

Wasted On The Young

by
Craig Morrow

craig_morrow@outlook.com

FADE IN:

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - NIGHT

Two columns of monitors display the days flights. One column lays out the arrivals. "Rome.Fiumicino to London.Heathrow - Cancelled", "Tokyo.Narita to London.Heathrow - Cancelled", "Denmark.Aarhus to London.Heathrow - Cancelled" ; all of the incoming flights on the monitor have been cancelled.

The other column represents departures. "London.Heathrow to New York.Newark - Cancelled", "London.Heathrow to Domodedovo.Moscow - Cancelled" ; all of the departures have been cancelled except the second departure from the bottom.

"London.Heathrow to Chicago.O'Hare - Boarding"

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

A mailbag sits sideways on top of an aisle seat. Letters and packages are spilled all over the floor. All the letters are addressed to the United States. Ten more bags sit amongst the other rows.

The CAPTAIN's (24, sickly) voice comes through the announcement system.

CAPTAIN (FILTERED)

We'll be leaving any time now. Just give me a few minutes.

A red haired boy shifts in his seat at the discomfoting words of the pilot. He cranks up the volume on his MP# player and lays back in his seat.

Across the plane, MARSHALL (20) looks at the red haired kid who tries to ignore the situation. Marshall turns and looks out the window to the runway that is motionless.

CAPTAIN (FILTERED)

I think we're almost ready. This plane is fueled up and I have someone in the terminal. I've talked to Chicago so they've prepared for us.

The sound of switches being quickly flicked is heard over the mic.

CAPTAIN (FILTERED)
I've never really done this before
but I guess we don't have a lot of
choice if we all want to get home.

The Captain coughs hard into the microphone and it switches off for a moment. The boys look at each other and nod, in hopes of calming one another down.

CAPTAIN (FILTERED)
I hope you guys find what you're
looking for. Wish us luck, you're
on the last plane in the sky.

The plane backs out of the terminal.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Marshall is shaken awake as the plane descends. He looks out of his window, down to the city.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Only three cars speed along the freeway while others are on the shoulder, empty.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - TERMINAL 3 - DAY

The sun is setting outside as Marshall drags his luggage towards the exit. He adjusts his backpack as he looks around.

Luggage rotates on carousels. On the floor, other suitcases lay open with their contents strewn about.

A small group of young teenagers sit on the floor of the snack shop, feasting on chocolate and chips. They turn and watch Marshall as he passes.

Any stores that do not have their metal shutters closed have been vandalized and robbed.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY

An automatic door slides open and Marshall walks outside.

Dozens of cars are parked up on the curbs. Some cars are left double parked or simply abandoned on the street. Doors and trunks still filled with luggage, are wide open.

Despite all the cars, the drop off road is silent.

Marshall looks back through the sliding doors as a group of young kids chase each other down the hall and sweep past the red haired boy carrying his luggage.

A car engine revs up in the sea of idle cars.

The trunk of a red hatchback pops open.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Marshall gets into the passenger door with his backpack on his lap. The driver, LANDON (18, longish dirty blonde hair, brown eyes) nods his head at Marshall with a cigarette in his mouth.

MARSHALL

There was another guy on the plane.
Maybe you can give him a ride?

Landon slams his foot down on the accelerator and jets down the road, swerving around barren taxis and cars on his way.

EXT. HATCHBACK - DAY

The hatchback passes a sign that reads "Downtown".

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Landon jerks the wheel left while still going at top speed.

LANDON

I wouldn't have blamed you if you didn't come back from school, Marshall. This place is a fucking mess.

MARSHALL

There's nothing left for me there.
It's good to see you too, Landon.

I/E. HATCHBACK - DAY

The car flies onto the streets of downtown.

Landon slows the car down just in front of a three car pile up. He turns the wheel and begins moving slowly around it. Glass crunches under the tires as they move slowly over the shards.

Marshall tilts his head to see farther down the street as Landon clears the pile up. It comes into view.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The street is filled with cars and bodies.

A group of teenagers pass on the sidewalk with grocery bags in hand, followed by toddlers and two teenage girls pushing baby carriages.

Bodies hang out of windows, on sidewalks and in doorways. Human frames lay splattered on the road, the reason for so many shattered panes of glass that mark the faces of buildings.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Marshall's window creeps slowly beside another car where, inside, he sees the body of a man, his skin deteriorated, ravaged with open sores while his hands still grip the steering wheel.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A sign up ahead reads "Highway 104". The car speeds up the road and around the corner.

I/E. HATCHBACK - DAY

Marshall holds onto his seatbelt.

MARSHALL

Slow down.

Landon laughs and turns to Marshall.

LANDON

I love you bro, but how the fuck do you figure we'll get a ticket.

Landon looks forward only in time to see a twelve year old boy slam against the grill of his car. The boy's bones crunch against the metal and a small stream of blood smears across the bottom of the windshield.

Landon slams on the breaks and the car screeches to a halt, sending the child rolling across the street.

Landon's face turns white as his hands slip off of the wheel. Marshall grabs his chest. Eventually, Marshall opens the door and moves to get out, but Landon grabs his shirt and pulls him down, back to his seat.

LANDON

He's dead, you can't help him.

MARSHALL

Let go of me.

LANDON

No, I'll take a look. You just don't move.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Landon gets out of the car and stands behind the driver's door. a crowd of youths gather on the street and around the victim.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Landon gets back into the car.

LANDON

Like I said, he's dead.

MARSHALL

At least we can move him out of the street. Landon, what would Mom say?

Out of nowhere a barrage of fists begin to pound on the hatchbacks windows. Women and men scream, demanding that Marshall and Landon get out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A small group gathers around the car and beats it with their bare hands.

CURTIS (21, blonde, bright green eyes), dressed in a faded red "Chicago Bulls" baseball cap and jacket kneels on the road with the broken child pressed against his chest. Blood runs down Curtis' forearms.

CURTIS

Wake up, wake up.

Curtis looks up towards the car, through the crowd, with a tear running down his cheek.

CURTIS
Murderers!

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

A baseball bat barrels through the rear window of the hatchback, smashing it to pieces.

A wrench devastates Marshall's window as he puts his arm up to protect himself.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The hatchback's engine comes to life and it takes off, heading straight towards Curtis and the lifeless child.

The car veers to the left only a few feet away from Curtis as he pulls his red baseball cap down over his face and sobs on the ground.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The hatchback speeds onto the highway.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Landon keeps his eyes on the road and shuffles in the middle compartment for his pack of smokes.

Marshall grabs the pack, takes one out and puts the smoke in his brother's hand. Landon grabs a lighter from the coin holder.

MARSHALL
We should go back. We should see if
that kid's ok.

Landon shakes his head.

LANDON
Fuck that.

MARSHALL
They might need our help.

LANDON
Who's gonna help them, you?

Marshall watches Landon take a drag off his smoke.

MARSHALL

You just killed someone, you don't
just run off.

LANDON

Calm down.

MARSHALL

Mom and Dad will know what to do.

LANDON

Yeah.

Landon take another pull.

MARSHALL

Since when do you smoke.

LANDON

You've been gone, things have
changed.

Marshall snatches the smoke out of Landon's mouth and throws
it out the window.

Landon laughs and bangs his fist against the glove
compartment of the old car. The compartment door drops open
and three packs spill out. Marshall looks inside and sees
that the entire compartment is filled with packs of smokes.

LANDON

There's no one here to help and
there's no one keeping score. Just
calm down.

St. Michael's Hospital appears in the distance. Marshall sits
up in his chair.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The old hatchback zips by the Hospital exit.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Marshall looks at his brother.

MARSHALL

Wait, turn around you missed the
exit.

LANDON

What did I tell you.

MARSHALL

I want to see Mom and Dad at the hospital, they might not have much time left.

LANDON

Are you serious? Look around you.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

As the Hospital gets closer a small fire can be seen on the roof along with a parking lot overfilled with cars and stretchers.

INT. HATCHBACK - DAY

Landon takes his eyes off the road for a second.

LANDON

They're gone.

Marshall shakes his head.

LANDON (CONT'D)

They talked to you, what, a week before the phones went down? I guess it was a week after that. I'm surprised they made it that long.

MARSHALL

Shut up. There was no way to get here faster.

LANDON

Don't worry, they knew that.

MARSHALL

When was the funeral?

LANDON

When do you think it was?

MARSHALL

I want to see them.

LANDON

We're the only family left.

The car continues on. Both brothers staring straight ahead in silence until Landon looks back at Marshall.

LANDON
Did you really think they'd be
alive?

EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Further down the highway suburbia stretches for miles. And the hatchback gets off at a ramp beside a small hotel.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

The suburbs are empty.

MARSHALL
Where is everyone?

LANDON
Probably inside.

MARSHALL
Is the house OK?

LANDON
It's fine. The twins moved in a few
months ago.

MARSHALL
Rose and Claire?

LANDON
Right. They help take care of the
rest?

MARSHALL
The rest?

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Landon and Marshall stand on the steps of his house. The house is the largest on the block.

LANDON
I know it looks like shit but this
is as good as it gets.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Landon opens the door and Marshall steps in.

The house is a mess. Boxes of canned food lay on the floor stacked on top of each other four and five high.

In the living room teenagers chase toddlers around and tend to the older children. Toys lie around the room in piles.

Two hibachis heat pots of soup and pasta. Two teens work furiously in the kitchen to get the hot meals to the kids sitting around the crowded table.

One of the teens finishes putting bowls down on the table. ROSE (20, long brown hair, amazing brown eyes) wipes her hands on her pants and squints towards Marshall.

ROSE

Oh my God, Oh my God.

Rose runs at Marshall and hugs him tightly.

ROSE

I'm so happy you're here.

MARSHALL

You look great, Rose.

Landon smiles and calls up the stairs.

LANDON

Claire, get down here I've got a surprise for you.

CLAIRE (20, Short, dyed blonde hair) comes to the top of the stairs.

CLAIRE

What the hell is it, Landon?

Claire looks down at Marshall who waves up at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rose dims the light and takes a seat beside Marshall at the kitchen table. Claire and Landon sit on the other side with Landon's hand resting on her lap.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is quiet. In the living room some teens and young adults have fallen asleep on free pieces of furniture while a group of five sits in a circle smoking and laughing quietly with each other.

A child comes down the stairs in his pyjamas but is quickly rushed away by one of the teens as soon as he pokes his head around the corner.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Claire stands up from the table.

CLAIRE

We finally got something to celebrate.

Claire moves to the cupboards under the sink that are tied shut with a piece of string. She unravels it and opens the door to a cabinet overfilled with liquor bottles and cleaning supplies. She pulls out a big bottle.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The bottle is half empty as the four sit with glasses in front of them. Landon stands up and walks out of the room.

LANDON

I'm gonna take a piss.

CLAIRE

Whatever, Prince Charming.

Landon rushes back, grabs Claire's face and gives her a forceful kiss. Claire laughs and pushes him off of her.

CLAIRE

Get offa me you slimeball.

Marshall looks to Rose for an answer and she nods her head.

Claire smacks Landon's ass as he walks to the washroom.

The girls turn to Marshall.

ROSE

It's so great that you made it.

CLAIRE

Landon's been a real prick lately. I don't know what to say to him sometimes.

ROSE

His birthday is coming up in two weeks. We were hopnig to do somehtign special for him.

MARSHALL

I could always ask him what he wants to do and -

CLAIRE

Nah, he's not gonna wanna do anything. We need to surprise him.

MARSHALL

I'm sure I could think up somehting he'd like.

Landon walks in the room.

LANDON

I'm not deaf. I don't want a birthday party. I'm an old man.

MARSHALL

You're gonna be twenty.

LANDON

Yeah, I've got four more years. Five if I'm lucky.

MARSHALL

Five years is a long time.

LANDON

What's going to happen in five years?

MARSHALL

A cure. They said they were close to one in Germany.

LANDON

They said a lot of things.

MARSHALL

There is a fleet of pilots designated for emergencies just like this. If there is a cure. They'll find it.

LANDON

You know damn well that won't happen.

MARSHALL

I think it could.

LANDON

We don't even have fuckin' heat.
You really think somebody out there
is putting something like that
together?

Marshall takes a drink. Claire puts her arm around her boyfriend.

CLAIRE

At least we got a thing to
celebrate.

LANDON

Nothing like toasting to the end.

Suddenly, someone bangs hard and fast on the front door.

Landon quietly makes his way to the front closet and grabs a spiked bat from the back. The door bangs again.

LANDON

Who is it?

A voice from behind the door whispers.

ROLAND

It's me, Roland.

Landon drops the bat down and opens the door. ROLAND (23, baseball cap, overweight) stands on the other side of the door.

LANDON

If you know enough to whisper, why
would you bang on the door like
that?

ROLAND

(apologetic)
Hey man, watch your mouth.

Roland nods his head towards four young kids standing behind him. One of the kids holds a toddler in his arms. Landon sighs.

LANDON

What did I tell you?

ROLAND

They followed me home.

Landon moves aside and gestures to the kids to get in.

Landon whispers to Roland as he passes.

LANDON
Enough of this shit. This isn't a
shelter, it's my God damn house.

The kids and Roland pass into the house. Marshall stands in the kitchen doorway and smiles at them as they pass.

MARSHALL
Landon, where do I sleep?

Landon shuts the door and begins to walk up the stairs before he answers his brother.

LANDON
Anywhere you can find, Marshall.

INT. LANDON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Toddlers and babies scream as Claire, Rose and four other teens, all squeezed into the kitchen, hand out bowls of food to a line of kids while trying to tend to the infants.

ROSE
Marshall, can you make sure they
don't make a mess please?

MARSHALL
Yeah, I can try, I guess.

CLAIRE
Thanks, you're a doll.

Rose smiles weakly at Marshall.

ROSE
Thanks. It must be a little
overwhelming.

Landon strolls into the kitchen.

LANDON
I'm outta here. I'm taking Marshall
with me.

CLAIRE
No, you can't.

LANDON
I need him.

CLAIRE
We need him.

Landon makes his way through the mess and kisses Claire on the cheek.

LANDON
We'll be quick.

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

Landon and Marshall stand in front of the garage as Landon presses a button on his key chain.

LANDON
Get a load of this.

The garage door creeps open and behind it sits a giant SUV.

LANDON
Nice, huh?

MARSHALL
Where did you get that?

LANDON
The street.

MARSHALL
It's huge.

LANDON
We need it to carry all the groceries. We can't use that little hatchback, right?

MARSHALL
Yeah, I guess you're right.

LANDON
Now, let's go shopping.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

In front of the Supermarket, Landon, Marshall and Roland get out of the SUV and make their way into the store through one of the large, broken panes of glass.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

The store has been abandoned for some time.

MARSHALL

It doesn't look that bad in here.

ROLAND

Well, jeez, so many supermarkets out here. Thank Jesus that most of the critters don't get it.

LANDON

Right, I'm sure Jesus comes by every night to shoo them away.

Roland shakes his head.

ROLAND

Well, something lets us live every day.

Landon stops and looks around.

LANDON

Wow, what a joy.

MARSHALL

Landon, take it easy.

Landon walks on ahead while Roland walks close to Marshall.

ROLAND

Marshall, do you pray?

MARSHALL

Not really, sometimes I guess.

ROLAND

Your brother never prays, I think it would be good for him.

MARSHALL

We'll see.

Landon wears a huge backpack.

MARSHALL

What's in your bag?

LANDON

These. Fill 'em up.

Landon opens the bag and throws garbage bags at Landon and Roland.

The boys split up and walk down the aisles grabbing food and throwing it into their bags.

Some of the shelves are empty.

Landon takes a box off of the shelf as a boy runs across the aisle, quickly followed by two others. Landon turns and runs after them.

LANDON

Hey! Hey!

Marshall and Roland hear the screams and go running to the back aisle where the three young boys huddle in a corner.

One of the boys, TOMMY (13, brown hair), speaks up as they approach.

TOMMY

This is our food. You guys better back off.

Landon walks towards them with his bag in his hand.

LANDON

Chill, we're not taking anything from you.

Landon looks up at Roland and Marshall as they stop beside him.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

But we need this too. We got a lot of people back home who have to eat. You guys got anyone looking after you?

Another boy, REGIS (13, black hair) shakes his head.

REGIS

Nobody, we sleep at my house because it's the best.

MARSHALL

Well, how would you guys like to come to our place? Make some new friends?

LANDON

No, Marshall, we don't have the room or the supplies. They're getting on fine.

REGIS

That sounds cool.

Landon glares at Marshall.

MARSHALL

We'll drive you to your house to
pick up your things.

Landon drops some garbage bags in front of them all and walks
away.

LANDON

Make yourselves useful, we're not
getting any younger.

Tommy raises his eyebrow.

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

Roland takes the three boys inside.

ROLAND

Kids, did your parents ever share
the word of the Bible with you?

Marshall helps Landon unload the SUV. Landon waits until the
kids are inside.

LANDON

Don't you ever pull that shit on me
again.

MARSHALL

What?

LANDON

We're not nobody's parents. Those
kids were doin' just fine.

MARSHALL

I thought we were taking kids in, I
mean last night you -

LANDON

Yeah, last night - I, not you.

MARSHALL

Sorry, I just didn't think you
would mind

Marshall looks up to the sky.

MARSHALL

You think it's gonna come?

Landon grabs some more shoppnig bags.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
The cure? The planes?

LANDON
Don't break your neck.

Marshall and Landon haul the bags towards the front door.

MARSHALL
Maybe we should think about moving
into a bigger place.

LANDON
If you think you got better ideas
then be my guest. But we've been
surviving, what more can you ask
for.

MARSHALL
I think I do have some ideas
actually.

EXT. LANDON'S HOUSE - DAY

The entire group stands out on the front lawn. Toddlers,
children and teens alike stand in front of the two brothers.

Claire stands with her arms crossed at the front of the
group.

CLAIRE
Everything?

MARSHALL
We have to look out for each other.
We're running out of space and we
take in new people all the time.
Don't you want your brothers and
sisters to grow up more like you
did?

The crowd mumbles amongst each other and then look at Landon
with questioning eyes as he steps forward.

LANDON
That's what I thought. We don't
have to go anywhere. We've made
ourselves a home here.

ROSE
This is the kind of thing we need.

Marshall and Rose's eyes meet and he smiles.

MARSHALL

Why don't we vote. Everyone who
wants to move on, raise your hand.

Rose is the first to shoot her hand up. Then another and
another. Soon almost all of the older kids have their hand
up.

LANDON

Fine, what does it matter. Where
are we moving too?

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Headlights float off of the highway and into the hotel
parking lot. The all stop right in front of the main entrance
and everyone piles out.

LANDON

This place is a fucking dump.

MARSHALL

It's close to the highway and we
can sleep as many as we need.

LANDON

Let's make our beds then.

Landon walks up and opens the double doors.

LANDON

Looks like someone has already
taken up residence.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The rest of the teens step in behind Landon and look into the
lobby.

CLAIRE

Get out guys, come on.

MARSHALL

Yeah, stay outside.

Landon starts laughing.

LANDON

We have some cleaning up to do then
huh, Marshall?

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

We'll have to get some masks.

Marshall turns his back to the lobby and rubs Roses back and she gags and holds her hands over her nose and mouth.

Behind them, corpses sit still in their chairs while other victims have collapsed over what looks to be their wives, dying on the floor. These poor souls and the rest of the over fifty bodies scattered on the floor have all been afflicted in the same way.

Their flesh has been eaten away.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The gang of teens walks back to their cars.

LANDON

That plans fallen to shit.

MARSHALL

The hospitals were full, the churches were full.

ROSE

People came here to get care.

MARSHALL

We're still moving in. We just need to get them out.

CLAIRE

I'm not touching that shit.

LANDON

Give it up Marshall.

Marshall whips around.

MARSHALL

Hey, just have a little faith in what I'm thinking.

All the teens nod their heads and encourage Landon to listen to his brother.

MARSHALL

We'll bury them.

ROSE

That could take weeks.

CLAIRE

And I'm not touching a shovel
either.

MARSHALL

Then we burn them. It's sanitary.

LANDON

We have a house with no dead bodies
waiting at home. I've never had to
clean up a fuckin' stiff and the
kids have never had to play on a
blood soaked carpet. Why are we
leaving again?

Marshall steps up to him.

MARSHALL

Fine. IF that's the way you want
it. Is that the way all of you want
it?

Marshall looks to the oldest members of the group for
approval.

ROSE

I think it will be worth it to us
in the long run, Landon.

ROLAND

We'll do a great job Landon, you'll
see.

The rest of the group agrees and suggests to Landon that he
should be confident.

Landon walks through the crowd to the his car, pushing Roland
out of his way.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Landon and Roland throw a body out of the back door into a
small pile that has accumulated.

INT. HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

A boy flicks the light of the bathroom but it won't come on.
Marshall turns to him.

MARSHALL

The power must be down through most
of the building.

The other teens all wash their hands in the washroom, faintly staining the sinks with dried blood and dirt.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

The small group of teens help move the bodies. Everyone wears disposable respirators and rubber gloves. Some other members of the group mop up, and try to make the place look presentable.

Roland grabs a body by its ankles while Landon grabs the body by its wrists. They heave up and carry it only a few feet before it's arms rip from its sockets and Landon is left holding them.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A body is pushed onto the pile from the back door of the hotel. It rolls slowly back down towards the door but not before it closes and a lock turns inside.

INT. HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marshall and Rose open the doors to the kitchen. The space is huge, filled by long counters, appliances and utensils.

INT. HOTEL - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Landon and Claire climb the stairs to the bedrooms and sneak into one.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The parking lot is a swarm of activity with everyone from the house unpacking furniture and boxes from the vehicles that they used to move. The youngest children smile and look up at the hotel as they carry their toys inside.

Roland and Landon pull up in a pickup truck with a large tarpaulin over the back.

Marshall stands in front of the hotel and yells out to them as they park.

MARSHALL

Did you find any?

Landon gets out of the truck and hops up beside the flatbed.

LANDON
(sarcastic)
Did we find any?

Landon throws the tarp off and onto the ground.

The flatbed of the pickup is filled with large and small generators.

ROLAND
They're incredibly heavy. But I was thinking. Why are we the only people to think of this?

LANDON
I don't think a twelve-years-old has the energy to steal twenty generators, Roland.

MARSHALL
That's a good question though, I haven't seen anyone in over a week now.

LANDON
Maybe that's the answer to what both of you are thinking.

Landon jumps down off the truck.

LANDON (CONT'D)
There is no one left to need them.

ROLAND
God help us.

MARSHALL
The important thing is that we get these hooked up downstairs and get things running.

ROLAND
There is a problem though.

LANDON
They're all gas powered.

MARSHALL
The we need more gas.

Landon laughs.

LANDON

OK, since you're the new Captain,
you can be in charge of that.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

The dining room is large with many tables. A group walks out of the kitchen, plates of food in hand. Everyone in the room smiles and laughs as sunshine beams through the large windows of the hotel's dining room.

INT. HOTEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Marshall hits play on a CD player and the room comes to life with old jazz music. The dance hall is massive and the floor has been polished brilliantly.

There is a knock at the entrance. Marshall tucks his shirt in, jogs to the doors of the dance floor and opens them.

ROSE

Hey.

Marshall leads Rose by the hand to the middle of the floor.

MARSHALL

Wait one second.

Marshall strides to the end of the empty room, skips the CD ahead two songs and runs back.

The song "Brown Eyed Girl" begins to play just as he makes it back to Rose.

ROSE

Brown Eyed Girl?

MARSHALL

Eleventh grade, last song, school
dance.

ROSE

You remembered. We were pretty hot
and heavy back then.

MARSHALL

Hot and heavy? Can we dance?

The two embrace and sway in each others arms to the music. They dance slowly in the middle of the giant floor.

MARSHALL

I just wanted to thank you for sticking up for me when you did. I don't know anyone here and they all listen to Landon so -

Rose giggles and looks up at him.

MARSHALL

That's funny?

ROSE

Marshall, I'm scared all the time.

MARSHALL

I don't get it.

ROSE

You make me not scared.

Rose takes a breath.

ROSE

Do you honestly think things are going to get better?

MARSHALL

I promise.

Another couple shows up at the door and peeks in at Marshall and Rose.

MARSHALL

I hope you don't mind but I invited some friends.

More couples gather in the doorway watching, including Landon and Claire. Landon looks uncomfortable with a cigarette in his mouth and his hair slicked back, but Claire looks beautiful

Marshall twirls Rose around to see the crowd.

Rose waves at everyone and starts laughing.

MARSHALL

Now what's so funny?

ROSE

Nothing ever changes. You're always the boy scout and he's always the bad ass.

Marshall chuckles.

MARSHALL
It's complicated.

The music swells up as a new song begins and everyone hits the dance floor.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

Roland, Marshall and Landon sit amongst the cars in a parking lot. Each of them carries around a gas can and a syphon.

Marshall sits down beside a car and begins to pump the gas out.

Landon walks up to him.

LANDON
Now imagine doing that without the pump.

MARSHALL
Huh?

LANDON
With your mouth.

MARSHALL
That is not a great idea.

LANDON
Well someone had to do it, let me show you.

Landon undoes his tube from the pump and sticks it in the gas tank of the car opposite the one Marshall is working on.

LANDON
You just suck on this side until it gets over the hump. Then hold it up and dump it in.

Marshall tries but sucks too hard and gets a small bit of gas in his mouth.

Marshall spits it out.

LANDON
Here I'll show you.

MARSHALL
No.

LANDON

Come on I'll show you how the pros do it.

MARSHALL

I'll get it, hold on.

LANDON

Why don't you just listen to me for a fuckin' second.

Marshall does it perfectly then continues to pump on his car.

MARSHALL

Doesn't seem that hard.

Landon knocks the pump out of his hand and then kicks the tube out of the other car, spilling gas all over the place.

LANDON

That's the only trick I know, I suppose you're a full fledged Captain now.

MARSHALL

What's your problem, stop acting like a kid.

Landon gives him a half-assed salute.

LANDON

Is that an order? Because it sure seems like everybody's taking them from you now.

MARSHALL

I don't know what you're talking about.

LANDON

Don't treat me like your little fucking brother.

MARSHALL

You are my little fucking brother.

Roland gets in between them.

ROLAND

Stop this. Guys, this is getting way out of hand.

LANDON

Before you got here I was way more than that. Now you stroll in and you wanna be Dad. You want things done your way.

Marshall gets up off his knees.

MARSHALL

I want to live like there's something to live for.

LANDON (V.O.)

You don't even trust me to do something that I'm already doing.

MARSHALL

Yeah, this is much more like what I remember. You acting like a tough guy and spouting off while people do all the work.

Landon pushes Roland out of the way.

LANDON

I was taking care of everyone of those mother fuckers in that house and I never asked you for your help.

MARSHALL

Go home, you're hopeless.

LANDON

There's no home to go back to, remember?

Landon backs off and looks around.

LANDON

Hope has a new meaning now. You can't just throw hope around. Because there's no hope here. We're already infected. Everybody's infected. What are you hoping for?

Landon turns and walks away.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

The dining room is full of the group from Landon's house, plus a few new faces.

Claire and Rose sit at a table wearing paper birthday hats. The two brother sit beside the girls as everyone enjoys the food. Landon sneaks Claire a kiss.

Marshall touches Rose's hand and kisses her on the cheek before she begins to blush uncontrollably.

Landon clings his glass with his fork then stands up and speaks to everyone in the room.

LANDON

Since we don't have a cake I think these girls should have to tell us what they're gonna wish for.

Claire and Rose stand up while the room cheers.

ROSE

Thank you, everyone. The last few months have been great and here's to many more to come.

The crowd drinks to that.

CLAIRE

It has been a fucking wild time but I'm proud to say we all survived. I don't have anything to wish for... but I do have an announcement.

Claire puts her hand on her stomach and looks to Landon.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Landon and I are pregnant.

The room explodes into a loud cheer while the women gush.

Marshall smiles and tries to make eye contact with Landon. When he finally does, he extends a hand out for Landon to shake.

Landon sees the gesture just as a thunderous smash echoes through the entire building.

The room falls silent. Kids eat slowly and look towards the door of the dining room. Tommy and Regis run through the doors from the hall and stop, looking at Landon.

REGIS

It wasn't us.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

From the top of the stairs, Marshall can see through a large shattered window in the lobby, to a sizable crowd outside. The boys in the crowd pace back and forth wearing ragged clothing, their eyes are dark and most of them have beards that hide their gaunt, pale faces. The women sit behind them holding children who scream and cry.

Marshall begins to storm down the stairs with every boy over sixteen behind him.

Once they get closer, Landon runs from the back of the pack to the front, beside Marshall and yells through to the crowd.

LANDON

You want a fight? You've got one,
you fuckin' rats!

The boys pacing outside turn furious and begin to pour into the hotel through the window they have just smashed.

LANDON (CONT'D)

You fucking animals, this is our
house get out of here!

The boys in the hotel clench their fists.

Marshall turns on his heels and shouts out to the group behind him.

MARSHALL

Get back! Nobody is gonna fight.

Marshall turns towards the angry mob.

MARSHALL

Stop right there!

The mob slows and stops close to Marshall and the boys. A man, Charles (22, dark long hair) speaks up from the angry mob.

CHARLES

Who's in charge here?

Marshall's friends yell at the mob to fuck off and leave, starting shouting match just feet from one another. Landon shouts above the argument.

LANDON

Leave now or you'll regret it.

The group of boys cheer in agreement. Marshall raises his hands.

MARSHALL

Anyone to start a fight will leave tonight! I have this under control, please, no violence.

Both groups fall silent. Marshall lets his hands down and faces Landon talking to him in a softer voice and pointing a finger in his face.

MARSHALL

And if you want to cause shit, you can leave whenever you want. Don't you ever try to put us in danger.

LANDON

But its -

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

You just stand behind me.

Landon swallows hard and looks away from Marshall, straightens up and looks to the mob.

Charles glares at the two brothers arguing over power.

MARSHALL

What do you want from us?

CHARLES

What do you think we want?

Boys in the mob cry out for shelter and food.

MARSHALL

Is this how you treat your home? Come in with guns blazing? Smashing up the place?

CHARLES

It sure got your attention didn't it?

Marshall steps up to Charles.

MARSHALL

How would you react?

CHARLES

Never mind that, do you have the cure?

MARSHALL

What?

Marshall takes a step back.

CHARLES

Do you have it or not.

Landon's interest is peaked, he listens closely to everything Charles says.

MARSHALL

We don't know anything about it.

CHARLES

It's here, on American soil.

LANDON

Where?

Marshall holds his hand up to hush Landon.

MARSHALL

How do you know?

CHARLES

I've heard, I've heard all over,
it's all lead us here.

MARSHALL

Well, we don't have it and we
haven't heard about it. It's
probably just a rumor.

LANDON

We haven't been out very far, we
haven't even seen anyone in months.

MARSHALL

We'll talk about it.

CHARLES

We need to find it.

MARSHALL

We're a family here, we take care
of each other first. But, of
course, we'd love to see a cure.

The teens behind Marshall mumble their agreement amongst each other.

CHARLES

Who is the leader, you?

MARSHALL
There is no leader.

Charles scoffs at the idea.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
But come on, it's dinner time.
You're all invited.

The two groups slowly make their way into each other welcoming and introducing themselves.

Landon rejects all the introductions and storms off.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

The water beats down on Landon and Claire as they make out passionately in the shower. He holds her hair and kisses her neck.

CLAIRE
That was a great birthday.

Landon looks her straight in the face.

LANDON
Sweetheart, I'm going to find the
cure.

CLAIRE
What are you talking about?

LANDON
I'm leaving tonight, one of the
wanderers from tonight says he
knows it's here. I'll be back soon.

Claire smiles.

CLAIRE
Is this shit for real?

LANDON
It had better be.

Landon kisses her hard, again.

LANDON
I love you.

He rips open the shower curtain.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Landon walks over to one of the couches where Charles is stretching his legs. Charles looks up and sees him coming, he engages him before Landon has time to say a word.

CHARLES

You. Just the man I wanted to see.

LANDON

Then you'll see.

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The engine of Landon's hatchback revs up.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Landon looks straight out into the road as he drives.

CHARLES

If anyone will know about it, they
will in the city.

Landon looks beyond his headlights to the not-so-bright skyline of downtown Chicago.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The roads are generally clear of bodies, although blood still stains the concrete. Wreckage from car accidents still litter the roads but there aren't that many teenagers in sight.

CHARLES

This seems important to you.

LANDON

It is.

CHARLES

Never been to Chicago, it's nice.

Charles looks around at the horrible surroundings and chuckles to himself.

LANDON

It's seen better days. Where are
you from then?

CHARLES

I've been around mostly everywhere.
My dad was a Sergeant. May he rest
in peace.

LANDON

Any brothers? Sisters?

CHARLES

We were in Nevada when this shit
started catching on. My parents
were one of the first to go. I left
my sister back home. Couldn't take
her mouth.

LANDON

Cool.

CHARLES

That's your brother huh? Marshall?
President Marshall?

Landon laughs and nods.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

He's a fucking tool.

Landon turns his head.

LANDON

Shut the fuck up. YOU don't know
shit.

Charles gazes out his window.

LANDON

You don't know him.
(Landon gets a hold of
himself)
What do we do if we find it here?

CHARLES

Best thing my Dad ever told me;
Nobody's gonna give you what you
want, you'd better take it.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Finally, Charles and Landon see a group walking down the
sidewalk on the right and speed up after them.

The teens are pale and their clothes are grungy. A toddler
walks with them as well.

Charles rolls down his window and Landon yells at them as the car rolls along at their pace.

LANDON
Hey! Hey! Listen I gotta ask you
something come here.

The group freezes, their eyes looking at the car and then darting around the street. The oldest male speaks up.

MAN
We don't have anything. We don't
have anything to give you.

LANDON
No, look, I just wanna fuckin talk.
Get over here.

The toddler walks over to the car and puts her hand out to Charles.

A teen snatches her up before Charles notices what's going on. And they grumble to each other under their breath.

CHARLES
What the fuck is wrong with you
people?

Two of the teens take off running down the closest alley, screaming behind them. The rest of the group follows behind them as fast as they can.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Landon and Charles look at each other.

LANDON
What were they yelling?

CHARLES
It sounded like something about a
bull. Some kinda bull?

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The hatchback pulls up in front of Northwestern Memorial Hospital and it's lights turn off before Landon and Charles get out.

The entrance of the hospital is covered in amateur graffiti. Everything is red. Some of the tags looks like uppercase T's and heads with horns.

The two teens walk through the powerless automatic doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The inside of the hospital lobby is relatively clean, all the clutter has been moved off to the side. At the opposite side of the lobby the doorway to the stairs is wedged open.

As Charles and Landon walk closer they can hear echoed screaming and yelling.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The boys rush up another flight of stairs, out of breath and stop when they see three older teens huddled around a fourth, who lays on his back, in pain. His skin looks raw where it hasn't split and his eyes are bloodshot when he sits up and looks down at Marshall and Landon.

Landon looks straight at him.

One of the boys at his side looks down at Landon.

Landon recognizes him instantly as Curtis. Curtis wears the same hat and dirty bulls jacket that he did when he was clutching the dying boy in his hands.

Curtis screams down at them, alerting the other two boys as well.

CURTIS

What the fuck do you want?!

Charles freezes.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

If you're gonna help then don't
just stand there!

Landon is frozen as well.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

What?!

Charles speaks up.

CHARLES

We were just looking for something,
we're leaving.

Landon can't break his stare at Curtis.

CURTIS

Then leave.

Curtis turns back to tend to his friend.

Landon is grabbed by Chalres who gives him a nudge down the stairs.

CHARLES

It isn't here.

Landon and Charles make their way down a flight of stairs before Curtis calls down to them.

CURTIS

Do I know you? I know you, right?

CHARLES

(yelling up)

No, we're outta here.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Landon and Charles pass through the automatic doors.

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Curtis looks down at his friend as he cries out in pain on the floor.

Suddenly, Curtis breathes heavily and his eyes dart to the staircase. He realizes who Landon is.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The hatchback pulls out of it's space in front of the hospital and drives down the street as Curtis comes bolting out of the doors.

INT. HATCHBACK - NIGHT

Landon looks in the rearview mirror and sees Curtis and his friends running in different directions.

Landon's foot begins to get heavier on the gas.

INT. HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Landon makes his way down the hall to his room with Charles trailing behind. Landon points to a room on the left.

LANDON
(whispering)
That's an empty one.

They keep their voices down.

Charles opens the door.

LANDON
Let's not talk about this.

CHARLES
Why?

LANDON
I don't want Marshall to find out.

Charles shakes his head.

CHARLES
We want him to find out, we want
him to get everyone out there,
looking.

LANDON
He won't just do it like that.

CHARLES
Then you do it. You don't need his
permission.

LANDON
I'll talk to him.

Charles curses under his breath.

Landon gets up in his face.

LANDON
What was that?

CHARLES
I was wondering how anyone would
follow a coward like you.

Landon lashes out, punching him in the stomach then upper-cutting him across the side of his face before posting him up against the door. Charles can't help but let out a hacking cough.

LANDON

We'll get that cure, if it's out there.

CHARLES

See, there's still a leader in you.

Charles nods. Landon takes the pressure off him and walks away, into his room.

INT. HOTEL - CHARLES' ROOM - NIGHT

Charles walks straight to the bathroom and puts both hands beside the sink. He loosens his lips and lets a mouthful of dark blood flow through them. He closes his eyes and takes off his jacket, then his shirt.

His flesh is spotty, some spots look fine, others are very raw. His left shoulder has a horrible looking wound splitting down the side. His body is beginning to succumb to the virus.

His hacking cough returns and he spits some more blood into the sink.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Marshall is helping dozens of teens carry boxes of food inside from trucks parked outside the front door.

Landon walks out to help.

LANDON

Marshall , I've got to talk to you.

MARSHALL

Not now, we're busy stocking up.
Later though.

Marshall continues right past him.

MARSHALL

Grab a box though.

INT. HOTEL - CHARLES' ROOM - DAY

Rose sits on the bed next to Charles, stitching his lip very gently.

Marshall walks by the door and comes in when he sees Rose.

MARSHALL
Is everything OK?

ROSE
He's hurt pretty bad. I'm just fixing him up.

Marshall takes a knee beside Charles.

MARSHALL
What happened?

CHARLES
I don't want to talk about it.

MARSHALL
It's ok, you can tell me.

CHARLES
It was Landon, your brother. Last night he just lost it on me.

MARSHALL
He what?

CHARLES
I didn't want to say anything because it was just me and him out drinking. I didn't want to ruin things the first night we all got here.

MARSHALL
He just lost it?

CHARLES
He just seemed...angry.

MARSHALL
I'm really sorry, just know that I won't let him hurt anyone again.

CHARLES
Thanks, just, don't mention it to anyone. I don't want to be that guy.

MARSHALL

I won't.

Marshall whips out of the room just after he kisses Rose on the head.

CHARLES

Your boyfriend?

Rose beams.

ROSE

I guess so.

CHARLES

Must be nice.

ROSE

It is.

CHARLES

Can he protect you though?

Rose furrows her brow.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

How far would he go to protect you?

ROSE

I don't know what you mean.

Rose inches away.

CHARLES

Then I guess it's not that far.

Rose stops stitching.

ROSE

You can finish the rest of it yourself.

Charles simply cuts the end of the thread and leaves the rest of the wound unsealed after she leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Landon quickly grabs Marshall and pulls him off to the side to speak with him.

LANDON

OK, please listen to me. I really think that we should focus on finding out more about the cure. I believe it's out there.

Marshall holds his tongue.

Landon speaks emotionally.

LANDON (CONT'D)

Look, I have a kid on the way, bro, and I know that I said that this place is shit and the whole world is shit and whatever. Whatever I said, I take back. This is a real piece of hope, Marshall. We can save everyone.

Marshall puffs out his chest.

MARSHALL

First of all, I will not be sending people out there to look for something that got dreamt up last night. We will stay here, we have food and shelter and each other.

LANDON

Yeah, but this could be more than a dream -

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Second, you're coming apart. You need to get yourself together.

LANDON

What are you talking -

MARSHALL

I don't have time for your shit, we don't have time for your shit. You have a wife. That's where your time should be spent.

Marshall walks away, already yelling orders to the teens helping to move in supplies.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The trucks, once full of supplies, are parked.

Flakes of snow drift down from the sky onto the ground, covering it in a light dusting.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall and Rose eat at one table while Landon, Claire and Charles eat at another.

INT. HOTEL - BOILER ROOM - DAY

Charles and Landon sit across from each other in the boiler room as the generators chug.

CHARLES

He'll never trust you. What kind of brother is he?

Landon look at his feet.

CHARLES

How much time do you have? Don't you want to see your kid grow up? He hasn't looked for a cure once yet.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

One of the teenagers is on the floor of the lobby covered in blankets. A small group surrounds him as he screams in pain.

Marshall and Rose stand over him.

He looks to Marshall with bloodshot eyes, struggling to breathe. Marshall wipes his eyes and holds Rose tighter.

MARSHALL

There's nothing I can do.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Snow covers the parking lot about a foot high as it comes down heavy.

INT. HOTEL - BOILER ROOM - DAY

The generators keep running as the two teens speak over them.

CHARLES

We're gonna die if you don't do anything. He doesn't care about you.

Landon looks to Charles, whose face is showing signs of the virus.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall and Rose look down to their plates. There is only a small portion of food on them.

Marshall looks up and finds that everyone is looking at him. They all stare at him, not with contempt, but with desperation. Some of the teens look paler than the others.

Rose puts her hand on his shoulder.

ROSE

We can't stay locked up in here forever.

Marshall looks at her and nods.

INT. HOTEL - BOILER ROOM - DAY

Charles reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small pistol.

CHARLES

My Dad kept this in his sock drawer.

Charles hands it, butt first to Landon.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Take it. Protect us.

Landon hesitates but takes the gun and puts it down the back of his pants.

Light floods down into the room, another boy calls down to them to hurry up.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Landon's SUV has been brushed off and it's ready to go.

Marshall and Roland stand beside it, two other teens sit in the back.

Charles and Landon walk up to them.

Marshall looks at Charles.

MARSHALL
Charles, are you OK?

CHARLES
I'm fine.

LANDON
We'll take my car.

MARSHALL
It would be easier if -

Landon, followed by Charles, walks to his old hatchback and starts it up.

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

The SUV pulls up to a strip plaza in the middle of nowhere, the hatchback right beside it. At the end of the plaza is a rather large grocery store that looks to be in good condition.

Everyone gets out of their vehicles.

MARSHALL
Doesn't look like anyone's gotten to this place yet.

CHARLES
The dead don't eat.

Roland, Landon and the other two teens walk towards the door of the store and Landon smashes it to pieces by throwing a nearby brick through.

Charles starts to cough viscously, getting Marshall's attention. The rest of the boys go into the store.

Marshall pats Charles on the back.

MARSHALL
I think you should stay in for the next week.

CHARLES
No.

MARSHALL
How old are you?

Charles moves away and leans up against the SUV.

CHARLES

None of your business.

MARSHALL

I wish there was something I could do.

CHARLES

There's always something you can do. But you'll see soon enough, we'll survive without you.

MARSHALL

What?

A sound is heard in the distance, an engine roaring.

Far off, two sports cars speed towards the grocery store.

Marshall and Charles watch in amazement.

The cars come to a sliding halt in the parking lot before the drivers and passengers get out. First two teen, AARON (20) and GREG (18) get out of one of the cars. The boys wear heavy clothing as well as some army surplus items. One thing they have in common is a red bandana tied tightly around their left arms. Greg also wears tight red leather gloves.

Out of the second car steps Curtis. His hair is very long now and he is unshaven. His bulls coat is replaced by a black jacket but he still wears his faded Bulls baseball cap.

Marshall stares at him for a second, unsure of where he's seen him before.

The three boys move close to Charles and Marshall.

Curtis looks at Charles.

CURTIS

Jesus Christ.

GREG

Where are you two from?

Marshall stares in shock of another person.

MARSHALL

We...we live off of the highway.

The three boys in red look at each other.

AARON
We didn't think anyone was alive
out here.

MARSHALL
We are, we're just starving.

Curtis laughs.

CURTIS
Tell me about it. Food is getting
harder to come by. It took us days
to find this place.

MARSHALL
Are there more of you? More
survivors?

Curtis takes a moment to think.

CURTIS
A few thousand at least, downtown.

CHARLES
You've found it then? You know
about it?

CURTIS
What?

MARSHALL
He's heard there is a remedy to
stop the plague.

The three of them laugh.

CURTIS
Heard about it, but we haven't seen
it.

Landon, Roland and the other two teens walk out carrying
food.

GREG
There's more of them.

AARON
I think you all should leave.

CURTIS
Right.

Curtis gestures for Marshall to get into his SUV.

CURTIS
We need this food. You'll have to
go somewhere else.

CHARLES
You need to fuck off.

Greg raises a shotgun from out of his jacket.

CURTIS
Please, don't make this an
overkill.

Landon and Roland, still not seeing the gun walk up to the
group.

ROLAND
My Lord in Heaven, what's goin on
here?

Roland notices the gun and puts his hands up immediately.

ROLAND
There's no need for this. We're
peaceful.

CURTIS
Shut up.

Roland nods.

Landon speaks with his hands still full of food, trying to
keep his composure.

LANDON
There's more than enough in there,
we were just leavign anyway.

Curtis looks at him and then past Marshall to the red
hatchback beside the SUV.

CURTIS
You.

Landon seems to know exactly what he's talking about when he
replies.

LANDON
Everyone just take it easy, we can
talk this out.

CURTIS
Finally, it's finally fucking you.

Marshall looks to Landon and shrugs his shoulder.

LANDON
It was a long time ago. I
apologize, it was a crazy time.

ROLAND
Landon, you know this man?

LANDON
I think I do.

Roland pleads with Curtis.

ROLAND
I hope you find it in your heart to
forgive Landon of what he's done.
I'm sure it was an accident.

Curtis starts to tear up.

CURTIS
You took him from me. He was the
only family I had.

Landon clues in and looks at Greg who still has his shotgun
raised.

MARSHALL
Listen, take the food. We'll leave
now.

Curtis walks closer to Landon.

LANDON
We need this food. We're leaving
now. But we need what we've got.

CURTIS
You've got to pay first.

Roland puts his hand out and touches Curtis on the shoulder
lightly.

ROLAND
I'm sure this is a misunderstanding
that we can -

The shotgun blast deafens everyone standing around, they all
cover their ears except Landon, who drops the food he's
carrying, whips the gun out from the back of his pants and
grabs Curtis from behind.

With one arm around his neck and the gun to his head Landon watches Greg and Aaron from the other side of Roland's fallen, blasted body.

No one moves. Even the wind stands still while all the boys are on edge.

A low rumble penetrates the silence, as it grows louder.

The boys eyes dart around the landscape, looking for oncoming vehicles but nothing is moving.

The rumble is becoming louder. Marshall looks upwards and, only a small dot in the sky, a plane passes overhead.

MARSHALL

A plane.

Everyone's eyes look to the sky for just a split second.

CHARLES

It's here.

The plane begins to descend in the distance, out of sight. Everyone refocuses on the trouble at hand.

LANDON

You know what to do.

Landon looks at Greg, who puts his shotgun on the ground.

Charles runs over to the weapon and snatches it up.

MARSHALL

Don't do anything crazy Landon.
Let's just leave.

Landon drags Curtis over to the SUV, puts him in the passenger seat, still aiming at him until Charles comes up and gun butts him in the side of the head, knocking him unconscious.

Charles then turns around and fires three rounds into the sports car, deflating the tires and sounding the alarm.

CHARLES

Walk home.

Greg and Aaron slowly turn around and start walking.

Charles keeps his aim glued to the two boys.

LANDON

Everyone get into the SUV.

Everyone follows his directions until Marshall walks up to the vehicle.

MARSHALL

Where'd you get a gun?

Landon stick it in his face.

LANDON

You're not coming home.

MARSHALL

What?

LANDON

You were gonna let them take everything from us.

MARSHALL

They were gonna kill us.

LANDON

No, they are gonna kill us. I'm tired of waiting for you to make up your fucking mind.

MARSHALL

What are you talking about?

LANDON

The cure, the food and now this. All you want to do is hole yourself up in that fuckin hotel.

MARSHALL

That's not true.

LANDON

It is. But now it's time for a change. We need to fix this. All of it.

MARSHALL

Get that out of my face.

LANDON

Get in the fucking car.

Marshall does as he says.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon bursts through the doors, getting everyone's attention.

His face is red as he turns to Charles.

Charles nods.

Claire gets up out of her seat and runs towards her man.

LANDON

I have something to tell you all.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Charles and Landon dump Curtis onto the ground while Marshall struggles in the hold of both of the younger boys along for the ride.

Charles, uses all of his strength to drag Curtis' body to a side door and into the hotel.

Landon turns to Marshall.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A crowd gathers around Landon as he speaks.

LANDON

Roland is dead. He was killed.

The women in the crowd begin to cry followed by the children.

LANDON

There are other people out there and they want us dead. They want what we have.

Rose gets closer to the group.

ROSE

Where's Marshall?

LANDON

Marshall let you all down. He would have surrendered. He would have let them take the food from your mouths.

Rose shakes her head.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charles drags Curtis towards a service elevator, behind him, Marshall is forcefully pulled down the hallway by the two young boys and Landon in the back.

Charles opens the elevator. Inside it's dark and crowded by rusty metal.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Landon continues to talk while the crowd around him expands.

LANDON

Marshall has brought us this far,
but he won't budge on things that
are important to us. Do you wanna
die tomorrow? Do you? He's no
longer fit to lead.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Curtis sits on the ground, his arms above his head, tied to the metal.

Marshall looks at Charles and Landon as they close the door and the darkness swallows him.

INT. HOTEL - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The crowd hangs on Landon's every word.

LANDON

We saw a plane today, someone has
come to save us all. We will find
it. We'll leave this place and find
food. We won't sit here any longer
and wait to die and watch our
younger family starve.

Everyone in the crowd mumbles their agreement.

LANDON

Things are going to change.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Landon and Charles walk down the hall, away from the elevator.

CHARLES

We need to be prepared for anything
when we look for the plane.

LANDON

We will be.

CHARLES

No one is gonna be able to come up
against up, agreed?

Landon nods.

INT. SUV - DAY

A cinder block falls with a thud on an accelerator pedal.

EXT. STORE - DAY

An SUV speeds through a snow covered parking lot gaining
speed until it bashes through the wall of a store.

Concrete and brick crumble around the gaping hole the vehicle
has left in the side of the wall.

Landon stands at the far end of the parking lot with all of
the males from the community and thirteen SUVs as the dust
and debris settles.

LANDON

Don't leave a thing.

The boys all rush into the store through the hole.

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

The SUV has cleared a path into the store but lays silent
against the opposite wall, destroyed.

The taller boys snatch automatic rifles off the top displays.
Other boys shove fatigues, gas masks and bullet proof vests
into their garbage bags. Others grab handguns from the
display cases. The youngest boys hold up large armor piercing
bullets end to end and stare, with open jaws, before they
pocket them.

Charles saunters in through the hole. Each boy that lays eyes
on him retracts their gaze, trying not to stare. His face has
become grotesque.

Charles makes his way to an antiques section and takes an old gas mask from it's display.

He checks it thoroughly before he slides it on over his head.

Charles shouts at everyone in the store.

CHARLES (FILTERED)
That's enough, we don't have time
to fuck around. Let's go.

EXT. GUN SHOP - DAY

Landon looks at his watch as the boys pour out of the hole in the building with full bags.

LANDON
Hurry up, we have five more to hit
before sunset.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Marshall, sitting on the floor, his arms tied tightly behind him, opens his eyes in the darkness.

The first thing he sees is Curtis across from him, looking directly at him.

Marshall clears his throat, not knowing what to say to the statue-like Curtis.

MARSHALL
Are...are you alive?

CURTIS
Yeah.

The two look at each other.

CURTIS
It's the damndest thing when
somethign so big in one life, can
be so small in another.

MARSHALL
I don't know what to say.

CURTIS
I think about my brother everyday.
You just ran him down and never
looked back

Marshall turns away from him.

CURTIS
But I guess in a world like this a
year is almost a lifetime.

Marshall nods.

CURTIS
That guy. That's your brother?

MARSHALL
Landon. How did you know?

CURTIS
I can tell.

MARSHALL
I'm Marshall.

CURTIS
Well, now that we all know each
other...

Curtis laughs to himself.

CURTIS
What kinda brother locks you up
with no key?

Marshall doesn't respond.

CURTIS
Must be right fucked in the head,
all alone out here.

MARSHALL
You said there were thousands in
the city but there's none out here.
Why?

CURTIS
There's tons of people out here.
Maybe you're just too busy with
your own shit to notice.

Curtis spits on the floor.

CURTIS
Everyone didn't just fade away.
We're trying to put the pieces back
together or, more like I am.

MARSHALL

You?

CURTIS

I guess I'm the leader. There are hundreds of us downtown. Working together to get food and keep healthy. But I started it.

Curtis looks over to his hat on the floor beside him.

CURTIS

Chicago fans. Bulls red. We cleaned up the streets. But it's hard finding food for so many.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The stars are clear in the nights sky and the moonlight reflects off of weapons and the blade of a knife held by a fifteen year old standing in the snow surrounded by a crowd that is just as heavily armed.

Charles, still wearing his gas mask as well as army fatigues and heavy equipment, stands beside Landon at the front of the crowd.

LANDON

No one can take what we have. We need to survive at any cost. Soon we'll be unstoppable. Charles will answer any questions you have about protection.

Landon walks off followed by two heavily armed older boys.

Charles steps up to the very front and has everyone's attention. The young crowd stares blankly at him, not knowing what to say.

Suddenly, Charles snatches a glock from a holdster under his jacket and lets loose three rounds into a young boy that stands only ten feet away from him.

CHARLES (FILTERED)

This is a Glock forty-five.

The group is silent. Charles looks down at the boy who is writhing in pain on the ground but virtually unharmed.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

That is a Kevlar vest.

The crowd nods.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

A small fleet of SUVs rip through the streets.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

In the parking lot of the supermarket the cars that Charles shot to pieces are covered in a thin layer of wet snow, untouched. Beside them, however, are four more trucks, each half filled with food and products from the supermarket.

Young teens with red armbands come in and out of the supermarket with bags and boxes full of food, dropping them off and going back for more.

The small fleet of SUVs pull up right outside the entrance of the grocery store and sit idling.

Two of the boys in red come up to the tinted windows of the SUV.

BOY
Hello? Who's this?

More boys gather around the vehicles, one of them puts his hand on the butt of a gun he has holdstered under his jacket.

BOY
If we don't know you, you'd better
get out of here.

The group of ten or more boys now stand around in silence.

The boy with the gun takes it out of his jacket and fires a shot into the passenger side of one of the SUVs.

BOY
We don't fuck arou-

A cacophony of shots ring out of the windows, shattering them to pieces instantly and blowing the boys in red to pieces.

In the wake of the attack, all of the passenger windows of the SUVs are destroyed, revealing boys with automatic weapons sitting in all of them.

One boy out of each SUV gets out and starts up trucks that the boys in red filled up with food and joins the small fleet.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Dried blood stains the ropes around Marshalls hands as he tries to free himself by pulling at them behind his back.

CURTIS

How long have we been here?

MARSHALL

They'll get us soon.

CURTIS

And they'll kill me.

MARSHALL

No.

CURTIS

I'm fucking dead.

MARSHALL

They don't need to kill you.

Footsteps can be heard coming down the hall. Curtis shushes Marshall as they listen to the steps getting closer.

The doors slide open and light pours onto the pale and dirty prisoners.

Standing outside is Landon, dressed in full gear, holding an automatic rifle.

LANDON

Get him out of there.

Two boys go into the elevator and cut Marshall's restraints.

LANDON

Let's go.

Marshall walks down the hall with the aide of the two boys.

LANDON

I'll be back for you soon.

CURTIS

Hopefully I'll be dead.

LANDON

Didn't you know? There's hope in this world now.

Landon points his rifle into the steel shaft and lets a few rounds go, ricocheting around as Curtis balls himself up.

LANDON
So don't hope too hard.

INT. HOTEL - MARSHALL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Marshall is tossed onto his bed and the two soldiers leave.

He breathes heavily as he can hear the shower running in the washroom.

Marshall gets up, walks to the door and tries the handle. It's locked. The water shuts off and Marshall talks through the door.

MARSHALL
Rose?

ROSE (O.S.)
Marshall?

MARSHALL
What the hell is going on around here, are you OK?

ROSE (O.S.)
You left us. Where were you?

MARSHALL
I'll tell you, just open the door.

ROSE (O.S.)
Things have fallen to shit, Marshall. You weren't there when we needed you.

MARSHALL
What's happened?

ROSE (O.S.)
Everyone's gone crazy. I can't take it.

MARSHALL
Let me in.

ROSE (O.S.)
Get away.

Marshall back away from the door.

MARSHALL
I'm here now.

ROSE (O.S.)
It's not just that.

Rose weeps behind the door while Marshall stares at the knob.

It turns slightly, opening the door just a crack.

Marshall lets himself into the washroom to see Rose standing at the sink, crying. She has a towel wrapped around her but the top of her back seems red.

MARSHALL
Rose, are you OK? It looks like-

Rose drops the towel, letting Marshall see the horrendous condition her back is in. The virus has begun to attack her flesh.

Marshall quickly puts the towel back around her and hugs her tightly from behind, looking at her in the mirror.

MARSHALL
We're going to fix this. Trust me.
I won't let this happen to you.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

A clock hits one in the morning on the wall of Landon's room as Landon walks through the door and begins to peel off his heavy gear in front of the mirror.

Claire stirs under the covers.

LANDON
It's OK, go back to sleep.

CLAIRE
Do you have to be so fucking loud?

Landon drops his heavy vest onto the floor and touches an wound on his shoulder.

LANDON
How's the baby?

CLAIRE
Like you give a shit.

LANDON
I do to give a shit.

CLAIRE

You just wanna play guns with your buddies.

LANDON

I'm close to healing everybody.
Just a few more days.

CLAIRE

Wake me up when you actually get something done.

Landon rips the blankets off the bed and roars at Claire, sticking his finger in her face.

LANDON

If it wasn't for me everyone would be on the ground starving anyway. You wouldn't have the energy to argue if I wasn't in charge. You'd be dead by sun-up.

CLAIRE

Fuck you, you're fucking nuts.

Landon storms out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Light breaks the darkness as the doors open on Curtis.

Landon walks in and undoes his restraints with two guards behind him.

LANDON

You're going home.

INT. HOTEL - MARSHALL'S ROOM - DAY

Marshall sleeps under the covers with his arm over Rose. She cuddles backwards into him and smiles.

Suddenly, the doorknob rattles and both of their eyes open. Keys jingle outside and the door is thrown open by two large boys. One wearing a bullet proof vest and the other with a handgun at his side.

Marshall darts up and throws the blankets to Rose.

MARSHALL

What do you think you're doing?

The boys stand at either side of the door but don't respond.

A hacking cough is heard from down the hall.

MARSHALL

You hear me? Answer me!

The boys don't move.

The coughing becomes louder as Charles walks into the door frame, dragging a rifle on the ground by his side. Marshall can barely recognize his voice through the gas mask.

CHARLES

Get dressed. The both of you.

MARSHALL

Charles?

Charles nods.

MARSHALL

I'm not going anywhere.

CHARLES

You've had two weeks off. Landon wants you out there, be downstairs.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

A fleet of SUVs and trucks are parked outside the hotel in a line. Boys stand in front of the vehicles at attention.

Marshall walks out of the doors, and into the snow. A boy runs up to him, holding out a gun for him to take.

MARSHALL

I won't carry that. Get away from me.

The young boy runs back to his place.

Landon, followed by two heavily armed boys, walks quickly out of the hotel and into an SUV at the front of the convoy. Behind him Charles bellows out to the group.

Curtis is strapped to the front windshield of the vehicle. His hands tied to the roof rack and his legs bound with rope to the grill.

CHARLES

Everyone in!

The boys pile into the vehicles.

Charles passes by Marshall and throws him a Magnum 9MM.
Marshall catches it against his chest.

MARSHALL
I won't be a part of this.

CHARLES
You already are.

MARSHALL
I'm not going to use this.

CHARLES
That's what you say now.

Charles slides open the back door of the Blue SUV and
Marhsall, Rose and Chalres get in.

INT. SUV - DAY

Charles and Landon sit in the front while Rose and Marshall
join Claire in the back.

MARSHALL
Why are they here?

LANDON
You don't think I'd leave my girls
behind do you?

MARSHALL
Maybe they should stay back.

LANDON
I don't think so. The first person
to get the pill or shot or
whatever, is my girl back there.
Right, honey?

Claire stares out of the window.

MARSHALL
Where are we going?

LANDON
Downtown.

MARSHALL
We're leaving everyone here?

LANDON

I'm not leaving them. We've left food for them. When we come back it'll be worth it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The convoy of SUVs gets onto the highway and starts towards the Chicago skyline in the distance.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The line of Utility vehicles winds down the snowy streets as teens and young kids look from the windows.

The buildings are unwashed and show signs of crumbling and staining. Rust weakens the metal and signs, once brightly lit are smashed to pieces.

The SUVs make a left onto a major road and make their way past noticeably empty streets. Almost every store has been broken into and vandalized.

In a hurry, a city bus darts out in front of the convoy, forcing the SUV with Curtis strapped to the top to come to a quick stop along with everyone behind it.

Behind the last SUV a garbage truck pulls up tight behind them, trapping them from any kind of getaway.

From the empty windows and broken storefronts, dozens of armed young men dart out of the wreckage and take aim at the SUVs.

INT. SUV - DAY

Charles sits still, looking forward while Landon looks around frantically.

LANDON

What the fuck. What the fuck is this? Where did they all come from?

MARSHALL

Calm down.

As Landon tried to get a grip he hears laughter from outside.

EXT. SUV - DAY

Curtis is laughing to himself as he looks around then takes a breathe before shouting as loud as he can.

CURTIS

Don't shoot, it's me. Don't shoot
me, everybody, do not shoot.

INT. SUV - DAY

Landon starts to panic again and looks back to Marshall for advice. Before he can say anything, however, Charles interupts.

CHARLES

We just hae to tell them what we
want.

MARSHALL

What do you want?

CHARLES

Everything.

Landon looks across to Charles and can see two familiar faces approaching his window.

Aaron and Greg, both with shotguns pointed at the SUV, walk towards the vehicle with blank looks on their faces.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Aaron and Greg cock their guns and get ready to fill the row full of lead.

Curtis turns to them and looks at them with a smile on his face.

CURTIS

Get me the fuck out of here.

INT. SUV - DAY

Landon looks back at his pregnant girlfriend.

LANDON

This is fucked. This isn't going
like I thought, I've got to get her
out of here. Charles, let's just
sort this out with them.

Charles looks ahead.

LANDON

Are you fucking listening to me?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Greg and Aaron are only about ten feet from the passenger door when Charles turns his head to them.

They stop in their tracks when they see the sight of his mask staring at them and then the slow raise of a shotgun to the windshield. If the gun were to go off, Curtis would surely be dead.

GREG

Everybody, guns down. Now, now, get them all down.

OK, so i've thought about it and I think I'm good for the next act, I'm still missing an ending though. Here we go - So they drive to the city and the convoy stops in a barricade that the city boys have made , a bunch of kids with guns come out and they think they have them trapped until Charles sees Greg and Aaron and talks to them. He asks about the plane and they say they went after it but it's contents were emptied by the locals, otherwise known as people in the suburbs on the other side or the industrial area maybe, yeah that sounds good. Aaron goes on to explain that they were awaiting orders to go in and get it but they don't make moves like that without Curtis. They threaten Landon saying they were just about to come get him and he wouldn't have liked that. They make a deal, Curtis goes free and in exchange, they will search for the cure with them. Agreements all around.

So now two young armies go to the industrial district, past the downed plane and they find ppl who look like hell wandering around. Finally they come across a huge mill that a lot of people seem to be heading too, they barge in but with no guns blazing and demand to see their person who has the contents of the plane.

They lie and say they didn't find anything, sending Landon into a frenzy, Marshall can sense that they do have it though, because he can see people with bandages on their shoulders, one kid runs and gets the community gun. Marshall finds the vials of needles and Landon is relieved. Suddenly, Charles does a war cry and both armies have it out with each other. Curtis blames Landon for everything and kills him right before he himself is killed.

With all the men wounded Charles holds the final viles. He tells Marshall that he doesn't have the guts but Marshall blows him away and gives a vile to Claire and keeps a vile for himself or Rose....we need a crazy ending though. Like he takes the cure and leaves everyone to die

But that's pretty unlike him. It's like he has to do something to help Rose that is going to kill someone else.

INT. HOTEL - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Marshall, Charles and Landon stand in front of Curtis who sits on a wooden chair with his hands tied behind his back. The boy looks around at the inside of the service elevator that improvises as his prison.

The butt of a rifle smashes across the side of Curtis's face knocking his hat to the ground.

CHARLES

You must have thought we were weak.
I want to know where the oil is. I
want to know where you and your
friends came from.

Charles waits for an answer but Curtis only nods.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You thought you could just stroll
right up to us. You're just a
fucking peon. You might as well be
dead. Where are you from?

MARSHALL

He's from Chicago.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We're gonna come for you now. You
thought we would just be taken
advantage of. Where do you get your
oil from in Chicago?

Charles hits him again and then stands up, panting, exhausted.

LANDON
We'll be back tomorrow.

CHARLES
He's been taking beatings for a week now and hasn't said a thing. We should just kill him.

Landon bangs on the door of the service elevator and a boy on the outside opens it up. Charles storms out and down the hall. Landon takes a step out of the elevator just as Curtis speaks.

CURTIS
How can you not remember?

The brothers stop and Marshall closes the elevator after Landon steps back in.

CURTIS
Maybe this is what I was most afraid of. That I would find you and you wouldn't even remember.

LANDON
If you're going to talk then make it useful.

CURTIS
I can tell he doesn't remember. But I think you do.

Curtis nods his head towards Marshall.

CURTIS
It was almost a year ago now. But I guess in a world like this, that's a lifetime.

LANDON
Marshall, what's he talking about?

CURTIS
I've been watching you two, are you brothers?

MARSHALL
The day I came home. The car accident downtown. He was the guy who tried to save the kid.

LANDON
He almost got us killed.

CURTIS

You're brothers aren't you? Isn't that amazing? The day your brother comes home is the last day I see mine.

The boys look at Curtis.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I never thought it would be like this.

MARSHALL

We're sorry. We didn't know what to do. We didn't know that boy was your brother. Forgive us?

CURTIS

Why would I?

LANDON

We're the only thing stopping Charles from killing you.

CURTIS

What do you think has been going on while you've been in your little castle here? With your drawbridges up.

Curtis cracks a smile.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

You're delusional. A gaggle of half-dead country boys running around shooting people. It's pathetic.

Curtis gets comfortable in his chair.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

We didn't all fade away. We put the pieces back together, or should I say that I put them back. I built a new world from less than nothing and built it on the bodies of the people who raised us.

MARSHALL

You're lying.

Curtis gestures to his hat with his eyes.

CURTIS

You like the Bulls? Chicago fans? Don't you notice anyone wearing red lately?

LANDON

All the kids in the Jeep had red armbands. The guys from the gas station, they asked us about the Bulls...

MARSHALL

Red gloves. Everyone we've seen is in red.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I led them to food and shelter. I made them hope again. When there was nothing in the streets but death I made them clean it up. I bet you guys have a leader. He probably got all forty of you all excited about living again.

LANDON

Watch your fucking mouth.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Imagine, I did that, but with four thousand. Except, when your brother came home, you didn't cherish it. I thought about the day I lost a brother constantly. That day consumed me and I searched the city for you. When I thought I was close, I would turn it into my personal war zone, just hoping to find you face down.

Curtis grinds his teeth and shakes his head.

CURTIS

But all it took was one tank of gas and one bullet.

LANDON

I could kill you right now.

CURTIS

You were out there looking for the guys who gunned down your friend, a little revenge, a little taste of blood? I might as well have been holding that gun myself.

LANDON

Now that we found you. I guess we get our revenge, wouldn't you say?

CURTIS

You think you found me? After all these months you think you found the man you're looking for? You're so wrong. I never stopped looking. I found you.

Marshall bangs on the elevator door.

CURTIS

I found you. And they'll look for me. And when they find me, they'll find you.

The elevator door rolls open and the boys step out.

CURTIS

Your friend is dying. I can tell by the marks on his face. As for you, and the fact that you're the only thing stopping him from killing me. That's not at all accurate. If anything, I'm the one thing that can keep you alive.

Marshall slams the door hard.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

A group of young girls play with children and take care of infants. Rose holds a child in her arms and reads it a story.

Marshall bursts into the room and heads straight for Rose.

MARSHALL

We need to move everyone into the Dance Hall, now.

ROSE

Why?

MARSHALL

Just trust me.

Rose stands up and waves her hands above her head.

ROSE

OK, guys we're having a sleep over tonight.

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
Get a pillow and blanket from your
room and meet me in the Dance Hall.

The kids smile at each other and dash off.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Charles talks to a line of young soldiers before Landon grabs him by the shoulder and whips him around.

LANDON
We're under attack.

Charles doesn't hesitate.

CHARLES
I want you guys to secure the
perimeter. If you see anybody,
shoot them.

The boys disperse.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Landon, I'm glad you came and told -

Charles turns around but Landon is gone.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire holds a blanket and pillow under her arm as she opens the door.

INT. HOTEL - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

In the hall kids and teens alike scurry towards the stairs with as much as they can carry in one hand. Against the rush, Landon dashes towards her and grabs her hand.

LANDON
I'm sorry.

Landon takes her back inside the room and shuts the door behind them.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Landon sits Claire on the edge of the bed and takes her hand.

CLAIRE
What's going on?

LANDON
I'm so sorry.

CLAIRE
Landon, I don't see you for days on end and now you're fucking apologizing. What's happening out there?

LANDON
I love you so much.

CLAIRE
Everyone is going nuts around here.

LANDON
This is all my fault. They're going to the Dance Hall.

CLAIRE
Why?

LANDON
Marshall is sending them there to keep them safe.

CLAIRE
Safe from what?

LANDON
He knew what he was doing all along.

CLAIRE
Landon, whatever you're sorry about it's OK.

LANDON
I should have never listened to Charles.

Claire gets up and Landon breaks down in tears.

CLAIRE
If we're not safe then fuckin' tell me why!

Landon looks up at the woman he loves.

LANDON
I started a war.

INT. HOTEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

The Dance Hall is packed with people and what they have brought from their rooms.

Children scream and the teens cry to each other as the last few people come into the room. There are almost no young men. Rose rushes over to Marshall as he ushers the final kids into the Dance Hall.

ROSE
That's almost everyone.

MARSHALL
Where's the rest? Where are the guys?

ROSE
They told me Charles ordered them all outside.

The overwhelming sound of voices echoes through the room.

MARSHALL
I don't know what's going to happen but I want you to stay in here until I come and get you.

ROSE
What about all of these people?

MARSHALL
The more nervous they are, the worse they'll be.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire stands over Landon holding her bulging stomach.

CLAIRE
What did we ever do to them?

LANDON
Nothing, it was me.

CLAIRE
Fuck 'em. They can't touch us with all the protection we have.

Landon drops his head in his hands.

CLAIRE
Can they?

LANDON
I've missed you. You've got so big.

CLAIRE
This isn't your fault.

LANDON
We'll spend the night together.

CLAIRE
Shouldn't we be in the Dance Hall?

LANDON
Marshall doesn't need me. You're
the one thing I should have been
looking after this whole time. I'll
protect you.

Landon reaches out and Clarie gives him her hand. Landon
kisses her stomach and lies her down on the bed.

INT. HOTEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

The Hall bustles with noise and Marshall tries to put the
young women to ease. Suddenly, he hears soft, slow music
coming from the other side of the hall.

Rose walks toward him with the CD player in hand. The gentle
music attracts the attention of the youngest kids and then
the teens as she walks by them.

The music grows louder only as the weeping and screaming
grows softer.

A few feet away from Marshall, Rose places the player on the
floor and it plays loudly, unobstructed by other noises. Kids
rest in the arms of young women who close their eyes and
breathe deeply while listening.

Marshall extends his hand to Rose and he holds her tightly.

Rose and Marshall whisper in each others ears.

ROSE
You never changed.

MARSHALL
I made a promise.

Marshall runs his hand down her cheek.

MARSHALL
Don't be scared.

ROSE
I'm not. I have you.

MARSHALL
I won't let anyone hurt you.

The two kiss and dance slowly as the music plays in the hall.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Landon cuddles up tight against Claire.

CLAIRE
It'll all be over soon.

LANDON
I know. But I'm going to have to fight.

CLAIRE
You don't have to fight.

LANDON
Marshall will stop them. He'll fight if he has to, and I'll follow him.

CLAIRE
Then you're fighting for me. I think that's the difference.

INT. HOTEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

The soft music comes to an end inside the hall as children lay their heads to their sleeping bags.

Marshall and Claire stand, holding each other.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The moon sits high in the sky above the hotel.

Boys in combat gear patrol outside.

A snowflake falls from the sky and floats back and forth before being pushed to the side by the head of a rocket that streaks carelessly across the sky and sinks into the side of the hotel. Flames burst out of the side of the building in its wake.

INT. HOTEL - LANDON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Landon's bedroom rattles violently, shattering the windows and toppling tables.

INT. HOTEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

The south wall of the hall shakes. Kids and teens alike begin to scream. Marshall runs out of the room looking back at Rose as he passes the double doors.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

From the shadows, a barrage of bullets fly towards the hotel, striking the boys down.

Teens hold their guns and fire into the darkness but their shots are answered with endless gunfire. Within seconds most of Landon's small army has been defeated and lay dead or dying on the snow covered ground.

Charles barks orders from behind a truck to the young boys who still shoot blindly into the night.

A bullet tears through the arm of one of the boys and he falls to the ground, screaming in pain.

A younger boy fires a pistol into the distance from beside Charles but it is met with the flash of an automatic rifle, out in the darkness. The truck catches the bullets as they flatten the tires and ricochet around.

Marshall runs out of the hotel and stays low as he makes it to Charles' side.

MARSHALL

I thought everything was secure.

CHARLES

Everything was secure. They just have better soldiers.

MARSHALL

Soldiers?

CHARLES

Where's Landon?

MARSHALL

I thought he was with you.

Bullets zip past their ears and smash the concrete side of the hotel as Marshall speaks to Charles.

MARSHALL

We need to surrender. All they want is Curtis.

CHARLES

They'll have to come in and get 'em.

MARSHALL

If they do, you'll be the first person they'll want to talk to.

Charles looks at Marshall and then screams out to the boy with the pistol.

CHARLES

Give it all you got!

The boy steps out from behind the truck with two guns blazing and fires as quickly as he can. Round after round fly into the black horizon. The barrel of the guns blaze and ignite while the boy pulls the trigger.

The guns run out of ammo and what was once a battle field turns quiet. The boy looks over to Charles with a smile on his face just as four barrels of automatics light up in the distance and tear the boy to shreds.

MARSHALL

We don't stand a chance.

Landon dashes towards the truck from the lobby and dives just beside Marshall.

LANDON

I'm ready.

CHARLES

Finally, where the hell have you been?

LANDON

I was with Claire.

CHARLES

You should have been out here, fighting with your people.

Landon looks around and sees only two scared young men hiding behind SUV's, all the others lay dead.

LANDON

What are we going to do?

CHARLES

We get together as many free hands to fire as possible. We'll need people from inside.

LANDON

There's almost nothing but women in there.

MARSHALL

And children.

CHARLES

As long as they can pull a trigger.

LANDON

Marshall, what do you think?

Bullets whiz by their heads.

CHARLES

What did I tell you? No pity. Don't listen to him.

LANDON

I should have been listening to him this whole time.

CHARLES

The both of you are cowards. You think that you can just give up? Then what has anyone died for? At least let these fuckers die for something. You don't put down your arms in the middle of a fight. If you hesitate in war you'll be lost. Every bullet counts-

A bullet screams through the truck and rips through the side of Charles's head. He falls limp in his own lap.

Marshall breathes heavily and runs back inside the hotel.

Landon looks around at the two soldiers hiding around the battle.

A high pitch voice screams from the darkness as a boy with a long black coat steps into the light holding a machine gun. It is Christian, wearing with a red bandana tied around his arm. His bright red gloves wrap tightly around the butt of the gun as he speaks with his lisp.

CHRISTIAN
This isn't turning out the way you
pictured it?.

Landon yells back.

LANDON
What do you want?

CHRISTIAN
You know what we want. Where is he?

LANDON
He's dead.

Christian furrows his brow.

CHRISTIAN
I remember you. Such a mouth on
you. I hope you'd know better than
to kill him.

LANDON
I have a hundred more men in there.

CHRISTIAN
Then bring them out. If I remember
right they're much braver than you
are.

LANDON
You've got the wrong guy.

CHRISTIAN
I should have killed you all that
day.

LANDON
We surrender.

More men come out of the shadows, heavily armed, dressed in
some red attire, while others sit and listen from their
Jeeps.

CHRISTIAN
We're not leaving without Curtis.

Landon screams from behind the vehicle.

LANDON
Give me a second to put him back
together for you.

Landon starts to laugh out loud.

The other group of boys look at each other. Christian starts to laugh to himself as well.

CHRISTIAN

You couldn't save your friend
before and you can't save them now.
The best you can do is save
yourself from me. Run or you'll
regret it.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

I need everyone to be calm.

Marshall walks slowly through the lobby of the hotel and out beside the truck Landon is crouching behind, all the while, holding a glock to the side of Curtis's head.

Curtis' hands are still tied behind his back as Marshall holds him by the rope that binds his wrists.

Marshall's finger twitches over the trigger.

None of the boys from the city flinch.

Marshall whispers to Curtis.

MARSHALL

You tell them to get the hell out
of here or you're dead.

Curtis yells out to his troops.

CURTIS

He says that he's going to shoot
me... but he won't. I want you all
over here, now.

A small army charges the front of the hotel, from the darkness, in an instant. Landon stands behind Marshall and puts another gun to Curtis' head.

LANDON

Stay back! Stay back!

The boys from the city, their weapons in hand, gather only ten feet away from Curtis. Some take a knee in front of him and other stand at attention.

Christian walks briskly through the boys towards the front of the crowd and aims a pistol at Landon.

CHRISTIAN

Deja Vu.
(to Curtis)
Kill him?

CURTIS

No, he doesn't have it in him.

Christian lowers his weapon.

Marshall screams and grinds the gun to Curtis' temple.

MARSHALL

I'm in charge here. Listen to me or
he's dead.

Landon nods his head.

CURTIS

Your best situation is this; You
kill me, he kills you, your brother
kills him and this enraged mob runs
into that hotel and slaughters
every last one of you.

Marshall pulls harder on the trigger.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Now, let me go and we can sort it
out.

Marshall and Landon slowly take their guns away and throw
Curtis at Christian.

Christian holds his gun back up at them.

CHRISTIAN

Is this what you two do a lot? The
tough guy yells and the smart guy
gives up. So boring. Should I kill
them now, Curtis?

CURTIS

We'll ask someone I can trust.

Christian nods and puts his gun down.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

But let's see what we have inside.

Christian undoes Curtis' shackles and they walk into the
hotel. The mob grabs a hold of Landon and Marshall and push
them forward as well.

INT. HOTEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Everyone holds tightly onto each other as Curtis and his band of hoodlums stand around.

Curtis whispers to Christian.

CURTIS
I want twenty men here at all
times. If we are told to kill 'em,
then we'll come back to do it.

Curtis walks over to Landon and Marshall who are restrained by the gang.

CURTIS
You two are coming with us.

MARSHALL
Where?

CURTIS
We're going to go see if you live
or die.

Marshall locks eyes with Rose.

Curtis follows his gaze.

CURTIS
And we'll bring some of your
friends along.

MARSHALL
I'm not bringing anyone else to be
killed.

CURTIS
Then I'll pick... how about that
sweet thing over there?

Curtis nods towards Rose.

MARSHALL
What would you want with her?

CURTIS
Hey, I can play the same hostage,
gun to the head game as you can.
Except I won't lose.

MARSHALL
Promise me she won't get hurt.

CURTIS

I don't make promises. I don't think you understand. I'll kill none of you or I'll kill all of you.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Curtis watches in his rearview mirror as his gang pushes Claire, Marshall, Landon and two other boys into a van.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van drives closely behind five heavy trucks and SUVs down the snow covered highway.

The highway stretches far into the distance and is lost in the horizon of the city of Chicago.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The caravan of cars moves through the small streets between sky scrapers and historical buildings that have begun to stain and grow mold.

The vehicles come to a stop in front of a tall building.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

An elevator dings when the light for the twenty fourth floor lights up. The social club is decorated beautifully as the group walks up of the elevator and down the hall. Rose and Marshall peer into rooms as they walk by, most of them are empty.

Christian and Curtis walk ahead.

CURTIS

This is the number one social club in the city. The rich used to come here to celebrate and smoke cigars and whatever the fuck they do. Though they don't look like they're having as much fun since we started coming by.

Curtis points to a room on the left and as everyone passes it Marshall looks in to see a giant heap of bodies piled high on top of each other.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Not that I care about the squash court or artwork but it's just one of the places that we knew would have food. That's what lead us to him.

Curtis and Christian turn a corner beside a magnificent fountain that no longer works. They open the doors to a grand dining room and begin to walk through.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

We're just kids. I mean, we know about the world and about each other, we know enough to live.

(Curtis stops and turn to Marshall)

But we can barely do that can't we?

Marshall turns away. Curtis begins to walk again.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

We needed some guidance and he provides it. Years of wisdom. A fountain of knowledge compared to a couple years of sitting around smoking pot or playing X-box.

Curtis and Christian take a left through the back doors of the dining room and into the empty kitchen.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

He had the same basic survival instincts we do; to eat.

They all stop in front of the freezer.

LANDON

What the hell are you rambling about?

CURTIS

He was a very rich man. He owned his own company and lived alone. We don't ask him too many personal questions.

Curtis opens the door to the deep freezer.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

They said the virus started with fishermen in the Arctic and spread to us from there. But the men were alive long enough to transmit it.

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

I guess, like most things, it
doesn't thrive in the cold.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DEEP FREEZER - NIGHT

Frost covers the walls of the blue freezer. The lightbulbs quickly flicker on then back off, broken.

Empty shelves line each side and the air thickens as the cold meets the warmth.

In the back of the room a figure stirs. Curtis points at Marshall and waves him forward. They both approach the back of the freezer.

CURTIS

Are you up, sir?

A man's rough voice comes from the back of the room.

MAN

I am.

As Marshall gets closer and his eyes adjust he sees a man, sitting, leaning up against the corner of the shelf and the wall. A solid mass of frost envelops the man's shoulders and back then wraps around a nearby pole. The arm of a jacket, heavy with icicles and frozen blood, covers the man's face.

CURTIS

I have to talk to you. Do you have
enough food Mr. Simons?

MR. SIMONS waves his hand at a small box beside him.

MR. SIMONS

I have enough. What do you want?

Mr. Simons drops his arms from his face. His eyes are glassy and faint in color as they move inside his sallow face. His teeth chatter against one another, disturbing the muscle that dangles loose. The white of the man's jaw bone shows through a hole of destroyed flesh.

MR. SIMONS

I said what is it?

CURTIS

These are the ones who killed my
brother. They hid out of the city.
They killed more of my friends and
held me prisoner. I want them dead.

Mr. Simons laughs deeply.

MR. SIMONS

What good is he to you dead? None.
Every time you come here it seem
like things are getting worse.

CURTIS

I want revenge.

MR. SIMONS

So, kill his brother.

Marshall and Curtis look at each other.

Mr. Simons starts to laugh again.

CURTIS

What the fuck is so funny?

MR. SIMONS

You need each other or you'll all
be dead. Don't you see it now?
(to Marshall)
Boy, how are you managing outside
of the city?

MARSHALL

We were fine but food is getting
scarce. We don't know where to turn
next.

MR. SIMONS

And you, Curtis?

CURTIS

You know our situation.

MR. SIMONS

You are both on the edge. I don't
even know how you have the energy
to kill when the majority are
starving. You have more important
things to do.

Mr. Simons shakes his head.

MR. SIMONS (CONT'D)

You are the new leaders of the free
world.

CURTIS

What can we do?

MR. SIMONS

It's always more not less. That has always been this my credo. If you don't have it and you can't find it, you must take it.

MARSHALL

Take from who? No one has anything.

MR. SIMONS

Wealth gets distributed in many ways. I would walk down the street some mornings with not a care in the world and my heart would want to reach out to the poor men sleeping on the concrete. That is, until they would ask of me.

Curtis kneels beside the Mr. Simons.

MR. SIMONS (CONT'D)

I would look into their eyes and would no longer feel sorrow for them, but happy for myself. He had fallen behind and I had strode ahead.

Marshall listens closely.

MR. SIMONS (CONT'D)

I would never give him a cent in fear that he may one day use it to become and replace me.

CURTIS

No pity.

Marshall furrows his brow.

MR. SIMONS

Between here and Dallas, on the I-55 is a supply depot. Anything travelling the country would stop there. Food, tools, medicine. Go together.

The two young men look at each other.

CURTIS

We'll leave in the morning.

The boys start to walk out.

MR. SIMONS
Look for a torch. Don't let
anything stand in your way.

Curtis shuts the door and Mr. Simons is enveloped into the
darkness.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Curtis walks quickly down the hall.

CHRISTIAN
What did he say?

CURTIS
We're leaving the city, all of us.

The group follows behind Curtis.

CHRISTIAN
Where are we going?

CURTIS
South.

CHRISTIAN
Should we bring a unit?

CURTIS
No, I don't know what to expect. I
don't want to get the peoples hopes
up. Just us will go.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun rises in the distance as the three vehicles speed
South on the highway under a sign that reads "St. Louis -
200"

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The lead car pulls over to the side of the road and the
driver gets out and yells back to the rest of the vehicles.

DRIVER
Out of gas.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Curtis turns to Christian who drives his truck.

CURTIS
What does he want?

CHRISTIAN
He's out of gas. And my fuel light
has been on for the last ten
minutes.

Curtis looks forward.

CURTIS
Then we'll walk. I want to get this
over as fast as possible.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Army boots kick their way through the slush as the bright sunlight melts the snow. Rose, Marshall, Landon and the two other boys along with Christian, Curtis and two other boys wearing red attire all walk down the highway.

MARSHALL
Your men were talking about a cure.

CHRISTIAN
Shut up back there.

CURTIS
There is a cure, we're sure of it.

LANDON
How sure?

CURTIS
I assigned a small team to monitor
all the radio frequencies.

LANDON
Looking for a love song?

CURTIS
We were listening for any code and
we found it.

MARSHALL
What did it say?

CURTIS
It said "Thirty years in Germany".
And that was all we could figure
out.

Landon and Marshall wait for Curtis to finish. When they realize that he has, Landon breaks out laughing.

LANDON

That's it? Thirty years in Germany?
That could mean anything. Thirty
years ago in Germany, thirty years
of death in Germany-

CHRISTIAN

Or -

CURTIS

Or it could mean that people are
living thirty years in Germany.
Now, which would you rather
believe? We're doomed or a cure?

The brothers are silent.

CHRISTIAN

We just wait for a sign in the sky.

CURTIS

Of course I haven't seen a plane in
the sky for over a year.

LANDON

Neither have we and it's been one
of our top priorities.

MARSHALL

You aren't waiting. You're a
leader. You're a King. You have all
you could want. What would you want
with a cure?

CURTIS

How can I be a King if I can't live
to be a man?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Everyone walks on, now dragging their feet and hanging their
heads.

Landon, Rose and Marshall have fallen farthest behind.

MARSHALL

I never told you, but I went to the
hospital.

Landon shakes his head.

MARSHALL

I know. But I had to leave things right.

LANDON

You think I hadn't been there?

Marshall furrows his brow.

LANDON (CONT'D)

I was there until the very last minute with them. It was too much for me, once they were gone I was sitting in that nursery alone.

MARSHALL

Then you helped?

Landon nods.

LANDON

We got every child a family. It was what they wanted. I even took some in when we couldn't find more homes.

MARSHALL

Why would you hide something like that from me?

LANDON

It's my worst memory. I would never pass it down to you. I told you only good thing that came out of that day.

MARSHALL

What?

LANDON

They stayed alive for you. That's what I meant to say on the day you came home. I know it didn't come out like that but just the thought that you were coming home made all the difference.

Marshall hangs his head low.

MARSHALL

You think we've done the same?
Helped people?

LANDON

You have.

MARSHALL

I think we both have.

LANDON

The only thing I tried to save was myself.

MARSHALL

No, there are things that are worth fighting for.

LANDON

Worth killing for?

Marshall turns away from his brother. They face forward and march ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The gang sleeps under the shelter of a truck stop. Rose and Marshall huddle together in the corner.

ROSE

Are we going to live?

MARSHALL

Of course.

He kisses her head.

ROSE

I really liked when we danced.

MARSHALL

So did I.

ROSE

Are we going to die?

MARSHALL

We're not going to die, I promise.
We'll find food and we'll feed everyone back home.

ROSE

What do you think is happening back at the hotel?

MARSHALL

Curtis doesn't want to see more death.

ROSE

Why do you say that?

MARSHALL

He's already dead.

Rose rests her head on his shoulder.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

We'll dance again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The group trudges on down the highway.

LANDON

Where is this place?

Marshall calls up to Christian and Curtis.

MARSHALL

What if we can't find it, we'll starve before we can walk home.

CHRISTIAN

Then starve.

MARSHALL

We should turn back now and save ourselves.

CURTIS

I'm not worried about you. We'll find it, the old man wouldn't lie.

LANDON

He's a fucking ice cube how can he think straight.

CURTIS

You just have no faith in anyone but yourselves.

CHRISTIAN

That guy has led us to wonderful things and -

CURTIS

Think about it this way; If he is wrong then you'll die. If he is right then we all might live.

CHRISTIAN

Otherwise, I'll eat the girl on the way back.

Christian and Curtis snicker.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The group slogs along. Rose is pale and her eyes are glazed. The other boys that came with Landon and Marshall barely bring themselves to walk forward. Curtis, Christian and their friends all do the same.

Christian squints his eyes against the sun.

CHRISTIAN

I think I see it.

In front of the glare of the sun a large, acrylic torch appears.

CURTIS

That's it.

Further down the highway they see a large warehouse with signs that also have a torch on them. The companies symbol.

The group begins to speed up.

They walk beneath an overpass as Curtis yells at everyone to hurry.

MARSHALL

If we're here then we should rest.

CURTIS

You ungrateful bastard.

Curtis turns and punches Marshall across his face.

Marshall drops to the ground. Rose kneels down to his side and runs her hands through his hair.

LANDON

He never did anything to you.

CURTIS

He's a murderer.

LANDON

He didn't kill your brother. I was behind the wheel. And if it weren't for him, I would have kept driving.

Curtis shakes his head, his eyes dart around.

CURTIS

Then maybe I owe you some gratitude? The pain that you have caused me has made me who I am today.

Landon looks him straight in the eye.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

A person that I hate. No amount of power or wealth or loyalty to me ever mattered. Not as much as my revenge. Mr. Simons time is passed. I don't have to listen to anyone. Old traditions always fade with new leaders.

Curtis raises a gun to Landon and blasts his arm.

A fight erupts between the exhausted groups as they slug each other and wrestle for weapons.

The fight rages on as Marshall sits up from the ground and opens his eyes.

Landon and Curtis pound each other with all the strength they have, sending his gun out of reach as the others fight amongst themselves trying to get a hold of Christian's gun.

A low rumble catches Marshall's attention while he looks around. The land around him is bare.

The rumble becomes louder as he searches for where it might be coming from. Suddenly, as the sound gets louder, Marshall looks to the sky.

Marshall takes a deep breath and screams as loud as he can.

MARSHALL

Plane!

The fighting slows as people gaze at a small passenger jet flying in the sky.

It soars gracefully just below the clouds.

CHRISTIAN

Thank God. Thank you.

Some shield the sun with their hand to stare at the miracle.

CURTIS

It's the cure. This is all over.

The boys all look at each other with smiles on their face.

ROSE

Whoooooooooooooooooooo!

Marshall and Rose hop up and embrace. Some of the boys break down into tears while the others hug each other.

The plane veers towards the highway as the group celebrates.

MARSHALL

It must be heading back to Chicago.

CURTIS

It's finally over.

Facing the group now, the planes wings stretch across the sky in the sunlight.

Landon can't contain himself as he and Christian wipe tears from their eyes.

LANDON

We need to get to where it's going.
If we see anyone we have to tell
them.

CHRISTIAN

It will be good to come home with
good news for a change.

As the plane gets closer it begins to descend and the wings teeter up and down.

The group falls silent as it watches the plane move quickly towards the ground.

MARSHALL

(To himself)
Please... Please no.

The plane is rapidly dropping as it flies towards the highway.

Marshall holds Rose tight as the group murmurs amongst each other.

The plane heads directly for the highway, now at an angle.

The nose of the plane crashes into the concrete, slamming the belly of the plane onto the highway. Unstoppable, the plane slides along the highway. Sparks fly in every direction and metal tears from the machine as it moves quickly towards the group.

MARSHALL

Out of the way!

Marshall, Curtis and the group run to the side of the highway and watch as the massive aircraft skids by them and smashes into the highway overpass. The crash echoes across the empty highway as metal and rock are sent into the air and come tearing down to the ground.

The group lets their guard down to watch the dust settle. The plane is a mangled wreck.

LANDON

Someone had to fly it.

The boys nod and walk towards the front of the wreckage.

Small fires burn amongst the debris and smoke. Twisted metal still smokes from the accident as the boys begin to carefully climb towards the cockpit on a mound of metal and rubble.

Once at the top the boys look through the haze of broken glass into the cabin and see four bodies.

MARSHALL

Hello?

CURTIS

Is anyone in there?

The fires crackle and the smoke clears.

The bodies are of four teenagers.

CURTIS

They're just kids.

CHRISTIAN

No one's coming?

CURTIS

How the hell did they get this off of the ground?

MARSHALL

Who knows.

LANDON

I'm amazed they made it as far as they did.

CHRISTIAN

Nobody's coming.

Curtis snatches Christian's Magnum away from him.

CURTIS

Enough.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Marshall and Curtis walk side by side ahead of the group on the driveway of the warehouse.

MARSHALL

Do you think this will help?

CURTIS

We don't need help. We need a miracle.

MARSHALL

We never had this problem before. We weren't starving, we weren't killing each other.

CURTIS

Who's we?

Marshall looks ahead to the entrance.

MARSHALL

How are we going to get the food back?

CURTIS

Once we eat we'll pack enough for the walk home. When we get there we'll both pool our gasoline and get as many cars up here as we can.

MARSHALL

And my friends at the hotel?

CURTIS

They'll be fine. We will need to stick together.

MARSHALL

Good. I've made a lot of promises
to those people.

Marshall looks back at Rose.

MARSHALL

Especially to her.

The two come to the side door of the warehouse in front of
two large doors. Curtis puts his hand on the knob.

CURTIS

We're leaders. We didn't ask for it
but we're responsible.

Curtis swings the door open and they both look inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Light fills the warehouse and, slowly, teens and young adults
begin to come out from behind shelves and boxes. They wear
ragged clothing but their bodies are firm and nourished.

Small children come out from behind the boxes and soon a
small crowd gathers around Marshall and Curtis.

More families are attracted to the light and come to join the
crowd. Marshall and Curtis look around at the acres upon
acres of food and supplies and a smile creeps over their
faces.

CURTIS

He was right.

Two boys in the crowd look at each other and take a step
forward. BRIAN (16, large) and TONI (21, large) clear their
throats to speak to Marshall and Curtis.

TONI

Who are you? What are you doing
here?

BRIAN

What do you want?

Curtis takes a step forward, through the door.

CURTIS

We want some food, you see-

BRIAN

Get out!

The crowd shouts at him to stand back and not to move. Toni puts up his hand with a gesture to stop.

Brian bends down beside a small boy and whispers in his ear during the commotion.

BRIAN
(Whispers)
Run, get it.

The boy scampers off into the depths of the warehouse and Brian takes his place beside Toni.

Curtis chuckles and moves back out of the door.

CURTIS
We don't mean you any harm. But, we do want some food.

BRIAN
This is our food.

CURTIS
We're from Chicago. We've almost run out of food, we're starving over there.

TONI
What happened to it all?

CURTIS
We ate it, obviously.

BRIAN
If it's so obvious then how didn't you see it coming?

Curtis shakes his head.

MARSHALL
Please, we're desperate. There are six more of us out here, we won't survive the walk back.

BRIAN
I don't give a fuck.

Curtis chuckles again.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The small boy runs through the halls of the warehouse and stop suddenly, reaching his arm into a small cubby hole and bringing out something wrapped in a cloth. He opens the cloth and looks inside before wrapping it up and running back towards the crowd.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The crowd stands firmly while the two boys stand at the door.

TONI

We haven't asked you for anything.
You're the third group to come
around here. Bunch of beggars.
Trying to have what isn't yours.

MARSHALL

This isn't yours either.

BRIAN

I think different.

CURTIS

We need to all work together here.

TONI

Fuck you.

Curtis smiles.

CURTIS

OK, how about you just give us
enough food to walk back and
that'll be the last you see of us.

Curtis takes a step inside as the crowd gasps and yells.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

And if you redneck, dumb mother
fucking assholes don't like it -

The small boy comes running up behind Brian and drops the cloth, exposing a sleek glock handgun. The small boy cries out to his father and runs to him, holding out the pistol.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Then I'm just going to have to take
it from you.

The sound of a gunshot fills the air.

Brian stands, holding the smoking gun in front of him.

Curtis staggers backwards, outside, into Marshall's arms.

A woman from the crowd quickly runs and shuts the door behind them.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Marshall lays Curtis out on the ground and looks around.

Christian shakes his head and begins to walk away. Landon holds his head in his hands and falls to his knees. Rose, tears streaming down her face, sits down on the ground and looks at Marshall while she cries uncontrollably.

Marshall looks down at the Christian's gun, a Magnum, tucked in Curtis's pants.

Marshall looks into the eyes of the woman he loves who is on her knees in the dirty snow. Her eyes dark and her skin pale.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The crowd still stands silent around the doorway while Brian lowers the gun and throws it on the ground.

Suddenly, the door pounds and Marshall is heard yelling on the other side.

MARSHALL (O.S.)

Please, just some food to feed my
wife, please?

A woman passes half a loaf of bread to Brian and he slowly approaches the door with it.

BRIAN

This is all, I'm sorry about your
friend, but you have to leave now

Brian opens the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We feel like everyone is -

A bullet blasts through Brian's face and out the back of his head only a second before his body falls, lifeless, to the ground.

The crowd gasps as Marshall steps over Brian's body, with the Magnum clutched tightly in his hand, and into the middle of the crowd. He reaches down and picks Brian's gun up off of the floor with his other free hand.

Marshall fires another two shots straight into the air.

Marshall stands, menacing, a gun in each hand.

FADE OUT.