

HERE ALONE

Written by

DAVID EBELTOFT

Directed by

ROD BLACKHURST

Produced by

ROD BLACKHURST, DAVID EBELTOFT, NOAH LANG

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT: 3/25/15

COPYRIGHT ©2016 STALE CRACKER FILMS LLC.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT ©2016 STALE CRACKER FILMS LLC. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS, OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT THE PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF STALE CRACKER FILMS LLC. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

FADE IN:

An ashen SKY.

Sunless.

Drained of blue.

CUT TO:

Tree-infested HILLS. Tops of firs picket the horizon. Dark green splintering into the charcoal sky.

CUT TO:

Gnarled tree trunks lead up to an emerald CANOPY. Leaves sway in the breeze exposing dots of the overcast sky.

The SOUND of LABORED BREATHING takes us to--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - LATE DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN caked with mud LOOKS DOWN AT THE CAMERA.

Blue eyes peek through thick scales of earth. Long hair, heavy with muddy coils, spill onto her shoulders.

This is ANN, late 20's.

She breathes heavily, as if she just ran a marathon, causing the metal barrel of a .22 rifle, slung over her shoulder, to rise and fall.

She LOOKS INTO--

An OPEN CAR TRUNK

She places a tattered and filthy backpack down. Unzips it and removes--

A dented box of crackers. A can of beets. A bag of cereal. A packet of fried Chinese noodles. And a--

CUT TO:

The ENTIRE SCENE.

A dirt-covered sedan is parked in the woods. Late 90's 4-door model. Wheels sunk into the earth.

Ann, unloads the boxes and cans into the sedan's trunk. She takes a moment, before closing the trunk with a--

EXT. LAKE - LATE DAY

SLAM!

The .22 rifle is propped against a log.

Nearby, at the edge of the lake, Ann strips.

CUT TO:

Ann peeling off a filthy bandage from her upper arm. Underneath, a fresh wound. A slice of crimson gouged into her pale flesh.

CUT TO:

Naked, Ann wades into the water. After a few steps, she dives in.

CUT TO:

She floats. Dark water lapping against her milky-white skin. Nipples red and hard from the cold.

Without the mud and filth we see an attractive woman with hair the color of damp rope.

She stares up at the sky. Piercing blue eyes being dulled by the dingy gray abyss above, adding to the feeling that everything about Ann is--

Dismal.

EXT. VALLEY OVERLOOK - LATE DAY

Clean and clothed, hair still wet, Ann cranks a worn and beaten emergency radio. Searches through stations. Getting STATIC after each turn of the dial.

Another turn and a FAINT PRE-RECORDED BROADCAST struggles to be heard against the radio's CRACKLING.

EMERGENCY BROADCAST (V.O.)

(on radio)

...été informé qu'en ce moment il  
ya un danger immédiat pour le  
public..

(static)

...mesure de précaution , fermer  
toutes les fenêtres, des portes et  
des événements...

FLASHBACK - INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sterile white light from an open closet spills into the bedroom, combining with the yellowish glow of lit lamps.

Ann, clad in nurse scrubs, holds a baby girl, HAILEY, 1, close as she frantically pulls clothes from a dresser and shoves them into open luggage on top of the unmade bed.

Digging around in the closet is JASON, 30's, her husband. He carelessly rips towels, spare sheets, and boxes from the closets top shelf, desperately searching for--

ANN

Should I pack everything? I mean  
how long--

Jason finds what he's looking for, a .22 rifle wrapped in a towel. Gun barrel sticking out of the towel's folds.

JASON

(barks)  
I don't know how fucking, long!  
Just pack everything and do it  
quickly as--

SUDDENLY

The SOUND of POWER DRAINING is quickly followed by--

The LIGHT from the closet and lamps is EXTINGUISHED

We're in DARKNESS

A moment as our eyes adjust revealing -- the dim silhouettes of Ann and Jason frozen in their tasks, trying to process the power outage.

ANN

Jason?

JASON

Just pack. Everything. Right now.  
(beat)  
It'll be okay. Everything will be  
okay.

MONTAGE: LAKE CAMPSITE

-- Shafts of sunlight break through the tree's canopy onto--

-- A fire pit. Blackened stones encircle a patch of gray ash.

-- A large fallen log, near the fire. On top, empty metal cans, labels stripped, stacked neatly.

-- Above the log, dingy clothes on a makeshift clothesline, dry in the breeze.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann collects firewood with the .22 slung over her shoulder.

NOTE: From here on out, the rifle is always with Ann. If not slung over her shoulder, or being carried, it's nearby, always in reach.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

In the middle of a dense forest, Ann kneels over a fallen log.

She repeatedly PLUNGES a kitchen knife into the rotting wood, creating a fissure.

CUT TO:

Her fingers grasp onto the side of the crevice she created. She pulls. Muscles strain. It's moldy, but still strong.

She GRUNTS as the wood's fibers splinter. Continues to pull until the wood BREAKS APART. Sending her backward to the ground.

CUT TO:

Ann picks out bloodless GRUBS from the log's innards. Places them, squirming, in a metal can.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Ann, a look of slight disgust on her face, looks down at--

DEER DROPPINGS.

A mass of pebble-like feces. Blackish brown. Sitting on top of a swirl of green vegetation.

ANN

Picks up the shit. Places it in a worn plastic shopping bag.

CLOSE ON: The plastic bag. Shit being dropped into it. Mixing with other animal droppings.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

White berries with pale red stems dot a dark green bush. Ann, in front of the bush, flips through the pages of a CAR MANUAL.

CLOSE ON MANUAL: In the pages margins we see handwritten notes and drawings.

ANN (O.S.)  
White berry, red stem. White berry,  
red...

Depicting different berry colors and leaf shapes. What's edible and what's not.

ANN

Continues to flip the pages. Looking. Until--

ANN (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

She looks at the berries for a moment. Considers. Then, begins to pick them.

EXT. WOODS - DEADFALL TRAP - DAY

A makeshift deadfall trap sits at the base of a tree. Three sticks balanced on a flat rock make the shape of the number '4'. The top of the '4' props up a large blue bucket.

Ann, keeling, carefully applies easy cheese from a cannister to the bait stick, the bottom horizontal line of the '4' that extends into the bucket.

She carefully backs her hand out but knocks one of the sticks. The bucket falls and the sticks scatter.

She lets out a frustrated HUFF.

CUT TO:

Ann sets the fulcrum stick on the rock. Tries to then balance the angle stick on top of the fulcrum while simultaneously connecting them to the bait stick. Can't. The sticks fall. With patience, she picks them up and--

CUT TO:

With one hand supporting the sticks she tries to place the bucket on top. Its delicate. And topples.

Ann expels a FRUSTRATED SIGH. Hangs her head. Collects herself for a moment. Before picking up the sticks to try again.

The SOUND of PAPER TEARING takes us to--

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann tears a paper label -- "FRESH CUT SLICED BEETS" -- from a can.

CUT TO:

Wood is stacked in a teepee shape in the fire pit. Dried grass and leaves fill the teepee.

Ann sticks the recently torn label into the grass and leaves.

Takes out a box of matches. Takes one out. Strikes it. Tries to light the label. It doesn't take.

ANN

No. No. No!

The match goes out. Burnt end of the label is all that remains.

She slides out the match box again.

INSIDE: A few dozen matches remain.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Water laps around Ann's ankles as she fills plastic bottles up with water.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Water boils in a battered saucepan over a roaring fire. Ann tends it with care.

CUT TO:

Ann carefully pours the water, now cool, back into the bottles.

CUT TO:

Ann looks at her dinner. Positioned on a bucket lid is:

A dozen fried Chinese noodles, a handful of the WHITE BERRIES from before and two slimy grubs, slowly inching themselves along the plastic.

ANN

Reaches down, tentatively grabs a berry and bites into it.

The GRUBS

Continue to squirm, gyrating their milky-white bodies towards the lid's edge.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

A few yards from the campsite Ann RETCHES up her dinner.

She's on all fours. Holds her hair back with one hand, props herself up with the other.

The VOMITING is VIOLENT. DISGUSTING.

Causing Ann's back to arch with each purge.

CUT TO:

Ann lays down. Exhausted. Wipes vomit away from her mouth. Stares up at--

Swaying trees. RUSTLING leaves. In the distance, a BIRD CAWS.

ANN

Face unreadable, continues to stare when we--

FLASHBACK - EXT. DESOLATE BACK ROAD - DAY

It's WINTER. The trees are bare. The landscape desolate. The sedan follows the curves of the road.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - DAY

Jason drives. Ann rides shotgun. Looks back at Hailey, slumped in her car seat, sleeping. Pudgy fingers clasping onto a TOY CELL PHONE.

The car is packed with food, equipment, blankets, etc. What's left of their life, all contained within the sedan.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DESOLATE BACK ROAD - DAY

The leafless, lifeless, trees roll by.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - DAY

Ann head against the window, watches the landscape pass. She suddenly SNAPS TO ATTENTION as she sees--

FLASHBACK - EXT. DESOLATE BACK ROAD - DAY

A FAMILY walking down the road.

MAN. WOMAN. CHILD. Huddled together for warmth. Belongings strapped to their backs. The Man leans heavily on the Woman, clasping a bloody bandage to his neck.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - DAY

Ann looks at the struggling family and--

ANN  
Stop. Stop the car.

Jason doesn't.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Jason, stop the car!

She looks over at--

Jason. Eyes fixed straight, shakes his head 'no'.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Christ, Jason. Stop the fucking car! They have a child!

JASON  
So do we.

ANN  
They need help.

Jason keeps his eyes trained forward. No response.

Ann stares at her husband. Shakes her head in disgust. But part of her knows it's nothing new.

She turns around, catching a final glimpse of--

FLASHBACK - EXT. DESOLATE BACK ROAD - DAY

The struggling Family, continuing their hopeless march.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann, backpack on, carries a water bucket. Weaves through the towering trees. Following a path known only to her.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - DUSK

She approaches the dirt-covered sedan.

CUT TO:

On her tip-toes, Ann reaches into the crook of a tree. Pulls out--

Keys. Attached to a decorative key fob: a pair of sparkling miniature sunglasses.

CUT TO:

Ann pops open the trunk. Places her gear inside.

We notice that her food supply is DWINDLING. At least half, if not more, of her stores are gone.

CUT TO:

Ann rubs mud onto the car's windows.

CUT TO:

She drags several large branches over the hood, adding to the camouflage.

CUT TO:

Shorts around her ankles, Ann squats over a bucket.

Relieves herself.

The SOUND of URINE hitting WATER TAKES US TO--

INT. CAR - DUSK

Light from the dying day breaks through the gaps in the mud-covered windows.

The front seat is covered in plastic bags, bits of torn baby clothing, a suitcase, and Hailey's overturned car seat. The backseat is less crowded, a few blankets and a soiled pillow.

The BACK-DOOR OPENS. Ann gets in.

CUT TO:

Ann pulls the .22's bolt back, kicking out a shell, landing next to her on the seat. She picks it up.

CUT TO:

The rifle is propped up against the drivers seat, close to Ann, stretched out in the backseat. Frayed blanket pulled up, head on the soiled pillow. She looks up at--

The TOY CELL PHONE along with 4 GOLDEN SHELLED .22 BULLETS.

Perfectly placed on the rear dash in between the back seat and rear window. She grabs the Phone. Presses a colorful button, causing a HIGH PITCHED and PLEASANT GIRLISH VOICE TO--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
A, B, C, D, E, F--

She presses another button.

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello? Who's calling please?

She presses again and--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - DUSK

The sedan, engulfed by branches, looks like it's being devoured by the woods.

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Tee-hee-hee! Tee-hee-hee!

MONTAGE: NATURE

-- Water laps up onto the mud and rock covered shore.

-- Wind shakes the trees.

-- On the ground, the edges of dead leaves, stuck together in death and decay, quiver in the breeze.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Ann plucks a .22 shell from the rear dash and places it in the .22's chamber. She pockets the other bullets.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann opens the trunk of the car. ONE BOX OF CRACKERS remain. She grabs it.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann removes her wedding ring. Sets it on a rock nearby. Then digs around in the muddy earth. Finding a--

Wriggling worm. She plucks it from the ground.

ANN (V.O.)

One. Two.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Ann holds a makeshift fishing rod. SKEWERS the worm onto a paperclip fashioned into a hook. Casts the line into the water.

ANN (V.O.)

Three. Four.

CUT TO:

Ann's seated. Waiting. Pole still in hand. Finally, she brings in her line, inspects the hook. The worm is gone, only a small clump of guts remain.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann consults her CAR MANUAL in front of a bush full of red berries. Flips a few pages. Finds the appropriate page. Moves on, berries untouched.

ANN (V.O.)

One. Two.

CUT TO:

In front of a clump of mushrooms, Ann shakes her head as she continues to flip the pages of the car manual.

ANN (V.O.)  
Three. Four.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Three cracker stacks are setup on the log. Two consisting of four crackers. The remaining pile is being built by Ann while she counts--

ANN  
One. Two. Three.

She runs out of crackers. Stops. Looks at the three stacks. Her remaining meals.

EXT. WOODS - DEADFALL TRAP - DAY

Ann approaches the deadfall trap, sees that its--

Been sprung. The blue bucket's rim on the ground. She rushes over, hopeful.

Grabs a nearby rock with one hand, ready to bring it down on whatever runs out. Lifts the bucket and--

Nothing. Except the fallen sticks of the deadfall trap. The end of the bait-stick still contains the dollop of orange easy cheese.

Suddenly she--

THROWS the BUCKET.

And with RAGE, SCREAMS--

ANN  
Fuck!

The trees sway, as if they didn't hear Ann's burst of anger.

Ann breathes heavily.

Takes a moment before she calms down.

She walks over to the bucket, grabs it, and heads back to the base of the tree to set it up.

INT. CAR - LATER

Rain gently strikes the dirty windshield as Ann, in the drivers seat, watches the muddy covering break down.

She takes a moment before putting the keys in the ignition. Starts the car. Immediately the SEAT BELT WARNING rings out with a --

DING DING DING!

Ann, hands still on the keys, moves her eyes to the dashboard, noticing--

The fuel gauge needle rise to around half a tank.

She sits there, fighting an eternal battle, hands still on the keys as the SEAT BELT WARNING continues to--

DING DING--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - LATER

DING!

Ann re-applies mud to the sedan, washed almost clean from the recent rain.

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jason, breath visible in the cold air, explains to Ann the intricacies of the deadfall trap. Hailey is strapped to Ann's back, papoose style.

JASON  
 (brandishing sticks)  
 Support stick, weight stick, and  
 bait stick. Okay? Set them up,  
 notches matching, and balance the--

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jason and Ann are at a dead berry bush, several dead and yellowed leaves cling to its branches.

Hailey is again strapped to Ann's back while Jason plucks a dried and curled leaf from the bush, next to a small bunch of withered red berries as Ann furiously makes notes in the blank margins of the Car Manual.

JASON  
 (unfurling the leaf)  
 The important thing here is the saw-  
 toothed leaf. It'll be red in the  
 spring.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)  
(brandishing the leaf)  
You see that?

Jason looks over at Ann, whose writing.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Ann. Are you listening? This is  
important.

Ann continues to write.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Ann!

ANN  
Yes! God. I'm fucking listening. I  
can't write as fast as you talk.  
(finishes writing)  
Okay.

Jason stares at her for a beat.

JASON  
Don't curse in front of her.

Ann shakes her head.

ANN  
Fine.

Point taken, Jason--

JASON  
Red berries, red leaves are a bad  
sign, especially in spring time--

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - DAY

A cracker box sits on top of a log. Several bullet holes are  
in a close pattern in the center of the box.

A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT -- BANG!

The box shakes as a BULLET WHIZZES through the CENTER. We  
hold on the box as--

JASON (O.S.)  
You're jerking the trigger.

ANN (O.S.)  
And I hit it.

JASON

About twenty yards away, looks over Ann's shoulder, who kneels, the butt of the .22 rifle against her shoulder.

JASON

That's 'cause it's not moving. It's a rabbit gun, you have to hit head or heart to kill so you have to control your breathing and lightly--

ANN

Squeeze. Not pull. I know.  
(beat)  
We should save our bullets.

JASON

They're of no use if you don't know how to shoot.

ANN

How many do we have?

A beat. Long enough to know that Jason is going to--

JASON

Enough.

Lie.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FIRST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

At a trail-head, Jason and Ann, sit in front of a roaring fire, wrapped in blankets, backs against the sedan. Next to them is Hailey's car seat, tented with a heavy blanket. Ann Looks down at her meal. Berries.

ANN

You and I can't last on this.

Jason nods.

JASON

I know.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ann grabs the Toy Cell Phone from the rear dash.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - DAY

She opens up the trunk, now empty. Grabs her backpack.

CUT TO:

Ann looks down at the urine bucket. It's disgusting, a gross film covers the top. She grabs the handle and--

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Hikes. Backpack on, .22 over her shoulder, and carrying the urine bucket.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann sits near the fire pit, tinkers with the Toy Cell Phone. Tries to wedge a spent wooden match underneath one of the phone's buttons.

CUT TO:

The match wedges underneath the button causing the phone to--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello? Who--

CUT TO:

The match, at a different angle, is wedged underneath the button and--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello? Who's calling--

CUT TO:

And again until--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello? Who's calling please? Hello?  
Who's calling please? Hello? Who's--

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann holds a pale-pink infant onsie in her hands. Fingers feeling the fabric until she GRASPS it tightly and--

RIPS it in two.

She grasps one of the halves and RIPS it again.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Squatting in a shallow part of the lake, Ann vigorously scrubs a label-less glass jar and lid with a soiled towel.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann sits, shirt removed, in front of a roaring fire. She grabs a kitchen knife, holds it over the fire. Lets the flames lick the blade.

She takes a DEEP BREATH.

And ANOTHER.

And--

IN A FLASH

Brings the KNIFE TO HER UPPER ARM

DRAGS IT ACROSS HER SKIN

She winces and looks down, sees--

BLOOD following in the blade's wake.

She grabs the label-less glass jar from before, lid removed.

Places it underneath her elbow.

SQUEEZES the WOUND

BLOOD OOZES

Trickles down her arm, over her elbow and into the jar.

She continues to squeeze as--

BLOOD collects in the glass jar.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann washes her wound. Bandages it with the torn strips of pink fabric. The jar, next to her, lid on tight, has a small amount of blood pooled at the bottom.

CUT TO:

Still shirtless, Ann runs her fingers over her body, inspecting it, looking for wounds. She finds--

A small scratch. Still fresh. She washes it. Takes out a band-aid box and removes a bandage. Removes the adhesive backing, places it over her scratch. Smooths it down.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

At the edge of the lake, Ann strips.

Removes her underwear and bra. Exposing herself to the vast expanse of water. Only the pale pink bandage and the one band-aid remain. She begins to wash.

CUT TO:

Ann, nude and wet, opens up the plastic bag from before, revealing--

A putrid MASS of different types of ANIMAL SHIT.

She digs her delicate fingers into the bag. Grabs a wad and mixes it with a handful of mud from the lake.

She begins to RUB THE MIX OVER HER BODY. Through her hair. Over the bandages. Covering herself from head to toe in fecal matter and earth.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann's caked in mud. Pale skin barely visible through the fetid mix.

She pulls on a tank top, covering her filth-covered breasts and buttons up a dirty and ragged flannel shirt.

She then slips a SOILED and PATCHED PAPER RESPIRATOR MASK over her head, lets it rest on her neck.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann looks at--

THREE .22 Bullets in her palm.

She puts them in her pocket. She checks the .22's chamber, makes sure it's loaded with the fourth and final bullet, then slings the .22 over her shoulder.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann, carrying the urine bucket, makes her way through the dense forest.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

She crouches at the side of a two lane road. Cracked pavement. Faded lane lines.

Sets her urine bucket down at the edge. Positions it deliberately. Carefully looks down the road. Both ways. Nothing. Then--

SPRINTS across.

She moves swiftly, going from one dense wooded side to the other, disappearing into the thicket.

We HOLD ON the empty road a moment, as if her passing never happened.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Ann emerges from the woods and into a stretch of thigh-high brush and weeds.

She stoops, moving slowly, allowing the brush to cover her advance.

CUT TO:

At the opposite edge of the clearing, Ann kneels. Surveys--

A small TRAILER PARK, pressed into a wooded area about 50 yards away.

It consists of battered double-wides in faded hues of blue, yellow, and brown. A service road leads up to the trailers and the park is encircled by a chain link fence. 8ft high.

She raises the mask up, secures it around her nose and mouth and--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann quickly and quietly runs up to the edge of the fence. Tries to maintain a low profile while she unslings her .22.

Her actions are controlled but frantic because--

Ann's SCARED. She's constantly looking in different directions. Afraid that she won't see what's coming.

She quickly removes the TOY CELL PHONE and a SHOESTRING from her backpack.

She takes a spent matchstick and shoves it underneath one of the phone's buttons, causing it to--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Hello? Who's calling please? Hello?

She MUFFLES the toy's speaker by shoving it against her chest and quickly climbs the fence, links CLINKING and RATTLING while the phone continues to--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
(faint)  
Who's calling please? Hello? Who's--

She reaches the top, where we see remnants of other baby toys and a dated Iphone, dried blood caked on it's cracked screen, lashed to the fence's rail.

Balancing herself, Ann ties the phone to the fence with the shoestring.

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
(regular volume)  
Hello? Who's calling please? Hello?

Removes the JAR OF BLOOD from her backpack. Unscrews the lid. And--

DUMPS THE BLOOD OVER THE TOY.

She immediately JUMPS BACK DOWN, still on the outside of the fence's perimeter. Scrambles to the .22, reaches it right when, in the distance, we hear--

An UNGODLY SCREAM.

EAR PIERCING.

Like the TINES of a METAL RAKE being DRAGGED across an endless CHALKBOARD.

But it's LIVING.

The AGONIZING SHRIEK of a STARVED CARNIVORE.

ANN'S

Eyes go wide. Her fear just tripled.

She GRABS the .22 And RUNS madly along the fence's boundary, away from the SCREAMS and the--

TOY CELL PHONE (V.O.)  
Who's calling please?

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Ann hurries towards a section of the fence where the ground has been worn away underneath, creating a gap between the jagged prongs of the links and the ground.

She wriggles underneath, barely fitting, and picks herself up on the other side right as--

Another UNGODLY SCREAM sounds in the distance.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ann darts across the service road, and--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Bounds up the rickety steps to the trailer's front door.

Tries the handle. Locked.

Puts her SHOULDER into it. Tries to make the dented door budge. Doesn't.

Looks through the little window embedded in the door. Sees--

INSIDE

Through the interior darkness. Notices A fluttering floral patterned curtain, blowing in the breeze. An open window at the back of the trailer.

Another distant but DREADFUL SCREAM rips through the air.

It's followed by OTHER TERRIBLE SCREAMS. Creating a chorus of fright.

ANN

Spins around and jumps off of the steps. Runs towards--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER BACK - CONTINUOUS

Floral patterned curtains blow in and out of an open window as Ann positions a metal garbage can underneath.

She climbs on top. Tosses her gun inside and pulls herself up and in. Taking us to--

INT. BLUE TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ann awkwardly maneuvers herself inside. Picks herself up.

She's in the squalid conditions of a small living room. Clothes strewn everywhere. Ashtrays overflow with cigarettes. A baby bouncer hangs limply in a doorway. She turns to retrieve her gun to see--

A DEAD MAN AND WOMAN on the couch. An apparent DOUBLE SUICIDE.

The MAN, slumped over. Brains blown out. Blood spatter climbs up faux wood paneling behind him. A shotgun rests in between his legs right near--

A WOMAN tenderly positioned on his thigh. Slippers still on her feet. A gaping chest wound can be seen through her bloodstained robe.

Ann springs into action. Grabs the shotgun. Cracks the barrel. Pulls out two spent cartridges and--

Fuck.

Nothing else.

She rifles through the couch, looking for remaining shells.

The CHORUS of UNGODLY SCREAMS in the distance ring through the air. Causing Ann to abandon her search and run into the--

KITCHEN

Garbage covers the floor. A CHEST FREEZER stands against one wall. Ann opens it and is met with a HORRIFIC SMELL.

She GAGS and PULLS BACK in disgust. Slams the freezer shut.

She begins throwing open cupboards. One after the other. Almost all empty until--

One is brimming with food. Boxes, cans, etc.

Ann lets out a SIGH of RELIEF.

Begins JAMMING the items into her backpack. Cans. Boxes. Bags. Anything that will fit.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER BACK - CONTINUOUS

Ann's legs dangle as she tries to find the footing of the garbage can. Her backpack bursting at the seams with food.

She struggles to get a foothold and in the process--

KNOCKS OVER THE GARBAGE CAN

It SCRAPES along the trailer's cheap siding and hits the concrete foundations. CRASH! The lid flies off and continues to RATTLE until it settles into--

Silence.

Ann's frozen. Waits for a second. The stillness is deathly.

She EXPELS a SIGH OF RELIEF.

Jumps down. Feet hit the ground right as--

A SCREAM.

CLOSE.

And ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER.

Ann's eyes go wide. She unslings the .22 from her back. Puts her finger on the trigger and bolts to--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

She peaks around the corner. Looks down the street. Doesn't see anything but continues to hear--

The UNGODLY SCREAMS growing closer and closer. Mixing with ANIMALISTIC SNARLS.

She waits. Probably shouldn't. But does.

Closes her eyes. With her pointer finger, lightly rubs the .22's trigger and--

ANN  
(under her breath)  
Run. Run. Run. Run. Run.

She BOLTS out from around the trailer. Into--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ann darts across the street, looks to the side and sees--

A PACK OF HUMAN SILHOUETTES RUNNING TOWARDS HER.

Maybe a dozen. Can't be sure.

They're features indistinguishable but their movements are--

FAST.

FERAL.

RAGE FILLED.

And accompanied by -- SCREAMS and SNARLS.

ANN

Continues to run. Until--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

She dives down to the ground, wriggles underneath on her belly but--

Gets STUCK.

Her backpack, too full, catches on the fence.

She quickly pulls herself back, throws off the backpack.  
Tosses it over the fence.

She SLAMS down to the ground again right as a--

SCREAM

Causes her to turn her body to look back halfway through the opening.

A JAGGED LINK catches her SIDE.

Pierces the flannel. DRAWS BLOOD.

She winces right as--

The SCREAMS INTENSIFY. GROW CLOSER.

The SMELL OF BLOOD INCREASING THEIR FURY.

She scrambles underneath and darts towards--

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

She dashes through the clearing.

The SCREAMS BUILD as if they're right behind her.

She's halfway through the clearing, almost to the road as she unslings her backpack and .22, and while running and juggling the two, RIPS off her flannel and SOPS up the blood on her side.

In the process, SEVERAL FOOD ITEMS SLIP FROM THE BACKPACK. FALL TO THE GROUND.

Ann notices, hesitates for just a second, but keeps running as she tosses her now BLOODY FLANNEL behind her.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

Ann runs across the service road.

Stops at the other edge.

Takes the bucket of urine and POURS IT OVER HER WOUND.

The filthy fluid washes off the caked mud, mixing with the blood. She frantically rubs the wound. Trying to remove the scent.

Done, she keeps moving, as the SCREAMS begin to FADE into the distance.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Ann, nude, soaks in the lake. Her pale skin emerges as mud dissolves.

CUT TO:

Ann stands in a shallow part of the lake, rubs her hands over her body, washing away the rest of the mud.

She GRIMACES in PAIN as she washes the fresh wound on her stomach. Looks at it.

The cut is deep. Inflamed.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann takes a spool of thread from a small travel sewing kit. Unravels a foot or so.

Takes a bottle of rubbing alcohol, barely any left. Pours a few drops into a can. Puts the thread in, fibers soaking up the liquid.

CUT TO:

Ann sterilizes a sewing needle over a fire.

Threads the needle. Brings it to her injury and--

PIERCES HER SKIN with the needle.

Begins to sew up her wound.

It's PAINFUL. Her breathing heavy.

The NEEDLE PIERCES HER SKIN again and she CRIES OUT IN PAIN.

She pulls the thread through.

Pierces her skin again.

Her CRIES build into SCREAMS and begin to merge with the CRACKLING of--

EMERGENCY BROADCAST (V.O.)

(on radio)

Ce message est pour les résidents  
de la...

(static)

...Haut Saint Laurent régional...

EXT. VALLEY OVERLOOK - DUSK

Ann looks out across the valley. Crank radio in hand.

EMERGENCY BROADCAST (V.O.)

(on radio)

...régional de la gestion des  
urgences a été avisé qu'une virus  
aéroporté is...

FLASHBACK - EXT. FIRST CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The sedan, parked at an angle, is surrounded by towering, leafless trees. A fire casts an eerie glow onto the barren surroundings.

Ann, in front of the fire, carefully rips a label - "FRUIT COCKTAIL IN HEAVY SYRUP" from a can.

Her breath is visible in the cold air, a blanket around her shoulders. Her task is controlled, methodical, trying to calm her frantic mind.

The SOUND of BRANCHES BREAKING causes Ann to quickly stand.

She reaches for a L-shaped tire iron, leaning against the car. Scans the dark woods.

SUDDENLY

Jason bursts through the darkness, leg injured, limping. Blood flows from a wound on his forehead.

Ann instinctively goes towards him.

ANN

Oh my god, Jason? What happened?  
You're--

She reaches for his forehead. Jason swats her hand away.

JASON

Don't touch me!

He hastily grabs items from around the campsite.

JASON (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

ANN

What? Wh--

JASON

Get in the fucking car, now!

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jason, blood dripping onto his clothes, drives further into the forest. Ann in the back, sits next to Hailey, asleep in her car seat.

ANN

What happened?

Jason reaches over, grabs the .22, carefully hands it back to Ann.

JASON  
Unload it.

Ann does, kicking out the shell. Places it on the rear dash.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I don't ever want it loaded in the car. Okay?

ANN  
Okay.

JASON  
Her fever break?

ANN  
No.  
(beat)  
What happened?

Jason digs around in the backpack next to him. Pulls out a bottle of Aspirin. Pills rattling. Hands it to Ann.

JASON  
There was a few boxes of food. A neighborhood at the south end of town. Past where Dan Wilks used to live. Seems to be untouched.

ANN  
But they were there.

Jason, eyes fixed on the road.

JASON  
Yes. They were.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the backseat, Hailey sleeps. Ann, in the front, applies ointment to Jason's wound on his forehead.

ANN  
Why did they attack you? You've avoided them before.

Ann dabs a piece of cloth with alcohol.

JASON

I don't know. There's enough for them to eat there, enough bodies. I thought they'd move on but it's like they're territorial, hanging on to what used to be theirs.

Applies it to Jason's wound. He WINCES.

JASON (CONT'D)

Everything was fine until I cut myself breaking into the house. It was small really, just a scratch, but once the blood started flowing the screams grew and they swarmed. They just knew it. Knew that I was bleeding. Sensed it.

ANN

What are they?

JASON

I don't know. But some part of them is human.

ANN

Why's that?

JASON

Cause they can die.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ann lies awake in the backseat.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MORNING

Morning mist hugs the campsite. Ann, at the open trunk, looks down at her meager spoils--

A FEW FOOD ITEMS. Nearly half of what she shoved in from the Trailer's kitchen.

She SIGHS. Disappointed. Knows what she has to do.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Ann, crouched low, allowing the undergrowth to hid her movements, cautiously and quickly picks the FOOD ITEMS that fell from her backpack the day before.

She's tense, alert, ready to bolt at any sign of danger.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

Ann, about to sprint across the wooded road FREEZES IN TERROR as she hears--

The HEAVY SCRAPE of footsteps on concrete.

Ann ducks back into the thicket, back against a tree, unsure of where the threat is coming from. The SCRAPE is accompanied by--

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)  
C'mon! You have to! You have--

Ann swings the .22 around, butt to her shoulder. Alert, she points the barrel in the direction of--

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
C'mon! Please!

Ann emerges from the thicket where she sees-

The BACK of a TEENAGE GIRL supporting the impossible weight of an INJURED MAN. They shuffle through down the road, one labored step at a time.

ANN

A short distance away watches this slow march until--

THE TEENAGE GIRL

Crumples under the Man's weight. They fall. Hitting the pavement hard. The Teenage girl lifts herself up, kneels next to the Man, on his side, and begins to CRY.

ANN

Approaches, raising the mask, covering her nose and mouth. She gets a better look at the Girl. Short gym shorts and a tank top grip her lithe body, like she was plucked from the beach when the epidemic broke.

This is OLIVIA, 17.

OLIVIA  
(between sobs)  
Please. Please. Please.

ANN

Continues to approach. Gun trained on Olivia's back. When--

OLIVIA

HEARS Ann approach

SPINS AROUND

Eyes go wide at the sight of the rifle.

Scrambles to raise a torn t-shirt wrapped around her neck to her mouth.

ANN

Stay there. Stay right there--

Olivia's stunned silent. Her face soiled but still youthful and angelic. Tears run down her cheeks, cutting through dirt and blood. She fearfully nods.

Ann advances, and gets a full view of--

The man, CHRIS. Mid to late 30's. Bearded face caked in blood. A white T-shirt stained red clings to his shoulders. It's unsure how many wounds he's sustained.

ANN (CONT'D)

Is he infected?

OLIVIA

(meekly)

No.

ANN

Show me.

Olivia hesitates.

ANN (CONT'D)

Show me!

Olivia drops her hand holding the t-shirt mask. Reaches for Chris's shirt. Lifts it up, exposing his belly. It's dirty but otherwise normal.

Ann lowers the gun. Heads to his side. Checks his vitals. Nurses training kicking in.

ANN (CONT'D)

Your name.

Olivia doesn't respond quick enough--

ANN (CONT'D)  
Tell me your name.

OLIVIA  
Olivia.

ANN  
Olivia. Okay. My name's Ann and in order to help, you need to tell me what's happened.

OLIVIA  
(bewildered)  
You don't... You'll help? You'll help him?

ANN  
Answer me. Was it them? Did they do this to him.

OLIVIA  
No. No. We were attacked by some men... He was trying to...  
(breaks down)  
He's all I have. Please. He's all I have.

CUT TO:

Ann splashes water over Chris's face. Mops up the blood as best she can. A large scrape on his head is revealed.

Olivia, now composed, kneels next to Ann, watching her tend to Chris. She takes a moment before--

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
(re: the wiping)  
I can do it.

Ann hands Olivia the blood-soaked cloth who tenderly runs it along Chris's forehead and--

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Is he going to be okay?

ANN  
He'll be fine.

Ann stands. Crosses Chris's legs.

ANN (CONT'D)  
Grab an arm.

Ann grabs one of the Chris's arms.

OLIVIA  
 (confused)  
 What?

Ann motions towards Chris's other arm.

ANN  
 C'mon, grab it.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Ann and Olivia struggle as they DRAG Chris through the forest.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - LATER

Chris, head and other cuts bandaged, lays near a roaring fire.

A few feet away, Ann spreads out the nylon fabric of a tent. She hands a tent stake to Olivia. Ann begins to pound in a stake with a large rock. Olivia looks at the stake before--

OLIVIA  
 Why are you helping us?

Ann finishes pounding in the stake. Moves to another.

ANN  
 Because you need it.

Olivia considers this for a moment before grabbing a nearby rock and begins pounding in the stake.

CUT TO:

Ann and Olivia position Chris inside the newly erected tent.

CUT TO:

Olivia nibbles on a cracker while across the fire, Ann eats her own meager meal almost unsure of how to have someone eat next to her.

ANN (CONT'D)  
 It's been awhile. Since someone has  
 been here, I mean.

Olivia lets the sentence hang in the air.

ANN (CONT'D)

Did you come from the south? Your father--

OLIVIA

(quickly)

Step-dad.

(beat)

Well, sort of, Chris and my mom were you know, like together, but they didn't marry. They planned it for September but...

She trails off. Ann looks up. Sees Olivia clasping her knees tight to her chest.

CUT TO:

Ann brings a blanket out of the front seat of the car. Shakes it out a few times.

ANN

You can sleep in the front if you want. There's not much room in the tent.

OLIVIA

No. No. It's fine. I want to sleep near him. I mean, I'm used to it.

Ann hands the blankets over to Olivia.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

We'll leave. When he's better, I mean. We'll leave you alone.

ANN

(nods, understanding)

Sure.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ann sits up in the backseat of the car. She catches the metallic glimpse of--

The FOUR .22 BULLETS resting on the rear dash.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MORNING

Ann unzips the tent, revealing--

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Chris, on his side, covered in blankets, asleep.

Olivia with one thin blanket on, is huddled against Chris, face buried in his back.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann starts a fire as Olivia reaches the campsite with buckets of water.

OLIVIA

Why do you have two campsites?

ANN

In case I lose one, I have the other.

OLIVIA

Oh.

EXT. WOODS - DEADFALL TRAP - LATER

Olivia holds the blue bucket up while Ann reassembles the three sticks into the number '4', making the task much easier.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Olivia, a plastic bag in hand, leans over, looking at--

A CLUMP of deer shit.

Nearby, Ann picks up similar pieces of feces without a thought, sees Olivia's hesitation--

ANN

It helps hide your scent. Throws them off.

Olivia, disgusted, shields her hand with the bag, and begins to--

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Ann and Olivia wash their hands in the lake. Olivia looks over, notices--

Ann take out her wedding ring from her pocket. Slips it back on her ring finger.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann collects firewood. Stacks it in a neat pile. She stops. Wipes her sweaty brow, looks over at--

OLIVIA

A good twenty yards away. She's by the edge of the lake, carrying a bundle of twigs in her arms. She sets the bundle down and looks around, like she's about to cross a street. But then--

Pulls her shorts down and squats, underneath the shade of a tree. She urinates. And after a short moment, stands up, shaking her hips back and forth to get her shorts back up. She goes to wash her hands in the lake.

ANN

Watches her do each act. Watching this everyday occurrence, completed with the innocence of a young girl.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A fire roars. Ann and Olivia lean up against the car. Olivia cranks the emergency radio. Tunes to--

STATIC.

Olivia continues to turn the dial. STATIC cuts IN and OUT with each turn.

ANN

Are you heading north?

OLIVIA

Yes.

ANN

Do you want to hear it?

Olivia nods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ann guides. Olivia, radio in hand, follows.

EXT. VALLEY OVERLOOK - NIGHT

The valley is shrouded in darkness, lit only by the light of the moon.

Ann cranks the radio. Tunes it to the FAINT PRE-RECORDED VOICE from before, still struggling to be heard against the radio's CRACKLING.

EMERGENCY BROADCAST (V.O.)

(on radio)

.. fermer toutes les fenêtres , des portes et des événements . Éteignez toutes les conditions...

(static)

...personnel d'urgence clés , y compris les équipes de surveillance ont été envoyés...

Olivia looks at the radio. Hoping that it would emit something else.

OLIVIA

That's what's north?

ANN

Mmm hmmm.

OLIVIA

Do you know what they're saying?

ANN

No.

OLIVIA

So that's it?

ANN

That's all there is.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ann and Olivia trudge through the blackened forest, coming upon--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Chris, a blanket around his shoulder, standing outside of the tent.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Olivia's face LIGHTS UP. Joy and relief wash over her as she RUNS--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Up to Chris.

Throws her skinny arms around his thick neck. Hugs him. Begins to cry.

CHRIS

Embraces her. Strokes her hair. Kisses her forehead.

CHRIS

It's okay, Liv. It's all okay.

ANN

Watching this unfold, approaches.

CHRIS

Sees Ann approach. Nods his appreciation.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - LATER

Chris sits in front of the roaring fire, tinkering with a twig. Breaking it. Peeling it, Etc. Olivia sleeps peacefully next to him, head resting on a bundled-up blanket.

Across the fire is Ann, regarding him cautiously. She's seated, back against a fallen log. The .22, barrel leaning against the log, is close. Only inches away.

CHRIS

How long was I out?

ANN

Little over a day.

Chris breaks part of the twig. Tosses it into the flames.

ANN (CONT'D)

She said you're going north.

CHRIS

Trying to at least. We heard that it was in check.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

But fuck, we don't know. I guess  
we're just walking towards a hope.

ANN

Or towards rumors.

Chris regards Ann for a moment before picking up another  
twig. Looks around.

CHRIS

It looks like you're well setup  
here. Most folks would kill for  
this stuff. Tent. Food, from what I  
can tell. A car.

There's a beat. Both Ann and Chris know the importance of the  
car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Full tank?

ANN

(too quickly)

No.

(trying to play it off)

It's just a... place to stay out of  
the rain.

Chris stares at Ann. Snaps the twig in his hand with a --  
CRACK!

Ann tries not to fidget under his gaze. Her worry about his  
interest in the car causes her to--

Slowly, and without Chris noticing, move her hand closer to  
the .22 when--

Chris stands. Looms, almost menacingly, over the fire right  
as--

Ann's hand reaches the .22. She's about to grasp it when--

Chris turns, picks up the slumbering Olivia. SMILES and--

CHRIS

Thank you. For what you did. For  
both of us. Not many do that  
nowadays. We'll be gone in the  
morning.

Ann releases her grasp on the .22. Nods.

Chris walks towards the tent, Olivia in his arms.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Ann wakes to the SOUND OF RAIN pounding the car. Mud seeps from the windows, showing--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Chris dismantling the tent as Olivia huddles under a tree, soaking wet and miserable.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ann takes this in, then opens the door.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND of the DOOR opening causes Chris and Olivia to turn towards--

ANN

Beckoning them into the car.

INT. CAR - LATER

Chris and Olivia, dripping wet, climb into the front seat. Ann moves around the clutter, making room.

CUT TO:

Morning is beginning to fade. Rain continues to pour.

Chris, Olivia, and Ann sit in the car in awkward silence until--

CHRIS

How long have you been here?

ANN

Since it started.

CHRIS

Why in the middle of... Nowhere?

ANN

My husband grew up in these woods. He lived in a town a mile or two west. He brought us here. Its where he felt the safest.

Olivia looks out the window, water streaming down with rain, at Ann's expertly crafted campsite.

OLIVIA  
So that's who taught you to be  
all... woods-womany.

A beat.

ANN  
(quietly)  
He taught me what he could.

She ABRUPTLY gets up, opens the car door and exits.

Chris looks over at Olivia--

CHRIS  
(reprimand)  
C'mon, Liv.

OLIVIA  
What?

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann, getting pelted by rain, SLAMS the trunk shut. With a box of cereal in her hands, she scrambles to the back-door, opens it and--

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jumps in, closes the door.

She hands the box to Chris, wipes herself off. Chris opens it, offers a handful to Olivia. Takes one for himself, hands it back to Ann.

She takes a handful for herself, folds the box up.

Both Chris and Olivia watch her do this. Get the message -- one handful each.

CUT TO:

Olivia plays with the button on the glove compartment, depressing it, having it open an inch, then closing it, repeating this over and over until she slips, lets the compartment slam open! The contents inside rattle and Olivia sees--

A deck of playing cards.

CUT TO:

Rain still pounds the sedan as Chris consults his cards and relishes in saying--

CHRIS

Go fish.

Ann does, picking from the cards on the armrest. Olivia, not really enjoying the game SIGHS with indifference and--

OLIVIA

Ann, do you have any Three's?

CUT TO:

Later. Olivia sleeps in the front seat, head against a wadded amount of blankets propped against the window.

Chris, at the wheel, has his back against the door, looks to the backseat where Ann shuffles the playing cards.

CHRIS

We started hearing things. How Philly went down in a day but some backwater berg like Bethel didn't get hit until a month later. So Suzanne, Liv's mom, said wait. Let's just fucking wait. She kept on saying someone was going to get us. The army or the gov. She even believed that the Red Cross was handing out the cure in a bottle over in Trout Run. Turned out they were giving hot chocolate and cheese sandwiches. Can you believe that? A fucking plague, unchecked, spreading like wildfire, causing people to go ape shit and attack anything with a pulse and all they were doing was giving us Swiss Miss in Styrofoam cups.

Ann continues to shuffle, listening.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Then Suz got the sores on her stomach. Those little red circles. It looked like fucking flea bites at first, but then got nasty. Started bleeding. Discharging some weird white puss.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

A day later, Suz got her wish, someone showed up. Soldiers in hazmat suits with guns the size of guitars barged in. They didn't say a goddamn word that was something other than 'calm down sir'. They shoved a needle in Suz's arm and then had the balls to make me sign some document and left. It was only after I signed was when they told me that she might get better in two days.

(beat)

Two days later she attacked Liv. Tried to rip her apart with her bare hands. So I tied Suz to the bed where all she'd do was scream. Kept her there for days, listening to her screams while Liv and I ran out of food to the point where we were soaking rice in the toilet tank. The rest of the town turned quickly after that and it got nasty. So, I grabbed Liv, and we left.

Ann quits shuffling. Begins to deal.

ANN

So they still don't know what it is?

CHRIS

Fuck, if they do, there's no way to tell us. Everything's down. Except the radio signals in the north and the rumormill. When we run across folks that don't want to rape Liv or kill me for my fucking boots, it's all the same talk. It's probably viral, spread through the air and the blood and spit of the infected. But no one knows. One thing they all agree on is that somehow, up north, its better. Better how or better then what, I don't know, but people always claim its better then where they are, or were.

Done dealing, both Ann and Chris pick up their cards. Study them for a moment.

ANN

Your wife. Did you leave her? Tied  
to the bed?

Chris puts down a card. Picks another up from the deck.

CHRIS

In a way, yes.

(beat)

I put a kitchen knife into her ear.  
Kept pressing it in until the  
screams stopped.

(beat)

I'd like to think that she forgave  
me, you know, whatever part of her  
was still there. That she could  
hear me say I'm sorry and believe  
it.

Ann takes a moment before she picks up the card Chris laid  
down. Studies her cards before laying one down.

ANN

Saying sorry wouldn't have  
mattered.

Chris picks a card from the deck and--

CHRIS

It would've mattered to me.

Ann looks up from her cards, not expecting his answer.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The rain has ceased but leaves and trees continue to drip in  
its absence.

Chris and Ann set the tent back up. Ann begins pounding in  
tent stakes with a rock.

CHRIS

You have it good here. What we came  
from, what we've been through, this  
is paradise.

ANN

It's not.

CHRIS

Then why don't you leave?

ANN

Cause I can survive here.

A beat.

CHRIS

Can we do it with you?

Ann stops her pounding. Looks at Chris.

ANN

You want to stay?

CHRIS

Just for a bit. Until we can get enough to go north.

ANN

Is Olivia okay with that?

CHRIS

She's a teen. Doesn't excuse her behavior but...

Chris points to the car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That's the first time she's slept without me by her side in months. She feels safe here.

ANN

She feels safe because of you, not because of this, not because of me.

CHRIS

Fuck, you saw what happened, if it wasn't for you... You could've turned Liv away from the start, but you didn't. We'll work, do whatever needs to be done. Please.

MONTAGE: MORNING SUN

-- Bright, early morning light breaks through the clouds.

-- The lake, mist hanging close to the water's surface, begins to glisten with the emerging sunlight.

-- Beads of dew, clinging to a large maple leaf, sparkle with the light of the coming sun.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - MORNING

Flames lick the bottom of a saucepan. Boiling water. Ann sits near the fire as Olivia walks up arms crossed.

There's an awkward silence for a moment until--

OLIVIA

Chris is getting firewood. He'll be here soon.

ANN

Sure.

Ann points to the cereal box. Olivia grabs it, takes a handful, begins to eat.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Ann, at the lake's shore, scrubs out the saucepan.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Chris! Stop! Stop!

Ann turns, looks further down the shore to see--

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia, caught up in Chris's arms, her back against his chest. He edges closer to the lake, swings her, like he's going to toss her in, while she kicks and gleefully--

OLIVIA

No! No! Don't you dare! Don't you--

CHRIS

You need a bath young lady!

OLIVIA

Ahhh! I don't! C'mon, Chris! C'mon!  
Its cold! I hate lakes! I hate--

Chris puts her down. Her squirming too much.

Olivia turns and punches him in the arm. Playfully but as hard as she can.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

You jerk!

CHRIS

What? If I threw you in I'd be a jerk.

OLIVIA

You made me drop my worms!

Chris stoops down, picks up Olivia's worm can. Hands it to her. He comes up smiling, but catches--

EXT. LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Ann's gaze.

Their eyes lock for a moment. Chris' joviality fades under Ann's stare.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A river winds its way through the forest. Coursing over polished stones and moss-covered logs.

Spread out, makeshift fishing rods in hand, are Ann, Chris, and Olivia.

OLIVIA

(bored)

God, are there like, even fish here?

Chris, trying a 'fly fisherman' approach seems to be enjoying himself.

CHRIS

Where there are fisherman, there aren't fish, Liv. Law of the lake.

OLIVIA

But we're on a river.

CHRIS

Rules still apply.

(beat)

I was on this fishing trip once with Matt Thiel. You remember Matt, Liv?

OLIVIA

Yup.

CHRIS

Dude was a tank. Opened beers with his fucking teeth and played Call of Duty 24-7. Anyway, Matt rented this boat right, little fucking skiff, could barely hold a case of natty light, but--

ANN

Stop.

Chris does.

CHRIS

What?

ANN

Just stop.

Chris looks at Ann, whose eyes are trained on the river. Trained on the task.

CHRIS

Okay.

Olivia looks between the two of them continuing to fish. Rods in their hands, simple lines arcing in a gentle breeze.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Chris and Olivia walk down the small trail leading back towards the campsite. Ann a few steps behind notices that--

Olivia THREADS HER ARM through Chris's who doesn't seem to mind. Hangs onto him, as they walk down the trail.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ann stares at the ceiling of the car, unable to sleep.

She brushes off the blankets, grabs a hoodie, exits and--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Steps out of the car. Slips her arms into the hoodie. Sits across from Chris, who pokes at the fire with a stick.

CHRIS

Couldn't sleep?

ANN

No.

CHRIS

All we need are a few solo cups,  
right?

His joke falls flat as Ann doesn't answer.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Why did you stop me? Earlier, at  
the river.

ANN

(softly)

Because sometimes it seems like you  
forget what's out there. One moment  
you're telling me about how you  
killed your wife and the next  
you're acting like this is a  
weekend camping trip and we'll all  
return to normality on Monday.

CHRIS

I didn't forget. I just choose what  
to remember and when to remember  
it.

A moment.

ANN

The day we left our home I saw two  
of them rip apart a mother and her  
three children in seconds. One  
moment they were our neighbors, a  
family, and the next, just a puddle  
of blood. No skin. No flesh. The  
red rings your wife had? We saw  
them before anyone knew what was  
going on. We'd get patients in the  
ER oozing puss and blood, the rings  
just ate up the skin around it,  
feeding on it like it knew what it  
was about to become. The only thing  
keeping them in the town down there-

-

(motions)

--is they haven't eaten all the  
bodies yet, all the people like  
your wife, who were left tied to a  
bed. I can't choose to forget that.

CHRIS

Then choose to at least get over it. Just because all of this has happened doesn't mean you have to turn your humanity off. If you do, you might as well become one of them.

Ann doesn't respond, stares into the fire. Chris rises, heads towards the tent.

FLASHBACK - EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Jason and Ann, seated on the ground, backs against a log, eyes fixed on the roaring fire in front of them. Next to Ann is Hailey's car seat, tented with a thick blanket.

JASON

It took two houses before I found the last amount.

ANN

Hailey needs medicine. We need more food. You can't just quit. You brought us here for a reason. This was your choice and we've survived, we've gotten by.

JASON

Getting by isn't life.

ANN

Getting by is all we have left.  
(beat)  
You need to go.

Ann looks at Jason. He takes a moment before he nods.

FLASHBACK - EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Jason, nude, is being rubbed down with mud by Ann. Steam rises from his body into the cold night. Ann applies the mud methodically.

JASON

Will this work?

ANN

I don't know. It should hide your scent from them.

She stops. Notices--

Jason's HAND SHAKING with fear.

She stops rubbing mud. Jason notices as well, looks down at his own hand like it has a mind of its own.

Ann grabs it. Tries to quell its shaking.

CUT TO:

Ann watches, .22 in her hand, as Jason, covered in mud, pulls up his pants. Begins to button his flannel shirt.

Ann hands the gun over to Jason. He takes it. Slings it over his shoulder. Looks at her.

JASON

We're not just getting by. We have more left than you think.

He kisses her forehead, turns, and walk away.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MORNING

Ann, walks away from the Car campsite, disappearing into the early morning mist.

INT. TENT - MORNING

Chris, still asleep on his back is unaware that--

Olivia, lying next to him, watches him sleep.

She reaches out and GENTLY RUNS HER FINGER up his ARM, then back down. It's tender, but at the same time full of desire.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Chris and Olivia eat a meager breakfast.

CHRIS

Have you seen her?

OLIVIA

Nuh-uh.

A beat as Olivia sits. Pulls her knees up to her chest.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

When are we leaving?

CHRIS

Soon.

OLIVIA

You always say that we need to move. Those that stay, die.

CHRIS

We'll move, just not yet.

OLIVIA

So what, we're staying because she's here?

CHRIS

We're staying because she has access to food, water, things that we've fought for on the road.

(beat)

We should be thankful.

OLIVIA

If we're leaving, then who cares.

CHRIS

I do. She deserves it. God knows what she's been through.

OLIVIA

Yeah but we've been through--

CHRIS

The whole world's been through shit but at least you and I had each other. She went through it by herself. She doesn't have anyone, Liv, and she still helped us out. Least we can do is show her that we care.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Chris, plastic shit bag in hand, scours the forest for animal droppings. Stops as he sees--

Ann approaching. She holds the bottom of her shirt up and out with one hand, creating a makeshift basket.

CHRIS

Hey.

ANN

Hey.

Chris looks into the shirt-basket and sees--

A handful of berries, maybe 8, in the shirt's folds. Juice staining the already dirty fabric.

CHRIS  
(smart-aleck)  
Wow, quite a haul.

Ann SMILES.

It's pleasing. The first one we've seen.

Chris reaches for one but Ann folds the berries closer to her stomach, blocking his reach. She sidesteps him and continues on her way.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
C'mon!

Over her shoulder she--

ANN  
Not with hands like that.

Chris looks down at his shit-covered hands.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann and Olivia try to pull apart a fallen log.

The WOOD SPLINTERS. CRACKS apart. And the sound of a -- RIIPPPPP -- follows with both of them stumbling backward with the top half of the log.

OLIVIA  
Oww! Shit!

Olivia CLASPS her HAND to her chest. Holds it in pain.

Ann kneels down, reaches for her hand. Olivia pulls it back.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
No! I'm fine.

ANN  
(patiently)  
Let me see.

Olivia reluctantly opens her palm showing--

A large cut, blood beginning to drip, spread across several fingers.

EXT. LAKE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann and Olivia crouch down at the lake.

Olivia notices Ann remove her wedding ring, stashes it in her pocket before carefully washing Olivia's wound.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann takes out a battered, sparse medical kit from her bag. Removes a flattened bottle of ointment. Squeezes out a small dab and tenderly spread the ointment on Olivia's fingers.

OLIVIA

Why do you take it off? Your ring.

Ann takes a bandage and wraps it around one of Olivia's fingers. She repeats this, a bandage for each digit.

ANN

Habit, I guess.

Ann wraps Olivia's last finger with a band-aid different from the rest. This one is--

A colorful depiction of SPONGEBOB SQUARE PANTS.

OLIVIA

I used to love this show.

Olivia looks at the band-aid, turns her hand to get a 360-view. Ann notices and--

ANN

My daughter loved the colorful ones.

(begins packing the kit)

But if they were in the box, she'd take them out, if they were out of the box, she'd put them in. She was only happy when they were moving back and forth. Going from one place to the other.

Olivia regards Ann, who subconsciously slips her wedding ring back on.

OLIVIA

What happened to them? Your family, I mean.

ANN  
The same thing that happened to  
everyone else's.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann, Chris, and Olivia sit around the campfire. They eat a small meal, consisting of a few crackers and berries.

Ann's notices--

Chris not eating his crackers. He places them on a small strip of cloth, wraps them up.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Chris fills several water bottles as Ann approaches, empty bottles in hand. Begins filling them as well.

ANN  
You're rationing.

CHRIS  
Can't always find food on the road.

ANN  
So you're leaving then.

CHRIS  
Soon. Yes.

ANN  
You can have more if--

CHRIS  
No. That's yours. The more we take from you, the more you have to go down there and get it.

Ann nods. Knows he's right.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Come with us.

Ann shakes her head 'no'.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Why?

ANN  
Because you don't know if what's there is better than here.

CHRIS

You're right, I don't. But this place can only be a paradise for so long.

ANN

It's not a paradise. I hate this place. Every inch, every branch, every stone, it makes me sick. But everything I hate, helps me to survive.

(beat)

You have Liv and have to find a place to survive. For you, it's north. For me, it's right here.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Light pierces through the trees, casting rays of sunshine into the misty air of the waterfall's spray.

Ann, Chris, and Olivia scour the rocks of shallow water, looking for minnows. Placing their slimy bodies in plastic bags.

Chris stops, looks over at Ann and Olivia, diligently working. He picks up a rock, tosses it towards a log, maybe 30 feet away. Close, but misses.

CHRIS

Hey!

Ann and Olivia lift their heads up from their task.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What will you guys give me if I hit that log?

He brandishes a stone, hoping it will impress them. It doesn't.

OLIVIA

What are you, ten?

CHRIS

Thirty-four. C'mon, what will you give me?

Ann and Olivia look at each other: *really?*

ANN

Fine. I'll cook you dinner.

CHRIS

That's it? You've been cooking us  
dinner for days. And besides, that  
log is like...

(calculating)

Fifty feet away.

Ann and Olivia head over towards Chris.

ANN

It's thirty, tops.

CHRIS

(holding out his arms)

Give a man a chance.

ANN

Fine, fine. We won't ration.

That grabs Olivia's attention.

OLIVIA

Oh my god, Chris, you like totally  
have to do this!

ANN

But the stone has to hit the top,  
not the side.

CHRIS

Deal. What you got, Liv?

OLIVIA

The dinner thing!

CHRIS

That's Ann's, what will you give  
me.

OLIVIA

Who cares! We can eat more than  
four fucking crackers!

CHRIS

Don't leave me hanging, Liv.

OLIVIA

Okay.

(beat)

We'll swim.

CHRIS

(surprised)

Really? You hate swimming.

ANN  
You hate swimming?

OLIVIA  
(defensive)  
Just in lakes.

Olivia squirms self-consciously under the amused gaze of Chris and Ann.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
I hate not seeing the bottom.

CHRIS  
A dinner and a swim. Can't pass that up.

Chris gauges the stone's weight.

Aims.

Tosses.

Misses the log by inches.

ALL  
Ohhhhh!

Chris doesn't wait, picks up another stone and tosses.

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Ann and Chris float in the lake. Olivia treads water nearby, not as relaxed.

OLIVIA  
I think something brushed my foot.  
Guys! Ahh! Fuck! There it is again!

Ann stares into the deep abyss of the sky until a small WAVE of water laps against Ann. She looks over at--

Chris, smiling. Who gently sends another wave in her direction.

ANN  
What?

OLIVIA (O.S.)  
Gross. This is cold and gross!

CHRIS  
Nothing.

His smile holds.

ANN  
It's not nothing.

CHRIS  
It's nothing.

Olivia, starts to swim over to Ann and Chris but stops as she sees--

Chris, grinning, send another wave over in Ann's direction.

Ann, smiles back.

Olivia treads water as she witnesses this simple flirtation.

But her FACE CAVES. Folds in on itself with the realization that--

Chris is starting to like Ann.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Ann's hands shake as she strips a label from a metal can.

A DISTANT SCREAM stops her.

DREADFUL.

One of THEM.

Her head snaps up. Points in the direction of the noise.

All she sees is a dark forest.

Another DISTANT SCREAM rips through the air.

And ANOTHER.

And ANOTHER.

They layer, become a CHORUS of SCREAMS until--

A GUNSHOT -- BANG!

Ann JUMPS at the sound. Terrified.

A second SHOT follows -- BANG!

And another -- BANG!

Ann stands grabs the tire iron, steps forward but is only confronted with--

SILENCE.

A long beat. Too long almost. When--

Inside the car, Hailey STARTS TO CRY, her WAILS MUFFLED by the shut doors of the sedan.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Ann, Chris, and Olivia eat. A feast compared to what they've been eating. Crackers, cereal, a jar of olives, and the easy cheese canister Ann has been using to bait the trap. It's enjoyable to everyone--

Except Olivia. She nibbles on a cracker, trying to hide her heavy heart.

Ann smiles as Chris chews with delight and--

CHRIS

Mmmmm. Mmmmmmm!

Ann reaches for the Easy Cheese, Chris tenderly grabs her hand. Olivia notices.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Holdup, it's all coming back to me now.

Chris takes the cannister and presses it's tip to the cracker. Orange cheese flows out in a floral pattern.

Cracker in hand, Chris searches amongst the food and finds--

A plump GRUB. Plops it in the center of the cheese. Hands the cracker to Ann.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hakuna matata.

Ann looks at it, then at Chris and starts--

LAUGHING.

It's melodic. Beautiful. A laugh of one that was so used to it but now knows its a privilege.

Chris quickly begins to LAUGH with Ann.

They LAUGH together as Olivia--

Puts on a forced smile. She tries to share in the laughter, but can't.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

LAUGHTER echoes throughout the forest.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Chris and Olivia dig for worms. Placing their wriggling bodies into a dirt filled jar. Olivia notices Chris looking off screen.

Olivia follows Chris' gaze, sees--

ANN

A little distance away, washing clothes in a shallow part of the lake.

Her hair is backlit by the sun. Sweat trickles down her neck, between her breasts, before falling below the line of her tank top. Her shorts, wet, cling to her hips.

OLIVIA

Knows her beauty. Is threatened by it.

OLIVIA  
She looks like Mom.

Chris averts his gaze, focuses on the ground and the worms within.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Not the hair, but... She's good at all of this. If it was me, I'd be just like--  
(mock overwhelmed)  
Ahhh!

Chris SMILES, keeps on digging in the ground.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Is that why you want her to come with us? I mean, like, cause she's good at you know, this type of stuff?

Chris stops, looks at Olivia.

CHRIS

What would've happened, Liv, if she didn't come by that day? I'd be dead and you'd be alone. Nobody deserves that. Not you, not her. I want her to come because of you, because she looked out for us, and because I want to look out for her.

Olivia's bites her lip. Looks back to the woman that has Chris's compassion.

ANN

A beautiful woman, despite the hardship, despite the dirt.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Ann and Olivia approach the lake, a few glass jars and cooking pot in hand. They sit down on a large rock, embedded in the sand and surf.

Olivia begins to wash the glass jars but stops, noticing--

Ann removing her wedding ring. Sets it on the rock, then begins scrubbing the pot.

Olivia picks the ring up. Holds it up to the light, diamond sparkling.

Olivia tries the ring on. Fits. Models it on her finger.

OLIVIA

How did he do it? I mean, ask you.

Ann stops scrubbing the pot, looks at Olivia.

ANN

I found out I was pregnant on a Friday. It was late and I told him. He didn't say a word. Just looked at me. Then left. At midnight he came back. Smelled like liquor but sat down on the edge of the bed and showed me the ring. He didn't ask but I said yes and we went to bed.

She returns her attention back to the pot, starts scrubbing again.

ANN (CONT'D)

I think he got it at a pawn shop. But part of me didn't care.

(MORE)

ANN (CONT'D)  
 Somehow I knew that this was the  
 only way it would happen.

Olivia keeps the ring on. Eyes fixed on its beauty.

OLIVIA  
 Chris took my mom to Maui. Asked  
 her on the beach. During a sunset.  
 She said it was the best moment of  
 her life.

Ann's stung. Shocked at Olivia's callousness. She wipes her  
 hands off on her pants. Holds one out to Olivia.

Olivia stands, faces Ann.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 It's nice.

ANN  
 It is.

Olivia removes the ring, getting caught slightly on her  
 knuckle before it slips off. Doesn't hand it over yet.

OLIVIA  
 Weird to think it was someone  
 else's. Before it was yours, I  
 mean.

Ann doesn't respond, keeps her hand extended. Olivia presses  
 the ring into Ann's palm, then walks away.

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - DAY

Ann has Hailey strapped to her back who happily COOS and  
 GURGLES, betraying the severity of--

ANN

Overwhelmed by SHOCK and ABSOLUTE HORROR as we QUICK CUT  
 THROUGH--

-- Spent .22 cartridges in the grass lay near a portion of  
 HUMAN SCALP.

-- A blood spattered tree trunk.

-- A bloody hand. Fingers missing.

-- Jason's mangled, barely recognizable face.

ANN

Picks up the rifle, metallic barrel smeared with blood. She pulls the bolt back, kicking out a spent shell.

She then CHECKS THE BACKPACK where--

Only one CAN OF FOOD - MIXED VEGETABLES - remains.

She puts the food in the backpack. Then kneels by Jason's remains. Pries his remaining fingers open to reveal--

A BLOODIED BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rain pounds the car as Ann sits in the drivers seat. She scrapes the sides of the can of mixed vegetables, spoons out what remains.

She eats while staring out the window, water coursing down.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAR - MORNING

Ann looks into the trunk and pulls out the backpack along with the .22.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - MORNING

Ann is covered in mud as she gently buckles Hailey in to her car seat. She's about to exit but hesitates. Looks at her daughter for a moment before we--

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MORNING

Hailey, wriggling in her car seat, is a few feet away from Ann, who mixes bucketed water with the soil around the car, making mud. She takes a handful and smears it over the rear window.

CUT TO:

Windows covered in mud, Ann drags over branches, stacks them against the car, camouflaging it.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - DAY

Ann snaps the car seat, Hailey strapped in, into it's base. She gently runs her fingers over Hailey's forehead, down her cheek, and to her chin.

Ann looks at her daughter lovingly. Longingly, until--

FLASHBACK - EXT. WOODS - LATER

Ann, backpack on, walks away from the car, camouflaged with branches and mud. She raises her mask, covering her mouth.

FLASHBACK - EXT. RURAL FARM HOUSE - LATER

Ann cautiously approaches a small dwelling surrounded by neglected machinery and various barn-like structures.

FLASHBACK - INT. RURAL FARM HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann enters. Makes her way through a hallway filled with country-themed wall decor. Hanging askew.

She STOPS as she hears--

A PACKAGE TEARING. Followed by--

The SALIVA FILLED CHOMPS OF AN ANIMAL TEARING INTO FLESH.

She shakily raises the .22 and follows the entry hall to--

FLASHBACK - INT. RURAL FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ann rounds a corner into the dated kitchen and sees--

ONE OF THEM

A FEMALE

Kneeling in front of an open refrigerator, surrounded by rotting food and packages. WE NEVER FULLY SEE THE FEMALE'S FACE, AS HER BACK IS TO ANN, BUT NOTICE--

A torn-open package of BROWNING and SPOILED BEEF in her HANDS. She brings it up to her mouth and from behind, we can tell that she rips off a hefty bite.

ANN

Is FROZEN. Deer in headlights. She watches in horror as the--

FEMALE

Tilts the back of her head up, soiled hair still hiding her features. SNIFFS THE AIR.

ANN

Is ready to shoot. Rifle trained at the Female's head--

THE FEMALE

Stops sniffing. Returns to her task of eating the spoiled meat.

ANN

Considers this for a second. Then--

Steps forward.

Places the .22 barrel inches away from the Female's head.

WE HOLD ON ANN. SHOULDERS ON UP. As she--

BANG!

Pulls the trigger.

She doesn't flinch as--

SEVERAL DROPLETS OF BLOOD BLOW BACK

Spattering Ann's FACE, MASK, and CLOTHING.

Ann waits for a second before stepping over the dead Female, face embedded into the heap of garbage.

Ann tears off a paper towel from a wooden holder installed underneath the cabinets. Wipes the blood spatters from her face as--

The SOUND of a CRYING BABY takes us to--

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann jogs up to the car as HAILEY'S CRIES continue to build.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ann, in the backseat, holds Hailey close to her chest, rubbing her back. Calming her down. Hailey BURIES her FACE into ANN'S CHEST as Ann--

ANN

Shhhh. It's okay, sweetie. It's okay. It's--

Ann gently pulls her daughter away from her chest and--

Stops. Looks on in horror at--

A FAINT SMUDGE OF RED on Hailey's cheek, close to her mouth.

Ann looks down at her clothing and--

Rubs her finger along her SHIRT BUTTON. Looks at her finger and sees -- BLOOD. Blow back the Female that transferred, ever so slightly, to her daughter's skin.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Chris and Ann walk through the forest. Ann stoops to pick up fallen branches, bends them, testing their brittle-ness.

CHRIS

She's warm, then cold. The way it goes at her age. If it makes you feel any better, she treats you just like she did her mother.

ANN

No, that doesn't really make me feel any better.

CHRIS

Yup, didn't think it would.

They share a smile.

INT. CAR - DUSK

In the passenger seat, Olivia looks at herself in the visor mirror. She lets her hair down. Shakes it out. Studies her reflection again.

CUT TO:

She rummages through the car's bags, containers, glove box etc. Finds--

A small travel bottle of BABY LOTION. Olivia cracks it open, smells it.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

A branch -- SNAPS! -- in Ann's hands. She passes the branch over to Chris, who adds it to the small bundle swaddled in his arms.

CHRIS

You know that I don't know anything about you.

(beat)

Except that you're stubborn.

ANN

(surprised)

Excuse me? I am not.

CHRIS

Only stubborn people instantly deny being stubborn.

ANN

(smiling)

That's called entrapment.

CHRIS

True but it's now confirmed, without a reasonable doubt, that you, Ann... whatever your last name is, are stubborn.

ANN

You're good at that.

CHRIS

What, exactly?

ANN

Making me forget why I'm here.

INT. TENT - DUSK

Olivia wriggles out of her clothes, keeps her underwear on.

Takes a tattered cloth, soaks it with liquid from a water bottle, and begins to wash herself. Running the wetted rag over her youthful skin.

CUT TO:

She taps the Baby Lotion bottle. Getting out as much as she can. Lotions herself.

CUT TO:

She crawls under the covers. Removes her underwear. Bra. Then panties. Folds them up. Sets them aside.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DUSK

Ann and Chris stack the wood they just collected. Shut down the camp for the rest of the night.

INT. TENT - DUSK

Olivia waits, covers still hiding her nude body.

Her breathing begins to quicken. She tries to control it.

She's nervous but resolved.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Chris and Ann walk through the woods.

They're close.

Close enough to hold hands but those few inches could be a mile.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Ann and Chris walk into camp. They stop. Share a look that might lead to something else before--

ANN

Good night, Chris.

Chris smiles, nods with understanding.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Olivia props herself as she hears--

CHRIS (O.S.)

Good night.

Her breathing deepens. She kicks her lithe legs out from underneath the covers. Strikes a pose that she thinks is desirable, and waits for him to enter, eyes fixed on the tent entrance.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ann pulls back the .22's bolt, releasing the golden shell within. She places it on the rear dash, along with the other 3 Bullets. She begins to settle in, but stops when--

GENTLE KNOCKING.

She leans over, opens the door, revealing--

Chris.

ANN

Hey. Everything okay?

Chris quickly climbs in, leans forward and--

PASSIONATELY KISSES Ann.

He releases and they look at each other for a moment until Ann GRABS THE BACK OF HIS NECK, kissing him in return.

Chris reaches out behind him, and shuts the door with a--

INT. TENT - MOMENTS BEFORE

Olivia waits, eyes still burning a hole in the entrance, when she hears--

The CAR DOOR, O.S., CLOSE.

Olivia's face drains of all blood. The sound of the door closing cuts through her, pierces her heart.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Chris rips his shirt off. Helps Ann out of hers.

In between kisses--

CHRIS

Come with us.

ANN

We've talked about this.

CHRIS

Things can change.

ANN

Not everything.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Olivia, tears building, sits in the tent, blankets clasped to her heaving chest with one hand. She looks over at--

Her underwear. Folded neatly at the corner of the tent.

MONTAGE: NIGHT

-- Trees sway in the darkness.

-- Stars twinkle. White pinpricks in the night's black abyss.

INT. TENT - LATER

Olivia, dressed, blanket wrapped around her shoulders, sits in the tent. Emotionless.

After a moment, she gets up and--

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Olivia takes the car keys from their tree perch. Silently opens the trunk. Tries to minimize the noise as much as possible. She grabs a box of crackers, leaving only one can of food behind.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia, blanket still wrapped around her, walks through the woods. She carries the food and the emergency radio.

EXT. VALLEY OVERLOOK - MOMENTS LATER

Olivia sits at the edge of the precipice. Opens the box of crackers and grabs a handful.

Shoves it in her mouth.

Grotesquely chews. Crumbs going everywhere. Heavily swallows.

She cranks the emergency radio, begins searching through static until--

EMERGENCY BROADCAST (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
...il ya un danger immédiat pour le  
public..

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

Light breaks in through the mud-covered windows. Casting pale light on the four .22 Bullets on the rear dash.

In the backseat, Ann's head rests on Chris' chest. She traces an imaginary 'figure 8' on his upper arm with her finger.

A ladies wallet is spread out on Ann's back. A few cards are stacked to the side. Chris looks at Ann's ID.

CHRIS  
Annabelle Rose Marshall.

ANN  
(content)  
Mmmm.

Chris flips it over.

CHRIS  
Organ donor.

Ann smiles, continues her tracing.

ANN  
Stay. Instead of going north, stay.

CHRIS  
(softly)  
No. We can't. Those that stay put die.

ANN  
I'm alive.

CHRIS  
(without thinking)  
But your family's dead.

Ann, nerve hit, ABRUPTLY gets up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Ann, wait, I--

She exits the car.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Shit.

EXT. VALLEY OVERLOOK - SAME TIME

Olivia, wrapped in the blanket, is curled up at the bottom of a tree, struggles awake.

Takes in her surroundings. Begins collecting the food and radio.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

ANN LOOKS INTO--

The OPEN CAR TRUNK where--

Only ONE CAN OF FOOD remains.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia rubs the sleep out of her eyes, making her way towards the campsite. She sees--

ANN

Backlit. Her silhouette. Standing in the middle of the camp. But something is off--

OLIVIA

Approaches. Sees something in Ann's hand. Can't make out what it is. She continues to approach but is perplexed by--

ANN

Swaying. Back and forth. Like a wheat-stalk in the breeze.

OLIVIA

Shields her eyes from the rising sun and--

OLIVIA

Hey. Sorry, I had to, um--

ANN

Turns and--

It's not Ann at all.

It's one of THEM. Holding a bloody and half-devoured RABBIT CARCASS.

OLIVIA

Stops in her tracks. Sees for the first time--

A FEMALE

Bloodshot eyes. Baring it's teeth. Mouth, neck, and tattered clothing all stained red with blood.

Her flesh is riddled with sores, oozing with milky-white puss and blood. She's not the undead. She's human. But one broken down to it's purist instincts -- to eat.

She SNARLS.

Drops the Rabbit carcass and--

DARTS towards OLIVIA

Quickly closing the gap.

OLIVIA

Eyes wide, turns and RUNS.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - MOMENTS LATER

Ann heads to the tent, can of food in her hand. Chris exits the car. She passes by him.

CHRIS

Ann, I'm sorry. I didn't mean--

ANN

(cutting him off)

She must've taken some. There was at least--

Ann unzips the tent only to that it is EMPTY. Before either of them can respond--

A DISTANT SCREAM.

Olivia's. It's far off but filled with terror.

Chris, on instinct, runs towards the SCREAM. Hauls ass.

ANN (CONT'D)

Chris, wait!

Ann ducks into the car, grabs the .22. Exits. Slams the door shut, causing the--

The 4 BULLETS on the rear dash to quiver.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Olivia runs wildly through the forest. Tries to keep her eyes trained forward, not wanting to see what's behind her.

BUT SHE HEARS IT.

SNARLS mixed with the GUTTURAL SOUND OF SLOPPING UP BLOOD AND SALIVA.

Olivia runs, as fast as she can just as--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs. Jumps over any obstacle. His bare feet are a blur and are beginning to bleed, leaving tracks of blood after each step.

Chris doesn't notice. He's focused as he YELLS--

CHRIS  
(yells)  
Liv! Liv!

OLIVIA

Still running, hears--

CHRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Liv!

OLIVIA  
Chris! Chri--

SUDDENLY

She's TAKEN DOWN FROM BEHIND BY THE FEMALE.

Olivia SCREAMS right as--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

ANN

Keeps her eyes trained on Chris, darting through the woods in front of her. She keeps up as best as she can.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Chris DOUBLES HIS PACE as he sees--

OLIVIA

Struggling with the FEMALE.

She's kicking, SCREAMING, doing all she can to fight her off.

CHRIS

With a MENACING SHOUT

Runs up and TACKLES THE FEMALE

Knocks her off of Olivia who begins to scramble back.

With PURE RAGE Chris begins to PUMMEL the FEMALE with his fists.

BLOOD SPRAYS.

But the Female continues to writhe, SNARL, and--

THROWS CHRIS OFF.

He's HURLED BACK right when--

ANN

Comes onto the scene.

She quickly KNEELS and trains the gun on the Female.

SIGHTS it. Finger on the trigger. Squeezes--

CLICK.

Fuck. No bullet.

CHRIS

Tries to recover but is SLAMMED back by the Female.

Her TEETH bear down on his NECK right when--

SMACK!

The butt of the .22 CRACKS the Female's SKULL.

Her JAW is PULVERIZED and Sends her FLYING BACK.

ANN

Holds onto the metal barrel, breathing heavily, looking down at the--

FEMALE

Disoriented. In pain. Jaw hanging by tendons. Claws its way towards--

CHRIS

Snaps to his feet grabs the gun from Ann and--

BRINGS THE BUTT

Down on the Female's head.

Again.

And Again.

Each time tissue and blood flies.

ANN

Watches in disbelief as the PULPY SOUND of the Female's skull being PULVERIZED is accompanied by--

OLIVIA

Who WHIMPERS.

Tears streaming down her face.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

As water boils, Ann rips apart another baby onsie, creating strips of cloth.

ANN

Liv, did you get any in your mouth?

Olivia, in shock, doesn't hear.

ANN (CONT'D)

Liv?

Olivia snaps out of it.

OLIVIA

No.

ANN

You?

Chris inspects himself as well, dabs his knuckles with hot water.

CHRIS

No. At least I don't think so.

ANN

You would've tasted it.

Ann starts to clean Olivia's face with a cloth. Olivia, regaining herself, grabs the cloth out of Ann's hands and begins to do it herself.

CHRIS

I thought they didn't come up here.

Ann SIGHS, maybe at the question, maybe at Olivia. She looks down at the rabbit carcass left behind by the Female.

ANN

They didn't.

(beat)

Food must be scarce.

CHRIS

(to Ann)

You still want to stay?

Ann doesn't respond.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We'll leave tomorrow.

Chris gets up. Walks off into the woods.

FLASHBACK - INT. CAR - DAY

Ann changes Hailey in the backseat of the car. Hailey COOS in contentment.

Ann unbuttons Hailey's pink onesie. Lifts it exposing her midriff and stops. HORRIFIED. Sees--

A MENACING RED SORE Hailey's Stomach.

The TELL TALE RED SORE.

Circular. A small bead of milky-white PUSS seeps out of the sore, LACED WITH BLOOD.

Ann PANICS.

Tries to rub it off with her fingers.

Hailey GIGGLES in return.

Ann picks Hailey up and--

FLASHBACK - EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Rushes Hailey over to the fire. Ann sticks a cloth in the pot, water boiling.

BURNS HER HAND in the process. Doesn't notice.

SLAPS THE HOT CLOTH on Hailey's stomach.

Hailey SCREAMS in PAIN.

Through HEAVY BREATHS ANN--

ANN

Sorry, sweetie. Sorry, sweetie.

Hailey continues to WAIL as ANN tries to SCOUR the WOUND AWAY all the while--

ANN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. Sor--

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Chris walks through the woods, Ann follows.

ANN

Chris.

(no response)

Chris, stop!

Ann catches up to him. Chris spins, faces her--

CHRIS

Why won't you come with us?

ANN

I wanted you to stay and you said no, why is that any different then me saying no to you.

CHRIS

(screams)

Because you'll fucking die here!

ANN

(erupts in return)

Maybe I fucking deserve to!

CHRIS

So that's what this place is, punishment? A fucking prison where you can just lock yourself up?

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Fucking atone for whatever it is  
you did? Move on already!

ANN

Why should I? This isn't a world  
where we can just forgive and move  
on!

CHRIS

Why the fuck not!?

ANN

Because this world can't even right  
itself! We used to be able to fuck  
up, then say that we're sorry and  
we'd feel better until we fucked up  
next time. With my daughter, there  
is no next time! So who should I  
apologize to? No one's there!

CHRIS

My wife isn't here either, I killed  
her. In front of her daughter. It  
doesn't matter if she was one of  
them or not. I confronted it. I  
don't blame me, I don't blame her,  
I blame them. Your world is the  
only one that can't right itself.  
And the reason why is because of  
you, not here, not what's north,  
you. You're here, Ann, tell  
yourself you're sorry, fucking  
accept it, and move on.

Chris storms off. Ann shaken to her core, watches him go.

EXT. WOODS - GRAVESITE - LATER

Ann looks down at --

Two MAKESHIFT BURIAL MOUNDS.

One adult sized, the other infant. They're above ground,  
covered in leaves. Shoots of grass are starting to break  
through the surface.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - LATER

Olivia and Chris kneel on the ground, packing their meager  
belongings, pause, as Ann, steps into camp. She looks  
directly at Chris and--

ANN

We'll need more food and I won't be able to get it by myself.

Chris stands and cracks weary and relieved smile.

CHRIS

Just tell me what to do.

Ann faintly smiles in return.

OLIVIA

Seeing this exchange stands and--

OLIVIA

I'm going to.

CHRIS

Liv, no. You're--

OLIVIA

(sternly)

I'm going. I'm no different than Ann, or anyone. I can help. Three carrying food is better than two.

Chris takes a moment. Looks towards Ann, whose expression is the same as Chris's: *They both know Olivia's right.*

EXT. LAKE - LATER

Olivia, nude, skin prickly from the cold, kneels in the shallow part of the lake. Water laps against her skin.

Ann rubs a mix of mud and shit from a plastic bag on Olivia. Through her hair, etc. It's almost motherly.

ANN

Chris will distract them. All you and I need to do is fill our packs. Just food. Nothing else. Grab as much as you can and get out. At any sign of them, you run. You don't worry about me. Okay?

Olivia stares off into the distance.

ANN (CONT'D)

Liv, you okay?

Ann stops rubbing mud. Places a tender hand on Olivia's shoulder.

Olivia, her eyes averted from Ann's, shrugs off Ann's hand.

OLIVIA  
Yeah. I'm fine.

EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - LATER

Ann places a Bullet in the .22. Slings it over her shoulder. Pockets the remaining 3 shells.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Ann, .22 Over her shoulder, and Olivia, covered in mud, walk through the woods. Chris joins them but he's clean, free of mud, with a kitchen knife stuck in his belt.

They all have masks around their necks and carry buckets full of urine.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

Ann sets her bucket down.

ANN  
Chris, you'll circle around and come through the woods there...  
(points)  
So put yours closer to the road.  
Douse yourself and kill your scent as soon as you can.

CHRIS  
Right.

ANN  
Liv, you're with me so your goes next to mine.

Olivia sets hers down.

ANN (CONT'D)  
If you get cut, soak up as much as you can with your shirt and toss it in the opposite direction. They move fast, but we can move--

CHRIS  
Faster.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

At the edge of the clearing, Ann and Olivia, masks around their nose and mouth, kneel, surveying the small Trailer Park.

Ann notices--

Olivia's CLENCHED FISTS, knuckles white.

ANN

Hey. We'll all be fine.

Olivia's unsettled, looks at Ann but with unfocused eyes, like she's gazing right through her.

ANN (CONT'D)

Chris will be fine. He can--

OLIVIA

I know. I know he'll be fine.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Chris, makeshift mask around his nose and mouth, cautiously approaches the fence. He notices--

The TOY CELL PHONE hanging limply by the string, at the top of the fence, surrounded by the other toys and Iphone.

Chris removes his shirt. Tucks it into his belt. He removes the kitchen knife TAKES A DEEP BREATH and--

DRAGS THE BLADE across his ARM.

BLOOD FLOWS.

Chris grimaces as he finishes cutting. He then begins to SMEAR THE BLOOD ALL OVER HIS CHEST.

He clutches the knife, inhales, and is ABOUT TO LET IT OUT IN A SCREAM WHEN--

One of THEIRS TAKES ITS PLACE.

The UNGODLY and MENACING SCREECH is FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.

And ANOTHER.

They're onto him.

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

The UNGODLY SCREAMS ECHO in the distance. Despite the range, Ann and Olivia's eyes are filled with fear.

ANN

That's it.

Ann scrambles up, runs. Olivia follows to--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Ann holds the jagged fence bottom up, allowing--

Olivia to deftly scramble underneath. When she's through, Ann quickly follows.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Chris breathes heavily. Stands his ground.

The SCREAMS come closer, increasing in their volume, their rage. Mixing with the ANIMALISTIC SNARLS.

Chris backs up instinctively. But holds his ground, knowing that he'll buy time for Ann and Olivia.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Ann and Olivia dash across the street to--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER BACK - CONTINUOUS

The open window. Ann rights the garbage can underneath the window. Helps Olivia up, who climbs inside. Ann follows.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE - CONTINUOUS

Chris still holds. The DREADFUL SCREAMS growing until--

THEY EMERGE.

BREAK THROUGH THE BRUSH

Half dozen at least. Male and Female. Covered in blood. Sores.

They RUN at CHRIS as--

His eyes go wide. Fear takes over.

CHRIS

Fuck.

He's waited long enough. He runs.

INT. BLUE TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann throws open cupboards, begins stuffing anything that remotely looks edible into her pack. She hastily throws open another cupboard while--

ANN

Liv, look through those.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Olivia's frozen. Stares at--

The GRUESOME and SPARSE REMAINS of the TWO HUMAN CORPSES, the double suicides from before, on the couch. She then notices the shotgun, where Ann last dropped it.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs. He's athletic. Fast. Hurdling over obstacles while--

THEY

Pursue him. Close to matching his pace.

CHRIS

Keeps his eyes fixed ahead.

INT. BLUE TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ann, pack almost full, continues her frantic search but now notices--

ANN

Liv, c'mon, what are--

She turns towards where Olivia should be when--

THE BUTT OF A SHOTGUN SPEEDS TOWARDS HER FACE.

ANN

Barely catches a glimpse of a RAGE FILLED OLIVIA holding the barrel before--

CRACK!

The WOODEN BUTT CONNECTS and we--

CUT TO:

BLACK.

An eyelid flickers.

Bringing into focus--

INT. BLUE TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The dirty floor of the kitchen. The fluttering eyelid shows that we're on the same level as--

ANN

Whose sprawled out, face against the floor, sucking in dirt. She fights to regain consciousness. Blood trickling out of a wound on her head.

Looking over Ann is--

OLIVIA

Holding the shotgun awkwardly by the barrel. She heads to an outlet above the cupboards, yanks out an abandoned cell phone charger cord.

She grabs Ann's feet and begins to DRAG HER over to the bottom kitchen cupboards.

ANN

(groggy)

Oliv... livia... what.. what are--

Olivia tightly binds Ann's wrists together with the cord, then ties them to the cupboards handles.

ANN (CONT'D)

(groggy)

We have to... have to...

Olivia finishes her tying. Notices the wound, blood slowly seeping.

OLIVIA  
(simply)  
I thought it would bleed more.

She throws open a drawer. And another. Then--

GRABS A KNIFE

Kneels to Ann's level and--

CUTS ANN'S LEG

Ann WINCES in PAIN. Bites her lip. Holding in her scream

ANN  
Don't... don't.....

BLOOD FLOWS from the cut. Olivia takes her hand and begins to SMEAR THE BLOOD OVER ANN'S FACE and ARMS. Removing the scales of earth as she goes.

She RIPS ANN'S MASK OFF, stands and--

SCREAMS at the TOP OF HER LUNGS.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Chris runs up to his urine bucket.

Frantically mops up as much blood as he can with his shirt and tosses it away. He then grabs the urine bucket and DOUSES himself as best as he can.

The SCREAMS continue to grow, to follow. He turns and sees--

TWO of THEM STOP. Lifting their heads to an UNHEARD SOUND.

Turn back towards the town.

CHRIS  
Fuck.

But no time to think. Four still pursue. He keeps going.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER BACK - CONTINUOUS

Olivia's feet hit the ground. She breathes heavily, both backpacks full of food on her back. For a moment, we see that she's unsure of her actions, looks back at the window seeing--

The floral pattern curtains dancing in the breeze.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - FENCE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia drops the packs. Squeezes underneath the fence. Yanks the backpacks through. She looks back noticing--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

TWO MALES

Approaching the trailer. MALE 1 climbs the steps. Sniffs the door and--

SCREAMS!

He begins to BASH on the door. With his hands. His feet. His head. The other, MALE 2, quickly follows but stops. Sniffs the air and turns right towards--

OLIVIA

Frozen on the other side of the fence.

MALE 2

Hurls himself towards her, SCREAMING and SNARLING.

OLIVIA

Scrambles up, juggling both packs, and runs into the clearing.

INT. BLUE TRAILER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The POUNDING of Male 1 -- BOOM! -- grows as Ann, covered in blood, frantically tugs at the cord. The doors swing on their hinges, hindering her efforts.

BOOM!

Ann places her feet on the cupboard, and PULLS.

BOOM!

The cord grinds her wrists. Biting into her flesh. Blood begins to seep out from the bindings. She winces in pain.

BOOM!

Ann looks over at the door. Sees it giving way. With one last pull the cupboards handles begin to creak until they rip off.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

Olivia scampers across the road. She looks over her shoulder fearfully sees--

MALE 2

Pursuing, breaking through the clearing.

OLIVIA

Fearfully continues. Running right past--

The urine bucket.

INT. BLUE TRAILER - KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Another -- BOOM! -- As Ann removes the last bit of cord from her hands and wrists. She reaches underneath the sink, begins DOUSING HERSELF with whatever's underneath. Detergents, bleaches, cleansers, etc.

BOOM!

Dripping with blood, mud, and chemicals she frantically looks around sees--

The .22 a foot or two away from the door which rattles as--

BOOM! Followed by--

A SNARL FILLED SCREAM.

Causing Ann to turn towards the back window, she hastens towards it but stops as she passes--

The CHEST FREEZER

BOOM!

She opens it, GAGS at the smell, but climbs in and shuts the lid RIGHT AS--

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

INT. CHEST FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Ann lays in the decaying sludge of rotting meat and once frozen vegetables. She fights off the horrific smell as she--

RUBS THE SLUDGE all over her body but stops as--

FLOORBOARDS CREAK

Followed by a LOW GROWL.

She goes rigid. Her entire existence linked to the noises outside of the freezer.

A CLATTER as a CAN scurries across the room.

And another FLOORBOARD CREAKS as if Male 1 is in retreat and then--

SILENCE.

Ann waits.

As long as she can before--

She LIFTS THE LID.

Looks around. Sees-

Nothing.

She jumps out. Grabs the rifle. Hurries out the front door, ripped from its hinges and into--

EXT. TRAILER PARK - BLUE TRAILER FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The BRIGHT LIGHT OF DAY.

Ann's EYES ADJUST as she bounds down the rickety steps and right into--

MALE 1

RUSHING AT HER

SCREAMING

Ann REACTS

Shooting from the hip and--

BANG!

HITTING MALE 1. Directly in the chest. SILENCING HIS SCREAM. He FLOPS FORWARD. Top of his head hitting inches away from Ann's feet. Dead.

Ann breathes heavily. Takes a moment to consider what just happened before quickly stepping over Male 1's carcass and rushing towards--

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - SAME TIME

Olivia runs wildly, looks back at her pursuer, not seeing that--

CHRIS

Is in front of her. He grabs her, causing Olivia to--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ann's running quickens as she hears--

OLIVIA'S SCREAM

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - SAME TIME

Chris calms the frantic Olivia down and--

CHRIS

Liv! It's me. It's me!

Olivia buries her head in Chris' chest for a second but quickly--

OLIVIA

They're after me, they're--

CHRIS

No, I lost them. I--

Looks around--

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Where's Ann?

Olivia looks up at Chris, eyes pleading and--

OLIVIA

She--

A SCREAM TEARS OFF OLIVIA'S WORDS

And ANOTHER.

And ANOTHER.

Chris looks at Olivia, confused, but sees Olivia's bloody hands.

CHRIS

Fuck, Liv.

The SCREAMS build as they turn to see--

FIVE of THEM. Running madly, heading right towards--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ann runs through the woods.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Chris grabs the tire-iron, which is leaning against the car, right as They close the gap. Chris puts himself between Them and Olivia. Braces himself for what's to come.

CHRIS  
Get in the car, Liv!

OLIVIA  
But, Chris--

CHRIS  
Get in the car!

She scrambles towards it as--

THEY

Yards away. SNARL, GROWLS, and GNASHING TEETH approach as--

CHRIS

Steps up to them, SWINGS THE TIRE IRON at the first to attack and--

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Ann's runs through the woods surrounding the Car Campsite and sees--

CHRIS

Battling with Male 2. Kitchen knife in his hand. Trying to sink it into it's skull. A DEAD FEMALE, skull crushed in, and a DEAD MALE lay next to him, tire iron embedded into it's skull.

A third, MALE 3, is hoisting himself off of the ground a few yards away, begins to make his way towards Chris as--

OLIVIA

Desperately tries to close the front car door while being attacked by FEMALE 2.

ANN

Still a distance away stops.

Kneels.

Brings the gun to her shoulder. Aims and--

BANG!

Fires.

MALE 3

The one approaching Chris, has his HEAD SNAPPED BACK, BLOOD FLYING. Hits the ground. Dead.

ANN

Quickly reloads, trains her gun back on Male 2, the one Chris is still battling and--

BANG!

Fires. But--

Misses.

Wood chips fly from a tree behind Male 2, a foot or so to the left.

ANN

Fuck. Fuck.

Tears begin to build. With shaky hands she reloads, her last bullet. She trains the gun on--

MALE 2

Beginning to get the best of Chris. Mouth inches away from Chris' face ready to bite.

ANN

Breathes, is ready to fire when a SCREAM turns her attention to--

OLIVIA

Being dragged out of the car by Female 2. Her kicks keeping Female 2 from sinking her teeth into her legs. Olivia SCREAMS as she tries desperately to hang onto the door.

ANN

Trains her gaze back to Chris.

Sights Male 2 up.

Aims.

And we--

CUT TO:

BLACK.

BANG!

The GUN FIRES.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE before we HEAR--

The SOUNDS of a WAILING INFANT, taking us to--

FLASHBACK - EXT. LAKE CAMPSITE - DAY

The WAILING continues as we see--

The bloodied bottle of aspirin rest near a can of opened condensed milk.

Ann crushes the pills in an empty can with the end of a flashlight.

Ann pours the milk into the pot.

Stirs it. Dumps the powdered pills into the now heated milk.

Cuts herself.

The WAILING INTENSIFIES.

A few drops of blood mix with the milky white of the milk.

Pours it all into a battered baby bottle, dabs the nipple on her wrist, checking the temperature and offers it to--

Hailey. Who accepts it greedily. Silencing her screams. Ann holds Hailey close, swaddled in a tattered blanket.

Tears begin to build in Ann's eyes.

She wipes them away.

Wants her child to see a smile before she dies.

Hailey's bright eyes look up at Ann with infantile thanks.  
With trust.

Ann gazes into Hailey's eyes and wipes a small blanket strand  
from Hailey's forehead.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - DAY

Ann hastily shoves the packed up tent into A FULL TRUNK OF  
FOOD. Slams the trunk shut when we--

CUT TO:

The DEAD FEMALE and DEAD MALE on the ground. The tire iron  
still embedded in one of their skulls.

The SOUND of a RUMBLING ENGINE takes us to--

EXT. LONE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The sedan winds it's way down an abandoned road.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The dead FEMALE 2, the one that attacked Olivia, with a  
bullet wound centered perfectly in her skull.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Olivia, in the passenger seat, is a wreck. She leans her head  
against the window, tries to focus on the woods flowing by in  
a blur. TEARS begin to build as she looks over at--

ANN

Driving.

EXT. CAR CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

The motionless MALE 2 a kitchen knife embedded in his skull  
with--

Chris's hand still on the handle.

Chris is dead.

Head resting on its side on the blood-soaked ground. His throat is torn open and his eyes, locked eternally open in death, look towards--

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

OLIVIA

TEARS streaming down her face. STIFLES a SOB as she removes her head from the window. Leans down and--

Puts her head on Ann's lap.

ANN

Stiffens as Olivia's head rests on her thigh but she doesn't shrug her off. She keeps her eyes trained on the road.

OLIVIA

Softly SOBBING, looks through her tears at--

The car's factory CD player and radio.

Her fragile fingers reach out to the dial. She turns it on.

We hear--

STATIC.

Olivia begins to TUNE the RADIO. Cutting in and out of STATIC-LADEN STATIONS when we FOCUS ON--

ANN

Clenching the steering wheel tightly. She stares ahead at the winding road.

She SLIGHTLY SHAKES HER HEAD 'NO' while keeping her LIPS TAUT, trying to suppress her emotions.

TEARS begin to BUILD and she BLINKS SEVERAL TIMES causing them to course down her cheeks.

Her mouth breaches in anguish and right as Ann begins to CRY we--

CUT TO BLACK.