



P A T I E N T

Z

Written by  
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"Z is for..."

FULL SCREEN OF BLACK

VOICE (O.S.)

Let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

Shrouded in darkness, the contours of a human head leans forward into a sliver of light, nodding.

VOICE (O.S.)

Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language. Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

We hear the sound of a page being flipped.

VOICE (O.S.)

How did the invasion start?

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

Are you listening to me?

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

How did it start? How does it spread? What's your end game?

Long pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

You got nothin' to say? Is that how you want to play it? Okay, fine. But I'm not the one driven by the hunger.

Pause.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not the one tortured by the burn. I can do this all day, all night. I'm going to get my answers from you. No matter how long it takes.

A match FLARES, piercing the darkness.

The flame ignites the end of a cigarette. The glow illuminates the details of the shrouded face...

Revealing horrific details...

Rotten dripping flesh hanging from exposed cheek bones. Darkened sockets where eye balls should be. Grey, prune-like scalp clinging to a few strains of dead hair.

This is THE PROFESSOR. He's an Infected. And he's casually smoking a cigarette.

He lets out a puff... Smoke creeping out through the holes in his cheeks... Swirling around his face like a ghost.

THE PROFESSOR

Trust me, my friend... Time is a luxury you cannot afford.

The Professor returns the cigarette to his spotted lips and inhales. As the end of the cigarette glows and crackles...

THE SCREEN TURNS RED

And over this

### PATIENT Z

OPENING CREDITS against microscopic images of viruses attacking blood cells.

SOUNDTRACK swells as we see nature's dance of life and death - - viruses overwhelming cells, like an alien being overtaking a helpless host.

The virus even attacks the CREDIT NAMES AND TITLES.

Then...

FADE IN ON

Blood.

Blood and flesh everywhere.

Naked bodies writhing. Bodies made of rotten bloody flesh.

Dozens of these bodies. Climbing all over each other like a pile of worms. It fills the screen like modern art.

The sound of flesh ripping. Bones crunching. Hungry growls.

A WOMAN SCREAMS! The kind of scream that haunts your dreams.

And in the middle of the writhing bodies, an arm appears, reaching out for help -- help that never comes...

WOMAN'S VOICE

MORGAN!!!

SMASH CUT TO

INT. SLEEPING QUARTER - NIGHT

MORGAN AVERY, late 20's, violently awakes. He bolts up in bed, breathing heavily! Square jaw tense, sweaty bangs pinned to his forehead.

Subtitle appears: **"48 HOURS EARLIER..."**

SCOTT'S VOICE

Morgan!

Morgan clears his eyes, looks up... It's not a woman's voice calling out to him...

It's actually SCOTT MURPHY, 30's, filling the doorway with his thin frame and typical nervous energy.

SCOTT

Time to work.

Morgan nods. His is a kind face with eyes connected to a wearisome soul. His slumping posture indicates the weight of the world, the shoulders of Atlas.

His sleeping quarters, a tiny space. This isn't the Four Seasons.

On his night stand, a framed picture of a brunette woman.

This is JANET, Morgan's wife -- comforting eyes, a warm smile. The photo can barely contain her beauty.

In the image, Janet is wearing a sterling silver butterfly necklace, its wings pop with blue-colored topaz.

It's the only thing that gives this dreary room any life.

INT. UTILITY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Scott leads Morgan through a long utility corridor.

Like the trenches of PATHS OF GLORY, we follow them through the serpentine passageway as dozens of military personnel rush around them.

The sounds of war can be heard reverberating through the walls:

Chatter of rapid gunfire --

Beating of helicopter propellers --

Thumping of bombs and mortars --

Dull thud of explosions --

The walls rattle --

Dirt falls from the ceiling --

Voices frantically shouting in the background --

Morgan and Scott turn a corner...

Five body bags on gurneys ahead of them.

They stop for a moment, somberly watch the MORTICIAN zip up the last body bag.

SCOTT

Let's hurry. It's my son's birthday.

They continue down the corridor.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lined with sleek metal consoles and illuminated computer screens. A small team of TECHS monitor the system.

It's state-of-the-art equipment, but the dull colors of the walls indicate a 70's throwback. The push and pull of old vs. modernity.

Nothing's more old school than SERGEANT KNOX, who has the phone to his ear, screaming into it.

Knox is a cold man in his 50's, the hardened landscape of his face underlines his years in war. You have nothing in common with him.

SERGEANT KNOX

Are you fuckin' kidding me?! Patch me through to their CC! What? What do you mean they went dark-?!

DR. GINA ROSE storms into the room, approaches Sergeant Knox with intense purpose.

Gina's crimson red hair pleasantly clashes with her 20's something pale skin. The stress of an apocalypse has yet to dent her youthful and rebellious energy.

GINA

Sergeant Knox, is it true?

SERGEANT KNOX

Not now, Gina!

GINA

Is it true they've overtaken Hawaii?

Sergeant Knox turns his back to her.

GINA

I warned them! I told them to move everyone to Fiji! These things can walk the ocean floor until-

SERGEANT KNOX

I don't have time for a toldja so lecture-

Scott and Morgan enter an observation room...

SERGEANT KNOX

(into phone)

We'll brief when I'm done here.

He slams the phone down. Gina approaches Morgan.

GINA

Get any sleep?

MORGAN

Here and there.

GINA

Can't have you working at a deficit.

Gina jots down a reminder in a tiny notebook.

GINA  
I'll get you a stronger dose.

SERGEANT KNOX  
He's fine. Let's get started.

Morgan points to the darkened window flushed in the wall above the computer consoles.

MORGAN  
What do we got?

SERGEANT KNOX  
There was a skirmish at the intersection of 5th and Central. The 27th Brigade we're northbound when they came across a swarm of Infected feeding on the carcass of dead public transit passengers.

GINA  
We were only able to bring two in alive.

SERGEANT KNOX  
But we lost five of our own doing it.

A somber beat as everyone realizes Knox is referring to the five body bags in the hallway.

MORGAN  
What are we calling the first Infected?

GINA  
Keith Richards.

Gina hands Morgan a file folder labeled: Keith Richards.

MORGAN  
Great guitarist.

GINA  
The best.

One of the Techs switches on the light in the adjacent interrogation room.

Through the window we see an INFECTED chained down to a chair in the next room. The shredded plaid shirt indicates this is a different creature from the one in the opening scene.

SCOTT  
Keith hasn't aged a bit.

SERGEANT KNOX  
Time and tide, folks!

GINA  
Morgan?

MORGAN  
(nodding)  
Dropping the needle.

Morgan walks over to the corner of the room. In the middle of all this high-tech equipment is a dusty vinyl collection.

The records are stored in neatly lined crates, each crate labeled with the words: **"Wax Philosophical"**.

Morgan flips through the records. A collection that is extensive and varied.

He finally pulls out a Rolling Stones single. Hands it over to Scott.

While Morgan exits the room, Scott places the record on top of a turntable that's piped into the PA system.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Infected (\*to be referred as KEITH RICHARDS from here on), sits at a square table.

Keith Richards perks up as the opening guitar strums to the song "Tell Me" blares through a pair of speakers overhead.

As the song's lyrics fill the air, the Infected gets restless and uncomfortable, rustles in his seat.

Morgan steps into the room, the thick metal door hisses closed behind him. Keith growls, snaps his jaws.

Morgan casually sits down at the chair across from Keith, the table between them.

The chains snap tight as Keith struggles to break free, trying to attack Morgan. His growls growing louder, more violent!

Morgan lifts his right index finger into the air.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone's observing Morgan and the Infected through the one-sided window.

On Morgan's raised hand signal, Scott yanks the needle from the record.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The music stops. Keith Richards relaxes, his growls lowering to a grumble.

Morgan is not phased by any of this. Stone-faced. Experienced. Looks down as he jots notes into the file.

Morgan then looks up and modestly growls back. Keith pauses, a confused look on his face.

Then something surprising happens...

As Morgan continues to growl, the animalistic sounds coming out of his mouth morphs into perfect English.

\*Note, this is the same device used in Bryan Singer's VALKYRIE, where Tom Cruise first speaks German but then his dialogue, for the benefit of the viewing audience, gradually transforms into English.

MORGAN'S VOICE

...let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

Keith nods.

MORGAN'S VOICE

Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language. Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

KEITH RICHARDS  
How...how is this possible?

MORGAN  
You're the one in chains. I'm the  
one who is not. That means I get  
to ask the questions.

Morgan opens the file in front of him, flips through the  
pages.

MORGAN  
You had no identification when you  
were brought in.

Keith is still in stunned silence, can't believe he's  
actually communicating with a regular human.

MORGAN  
Did you hear what I said? No I.D.?

KEITH RICHARDS  
No.

MORGAN  
Why not?

KEITH RICHARDS  
I don't need one.

MORGAN  
How long have you been infected?

KEITH RICHARDS  
I don't know...

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

We occasionally INTERCUT with the Observation Room where  
Gina, Scott, Sergeant Knox, and the Tech team watch the  
interrogation through the one-sided window.

From their POV, they hear Morgan speaking to the Infected  
with grunts and growls.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan remains steady and calm as he continues his  
interrogation.

MORGAN  
Where are you from?

KEITH RICHARDS  
I don't remember.

MORGAN  
Do you remember your name?

KEITH RICHARDS  
No.

MORGAN  
That's why you need an I.D.

Morgan pauses, writes in the file.

MORGAN  
Your name is now Keith Richards.

KEITH RICHARDS  
The guitarist?

MORGAN  
The best.

KEITH RICHARDS  
Why?

MORGAN  
The riff from 'Jumpin' Jack Flash'  
alone.

KEITH RICHARDS  
No, why are you calling me Keith  
Richards?

MORGAN  
It's the same reason we give  
hurricanes human names.

More confused looks from Keith.

MORGAN  
Nevermind.  
(jots down more notes)  
So tell me about Patient Z.

KEITH RICHARDS  
Patient Who?

MORGAN  
Patient Z. The first person to be  
infected.

KEITH RICHARDS  
I don't know anything about that.

MORGAN

You sure?

KEITH RICHARDS

Where am I?

(looks around)

Is this a military base? I thought  
we destroyed them all?

A series of distant explosions rattle the room. Keith Richards looks up.

Dust falling onto his face confirms his suspicions that...

KEITH RICHARDS

We're underground, aren't we?

MORGAN

Focus on me...

Keith turns his gaze back to Morgan.

MORGAN

When you're roaming around with  
your Infected friends, you never  
talk about how the invasion  
started?

KEITH RICHARDS

I don't remember.

MORGAN

Don't remember what?

KEITH RICHARDS

If I have any friends.

MORGAN

Do you remember what year it is?

KEITH RICHARDS

2023.

MORGAN

Close. But wrong.

(writing notes)

You're not a reliable source of  
information.

KEITH RICHARDS

Why the hell should I help you in  
any way?

MORGAN

You have no choice.

Agitated, Keith lunges forward but is snapped back by the chains.

MORGAN

What is your last memory, before you were brought in?

KEITH RICHARDS

The burn.

MORGAN

The what?

KEITH RICHARDS

The sensation I feel in my belly when the hunger builds. And I am hungry all the time, hungry for flesh.

Keith gets restless, yanking on his chains.

KEITH RICHARDS

All I smell is flesh, and I can smell yours from here.

Morgan causally reaches under the table, opens a drawer.

From the drawer, Morgan pulls out a wine bottle and a wine glass, places them on the table.

MORGAN

Ever heard of Daniel Burnham?

No response from Keith. As expected.

MORGAN

Daniel Burnham was an architect, a brilliant man who designed many famous buildings including the first skyscraper in Chicago. He was also a wine lover. But he didn't age his wine in a cellar like most. Instead he aged his bottles by shipping them around the world twice on slow freighters. Sometimes it would take years for the wine to return home to him.

Morgan points to the bottle of wine on the table.

MORGAN

That's one of those bottles,  
extremely rare as you can imagine.  
We found a dusty case hidden in the  
basement of the Montezuma Hotel in  
New Mexico, a structure that  
Burnham designed in the early  
1900's.

Morgan picks up the bottle, slowly pours into the glass. The sloshing of the wine is almost hypnotic.

MORGAN

Whenever Daniel Burnham opened a  
bottle amongst friends, he would  
read to them the long list of  
countries that wine traveled. And  
when they drank it, it was more  
than just a sip of wine --

Morgan grabs the glass, sniffs it. Then, with eyes closed, sips the wine.

He takes a moment. Then lightly exhales.

MORGAN

-- it was a trip around the world.

Takes another sip.

MORGAN

I've forgotten what fresh air and  
sunlight feels like. It's because  
of you this wine is my only  
connection to the outside world.

Morgan stands up, walks across the room and flips a switch.

A tracking light on the ceiling beams down on Keith,  
revealing the wall behind him.

Keith looks back, sees the wall is covered with dried blood  
and splattered brain bits.

This isn't just an interrogation room -- it's an execution  
room!

Morgan reaches into his jacket, pulls out a Glock 17 hand  
gun.

He points the gun at Keith Richard's head.

MORGAN

It's because of your kind that I  
cannot share this wine with my  
wife.

BANG!

The Infected's head JERKS BACK as the remnants of his  
decaying brain SPLATTERS the wall. Then slumps forward.

Morgan looms over the corpse, staring at it for a long time.

Slowly holsters his gun. Gazes at his hands.

GINA'S VOICE

Morgan, you okay?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gina's leaning into a microphone, finger pressed on a button.

Sgt. Knox stands over her shoulder, brow furrowed with  
frustration.

GINA

(into microphone)  
Morgan?

SERGEANT KNOX

Waste of fuckin' time.

GINA

(into microphone)  
Morgan, can you hear me?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan continues to stare at his hands. The sound of Gina's  
voice is washed out as he's lost in his dark thoughts.

With a WHOOSH on the soundtrack...

GINA'S VOICE

Can you hear me?

Her voice regains its clarity. Snaps Morgan back to his  
senses.

He looks up.

MORGAN

Yeah.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gina eyes Morgan through the window with a hint of concern.

GINA  
(into microphone)  
You need a break?

SERGEANT KNOX  
He doesn't need a break. Let's  
continue.

GINA  
(into microphone)  
Morgan, take five.

Gina takes her finger off the button.

Through the window, we see Morgan leaving the Interrogation Room.

Sergeant Knox is doing his best not to blow up. As Gina heads for the door...

SERGEANT KNOX  
Dr. Rose-

GINA  
Not now, Sergeant.

Gina exits the room.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Morgan's at the sink, splashes water on his face. He stares at himself in the mirror, his reflection a stranger's art.

Gina steps into the bathroom.

GINA  
Headaches still bothering you?

Gina approaches, pulls a couple of paper towels from the dispensers. Hands them to Morgan.

MORGAN  
I've been having these nightmares.  
Flashbacks to the day I lost my  
wife... All I see is blood. Blood  
and flesh. And I hear her  
scream... but...  
(pause)  
...but I can't see her face.

Gina presses herself against Morgan.

GINA

You don't have to. Not anymore.

She kisses him. For a few seconds, his body is tense, almost resisting her.

But the kiss lingers, and he begins to melt.

His arms snake around her body. They consume each other. Breathing heavily.

She lets out a heavy breath as he spins her around. Bends her over the sink.

Her cheek pressed against the mirror, fogging with each breath.

He pulls her pants and underwear down. She closes her eyes as he enters her from behind.

Again. And again.

They soon climax together. It doesn't take much. All that fear and energy pent up and awaiting release.

Morgan leans against the wall, breathing heavily. Gina pulls up her pants, fixes her hair.

Gina quickly exits the bathroom. Leaving Morgan alone, staring at his reflection.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - DAY

Gina makes her way down the corridor. Sergeant Knox is coming her way, stops her.

SERGEANT KNOX

Dr. Rose, I will not tolerate this attitude-

GINA

All due respect, Sergeant-

SERGEANT KNOX

All due respect, Doctor, but my soldiers are out there dying on the battlefield-

GINA

Your soldiers are not the only ones fighting this war.

SERGEANT KNOX  
My orders are explicit.

GINA  
And I'm not military.

Gina turns and walks away.

SERGEANT KNOX  
You're operating on my base! My  
house, my rules. Didn't your Daddy  
ever tell you that?!

That stops Gina cold. Her brow furrows, turns back to face  
the Sergeant.

GINA  
Are you still upset I didn't choose  
you?

SERGEANT KNOX  
An offensive suggestion. I'm just  
trying to speak a language you  
understand cause obviously plain  
English doesn't work.

GINA  
Then let me speak YOUR language.  
Do you know what's the first thing  
they teach commandos in counter-  
terrorism?

SERGEANT KNOX  
I don't need a lecture from-

GINA  
When confronted with a group of  
terrorists, and there's a  
woman in that group -- take her out  
first. Why? Because women always  
have to try harder than men to  
prove themselves -- invariably they  
become smarter and more dangerous  
than their male counter-parts.

Sergeant Knox fumes, anger brewing in his eyes as he steps up  
to Gina in a menacing way.

SERGEANT KNOX  
Is that a threat, Dr. Rose?

Gina doesn't back down.

GINA

If you consider me a threat, then  
you're the wrong man for this job.

Unflinching, Gina walks away. Sergeant Knox can do nothing but grit his teeth.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - DAY

A narrow, cavernous hallway deep in the belly of the military compound. Several lonely bulbs above fight back the darkness.

Morgan moves through the dimly lit hallway. Passes through dusty shafts of light. A paper bag in hand.

The echoes of his footsteps pierces the oppressive silence.

At the end of the hallway is a cage, there's an Infected imprisoned in it.

The Infected looks frail, slow-moving. It lethargically looks up at the sound of Morgan reaching into the paper bag.

Morgan pulls out a large piece of raw steak and a tupperware container full of blood.

He slides the slab of meat and container under the metal door.

The Infected instantly scurries forward, grabs the meat, and consumes it like a starving animal. The steak is gone in seconds.

The Infected then gulps from the tupperware container, tosses it aside once it's empty.

Then the Infected slowly looks up to Morgan, blood dripping from its lips.

INFECTED

Sometimes I can hear the music.

The Infected crawls back into its corner, hides its head in the shadows.

Morgan stares into the darkness of the cage for a moment. The heavy, nasally breathing of the Infected can be heard.

MORGAN

V is for victory. It will be  
our's.

With that, Morgan turns and walks away.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Gina, Scott, and Sergeant Knox are gathered around in deep conversation.

SERGEANT KNOX

...and make sure it's not one we tagged.

GINA

He's not on the list.

SCOTT

The odds of that happening is-

Morgan enters the room. Realizes he's stepped in the middle of a conversation.

MORGAN

Tagged what?

He notices the tense energy between Gina and Sgt. Knox as she hands Morgan a file folder labeled:

GINA

Pete Townshend. Tell him I'm a big fan.

Morgan looks through the observation window, sees the second infected (aka Pete Townshend) being guided into the interrogation room by TWO SOLDIERS.

A metal leash wraps around Pete Townshend's neck. Two long metal poles branch out from the leash, the soldiers controlling each pole from a safe distance.

Pete thrashes like a trapped animal. The soldiers struggle but finally forces him into a chair.

While Soldier #1 pushes Pete's head back with the pole...

Soldier #2 crouches down... Carefully inches his way towards the Pete's ankles, trying to lock them down.

But Pete's strength is overpowering, jerking Soldier #1 back and forth...

Soldier #1 loses his grip of the pole. This gives Pete enough slack to stretch forward, jaws snapping!

MORGAN  
GODAMMIT!

Morgan, Scott, Gina, and Sgt. Knox rush out of the room to help!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

They burst into the room!

Morgan and Sgt. Knox help Soldier #2 with the metal poles, using their body weight to press Pete Townshend back into the seat.

Gina pulls Soldier #1 safely away.

Scott rushes in -- bends down, locks Pete Townshend's ankle. Yanks his arms back --

But it's too late! Pete's teeth sink into Scott's forearm!

SCOTT  
Arrrrggghhh!!

Scott attempts to yank his arm back -- but he can't! Pete's jaws are locked in place and -- TEARING OFF a chunk of meat from Scott's forearm!

Scott falls back, screaming in pain. Morgan and Gina rush over to Scott.

Gina grabs onto Scott's arm, examines it. It's a nasty sight, open bloody wound, exposed bone and veins.

GINA  
Time!

Morgan presses a button on his watch.

MORGAN  
90 seconds and counting!

SCOTT  
Fuck! My arm!!!

Gina looks to Morgan. He clocks the edge of panic in her eyes. Then she looks to Knox.

GINA  
Sergeant?

Sergeant Knox nods. They all know what this means.

SCOTT  
Is it that bad?!

MORGAN  
85 seconds!

Morgan and Sgt. Knox put Scott's arms around their shoulders and carry him out the door.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

Gina leads the way as Morgan and Sgt. Knox are helping Scott down the corridor, leaving a trail of blood behind them.

SCOTT  
Don't let me turn! Please don't  
let me turn!

GINA  
Stay calm, Scott.

SCOTT  
Stay calm?!

MORGAN  
65 seconds!

GINA  
The faster your heart beats, the  
faster the virus is pumped through  
your circulation.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - DAY

They burst into the medical ward, knocking over a tray. They set Scott down onto one of the beds.

GINA  
Scott, take deep breaths. Close  
your eyes. And tell me about the  
first time you kissed a girl.

Scott's chest heaves as he takes in a few deep inhales.

He closes his eyes as Sgt. Knox grabs onto his right arm, straightens it out.

SCOTT  
I...I was in 2nd grade... Her name  
was Christine Furlong... I had the  
biggest crush on her...

While Scott mumbles away, Gina reaches into a cabinet and pulls out an electric bonesaw.

SCOTT

I stole some money... From my Mom's purse to buy Christine some candy... from the drugstore.

Gina brings the saw blade near where Scott's forearm meets the elbow. Morgan prepares to hold Scott down.

MORGAN

40 seconds!

SCOTT

I gave it to her in the schoolyard and... The other kids made fun of me for it... But Christine... Was so grateful... She leaned in to...

THE BLADE TURNS ON, SLICES INTO SCOTT'S ARM! Scott lets out a deep HOWL of pain!

Gina struggles as she PUSHES the buzzing blade deeper into Scott's arm -- the sounds of crunching bones and ripping flesh!

MORGAN

25 seconds!

Scott's entire body is trembling with pain!

More sounds of blade crunching bones!

Ligaments snap like broken strings on a tennis racket!

Slicing muscles!

Finally...

The arm comes off! Blood spurting at the stump with every heart beat. Gina instantly begins bandaging the arm.

Scott writhing in pain, about to fall off the bed!

Morgan holds Scott down as he glances at his watch.

MORGAN

10 seconds!

SCOTT

(to Gina)

Don't let me turn! Don't let me live like that!

GINA  
You gotta fight it, Scott!

MORGAN  
5...

SCOTT  
Do you hear me?! I can't live like that!

MORGAN  
4...

SCOTT  
(turns to Morgan)  
Tell Tommy happy birthday for me.

MORGAN  
3...

SCOTT  
Please...

MORGAN  
2...

SCOTT  
Tell Tommy for me...

And instead of saying "1"... Morgan says...

MORGAN  
(nodding to Scott)  
I promise.

Everyone holds their breath. Seconds go by. Nothing's happening.

They exchange looks. Did it really work? A minute passes.

The panic of Scott's face hesitantly morphs into relief.

Even Sgt. Knox breathes a little easier.

And just as smiles begin to form on their faces...

Scott's body snaps back, his spine bent at an obscene angle and seemingly frozen in time.

Then he convulses -- legs kicking, his arms swinging wildly!

Then just as quickly, his body slumps completely still. His eyes wide open with the stare of death.

Gina flashes a light in Scott's cold eyes.

GINA  
Reset time!

Morgan taps a button on his watch.

MORGAN  
30 seconds! Is he breathing?

GINA  
He could have gone into shock.

SERGEANT KNOX  
Tie him down.

Gina grabs a stethoscope, listens to Scott's chest. Checks his pulse.

GINA  
No heartbeat.

SERGEANT KNOX  
He's gone.

Gina ignores Sgt. Knox. She applies CPR to Scott, counting to herself with every pump of his chest.

SERGEANT KNOX  
He's gone! Now tie him down!

MORGAN  
20 seconds!

Gina continues to frantically pump Scott's chest.

GINA  
Come on... come on...

MORGAN  
15 seconds!

SERGEANT KNOX  
TIE HIM DOWN BEFORE-!

GINA  
OKAY OKAY!

Gina backs off, frustrated.

MORGAN  
10 seconds!

Gina and Morgan desperately begin strapping Scott's legs and his one remaining arm to the bed.

Scott's body begins to turn... His muscles drying up... His skin turning sheet thin, exposing the contours of his bones... His color pale... His flesh flaking... Cheeks sink in like a deflating balloon...

MORGAN

5...!

They snap the lock shut on his left leg.

MORGAN

4...!

Snap the lock on his right leg.

MORGAN

3...!

Snap the lock on his left arm.

MORGAN

2...!

Snap the lock to the strap around Scott's waist and...

SCOTT ROARS BACK TO LIFE -- AWAKENS AS AN INFECTED!

His jaws violently snapping! The leather straps stretch and creak as they pin him to the bed.

Morgan and Gina jump back, staring at their friend who has completely transformed into a horrible monster!

BANG!

The top of Scott's head explodes as a bullet RIPS through it, startling Morgan and Gina.

Scott's body slumps back down to the bed. Completely still. Dead forever.

Morgan and Gina turn to see Sgt. Knox holding a 44 Magnum, smoke rising from its nose.

SERGEANT KNOX

It's what he wanted.

Sgt. Knox holsters his gun.

SERGEANT KNOX

It's what any one of us would have wanted.

With that, Sergeant Knox turns and leaves the room.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Morgan enters the morgue. The walls are tall and lined with endless cabinets holding dead bodies. This is their cemetery.

Morgan walks along the wall, eyes scanning the labels on each cabinet. He stops at the cabinet labeled: "THOMAS MURPHY 2012 - 2017".

He pulls the cabinet out... Revealing a casket inside. Morgan places a cupcake with a lone birthday candle on the casket.

MORGAN

Happy birthday, Tommy. Tell your father I said hi.

WE HEAR the opening chords of The Who's "Happy Jack"...

CUT TO

CLOSE UP of the turntable needle tracking the grooves of a spinning record by The Who.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

"Happy Jack" continues to play as...

Morgan, Gina, and Sgt. Knox are watching Pete Townshend through the observation window.

They're observing the Infected closely as he squirms in his seat, agitated by the music, angrily growling!

Gina turns to Morgan, hands him a file folder.

GINA

Make this one count. For Scott.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Pete Townshend frantically looks around as "Happy Jack" blare over the speakers.

Morgan enters the room.

Pete thrusts his jaws out, his rotten teeth rattling, tongue wagging.

Morgan sits down across from Pete, lifts his right index finger. The music suddenly stops.

Pete relaxes, letting loose a low growl.

Morgan growls back...

MORGAN'S VOICE

Let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

Pete Townshend nods.

MORGAN'S VOICE

Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language. Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

Morgan slams a beat-up paperback copy of Hemingway's THE SUN ALSO RISES onto the table.

MORGAN

We found this on you when you were brought in.

Pete Townshend eyes it curiously.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Interesting. I'd totally forgotten about it.

MORGAN

Do you forget easily?

PETE TOWNSHEND

My nerve endings don't work, so I stopped feeling things in my pocket.

Morgan raises the book.

MORGAN

Tell me what this book is about.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Is this a book club?

MORGAN

Just tell me.

PETE TOWNSHEND

I don't know... something about an impotent American journalist living in Paris. He's all gaga over some Englishwoman. You should read it.

MORGAN

I have.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Then why'd you ask me about it?

MORGAN

Just checking. You remember how you got here?

PETE TOWNSHEND

Why are you so interested with my memory?

MORGAN

Just answer the question.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Yes, I remember. You guys dragged me in here.

MORGAN

Can you be more specific?

PETE TOWNSHEND

There was a pack of us, moving up Main Street.

MORGAN

Where were you coming from?

PETE TOWNSHEND

The east end, which was dry as a nun's cooch. Everything was picked off. We haven't seen food for almost three days.

MORGAN

What was so special about Main Street?

PETE TOWNSHEND

It was there we saw an overturned bus. Car wreckage is not an unusual sight in the city, but this bus was special. Oh yes, we hit the jackpot with this one.

A grin forms along the zombie's face as he recants his story.

PETE TOWNSHEND

It was full of dead passengers, barely a day old, still fresh with blood.

MORGAN

And blood is important, because it helps you break down the flesh you eat. That's why you don't eat each other, infected flesh is dry.

PETE TOWNSHEND

You're an expert, are you?

MORGAN

I've done my homework. Continue...

PETE TOWNSHEND

We were so excited to find such a payload of food that no one paid much attention to anything else. That's when your soldiers snuck up around the corner.

MORGAN

What's your name?

PETE TOWNSHEND

Jeffery.

MORGAN

(surprised)

You remember your name?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Why wouldn't I?

MORGAN  
You're now known as Pete Townshend.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Why?

MORGAN  
I'll be asking the questions. Do you remember what year it is?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
2019.

MORGAN  
(nodding)  
Very good. Place of birth?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
I'm hungry.

MORGAN  
We'll get to that in a moment.  
Place of birth?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Sarasota, Florida.

MORGAN  
Beautiful at this time of the year.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
I wouldn't know. Moved to Minnesota for College.

MORGAN  
Minnesota? There's where I'm from.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Really? You lost the accent.

MORGAN  
When did you turn?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
We prefer the term 'merge'.  
Merging with our infected nature.

MORGAN  
Okay, when did you merge?

PETE TOWNSHEND

Almost a year ago. I was at my home in Redwood Falls. It's in Southern Minnesota.

MORGAN

I know where it is.

PETE TOWNSHEND

I wasn't testing you.

MORGAN

How many humans have you killed?

PETE TOWNSHEND

My memory is not THAT good.

MORGAN

That many?

PETE TOWNSHEND

Each taste better than the last. I bet you taste good.

MORGAN

Do you miss your family?

PETE TOWNSHEND

Yes, but not in the way you think.

MORGAN

Explain.

PETE TOWNSHEND

I miss them because I have this urge to eat them. I know their flesh would be very satisfying. Especially my 8 year old daughter. I see so clearly in my head the vision of me tearing the limbs from her torso like wings from a butterfly. I would clean each bone of their meat as she begged me to stop, cried out in pain the words 'Daddy Daddy', but I keep eating her until I rip out her heart with my jaws because...

Pause.

PETE TOWNSHEND

...because I'm no longer her Daddy.

Pete Townshend licks his crusty lips. The hunger setting in.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Why are you asking me all these  
questions?

MORGAN  
I'm trying to find out who was the  
first to be infected.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
You mean The Original?

Morgan perks up.

MORGAN  
Is that what you call him?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Yes.

MORGAN  
We call him Patient Z.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
That's catchy too.

MORGAN  
Have you ever met Patient Z?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
No. But there are stories.

MORGAN  
Such as?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Just that he is the father of all  
being.

MORGAN  
Tell me where he is.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Why would I?

MORGAN  
Because you have to.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Or what?

MORGAN  
There is no or what.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Is that a threat?

MORGAN  
I don't have to threaten you.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Then why would I answer any of your questions.

MORGAN  
Because you can't lie.

Pete Townshend pauses, thinking about Morgan's declaration.

MORGAN  
You probably haven't realized that, have you?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
I don't know what you mean.

MORGAN  
You said your name is Jeffery. Now try to identify yourself by another name.

Pete Townshend is silent, tilts his head in confusion.

MORGAN  
Go ahead. Try it.

The Infected struggles for the words, practically choking on his own tongue.

MORGAN  
Tell me, what's your name?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
My name...  
(pause)  
...is Jeffery.

Pete Townshend's face drops with revelatory shock.

PETE TOWNSHEND  
Why? How?

MORGAN  
The fact that you don't know the answer to that, is exactly what separates you from being human.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Then I won't tell you anything at all.

MORGAN

Excuse me?

PETE TOWNSHEND

I may not be able to lie, but I also don't have to tell the truth simply by not saying anything.

MORGAN

That's probably not a good idea.

PETE TOWNSHEND

What are you going to do? Torture me?

(chuckles)

I don't feel pain.

MORGAN

But you feel the hunger.

Morgan glances at the observation window.

MORGAN

Gina, show us the west corridor.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Gina turns to one of the computer Techs.

GINA

Bring up cameras 24 through 32.

The Tech taps at a few keys on a keyboard.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A flat screen monitor on the wall suddenly comes alive. Morgan and Pete Townshend turn to watch as...

THE MONITOR shows a live image of a very long hallway elsewhere in this military compound. The walls are lined with glass doors to tiny containment units.

In each cramped unit is an imprisoned infected, and they're moaning in pain, tortured by the hunger of not having fed on meat for awhile.

MORGAN (V.O.)

That's a live feed of our containment units. And those are some of your friends we keep around for further interrogation and studies.

Suddenly, The Who's song 'Happy Jack' plays again over the loud speaker system, the music piped into each containment unit.

The music sends the infected into a frenetic state, driving them stir-crazy!

MORGAN (V.O.)

Music has an interesting affect on the Infected. In small doses, it agitates and disorients. That's why we play it before an interrogation. But a steady diet of music can be dangerous for you. It's because the hair cells in the cochlea of your inner ear are so damaged, the contorted signals are transmitted through the brainstem.

The captured Infected let out ghoulish groans of pain, banging on the glass doors, desperate to get away from the music.

MORGAN (V.O.)

The rotted cortex of your brain is unable to process music and your body doesn't know how to deal with it. The only defense your body has is hunger. Music amplifies that defense.

We focus on one of the contained infected, this one frantically claws at his own head... Then... With a sickening CRACK... Opens his own skull like a coconut...

It moans as it pulls pieces of its own brains out, begins eating it.

MORGAN (V.O.)

But when you're locked up in a cage and you're unable to find a food source, the hunger becomes so great you'll eventually eat yourself.

Soon the infected eats enough of its own grey matter to kill itself. The infected keels over, slumps to the floor as bits of its own brain tumbles from its gaping mouth.

MORGAN (V.O.)

After what you did to my friend,  
Scott, I have no reason not to lock  
you up and make you listen to  
music.

BACK ON, Pete Townshend's face, contorted with fear.

MORGAN

So, tell me... Where is Patient Z?

Pete looks at the monitor, then back on Morgan. If he could  
gulp, he would.

PETE TOWNSHEND

I don't know.

Morgan gets up from his chair. Walks over. Pulls out his  
gun. Aims it at Pete Townshend.

MORGAN

Where is Patient Z?

Pete Townshend shakes his head.

PETE TOWNSHEND

I don't know.

Morgan cocks the hammer of the gun.

PETE TOWNSHEND

I don't know.

Pause.

Morgan gently pushes the hammer back. Holsters his gun.

MORGAN

I believe you.

Morgan turns to the one-sided window.

MORGAN

Scan him.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Pete Townshend is tied down to a bed connected to a CT  
scanner machine.

Pete growls, struggles with his restraint as the bed slowly  
moves him through the donut hole of the scanner. LOUD CLICKS  
as the machine scans his brain.

TWO MEDICS monitor the system, reading the results.

INT. CONTAINMENT UNITS - NIGHT

The soldiers drag Pete Townshend down a long hallway of containment units.

On both sides of the hallway, imprisoned zombies helplessly observe as they toss Pete Townshend into one of the units.

The glass door slides and shuts him in. Pete Townshend presses himself against the glass door.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Please! No music! Please!

Pete Townshend crumbles to his knees as the soldiers foot steps disappear down the hallway.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Gina pointing to the illuminated x-ray of the human brain.

GINA

This is the brain of someone who was infected just last week. Note the irregularities through most of the cerebrum. We categorized this kind of infected as a Sub-Walker.

Gina points to the cerebrum and its Swish cheese-like landscape.

Sitting around a long conference table is Sergeant Knox, several other military top brass, and the DEFENSE SECURITY.

They observe attentively as Gina places a second slide next to the first image. The second slide displays another human brain x-ray.

GINA

This is the brain of the infected we refer to as Pete Townshend. Notice that 87% of the cerebrum is still intact and fairly healthy. He is what we call an Alpha-Walker.

A flat screen monitor on the wall comes alive. All eyes turn to it as the monitor show columns of other brain scans, and they all look similar to Pete Townshend's.

GINA

Pete's brain matches several other Alpha-Walkers we captured who also have high memory retention. All got infected a year ago around the time the virus first broke out. The longer a person has been when infected, the higher the chances of memory retention. Which means the virus continues to mutate as it's passed from person to person. Eventually the evolution of the virus will hit a diminishing return and all infected will have no trace of human memory.

SERGEANT KNOX

The other important link between Alpha-Walkers is that we're consistently finding them the further north we sweep across Minnesota. So our tracking system is working.

ADMIRAL

Why Minnesota?

GINA

Not sure, admiral. But I theorize that might be where their hive is -- ground zero of the infection.

All the military brass glance at each other.

GINA

If we continue tracking Alpha-Walkers, there's a good chance it could lead us to Patient Z. That means expanding our search further north.

Gina points to a map of the United States on the wall.

SERGEANT KNOX

For the record, I'm not 100% convinced. What if Patient Z has migrated elsewhere?

GINA

That's why we have to act quickly.

SERGEANT KNOX

That's like finding a needle in a haystack.

SERGEANT KNOX (CONT'D)  
I'm not risking more soldiers on  
such a low percentage mission.

GINA  
We don't know what the percentage  
is, but we do know we are getting  
closer.  
(to Defense Secretary)  
And there is no Plan B, sir.

SERGEANT KNOX  
No Plan B doesn't mean we have a  
good Plan A.

GINA  
I was right about Hawaii.

SERGEANT KNOX  
That has nothing to do with what  
we're-

GINA  
If only you had conveyed to them  
what I suggested, we wouldn't have-

DEFENSE SECRETARY  
Quiet!!!

The room goes dead silence. All eyes on the Defense  
Secretary.

The Defense Secretary balls his hands into fists, taps his  
knuckles against his chin. Thinking. Weighing the options.

DEFENSE SECRETARY  
Sounds like actionable intel to me.

SERGEANT KNOX  
Mr. Secretary-

DEFENSE SECRETARY  
It's not a straight line to Patient  
Z, but we should be able to  
triangulate.

SERGEANT KNOX  
Sir, but-!

DEFENSE SECRETARY  
She WAS right about Hawaii.

That shuts up Knox. Gina beams.

GINA  
Thank you, sir.

DEFENSE SECRETARY  
(to Gina)  
Don't ever bring up Hawaii again.  
Thousands of people died and it's  
not something you should be proud  
of being right about.

The Defense Secretary glances up at the map.

DEFENSE SECRETARY  
Send all units north for a thorough  
sweep. If we're going to do this,  
we're going to do it right.  
(turn to Sgt. Knox)  
Pull the trigger. And pray.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Meanwhile...

Morgan's in bed, deep in slumber but twisting and turning.

On his bedside table, we see the framed photo of his wife Janet.

At the foot of the photo is the pill bottle Gina prescribed to him. The bottle is open, on its side, with pills spilled out.

Obviously, Morgan's taken some. How many? We'll never know. But enough to give him restless sleep.

SLOWLY PUSH IN on Morgan's sleeping face...

Creeping into the soundtrack comes the opening of The Moody Blue's "Knights In White Satin"...

CUT TO

FLASHBACK OF

The same record player from the Observation Room... The needle on top of a spinning record...

Then CRASH!!!

JANET'S VOICE  
Ow!!

WE SLOWLY PULL BACK TO REVEAL

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

The record player is located behind the counter of a small, independent book store that sells used books and records.

PULL BACK FURTHER

Pass rows and rows of tall bookshelves. Pass crates of used records. Finally settling on...

Janet sprawled on the floor, wincing in pain with dozens of books scattered around her. Next to her is a ladder which she obviously fell off of.

In the background, the store's front entrance opens. Morgan enters, carrying a paper bag.

MORGAN

Lunch time!

He looks behind the counter, doesn't see his wife.

MORGAN

Janet?

JANET

Over here!

Morgan looks over, shocked to find Janet on the floor. He rushes over.

MORGAN

What happened? Are you okay?

JANET

I'm fine. Was trying to reach the top shelf.

Janet bends over to pick up a few of the books. The blue butterfly necklace glimmers as it hangs from her neck. Morgan stops her.

MORGAN

No, leave them. Let's have lunch here.

JANET

On the floor?

MORGAN

It'll be like when we first moved into our studio apartment and didn't have furniture yet.

JANET  
(smiles)  
Silly.

Morgan pulls out Thai food from the paper bag. Leaning against book shelves, they enjoy their lunch on the floor.

The lyrics to "Nights In White Satin" floating through the store.

JANET  
Do you remember the first time we heard this song?

MORGAN  
Yes, it was at a gas station. I was filling up my car on our first date.

JANET  
(nodding)  
I always wondered why they played such a beautiful song at something so ugly like a gas station.

MORGAN  
It's to keep the riff raff from loitering.

JANET  
Really?

MORGAN  
Oh yeah, they did psychological studies on this. Older music agitates kids who, on a subconscious-level, think it's not 'cool' enough, which makes them not want to hang out in the area. That's why gas stations play non-contemporary music at their pumps.

JANET  
You're a spermologer.

Morgan almost chokes on his Pad Thai at Janet's words.

MORGAN  
A what?

JANET  
Someone who is full of trivia.

MORGAN

I'm not a good spermologer if I don't know what the word means.

Morgan scratches at his ring finger, where a wedding ring is supposed to be. Janet notices.

MORGAN

Still not used to not wearing it.

JANET

Oh my God! What time is it?

Morgan glances at his watch.

MORGAN

Almost 2:30.

JANET

Shoot! I'm gonna be late to the restaurant.

Janet gets up.

JANET

I won't be home for dinner. Are you-?

MORGAN

There'll be plenty of leftovers.

Janet rushes to the counter, grabs her purse. Morgan follows her.

JANET

I'll try and get off as soon as possible. But we had a few servers quit and-

MORGAN

I'm sorry, honey.

JANET

Sorry for what?

MORGAN

When we got married we vowed to do everything together. This store was to be our adventure for the rest of our lives. I'm sorry you have to-

JANET

Hey, it's okay.

MORGAN

It's not okay. We had to sell our-

JANET

It's only jewelry, honey. Once we're back on our feet, I'm sure we can get them back.

Morgan nods. Knows she's right. As usual.

JANET

No matter how tough things get, it's not the end of the world.

MORGAN

You're the best. Let me walk you out.

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

Morgan walks Janet out of the store. We see the sign above the store: **"WAX PHILOSOPHICAL - USED BOOKS & RECORDS"**

He leads Janet to her car, which is parked right out front.

Janet slides into the driver seat. Rolls down the window and peeks through it.

JANET

Where are we in the alphabet?

MORGAN

I believe it's T. Your turn.

Janet ponders.

JANET

T is for tears. I don't remember the last time I cried because you make me so happy.

You can tell by the look on Morgan's face he's looking at the woman of his dreams and couldn't be happier.

He leans in and kisses her through the window.

She starts the engine. He smiles as Janet drives away.

WE STAY ON Morgan as he continues to watch her drive off, the car engine fading in the distance.

Morgan turns, heads back towards the store. Then...

A CRASH off-screen!

Morgan spins around, looks into the distance.

MORGAN

Janet?

Morgan's face contorts with panic and fear at what he sees!

MORGAN

JANET!!!

BACK TO PRESENT TENSE

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Morgan BOLTS up in bed, screaming...

MORGAN

JANET!!!

Breathing heavily, he slowly orients himself. These dreams get more vivid each time.

He looks over at the framed photo of Janet.

With trembling fingers, Morgan grabs 2 more pills from the table, pops them into his mouth.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - DAY

Morgan makes his way down the hallway of the Isolation Ward. He approaches the cage at the end.

Staring through the bars of the cage, he sees the imprisoned Infected sitting with its back to him.

MORGAN

How you feeling?

INFECTED

Hungry.

MORGAN

I can bring you more steak.

The Infected finally turns its entire body towards Morgan -- and we're shocked to see the blue topaz butterfly necklace around its neck!

Holy shit! This Infected is JANET!

JANET

Doesn't matter. I'll still be hungry.

Morgan sits down on the ground, facing the cage.

JANET

What's the world like out there?

MORGAN

Not good.

JANET

What else is new?

MORGAN

You know how in movies when there's an alien invasion all the countries in the world set aside their differences and come together to defeat a common enemy?

Beat.

MORGAN

Turns out real life is a lot more cruel. Instead there was a huge grab for power, hundreds of civil wars broke out. We're too busy fighting each other to save ourselves.

Beat.

MORGAN

There's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Janet tilts her head, waiting...

MORGAN

We're losing the war, Janet. We're desperate... We have to rebuild... We don't know how many humans are left... Some of us were paired off...

JANET

Paired off?

MORGAN

Yes. I had to... had to spend time with someone...

Janet nods, finally gets it.

JANET  
Was it with the doctor?

Morgan is silent. His non-answer is confirmation enough for Janet.

JANET  
She's pretty.

MORGAN  
She chose me. I didn't choose her.

Long pause.

JANET  
You take for granted the simple things that make you human, like tears. If I had any, I would cry.

MORGAN  
They said it was my duty.

JANET  
I know.

MORGAN  
It doesn't mean anything.

JANET  
Morgan, you don't have to explain.

Beat.

JANET  
Morgan...

MORGAN  
Yes?

JANET  
I can't exist like this.

MORGAN  
We're getting close.

JANET  
Morgan-

MORGAN  
You have to trust me, Janet. We're closing in on Patient Z.

JANET

Even if you found Patient Z, you still don't know for a fact that you'll be able to find a cure, much less one that reverses someone that has completely turned.

MORGAN

Honey-

JANET

No! I'm not your honey! Not anymore. I'm a monster!

Morgan reaches into the cage.

MORGAN

Promise me you won't give up.

She pulls back, looks away and hisses.

JANET

No!

MORGAN

It's okay.

JANET

Stay away from me. Please...

Her body trembles, fighting the urge to bite his hand.

JANET

You better go. I'm sorry.

He slowly pulls his hand back.

JANET

W is for waltz. Remember when we took a ballroom dance class and totally tripped all over each other?

Morgan nods, walks off down the hallway.

JANET

(to herself)

I miss my tears.

INT. REST ROOM - DAY

Sgt. Knox enters the bathroom. He walks over to the sink, his hands trembling.

He reaches into the inside of his jacket. Pulls out a flask.

He gulps from it. The warm booze instantly calming him.

He turns on the water. Washes his face...

But then hears someone crying.

He turns off the water. Listens. It's a female crying.

He hides the flask in his jacket, spins around. The weeping is coming from one of the stalls.

SERGEANT KNOX

Hello?

The only response is more crying.

Sgt. Knox creeps forward, approaching one of the stalls. He slowly opens its door.

Gina is sitting on the toilet, her dress hiked up and panties at her ankle. She is crying into her palms.

SERGEANT KNOX

Dr. Rose? You okay?

She nods, not able to look at him.

GINA

Please close the door.

Sgt. Knox continues staring at her with a certain look in his eyes -- we're not sure if it's a look of concern or he's being a pervy old man.

GINA

CLOSE THE FUCKIN' DOOR!

He quickly shuts the stall door.

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

Morgan sits alone at a table, eating his breakfast. Gina approaches and sits down across from him.

She quietly eats with her eyes glancing down. He waits for her to say something. But she doesn't.

An awkward moment that finally breaks when...

MORGAN

What's this thing about Hawaii?

She finally looks up.

GINA

You really want to know?

MORGAN

I'm not privy to a lot operational logistics. Would be nice to not be in the dark.

GINA

Infected are walking dead bodies. Any corpse overtime transforms into fertilizer, building up gases like ammonium nitrate. If an Infected full of gases walk the bottom of the ocean, the pressure would crush them. But you know what kind of infected can walk the bottom of the ocean?

MORGAN

The ones that just recently got turned.

GINA

Exactly, the Sub-Walkers. The distance between the states and Hawaii is not enough time for a new Infected to fully decompose and build up gas. That's why I suggested they move everyone to Fiji, far enough where no infected could reach them.

Morgan suddenly winces in pain, rubs his temples.

GINA

You look like shit. I'm getting worried.

MORGAN

You don't have to be.

GINA

This is taking a toll on you.

MORGAN

I'm fine, Gina.

GINA

Your headaches have only gotten worst. And you're sleeping less.

MORGAN

What do you want me to do?

GINA

I want you to slow down. They can bring in an endless cavalcade of infected for you to interrogate but that's not helping you.

MORGAN

I'm the only one who can-

GINA

One person cannot bear that burden. It's too much. It'll break you. And I need you not broken.

MORGAN

I can do this. I have to.

GINA

This is not going to bring her back.

MORGAN

Don't mention my wife...

GINA

She's no longer your wife.

MORGAN

Yes, she is.

GINA

Then why are you fuckin' me?

MORGAN

It's my duty-

GINA

Don't give me that bullshit. I know how you touch me. It's more than that-

Morgan glances away.

GINA

Hey! Look at me.

Morgan looks at her.

GINA

It's time we think about the future. Together. It's the only way to save ourselves...

Gina reaches over, takes Morgan's hand into hers.

GINA

Just because your wife is dead doesn't mean you are too.

He flinches at her statement. Harsh but true.

MORGAN

She's not dead.

GINA

No, she's worse.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The Mortician's ASSISTANT pushes a cabinet into the wall. The cabinet is labeled "Scott Murphy" and is positioned next to the cabinet labeled "Thomas Murphy". Father buried next to son.

WE FOLLOW the Assistant walking across the room where Sgt. Knox and the Mortician stand over five body bags (the corpses of the dead soldiers from the latest raid -- the same body bags we saw in the beginning).

5 medals dangle from Sgt. Knox's hands. The Mortician readies a pen against a clipboard.

The Assistant unzips the first body bag, revealing the corpse of the first dead soldier.

MORTICIAN

(writes on clipboard)  
Alexander Riggs.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the soldier's chest.

The Assistant moves on and unzips the second body bag.

MORTICIAN

(writes on clipboard)  
Hank Downey.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the chest of the second soldier.

The Assistant unzips the third body bag.

MORTICIAN  
 (writes on clipboard)  
 Stephen Tartakoff.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the chest of the third soldier.

The Assistant unzips the fourth body bag.

MORTICIAN  
 (writes on clipboard)  
 Theodore Garrison.

Sgt. Knox gently lays a medal across the chest of the fourth soldier.

The Assistant unzips the fifth body bag.

MORTICIAN  
 (writes on clipboard)  
 Marcus Stone.

Sgt. Knox moves in to lay the medal across the fifth soldier's chest --

But he suddenly stops.

The Mortician peers over his glasses at the Sergeant.

MORTICIAN  
 Something wrong, Sergeant?

SERGEANT KNOX  
 Affirmative. Have you examined the bodies?

MORTICIAN  
 Protocol dictates the autopsy is done after the ceremony, sir.

Sgt. Knox gestures to the fifth soldier's body.

SERGEANT KNOX  
 Something don't seem right.

The Mortician and the Assistant lean in for a closer look at the body.

MORTICIAN  
 Not sure what you mean, sir. I don't see anything that would-

The 5th dead soldier, MARCUS, suddenly COMES TO LIFE! And BITES the Mortician's nose! Rips it right off!

MORTICIAN  
AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Sgt. Knox pulls out his gun -- AIMS and...

Marcus throws the Mortician at Sgt. Knox, knocking them both to the ground. The gun goes tumbling across the floor and under a metal cabinet.

Marcus then grabs at the skin of his own face, pulling it off! Revealing an Infected underneath -- who was wearing the skin of Marcus' face like a mask ala Hannibal Lecter.

This Infected is called THE PROFESSOR (for reasons you will know later).

The Assistant is paralyzed by fright, finally finds the nerve to turn and run. But too late --

The Professor grabs the Assistant, begins chewing at his face! The Assistant SCREAMING and STRUGGLING!

Sgt. Knox dives to the floor, reaches under the metal cabinet. The gun just inches beyond his reach.

The Mortician staggers to the wall, moaning in pain as blood spills from where his nose used to be. He presses the ALARM BUTTON!

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Morgan pokes at his food as his conversation with Gina continues....

MORGAN  
I don't want to talk about my wife  
anymore.

GINA  
Fine. There's something else I  
want tell you...  
(collects herself)  
You should know that-

THE ALARM SUDDENLY BLARES!!! Everyone stops, looks around with confusion.

MORGAN  
What's going on?

Gina bolts from her chair. Runs to the wall where a red phone is hanging.

She picks up the phone. It instantly connects her to the observation room.

GINA  
(into phone)  
What's happening?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Tech team who are frantically typing at their keyboards. One of the Tech's speak to Gina through his ear-set.

TECH  
The alarm was triggered from the morgue.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morgan, Gina, and a team of armed FOUR SOLDIERS rush their way down the hall, heading straight for the morgue.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

The Professor continues to feast on the Assistant's face!

ASSISTANT  
Help! Help me!

ANGLE ON,

Sgt. Knox, grunting as he stretches for the gun under the cabinet.

His fingers, touching the gun --

He stretches further --

Fingers loop around the gun's handle.

But he's suddenly pulled back, dragged across the floor.

Sgt. Knox turns over, finds the Mortician, now fully turned into an Infected, on top of him!

The Mortician is about to take a bite out of Sgt. Knox!

But Sgt. Knox jams the gun into the Mortician's open mouth --

Pulls the trigger --

BANG! The Mortician is thrown backwards as his brains peacock out from back of the skull!

Sgt. Knox turns around -- sees the Assistant on the ground, his body spasms, face a bloody pulp. He's turning into an Infected!

Sgt. Knox grits his teeth -- aims his gun--

BANG! Pops open the top of the Assistant's skull with a bullet -- brains spilling out.

Sgt. Knox gets to his feet, turns just in time to see The Professor KICKING a gurney his way!

WHAM!

The gurney knocks Sgt. Knox down -- the body bag tumbles to the floor.

The Professor POUNCES on top of Sgt. Knox! Has the sergeant pinned to the floor.

Sgt. Knox swings the gun at The Professor face. The Professor grabs Knox's wrist, jerks the gun inches to the left --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three bullets rip through The Professor's left shoulder. It does nothing to slow down the Infected.

The Professor pins both of Knox's arm to the floor. Bends down, mouth wide open, grey tongue wagging with thirst!

Just inches from biting Sgt. Knox's face...!

Until Knox KNEES The Professor in the groin! Which has no effect -- but gives the sergeant enough space to leverage himself and--

FLIPS The Professor onto his back! Sgt. Knox is now on top, straddling the infected.

The Professor growls violently.

Knox points the gun at The Professor's head. Finger curling around the trigger --

MORGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Stop! Don't kill him!

Morgan, Gina, and the four soldiers spill into the room.

SERGEANT KNOX

Give me one good fuckin' reason not to!

MORGAN

He wants to talk to me.

This gives Sgt. Knox pause as the Professor continues to growl.

MORGAN

He's saying he wants to speak to the one gifted with the language of the undead.

The Beatles' "Yellow Submarine" slams onto the soundtrack as...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

IN SLOW-MOTION --

Several armed soldiers escort The Professor into the interrogation room.

His hands cuffed, the Professor doesn't resist at all as he's placed in his seat. His demeanor is calm, serene. His posture is perfect.

The Soldiers lock his feet to the chains bolted to the ground. Then the soldiers leave the room.

The Professor sits calmly. Unnaturally calm... Seemingly nodding his head to the rhythm of the music.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a pack of smokes. And a box of matches.

The visual to song is hypnotic as The Professor gently places a cigarette between his lips.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan, Gina, and Sgt. Knox watch through the observation window. Watching The Professor.

They're expecting The Professor to react violently to the music as every infected has before him.

Gina looks to Morgan with a concerned look. Morgan tenses up. Even the usually stoic Sgt. Knox furrows his brow.

They're thinking the same thing:

This Infected is different.

This Infected is dangerous.

Gina turns to Morgan, hands him the case file.

GINA

He had a campus I.D. on him. Says he's a professor at the University of Minnesota.

SERGEANT KNOX

What kind of professor?

Morgan takes the file into his hands.

MORGAN

Does it matter?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Morgan steps into the interrogation room.

He's fascinated by The Professor, who sits comfortably in his chair.

The Professor puts a cigarette to his lips.

Morgan sits down, raises his finger.

The music abruptly stops. A moment of tense silence as Morgan and The Professor size each other up.

MORGAN

Let me be clear, you are my prisoner. I will treat you as I have treated others of your kind, which is with no mercy. You will most likely not survive the next few hours. And when you die, you'll be grateful for it because your time with me will be unpleasant. Do you understand? Nod, if you do.

The Professor nods.

MORGAN

Good. You will be surprised to discover I speak your language.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Don't let that disorient you or cloud your thoughts. I need you to focus on my words. I will speak, you will listen. I will question, you will answer. This is non-negotiable.

Morgan flips a page in the file.

MORGAN

How did the invasion start?

Pause.

MORGAN

Are you listening to me?

Pause.

MORGAN

How did it start? How does it spread? What's your end game?

Long pause.

MORGAN

You got nothin' to say? Is that how you want to play it? Okay, fine. But I'm not the one driven by the hunger.

Pause.

MORGAN

I'm not the one tortured by the burn. I can do this all day, all night. I'm going to get my answers from you. No matter how long it takes.

The Professor lights a match.

The flame ignites the end of his cigarette.

He lets out a puff... Smoke creeping out through the holes in his cheeks... Swirling around his face like a ghost.

THE PROFESSOR

Trust me, my friend... Time is a luxury you cannot afford.

The Professor returns the cigarette to his spotted lips and inhales. As the end of the cigarette glows and crackles...

MORGAN  
Amazing that you smoke.

THE PROFESSOR  
It doesn't effect me.

MORGAN  
Yet you still do it.

The Professor offers a cigarette to Morgan.

MORGAN  
I quit.

THE PROFESSOR  
Good for you. I, however, am a  
lifetime smoker. Ironically, it's  
not what killed me.

MORGAN  
Why do it now that you're dead?

THE PROFESSOR  
Pleasure without consequence.

The Professor takes another puff.

THE PROFESSOR  
Besides, I remember the sensation  
quite fondly.

MORGAN  
You remember a lot of things, don't  
you?

THE PROFESSOR  
I suppose.

MORGAN  
You said you wanted to talk to me.

THE PROFESSOR  
I wanted to see if the rumors were  
correct. To meet the one gifted  
with the language of the undead.

Morgan gives a surprised look.

MORGAN  
How do you know about me?

THE PROFESSOR  
Oh, you know us Infected. We just  
love to gossip.

Morgan writes in the file.

MORGAN  
You're a Professor?

THE PROFESSOR  
By passion and trade.

MORGAN  
You remember teaching?

THE PROFESSOR  
Of course.

MORGAN  
You remember your students?

THE PROFESSOR  
Every last one of them.  
(puffs smoke)  
Cause I ate them.

MORGAN  
Ate them?

THE PROFESSOR  
Yes. The moment I merged, I felt this sensation of hunger like no other. The hunger was crippling, to the point that I fell to me knees in pain. Then one of my students approached me out of concern, asking if I was okay. Her hand was on my shoulder, so I turned and sank my teeth into her plump thigh. She screamed, tried to pull away. But I clamped my jaws tighter, her warm blood gushing into my mouth.  
(beat)  
She was a good student. Very attentive.

MORGAN  
How long have you been dead?

THE PROFESSOR  
Am I?

MORGAN  
You're certainly not alive.

THE PROFESSOR  
I'm here conversing with you,  
animated, enjoying a smoke -- not  
exactly the symptoms of death.

MORGAN  
But you're not human.

THE PROFESSOR  
What is it to be human?

MORGAN  
(chuckles)  
This isn't one of your classes,  
Professor.

THE PROFESSOR  
I'm asking a simple question.

MORGAN  
A diverting question.

THE PROFESSOR  
Diverting from what?

MORGAN  
Tell me why the music doesn't  
bother you?

THE PROFESSOR  
Is it supposed to?

MORGAN  
It has with every other Infected.

THE PROFESSOR  
So because of the behavior of a  
few, you assume we're all like  
that?

MORGAN  
Just an observation.

THE PROFESSOR  
A broad observation that doesn't  
take into account individuality.

MORGAN  
Infected have personalities?

THE PROFESSOR  
Why not?

MORGAN

Because that goes against everything we know about them.

THE PROFESSOR

Are you aware how narrow-minded you sound?

Morgan puts down his pen, glares at The Professor for a few seconds. Recalibrating his thoughts.

MORGAN

Tell me about Patient Z.

THE PROFESSOR

I won't.

MORGAN

Oh you will.

THE PROFESSOR

Are you intentionally being this obtuse?

MORGAN

You can't lie, Professor.

THE PROFESSOR

Is that so?

MORGAN

That is my understanding of your nature, yes.

THE PROFESSOR

YOU'RE understanding of MY nature? That's quite precious. And how did you reach this height of enlightenment?

MORGAN

By interrogating many of your kind.

THE PROFESSOR

But many isn't all.

MORGAN

It's enough.

THE PROFESSOR

Enough until proven otherwise.

MORGAN

Like yourself?

THE PROFESSOR

Perhaps.

MORGAN

So you're the anomaly?

THE PROFESSOR

Do you believe in exceptions?

MORGAN

Yes.

THE PROFESSOR

Do the math.

MORGAN

You're telling me you have the ability to lie?

THE PROFESSOR

If I did have the ability to lie, how could you believe me if I did?

MORGAN

Or maybe you're just a master at avoiding the question, which is not necessarily lying.

THE PROFESSOR

The burden of absolute truth is yours since it is what you seek.

MORGAN

It's only logical that you can't lie.

THE PROFESSOR

Explain.

MORGAN

I will, by answering your question.

THE PROFESSOR

My question?

MORGAN

What is it to be human?

THE PROFESSOR

Oh, so class is in session after all?

MORGAN

Only humans have free will.

THE PROFESSOR

Go on...

MORGAN

Lying is a choice.

THE PROFESSOR

Ahhh, I see... You're postulating that because I am not human, I have no free will, hence I don't have the ability to choose to lie.

MORGAN

Correct.

THE PROFESSOR

But what if your definition of being human has been incorrect this whole time?

MORGAN

As in...?

THE PROFESSOR

As in your humanity, or lack thereof, is measured by the level of evil you choose to engage in.

The Professor raises his cuffed wrists, stares at his hands.

THE PROFESSOR

The kind of evil that makes you look at your trembling hands and ask yourself, 'What did I do?'

MORGAN

My choice to be evil, if I so wish, is what makes me human.

THE PROFESSOR

The fallacy of your premise presumes that humankind is perfection incarnate. There's no such thing as perfection. Everything is by degrees. And why is it so great to be human if that comes with the ability to create such evil? Evil is barbaric. Barbaric is not civil. And non-civility is not evolved.

Morgan pauses, pondering.

THE PROFESSOR

If I am a creature of impulse, driven solely by the purity of my hunger with not a single evil intent, than I would argue I am a more evolved organism than you.

MORGAN

An evolved organism that devours humans without a conscience?

THE PROFESSOR

The same way humans devour cows and chickens without a conscience.

MORGAN

That's sustenance.

THE PROFESSOR

Exactly. The food chain. Nothing speaks to evolution more naturally than that.

MORGAN

Your point is?

THE PROFESSOR

My point is between humans and the Infected, who do you think is on top of the food chain?

MORGAN

You're delusional. Like animals you don't have a soul, operating only on instinct. No free will, no choice. Animals can't lie.

THE PROFESSOR

So animals can't lie, infected can't lie.

MORGAN

Right.

THE PROFESSOR

Then by your logic, I am more truthful cause my actions nor my words are corrupted by choice.

MORGAN

No, you're just giving a lack of proper response and calling it truth.

THE PROFESSOR

But truth is absolute, independent  
of intentions.

MORGAN

Truth is relative, not absolute.

THE PROFESSOR

Truth is discovered, not invented.

MORGAN

Experience is my highest truth. And  
my experience tells me you're just  
dancing around the question but  
eventually your true nature will  
force you to tell me what I want to  
know.

THE PROFESSOR

But you're working on the belief  
that my true nature is absolute,  
which is anti-thesis to your belief  
that truth is relative.

MORGAN

I can back my argument with  
evidence.

THE PROFESSOR

Declaring something doesn't  
necessarily make it so.

MORGAN

I can drag in every Infected we  
have locked up and you can try to  
get them to lie and they won't.  
That's my evidence.

THE PROFESSOR

Ad Ignorantiam.

Morgan pauses, not sure what The Professor means.

MORGAN

I guess it's your turn at the  
podium.

The Professor drops his cigarette. Extinguishes by stepping  
on it.

THE PROFESSOR

There was a time when astronomers  
were convinced the moon was a  
perfect sphere.

The Professor pulls out a second cigarette.

THE PROFESSOR

Galileo explained to them the lunar landscape was not a smooth surface but made of rough mountains and valleys, which could be viewed through his telescope.

The scholars retorted that the moon's irregularities are filled in by a transparent crystalline substance. And this hypothesis, which saves the perfection of the heavenly bodies, Galileo could not prove false.

He lights his cigarette.

THE PROFESSOR

Unable to prove the nonexistence of the transparent crystal supposedly filling the valleys, Galileo put forward the equally probable hypothesis that there were rearing up from the invisible envelope on the moon, even greater mountain valley peaks -- but made of crystal and thus invisible. And just like those astronomers, you're arguing from ignorance, saying something is true simply on the basis it hasn't been proven false.

Morgan pulls out his gun, slams it on the table. The Professor smiles, smoking his cigarette with great pleasure.

THE PROFESSOR

Is that supposed to scare me?

MORGAN

Class is over. Where is Patient Z?

THE PROFESSOR

There is none.

MORGAN

The virus had to start somewhere.

The Professor points to his own chest.

THE PROFESSOR

What if it started here?

Morgan cocks his head with confusion.

THE PROFESSOR

What if the virus laid dormant in all of us since the beginning of time, but it wasn't until the extremes of modern stress that caused it to awaken?

MORGAN

Bullshit.

THE PROFESSOR

What if we are all Patient Z?

Morgan sits for a moment in silence, stewing in the air of The Professor's obvious smugness.

MORGAN

I change my mind.

THE PROFESSOR

Pardon?

MORGAN

I'll have a cigarette after all.

The Professor smiles, offers a smoke from his pack. Morgan gets up, slowly walks around the table.

He stops, keeps a safe distance as he reaches over and gently pulls a cigarette from the pack in The Professor's hand.

The Professor then lights a match, raises it up.

Morgan pauses, ponders. Should he? Morgan then lowers his head towards the match.

He's close enough to where The Professor could grab him and rip his face off.

But in this moment of rare trust... The Professor just lights the cigarette in Morgan's mouth.

Morgan straightens up, takes a few puffs from his cigarette.

The Professor sits quietly, smiling as he watching Morgan enjoying his smoke.

Morgan takes the cigarette out of his mouth, examines it. You can tell by the look on Morgan's face he's remembering the joy of it.

But then --

Morgan JABS the cigarette into The Professor's face.

The Professor doesn't flinch, but his smile fades as Morgan puts out his smoke.

MORGAN

There's nothing human about you.  
You're just an ashtray.

Morgan turns and leave the room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan steps into the observation room, rubbing his temples.

SERGEANT KNOX

What's wrong?

MORGAN

Headache.

SERGEANT KNOX

Then take a fuckin' Tylenol and get back in there.

MORGAN

This one is different.

GINA

What do you mean?

MORGAN

He's intelligent. He's able to maneuver my questions.

SERGEANT KNOX

He's fuckin' undead. There's nothing intelligent about him at all.

GINA

Morgan, what's he saying to you?

MORGAN

He's debating with me.

SERGEANT KNOX

Bullshit.

Morgan closes his eyes, rubs his temples again.

GINA

(to Morgan)

Do you need a minute?

MORGAN

No, the sergeant is right. I need to continue.

Gina reaches into her pocket, pulls out a tiny pill bottle. She slaps it into Morgan's palm.

GINA

Don't be so combative. Try empathy.

Morgan heads back into the interrogation room. But then stops, turns to Sgt. Knox.

MORGAN

To answer your question, Sergeant, he's a Professor of Philosophy and Logic.

Morgan continues on out the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor continues smoking as he observes Morgan taking a seat again at the table.

Morgan pulls the bottle of wine out, pours himself a glass. He opens the pill bottle, pops two pills, and downs them with a gulp of wine.

THE PROFESSOR

How long have you been married?

MORGAN

(surprised)  
How'd you know?

The Professor smirks.

THE PROFESSOR

Where is she?

A somber look drags Morgan's face.

MORGAN

She's no longer...

THE PROFESSOR

Truly sorry for your lost.

MORGAN

No, you're not.

THE PROFESSOR

I may not be human, but I'm not inhuman.

MORGAN

Hard to believe.

THE PROFESSOR

I lost my wife 10 years ago to cancer. I remember the pain of lost.

MORGAN

You don't have any feelings.

THE PROFESSOR

I didn't say I feel anything. I said I REMEMBER the pain. The pain of losing a loved one is something you don't forget.

MORGAN

What was her name?

THE PROFESSOR

Rita. She was a feisty, passionate Italian creature. She was deadly gorgeous. Looked like the kind of woman who had always been someone's muse, inspiring endless art and countless heartbreak. I was by her side when she passed. Last thing I said to her was I loved her.

MORGAN

I never got that chance.

THE PROFESSOR

That's tragic.

MORGAN

Janet and I had this thing -- we never liked saying good-bye to each other.

THE PROFESSOR

Cause good-bye sounds so permanent.

MORGAN

(nodding)

Every time we parted ways, instead of saying good-bye, we picked a topic from the alphabet.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

We'd recycle through all 26 letters over and over, and never once said good-bye to each other.

(chuckles)

We could never figure out what started with Z other than zebra.

THE PROFESSOR

How quaint.

MORGAN

We were on the letter T when the invasion happened in our area. She left our store to go work at the restaurant. My back was to her when she drove off and I heard this loud crash. I turned around and was shocked to see her car had slammed into a tree. She swerved to avoid hitting what turned out to be an infected in the middle of the road. Before she could unbuckle herself, she was covered in a swarm of them. I ran towards her. Thought I heard her calling out my name, but I'm not sure. I saw her arm reach out from the pile of bodies. I almost got to her when another one tackled me. I fell and knocked my head against something. I was out. I woke up days later in a hospital. They said I was clinically dead. But beyond the miracle of coming back to life, I also discovered I brought with me the ability to speak the language of the undead when I heard Janet calling out to me.

THE PROFESSOR

So your wife is infected?

MORGAN

(nodding)

I was walking by the Medical Ward where they were doing tests on her, heard her say my name. Imagine the look on everyone's faces when they all realized I understood her.

THE PROFESSOR

That's why you're so desperate to find Patient Z.

MORGAN

Find the source. Find the cure.

THE PROFESSOR

WE are the disease?

MORGAN

Yes.

THE PROFESSOR

What if humans are the disease?

Morgan squints at the question. Begins to feel the pressure of a headache.

THE PROFESSOR

What if we are earth's way of getting rid of the humans who have scorched it? What if we are the cure -- the antibody that the earth produced to fight back the human infection?

MORGAN

Enough with your theories. How did you know about me?

THE PROFESSOR

Let me float another theory then... Are you interested in nanotechnology?

MORGAN

Atomic size robots that operate at the molecular level. Now answer my question: How did you know about me?

Morgan grimaces, the headache expanding, creeping behind his eyes.

THE PROFESSOR

As a bioethicist, one of my fields of great interest was the merging of nanotechnology and noetic science. Noetic science states everything in the universe is made of energy - even human thought -- and all energy is made of photon based matter, thus human thought is also made of matter. These 'noetic-bots' could manipulate the molecules of human thought into physical manifestations.

THE PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
You could think something and it  
would become true.

MORGAN  
Highly improbable sci-fi bullshit.

THE PROFESSOR  
I'm talking to a man who claims to  
have died and mysteriously come  
back with the language of the  
undead. You are in a precarious  
position to talk about probability.

The sting of the headache increases. Morgan doing his best  
not to show it, but his face tightens.

MORGAN  
Where are you going with this?

THE PROFESSOR  
This whole reality came from you!  
You're the one who is 'infected' by  
these noetic-bots. You thought out  
this virus invasion and it's  
spreading the more you think about  
it. The question is: what is  
triggering these thoughts?  
Traumatic emotions? Hidden sexual  
deviancy? Deep-seeded  
sociopathology?

MORGAN  
You're not making any sense.

THE PROFESSOR  
I'm talking to you about science.  
Existing science.

MORGAN  
You're trying to fuck with me.

Morgan buckles over, holding his head. His skull pounding.  
The Professor tilts his head, casually observing Morgan in  
pain.

THE PROFESSOR  
How are those headaches treating  
you? Those noetic-bots bouncing  
inside your head like popcorn in a  
popper.

Surprised, Morgan glances back up at The Professor.

## THE PROFESSOR

I know about the headaches, Morgan.  
I know you better than you know  
yourself. You represent the next  
step in our evolution. The merging  
of both human and Infected. You  
are Patient Z hence forth!

The Professor's word echo through Morgan's brain, a crippling  
migraine.

But then Morgan take in several deep breaths. He steadies  
himself, finds his center, the pain subsiding.

## MORGAN

This is not a philosophy class.  
This is war.

## THE PROFESSOR

Then take an honest hard look  
around. If this is war, who do you  
think is winning?

Morgan cocks an eyebrow. The Professor just said a curious  
thing.

He does as instructed and glances around the room. A  
revelation slowly sinking in...

He stares at The Professor, studying him, reading him...

## MORGAN

You think you're winning this war.  
Your posture, your tone, the words  
you use are from someone who  
believes they're in a position of  
power.

(pause)

Yet, you're the one in chains.

Morgan slowly straightens up, back to eye-level with The  
Professor.

## MORGAN

You saw me take some pills. From  
that you deduced I have chronic  
headaches.

Morgan displays his ring finger, and the tan line around it.

## MORGAN

You noticed the tan line around my  
ring finger, figured I was married.  
You're full of tricks, aren't you?

But then Morgan suddenly remembers...

MORGAN  
Tricks like... You trojan horsed  
yourself in here.

The Professor remains quiet. His poker face firmly on.

Morgan gets up, walks circles around The Professor. Studying  
him from every angle.

MORGAN  
You claim you wanted to talk to me.  
And that's certainly what we've  
been doing -- lots of talking.

More circling.

MORGAN  
But we haven't been talking about  
anything specific. Just random  
bullshit. Going in circles.

More circling.

MORGAN  
And circles.

More circling.

MORGAN  
Just wasting...

Morgan pauses. His eyes light up.

MORGAN  
...time. Time, which you claim we  
don't have much of.

The Professor's lips slightly curl. Morgan turns to the one-  
sided window.

MORGAN  
Gina, bring me a wand.

Morgan turns to the Professor.

MORGAN  
That's your purpose, isn't it,  
Professor? To waste time? To  
distract us?

The Professor remains silent.

MORGAN  
But from what, Professor?

Gina runs in with a metal detector wand. She hands it to Morgan. Morgan waves it around The Professor's body.

Nothing abnormal.

GINA  
What are you doing?

Morgan continues waving the wand at the Professor from head to toe.

GINA  
He was thoroughly checked. There's nothing on him.

The wand is not picking up anything.

Morgan pauses, staring at The Professor. A million thoughts running through his head. What the fuck is this Infected up to?

GINA  
Morgan?

It finally hits Morgan. He rushes out of the room.

GINA  
Hey-!

INT. CONTAINMENT UNITS - NIGHT

Wand still in hand, Morgan marches down the hallway of the containment units. He stops at the unit holding Pete Townshend.

Pete Townshend's curled up on the floor, face pressed against the glass door of his prison.

MORGAN  
Are you a plant?

PETE TOWNSHEND  
I'm...hungry...

MORGAN  
ARE YOU A PLANT?!

Pete Townshend is quiet.

MORGAN

Every prisoner I've interrogated  
have always been surprised at first  
that I could communicate with them.  
But not you. You seemed pretty  
casual about it.

Pete looks down, scratches his head. He wants to lie but  
can't.

MORGAN

You knew about me, didn't you?  
Just like The Professor.

Pete Townshend nods.

MORGAN

This whole thing was a set-up. You  
wanted to be captured.

PETE TOWNSHEND

Yes.

MORGAN

Why?

PETE TOWNSHEND

I can't lie to you.

Pete Townshend slowly staggers to his feet, propping himself  
against the wall.

Pete opens his mouth, and for a second, we think he's about  
to tell us something important... But instead...

Pete LAUGHS! Cackling loudly, an eerie laugh that's a cross  
between a witch and a dying cat.

Then Pete bends over at a 90 degree angle, aiming the top of  
his head at the wall across from him.

Morgan suddenly realizes what's going on.

MORGAN

SECURITY!!!

Pete Townshend RUSHES FORWARD -- SLAMS THE TOP OF HIS HEAD  
AGAINST THE CELL WALL! A disgusting THUD as his skull  
collapses.

MORGAN

SECURITY! OPEN UNIT 23!!!

Pete continues to cackle as he staggers back... Throws himself forward and... WHOMP! SLAMS his head against the wall again!

WHOMP! And again! WHOMP! WHOMP!

MORGAN

Open the fuckin' door!

Finally, THREE SOLDIERS run over... One of them frantically presses the keycode for the door.

The glass door HISSES open. But by then, Pete has dropped to the floor... His skull split wide open... His brain mashed potatoes.

The confused soldiers stare as Morgan waves the metal detector wand across Pete's body...

Up his legs... Pass his waist... To his belly... Where the wand suddenly BEEPS! Morgan turns to one of the soldiers.

MORGAN

Anybody have a knife?

One of the soldiers hands Morgan a tiny army knife.

Morgan SINKS the knife into Pete's stomach... Slicing flesh... Cutting a large wound...

The intense smell of rotten death hits them in the face, enough to gag.

He tosses the knife aside. Holds his breath as he digs his fingers into the wound...

Forces his hands into the cavity of Pete's belly, pushing through squishy flesh as he fingers crawl around inside.

Morgan pulls out decayed organs... Muscles... Finally finds what he's looking for!

The soldiers lean in closer, squinting at the tiny thing in Morgan's hand.

Morgan cleans the object with his shirt, brings it to his face for a closer look. It's a tiny metal capsule.

At the tip of the capsule is a BLINKING GREEN LIGHT!

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Gina, Sergeant Knox and the Defense Secretary sit at the conference table.

Morgan tosses the tiny capsule, it tumbles across the table and rests in front of the Defense Secretary.

MORGAN

What is that?

SERGEANT KNOX

It's a tracking device. But it's one of our's.

Morgan looks to Knox with surprise.

SERGEANT KNOX

We implant them in a few of the captured Alpha-Walkers. Then we release them to be tracked in the wild.

Morgan looks to Gina.

MORGAN

Did you know about this?

Gina nods, looks down.

MORGAN

And no one told me?

GINA

As you said, Morgan, you're not privy to every operational logistics.

MORGAN

Problem is your plan backfired cause the ones you're tracking are coming back here.

SERGEANT KNOX

No, the real problem is that we never planted a device in Pete Townshend. He was never in our custody.

GINA

It seems someone took one of our devices from a tagged Alpha-Walker and then put it in Pete.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Who?

GINA

Don't know. Obviously someone...  
Or something very intelligent.

MORGAN

Why didn't we intercept the signal  
when Pete was brought in?

SERGEANT KNOX

This tracking device has been  
reprogrammed to send a signal to  
another location other than our's.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Wait -- you're saying these  
creatures have a base?

GINA

A base, a hive, a breeding  
ground... Whatever you want to  
call it, they are now tracking us.

This reveal shuts everyone up. An ominous feeling weighs  
down the room.

Defense Secretary drops the device. He steps on it. It  
crunches under his shoe.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

Not anymore.

BOOM!!!

There's a large explosion that rattles the entire compound!  
Everyone stumbles, bracing themselves against something.

Gina grabs the phone on the table. It directs her to the  
Observation Room.

GINA

(into phone)

What's happening? WHAT?! How  
many?! Oh my God...

Gina SLAMS the phone down. She types on a keyboard built  
into the conference table.

Several flat screen monitors on the walls come alive.  
Everyone's face drops with horror, shocked at what they see:

Each monitor displaying a live feed around the perimeter of the compound, showing thousands upon thousands of infected attacking the compound!

GINA

They've already breached the main tunnels!

DEFENSE SECRETARY

What about our defenses?

SERGEANT KNOX

Weak at best. We've sent the majority of our forces north! It'll take them an hour to get back here!

BOOM!!! Another earth-shattering explosion.

The power goes out. Monitors die. Emergency lights kick in, painting the entire compound an eerie red hue.

MORGAN

We don't have an hour.

Morgan suddenly runs out of the room!

GINA

Morgan!

INT. CONTAINMENT UNITS - NIGHT

Morgan dashes down the hallway, turns a corner to the Containment Units! Suddenly all the lights go out!

Morgan hits the brakes. Slowly backs away as all the doors to the containment units hisses open.

The freed Infected burst out of their cages, instantly feeding on nearby military personnel!

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Sgt. Knox pulls out two guns from his holsters, hands one to the Defense Secretary.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

What are we going to do?

Sgt. Knox gestures for Gina and the Defense Secretary to stay put as he takes a look outside.

Sgt. Knox cracks the door, peeks through. What he sees is a bloody massacre! Dozens of Infected feasting on humans, walls and floor covered in blood and organs.

Sergeant Knox closes the door, turns to Gina and The Defense Secretary.

SERGEANT KNOX

We're gonna die.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

What?!

The blood drains from Sgt. Knox's face, his dead eyes resigned to their fate.

DEFENSE SECRETARY

We have to figure out a way out!

Sgt. Knox ignores the Defense Secretary as he turns to Gina. The sergeant approaches her, pushing pass the Defense Secretary.

GINA

What are you doing?

Knox suddenly grabs Gina, lifts her off her feet! SLAMS Gina onto the table. He throws himself on top of her!

GINA

STOP! GET OFF OF ME! STOP IT!

Gina struggles, tries to swing her arms at Knox -- but he overpowers her!

GINA

GET THE FUCK OFF! MR. SECRETARY!  
HELP ME!

The Defense Secretary is paralyzed with shock. Stands motionless, watches as Sgt. Knox forces himself between Gina's legs.

GINA

GET HIM OFF ME! HELP!

The Defense Secretary grips his gun, looks like he's about to help.

But instead, with a panicked look, he runs out of the war room, leaving Gina alone with Sgt. Knox.

INT. ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

Morgan rushes to the cage holding Janet. Janet looks up as he frantically opens the lock to the cage door.

JANET  
What are you doing?

MORGAN  
We have to get out of here.

JANET  
No, stay away from me.

MORGAN  
There's no time to argue about this.

Morgan slides the cage door open. Janet becomes restless, licking her cracked lips, smells his flesh.

JANET  
STAY AWAY FROM ME!

Morgan takes a step into the cage. Janet ROARS... LUNGES at Morgan with her jaws wide open! SNAPPED backwards as her chains pull taut.

Morgan steps closer to his wife. Janet is going crazy, the smell of his flesh and blood stirring her hunger. Jaws snapping...

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Jaws snapping...

Like Gina, who desperately tries to bite Sgt. Knox, both still struggling on top of the conference table.

Knox pins her arms down, pressing his body against her.

He unbuckles his pants, attempts to pull out his penis when...

Gina's right hand slips from his grip -- she grabs the conference phone -- SLAMS IT ACROSS KNOX'S HEAD!

Sgt. Knox falls over, moaning and barely conscious.

Gina rolls off the table, grabs the gun, slides it into her belt. She then grabs Sgt. Knox by his ankles.

With hell in her eyes, she pulls him across the floor and out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gina drags the dazed Sergeant out into the hallway, just outside the war room.

She glances to her left, sees the swarm of Infected just down the hallway.

She pulls out the gun -- BANG! BANG!

SHOOTS Sgt. Knox in both his legs! He WAILS in pain as blood pours from his wounds.

This gets the swarm of Infected to turn their attention! They move towards the wounded Sgt. Knox.

Gina backs away from him.

SERGEANT KNOX

No! Don't-!

Gina runs off and disappears down the hallway.

We stay on Knox, who helplessly watch the swarm approaching.

SERGEANT KNOX

STAY AWAY! STAY-!

Knox SCREAMS as they pounce on him! Chomping into his legs! Biting his shoulders!

An Infected grabs Knox's left arm, sniffs the fresh flesh of his hand before biting into it! Hand to face...

INT. ISOLATION WARD - NIGHT

Hand to face...

Just like Morgan who slowly puts out his hand towards Janet's face.

JANET

STAY AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

Though Janet's words say one thing, her action say another as she stretches her neck out, trying to bite Morgan's hand.

His hand inches closer. Janet resisting the urge to bite into his flesh. She closes her eyes, grits her teeth.

Struggling with the hunger.

JANET  
Leave me!

MORGAN  
Not without you, I won't.

JANET  
I don't belong with you anymore!

MORGAN  
Listen to me-

JANET  
X is for Xerox!

MORGAN  
We can do this.

JANET  
Y is for Yard sale!

MORGAN  
Janet-

JANET  
Z is for...

MORGAN  
STOP IT!!!

His hand in front of her face now... He touches her cheek... She doesn't bite him.

His hand caressing the side of her face. She's trembling from the urge, impossible to fight.

But she does fight it. And soon the familiarity of Morgan's touch relaxes her.

MORGAN  
(softly)  
We're leaving. Together.

She slowly nods.

Morgan bends down, about to unlock the chains around Janet when...

He suddenly hears rapid foot steps down the hall. Quickly approaching.

Morgan gets up, ready to face whatever threat is coming...

Foot steps quickening. Getting Louder. Just right around the corner and --

It's Gina, approaching the cage! She's breathing heavily, covered in pieces of rotten flesh, and carrying the electric bonesaw.

GINA

Morgan, there you are! We have to get out of-

She stops mid-sentence when she sees Morgan with the lock in his hands.

GINA

What the hell are you doing!?

MORGAN

I'm freeing Janet.

Gina stomps into the cage.

GINA

Leave her!

MORGAN

I won't.

GINA

We're running out of time!

GUNSHOTS rattle off down the hallway. Human screams. The roar of an Infected swarm getting closer.

MORGAN

I'm not losing her again!

GINA

That's not your wife anymore!  
(points to Janet)  
Look at her! That's not even human!

MORGAN

Don't say that.

GINA

You have to let her go.

MORGAN

Don't ever talk about Janet like that.

Gina steps back, her face drops. Frozen by the disbelief at what Morgan's saying.

She turns to Janet, and switches on the bonesaw!

Gina raises the buzzing blade over her head, ready to bring it down on Janet.

But before Gina can do such a thing, Morgan grabs onto Gina's arms, holding her back.

MORGAN

Gina, stop!

GINA

Let me go!

The buzzing blade swings wildly back and forth as they struggle. Janet helplessly watching.

The bonesaw goes flying from their hands -- the blade accidentally cutting into Morgan's right arm.

MORGAN

Ahhhh!

JANET

Morgan!

The bonesaw tumbles across the floor, the blade comes to a stop.

Morgan staggers back, grabbing onto his bleeding arm as he grits his teeth in pain.

GINA

Godammit, Morgan! You don't-!

Gina reaches into the inside of her jacket. It's a total blur -- but Gina's pulling something out! Her arm sweeps around, pointing something at Janet!

Janet closes her eyes, prepared for the end!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gina's chest explodes as three bullets pierces her! Her body is thrown across the room.

Janet opens her eyes. Sees Morgan standing there with his gun in his hand, the nose billowing with smoke.

He staggers forward, can't believe what he just did.

He bends over Gina's body, checks her pulse from her neck. There is none. Gina is dead.

He shuts his eyes. Shakes his head. Angry. Sad. Every emotion times a million.

He opens his eyes...

Spots the thing in Gina's hand. It's not a gun.

What is it?

He leans in closer. It's white. Thin. Her dead fingers covering most of it.

He reaches down, opens her fingers.

His eyes blow up with shock!

In Gina's cold dead palm is a PREGNANCY TEST STICK!

And it's positive.

Morgan's body shaking, fighting back the tears. He drops the gun.

Raises his trembling hands to his face, stares at them...

MORGAN  
(to himself)  
What did I do?

Janet cautiously approaches Morgan from behind.

JANET  
Morgan? You okay?

Morgan closes Gina's fingers again, covering the stick. He gets up, turns to Janet.

He unlocks her chains. Janet is now free. They leave the cage.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet rush down the corridor.

JANET  
Where are we going?!

MORGAN  
A secret passage. The East Exit.

They're about to turn a corner until Morgan silently signals Janet to halt.

He creeps toward the edge of the corridor, peeks around the corner.

Down the north corridor, he sees dozens of Infected attacking people, tearing their limbs apart, eating their flesh.

Morgan turns back to Janet.

MORGAN

We have to find another way.

They turn around and head the other way. Moving through the corridor.

Morgan and Janet hurry their pace, pushing through the doors of the mess hall.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet rush through the empty mess hall. Heading for the...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Morgan stands on one of the counters. He uses a butter knife to unscrew the faceplate of an air vent.

He slides the faceplate off, pulls himself up into the vent.

MORGAN

Stay close behind.

Morgan climbs into vent first. Janet follows after him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor sits alone in the interrogation room, listening to the surrounding sounds of the attack on the compound.

THE PROFESSOR

Hello?! Anybody there?

But no one is around. The adjacent Observation Room has been completely abandoned.

THE PROFESSOR

Is anyone out there?!

Still no response.

The Professor sits for a moment, contemplating.

Then he lets out a grunt as he tries to yank his legs free from the iron rings around his ankles. But they're too strong.

He pauses, relaxes. Comes to peace with what he must do to free himself.

With a forceful grunt, The Professor YANKS his right leg again -- the constraints remain around his ankles.

He continues to pull his leg -- with more power -- more force! The constraints won't give...

But something else will... We hear a sickening ripping sound... As his right leg slowly detaches from his ankle!

His left leg is next. A strained grunt as he pulls! The left leg rips from its ankle.

The Professor falls forward -- slumps to the ground onto his belly. He is free! But minus his feet.

Unable to walk, he crawls forward. Slowly dragging himself towards the Observation Room. Crawling...

INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT

Crawling...

Just like Morgan and Janet who are crawling through the narrow air vent situated in the ceiling of the east corridor.

As they inch forward, they can see through the steel mesh beneath them the top of the heads of the Infected below.

They do their best to not make any sound.

They're almost there... Until...

The metal panel under Morgan starts to CREAK! The Infected perks up at the sound, looking around to see where it came from.

Morgan and Janet remain still, holding their breath. He looks back to her, nods a "it's okay."

They continue crawling forward.

Another LOUD SCREECH as the metal panel gives way a little bit. They stop again.

The Infected gaze upwards. Time stands still as Morgan and Janet try not to move a muscle.

The Infected soon lower their heads, continue to wander the corridor.

Morgan looks back at Janet. They both breathe a sigh of relief. But then...

Blood from the cut on Morgan's arm bleeds through his shirt, about to drip from his arm and through the air vent mesh...

He quickly cups his wound with one hand. Praying the Infected don't smell the fresh blood.

They continue crawling. Slowly. Painfully slow. Every inch an eternity.

And if things couldn't get worse --

Morgan suddenly hears a squeaking noise. Emerging from the darkness ahead of him is an infected rat!

Its eyes dead, skin and fur rotten, teeth exposed from snarling and rabid jaws.

The rat staggers forward, careening side to side like a drunk -- but getting closer to Morgan's face. One bite from the rat and he's done...

Morgan pulls out his gun, holds it in reverse, aims the handle at the approaching rat.

The rat creeps toward Morgan's face! With no other choice...

Morgan CRUSHES the rat's head with the gun's handle!

The metal panel completely gives in! Morgan falls through the vent!

SLAMS onto the floor below!

Morgan hits his head, dazed. He's trying to get up but his legs won't let him.

The Infected loom over him, their hands reaching out to grab him. But before they do...

Janet DROPS down from the vent, tackling several Infected to the ground.

Janet gets to her feet, stands between Morgan and the swarm.

JANET

*Stay away. He is my husband.*

In unison, the entire swarm of infected shout...

INFECTED SWARM

*He is food!*

This gives Morgan enough time to shake out the cobwebs. He staggers to his feet.

Janet beats a few of the Infected back. But there's too many -- and she is quickly overpowered -- they're about to tear her limbs apart --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Morgan FIRES his gun! Blasting several Infected in the head! Janet pulls away from their grasp!

Morgan and Janet run! The Infected give chase. They are slow moving. But they will never stop.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet rush down the hallway. They pass the medical ward. Then they pass the Observation Room, catches a glimpse of the Professor on the ground...

Finally approaching the metal door at the end of the corridor. The door is labeled...

EAST EXIT

Morgan and Janet approach the metal door. He punches in the keycode. The door doesn't open.

The thick, exit door is electronically locked. No power means it's not opening.

Morgan desperately tries to pry the door open with his hands. Janet joins in as well. But it's no use. This door is secured and not budging.

MORGAN

We have to find another way out.

They run back down the hallway in the direction they previously came. Again passing the Observation Room. Passing the Medical Ward.

But not much further when they see the swarm of Infected heading their way. They're trapped. No other direction to go.

Morgan grabs Janet by the hand, yanks her into the only place they can hide...

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Morgan SLAMS the door behind him! Locks it!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Morgan and Janet jump back as the swarm attempt to break down the door!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor grunts as he drags himself across the floor of the empty Observation Room. He reaches up, grabs onto a cabinet handle.

He pulls himself up, props against the counter where the record player sits.

He randomly grabs a record, places it on the player. Gently puts the needle on the record.

The Professor then slides back down to the floor, laughing to himself as the opening of "Nights In White Satin" begins to play.

INT. MEDICAL WARD - NIGHT

Morgan and Janet look around as "Nights In White Satin" booms through the speaker system, echoing throughout the compound!

The music drives the Infected on the other side of the door into a frenzy! They POUND and PUSH more forcefully! The door pulsating from its hinges!

Morgan and Janet slowly back away from the door. It's going to give any second now.

Morgan checks his ammo clip. Only one bullet left. Fuck.

He then rummages through all the cabinets. Looking for the electric bonesaw. Then realizes Gina had it, which was left in the Isolation Ward. Double fuck.

He continues shifting through more cabinets.

JANET  
What are you doing?

MORGAN  
Trying to find a weapon. Anything.

He suddenly comes across a several boxes containing batches of **thermometers and cold sprays**. His eyes light up. An idea hits him.

MORGAN  
I know how to open the east exit.

BANG! BANG! Morgan turns as the pounding on the door getting louder.

MORGAN  
But how do we get past them?

JANET  
Infected can only identify live human flesh by smell, right?

MORGAN  
Correct.

JANET  
Then you can't be human anymore.

MORGAN  
What are you saying?

Janet picks up a scalpel, places it in Morgan's palm.

JANET  
Merge.

She climbs onto one of the beds, lays down. Morgan pauses, realizes what Janet is suggesting.

MORGAN  
No. I can't.

JANET  
We have no other option.

MORGAN  
I won't agree to it.

JANET  
I'll be okay.

MORGAN  
Janet, no-

JANET  
As long my brain is intact, I'll be  
alright.

MORGAN  
But the rest of you-?

JANET  
Is a corpse. Useless.

MORGAN  
(shakes head)  
I'm going to find a cure for you.

JANET  
If YOU die, no one will be cured.

MORGAN  
But what about YOU?!

JANET  
It's too late for me. Think about  
everyone else you can save.

Their heads turn when they hear POUNDING on the metal door.  
They turn back to each other.

JANET  
It's the only way. Do it, Morgan.

He hesitates.

JANET  
DO IT!

He grips the scalpel tighter. Brings it closer to Janet's  
body. His forehead sweating, hands trembling...

He's about to do the unthinkable...

MORGAN  
I love you.

JANET  
I love you too.

Morgan tears open Janet's shirt, exposing her rotten naked  
body.

The POUNDING on the door getting louder. The hinges about to  
snap!

Morgan delicately inserts the scalpel into Janet's chest.

He slices a clean, straight line down to her lower abdomen, Janet's innards erupt out like lava spilling over a volcano mouth.

He grabs a handful of her spoiled organs, rubs it all over his body, drenching himself in the smell of decay.

He then carves a Y-Shape from her abdomen all the way down to her feet. Then he cuts open both of Janet's arms to their wrists.

He empties out everything from Janet, leaving a body-length jacket made of her skin, with her head fully intact and attached like a hoodie.

Her face is animated, still able to blink and talk.

JANET

Hurry!

Morgan grits his teeth, can't believe he's doing this. He picks up Janet's remains, flings her skin over his shoulder.

He wears her skin draped over him like long coat -- Janet's head sits on the top of his own head like a hood.

Morgan moves across the room. Grabs a plastic bag. Fills it up with boxes of thermometers, cold sprays, and medical tape.

JANET

Come on, Morgan!

The door falls over with a SLAM! Morgan suddenly straightens up like a statue, holding the plastic bag.

Dozens of hungry Infected pour into the Medical Ward. But quickly their energy calms as they realize they don't smell live human flesh.

Morgan quietly, slowly steps forward. He mimics the staggered motions of an infected. Walks right into the heart of the swarm.

The Infected brush against him. Sniffs him, but only smells Janet's layer of skin.

Morgan holds his breath. They growl at him, but leave him alone.

The infected move on, wandering the Medical Ward, looking for anything to feed on.

Morgan maneuvers his way through the swarm and out of the ward.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan quickly makes his way down the hallway. All of the Infected can be heard moving around in the Medical Ward behind him.

Morgan heads straight for the Observation Room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

The Professor continues to chuckle at himself with eyes closed. Listening as "Nights In White Satin" continues to play...

Suddenly, a pair of hands enter the frame -- slaps some medical tape across The Professor's mouth.

He opens his eyes, sees it's Morgan wearing the Janet jacket! It's a strange and surreal sight that even surprises him!

Morgan unlocks the cuffs around The Professor's wrists, bends his arms behind his back, and recuffs them.

Morgan and Janet drag The Professor out of the room.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Professor tries to scream as Morgan drags him out of the Observation Room.

Trying to get the attention of the swarm inside the Medical Ward, but The Professor's screams are muffled by the tape.

Morgan pulls The Professor to the end of the corridor, props him against the east exit door.

Morgan then unloads the plastic bag. He begins snapping apart the thermometers... Spilling mercury onto the Professor's body.

The Professor growls through his tape, shaking his head.

Morgan ignores him, snapping more thermometers -- the Professor's chest gleaming with silver mercury.

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

JANET  
What are you doing?

Another box of thermometers.

SNAP!

SNAP!

SNAP!

Janet just watches, confused.

The Professor shakes his head even more violently. The medical tape slips a bit -- his mouth free and --

The Professor HOWLS at the top of his decayed lungs!

Morgan spins around -- sees the swarm of Infected coming out of the Medical Ward --

Heading down the corridor... Straight at them!

JANET  
Oh my God!

MORGAN  
Almost...

Morgan turns back to the task at hand.

One last box of thermometers.

SNAP!

The Infected are moving in.

SNAP!

Their growls getting louder.

SNAP!

Closer they come...

SNAP!

Morgan then grabs the cold spray containers.

JANET  
Morgan...? What...?

MORGAN

Overtime, a decomposing body transforms into fertilizer, building up gases including ammonium nitrate. Mixed with crystallized mercury, fertilizer becomes highly combustible.

He aims the cold sprays at The Professor's chest and --

SPRAYS AND CRYSTALLIZES THE MERCURY into The Professor's body!

The Professor cackling!

The swarm just a few yards away. Closer...

Morgan empties the last of the spray cannisters. He quickly gets up, dashes and hides around the corner.

The Infected almost on top of them! Reaching out to them! The corridor echoes with the Professor's mad laughter!

THE PROFESSOR

You'll never find Patient Z!

Morgan pulls out his gun, points it around the corner.

He carefully aims -- and with his only bullet, SHOOTS THE PROFESSOR IN THE CHEST!

BOOM!

A MASSIVE FIREBALL BLOSSOMS AS THE DOOR BLOWS WIDE OPEN!

THE FORCE OF THE BLAST RIPS THE SWARM OF INFECTED INTO TINY PIECES, SPLATTERING THE CORRIDOR.

As the rumble of the explosion rolls through the entire compound... Diminishing like thunder...

Morgan is curled up around the corner, coughing. His ears ringing. But alive.

He gets to his weary feet.

JANET

Morgan, are you okay?

MORGAN

I think so.

JANET

What now?

Morgan emerges from around the corner. He moves into a shaft of light that pierces through the smoky remains of the east exit door.

He walks into the opening of the exit, his & Janet's silhouette filling the doorway.

MORGAN

We go north.

EXT. DESERT LANDSCAPE - DAY

Morgan limps through the exit, stepping into the open for the first time in a long time. The smell of the desert air fills his lungs.

CLOSE ON Morgan's face as his eyes glow with the sun's light. His smile beaming just as bright. He's in disbelief.

He did it. THEY did it.

Suddenly, a drop of rain lands on his cheek.

Then another drop. It rolls down his face towards the edge of his lips.

He licks the fresh rain.

But wait...

It's salty. And there's not a cloud in the sky. Morgan glances up. He can't see but he suspects it...

WE PAN UP to Janet's smiling face. The sunrise in her eyes. And she is weeping.

Tears.

To the final chords of "Nights In White Satin" -- they walk towards the orange hue of a waking sun that peeks over a sliver of the horizon.

They step into a new day.

Together.

FADE OUT

Over END CREDITS

The Rolling Stones' "Time Is On My Side" plays...