

The Withered Dead

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EXT. FRONT YARD-EARLY MORNING

A large, old fashion farm house sits in the middle of an expansive grassy field.

The sun quietly rises to the start of what appears to be a beautiful summer morning.

INT. MAIN FLOOR-LATE MORNING

HENRY groggily walks down the steep stairs and steps into the open dining room in the front of the house.

The bright morning sun shines through the windows, causing Henry to squint a little.

He rubs his eyes, trying to wake himself.

He walks up to one of the large windows in the dining room and looks outside to the road in front of his house.

He grins when he sees his young son DAVID standing at the end of the driveway. With a large backpack slung over his shoulders, he amuses himself as he waits for the school bus to pick him up.

Henry stands there incapable of leaving until assured that his son got on the bus safely.

Henry's wife SHARON approaches from the kitchen, two fresh cups of coffee in hand.

She approaches him from behind without him even noticing, and she slips one of the cups into his hand.

He smiles sweetly as if to say thank you and then slides his arm around her and pulls her close to him while they both watch over their son.

SHARON

(Sipping her coffee.)

You don't have to keep worrying about him Henry. David's old enough now to wait by himself.

HENRY

Yeah I know Sharon, but I need to do something that makes me feel like I'm his father.

Sharon looks up at Henry with a concerned look in her eyes as she caresses his shoulder. Then turns and walks back towards the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

As Henry watches from the window the sounds of a kid-filled bus approaches and comes to a squeaky stop.

SOUNDS OF A MIXER RATTLE AWAY IN THE KITCHEN.

Henry waves from the window as the bus drives David off to school.

Henry turns away, and as he sips his coffee, he follows his wife back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN AREA-LATE MORNING

As Henry enters the room he realizes Sharon is baking something.

HENRY  
(Confused.)  
What are you doing?

SHARON  
(Slightly embarrassed.)  
We can't invite this man into our home and not have something prepared for him.

Henry leans back against the cupboard and looks at her quizzically for a second.

HENRY  
Today may just be the most important day of David's life. A day that is going to help define him, and you seem to be more concerned about having a nice dish prepared.

Sharon looks towards him, obviously hurt.

SHARON  
I don't know Henry...what else am I supposed to do?

Henry sips from his cup.

HENRY  
I'm sorry Sharon. I didn't mean that. I am just starting to wonder if we are making the right choice here.

Sharon sets the mixer down on the counter, frustrated.

SHARON

We've talked about this so much Henry. We've already talked to David and prepared him for anything that could happen.

Henry sighs and sets his mug down.

HENRY

That's not it, I mean, we've wanted a family so badly for so long, and this was the only way we could make it work. That man didn't want David in the first place and just took off. I just don't think...this Terry character really deserves this after all these years do you? Or how do we even know that this will be good for the boy?

SHARON

David spending time with Terry isn't going to be any worse than him sitting around wishing you were here to spend time with.

HENRY

(Feeling attacked.)

Hey...it's not my fault! I'm working my ass off to try and take care of you two. I'm doing what I have to do.

SHARON

(Turns to finally look at him.)

What you have to do is spend some time with us. Let's try to be a family, okay? I mean David is almost nine, you'll be surprised how little time we have left together.

SINGLE LOUD KNOCK FROM THE BACK DOOR.

Sharon and Henry, confused, look at one another.

SHARON

He's not coming 'till this afternoon right?

(CONTINUED)

HENRY  
Uhhh, that's what I thought.

Sharon turns to go to the back room.

HENRY  
(Whispering.)  
Wait Sharon, stop...we're not ready  
for this.

Henry grabs her by the arm gently.

SHARON  
(Whispering.)  
I have to get the door Henry. We  
can't just ignore him.

HENRY  
(Whispering.)  
Please, just let him come back  
later.

Sharon pulls her arm from his grasp and leaves the room.

HENRY  
(Whispering.)  
Shit.

INT. BACK ROOM-LATE MORNING

Sharon walks into the back room and makes her way to the  
back door.

She looks at it confused as the knocking seems to have  
stopped.

She breathes heavily, not sure if she can actually go  
through with this.

She adjusts her shirt, puts on her best smile, and heads to  
the door.

She grabs the door knob and turns it quickly, throwing  
the door open before she can think twice about it.

INT. KITCHEN AREA.-LATE MORNING

Henry is by the counter sipping his coffee when a  
loud crash echoes from the back room.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Shar...?

He goes silent as he strains to hear a response.

When she doesn't speak he quickly stands and starts to heads to the back room.

He stops when Sharon falls back into the room, pushing past him, clutching a wound on the side of her face and blood dripping out of her hand.

HENRY

Hun! What happen...

Sharon looks terrified at Henry as she bumps into the counter, hitting the mixer and turning it back on before she falls to the floor.

SOUND OF HAND MIXER RATTLING AGAINST THE COUNTER TOP

Henry looks up quickly as a sickly looking FRED follows her in. His face is coated in fresh blood, and he lets out a low moan.

HENRY

Fred?!?

Henry watches for a second as Fred heads towards Sharon to attack her again.

Henry growls and charges him. They grapple and struggle as the man leans forward, trying to bite Henry.

After a few moments, Henry is pushed back against the counter, and he gets one of his hands free.

He starts searching the counter blindly trying to find something to use as a weapon.

At the last minute, before the man bites him, Henry's hand falls onto the handle of a meat hammer.

With a wild swing, Henry manages to catch a glancing blow off Fred's cheek, which breaks the hold he had over him.

In this free moment, Henry maneuvers behind the man and rears back again and bashes the man a second time, which throws him forwards into the counter and face first into the spinning beaters of the hand mixer.

The man is stuck there as the beaters thrash violently in his eye sockets, spraying blood and gore all over the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

Eventually the man's body slumps to the floor with the beaters buried deep in its skull. As it falls, it pulls the power cord to the mixer out of the socket and everything goes silent.

Henry rushes to Sharon's side to help her.

Blood is gushing from the wound all over the floor as Henry searches for anything to cover the gash.

He rips a dish towel off of the stove and holds it tight against the wound.

Looking up, finally, he looks around the house and realizes that they are completely alone and helpless.

EXT. FRONT YARD-LATE MORNING

The front door sways wide open in the wind as a muffled scream can be heard from outside the house.

HENRY  
Someone! Please help!

Fade out

MAIN TITLES-DAY

REPORTER (V.O.)  
This is the third violent attack reported in two days in this province alone. Earlier this evening, a police officer in Halifax was responding to a 911 call when he was unexpectedly attacked...wait the paramedics are bringing him out.

SOUNDS OF ARGUING AND CHAOS ENSUES

OFFICER RHODES  
They wouldn't stop! I shot her twice, and she kept on coming! She was dead, she had to be dead!

SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE WITH THE MICROPHONE.

POLICE CHIEF  
That's enough! Give us some room to work, would ya!

NEWS REPORT CUTS OUT.

(CONTINUED)

THE WITHERED DEAD

Various cut away shots of:

Long stretch of road.

Deserted town streets, the whole place looks like a ghost town.

Shot of a television broadcast

TV PERSONNELL

With the number of these attacks on the increase, police and emergency officials are recommending citizens to stay in their homes and lock their doors. They have been organizing supply transports to bring necessary food and medical supplies to citizens in need to ensure that the streets remain clear so they can respond quickly and safely to emergency calls.

The television station goes to static and cuts out.

EXT. DESERTED STREET-JUST BEFORE DUSK

Fade in

A rusty dark brown pick up truck flies down the stretch of a road.

As it roars past the woods, it passes by a man walking down the road. It kicks up some dust and rocks, causing TERRY to cough and shield his face from the debris.

DRIVER

(Hollering as he passes.)  
Get out of here and head back home.

TERRY

(Hollering back to him.)  
No home to go back to!  
(Shakes his head as he turns away.)  
Well thanks for the warm greeting asshole!

Terry is dressed in a dark, dusty, worn leather jacket and dark clothes. He is traveling down the side of a long stretch of road.

(CONTINUED)

He takes a deep drag off his half-smoked cigarette and exhales a cloud of smoke.

He notices a town limit sign and walks towards it.

He is greeted by an old fashion and weathered sign to the Town of Stellarton.

He looks around the area and this is when a piece of a newspaper is blown across the ground and rests on his feet.

Terry bends down and picks up the old paper. Rising back upright, he glances over the headline.

The one that catches his attention particularly is titled "Bizarre homicides leave police and townfolk fearing for their lives."

Terry reads the article for a brief moment and then glances up from it.

He calmly folds it up and slides it into his jeans' back pocket.

He adjusts his backpack and heads off in another direction.

Terry has reached a large field and starts trekking his way across a beautiful green pasture. It is late afternoon and the high sun beats down on his back.

His half-smoked cigarette still dangles from his lip, the moisture gluing it in place.

Terry squints his eyes as he looks around for a place to lay his head.

He sees a large single tree in the middle of a field that invites him.

He adjusts the strap of his back pack and heads off towards his temporary resting place.

Settling down under the tree, he looks up to see the sun light fighting its way through the tree's thick leaves.

It casts a shadow that dances on his face whenever the breeze blows.

He un-slings his backpack, and setting it in front of him, he begins digging something out of it.

As he fishes through his bag, he pushes stuff out of the way.

He pulls out a poorly wrapped sandwich and unwraps it with one hand. He also reaches in and pulls out a letter addressed to a Mr. Terry Dobson.

He reads it as he eats, and we are able to make out directions to a house and part of the note that says:

Dear. Mr. Dobson

With a great deal of debate we have decided it's time to inform our son that he is adopted. With such an important moment of our son David's life, we are taking the liberty to contact you to invite you to our home next week to meet with your/our son.

Sincerely, Henry and Sharon MacKay.

Included with the letter is a small photograph David. Terry stops for a moment as he admires his young son.

He continues to enjoy his snack as he folds the letter up and stuffs it back in the bag.

SOUNDS OF WILDLIFE DANCE IN THE BACKGROUND.

As he puts the letter away, he notices the small, worn stuffed bear that he brought with him.

He pulls it out and admires it as he lights up another cigarette and takes a drag from it.

As he stares at the bear, it stares back at him.

As he looks into its faded brown face, into the one black eye that remains, he starts to think he made a mistake.

Exhaling deeply, blowing out a cloud of smoke, Terry grabs his bag and stands up from the tree.

Laughing at how pathetic his gift seems, he drops the bear, turns, and starts heading back the way he came.

After a few steps, he turns back and looks at it.

It is facing him, still seeming to stare into his eyes.

TERRY  
(Flicking his cigarette away.)  
Shit.

He quickly walks back, picks it up, dusts it off, and then starts walking towards town.

**Terry rounds a turn in the deserted road, dangling the bear by his side.**

He is suddenly struck by the sight of a "No Trespassing" sign and a razor wire fence that stretches onward down the side of the road.

TERRY  
(Quietly to himself.)  
What the hell?

He walks up the small hill upon which the fence sits, and when he reaches the top, he is struck by a horrific sight.

A large open pit strip mine sits on the other side. This manmade crater is filled with abandoned machinery and trucks that sit dead to the world.

TERRY  
(Disgusted by the sight.)  
Jesus Christ.

**He has trouble pulling himself away from the sight. He takes another long drag on the cigarette and looks back down at the bear.**

**As he twirls the bear in his hand, he flicks his half finished cigarette towards the pit, and slides down the hill, and gets back on the road.**

EXT. DESERTED STREET-DUSK

The sky has darkened now and Terry realizes he needs to find a place to crash before night hits.

He picks up the pace to his walk as he crosses an empty stretch of road.

He briskly crosses a grassy island and approaches a second road. As he nears it, he notices a man across the street stumbling the opposite way.

TERRY  
(Hollering over to the man.)  
Hey!? Do you live around here?

The man doesn't respond, but instead, he turns around, growls, and starts shambling towards Terry.

As the man steps out onto the road, he walks under a street light and Terry is able to make out the man's features. He recoils when he realizes this man is covered in blood.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY  
(Concerned.)  
Sir! Are you okay?

The man doesn't answer and just continues stumbling towards him.

Terry gets over the initial shock, and concern takes over him as he moves in to assist the man.

TERRY  
(Trying to reassure.)  
Sir, it will be okay. I'm going to  
find a phone and call 911.

The man growls again and is half way across the road, when out of nowhere, a speeding car slams into him. It crushes his body under its tires and pops his skull like a melon.

Blood and brain matter ooze out on to the road as the car speeds off into the distance.

**Terry is struck silent by what he just witnessed; he unknowingly drops the bear again as he heads in to try to help.**

He turns away and gags when he sees the man's skull is split open.

He turns to follow the car as a fit of anger crosses his face. He runs off into the dark to find the murderer.

EXT. MORE DESERTED ROAD-NIGHT

When Terry catches up to the car, it is not in the state he expected to find it.

It is pulled off to the side of the road with its four-way flashers blinking in the night sky.

He slows down to a walk as he nears the car; it has obviously been abandoned because the front door is waving slightly in the breeze.

TERRY  
(Announcing his presence.)  
Hello! Is anyone there?

When he receives no response, he tries again.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Hello, is there anyone there?

He continues cautiously moving toward the car.

As he gets closer to it he is able to see a small light emitting from the front passenger seat.

He passes by the backseat and moves towards the front door.

As he grabs the door frame and leans inside, he realizes it is coming from a cell phone lying on the seat.

A look of relief passes over Terry's face as he climbs in the driver side to grab it.

He flips it open and is happy to see that it has full bars of signal and full power. Then he begins dialing 911.

He places the phone to his ear and waits for it to start ringing.

After a second of silence, confusion crosses his face.

Then, he yanks the phone away from his ear when a loud high pitched beeping replaces the normal sound of ringing.

TERRY

(Flipping the phone closed and sliding it into his pocket.)

Damn.

Terry looks down at the ignition to the car and is frustrated when he doesn't find any keys waiting for him.

He leans over to the passenger side and flips open the glove compartment.

Terry starts shuffling through in search of a set of keys and begins ripping the papers out angrily as he realizes he isn't going to find any.

When he has finally exhausted the glove compartment, he slams it shut and sits back in the seat.

Terry's eyes move up to the sun visor, and a grin crosses his face.

He reaches up and flips it down, certain that a set of keys is going to fall into his lap.

Disappointment crosses his face when there is nothing there.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY  
(Bangs the steering wheel.)  
Fuck!

A moan from outside steals his attention.

He leans part way out of the door as he tries to see where it came from.

Only seeing shadows dancing across the street, he realizes he has to move on to find help.

Pulling himself out of the car, he closes the door behind him.

He swings around his backpack and digs a flashlight out of it.

Another closer moan and the sound of feet shuffling cause him to look up again.

TERRY  
Who's there?

He waits a moment, and when no one answers him, he starts jogging off in the direction he was heading.

EXT. LARGE FIELD-NIGHT

The moon shines down on a large, open field; Terry makes his way across the field.

His flashlight falls on the front of an old looking barn, hidden under an apple tree. Piles of junk and rusted metal surround the base of the barn.

Terry moves towards it, looking around in caution. He reaches the door and sees a large padlock and chain holding the door closed.

TERRY  
(Frustrated)  
Ah shit.

He turns around to his right as something catches his eye from just around the corner of the barn.

TERRY  
Hello? Is someone there?

He slowly moves towards the edge of the barn, his nerves tightening up now, not knowing what is going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

If someone's there, I could use  
some help...

He stops as he rounds the corner and what's waiting for him is the severed torso of a freshly-eaten corpse. Its entrails are spread out all over the grass, and it appears to have been torn apart by a wild animal.

TERRY

(Shocked and gagging)  
OH GOD!

He covers his mouth and turns away from the horrendous image.

Turning, he becomes face-to-face with another creature. A piece of flesh dangles from its lips as it lets out a groan and grasps Terry by the shoulders and tries to bite down on his neck.

Terry starts hollering as he struggles with it, trying to push it away.

He manages to force its head back with one hand, and at the same time, he swings his flashlight with the other.

The glancing blow catches the creature on the cheek, sending blood flying from its mouth as it stumbles back towards the barn.

The thing turns back towards him and growls again as it starts to advance towards him again.

He throws himself at it, pushing against its chest with all the strength he can muster.

The thing falls backwards into a junk pile, impaling itself through the chest on a large piece of broken wood.

Terry steps back in shock as blood erupts from the creature, but it doesn't seem to notice. Stuck on the piece of wood, it still growls and claws out at Terry, trying to attack him.

TERRY

Jesus fucking Christ.

He stares in horror for a moment at this when movement out of the corner of his eyes catches his attention.

Turning quickly he only catches a glimpse of the severed torso that has now begun to move and crawl towards him.

**He doesn't hesitate another second and turns and bolts into the darkness.**

EXT. FRONT YARD-NIGHT

Terry's flashlight bounces across the field and finally rests on a large dark farm house up ahead.

A look of relief crosses his face as he approaches it and rounds the side of the house to the front door.

He stops dead in his tracks though when he notices there are a couple of those creatures shambling off only a few feet away.

Frustration crosses his face as he decides what to do.

He runs at full speed to the front door where he throws open the storm door and grabs the handle to the large door.

Turning the knob, he throws his shoulder into it but the door doesn't budge.

Meanwhile the noise he has made catches those creatures' attention as they start shambling his way.

TERRY

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

He fights with the knob and continues to push against the dead-bolted door.

After fighting it for as long as he can, he gives up and runs down off the front step.

Those things are almost on him now.

He starts shining his flashlight up the side of the house, looking for an open window.

With no luck, he shines his flashlight down and notices there is a small basement window that he can get open.

He rushes to it as those things close in on him.

INT. DANK BASEMENT-NIGHT

Terry drops to the gravel floor of the basement; this dank dark basement drips with an eerie and creepy atmosphere.

PIPE DRIPS STEADILY IN THE CORNER.

(CONTINUED)

Light spills in from the front yard through the small window; it catches the dust in the air and streaks into the room.

Terry coughs slightly from the dust.

Terry stops though and tenses up when he strains to hear if there is anything in the shadows waiting for him.

He slowly makes his way across the gravel floor as he starts searching the area.

He shines his flashlight around and finds what appears to be some sort of work bench against the far wall.

He walks past a set of wooden steps that lead up to the main floor.

As he reaches the bench, he begins searching it.

After a few moments of finding nothing of use, he is drawn to a box of shotgun shells half buried under junk on the table.

He grabs it and pulls it down, spilling shells all over the counter and floor.

He scoops some up and starts stuffing them into his pockets. When he bends down to grab some off the floor, he notices the shotgun buried underneath the table.

He rips it out from its hiding spot and starts loading the shells into the gun.

After he has loaded a couple shells, he raises his head slowly.

He stops and listens to the eerie silence that lingers in the air.

Terry strains to hear anything as the silence starts making him uneasy.

He turns around, heads for the corner, and stops when his flashlight falls onto a creepy stall door of a makeshift shower.

TERRY

(Confused and freaked out.)

...the fuck is this?

He hesitates at first, but his curiosity gets the better of him as he heads towards it.

(CONTINUED)

Terry stares the door down some more as he slowly reaches out with his hand and grasps the handle.

He slowly pulls the door open and is sickened by a sight of a bloody mess...

Propped up against the wall of the stall is a body; its forehead is crushed and has the egg beaters buried in its eye sockets.

TERRY

Oh fuck!!

He slams the door in disgust and anger.

He stands still for a moment as he stares at the door.

TERRY

What the fuck ...?

INT. DANK BASEMENT-NIGHT

Terry sits at the bottom of the stairs as he reaches into his back pack again and digs out a map.

MUFFLED SCRAPING CONTINUES.

He unfolds it and sets his flashlight down as he begins trying to figure out where he is and where the closest place to get help would be.

He stops after a moment when he hears a strange scratching noise coming from upstairs.

His eyes grow wider as he assumes it's more of those things, but when he hears sounds of running feet upstairs, he realizes it must be something else.

He stands and arms himself with the gun and slowly makes his way up the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN AREA-NIGHT

Terry opens the basement door and steps out into the dimly lit kitchen area.

He takes a moment to adjust to the darkness as he shines his flashlight around to make sure there are no unexpected surprises waiting for him in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

He steps out of the doorway into the room as his light passes over the counter top, which is a bloody, disgusting mess.

It is apparent to Terry that if there is someone else in the house that they haven't been too concerned with keeping the house tidy.

He walks to the fridge in search of food of which he could stock up.

He reaches out for the door handle as his flashlight glints off the metal handle.

He grasps it tightly and throws it open. All he discovers is a nearly empty fridge.

TERRY

Shit.

It's obvious that someone has raided this fridge a while ago.

He closes the fridge and turns to approach the front of the house when he stops because he hears the scratching noises again coming from the back of the house.

TERRY

(He softly whispers but cuts himself off.)

Hello...

INT. MAIN FLOOR-NIGHT

He silently walks into the dining room at the front of the house.

As his flashlight cuts through the darkness, it rests on one of the front windows that is open a crack.

He jumps into action when he realizes there are a couple creatures that are reaching into the house trying to pull themselves through the window.

He runs over, raising the shotgun, and aims at one of them.

As he pushes the barrel way out the window, he squeezes the trigger but to no avail.

Unknowingly, he starts backing up as he starts inspecting the shotgun, trying to figure out what's wrong.

(CONTINUED)

He stops walking when he realizes that the shotgun was still on safety.

What he doesn't realize though is that he is standing in front of the front door and that it is slightly ajar.

He flicks the safety off and pumps the gun. Just as he looks towards the window again, one of the creatures bursts in through the door.

The force knocks the gun out of his hand, and it clatters across the floor.

Terry starts backing away as the creature begins shambling into the house.

He scrambles over, scoops up the shotgun, and turns back to the creature.

Taking aim, he blasts the thing in the chest throwing it back against the wall.

He stares in shock as the thing moans and starts to rise to its feet.

He pumps again, takes a few steps forward, takes aim, and blasts the thing in the side of its head.

Relieved that the thing is finally dead he takes a step back when he notices another one nearing the door.

He grabs the door and starts pushing against it, trying to close it as the creature starts leaning inside.

He fights with it for a moment as it growls and tries to force its way into the house.

With a surge of strength, Terry slams the door hard crushing its head.

The thing drops to the floor, still in the doorway moaning and trying to crawl inside.

Terry lets out a holler as he takes a few slams, trying to bust open its head.

After a few slams, the thing finally dies. Terry stops and watches it for a moment waiting to see if it's going to get up again.

Once he is convinced it's dead, he reaches down and shoves the thing onto the step.

**He latches the door closed and leans back against it with his head as he tries to slow his breathing.**

His head rises again when he hears a creaking coming from the staircase across the room.

He turns in time to see two figures slowly reach the bottom of the stairs.

Startled, he raises the gun and is ready to shoot.

HENRY

Wait don't shoot! We're not like them.

Terry takes a moment before it sinks in that they aren't going to attack him.

HENRY

Please! I need your help, my wife is badly hurt.

Terry lowers the gun and takes a few steps towards them to see what's wrong.

What he sees is a young woman, clutching a bloody dish towel against a large wound on her face.

She is too weak to stand; and she slowly collapses on the stairs and rests her head against the wall.

Terry doesn't say anything. Instead, he opens his backpack and digs out a small first aid kit.

Henry watches on helplessly as Terry does what he can do.

Terry lowers the towel to examine the wound.

Flinching from the sight of the severely infected wound, Terry tears open a large piece of gauze. He cracks open a bottle of antiseptic and dumps it over the gauze. Placing it against the wound causes Sharon to cry out in severe pain.

HENRY

(Concerned.)  
Jesus, careful!

Terry doesn't even notice Henry's foolish comment and continues on helping Sharon.

TERRY

I need you to hold this here.

Terry turns and looks at Henry.

Henry looks back at Terry, terrified and unsure he can help.

TERRY

Listen man, you're going to have to help me if you want me to do anything for her.

Henry reluctantly moves forward and places his hand against the gauze.

HENRY

Is this going to help?

Terry peels off a couple pieces tape and tears them into long strips.

TERRY

(As he tapes on the gauze.)  
It's all I can do for her with what I have. We will have to find more supplies or get her to the hospital.

Terry finishes up, and Henry quickly lets go and stands back up.

HENRY

No, we can't go there...that place is...the hospital is overrun.

Terry checks the gauze and then stands and turns to Henry.

TERRY

What do you mean it's overrun? Surly there have to be people there who can help us? A place like that doesn't just close its doors.

Henry turns and returns his look.

HENRY

It does when everyone there is dead.

Terry looks shocked at Henry.

HENRY

That's where we just came from...the place is a bloodbath.

Terry digs the phone out of his pocket as he flips it open and goes to call 911 again.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

My phone...how did you get my  
phone?

Terry stops dialing and looks back up.

TERRY

I found an abandoned car on my way  
here. It was just sitting there on  
the seat. I tried to call for help  
already, but I couldn't get through  
to anybody...

HENRY

(Cutting him off.)

That's because there is no one left  
to help.

TERRY

So that's your car, is it? Where  
are the keys? We could get on the  
move right now.

HENRY

It doesn't matter...the car's dead  
too. The bloody thing just quit on  
me.

Before either of them can say another word, Sharon blacks  
out and falls onto the floor at the bottom of the stairs.

HENRY

(Running to her side.)

Sharon! SHARON!

He lifts her in his arms and looks over at Terry.

HENRY

What can we do?

Terry looks around for a moment and then answers.

TERRY

For right now, you two go rest on  
the couch. I'm going to look around  
and see if I can find anything that  
can help us.

Henry nods and heads to the back of the house where he lays  
Sharon gently down on the couch.

Terry watches them for a moment and then quickly changes his  
focus to the upstairs.

He starts ascending the steep staircase.

INT. SECOND FLOOR-NIGHT

As Terry reaches the top of the stairs, he discovers a room on his right and left and a small closet in front of him.

His hand slowly reaches out for the curtain to the closet and he pulls it back to reveal an overstuffed closet with nothing of interest to him.

As he turns away from the closet, he turns to the room on the right first. He holds his flashlight and shotgun out expecting something to burst out anywhere.

What he discovers is an uninteresting storage room with boxes and crates piled in the corner.

He slowly crosses to the far side of the room and approaches the single window in the room.

He presses his face against the glass as he looks down into the backyard of the house.

What he sees is a number of those creatures slowly surrounding the house.

He catches a glimpse of one of them stumbling around with a large gaping wound in its chest.

He can't even fathom how it could still be alive let alone be walking around.

He taps the glass accidentally which catches the attention of one of the creatures as it looks up at him and moans.

TERRY  
(Whispers)  
Shit.

He ducks away from the window and backs away out of the room.

INT. SECOND FLOOR-NIGHT

Terry moves into the other room, which is obviously the master bedroom.

It is a small room but is kept neat and tidy, most likely by Sharon.

(CONTINUED)

Terry shines his flashlight over the room and lets it rest on the dresser against the far wall.

He moves towards it and begins tearing it apart as he searches the drawers.

He happens to glance up at the few photographs sitting on top of the dresser, and soon the realization sinks in that this is the MacKay family, and David is nowhere to be found.

A look of devastation crosses Terry's face as he starts to grow concerned for his son.

He throws a few dress shirts carelessly across the room, and underneath he discovers a hidden pistol.

Terry grabs it and slams the drawer as he stands back up.

One more glance at the photos, and he stuffs the pistol into his pants and heads out of the room.

INT. MAIN FLOOR-NIGHT

Meanwhile, Sharon is laying on the couch with her head in Henry's lap downstairs.

He grabs her hand tightly in his and starts caressing her with his other.

HENRY

(Concerned.)

Sharon? How are you feeling?

SHARON

(Slipping in and out of confusion.)

I feel sick...where is David? Henry why isn't David here with us?

HENRY

He's...Hun, I told you before...He hasn't gotten home from school yet...

He sighs loudly as he realizes she isn't paying attention to him anymore.

He turns away and clicks on the television and begins searching for any sort of news reports.

He flips through a few stations, only to be greeted by the same "Emergency broadcast" symbol.

(CONTINUED)

Loud footsteps from upstairs cause him to look up at the ceiling, wondering what Terry is doing up there.

Henry pulls his attention away from the sounds upstairs and the loud ringing from the television, and instead, he looks down at his and Sharon's hands.

He can't help but become fascinated with the sight of their blood stained hands clasped together tightly.

INT. MAIN FLOOR-NIGHT

Henry has the remote in one hand and flips the channel to a transmission of a radio report.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER

(Playing in the background.)

Authorities have confirmed that due to the unknown origins and emergent state of this ever-growing crisis that the best course of action for individuals is to stay indoors and avoid venturing outside unless it is an extreme emergency. Officials at the Center for Infectious Disease Prevention and Control have yet to make an official statement about this developing epidemic. However, our sources in Ottawa have informed us that complications have arisen from all attempts to quarantine and study the infected subjects. It appears that all infected individuals respond with immediate homicidal tendencies and a complete disregard for their own wellbeing. The Center for Emergency Preparedness and Response have not officially declared this as a terrorist action, but despite this fact, they have begun working with the American government and the Boarder Patrol to stop the flow of this outbreak onto American soil.

Henry sits on the couch listening quietly and intently as Terry walks back into the room.

Terry doesn't say anything as he crosses the room and takes a seat on the adjacent couch.

Henry is too immersed in the report to say anything to him.

(CONTINUED)

After a moment of pondering what to do, Terry opens his back pack and digs out his map.

Laying it out on the coffee table in front of him, he starts searching for a place to head for.

TERRY

(Uncomfortably breaking the  
silence.)

Henry...hmp...you...you're Davids  
father right?

Henry doesn't say anything at the moment: his gaze shifts from his wife's hand slowly to Terry.

Her grasp has gone limp as she has slipped into unconsciousness.

TERRY

(Trying again.)

I mean you're his father more than  
I am anyway.

HENRY

Jesus Christ...you're him...you're  
the son of a bitch that abandoned  
that boy?

Terry is silenced for a moment as he stares at Henry.

TERRY

Me? How about you try and tell me  
where our son is at the moment.

Henry goes silent.

TERRY

'Cause I sure as hell don't see him  
anywhere around here, yet you're  
here not taking care of him.

Henry becomes livid.

HENRY

You have no idea what's going on  
here. You're just an outsider...a  
passer-through. What right do you  
have to come in here and accuse me  
of abandoning MY son when you ran  
out of his life nine years ago?

Terry is shocked by the attack against him, and after a moment of being on the verge of exploding, he calms down and tries to reason with Henry.

TERRY

You're right Henry...I don't belong here. I don't know David, and I definitely don't know you. But can't you understand? All of a sudden I have a son in my life and I have start thinking about him too. So please Henry...tell me where David is.

HENRY

(Anger subsides to despair.)  
...I can't find him...he never came home from school...I don't know what to do.

Henry breaks down as his emotions take hold of him.

Terry's demeanor doesn't change as he needs to find out what happened.

TERRY

Listen, a few minutes ago you were begging for my help, and I can help so why don't you tell me exactly what happened so we can figure out where to start looking.

Henry is silent for a moment as he starts to try and calm himself down.

He looks back to his wife as he remembers exactly what happened. Taking her hand in his once more, he begins to explain what happened to them.

HENRY

I don't know how or when it had started. I mean everyone in town was reading about the bizarre attacks in the papers. I think most of the people around here figured it was some sort of rogue bear...

Terry sets the shotgun down on the coffee table in front of him and leans back in the couch listening.

HENRY

But then yesterday, when our neighbor showed up on our doorstep, he looked sick or something. I told Sharon she should let him in; he might need our help. That's when I heard a slam, and he had...he was the one who did that to her.

(CONTINUED)

Henry chokes up and is unable to continue for a moment.

Terry looks at him concerned but unsure of what to say.

TERRY

Listen...it's okay...

Henry doesn't notice the attempt at comfort. Instead he regains what composure he can and attempts to continue telling what happened.

HENRY

I rushed him...Fred came in chasing after Sharon,... I got so angry. I didn't know what was going on. I just knew that he had hurt her. That's when I found the hammer, and oh god...I killed him, I killed my neighbor.

Henry chokes up again.

Terry goes to stand and comfort Henry when he waves him down.

HENRY

David wasn't here when it happened.  
(He sighs and puts his head down.)

Oh thank God! We had sent him off to school not five minutes before.  
**What would I have said to him if he was here...Jesus, he is just a boy. How could he understand what had happened if I couldn't understand it myself?**

Terry sits back down without any argument.

HENRY

We called the school to get them to send him back home. When I finally spoke to someone and explained what happened they said they had already canceled the classes because the police demanded them to do so. We waited...we waited for so long. The bus never came though...I decided that we would go over there instead, on our way to the hospital. When we finally got to the school, the place was a ghost town...the doors wide open but not

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HENRY (cont'd)  
a single sound coming from  
anywhere.

TERRY  
Jesus Christ Henry...

HENRY  
Sharon needed help right then so I  
had to go...it was the hardest  
thing to do to just leave without  
knowing if my son was there. When  
we got to the hospital though that  
was when I realized things were  
worse than we imagined. The place  
was a war zone. I swear to you  
there was no one left alive  
there...it's not possible, there  
was too much blood and too many  
body parts.

Henry trails off as he has nothing left to say.

Terry stops and tries to put together what he has just  
heard.

They both sit in complete silence for a moment,  
contemplating the situation.

A faint "Help me" from outside catches both of their  
attention.

Terry stands and rushes to the door, leaving the shotgun  
behind on the table.

Henry turns and watches from the couch.

Terry looks terrified as he looks out the window.

HENRY  
Who is it? Terry! Who is it?

Terry can't speak as he watches a lone survivor try to make  
her way to the house.

EXT. FRONT YARD-NIGHT

The injured woman stumbles her way up the driveway to the  
flickering lights coming from the house.

(CONTINUED)

SURVIVOR WOMAN

Hello? Is anyone in there? I need help!

Her yelling only alerts those creatures to her presence, and they start shambling towards her from all directions.

SURVIVOR WOMAN

(Muttering as she runs to the door. )

Jesus Christ.

She makes her way onto the step and almost to safety, but before Terry can open the door to save her, those things are beside her. They knock her to the ground and start ripping and tearing at her.

Terry watches in horror for a moment and then looks away.

The horrible chewing sounds continue for a moment, and then some of the creatures stand and shamble away chewing on parts of her body.

Terry turns back now that they are done and tries to see if there is an opening that they could use to make a break for it.

He is startled when the young woman's eyes flutter open, and she seems to wake up and starts pounding on the door.

INT. MAIN FLOOR-NIGHT

Terry slowly walks back into the living room trying to piece together what he just witnessed.

TERRY

Henry we have to get out of here.  
If we don't, we are going to end up  
dead...or like those things walking  
around out there.

HENRY

I need your help.

TERRY

Listen to me...

HENRY

No! We have to find David! I will  
not leave him here alone to die.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

If he is out there, he is already dead.

HENRY

No, he has to be okay...just scared and alone. I have to save him. I have to save my family.

TERRY

Don't you understand, the best thing we could do for David and Sharon is to go find help and bring it here. They could have figured out what's going on...or somehow to reverse it.

HENRY

(Interrupting)

We are not leaving my family here. We leave together. Do you understand me?

Terry stares down Henry.

TERRY

We can't protect ourselves and take care of them at the same time!

(Pauses as he tries to be sympathetic.)

I'm sorry to say it like this...but we have to save ourselves. There isn't anything we can do for your wife or our son right now.

HENRY

(Refusing to listen.)

My family either comes with me...or I die protecting them. Do you understand me? They are my family, my life. They are the only thing that matters to me.

TERRY

I'm sorry I guess I don't.

He calmly walks over to Sharon and checks her pulse.

TERRY

...Henry, I'm sorry but I don't think you're wife is going to live long enough to get her to help.

(CONTINUED)

Henry tears up again as he rushes to her side to check for himself.

He begins sobbing as he lays his head down on her shoulder.

Terry watches silently for a moment as he tries to figure out how he is going to tell Henry what he needs to say.

TERRY

(clearing his throat and  
speaks calmly and rationally.)

Henry, I can't imagine how hard this is for you right now. But we need to act quickly. The fact is that those things out there are spreading some sort of disease or something. I don't know what it is, but what I do know is that anyone they injure, they also infect. So if we don't act now, then Sharon will also become like those murdering cannibals outside. We need to protect ourselves Henry; it's what we have to do to survive.

Henry stares at Terry dumbfounded for a moment.

HENRY

She is dying for Christ's sake...what are you trying to say?

Instead of verbally answering him, Terry slowly pulls the pistol out of the back of his pants.

HENRY

You put that gun away, you cold-hearted son of a bitch.

TERRY

Walk out of the room Henry...I'll take responsibility for this.

Henry snaps and scoops up the shotgun and raises it to Terry's chest.

HENRY

You bastard...that's my wife you're talking about! She's dying here and you want to put her down like some fucking dog.

Tension grows as Terry looks on sternly and continues to aim the pistol at Sharon.

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

God damn it, Henry...I'm not doing this to disrespect her or you. I'm doing it to make sure she rests in peace.

Henry's finger slides in around the trigger and slowly starts to squeeze it.

HENRY

(Tears streaming down his face.)

Fuck you, you son of a bitch. You think you can come in here and murder my wife! Put that gun down, or so help me, I'll be a murderer twice today.

Terry's finger slowly starts to squeeze the trigger.

TERRY

I'm sorry Henry... But don't you think your wife deserves more than becoming one of those things? I mean what would you do if she attacked you? Would you be able to bury that hammer in her skull?

HENRY

If it came to that...I would take care of my family.

Henry manages to squeeze off a shot first, which tears through Terry's stomach.

He doubles over from the blast but not before letting off a shot, which buries deep into Sharon's chest.

Blood pours from both of them as Henry dives to Sharon's side and tries to console her.

**He clasps his blood-soaked hand in hers and squeezes as tight as he can. Staring at her hand one more time, he watches as her fingers uncurl and go stiff.**

**She coughs and shakes; then her head goes limp, and she exhales one last time.**

**He sits there and holds her for an uncomfortably long period of time.**

**Slowly Henry rises to his feet and looks down at his dead wife.**

(CONTINUED)

He lays her down on the couch and stands up and walks over top of Terry.

Terry lies in a pool of blood, coughing and gurgling. He stares up at Henry in hatred as Henry brandishes the bloody hammer.

Henry stares into Terry's eyes for a moment with no emotion what so ever.

Henry crouches down at Terry's side and raises the hammer. With a swift swing, Henry begins bashing Terry in the head.

Blood begins splattering everywhere, across the walls and the floor and coating Henry's face.

The crunching gets wetter and thicker as the hole grows larger in Terry's forehead.

Another hard swing sprays blood across a nearby window.

Those creatures start banging louder on the front door as the thickening crunch of Terry's skull echoes across the yard.

EXT. FRONT YARD-NIGHT

Those creatures shamle around on the deck aimlessly until Henry busts out the front door, shotgun ready.

They slowly swarm him as he aims and fires a shot. It catches one creature in the head, dropping it to the ground.

He pumps the gun and takes aim at the one that is crawling on its hands and knees up the steps of the deck.

The shot catches it in the side of the face as it splatters blood over the steps.

He pumps again in attempt to fire again, but the creatures are too close for him to aim.

He swings the butt, catching one in the side of the head, knocking it down, and he shoves a couple more back down the steps.

This makes room for him to make it down the driveway. He jumps off the deck as more of them shamle their way towards him.

He fires off another round, catching a creature in the chest.

(CONTINUED)

It knocks it down as it falls back into a tree, leaving a trail of blood behind it.

He pumps again and fires once more, catching a third one in the shoulder blasting it to the ground.

He runs off to the end of the driveway and starts onto the dark road.

As he rounds the corner, another creature pops out of nowhere, grabbing him, and he manages to knock it back and blast it down.

He hurries off, disappearing into the dark as those creatures shamble and moan after him.

INT. MAIN FLOOR-NIGHT

As the front door to Henry's house swings loosely in the wind, the remaining creatures slowly shamble and force their way into the house.

Sharon's corpse begins twitching on the couch as she starts to reanimate.

Finally her eyes snap open, and she slowly climbs to her feet and heads towards the front door.

She bumps her way through the group of creatures that are shambling there way into the room.

The group reaches Terry's body and begins their morbid feast.

While they eat, the radio broadcast continues in the background.

RADIO NEWS REPORTER

We are returning to the air after experiencing some technical difficulties. We have just received an update from the Center for Infectious Disease Prevention and Control who have concluded that the dead are in fact being reanimated by some unknown agent. No word has been given yet to explain from where this infection originated from, whether this is indeed some sort of new and unforeseen terrorist attack or some sort of rampant virus that is taking our

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RADIO NEWS REPORTER (cont'd)  
country by storm. The only thing  
that is confirmed is that anyone  
bitten or injured by these  
creatures will become infected and  
eventually be reanimated. The only  
sure way to permanently destroy  
these creatures is by destroying  
their brain.

Static overtakes the radio broadcast again as it cuts out.

A few of the creatures start biting and tearing off large  
chunks of flesh from Terry's body.

A third creature is knocked down by the group. It starts  
dragging itself across the floor, reaches out, grasps  
Terry's ankle, and begins pulling at his leg.

The skin stretches and pulls as the bones crack from inside  
and eventually the creature manages to tear it off.

The thing rolls over with the leg in its hands as it chews  
and pulls at the tattered ends of skin.

As more of the creatures gather around his body, they begin  
grasping and ripping at whatever they can find.

One buries its hands into his stomach and begins pulling  
out innards.

They all start grabbing at pieces of his intestines as they  
eat whatever they can get.

The carnage continues in the living room as the moon  
brightly shines in through the windows.

EXT. BARNYARD-NIGHT

Transition to the large moon shining down onto a large yard.

Henry quickly makes his way up a long driveway into a large  
open yard of a farmhouse.

He doesn't seem to care that there is a group of four of  
those creatures bent over a kill, feasting on it.

He lets out a growl himself as he charges them, shotgun  
ready.

The sound of his growl alerts the creatures, and they turn  
and start heading in his direction.

(CONTINUED)

He fires off one shot, which throws one of the creatures violently back against the barn wall.

He pumps the gun and goes to fire a second shot when it dry fires, and he realizes he is out of shells.

Quickly he drops it and whips out the pistol from his belt and fires off a round, which blasts through the forehead of the creature in the front

He fires a second shot and kills the next creature.

But when he goes to fire a third time, the pistol jams and won't fire.

Instead he lets out a growl and charges the last two creatures.

He tackles the closest one and starts beating its face in with the butt of the pistol.

It growls as blood erupts from its face, and it reaches forward trying to grasp and tear at Henry.

The creature's skull crunches as it starts to crack open, while at the same time, the other creature has come up behind Henry and grabs him by the shoulder.

Henry finishes his final swing as he kills the first creature and grunts as he turns and throws the second attacker to the ground.

In one swift movement, he has it pinned to the ground.

He kneels over top of it and pulls back the slide of the gun, ejecting the jammed bullet.

Once it's ready, he shoves the barrel of the pistol in its mouth.

He stops for a brief moment as he watches the thing trying to bite its way through the metal gun.

Then, without any further hesitation, Henry is doused in blood as he pulls the trigger and blows the thing's head open.

Henry rises to his feet, breathing heavily as the rage has been sucked from his body.

He looks up at the pitch black barn as he approaches the front door.

As he gets closer, he is able to distinguish bloody child handprints pressed against the white barn door.

Presuming David must be in there, he grabs the handle and recklessly throws the door open and steps into the barn.

INT. DARK BARN-NIGHT

The door loudly slams shut behind him as darkness enshrouds him.

He takes a few steps in when he hears a rustling movement from beside him.

He turns quickly, and in the dim light, he catches the sight of a large flashlight resting on something.

**He picks it up and clicks it on. Another rustle causes him to turn again, and the light falls upon a blood-covered FIREFIGHTER stumbling towards him.**

He cocks the hammer of his pistol, assuming it's one of those creatures.

The sound of this causes the fire fighter to speak up.

FIREFIGHTER  
(Injured.)  
Wait...I'm not one of those  
things...not yet anyway.

The firefighter pulls himself up and stumbles towards Henry.

HENRY  
**I'm looking for my son. Have you  
seen him?**

The firefighter coughs, and when he checks his hand, it is covered in speckles of blood.

FIREFIGHTER  
If you're boy ran out there, then he  
is either dead or became one of  
those.

Henry's eyebrows furrow.

FIREFIGHTER  
**Listen man, you got to get  
moving...get out on the road.  
They've failed trying to control  
it...everyone's dead or dying.**

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

No, my boy is here somewhere, and I  
WILL find him.

FIREFIGHTER

Aren't you listening to me? This  
whole town is overrun with those  
things...their numbers seem to grow  
as the nights wear on. I don't even  
know if there is anywhere safe  
anymore.

The firefighter stumbles and slumps against the door of the  
fridge and slides down to the floor.

FIREFIGHTER

Man, they got me okay. My whole  
division is gone! The military came  
in trying to take control of  
everything, trying to seal off the  
town...

Henry stands over him with his gun still aimed at him.

FIRE FIGHTER

They fucked it up, man. Fucked it  
all up.

The firefighter leans his head back against the fridge as he  
is almost dead.

He stares off into space as he feels weaker and knows he is  
dying.

FIREFIGHTER

...Just do it...

Henry doesn't bother responding and instead he cocks the  
pistol.

He looks up at him with "thank you" written in his eyes as  
Henry looks down at him unemotional.

He doesn't flinch when he puts a round into the  
firefighter's head, and his body falls over dead.

Henry continues his search as he moves into the other room  
of the barn.

He slowly pushes the screen door open as he walks into the  
large workshop.

He shines his light around and it falls upon one of those  
creatures chained up to the work bench.

(CONTINUED)

A bloody, severed arm rests behind it, which it has obviously been eating for a while.

It groans and reaches out at Henry.

He turns away from it unconcerned and heads to the truck sitting in front of him.

He throws open the driver side door and reaches in and clicks on the headlights.

He looks up through the windshield and notices that there is a shadow of a boy falling across the wall now.

HENRY

David? Is that you?

He steps down from the truck.

SOUNDS OF FEET SHUFFLING AND A CHILD'S MOAN.

HENRY

Are you okay son?

He walks towards him; David is still in shadows.

Henry bends down to one knee as he gets closer.

HENRY

(Very emotional)

I know you must be scared son, but  
I'm here now...I'll never abandon  
you again David; I promise

David finally steps out of the shadow, and it is obvious that he is one of those creatures.

Henry doesn't seem to notice, and instead he leans in to give his boy a hug.

As Henry's arms wrap around him, David seems to show no sign of recognition.

**Instead David leans forward and clamps down on Henry's throat.**

Henry hollers in pain as he tries to pull away; David continues to bite and tear at his skin.

Blood oozes everywhere as Henry grows weak and falls to his back in pain.

He slowly lifts his pistol in an attempt to finish David off.

He places the gun against David's temple and begins to squeeze the trigger.

Henry's eyes catch David's for a brief moment, and he realizes there is no way he could hurt his little boy.

He pulls the gun away and fires it at the creature that is chained to the work bench.

Its head pops, and it slumps to the floor as the chains keep it up part of the way.

Meanwhile, David pulls back and tears off a large chunk of flesh from Henry's neck as blood gurgles out quickly.

Henry's eyes grow wider in shock as he begins gurgling and choking on the blood.

His eyelids slowly close, and his head slumps to the side as he dies.

David pulls himself up from the dead body and slowly begins shuffling away out of the barn.

Moments later, Henry's foot twitches slightly, followed by his index finger and then his entire arm.

Eventually his eyes flick open, and he moans as he pulls himself to his feet.

He pauses for a moment as he lets out a low growl and as the blood drips from the wound on his neck.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD-NIGHT

**David and Henry stumble past the abandoned teddy bear.**

**Father and son are finally reunited as they shamle off into the night together.**

FADE TO BLACK

THE END