

**DAWN OF THE DEAD**

screenplay  
by

George A. Romero

© Laurel-Day Inc.

Working Draft, 1977

Laurel Entertainment, Inc.  
928 Broadway  
N.Y.C., NY 10010

Dear Reader,

The following is an exact, letter-for-letter, replica of George A. Romero's original screenplay, DAWN OF THE DEAD (1978).

The physical condition of the hardcopy "Working Draft," circa 1977, made it impossible to scan and digitize.

Notwithstanding reproduction of that document by a professional screenwriter, no revisions or liberties were taken.

Thus, any grammatical or (presumed) spelling errors (geographical or other) are from the original and remain as-is.

Likewise, parentheticals (wrylys), scenes, directions, actions, etc., are as they appear in the original.

With that, I remain in your service,

Nick Runyard



"WHEN THERE IS NO MORE ROOM IN

HELL, THE DEAD WILL WALK THE EARTH"

1 We see the face of a young woman. She is asleep. It is very quiet at first, as credits appear. The woman's face begins to twitch, as though she is having a bad dream. She moans slightly and her expression grows more desperate.

A mix of subtle sounds begin to fade in. As they get louder, we can discern what sounds like a busy office area. It is actually a frantic television studio with the hum of panic in a national emergency.

The woman's moans get louder and more desperate as the background sounds reach full volume and the credits stop. The woman sits up, snapping awake.

2 She lurches forwards into the arms of a strong young man. She is Francine, twenty three years old and very attractive, although she is gritty with dirt. Her hair is hanging, dishevelled and sweaty. Her jeans and blouse have been worn for several days.

She is sitting on the floor, where she has slept the last several hours, covered by an old overcoat.

Tony: YOU OK?

Fran stares at the young man. She is shaking. She doesn't speak.

Tony: THE SHIT'S REALLY HITTING THE FAN.

The girl tries to clear her head as the young man moves on to where others sleep on the floor. He wakes them up one at a time. We begin to hear voices over the busy hum of the studio. They have an electronic tinniness, as broadcast over a monitor. Fran looks about. She is still shaken from her dream.

3 We see the television studio. Reporters buzz about madly. Everybody looks dishevelled and exhausted. Technicians man monitors, and we see people on the little screens, arguing emotionally.

4 Voice: WHAT'S MAKING IT HAPPEN? WHAT THE HELL DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, WHAT'S MAKING IT HAPPEN.

Voice: YES, BUT THAT'S...

Voice: THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STUDY. THEY'RE TRYING...

Voice: BUT IF WE KNEW THAT, WE COULD...

Voice: WE DON'T KNOW THAT! WE DON'T KNOW THAT!  
WE'VE GOTTA OPERATE ON WHAT WE DO KNOW!

5 The room is pandemonium. People run in with wire copy; others organise the stacks of bulletins as they arrive. Others trip over cables and generally get in each other's way.

6 Francine stares at the madness, still trying to clear her head.

Man's voice: I'M STILL DREAMING.

Fran turns her head. Another young man sits next to her on the floor. He is one of the ones Tony awakened.

Fran: NO YOU'RE NOT.

Woman: MY TURN WITH THE COAT.

Fran looks up. A young woman is offering her coffee in a paper cup. She is next in line for the overcoat and a few hours sleep. Fran takes the coffee and struggles to her feet.

Woman: THE GUYS ON THE CREW ARE GETTING CRAZY.  
A BUNCH OF 'EM FLEW THE COOP ALREADY.  
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE'LL BE ABLE  
TO STAY ON AIR.

7 Fran staggers over to the control consoles. The technicians are at the end of their ropes.

Technicians: (all at once)  
WATCH CAMERA TWO...WHO THE HELL'S ON CAMERA  
TWO, A BLIND MAN...  
WATCH THE FRAME...WATCH THE FRAME...  
ROLL THE RESCUE STATIONS AGAIN.

Technicians: WE GOT A REPORT THAT HALF THOSE RESCUE  
STATIONS HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT.  
SO GET ME A NEW LIST.  
SURE, I'LL PULL IT OUTA MY ASS.

Fran focuses on the monitors. She is incredulous... stunned by the madness which surrounds her. She realises the hopelessness of the situation as she zeroes in on the televised conversation.

8 We begin to listen over the din of the news room.

TV Man 1: I DON'T BELIEVE THAT, DOCTOR, AND I DON'T  
BELIEVE...

TV Man 2: DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE RETURNING TO  
LIFE?

TV Man 1: I'M NOT SO...

TV Man 2: DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE RETURNING TO  
LIFE AND ATTACKING THE LIVING?

TV Man 1: I'M NOT SO SURE WHAT TO BELIEVE DOCTOR!

9 Suddenly we cut into the studio, and we see the argument as it is being shot.

TV Man 1: (con't)  
ALL WE GET IS WHAT YOU PEOPLE TELL US.  
AND IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO BELIEVE...

TV Man 2: IT'S FACT... IT'S FACT...

TV Man 1: IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO BELIEVE WITHOUT YOU  
COMING IN HERE AND TELLING US WE HAVE TO  
FORGET ALL HUMAN DIGNITY AND...

TV Man 2: HUMAN DIG... YOU CAN'T...

TV Man 1: ...FORGET ALL HUMAN DIGNITY...

TV Man 2: YOU'RE NOT RUNNING A TALK SHOW HERE, MR.  
BERMAN...YOU CAN FORGET PITCHING AN AUDIENCE  
THE MORAL BULL SHIT THEY WANT TO HEAR!

TV Man 1: YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT ABANDONING EVERY HUMAN  
CODE OF BEHAVIOUR, AND THERE'S A LOT OF US  
WHO AREN'T READY FOR THAT DOCTOR FOSTER...

10 A great cry of assent goes up from the studio floor. Doctor Foster is flustered and frustrated. The stage hands and cameramen are all screaming at him, swearing and ridiculing. We notice Police guards, armed, at the studio doors. They control the traffic in and out of the big room.

11 Back at the control panel. Fran stares at the screens. Confusion still reigns.

Man: FRANNIE, GET ON THE NEW LIST OF RESCUE STATIONS.  
CHARLIE'S RECEIVING ON THE EMERGENCIES...

Fran pulls herself away from the monitors as the argument rages on screen.

12 She fights through the heavy traffic and reaches Charlie, a harassed typist who holds the receiver of an emergency radio unit under his chin...

Charlie: (into receiver)  
SAY AGAIN...CAN'T HEAR YOU...

Fran: RESCUE STATIONS?

Fran leafs through sheets of paper on Charlie's desk. He writes notes as he listens on the receiver, and he speaks to the woman.

Charlie: HALF THOSE ARE INOPERATIVE ANY MORE.  
I'M TRYIN' TO FIND OUT AT LEAST ABOUT THE  
IMMEDIATE AREA. WE'VE HAD OLD INFORMATION  
ON THE AIR FOR THE LAST TWELVE HOURS.

Fran: THESE ARE RESCUE STATIONS. WE CAN'T SEND  
PEOPLE TO INOPERATIVE...

Charlie: (into receiver)  
SAY AGAIN, NEW HOPE...

Charlie makes more notes and hands them to Fran. Still listening on the receiver, he speaks to the woman again.

Charlie: I'M DOIN' WHAT I CAN. THESE ARE DEFINITE  
AS OF NOW. SKIP AND DUSTY ARE ON THE RADIO,  
TOO. GOOD LUCK.

Fran snatches up the sheets and moves across the room.

13 She stops at the consoles...

Fran: I'M GONNA KNOCK OFF THE OLD RESCUE STATIONS.  
I'LL HAVE THE NEW ONES READY AS SOON AS I CAN.

Technician: WE'RE SENDING PEOPLE TO PLACES THAT HAVE  
CLOSED DOWN. I'M GONNA KILL THE OLD LIST.

14 Fran moves toward another control room. An armed officer stops her. A young man rushing through with copy intercedes.

Man: HEY, SHE'S ALRIGHT.

Officer: WHERE'S YOUR BADGE?

Fran reaches instinctively for the lapel of her blouse. Her badge is missing.

Fran: JESUS!

Man: SHE'S ALRIGHT.

Fran: I HAD IT...I WAS ASLEEP OVER THERE...

She makes a move toward the corner where she was asleep.

Man: SOMEBODY STOLE IT. THERE'S A LOT OF 'EM  
MISSING.  
(to officer)  
SHE'S ALRIGHT. LET HER THROUGH.

The officer reluctantly steps aside.

15 The young man and Fran move down a crowded hall and into a small camera room. The foot traffic is solid. They talk as they walk.

Fran: I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Man: ONE OF THOSE LITTLE BADGES CAN OPEN A LOT  
OF DOORS...YOU AVOID A LOT OF HASSLES IF  
YOU GOT A BADGE...ANY KIND OF BADGE...

Fran: IT'S REALLY GOING CRAZY.

16 They reach a small camera installation. The camera is aimed at a machine which rolls out a list of rescue stations. The list is superimposed over the live broadcast as it goes out.

Cameraman: YOU GOT NEW ONES?

Fran: I GOTTA TYPE 'EM UP. KILL THE OLD ONES.

Cameraman: GIVENS WANT 'EM...

Fran: KILL 'EM, DICK. TELL GIVENS TO SEE ME!

The man clicks off his camera. Fran moves toward the studio.

17 On the monitors, we see the rescue stations blink off over shots of the two men who still argue on the air.

TV Man 1: WELL I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, DOCTOR.

TV Man 2: THESE ARE NOT GHOSTS. NOR ARE THESE HUMANS!  
THESE ARE DEAD CORPSES. ANY UN-BURIED HUMAN  
CORPSE WITH ITS BRAIN INTACT WILL IN FACT  
RE-ACTIVATE. AND IT'S PRECISELY BECAUSE OF  
INCITEMENT BY IRRESPONSIBLE PUBLIC FIGURES  
LIKE YOURSELF THAT THIS SITUATION IS BEING  
DEALT WITH IRRESPONSIBLY BY THE PUBLIC AT  
LARGE!

18 Another outraged cry goes up from the stagehands and observers. Doctor Foster tries to out-scream the cries...

TV Man 2: YOU HAVE NOT LISTENED...YOU HAVE NOT LISTENED...  
FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS...WHAT DOES IT TAKE...  
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE PEOPLE SEE?

19 Fran moves into the large studio area where the broadcasters argue. The commotion is maddening. Fran stares for a moment.

20 TV Man 2: (now distraught...almost pleading)  
THIS SITUATION IS CONTROLLABLE. PEOPLE  
MUST COME TO GRIPS WITH THIS CONCEPT.  
IT'S EXTREMELY DIFFICULT...WITH FRIENDS...  
WITH FAMILY...BUT A DEAD BODY MUST BE DE-  
ACTIVATED BY EITHER DESTROYING THE BRAIN  
OR SEVERING THE BRAIN FROM THE REST OF THE  
BODY.

Another outburst in the studio.

TV Man 2: THE SITUATION MUST BE CONTROLLED...BEFORE IT'S  
TOO LATE...THEY ARE MULTIPLYING TOO RAPIDLY...

21 Fran moves through the crowded room of emotional people and finally reaches another emergency radio installation. Skip and Dusty are trying to listen to their receivers. They jot notes.

Fran: OPERATIVE RESCUE STATIONS?

Dusty:           THEY'RE DROPPIN' LIKE FLIES. HERE'S A FEW.  
                  YOU KNOW, I THINK FOSTER'S RIGHT. I THINK  
                  WE'RE LOSIN' THIS WAR.

Fran:            YEAH, BUT NOT TO THE ENEMY.  
                  WE'RE BLOWIN' IT OURSELVES.

She gives the rest of her coffee to the two men.

Fran:            NOT MUCH LEFT, BUT HAVE A BALL.

The two men each slug eagerly from the paper cup. Fran rushes off toward a large teleprompter typing machine.

22           The broadcasters still argue emotionally.

TV Man 1:       PEOPLE AREN'T WILLING TO ACCEPT YOUR SOLUTIONS,  
                  DOCTOR, AND I, FOR ONE, DON'T BLAME THEM.

TV Man 2:       EVERY DEAD BODY THAT IS NOT EXTERMINATED  
                  BECOMES ONE OF THEM! IT GETS UP AND KILLS!  
                  THE PEOPLE IT KILLS GET UP AND KILL!

23           Handing the list of active rescue stations to the teleprompter typist, Fran rushes back toward the control room.

24           Around the monitor consoles, the commotion has been made even more frantic by an angered Dan Givens, obviously one of the station managers.

Givens:         NOBODY HAS THE AUTHORITY TO DO THAT, I WANT...

Givens spots Fran as she moves into the room.

Givens:         GARRET, WHO TOLD YOU TO KILL THE SUPERS?

Fran:           NOBODY. I KILLED 'EM. THEY'RE OUT OF DATE.

Givens:         I WANT THOSE SUPERS ON THE AIR ALL THE TIME.

Fran:           ARE YOU WILLING TO MURDER PEOPLE BY SENDING THEM  
                  OUT TO STATIONS THAT HAVE CLOSED DOWN?

Givens:         WITHOUT THOSE RESCUE STATIONS ON SCREEN EVERY  
                  MINUTE PEOPLE WON'T WATCH US. THEY'LL TUNE OUT.

Fran stares at the red faced man in disbelief.

Givens:         I WANT THAT LIST UP ON THE SCREEN EVERY MINUTE THAT  
                  WE'RE ON THE AIR.

Fran is about to say something in anger, but before she can, one of the technicians, having overheard Givens, gets up from the control panel and starts to walk away.

Givens: LUCAS...LUCAS, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING...  
GET ON THAT CONSOLE...LUCAS...WE'RE ON THE AIR!

Lucas: ANYBODY NEED A RIDE!

25 Two other men from various positions in the room snatch up personal effects and follow the technician toward the door. The door is guarded by a nervous Officer.

26 Givens: OFFICER...OFFICER...YOU STOP THEM...STOP THOSE MEN...LUCAS...GET BACK ON THIS CONSOLE...

A frantic hubbub begins over the lack of console control. People rush in and out, the floor director's voice can be heard over a talk back system...

Voices: WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON IN THERE.  
SWITCH...SWITCH...THERE'S NO SWITCHER...  
WE'RE LOSING PICTURE...

Givens: OFFICER...STOP THOSE MEN...

27 The young officer faces the men as they reach his post. He takes a grip on his rifles, opens the door and lets the group through. Then he runs out himself, deserting the losing cause.

28 Givens jumps toward the console. He frantically tries to work the complex dials and pots...

Givens: GET SOMEBODY IN HERE THAT KNOWS HOW TO RUN THIS THING...COME ON...I'LL TRIPLE THE MONEY FOR THE MAN THAT CAN RUN THIS THING...TRIPLE THE MONEY...WE'RE STAYING ON THE AIR...

Fran moves slowly off toward the studio.

29 In the big room, the tension is thicker than ever. A few of the newsmen still earnestly try to perform their various functions, but most of the crew are reduced to emotional polarisation over the broadcast which still rages.

30 TV Man 2: THEY KILL FOR ONE REASON.  
THEY KILL FOR FOOD.  
THEY EAT THEIR VICTIMS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT,  
MR. BERMAN. THAT'S WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING.

31 Fran stops to listen to the argument. She falls back into the shadows of the studio. People rush past her, some leaving the studio in disgust.

32 TV Man 2: IF WE'D LISTENED...IF WE'D DEALT WITH THE PHENOMENON PROPERLY...WITHOUT EMOTION...  
WITHOUT...EMOTION...  
IT WOULDN'T HAVE COME TO THIS!

Foster wipes his sweat with a dirty hanker chief. He pulls his tie away from his tight collar, and pops the shirt button open. He is desperate now, shivering with anger and frustration.

TV Man 2:       THERE IS A MARTIAL LAW STATE IN EFFECT IN  
                  PHILADELPHIA...AS IN ALL OTHER MAJOR CITIES IN  
                  THE COUNTRY...  
                  CITIZENS MUST UNDERSTAND THE...DIRE...DIRE  
                  CONSEQUENCES OF THIS PHENOMENON...SHOULD WE  
                  BE UNABLE TO CHECK THE SPREAD...  
                  BECAUSE OF THE EMOTIONAL ATTITUDES..OF THE  
                  CITIZENRY...TOWARD...THESE ISSUES OF...  
                  MORALITY...  
                  IT IS THE ORDER OF THE O.E.P. BY COMMAND OF THE  
                  FEDERAL GOVERNMENT...THE PRESIDENT OF THE  
                  UNITED STATES...  
                  CITIZENS MAY NO LONGER OCCUPY PRIVATE RESIDENCES,  
                  NO MATTER HOW SAFELY PROTECTED OR WELL STOCKED...

A murmur in the studio begins to build to an emotional crescendo. Foster tries to talk over the noise...

TV Man 2:       CITIZENS WILL BE MOVED INTO CENTRAL AREAS OF  
                  THE CITY...

33           Technicians abandon their posts. A few others jump in to take their places, but pandemonium reigns. A cameraman whips off his headset and breaks for the door. His camera spins on its liquid head, and on the monitors, we see a whirling blur as Foster continues to speak.

Fran moves quickly for the spinning camera. She aims it back at the sweating Foster, and she stares through the viewfinder not believing what she is seeing.

34           TV Man 2:       THE BODIES OF THE DEAD WILL BE DELIVERED OVER  
                  TO SPECIALLY EQUIPPED SQUADS OF THE NATIONAL  
                  GUARD FOR ORGANISED DISPOSITION...

35           Suddenly a man darts out of the bustling crowd and comes up quickly behind Fran.

Steve:           FRANNIE...AT NINE O'CLOCK MEET ME ON THE ROOF.  
                  WE'RE GETTING OUT.

Fran:            (letting the camera slip slightly)  
                  STEPHEN...I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...WHAT...

Steve:           WE'RE GETTING OUT. IN THE CHOPPER.

Another technician steps over to take the camera from Fran. Stephen talks more quietly in the other man's presence.

Steve:           NINE P.M. ALRIGHT?

Fran:            STEVE...WE CAN'T...WE'VE GOT TO...

Steve: WE'VE GOT TO NOTHING, FRAN. WE'VE GOT TO SURVIVE. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SURVIVE. NOW YOU COULD BE UP THERE AT NINE. DON'T MAKE ME COME LOOKIN' FOR YA.

Stephen is gone in a flash. Fran nervously looks back at the cameraman. The argument still rages between Foster and Berman. The cameraman, without taking his eye from the viewfinder, speaks to Francine quietly and slowly.

Cameraman: GO AHEAD. WE'LL BE OFF THE AIR BY MIDNIGHT ANYWAY. EMERGENCY NETWORKS ARE TAKING OVER. OUR RESPONSIBILITY... IS FINISHED, I'M AFRAID.

36 It is dusk, and the city of Philadelphia is surprisingly quiet. We see several large buildings. They are part of a low-income housing project, and their lack of grace is evident. They stand like tombstones as the first stars appear in the navy blue sky.

37 Under cover of the growing darkness, activities of the S.W.A.T. Unit go unnoticed. Grappling hooks grab against the lip around the roof and silent figures climb to the top of the building. Men in armour vests, clutching the latest in special weapons, take position here and there about the development.

Other men strategically place their cars and trucks in the court below.

38 On the roof, at an entrance to one of the building's fire stairs, Roger squats silently alongside three other team members. The men check their weapons. Roger looks at his watch. The sweep hand reaches the 12...

Roger: (to himself) LIGHTS.

39 In an instant, large searchlights bathe the side of the building. The troop commander, shielded with other Officers behind a large truck, shouts through an electric bullhorn.

Commander: MARTINEZ...YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING...YOU KNOW WE HAVE THE BUILDING SURROUNDED...

The electronically amplified voice echoes through the concrete caverns between the buildings of the project. There are only a few windows which glow with lights from inside. At the sound of the bullhorn, the lights all blink out one at a time.

Commander: (not over the bullhorn)  
LITTLE BASTARD'S GOT 'EM ALL MOVED INTO ONE BUILDING...DUMB LITTLE BASTARD!

Sergeant: LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA TRY TO FIGHT US.

Commander: (on the bullhorn again)  
MARTINEZ...THE PEOPLE IN THIS PROJECT ARE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY...WE DON'T WANT ANY OF THEM HURT AND NEITHER DO YOU!

40 \* OMIT

41 \* OMIT

42 There is no sign of life in the building. The great concrete slab is silhouetted silently against the darkening sky.

43 Roger, and his team mates, crouch in readiness. The sound of the bullhorn rises to them easily and clearly.

Roger: I'M GIVIN' YOU THREE MINUTES, MARTINEZ...

Commander: (Bullhorn)  
I'M GIVIN' YOU THREE MINUTES, MARTINEZ...  
TURN OVER YOUR WEAPONS AND SURRENDER...

Roger: THERE ARE NO CHARGES AGAINST YOU...

Commander: THERE ARE NO CHARGES AGAINST YOU OR ANY OF YOUR PEOPLE...

Roger: YET.

Commander: THREE MINUTES, MARTINEZ.

Roger: AND COUNTING.  
(he looks at his watch)

There is a long silence.

Roger: COME ON, MARTINEZ!

One of the other S.W.A.T. team members is a big man, with a rough and vicious looking face. He is WOOLEY, a hardened veteran, and a red neck of the first order.

Wooley: YEAH, COME ON, MARTINEZ...SHOW YOUR GREASY LITTLE PUERTO RICAN ASS...SO I CAN BLOW IT OFF...

Roger looks over at the big man. He is distressed at the pent up violence in Wooley.

Wooley: I'LL BLOW ALL THEIR ASSES OFF...LOW LIFE BASTARDS.. BLOW ALL THEIR LITTLE LOW LIFE PUERTO RICAN AND NIGGER ASSES RIGHT OFF...

Roger is greatly concerned. He looks at one of the other men, a young, smoothed faced rookie. The boy doesn't know how to react. He is obviously nervous.

Roger: KEEP COOL. JUST DON'T POP OFF IN THERE WHEN WE GO IN.

The boy nods, grateful for a more human contact.

Wooley: HOW THE HELL COME WE STICK THESE LOW LIFES  
IN THESE BIG ASS FANCY HOTELS ANYWAY? SHIT  
MAN. THIS' BETTER THAN I GOT. YOU AIN'T  
GONNA TALK 'EM OUTA HERE. YOU GOTTA BLOW  
'EM OUT. BLOW THEIR ASSES!

Roger: (to the boy)  
YOU GONNA BE ALRIGHT?

The boy nods in the affirmative.

Wooley: LET'S GET ON WITH IT. THIS IS A WASTE OF  
MY TIME!

44 CRASH! Without warning, the metal door to the fire stair bursts open and several figures rush out of the darkness. Shots are fired from hand guns. A bullet smashes through the skull of the young boy next to Roger. He falls against Roger with a pleading expression on his face.

Figures charge this way and that. More gunfire. The other S.W.A.T. men dodge and dive for cover. Wooley opens fire with his automatic weapon.

45 On the street, the Commander, hearing the gunfire, barks into the bullhorn:

Commander: MOVE IN...MOVE IN...  
GODDAMMIT!

Sergeant: (into walkie talkie)  
ALL UNITS... FULL OPERATION!

46 On the roof, Roger struggles under the dead weight of the young man. He tries to free himself and his weapons. Shots ring out.

A handful of Black and Puerto Rican youngsters charge about the rooftop. Another S.W.A.T. patrol appears from behind a large elevator housing. The young civilians retreat. Several are mowed down.

Another bullet smashes against the dead S.W.A.T. man's back. Just as Roger frees himself, a bullet catches him squarely in the chest, but his armour takes the impact. He is thrown back off balance, and he struggles to catch his wind as he scrambles over to recover his weapon which skitters away across the roof top.

Before he reaches the gun, he is cut off by the looming figure of one of the Black youths, pistol in hand. Roger freezes. The young man aims his hand gun, but hesitates. A sudden barrage of bullets rips through the young Black and he falls in a pool of blood. It was Wooley's gun that killed him.

Wooley: COME ON YOU DUMB BASTARDS...  
COME AND GET 'EM...

He fires again and again, even though the skirmish is winding down.

Roger charges for his weapon, snatches it up, and runs for the cover of an incinerator housing. He startles a young civilian who was hiding there, trying to load his gun. The boy makes a break...

Roger:            HOLD IT...

The boy freezes for a moment, then, thinking, breaks into a run across the roof.

Roger:            HOLD IT, KID...DON'T RUN OUT THERE!

The boy is mowed down in a crossfire.

47            Inside the building, other S.W.A.T. teams along with units of the National Guard are crashing through hallways and breaking into apartment units. People are herded into the halls where they are held at gun point.

Some men, although armed, surrender willingly. Others retaliate against the invading force, and little skirmishes develop on every floor of the complex structure.

48            On the ground, the Commander barks into the bullhorn:

Commander:       MASKS...

Sergeant:        (into walkie talkie)  
                  MASKS FOR GAS...MASKS FOR GAS.

49            Tear gas canisters crash through windows and the halls are filled with clouds of gas. Civilians trying to escape, are choked as they attempt to shoot their way out.

50            The teams on the roof charge down the fire stairs into the building.

S.W.A.T. 1:      WORK YOUR WAY DOWN. A FLOOR AT A TIME.  
                  HOLD 'EM IN THE HALLS 'TIL WE CAN WORK 'EM  
                  DOWN THE STAIRS.

Roger and Wooley and the men in their unit, snap on their bizarre looking gas masks.

51            The troopers break into an apartment on the floor. An old couple kneels in prayer at a small alter, while their children and their children's children huddle in a corner. The young husband surrenders his gun to a trooper, and Roger watches as the group is led into the hallway.

Suddenly, a young Black man charges out of one of the apartments. A woman appears at the door, screaming for him to stop. He breaks through a cloud of gas and Wooley fires his automatic. The black man crashes to the floor. Wooley is crazed.

He kicks in the door of another apartment and fires randomly into the room.

The flurry of action causes panic among the civilians in the hall. The younger ones try to escape while the older people kneel or fall against the walls praying.

S.W.A.T. 2: WOOLEY'S GONE APE SHIT, MAN...

Roger: WOOLEY! (shouting)

Wooley kicks in the door of another apartment. Roger charges at him and grabs him around the shoulders. The big man resists. His gun fires and bullets fly wildly. He struggles against Roger, but Roger manages to hold on.

Roger: GIMME A HAND...SOMEBODY...

Another S.W.A.T. Trooper steps up out of the cloud of gas. He is very tall and he looks mysterious in the fog as he speaks in a deep voice.

Trooper: STEP AWAY FROM HIM.

Roger: GIMME A HAND.

Wooley throws his body around and slams Roger against the wall, but Roger grabs him again just as the crazed man is levelling off his gun at the open apartment door.

Roger: GODDAMMIT...HELP ME...HE'S CRAZY!

Trooper: STEP AWAY FROM HIM!

Just then, Wooley wrenches free and pushes Roger across the hallway. The Trooper carefully aims his weapon and fires one shot through Wooley's head. The big man falls back violently.

The mysterious Trooper turns and hurries away down the hall. Other S.W.A.T. Officers face him threateningly. He stares at them through his mask. They let him pass. He disappears through the smoke as other officers begin to restore order among the civilians.

Women scream and cry over their dead-loved ones. Roger is helped to his feet by another Officer. Roger's eyes are wide and staring through the insect-like lenses of his mask. They are locked on the sight he sees through the door of the apartment which Wooley kicked open. The other Trooper looks and his eyes widen as well.

52 \*OMIT

53 In the apartment, lying in a pool of blood, are the partial remains of what was a human body. It has been ripped to shreds.

Roger staggers against the door frame. The other trooper moves inside. Another corpse, also mutilated, one leg missing, one arm badly mangled. It is trying to move. To reach the Troopers.

54 A sudden loud scream. Roger startles and spins around. A woman in the hall has seen the grisly sight, and she runs screaming down the corridor. More confusion, as civilians push through the Troopers who try to hold them back.

55 The Trooper in the apartment is revulsed...

Trooper: JESUS...HOLY JESUS...

A third officer enters the apartment. He speaks to the Trooper which is closest to the writhing corpse on the floor.

Trooper 2: SHOOT IT...SHOOT IT THROUGH THE HEAD.

The young officer is too dumb struck to respond so the third Officer pulls out his pistol. Then suddenly, from out of the shadows, a spectre-like figure lunges at the third Officer, flailing and biting at his arms. It is a wild-haired woman. There are several bleeding wounds over her body. She is one of the walking dead.

The Trooper struggles to free himself, and Roger darts into the room. Although the Zombie is weak, she manages to hold on to the Trooper.

Another creature suddenly appears in the bedroom doorway. A male, it staggers out into the room. The young Trooper struggles with his holster trying to free his hand gun. Suddenly, he feels something on his leg. The dismembered corpse is clutching his ankle, pulling itself closer, it's mouth open. The boy tries to pull away, but falls onto the floor, crashing over a table and lamp. He tries to crawl away, but the frail corpse keeps its hold and drags along behind the young Trooper, who still cannot free his pistol.

Roger and the third Officer fling all their weight against the woman Zombie. She flies against a wall, but bounces back immediately, and attacks again. The third Trooper's rifle fires. A slug tears through the woman's chest but it doesn't stop her onslaught. Another shot rips through her neck. Still she comes.

The boy on the floor manages to level off his pistol. He fires at the ghoulish head which draws closer to his leg. The thing's skull blows open and its grasp relaxes. The boy is shaking violently. His arm and gun stay in the air, still poised. He fires again...and again...and again.

56 In the hall, the male Zombie appears, and the crowd panics. The Troopers try to keep things calm.

S.W.A.T. 3: IT'S ONE OF THEM...MY GOD...IT'S ONE OF THEM.

S.W.A.T. 4: SHOOT FOR THE HEAD.

Woman: NO! NO! MIGUEL...DIOS MIO...MIGUELITO...

The woman pushes through the crowd. The Zombies advances. Before the Trooper can stop her, the woman throws her arms around the creature.

Woman: MIGUEL...MI VIDA...MIGUELITO...

S.W.A.T. 3: GRAB HER...GET HER OUT OF THERE...  
(his gun is levelled off, but he can't get a shot)

The Zombie clutches at the woman. It bites at her neck...her arm. She screams with terror. She tries to pull away, but the creature holds her. It bites again. A Trooper comes up from behind and tries to wrestle the creature away. Another Trooper grabs the woman and tries to free her. She is screaming insanely. The Zombie pulls another piece of flesh off her arm.

S.W.A.T. 3: STAND CLEAR...FOR CHRISAKE...STAND CLEAR!

57 In the apartment, the female Zombie lunges at the third Trooper and the two tumble to the floor. Roger wrestles her free and, with all his might, throws her against the wall. She advances again. Roger raises his gun, She is just about to reach him. He fires. The bullet drops her.

58 In the hall, a Trooper brings his gun butt slamming against the male ghoul's head. The creature loses his grip on the screaming woman. The Trooper who is holding her, pulls her free across the floor. S.W.A.T. 3 fires. The bullet tears through the Zombie's shoulder...another shot...through his neck...another...through the skull. It falls.

59 There is finally a calm. A few of the citizens murmur prayers. Troopers and befuddled old people seem to drift through the clouds of gas in a totally dazed state.

60 Roger and the third Trooper from the apartment drift to the hallway. The third Trooper moves into the crowd, but Roger stands against the open door jamb for a moment.

A sudden, loud gunshot makes Roger duck and spin around. He looks into the apartment. The young Trooper has shot himself through the head.

61 In the dark firestair, it is very quiet. Roger bursts through a metal door from one of the halls and falls against the stair railing. He is retching. He breathes heavily to contain himself. He removes his mask and coughs slightly from the gas mist which still clings in the air.

Voice: YOU'RE NOT ALONE BROTHER.

Roger tightens, grabbing for his gun. The voice is present; very nearby. Roger looks up. Sitting on the stairs above is the Trooper who shot Wooley. His rifle is aimed at Roger.

Voice: YOU WAS IN WOOLEY'S UNIT.

Roger: I DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN.  
I DIDN'T SEE HOW HE DIED.

Roger slings his rifle, so the Trooper relaxes and lowers his gun. He removes his gas mask. He is Black.

Roger: YOU RUNNIN?

The Black man shrugs. He hasn't decided.

Roger: I DON'T JUST MEAN 'CAUSE OF WOOLEY.  
I JUST MEAN 'CAUSE OF...

Voice: YEAH. I KNOW.

Roger: THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE RUNNIN'.  
I COULD RUN.

Roger stares up at the grim faced Black.

Roger: I COULD RUN RIGHT TONIGHT.

The black man just stares levelly into Roger's eyes.

Roger: FRIEND OF MINE GOT A HELICOPTER. HE DOES  
TRAFFIC FOR J.A.S. GOT A HELICOPTER AND HE'S  
RUNNIN' OUT WITH IT. AS'T ME T'COME.

The Black man smiles.

Roger: YOU THINK IT'S RIGHT TO RUN?

The Black man shrugs again, then he stands and walks down the stairs. HE turns past Roger on the landing and continues down into the lingering gas mist. Roger follows.

62 A few landings down...a noise. The two Troopers freeze. The stairwell is dark. The noise grows louder. The Troopers ready their weapons.

The sounds are little scraping thumps, like the weary foot falls of someone...something...trying to negotiate the stairs...There is the low, wheezing sound of laboured breath.

The men stare at the landing below. The Black man steps forward slightly, trying not to make a sound.

Suddenly, a figure pops out of the darkness. It falls against the wall below. Both Troopers raise their guns. The figure pulls away from the wall. In the mist, it's shape is ghostly...robed...in black...is sees the Troopers...

Figure: SENORES...  
PLEASE TO LET ME PASS...

The voice weakens into a low wheezing cough. The figure slumps and sits on the steps, clinging to the railing. It is an old Priest, obviously from a local Puerto Rican Parish.

Roger stoops next to the old man, who is struggling to keep his breath. He is weary. He seems to be near death. He clutches at his chest.

Roger tries to support him.

Roger: LET'S GET HIM TO THE MEDICS...

Priest: NO...NO...NO...PLEASE. JUST...LET  
ME PASS...MY SISTER...I GO UP TO SEVEN  
FLOOR...TO FIND MY SISTER...

Roger: THEY'RE TAKIN' EVERYONE DOWN...THEY PROBABLY  
BROUGHT HER DOWN...COME ONE...

Priest: MY SISTER...SHE IS DEAD...THEY TELL ME...  
THE DEAD THEY DO NOT BRING DOWN.

Roger and the Black Trooper shoot glances at one another.

Priest: JUST LET ME PASS. MARTINEZ IS DEAD.  
THE PEOPLE OF 107 WILL DO WHAT YOU  
WISH NOW. THESE SIMPLE PEOPLE...  
BUT STRONG...THEY HAVE LITTLE...BUT THEY  
DO NOT GIVE IT UP EASILY. AND THEY GIVE  
UP THEIR DEAD...TO NO ONE!

The Priest goes into a coughing fit. The Troopers look on. Roger wants to help in some way.

Priest: MANY HAVE DIED ON THESE STREETS IN THE LAST  
WEEKS...IN THE BASEMENT OF THIS BUILDING  
YOU FIND THEM...

The Troopers are shocked. The Priest struggles to his feet.

Priest: I HAVE GIVEN THEM THE LAST RITES.  
NOW...YOU DO WHAT YOU WILL...

The old man starts up the stairs. Roger moves to help him, but the big Black man stops him. The Priest weaves up through the gas mist, coughing.

Priest: YOU ARE STRONGER THAN US...BUT SOON, I  
THINK...THEY BE STRONGER THAN YOU...

The old man's voice trails off up the stairwell as he disappears in the cloud...

Priest: WHEN THE DEAD WALK, SENORES...WE MUST  
STOP THE KILLING...OR WE LOSE THE WAR...

63

In the basement of the large building, S.W.A.T. troopers pry at the boards which are nailed over the entrance to the storage area.

The rest of the riot troops stand at the ready, weapons raised...high powered rifles...flame throwers...

The nails creak loudly as they are pulled free. The men are silent, not knowing what to expect.

There are three boards left...then two...

With a great, tearing sound, the door flies open before the men remove the last boards. The boards fly and the door almost rips off its hinges. Like flood waters, a small army of Zombies pushes into the hall.

They are wide eyed and terrifying. In life, they were mostly Blacks and Puerto Ricans from the neighbouring buildings. They are all ages, from the very old to the very young.

The riot troops are stunned. They cannot react quickly enough, and the squeeze is so tight in the little hall that it is impossible to shoot accurately, or without the bullets injuring other troopers.

The men fight back, wrestling and trying to back away. In the front line, Zombies bite at the flesh of the humans. Teeth tear into arms and hands. Some men are trampled in the crush.

Commander: BACK OFF...BACK OFF...SPREAD OUT...

The rear lines retreat into the wider vestibule, and as the mass of struggling bodies spreads out, shots begin to fire. Some Troopers, at close quarters, are able to fire off accurate rounds with their hand guns. Others fall and are lunged at by clutching ghouls.

Roger and the Black Trooper are in the middle of the battle. They fight off several of the creatures. The battle spreads into little skirmishes through the dark hallways. The highly organised Troopers are scattered and confused by the mindless onslaught.

64

As the main action moves away from the entrance to the storage area, several Troopers move into the room.

The walls are dank and grey. There is a dripping sound. All around lie remnants of human civilisation. Baby buggies and bicycles chained to pipes which ring the area. Large trunks and cartons of every size and shape; old beds and other furniture.

And here and there throughout the large area lie the remains of corpses. They have been eaten away. Most of them are still moving, their heads uninjured.

Two of the Troopers retreat, revulsed. The sound of the gunfire and screaming can be heard from the hall.

The big Black man walks calmly into the room. Roger watches him. He walks up to the writhing creatures one at a time, and fires carefully aimed shots into their heads with his hand gun. Tears roll down his cheeks.

Some of the creatures are without arms and legs. Some have been eaten away about the neck and shoulder. They moan with a gurgling, guttural sound as they try to move.

A young Black Zombie, pulling itself along the floor with one arm, draws close to the Black Trooper. The big man aims his pistol. It clicks...empty. He quickly and efficiently reaches for more ammunition and begins to reload. The Zombie pulls closer, its mouth wide.

Roger steps up behind the other Trooper and fires into the creatures head with his automatic rifle.

The Black man brushes tears from his eyes and continues to load the pistol.

Roger disposes of several other creatures. he comes to a place where several are piled together. Some lie still, others writhe about. Two on the heap, although they cannot move about, are eating at parts of other bodies. Roger shoots them. They never look up. They don't seem to notice him at all.

A loud creaking sound breaks the mood suddenly. Roger looks up.

65 In the ceiling, a double set of loading doors has been opened. Several other Troopers look down into the storage area.

Trooper: JESUS CHRIST.

He shines a light beam down towards Roger.

Trooper: YOU OK DOWN THERE?

64 Roger nods.

65 Trooper: THIS MUST BE WHERE THEY DUMPED 'EM IN.

64 Roger looks down at the pile of corpses beneath the opening.

65 Trooper: YOU NEED MORE MEN?

64 Roger shakes his head "no".

65 Trooper: JESUS CHRIST.

The trooper leaves the opening. He is replaced by two others who just stare down into the storage room through the weird, round lenses of their masks.

66 The distant sounds of the battle in the hall flare up again. The big Black man snaps his loaded clip into his pistol and takes a few steps forwards. He sees a corpse wrapped in a bed sheet and tied securely with clothes line. It looks like a mummy. It is writhing, trying to free itself. he shoots it through the head.

Nearby, a small corpse, that of a very young child, is also writhing, but the end of the shroud, where the child's feet should be, has been torn open and is bloody. A stump kicks around the blood where a foot has been eaten off. The Black man fires into the thing's head.

Roger: THEY...ATTACK...EACH OTHER...

Black: JUST THE FRESH CORPSES...BEFORE THEY REVIVE...

Roger: WHY DID THESE PEOPLE KEEP THEM HERE? WHY DON'T THEY TURN THEM OVER...OR...OR DESTROY THEM THEMSELVES...IT'S INSANE...WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Black: 'CAUSE THEY STILL BELIEVE THERE'S RESPECT IN DYING.

The big man fires into the head of another squirming Zombie.

67 In the halls of the building, Troopers fall and are pounced on by ghouls. Other Troopers fire their automatics through the heads of attacking Zombies. The riot troops try to stay organised, but the onslaught is so mindless and random that it is turning into a riot.

68A The buildings of Philadelphia loom in the moonlight. What few lights remain lit reflect in the waters of the Delaware.

68B It is quiet except for the slight sounds of lapping water and an occasional wooden creak as the floating docks strain against one another.

There are a few big Police launches still docked in the marina. They bob about silently. The chain, which normally restricted the area, is broken and dangling. The sign, which reads: CITY OF PHILADELPHIA - POLICE - NO ADMITTANCE clangs against the broken chain in the wind.

Halfway down the long dock is a little guard house. Inside, sitting at a radio transmitter, is the corpse of a uniformed guard.

Nearby is a separate floating dock on which is painted a large square pattern. It is a landing bay for Police helicopters. Alongside, afloat separately but securely chained fast, is a small fuel barge, with pumps and hoses for refueling the chopper and launches.

The other bodies lie bleeding on the bobbing docks, another officer and a civilian. A bell buoy rings in the distance and we begin to hear the sound of an approaching helicopter.

The blades of the J.A.S. Traffic Copter whine as they gear down for a landing. The whirlybird settles like a hummingbird on the gently bobbing heliport.

69 With the blades still spinning loudly, Stephen hops out of the cockpit.

Steve: COME ON...I NEED YOU.

Franine unbuckles her safety belt and jumps out of her side of the machine. Steve runs, ducking under the blades, around to the woman's side of the cockpit, grabs her hand, and they make for the fuel pumps.

Steve: I DON'T SEE ROGER. WE'LL GIVE HIM TEN MINUTES.

Fran: OH MY GOD!

70 The woman freezes in mid stride, and her action brings Stephen's eyes around to see what she is staring at. The two bodies which lie near the fuel pumps.

Steve: YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT IN IT AT ALL.  
IT'S TOUGH TO GET USED TO IT.

He pulls her quickly along. They have to actually step over the civilian corpse. Fran freezes again. She can't bring herself to walk over the body. Steve lets go of her hand and checking the tank gauge, he pulls the hose with him as he moves quickly back to Fran. The long hose is heavy, and it bobbles the civilian corpse, almost rolling it over. The back of the bodies head has been blown out by the exit wound of a powerful bullet. Blood still runs. The wound is fresh. Steve does not see this as he tugs the hose over the corpse and moves to the helicopter with Fran following.

71 At the side of the machine, the blades still spinning overhead, Steve jams the hose nozzle into the fuel tank receptacle. He pulls one of Fran's hands into the nozzle mechanism.

Steve: JUST LIKE THIS...LIKE A CAR...

Fran responds, getting the feel of the nozzle trigger.

Steve: THAT'S IT...JUST HOLD HER THERE 'TIL SHE SPITS OUT AT YA.

The woman takes over and Stephen trots away toward the guard shed. The propeller blades still spin. They make an eerie, whispering sound as they pass over Fran's head. She can hear the lapping water now, and the creaking moans of the shifting docks. She looks this way and that, fear in her eyes.

72 At the guard house, Stephen rushes in to find the dead radio operator. A signal is coming over the receiver in Morse Code. The corpse is slumped over the desk and it is covering the send key. A small entry wound is barely visible in the back of the dead man's head. As Stephen pulls the body up to an erect posture in its chair, he sees that the exit of the bullet all but obliterated the corpse's face. Again the wound is still running and bits of flesh and blood are splattered about the desk and the radio unit.

Stephen clicks on the send switch and he quickly begins to send a message in Morse:

OPERATOR DEAD...POST ABANDONED...

73 Back on the fuel dock, the long hose brushes over the civilian corpse. A shadow moves nearby, making is aware of a presence other than Fran's.

74 The woman switches hands on the pump nozzle. The blades still whoosh overhead. Then she hears the sound of another engine. She looks towards the mainland. The headlights of an approaching vehicle can be seen.

75 At the guard house, Stephen, hearing the approaching engine, steps into the doorway and looks up the dock. He calls to Fran.

Steve: I HOPE IT'S ROGER.

76 Fran: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Steve: I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

77 He ducks back into the shed. He snatches up a First Aid Kit and throws it into a khaki knapsack. He rummages in the darkness. He finds a toolbox.

As he stands up, he backs into a tall figure which stands in the shadows. Feeling something sharp and hard against his back. Steve recoils and spins to face the figure. It is a uniformed officer. His rifle is levelled off at Steve's chest. From out of the shadows, a second Policeman appears with a hand gun cocked and aimed.

78 Fran's eyes strain to discern the approaching vehicle, but suddenly she catches a movement in the corner of her vision. Through the open sides of the helicopter bubble, she notices a Police van. It has been there all along, it's doors flung wide open, as though abandoned hurriedly. Now one of the rear doors move. A figure appears carrying a large packing carton. The figure is uniformed, with two rifles strapped to its back. It rushes toward the launch docks.

Voice: JUST STAY COOL.

Fran, already startled by the running figure, is now doubly shocked by the calm voice behind her. She spins and the fuel nozzle clatters out of it's receptacle to the wooden dock boards. She is facing another "Policeman", to aims a rifle directly at her head.

Officer 1: IF YOU DIE...IT'LL BE YOUR OWN FAULT.

The Officer who is running with the carton shouts toward the Guard House.

Officer 2: COME ON SKIPPER...THEY GOT FRIENDS COMIN'.

79 In the Guard House, Steve is held at bay by one of the Officers while the other uniformed man moves to the door to check the progress of the approaching vehicles.

Officer 3: WHO ARE YOU?

Steve: WE'RE WITH J.A.S...WE...

Officer 4: (at the door)  
ABOUT A MINUTE AND A HALF.  
(referring to the arrival time of the vehicle)

Officer 3, the Skipper, pushes Steve with his gun barrel. Steve spins out through the open doorway. He looks up the dock and sees the vehicle which is just turning onto the pier which is almost a mile long.

80 Officer 1 has moved around Fran and he reaches into the helicopter bubble pulling out Steve's rifle.

81 Steve: NOW WAIT A MINUTE...WE'RE JUST HERE TO REFUEL...  
THESE MEN WERE ALREADY DEAD...YOU WERE HERE...  
YOU KNOW THAT...IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY WAS  
AFTER THE LAUNCHES...WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH...

Officer 3: (looking at the insignia on the helicopter)  
HEY...J.A.S. TRAFFIC WATCH...  
STEVE ANDREWS.

Steve: (trying to capitalise on his minor celebrity power)  
RIGHT...THAT'S ME...I'M STEVE ANDREW...

Officer 3: NO SHIT.

82 Officer 1: (shouting from the helicopter)  
WE'D GET A LOT FURTHER IN THIS BIRD, SKIPPER.

83 Steve freezes again, sensing that these are not law enforcers.

84 The man who was carrying the carton is now rushing back up the dock having deposited his load in one of the motor launches.

Officer 2: CAN'T ALL FIT.

85       Officer 3:     (directly to Stephen)  
                    HOW MANY WILL THAT THING HOLD?

          Officer 4:     HEY, MAN, I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE IN NOTHIN' I  
                    CAN'T DRIVER MYSELF!

86       Officer 2 has returned to the van and is carrying out another  
          carton rushing back to the launch.

          Officer 2:     THAT'S TRUE...SOMETHIN' HAPPENS TO HIM AND  
                    WE'RE STUCK. STAY WITH THE LAUNCH!

          Officer 1:     GET A LOT FURTHER IN THIS BIRD!

87       Suddenly, above the two white headlights of the approaching  
          vehicle, we see a third light in red. It is the spinning  
          "bubble-gum-machine" of a Squad Car. It is heralded by one  
          blast of the car's siren.

88       Officer 4:     HEY, THAT'S A BLACK AND WHITE!

89       Officer 1 still holds his rifle aimed at Fran.

          Officer 1:     THEY SEEN US!

90       Officer 3:     IT'S ALRIGHT...WE'RE POLICE...

91       Officer 2 dumps his carton at the edge of the dock and pulls one  
          rifle from his back.

          Officer 2:     BULL SHIT...LET'S GET TO THE BOAT!

92       Officer 3 stares hard at Stephen. Then at the Squad Car. Then  
          back at the nervous young pilot.

          Officer 3:     YOU'RE RUNNIN', AIN'T YOU, FLY BOY?

          Steve does not respond. He is terrified, not knowing what answer  
          to be the safest.

          Officer 3:     YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS IS RUNNIN' OFF IN THE  
                    J.A.S. TRAFFIC BIRD...

          The man starts to grin with knowing. He suddenly feels in more  
          control.

          Officer 3:     SIT TIGHT, BOYS...THEY'RE RUNIN', TOO.

93       It seems to take forever for the Police Car to pull down the  
          dock. Stephen takes a few steps forward, squinting to see, but  
          he is threatened by the "Policeman's" gun barrels.

94       The car screeches to a stop and two armed S.W.A.T. Troopers  
          immediately pop out of the front seat on either side. They are  
          Roger and the Black Trooper.

          Roger:         WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, OFFICER?



104 They reach the cockpit. Fran climbs in and crouches on the floor in the rear of the bubble.

Fran: YOU SURE THIS'LL CARRY US ALL.

Steve: LITTLE HARDER ON THE FUEL, BUT WE'LL BE OK.

105 As Peter climbs aboard, one of the other policemen, carrying a final carton, speaks to Roger.

Officer 2: HEY...YOU GOT ANY CIGARETTES.

Roger looks at the others one at a time. Fran shakes her head "no".

Roger: SORRY. (he trots around to the passenger seat)

Steve: WHERE YA HEADED?

Officer 2: DOWN RIVER...GOT AN IDEA MAYBE WE CAN MAKE IT TO THE ISLANDS.

Steve: WHAT ISLANDS? (he starts the engine)

Officer 2: ANY ISLANDS...WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHERE YOU HEADED?

Steve: STRAIGHT UP.

106 The Policeman rushes off with his two cohorts. As they untie one of the launches from the dock, the J.A.S. helicopter whines loudly. Then it lifts off the dock with a smooth motion.

The Police launch starts without a problem, and it pulls out onto the dark river.

107 The lights on the helicopter blink as the metal bird swoops low over the Philadelphia skyline. We see an empty city. Independence Hall...Betsy Ross' House, which flies the original American flag...the oldest American heritages stand coldly in the night. The whirring engine fades overhead.

108 In the cockpit, Fran lights a cigarette. So does Roger. No one comments, but Peter smiles slightly.

The big Black looks down at the city.

Peter: ANY OF YOU LEAVIN' PEOPLE BEHIND?

Fran: AN EX-HUSBAND.

Roger: AN EX-WIFE.

Steve: YOU PETER?

Peter: (still looking down)

SOME BROTHERS.

109 The whirlybird cuts through the dark night sky. It flies over open country now, moving West. Some time has passed.

110 Roger is asleep in the passenger seat. Twisted in the cramped rear of the cockpit, Fran and Peter sit very close to each other. Peter still stares off into the night.

Fran: REAL BROTHERS?

Peter looks at her. He has a strong face.

Fran: REAL BROTHERS OR...STREET BROTHERS?

Peter: BOTH.

Fran: HOW MANY REAL ONES?

Peter: TWO.

Fran: TWO.

Peter: ONE'S IN JAIL. THE OTHER'S A PRO BALL PLAYER.  
BUT WE CATCH UP TO EACH OTHER ONCE IN A WHILE.

Fran doesn't quite know how to respond.

Peter: (nodding at Steve...the engine roars too loudly  
for the pilot to hear the conversation)  
HE YOUR MAN NOW?

Fran is taken off guard. She smiles slightly.

Fran: MOST OF THE TIME, YEAH.

Peter: JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHO EVERYONE IS.

Fran: YEAH. ME TOO.

111 Light downs on the horizon. The little helicopter chugs through the shades of blue.

112 Now Fran is asleep and Roger still snores. Peter stares at the back of the pilot's head. Steve nods slightly, then shakes himself. Soon, he nods again...falling asleep. Peter kicks him in the shoulder.

Steve looks back, surprised that the big man is awake. Peter just stares at him.

Steve rubs his face violently with his free hand. He pulls at his lower eyelids.

Steve: ANY MORE WATER?

Peter reaches into the supplies and produces a plastic container

with water. Steve slugs some of it and pours a little onto his face. Then he passes it back to Peter, who also drinks.

Suddenly, Fran stiffens and wakes up with a start. Peter looks over at her with a gentle expression. She takes a moment to orient herself.

Peter: (to Stephen)  
YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

Steve: I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE.

Peter: HARRISBURG?

Steve: PASSED IT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.

Roger finally wakes up from the loud talking.

Steve: WE'RE PRETTY LOW ON FUEL. I'M JUST WAITIN'  
FOR FULL LIGHT SO WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE  
LANDIN' IN.

113 In the morning light, several fires can be seen on the ground, where buildings are burning.

114 The chopper flies over a National Guard convoy as it chugs up a winding country road.

115 Here and there on the ground, human activity can be seen. Search and Destroy units, made up of Police, Guardsmen and civilian volunteers move across the country side. Occasionally, a Zombie is seen staggering through the trees or over a field. Gunfire cuts the creature down.

116 Roger: JESUS. IT'S EVERYWHERE.

Steve: WE'RE STILL PRETTY CLOSE TO JOHNSTOWN. WE'RE  
BETTER OFF AWAY FROM THE BIG CITIES.

117 A little country airfield lies quiet in the morning sun. There is no sign of life. A few private planes dot the area, but the tower is empty. The J.A.S. chopper buzzes very low just outside the tower windows.

118 As the whirlybird slowly sets down near the fuel pumps, its blades create a wind blast which raises great clouds of dust from the dry earth. Sheets of old newspaper and other light debris are sent flying through the air in all directions.

119 One piece of torn newsprint blows flat against a window in one of the little sheds. It sticks against the glass for a moment, as though glued there, then it flutters to the ground. As the paper clears the glass, we see the face of a badly scarred Zombie peering out through the window.

120 As the group scrambles out of the helicopter, Stephen immediately checks the fuel pumps.

Steve: SHIT, MAN, DAMN NEAR EMPTY.

Roger: LOTTA PRIVATE PLANES IN FARM COUNTRY LIKE THIS.  
GUESS THEY ALL HIT THE PUMPS AND TOOK OFF.

Steve: TO WHERE? WHERE THE HELL CAN THEY GO?

Peter: WHERE WE GOIN?

By now, Steve has drained the dregs from the first pump into the chopper's tank, and moved to the second pump. It spurts with more force.

Steve: THERE'S A GOOD BIT LEFT IN THIS PUMP.

He stretches the hose toward the chopper but it doesn't quite reach.

Steve: DAMN. I GOTTA GET IT CLOSER.

121 Steve jumps back into the cockpit and the machine lifts off the ground.

122 Fran is watching the action, walking slowly backwards to a small rickety hangar area. She turns and looks down to the private hangars. Most of them are open wide, the planes they housed long gone. One or two of the old wooden double-doors are still closed and locked with chains and padlocks. The wind from the chopper blades blows her hair and sends more debris flying.

123 Peter kicks open the door to the chart house. The room is dusty and dilapidated. A few small chairs surround an old wooden table. Several half finished cups of coffee sit on top of wrinkled flight charts leaving brown rings on the paper. Flies buzz loudly. An old window shade clicks against its window from the gusting of the wind and it makes Peter flinch.

He readies his weapon. When he sees the shade, he steps over to it easily, pulls it and lets it roll up on itself. It makes a loud, flapping noise.

124 Outside, the chopper sets down. Roger is ready with the hose nozzle. Ducking under the blades he inserts the device into the tank receptacle even before Stephen has idled the engine.

Stephen hops out of the cockpit and shouts over the engine noise.

Steve: I'M GONNA SEE WHAT'S LEFT IN THE HANGARS.

He trots off after Fran.

125 In the chart house, Peter idly drops a coin into an old coffee machine at one end of the room. The machine clicks loudly and spits out a cup. To Peter's surprise, the cup starts to fill with hot brown liquid.

While he waits. Peter notices a series of notes taped to the machine and the surrounding walls. They are all written hurriedly in various hands and with all sorts of inks and colours.

LUCY - GONE TO JOHNSTOWN.  
CHARLES - I HAVE THE KIDS. LEFT WITH BEN.  
COULDN'T WAIT. GONE TO ERIE - JACK FOSTER.

There are dozens of such messages. Peter takes the full coffee cup from the machine. As he sips it, his eyes fall on a closet door just across the room. It is moving slightly. It is locked, but it bangs against the lock...once...twice...more regularly than if caused by the wind drafts.

Peter steps closer. Now the door bangs violently with a loud crash, but it holds. Peter sets his coffee on the chart table and takes his rifle in both hands.

Again the door bangs hard, and a skeleton key is knocked out of the keyhole. It falls to the floor with a metallic clang, and Peter notices a caked blood stain where blood recently ran out of the closet, under the door and onto the linoleum.

Another bang and a gurgling moan. One of the living dead is trying to break out of the closet.

Quite calmly. Peter raises his rifle and aims it at the door about head high. The rifle roars in the little room, and a splintery hole appears in the old wooden door.

126 Outside, Fran and Stephen snap to attention at the sound of the rifle. Fran stands at the entrance to one of the little wooden hangars. Stephen is checking out the cockpit of an old Cessna inside. Immediately, Stephen runs out and grabs Fran's hand. As they turn the corner to run up the grade to the helicopter, they are confronted with two Zombies, staggering slowly towards them through the dust cloud from the chopper.

Fran screams. They have no weapons with them.

Steve: ROGER...ROGER...

127 Under the whirling chopper blades, Roger continues to fill the fuel tank. In the roar of the engine, he cannot hear anything else.

A third Zombie lumbers toward the helicopter. Roger's back is to the creature and he is unaware of the impending danger.

128 Inside the chart house. Peter stares at the closet door. It is still for a moment...then another moan and the door bangs again.

Peter fires two shots, lower right and lower left of the first forming a triangle.

129 The two creatures advance slowly on Fran and Steve.

Steve: JUST RUN.

Fran is petrified. She turns and looks behind them. They are boxed in by the hangars.

Steve: RUN RIGHT PAST 'EM...RIGHT AROUND 'EM.  
THEY CAN'T CATCH YOU.

She hesitates. The Zombies draw closer.

Steve: RUN, FRANNIE. GODDAMMIT, I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.  
WE CAN HANDLE THEM!

Fran charges up the little grade. She runs to the right of the creatures and they move in her direction, arms outstretched. As she draws near to the dead things, she hesitates again in fright. The creatures claw at the air. The one in front is within a few feet of the woman.

Steve: RUN, FRANNIE. MOVE!

Fran stares into the dead, staring eyes of the lead Zombie. She is almost hypnotised. At the last instant, she runs and just gets past the creatures. A little up the grade, she turns and looks back, stopping again.

One Zombie turns slowly and starts up the grade after Fran. The other continues to advance on Stephen.

130 Stephen ducks back into the open hangar. It is very dark but for thin beams of sunlight which cut through between the wooden boards of the structure. Stephen roots around among the greasy tools which clutter the area. He finds an enormous sledge hammer. He runs out of the shed.

131 He dodges around the lead Zombie, who staggers on with inertia. Steve sees that Fran is still facing the second creature. The man takes a firm grip on the giant hammer as he charges up the grade toward the Zombie's back. As he reaches the creature, he brings the twenty pound steel head of the sledge slamming against the ghouls skull with all his might.

The creature staggers on for a few more steps, its head a bloody pulp, then it falls to its knees and finally flops face down in the dust.

Without breaking stride, Stephen grabs Fran's hand and the two run toward the helicopter. The other Zombie at the hangar has turned around and is walking up the grade.

132 Roger is pumping the last drops out of the fuel hose when he sees the frightened couple making for the chopper.

133 As Steve charges up the grade he sees the Zombie approaching Roger from behind. Steve shouts and Roger spins around. The stumbling creature is very close. It raises its arms and its hands clutch at the air. Roger lets the fuel nozzle drop to the ground. He is trapped at the side of the machine. He doesn't have his rifle. He fumbles with the snap on his hand-gun holster.

Suddenly, the blank face of the Zombie turns red as the top of its head seems to disintegrate into a bloody pulp. The creature has walked into the spinning chopper blade. Its body staggers forward another step or two, then the thing collapses in a heap.

134 Stephen and Fran have reached the chopper. Steve let's go of the woman's hand and he drops his bloody sledge to the ground. He lunges into the cockpit and snatches up his rifle, ducking in the propeller draft.

135 The Zombie which is stumbling up the grade from the hangars almost loses its footing, but it regains its balance and advances steadily toward the helicopter.

136 The shot misses clean. He fires again. The bullet grazes the creature's face. It staggers from the impact, but does not fall.

137 Roger moves quickly for his high powered weapon. Steve fires two more rounds.

138 Another miss and another graze, this time on the arm.

139 He is about to shoot once more when Roger stops him, stepping up alongside.

Roger calmly aims and fires one shot cleanly through the creatures' brain.

140 The Zombie falls and papers blow over its body.

141 In the chart house. Peter fires several more shots into the closet door. Bullet holes appear just where the creature's head should be. There seems to be no way that the volley could have missed.

Silence for a moment. Peter still holds his gun high.

Then, with a great crash, the closet door flies open into the room. Two small children burst out. One has no left arm; the other has been bleeding from a great wound in his side. They are dead. They move directly toward Peter. Their heads are at least a foot shorter than the bullet holes in the closet door.

Peter stares down at the creatures, revulsed. He is so startled that he cannot react quickly enough, and they are on him. The moment he feels their clammy grasp, he regains his survival instincts. He cannot effectively aim his rifle. He kicks and thrashes around. One creature flies against a wall. The other is

about to bite the man's arm. The big Black grabs the small Zombie and flings it physically back. The other creature pounces on his back. He throws it over his shoulders and it crashes against its brother.

Now Peter raises his gun. As the children try to scramble to their feet the man fires several shots in rapid succession. First one creature falls; then the other.

Peter continues to fire, his eyes wide with desperation and disgust. Finally his weapon clicks. It is out of ammunition.

Peter breathes heavily. He stares at the small corpses. Instinctively, he begins loading his weapon, without even looking at the action, as he backs wearily out toward the door of the chart house.

142 Behind him, in the brightly sunlit doorway, we see the Zombie who first appeared at the window. The creature staggers forward. Peter turns and startles. He reaches for more shells and backs away a few steps as he tries to load the bullets into his gun. The creature reaches out and takes another step into the room.

Peter stares into the creature's eyes. Then suddenly, out in the sunlight, a few hundred feet behind the Zombie, Stephen appears with his rifle. Peter sees the man over the creature's shoulder.

143 Steve raises his gun and aims at the Zombie, but the barrel seems to be on a straight line with Peter.

144 Peter ducks quickly. Steve's gun fires. The bullet misses the creature cleanly and crashes into the room. It ricochets off the coffee machine. Another shot crashes through the glass in the front room.

Peter crouches, still stuffing shells into his weapon. A third of Stephen's bullets tears through the Zombie's shoulder, but the creature still stands. It turns toward Peter slowly. Peter crawls under the table as another shot splatters into the coffee cups.

145 Once again, Roger steps up beside Stephen. He fires one carefully aimed shot, looking through his telescopic range-finder.

146 Just as Peter finishes loading his weapon, the Zombie crashes into the room, falling over the table and onto the floor.

147 Fran is still kneeling in the dust, trying to keep herself from vomiting. Stephen rushes to her side. Roger, keeping his rifle poised, shouts toward the chart house.

Roger: PETER.

148 The big Black man appears in the doorway, snapping the safety on his rifle.

151 Fran's retching causes her to choke and cough. Steve tries to comfort her, not knowing what to say and shaking himself.

152 Peter advances with long strides.

153 Stephen looks up when the Black man is a dozen steps away. Immediately, he sees the anger in Peter's eyes. The big Trooper then raises his rifle and aims it at Stephen. Steve tries to stand, but trips and falls on his back in the dust. In an instant, Peter is looming over him with the barrel of his rifle aimed at point blank range for the shivering man's forehead.

Fran screams through her choking...

Fran: NO...MY GOD...DON'T... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Peter speaks calmly to Stephen, in low tones.

Peter: YOU NEVER AIM A GUN AT ANYONE, MISTER.  
IT'S SCARY.  
ISN'T IT?  
ISN'T IT?

Stephen looks up at the tall man, shivering. Then Peter lowers his weapon and extends his hand, helping Stephen up onto his feet.

154 Roger clears the fuel hose from around the runners of the chopper. Peter climbs into the cockpit and sits in the rear without saying another word.

Roger helps Fran climb aboard. Steve wanders around the front of the cockpit bubble and climbs into the Pilot's seat. Roger climbs in behind Fran as she squeezes into the uncomfortable space beside Peter. The big black offers the woman a sip of water, which she accepts. Then she lets her head flop wearily against the rear bulkhead.

155 Steve is urgently surveying his flight charts, shuffling the papers and trying to seem very busy after the embarrassment of the incident.

Steve: WE GOTTA FIND FUEL. MAYBE CLOSER TO PITTSBURGH.

Roger: NO, WE'VE GOTTA STAY OUT OF THE BIG CITIES.  
IT IT'S ANYTHING LIKE PHILLY WE MIGHT NEVER GET OUT ALIVE.

Peter: WE MIGHT NOT GET OUT OF ANY PLACE ALIVE.  
WE ALMOST DIDN'T GET OUT OF HERE.

Roger: WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE FINE.  
AS LONG AS THERE'S NOT TOO MANY OF THOSE THINGS WE CAN HANDLE 'EM EASY.

Peter:           YEAH, WELL IT WASN'T "THOSE THINGS" THAT  
                  NEARLY BLEW ME AWAY!

Stephen turns around and is about to say something angrily.  
Roger stops him by speaking urgently.

Roger:           WE GOTTA STAY IN THE STICKS. THERE'S BOUND TO  
                  BE MORE LITTLE PRIVATE AIRPORTS UPSTATE.

Steve:           (reluctantly going back to his charts)  
                  THERE'S THE LOCKS ALONG THE ALLGHENY.  
                  FUEL STATIONS THERE, PRIVATE AND STATE.

Roger:           PROB'LY STILL MANNED. WE DON'T NEED THOSE  
                  HASSLES EITHER.

Steve:           THEY'RE JUST OUT AFTER SCAVENGERS...LOOTERS...

Peter:           OH, YOU GOT THE PAPERS FOR THIS LIMOUSINE?

Steve:           (angrily)  
                  I GOT J.A.S. ID. SO DOES FRAN.

Peter            RIGHT. AND WE'RE OUT HERE DOIN' TRAFFIC REPORTS?  
                  WAKE UP, SUCKER. WE'RE THIEVES AND BAD GUYS IS  
                  WHAT WE ARE. AND WE GOTTA FIND OUR OWN WAY!

There is a long silence. The engine drones, but the helicopter  
still sits on the ground. The men look at each other. Peter  
takes a long slug of water.

Fran:            JESUS CHRIST. WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE'RE  
                  GOING. WE DON'T HAVE A RADIO. WE'RE RUNNING  
                  OUT OF WATER. WE NEED FOOD....STEPHEN,  
                  YOU NEED TO SLEEP.

156            We see a wide shot of the little airfield. The J.A.S. chopper  
                  sits on the ground for a moment, it's props spinning. The, with  
                  a surge of power, it lifts off and flies away. The dry earth  
                  swirls up into clouds and blows more bits of paper over the  
                  wide-eyed corpses which lie in the morning sunlight.

157            We see the facade of an enormous structure. It is a huge,  
                  suburban shopping mall. The outer walls are all concrete, and  
                  their clean lines stretch upward for more than two storeys. The  
                  building looks like a giant domino lying flat on the ground.  
                  There are only four entrances, and the shops which are housed  
                  within have no windows opening onto the surrounding lot.

158            In the immense area around the building, lanes and stalls are  
                  painted for automobile parking. What few cars now dot the area  
                  are parked randomly, some with their doors open wide.

159            We hear the sound of the helicopter engine fading in, then we  
                  see the little machine as it approaches and eases down onto the  
                  roof of the building.

160 In the parking lot, walking among the abandoned vehicles, we see several of the living dead. They look almost like normal shoppers at the mall for morning chores, but their lumbering walk is unmistakably stiff.

161 At one of the mall entrances, we see a revolving door flanked by several regularly hinged doors, all made of glass and surrounded by large windows. A few of the Zombies manage to negotiate the hinged doors and enter the building. Others bounce off windows and claw the transparent glass in confusion. One creature walks around in the revolving door endlessly.

There are a good many of the creatures, but they are spread out and far between. They move with no seeming purpose. We do not yet see the mall interior. The Zombies pay no attention to the sound of the chopper engine stopping overhead.

162 On the roof, even as the blades of the helicopter still spin, the humans are out and moving to the edge of the building. They look down at the creatures which dot the parking lot.

Fran: OH MY GOD!

Stephen: NO CHANCE. FORGET IT, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE.

Roger: WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE...THEY CAN'T GET UP HERE.

Steve: YEAH, AND WE CAN'T GO DOWN THERE!

Roger: LET'S CHECK IT OUT.

Roger trots away.

163 Peter has moved directly to an area where a giant grid of transparent Plexiglas bubbles face down into the building. He stares through one of them and can see into the mall below. Roger trots up and peers through another of the bubbles.

Peter: MOST OF THE GATES ARE DOWN. I DON'T THINK THEY CAN GET INTO THE STORES.

164 The vantage point only reveals a small aspect of the interior, a square plaza with a garden beneath the sunroof of transparent bubbles. The space is open all the way down to the garden, which is two storeys below. Around the garden on the bottom floor can be seen the entrances to several shops. All but one have heavy metal cage gates down and locked into position. One or two Zombies are seen wandering about. They cannot enter the stores, except for the one which is un-gated.

Halfway up the walls can be seen a balcony railing which rings the entire plaza, it is a second storey of shops. The same cage-gates seal off the visible store entrances, but none of the dead creatures are evident on the balcony.

165 Fran and Stephen come trotting up to the bubbles.

Roger: I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THEM UP ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

Peter: THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORES USUALLY USE BOTH FLOORS.

Roger: IF WE CAN GET IN UP TOP...

166 Peter is looking across the rest of the expansive rooftop. He takes off toward a series of other housings which jut up out of the otherwise flat surface. Roger follows.

167 Fran: (still staring down through a bubble)  
WHAT ARE THEY DOING?  
WHY DO THEY COME HERE?

Steve: (also looking down)  
SOME KIND OF INSTINCT. MEMORY...OF WHAT THEY USED TO DO. THIS WAS AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THEIR LIVES.

168 Below, the Zombies which are in sight wander aimlessly over the plaza. Some try the gates but cannot budge them. One wanders out of the single open shop, it is a female. The shop is an appliance store. As the creature leaves she drags a toaster idly behind her, pulling it by its power cable. It scrapes on the floor loudly.

169 We see an installation of large reflectors mounted in an intricate metal skeleton which stretches across a large area of the roof surface. Behind the structures can be seen a large power generator.

170 Peter: SOLAR SCREENS.

Roger: CAN'T BE ENOUGH TO POWER THIS PLACE.

Peter: EMERGENCY SYSTEM, MAYBE.

Roger: IT'S PRETTY LIT UP IN THERE.

Peter: GUESS THE POWER'S NOT OFF IN THIS AREA.  
A LOT OF PHILLY'S STILL LIT. COULD BE NUCLEAR.

171 Roger: HEY LOOK AT THIS!

Roger is peering down through a wire-hatched skylight. There are several laid out over this particular area of the roof. He moves to another while Peter looks down into the first. Fran and Stephen jog up.

Roger: THESE DON'T GO DOWN INTO THE MALL.  
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

Fran and Stephen peer down into the darkness. Peter pulls a flashlight from his utility belt. He has stayed in full uniform all the while, where Roger has stripped off all but his ammunition belt and pistol holster.

172 The big man shines a light beam down into the space. The floor is only seven feet or so below the window. There is absolutely nothing in sight; clear floor, clear walls, all light grey.

Peter: DAMN.

173 Roger has moved to another window.

Roger: HEY, OVER HERE. THERE'S SOMETHIN' HERE.

174 Peter trots over and shines his beam down. They see a vast array of cardboard cartons...hundreds of them.

Roger: STORAGE?

175 Peter moves the light beam. Now it illuminates a collection of large drums, stacked floor to ceiling and running deep past the line of vision. On the face of each drum is the familiar symbol of a triangle within a circle, and the letters C.D.

176 Peter: CIVIL DEFENCE. CIVIL DEFENCE WATER SUPPLY.

Roger: AND BOXES OF CANNED FOOD!

Steve: HOW DO WE GET DOWN THERE?

Peter looks at Stephen as a street-wise-tough would look at a hopeless city-slick-sissy. Then the big man brings his rifle butt down against the glass and the shattered pane crashes to the floor below.

177 Inside - the vast space is impressive. It is quite dark but for rays of sunlight which drift through the occasional skylights. We see an enormous quantity of food cartons and water drums, it is very quiet. The space is barren except for the stacks of Civil Defence supplies.

178 Suddenly, a figure drops out of one of the skylights, landing on its feet in the sunray. It is Peter. Instantly he readies his rifle, looking this way and that across the large room. Silence.

Peter: OK.

He steps aside and Roger climbs in. He too drops cat-like to the floor.

179 The two men instantly sling their rifles and move to the food cartons as by pre-arranged plan. They carry the big boxes quickly, one at a time, to the spot under the open skylight. In a moment, they have built a pyramid out of the cartons. It creates a kind of stairway for a quick escape through the window above.

180 Now Fran lowers herself into the room and is able to climb down the cartons holding onto Roger's hand. She is followed by an anxious Stephen.

181 Peter has already wandered off. There are only two doors in the enormous room, one at either end. The big Trooper moves up to one of them as Roger comes up behind him, gun ready. Peter's hand turns the doorknob. It is unlocked, and the big man gives Roger a familiar nod. Roger stands several feet back, his rifle aimed directly at the door and ready to fire. Then, with a sudden, commando-like motion. Peter throws the door open and ducks away flat against the wall. Roger stiffens, his finger all but pulling his trigger, but there is no apparent danger.

182 The door opens onto another vast room, equivalent to the one the people are in. It also has stacks of C.D. supplies.

The Troopers cautiously move into the area through the door. The room is empty. The same sunrays pierce the darkness through skylights. All is dead quiet. This room has no doors at all, but for the one Peter opened.

Roger: DOUBLE DAMN! LOOKS LIKE A FREE LUNCH, BUDDY.

183 In the first room Stephen has started to rip open one of the cartons.

Fran: SPAM!

Roger walks back into the room.

Roger: YOU BRING A CAN OPENER?

Fran: OH.

Roger: THEN DON'T KNOCK SPAM. IT'S GOT IT'S OWN KEY.

The woman flips over the can in her hand and finds the little key.

Peter has walked right past the group. He is moving quickly toward the still-unknown door at the other end of the room. Again, Roger follows.

184 At the door, the two Troopers go through the same S.W.A.T. procedure. The door swings open, this time onto a very small space. Again no immediate danger.

185 As the men enter, they discover that they are on the top landing of a concrete and metal firestair. There are no windows, and the air is musty. There is one bare light bulb lit in the ceiling, but down the stairs at the next landing it is quite dark, and there the stairs wind even further down; they recede into blackness.

Roger: WHATD'YA THINK?

The Black man just stares, first down into the darkness then back into the storage area.

Roger: THIS IS THE ONLY WAY UP HERE. WHATD'YA THINK?  
CUT.

186 A great barricade of food cartons has been stacked against the stairway door.

187 Near the pyramid under the open skylight, the group of refugees sits on the floor.

Stephen is asleep. Fran sits next to his curled form, her hand in his hair. Roger leans against the pyramid and Peter sits in the lotus position, his gun across his legs, squarely facing the suspicious stairwell. He and Roger still pick at their food. Roger swills water from an empty Spam can which he has filled from one of the C.D. drums.

Roger: YOU BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, TOO, BUDDY.

Peter: THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF STUFF DOWN THERE THAT WE COULD USE, BROTHER.

Roger: I KNOW IT.

Fran stiffens at the talk. She doesn't believe what she is hearing. She knows instantly that the men will try to raid the mall.

Peter: THEY'RE PRETTY SPREAD OUT DOWN THERE.  
IT'S A BIG PLACE. I THINK WE WOULD OUT-RUN 'EM.

Roger: HIT AND RUN.

Peter: HIT AND RUN... MAYBE GRAB US OFF A RADIO...

Fran: YOU'RE CRAZY!

Roger: THIS PLACE COULD BE A GOLD MINE.  
WE GOTTA AT LEAST CHECK IT OUT.

188 Roger checks his weaponry and quickly moves toward the door where he begins to remove the barricade of cartons. Peter still sits, checking his own guns.

189 Fran: THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM...LOOK WHAT HAPPENED AT THE AIRPORT...

Peter: THE ONLY PROBLEM AT THE AIRPORT WAS STRAY BULLETS!  
WE COULD OUTFIGHT THOSE DUMMIES BLINDFOLDED.

Fran: STEPHEN...(the exhausted Pilot is sleeping through  
it all)

Peter: (standing)  
LEAVE HIM BE. WE'RE GOIN' OURSELVES.

The big Trooper bends over snatching up Stephen's rifle. He snaps off the safety and slams a shell into the chamber. He hands it to the woman.

Peter: THAT'S READY TO SHOOT. BE CAREFUL.

Fran holds the gun gingerly.

Peter: THE TRIGGER SQUEEZES REAL EASY, BUT THE WEAPON'LL  
KICK YOU GOOD WHEN IT FIRES. BE READY FOR THAT.

Fran WAIT A MINUTE, I...

Peter: ANYONE BUT US COMES UP THEM STAIRS, YOU GUYS  
TAKE OFF IN THE MACHINE. WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT  
OUT TO THE PARKIN' LOT. YOU CAN PICK US UP THERE.

Fran just stares up at the big man, with desperation in her eyes. She has stopped arguing seeing that the Troopers' decision is made.

Peter: IF WE DON'T SHOW UP AFTER A FEW MINUTES...  
WE'LL CATCH UP TO YOU SOME OTHER TIME.  
YOU UNDERSTAND?

190 In the dimly lit firestair, the door on the top landing pulls open suddenly. The stairway is still empty. The Troopers move slowly out onto the landing. They look down into the darkness below. Then they move slowly and silently down the steps. Fran appears on the upper landing. She stands in the doorway clutching the rifle. Peter stops for a moment, looking back up at the frightened woman.

Peter: YOU'LL PROB'LY HEAR SOME SHOOTING. JUST DON'T PANIC, OK.

Fran sighs exhaustedly.

Peter: YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT. IT'S OUR ASSES THAT'S IN  
THE FIRE.

191 Two landings below, there is almost no light. Roger clicks on his flashlight and shines the beam around. He is in a very small concrete space. The stairs go down no further. There is only one door. Peter eases down the steps behind.

Roger: THIS IS THE ONLY WAY UP THERE.

192 We see the other side of the metal door. It stands in another cement walled space, which also seems small from our angle, but it is fully lit. The door opens slowly, and the Troopers cautiously step out. As the camera swings around, we see that the men are at the end of a long narrow hallway. Directly across from them are two open supply rooms, one containing a stationery sink and a toilet. Both rooms are filled with cleaning supplies.

193 Down along the hall can be seen a dozen or so doorways. Some doors are open, some are closed. Along the opposite wall there is nothing. The far end of the hall, about a hundred yards away, opens out onto the second story of the mall proper.

194 The men look at one another and slowly move down the corridor. They try the first two doors, which are locked. The third is wide open.

195 Roger ducks quickly into the room with his rifle raised. It is a large administrative office, with rows of desks which are fully equipped for a staff of secretaries and accountants.

196 The next room has a closed door, but it is unlocked. Peter swings the door open and silently jumps into the room. This is a much more spartan area, with two metal desks and a few chairs. There are several phones. It is a maintenance office. On one wall is a large map of the mall, with pin flags and scribbling over an acetate which covers the drawing. At the other end of the space is a huge electrical panel with circuit breakers and an entire series of master controls all keyed by a number code to another map of the mall showing electrical installations. On the wall behind Peter is a large blackboard and two metal cabinets. One is open. It contains all sorts of tools, manual and electric. There are circuit testers, walkie talkie units and there are several enormous rings containing hundreds of keys, also colour and number coded. Peter grabs up one of the rings and Roger steps up behind him.

Roger: THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM.

197 Back in the hallway, Roger's hand tries another doorknob and throws the door open. This opens onto beautifully plush offices, obviously the executive headquarters. The rooms interconnect, and while Peter walks from door to door in the corridor, Roger moves through the inner doors, meeting Peter at each room. One office is more elegant than the next, with the latest in designer furniture and expensive decorations.

198 The Troopers finally reach a room on which both the interior and corridor doors are closed and locked. The brass nameplate on the interior door reads C.J. Porter - President.

199 Roger moves out to the corridor where he joins Peter. They move into the exterior corridor. They are very near the end of the hall, and the brightly lit shopping area is close at hand. They can only see a small section.

200 The balcony on their side is railed off against the open drop down to the first floor, and across the great cavity they see the opposite balcony. On the far side only two store fronts can be seen. They are both gated and shut.

201 The two realise what dangers might face them in the mall proper. They look at each other and move forward, each clinging to opposite walls in the corridor.

202 As they reach the mall proper they slowly and carefully peer around their respective corners.

203 The upper balcony totally surrounds the vast interior of the building, and at several points bridges across from one side to the other. Little shops of all types run along the entire length of the balcony, and at each far end, stands the entrance arches for a large department store. Most of the stores are gated, but several seem open. The big department stores are gated and locked. Here and there tall trees grow up from the ground floor and reach up into view of the second storey. There are none of the living dead evident on the balcony.

204 The two troopers move slowly and quietly to the railing. They crouch and peer down through the bars of the rail. Below, the sight is even more spectacular.

205

Stores of every type offer gaudy displays of consumer items. Everything from clothing to appliances. Photo equipment; audio and video outlets; sporting goods and weaponry; gourmet foods and natural organic foods. There is a Book Store, a Record Store, a Real Estate Agency and a Bank; A Novelty Shop, a Gift Shop; all with the absolute latest in American consumer items. And at either end of the concourse like the main Altars at each end of a Cathedral, stand the mammoth two storey Department Stores; great symbols of a consumer society. Down the centre of the ground floor, along with the gardens and park benches, are little stalls. One is a Tobacco Specialist another Jewellery; another is a small Photo Portrait stall where mothers had their children photographed. There are restaurants and Snack Bars and numerous coin operated machines selling everything from children's toys to Blood Pressure readings. There is a large turntable, designed to spin but which is now still, holding a late model car on exhibit. Another turntable displays futuristic household appliances. The images are all too familiar, but in their present state they appear as an archaeological discovery revealing the Gods and Customs of a civilisation now gone.

The ghosts of a civilisation, however, are not figments in the mind. They are quite real. And they walk below in the aisles of the great Cathedral. At least twenty Zombies can be seen from the Troopers' perspective.

206 Roger: IT'S CHRISTMASTIME DOWN THERE, BUDDY.

Peter: FAT CITY, BROTHER. HOW WE GONNA WORK IT.

Roger: WE GET INTO THE DEPARTMENT STORES UP HERE.

THEY PROB'LY HAVE THEIR OWN ESCALATORS INSIDE.

Peter: LET'S CHECK THOSE KEYS.

207 The Troopers stealthily pull away from the railing and back into the administrative corridor. Then they move quickly down the hall toward the Maintenance Office.

208 As the men leave the balcony, the camera pans. Several yards away a Zombie staggers out of one of the open stores. It is followed by a second creature, a female without one arm. They are moving along the balcony toward the open corridor.

209 In the Maintenance Office, the Troopers are checking the keys against the coded map on the wall.

Roger: SEVENTY TWO...U. AND D. ...HERE IT IS...

The men check the keys. Peter finds corresponding numbers.

Peter: HERE.

Roger: LET'S JUST HOPE IT'S RIGHT.

Peter: LOOK HERE (on the map) THESE NUMBERS MUST ALL BE LOCKS (he points) FRONT...SIDE...BACK OUTSIDE, MUST BE LIKE LOADING DOCKS...BUT WHAT ARE THESE?

The man points to several numbered spots which seem to be within the big Department Store they are studying.

Roger: WASHROOMS...EQUIPMENT...I DUNNO.

Roger moves off toward the electrical control panel. Peter still stares at the map.

Peter: I GUESS THESE GOTTA BE THE GATES.

Roger: HOW ABOUT A LITTLE MUSIC?

Peter: WHAT?

210 The big Black moves up behind his partner. One of the controls on the panel is marked: MUSIC TAPE. It indicates a master switch which is in the off position. Another is marked FLOOR EXHIBITS and a series of others are marked ESCALATORS. There are dozens of master switches which are in the off mode.

Peter: POWER SWITCHES.

Roger: THE MUSIC MIGHT COVER THE NOISE WE MAKE.

Peter: HIT 'EM ALL. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE POWER IN EVERYTHING. WE MIGHT NEED IT.

Roger hits the switches one at a time.

211 Throughout the mall, we hear the drone of the dull, mass produced music designed to lull a shopper's brain.

212 Upstairs, Francine startles at the sound from below. She snaps the rifle into her hands, ready to fire. She has been standing just inside the storage area. She steps into the firestair and looks down into the darkness. The sounds of the insipid music drift up to her. She leans into the storage area again.

Fran:           STEPHEN...  
                  STEPHEN!

213 Steve, still lying on the floor against the escape pyramid, slowly awakens.

214 Down on the first floor of the big mall, things begin to work. The automobile turntable starts spinning; the great escalators move up and down. Two of the living dead, caught just starting up two stalled escalator, fall and roll down as the mechanical steps begin moving.

Lights blink on the exhibits, and mechanical window displays begin their robot-like motions. It is like a Carnival coming alive. The Zombies which wander the floor look about in confusion. Some of them swat ineffectively at the moving exhibits.

215 In a very tall cage, which reaches from the first floor all the way to the ceiling, the Tropical Birds which are housed within begin to flutter and squawk.

216 In a pet shop, there are puppies and kittens in a window display. They whine and scramble over one another in fright at the noise and the motion and the coloured lights.

217 On one of the floor exhibits, a rear-projection movie starts. It is a dryly produced film about the merits of a Real Estate Developer's new tract of suburban houses. A narrator speaks in a friendly voice:

                  ... and for prices which anyone can afford,  
                  you can live in these luxurious new homes  
                  by Brandon. Fully electric, central air, ..etc.

218 In the Maintenance Office, the Troopers ready themselves for their raid. Peter secures the vital key ring to his utility belt and the move out.

Peter and Roger move down the Hall and exit through door to exterior corridor.

219 Just as Roger moves through the door into the corridor, he is confronted by the Zombies from the balcony. He startles and ducks back into the room. The closest Zombie is reaching out with clutching hands. Peter raises his gun and fires two shots cleanly through the creature's head.

220 As the shots ring through the area, Fran, standing at the top of the firestair, startles. Steve grabs the rifle from the woman.

Steve: JESUS CHRIST...  
THEY'RE MANIACS.

221 The Troopers step over the corpse. The second Zombie, the arm less female, is walking toward them. This time Roger fires his weapon. The creature falls in a heap.

Roger: WHATD'YA THINK? BAG IT OR TRY FOR IT?

Peter: YOU GAME?

Roger nods and the two men run down the hall toward the mall. Their rifles poised, they are like commandos on an important mission.

The men at the mall mouth see the department store and start for it. They run from the corridor onto the balcony.

222 The battle to win the mall has begun. The creatures which wander the first floor look about, attracted by the sound, but they are confused. They walk this way and that, in mis-guided staggering strides.

223 Several of the Zombies try to move up the down-escalator. They fall over themselves and cannot negotiate the moving stairway.

224 A few creatures who move onto the up-escalator also fall against each other from the movement, but one falls onto the moving steps and is carried upward. Then another manages to keep its balance holding on to the hand rail.

225 At another point down the length of the mall, there is a stationary stairway which runs from the first to the second floor. Several creatures move up the steps.

226 At the top of the firestair, Stephen begins to move down the steps cautiously. His rifle is at the ready. Fran stays on the top landing.

Fran: STEPHEN, DON'T GO DOWN THERE.  
(he continues)  
STEPHEN PLEASE!

Steve: IT'S ALRIGHT.

227 At the huge gate which locks off the big Department Store, the two Troopers come to a crashing stop.

228 There is a side concourse which can be seen from this vantage point, and in the hall are four or five Zombies. They are about three hundred feet away.

229 Roger keeps his rifle levelled off in the direction of the creatures while Peter confronts the lock at the middle of the big roll gate. He fumbles with the keys for a moment until he finally sinks the proper key into the receptacle which is right at the floor. The tumblers turn successfully.

Peter: ALRIGHT!

230 On the escalator, the creatures which fell onto the moving steps are being carried up to the balcony. The one supporting himself on the hand rail is still standing. The head of the standing Zombie suddenly becomes visible from Roger's perspective.

231 The Trooper raises his gun and aims for the creature's forehead.

Peter tries to life the roll gate. It won't move. It is still locked.

Peter: YOU BASTARD!

Roger: WHAT?

Peter: STILL LOCKED...(he sees another assembly)  
ON THE SIDE...

The big man moves to the far side of the gate. The same key fits. Roger re-focuses on the creature which is riding the escalator. It is quite near the top now. Roger is about to shoot when something catches his eye.

232

The fallen Zombies, which up to now could not be seen behind the escalator rail wall, suddenly come tumbling out onto the balcony floor.

233 Roger fires, but his aim is inaccurate.

234

He hits the standing Zombie in the neck. The creature is thrown off balance enough to lose its footing. It falls back down the escalator, but before it reaches the bottom, it stops rolling. The steps carry it back up toward the second floor again. It is still very much alive. The two creatures on the balcony struggle to stand.

235 Roger looks back over his shoulder.

236 The Zombies from the side concourse are now about a hundred and fifty feet away.

237 Peter turns the key in the lock, but again the gate will not lift. It moves slightly, as the middle mechanism and the one on the far right are free, but there is a third lock on the far left. Peter moves to it quickly.

238 On the first floor concourse, other creatures are beginning to take note of the action upstairs. They start to move.

239 The Zombies on the stationary stairway are beginning to reach the second floor, but they are far down the main balcony. They will have to pass the administrative corridor in order to reach the Department Store.

240 Roger fires again.

241 One of the nearby Zombies falls in a heap.

242 At the sound of the rifle, Fran gets desperate.

Fran:           STEPHEN...FOR GOD'S SAKE...LET'S GET UP ON THE ROOF...

243 Steve is at the middle landing. He stares down into the darkness below. More gunfire can be heard from the mall.

Steve:           IT'S ALRIGHT, I'M TELLIN 'YA. THOSE THINGS DON'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH US.

More gunfire can be heard.

244 Now the giant gate rolls up with a loud rumble. Peter ducks into the store even as the gate is still rising, but the inertia of the great metal cage carries the lip up out of Peter's grasp. He jumps to try to catch it, but he misses. It jerks up into its fully open position and rolls back down slightly, but still Peter cannot reach the lip. It slides back to rest about three feet above Peter's fingertips.

245 The Zombies advance.

246 Roger drops another with a clean shot through the head, then he backs into the archway of the Department Store entrance. Peter is desperately looking around for something to stand on to reach the gate.

247 The Zombies are very close to the arch now, advancing steadily.

248 Peter grabs a small counter used to display shoes, but it is too heavy for him to move himself.

Peter:           HERE...COME ON...

Roger has to abandon his post at the arch long enough to help drag the little counter. The men drag it to a point just at the side of the open arch, and Peter instantly jumps up on the top of it. At that instant, a Zombie rounds the corner and grabs at Peter's legs. The big man kicks, startled, and the motion causes him to fall off the little counter. He lands on his feet, but out on the balcony beyond the arch. Roger brings his rifle butt around against the creature's head and the Zombie falls back, but is not dead.

Other creatures are only a few feet from Peter, whose gun sits on the little counter inside the store. Roger levels off his rifle but cannot fire as Peter is in the line. Peter makes a move and, like a football player, jukes to the left, then to the right. He dives right at one of the creatures carrying it into the store.

Now Roger fires, dropping one, then another. Peter jumps back up on the counter.

Peter:           BEHIND YOU...BEHIND YOU...

The creature in the store has crashed against a cosmetics display and is regaining its footing. Roger turns and fires. The creature falls. Peter grabs the lip of the roll gate and starts to bring it down.

There are several creatures right in the archway, now they clutch with their hands. One blocks the downward progress of the gate. Roger fires point blank and the Zombie flies back. The gate lowers but is stopped by the clutching hands of other creatures. Roger grabs the cage now and helps to pull it down.

Peter, still gripping the lip, jumps off the counter to get more leverage. The bottom of the gate is now four feet from the floor. The two men are able to move it steadily downward. The Zombies are very weak, but more creatures appear making it more difficult. Then one Zombie tries to crawl under the gate. Its torso just gets through as the gate slams down against its chest. Its arms grab for Peter's legs and its mouth is gasping. Its body is preventing the gate from engaging in the floor mechanisms. Roger lets go the cage as Peter tries to hold it against the creatures outside. Grabbing his rifle, Roger brings the butt straight down on the clutching Zombie's skull. The Zombie goes limp. Then Roger tries to push the creature clear of the gate, but the pressure is too great.

Roger:           LET UP A LITTLE...LET UP A LITTLE...

The gate rises a few inches. More Zombies appear outside. Their hands clutch at the roll gate. The openings in the grid are only big enough for their fingers, their hands can't reach through, but they are pushing the gate higher and higher...more than Peter intended to clear the obstructing corpse.

With his rifle butt, Roger manages to push the dead Zombie clear except for one of its arms. From outside, a creature's hand suddenly grabs Roger's weapon. For a moment its like a Tug-O-War. Peter is having a harder time holding the gate. It is inching upward.

Peter:           COME ON...COME ON...

Roger lets go his gun barrel and the weapon is snatched away by the creature in the crowd. Roger grabs for the gate.

Peter:           THE ARM...THAT ARM'S IN THE WAY.

Roger squats again and manages to throw the dead Zombie's arm clear. Then he grabs the gate again. Now it starts to move down more steadily. At the last moment, another clutching arm juts into the store, but when the gate hits it, it withdraws, and the big cage clicks solidly into place.

The two Troopers step back from the gate. The creatures still moan and gurgle, slamming against the gate, their fingers clutching at the grid, but they are unable to budge it. There are ten or twelve Zombies trying to get into the Department Store and several others are making their way along the balcony. At least six lie dead along the floor.

Roger: WELL...WE'RE IN...NOW, HOW THE HELL WE GONNA GET BACK?

Peter: LET'S GO SHOPPIN' FIRST.

The two men back into the aisles of the store. The creatures outside still push and claw at the gate. The one with Roger's rifle uses it as a bludgeon, but it has no effect.

249 Stephen opens the door into the Administration corridor.

250 From his perspective, the hall is inactive. He observes the washrooms and the long row of doors to the various offices.

251 He starts into the corridor, letting the firestair door close.

252 At the top of the firestair, Fran can see the beam of light from the open door below. As the door closes, the beam narrows, then it blinks out with a click as the door closes.

Fran: STEPHEN...JESUS GOD...

She is very frightened. She backs into the storage area.

253 She moves quickly to the pyramid of cartons which lead to the roof. She sits on the bottom carton biting her fingers.

254 In the Department Store, Roger is riding down an escalator. He has found a back pack, and it is obviously already filled with goods. As he steps off the moving stairs on the ground floor, the surroundings are eerily quiet.

255 He moves through a clothing department. We see the dead looking faces of store mannequins. Roger runs into one and is greatly startled. He snatches up a lined windbreaker and ties it around his waist by its arms, then he trots off down another aisle, where he finds Peter.

256 The big Trooper has a radio under his arm and he is snatching up a small television.

Roger: HEY MAN, WE CAN'T CARRY ALL THIS SHIT...

257 Peter turns a corner and dumps the articles into something which we cannot yet see. As Roger trots up, he sees that Peter has a big gardening cart already heaped with goods.

Roger: OH...WE'RE GONNA JUST WHEEL RIGHT BY 'EM, RIGHT?

Peter: WE GONNA TRY, BROTHER. WE AIN'T DOIN' THIS FOR THE EXERCISE. WE MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO GET WHAT WE CAN.

Roger: THERE'S NO WAY THIS IS GONNA HAPPEN...

Even though he doesn't understand the plan, Roger helps Peter toss things into the barrow.

258 They race down the hardware aisle tossing in tools and other supplies. Electrical cables, flashlights, batteries. They scoop things up like contestants on a game-show who have five minutes in a store to grab whatever they can.

259 Stephen is in the Maintenance office. He examines the maps and electrical equipment, then rummages through a desk.

260 At the open end of the corridor leading to the second storey balcony, Zombies wander past as they head for the Store entrance where many creature still claw at the roll gate.

261 The Zombies move randomly. Some are leaving the gate as their prey is now out of sight. They begin to wander here and there.

262 Three of the creatures turn into the administrative corridor and start toward the offices.

263 Stephen has found a large binder in the desk. It contains all the plans for the mall, duplicating the charts on the walls and many others. It is a complete maintenance manual revealing all the workings and layout of the huge structure.

264 Elevator doors slide open with a loud whoosh. The two Troopers appear in the car, wheeling their barrow out onto the second storey aisles of the big store.

265 Now, they can see the roll gate and the creatures pushing at it ineffectively. They roll their barrow very close to the gate. When the Zombies catch sight of the humans, their efforts are renewed. They moan and push harder at the gate.

266 They Troopers leave the barrow, disappearing back to the aisles. They run onto the interior escalator, bounding down faster than the moving steps, then they run across the first floor until they see the lower level-roll gate.

267 There are creatures wandering the concourse, but none of them are at the gate.

Peter: LET'S GO BROTHER...THE OLD OKEY DOKE!

The men move up to the roll gate. A Zombie lumbers past. Roger speaks to the creature.

Roger: HEY, UGLY!

The creature turns instantly. Registers. Then dives for the gate with a moaning roar. Its mouth opens and its hands clutch. The gate pops forward from the creature's thrust, but it holds tightly. The action causes Roger to jump even though there is no immediate danger.

Peter: LET'S RAISE SOME HELL...HEY...HEY...  
(he is shouting)

Roger: OVER HERE...LET'S GO OVER HERE...

268 Other creatures along the concourse turn toward the Department Store. They lumber along attracted by the sounds.

269 At the gate, several Zombies push at the metal grids. The Troopers back away, but stay in sight of the creatures.

Peter: JUST GIVE IT TIME ...GIVE IT TIME.

270 Upstairs, the Zombies at the upper gate are attracted by the commotion below. They begin to move away from the gate and lumber along the balcony to the stairways and escalators.

271 In the maintenance office, Stephen still rummages. He finds a loaded hand gun and stuffs it in his belt. He moves to the large cabinets containing the walkie talkies and the keys.

272 In the corridor, the stray Zombies move in and out of the executive offices as they draw nearer to the Maintenance room.

273 Several creatures fall over one another as they try to move down the up escalator. The down escalator push others onto the first floor. They scramble to their feet and move toward the Department Store.

274 In the concourse, many creatures are moving toward the gate. Already there are a dozen or so clutching and pushing at the metal grid. Through the crowd. Peter can see several other creatures lumbering down the stationary steps.

275 Peter: OK...THEY 'RE COMIN'...

The big man readies his walkie talkie, pulling the antenna out.

Peter: GO ON UP...STAY OUTTA SIGHT BUT LEMME KNOW  
WHEN ITS CLEAR ENOUGH.

Roger, clutching his walkie talkie, disappears among the aisles as he runs, crouching, into the store. Peter tries to hold the attention of the creatures at the gate.

Peter:           RIGHT HERE, BABIES...THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT...  
                  YOU DUMB ASS SUCKERS...YOU DUMB...YOU ARE DUMB!

276           Upstairs, the doors to the elevator glide open again and Roger moves through the second floor aisles stealthily.

277           Stephen takes the maintenance manual and leaves the office. He walks down the interior corridor and opens the door to the exterior corridor. As the door opens, the Zombies attack. The Zombies clutch as Stephen tries to close the door on Zombie 13's arm. Stephen then runs back down the interior corridor.

278           Stephen starts up the firestair to the door. Just then he hears Fran call out. Realising he will lead the creatures to her, he closes the door and moves toward the Maintenance office and runs in.

279           Stephen runs into the office and slams the door.

280           A second creature is moving up behind the first, and another enters the corridor from the accounting office.

281           The metal door locks only with a key. Stephen fumbles for a moment with his rifle, then dives for the key cabinet. There are hundreds of keys on rings. He looks at the wall map. He can't focus in his panic.

282           In the hall, the first creature slams against the floor. It doesn't even have the intelligence to reach for the knob. It pounds on the door with its hands.

283           The pounding increases Stephen's panic. He stares at the map trying to focus on the maze of numbers.

284           The second creature reaches the door and claws at it. The third approaches slowly.

285           Stephen rattles among the keys. His fingers shake and he cannot decipher the numbers.

286           Outside, one of the creatures, in its random clutching, takes hold of the knob and pushes in and out, not yet turning it.

287           Stephen, clutching one of the rings, throws himself against the door, still trying to read the numbers. The knob finally turns. The door opens against Stephen's weight. He manages to slam it shut despite the pushing creatures. He throws the key ring down and grabs his gun.

288           Roger speaks into his walkie talkie:

Roger:           I THINK WE CAN MOVE THE WAGON.

289           Peter, downstairs, talks into his unit:

Peter:           CLEAR?

Roger:           (over talking unit)  
                  NOT ALTOGETHER, BUT THEY'RE SPREAD OUT PRETTY  
                  GOOD...ENOUGH TO MOVE THE WAGON.

The creatures slam against the first floor gate, but it holds securely. Peter stares at the beasts as he lowers his talk unit. He backs slowly away into the depths of the store.

290       Upstairs, Roger peers from behind a counter.

291       The second floor gate is clear.

292       On the balcony, several creatures wander aimlessly, but most of them have already moved down the steps and escalators.

293       Peter is still in sight of the Zombies at the first floor entrance. He clips his talk unit onto his belt, then ducks and disappears among the aisles.

294       He runs, crouching out of sight, until he rounds a far wall and comes up into the elevator.

295       He enters the car and pushes "2". The doors glide shut and the car begins to move up.

296       At the door of the Maintenance Office, the knob turns again. The door pushes open against Stephen weight. His feet slide on the linoleum floor. He cannot get the door closed this time. Biting his lip, he makes the sign of the cross, and backs suddenly into the room holding his rifle high. The door flies open with a slam, and three Zombies advance into the office. Stephen tries to aim carefully, and he fires.

297       Just as the elevator doors open. Peter hears the gunfire. He hesitates for a moment, then runs toward the entrance arch.

298       Roger is poised at one of the side locks on the gate. The gunfire stops him also as he is unlocking the mechanism.

299       Along the balcony, some of the creatures turn around in confusion. They walk this way and that, attracted by the sound.

300       Peter thunders up behind Roger.

Peter:           WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

Roger:           FUZZ MAYBE?

Peter:           OR MAYBE FLYBOY. WHERE'S IT COMIN' FROM?

Roger:           CAN'T TELL.

Peter:           COME ON. OPEN UP.

Roger :          MAYBE WE SHOULD SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'...

Peter:           OPEN UP. I CAN GET THE WAGON OVER. IF IT  
                  IS FLYBOY, LET'S GET HIM ON OUR SIDE.

Roger moves to the second lock. More gunfire.

Peter:           (setting his weapon on the floor)  
                  YOU JUST COVER ME GOOD, YOU HEAR?

Roger moves to the third lock as Peter stands and grabs on to the handles of the barrow.

301           The body of a dead Zombie hits the floor, its head shot through. Nearby lies the corpse of the first creature to break into the Maintenance Office.

The third staggers into the room. Stephen stands fast now. He holds his rifle out in front of him. The creature walks toward the gun. Steve holds his hands on the trigger. The Zombie lunges suddenly, and grabs the gun barrel. Steve fires, but the blast tears through the creature's chest. Steve struggles to raise the barrel but the motion of the Zombie makes it impossible to aim accurately. The gun fires again, this time grazing the Zombie's neck. With a sudden burst of energy the creature wrenches the gun free. Steve backs against the wall. The creature tosses the rifle across the room where it slams the floor near a desk. The Zombie advances on Steve. Steve is next to the key cabinet and grabs at it, trying to find some weapon. He feels the tools in the cabinet and comes up with a hammer. The Zombie is about to reach him when Steve pulls the hammer out and upsets the cabinet. The Zombie fumbles with the cabinet at its feet, but doesn't fall. Steve tries to hit the creature's head with the tool, he misses and the Zombie grabs at his arm, trying to bite it. Steve wrenches free and the two bodies fall to the floor. The creature clutches at the man's legs, it's teeth bared like an animal. Steve kicks desperately and manages to land a blow squarely in the creature's face. The Zombie comes after him again and from his crawling position, Steve brings the hammer as an uppercut to the creature's jaw. The creature falls back enough for Steve to crawl across the floor. It follows, but Steve reaches the desk and grabs his rifle. Rolling on the floor, he fires several shots into the creature, finally destroying it.

302           The second floor gate rolls up with a rumble and Peter runs out of the Department Store with the barrow full of supplies.

303           The action attracts the attention of several of the creatures which are still wandering the balcony. They turn slowly.

304           Just as he rounds the corner. Peter almost collides with one creature, and can barely keep from upsetting the barrow. He manages to get past, and he runs as fast as he can toward the opening of the Administrative corridor.

305 Roger does not let the gate roll up too high. He stabilises the metal grid well within reach, then he stands his post with Peter's rifle. Several creatures approach from the opposite direction. Roger fires at the closest one. It falls. The others are still too far away to waste bullets.

306 Stephen steps over the corpses in the office and grabs the maintenance manual. He rushes into the corridor and runs out.

307 Three more creatures move toward him up the hallway.

308 At first Stephen freezes, then he starts backing toward the firestair, his rifle poised.

309 Just as Peter is reaching the mouth of the corridor, a Zombie steps out of the hallway into his path. Peter slams the barrow squarely into the creature's legs. The Zombie falls in the barrow onto the supplies. The big man slams the load against a wall at the mouth of the corridor. Before the Zombie can get its balance, the big Trooper reaches down and grabs the creature's jacket lapels. With all his might he flings the creature out against the balcony railing. The creature flips over the rail, but does not fall. Its arms and legs flailing as Peter comes up quickly behind and flips it over the rail. The creature makes no sound as it plummets to the concourse below.

310 Roger fires again at a Zombie drawing dangerously near. Other creatures throughout the area are again converging on the Department Store entrance.

311 Peter wheels the barrow into the corridor and sees Steve at the other end, the three Zombies are still closing in.

Peter: HOLD IT FLYBOY!

312 Steve freezes. He can barely see Peter, his vision blocked by the Zombies. The creatures are about thirty feet away.

313 Peter: DON'T GO INTO THE STAIRWAY!

314 Stephen is confused. The creatures advance.

315 Peter: DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR, BABY. YOU'LL LEAD 'EM RIGHT UP WITH YOU.

316 Steve is on the verge of panic.

Peter: RUN FOR IT. RUN THIS WAY.

The Zombies are drawing closer and closer.

317 Peter: COME ON, MAN. RUN THIS WAY. YOU CAN RUN RIGHT THROUGH 'EM. WE GOTTA LEAD 'EM AWAY FROM HERE!

318 Steve sizes up the corridor. It is narrow, but there is room to run past the Zombies.

319 Peter: COME ON, FLYBOY. YOU CAN MAKE IT. COME ON!

320 With a sudden move, Steve breaks into a run. He passes the first creature easily. The second grabs him as he runs past, but the man keeps his footing even though he slams against the wall. He keeps moving forward. The third creature stands in his path. Steve lowers his head and slams into the Zombie's chest. The creature flies back and falls. Steve falls and tumbles toward the mouth of the passageway. He regains his footing as the creatures turn to pursue him, he runs to the end of the hall where Peter waits.

Peter: NOW...HEAD FOR THE DEPARTMENT STORE...GO!

321 The two men run across the balcony. They slam into two other Zombies which clutch and grab at them without success.

322 At the entrance arch to the store, Roger fires at another creature. It falls. Other Zombies are approaching, but Steve and Peter dive into the arch and the three men manage to lower the gate without a problem.

The Zombies converge on the area as they did before, clutching and pushing at the metal cage, which holds them out securely.

The men breathe heavily as they back away from the gate.

Peter: DOWNSTAIRS AGAIN ...SAME TRICK.

323 The men move through the aisles of the store and go crashing down the escalator.

324 On the first floor they run toward the lower gate where they pull up wheezing with exhaustion.

Steve: WHAT DO WE DO...

Roger: LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE HERE...  
(shouting)  
WHOOOO HOOOOOO...OVER HERE...YEEE HAAAAAAA.

Steve starts to laugh at the ludicrous situation. Peter smiles at the young pilot.

Peter: YOU DID ALRIGHT THIS TIME FLYBOY.  
HOW 'BOUT IT?

Stephen laughs some more, nervously at first, then wholeheartedly. Then he lets out a loud:

Steve: WHOOOOOOOOOOPEEEEEEEEEEE...

He has joined the cowboys. He is like a child, almost exultant with the joy of their victory...

The three men shout through the cage at the creatures, which are already gathering at the gate.

325 Out on the concourse, a few Zombies wander aimlessly, but most are heading for the commotion on the first floor arch.

326 On the upstairs balcony, Zombies again move toward the stationary steps and the escalators.

327 The three creatures in the Administration corridor move toward the open mall. Two walk out on the balcony, but the last one turns into an open office. Then it staggers back out and heads down the hall toward the firestair.

328 Fran can faintly hear the "whooping" of the men as she moves toward the stairway door, which is still open.

329 She steps onto the landing and looks down into the darkness. The shouting stops. Desperate with fear, she moves back to the storage room, then back onto the landing. Now her fear turns into anger.

Fran: SHIT...

She takes a few steps down the stairs. Stops. Goes back up.

Fran: GOD DAMMIT!

She starts back down again.

330 In the corridor below, the creature walks into another office. Then it moves back into the hall.

331 The Zombies crash against the first floor gate. It holds. The men crouch in the shadows of the gate.

Roger: WE JUST GOTTA WAIT LONGER BEFORE WE MOVE.

Peter: NO. THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE OF SOME OF THEM STAYIN' UP ON THE BALCONY.

Roger: YEAH, BUT WE CAN HANDLE THAT. WE CAN BREAK THROUGH.

Peter: IF ANY OF THEM SEE OR HEAR US, THEY'LL JUST FOLLOW US ON UP. IT'S NO GOOD.

Roger: WE CAN SURE AS HELL OUT RUN 'EM...LOAD UP WHAT WE CAN AND GET OUTTA HERE.

Peter: I'M THINKIN' MAYBE WE GOT A GOOD THING GOIN' HERE. MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY TO LEAVE.

Roger: OH, MAN...

Peter: IF WE COULD GET BACK UP THERE WITHOUT THEM CATCHIN' ON, WE COULD HOLE UP FOR A WHILE. AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO CATCH A BREATH. CHECK OUT THE RADIO. SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'...

Roger: MAN, I DON'T KNOW...

Steve: THERE'S SOME KIND OF PASSAGEWAY OVER THE TOP  
OF THE STORES.

The Troopers look at the young pilot, almost surprised to hear him speak. He has been quiet up until now.

Steve: I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S JUST HEATING DUCTS OR  
IF IT'S SOME KIND OF ACCESS. I SAW IT ON A MAP.

Peter: UPSTAIRS. LET'S GO.

The three move off down the aisles, then duck out of sight around a corner. The Zombies clutch at the metal gate, moaning and rattling the grid loudly.

332 In the Maintenance hallway, we see the thick manual lying on the floor. A lumbering foot kicks it as the Zombie in the corridor wanders into another office. The creature ignores the book, as it does the corpses strewn in the hall.

333 In the fire stair, Fran is on the middle landing. She is suddenly overcome with a wave of nausea. She clutches at her stomach, retching. She sits on the landing, letting her head flop against the wall. She is almost in tears.

334 The upstairs doors of the Department Store elevator open and the men trot out. As they clear a wall, they see the entrance arch.

335 There are no Zombies at the gate, but two are seen drifting along the balcony outside.

336 Peter: WATCH IT...DON'T LET 'EM SEE YOU.

The men move stealthily along the aisles. They look up at the ceiling and see a series of large grillwork panels. Peter shines his flashlight beam into one.

337 The ceiling is about twelve feet high, but the light beam penetrates the grille to reveal a fairly large space above.

338 Roger: LOOKS BIG ENOUGH TO CRAWL THROUGH.

Peter: THEY'RE LOCKED.

Roger: DAMN. THAT'S THOSE OTHER LOCK NUMBERS WE  
SAW ON THE CHART.

Steve: WHY THE HELL WOULD THEY BE LOCKED?

Peter: JACKPOT, FLYBOY. YOU'RE RIGHT.

Roger: WHAT?

Peter:           THEY'RE LOCKED BECAUSE YOU CAN GET THROUGH  
                  'EM EASY FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE BUILDING.

Steve:           OVER HERE.

339           Steve notices that one of the ceiling grids is very close to the  
              elevators. Peter looks at the grids, then down at the double  
              doors.

Peter:           THE ELEVATOR SHAFT!

He moves over and hits the button. The doors open.

Peter:           HOLD 'EM.

Roger stands against the rubber safety bumper, holding the car  
doors open wide. Peter steps onto the hand railing and reaches  
up for the escape hatch, which is held in place by four knob-  
headed bolts. He removes the bolts quickly and dislodges the  
hatch cover and passes it down to Stephen.

Then the big man sticks his head up through the opening.

340           He looks around the elevator shaft, shining his flash this way  
              and that. He sees another grid in the shaft wall.

Peter:           IT'S HERE...AND IT AIN'T LOCKED. GET A SCREW-  
                  DRIVER AND SOMETHIN' TO STAND ON FOR IN HERE.

341           Roger:           I KNOW WHERE THE TOOLS ARE. GET ONE OF THOSE  
                  TABLES.

Roger ducks off down an aisle and Steve moves to the nearby  
furniture department and grabs a lightweight lamp table. The  
elevator doors close. When Steve returns with the table he has  
to hit the button again. The doors open. Peter is already  
climbing out of the car into the shaft. Steve uses the table to  
hold the doors open and goes to get another.  
This time he gets a larger coffee table and sets it under the  
opening in the car and puts the smaller table on top. He climbs  
up and sticks his head out into the shaft. The doors close  
again.342       In the greasy black shaft, amid the cables and elevator  
mechanisms. Peter examines the wall grid with his flashlight.

Peter:           IT'S ALRIGHT...WE CAN GET IT OFF.  
                  YOU FOUND IT FLYBOY.

Even though he speaks softly, Peter's voice has an eerie,  
echoing sound in the narrow shaft.

343           The car doors open. Steve ducks down to see Roger bearing a  
              screwdriver and pliers along with some other tools in a shopping  
              bag.

Roger:           ONE-STOP SHOPPING ...ANYTHING YOU NEED RIGHT  
                  AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

344 Steve relays the tools up to Peter, who immediately begins to work on the screws which mount the grid. He passes the flashlight to Steve who holds the beam on the work area.

345 Fran sits in the stairwell, her hand over her mouth. It is very quiet for a moment, then she hears a slight clicking. Her head snaps to attention. She stares down at the bottom landing. There is a thump at the door.

Slowly the woman stands to her feet, her eyes transfixed on the door below.

Fran:           STEPHEN!

The door starts to open. Light creeps in. The slow, lumbering figure of the Zombie moves into the firestair. Choking back a scream, Fran turns and runs up the stairs. The creature below follows, unsure of itself in the dim light.

346 At the top, Fran makes it into the storage area and slams the door. For a moment, she just backs away in terror. Then she gathers her wits and moves to drag the food cartons over as a barricade. She struggles with one of the cartons. It is very heavy and so large she cannot get a good grip. The smooth cardboard slips in her hands.

347 The Zombie has almost reached the middle landing.

348 Roger looks down through a ceiling grid. He sees the interior of a Sporting Goods Store. Along one wall is an arsenal of the latest weaponry for the sportsman.

349 Roger:           SWEET JESUS!

Peter:           I SEEN IT. COME ON!

The men are in a large ductwork which seems to run along the entire length of the mall. They move as quietly as they can. There are several side tunnels branching off in both directions.

350 Steve passes another ceiling grid and looks down. He sees a full equipped radio and electronics shop.

Roger:           I HOPE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', BUDDY.

Peter:           (who is leading)  
                  THIS IS IT. COME ON.

351 Fran struggles with the carton. She gets it against the door finally and moves to haul another.

352 The Zombie has reached the top landing and makes for the door.

353 Before the woman can bring another carton over, she sees the door move. She throws herself against it, but can't plant her feet well because of the carton of the floor. The door moves an inch at a time. The creature's hand reaches into the room. It clutches at the edge of the door.

354 Fran panics and runs back towards the escape pyramid, where she turns and faces the door.

355 The creature is straining against the weight of the carton. Now, now both its hands clutch the door edge. The carton moves another inch...and another. Now, the creature's head can be seen as it strains to get through the widening space.

356 Fran's eyes are wide, almost hypnotised. She looks for something to use as a weapon. The room is bare but for the cartons and water drums. She is about to opt for the skylight, when she glimpses Roger's knap-sack in the shadows. She runs for it as the creature finally breaks into the big room.

357 The woman's hands tremble as she rummages through the cloth sack. Nothing appropriate. She dumps the contents out: ammunition, mace cans, batteries, flares...flares! She nervously grabs one of the cylinders and her shaking hands try to deal with the paper wrapping.

358 The Zombie moans as it draws closer. It is approaching the pyramid of cartons.

359 Fran manages to free the wrapping, and snaps the cylinder in two at the mark.

360 Now the Zombie is between her and the pyramid, cutting off her immediate route. It is very near. Fran backs away a few steps as she tries to strike the flare head on the small striker on the cylinder cap. It doesn't fire...she tries again...and again. Now, the Zombie has reached the knap-sack. It kicks through the items and knocks and rolls the other flares.

Fran's flare finally catches with a great whoosh, the bright flame startling the woman as well as the Zombie. The creature's eyes go wide and it brings its arms up to avoid the brightness. The intense white flame casts an eerie light over the creature and throws the Zombie's enormous shadow against the cartons and wall. The creature backs away a few steps almost tripping over the articles on the floor.

Fran manages to advance close enough to snatch two extra cylinders and skirt around the Zombie in a wide arc. The creature swats the air, keeping distance, but threatening.

Fran considers the firestair door, but decides on the pyramid. She circles around to a point where she can climb up from behind the moaning Zombie. She rushes for the cartons and climbs, but loses her footing while trying to hold the flares and crashes into the topmost carton. It starts to slide off the pyramid and tumbles to the floor almost crashing into the

Zombie. The creature starts to clutch at the pyramid.

The stack of cartons is now too short and Fran can reach the skylight but can't pull herself up. She accidentally drops two flares, including the lit one. It tumbles to the floor behind the pyramid where it no longer offends the Zombie's eye's. Now the creature tries to climb to the woman.

Fran grabs the last flare in her mouth and reaches with both hands for the skylight. She lifts with all her might and her feet come off the cartons but she cannot pull herself up. As she tries to lower her feet back to the cartons, the pyramid shakes and wobbles from the Zombie. The creature is making progress; its hands can almost touch Fran's foot.

361 Peter drops out of a ceiling grid into a plush office. Roger's legs appear through the grid and he too swings down, holding on with his hands to soften his landing.

Suddenly, we are aware of a third person on the room in the large chair at the desk. Roger startles and grabs his gun. Peter just stares. They are in the President's office. Some days earlier, the President, shot himself in the head.

Peter: COME ON...

Steve struggles overhead.

Peter: JUST DROP, I GOT YOU...

Steve: I CAN'T...I...

Peter: (to Roger)  
THE DESK...GIMME A HAND.

The two Troopers grab the desk and slide it away from the President's corpse. The action causes the chair to spin slightly and his wide terrified eyes seem to watch the action.

The desk in place. Steve's toes can reach its surface. He loses his balance slightly and pulls back up. He kicks a picture frame off the desk onto the floor, shattering the glass over photos of the President's wife and children.

Peter: COME ON!

Steve finally gets footing on the desktop and lowers himself down. He stares at the corpse as Roger helps him off the desk.

362 Peter is already unlocking the door to the corridor. He opens it a crack and peeks out.

363 The corridor is empty. He sees the door at the end which leads to the exterior corridor.

364 As the other men come up behind, Peter opens the door quietly and slips into the hall. He starts to walk quickly toward the door to the exterior corridor. Roger follows as Stephen moves backwards toward the fire stairs.

365 Peter's hands grab the barrow and pulls the cart down the corridor backwards so as to face the mall opening.

366 In the corridor, Steve clutches the maintenance manual. Peter backs slowly up the hall. The wheels squeak and the big man bites his lip. Roger kicks the last corpse to the wall. Steve notices that the fire stairs door is open wide.

Steve: JESUS CHRIST!

He bounds towards the door. Roger spins to see what happened. Peter turns and quickens his pace. Steve trots up the steps.

Roger: (to Peter)  
COME ON...YOU GOT IT.

Peter runs with the cart the last few yards. As he gets to the doorway, Roger breaks up the steps.

367 \*OMIT

368 Steve breaks into the storage area...he drops the manual...

Steve: FRANNIE!

369 The woman turns in Steve's direction. The Zombie swats the flare out of Fran's hand. She startles and the cartons feel as though they will topple. She steadies herself with both hands. The creature is grabbing at her legs. She kicks.

370 Steve raises his rifle and moves in for a close shot.

Roger: DON'T SHOOT...THEY'LL HEAR YA...

Roger arrives and the two men charge the pyramid.

371 The creature is still clutching at Fran. She kicks violently as Roger pulls the back of the Zombie's clothing. The Zombie falls and hits the floor. As it kneels up, Steve swings the butt of his rifle and smashes it into the thing's head. Then Roger delivers a blow with his gun, straight down.

372 Steve rushes to Fran. She falls off the cartons into his arms sobbing and choking.

Steve: FRANNIE...ARE YOU ALRIGHT?  
YOU OK, FRANNIE? HEY...

The woman is incoherent. She is clutching at her stomach.

373 Peter appears in the doorway carrying the TV and several other items. He dumps them on the floor.

Peter: LET'S GET THIS STUFF UP, COME ON.

374 Roger is dragging the dead Zombie to the door. Peter comes to help and Fran starts to wretch. Steve tries to calm her. He gets some water in a can and brings it over.

Steve: FRANNIE...IT'S OK...COME ON, IT'S OK...ARE YOU HURT, HUN? DID YA HURT YOURSELF? FRANNIE...

375 Downstairs, at the exterior corridor, Peter peeks out. He can see the mall at the far end. The coast is clear. He and Roger hurriedly carry the corpse into the hall and roll it onto the floor and retreat back into the fire stairs. Peter holds open the door slightly and watches the corridor for a moment. Convinced they've not been seen, he closes the door.

376 Peter: I THINK WE'RE OK, BROTHER.

They grab more supplies from the barrow and start upstairs.

377 Steve still tries to comfort Fran.

Steve: WE'RE OK...WE'RE ALL OK...WE GOT A LOT OF STUFF...ALL KINDS OF STUFF...

In the background the two Troopers bring their load of supplies into the big room and deposit them near the TV. Then they go downstairs for another load.

Steve: THIS IS A TERRIFIC PLACE...FRANNIE. THIS PLACE IS PERFECT. WE GOT IT MADE IN HERE...FRANNIE.

The woman still cannot stop sobbing and retching.

378 Now, the enormous barricade of food cartons is stacked against the door again. It is quiet except for the little noises of eating and occasional rustle of paper. We also head a faint electronic whistle, but we do not recognise it.

As we see more of the room, we find our refugees sitting near the reconstructed pyramid on the floor. Peter seems to be asleep up against the pyramid. Roger is nibbling at delicacies from the Department Store's Gourmet department.

Their "loot" is laid around them on the floor. Roger, as he eats, is leafing through the maintenance manual. There is a stack of tools, some still in wrapping; electric razors, still boxed; some clothing articles; the radio, which also plays small cassettes. There are soaps, toiletries, pens, pencils, and notebooks, flashlights, cigarettes and several decks of cards with a canister of chips. The items are clearly not all functional. Some are representative of the luxuries considered necessary by a consumer society.

They are all bathed in the blue glow from the television which Stephen tries to tune in. Its power cable is spliced into the leads of a bare light fixture overhead. Fran cannot be seen at first.

Roger:           WHAT THE HELL TIME IS IT, ANYWAY?

Steve:           ONLY ABOUT NINE.

Roger:           AND NOTHING? (referring to the TV)

On the screen we see the Civil Defence logo, and realise that the high pitched electronic signal is coming from the TV set.

Steve:           AS LONG AS WE'RE GETTING THE PATTERN,  
                  THAT MEANS THEY'RE SENDING.

Roger snaps on the large, battery powered radio. He rolls the dial getting nothing but static. Finally, he hears a signal and tunes it in. A badly modulated voice is droning through the interference. It sounds like a war correspondent sending a signal from very far away.

Radio:           ...REPORTS THAT COMMUNICATIONS WITH DETROIT  
                  HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT ALONG WITH ATLANTA,  
                  BOSTON AND CERTAIN SECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA  
                  AND NEW YORK CITY...

Roger:           PHILLY...

Steve:           I KNOW J.A.S IS OUT BY NOW...IT WAS A MADHOUSE  
                  BACK THERE...PEOPLE ARE CRAZY...IF THEY'D JUST  
                  ORGANISE...IT'S TOTAL CONFUSION...I DON'T  
                  BELIEVE IT'S GOTTEN THIS BAD. I DON'T BELIEVE  
                  THEY CAN'T HANDLE IT. LOOK AT US. LOOK AT  
                  WHAT WE WERE ABLE TO DO TODAY.

379           Peter's eyes suddenly blink open. None of the rest of his body moves, the others do not realise he is awake. The big man stares at Stephen, who is getting emotionally excited about their exploits as a team.

Steve:           WE KNOCKED THE SHIT OUT OF 'EM AND THEY  
                  NEVER TOUCHED US...NOT REALLY.

Peter:           THEY TOUCHED US GOOD, FLYBOY. WE'RE LUCKY  
                  TO GET OUT WITH OUR ASSES. YOU DON'T FORGET THAT!

380           The other men look at Peter. The radio drones on with more disaster reports.

Peter:           YOU GET OVERCONFIDENT...UNDERESTIMATE THOSE  
                  SUCKERS...AND YOU GET EATEN! HOW YOU LIKE THAT?

Peter speaks in a low, unemotional tone. Stephen is transfixed.

Peter:           THEY GOT A BIG ADVANTAGE OVER US BROTHER.  
THEY DON'T THINK. THEY JUST BLIND-ASS DO WHAT  
THEY GOT TO DO. NO EMOTIONS. AND THAT BUNCH  
OUT THERE? THAT'S JUST A HANDFUL AND EVERY  
DAY THERE'LL BE MORE.  
A COUPLE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE DIE EACH DAY  
FROM NATURAL CAUSES. THAT PROB'LY TRIPLES OR  
BETTER WITH FOLK KNOCKIN' EACH OTHER OFF THE  
WAY IT'S GOIN'.  
NOW SAY EACH ONE OF THEM COMES BACK AND KILLS  
TWO, AND EACH ONE OF THEM TWO MORE...  
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE EMPEROR'S REWARD?

381           We see Fran's face. She is listening. There is no answer  
audible. A tear rolls down the woman's cheek. The radio drones.

After a time, Steve appears. He is surprised to find the woman  
awake. She sits on a new blanket from the store. Another is  
rolled up as a pillow. She wipes away her tears with her  
cigarette still in her hand.

Steve:           HEY...YOU OK?

The man kneels next to her, not knowing what to say. Stephen  
sits down next to her and puts his hands on her shoulders.

Fran:           SO I GUESS WE FORGET ABOUT CANADA, RIGHT?

Steve:           (taking her in his arms)  
JESUS, FRANNIE, THIS SET UP IS SENSATIONAL.  
WE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED. WE SEAL OFF THAT  
STAIRWAY...NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW WE'RE UP HERE.  
WE'D NEVER FIND ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

Fran:           I GUESS NOBODY CARES ABOUT MY VOTE, HUH?

Steve:           COME ON, FRANNIE, YOU WERE SLEEPING.

Fran:           WHAT HAPPENED TO GROWING VEGETABLES AND FISHING?  
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IDEA ABOUT THE WILDERNESS...  
HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM ANYTHING AND ANYBODY...  
STEVE, I'M AFRAID. YOU'RE HYPNOTISED BY THIS  
PLACE. ALL OF YOU. IT'S ALL SO BRIGHT AND NEATLY  
WRAPPED THAT YOU DON'T SEE...YOU DON'T SEE THAT IT  
CAN BE A PRISON.

She leans in to him, making a final plea.

Fran:           STEPHEN, LET'S JUST TAKE WHAT WE NEED AND KEEP  
GOING.

Steve:           WE CAN'T HARDLY CARRY ANYTHING IN THAT LITTLE BIRD.

Fran:           (angry)  
WHAY DO YOU WANT? A NEW SET OF FURNITURE? A  
FREEZER? A CONSOLE TV AND A STEREO? WE CAN TAKE  
WHAT WE NEED. WHAT WE NEED TO SURVIVE.

382 Cut to a close up of Peter's face. His eyes pop open.

Peter: SHUT THAT THING OFF!

Roger clicks off the radio. They listen. They hear slight sounds coming from the fire stairs. The end of the room with the barricade of cartons looks surreal in the blue glow of the TV screen which still shines.

Roger crawls over and clicks the TV off as well. The electronic whistle slowly dies. Silence.

Steve steps out from behind the wall of cartons. Fran peers around the corner to look, but she still sits on the floor. Another noise. The faint squeaking of the door to the bottom of the steps. Then footsteps on the metal stairs. Slow... lumbering.

The faces of the humans all tighten. Peter and Roger pull their rifles. Roger makes his ready.

Some thumping in the hall. Steve squats down and holds Fran. The sounds are closer now. The door behind the cartons clicks but does not move. More pounding...then silence.

After a time, the footsteps recede down the stairs.

Peter: SOMEBODY BETTER SIT WATCH ALL THE TIME.

Roger: THEY'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THERE.

Peter: ENOUGH OF 'EM WILL. AND IT AIN'T JUST THEM THINGS WE GOT TO WORRY ABOUT. THAT CHOPPER UP THERE COULD GIVE US AWAY IF SOMEBODY COMES MESS' AROUND.

Roger: WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO? LAND ANOTHER PILOT TO FLY IT OUT. THEY'RE NOT GONNA MESS WITH A LITTLE BIRD LIKE THAT. THEY GOT ENOUGH ON THEIR HANDS. YOU KNOW BACK IN PHILLY WE FOUND A BOAT IN THE MIDDLE OF INDEPENDENCE SQUARE. SOMEBODY TRYIN' TO CARRY IT TO THE RIVER, I GUESS. DIDN'T MAKE IT. DAMN THING SAT THERE FOR EIGHT DAYS.

Peter: SOMEBODY FINALLY GOT IT, THOUGH. IT COMES DOWN TO HOW MUCH ITS WORTH.

383 Fran ducks back onto her blanket. She disgustedly lights another cigarette. Steve sits next to her again.

Steve: FRANNIE...

She doesn't respond.

Steve: DAMMIT, FRAN, YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES WE'D HAVE TO LAND FOR FUEL TRYIN' TO MAKE IT UP NORTH? THOSE THINGS ARE OUT THERE EVERYWHERE. AND THE AUTHORITIES WOULD GIVE US JUST AS HARD A TIME... MAYBE WORSE... WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE HERE, FRANNIE. WE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED RIGHT HERE!

Stephen curls up with his head on the rolled blanket.

Steve: COME ON...GET SOME SLEEP.

The woman doesn't move.

Steve: FRANNIE. COME ON.

She grinds her cigarette out on the concrete floor and stretches out next to the man. He puts his arm around her. His hands rub up and down her body as he curls next to her. He opens her blouse and reaches inside. He closes his eyes and he seems perfectly comfortable to rest in her softness. His hand moves under her clothing. She doesn't respond, at first, then her body relaxes somewhat and she brings one of her arms up around his head.

Steve: I'M NOT JUST BEING STUBBORN. I REALLY THINK THIS IS BETTER. HELL. YOU'RE THE ONE'S BEEN WANTIN' TO SET UP HOUSE.

She stares off across the barren room. His hands continues to move under her blouse.

384 In the Administration Corridor, a few stray Zombies wander among the corpses on the floor. One large and severely wounded creature pounds on the door to the interior corridor. It had been the one which was pounding at the door upstairs.

A female Zombie squats near one of the corpses in the hall. She lifts its arm and moves it to her mouth, but she drops it quickly, repelled by its coldness. She leans over and picks at another corpse, then she stands and drifts towards the mall.

Slowly the creatures leaves the corridor and move out onto the second floor balcony. We begin to hear a voice fading in over the scene.

Voice: ...NOT ACTUALLY CANNIBALISM...CANNIBALISM IN THE TRUE SENSE OF THE WORD, IMPLIES AN INTRASPECIE ACTIVITY... THESE CREATURES CANNOT BE CONSIDERED HUMAN..THEY PREY ON HUMANS...THEY DO NOT PREY ON EACH OTHER.

385 We see the mall balcony now. Zombies wander past the stores. Some move down the stationary stairs onto the main concourse. Below.

Voice: THEY ATTACK AND...AND FEED...ONLY ON WARM HUMAN FLESH...

386 At the mall entrances, some creatures drift out into the night. Others still enter the enormous building. There are not as many as there were in the afternoon, but there are certainly enough to be threatening.

Voice: INTELLIGENCE? SEEMINGLY LITTLE OR NO REASONING POWER. WHAT BASIC SKILLS REMAIN ARE MORE REMEMBERED BEHAVIOURS FROM...FROM NORMAL LIFE.

387 Several creatures are clawing at the roll gate to the department store. It is a strange and eerie sight. The staring, painted eyes of the mannequins within the store seem to watch the Zombies. The gate rattles but does not budge.

Voice: THERE ARE REPORTS OF THE CREATURES USING TOOLS, BUT EVEN THESE ACTIONS ARE THE MOST PRIMITIVE... THE USE OF EXTERNAL ARTICLES AS BLUDGEONS ETC., EVEN ANIMALS WILL ADOPT THE BASIC USE OF TOOLS IN THIS MANNER.

388 Fran's eyes pop open the voice has awakened her. She has been asleep on the blanket.

Voice: THESE CREATURES ARE NOTHING BUT PURE, MOTORISED INSTINCT...

The woman looks around. Morning sunlight is spilling in through the skylights above. She sits up and peers into the next area of the room. The men are gone. The television is playing. On the tube we see a dishevelled man sitting in an emergency news room reading the report.

389 Voice: THEIR ONLY DRIVE IS FOR THE FOOD WHICH SUSTAINS THEM. WE MUST NOT BE LULLED BY THE CONCEPT THAT THESE ARE OUR FAMILY MEMBERS OR OUR FRIENDS. THEY WILL NOT RESPOND TO SUCH EMOTIONS. THEY MUST BE DESTROYED ON SIGHT....

390 Fran sees that the barricade of cartons is still in place at the fire stairs door. She looks up. The skylight above the pyramid is open. She realises that the men are on the roof.

391 At the edge of the roof, Peter looks through binoculars.

392 About a quarter of a mile away, he sees the large warehouse of a food processing chain. IN the yard and in the large open garages of the building, he sees a fleet on enormous trailer-trucks parked.

393 Steve: YOU SURE WE CAN START 'EM.

Roger: YOU HAVEN'T SPENT ENOUGH TIME ON THE STREET.

Peter: WELL LET'S GET IT UP. THERE'S NOT TOO MANY OF 'EM AROUND YET THIS MORNIN'.

The big trooper looks down to the parking lot below.

394 There are not as many Zombies as there were the day before, and they wander aimlessly, spread out rather than in clusters.

395 The men move for the skylight.

396 In the storage area below, Fran is examining the maps in the manual. The TV still drones in a low volume. The men climb down into the room.

Roger: HEY, FRAN...

Fran: I WOULD HAVE MADE COFFEE AND BREAKFAST, BUT I DON'T HAVE MY POTS AND PANS.

There is a bitterness in her voice. Roger laughs. Steve senses the tension. Peter just straps on his equipment.

Fran: CAN I SAY SOMETHING?

Steve: SURE. WHAT DP YOU MEAN?

Fran: I'M SORRY YOU FOUND OUT I'M PREGNANT, BECAUSE I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO TREAT ME DIFFERENTLY THAN YOU'D TREAT ANOTHER GUY.

Steve: HEY, FRANNIE, COME ON...

Fran: AND,...I'M NOT GONNA BE DEN MOTHER FOR YOU GUYS.

They all look at her, attentive now.

Fran: AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON. AND I WANT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THE PLANS. THERE'S FOUR OF US, OK?

Steve: JESUS, FRAN...

Peter: FAIR ENOUGH!

Fran: NOW. WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

Peter: WE'RE GOIN' OUT.

Fran starts to say something, but this time Peter cuts her off.

Peter: ...AND YOU ARE NOT COMING WITH US!

Again the woman starts to protest, but Peter continues.

Peter: AND YOU WILL NOT COME WITH US UNTIL YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELF. THAT MEANS LEARN TO SHOOT AND LEARN TO FIGHT.

The big man starts back up the pyramid. Roger moves to follow him.

Fran:           SOMETHING ELSE.

The men look at her. She faces Roger and Peter directly without looking at Stephen.

Fran:           I DON'T KNOW ANOUT YOU TWO, BUT I WANNA LEARN  
                  HOW TO FLY THAT HELICOPTER.

Stephen is shocked. Fran looks at him and lowers her eyes.

Fran:           IF ANYTHING HAPPENS...WE'VE GOTTA BE ABLE TO GET  
                  OUT OF HERE.

Stephen doesn't know what to say. He looks at the woman, then up at the other men.

Peter:          SHE'S RIGHT, FLYBOY. COME ON, LET'S GO.

Fran:           AND YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME WITHOUT A GUN AGAIN.

Stephen thinks about protesting but he complies by slowly setting his rifle down on the cartons. Then he fishes in his pocket for a fistful of shells and dumps them next to the gun. He stares at the woman angry and hurt.

Fran picks up the weapon and shoots a glance up at Peter.

Fran:           I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO USE  
                  IT.

Peter and Roger disappear through the skylight. Stephen stands still. He looks down at the floor. Fran moves close to his side.

Fran:           I'M SORRY, STEPHEN. (it is not an apology)

Steve:          I KNOW...I KNOW...IT'S ALRIGHT!

He starts up to the skylight.

Fran:           STEPHEN

Steve:          YEAH.

He stops and turns to look at her. Her eyes are pleading for understanding, but he is incapable of it at the moment. Fran just shrugs off whatever she was going to say, and she sighs with exasperation.

Fran:           BE CAREFUL.

Steve:          YEAH, WE'LL BE ALRIGHT.

He disappears through the skylight. Fran stares down at the weapon in her hands, then she steps over and clicks off the television.

397 The sudden, loud noise of the chopper engine as it hovers.  
Only Stephen is on board at the controls.

398 In the cab of one of the big trailer trucks Roger is crouching  
working on the wiring beneath the dashboard.

399 Peter sits on the cab of another truck. He tries the  
complicated shift mechanism and fidgets with the other controls.  
Then he pulls out. He stops the big vehicle with his cab just  
abreast of the cab Roger is working in.

Peter: HOW ABOUT IT?

Roger: GETTIN' IT.

400 Peter looks around. The mall can be seen in the distance. On the  
ground between, there are a few Zombies scattered about in  
little clusters. None of them present any immanent danger.

401 Roger sits up and is able to start his truck.

Peter: I'LL JUST RIDE PICK UP, I'M NOT TOO SURE OF  
THIS THING...

Roger: I GREW UP ON ONE OF THESE, LET'S GO.

402 The great trucks lumber away from the warehouse. They pull  
across the little loading lot and out a ramp toward the  
roadway. Stephen hovers overhead in the chopper, following  
the trucks as closely as he can.

403 On the roof of the mall, Fran clutches her rifle. She sees the  
big trucks roar up over the hill, the helicopter just above  
them. It is a strange looking convoy as it speeds toward the  
trucks as closely as it can.

404 Along the road, several Zombies try to stagger after the trucks  
but they are left in the dust of the speeding vehicles. The  
creatures lumber along slowly behind.

405 The vehicles pull into the little grade which loads into the  
mall's parking lot. They roar right toward the building.

406 At one of the building entrances, a cluster of Zombies is  
moving in and lot of the main doors. Others wander nearby in the  
parking lot. Attracted by the sounds of the engines, the  
creatures turn and face the trucks.

As Peter pulls his vehicle in a wide arc, Roger drives his right  
up to the side of the building and roars toward the entrance  
doors. Then he skips his right wheels up onto the curb, and with  
a great, scraping crunch, the big truck pulls directly abreast  
of the building, flush with the entrance. The huge vehicle  
crushes several of the helpless creatures and knocks other  
flying back.

407 The trailer of the truck has totally blocked off the mall

entrance. Several Zombies trapped inside try to push the glass doors open. The doors move, but cannot be opened wide enough for the creatures to get out.

408 The few creatures immediately around the truck begin clambering at its sides. Roger shuts off the engine and grabs his gun as other Zombies begin clutching at the windows of the cab.

409 Overhead, the whirlybird hovers very close by. Now Peter's big truck pulls up alongside so that Peter's passenger door is directly abreast of the free door on Roger's cab.

Peter's truck also crushes one or two of the creatures, but there are still several in the immediate vicinity of the cab.

410 As Roger opens his door and scrambles into the other truck, one of the Zombies grabs hold. Roger just manages to kick the creature off as the big truck pulls out and roars across the lot.

411 The helicopter flies straight up and directly over the roof of the big shopping centre, where Fran has been watching the action. She now runs to the other side of the roof, the wind from the chopper whipping her hair.

412 The chopper turns and waits for the big truck to move up under it, then the whirlybird escorts the trailer back to the warehouse down the road.

413 Roger is whooping and hollering like a cowboy as the big rig pulls up beside another of the parked vans.

Peter: COME ON, COME ON... THREE MORE BABY.

Roger: LIKE A CHARM, HUH? LIKE A FUCKING CHARM!

Roger grabs his knapsack and climbs into the new cab where he immediately goes to work on jumping the engine cables.

414 From the helicopter overhead, Stephen spots something moving around the warehouse. He jockeys the chopper slightly for a better look and he sees a small group of Zombies wandering out of the big garage directly toward Roger's truck.

415 In the meantime, Peter's truck pulls away from the cab Roger is in. The big vehicle rolls into the large paved area behind the warehouse where Peter can turn it around easily.

416 Stephen swoops down with the big bird. He buzzes as close as he can to Roger's truck, trying to signal the man.

417 Roger continues to work on the cables, still whooping like a child. The Zombies are very close at hand. They have just about reached the cab. Stephen buzzes again. Roger doesn't notice.

418 Peter has now backed up into a position which enables him to pull out. He looks up to see the helicopter heading straight for him.

419 The big chopper buzzes right over Peter's cab then spins around heading back for Roger.

420 Peter looks toward the other truck. He can now see the lumbering creatures. He tries to slam the truck into gear, but the complicated shift mechanism fights him.

421 One Zombie slams its hands against the driver-side window of Roger's truck. The man startles and tries to untangle himself from his cramped position under the big steering wheel. He is stuck for a moment. The other creatures appear at the passenger side of the cab, where the door is open. One grabs at Roger's legs. Roger kicks violently, but can't get a good position. He falls lower onto the floor of the cab, his body almost knotted among the controls and the shift sticks.

422 Peter's truck starts to roll, but it accelerates slowly.

423 The helicopter tries to buzz the clutching ghouls, but they do not even flinch. The wind from the propeller blades whip at the creatures' hair, making them look even more frightening as they claw at the desperate Roger.

424 The man kicks and kicks, but he cannot deliver a solid blow from his pinned position. His hand gropes on the seat of the truck for his rifle, which suddenly fires as the man's fingers inadvertently hit the trigger. A shell blasts through the chest of the lead creature, but the thing pays little attention.

425 Peter's truck is starting to roll faster. He heads right for Roger's cab.

426 The helicopter hovers as Stephen tries to see the action.

427 Now Roger has a good grip on his gun, but he cannot clear the long weapon from around the gear sticks. The lead Zombie is actually scrambling into the cab and is all but on top of the struggling Trooper.

428 The second creature is about to claw its way in when, with a great roar, Peter's truck swings up and crushes it.

429 Roger is desperately trying to keep the other Zombie's mouth away. They are wrestling now. The Zombie is weak, as usual, but Roger is still hampered by the position he is in.

430 Peter has pulled too far past the other truck. He slams his rig into reverse and backs up. Now his window is in a direct line with the open door on Roger's cab. He raises his rifle and aims, but he cannot get a clear shot. He shouts loudly trying to overcome the noise of the truck engine and the hovering helicopter.

Peter: GET ITS HEAD UP...GET ITS HEAD UP...

431 Roger realises that Peter is outside. He struggles with the creature, dropping his gun. His hands manage to get a stranglehold on the creature's neck. He pushes up with all his might. The Zombie's hands are clutching at the man's face. It's fingers push at the man's eyes.

432 Peter sees the opportunity and fires. The gun roars loudly.

433 The Zombie's head flies apart. Remnants of blood and brain tissue splatter the inside of the cab and the driver's window. The gummy stuff flies into Roger's face. The Zombie falls limp, but Roger is still desperate. The dead weight of the creature is now on top of him, and the bloody wound runs. Roger is frantic. He frees himself with great heaves of his body and he pushes the creature out of the cab. The man's eyes are wide with revulsion. He instantly brings up his sleeve to wipe the stains from his face. He is quivering in extremes of emotions.

A sudden crash. Roger spins. The Zombie at the driver door has smashed through the cab window with a brick. Roger, still shaking, dives down to the floor for his weapon.

434 Peter tries to level off a shot but he cannot because Roger is in the way...

Peter: GET DOWN...STAY DOWN...I GOT IT!

435 Roger, in his adrenalised anger, sits up with his gun and levels off on the creature himself. He fires. The shell crashes through the already shattered glass and squarely into the creatures head.

Roger: YOU BASTARDS...YOU BASTARDS...

It seems as though his mind is snapping. His voice quivers as does his body.

Roger: WE GOT 'EM, BUDDY...WE GOT 'EM DIDN'T WE!

436 Peter: COOL IT, MAN...GET YOUR HEAD...

437 Roger: WE GOT THIS BY THE ASS...GOT THIS BY THE ASS!

Roger is screaming. He dives down to work on the jumping again.

438 Peter: HEY, ROG...GET YOUR HEAD MAN...COME ON...  
WE GOT A LOT TO DO...ROGER...

439 There is no response from the other truck. Peter is about to open his door and step out when suddenly Roger sits up again. The engine of the truck roars. He seems to have calmed down some. He looks across at Peter.

Roger: LET'S GO BABY...NUMBER TWO...

Peter:           YOU ALRIGHT?

Roger:           PERFECT, BABY...PERFECT!

Roger guns the engine on his truck. The big vehicle lumbers out of the area. Peter follows suit.

440           The two Semis rumble out of the warehouse lot and start down the grade toward the road. The helicopter escorts them.

441           A few Zombies are walking up the road slowly.

442           Roger's eyes get wider with anger. He steers his big rig right for the creatures.

443           The front of the cab smashes into two of them. One is crushed under the wheels, the other flies back from the impact.

444           Fran watches with anxiety. She sees the two trucks pull up over the rise with the helicopter following. We hear spirited music as the convoy approaches the mall building.

445           The two trucks roar around the entrance ramps into the parking lot and again, the chopper zooms right over the roof.

446           Fran trots across the roof to see the action in the lot.

447           the trucks rumble toward the second set of doors. The music continues through the entire action.

448           Roger steers his giant vehicle directly broadside to the doors. The cab knocks over several creatures and scrapes the building as the trailer blocks off the entrance. This time there are still creatures alive in the immediate area. They clutch at the cab of the truck and leap at the doors.

449           Fran, watching from directly above, seems inspired, caught up in the bravery of the moment. As she sees the creatures converging on the truck, she aims her rifle at them. Before she fires, Peter's rig slides next to Roger's, cabs abreast.

450           Peter's truck knocks over several of the clutching creatures. One Zombie, caught directly under the front wheels, is still alive and clutching at the air. Several creatures jump at Peter's driver side window.

451           Roger, grabbing his gun, moves to leave his truck on Peter's side, but the trucks are too close. His door won't open enough to get out. He rolls down his window. Peter has noticed Roger's door won't open, and the Trooper fumbles with the gear shift in order to pull away, but he hears Roger shouting:

Roger:           THE WINDOWS...OPEN YOUR WINDOW...YOUR WINDOW...

Peter dives across the cab and rolls down the passenger window. Roger leans out his open window, trying to get his weapon into firing position. One or two Zombies are squeezing through the

narrow space between the truck. They are just about to reach Roger when he fires, killing the lead ghoul. More Zombies move around Roger's cab, moments away from him.

452 The helicopter buzzes the area as Stephen watches the Zombies converge on the cab.

453 Fran, her hair blowing front he chopper, tries to aim her rifle into the pack of creatures. Her hair covers her eyes and she brushes it away with irritation.

Fran: ROGER...IN FRONT, ROGER...IN FRONT, ROGER...

She shouts over the engine noises, getting very excited.

454 Roger fires again and again down the narrow space between the rigs. Another Zombie falls.

Peter: FOR CHRISAKE COME ON!

Roger is still emotionally crazed. He leans out of his window in a very vulnerable position. He is whooping like a child again as he tries to level off another shot.

Suddenly, he's grabbed from behind by a Zombie and almost falls out the window. He struggles to hold himself and keep a grip on his gun. Peter leans over, trying to get a shot at the creature, but can't get a clean sight. Roger grabs the window frames on Peter's door and tries to pull himself up. Another creature grabs him from behind.

455 Fran watches with emotion in her eyes.

Fran: MONSTERS! MONSTERS!

She fires her gun.

456 The bullet slams into the pavement kicking up a cloud of smoke. It narrowly misses a creature. Fran fires again. Her shot tears into the shoulder of the Zombie, but it doesn't stop him.

457 The chopper zooms very close. Peter still cannot aim his rifle, but Roger, using both hands, brings his gun butt in an uppercut. It slams against a creature which is grabbing him and drives the thing staggering back. Then with a desperate driving motion, Roger climbs through the window of Peter's cab.

458 Peter pulls the big rig away even while Roger's legs still kick out the window. The Zombies grab at Roger's ankles, and one manages to hold on as the truck starts to move.

459 Fran fires again and again.

460 This shot rips into the Zombie holding Roger's leg. It lets go and falls, rolling across the pavement. The woman fires again, hitting the pavement. The creature struggles to its knees. She fires again and hits the creature's neck. Again.

Shoulder. Again...head. The Zombie sprawls on the pavement. Fran is exultant, she aims and fires at another creature.

461 The helicopter passes overhead. The music is still stirring.

462 In Peter's truck, just rolling out the lot, Roger realises:

Roger: JESUS!

Peter: WHAT?

Roger: MY GODDAM BAG...I LEFT MY GODDAM BAG IN THE OTHER TRUCK.

Peter brings his vehicle to a screeching halt.

Peter: ALRIGHT, NOW YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU BETTER SCREW YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD ON, BABY!

Roger: YEAH, YEAH...I'M O.K. LET'S GO.

Suddenly, Peter grabs the Trooper by his lapels and slams him back against the door of the cab.

Peter: I MEAN IT! NOW YOU'RE NOT JUST PLAYIN' WITH YOUR LIFE, YOUR PLAYIN' WITH MINE!

The two men stare at each other for a moment. Roger is startled somewhat out of his emotional rush.

Peter: (softer)  
ALRIGHT, NOW ARE YOU STRAIGHT?

Roger: YEAH.

Peter lets him go and returns to the wheel. He guns the engine and roars into a big arcing turn in the parking lot.

463 When Fran sees the truck returning, she looks up from her gun sight. The helicopter has already flown over the roof, and Stephen is confused as to why the truck hadn't appeared on the road. Fran turns and tries to signal to Stephen.

464 He finally sees her and flies closer. The woman waves a signal and the chopper buzzes back over the lot.

465 Her hair blowing wildly, Fran takes up her post again, her rifle ready. She thinks a moment, then begins to reload the weapon pulling the shells from her blouse pocket.

466 Peter's truck zooms back into position, colliding with some of Zombies in the vicinity.

467 Roger immediately climbs through the windows into the original cab. He snatches up his knapsack and several tools which are strewn over the seat and floor.

Again, creatures converge on the cab area. Two more come up between the trucks, several come around the front of the cab.

468 Fran is still loading.

469 The helicopter buzzes.

470 As Roger climbs back through the window, his pack accidentally falls to the ground. With reflex action, he drops between the cabs, landing on his feet. He is facing the two creatures which are very close. He reaches up and with one hand on each of the open window frames, he swings his legs up hard. His kick sends the creatures sprawling. Then, he bends to collect his pack and is grabbed from behind.

471 Peter tries to level off his gun but he cannot get a shot.

472 Neither can Fran who is shouting from the roof.

473 Roger keeps his head this time. His first thought is for the pack of tools. He tosses the sack into the cab of Peter's truck as though he were making a hook shot with a basketball.

474 Peter catches the pack as several of the tools clatter out and onto the floor of the cab.

475 The creature which has a hold on Roger takes advantage of the man's imbalance from throwing the knapsack. It bites at the man's arm. Roger tears away, but blood appears at the wound. Then Roger squares off a solid punch right to the Zombie's jaw. The creature flies back and almost knocks over the Zombies behind it. Roger jumps, making a grab for the window of Peter's cab. The Zombies between the trucks, which Roger originally kicked away, have regrouped. They advance and grab at the struggling trooper. Roger's feet try to get hold on the side of the door, but they slip.

476 Peter moves to drop his rifle and grab Roger's hands, but Roger falls from the high window back to the pavement. Peter draws his hand gun.

477 Roger leaps again, his hands catching the window frame. The Zombies are clutching at him. Again he swings up his legs and kicks the creatures off balance. This time he manages to get his feet locked against the door and Peter grabs the Trooper's arm with his free hand, but another Zombie is pulling at the man's shirt and still another makes a grab for his legs.

Peter reaches out with his pistol and fires a point blank shot at one of the clutching ghouls. It flies back and Roger is able to pull himself higher. His torso is just about through the window when another creature grabs him.

478 Peter can no longer get a shot as Roger fills the window, so the big man drops his pistol and pulls Roger's arm with all his might.

479 Roger is almost all the way in but his legs still dangle,  
kicking. Peter starts the truck. As it begins to roll away, one  
of the clutching Zombies is able to get a solid hold on Roger's  
left leg. The creature opens its mouth and bites at the calf.  
Blood appears. The creature bites again and this time it comes  
away with bits of flesh tangled in a bloodstained strip of  
material from Roger's trousers.

480 Roger screams in pain and kicks violently. The truck  
accelerates and the Zombie finally falls clear.

481 It rolls on the pavement for a little way before it stops.  
Then it sits on the ground, looking like a gorilla. It still  
has a bloody mass of flesh and material in its mouth. With its  
hands it tries to separate the cloth from the more important  
morsels.

A bullet pings into the cement near the chewing Zombie. Another  
tears through its shoulder. It still is concerned only with its  
prize.

482 Fran is firing, swearing through her teeth as the gun roars.  
She finally hits the seated creature squarely in the head.

483 We see it fall from her point of view on the roof. Others walk  
by the corpse without taking notice.

484 The helicopter escorts the big truck back to the warehouse.

485 As it rumbles along, Roger, in extreme pain, is tying his belt  
tightly around his leg as a tourniquet. He sucks air through his  
teeth in anguish.

Peter: THAT'S IT.

Roger: BULL SHIT.

Peter: WE GOTTA DEAL WITH THAT LEG!

Roger: I'M DEALIN' WITH IT...I'M DEALIN' WITH IT FINE!  
I WON'T BE ABLE TO WALK ON THIS AT ALL IF WE WAIT.

Peter: CAN YOU WALK ON IT NOW?

Roger: YOUR DAMN RIGHT, I CAN...DAMN RIGHT, I CAN!

The wounded trooper struggles to wrap the bloody part of his leg  
with a torn off piece of trouser. He can hardly keep from  
screaming, and his words come out sharply and with great breaths  
between them.

Roger: I STOP MOVIN' THIS LEG...MAY NOT EVER GET IT GOIN'  
AGAIN...THERE'S A LOT TO GET DONE BEFORE...BEFORE  
YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE ME...

The big Black man stares at his friend for a moment. Then he  
drives on to the warehouse escorted by the chopper.

486 There is now a huge trailer truck at each of the four main entrances to the mall. They are very close to the doors, if not completely flush. Some of the glass portals can be opened not slightly, but not enough for the Zombies inside to pass through.

487 In the parking lot, the creatures mob around the trucks, frustrated that they cannot pass into the building. They clutch and claw at the enormous vehicles but to no avail. Some try to climb up onto the cabs. Others try to claw at the doors on the trailers.

488 Some creatures are crawling under the rigs: When they reach the mall doors they cannot stand, so they have no leverage. The creatures inside are pushing the doors out, so the Zombies under the trucks cannot push them in. The doors swing both in and out, so it is very clear that some access could be had by the creatures if they were more organised.

One creature, having crawled under a trailer, does manage to push open a mall door. The thing crawls into the building through the legs of other ghouls which are trying to exit. They behave as a swarm of insects.

The revolving door offers the best access for the creatures, although its inherent complexity is baffling to their empty brains. Two creatures do manage to crawl under the truck which blocks the revolving door, and one of them negotiates the rotating action and enters the concourse.

489 Peter and Stephen are huddled over the maps of the building. They are back in the crawl space. The cartons are still piled against the firestair entrance.

Peter: IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW MANY OF THEM ARE STILL INSIDE. THAT'S A LONG HAUL BETWEEN THOSE ENTRANCES.

Steve: WELL IF WE CAN GET SOME MORE FLARES...OR MAYBE SOME OF THOSE PROPANE JOBS.

Peter: THE GUNS ARE FIRST. GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

490 Roger moans with pain. Nearby, Fran is applying a dressing to his leg. The wound is wrapped with several layers of cloth. The first aid kit is open on the floor. Peter crouches near his friend. He takes over from Fran. He ties more strips tightly around the wound and around the upper thigh.

Peter: YOU SURE YOU GONNA MAKE IT, BUDDY?

Roger: JUST HURRY UP WITH THAT!

491 Again, the military music. A tall figure drops out of a ceiling grid and lands on the floor of the Sporting Goods Store. It is Peter. His rifle is slung and there is an empty pack on his back. Several of the Maintenance Room key rings are strapped into his belt.

492 Suddenly a Zombie charges across the room. The gate to the mall balcony is open on this store. Another creature, attracted by the commotion, starts through the open entrance arch.

493 Stephen is starting down through the ceiling grid. He also has equipment strapped onto his body. He sees the charging creature. Peter is trying to unslung his rifle. Stephen conquers his fear of the height, and lets himself fall to the floor. He crumples up when he hits, and rolls into a store exhibit, knocking things flying.

Peter manages to level off his gun and shoots the rushing creature. Stephen regains his footing. The second creature is moving up the aisle. Stephen grabs a powerful crossbow from a nearby exhibit. It is loaded. It fires with a strumming sound and the small shaft rips cleanly through the creature's skull and imbeds itself in a wall beyond. The Zombie walks forward a few steps before it falls.

494 The men run toward the entrance arch. Leaping up on an adjacent counter top, Peter manages to reach the lip of the roll gate and he swings it down fast. Stephen catches the cage below and slams it into place just as another ghoul falls against it moaning and clawing.

Stephen unslings his gun and is about to level it off on the creature outside. Peter jumps down from the counter.

Peter: DON'T TRY TO SHOOT THROUGH THOSE GATES.  
OPENINGS ARE TOO SMALL. BULLET'LL WIND UP  
CHASIN' US AROUND IN HERE.

The Zombie crashes all its might against the metal cage. Stephen startles.

Peter: HE CAN'T GET THROUGH...COME ON...

495 The men crash back through the store and Peter moves right to the racks of weapons. He pulls down a gorgeous high powered rifle which is equipped with a sophisticated scope for sighting.

Peter: AIN'T IT A CRIME!

Steve: WHAT?

Peter: (looking through the telescope)  
THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD EVER MISS WITH THIS  
GUN...IS THE SUCKER WITH THE BREAD TO BUY IT.

496 The cross hairs of the telescope zero in on the enlarged forehead of the Zombie, which is thrashing against the roll gates. The sight gives up a sense of the super-weapon's lethal accuracy.

497 Stephen dives into the ammunition and moves behind the counter where he pulls out boxes of shiny new hand guns.

Peter finds elaborate holsters and ammunition belts. He pulls several other rifles from the rack. We recognise the firepower in the arsenal that the two men accumulate.

498 Other Zombies appear at the gate, but they cannot break in.

499 Peter: (at the creatures)  
YOU JUST WAIT OUT THERE, SISSIES...  
WE COMIN'...AND WE READY!

500 With a swell in the music, the band of all four humans charges out of the Maintenance corridor and makes a break for the Department Store. They all wear new double holsters containing hand guns. Each has a rifle strapped over his shoulder and another in hand. They wear ammo belts and carry packs with other supplies. The wounded Roger is sitting in the big gardening cart which Peter earlier used to carry the first supply load out of the store. Peter runs, pushing the cart before him.

There are only a few creatures on the balcony. The dead things turn in confusion at the sound of the attacking commandos. Roger, his hands free to shoot, fires his weapon several times at some of the creatures who are closest.

501 The creatures from the main concourse below begin to move up the stationary staircase and struggle with the escalators. The corpses of creatures slain in the earlier battles still clutters in the area.

502 Fran and Steve are the first to reach the entrance to the Department Store. Steve falls immediately on the gate locks. Peter pulls up to a screeching halt at the gate. He turns the cart in a full 180 so that Roger is facing out toward the mall.

Steve fumbles with the second lock. Peter faces the few Zombies which are converging along the balcony. He lift his new Super-gun and stares through the scope. The gun roars eloquently. Even its sound pronounces its power. The single shot rips cleanly through the centre-forehead of one of the creatures.

The man aims at another head. Blam. Another perfect kill. Then a third. Roger fires several times.

Fran stands ready at the roll gate. As Stephen finishes with the final lock, the woman pushes against the cage and it starts up. Steve stands, and the two roll the cage into the ceiling, but Stephen is careful not to let it get out of his grasp.

Fran moves into the store and Peter pulls the cart behind him. Then Steve, Peter and Fran pull the gate shut long before any of the advancing creatures reach the area.

503 Again, the Zombies smash into the cage, but the humans are already running through the aisles of the big store.

504 Peter wheels Roger into the elevator and hits the button for the first floor. The doors shut and the car starts down.

Peter: HOW'S THE RIDE?

Roger: KIND BUMPY. WATCH IT.

The stern Black face stares down at the back of the wounded man's head. Despite his attempt at humour, the stiffness in Roger's body evidences his pain. Peter puts his hand squarely on the Trooper's shoulder.

Peter: LOOK HERE...I...

Roger: I KNOW, I KNOW...SHUT UP.

Something very serious is shared between the two men, some knowledge which we do not fully understand. We do see the kind of bond shared by soldiers in a battle.

505 The elevator doors glide open and Peter pushes the cart out into the first floor on the big store.

506 Fran and Stephen charge down the store escalator moving faster than the steps themselves.

507 They run through the hardware department where Stephen snatches up several propane torches. Fran stuffs extra bottles of gas into her back pack.

508 With a great hiss one of the propane nozzles spits a white-hot flame as it is lit with a new disposable lighter. Fran holds two torches as Stephen lights them.

509 Peter steps up to the first floor entrance gate with Roger in front of him. Several creatures outside of the cage fly into sudden frenzy at seeing the humans. They slam against the grid but it holds as usual.

Peter: UNLOCK THE MIDDLE ONE LAST.

510 Steve falls on the right hand lock with his keys. The Zombies all converge near the crouching man's side of the gate. They push and shove. Fran holds one of the lit torches very close and the creatures back away cringing. The lock opens and Steve moves to the extreme left.

Again the Zombies follow and again Fran is ready with the torch.

Peter: ALRIGHT...THE TOUGHEST PART'LL BE GETTIN'  
BY THESE RIGHT HERE...

Steve: IT'S A LONG HAUL DOWN TO THE ENTRANCE.

511 Peter cranes his neck to see past the Zombies and down the concourse. Several other creatures are starting toward the

Department Store. Behind them, about three hundred feet away, is one of the main entrances which is blocked off outside by a truck trailer.

512 Peter: WE'LL BE ALRIGHT!

Fran: IT'S TOO FAR!

Peter: THERE'S NO BACKIN' OUT NOW. WE GOTTA LOCK THOSE DOORS!

Fran: WE'LL NEVER MAKE ALL FOUR. IT'S TOO RISKY.

Steve: YOU JUST STAY HERE AND BE READY TO UPEN UP FOR US.

Fran: THE CAR!

Peter: WHAT?

Fran: THE CAR!

513 Outside, we see the slowly spinning exhibit which displays the new automobile. It is a sleek, sporty model, which looks fast and manoeuvrable.

514 Peter looks down at Roger.

Peter: YOU OK TO START IT?

Roger nods and reaches for his supply pack. He is cringing with pain, but he moves efficiently.

515 The Zombies clutch at the gate with new vigour. At the unlocked ends the grid gives a little, but still holds the creature out. Fran waves the torches closer and the creatures back away. Steve un-locks the middle lock.

Steve: IT'S GOIN' UP!

516 The gate swings up with a thunderous roar. The Zombies attack but Fran's torches make them hold back slightly. Steve grabs one of the propane canisters with one hand and draws a pistol with the other. Fran draws a hand gun also. The two fire into the pack of Zombies. One or two fall. The others try to move in but are afraid of the bright flames. One gets close to Steve but the man blasts his torch directly into its face. Its hair catches on fire and the creature throws itself wildly about, knocking other Zombies back.

517 Now Peter sees an opening and he makes a break with the cart. Roger holds on to the sides. They crash through the scattered pack of ghouls successfully and Peter makes for the car exhibit. There are a few creatures on the concourse on the cart's path.

Peter: (shouting)  
CLOSE THE GATE...CLOSE THE GATE...

518 Steve grabs the lip of the roll cage and it starts down. Fran is still inside the store with one of the torches.

Fran: THE KEYS, STEPHEN...THE KEYS!

Steve tries to stop the downward progress of the gate but it slams shut with a metallic crash.

Fran: JESUS CHRIST!

519 Peter stops in his tracks when he hears the woman's shouts. He looks back. Several of the creatures have followed the cart. They advance slowly.

520 Several have stayed with Stephen, however, and they approach Stephen as he tries to pass the keys back through the gate. The big ring doesn't fit through the small openings.

Steve: YOU MOTHER!

Fran: KEEP 'EM...JUST KEEP 'EM...LOOK OUT!

The Zombies at Stephen's back are very close. Steve lunges at them with his torch. They back off slightly.

521 Peter: COME ON, MAN! GET OUTA THERE!

The creatures on the concourse are approaching the cart. A pained Roger levels off several shots, but he is very shaky from his extreme pain. He manages to down one of the Zombies.

522 Fran: STEPHEN...FOR GOD SAKE...

The woman holds up her torch so that the bright flame faces the ghouls. Stephen crouches and puts a key in the right hand lock. The Zombies converge on him.

523 Peter, seeing other creatures drawing near, starts to push the cart again. he manages to dodges two little clusters of the walking dead.

524 The lock clicks just as one bold creature grabs Stephen from behind, Fran tries to aim her torch closer. It disarms the Zombie for a moment, Stephen thrashes his body back knocking the think off balance. Then he quickly slides the keys under the gate which he can lift just high enough with the single lock undone.

Another ghoul grabs Steve from behind. This time Steve's torch is knocked flying and rolls away. Fran is desperate. She tries to aim her pistol but cannot shoot through the grill. She holds her torch high.

Steve kicks and scrambles, rolling on the floor. The Zombies are on him. He manages to knock one or two of them to the floor. Then he fires with his pistol, killing another, He crawls to the torch and grabs it, the creatures clutching and

tugging at his pants and shirt.

He brings the flame up and flashes it at the Zombies. They back away enough for him to crawl to an open space. Then he scrambles to his feet and charges down the concourse toward the car.

525 At the exhibit, Peter stops the cart. There are two of the lumbering creatures close at hand. The big trooper raises his rifle. Roger, using all his strength, manages to pull himself up out of the cart. He lips to the exhibit as Peter fires at the oncoming ghouls. The super-gun scores two perfect hits.

526 As Roger tries to step onto the spinning platform, he falls and rolls against the car. The turntable carries him around toward another creature. He is struggling in pain toward the driver's door of the vehicle.

527 Steve, who is approaching at a run, sees the action.

Steve:           WATCH IS ROGER...ROGER!

528 Roger turns his head and sees the ghoul just before the creature grabs him. The things hands clutch at the wrapped wound, which is already leaking blood through its dressing. Roger screams loudly.

529 Peter jumps up onto the spinning turntable, leans across the hood of the car. His super-gun drills a hole through the creature's skull. It falls off the exhibit.

530 Peter hurriedly comes around to Roger's side. In extreme pain, the Trooper is desperately trying to open the driver door. Peter helps him. The door opens and Peter eases his friend into the seat. Roger immediately goes to work under the dash.

531 Zombies are advancing now from all over the concourse.

532 Peter:           GET IN!

He is shouting at Stephen who is just rushing up to the platform. He and the Trooper scramble into opposite sides of the back seat. They slam the doors and make sure that all buttons are locked. Roger works as quickly as he can.

533 Several of the lead creatures reach the turntable. Some fall trying to step onto the moving disc, but others manage to struggle over to the car. They smash the windows with their hands. It is a nightmarish scene as the men huddle in the shiny, new car which spins very slowly in circles.

534 Fran has relocked the one open gate mechanism, and she stands now trying to see the action, but it is out of her line of vision. She can only hear the moaning of the creatures, and pounding on the car. She turns the valve on her propane nozzle extinguishing the flame.

535 The car's engine roars as Roger is able to jump the wires.

Steve: I'LL DRIVE IT...

Roger: I GOT IT.

The Trooper's face contorts in agony as he moves himself into position behind the wheel. He is shaking, but he bites his lip and slams the car into gear. There are at least eight creatures crawling over the car, more approach. The platform spins. Roger waits until the car is aimed directly down the concourse. The men in the back seats are alert to the Zombies which pound at the windows. The ugly and distorted faces press close against the safety glass.

536 Now the car pulls out quickly. It rolls off the edge of the spinning display, knocking several of the creatures aside. The front wheels move off the platform and bounce onto the floor, but the frame of the car scrapes the top of the disc and is stuck for a moment. The disc spins on carrying the rear of the car with it. Then Roger gives it more gas. The rear wheels spin and finally catch.

537 The car shoots out onto the mall floor. Some of the Zombies cling for a moment, but they fall away quickly, scrambling to regain their footing and follow.

538 The car swerves and for an instant seems as though it will crash against the columns on the concourse. Roger manages to control it, and the shiny vehicle zooms ahead with tremendous energy.

539 One of the stray creatures in the concourse tries to intercept the speeding auto, but the car knocks him mercilessly aside as though he were a bowling pin.

540 Fran sees the car as it rounds the corner, heads directly for the main entrance which she can see from her position.

541 The Zombies at the entrance already started back into the mall attracted by the commotion. The car zooms down the concourse easily breaking their ranks.

542 Roger throws the manoeuvrable vehicle into a screeching tailspin, stopping just at the doors.

543 The big trailer blocks the entrance effectively. There are some creatures inside the doors. Under the van, several Zombies are struggling with the doors. one is just pushing in and seems as though it will be able to enter.

544 Peter and Stephen slam against the door. Stephen aims his torch directly at the crawling creatures. The one in front withdraws its arm. The grotesque things writhe, kick under the truck. The door slams and Peter produces another set of master keys. They are all coded. he falls on the lock mechanism.

Peter: THAT'S NOT 100%, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'LL GET THROUGH.

Steve: CAN'T THEY SMASH THE GLASS?

Peter: SAFETY STUFF...PRETTY INDESTRUCTIBLE...THEY GOT NO LEVERAGE UNDER THE TRUCK.. GIMME THE ALARMS...

545 Steve rummages in his back pack. Produces two portable battery operated burglar alarms. Peter activates the units, stands them against the base of the now locked doors. As he crouches near the glass, creatures outside go into a frenzy clawing at the glass doors. They cannot get in.

Peter: I'M HOPIN' THEY'LL JUST GO AWAY AFTER THEY FIND THEY CAN'T GET IN...

546 The creatures moving slowly down the concourse are now getting close to the action.

547 The men hop back into the car, it roars off with Roger still at the wheel.

548 Again the sleek auto rips through the ranks of the advancing Zombies. They fall and scatter.

549 The car speeds down the concourse, turns the corner near where Fran watches at the Department Store game. We hear Steve's voice on the woman's walkie talkie.

Steve: WE'RE OK...WE GOT IT MADE...IT'GONNA WORK.

Fran stares out through the roll cage. The Zombies are staggering weakly after the car.

550 With another tailspin, the auto pulls up at the second set of doors. The men scramble out of the back seat, the Zombies outside try to crawl under the second trailer. The men shut them out easily, locking the door and planting alarms. They stand to look down the concourse.

551 The creatures seem even more spread out now.

Steve: HOW MANY YOU FIGURE ARE ALREADY IN...

Peter: DUNNO. NOT TOO MANY. WE'LL GET 'EM EASY. WE GET IT ALL LOCKED OFF AND WE'RE GOIN' ON A HUNT!

The big Trooper raises his super-gun and sights through the telescope.

552 As we see through the scope, cross hairs settle on the forehead of one of the creatures which is lumbering down the hall. The face is magnified, distorted by the telescope. The gun roars and the head in the scope explodes with red.

553 The creature falls against a column, hit squarely through the brain. We sense the supreme accuracy of the magnificent weapon.

554 It is night. The Zombies in the parking lot still group around the semis. They set up an eerie moaning in the moonlight. A slow piece of music starts to build.

555 The creatures crawl under the trucks but cannot enter the mall. They pound and scratch at the doors, to no avail.

556 From inside the concourse, the mob is muffled. Even the revolving door is locked now. It seems the most vulnerable, but the crawling creatures cannot quite get leverage to smash the glass panels and they have no tools to pound with.

The auto is flush against the revolving doors inside, offering added protection. Several alarm units sit atop the car. They are the early warning devices against penetration.

557 The camera starts to dolly back, the music builds. We see slain corpses of many Zombies lying askew in various parts of the building. It is like a battlefield after a war.

558 The humans appear on the second storey balcony. Moving to the railing, looking down to the expanse of the building. They are guerrilla fighters, with their weapons strapped on. They have taken the Temple. The music hits a crescendo as the people look over their spoils. Even the wounded Roger seems triumphant as he limps to the rails, supporting himself on his arms.

559 We see a spectacular shot of the full expanse of the building. Zombies lie dead everywhere. The humans have captures the gold of the Gods...In this case the Gods of Consumer Heaven.

560 Peter's hand is on the maps of the Maintenance Corridor. He is drawing a line past the washrooms at the end of the hall near the firestair.

Peter: WE PUT UP THE WALL HERE. THERE'S NO DOOR FROM THE LAST OFFICE INTO THE WASHROOMS, SO NOBODY'LL GET NOSEY...AND THIS WAY WE CAN STILL GET TO THE PLUMBING...

Steve: WHY CAN'T WE JUST BOARD UP THE STAIRWAY. HELL, THEY CAN'T EVEN GET THROUGH A STACK OF CARTONS.

Peter: I'M NOT JUST WORRYIN' ABOUT THEM. SOONER OR LATER MIGHT BE A PATROL THROUGH HERE...LOOTERS MAYBE...I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO EVEN KNOW THAT STAIRWAY EXISTS.

They look back at the map.

Peter: THE DUCTWORK RUNS ALL THE WAY INTO THE WASHROOMS. WE'LL HAVE TO GET IN AND OUT THAT WAY. WE'LL BRING UP ANY BUG STUFF WE WANT BEFORE WE PUT UP THE WALL.

561 The men sit huddled. The large storage area is filled with mounds of supplies brought up from the mall stores, but the stuff all sits around in disarray.

562 Behind the wall of cartons, Roger seems to be sleeping, but he is sweating feverishly, and his face twitches. Fran has been trying to soothe him with a wet cloth on his forehead. Now she stops, leaving the cloth on the shivering head. She moves out to Stephen and Peter.

563 Fran: HE SEEMS TO BE SLEEPING.

Peter: GOOD.

564 The woman moves to where she has medical supplies on one of the cartons. There are bottles, vials and diabetic hypo syringes as well as bandages and dressings from the Pharmacy in the mall.

Fran: I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO...

Steve: YOU'RE DOIN' FINE.

Fran: HIS LEG IS AWFUL...THE INFECTION IS SPREADING FAST. CAN'T WE FLY HIM OUT OF HERE...TRY TO FIND A MED. UNIT...

565 Steve looks at Peter. The big trooper speaks softly.

Peter: I'VE SEEN HALF A DOZEN GUYS GET BITTEN BY THOSE THINGS...NONE OF 'EM LASTED MORE THAN THIRTY SIX HOURS.

566 Fran is stunned. Suddenly, Roger screams from behind the cartons.

Roger: PETER...PETER...WHERE ARE YOU?

567 Peter: RIGHT HERE, BUDDY.

568 Roger is sitting up. His eyes look very dark and sunken. He is sweating even more profusely than before.

Roger: YEAH...YEAH...

He licks his lips. He looks around the vast, barren room, trying to clear his eyesight.

569 Outside, Fran sits on a carton. The men are still huddled around the spoils. Roger occasional shouts from the other room.

Roger: WE DID IT, HUH, BUDDY? WE WHIPPED 'EM.

Peter: THAT'S RIGHT ROG.

Roger: DIDN'T WE? PETER? DIDN'T WE WHIP 'EM?

Peter: WE SURE DID, BUDDY.

Roger: WE WHIPPED 'EM AND GOT IT ALL! WE GOT IT ALL!

The man's voice sounds pathetic as it echoes through the big storage area bouncing off barren walls.

570 A hammer slams into nails behind the fake wall which the people are working on. A great network of two-by-fours are braced at the rear of the corridor, more lumber is wedged against walls making a frame. Stephen is slamming large nails into the framework for reinforcement. On the frame's face a masonite panel is nailed into place on one side. Peter works in the corridor. He is carefully nailing in a moulding which makes the new partition look like a finished wall.

In the corridor, there are power tools lying about and a vast array of other hardware in the gardening cart. Fran appears from out of the washrooms. She is carrying an old can of paint which has obviously been used.

Fran: THIS MUST HAVE BEEN FOR TOUCH UP...IT LOOKS PERFECT.

Peter grabs the can and pries it open quickly with a screw driver. He dips his finger into the liquid and smears some onto the new wall where it butts against the corridor. It is a perfect match.

Steve: (to Fran) ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT BEFORE WE CLOSE IT OFF?

Fran: NO...

The woman is staring down the corridor toward the mall proper.

571 The corpses from the hall have been carried out of the way. They are piled together at the corridor mouth on the balcony. It is a grisly sight. Fran turns away.

572 Fran: NO.

She steps back through the unfinished partition, leans against the framework. Her hand goes to her mouth as she tries to choke back a gag. Steve moves up behind her, but she feels another wave of nausea and she darts for the washroom. Steve sets down his hammer and follows.

573 The woman is kneeling on the floor, propped up by her hands on the toilet seat. She is vomiting. Steve approaches quietly. His hand falls on her back.

Fran: LEAVE ME ALONE...IT'S ALRIGHT...IT'S MY PROBLEM.

Steve: FRANNIE...

Fran: JUST GET OUTA HERE, STEPHEN...I DON'T WANT YOU  
HERE.

The man doesn't move. Fran reaches up, taking his hand. She  
clutches it tightly, indicating that she is not angry.

Fran: I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME THIS WAY...

Another wave hits her and she wretches again. She pulls her  
hand back leaning over the toilet bowl.

Fran: PLEASE GO...I'M ALRIGHT...PLEASE...

Stephen stands up reluctantly and drift out of the room. The  
woman wretches but she is dry. She tries to swallow. Then sits  
on the floor next to the toilet holding her stomach. She  
fumbles with the flush handle, depressing it. The rushing water  
makes an ugly sound. Fran looks down at her stomach thinking of  
her pregnancy.

574 Stephen steps out of the unfinished framework. Peter is gazing  
down the corridor at the pile of corpses.

Peter: THIS PLACE IS GONNA BE ROTTEN...WE GOTTA  
CLEAN UP, BROTHER.

Flies buzz about the staring faces of the dead things on the  
balcony.

575 Peter's hands are on the round hatch wheel of an enormous safe.

Peter: THEY'RE USUALLY ON A TIMER...OPEN AT  
NINE...LOCKED AT FOUR...KEEPS THE BANKERS HONEST.

The wheel spins and Peter swings the giant door open.

576 Inside is a huge safety deposit vault of a bank. The men stand  
for a moment in awe. The clean walls are lined with drawers and  
doors where depositors have stored their valuables. At one end  
of the room there are stacks and stacks of paper bills. The men  
approach the piles of money, stooping down.

They each pick up packets of bills and flip through the edges...

Peter stuffs several packets into his knapsack. Steve looks at  
him quizzically.

Peter: YOU NEVER KNOW, BROTHER.

Steve takes several stacks and stuffs them into his kit. He  
looks about the enormous vault.

Steve: DON'T YA WONDER WHAT THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS ARE GONNA THINK...GUYS IN THE FUTURE...DIGGIN' THE PLACE UP. IMAGINE ALL THE STUFF IN THESE BOXES... JEWELLERY...MAYBE THEY'LL FIGURE IT'S ALL SOME KIND OF OFFERING TO THE GODS...LIKE IN THE PYRAMIDS...A BURIAL CHAMBER.

Peter: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS, NOW.....

- 577 We see the men wheeling gardening carts piled with corpses. The sombre image is shocking as the figures move in silhouette against the bright store fronts with their displays of goods designed to attract shoppers to the sweet life the items pretend to represent.
- 578 At the bank, Peter wheels a cart with several dead Zombies through the lobby.
- 579 In the vault, the big Trooper dumps bodies out on top of several others, already deposited. The corpses lie askew, their arms and legs protruding. The stacks of money are upset by the limp action of the bodies as they roll around.
- 580 A finger flips a switch and we hear the mall music start up slowly.
- 581 We see a montage: Fran, Stephen and Peter walk slowly through the conquered building. They drift in and out of stores picking up various items. They use shopping carts.
- 582 Fran rummages idly through the cosmetic department.
- 583 Peter looks through a book store.
- 584 Stephen plays the pinball machines in a huge game room.
- 585 Peter tries on big colourful hats in front of a mirror.
- 586 Fran trims Stephen's hair as he sits in the mechanical chair of the mall Barber Shop.
- 587 Fran feeds the animals in the Pet Store, then with a bag of seed, she feeds the Tropical Birds in the tall cage out on the concourse. The birds flutter, flap about, screeching loudly.
- 588 Now the group walk along the upper balcony. They look down. They still have their weapons and kits, Peter is wearing a wide brimmed hat and Fran sports a new mink coat.
- 589 The concourse is empty now of corpses, but the group can hear the moaning and thumping at the main entrances. It is dark outside, the creatures claw at the doors but cannot be seen in the shadows under the big trailer trucks. The sound evidences their presence, however.
- 590 The people stand at the balcony railing overlooking their realm.

Fran:           THEY'RE STILL HERE.

Steve:           THEY'RE AFTER US...THEY KNOW WE'RE IN HERE.

Peter:           THEY'RE AFTER THE PLACE...THEY DON'T KNOW  
WHY...THEY JUST REMEMBER...REMEMBER THAT  
THEY WANNA BE IN HERE!

The noise at the entrance continues eerily. Fran starts to be afraid.

Fran:           WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY?

Peter:           THEY'RE US, THAT'S ALL. THERE'S NO MORE  
ROOM IN HELL.

Steve:           WHAT?

Peter:           SOMETHIN' MY GRANDDADDY USED TO TELL US...YOU  
KNOW MACUMBA? VOODOO... GRANDDADDY WAS A PRIEST  
IN TRINIDAD. USED TO TELL US...WHEN THERE'S NO  
MORE ROOM IN HELL...THE DEAD WILL WALK THE EARTH.

591           Roger is screaming wildly. He is sweating and his face looks  
sunken with an ashen colour. He thrashes about as Steve tries to  
hold him. His leg is swollen, almost all black. His arm, which  
was also bitten, is wrapped but oozing.

Steve:           GET MORE VALIUM IN HIM...

Fran fumbles with one of the hypodermics, but she drops the vial  
of serum and it shatters on the floor.

Steve:           GET ANOTHER ONE...COME ON...

Roger is throwing himself about wildly. Steve barely manages to  
hold on. Fran rushes into the other room.

592           The space is starting to look like living quarters. There is  
furniture. There are sectioned off areas with things still  
packed in cartons, but it is beginning to look like home.

593           The woman rushes to the medical supply area which is now more  
organised with little cabinets and a small refrigerator. She  
takes a new vial of serum from the freezer.

594           Downstairs, Peter is checking the covering at the floor base of  
the fake wall. He hears the violent screaming from above.

595           He climbs up a rope ladder in the ceiling, scrambles through the  
grill in the ceiling, enters the duct. Then he pulls up the  
ladder and closes the grill.

596           He crawls through the tight space for a few feet, and drops out  
of another grill into the washroom.

597           He moves through the internal corridor and into the firestair.

598 All the while, Roger's screaming can be heard. Peter tramps up the stairs several at a time.

599 He rushes through the living space in the direction of the screams.

600 Fran is withdrawing a hypodermic from Roger's good arm. The man still thrashes wildly. Steve is struggling to hold him. Peter rushes in and helps. Fran drifts out of the room.

After a short time Roger relaxes somewhat.

Peter: (to Steve) GO ON...I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

Steve leaves the area.

601 In the living spaces, Fran is sitting in a chair. It is the inflatable kind, which can be collapsed like a balloon. Steve comes up to her and puts his arms around her neck from behind. She cups his hands with hers and holds them tightly. She stares off across the room.

602 Roger catches his breath and looks up at Peter. He licks his lips and tries to speak coherently.

Roger: YOU...YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME, RIGHT, PETER?  
YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME...WHEN I GO...

Peter: I WILL.

Roger: I DON'T WANNA BE WALKIN' AROUND LIKE THAT PETER...  
NOT AFTER I GO...I DON'T WANNA BE WALKIN' AROUND  
LIKE THAT...

The man's eyes are terrified. He looks this way and that at the walls, the ceiling, at Peter...He can't focus...

Roger: PETER? PETER?

Peter: I'M HERE, TROOPER.

Roger: YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME...I KNOW YOU WILL...

Peter: I WILL.

Roger: PETER?

Peter: YEAH, BROTHER.

Roger: PETER, DON'T DO IT...TIL YOUR SURE...SURE I'M COMIN'  
BACK...DON'T DO IT TIL YOU'RE SURE...I MIGHT NOT  
COME BACK, PETER...I'M GONNA TRY NOT TO...I'M  
GONNA TRY...NOT TO COME BACK...

603 Later, the moon shines down through the skylight in the living area. A sturdy ladder has now replaced the pyramid of cartons

up to the open hatch.

604 Stephen fiddles with the television. There is a faint signal coming in. He has the set wired to a makeshift antenna which stretches through the skylight. A table lamp sits on a small end table and is lit. Its cable is patched into a network of wiring which stretches about the room.

605 Fran is unpacking things. She is stacking dishes and silverware. It is a very orderly scene. The couple looks like a pair of newlyweds who have just moved into a new house.

606 On the television, two men are talking, a commentator and an official of the Government. The Scientist is in a suit, but his tie is rumpled and his collar open. He has not shaved and he seems very tired and nervously upset.

Scientist: I'VE GOT TO...BE CAREFUL WITH WORDS HERE...WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO STUDY THEIR HABITS...WE'VE REPEATEDLY ASKED FOR A LIVE CAPTURE SO WE CAN HAVE CONTROLLED STUDY...WE NEED SUPPLY AND DEMAND RATIOS.

Comm.: YOU MEAN...THEIR NEED VERSUS...

Scientist: VERSUS THE AMOUNT OF FOOD AVAILABLE. LETS BE BLUNT.

There is a commotion in the TV studio. We hear noises and shouting, as we did J.A.S. earlier.

607 Steve: JESUS CHRIST.

He squats near the set, staring. Fran comes up behind him.

608 Scientist: PROJECT OUT THEIR RATE OF GROWTH...THERE'S A CRITICAL BALANCE...AND IT'S THE WASTE THAT KILLS US. LITERALLY...THEY USE...THEY USE MAYBE FIVE PERCENT OF THE FOOD AVAILABLE ON THE HUMAN BODY...AND THEN THE BODY IS USUALLY INTACT ENOUGH TO BE MOBILE WHEN IT REVIVES. THERE'S AN ECOLOGICAL IMBALANCE AND THEY'RE INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING...

Comm.: WHAT ARE YOU PROPOSING?

Scientist: WE HAVE TO BE UNEMOTIONAL...WE HAVE TO PROVIDE COUNTER MEASURES OR WE'RE ALL...

Comm.: COUNTER MEASURES?

Scientist: THEY CAN'T CONTROL THE RATE OF GROWTH AND CONSUMPTION...WE HAVE TO CONTROL IT FOR THEM!

Comm.: YOU'RE SUGGESTING THAT WE HELP THEM?

Scientist: BY HELPING THEM IN THIS CASE WE SAVE OURSELVES...

A great outcry is heard in the studio. The camera bobbles around. The scientist is fumbling for words.

609 Stephen: GOOD GOD.

610 In the other room, Peter sits against a wall. He can hear the television. His eyes stare straight ahead at something.

Scientist: I'M PROPOSING THAT CERTAIN...NECESSARY MEASURES BE PUT INTO EFFECT AT ONCE...MEASURES APPLYING TO ALL OFFICIAL SEARCH AND DESTROY UNITS, WHILE THEY'RE STILL OPERATIVE...HOSPITALS...RESCUE STATIONS...AND ANY...PRIVATE CITIZENS...

The camera pulls off Peter's face. We see that his rifle is stretched across his lap. The TV drones on from the other room.

Scientist: IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE MOBILE UNITS OF THE O.B.P. THE CORPSES OF THE RECENTLY DEAD SHOULD BE DELIVERED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR COLLECTION IN REFRIGERATED VANS...THEY SHOULD BE DECAPITATED TO PREVENT REVIVAL...

We see now what Peter is staring at. On the floor, twenty feet away lies the corpse of Roger. It's face is covered with a blanket. It lies very still.

Scientist: THIS COLLECTION...THIS COLLECTION...

The man's voice is heard almost shouting over the voices from the studio. The angry staff protests vigorously, with emotional language...

Scientist: THIS COLLECTION COULD BE...STORED...RATIONED... FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE INFECTED SOCIETY...

The shouts of anger continue.

IN AN ATTEMPT...IN AN ATTEMPT TO CURB THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER...THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER OF OUR OWN SOCIETY...

Suddenly the dead Roger's foot seems to move under the blanket. Peter's eyes pick up the movement immediately. His hands tighten on his weapon.

Scientist: THE DISSECTION...THE DISSECTION OF THE CORPSES CAN BE CARRIED OUT...CARRIED OUT WITH RESPECT FOR THE DIGNITY OF THE HUMAN BODY...

Roger's arms seem to move, in slight twitching motions...

THE HEADS...THE HEADS AND THE ...SKELETONS... WHENEVER POSSIBLE...COULD BE IDENTIFIED AND... AND BURIED IN CONSECRATED GROUNDS...

The commotion in the studio reaches a fever pitch.

From the movement beneath, the blanket starts to creep down off Roger's face. Peter stares with fascination and disbelief. The blanket clears the blankly staring eyes...the drooling mouth...Roger tries to sit up/ Peter's hands click a shell into his super-gun.

Suddenly, the corpse sits up. It stares at Peter, blankly at first, then with purpose...it starts to move towards the Trooper who calmly raises his weapon...

611 On the TV, the commotion still rages. Stephen and Fran stare at the tube, hardly believing what they see. The scientist is shouting above the din. He is nervous. He wipes his brow with his sleeve...

Scientist: WE'VE GOT TO REMAIN UNEMOTIONAL...UNEMOTIONAL...  
RATIONAL...LOGICAL...TACTICAL! TACTICAL!

612 Steve: THEY'RE CRAZY...THEY'RE CRAZY...

Fran: IT'S REALLY...ALL OVER, ISN'T IT...

BLAM! The loud roar of Peter's gun from the next room. Fran startles and falls into Stephen's arms.

613 Roger's corpse is dumped on top of the stack of bodies in the Bank vault. His eyes stare with a puzzled expression. The arms and legs of the other bodies make the room look like a Renaissance Painting of hell itself. There is the familiar gunshot wound in Roger's forehead.

The heavy door of the vault closes with a metallic slam which echoes through out the mall.

614 A small puppy lifts its leg and urinates on a table.

Fran: ADAM! NO NO!

The woman's hands reach into frame and grab the little animal. She carries it through the room and drops it on some papers laid out in an unused part of the storage area.

Fran's stomach is big now, her pregnancy evident. She wipes her brow like an exhausted housewife, and shuffles back into the living area. She fumbles with the sheets on the double mattress which she and Steve obviously share. There is an end table near the bed, with a reading light. Books lie strewn around, along with magazines and half drunk cups of coffee.

615 In the sitting room, we see a scene which could be comfortable suburban. The furniture is neatly arranged. There is a small portable stove which operates on bottled gas, a refrigerator, and cabinets with dishes and silverware.

616 There is a modern calendar on the wall, which has three months crossed off. There are a variety of radio and TV units and a stereo record player. There are even decorations: paintings hung, knick knacks on the tables. The room almost looks like a wealthy man's den, with all the gadget-oriented affluence.

617 In the Department Store, Stephen wanders about. He fiddles with a new supersonic calculator and he looks at adult games.

618 On the roof, in the bright sun of early morning, Peter plays tennis against one of the shed walls. He's dressed in a new sweat suit with brightly coloured Addidas sneakers. He has a sleek new racquet, slamming phosphorescent balls with all his might. His face is set in what is almost anger. He attacks each shot with determination and emotion.

619 One of his shots misses the shed. The ball bounces and banks off the lip of the roof, then it tumbles over the edge.

620 In the parking lot below, the ball hits the pavement. It bounces several times, rolling off among the feet of the army of Zombies wandering this way and that through the area.

621 The creatures mob around the trucks at the main entrances. They moan and gurgle, clawing at the building. There seem to be hundreds of them, all different ages, sexes, shapes. Some clothed, some naked, some wounded, some almost untouched.

622 Now Fran, the pregnant housewife, is cooking supper.

623 The men play cards with hundred dollar bills in the living space.

624 The three sit around the dinner table, just finishing their supper. The TV set is on, but only grey snow fills the screen and the speaker hisses as it receives no signal.

Fran:           THERE HASN'T BEEN A BROADCAST FOR THREE DAYS.  
                  WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP?

Steve:           THEY MIGHT COME BACK ON.

Fran angrily throws down her silverware and stomps over to the TV. She clicks it off. The woman returns to the table.

Steve stands up and moves to the set. He clicks it back on. Peter watches the two sheepishly. It is a domestic scene. The group has become a family, with all the disadvantages of comfortable living, including the inability to communicate.

Fran:           WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO OURSELVES?

625 The thunderous roar of the helicopter engine. The machine is hovering over the roof of the mall.

626 Fran is at the controls. Steve sits in the passenger seat.

Steve:           OK, NOW EASY...EASY...BRING 'ER DOWN...

627 The whirlybird starts down for the roof. It is somewhat unstable, but it eases down regularly.

628 In the cockpit, a flustered Fran manages to handle the controls.

Steve: EASY...STABILISE IT...THAT'S IT...

The woman reacts efficiently. She handles the controls better as the chopper's runners are just about on the roof's surface.

Steve: THAT'S IT...THAT'S IT...YOU GOT IT!

629 The runners hit the roof surface and the chopper settles.

630 Fran throws her arms impulsively around Stephen's neck.

Steve: YOU DID IT...YOU DID IT, HON...YOU DID IT...

The woman excitedly hugs and kisses Stephen with childish joy. She is bubbling.

631 Seen from a great distance, the helicopter atop the mall looks very small. Its engine dies and begins to whine.

632 A pair of binoculars is watching the action. The lenses pull away from a pair of beady eyes.

Voice: THEY MUST GET IN THROUGH THE ROOF.

Voice: SON OF A BITCH!

Voice: THERE'S TRUCKS BLOCKIN' ALL THE ENTRANCES.

Voice: NO SWEAT!

Voice: WHAT DO YA THINK? HIT 'EM NOW OR WAIT FOR TONIGHT?

Voice: TONIGHT.

633 We see the short wave radio speaker installed in the living space near the TV. A voice rattles over the unit:

Voice: WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE...SEEN THE WHIRLYBIRD ON THE ROOF.

634 Fran steps to the doorway attracted by the signal. Peter sits at the radio, not knowing whether to send. Steve listens.

Voice: HEY, ER...COULD YA USE SOME COMPANY IN THERE?

Steve is about to say something. Peter stops him.

Voice: WE'RE JUST RIDIN' BY...WE COULD SURE USE SOME SUPPLIES...WHAT'S THE CHANCE US GETTIN' IN THERE TO STOCK UP?

Peter listens intently, trying to read the voice's inflections.

Voice: HOW MANY OF YOU IN THERE, ANYWAY...THERE'S  
THREE OF US. COULDN'T YA USE THREE MORE GUNS?

Peter: RAIDERS.

Fran: WELL, THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, MAYBE WE SHOULD...

Peter: (cutting her off)  
NO CHANCE.

The little puppy scrambles up to Fran's feet, seeking attention. She picks the little dog up in her arms.

Fran: WELL, IF THERE'S ONLY THREE OF THEM...

Peter: WHO SAYS?

There's a long silence. The radio sputters static. Voices are heard, but they aren't speaking into the microphone. They are obviously conferring among themselves. Steve starts to speak, Peter cuts him off.

Peter: SHHHH! QUIET!

He is trying to hear the muffled conversation.

Fran: I THINK WE SHOULD...

Peter: JESUS CHRIST, SHUT UP AND LISTEN!

More static. Slight laughter is heard. Steve looks into Peter's face. The bug trooper just stares at the speaker without moving. Finally, the voice again.

Voice: HEY...YOU IN THE MALL...YOU JUST FUCKED UP  
REAL BAD! WE DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO DON'T SHARE.

Instantly Peter grabs his weapon and straps on his holster.

Peter: COME ON, MAN...GET IT UP.

635 Under the cover of darkness, a pair of hands stores a microphone on a portable radio unit. The radio is in a small van which is cluttered with junk. An arsenal of weapons is strewn about.

636 We see several men, and a few women, huddling inside the van. They look like banditos. One even wears a Mexican sombrero. The men are armed to the teeth, wearing ammunition belts criss-crossed on their chests. They are dirty and sloppily dressed in all sorts of surplus clothing.

637 Outside, in close-up shots, hands turn controls on big motorcycles and feet stomp accelerators. The bikes roar, creating a thunderous sound. Clouds of dust and fumes rise into the air.

638 Peter and Stephen are running across the mall roof. The roar of the cycles can be heard in the distance.

639 Reaching the roof's edge, Peter stares off at the horizon, but sees nothing. The thunder draws nearer. Peter tries binoculars.

640 Through the lenses are vague shapes in the darkness. As the sound swells, we see the riders. Their powerful bikes come charging over a rise...two...then three more...three more...more...

They are accompanied by two small vans. There are at least fifteen bikes. The sound is deafening.

641 Peter: JUST THREE, HUH?

Steve: HOLY SHIT!

Peter: THEY'LL GET IN. THEY'LL MOVE THE TRUCKS.

Steve: THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THOSE CREATURES DOWN THERE.

Peter: COME ON, MAN. THIS IS A PROFESSIONAL ARMY. LOOKS LIKE THEY BEEN SURVIVIN' ON THE ROAD ALL THROUGH THIS THING...DAMN! HOW MANY OF THE STORES ARE OPEN?

Steve: I DUNNO...SEVERAL OF 'EM...

Peter: WELL LET'S NOT MAKE IT EASY FOR 'EM...COME ON!

642 The men charge down through the skylight. The roar of the convoy can now be heard in the living space.

Fran is desperate. Steve rushes by her with Peter, who crashes on ahead through the door onto the firestairs.

Fran: WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Steve: THERE'S FIFTEEN OR TWENTY OF 'EM... WE'RE GONNA SHUT OFF THE GATES.

Fran: STEPHEN!

Steve: WE'RE JUST GONNA SHUT THE GATES. THEY'LL NEVER FIND US UP HERE.

The man disappears through the stairway door. Fran drops the puppy which goes running after the men floppily.

Fran thinks to chase the dog, but instead moves to the storage area and snatches her weapons. She starts to load her rifle.

643 Outside, the convoy makes a pass at one of the trucks. In the darkness the Zombies clutch at the fast bikes. The raiders fire their guns, dropping several of the creatures.

The mob of creatures is impenetrable at first. The raiders leader signals the convoy to drop back across the parking lot. Some raiders have trouble keeping balance as Zombies claw them.

644 The lead bikes pull up on the other side of the lot.

Raider:           THEY'LL SPREAD OUT COMIN' AFTER US...  
                  THEN WE GO IN WITH THE VAN...

645 The other bikes ride to the leaders. A van pulls in and two bikers scramble aboard through the side doors. One of the women jumps into the driver's seat and revs the engine.

646 The Zombies are starting to move out after the convoy. The mob at the mall entrance is thinning somewhat.

647 In the mall, Peter drops from the grill in the exterior corridor. He charges out and into the Maintenance corridor, where he breaks for the mall proper. He is followed by Stephen.

Peter:           (shouting)  
                  DOWNSTAIRS FIRST...

Steve:           OK...

Peter:           GOT YOUR TALK BOX?

Steve:           YEAH.

Peter:           KEEP IS HANDY.

648 Outside, the Raiders' van revs and roars towards the mall. The bikers stay at the other side of the lot, engines idling. Some of them whoop and holler like American Indians.

649 The van crashes through the advancing Zombies. Several of them are knocked flying. The vehicle pulls up to the truck cab. Three men pile out and scramble into the truck. The Zombies in the area clutch at the raiders, but they fight their way clear. The woman in the van revs the engine again. Zombies claw at her window. She squeals back to the main biker group.

650 The Zombies in the parking lot are approaching the ranks of motorcycles from a good distance. The raiders open fire. They, too, possess sophisticated weapons, the barrage sets up a great noise. Several creatures fall. The little van pulls up behind the bikes. The men still whoop and shout.

651 On the floor on the mall, Peter and Steve dash about slamming roll gates down on the open stores. They run desperately through the empty concourses. They hear the din from outside.

652 At the trailer cab, a raider fires point blank at the Zombies that claw at the passenger window. Another man checks cables.

Raider: SHIT...IT'S STILL TAPED UP...IT'S ALL READY  
FOR US...

The man sits at the wheel, revving the engine. Ghouls at windows.

- 653 Inside, the men hear the truck starting. Steve slams down the Pharmacy gate. Peter is already running to the Department Store. The big Trooper crashes up the escalator to the second floor aisles. Steve breaks for the open Hardware Store.
- 654 The huge trailer rolls away from the mall entrance. A shout of victory goes up from the raiders. The Zombies at the door do not yet enter the mall, their focus on the raiders now. From other entrances Zombies start converging on the parking lot.
- 655 Across the lot, the bikers rev their engines ready to make a run on the building. The raiders in the truck hop from the cab. They run to the doors, shooting Zombies as they move. Some creatures fall, others claw at the runners. One raider is brought down by the ghouls. His friends pay no attention.
- 656 One gunman slams into the mall doors to find they are locked. He levels his machine gun on the locks and rips open the mechanism. The men push through the doors. The little alarm units are knocked flying sending out a high pitched signal.
- 657 Peter is just slamming down the gates on the balcony when he hears the alarms go off.
- 658 One of the raiders hears the gates rumbling. He looks up and sees Peter running by the railing upstairs. He fires with his machine gun.
- 659 Peter dives, sliding across the balcony. The bullets miss him and he crawls around the balcony just out of sight from below.
- 660 Steve has just slammed down the Hardware Store gate, and makes a dash for the Department Store.
- 661 The raiders spot him as well, and open fire.
- 662 Steve runs zip-zag and dives into the big store, where he ducks into the shadows leaving the gate open.
- 663 Peter, at the balcony railing, levels his super-gun on the bikers.
- 664 One accurate shot fires and a raider falls with a giant wound in his chest.
- 665 The last raider at the doors ducks out of Peter's sight.
- 666 Steve now charges the roll gate and slams it shut on the store.
- 667 The bikers toward the building. Zombies scatter on the lot.

668 Just as the bikers are reaching the building, the raider inside rushes the doors. He holds them open as the big fleet of rumbling cycles comes screaming into the building.

669 Steve is in awe, watching from the Department Store grid.

670 The cycles pull down the concourse and Zombies lumber in after them. The raider at the door is grabbed by a Zombie. Then another. He manages to fight away.

671 Peter, shooting above, downs the raider and one of the ghouls.

672 The main band of bikers hear the gunfire and pull down a side concourse to regroup. They make their turn close to the Department Store and Steve backs into the shadows.

673 Peter moves down the balcony as Zombies are clamouring back to the big concourses. Peter's eyes are wide at the invasion.

674 Upstairs, Fran hears the noises. She is at the top of the firestair, weapons ready. On the landing below, the puppy scamper and barks. Fran calls the dog, but it doesn't listen.

675 The bikes arc around and several pull up to the Dept. Store.

Raider: ALRIGHT...COUPLE OF YOU HOLD OFF THEM ZOMBIES... CHARLIE?...HIT THE GATES...WE GOTTA GET THAT SNIPER.

The leader rolls out. Others follow. Peter fires and drops a raider, his bikes flying into the approaching Zombies.

676 The action is too fast and furious. Neither Peter or Steve can see the whole layout of the concourse.

677 The lead bikers pull out of range behind a set of columns. A couple of bikers dismount and start up the stationary stairs.

678 Steve talks into his walkie talkie:

Steve: THEY'RE COMIN' UP, PETER...THEY'RE COMIN' UP THE STAIRS.

679 Peter moves to another spot on the balcony.

680 Suddenly the raiders at the Dept. Store door turn a machine gun on the roll gate locks. One flies open...another...

681 Steve runs into the store, about to charge up the escalator when he realises he'll be in the line of fire. He runs to the elevator, hits a button, and starts for the second floor.

682 Peter fires and drops one of the charging men on the balcony. The other takes cover. Just as Peter is changing position, the lights in the building blink out...the escalators stop... the power has gone off.

683 Upstairs, Fran is alone in total darkness. Below, she hears the puppy still barking. She starts carefully down the steps.

684 In the stuck elevator, Steve gropes and fumbles for his talk box.

Steve: PETER...PETER...

685 The big trooper charges through the darkness to the Maintenance corridor, ignoring the buzzing on his talk unit.

686 The raiders on the balcony approach quickly, ducking against the walls occasionally for cover.

687 The other bikers spill into the Dept. Store, raiding the counters and rapping the displays. They throw things into sacks while others move to different stores and shoot off roll gate locks. They raid the arsenal in the Sporting Goods store.

688 The main pack of bandits are holding off the Zombies. The creatures charge with new vigour. Some raiders fall and the ghouls pounce on them, ripping flesh with teeth and hands.

689 The van pulls up outside the doors and two bikers ride out to it, loading supplies into it. The Zombies are everywhere, but the actions of the professional looters befuddle them.

690 Several creatures move onto the balcony. One Zombie pounces the raider Peter shot and tears at his body.

691 As remaining raiders appear at the mouth of the corridor, Peter opens fire, killing the lead raider with a clean shot in the heart. The man flies back over the railing, falling to the concourse below where Zombies attack it. The other raider falls back against the wall.

692 Peter dashes into the Maintenance Room and rushes to throw the emergency power switch.

693 The portable emergency light units blink on all over the mall.

694 Steve, who has crawled through the escape hatch of the elevator, suddenly feels the car move. He grabs onto the cables but his hands slip from grease and his rifle falls down and wedges between the wall of the shaft and the moving car.

Suddenly, the car stops again, and Steve sees through the escape hatch as light spills in as the main elevator doors open. He thinks to jump down, but hears raiders below.

695 Two of the big, greasy bandits charge into the car. They whoop and shout as they see the open escape hatch.

696 Steve settles back out of sight against the wall.

697 Raider: COME ON, MAN...LET'S GO...

The other raider whoops loudly and fires a barrage of bullets into the escape hatch.

698 The shells bang and clatter in the shaft and ricochet off the walls and gears. A shell nicks Stephen's arm, but he is silent.

699 Finally, the barrage stops. The raiders charge back to the store.

700 Other bandits battle with Zombies. The men crash through stores, collecting weapons, ammunition, tools, clothes, food.

701 Bikers shuttle goods out to the side doors of the van. The woman in the front seat is ready with giant pistols. Zombies try to pound their way in, but they cannot succeed.

702 In the mall, another biker drops to the Zombies. They pounce on him and start devouring his screaming body.

703 Several creatures now wander through the Department Store, having entered from the second storey gate. They move through aisles knocking against displays. One grabs a mannequin thinking it human, throws the dummy aside roughly.

704 The raider on the balcony is approached by several Zombies. He runs down the corridor to the Maintenance office. Peter is gone. Breaking into the various empty offices, the raider comes to the fake wall panel and assumes it goes nowhere. Then he hears the faint barking of the dog. He checks the panel again by running his hand along the edge.

Suddenly a sound in the corridor and the raider turns. There are three ghouls coming. He fires and knocks off the ghouls one at a time and runs onto the balcony.

705 Bikes roar this way and that. It is a war zone.

706 The man is about to run downstairs when he hears a noise above. He spins and looks up. He sees Peter just too late.

707 The big Trooper, in an open ceiling grid, aims his super-gun squarely at the raider's head. The gun roars and the man flies.

708 Below, the raiders are starting to regroup. The bikes begin to peel out of the mall entrance one at a time.

709 Another raider is snatched off his machine by the Zombies.

710 The bikers toss a last bit of booty in the van and the woman driver gets ready to pull out. She lowers her window and fires point blank at the heads of the clutching creatures.

711 The last wave of raiders is at the first floor entrance. The Zombies are mobbing around the bikes outside. The men shoot and beat their way to the cycles. One man is brought down, but three manage to mount their cycles. The big bikes roar out.

712 Peter is crawling through the ductwork. Just as he opens a grid, he sees the last bike rolling across the concourse. He levels off with his scope.

713 He shoots one raider out of the saddle. Two others get out.

714 Regrouping in the lot, the band of twenty is now seven or eight.

715 One last cyclist revs his engine and roars through the concourse. He dodges several ghouls and heads for the entrance. He is the leader. The one who was on the radio. He whoops victorious just as he is about to drive through the doors.

716 Peter leans out of the grid work and settles the cross-hairs on the back of the riders head. He waits as the biker roars out onto the lot. The rider lets out one last victorious shout in the fresh air. Peter's scope is locked on the riders back and the super-gun roars. The biker is blown off his machine.

717 The bike flies into a pack of Zombies. Some fall back, but others advance on the rider. The man rolls over the cement, stops, not dead yet. He screams wildly as they move onto him.

718 The other bikers move off in the night and the engines fade away.

719 The puppy stops barking. Fran is tense in the darkness clutching her rifle. She stands on the now silent landing.

720 In the parking lot and main concourse the Zombies move freely. They fight over the remains of the corpses. They eat ravenously, the sounds of their feast the only thing in the area.

721 Peter peers down at the slaughter below from the ductwork. Suddenly he hears the beeper of his talk unit, hits the button.

Steve: PETER!

Peter: WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

Steve: IN THE ELEVATOR!

Peter: LISTEN, THOSE THINGS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE. CLIMB UP TOP...I'LL GET YOU OUT THE GRID ON THE SHAFT...I'M COMIN.

Peter starts to crawl through the ducts.

722 Steve hits the second floor button and the car moves. He clamours up on the hand rail on the car. His hands reach up and grab the escape hatch pulling his head and shoulders out the opening. He kicks with his legs to force himself up when the car stops. He sees the grid in the shaft wall.

723 Suddenly, the car doors open on the second storey and abruptly several Zombies dart into the car. They claw at Steve's legs and pull him out of the hatch. He screams, thrashes violently.

724 In the duct, Peter hears the screams. He stops and listens for a moment. He backs away heading for the Maintenance corridor.

725 In the elevator, Steve thrashes with all his might. The ghouls try to pull him out of the car while the elevator doors open and close repeatedly against the creatures which block it.

A Zombie bites Steve's arm, another bites his neck. The man scrambles to unholster his gun. Although he is bleeding profusely, he finally pulls his gun and fires...once...twice...

726 Peter is dropping out of the washroom duct. He hears the pistol shots and realises Steve is not dead. He thinks about climbing back in the grid, but stops. He punches at the wall violently. He is angry and confused.

727 Again the pistol roars and rips through a Zombie head, flying out of the elevator. The doors still slam against the last creature and Steve fires. The Zombie flies back and the doors finally close.

728 Outside, Zombies fall against the elevator doors.

729 Inside, Steve falls to the floor. His neck runs red. His eyes are wide with terror. He sits stupidly staring at the pistol in his hand. He finds it hard to breathe.

730 Peter appears at the bottom of the firestair. The puppy runs to meet him, tails wagging and yapping. He hangs his head as Fran looks down.

Fran: NO.....NO!

She runs down the steps. The big Trooper catches her bodily as she is about to charge out into the hall.

Peter: I HEARD HIS GUN...MAYBE HE'S ALRIGHT...WE'LL WAIT...WE'LL JUST WAIT A WHILE...

731 The mall stands silent in the blue haze of impending dawn.

732 Zombies move through the building freely, walking the halls, lumbering through the stores.

733 Several creatures still pound and scratch the elevator doors. As they push each other, one creature inadvertently makes contact with the elevator call button.

The doors glide open. Steve is standing, his blood dry now. His eyes are blank as he steps forward. The creatures step away seeing that he is no longer prey...he is among them now.

The doors slam against Steve and open again. Steve lumbers into the store down the aisle. Other creatures drift away.

734 Upstairs, Fran is packing her sack slowly and ponderously. Her face is red from crying.

735 Peter stands at the stair top looking down at the landing.

736 Fran sets the sack down at the escape ladder leading to the roof. She deliberately goes to fill another sack.

737 On the mall balcony, Stephen's corpse walks to the Maintenance corridor. He looks past other wandering Zombies and sees the fake partition. Something in him remembers. He moves forward.

738 Fran: IT'S ALMOST LIGHT...LET'S GO.

Peter looks at her silently from the stairway door.

Fran: HE DOESN'T ANSWER THE RADIO...IT'S BEEN HOURS...

She starts to cry again.

Fran: FOR GOD SAKE. YOU BETTER COME ON BECAUSE IF I GET TO THINKIN' ABOUT THIS, I'LL JUST GO ON DOWN THERE AND LET THEM...LET THEM...

The puppy suddenly growls. It charges between Peter's feet and runs floppily down the steps.

739 In the hallway, Steve pounds at the fake wall. Other creatures notice and they all move toward the partition.

740 Upstairs, the pounding can be heard. Peter stands stoically, looking down into the darkness. The dog barks below.

Fran: WHAT IS IT?

Peter: IT'S STEPHEN...THEY'RE COMIN' UP!

741 With a great crunching noise the partition gives way from the army of creatures.

742 Peter slams the door. He speaks quietly.

Peter: GO ON...YOU GET OUT OF HERE.

Fran: PETER...

Peter: I SAID...GET OUT OF HERE.

From the firestair, we hear the sudden yelping of the puppy as it falls victim to the creatures. The sound echoes through the barren spaces of the storage area.

Fran: OH, JESUS, PETER...PLEASE...

Peter: I DON'T WANT TO GO...I REALLY DON'T... YOU KNOW THAT? I REALLY DON'T.

743 Suddenly, the door flies open and the creatures lumber into the living space. Peter stares at them. He smiles slightly. The creatures advance, led by Stephen.

744 Fran starts to scream.

Fran:           STEPHEN...STEPHEN...

She makes a slight move for her lover, but Peter raises his super-gun and shoots the Zombie through the head.

As Stephen falls, Fran comes up short. The act startles her into awareness. Peter faces her as the creatures come up behind him.

Peter:           MOVE, WOMAN!

745 Fran grabs the sacks and climbs the ladder to the roof.

746 The creatures advance on Peter. He backs away, trying to lead them from the skylight. They crash through the living space, upsetting the carefully planned room.

747 On the roof, Fran desperately starts the helicopter engine.

748 Peter backs into the storage room, slamming the door. The creatures approach the door and the super-gun roars one last time. The Zombies push through the door and move in for their feast.

749 Several zombies manage to scramble up the skylight to the roof.

Fran stares, transfixed. The blades roar up to full speed.

The creatures advance toward the machine.

Fran steps out onto the running board; the creatures very close now. She crouches, watching for a moment, then looks up at the spinning blades.

She stands straight up, driving her head into the spinning blades.

A headless form falls to the roof. The Zombies advance.

750 In a wide shot, silhouetted against the dawn sky, we see the creatures huddled under the chopper blades, feasting on their last victim.

The credits crawl up.

Just as the credits end...

the engine of the helicopter sputters...

and dies.