controller. He plays a video game.

Tye marvels at the image on the screen. He turns and looks at  
his father, grinning.

TYE  
Isn't that cool, Dad?

DILLON  
Yeah, it is.

TYE  
Wanna play me?

DILLON  
You're on, bud.

He sits next to his son on the couch and picks up a  
controller.

Dillon's wife, SARAH, peers anxiously at them from the  
kitchen.

FLASHBACK - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Dillon and Sarah face stand face to face, arguing with one another.

Dillon makes a break for the door.

DILLON  
I'm calling the police.

SARAH  
Dillon, no!

Sarah jumps in front of him, blocking his exit.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Please. The police aren't sending  
the infected to hospitals  
anymore... They're killing them.

DILLON  
Maybe they should be killed.

SARAH  
How can you say that? They're ill.  
They need our help.

DILLON  
They're dangerous, Sarah.

SARAH  
Only if you're not careful.

DILLON  
So what do you want to do? Continue  
harboring those zombies-

SARAH  
They're not zombies.

DILLON  
I'm sorry, harboring those  
infected, in our garage? How long  
do you think we'd last before we  
turned?

Dillon takes a step forward, but Sarah blocks him.

SARAH  
Dillon, don't.

DILLON  
And what about our kids? You really  
expect them to be so careful?

(MORE)

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Do you even realize what you're  
risking here?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Dillon wakes up to the sound of distant MACHINE GUN FIRE. He sits in front of a security monitor.

Whitney sits about twenty feet away from him, eyes glued to the monitor in front of her.

A small BARRICADE OF CHAIRS is now set up in front of the door.

Dillon walks over to Whitney, and looks at the monitor.

ON THE SCREENS: SPECIAL FORCES fire their rounds at the infected.

WHITNEY  
Looks like special forces arrived.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG CONTAINMENT FACILITY - NIGHT

The special forces stand above the entrance to the facility and SHOOT at the infected below.

They use ROPES and drop down into the building and mow down all of the infected in the area.

The special forces check through the bodies on the ground. They confirm they are all dead.

The squad leader, COLONEL MADDOX, stands on the floor above. He takes off his mask. His face is hardened, and a large battle scar runs across the right side of it.

He surveys the scene. Dead bodies are scattered across the floor.

He notices a large door with the words "SECURITY ROOM" above it.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Dillon and Whitney watch over the monitors as the gunfire continues outside.

None of the security monitors display the special forces.



DILLON  
Where'd they go?

WHITNEY  
They must be in one of the  
unmonitored areas.

The gunfire in the distance stops. Silence.

A few moments pass.

DILLON  
It stopped.

Suddenly, a POUNDING at the door.

Dillon turns his head at the door, then at Whitney. She looks back at him.

CPL JEFFRIES (O.S.)  
This is Task Force 173. Open the  
door.

Dillon walks over to the door and starts to remove the chairs from the barricade.

A gun FIRES.

They shot off the lock of the door.

CPL JEFFRIES kicks the door down, and a team of FOUR SPECIAL FORCES storm into the room.

Two of the special forces tactically proceed to the back of the security room. They each signal that the area is clear.

SF SOLDIER 1 points his MACHINE GUN at Dillon. Dillon throws his hands up.

DILLON  
Take it easy!

Jeffries takes out a DEVICE. He holds it up to the faces of Whitney and Dillon.

The word "MATCH" appears on the device.

Jeffries nods his head at SF Soldier 1, and the soldier lowers his weapon.

Colonel Maddox walks into the security room. Tall and self-assured, his presence demands authority.

Maddox approaches Dillon and Whitney.

MADDOX  
Dillon Ross?

He looks at Whitney.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
Whitney O'Brien?

Beat.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
You witnessed Operation Clean-Up.  
We'll be taking you into custody.  
If you sign an agreement to  
corroborate the story the  
government is releasing to the  
public... you'll be good to go.

Dillon eyes Maddox's MACHINE GUN.

DILLON  
Were those live rounds you were  
using?

Maddox signals for SF Soldier 2 to come over.

The soldier carries two MEDICAL PROTECTIVE MASKS, and hands them to Dillon and Whitney.

MADDOX  
Put them on.

DILLON  
Answer my question first. On the  
monitor, it looked like you were  
killing patients.

MADDOX  
That's because your patients were  
hostile. We're permitted to use  
that kind force against hostile  
individuals. Safety precaution.

DILLON  
It's not their fault they were  
hostile. They were infected.

MADDOX  
I know they were infected.

WHITNEY  
What's the point of funding  
containment buildings if you're  
just going to kill them?

MADDOX

Clearly our government's made mistakes, Miss O'Brien. Clean-Up wasn't one of them.

He motions at the protective masks.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

Put them on.

CUT TO:

INSERT - NEWS FOOTAGE

Upbeat music plays over a slick montage of various clips of stories featuring the cheerful faces of co-anchors JESSICA YOUNG and KYLE PERKINS.

An energetic, deep-voice talks over the footage.

NEWS NARRATOR (V.O.)

You're watching Zero-Bunk Media!  
Stories you can trust. Anchors you  
can trust. The bunk stops here!  
Only on... Jackal News!

The anchors, Kyle Perkins and Jessica Young sit at the anchor's desk.

Kyle Perkins is an all-American man in his mid-thirties with a suit and tie, Ivy League haircut and perfect teeth. Jessica Young, mid-thirties, blonde and poised, stares straight at the camera with a forced smile.

JESSICA YOUNG

Hi there, thank you for joining us.  
I'm Jessica Young. With me, as  
always, is Kyle Perkins.

Kyle Perkins nods at the camera.

JESSICA YOUNG (CONT'D)

And these are today's top stories.  
The United States Senate convicted  
Matthew William Fields yesterday on  
charges of bribery and fraud,  
impeaching the former Vice  
President.

(MORE)

JESSICA YOUNG (CONT'D)

After a year of scandal that tested the Constitution as well as the nation's patience, the articles of impeachment brought by the House garnered the two-thirds necessary to convict Fields of high crimes. President McCoy is expected to nominate a successor for VP in the coming week.

Tight on Kyle Perkins.

Behind him, mini-cam footage of some of the infected escaping from Williamsburg Federal Containment Facility.

KYLE PERKINS

Another day, another failure of the Federal Containment Act. A security breach led to hundreds of infected escaping from their cells at the Williamsburg Containment Facility last night, killing one officer and infecting three others. Police are still investigating the cause of the escape, though government officials suspect a protestor from last night's demonstration to be the culprit. President McCoy addressed the incident at a press conference this morning.

FOOTAGE AT PRESS CONFERENCE:

PRESIDENT MCCOY speaks at a podium in front of a crowd of REPORTERS.

PRESIDENT MCCOY

You elected me three years ago under two promises. Not only to make America safe again, but also to give families the hope for the return of their infected love ones. The Federal Containment Act has done just that. Last night was an isolated incident-

BACK TO THE NEWS ANCHORS:

KYLE PERKINS

Isolated incident, huh? Tell that to House Speaker, Henry Lee, who had this to say about the president's comments.

PRESS CONFERENCE:

A JOURNALIST holds a microphone to Congressman Lee's face.

LEE

Once again, President McCoy is brushing off a major catastrophe to defend his mistakes. According to my sources, there have been six escapes similar to this one in the past two years alone. Americans don't want to wait for the possibility of the return of the infected. They want a different kind of return. A return to safety. A return to normality.

BACK TO THE NEWS ANCHORS:

KYLE PERKINS

Mmm, well said. He's absolutely right about what Americans want. A recent Gallop poll showed most Americans do not approve of the Infection Containment Act.

A display behind Kyle Perkins shows a pie chart. On it reads, "57% - DISAPPROVE; 29% - APPROVE; 14% - NOT SURE/DON'T KNOW".

KYLE PERKINS (CONT'D)

If the president actually listens to what the people have to say, his little project may be coming to an end very shortly. Jess?

JESSICA YOUNG

Thanks, Kyle. With us today to discuss last night's incident are Jackal News correspondent Stephen Doren, and the author of the book "What Does Infection Mean?", Dr. Thomas Whitley.

The screen splits to three sections, two male faces on either side of the face of Jessica Young.

STEPHEN is a brown-haired young man wearing a sweater-vest. DR. WHITLEY is a balding man with GLASSES.

JESSICA YOUNG (CONT'D)

Stephen, we'll start with you. What do you make of the President's comments?

STEPHEN

I think Congressman Lee summed it up nicely. Uh... the American people don't want to put up with it anymore. Containment is a failure, and last night proved it.

JESSICA YOUNG

That's looking more true every day.  
(beat)  
Dr. Whitley, I guess I'll start by asking you the title of your book: "What does infection mean"?

DR. WHITLEY

Well, first I'd like to address what the other man said-

JESSICA YOUNG

No, Doctor. Just stick to answering the questions. What does infection mean?

DR. WHITLEY

Okay, then. In my book, I describe the causes of infection, why risk of infection is minimal, and the physiological effects it has on the brain and body. The root cause-

JESSICA YOUNG

Dr. Whitley, did you say risk of infection is minimal?

On the other side of the screen, Stephen slowly shakes his head, smiling.

DR. WHITLEY

Why, yes. You see-

JESSICA YOUNG

If risk of infection is so minimal, then why are hundreds of Americans getting infected every day?

DR. WHITLEY

Well, that simply isn't true. The containment facilities keep records of how many people are admitted on a daily basis. Across all facilities in the country, there are only a few recorded admissions per month.

JESSICA YOUNG

And you believe their records are honest?

DR. WHITLEY

Why shouldn't I? Henry Lee has yet to provide any concrete evidence to support his claims of past containment security breaches. And contrary to popular belief, there is little evidence to suggest any airborne strain of the virus. That idea was-

STEPHEN

(talking over him)

That's nonsense.

DR. WHITLEY

... Brought about by the scaremongering tactics used by certain news sources. This one in particular. The truth is that in the more than 100 years that we've studied viruses, we've never seen one change in a mode of transmission.

JESSICA YOUNG

Stephen, what do you have to say about all this?

STEPHEN

Everything he just said is completely unfounded. He sounds-

DR. WHITLEY

Now, hold on a-

JESSICA YOUNG

Don't interrupt him. You've had plenty of time to talk. Go on, Stephen.

STEPHEN

Thanks, Jessica. This "doctor" you brought on sounds like a quack to me. One of those bleeding-hearts that got us into this mess in the first place. They think they're doing good, but in reality, they're just hurting everyone.

DR. WHITLEY  
That's ridiculous, I-

Dr. Whitley's mic is cut.

JESSICA YOUNG  
Sorry, Dr. Whitley. We have to take  
a quick commercial break. Thank you  
for joining us today, gentlemen.

STEPHEN  
My pleasure.

VIDEO BREAK-UP.

CUT TO:

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

President McCoy pours a GLASS of Brandy.

GENERAL GREY sits on a comfortable looking sofa.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
Operation Clean-Up? Damn it. I've  
clearly specified to use non-  
lethals only. Who was in charge?

GENERAL GREY  
Maddox, sir. Colonel Maddox.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
I want him questioned immediately.

GENERAL GREY  
Yes, sir.

The General gets up, and exits the room.

An ASSISTANT enters the room, and stands by the door.

ASSISTANT  
Mr. President, Congressman Lee's  
here to see you.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
Let him in.

It opens, and the assistant lets in Lee.

LEE  
Mr. President.



PRESIDENT MCCOY  
What do you need, Henry?

LEE  
Need? No, Mr. President. I just wanted to discuss the bill I'm proposing. As you know, Congress is voting on it this week.

McCoy sighs and motions for the Congressman to take a seat. Congressman Lee walks over and sits on a couch opposite of the president's desk.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
Congressman, you already know I'm going to fight you on this. If that bill passes, I'll veto it.

LEE  
Maybe you haven't seen the polling numbers. The public and I see eye to eye. Your act's popularity hit a new low.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
I saw.

LEE  
And you're up for re-election next November.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
What's your point?

LEE  
My point, Mr. President, is if you want to be sitting at that desk next year, you'll have to make some compromises.

PRESIDENT MCCOY  
By throwing away my major piece of legislation? That's not a compromise, Congressman. It's throwing up a white flag.

Beat.

PRESIDENT MCCOY (CONT'D)  
Besides, I heard you were entering the race. Wouldn't my support hurt your own campaign?

LEE

Some issues take precedence over elections.

PRESIDENT MCCOY

I'll agree with that.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Congressman Lee emerges to greet Stephen, an advisor. Stephen fires him a questioning look.

Lee looks back at him and shakes his head.

They step into a black limo.

INT. BLACK LIMO - CONTINUOUS

STEPHEN

What are we going to do, sir?

LEE

We need a change in game-plan, Stephen.

STEPHEN

We don't have a two-thirds majority. This bill can't pass without the President's approval.

Beat.

LEE

McCoy still hasn't nominated a replacement for Fields.

Stephen gives Lee a quizzical look.

STEPHEN

What are you trying to say, sir?

LEE

Vice Presidents come and go. So do Presidents.

(beat)

Maybe we can make our own deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER CITY - NIGHT

Dillon's silver sedan races down a road in an inner city.

He parks the car next to a run-down building. Dillon gets out of the car; he wears his containment guard uniform.

Dillon briskly walks along a wall.

TWO WOMEN wearing PROTECTIVE MASKS pass by him. One woman looks at Dillon's containment guard uniform, and whispers something in the other's ear.

Dillon picks up his pace.

He turns up a dark alley. Looks around, and pounds on a steel door in front of him.

Dillon's DRUG DEALER, a shadowed man in a black coat, opens the door.

Dillon steps inside.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Dillon and his dealer stand at the foot of a darkened stairwell.

DEALER  
Can't sleep?

Dillon reaches into wallet and takes out some CASH.

He accidentally takes out his PHOTO of his wife and children with the cash. He quickly jams the photo into his pocket. The dealer's eyebrow raises.

Dillon hands him the cash.

The dealer reaches into his filthy overcoat.

He pulls out a BAGGIE filled with WHITE TABLETS and holds a few of them out to Dillon who hesitates, then takes them.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
Get some sleep, widower.

Dillon turns and looks at the dealer.

DILLON  
What makes you say I'm a widower?

The dealer smiles.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
You're wrong. My wife's alive.

DEALER  
She a zombie?

Dillon eyes him.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
Kid a zombie too?

Beat.

DEALER (CONT'D)  
That don't mean they alive, chief.  
They ain't alive.

Dillon stares at him for a moment, turns, and opens the door behind. He walks off into the wet night.

INT. DILLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain pours over the bungalow home on the outskirts of the city.

The front door opens and Dillon walks inside. He turns on a light.

He walks through the family room, and then through a hallway.

He notices light spilling from a bedroom ahead. Dillon steps forward, and peers inside the bedroom.

BEDROOM

Toys sit on a cabinet in the corner. Airplane sheets on the bed. Sports posters adorn the walls.

This is a boy's room - or was at one point in time.

Dillon turns the light off, and heads through...

HALLWAY

DILLON  
(calling out)  
Hey, Shelby? What were you doing in  
Tye's room?

He walks into another bedroom.

SHELBY'S ROOM

DILLON

Shelby?

Shelby lies on the bed in the center of the room. She appears to be asleep.

Dillon turns to exit the room.

SHELBY

Dad?

Dillon turns around, slightly startled.

DILLON

I thought you were asleep,  
sweetheart.

SHELBY

Is it true?

DILLON

Is what true?

SHELBY

What they said on the TV? Are they  
gonna kill...  
(trailing off)

Dillon steps toward Shelby.

DILLON

There's too many families out there  
like ours.

He puts his hand on her shoulder, reassuringly.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Nobody's getting killed. Mom and  
Tye are safe. I promise.

Shelby looks up at him skeptically, but nods her head.

DILLON (CONT'D)

And if these news stories scare you  
so much, you shouldn't be watching  
them.

SHELBY

Yeah...

Dillon pats her on the head.

DILLON  
Try to get some sleep, okay?

INT. DILLON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He takes the baggie out of his pocket, and peels off his uniform. He wears a white T-shirt and boxers.

He moves to the nightstand.

On the nightstand are piles of news clippings; all of them with headlines like "CONGRESS REJECTS PRIVATIZING CONTAINMENT FACILITIES" or "SCIENTISTS MAY BE CLOSE TO FINDING A CURE" or "HOME FOUND CONCEALING INFECTED INDIVIDUALS".

Dillon grabs a can of beer from atop one of the clippings, shakes it, realizes there is still something in it, takes it, and heads into...

OFFICE ROOM

Dillon moves to an enormous COMPUTER SCREEN, and sits in front of it.

He pulls one tablet out of the baggie, takes a drink of his beer, and downs the tablet.

He touches the computer screen to type in an entry.

ON THE SCREEN - DILLON'S POV:

A video of Tye as a toddler and Sarah.

Tye plays with toys on the floor with Sarah. Sarah looks up into the camera filming them and smiles.

OFFICE ROOM

Dillon looks at Sarah's smiling face, and he touches the screen which causes the video to change.

The screen goes black.

OFFICE ROOM

Dillon sits alone in darkness. Silent in front of a blank computer screen.

He reaches into the baggie and pulls out another two tablets.

He shoves both of them into his mouth and chews on them.

Dillon lays his head back against his seat. Closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG CONTAINMENT FACILITY- DAY

Dillon's silver sedan drives toward the containment facility.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG CONTAINMENT FACILITY- DAY

The building is crowded with various TECHNICIANS and MILITARY PERSONNEL.

Various technicians unhook the TUBES and wiring of the ISOLATION TANKS. Some of them wear medical protective suits.

The military personnel push EXPORTATION TANKS holding numerous INFECTED, wheeling them through the corridors.

Dillon walks through Wing A of the building, looking around him, trying to get a grasp of the situation.

He notices Dr. Chamberlain rushing through the corridor.

DILLON  
(calling out)  
Hey, doc!

Dr. Chamberlain sees Dillon.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

The doctor continues to move quickly through the corridor, passing Dillon.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
(calling out)  
Can't talk. Crazy day today,  
Dillon.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Dillon enters the security room. Panicked.

Whitney sits in front of one of the security monitors, but her eyes are locked on a television connected to the ceiling of the room.

DILLON  
Did I miss something?

Whitney turns her head over at Dillon. Her face is filled with anguish.

WHITNEY  
You haven't heard?

DILLON  
Heard what?

Whitney points at the television screen.

ON THE SCREEN:

Jackal News anchor, Jessica Young, speaks with a tone of slightly understated sorrow.

JESSICA YOUNG  
White House Press Secretary,  
Malcolm Thiel, has just announced  
that President McCoy died at  
approximately 7:00 Eastern Time  
after being shot by an unknown  
assailant. The President was  
delivering a speech in Columbus,  
Ohio at the time of this attack.  
President McCoy died approximately  
thirty-five minutes after the  
attack took place. He was rushed to  
the Grant Medical Center...

SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dillon shares a look of concern with Whitney.

WHITNEY  
The Infection Euthanization Act  
just passed through the Senate. The  
House is voting on it now.

Dillon looks at the monitors. Isolation tanks continue to be exported.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
I guess they're prepping for it  
early.

Whitney tentatively looks around the room before moving closer to Dillon.



WHITNEY (CONT'D)  
I'm the only one who knows... About  
your family-

DILLON  
(cutting her off)  
I know. I trust you, Whitney.

He heads toward the door of the security room.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
I've got to get down there.

Dillon picks up a TRANQUILIZER GUN as he heads out the door.

INT. WING A - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon races through the corridor. He brushes past various  
TECHNICIANS and MILITARY PERSONNEL.

Dillon does not stop running until he reaches the two  
isolation tanks holding his wife and son.

He approaches the tank holding his son first.

Dillon puts his hand on a sensor on the front of the  
isolation tank.

The sensor displays the words "PRINT RECOGNIZED" and displays  
a picture ID of Dillon. It then flashes red.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
You are not authorized to open the  
isolation tanks.

DILLON  
Damn it.

He puts his hand on the sensor again.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
You are not authorized to open the  
isolation tanks.

Dillon SLAMS his fist against the tank.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)  
Can I help you?

Dillon turns around.

A skinny TECHNICIAN stands a few feet behind him, holding a  
CLIPBOARD.

DILLON  
Oh, uh... the computer read a leak  
in this tank.

Dillon motions toward to the tank holding his son.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Figured I'd come down here and take  
care of it.

The technician eyes Dillon suspiciously.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
I'm a containment guard. Dillon  
Ross.

Dillon unzips his medical protective suit, and fumbles  
through his pockets. He takes out an IDENTIFICATION CARD.

The technician walks over to Dillon, and inspects the card.  
He looks up at Dillon's face. It is somewhat hidden behind  
the protective suit's mask.

TECHNICIAN  
There's a leak in the tank? What  
are you wearing the suit for?

DILLON  
You can never be too careful.

The technician looks skeptical. He hands Dillon his card  
back.

TECHNICIAN  
Thank you, Mr. Ross. We'll handle  
it from here.

DILLON  
You sure? You guys seem pretty  
busy. I'll take care of it if you  
want.

A beat.

TECHNICIAN  
I'll take a look.

The technician takes a few steps toward the isolation tank.  
He stands right next to Dillon, and looks at the tank's  
gauges.

A puzzled expression.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

It's fine-

Dillon sticks a TRANQUILIZING DART into the neck of the technician.

The technician stumbles a bit before he falls to the floor, unconscious.

Dillon drags the technician's unconscious body toward the isolation tank holding his son.

He places the technician's hand over the sensor.

The sensor reads "PRINT RECOGNIZED" and displays a picture ID of the technician. It then turns green.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Access authorized.

The tank's door slides open.

Dillon then drags the technician's unconscious body toward the isolation tank holding his wife, and places the hand over the sensor.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)

Access authorized.

The door slides open.

Dillon looks around the corridor. He spots a large EXPORTATION TANK.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Whitney watches the television.

ON THE SCREEN:

Anchor Jessica Young talks solemnly.

JESSICA YOUNG

In this moment of tragedy, perhaps we can take some solace in the fact that the Speaker of the House is a very capable replacement as president. Just minutes ago, President Lee was inaugurated and addressed the nation.

CUT TO:

President Lee speaks at a podium.

LEE

This is a sad time for the country.  
For the world. A great man perished  
this evening, leaving me with a  
burden. A burden of responsibility.  
It is with grave sorrow that I  
accept that responsibility. I  
accept it because it is my duty. I  
accept it because my country needs  
me. Most of all, I accept it  
because I know I am not alone. I  
ask for your help - and God's.

INT. WING A CORRIDOR - EVENING

Dillon pushes the exportation tank across the corridor.

A few TECHNICIANS and SOLDIERS eye Dillon as he pushes the  
tank through the corridor.

Dillon continues to push the exportation tank until he  
reaches the front entrance of the building.

CONTAINMENT FACILITY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

TWO ARMED SOLDIERS stand in front of the entrance.

Dillon approaches them with the exportation tank.

SOLDIER

Identification?

Dillon hands him an ID card.

SOLDIER'S POV - CONTINUOUS

The card displays a picture of the technician Dillon  
tranquilized.

CONTAINMENT FACILITY ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The soldier looks up at Dillon, whose face is somewhat  
concealed by the medical protective suit's mask.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Carry on.

He motions for Dillon to pass through.

Dillon nods his head, and exits Williamsburg Containment Facility with the exportation tank.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Whitney looks at the monitors.

ON THE SCREEN: A few SOLDIERS have discovered the unconscious body of the technician lying next to the two empty isolation tanks of Dillon's wife and son. They examine the tanks.

Whitney hears the footsteps of a few people entering the security room.

Colonel Maddox and TWO SF SOLDIERS enter. They walk toward the monitors.

MADDOX  
(to SF SOLDIER 1)  
Examine the security footage of the area.

SF SOLDIER 1  
Yes, sir.

Maddox approaches Whitney.

MADDOX  
You. What happened?

WHITNEY  
What do you mean?

Maddox points at the monitor displaying the unconscious technician.

MADDOX  
This is now a military operation.  
If you refuse to comply with my orders, you will be taken into custody. Do you understand?

Whitney nods.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
Tell me what happened.

WHITNEY  
I don't know. I didn't see.

MADDOX  
You were sitting right here, weren't you?

WHITNEY

I don't have my eye on every single monitor. I happened to have my eye off...

(she looks at the monitor's number)

"21A" at the time.

Maddox takes a few steps closer to her and studies her face.

MADDOX

So you saw nothing at all? You're sure?

Whitney returns the stare.

WHITNEY

Why would I lie?

Beat.

MADDOX

There's another guard. Where is he?

WHITNEY

Dillon? He didn't show today. He often doesn't.

Maddox looks at the monitor, and notices the technician who was tranquilized by Dillon has regained consciousness. The technician is now talking to one of the surrounding SF Soldiers.

Maddox presses a finger against the HEADSET in his ear.

JEFFRIES (O.S.)

(muffled over headset)

Sir? He says a containment guard named Dillon Ross tranquilized him. Looks like he took off with two of the infected.

Maddox takes his finger off the headset, and looks at Whitney. His lips curl into a grin.

INT. DILLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dillon rushes through the entrance of his house.

He heads into his room. He hastily enters the combination to a SMALL SAFE that contains a HANDGUN. He tucks the gun into his belt on his back and folds his shirts over it.

SHELBY (O.S.)

Dad?

Dillon, slightly startled, turns around to see Shelby standing in the doorway.

DILLON

What are you doing out of bed,  
sweetheart?

SHELBY

The TV said the president got  
killed. And Henry Lee, the senator  
who wants to kill the infected,  
just got sworn in.

DILLON

This is why I don't like you  
watching the news.

SHELBY

Dad... Are Mom and Tye going to  
die?

DILLON

Of course not.

SHELBY

But didn't you hear what I said?  
Henry Lee is president!

DILLON

Shelby, we have to keep our heads  
right now. I need you-

SHELBY

Henry Lee-

DILLON

Look, I need-

SHELBY

Henry Lee said he'll kill all of  
the infect-

DILLON

Listen to me!

Silence.

DILLON (CONT'D)

I know things are a little... tense  
right now, but you're gonna have to  
do what I say.

(MORE)

DILLON (CONT'D)  
I need you to grab your suitcase.  
Pack it with some clothes.

Dillon opens his closet door and takes out a large BAG.

SHELBY  
Why?

DILLON  
We're gonna be going away for a  
little bit.

He opens a cabinet drawer and pulls out an assortment of  
TRANQUILIZERS.

SHELBY  
Because of what happened?

DILLON  
Yep.

He throws the tranquilizers in the bag.

SHELBY  
What are those?

DILLON  
Shelby, just grab your suitcase.  
Can you do that for me?

INT. DILLON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon rummages through the fridge. He grabs various FOOD  
ITEMS, and puts them in a BOX.

EXT. DILLON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dillon and Shelby walk toward the Dillon's car parked in the  
driveway. Dillon carries the BOX OF FOOD.

Shelby makes her way towards the trunk of the car, with her  
SUITCASE.

DILLON  
No, not in the trunk.

SHELBY  
Why not?

DILLON  
It's full - do you have to question  
everything I say?



He puts down the box of food. He motions for Shelby to hand him her suitcase.

DILLON (CONT'D)

I'll take it. Just get in the car.  
The front seat.

Shelby gives Dillon her suitcase, then steps into the passenger's side of the car.

Dillon opens the rear door of the car.

EXT./INT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Something large and wrapped in a blanket lies on the backseat.

Dillon squeezes the suitcase on the floor of the car between the backseat and passenger's seat.

He closes the door.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Racing past other cars, Dillon merges into traffic.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon drives the car. Shelby sits on the passenger's side, with the box of food in her lap.

SHELBY

Dad, what is that?

She points at the backseat.

Dillon looks at Shelby for a moment before answering.

DILLON

Mom's in the backseat, your  
brother's in the trunk. They're  
both tranquilized, so they're  
harmless. Do not touch them.

SHELBY

Mom?

Shelby takes a good look at her mother wrapped in a blanket in the backseat.

DILLON  
Don't get too close, Shelby. I  
don't want you getting infected  
too.

She looks back at her father.

SHELBY  
Dad, isn't this still kinda...  
dangerous?

DILLON  
We've got a bag full of  
tranquilizers. We'll be fine.

SHELBY  
Yeah, but some people think the  
virus spreads by air.

Dillon glares at Shelby.

DILLON  
Where did you hear that?

SHELBY  
Alexis.

DILLON  
Who?

SHELBY  
Girl from school. I had her over a  
few days ago. Black hair. Y'know?  
Alexis.

Silence.

SHELBY (CONT'D)  
Whatever.

DILLON  
Alexis Whatever doesn't know what  
she's talking about.

SHELBY  
Well she's not the only who said  
it. People on the news say it too.

DILLON  
I'm in the containment buildings  
everyday. If the virus spread by  
air, I'd be long gone by now.

A few moments pass by. Dillon makes a sharp turn on the steering wheel.

SHELBY  
Where are we going?

DILLON  
We're visiting a scientist I know from work. He showed me a cure a few days back.

SHELBY  
There's a cure?

DILLON  
Yes.

Shelby looks skeptical.

SHELBY  
But that's not-

DILLON  
Quit telling me what you heard on the news. Mom and Tye are going to be fine.

CUT TO:

INSERT - NEWS FOOTAGE

High energy music plays over a slick montage of various clips of stories featuring the cheerful faces of co-anchors Jessica Young and Kyle Perkins.

NEWS NARRATOR (V.O.)  
You're watching Zero-Bunk Media!  
Stories you can trust. Anchors you can trust. The bunk stops here!  
Only on... Jackal News!

The anchors, Kyle Perkins and Jessica Young sit at the anchor's desk.

JESSICA YOUNG  
Good morning, thank you for joining us. I'm Jessica Young. With me, as always, is Kyle Perkins.

Kyle Perkins nods at the camera.

JESSICA YOUNG (CONT'D)

And these are today's top stories. The Infection Euthanization Act passed through Congress last night. Reports are underway that many containment facilities are already in the process of shutting down, as they transfer their patients to be euthanized. The passage of the bill came shortly after yesterday's tragic assassinations.

Kyle Perkins gloomily shakes his head. Sadness? It looks forced.

JESSICA YOUNG (CONT'D)

President Lee was quick to sign the bill into law. He spoke to the press this morning.

PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

PRESIDENT LEE

These are dark times we live in. Some might say it would be best to stop the legislative process out of respect to our deceased leader. I would say the opposite. Such an action would be disrespectful to both McCoy and the nation he swore serve. We must not surrender to grief. We must overcome it and move onward into the future.

VIDEO BREAK-UP.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - NIGHT

Dillon sits in his car, scoping out an apartment building.

Shelby stares at the blanketed body of her mother in the backseat. The blanket slowly pulsates up and down.

DILLON

(under his breath)  
Come on.

SHELBY

Hey, Dad?

Dillon continues to examine the apartment building.

SHELBY (CONT'D)

Dad?

DILLON

What?

SHELBY

Can I take the blanket off her?

Dillon takes his eyes off the building and looks at Shelby.

DILLON

What? No.

(beat)

Just try to get some sleep. We might be here a while.

SHELBY

Please? Just for a second?

DILLON

Why do you want to move the blanket? Weren't you all worried about getting infected earlier?

SHELBY

I just want to see Mom's face again.

Beat.

DILLON

No, you don't. Trust me.

Shelby sighs and looks straight ahead. She closes her eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DILLON'S CAR - MORNING

Dillon continues to stake out the apartment building. Shelby sleeps beside him.

Dr. Chamberlain walks right by Dillon's car towards the apartment building.

Dillon exits the car, and rushes toward Dr. Chamberlain.

DILLON

Dr. Chamberlain?

Dr. Chamberlain turns around.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Dillon!

INT. DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APT. - MORNING

Dr. Chamberlain's apartment looks more like a lab than a place to live. Various pieces of research equipment are set up over the counter tops.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
You took your wife and kid out of  
Willamsburg Facility?

DILLON  
Didn't have a choice. They were  
about to be transported to a  
euthanasia center.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
So I saw. Where are they now?

DILLON  
In my car. Tranquilized.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Your car?

DILLON  
I can't keep them in my home.  
Police are probably all over that  
place by now.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
I suppose so.

Beat.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)  
Well what do you want from me,  
Dillon? I can't stop your family  
from being killed.

DILLON  
What happened to the chimp you  
showed me? In the lab room. Is it  
cured?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Ah, Leo... it was a process, let me  
tell you. His cell structure-

DILLON  
Skip the science. Is it cured?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
Well, yes, the virogen did restore his infected cells back to normal.

DILLON  
Great.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
It also killed him. Leo died yesterday.

DILLON  
But you said it wouldn't kill chimps.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
I was wrong. You see, every other animal test subject died within a few hours of exposure to the virogen. Leo lasted a few days.

Dillon gets out his chair, grabs at his hair, and turns away from Dr. Chamberlain.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Dillon.

Dillon paces a few steps away from Dr. Chamberlain, then stops.

DILLON  
Wait. If the chimp was able to last for days when other animals could only last hours, do you think humans could last even longer? Maybe even survive completely?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
I suppose it's possible... but I certainly wouldn't recommend it.

DILLON  
I've run out of options. Could you get me some of that serum?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN  
The virogen? I'm afraid I don't have it.

DILLON  
Where can I find it?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

It was engineered at GenoTech Incorporated. They might still hold some in their headquarters, but I doubt they would just hand it over to you.

DILLON

Don't care. Where's their headquarters?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

Not too far from Washington actually. I have the address written down somewhere...

He scans the room.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN (CONT'D)

Hold on a moment, I'll grab it.

Dr. Chamberlain exits the room.

Dillon waits a few moments. He hears tires SCREECHING on pavement. He paces toward the window, and peers out it.

EXT. DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APT. BUILDING - DILLON'S POV

Two BLACK VANS sits at the curb outside of the building.

An ENTRY TEAM of six SPECIAL FORCES jump out, looking like they're ready for Armageddon - they're covered head-to-toe in RESPIRATOR GEAR. They carry carbines and shotguns.

INT. DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

Dillon sprints to the room Dr. Chamberlain walked off to.

DILLON

You told them I came here?

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

All right, take a deep breath. Let's think this through.

DILLON

I'm out of fucking breath! They're going to kill my wife and son.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

Maybe you should just let them take you in-



Dillon takes out his handgun, and points it at Dr. Chamberlain.

Dr. Chamberlain immediately throws his hands up.

DILLON

No. You're getting me out of this.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Four special forces climb the steps silently, covering doors and corners.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The SQUAD LEADER advances toward the door.

INT. DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The door BLOWS OFF its hinges.

Squad leader storms in first. He spins right. The others cover angles behind him.

EXT. BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

Dillon sprints down a fire escape, not in view of any of the special forces.

Dr. Chamberlain looks down at him from the window above.

Passing a window, Dillon reaches the end of the fire escape. He is still a good ten feet above the ground below.

INT. DR. CHAMBERLAIN'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

The squad leader rushes into the kitchen to find Dr. Chamberlain at the window.

DR. CHAMBERLAIN

He pulled a gun on me!

Squad leader runs to the sink window and looks down.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT - SQUAD LEADER'S POV:

Dillon bolts through a nearby alleyway.

He rushes to his car.

INT. COMMAND/TECH SUPPORT VAN - SIMULTANEOUS

Maddox, Jeffries, and various MILITARY PERSONNEL monitor the progress.

MONITORS display video feeds from the HEAD CAM on the squad leader, and one from a positioned in front of the building, and another from a SF Soldier covering the back entrance.

The squad leader's voice can be heard over the speakers.

SQUAD LEADER (O.S.)  
Target on the run. Headed south.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shelby is now awake.

SHELBY  
Dad? What's going on?

DILLON  
Hold on, Shelby.

Dillon presses the gas pedal to the floor.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dillon's car races forward.

Both of the black vans punch it and follow Dillon's car.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dillon at the wheel, accelerating for thirty yards ahead and...

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

He skids them into a right turn, clipping another vehicle, the mirror SHATTERS.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dillon focuses on the road ahead. Accelerating.

Shelby's eyes are closed, and she firmly holds the armrests at her sides.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The black van trailing them makes the right turn. It gets closer.

A SF Soldier sticks a RIFLE out of the van, and SHOTS Dillon's rear right tire.

Sparks fly as the ripped rubber slaps the asphalt, and the car veers off the road.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Shelby SCREAMS.

Dillon tries to steady the steering wheel. He presses the brake, as the car continues to skid.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Dillon's car spins as it finally comes to a halt at the side of the road.

One of the black vans moves forward and cuts off Dillon's car from the front. The other positions itself behind his car.

INT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dillon looks at Shelby. Her seat belt tightly fastened, she appears unharmed, but clearly rattled.

INT./EXT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dillon watches Jeffries and another SF SOLDIER quickly get out of the black van in front of them, and make their way toward his car. They hold assault rifles.

JEFFRIES  
(outside of car)  
Get out of the car, and put your  
hands on your head!

Dillon pushes his door open, and steps out with his hands on his head.

EXT. DILLON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Both SF soldiers aim their guns at him.

JEFFRIES  
Get on the ground!

DILLON  
Look, just take me. Don't-

JEFFRIES  
I SAID GET ON THE GROUND!

Jeffries steps toward him.

DILLON  
Take me. But my daughter didn't do-

SF Soldier 1 violently grabs Dillon from behind and puts him in a choke hold. Wrestling him to the ground.

Jeffries puts his gun in its holster and a pair of handcuffs on Dillon.

Maddox exits the black van behind Dillon's car. TWO TECHNICIANS wheel out isolation tanks from the van.

Maddox walks forward.

MADDOX  
Well done, corporal.

Maddox turns his head to SF Soldier 1.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
Get the girl out. Search the vehicle.

SF SOLDIER 1  
Yes, sir.

Maddox motions for the technicians wheeling the isolation export tanks to come forward.

MADDOX  
(pointing at Dillon)  
Put him in Tank 479.

DILLON  
What? I'm not infected!

MADDOX  
You and your daughter have been exposed to the virus, Mr. Ross. In a situation like this, we have to take maximum precaution.

Dillon starts to get up off the ground.

DILLON  
Listen to me, there's a-

Jeffries hits him with the butt of his gun with a rough blow to the head.

Dillon falls to the ground, spitting blood.

Two technicians grab Dillon and push him into an isolation export tank.

SF Soldier 1 grabs Shelby out of the car. She SCREAMS.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Shelby!

The technicians SLAM the door of the isolation tank shut.

INT. ISOLATION EXPORT TANK

Dillon is surrounded by darkness.

SHELBY (O.S.)  
Dad?! D-

Her voice goes silent.

EXT. STREET

The technicians wheel the isolation tank containing Dillon into the black van behind Dillon's car.

Two SF soldiers search Dillon's car.

The technicians exit the van with another isolation export tank and, put Shelby's body into it.

SF SOLDIER 1  
One infected female in the  
backseat.

SF soldier 2 opens up the trunk.

SF SOLDIER 2  
Infected male child in the trunk.

Maddox puts a CIGAR in his mouth, and lights it.

MADDOX  
Load 'em up.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The two technicians and Jeffries sit in the transport van.  
The four isolation tanks sit on the floor.

INT. ISOLATION EXPORT TANK - SIMULTANEOUS

Dillon struggles to breath in the confined space.

DILLON  
Shelby? Shelby, can you hear me?

No response.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN

Dillon's muffled voice can be heard in the van.

Jeffries looks at one of the technicians.

JEFFRIES  
Should've tranquilized him.

CRASH! The van violently jolts to the right. The two technicians, Jeffries, and the isolation tanks are thrown to the side of the van.

INT. ISOLATION EXPORT TANK

A large gash on Dillon's forehead. He lies unconscious in the tank.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Dillon wakes up. He lies on a small cot. A large BANDAGE taped to his forehead.

He hears a woman talking from another room..

LYDIA (O.S.)  
... happen to get killed on the day  
before Lee's Genocide Act is  
passed? Bullshit.

DILLON  
Who's there?

The woman stops talking.

ZEN (49), a man wearing a black outfit with boots, enters the room. Behind him stands a REBEL with a shaved head, and a raven-haired woman named LYDIA (mid-30s).

ZEN

How are you feeling, friend?

DILLON

Where am I? Where's my daughter?

ZEN

The girl? She's here. She took a hit in the crash, but we patched her up.

DILLON

I want to see her.

Zen nods at the Lydia standing next to him who walks into the hallway.

ZEN

You're both safe here.

Lydia walks back into the room with Shelby. Her arm is in a sling.

SHELBY

Dad!

Shelby runs over to Dillon and hugs him.

DILLON

Are you all right?

She nods.

SHELBY

What happened?

Dillon turns his head toward Zen.

DILLON

Who are you?

ZEN

We're just ordinary people... But we fight for an important cause. We call ourselves the resistance.

(MORE)

ZEN (CONT'D)  
We've been following a squad that  
was assigned to track loose  
infected. A squad that led us to  
you.

Dillon takes a moment to absorb this information. He gets up  
out of the bed, and extends his hand.

DILLON  
Well thanks for saving us... what  
did you say your name was?

ZEN  
My name is Zen.

Zen shakes Dillon's hand.

ZEN (CONT'D)  
And what is your name, friend?

DILLON  
Dillon.

He puts his hand on Shelby's shoulder.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
And this is my daughter, Shelby.

SHELBY  
Hi.

Dillon looks around.

DILLON  
Are my wife and son here too?

ZEN  
Your wife and son?

DILLON  
The two infected people from the  
van.

LYDIA  
You married one of the infected?  
That's beautiful.

DILLON  
Are they here?

ZEN  
Yes. They're safe.

Dillon nods, and looks at Shelby.



DILLON  
Thanks for your hospitality, Zen,  
but we really need to get going.  
Come on, Shelby.

Dillon starts to head for the door.

ZEN  
You don't have a car. Where will  
you go?

Dillon stops.

DILLON  
We're headed for a place called  
GenoTech Incorporated.

ZEN  
Ah. GenoTech.

DILLON  
You heard of it?

ZEN  
We're familiar with it, yes.

DILLON  
Can you take me there?

ZEN  
In time. You should allow yourself  
to rest first. Get your legs back  
under you.

DILLON  
I don't have time for that, Zen.

ZEN  
What's the hurry? Come. We have  
refreshments.

Lydia and the other rebel leave the room, and Zen walks  
toward the door.

Shelby looks up at her father.

SHELBY  
Are you serious?

DILLON  
What are we supposed to do, Shelby?

Zen, standing in the doorway, looks back at them.

ZEN

Come.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - DAY

President Lee, General Grey, the SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY and various other OFFICIALS are gathered around the table.

Monitors surround them.

SEC. OF HOMELAND SECURITY  
Mr. President, we've received intel regarding attacks on various infection tracking squads.

LEE  
Who's attacking them?

SEC. OF HOMELAND SECURITY  
We don't know all of the details, sir, but-

GENERAL GREY  
We believe some kind of terrorist group is responsible.

Lee looks at General Grey with a puzzled expression.

LEE  
"Terrorist group"?

The Sec. of Homeland Security slides a file down to the President.

Lee peruses the folder.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Do we know their location?

GENERAL GREY  
They appear to be scattered throughout the country, sir. We think one group is based here in D.C. Multiple squads are searching for their exact whereabouts as we speak.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Dillon, Shelby, and Zen sit at a table now. TEACUPS sit on the table in front of them.

DILLON

You said you call yourselves "the resistance"?

ZEN

Yes. We resist the oppression. The oppression of the infected.

DILLON

You support containment, then?

ZEN

Lord, no. Containment puts the sick, the very people who need our help, in confinement. In fact, until Lee's little coup de taut, we focused our efforts on freeing them from those Draconian facilities.

Dillon contemplates this for a moment. A light bulb goes off in his head, and he gets up out of his seat.

DILLON

You son of a bitch.

Lydia looks befuddled.

DILLON (CONT'D)

You're the ones responsible for the security breach at Williamsburg.

ZEN

Williamsburg was the latest of many rescue missions. That bothers you?

DILLON

Yeah, it bothers me! Containment was working just fine. People believed in it. Then you idiots had to ruin all of it.

LYDIA

He's one of them.

DILLON

Get up, Shelby.

Shelby anxiously gets up out of her seat.

Dillon angrily points his finger at Zen.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
 You're going to tell me where  
 Genotech is. Right now. No more  
 stalling.

ZEN  
 Why Genotech?

DILLON  
 They have a cure there. I need to  
 cure my family.

Zen smiles.

ZEN  
 But we already have the cure. Your  
 family responded to it very well.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Zen leads Dillon and Shelby through a dimly lit room. Lydia follows closely behind them.

A MAN and WOMAN sit on a couch. The man's skin is grey, and chunks of his hair are missing.

Dillon stops for a moment to get a better look at the man. Zen notices this.

DILLON  
 Is he...

ZEN  
 Infected? Yes.

DILLON  
 But he looks calm. Why isn't he-

ZEN  
 We'll explain everything. Please,  
 follow.

The footsteps of his boots ECHO hollowly. CRUNCHING gravel as he steps through a hole in the wall.

SHELBY  
 Dad, look.

Shelby points to a group of three REBELS in the next room. They are wrapping a chain around Jeffries, chaining him to a pillar. They gag Jeffries with a filthy washcloth.

Next to Jeffries are two technicians, also wrapped in chains.

Jeffries begins to regain consciousness. He taps a small  
BUTTON on his left arm which lights up.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND/TECH SUPPORT VAN - NIGHT

INSIDE A BLACK VAN: Maddox sits alongside various SF  
Soldiers. On different MONITORS they view various display  
feeds.

SF SOLDIER 1  
We picked up a signal on the  
tracking monitor, sir.

MADDOX  
What are the coordinates?

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Zen descends down a rusty metal staircase.

Echoing WATER DRIPS onto the floor.

ZEN  
Down here. Come.

He follows Zen. They both descend down the stairs.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

The basement level room looks like a filthy operating room.  
In the center is a hospital bed.

An unconscious INFECTED MAN lies on the bed.

Surrounding the bed are several rusty steel tables of old  
medical equipment.

ZEN  
The man you saw upstairs was  
medicated.

Zen puts a TABLET into a PILL CRUSHER. He then takes the  
resulting white powder and pours it into a small vial. He  
hands Lydia the vial.

ZEN (CONT'D)  
This is where we give it to them.

Lydia takes the vial and dabs the powder under the tongue of the infected individual on the lab table.

DILLON

This is the cure?

Lydia then grabs a pill bottle off a lab table, and approaches Dillon with the bottle.

LYDIA

Ipronin, a psychotropic opioid that acts on the amygdala of the brain. Suppressing some of their more violent symptoms.

She hands Dillon the pill bottle. Its label reads: "IPRONIN 250 mg".

ZEN

Lydia introduced us to the drug. She used to be a psychopharmacologist at GenoTech. The drug calms them. Cleanses their minds.

DILLON

So it makes them non-aggressive. Is that it?

ZEN

You sound disappointed.

DILLON

It doesn't exactly sound like the cure I was looking for.

Dillon takes another look at the pill bottle's label.

DILLON (CONT'D)

How long does it take for this stuff to wear off?

LYDIA

Depends on the person. The effects can last up to five hours. But some of them need to be given doses more frequently.

DILLON

So you just wait for them to start attacking you, then it's time for another dose? And you wonder why the government thought it was hazardous...

LYDIA

We can tell when they need another dose by their eyes. Ipronin makes their sclerae turn yellow.

DILLON

Sclerae?

LYDIA

The white part.

ZEN

A harmless side-effect.

The infected man in the hospital bed moans and sits up. Yellow eyes.

DILLON

Are my wife and son down here?

Lydia nods.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Medicated?

ZEN

Would you like to see them?

LOWER LEVELS - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon and Zen walk past a STEEL DOOR. On the other end of it, there is LOUD POUNDING on the door and GROWLING NOISES.

DILLON

What's in that room?

ZEN

Not everyone responds to the medicine. Remember?

LOWER LEVELS - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zen leads Dillon into a dark, musty room.

Dirty LAUNDRY hangs on a clothesline.

The laundry starts to billow. As a darkly stained sheet sways aside, an INFECTED WOMAN is revealed only a few feet away.

Dillon jumps back, but Zen stays put.

ZEN

You said you wanted to see your  
wife and son, friend... they're  
right in front of you.

Dillon pushes the laundry sheet aside.

His infected wife and son stand a few feet in front of him.  
Both stare blankly into empty space. Neither notice him. They  
look close to lifeless.

ZEN (CONT'D)

I'll leave you three alone, then.

Zen leaves the room.

Dillon takes a few steps forward.

DILLON

Sarah? Tye?

No response.

Dillon takes another step closer.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Sarah?

He waves his hand in front of her face.

Suddenly, Sarah's head twitches. Dillon jumps back. Sarah  
growls and scratches at her neck.

INT. LOWER LEVELS - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon walks back into the medical room.

Shelby sits on the floor, watching the rebels medicate an  
infected male. Zen stands beside her.

DILLON

You call that a treatment, Zen?

Zen turns around somewhat anxiously.

ZEN

Were they aggressive?

DILLON

No, they were brain-dead.

Zen breaths a sigh of relief.



ZEN

Good.

DILLON

Good?! I want my family back. Don't you understand?

ZEN

Of course I understand.

DILLON

Do you? As far as I'm concerned, what you showed me is no better than a tranquilizer.

ZEN

Well it's the best we've got.

DILLON

No, it isn't. There is a real cure. I've seen it. It's not Ipronin. It's called a virogen... it completely cures the virus.

The two rebels medicating the infected male suddenly stop what they are doing, and perk up at this statement.

ZEN

Why haven't I heard about it?

DILLON

It was still in going through clinical trials when the Euthanization Act was passed. That's why I- we need to get to the GenoTech Headquarters.

ZEN

Your cure... is it safe?

DILLON

I can't say for sure, but it's the best hope we've got.

Zen ponders for a moment.

DILLON (CONT'D)

Can you take me there?

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon stands among a group of FOUR REBELS dressed in black by the house's front door.

He kneels down to talk to Shelby who stands beside him.

DILLON  
Hey Shelby, how you holding up?

Shelby shrugs.

SHELBY  
Are we getting the cure?

DILLON  
That's right, but I need you to stay here for now.

SHELBY  
What?

Shelby glares at him. Pissed.

SHELBY (CONT'D)  
You're just going to leave me here?

DILLON  
We're fugitives, remember? It's probably safer here than where I'm going.

SHELBY  
(hushed)  
Dad, I'm not staying here with these weirdos.

DILLON  
They saved us, didn't they?

Shelby sighs.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Hey...

Dillon puts a hand on her shoulder.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
When I come back, I'll have the cure. Mom and Tye will get back to normal. Everything will be the way it used to be.

Shelby's looks down at the floor and her expression softens.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
But for now I need you to sit tight.

(MORE)

DILLON (CONT'D)  
 Look after your mother and brother  
 while I'm gone. Make sure nothing  
 happens to them.

SHELBY  
 When you come back... The cure,  
 will it turn them back to normal?

Dillon nods.

SHELBY (CONT'D)  
 Like completely back to their old  
 selves?

DILLON  
 They'll be a little older. But yes,  
 what Dr. Chamberlain showed me...  
 it will completely cure them.

SHELBY  
 Promise?

DILLON  
 I promise.

He puts his hand on her shoulder.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
 I'll be back in no time. Trust me.

He walks over toward Zen.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
 If anything happens to her, Zen-

ZEN  
 Don't worry, friend. She's in good  
 hands.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon steps out of the house, and takes a look back at it.

It's a decaying grand, old three-story. The rest of the land  
 is grass and weeds.

The group of rebels step toward a maroon van. They carry  
 bags, bolt cutters, and guns.

Dillon approaches the van.

LYDIA

We grab the Ipronin first. Then we find this cure of yours. Sound good?

DILLON

Sounds like a plan.

She tosses Dillon a GUN.

Dillon look back at the house one more time. Shelby stands in the doorway. She waves goodbye.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - ENLIGHTENMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Zen stands next to Jeffries chained to a pipe. Jeffries is gagged with a filthy, blood-soaked RAG in his mouth.

Wide-eyed, his PROTESTS are muffled by the rag in his mouth.

Beside him are the two TECHNICIANS, each chained to a pipe, also gagged.

A large group of REBELS are gathered around him, watching. With eerie tranquility. Shelby stands in the back behind them.

Zen takes the rag out of the Jeffries's mouth.

JEFFRIES

HELP! CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?!

Zen motions for him to calm down.

ZEN

We can all hear you, my friend. And we will help.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENOTECH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A sign reads "GENOTECH" in front of an enormous building.

INT. GENOTECH CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The rebels move down the corridor.

As the group moves, one reaches up to a security camera and sprays it black with an aerosol PAINT CAN.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

They enter a laboratory.

The room is long and darkened except for specific pools of light.

Lydia carries a crowbar, and heads toward a drawer.

LYDIA

It should be right in here.

She raises the crowbar and pries the drawer's door open. Nothing.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

It's empty.

REBEL 1

What do you mean "it's empty"?

LYDIA

It's fucking empty!

Suddenly, the doors to the laboratory BANG open.

The rebels turn. A GENTOTECH SCIENTIST stands at the entrance.

A beat.

Lydia turns her gun on the scientist.

The scientist immediately throws up his hands. Petrified.

Lydia steps toward the scientist, gun still drawn.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST

Please. I don't know who or what you want, but-

LYDIA

We want Ipronin. And if you want to keep your face, I suggest you tell us where it is.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST

(in fear)

Ipronin? We got rid of that stuff months ago.

Lydia shoves her gun at the scientist's face.

LYDIA  
Are you sure?

The scientist cowers away from the gun.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
We used to keep some stored away in  
sector 7. But it- it might not be  
there anymore.

LYDIA  
Take us there.

INT. LAB STORAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The GenoTech scientist roams through various shelves until he  
spots BOXES labeled "I-135".

He grabs one of the boxes.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
This is it.

LYDIA  
All of it?

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
It's all we have left. I swear.

A beat. Lydia turns to the others.

LYDIA  
Let's pack the stuff up, then.

The rebels fill their bags with CASES of the Ipronin.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
I gave you what you wanted.  
Please... Just let me go.

LYDIA  
We're not through here. We need  
something else.

Dillon moves forward.

DILLON  
Do you know anything about a  
virogen?

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
A what?

DILLON

Virogen. It was being tested on the  
Helicoid Virus a few weeks ago.

The scientist contemplates, eyes wandering into space.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST

I could check the cooler.

LYDIA

Not alone.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - ENLIGHTENMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Jeffries continues to struggle to free himself from the  
chains.

ZEN

There's no need for that.

Jeffries ignores him, pulling at his chains. Zen chuckles at  
Jeffries's persistence.

ZEN (CONT'D)

We only chained you to ensure our  
own safety. We brought you here to  
have a conversation.

JEFFRIES

Who the hell are you people?

ZEN

New friends.

JEFFRIES

Then take the chains off.

ZEN

Not yet, corporal. There are many  
questions that need answering.

JEFFRIES

I'm not talking unless you take  
these fucking chains off.

Zen sighs, and shuts his eyes.

He turns around and nods at a REBEL behind him. The rebel  
walks off into a back room.

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)  
 (raising his voice)  
 What the hell was that? Where's he  
 going?

Zen's back remains turned.

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)  
 Answer me!

Zen turns toward the Jeffries. For a brief moment, his eyes  
 show fury.

ZEN  
 Your days of giving orders are  
 over, my friend.

The rebel leads a LITTLE GIRL toward the captives. She  
 appears, calm. Medicated, but clearly infected.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

A TANK rolls behind two BLACK VANS approaching the  
 resistance's base of operations.

BACK TO:

INT. GENOTECH LABS - REFRIGERATED ROOM - NIGHT

The GenoTech scientist peruses through a collection of serums  
 and medications in a supply case.

Lydia holds a gun to him as he does this. Dillon anxiously  
 watches him look through the various serums.

The scientist pulls out a VIAL OF YELLOW FLUID, and inspects  
 it.

DILLON  
 Well?

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
 I think this may be what you're  
 looking for.

The scientist hands him the vial of fluid.

DILLON  
 How sure are you?



GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
Helicoid wasn't my area of  
research. But that vial is labeled  
with the virus's classification.

Dillon stuffs the small vial in his pocket.

LYDIA  
Is that all you have? Is there  
more?

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
Yes...

The scientist looks through the supply case, and hands Dillon  
a few more vials.

LYDIA  
Give us your entire supply,  
asshole.

SECURITY OFFICER (O.S.)  
Drop the gun! Put your hands on  
your heads!

Lydia and Dillon turn to see a SECURITY OFFICER standing at  
the doorway of the refrigerated room, GUN drawn.

Lydia does not drop her gun. Instead she pulls it on the  
security officer.

SECURITY OFFICER (CONT'D)  
PUT THE-

Lydia quickly SHOTS the officer in the head.

The GenoTech scientist stands motionless, stunned in  
disbelief.

DILLON  
(to Lydia)  
Are you crazy?!

LYDIA  
No. I'm driven. You want to cure  
your family, don't you?

Lydia points her gun at the scientist. He immediately throws  
his hands up.

GENOTECH SCIENTIST  
Please... I've got a wife and son.

LYDIA  
 (points at Dillon)  
 So does he.

She motions for the scientist to walk in front of her.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
 In the hallway. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. ENLIGHTENMENT ROOM - NIGHT

The rebel sticks a syringe into the arm of the infected girl.  
 He draws a VIAL full of blood.

ZEN  
 Do you see that little girl in  
 front of you? Her name is Stacy.  
 She's only six, but she'll be seven  
 next week.

Jeffries continues to struggle to get out of the chains.

ZEN (CONT'D)  
 But you don't really care about any  
 of that, do you, Corporal? You and  
 your men, you would have Stacy  
 killed. She'd never see age seven.

Zen motions for the rebel to come forward with the vial.

JEFFRIES  
 (panicking)  
 She's already dead.

ZEN  
 No, Stacy's sick. But she's alive.  
 There's still hope for her future.

The rebel hands Zen the vial of infected blood. Zen steps  
 closer toward Jeffries.

JEFFRIES  
 (on the verge of tears)  
 I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Zen stops.

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)  
 Don't stick that thing in me, man.  
 I'm sorry.

ZEN

You're sorry? You mean for what you would do to Stacy? Or for the thousands of innocents you already sentenced to death? For the many thousands still to come?

JEFFRIES

I'm just a grunt, I don't give orders. I didn't want any of this... I'm sorry.

ZEN

No, Corporal, I'm sorry.

He takes a step closer to Jeffries.

ZEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that I can't believe you.

The rebel sticks the needle into Jeffries' arm. Jeffries struggles, trying to break out of the wire.

The surrounding crowd gazes at the scene in silence. With eerie tranquility. Shelby covers her eyes.

Jeffries convulses and the rag muffles his rapid COUGHING. The rag becomes blood soaked.

The crowd remains silent. Calm.

The rebel moves onto one of the technicians chained to a pillar. Just as he is about to inject the technician with infected blood...

An EXPLOSION erupts from the front entrance of the house.

Some of the rebels and medicated infected towards the back of the room get hit by the impact of the explosion.

Various SHOUTS from crowd. Shelby SCREAMS.

Cannisters roll onto the floor of the house. Tear gas erupts from the cannisters, spewing into the air.

Shelby sprints toward the hole in the hidden door leading to the basement.

SPECIAL FORCES burst in, wearing gas masks.

The rebels cough and shield their eyes.

A bullet nails Zen in the torso, and he immediately falls to the floor.

Shelby opens the hidden door leading to the basement.

Machine gun fire is unleashed onto the gathered rebels and infected with no mercy.

Panicked SCREAMS fill the room.

A REBEL dives behind the pillar Jeffries is chained to. He pumps a shotgun.

He fires a round and hits a soldier.

He pumps the shotgun again, turns to fire another shot, and receives a bullet to the head. His body falls to the ground.

The rapid GUNFIRE continues for a few moments before it ceases.

Silence. Smoke lifts.

The SQUAD LEADER surveys the perimeter. Only Stacy is left standing.

He mows her down with his machine gun. Chunks of infected flesh spin into the air, then patter down like a light rain.

SQUAD LEADER

Room clear.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE LOWER LEVELS - SIMULTANEOUS

The GUNFIRE from upstairs ceases.

Trembling with fear, Shelby runs through the basement, then suddenly stops. Dead in her tracks.

An INFECTED MAN, writhing with rage, stands right in front of her.

A rebel stands directly behind the infected man. He holds a leash-like chain around the infected man's neck.

REBEL

Get out of here, little girl. Run!

She cuts past the medical section of the basement. One of the MEDICATED INFECTED is still strapped to the lab table.

Shelby reaches the back room of the basement containing her infected mother and brother.

## BASEMENT BACK ROOM

Shelby brushes past the dirty laundry hanging on the clothes hanger, and sees the gruesome appearance of her mother and brother.

Shelby lets out a slight gasp, and looks away for a moment. She then slowly looks back at them.

SHELBY  
(whispering)  
Mom? Tye?

They do not respond. She motions for them to come over.

SHELBY (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Come on. We have to hide.

Still no response.

Shelby looks around the room. She spots a box labeled "FOOD". She trots over to the box and grabs a piece of raw meat out of the box.

This immediately captures the attention of her mother and brother. They slowly move over toward her.

She looks around, spots a closet door, and leads them to it.

BACK TO:

## INT. GENOTECH HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lydia holds the gun to the scientist's back as he leads the way through the hallway. Dillon moves quickly with them.

They make their way toward the lab storage room to meet with the other rebels.

## LAB STORAGE ROOM

They see a group of THREE SECURITY OFFICERS handcuffing the rebels. One of the officers spots them.

## HALLWAY

LYDIA  
Shit.

Two officers bolt into the hallway, guns drawn. Lydia threateningly points her gun at the scientist.

OFFICER 1

Drop the gun!

She does not comply.

Officer 1 opens fire and shoots Lydia twice in the chest. She falls to the floor.

A ring of KEYS spiral out of her pocket.

Dillon kneels on the floor and grabs the keys.

He gets off the floor, and he's suddenly jumped by Officer 1.

Dillon swings his fist at Officer 1, but Officer 2 comes up from behind and holds onto him.

Officer 1, clumsily fumbling with a pair handcuffs, moves towards Dillon.

Dillon kicks Officer 1, knocking him back into glass lab equipment. Officer 1 CRASHES through the glass, and gets soaked in an assortment of liquids and serums.

Dillon then swings Officer 2 against the lab table behind them, and the officer falls to the ground.

Dillon darts out of the room, and into the hallway. The officers quickly get back on their feet and chase after him.

GENOTECH HALLWAY

Dillon rushes through the hallway. The two security officers follow close behind him.

Officer 1 draws a GUN.

Dillon turns to see an open window on the opposite side of the hallway.

It is a good ten feet above the ground below.

Dillon makes a run for it, and dives out the window.

The officers rush over to the window and look outside.

EXT. GENOTECH HEADQUARTERS

Dillon explodes onto street level and takes off running.

He dodges people left and right, but doesn't slow down until he reaches the maroon van in the parking lot.

He hurriedly fidgets through Lydia's ring of keys.

He tries unlocking the door with one key. The lock does not budge.

A GROUP OF SECURITY OFFICERS sprint out the front doors of the building.

He tries another key. No luck.

The officers are drawing closer.

OFFICER 1

Freeze!

He finds a key that looks like it matches the van. He sticks the key into the key slot, and the door opens.

INT. MAROON VAN

He rapidly gets into the car, and jams the key into the ignition.

EXT. MAROON VAN

The officers OPEN FIRE.

One bullet shatters the car's front right window. Another hits the car door.

The officers continue to SHOOT as the van speeds off.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bloodied, torn apart bodies are sprawled across the ground.

Various special forces check the bodies.

Colonel Maddox steps over toward Jeffries who remains chained to the pillar and gagged. Jeffries coughs up some more blood.

He looks up at Maddox with gratitude.

Maddox blows his face off with a HANDGUN.

SF Soldier 1 approaches Maddox.

SF SOLDIER 1

We've inspected all of the bodies, sir. No signs of the fugitives who escaped Williamsburg Facility.

MADDOX

Then check again.

SF Soldier 1 nods and walks away. Maddox glances around. Surveying the carnage.

He spots the hidden door leading to the basement.

BASEMENT BACK ROOM - CLOSET

Shelby trembles in the closet. Her medicated, infected mother and brother stand behind her, too close for comfort.

She covers her mouth with both of her hands.

The sound of her infected mother and brother BREATHING HEAVILY fill the confined space.

CLOSE-UP: The eyes of her mother begin to lose their yellow tint.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - HEAVY RAIN

Dillon speeds across the city streets in the rebel van. He moves through a series of increasingly degenerating neighborhoods.

BACK TO:

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

The special forces march down the rusty metal staircase into the lower levels.

They immediately open FIRE on the chained infected man and the rebel standing at the foot of the stairs.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT - HEAVY RAIN

Dillon pulls the van up to the abandoned house.

The house looks like it was hit with a bomb. Its front wall has been torn off, and its interior is completely exposed.



He sees the tank.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dillon rushes through the front hall, gun drawn.

Torn apart bodies are scattered across the floor. Dillon examines the scene; shock and fear consume his face.

Zen is lying flat on his back, mortally wounded, gazing up. Still alive - but only just.

Dillon kneels beside him.

DILLON  
Zen? What happened?

Zen's eyes turn to his him. He blinks, tries to speak, but is too weak and near death to form the words.

Suddenly, Zen grabs Dillon's wrist.

ZEN  
You- you must stop the genocide.

Zen takes his last breath and dies.

INT. LOWER LEVELS - NIGHT

Dillon walks around the dead bodies sprawled across the floor of the basement. The bodies are of both infected and special forces.

He then rushes into the back room containing his family.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DILLON  
Shelby? Shelby are you back here?

Dillon pushes past the dirty laundry hanging on the clothesline. He looks around the room. Nobody.

MADDOX (O.S.)  
Tell us where they are, Mr. Ross.

Dillon turns around to see Colonel Maddox at the doorway.

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
We know you're hiding them.

SF Soldier 1 stands at his side, pointing a machine gun at Dillon.

DILLON  
I don't know where they are.

Maddox smiles.

He then nods at SF Soldier 1. SF Soldier 1 strides over to Dillon, and hits in the stomach with his MACHINE GUN. Dillon lurches to the ground.

SF Soldier 1 then grabs Dillon and puts the gun to his head.

Maddox gets right in Dillon's face.

MADDOX  
Where are they?

Dillon spits blood at him.

DILLON  
Fuck you.

Maddox wipes the blood of his face. For a brief moment, he just stares at Dillon.

He then smashes a fist into Dillon's nose. It CRUNCHES. Blood oozes from it.

SF Soldier 1 holds Dillon to keep him from stumbling onto the ground.

Maddox continues delivering a series of powerful blows to Dillon, pounding against him until a rib CRACKS.

He finally stops.

Dillon coughs up blood, and takes deep breaths.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
(strained)  
You killed... you killed everyone.

MADDOX  
I followed my orders. On a mission like this, there will be casualties.

DILLON  
Containment was working.

Maddox smiles.

MADDOX

See this?

He points to the scar on his face

MADDOX (CONT'D)

Gulf War. '91.

(beat)

Operation Desert Storm's objective was reached on February 28, 1991. Only 210 days after it began. One of the quickest wars in our country's history. Do you know why?

Dillon gives him a blank stare.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

Because of its objective. In war, your objectives must be clear. They must be defined, understood, and attainable. If any objective is left ambiguous, if there's room for interpretation, victory becomes impossible.

(beat)

Containment had no clear objective. It could've lasted for centuries. That's why it failed.

DILLON

Infection isn't war.

MADDOX

It is now.

DILLON

So what's the new objective?  
Killing innocent people?

MADDOX

Innocent? Ross, I'm not so sure you understand the situation here. How close you came to being killed by the very "innocents" you were trying to protect.

Maddox points at the hoard of infected sprawled across the ground.

MADDOX (CONT'D)

There are contaminated houses like this one all over the country.

(MORE)

MADDOX (CONT'D)  
Everyday, people get infected in them. And everyday we get closer to another outbreak.

DILLON  
We don't have to worry about another outbreak. There's a cure.

Maddox scoffs.

MADDOX  
That ship sailed years ago.

DILLON  
Ever hear of Genotech? It was working on curing infection just before the President was assassinated. They found something.

Maddox studies Dillon's face carefully.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Don't believe me? I've got a vial right here. In my pocket.

SF Soldier 1 looks at Maddox, and Maddox nods at him. SF Soldier 1 lets go of Dillon.

Dillon takes the VIAL of the virogen out of his pocket.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
You don't have to kill anyone anymore.

Maddox inspects Dillon's face, then examines the vial.

A beat.

MADDOX  
Curing infection is no longer part of the objective.

SUDDENLY-

A loud BANGING NOISE comes from the closet behind them.

Maddox motions for SF Soldier 1 to examine the closet. SF Soldier 1 lets go of Dillon, and walks over to the closet door.

SF Soldier 1 opens the closet door.

Shelby lurches out of the closet and tackles SF Soldier 1. She feasts on his flesh. She is infected. Sarah joins the feast.

Dillon's infected son stands behind them. He calmly stands still, medicated.

Maddox takes his MACHINE GUN out of his holster, but not before Dillon whips out his own gun. Dillon points the gun at Maddox.

DILLON  
Put the gun down!

Maddox does not comply.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Put it down!

Maddox quickly turns toward Dillon, and Dillon shoots him in the head.

Shelby continues to feast on SF Soldier 1.

Dillon walks over toward her with the vial of the virogen in his hand. He takes a TRANQUILIZER DART out of his pocket sticks it in Shelby's neck. He sticks another dart in wife's neck.

They both falls unconscious. He then injects them with a small dose of the virogen.

He walks over to the closet and son with TRANQUILIZER. He also falls unconscious.

Dillon then gives his son a dose of the virogen.

He looks at his unconscious family for a moment.

Dillon then walks to a corner of the room, sits, and waits.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INSERT - JACKAL NEWS CLIP

Kyle Perkins and Jessica Young sit at the news table.

JESSICA YOUNG  
Hi there, thank you for joining us.  
I'm Jessica Young. With me, as  
always, is Kyle Perkins.

Kyle Perkins nods at the camera.

JESSICA YOUNG (CONT'D)

And these are today's top stories. Eyewitness accounts of attacks on infection tracking squads continue to increase. The total number of escaped infected is estimated to be in the thousands. There is speculation that these escapes have led to yet another Helicoid Virus outbreak. The Center for Disease Control released a statement this morning: if infection continues at this rate, a nationwide epidemic is inevitable. In a few moments, President Lee is expected to address these reports.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

President Lee approaches the podium. His face looks paler than usual.

LEE

I didn't want this. I wanted an America without infection.

The crowd watches him with anticipation.

LEE (CONT'D)

Despite the unusual circumstances that led to my inauguration, I felt you chose me. You chose a man who would treat infection like a security issue rather than a medical one. I now realize...

President Lee pauses, and takes a handkerchief out of his pocket. He turns away from the camera coughs into the handkerchief.

A few MURMURS in the audience as he does this.

LEE (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Allergy season.

President Lee flashes an embarrassed smile, then returns to seriousness.

LEE (CONT'D)

Realize the error in my previous judgement. If we had allowed Containment to progress, none of this would have happened. By turning infection into a security issue, I put the country in more danger than it found itself before. Today, we run the risk of another outbreak of the Helicoid Virus. And I can't help but feel-

President Lee stops mid-sentence, pulls out his handkerchief, and stifles a cough.

He looks at the handkerchief in his hand. Blood covers it.

LEE (CONT'D)

... feel responsible. That's why I am urging Congress to repeal the Infection Euthanization-

Suddenly, Lee stumbles to the ground. He coughs up blood.

GASPS and confusion in the audience.

Lee tries to stand back up.

LEE (CONT'D)

I- I-

A GROUP OF POLICE race onto the podium.

POLICE OFFICER

President Henry Lee, get on the ground.

One of the officers holds a TRANQUILIZING DART.

POLICER OFFICER

We'll make this as quick as possible.

LEE

(struggling to speak)

I'm the Pres- President of the United Sta-

(cough)

You can't-

Lee stumbles to the ground and starts convulsing. He COUGHS up more blood.

The officer with the tranquilizing dart quickly approaches him.

LEE (CONT'D)  
Can't kill- eutha-

The officer sticks the dart in him.

CUT TO BLACK.

ZOOM OUT TO REVEAL:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DILLION'S HOUSE - DAY

Shelby sits on the couch facing a black television screen.

Dillon puts down the remote. Shelby looks back at him.

SHELBY  
Dad? Did you just see that?

Dillon nods.

SHELBY (CONT'D)  
What's going to happen to him?

Dillon shrugs and shakes his head.

DILLON  
I don't know.

Tye, age 11, sits on a chair next to the couch. He plays a game on his SMART PHONE. He appears completely normal.

INT. DILLON'S BEDROOM

Sarah sits in bed, reading a book. She looks up when she sees Dillon enter the room.

DILLON  
The news just broadcast it. He's infected.

SARAH  
So what happens now?

Dillon reveals a vial of the virogen in his hand.



DILLON  
We let the public know about this.

FADE OUT.