

LAND OF THE
LIVING DEAD

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - AFTERNOON.

MARTHA and RYAN come walking up a narrow forest trail. The sawed off shotgun hangs loosely from Ryan's grasp as he focuses his eyes down at Martha's side, where she has her gun tucked in under the blouse.

MARTHA
(Feeling his stare)
Ryan?

Ryan snaps out of it and looks up to Martha's face.

RYAN
I was just curious over something.

MARTHA
Shoot, Ryan.

RYAN
Your handgun. I realized I've never seen you putting it to action.

MARTHA
We haven't really had many run ins with the dead.

RYAN
Have you ever had to use it?

Martha smiles.

MARTHA
In other words, have I got the makings of a good shot?

RYAN
Yeah, something like that.

Martha thinks for a second.

MARTHA
I think I've only had to use it twice so far. Both times way back before we even picked you up.

RYAN
How did it go those two times?

MARTHA
I had a lucky shot the first time.

RYAN
And the second?

MARTHA
Second time I stupidly wasted the
whole clip into the thing's torso.

RYAN
So you had to take a hike?

MARTHA
Found another option.

Ryan grins in anticipation.

RYAN
What did you do?

MARTHA
Well, we were stopped by some
woodcutter's house... and there was
an axe embedded in a stock of wood
just a few feet away from where I
was standing.

RYAN
Seriously?

MARTHA
Oh yes.
(Beat)
I chopped its head in half.

Martha swings a pretend axe and makes a pretend splashing
noise with her mouth. Ryan chuckles.

RYAN
You really did that?

MARTHA
I remember it very vividly.

RYAN
What did you do with the axe?

MARTHA
You think I'd take it with me? Some
filthy tool I found, splattered in
coagulated blood and decomposing
brain matter?

Ryan opens his mouth to respond, but Martha intersects.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
(A bit shameful)
Because that's what I did.
(Beat)
(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I keep it hidden in a our cooler box, for any special occasion that might pop up along the road.

RYAN

Cool... no pun intended.

MARTHA

And yes, I will let you get a good look at it once we get back.

Martha turns to Ryan. She smirks.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Answering your unspoken question.

Martha continues ahead. Ryan follows with a satisfied smile appearing on his face and we cut to...

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

We watch from behind a pair of branches, from a distance, as Martha and Ryan go on. A SMALL SHADOW quietly rises and slips away out of frame in their direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS.

OVERHEAD SHOT of this highway. To our left is the forest with its trees, to our right the parking lot of a DINER. At the center of the otherwise empty, grassy cement lies a single burnt out TRUCK on its side. The added chipping of birds makes the subtle image of devastation almost look peaceful.

FOCUS ON Martha and Ryan, as they exit from the trees and step out onto the highway.

Ryan takes in the sight of the truck. He and Martha turn to each other.

RYAN

Should we?

Martha brings out her gun and raises it to her cheek.

MARTHA

Let's hope for double the jackpot.

They begin to head towards the truck, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK STORAGE - CONTINUOUS.

Darkness, until--

The door SLIDES up, flooding the vast storage space of the truck with light. Martha gets up and lends Ryan a hand to climb up after her.

Ryan and Martha throw quick looks around.

Walls. Nothing but emptiness.

The duo looks to each other. Ryan shrugs his shoulders.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS.

Martha hops out first. Her face instantly freezes at something off screen. Ryan takes some time climbing down behind her, eyes on the ground.

RYAN

Martha, do you remember that one time when...

MARTHA

(Interrupting, Frozen)
Ryan..

Ryan's feet connect with the ground.

RYAN

(Looking up)
Martha?

Ryan freezes too at the sight of the thing off screen.

REVERSE ANGLE to see a BOY with long red-brown hair and a dirty face, wearing a black T-shirt and torn jeans-made-shorts. He stares at Martha and Ryan with his deep blue eyes while he aims a small GUN at them. JASON BURROWS.

Back on Martha and Ryan, as they raise their hands.

MARTHA

Kid, there is no need for...

JASON

You two are with a group, right?

MARTHA

We are. A large one.

RYAN

(Nervous)
Filled with lots of people, like the three of us here... you know, living people, who don't shoot each other with things..

Jason looks at his gun. His facial expression suddenly loosens up a lot.

JASON

Oh... right.

Jason lowers the gun. He tucks it down into his jeans.

JASON (CONT'D)

Old habit.

Back on Martha and Ryan, as they look to each other.

BLACKOUT.

END OF TEASER

STARRING

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Rose Byrn

Maggie Grace

Spencer Locke

Ryan Kwanten

Josh Hutcherson

Laurie Holden

With

Nicholas Lea

And

Chandler Canterbury

"Sleepless In Seattle - Part 2"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE INDUSTRIAL AREA - AFTERNOON.

We PAN DOWN from the slowly darkening sky to find ourselves over the eerie area of ruined buildings from the end of last episode. Our focus is once again placed upon the sole strong building that serves as the THUG HIDEOUT.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

STEVE sits in the corner, where we left him, looking down with escalating horror in his eyes.

RICK kneels by the side of CRYSTAL, who is starting to move her facial features (in concern?) as she begins to wake up.

RICK
Crystal? You here?

Crystal coughs out. Rick slides away slightly to give her some breathing space. Crystal slowly flickers her eyes open and twists her head to look at Rick.

CRYSTAL
Hey.

RICK
How's your head working?

Crystal struggles and sits up. She gasps slightly in pain.

CRYSTAL
It's nothing.

Crystal takes in the details of Rick's face. The barely dried wound across his nose, caused by Michael's kick.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Which one cracked your nose?

RICK
The one that's getting my gun
shoved down their throat when we
get outta here.

CRYSTAL
Ah.

RICK
You sure you're alright?

CRYSTAL

Yeah I am.

STEVE (O.S.)

We're gonna die here tonight.

Rick and Crystal turn to Steve in the corner, who slowly looks up with the ever-present terror on his face. His face is in worse shape than Rick's, bruised and swollen.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, I knew I never should have went along... but hey! Why not? It was only guaranteed death.

Steve unleashes a long gasp... or is it a maniacal laugh?

STEVE (CONT'D)

I... I mean, did you see how that one guy was looking at me?

RICK

This? Steve, this ain't nothing compared to...

STEVE

Yeah, yeah, you're this big badass who's been through hell and back countless times... I'm not. I really... am... not...

CRYSTAL

Hey Rick.

Rick looks to Crystal and then to where she is looking up at.

We cut to an ANGLE set just outside the bars, with Crystal and Rick looking up towards us.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

How about the window?

RICK

Let's give it a try.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON.

We're off the trail now, in the middle of the trees that surround it. Jason leads Martha (her gun back under the blouse) and Ryan ahead. He uses a small pocket knife to cut through any blocking branches in their way.

MARTHA

Do you have a name?

JASON

It's Jason. Burrows.

MARTHA

Alright, Jason... where are we headed to?

JASON

My place.

RYAN

You live out here in the forest?

JASON

Camping out here, but I guess you can call it a home too.

Jason SLICES off a branch about to smack his face.

JASON (CONT'D)

I heard your group arriving at the gas station over there.

MARTHA

Why didn't you come to us?

Jason stops. Martha and Ryan stop behind him.

RYAN

Were you scared of us?

JASON

I don't get scared.

MARTHA

We all get scared more or less these days. It's no real secret.

RYAN

Yeah, It's only me that doesn't.

JASON

I have some trouble trusting new people these days.

Jason turns to look at them.

JASON (CONT'D)

Not all of the survivors are as friendly as you two.

MARTHA

We know that.

JASON

Sure.

Jason turns back around.

FOCUS ON Jason, as he heightens his knife again.

JASON (CONT'D)
We'll say that.

Jason moves out of frame. Martha and Ryan follow.

RYAN
(Quietly, to Martha)
Sharp little guy...

They exit frame and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT GROUND - CONTINUOUS.

A spacious, grey TENT stands in a wide patch void of trees in the forest. Jason appears from the trees a bit away, with Martha and Ryan. They approach the tent.

RYAN
Could I ask you something, Jason?

JASON
Go on.

RYAN
What's it like? Sleeping out here.

JASON
It's actually very nice. I haven't had any trouble here. Only one or two of the dead things popping up when I've gone to find food, but never right here.

RYAN
I never went camping back in the day... cause of all the animals and all that.

JASON
Animals haven't really been a problem either.

They reach the tent. Jason slips down the knife into his jeans pocket. He zips the tent opening down.

JASON (CONT'D)
Excuse me for a sec, while I pick up the stuff.

Jason bows and disappears into the tent.

RYAN
 (Quietly)
 He's too good to be true.

Martha lightly elbows Ryan in the side.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 I'm just saying. We've just met the
 coolest kid ever to exist.

Jason gets back out, with a heavy-looking BACKPACK now on his back. He pulls a filled potato-sack behind himself.

MARTHA
 What's in those, Jason?

JASON
 Some personal things from my old
 life in the backpack.

Jason throws the potato-sack. Martha narrowly catches the heavy thing.

JASON (CONT'D)
 The food from the diner is in that.

Martha turns the sack over...

PUSH IN on the grassy ground, as a whole bunch of CANS flood out onto it.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - AFTERNOON.

PULL BACK from the barred window, just as Crystal's slim fingers WRAP around the bars. She pulls. Struggles.

STEVE (O.S.)
 You're wasting your time...

CRYSTAL
 Steve.

STEVE (O.S.)
 Whatever..

Crystal pulls one last time. It doesn't move. She sighs and looks down. We PAN DOWN to reveal Steve carrying her on his shoulders, looking up to her with hopeless eyes.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 It didn't work, did it?

Crystal looks over to Rick, watching them.

RICK
We'll think of something.

CRYSTAL
(Remaining optimistic)
Yeah, we will.

Crystal throws a look out the window, at the buildings outside. The sun is slowly setting in the sky behind them.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
We should hurry, though.

Crystal looks back over to Rick.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
It'll be night soon.

STEVE
Great..

Rick looks down. He begins pacing around and brings his hand up to his chin as he desperately tries to think of something.

Crystal looks down to Steve.

CRYSTAL
Take me down.

CLOSE ON Steve, as he drops to his knees.

STEVE
(whispered, bitter)
Would have been nice now...

Crystal climbs off Steve's shoulders and walks over to Rick.

CRYSTAL
Did you try the door?

Without responding, Rick LAUNCHES at the door. He gives it a hard kick. Still no budge. Rick stumbles back in pain.

Crystal looks off to a wall, panic slowly but clearly starting to dig its way up in her.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS.

FOCUS ON a table, where a dusty bottle drips wine down over the edge. There is a white spot behind the bottle that looks to be something other than dust.

RAYMOND (O.S.)
Jill... Jill, wake up.

Cut to focusing on RAYMOND, as he shakes the slumbering figure of Jill in the couch. She remains unresponsive.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

Jill, I need to take a piss. Give me the keys.

Raymond looks to the table, where he notices a spot of white powder on it. He looks back to Jill with a deep sigh.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You on those drugs again, huh?

Raymond pats through Jill's clothes. He hits onto a lump.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

She won't even notice...

Raymond digs his hand in under Jill's shirt and pulls back out the KEYS he was referring to. Cut to...

An OVERVIEW of the massive room that is the main area of the building. Some of the windows have only been partly covered with the metal sheets, allowing daylight to slip inside.

Raymond begins to move away from the couch and the table that have been placed at the center of the otherwise empty room, heading towards the heavy EXIT door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THUG HIDEOUT - CONTINUOUS.

FOCUS on the door as it swings open and Raymond exits. He rushes to unzip and pull down his pants as the door slams back shut behind him.

Raymond closes his eyes and releases his fluids. We PAN AROUND to see A FEMALE ZOMBIE wrapped in a plastic bag standing right next to him. She reaches for Raymond.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS.

The same OVERVIEW shot, as Raymond's scream pierces the absolute silence. Jill remains out cold on the couch.

FOCUS ON the metal door, as we hear the key clumsily trying to be stuck into the lock. Raymond screams louder. The key finally fits in and the lock twists.

The door SWINGS open and Raymond stumbles in, collapsing with his knees onto the floor. He grasps his neck, trying to stop the heavy BLEEDING. "Plastic Bag Girl" shuffles in behind Raymond, a bloody hole torn in the plastic around her mouth.

As the door attempts to close, ANOTHER ZOMBIE shoots itself in through it. Followed by another, followed by another.

CUT TO:

INT. TY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

A small, filthy office. The dusty window looks out at the other factory-like buildings.

TY sits with his feet crossed on the desk, tending to his nails with his pocket-knife. MICHAEL sits by the wall on a chair, reading a book with boredom.

Ty looks up from his nails. His eyebrows knit together.

TY

Michael!

Michael looks up from his book, raising his eyebrow in a slightly annoyed way.

TY (CONT'D)

Did I remember tellin' you to take Jill's coke away?

MICHAEL

You forgot.

Ty sighs deeply and puts his feet down. He stabs his knife into the wood of the desk.

TY

Come with me downstairs.

Michael twists the upper edge of the page as bookmark and flips the book shut. He rises from his chair and puts the book down on it.

As Ty heads out of the office with Michael behind, we...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS.

Ty and Michael walk through this dark hallway leading to the doorway out into the light of the main area.

TY

Jill! You awake down there?

No response. Just an eerie chewing noise.

Ty and Michael exit into...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS.

Ty and Michael step out onto the top of the rusty stairway leading down to the main floor. Ty's face distorts in a mix of shock and disgust.

Down at the couch, the roughly five other Zombies that entered after Plastic Bag Girl crowd around Jill, pulling out and eating her guts from her ripped open belly.

Over at the door, Plastic Bag Girl herself feasts off Raymond's shoulder. Raymond's body is still twitching.

Ty pulls out his gun and points it as he begins to descend the stairs.

TY

You rottin' cocksuckers!

Ty aims around at the Zombies eating Jill, just as they look up to him. He puts bullets into their heads, one by one.

TY (CONT'D)

Go back and suck your mother's tits in hell, where you belong!

The last Zombie at the couch drops. Cut to...

A CLOSE-UP of Plastic Bag Girl, as she rips a long chunk off Raymond's flesh, causing a river of blood down his shirt. She sees Ty and Michael descending the stairs. She lets go of the chunk with a snap and GROWLS towards the two men.

Michael pulls out and aims his gun over Ty's head.

SPLAT!

The bullet tears through the plastic and SPLATTERS Plastic Bag Girl's eye into a bloody mess inside. She falls back.

Ty and Michael touch down upon the floor. Ty lowers his gun and slowly approaches the couch, his disgust escalating.

TY (CONT'D)

(Lower voice)

Cocksuckin' bastards...

Ty angrily KICKS one of the fallen bodies off the table and rounds it to get to Jill.

CLOSE ON Jill's face, her eyes standing open. Ty runs his hand across her face and seals her eyelids.

Ty turns back to Michael.

TY (CONT'D)

They followed us back...

Michael, unlike Ty, remains fully calm. Not disgusted in the least by the gruesome sight.

Ty looks down at a dead dead Zombie and spits.

TY (CONT'D)
Cocksuckin' bastards...

Michael looks off to Raymond's dead body.

Back to a CLOSE-UP of Jill's face, as her eyes suddenly snap back open, a milky white color in them now.

Ty turns back to Jill just in time for her to rise, guts spilling out of her open belly. She grasps Ty's shoulders and takes a big BITE out of his neck. He screams and fires off his gun into her chest.

Michael looks back from Raymond's body. He quickly propels Jill's body back with a bullet to the head.

Ty stumbles back and collapses onto the table, grasping at his bleeding neck-wound. He looks up to find Michael aiming the gun down at his head.

MICHAEL
(Still calm)
See you later, Ty.

TY
No, no, Michael don't...!!

Michael FIRES the bullet into Ty's eye with a SPLAT! His hand drops from his neck. Cut to...

The OVERVIEW shot of the room. Michael stands put at the table and the couch. Absolute silence rules yet again in the aftermath of the massacre.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Crystal is back ontop of Steve's shoulders, with Steve barely able to balance her as she PULLS at the bars again.

Rick leans against the far wall, looking down in thought.

Crystal stops pulling. Instead she SLAPS her palms against the bars angrily.

STEVE
Given up yet?

CRYSTAL
Not until I've broken these.

Crystal grasps the bars again. Continues to pull.

Steve looks down and takes a deep breath.

The sound of the rusty doorlock turning suddenly comes from off screen. The three captives look towards it with surprise.

We SWISH-PAN over from them to the door, as it slowly swings open, squealing. Michael stands outside in the hallway, his gun held down by his side.

Rick stares coldly at Michael.

RICK

You.

MICHAEL

You come with me if you wanna live.

RICK

Where you got charming friends?

MICHAEL

They died.

A quick beat, as Rick melts the fact.

RICK

So you just gonna let us walk?

With a smirk, Michael turns and walks off into the hallway.

Rick looks up to Crystal, who returns the look. They share a mutual confusion, as we...

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY TO MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS.

Rick, Crystal and Steve come stalking out of the darkness towards the open doorway into the main area. As they reach the doorway and step out, we...

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN AREA - CONTINUOUS.

The trio, with Rick at the front, steps out onto the top of the stairway. They furrow their eyebrows at what they see.

The aftermath of the massacre. Jill, Ty and the other Zombies around the couch. Michael kneels by Raymond over at the door and picks out his gun.

Michael puts Raymond's gun down into the big WEAPONS BAG he has hanging over his shoulder, filled with everything we've seen so far. Next to Michael on the floor rest the bags of groceries Ty's gang picked up at the start of last episode.

Rick, Crystal and Steve begin climbing down the stairs.

RICK
(Loudly, to Michael)
What happened?

FOCUS ON Michael, as he grasps the strap of the Weapons bag and stands.

MICHAEL
(also loudly)
Some corpses got in.

RICK
Yeah... might have something to do with the loud as hell gunfight you people started out there.

Rick, Crystal and Steve reach the floor. They step around the couch towards Michael.

MICHAEL
Blame them, if you still got the need for it.

Michael heads off to the left side of the room, where there is another door.

RICK
How do we know we can trust you?

MICHAEL
(Not looking back)
What else you got?

Michael opens the door and heads into another room.

Rick and Crystal look to each other again. Then they shift their eyes down to...

The bags full of groceries Michael has left on the floor.

We SWITCH FOCUS from the bags to the three survivors looking down over at them, as we...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. THUG HIDEOUT - GARAGE - AFTERNOON.

The silvery door to the garage in the building is PULLED UP from inside, by Rick. He quickly runs back into...

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

Rick seats himself in the passenger seat and shuts the door.

RICK

It's about a twenty minute drive outside the city. Go down Highway 35 and you get there.

MICHAEL

I'll find it.

We PAN from Rick to Crystal and Steve sitting in the back seat of the car. They've got the "grocery bags" in their laps and Crystal's got the Weapons Bag over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. THUG HIDEOUT - AFTERNOON.

Some more ZOMBIES begin to appear at the corners of the screen, as Michael's car pulls out of the garage and heads off across the cracked cement in front of the building.

We SWISH-PAN as Michael's car passes us and a close Zombie growls and reaches for it. We are turned to see the car disappear down the street between the brick buildings.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON.

We OVERVIEW the gas station and the same Convoy people scattered around across it. A couple of children run through the crowd of gossiping women, who seem to take great offence.

GOSSIPING WOMAN

Watch out, you little brats!

We cut to FOCUS on the trees by the gas station, as Martha and Ryan appear from them... accompanied by Jason. Martha carries the potato-sack, with the contents back inside.

AMELIA sits with TAYLOR and ADAM, the latter two engaging in conversation, on boxes outside The Ambulance. One of the water bottles from the crate rests by Taylor on the ground.

FOCUS ON Amelia, as she sees the returning people... and, to her great surprise, the third member with them.

ADAM

Uhuh, my mom says they do.

TAYLOR

The corpses can't need food to survive, Adam... they're dead.

ADAM

And dead people walking around makes much more sense, huh?

AMELIA

Martha and Ryan are back..

Taylor and Adam both look to see the returnees. Taylor looks pleasantly surprised. Adam not so much.

TAYLOR

Look. A boy your age, Adam.

ADAM

He looks weird.

TAYLOR

You look weird too.

Adam makes a "Ha ha ha, very funny" face.

Amelia straightens up on her box, trying to look "boss-y".

AMELIA

What would Rick say to him?

TAYLOR

'Hey, here's my Convoy, Gotta go?'

AMELIA

Maybe not that.

Amelia and Taylor rise. Taylor looks down to Adam, who simply shakes his head.

ADAM

I don't like strangers.

TAYLOR

I'm sure he doesn't bite.

ADAM

No.

TAYLOR

Fine. Stay here then.

Taylor turns around and she and Amelia head off...

Martha, Ryan and Jason stop midway as Amelia and Taylor walk over to them.

AMELIA

Find anything out there?

MARTHA

(To her potato-bag)

This

(To Jason)

and this.

Amelia kneels to face Jason. She gives him a warm smile and reaches out a hand for him to shake.

AMELIA

Hello there. I'm Amelia.

Jason grasps her hand.

JASON

I'm Jason. Are you the leader of this group?

AMELIA

(A bit flattered)

Well, at the moment I am.

Martha throws the potato-bag at Taylor, who (like Martha herself earlier) narrowly catches it.

TAYLOR

Easy there.

MARTHA

The food that was left in the diner
is in that. Courtesy of Jason here.

Taylor shakes the bag. The cans cling against each other
within it.

TAYLOR

Let me guess... beans?

RYAN

Sardines, actually.

TAYLOR

Yum.

Back on Amelia, as her smile considerably tones down at the
sight of something on Jason.

AMELIA P.O.V.

We look down to the gun-shaped lump in Jason's shirt... and
then to the knife's handle sticking out of his jeans pocket.

Jason notices what Amelia is eyeing.

AMELIA

Jason, honey...

JASON

I want to keep them both.

AMELIA

It's just... guns aren't...

JASON

Guns aren't toys. I've figured that
part out.

AMELIA

Someone could get hurt.

JASON

They won't. I shoot pretty good.

MARTHA

Amelia.

Jason and Amelia both look up to Martha.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

If my word means anything, I think
Jason's good to go with that gun.

RYAN

Yeah, he's been out there just by
himself for a long time.

Amelia looks back down to Jason, who turns back to her with raised eyebrows and somewhat pleading eyes.

JASON

Please and all that... Amelia?

Amelia grits her teeth. She's reluctant. But then...

AMELIA

I'll let you hold onto it for now,
but only if you keep it away from
the other children... Okay?

JASON

I promise.

AMELIA

We'll handle this later.

Amelia begins to rise.

Taylor hugs the bag of sardines and looks at Jason.

TAYLOR

I'm Taylor, by the way.

Jason gives Taylor a little smile, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE SKYLINE - AFTERNOON.

We view the ruined buildings against the sky. The clouds have turned a light red color. The few last beams of the sun reflect off the tops of the buildings.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

Michael's car rounds the corner and begins heading towards us through the long street. Wrecked vehicles line. Rubble scattered here and there on the sidewalk. A few rotten corpses lying around.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

The occupants of the vehicle sit in an awkward silence.

Rick looks out the window, looking for moving dead.

Crystal does the same as Rick.

Steve looks down into the bag in his lap, panic flushing over him again as he tries not to look out.

Michael, with his hand on the wheel, just looks ahead with a continuously calm and casual appearance.

The car hits upon a crack and shakes its occupants slightly.

Rick turns to Crystal and the weapons bag, then to Michael.

RICK

You got our guns in that?

Michael nods a single time, without looking off the road.

Rick turns back around to Crystal. She's already onto the task, digging her hand down into the bag.

CRYSTAL

The regulars?

RICK

I figure we ought to keep light after everything.

Crystal pulls out Rick's gun and hands it to him. She pulls out her own and slides it into her jeans. After a bit more digging, she pulls out Steve's revolver too.

Crystal gives Steve's shoulder a poke with the revolver.

CRYSTAL

You want this back?

Steve looks up slowly. He carefully grasps the gun by the barrel, forming the words "Thanks" with his mouth. He returns to looking down again.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

We PAN DOWN to the bonnet of the car, as it suddenly slows down to a stop. A howling wind carries a newspaper across the cement behind the car.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

Rick, Crystal and Steve look to Michael in confusion.

RICK

Why are we stopping?

Michael raises a finger, indicating for Rick to listen.

Rick looks back ahead at the road.

Silence for a moment... no, not silence. There is that howling of the wind we heard. But it's not the wind.

RICK (CONT'D)

That ain't a few of 'em..

MICHAEL

It's a walk.

Rick turns to the back seat.

RICK

Crystal! Bags!

Crystal picks up two bags and throws them to Rick. By the look of her face, she realizes what's going on.

Rick throws Michael one of the two bags, Michael having just turned off the engine. The two men slide down in their seats and cover themselves with the bags.

In the back seat, Crystal briefly grabs the attention of the already terrified Steve's eyes.

CRYSTAL

Don't make a sound.

STEVE

I... I won't.

Crystal and Steve slide down in their seats too, throwing the remaining bags up over themselves for cover.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

We PAN UP from the back of the car, to see the end of the street... where several ZOMBIES shuffle into view. More come behind the first few... and more come after those. The whole bunch of them stick tightly together. A PACK.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

We FOCUS ON the terror of Steve's face, looking to the side under the bag.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Crystal's face, as she rolls her eyes around, as if unsure of what exactly to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

The Zombies push one another forward, shuffling across the street and reaching the car surprisingly fast. Being as tightly packed as they are, some of them BUMP into the sides of the car as they realize to move around the object.

Off this horrific sight, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON.

We overview the gas station. People have started clearing out, heading back into the bus as the red sky hovers above in reminder of the coming night. Sitting around are only about two parties of card-players. Amelia sits alone outside the ambulance on one box.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - AFTERNOON.

Ryan sits, poking a screwdriver around inside a small alarm clock with a bored expression. He throws a glance out at The Ambulance by their side.

Martha sits back, with her feet up and crossed. She licks her finger and flips the page in her book.

Ryan suddenly stops with the clock. He puts it down and turns to Martha.

RYAN

Amelia looks like she could use
someone to talk to.

Martha looks up. She looks to Amelia outside then to Ryan.

MARTHA

Me? You think I should go over
there and talk to her?

RYAN

Who else does she have?

Martha smirks with a hint. He notices, rolling his eyes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I know you know.

MARTHA

I know everything you know, Ryan.

RYAN

I won't deny it either.

Ryan looks back out, towards The Ambulance.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Taylor is hot.

MARTHA
You want her?

Ryan turns back to Martha.

RYAN
She's the one at the moment.

Martha smacks her book shut. She puts her feet down and throws the book on as replacement.

Martha and Ryan, a wide grin appearing on his face, open their doors and step out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON.

Martha steps around the hood of the car and comes to stand by Ryan's side.

Amelia sits oblivious a few feet away from them.

MARTHA
Amelia!

Amelia turns to them. She puts on a smile.

AMELIA
Martha! How is the book I gave you?

MARTHA
I'll write you a long review once I finish it.

AMELIA
Looking forward to that.

MARTHA
Would you and Taylor have any spare boxes over there?

TAYLOR (O.S.)
(Muffled)
How many you need?!

MARTHA
Just the one! Thank you!

The passenger door opens and Taylor's hand drops a sitting box out next to Amelia.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
Anything else, for anyone?

Taylor pokes her head out. She spots Ryan.

RYAN
Hey Taylor.

TAYLOR
Hey.

There's a beat. Martha and Amelia look on, both obviously getting the vibes, as Ryan and Taylor stare at each other.

Then finally...

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
You wanna come in?

RYAN
Yeah. Sure.

Ryan throws Martha a quick glance, before he steps over to the Ambulance. Taylor moves herself into the drivers seat and Ryan jumps in, slamming the door shut behind them.

Amelia looks to Martha. She smiles again, deviously.

AMELIA
(Quieter)
So Taylor and Ryan?

MARTHA
Seems to be heading on that trail.

Martha turns around and pulls open the Van's passenger door.

AMELIA
Martha?

Martha turns back.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Didn't you want to sit?

MARTHA
Oh, yes! I forgot about that.

Martha shuts the door. She steps over to Amelia and throws herself down onto the second box.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
These things are more comfortable
than they look.

AMELIA
Why do you think I sit out here all
the time?

Martha chuckles slightly.

Cut to an ANGLE behind the two women, as they view the few remaining people outside. We stay on this for a couple of moments, with nothing but silence running through.

Amelia looks down, as her temporary good mood drops.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Martha, don't you think they should have been back by now?

Martha crosses her hands and looks at Amelia.

MARTHA

They will. Just give them time.

AMELIA

Time... I guess we at least have plenty of that these days.

Off Amelia, we cut to...

Jason. He leans with his back against one of the trees behind the gas station, sharpening a piece of wood with his knife. The backpack lies next to him.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Jason's face, as he focuses his eyes down on the sharpening...

BOY (O.S.)

Hey you!

Jason quickly slips the knife down into his jeans and throws the wood away. He looks up to see a blonde boy with bowlcut approaching, accompanied by a burly boy. NOAH TURNER. TYLER.

NOAH

We both saw it, dickhead.

Jason looks around.

JASON

Saw what? I don't see anything.

The two boys reach him.

NOAH

Ha ha ha. That's very funny.

TYLER

Give us the knife.

Jason still holds up the clueless face.

JASON

What knife are you talking about?

A light-bulb suddenly goes off in Jason's eyes. He looks behind himself, into the forest and back to the boys.

JASON (CONT'D)

Would you cut me with it?

TYLER

Just give it to us!

Jason pulls out the knife and hands it to Noah. He stares intensely into Noah's eyes.

JASON

Cut me good with it... please?

Noah and Tyler turn to look at each other. Despite their confusion, they both look... willing.

Off Jason, looking all of a sudden excited, we...

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

The seemingly endless pack of Zombies keeps on wandering through the street around the car. Some of the ghouls also continue bumping against it as they pass.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

We're once again FOCUSED on Steve, as another one of the Zombies bumps against his window. Steve shakes slightly and seals his eyes.

We SWITCH FOCUS from Steve to Crystal and her bag and see the Zombies passing by outside her window.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Rick, keeping calm under his bag but with furrowed eyebrows.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Michael, who seems to be more bored by this than anything.

A Zombie bumps against Michael's window, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

We TRACK one of the Zombies, an especially rotten male in a cheerful Hawaii shirt opened just enough for his ribs to show through the flesh.

We PAN AROUND to Hawaii Shirt's side, as he suddenly halts himself right outside Crystal's window. The other Zombies keep on moving, going around him.

"Hawaii Shirt" takes a big sniff out of the air, as we SWITCH FOCUS to the window beside him...

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

We're FOCUSED on Crystal, with Hawaii Shirt turning slowly towards the window in the background. He slowly places his hands against it. The creature's rotten breath impacts with the glass as he makes a silent growl.

Crystal keeps her eyes frozen against the bag.

Cut to Steve, who has his eyes shut tight. One of the passing Zombies BUMPS against his window.

The sounds of the shuffling feet slowly begin to die down...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

The last few Zombies pass Hawaii Shirt, out of frame. Hawaii Shirt himself slowly tears himself away from the window and looks after his companionship. He begins to head after them.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - AFTERNOON.

We stay on Crystal's face for a moment, as she stays frozen with her eyes open, waiting.

STEVE (O.S.)
(Whisper)
H... have they...

CRYSTAL
(Whisper)
Shhh!

Crystal takes another moment. There is no sound outside.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)
(Whisper)
I'll check. Stay put.

Crystal carefully leans her head a bit to the left and looks out her window from behind the bags.

No Zombies. Just the empty street from before they came.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - AFTERNOON.

We overview the street, with the one car at the center, from high above. All the Zombies have passed through.

CRYSTAL (O.S.)
They've all left.

We hear the bags being thrown off and the four occupants quickly sitting up straight.

STEVE (O.S.)
What the hell was that?!

RICK (O.S.)
They pack together cause of
something sometimes. So they just
walk around.

(Beat)
Probably our fighting today got 'em
all rounded up and excited.

The car engine STARTS back up.

STEVE
Let's get the hell outta here
before they come back!

The car sets into motion and drives off on the street...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON.

Tyler grasps Jason by the arm, pulling him deeper in among
the trees. Noah toys around with the knife in his hands.

NOAH
Alright, this is far enough.

Tyler drops Jason down onto the ground.

TYLER
You sick little shit...

Noah steps around to the opposite side of Jason.

NOAH
Should we... uh, do a warm-up?

TYLER
Warm-up?

NOAH
You know, kicks and stuff.

TYLER
Kicks I can do.

Tyler throws a KICK into Jason's gut, pushing him over onto
his stomach. Jason moans in pain and sets his sight on...

A ROCK. It lies just two feet or so from them.

Tyler kicks Jason again... propelling him closer to the rock.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You like that, ha? Do you?

Jason claws his fingers into the dirt and attempts to push
himself ahead. Seeing this, Tyler KICKS him. Further forward.

TYLER (CONT'D)
You sick shit!

JASON
(Whisper)
You have no idea...

Tyler prepares another kick, but Jason reacts quickly. He reaches out and GRASPS the rock. Swings it back through the air and JABS it down into Tyler's foot. He TWISTS it.

Tyler pulls back, screaming out in agony.

Jason, firm grasp on the rock, gets up and pushes Tyler down with the weight of his body. He pins the burly boy to the ground and raises the rock over his head.

Tyler puts up his hands in protection. Eyes shoot wide.

TYLER
NOOOO...!!!

JASON
Shut up.

Jason cuts off Tyler's scream by bringing the rock DOWN into his face, pushing it inwards with a quick squirt of blood.

Noah steps back. He drops the knife. Trips and falls over.

NOAH
Oh god... oh my god... you...

JASON
(Without looking up)
Killed him?

Tyler's hands still burst with life.

JASON (CONT'D)
Needs a little more effort.

Jason JABS the rock down into Tyler's face again, caving it in further. More blood squirts and some starts flowing out onto the ground. The hands drop dead.

JASON (CONT'D)
And a quick finish.

Jason pulls the rock out and SLAMS it back down into the mush that remains of Tyler's face a final time.

Jason leaves the rock there and rises, turning towards Noah.

JASON (CONT'D)
I have to thank you for coming and
giving me this perfect chance.

Noah attempts to crawl back but hits onto some hard branches.

JASON (CONT'D)

I mean, it's much earlier than I could have planned to get things going... but it's a nice start.

Jason steps over to Noah. He kneels. Picking up his knife from the ground, he places it calmly against Noah's throat.

JASON (CONT'D)

Do you want to say something?

NOAH

P... please... don't...

JASON

(Rolling his eyes)
Or never mind.

Jason quickly SLICES Noah's throat, allowing a stream of blood to flush down his shirt. The out-of-breath boy grasps at his throat in an attempt to stop the massive bleeding.

Jason stands and steps away, letting death run its course.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

Darkness creeps in on Martha and Amelia, sitting on their boxes outside The Ambulance. Martha has fallen asleep, while Amelia looks up to the sky.

The passenger door of The Ambulance suddenly opens and Ryan jumps out of the light inside. His hair is a bit messier.

Amelia looks over Ryan's shoulder, into The Ambulance.

Ryan steps aside to reveal Taylor curled up like a ball in the drivers seat, asleep.

AMELIA

Did you two have fun in there?

Ryan smiles widely.

RYAN

Yeah. We did.

AMELIA

I hope not...?

RYAN

Oh! No, not that much fun. Still have to think about the times we live in and the risks.

AMELIA

Good.

Amelia leans back.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Keep that up, Ryan.

Ryan closes the door behind himself, careful not to make noise.

RYAN

Martha went out too, ha?

AMELIA

She was pretty quick about it.

Ryan chuckles slightly as he steps over to Martha and leans down. He puts a hand on her shoulder and shakes her lightly.

RYAN

Time for us to go home, Martha.

Martha slowly opens her sleepy eyes.

MARTHA

Uuh... Ryan?

RYAN

Come on, let me help you up.

Ryan supports Martha up on her feet. We track the two of them as Ryan leads Martha over to their vehicle.

MARTHA

Worth it?

RYAN

Definitely.

Just as they reach The Van... the noise of a motor engine comes from off screen. Martha and Ryan look towards it.

Amelia jumps up from her box and runs to their side.

Michael's black car appears on the road and turns to pull into the gas station.

Martha pulls out her handgun, but Ryan grasps her arm.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Look, it's our guys in there.

The car comes to a stop in front of The Van and The Ambulance, its engines turning off.

Amelia smiles at the sight of the occupants.

The doors open to release worn-out Rick, Crystal and Steve.

MARTHA
Do we know you?

Steve steps off past Martha.

STEVE
(Disappearing out of
frame)
Never again...

AMELIA
Find anything over there?

RICK
A bunch of stuff inside.
(To Martha)
Diner?

RYAN
We found a load of *sardines*.

RICK
Wonderful.

MARTHA
And another one for the group.

CRYSTAL
Another survivor?

MARTHA
A child, no less, all on his own.

First now, Martha catches the person still behind the wheel.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
I see you found something similar.

RICK
A Michael.

RYAN
Also a single survivor?

Crystal shoots in for Rick.

CRYSTAL
Yeah.

Rick throws Crystal a quick glance as Martha looks at Michael pulling out a cigarette and lighting it.

MARTHA
Is Michael a bit shy maybe?

RICK
He's not much of a talker.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT GROUND - NIGHT.

We view Jason from above, as he stands behind the tent, using a shovel to DIG a deep hole. A lit flashlight lies in front of him and the two bloodied bodies lie to his left.

We cut to a CLOSE-UP of Jason's face, covered with small particles of blood, as he focuses down on digging the hole with a very peaceful, almost joyous tone to him.

Back to the overview shot, as Jason finishes the hole, deep enough for his needs. He throws the shovel away and grasps onto Tyler's body by his collar. He makes an effort to pull the burly kid closer to the hole, but stops just before the corpse falls in.

FOCUS ON Tyler's body, as Jason crouches by it. He runs his fingers through Tyler's pockets, searching them through.

JASON
See if you got anything in here.

Jason pulls his hands back... nothing.

JASON (CONT'D)
Aha. Well then...

Jason drags Tyler's pants down and off his legs. He wraps them over his shoulder.

JASON (CONT'D)
I'll just take this instead.

He stands. Gives Tyler's body a light kick into the hole.

Next, Jason moves to Noah's body and crouches down. He goes through the same procedure of pocket searching.

This time, Jason's pocket search bears fruit. He pulls back out an old photo and holds it up to view.

The photo is of Noah, in a nice shirt, hugging a younger girl with big eyes. She's also blonde. The two of them stand against a porch... both smiling widely.

We PAN DOWN to Jason's pocket (the one with the knife), as he puts the photo down into it.

Cut to that overview angle again. Jason gets onto the other side of the body. He gives it light kicks towards the hole until it rolls over into it, landing ontop of Tyler.

BLACKOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

Amelia is once again back to sitting on her box, alone this time. She leans back and looks to the sky.

Cut to viewing Michael's car, where Michael seems to have fallen asleep... cigarette still in hand.

Cut to viewing The Van, where Martha, Adam sleeping in her lap, and Ryan sit and hold conversation.

Cut to viewing the Ambulance, where Crystal sits together with Taylor, both asleep.

Cut back to Amelia, when...

RICK (O.S.)
You ever sleep, Amelia?

Amelia turns her head to find Rick walking towards her from the gas station. He's just zipped up his pants.

RICK (CONT'D)
Just been curious about it.

Amelia smiles and looks back up to the sky.

AMELIA
I never much needed sleep.

Rick steps around Amelia and throws himself down onto the box next to her. He looks up with her.

RICK AND AMELIA P.O.V.

The black velvet is littered with glowing stars.

RICK (O.S.)
Long time since we had stars.

AMELIA (O.S.)
Let me guess, there is a symbolical meaning following after that?

We cut back to viewing the two of them.

RICK
We gotta have something.

AMELIA
The little things along the road?

RICK
Until the big things, yeah.

Amelia turns her head towards Rick.

AMELIA
Do we have an idea what these big
things look like?

Rick looks down from the stars too.

RICK
Not yet.

AMELIA
Just to wait and see.

RICK
Yeah.

Rick spots something over Amelia's shoulder.

RICK (CONT'D)
That the new kid over there?

Amelia twists around to see...

Jason, stepping out from behind the gas station. He's got his
backpack on. Jason quickly looks around, before he steers off
towards the bus.

RICK (CONT'D)
What's he been doing back there?

Amelia shrugs her shoulders.

AMELIA
We don't need to know everything.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - NIGHT.

Jason steps onto the bus, instantly coming face to face with
Steve, sitting behind the wheel with what looks like a porn
magazine in his lap.

STEVE
Hey.

JASON
Hello.

STEVE
You're that new kid, right? I don't
remember your face.

JASON

That's me.

Steve nods.

STEVE

Well, carry on.

He looks back down into his magazine. Flips the page.

Jason finishes ascending the stairs and moves into the aisle.

We track Jason, as he moves through, framed by sleeping children and adults.

Jason finds his two seats and moves in, dropping down on the one at the window. He takes his backpack off and puts it down at his feet.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Jason looks to find a YOUNG GIRL standing by his seats. Blond hair, big, sparkly eyes. She looks fragile.

YOUNG GIRL (CONT'D)

H... have you seen my brother?

JASON

Why would I have?

YOUNG GIRL

Well... he and his friend were looking at you earlier.

Jason scans the girl, from toe to top.

JASON

No. Sorry. I haven't seen him.

YOUNG GIRL

O... okay. Thanks anyway.

The girl steps off in the aisle.

Jason leans down and unzips his backpack. He pulls something out of it and holds it up.

ANGLE over Jason's shoulder, to see the photo of Noah with the young girl we just saw next to him... AMANDA TURNER.

AMELIA (V.O.)

(Whisper)

Rick?

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT.

Amelia leans a bit closer to Rick, who has his eyes closed.

AMELIA
Rick, you awake?

Seeing that he is asleep, Amelia gets to her feet.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Be right back.

Amelia walks off towards the gas station. She goes around it and disappears around the back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF GAS STATION - NIGHT.

Amelia turns on a MINI FLASHLIGHT as she appears behind the corner of the Gas Station. She kneels and puts it down on the ground next to her.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Amelia's face, as she zips her pants down off screen. After a moment of waiting, a stream of urine can be heard impacting with the ground.

GLUURGH!

Amelia looks up to find A ZOMBIE, naked and with barely any flesh on its bones, appearing from the trees.

Amelia quickly pulls her pants up and stands. She pulls out her gun but DROPS IT!

AMELIA
Shit!

Amelia is about to lean down for the gun, when the Zombie lunges out and GRASPS her by her shoulders, pinning her to the wall.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Get off me! GET OFF ME!

Amelia struggles with the Zombie and tries to keep its teeth away from her neck, but it keeps coming.

Amelia seems to be in some kind of panic, shaking uncontrollably as she struggles.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
GET OFF!

FLASH TO:

INT. UNKNOWN - TIMELESS.

A quick glimpse of a long, metallic surface, as it is SPRAYED with blood.

FLASH TO:

EXT. BACK OF GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Amelia's face, as her head begins to lean upward. Her eyes roll back.

Amelia's hands drop down and The Zombie goes for the bite...

BANG!

A bullet tears through the Zombie's skull and it drops sideways down to the ground. Amelia continues to shake and slides down the wall to the ground, as Rick lowers his gun and runs to her aid.

RICK

Amelia!

He catches Amelia, her shaking stopping the same second. Her eyes fly OPEN and she inhales deeply.

RICK (CONT'D)

It's okay now, Amelia... you're safe. You're safe.

Rick hugs Amelia tightly. She bursts into tears over his shoulder.

AMELIA

I... I... I don't know... I didn't... I should have...

RICK

It's okay now. Save it.

Amelia responds to the hug and lets the tears out.

Cut to the two from above. We PULL BACK slightly, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING.

We're on Amelia, sitting on her box. She stares down with dark eyes.

RICK (O.S.)

Amelia?

AMELIA
Rick, I don't need...

RICK
You almost got killed.

Rick steps into frame behind Amelia and kneels beside her.

RICK (CONT'D)
That thing almost...

Amelia tilts her head, closing her eyes.

AMELIA
Rick, don't.

RICK
You gotta face the fact, Amelia.
(Beat)
That corpse almost killed you. It
would have, if I hadn't woken up at
the right moment.

Amelia snaps around towards Rick.

AMELIA
You think I don't get that?!

RICK
I'm telling you to get to terms
with it, put it aside and we'll
take it later.

AMELIA
There's nothing to take, Rick... I
was caught off guard. I wasn't
careful enough.

RICK
Amelia, you were shaking... having
some kinda seizure. I saw it.

Amelia shakes her head.

AMELIA
It was dark. You saw wrong.

Amelia stands up.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'll go help with the fuel.

Amelia steps off past Rick, who continues to kneel. He sighs to himself, looking down.

Cut to the other side of The Ambulance, where Taylor just closes the vehicle's fuel lid. The fuel canister lies empty next to her.

Amelia comes around the corner. Taylor looks up to her but then quickly back down.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

You done already?

TAYLOR

We're all set.

Taylor grasps the canister and stands. She opens the Ambulance door and jumps in without further.

Amelia throws a sweeping look around the gas station...

Martha and Ryan, sitting by their Van and refueling it, look away from Amelia as she looks towards them.

Steve, leaning against the bus, looks away less discretely.

Back on Amelia, as she sighs and bites down into her lip.

Cut back to Rick, as he stands. Something moves in the corner of his eye and he turns to see Michael walking out of the bushes at the other side of the road, zipping his pants up.

Rick walks out of the gas station, towards Michael.

Rick and Michael meet halfway on the road.

RICK

You gonna be trouble to us?

MICHAEL

No.

RICK

How can I know that?

Michael lifts his hands and makes a "What do I know" face.

MICHAEL

I don't know.

The two men stare at each other for a moment. Rick then brings himself to nod twice.

RICK

Fair enough.

Rick turns around and walks back to the gas station...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING.

Rick walks back into the gas station, with Michael stepping after him in the background. Rick moves into the center of the station and points his thumb up.

Martha and Ryan jump back inside their Van.

Steve steps around the bus and hops inside, moving way between the other people.

Cut to Amanda, standing a few feet from the bus, arms wrapped helplessly around herself. She looks around with blank eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING.

We PULL BACK from the window to see Jason staring curiously at Amanda outside. The photo is still in his hand...

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING.

Amanda slowly turns around and joins the others in getting back inside the bus.

Michael jumps into the back of the black car, where Crystal is already seated in the passenger seat. Rick, throwing a last glance around at the Convoy, turns around and moves off towards the car.

Amelia opens the drivers seat door to The Ambulance and climbs onboard.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - MORNING.

Rick seats himself in the drivers seat and shuts the door.

RICK

Food. Ammo. Gas. All full.

Rick turns to Crystal.

RICK (CONT'D)

Good day today.

Crystal gives Rick a little side-smile. Rick turns back to the wheel and puts his hands on it.

SONG - PUTTING OUT FIRE - David Bowie

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - MORNING.

Everyone is inside.

Rick's new car sets into motion and pulls out of the gas station, followed by The Ambulance and The Van. The Bus takes some more time getting out on the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING.

We PAN UP to view the four Convoy vehicles driving off on the grassy road, towards a horizon where the sun slowly rises.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - MORNING.

We PAN from Ryan to Martha behind the wheel. She has a smile on her lips.

Cut to a CLOSE-UP of Martha's eyes in the rearview mirror, as she throws a glance into the back... to the COOLER BOX next to Adam and John's beds.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - MORNING.

Amelia glares ahead blankly.

FLASH TO:

EXT. BACK OF GAS STATION - NIGHT.

A quick GLIMPSE of the naked Zombie's skeletonized face...

FLASH TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - MORNING.

Amelia twitches her mouth slightly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING.

The Convoy approaches in the distance. We PAN DOWN to reveal a trail of blood along the road. PAN slightly to the right to reveal the cause. A ZOMBIE, missing its lower half, crawling across the grassy cement.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CAR - MORNING.

Rick, spotting the Zombie, turns to Crystal. She looks to him and rolls her eyes.

CRYSTAL

Go get it.

Rick turns back to the road with a smirk. His grasp on the wheel tightens.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING.

Brumming builds up...

We PUSH IN quickly towards the Zombie, as it stops crawling to look up at us with its milky white eyes...

SPLAT!

BLACKOUT.

END OF SHOW

***Song continues over ending credits**