

ARMY OF THE DEAD

by

Joby Harold

Based on an original story by

Zack Snyder

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EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

A huge, muscle-bound NAKED MAN is running for his life.

He is sprinting down the LAS VEGAS STRIP. Through a sea of casinos, neon lights and fake Eiffel towers.

A BLACK SUV is chasing him. TRANQUILIZER GUNS FIRING out of tinted windows. The air thick with tranquilizer darts.

NAKED MAN
GET AWAY FROM ME.

The SUV SCREECHES, turning too fast. Tranquilizer guns still BLARING as it hits a curb, flipping onto its side...

Spinning through the air as it barrels towards the Man, crashing down the street, kicking up SPARKS until--

BOOM. It lands with an EXPLOSION next to him.

The Man is thrown back. Out of breath. He sees the BURNING GUNMEN inside the vehicle. A concerned TOURIST approaches.

TOURIST
...Are you okay?

NAKED MAN
Stay away from me. JUST STAY AWAY--

SLAM. The Naked Man is blind sided by an oncoming TAXI. The force SHATTERING the windshield as he is sent flying...

His body landing on the sidewalk with an awful CRACK.

The Man looks down to see a massive RIP in his chest, his BLOOD and GUTS pouring onto the strip. A COP rushes up.

NAKED MAN
...Oh, shit, no--

COP
You're gonna be fi--

NAKED MAN
No, shoot me in the head, please...
(off the Cop's shock)
You don't understand, PLEASE--

As the Man starts to shake. His breath slowly escaping his body, and his injuries finally getting the better of him.

The Cop sees a BEEPING METAL ANKLET on the dead Man's ankle. A WHINING tracking device with "RE-AN" written on the side.

COP
...What the--

And then something strange happens. The Man's huge corpse suddenly JERKS UP. His eyes WIDE OPEN.

COP
...Jesus, buddy, are you--

The Man suddenly BITES into the Cop's face.

His jaw SNAPS like a rattlesnake, ripping the Cop's throat clean off with a rabid, animalistic ferocity. His lightening fast attack, sudden and terrifying, as he leaps to his feet.

This is not your Mother's ZOMBIE.

TOURISTS start running. Cars CRASHING. The chaos beginning as the corpse stands, face covered in blood, guts spilling out onto the sidewalk. He lets out an awful GUTTURAL MOAN.

The Mirage Casino's MASSIVE VOLCANO erupts behind him, silhouetting this awful, majestic creature against the city.

As the COP'S CORPSE suddenly leaps up beside him.

And one by one, the people of Las Vegas start to SCREAM...

CUT TO:

INSERT TITLE: ONE YEAR LATER

ON A TV:

A NEWS SHOW provides a montage of HORRIFIC SCENES OF CARNAGE. THOUSANDS OF ZOMBIES ripping Vegas apart. The ARMY battling in vein. TWO ANALYSTS argue, enjoying their own voices...

LEFT-WING ANALYST (O.S.)
No, we left those people to die, it is that simple. We abandoned them--

RIGHT-WING ANALYST (O.S.)
This administration did everything it could, that containment wall has proven effective for over a year.

We see footage of a huge, fortified PERIMETER WALL being constructed. Fenced off CIVILIANS SCREAMING for help inside.

LEFT-WING ANALYST (O.S.)
That wall is the biggest human rights violation since Hiroshima.

RIGHT-WING ANALYST (O.S.)
 The wall saved this country. And
 this pandemic is almost over. The
 quarantine worked, the infected are
 dying out, it's done. We won.

We see the city of Las Vegas today. QUARANTINED behind the
 wall. Thousands of human rights PROTESTORS outside.

LEFT-WING ANALYST (O.S.)
 Oh please, who are we to think we
 can ever control this virus? We
 don't even know where it came from--

INT. LIVING ROOM - KATE'S APARTMENT - DAY

CLICK. KATE MANSION (22) turns off her TELEVISION. Annoyed.

KATE
 No more talking.

At 22, Kate is your typical all-business, no-nonsense, heart-
 attack-serious, woman-in-charge. We can hear her roar.

She packs a HARD DRIVE into a backpack and feeds her TWO
 CATS. Their bowls are labelled: "WOODWARD" and "BERNSTEIN."
 That should give you a clue.

KATE
 Wish me luck, guys.

She grabs a HANDGUN, pockets it, and SLAMS the door.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

SCOTT GABLE (46) frowns, his salt-and-pepper stubble and
 receding hairline betraying his good looks.

He looks over at a stage of NAKED STRIPPERS. All working too
 hard for too little money in this seedy Los Angeles hole.

A DRUNK GUY suddenly jumps onto the stage and grabs a blonde
 stripper named BUNNY (19). He starts dancing with her as--

SLAM. Scott is across the room in a flash. Throwing the
 Drunk off the stage. The drunk gets up swinging, but a swift
 UPPER CUT from Scott ends the fight before it's begun.

SCOTT
 Get him out of here.

TWO BOUNCERS oblige, as Bunny looks over at Scott, annoyed.

BUNNY

...What the fuck? I had it under control, he's a fucking regular--

SCOTT

You kiss your Mother with that mouth, Bunny?

BUNNY

Fuck you, Scotty, you think you're better than the rest of us?

SCOTT

Just put some clothes on, will ya? Go to church, eat something.

Scott walks off into the back. Bunny yelling after him.

BUNNY (O.S.)

What makes you so goddamn special?

INT. BACK ROOM - STRIP CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Scott stands at a LOCKER. He takes off his shirt to reveal a lifetime of SCARS, a million battles fought.

Around his neck he is wearing an old metal VIAL of liquid. It is battered and worn. The contents a mystery.

He stretches out his shoulder. The bones CRACKING.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ran into Paulie's wife at Max's.

He spins around to see SUSAN MANSION (46, hard as nails).

SUSAN

She said you were working down here. I didn't believe her, but...

A handful of STRIPPERS run by giggling. Susan clutches her purse next to her. Out of her element.

SUSAN

I see you've landed on your feet--

SCOTT

I haven't seen you in six years, Susan, you come all the way down here just to twist the knife?

SUSAN
You think I'd be here if I had a
choice?

SCOTT
...Look, if you're sniffing around
for more money--

SUSAN
I don't want your fucking alimony.
(off his look)
You still got friends on the force?

SCOTT
What, you got some parking tickets
you want taking care of?

SUSAN
Kate's missing.

He looks at her. She isn't joking.

SUSAN
...Don't make this any harder than
it has to be.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAWN

A CAB pulls up. Susan and Scott climb out and walk towards
an old WAREHOUSE BUILDING. Mid-argument...

SCOTT
...Hey, I call her. Even got her
on speed dial. She never picks up--

SUSAN
What do you expect?

He glares at her, annoyed. She unlocks a DOOR.

SCOTT
...I haven't had a drink in three
years, Susan.

SUSAN
That's great, Scott, what do you
want a medal? This isn't therapy.
Try and keep up...

INT. FRONT ROOM - KATE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

TWO HUNGRY CATS circle Susan's feet as she lets Scott into Kate's cluttered, hobo apartment. Mid-conversation:

SUSAN

By the 2nd day, I started getting nervous, so I came here. Thought maybe she was sick...

He sees some PHOTOS on the wall. Susan with Kate at her COLUMBIA JOURNALISM graduation. Mother and daughter together through the years. No pictures of Scott anywhere.

SUSAN

She said she was working a new story, something big. I didn't pay it any mind, thought it was just another one of her little crusades.

She slides open a SLIDING DOOR to reveal...

INT. OFFICE - KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The little office is dedicated to Kate's study of Las Vegas. VEGAS STREET MAPS, DIAGRAMS and POST-ITS swamp a giant desk.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS cover the walls, each retracing the last year of Vegas' history... "VEGAS VIRUS SPREADS," "PRESIDENT TO DECLARE STATE OF EMERGENCY," "QUARANTINE BEGINS" etc.

SUSAN

I found an e-ticket receipt on her desk for Saint George in Utah. It's an airport, near Vegas...
(off his look)
Flight left two days ago, Scotty.

Scott looks around at the Vegas stuff. He starts LAUGHING.

SCOTT

Oh, c'mon, what is this a joke?
(amused)
...D'you start drinking too?

SUSAN

Tell me you're not still this dumb.

SCOTT

Susie, trust me, there's no way our little girl found a way into Vegas--

Susan hands him technical plans of a WATER TUNNEL. Security codes, design specs. Everything Kate would need to sneak in.

SUSAN
She's not your little girl anymore.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

Two HANDS clutch a huge fishing rod. Fingers BLOODY and raw.

They belong to COLONEL CARL KRIEG (43, USMC tattoo, shaved head). He is shark fishing off the California coast, his SON by his side (10, wide eyed).

Krieg GRUNTS, finally pulling a five-foot TIGER SHARK onto the boat, its tail flapping, teeth snapping.

KRIEG'S SON
Throw it back, throw it back...

Krieg pulls a KNIFE, slitting the fishes belly, spilling its guts out onto the deck. No mercy. His son looks sick.

KRIEG'S SON
Why didn't you throw it back?

COLONEL KRIEG
If you fell in the water, you think it would help you back on the boat?

KRIEG'S SON
...No Sir.

A RINGING CELL PHONE interrupts. Krieg picks up, WHISPERING.

VOICE (O.S.)
...Go secure.

COLONEL KRIEG
318. Secure.

VOICE (V.O.)
Sir, we're at acute 2 status, Re-An is in play. We have a breach.

Krieg's smile suddenly falls. His face turning white, as he furiously guts the shark, RIPPING OUT ITS STOMACH.

COLONEL KRIEG
...On my way.

INT. FRONT ROOM - KATE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Susan watches Scott pacing on his cell phone. Mid-spiel.

SCOTT

Fax it to that number, Jim. Now.

(to Susan)

...He works tech at 9th precinct,
they can triangulate her cell.

SUSAN

I'm surprised you have any friends
left in the department--

SCOTT

He took my car with a pair of sixes
last Christmas, he owes me.

Scott turns to the FAX MACHINE as it kicks into gear.

SUSAN

I knew this was going to happen to
her eventually--

SCOTT

Relax, you'll see, she's probably
just lying on a beach in Florida...

As a MAP slowly reveals itself. A DARK CIRCLE in the middle
signifying Kate's cell phone signal...

Right in the middle of a quarantined Las Vegas.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Susan storms down the street as Scott follows. The NOISE and
chaos of Downtown LA surrounding them. Mid-argument--

SUSAN

Jesus, Scott, she's your daughter--

SCOTT

Susan, they left 30,000 people to
die in there, they're not gonna
break quarantine for just one--

SUSAN

But you can tell the Police--

SCOTT
 They're not gonna care.
 (off her despair)
 ...Listen to me. She's smarter
 than the both of us, she wouldn't
 have gone in there without a plan--

SUSAN
 But what if something went wrong?
 What if she's stuck in there--

SCOTT
 Well, what do you want me to do?

She stops in the street, blocking traffic. As cars HONK.

SUSAN
 ...I want you to be her fucking
 Father, Scott. Help her.

SCOTT
 ...I'm not a cop anymore.

SUSAN
 Then find another way.

She hands him the FAX. The map of Las Vegas. Kate within.

SUSAN
 You owe us that much, Scott.
 (off his look)
 ...Please, she needs you.

INT. MILITARY BUNKER - VEGAS OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

A DR. STRANGELOVE style war room. Massive SCREENS and
 monitors everywhere showing images of VEGAS. COLONEL KRIEG
 walks in, as MAJOR BLANKSTEIN (35, nervous) debriefs him.

COLONEL KRIEG
 What the hell is going on, Major?

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN
 Motion detector kicked surveillance
 in at 0630. Some low level admin
 guy at Arlington tipped us to the
 surge. These images are live,
 she's in lab two on the main level.

On a SCREEN we see a CCTV video feed of Kate SLAMMING against
 a door. Stuck inside a lab.

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

She was downloading the entire mainframe. We remote accessed the switch, locked her in--

GENERAL RATHER

(sotto)

How the hell did she get through the goddamn wall?

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

F.R.S. has her as a Kate Mansion. Columbia, freelance journalist, ACLU. Three arrests. Last was in 2004 for sneaking into an Arms base in Minsk. Trying to prove we were selling warheads to the militia. State's had to deal with her a shitload, always poking around, trying to bring the house down--

COLONEL KRIEG

Great. Another left-wing lunatic looking for a Pulitzer--

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

General Rather wants a briefing at 0500 in person. We had to pull him off the back nine at Brighton Hill.

COLONEL KRIEG

Perfect. Alright, let's get ready.
(as he leaves)
...And keep your eye on her, Major. She flies the coop, and it's over.

INT. OFFICE - KATE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is night. Hours have passed. Scott sits, examining Kate's office. Hundreds of PHOTOS of people being EATEN ALIVE. A BIG POST-IT NOTE reading: "WHO IS REANNE?"

And then the WATER TUNNEL MAP, the secret way into the city.

SCOTT

C'mon. What were you doing, Katie?

A SLAM suddenly interrupts, Scott looking up to see a glimpse of KATE opening the front door, rushing across the apartment.

SCOTT
 ...Wait, Kate?
 (as he follows)
 Jesus, Katie, we were worried sick.

INT. FRONT ROOM - KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Scott walks in to find a TRAIL OF BLOOD leading to the bathroom door. The sound of Kate inside.

SCOTT
 Christ, Katie are you okay?
 (as the noise continues)
 ...C'mon, open up--

INT. BATHROOM - KATE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Scott enters to find Kate hunched over the sink. Back to him. Still whimpering. The BLOOD TRAIL leading to her.

SCOTT
 Katie, it's okay.

Kate says nothing. Hunched over. As Scott sees her hand. It is covered in puss and blood. Her skin ROTTING.

SCOTT
 ...Katie?

As Kate spins around to reveal her HALF EATEN FACE! She SLAMS into his neck, sinking her TEETH into him like some rabid wolf, ripping her Father to pieces as he SCREAMS.

SCOTT
 JESUSFUCKINGCHRIST--

INT. TAXI - DAY

Scott wakes from his NIGHTMARE to find himself in a TAXI CAB. It is still daytime. And the DRIVER is waiting...

DRIVER
 Come on, sleeping beauty, this aint
 no rest home. Thirty four twenty.

Scott gets his shit together. He pays the man, and then scurries out towards a building labelled: "CRUISER'S GYM."

INT. CRUISER'S BOXING GYM - DAY

The main wall of Cruiser's gym is a tribute to a once great fighter named HENRY "THE CRUISER" CRUZ...

We see row after row of framed 80's SPORTS PAGES. The 80's cover of RING magazine with the headline "THE FUTURE CHAMP?"

And then a down-market, local newspaper headline: "FAMED BOXER OPENS GYM AFTER HORRIFIC AUTO-ACCIDENT."

The pictures are dusty, worn and forgotten, much like the fighter in them. Who at this very moment is pummeling flesh in a ragged old BOXING RING beneath this wall of fame.

Cruz is now 42. African American, he is still all heavyweight. Dwarfing his much smaller OPPONENT as...

SLAM. He hits the guy below the belt with an awful THUD. The guy falling to his knees, trying not to vomit. Done.

REGGIE (O.S.)

...BOOM! Game over!

Cruz returns to his corner to see REGGIE (25, Hispanic). Reggie is TINY, but the joint he's smoking is HUGE.

REGGIE

Beautiful, baby, beautiful! Just like old times, son. Magic time.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Still fighting fair, I see.

Cruz looks up to see Scott standing outside the ring.

CRUZ

...Fight anyway I have to, Scottie.

Cruz smiles and then REMOVES HIS LEFT HAND. Boxing glove, hand and all. Revealing the entire thing is PROSTHETIC.

CRUZ

Just as long as I keep winning.

Cruz attaches a regular PROSTHETIC CLAW LIKE HAND and then grabs his ROBE. A .45 GUN visible in the pocket.

INT. CRUISER'S BOXING GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Cruz, with Reggie in tow, faces up to Scott in the middle of this dusty old gym. Rippling torsoes surround.

CRUZ

You must really want to die, Scott.
Is that it? You bored of living?

SCOTT

Just hit me and get it over with.

Cruz squares up to Scott. Nose to nose. The THWACK of fist against leather underscoring the tension.

REGGIE

I don't get it, who is this dude?

CRUZ

This was my best fucking friend in the world. Pulled how many jobs together, Scott? Six, seven? 'Til Mr Tricky Dick undercover fuckface here did the Jeckyl and Hyde, sent my ass upstate for four years--

REGGIE

(coughing, hiding joint)
Wait, this guy's a fucking cop?

CRUZ

No, not anymore, right, Scotty?
Way I heard it, spent so much time hanging with us low lives, it rubbed off. Pissed his life away, lost the badge. You still flunking AA, Scotty? Wanna shot of bourbon?

SCOTT

Been off the sauce a while, Cruz--

Cruz pulls his gun. Sticks it in Scotts temple.

CRUZ

Give me one reason why I shouldn't blow your two-faced fucking head clean off your shoulders--

SCOTT

I have a job for you.

CRUZ

Oh, you got a job for me? You hear that Redge, he has a job for us!

(to Scott)

Didn't your Mom ever tell you not to make fun of cripples, Scotty?

SCOTT

My daughter is in trouble, I need your help getting her.

CRUZ

And why the hell would we wanna--

SCOTT

Pay's sixty million. Maybe more.

This silences the room. A beat. And then they LAUGH.

REGGIE

...Yeah, right, where is she, the fucking moon?

SCOTT

Vegas.

They stop laughing. A beat. Scott isn't smiling.

CRUZ

...Jesus, they were right about you. You really have lost it--

SCOTT

I have a way in. You help me get a crew, help me find her, and every single vault in that city is yours. That's a lot of fuck you money.

CRUZ

Yeah, if you're not eaten first.

SCOTT

Well I didn't say it would be easy.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Cruz drives his 78 CAMARO TL. Scott rides shotgun. Reggie leans forward from the back like an annoying younger brother.

REGGIE

There he is, right there!

We see a HUGE MAN on a HARLEY. The bike is so LOUD it sets off every CAR ALARM it passes. A trail of NOISE in its wake.

Meet TY (35). Ty has tattoos on his tattoos. All ink.

SCOTT

You sure about this guy?

CRUZ

...Scott, you wanna get a crew to go on a suicide mission to Las Vegas in six hours, you're gonna have to make a few compromises, k?

(off Scott's look)

Besides he's ex-ranger. Was front line on the containment crew during quarantine. He's dealt with these things before. Trust me, he'll probably start eating them.

They pull up next to Ty and Cruz yells out over the DIN...

CRUZ

...HEY, TY. YOU LOOKIN' FOR A GIG?

Ty removes his helmet and looks over. He looks terrifying.

CRUZ

Trust me, inside he's marshmallow.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Scott, Reggie and Cruz sit in their Camero, waiting.

Surrounding them is a trailer park, Ty's beat-up trailer sitting right in front of them. Ty standing outside...

He is saying goodbye to his family. His BEAUTIFUL WIFE is covered in TATTOOS, just like him. Even his TWO LITTLE GIRLS have a couple, although hopefully they're stick-on.

He lifts his girls up and kisses them goodbye, one by one. Scott watches on, hating himself for breaking up this family.

As Ty's Wife glares over at Scott accusingly.

INT. CRUZ'S CAMERÓ - DAY

Scott and Ty sit in the back. Scott looks over at Ty's arms. A TATTOO OF HIS TWO GIRLS on each bicep. He tries to smile.

SCOTT

We'll be straight in, straight out.
They'll barely know you're gone, k?

Ty glares at him, saying nothing. Scott looks nervous.

CRUZ

Don't take it personal, man. He's
better with explosives than people.
Lets his semtex do the talking.
... 'Aint that right, handsome?

Ty GRUNTS, annoyed, as Cruz brings the car to a stop.

CRUZ

Alright, we're here...

EXT. SUBURBIA - THE VALLEY - LATER THAT DAY

The Camero pulls up into a SUBURBAN NIGHTMARE. Sprinklers.
Tapiary. Driveway basketball hoops. Our team climbs out.

SCOTT

Jesus, who lives here?

CRUZ

Best key man in LA, any system, any
vault, if it has wires he can hack
it. Can make a toaster cook eggs.

REGGIE

Good, I'm starving--

INT. FRONT ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Scott, Cruz, Reggie and Ty are lined up in a row on a frilly
couch in a pastel colored room. Complete misfits.

A SOCCER MOM sit in front of them in silence. Until:

SOCCER MOM

And how did you say you knew Kevin?

REGGIE

...From school.

The front door suddenly CLICKS open and an All-American
college freshman walks out of an Abercrombie catalogue and
into the room. This is Kevin (18, very blonde).

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin's room is a mess of WIRES, COMPUTERS and MONITORS.
Scott, Cruz, Reggie and Ty are sitting on his bed. Waiting.

KEVIN

What are you, insane? No, no
fucking way. It's suicide--

CRUZ

We can't do it without you, Kev.

SOCCER MOM (O.S.)

Do you guys want sandwiches?

KEVIN

NO, THANKS MOM.

REGGIE

...Actually, I'd love a--

Cruz frowns at Reggie, shutting him up.

CRUZ

...Straight in, straight out, just
like the Lansky job. We'll take
care of you the whole way.

(off Kevin's look)

C'mon. How'd you like to be the
first kid on your block to retire?

Kevin digests it all. Thinking. Until the greed wins.

KEVIN

...Alright, but I gotta paper due
Friday, so we gotta be back by
tomorrow, okay? I'm not kidding.

CRUZ

No problem, we're leaving now--

SCOTT

Actually, we have one more stop.
(off their look)

...Can't go on a safari without a
guide, right?

EXT. LECTURE HALL - UCLA - DAY

Scott leads our gang across campus towards a huge hall.
Outside is a PHOTO of an eccentric looking GUEST LECTURER.

CRUZ

Jesus, are you kidding? I saw this guy on TV, he's a fucking wack job.

SCOTT

Then he'll fit right in.

INT. LECTURE HALL - UCLA - CONTINUOUS

Scott and the team walk into this packed hall of STUDENTS to find DOCTOR GRAHAM SMYTHE. British, 48, he is Einstein with a better haircut. He's talking to a WOMAN STUDENT.

DOC

...energy production from a robust anaerobic, oxygen free, metabolism. Powered by the fermentation of fat. A fat which exists in almost all digestible parts of the human body. Maybe that is why they eat us--

WOMAN STUDENT

Oh, c'mon, they're not rabbits, they're dead. They eat us because they're an unholy abomination--

DOC

Maybe they just eat for energy? It's a perfect, simple biology.

The Student leaves, disgusted, taking her friends with her.

DOC

Think about the practical elegance of this species. If a victim is to be transformed, they're infected, killed, and left to turn. But, if they're to be eaten, then the brain is consumed first, thus eliminating any possibility of reanimation--

STUDENT (O.S.)

You think they're that logical?

DOC

No one wants their lunch suddenly getting up and walking away, right?

Nothing. More Students leave. One MALE STUDENT perseveres.

MALE STUDENT

How can you say that they choose to infect some and eat others? That's like saying they're reasoning--

DOC

That's exactly what they're doing.

This provokes LAUGHTER. Now everyone starts leaving.

DOC

Think about it, if they infected everyone, they'd have no food. If they ate everyone, their numbers would be too low to hunt. They have to make choices to survive...

The room is now empty, save for our group. Scott walks down to the disgruntled Doc, his head buried in his books.

SCOTT

You really think you're right?

DOC

I've had quite enough people making fun of me for one day, thank you.

SCOTT

...How would you like to find out for sure?

The Doc looks up to see our little gang of mischief makers.

DOC

...What are you talking about?

INT. MILITARY BUNKER - VEGAS OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

General Rather sits waiting. Late 50's he is Father-in-Law intimidating. Cut from marble. Still dressed in GOLF GEAR.

GENERAL RATHER

...I shot two triple bogies before breakfast, Krieg, please tell me my day's about to get a little better.

Colonel Krieg paces in front of a SATELLITE IMAGE. It displays LAS VEGAS. A sea of ZOMBIE CORPSES visible inside.

COLONEL KRIEG

...General, they are dying. Some estimates say they'll be extinct within the month. We are so close. And I am not failing at the final hurdle 'cos of Nancy fucking Drew--

GENERAL RATHER

What are you suggesting, Carl?

COLONEL KRIEG

We send out some kind of statement, discrediting her, just in case... Then we go over that wall and--

GENERAL RATHER

You want to break quarantine?

COLONEL KRIEG

Just give me a handful of men, men without families. I'll go in, get her, blow that lab, and get out.

(off Rather's look)

...We should have done this a long time ago, General. Let's end it.

The General considers this. Digesting the possibilities.

GENERAL RATHER

...Colonel, if anyone finds out we are responsible for this virus, the consequences to this administration would be catastrophic. If anything goes wrong, if you fail, you know the protocol. I will not hesitate.

COLONEL KRIEG

Neither would I.

GENERAL RATHER

...Then you have until midnight.

INT. CRUISER'S BOXING GYM - DAY

Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Kevin and Doc all sit inside a BOXING RING, hunched over a table, covered in maps of LAS VEGAS.

SCOTT

Okay, this is it. Standard snatch 'n grab. Las Vegas is a big town, alright? Big enough for all of us.

(all smiles)

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
 ...We do this right, we won't see
 one of those things the entire time
 we're in there.

As we zoom into the Map, soaring into DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LAS VEGAS - DAY

We soar down towards the Vegas Strip. It is packed with
 THOUSANDS OF ZOMBIES, covering all the famous landmarks.

SCOTT (V.O.)
 ...Now, according to sat reports,
 they're all downtown on the strip.
 It's wall-to-wall down there. That
 means all the big downtown casinos
 are out. We don't go near 'em...

As we soar away from the Zombies, heading uptown towards...

EXT. UPTOWN - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

North of the strip we see the empty OLD CITY of Las Vegas.

SCOTT (V.O.)
 ...Instead, we go North. There are
 over thirty smaller casinos uptown,
 mostly around Fremont Street. It's
 like a ghost town up there. Empty.

As we zoom into a smaller little Casino on Fremont Street...

INT. SMALL CASINO - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

We soar through the slot machines of this tiny, dark Casino.

SCOTT
 ...That's over thirty vaults that
 are ours for the taking. We're
 talking at least two million in
 each vault. That's sixty total.

We arrive at a VAULT DOOR, pushing through the thick metal...

INSIDE THE VAULT DOOR:

The WHEELS and COGS turn, the mechanism slowly UNLOCKING.

SCOTT (V.O.)
 ...The kid gets us in, Cruz cracks
 the vaults, Reggie handles the
 hardware, Ty watches our backs.

INT. VAULT - SMALL CASINO - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

The vault door opens to reveal piles and piles of MONEY.
 Millions of dollars, all in delicious stacks of twenties.

SCOTT (V.O.)
 ...Good old fashioned five hander.
 By morning, we're all millionaires.

INT. CRUISER'S BOXING GYM - DAY

They all grin, getting more and more excited. Cruz frowns.

CRUZ
 ...What about your little damsel in
 distress. Where's she?

Scott pulls out a MINI-SAT MONITOR. It shows a digital
 street map of Vegas. Kate's phone signal visible uptown.

SCOTT
 Don't worry about her. According
 to Kevin's little toy, she's uptown
 too...We'll barely break stride.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

Reggie, surrounded by our team, reads from a shopping list to
 an aghast GUN STORE CLERK. Guns line the walls behind him.

REGGIE
 ...12-gauge, 6 Glock 22's, 6 QBZ-95
 assault rifles, the Chinese kind,
 18 M67 baseballs, 6 kabar knives, 3
 knuckle dusters, one of those hats
 up there. And a diet coke.
 (off his look)
 ...If you have one.

CLERK
 (suspicious)
 What's all this for anyway?

CRUZ
 Home security.

REGGIE
 Home security.

CLERK

...Uh-huh. You expecting a pack of bears or something like that?

SCOTT

Something like that.

CLERK

Well, you do know there's a thirty day wait for all this, right?

SCOTT

Yeah, we wanted to talk about that.

The Clerk backs away, nervous, pointing at a SECURITY CAMERA.

CLERK

I'm warning you, I got cameras...

Kevin pulls a dismantled CAMERA CIRCUIT BOARD out of his pocket. A bunch of NAKED WIRES sticking out the side.

KEVIN

...No. You don't.

INT. GUN STORE - LATER

The Clerk is bound and gagged, watching on as our team GUNS UP. Five misfit ready-to-rock Rambos. ARMED TO THE TEETH.

Reggie admires the scene, a huge machine gun in each hand.

REGGIE

...We look awesome.

EXT. THE WALL - LAS VEGAS - DAY

It is huge. Armed Guards on top. Huge graphic BIOHAZARD QUARANTINE SIGNS lining the side. Stretching for miles.

Thousands of PROTESTORS do what they do best at the foot of this extraordinary sight. All hold home-made PROTEST SIGNS:

"PUT THEM OUT THEIR MISERY" - "NUKE VEGAS" - "THE DEAD HAVE NO RIGHTS" - "END THEIR SUFFERING" - "PRO-DEATH" etc.

We see Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Doc, Ty and Kevin hiding in their midst. Guns all hidden. Looking up at the wall.

SCOTT

...Now remember, as long as we stay away from downtown, we'll be fine.

REGGIE

What the fuck are they all doing down there anyway? Gambling?

CRUZ

They're mostly down at the Luxor. Think they like the lights.

DOC

...They should have turned those things off a year ago.

SCOTT

Not if the President wants to be re-elected. Can't abandon the city--

SMACK. Cruz suddenly PUNCHES Scott in the face. Scott thrown back. Everyone in shock. Cruz circles him.

SCOTT

What the fuck?

CRUZ

Wanted to wait 'til you weren't ready, you don't mind do you?

(off his look)

...Hurts, don't it, Scotty? Not nice to be sucker punched.

SCOTT

Guess I had that coming.

CRUZ

...That makes us even.

He helps Scott up, dusting him off. Smiling.

CRUZ

Now, quit fucking around and tell me how we're gettin over that wall?

SCOTT

...Oh, we're not going over, Cruz.

(wiping his bloody lip)

We're going under.

EXT. WATER TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

A sign reads "CLARK COUNTY MUNICIPAL WATER TREATMENT."

Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Doc, Kevin and Ty approach an innocuous looking GREY BUILDING in the middle of small-town nowhere.

Kevin works a KEYPAD on a side door, disabling it in seconds.

SCOTT

Jesus, you are fast.

KEVIN

No, it was disabled. Someone's already been through here.

EXT. PIPE ROOM - WATER TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Scott uses Kate's BLUEPRINTS to navigate as the Team enter this massive room of HUGE WATER PIPES.

CRUZ

Are you kidding, a water pipe--

SCOTT

When the cleaning cycle starts, we have forty-five minutes. Should take no more than thirty if we run.

Scott leads them to the VEGAS PIPE. Ten feet in diameter. He checks his watch as a POWER DOWN sound echoes out.

SCOTT

Piece of cake. As long as we're not down here when the water starts up, we'll be fine...Here we go.

As they unbolt a MAINTENANCE HATCH and hurriedly file in. Oblivious to the SECURITY CAMERAS above.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - WATER TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

A MONITOR shows them sneaking in. An OLD SECURITY GUARD is oblivious, however. Too caught up with his TELEVISION.

ON TV:

GENERAL RATHER is making a live "breaking news" statement. Behind him is a MUG SHOT of a familiar face. It is Kate, looking defiant and proud, giving it the full Jane Fonda.

GENERAL RATHER

...Once again, we have reason to believe that this woman, Kate Mansion, a known political activist and possible terrorist, has infiltrated the quarantine zone.

(off the MURMURS)

Now, I want to make it absolutely clear that as far as we know she is still in the quarantined area--

EXT. LANDING PAD - DAY

THREE MH 60L BLACK HAWK helicopters sit waiting, rotors swirling. 30mm chain gun, 2.75" rockets, M134D gattling gun, these things are fully tricked out and special-op ready.

A team of TWENTY FIVE BLACK-CLAD MARINES run towards them. Boots pounding blacktop. SILENCED M4's at the ready.

Colonel Krieg and Major Blankstein bravely leading the way.

INT. WATER PIPE - DAY

FLASHLIGHTS illuminate the still dripping pipe. Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Doc, Kevin and Ty are SPRINTING. Judging by their HEAVY BREATHING and expressions, they've been at it a while.

REGGIE

Jesus, how much further? We gotta be in Canada by now--

SCOTT

These pipes feed all Clark County, including Vegas. All the way into the city center. Just keep moving.

Scott feels Doc staring at him as they run. Evaluating him.

DOC

...So what is this, some kind of redemption thing? You drink away her childhood now you're trying to play Father of the year--

SCOTT

What are you a shrink?

DOC

Among other things.

SCOTT

Well, do yourself a favor, use the fancy accent on someone who gives a shit. I'm too old for therapy--

CRUZ (O.S.)

That's it, I'm gonna puke--

Scott turns to see Cruz stop running. Slumping over.

SCOTT

Get up. Now.

CRUZ

...You know, Scotty, you're a lot more fun when you're drunk.

SCOTT

Cruz, in fifteen minutes, a hundred and sixty five thousand gallons of water are gonna be coming through here. You wanna' go swimming?

(off Cruz's nervous look)

...C'mon, we're almost there...

EXT. VEGAS STRIP - DAY

The three Black Hawk helicopters speed over the strip, past the MGM GRAND, the PARIS, BALLY's etc. All guns and ammo, they are a magnificent, powerful sight.

INT. KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

A PHOTO of Colonel Krieg and his Son. The Colonel smiles, enjoying the reminder. Then he tucks it into his pocket, as Major Blankstein appears at his side.

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

We got five more.

(off Krieg's look)

...Municipal Water reported a break in. Pipe shut down for routine cleaning, leads all the way in. Found 'em on closed circuit.

COLONEL KRIEG

Well, at least now we know how she got in. They still in there?

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

Far as we know.

COLONEL KRIEG

Then turn that water back on, see
if we can't wash 'em out. We got a
fix on where the pipe comes out?

(off Major's nod)

...Then that's our first stop.

INT. WATER PIPE - DAY

Scott and the exhausted Team finally arrive at a rusty old
SERVICE LADDER, leading up to a HATCH in the pipe ceiling.

SCOTT

...This is it, this is the ladder.
We're right under the city center.

They all look at each other. Anxiety ridden. Exhausted.

REGGIE

It's not too late to turn around...

SCOTT

She's my daughter, Redge.
(off his look)
...We're going up.

CRUZ

Hey, you guys hear that?

DOC

...Hear what?

REGGIE

Wait, I hear it too.

And so can we. A QUIET RUMBLING. Growing LOUDER. It is the
unmistakable sound of water FLOODING TOWARDS THEM.

REGGIE

Scott, I think we'd better hurry.

SCOTT

But, we're supposed to have another
twelve minutes--

Cruz and Ty start pushing the people up the ladder...

SCOTT

I don't understand.

Doc reaches the top. Unable to get the HATCH open.

DOC

Wait...IT'S STUCK, IT WON'T OPEN--

As the SURGING FLOOD OF WATER appears in the distance.

SCOTT

Oh, no...

INT. KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

Major Blankstein reports back to Colonel Krieg. The helicopter full of black clad marines watching on.

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

Water's pumping through. We're five minutes from the pipe.

COLONEL KRIEG

Very good, Major...With any luck they'll be dead already.

INT. WATER PIPE - DAY

RUSHING WATER crashes against the ladder as our team holds on for dear life, white knuckling it, water up to their necks...

Ty finally SLAMS the latch open above, pushing the rest of the team through, one by one, as the water rises...

INT. WATER TREATMENT CENTER - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

Doc, Kevin, Reggie and Ty pull themselves out of the pipe into this treatment room, reaching back to grab the others.

KEVIN

C'MON--

As they pull Cruz in behind them. Our whole team now safely inside. All except one...

INT. WATER PIPE - CONTINUOUS

Scott is at the bottom of the ladder, trying to pull himself up, rung by rung, until...

Scott's HAND SLIPS, losing grip. Disappearing underwater.

CRUZ

NO--

Cruz reaches down, grabbing for Scott. Holding onto the top of the ladder with his claw-like artificial hand.

CRUZ

Help me--

Ty grabs his arm, creating a human chain as Cruz reaches out into the water, clutching at straws, hoping for a miracle...

KEVIN

GRAB HIM--

Nothing. Scott nowhere to be found...

REGGIE

CRUZ, C'MON--

DOC

He's gone.

A hopelessness overwhelms the group. Sobering. Until--

CRUZ

WAIT--

Cruz sees something floating on top of the rushing water. Something METAL. Something familiar...

It is Scott's NECKLACE. As Cruz reaches under it, finding Scott attached beneath, pulling him up out of the water...

INT. WATER TREATMENT CENTER - LAS VEGAS - CONTINUOUS

Scott clambers out of the pipe and flops onto the floor, CHOKING, as Cruz closes the hatch behind him.

CRUZ

...You okay?

Scott nods, grinning, catching his breath.

SCOTT

What'd I tell you?...Piece of cake.

INT. KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - DAY

Colonel Krieg is prepping his crew of tough-as-nails MARINES.

COLONEL KRIEG

We roll in eight man units, four by four, low and fast, in n' out.

(MORE)

COLONEL KRIEG (cont'd)
 You are using an incendiary round
 that will fragment and burn after
 skull penetration, but it will not
 work if you miss the head, so aim
 high.

The Marines lock-and-load. The sound of cutting edge ASSAULT
 RIFLES and special-ops gear CLICKING and BUCKLING.

COLONEL KRIEG
 We're looking for six infiltrators.
 You see anyone and you're in any
 doubt as to their status, use the
 thermal on your goggles. The
 infected have no body temp, they
 won't burn hot. Our targets will.

The Marines check their NVG helmet-mounted infrared imaging
 GOGGLES. All fully night-vision capable.

COLONEL KRIEG
 ...Good hunting, Marines.

EXT. UPTOWN STREET - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Our waterlogged team inch through the EMPTY UPTOWN STREETS.
 WRECKAGE everywhere. Burned out tanks. Crashed helicopters.
 Post apocalyptic decay of a year old battle. It is eerie.

REGGIE
 ...Anyone else scared shitless?

KEVIN
 Had a buddy at school, his whole
 family was vacationing here when it
 hit. Lost them all, Mom, Dad--

REGGIE
 My cousin was here. Got fenced in.
 Wasn't infected or nuthin--

CRUZ
 A lot of people died here, alright.
 Just keep thinking about the money.

They walk past some ZOMBIE REMAINS. Skeletons and remnants
 of flesh. The occasional still-twitching limb.

CRUZ
 ...Jesus, they really are dying.

DOC

Brain rot. After a year the
occipital lobe decomposes. Full
decay. Can't survive without it.

Ty pulls out a ONE-HANDED CHAINSAW, and finishes off one of
the twitching limbs, just to be sure. He grunts.

REGGIE

...Hey! Where the hell did you get
that thing? No fair, I want one.

CRUZ

Just keep your eyes open, Redge.

EXT. WATER TREATMENT CENTER - LAS VEGAS - DAY

Three Black Hawks sit waiting, rotors turning, in front of a
building labelled: "CLARK COUNTY MUNICIPAL WATER TREATMENT."

Major Blankstein exits the building and approaches Krieg.

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

They've been through here alright.
No one's down there. They got out.

COLONEL KRIEG

Alright, close it, and blow it. I
want this whole thing sealed off.
(as he goes to work)
...We gotta get to that lab.

EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - DUSK

Scott leads our Team into this wide, DEAD-END ALLEY.
Warehouses on either side. All fire escapes and dumpsters.

SCOTT

Here we go. It's right up ahead.

REGGIE

Oh good. Down then dead-end alley.
(frustrated)
...Can't we just hit the casinos
and get the fuck out of here--

SCOTT

Daughter first, that was the deal--

CRACK. A NOISE interrupts from one of the dumpsters.

SCOTT

Hello?

Nothing. The noise continues. Our Team inching towards the dumpster as it SUDDENLY STARTS MOVING. Something inside.

SCOTT

...Katie?

Ty and his CHAINSAW take point as the huge tattooed man heads towards the huge trash receptacle. Peering into it...

A quiet SNARLING sound echoing out from within as--

SLAM. A WHITE TIGER suddenly bursts out of the dumpster, trash in mouth. The magnificent beast emaciated and filthy.

A vegas show-cat down on its luck. Scampering off down the alley as Ty smiles, relieved. False alarm.

Scott arrives at a DOOR at the alley's end, almost to the Sat Monitor signal. A SIGN reads: "PHOENIX LUMBER INC."

The door has been jimmied.

INT. OFFICE - PHOENIX LUMBER INC. - DAY

Scott leads our team into this empty office. Old desks and chairs. A few staplers. Like a fake showroom office.

SCOTT

I don't get it, the signal's right here, where is she? Katie?

KEVIN

...Maybe she's underneath us?

As Kevin sees a KEYPAD on the wall, hacking into it. A SECRET DOOR popping open to reveal a SECRET ELEVATOR within.

INT. SECRET ELEVATOR - DAY

Our Team is squashed into the elevator as the lights flicker and it reaches its destination. PING. Reggie grins.

REGGIE

Women's lingerie.

INT. MAIN LAB - UNDERGROUND BIO-FACILITY - DAY

A huge underground LAB. The high-tech, brushed steel, plasma screens everywhere kind. As our team inches through.

CRUZ

Where the fuck are we?

DOC

Some kind of bio-lab...

Test tubes, monitors, wet-labs, vacutainers, hypodermic needles. A MASSIVE SIGN labels them all: "RE-AN."

KEVIN

What the hell is Re-An?

Doc walks through the forest of BIOHAZARD SYMBOLS, amazed...

DOC

...Guys, there's enough stuff down here to cure cancer. Look at this.

As he turns a corner to find...

A ZOMBIE. Inches away from his face.

DOC

...BLOODY HELL--

He stumbles back, only to find the Zombie isn't moving. It is one of FIVE ZOMBIES floating in huge PHAMALDAHIDE TANKS.

Each Zombie is in various levels of labelled decay. 1 WEEK, 1 MONTH, 3 MONTHS, 6 MONTHS, 1 YEAR. The whole life span.

DOC

Jesus, it's a complete life cycle. See how the skin rots first? The muscles and veins remain intact.

He's right. They are not your traditional Halloween zombies. They rot from the outside in, the skin the first thing to go.

They're like something from the BODIES exhibit. A new breed of movie zombie. All VEINS AND MUSCLE. Like a skinned man.

REGGIE

Seriously, where the fuck are we?

A CLATTER interrupts. It is coming from behind a DOOR.

Scott and the Team group around, weapons raised, as Kevin deactivates the door lock KEYPAD, and the door swings open...

INT. LAB 2 - UNDERGROUND BIO-FACILITY - DAY

The door opens to reveal the terrified KATE, gun raised with shaking hand, about to unload her weapon when--

SCOTT
...Well you could at least pretend
like you're happy to see me.

As Scott's daughter lowers her gun in disbelief.

INT. MAIN LAB - UNDERGROUND BIO-FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

Kate is wrapped in a blanket. She looks terrible. Beaten up. Scott hands her a WATER. She gulps it down ferociously.

SCOTT
Not too fast. Take it easy, okay?

She ignores him, downing the whole thing in one swig.

KATE
Thanks..
(to the room)
...All of you. Thank you. Really.
I dunno what happened. I was
almost done when...CLICK. The door
just locked up on me. Figure they
saw me through the closed circuit.

She motions up to CAMERAS on the ceiling. Cruz frowns.

CRUZ
Wait, who saw you?

KATE
...Are you kidding?
(off Cruz's confusion)
Where do you think you are? Lemme'
guess, you're one of those sixty
minuters? Think the virus fell out
the sky? "The terrorists did it."

DOC
...Oh, God.

KATE

That's right. Made in the good old
US of A. Your tax dollars at work.

KEVIN

We're in a lot of trouble.

KATE

How do you think they were able to
quarantine the city so quickly?

CRUZ

We've gotta get out of here, now.

KATE

Hey, I didn't come all the way here
just to leave this behind, okay?

She disconnects an EXTERNAL HARD DRIVE from a terminal.

SCOTT

Katie, we gotta go.

KATE

...It's Kate, now. Okay? Has been
for a long time.

Scott puts his hand on her shoulder. Sincere.

SCOTT

Kate, I'm serious--

KATE

Look, I appreciate you coming, I
really do, but nothing's changed
between us. You understand?
(off his look)
I'm not leaving without this drive.

INT. OFFICE - PHOENIX LUMBER INC. - DAY

Our Team exits the elevator with Kate in tow. She is
clutching the hard drive. Cruz looks at Scott accusingly.

CRUZ

...Jesus, man, what the fuck have
you gotten us into here?

SCOTT

I didn't know, Cruz.

EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - DUSK

Scott and Cruz lead the others out into the alley.

SCOTT

Cruz, listen to me, please--

CRUZ

Let's just hit the casinos and get
back to that fucking pipe, okay?

He loses the words, coming to a dead stop. His head falling,
as we see something rather alarming blocking his way...

Colonel Krieg, flanked by Major Blankstein and about twenty
five Marines, guns raised. They have the alley exit covered.

COLONEL KRIEG

Weapons, please.

Our Team stands strong. Guns levelled. A stand off.

COLONEL KRIEG

You're surrounded by 25 Marines, 2
snipers, and 3 Black Hawk
helicopters.. Weapons, please.

They do as they're told. Dropping their guns, Cruz furious.

KATE

...Please don't kill them. It's
not their fault. They came for me--

COLONEL KRIEG

I'm a soldier, young lady, not a
murderer. Trust me, 80 years in a
state pen, you'll all wish you were
dead. Now, give me the hard drive.

Kate resists, clutching onto it. Defiant. Until--

SMACK. Krieg BACKHANDS her across the face.

Scott rushes forward, getting a RIFLE BUTT in the temple for
his trouble, as Krieg grabs the hard drive and--

BOOM. A huge distant EXPLOSION interrupts.

REGGIE

What the fuck was that?

COLONEL KRIEG
That was your little escape tunnel.

DOC
(suddenly terrified)
...We have to get out of here, now.

COLONEL KRIEG
Hey, I give the orders around here.
(to Major Blankstein)
I want this facility levelled. Put
charges in the basement too--

DOC
Colonel, this entire city will have
seen that explosion, they'll be
coming up here to check it out.

COLONEL KRIEG
I have my orders. I'm not leaving
this facility intact--

DOC
You're going to blow this too? Are
you *trying* to get their attention?

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Darkness falls. The three Black Hawks sit waiting on the
street outside the alley entrance. The LZ quiet.

In the distance, we see some MARINES walking the perimeter.

EXT. NORTH STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

PRIVATE MILLS walks the North perimeter, alone. Searching
the shadows. Talking into his RADIO COM to PRIVATE GARRITY.

PRIVATE MILLS
This place gives me the creeps.

PRIVATE GARRITY (O.S.)
Seriously. We'd better be getting
time and a half for this.

EXT. SOUTH STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Private Garrity walks the South Perimeter. His eyes darting
back and forth. Nervous. As he talks into his com.

PRIVATE MILLS (O.S.)
Hey, you guys smell that?

PRIVATE GARRITY
If you just shit yourself, Mills--

EXT. NORTH STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Private Mills searches the North perimeter, confused.

PRIVATE MILLS
No, I'm serious, you don't smell
it? Smells like something died--

As the Marine is suddenly yanked from behind into the shadows, dragged into the darkness. His SCREAMS silenced.

EXT. SOUTH STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Private Garrity listens to a sudden STATIC over the com.

PRIVATE GARRITY
Mills...Mills, you there? Copy?

Garrity's feet are suddenly pulled out from underneath him. His struggling body dragged down into an open MANHOLE...

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Garrity's SCREAM echoes out. LIEUTENANT COBB (35, too young, too sweaty) yells impatiently into his radio com.

LIEUTENANT COBB
Garrity, you there? Garrity?
(growing impatient)
...Private Mills, do you copy?

Another SCREAM echoes out. And then another. More Marines being picked off in the distance. Cobb shudders.

LIEUTENANT COBB
...Alright, close the perimeter
Marines, I want a tight circle
around the windmills, let's go.

The Marines close in on the helicopters, forming a protective circle, protecting the alley entrance.

EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - DUSK

Back in the alley, the Colonel and his Marines wait anxiously. Krieg hears the Lieutenant over the radio com:

LIEUTENANT COBB (O.S.)
...Repeat, reason to believe our
position is compromised, Colonel,
recommend immediate evac.

Kate, Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Doc, Kevin and Ty all look at each other anxiously. Time to go. Another SCREAM echoes out.

SCOTT
Colonel, we gotta get out of here--

COLONEL KRIEG
Not until the charges are set.

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Lieutenant Cobb and his Marines look out into the darkness.

MARINE (O.S.)
Where are they?

LIEUTENANT COBB
Stay semi-automatic, make head
shots count. Above the eyes.

EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - DUSK

Major Blankstein and his team exit the facility.

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN
Charges are done. Four minutes.

Colonel Krieg gears up, leading his Marines. Kate, Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Doc, Kevin and Ty prepare to leave.

COLONEL KRIEG
Okay, let's go.

SCOTT
...Wait. Can you hear that?

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The thundering sound of DEAD BODIES RUNNING echoes out. Like a herd of buffalo stampeding. Only these aren't buffalo.

MARINE

Jesus, where the fuck are they?

EXT. ALLEY - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - DUSK

The deafening RUNNING SOUND gets closer and closer. Scott and our team inch toward the alley entrance, nervous.

COLONEL KRIEG

We gotta go NOW--

DOC

It's too late.

As Doc looks up, inevitably...

It is raining ZOMBIES. They are falling from above, leaping off the warehouse roofs all around them...

Pouring down in the HUNDREDS. Like a waterfall of death.

Half the Marines are instantly covered, ripped to pieces in a flash flood feeding frenzy.

SCOTT

GO, GO, GO--

It is every man for himself.

Scott grabs two MACHINE GUNS off the ground and tosses one to Ty, both laying down a suppressing fire, covering the team...

The others run to the alley entrance, following Krieg and the Marines as they speed towards the waiting helicopters.

Scott and Ty bring up the rear, holding back the Zombie hordes. MUZZLE FLARE illuminating the scene like lightning.

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

A FLOOD of HUNDREDS OF ZOMBIES is surging down the street towards the helicopters. The Marines horribly outnumbered.

The Black Hawks lift off the ground, hovering, the CHAIN GUNS kicking into action, spraying gunfire left and right. 30mm rounds ripping through the hordes, passing through them.

LIEUTENANT COBB
HIGHER, A LITTLE HIGH--

SLAM, a Zombie leaps on Cobb, tearing into him. He SCREAMS.

The gunships raise a few feet, following Cobb's final order. Spraying gunfire at head level. Creating a sea of EXPLODING ZOMBIE HEADS. The pink mist. Brain matter filling the air.

Krieg and our Team exit the alley and run to the helicopters. The gunships now surrounded. A hovering Custer's last stand.

One by one Krieg and his Marines board the floating choppers. Our Team following suit. Scott ushering Kate in protectively, followed by Doc, Kevin, Cruz and Reggie...

Ty is the last man out the alley. He is holding the Alley Zombies off single handed. Muscles bulging, guns blazing.

CRUZ (O.S.)
Hurry...TY, COME ON, NOW--

Too late, as SLAM. A Zombie suddenly blind sides Ty, biting him from behind. Scott looks back from the helicopter...

SCOTT
TY--

Scott shudders, forced to watch on as Ty pulls out his CHAINSAW, tearing into his attackers, chopping them into little pieces to no avail as they start EATING HIM ALIVE.

Tearing through the TATTOOS OF HIS FAMILY.

His daughters' pretty little faces now covered in blood, as their Father remains silent. Even in death.

INT. KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - NIGHT

Scott, Kate, Cruz, Reggie, Doc and Kevin are all with Krieg in his helicopter. Repelling borders, the Zombies swarming all over the helicopter. Like locusts, blocking out the sky.

COLONEL KRIEG (O.S.)
GO, GET THIS THING IN THE AIR NOW.

EXT. STREET - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The three Black Hawks are covered in the swarming Zombies.
The creatures moving as a mass of flesh, insect-like.

All three Helicopters rise off the ground, pulling the weight
of hundreds of Zombies beneath them...

Two of the huge helicopters make it up, each covered in at
least thirty zombies. The undead dripping off the sides...

But the third helicopter fails. Plummeting back down to the
ground with a CRASH. The Zombies infiltrating the cockpit.
The SCREAMS of the Marines inside soon silenced...

INT. KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - NIGHT

Krieg's helicopter, hundreds of feet above the city below, is
under attack. The Marines facing off against the Zombies as
they tear through the cabin. Close range fighting.

KATE (O.S.)
GET THE FUCK OFF ME--

Scott turns to see a monstrous ZOMBIE CHILD attacking Kate.
Coming at her with a terrifying, unnatural athleticism.

Cruz and Kevin leap into action, ripping it off of her as the
kid's teeth chomp in the air, snapping away...

They throw it back in the cabin. The kid leaping to its
feet, about to attack again as--

Scott riddles its head with bullets. Dead.

KEVIN
Wait, Scott--

Kevin points down below to a CHAIN OF ZOMBIES attached to the
bottom of the helicopter, hanging down, climbing up...

SCOTT
I see it.

Scott fires down, hitting the head of the top Zombie, the
others falling back, left with nothing to hold onto...

EXT. LAS VEGAS SKY - NIGHT

We follow the Zombies as they fall hundreds of feet through the air. The wind whistling through their dead bodies...

The world SILENT, as the ground comes rushing into view and--

SPLAT, half of them are minced by the spinning rotors of the first downed helicopter. All CHOPPED INTO TINY PIECES.

The others hit the ground with a dull THUD, THUD, THUD. All landing on their feet. Running off after the helicopters.

Undead. Unstoppable.

As BOOM, the LAB EXPLODES. The charges going off, a FIREBALL soaring up into the sky. Into the second Black Hawk above...

INT. KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - NIGHT

Cruz sees the FIREBALL tear through the second helicopter--

CRUZ

No, no, no--

They all look out at the horrific sight. The helicopter is an inferno. No more than fifty feet away. The cockpit overwhelmed by a fiery Zombie, the Pilot being eaten...

SCOTT

Jesus...

The compromised, fiery Black Hawk is veering towards them, closer and closer. Out of control.

SCOTT

Wait, wait, LOOK OUT--

As it banks towards them at speed, perilously close--

MAJOR BLANKSTEIN

HOLD ONTO SOMETHING--

SLAM, the two helicopters collide. Major Blankstein sent flying out of the helicopter, FALLING TO HIS DEATH below--

COLONEL KRIEG

MAJOR--

An ALARM TONE rings out, the helicopter in trouble.

PILOT (O.S.)
WE'RE GOING DOWN, REPEAT, WE ARE
GOING DOWN...

As the other helicopter CRASHES into the PARIS CASINO below them. A huge EXPLOSION. The EIFFEL TOWER toppling over.

INT. COCKPIT - KRIEG'S BLACK HAWK - NIGHT

The Pilot MAJOR NAYLOR (40's, corn fed midwestern) tries to control the final ailing helicopter. Sixteen thousand pounds of metal, out of control, falling through the night's sky.

PILOT NAYLOR
Blades are stalling, we're losing
electrics--

Scott and Krieg run in, terrified...

SCOTT
Just stay off the ground, you hear
me? Stay off the fucking ground.

PILOT NAYLOR
Well, where do--

COLONEL KRIEG
Any roof, just as high as you can--

The Pilot steers the falling helicopter towards the nearest building, a good TWENTY FIVE STORIES OFF THE GROUND...

A hotel, on the edge of downtown Las Vegas...

THE SAHARA HOTEL AND CASINO.

As the Black Hawk crash lands on the massive flat roof.
Kicking up SPARKS as it skids along...

Finally sliding to a silent, dust-filled stop.

EXT. ROOF - SAHARA - NIGHT

The Helicopter wreckage sits silently for a moment. As if exhaling. Absorbing the horror of what it has just seen...

Within are a handful of ZOMBIE CORPSES, and the survivors of the onslaught: Kate, Scott, Cruz, Reggie, Doc and Kevin.

From the Marines only three have survived: Colonel Krieg, Pilot Naylor, and PRIVATE BAHINI (22, Pakistani, wide-eyed).

Cruz takes immediate advantage of the superior numbers, disarming Bahini and Pilot Naylor. Krieg holds fast.

SCOTT

Give me your sidearm.
(off Krieg's resistance)
...Surrender your weapon, Colonel.

COLONEL KRIEG

You have no idea how much trouble you're in.

REGGIE

Oh, I think we've got a fair idea.

Cruz takes Krieg's gun, and our Team haul the Marines onto the roof. The captors have become the captive.

Kate walks over to Krieg and immediately grabs the HARD DRIVE from his pocket. SLAPPING him in the process.

Reggie starts redistributing the Marine's weapons. Everyone getting a silenced M4. Even the Doc.

SCOTT

...Alright, let's move.

INT. CORRIDORS - HOTEL - SAHARA - NIGHT

Our Survivors walk the halls of the hotel. Inching past the EMPTY HOTEL ROOMS. Many of them covered in BLOOD. Handprints on the wall. Blood trailing out of the rooms.

CRUZ

...I gotta tell you, Scotty, it's great seeing you again. Just like the good ol' days. Thanks, man--

SCOTT

This isn't my fault, Cruz--

DOC

Jesus, guys, look...

Doc is looking out of a WINDOW, down at THOUSANDS OF ZOMBIES surrounding the casino. A rippling ocean of rotting flesh.

REGGIE

Welcome to the Las Vegas strip.

KEVIN

...That's so weird.

DOC

What?

KEVIN

They're all male.

(off Doc's look)

...Where are all the women?

And sure enough he's right. The vast majority of the Zombies are male. Some OLDER FEMALE ZOMBIES sprinkled among them.

SCOTT

...Alright, this isn't a zoo,

c'mon, let's keep moving.

As they continue on, oblivious to the fact that above them, a SECURITY CAMERA is panning, following them. Watching.

INT. RECEPTION - SAHARA - NIGHT

The Sahara is the last of the Rat Pack casinos. The old Vegas charm long since faded, along with its MOROCCAN THEME.

The ELEVATOR PINGS and our team walks out. The RECEPTION is as bad as upstairs. Blood stains. Old human carcasses.

SCOTT

Stay behind me, Katie.

KATE

...I'm fine. The security doors are on, see? It's perfectly safe.

Scott sees that all the entrances, windows and exits are covered with HUGE STEEL SECURITY DOORS. Sealing them inside.

KATE

...And it's "Kate" now, okay?

SCOTT

Then stay behind me Kate. We still don't know what's inside...

As he walks in front of her. Doc joins Kate.

DOC

He's just trying to protect you.

KATE

Yeah, well I appreciate your guys' help, but I don't need his.

(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)
 (louder, so Scott hears)
 ...Not anymore.

Kevin approaches, pointing at a MOVING SECURITY CAMERA above.

KEVIN
 Guys? Sorry to interrupt, but--
 (re: camera)
 Anyone else notice we're being
 watched?

INT. CONTROL ROOM ENTRANCE - SAHARA - NIGHT

Our Team surround the CONTROL ROOM DOOR. They hear a NOISE inside. Scott grabs Bahini's GOGGLES and looks through.

THERMAL GOGGLE POV:

We see a HUMAN SHAPE inside the room. ORANGE AND RED.
 Burning hot. Approaching the door.

BACK TO ROOM:

Scott removes the goggles. Nodding. Whispering.

SCOTT
 Someone's in there, they're alive.

As they get ready to burst in and...

The door suddenly OPENS. A banged-up WOMAN standing there.

BANGED-UP WOMAN
 ...Well it's about fucking time.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

LUCY is exasperated. 29, she is stunning, if a bit beaten up. Wearing a COCKTAIL WAITRESS UNIFORM, and a blanket. She shakes as she smokes a CIGARETTE, her nerves totally shot.

LUCY
 ...No, no cells, no land lines, no
 internet, you telling me you guys
 don't even have a fucking phone--

PILOT NAYLOR
 Helicopter radio is fried. Sat
 phone was on the other helo.

LUCY

What kind of rescue is this?
 (off their awkward looks)
 ...Oh great, that's just perfect.
 So basically you're just here to
 eat whatever food I have left...

REGGIE

Actually, I am kinda hungr--

Cruz glares at Reggie, annoyed, as Scott looks at the room.

LUCY (O.S.)

I swear, if you led them to me. If
 they fucking followed you here...

The room is covered in old food, trash, sleeping bags etc. A
 sea of MONITORS lines the wall. Cameras trained on every
 part of the hotel and casino. Lucy's eyes on the world.

SCOTT

How long have you been here?

LUCY

I don't know, months. All the
 security doors are locked, this is
 one of the few they managed to
 clear during quarantine--

SCOTT

How d'you get in?

LUCY

A/C vent, I boarded it up, tight as
 a drum. They dunno' I'm in here.
 Of course that's before you crashed
 a fucking helicopter on my roof--

KATE

We'll get you out of here, don't
 worry, you're safe now--

COLONEL KRIEG (O.S.)

Yeah, right--

They all turn to look at Krieg.

COLONEL KRIEG

...You'll be dead in a few hours.
 (matter-of-fact)
 We all will.

Scott's examines Krieg's curiously blank expression.

SCOTT
...What are you talking about?

INT. RECEPTION - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott has Krieg against the wall. Kate and the others surround, looking like they've been punched in the stomach.

CRUZ (O.S.)
...Oh, this is fucking perfect,
like we don't have enough problems--

SCOTT
When?

COLONEL KRIEG
...Midnight. On the button.

INT. GENERAL RATHER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

General Rather is woken from his sleep by a RINGING PHONE. He picks up, listening to the other end, his eyes closing.

COLONEL KRIEG (V.O.)
Any break down in communications or
failure activates the protocol...

GENERAL RATHER
Understood. Proceed to phase two.

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT

A B2 SPIRIT STEALTH BOMBER is slowly pulled out of a HANGER.

COLONEL KRIEG (V.O.)
A B-2 is being prepped at Whiteman.
The 509th will sit on standby until
23.32 hours, then after 28 minutes
of flight time, deliver their
payload on the city of Las Vegas.

INT. RECEPTION - SAHARA - NIGHT

Krieg continuing as his interrogators surround.

PRIVATE BAHINI
What'll they use?

COLONEL KRIEG
B61 parachuted. Coupla kilotons,
nothing too heavy.

PILOT NAYLOR
When were you going to tell us?

COLONEL KRIEG
It was an eyes-only contingency.

Pilot Naylor and Bahini are visibly upset. Betrayed. It's
clear that Krieg is now alone. Everyone against him.

DOC
Land of the free, home of the brav--

SCOTT
I don't understand, why didn't you
just do it a year ago, why wait?

COLONEL KRIEG
You think anyone wants this? We've
spent a year trying to protect this
fucking place, do you know who owns
these casinos? How much this city
is worth to this country--

KATE
Then why go through with it--

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Under cover of night, a B61 NUCLEAR BOMB is carefully raised
up into the cargo hold of the stealth bomber.

COLONEL KRIEG (V.O.)
Because this administration cannot
be responsible for the death of
30,000 Americans. We will not be
held accountable at any cost.

INT. RECEPTION - SAHARA - NIGHT

Kate is looking at the HARD DRIVE, the reality sinking in.
Colonel Krieg smiles. An air of victory about him.

COLONEL KRIEG
...The truth will be buried.
(re: hard drive)
...This time what happens in Vegas
really is gonna stay in Vegas.

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL - SAHARA - NIGHT

Kate is washing off the stench.

The battle has left her sprayed with ZOMBIE BLOOD, and she is scrubbing it off her body, peeling off her bloody clothes.

She stands there in her UNDERWEAR, trying to wash it all away, staring at herself in the mirror. Shell-shocked.

A KNOCKING on the door interrupts. Kevin enters to find her dressing, putting on a tourist "VIVA LAS VEGAS" baby T-shirt.

KATE

...Came all the way here to save
the world and all I got was this
lousy t-shirt.

KEVIN

You alright?

She nods. He sees her hand SHAKING as she finishes dressing.

KATE

...I'm not scared. Honest I'm not.
Just won't stop shaking, you know?

KEVIN

(smiling, sincere)
C'mon. They're meeting downstairs.

INT. NASCAR CAFE - SAHARA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The Nascar Cafe is a cheesy Nascar themed diner, inside of the casino. Complete with parked STOCK CARS all around.

Scott checks his WRISTWATCH. It reads: 9.28 PM.

SCOTT

...Okay, so we've got two and a
half hours to get the hell out of
this city. Any bright ideas?

Everyone is gathered around a stunning, tricked-out Chevy Corvette Z06 PACE CAR. Scott unfolds a MAP of the city and places it on the hood. They all survey the streets.

CRUZ

We could make a break for the wall.
Cut back uptown, here.

REGGIE

Oh, great, why don't we just cover ourselves in barbecue sauce while we're at it--

SCOTT

He's right, we're not getting anywhere on foot, they'll find us.

CRUZ

(re: the PACE CAR)

What about this? I could hot-wire a couple of these bad boys--

LUCY

No need, the keys are upstairs--

SCOTT

I don't even think one of these could make it through out there. We gotta stay off the ground.

KEVIN

Well, what about the airport?
(off their looks)
Why don't we just fly out of here?

They all look at the nearby AIRPORT on the map, as if it's obvious. Scott looks over at Pilot Naylor, questioningly.

PILOT NAYLOR

Sure, if it's got wings I can fly it. But the airport's all the way downtown, at the end of the strip. How the hell we gonna get there--

SCOTT

...Ever taken the Monorail?

He grins, pointing at the map. A MONORAIL TRACK running all the way down the strip. From the Sahara to the airport.

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott, Kevin, Private Bahini and Pilot Naylor are standing on the empty platform, high off the ground, looking out over hordes of ZOMBIES below them. They WHISPER, unseen up above.

PRIVATE BAHINI

Is it definitely safe up here?

Scott looks over at the BARRICADED PLATFORM ENTRANCE.

SCOTT

We keep quiet we should be alright,
they can't see us.

The monorail stretches off to a HUGE MONORAIL GARAGE in the distance. The cars parked within. As they WHISPER...

SCOTT

They're in there, that's the
Monorail storage and maintenance.

PRIVATE BAHINI

You sure they'll take us all the
way down to the airport?

SCOTT

If Kev can get it up and running.
(off Kevin's look)
...Sure you're up for this, champ?

KEVIN

Yeah, I'm under 21, I'm not really
allowed in the casino anyway.
(off Scott's smile)
Besides, you think any of these
guys can hack a transport grid?

Scott smiles and gives him a MARINE HEADSET RADIO COM.

SCOTT

They're all Marines, Kevin, you're
in good hands. Okay?

PILOT NAYLOR

Actually I'm USAF, they needed a
pilot last minute. My luck, huh?
(off Kevin's alarm)
...Don't worry, they teach us how
to shoot things too.

As Kevin tries to smile and he and Naylor run off along the monorail track to the garage. The Zombies 30 feet below.

Private Bahini sets up camp on the platform. Pulling out a SNIPER RIFLE with INFRA-RED SCOPE. He looks through.

PRIVATE BAHINI

...Alright guys, you got a silenced
M107 and the best trigger finger in
this man's army clearing your way.
(looking through scope)
...Garage checks out. Looks empty.

As they run along the monorail track into the building.

INT. MONORAIL GARAGE - NIGHT

Kevin and Pilot Naylor enter to find a series of MONORAIL CARS, all docked. The building does indeed look empty.

The Pilot stands at the entrance protectively, gun raised, as Kevin makes his way to a COMPUTER CONSOLE. He exhales..

KEVIN

C'mon, Kev.

He CRACKS his KNUCKLES and then starts hammering away on the KEYBOARD like some mad cyberpunk Thelonious Monk.

KEVIN

Okay kids, bad news. Looks like we got a bunch of IPS's and honeypots here, this thing's spaghetti, we're looking at least a coupla hours.

(into radio com)

You copy that? Get comfortable.

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott and Bahini surveil the scene as Scott talks into a com.

SCOTT

Copy that, Kevin. We'll dig in.

(to Private Bahini)

Take care of him okay?

Bahini nods, as Reggie walks up, looking concerned.

REGGIE

Scott. You need to see this.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CASINO - SAHARA - MOMENTS LATER

Our team watches as the OUTSIDE MONITORS go to STATIC one by one. Anything showing an OUTSIDE VIEW of the ZOMBIE HORDES is systematically being deactivated. Black and white noise.

BLIP, BLIP, BLIP....

LUCY

Fuck, it's happening--

SCOTT

What is...some kind of malfunction?

LUCY

They're knocking out the exterior cameras.

REGGIE

Yeah, right.

(off her look)

...They can't do that. Can they?

LUCY

They know we're in here now, trust me, they'll be coming soon...

(as she leaves)

...Just like they did before.

KATE

Lucy, wait--

Too late. As Lucy walks out of the room. Scott focusing.

SCOTT

Alright, Reggie I want you watching these screens at all times, okay? If she's right and anything gets in, we gotta know about it. Cruz, let's see what kinda firepower we got. Kate, you watch the Colonel--

They all set out. Reggie calls after Scott.

REGGIE

Hey, Scott?...They're not smarter than us, right?

SCOTT

No, Reggie, they're not.

(trying to be confident)

...Now, try and keep everyone up, okay? This isn't a funeral.

EXT. THE STRIP - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

We see the SAHARA from a distance. One of many casinos lining the Zombie infested street. Distinguishable by its Moroccan theme, and by the fact that, at this very moment...

...The GRATEFUL DEAD's "TOUCH OF GREY" is echoing out of it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

A BOOM BOX sits next to an open MICROPHONE, the MUSIC blaring out of a PA SYSTEM. Reggie does his best baritone DJ voice.

REGGIE
You're listening to the sounds of
Las Vegas. Music to die by.

INT. RECEPTION - SAHARA - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues as Scott covers himself in GUNS and WEAPONS. Suiting up, getting ready for war. He grins.

REGGIE (O.S.)
(through PA SYSTEM)
...This is The Grateful Dead.

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues as we creep through the chintzy gambling TABLES, eventually finding Kate securing Krieg to a CHAIR. Tightening his bindings too tight. Watching him wince.

KATE
(singing along)
"...I will get by..."

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues over Private Bahini's radio com as he scopes the Monorail Garage in the distance. Sniping the occasional Zombie that gets too close to the building.

PRIVATE BAHINI
(singing along)
"...I will get by..."

INT. MONORAIL GARAGE - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues as Kevin hacks into the monorail network, the monorail humming into life as Private Naylor grins.

PILOT NAYLOR
(singing along)
"...I will survive..."

KEVIN
(singing along)
"...I will survive..."

EXT. ROOF - SAHARA - NIGHT

The MUSIC continues as Cruz pillages the chopper. Detaching the GATTLING GUN, removing HEADS from the 2.75" rockets.

He sees Doc pulling TWO ZOMBIE CORPSES off the helicopter. One of them is the little CHILD ZOMBIE that attacked Kate.

CRUZ

What the hell are you doing?

DOC

...I'm going to get to know our friends here a little better.

INT. ENTRANCE - SAHARA - NIGHT

The doors and windows of the MAIN ENTRANCE are all covered by the STEEL SECURITY DOORS. Zombies POUNDING on them outside.

The MUSIC continues as Cruz secures the Gattling gun in front of the doors. Rolling the cannon over on a PUSH CART.

REGGIE (O.S.)

(through PA SYSTEM)

Attention shoppers, we have a special on enormous helicopter guns on aisle three.

CRUZ

Just keep your eyes peeled, Redge.

Cruz suddenly frowns, SNIFFING. He looks at a CAMERA above.

CRUZ

...Wait, what the...

(suddenly alarmed)

Reggie, are you *smoking* in there?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

The room is full of smoke. Reggie tries to waft it away. Covering the door with a towel, as the MUSIC blares.

REGGIE

What, no, I...

He puts out the JOINT, seeing Cruz on the monitor.

CRUZ

Reggie!

REGGIE

I'm just trying to calm my nerves--

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Doc dumps the two Zombie bodies onto a BLACKJACK TABLE, next to Kate and Krieg. He looks at the CHILD ZOMBIE (5, girl).

DOC

...Guess they come in all shapes and sizes, huh?

KATE

Hey, has anyone seen Lucy?

(off his look)

...We need to keep an eye on her, something's a little off--

DOC

She's been in here for months Kate, she's going to be a bit twitchy--

KATE

Yeah, well will you watch him for a second? I'm gonna go make sure...

DOC

Kate, c'mon, your Father said to stay with him at all times--

KATE

Do I look like I give a shit what my Father says? I'll be back soon.

INT. SIDE ENTRANCE - SAHARA - NIGHT

The side entrance is covered by SECURITY DOORS. Cruz is rigging an EXPLOSIVE HEAD from the rockets to a TRIPWIRE in front of them. Scott appears, admiring his handiwork.

CRUZ

I got all the entrances. They trip the wire, we'll know about it.

SCOTT

Knew you were good for something.

(as he helps)

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
Jesus, this is like that MacGuyver
shit you pulled on the Toronto job,
remember? That fucking bike?
(off his silence, awkward)
...Just like old times--

CRUZ
Not unless you're wearing a wire.

SCOTT
...I am sorry, you know. For all
of it, for getting you into this--

CRUZ
...Yeah, well, lucky for you, looks
like I'm not gonna be alive long
enough to hold a grudge.
(off Scott's smile)
C'mon, let's get the other exits.

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

A Zombie is splayed out on the Blackjack table. Doc is using
a set of KITCHEN KNIVES to dissect it as the Colonel watches.

COLONEL
Jesus, that thing fucking stinks--

DOC
Amazing isn't it? Whole body's a
big petri dish. And look, muscle
fibers are concentrated, ligaments
and tendons thickened. I wonder if
there's any digestion? D'you mind
if I open up the bowels?

Krieg looks at the body, MAGGOTS visible within.

COLONEL KRIEG
Doc, you can marry it for all I
care. Just as long as it's dead.

INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL - SAHARA - NIGHT

Kate walks past a set of DOUBLE DOORS to a RECEPTION ROOM.

KATE
...Lucy?

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - HOTEL - SAHARA - NIGHT

Kate enters to find the site of an ABANDONED WEDDING. DEAD FLOWERS, MOLDY CAKE, UNOPENED CHAMPAGNE. The unmistakable sight of ARTERIAL SPRAY covering the once white walls.

Lucy is sitting at a table. Kate pulls out two CANDY BARS.

KATE

Vending machine's finest. Want one? I got Snickers and M&Ms.

(unwrapping one)

...C'mon, might as well fatten up for the killing, right? Give 'em something to chew on--

LUCY

Are you ready to die, Kate?

(off Kate's look)

...We had a fancy plan as well, you know. Had the Bellagio all sealed up. Big barricades. Lots of guns. There were thousands of us left...

(distant, remembering)

They cut the cameras then too. Still don't know how they got in, we thought we'd covered everything. Most of us were sleeping. It didn't take long. Minutes even.

(feeling her scalp)

...When I came to, one of them was pulling me through the Luxor hotel. Dragging me along by my hair--

KATE

Wait, I don't understand, it--

(off her look)

Why didn't it just kill you--

LUCY

I don't know. It was bigger than the rest. Taller, stronger. Like nothing I'd seen before...

She shows Kate part of her scalp. The HAIR MISSING.

LUCY

I got free, went underground, hid in the pipes...Lucky I guess.

Lucy gets up. Looking out the window. The LUXOR in the distance, a BEAM OF LIGHT shooting out, up into the sky.

LUCY

It's this city, Kate. It was inevitable. All that *sin*. You can't just wash that away. Had to rise up to the surface eventually.

She looks at Kate, distant. Sad even....

LUCY

You killed me, Kate. You and your friends. Brought them right to me. And now you're going to die too.

Lucy looks at Kate. Sympathetic. Kate tries to smile.

KATE

We're gonna make it out, Lucy. Okay? We're going to be alright.

LUCY

You don't really believe that.
(off Kate's look)
...Do you?

Lucy's look has turned to one of pity. As Kate looks away, slowly becoming less and less sure of herself..

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Cruz and Scott continue setting their EXPLOSIVE BOOBY TRAPS. Cruz sees a SLOT MACHINE. He goes over and sticks in a quarter. He loses. Another quarter. Another loss.

SCOTT

...Guess it's just not your night.

CRUZ

I didn't come all this way just to be an entree, Scotty. I'm making something out of this trip.

SCOTT

House always wins, buddy.

He loses again. He mumbles, irritable, and then SHOOTS the machine. Thousands of COINS come pouring out.

CRUZ

...Not always.

Kate suddenly bursts in, storming past Scott and Doc towards Colonel Krieg, pushing his chair over with a THUD.

KATE
Is this what you wanted--

COLONEL KRIEG
What are you--

KATE
Are you happy now--

COLONEL KRIEG
Get the fuck off me.

KATE
Do you know what you've done to us?
To these fucking people?

Scott pulls Kate off. The Colonel sits back up, still tied to his chair. The defiant prisoner.

COLONEL KRIEG
...This wasn't supposed to happen.
The compound was supposed to save
lives, not take them.

Krieg wipes the blood from his mouth, collecting himself.

COLONEL KRIEG
You know how many soldiers die in
the field every year before medvac
arrives? How many people die in
ambulances every day? We were just
trying to extend life a few hours--

CRUZ
Yeah, well you went a little over.

Doc looks over from his dissection.

DOC
...What d'you use, some kind of
Rickettsia? Keep the cells alive?

COLONEL KRIEG
...Typhus mutation. We needed a
pathogenic bacteria that could
produce ATP on a cellular level.
(irritated)
We tried new compounds, other
mutations, but no matter what we
did, they came back...different.

SCOTT

Why didn't you just shut it down?
 (off his silence)
 After it happened, why didn't you
 just shut the whole program down?

The Colonel says nothing. Looking shady. Kate steps in.

KATE

Go ahead, tell 'em, Colonel.
 (re: HARD DRIVE)
 ...You want me to show them?

COLONEL KRIEG

...The compound lives in the blood.
 It's highly contagious, it was an
 obvious choice...
 (off their looks)
 In the right hands a viral weapon
 like Re-An could change the way we--

CRUZ

Oh, hell no--

COLONEL KRIEG

We could decimate an enemy force in
 a matter of months. Unleash it.
 Quarantine it. Wait for them to
 die, and then go in and clean up
 the mess. The perfect weapon.

KATE

Until it broke loose.

COLONEL KRIEG

We did our best to catch it in
 time, but it was too late.

DOC

You murdered thirty thousand peopl--

COLONEL KRIEG

People die so others can live.

Kate storms towards Krieg again, blood boiling. This time
 Scott stands in her way, pushing Kate back against a wall...

Until it is just the two of them.

SCOTT

It's not gonna make a difference.
 (off her look)
 (MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
 ...Let it go, okay? You're as bad
 as your goddamn Mother--

KATE
 You leave her out of this.

She goes to leave. He stops her, grabbing her arm.

SCOTT
 ...You just gonna keep on hating me
 forever, Katie? Is that it?

KATE
 Dad, you pissed away our family on
 bourbon and bookies, I got a right
 to hate you as long as I want.
 (off his look)
 ...Don't you think?

She walks out with the last word, leaving Scott fuming.
 Biting his tongue, as Doc walks up to him.

DOC
 ...She's feisty, huh?

SCOTT
 She was born six weeks premature,
 been in a bad mood ever since.

The PA SYSTEM suddenly interrupts. Loud and abrasive.

REGGIE (O.S.)
 (over PA SYSTEM)
 ER, GUYS WE GOTTA PROBLEM HERE--

INT. NASCAR CAFE - SAHARA - NIGHT

Lucy presses a button, manually raising a massive SECURITY
 DOOR, leading out of the cafe into a SERVICE GARAGE...

REGGIE (O.S.)
 (over PA SYSTEM)
 LUCY--

She drives the CORVETTE PACE CAR into the garage. Closing
 the door, leaving the casino secure behind her. She pulls
 out one of the MARINE HEADSETS and starts talking into it.

LUCY
 ...It's not safe here anymore...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT.

Reggie hears Lucy on his RADIO, watching her on a MONITOR.
She's in the GARAGE, driving across to a final GARAGE DOOR.

REGGIE

LUCY STOP--

LUCY

(on monitor, distant)

...I'm not waiting here to die--

She opens the door and a gang of ZOMBIES surge in, bouncing
off the car as Lucy speeds through them, out onto the strip.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott and Cruz run to a WINDOW, looking out onto the strip to
see Lucy's PACE CAR tearing through the Zombie hordes.

SCOTT

WAIT, NO, LUCY--

INT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The strip is thick with Zombies. The PACE CAR ploughing
through them, pushing 50mph. SLAM, SLAM, SLAM. Zombie limbs
bouncing off the windshield. This might work after all.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Kate joins Scott and Cruz at the window. She sees Lucy's car
pushing through. A river of bodies in its wake.

CRUZ

She's okay, she's getting through.

KATE

Maybe she's gonna make it--

INT. PACE CAR - LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Lucy has her foot to the floor. Pushing through as hard as
she can. The Zombies growing thicker. Too many of them.

LUCY

C'MON, FUCKING MOVE--

INT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The pace car slows up. The zombies thicker further down the strip. As she pushes on past the VENETIAN, CAESARS PALACE, the BELLAGIO etc. The landmarks coming thick and fast.

The car going slower and slower.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Cruz, Scott and Kate see the car getting caught in the crowd.

REGGIE

Shit, she's slowing down, there's too many of them.

KATE

LUCY--

INT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The pace car's tires SCREECH. Burning rubber, as if accelerating against a wall. Zombies surround the car, stuck underneath, pouring through the windows. No escape.

LUCY (O.S.)

C'MON--

INT. PACE CAR - LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The Zombies are all around Lucy now. Yanking her out of the car, SLAMMING her head against the door in the process, knocking her unconscious. Her SCREAMS instantly silenced.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Our Team watch on, helpless, as the Zombies swarm around Lucy's body, the inevitable about to happen...

KATE

NO--

And then...nothing. The Zombies leave Lucy alone. Instead of eating her, they simple carry her unconscious body away.

SCOTT

...What the fuck?

CRUZ
Why aren't they killing her?

As Kate watches the Zombies drag Lucy off down the strip.

KATE
...What the hell's going on here?

INT. MONORAIL GARAGE - NIGHT

Kevin is hammering away at the COMPUTER TERMINAL. Behind him, Pilot Naylor sits at the entrance, waiting. He looks at his watch and frowns: 10.35 PM. The following is WHISPERED:

PILOT NAYLOR
Hour and a half...What the fuck am I doing here? I should be curled up with the wife eating pot roast--

KEVIN
I should be studying for my finals--

PRIVATE BAHINI (O.S.)
(over walkie talkie)
Hey guys, ssshhhh, you got company.

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Private Bahini sees FOUR ROGUE SCOUT ZOMBIES approaching the Monorail Garage in the distance. He grabs his sniper rifle.

THROUGH SCOPE:

We see Pilot Naylor at the garage entrance, looking at us.

PILOT NAYLOR
...Oh, Jesus, how many?

Bahini points the scope at the approaching Zombies.

PRIVATE BAHINI (O.S.)
Four.

PILOT NAYLOR (O.S.)
They know we're in here?

PRIVATE BAHINI (O.S.)
Negative, looks like a couple of rogues, I got 'em.

PFFT. A silence BULLET penetrates a zombie skull.

PFPT, PFPT, PFPT, the other three rogue zombies dropping in quick succession. Four shots, four kills.

PRIVATE BAHINI (O.S.)

Clear.

INT. MONORAIL GARAGE - NIGHT

Naylor looks over at Private Bahini on the far off Monorail platform. He gives him the thumbs up. Bahini returns it.

PILOT NAYLOR

Copy that, Private, nice shooting.

PRIVATE BAHINI

(through radio com)

You should see me play Halo.

(as Naylor smiles)

I can't hold 'em off forever, okay, you'd better hurry up in there...

KEVIN

Almost there, another hour tops.

We'll be home in time for Conan.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Cruz, Kate and Scott burst in to find Reggie with his RADIO. He has it hooked up to the BOOMBOX. Using it for playback.

KATE

...Hey, what's the emergency?

REGGIE

Lucy's radio kept transmitting.

She regained consciousness, listen--

We hear the sound of Lucy COUGHING. Coming to. Groggy.

LUCY (O.S.)

...What are...hello?...can anyone hear me?...

SCOTT

Where is she?

REGGIE

I don't know, just listen...

We hear the sound of a BEEPING. A distinctive high pitched WHINE. Familiar. Like that found on a TRACKING ANKLET.

CRUZ
What the fuck is that noise?

LUCY (O.S.)
...Oh no, please no...

As the BEEPING sound gets closer and closer, we hear an awful low Zombie MOAN, and then Lucy SCREAMS for her life--

LUCY (O.S.)
NO, NO, YOU STAY AWAY FROM ME.
(suddenly terrified)
...YOU STAY THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME--

And then STATIC. The transmission ending.

REGGIE
That's all we got.

CRUZ
...What the hell was it?

REGGIE
I dunno. But this shit's getting weirder and weirder--

Scott's radio suddenly CRACKLES into life.

DOC (O.S.)
Guys, I need everyone to meet me in the casino right now.

Cruz stands, about to go, when he suddenly sees one of the monitors labelled "MAIN VAULT."

SCOTT
Cruz, what are you doing?

As Cruz stares at the image of the VAULT, distant.

SCOTT
...C'mon, man. Let's go.

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott, Cruz and Kate hurry in, joining Doc as they gather around the specimens laid out on the Blackjack tables.

SCOTT
...What? What is it?

Doc motions to the CHILD ZOMBIE. It has been dissected.

DOC
Her skin, her organs, all intact.
No decomposition of any kind.
(off their confusion)
She was alive. When we killed her.
She was still living and breathing.

SCOTT
...What, so she's human?

DOC
No, the tendons, the dopamine
gland, they're all different--

SCOTT
So what the fuck is it?

DOC
Something new.
(off their looks)
...Some kind of hybrid.

They all look at each other in disbelief.

DOC
If I had to guess? I'd say they're
cross-breeding. Impregnating
survivors, using their wombs--

REGGIE (O.S.)
(over PA SYSTEM)
OH, THIS IS SOME FUCKED UP SHIT.

CRUZ
Reggie, keep your eyes on the other
monitors. Stop watching us.

Behind them, on the other Blackjack table, we see the body of
the bigger Zombie. All carved up from Doc's examination.
The Zombie's EYES SUDDENLY OPEN. Unseen. IT IS STILL ALIVE.

KATE
It's the Luxor. Lucy said they
tried taking her there before...
(off the Doc's look)
That's where they took her. That's
where they're keeping them.

DOC
Then that's the hive.

SCOTT

Guess now we know what happened to all the women--

CRUZ

Oh, c'mon, you really think they're out there *raping women*?

(motioning to kid zombie)

...Look at it, it's gotta be six years old, it wasn't just born--

DOC

See the bones, here? The scarring? Those are stress fractures, those grew in weeks. I'd be surprised if she's more than five months old.

Behind them we see the Zombie's HAND MOVE. Kate continues on, oblivious to the impending danger.

KATE

...Wait, you're talking about some kind of accelerated growth?

DOC

In a couple of years time, I'm betting she'd be fully grown.

CRUZ

This is insane.

DOC

Is it? They know they're rotting, they know they're gonna die. Cross-breeding protects the species, they are just adapting. It's evolution.

(re: hybrid)

...They could have grown thousands of these things by now.

SCOTT

Jesus. They're creating an army.

The Zombie's FOOT MOVES behind them. This time it catches Cruz's eye. He spins around.

CRUZ

Wait, did you guys see that?

(off their confusion)

...I thought I saw it move.

DOC

Don't be ridiculous.

CRUZ

Are you sure that things dead? Did you check the brain?

DOC

It hasn't moved since the helicopter, you think it's been playing dead this whole time?

CRUZ

What, you said they're smart right?

DOC

Cruz, you're being paranoid--

REGGIE (O.S.)

(through PA SYSTEM)

JESUS, YOU LIMEXY FUCK, JUST CHECK THE GODDAMN BRAIN.

Doc sighs, and checks the brain. Poking around. Oblivious to one of the Zombie's EYES as it opens, looking up at him.

DOC

See? Totally fine. The occipital lobe seems to be completely gon...

(suddenly confused)

...Wait. Well, the brain stem is--

As the Zombie suddenly jerks up and grabs for Doc's throat...

Doc pulls back instantly, the Zombie's snapping jaw missing him by inches, as the creature leaps off of the table...

Everyone moves back evasively, everyone except Colonel Krieg who is strapped to a chair, forced to watch on as--

The Zombie launches straight into Krieg, taking a MASSIVE CHUNK out of his arm. Krieg SCREAMING helplessly.

COLONEL KRIEG

GET IT OFF ME--

And so the chase begins. Cruz and Scott's volley of gunfire just missing the Zombie as it speeds off around the corner.

INT. ARCADE - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott, Cruz, Doc and Kate all run nervously into this DARK cavernous room. Kate looks up at a SECURITY CAMERA.

KATE
REGGIE, HIT THE LIGHTS--

As the room suddenly kicks into life, revealing they're in...

An ARCADE. Hundreds of console video games BEEPING and WHISTLING. The most notable being the SHOOT-EM-UP games.

SCOTT
WHERE IS HE, REGGIE, YOU SEE HIM?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Reggie eyes scan the Monitors as he searches for the Zombie inside the arcade. All he can see is our exploring team.

REGGIE
I can't see shit. Be careful.

INT. ARCADE - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott, Cruz, Doc and Kate stand, guns pointed forward.

SCOTT
Alright, spread out. We can't let it double back on us. We'll take it step by step, nice and easy.
(to Kate)
...Stay beside me.

They inch their way through. Every dark shadow another possible hiding place. The beeping games mocking them.

CRUZ
...Check behind the machines.

DOC
Wait, it's too dark. I can't see--

SCOTT
Just stay calm, Doc, you'll be fine. You see anything just yell.

DOC
Oh, don't worry, I'll yell.

We follow Cruz as he walks through. Edgy. His hand sweaty.

REGGIE
(over PA system)
WAIT, I SEE IT, I SEE IT--

CRUZ
Where?

REGGIE
(over PA system)
IT'S IN THE CORNER...

CRUZ
REGGIE, WHERE--

We find Kate and Scott, looking around nervously. Frantic.

REGGIE
(over PA system)
NO, KATE, TO YOUR LEFT, IT'S--

KATE
WHERE, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.

REGGIE
(over PA system)
...HOLD ON...

We land on Doc, out of his depth. He doesn't belong here.

DOC
Oh Jesus, oh Jesus...
(fever pitch)
...REGGIE, HURRY.

Doc cocks his gun. Hands shaking, sweaty brow.

DOC
...C'mon, c'mon--

REGGIE
(over PA system)
Wait, wait, behind you, BEHIND YOU--

As Doc spins around and--

SLAM, the Zombie has him up against the wall in a flash, his gun on the floor, the creature inches away from his face.

Doc tries to scream but nothing comes out.

The Zombie looks at him, calculatedly. Staring at his face. And then slowly, deliberately, it SINKS ITS ROTTEN TEETH into Doc's neck. Carefully chewing off a piece...

Until pain supersedes terror and Doc finally SCREAMS...

Scott comes tearing around the corner, GUNS BLAZING. His bullets ripping through the Zombie's neck as the head topples off. The jaw still snapping as the head rolls around...

Until Cruz races in and vengefully crushes the skull with the heel of his boot. CRACK. Zombie brains spilling everywhere.

The sound of Doc MURMURING intrudes. He is covered in blood.

DOC
Careful of the blood, don't go near
my blood--

SCOTT
Doc, we're gonna take care of it,
okay? What about a transfusion--

DOC
It's too late, Scott--

KATE
No, just tell us how to help you--

DOC
Did you see? It was infecting me,
it wasn't trying to kill me, did
you see? I was right.

Doc sees Scott looking down at him sadly. The two men look at each other. An understanding passing between them.

DOC
...Just make sure you hit the
occipital lobe, okay?

SCOTT
Doc, I--

DOC
Just do it.

Scott nods. And then sadly hold a gun to Doc's head.

DOC
...I was right, Scott.

SCOTT
I know.

Scott's finger squeezes the trigger, closer and closer...

DOC
Tell them I was right--

As BANG. Scott shoots Doc in the head. Blowing his brain out the back of his skull. Just like that.

An awful beat extends. Scott looks distraught. He is a mess. Cruz and Kate look at each other nervously, worried.

KATE

...You didn't have a choice--

SCOTT

I should...I should go check on Kevin and the others, see how long--

CRUZ

Scott--

SCOTT

No, I'll go, Kevin will--

CRUZ

I got it.

SCOTT

No, I--

CRUZ

Scott, I got it. Okay?

(off Scott's look)

...Just take a second. You don't have to do this all by yourself.

Scott nods, appreciative, realizing he needs the moment. As Kate looks at him sympathetically. He couldn't look smaller.

CRUZ

...I'll be back soon.

INT. MILITARY BUNKER - VEGAS OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

General Rather sits waiting, surveying the monitors. He looks at a HUGE DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall: 11.02 PM.

Major Lewis (45, career soldier) appears.

MAJOR LEWIS

It's past eleven, Sir, we're at an hour. Better get 'em fueled up.

GENERAL RATHER

He will contact us, Major.

MAJOR LEWIS
...Just in case, Sir.

EXT. MILITARY AIRPORT - NIGHT

The bomber is quietly pumped full of FUEL. Preparing for the journey ahead. As TWO BOMBER PILOTS inspect their plane.

BOMBER PILOT
I can't believe we're doing this.

BOMBER PILOT #2
Let's just gear up, Corporal. It's not over yet, there's still time.

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Krieg is shivering, still bound, his WOUNDS awful. He looks at the PHOTO of his SON, as Kate enters and looks at his son.

KATE
What would he think of you now?
(off Krieg's look)
...You feel it in your veins? Must have hit the heart by now, right? Temperature's dropping. Does it really feel like the flu?

COLONEL KRIEG
Fuck you--

KATE
You're becoming a monster, Colonel.
(re: HARD DRIVE)
...And that's exactly how you're gonna be remembered.

COLONEL KRIEG
...I'm a patriot. History will judge me.

She motions to the photo of his Son.

KATE
...So will he.

She heads off towards the exit, looking up at a SECURITY CAM.

KATE
Keep an eye on him, Reggie, I gotta get some fresh air.
(MORE)

KATE (cont'd)
(as she exits)
...This place is starting to stink.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Reggie watches Kate leave on the monitors and grabs the mic.

REGGIE
I got him, Kate.

CRUZ (O.S.)
We're going. Get up.

Reggie spins around, terrified. Only to find Cruz sitting down at the control panel, typing on the KEYBOARD.

REGGIE
What are you--

CRUZ
This whole place is in lockdown, I gotta turn off the security measures to open up that vault--

REGGIE
The vault?

CRUZ
You saw what happened to Doc, this is getting out of hand. We gotta do it now, while we still can.

Reggie looks at the control panel, almost confused.

REGGIE
Cruz, you take it off lockdown, you don't just open up the vault, you open up every security door in this place, you'll be letting them in--

CRUZ
Relax, it's sixty feet down. It's like a bunker down there. We'll be safe 'til this whole thing's over--

Reggie pulls a GUN. Cruz stops typing.

CRUZ
He betrayed me first, Redge, I went to prison cos of that fucker. He lied to me then, he lied to me now. I'm getting what we were promised--

REGGIE

We can't leave the others up here--

CRUZ

C'mon, Redge, I'm not splittin this
shit six ways, it's you and me now.
C'mon, we ride this shit out then
we go down to Mexico, get lost, eat
the fuckin' worm, whaddya say?

(off his look)

...Margaritas and Senoritas, huh?

REGGIE

...Step away from the console.

CRUZ

Oh, Reggie--

REGGIE

Step away, right now. I mean it--

As SMACK. Cruz sucker punches Reggie with a precise blow to
his jaw, sending him sprawling backwards...

Reggie hits the ground with a THUD. Cruz kicks his gun away.

CRUZ

...Gotta know when to stay in the
corner, Redge. Let the big men do
the fighting.

INT. CONGO ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

A stunning old NIGHT CLUB. Surrounded by photos of the good
old days. The RAT PACK, ELVIS, etc.

Scott is sitting at the bar with his METAL VIAL necklace. He
unscrews the top, smelling the liquid within. Kate walks up.

KATE

What have you got there?

SCOTT

Weller 19. Ounce and a half.

(off her look)

...Last shot from the last bottle.

KATE

Been wearing that thing a while?

SCOTT

Break in case of emergency.

KATE

...I didn't know you'd quit.

He smiles, smelling it. Closing his eyes.

SCOTT

...I just shot a man in the head.
A man I met yesterday.

(off her look)

It's my fault, you know. I brought
em here. It's all my fault, Katie--

KATE

Listen to me--

SCOTT

No, your name's Katie, okay?
(off her scolded look)

...Just because I missed a few
birthdays, doesn't mean I don't--

KATE

That's not what I was gonna say.

SCOTT

Look, if you've come here to give
me a hard time, I'm really not in--

KATE

I need your help.

SCOTT

...What?

KATE

I came here to ask you a favor.

The words seem almost illogical to him.

SCOTT

You haven't needed my help since
you were six years old.

KATE

...I need you to kill me.

The smile disappears. She stares at him. Diffusing.

KATE

I can't end up like those other
women. If it comes to that...

(off his look)

I need you to take care of it.

SCOTT

That's not going to happen--

KATE

Not if you help me.

Scott looks into his daughter's eyes--

KATE

Don't let me end up in that hive.

Tell me you'll take care of it...

(off his look)

Please...

BOOM. The sound of a nearby EXPLOSION interrupts. Then another. And another. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM--

KATE

What--

SCOTT

...they're inside.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAHARA - NIGHT

On the Monitors we see the VAULT DOOR open, as well as all the perimeter SECURITY DOORS RISING. Zombies streaming into the casino, tripping the booby traps. BOOM, BOOM, BOOM.

Reggie is on the floor. Cruz is SMASHING the console...

CRUZ

Fool me once, Scott, shame on me,
fool me twice?...Get eaten alive.

He heads out the door as Reggie slowly gets to his feet.

CRUZ

Payback's a bitch, isn't it?

REGGIE

Wait, Cruz, don't--

Too late. As Reggie looks at the console. It is fried. On a MONITOR he sees Kate and Scott hurrying down a CORRIDOR. Zombies flooding in all around. He grabs a microphone...

REGGIE

Guys I can't get 'em closed, hurry--

INT. CORRIDOR - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott looks back to see a pack of Zombies streaming into the corridor behind them, running towards them.

REGGIE
(over PA system)
...RUN, RUN AS FAST AS YOU CAN.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - SAHARA - NIGHT

Cruz hurries underground. The fighting far, far away. The distant sound of HEAVY MACHINE GUN FIRE echoing out.

INT. ENTRANCE - SAHARA - NIGHT

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM--

The thundering sound of an M134D Gattling gun in full effect. Reggie spraying the entrance with this huge helicopter cannon, single-handedly holding back a wall of ZOMBIES.

Scott and Kate round the corner, shooting behind them. Back-to-back. John Woo style. Father and daughter together.

SCOTT
(into radio com)
KEVIN. KEVIN WE GOTTA GO NOW--

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Bahini lays in his sniper nest. Still picking off Rogue Zombies. Head shot after head shot. His radio CRACKLES.

SCOTT (O.S.)
YOU HEAR ME? NOW--

PRIVATE BAHINI
(into radio com)
...Kevin, are you getting this?

INT. MONORAIL GARAGE - NIGHT

Kevin is underneath a MONORAIL CAR, fiddling with wires, as his com CRACKLES again. He grabs it, yelling into it.

KEVIN
...Jesus, what is it?

SCOTT (O.S.)
(over radio com)
KEVIN, LISTEN TO ME, THEY'RE
INSIDE, WE'LL MEET YOU AT THE
PLATFORM IN FIVE MINUTES--

KEVIN
But I still haven't--

SCOTT (O.S.)
(over radio com)
JUST TELL ME YOU'LL BE THERE.

Kevin looks at the console. Swallowing it down. No choice.

KEVIN
...We'll be there.

He CRACKS his knuckles again and starts hammering on the
keyboard at double-speed. Man on a mission.

KEVIN
...God, just let me do this one
thing and I'll never lie to my Mom
again, I swear to Christ.

INT. VAULT - CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Cruz enters the vault. Nothing but him and an OPEN SAFE
DOOR. Huge cubes of STACKED CASH. Ben Franklin everywhere.

Cruz looks at the mountains of cash and smiles.

INT. CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM. Reggie is rolling the Gattling gun back,
still holding them off, exploding heads galore. Until...

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK....

The awful sound of an empty chamber. Reggie kicks the gun to
the curb and grabs a MACHINE GUN, joining Kate and Scott.

SCOTT
Reggie, c'mon, let's go. LET'S GO--

COLONEL KRIEG (O.S.)
Wait...

They turn to see the Colonel, still tied to the chair. He is
pale and gaunt. Clearly on his last legs.

KATE

Leave him.

COLONEL KRIEG

Please kill me...Please.

(of his look)

...Shoot me in the head, please.

Reggie gives it one final thought, then thinks better of it.

COLONEL KRIEG

Goddamit, you're all gonna die, you
hear me? YOU'RE GONNA FUCKING DIE.

As Kate, Scott and Reggie high tail it out of the casino, and
Krieg sees the WAVE OF ZOMBIES surging towards him...

INT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Kevin is inside the lead Monorail car. Navigating the
controls as they light up. Pilot Naylor climbs in.

PILOT NAYLOR

...This had better work.

Kevin pushes the throttle forward and NOTHING HAPPENS.

PILOT NAYLOR

Kevin--

And then slowly but surely, the MONORAIL kicks into gear,
gradually moving over the track. Kevin grabs his radio com.

KEVIN

...We're on our way.

INT. VAULT - CASINO - SAHARA - NIGHT

Cruz is pushing CARTS of FOOD and WATER into the makeshift
bunker. He turns around to close the door, only to see--

A ZOMBIE standing there.

Cruz is across the vault in a flash, pushing the heavy vault
door shut with a massive SCREECH...

CRUZ

C'MON, C'MON--

The door closer and closer. Almost shut now as...

SLAM. The Zombie head suddenly jerks through the gap in the door, jaws SNAPPING as it sinks its teeth into Cruz's hand.

CRUZ
NO, NO, NO--

But Cruz is fine.

Because the Zombie has its teeth in his artificial hand.

Cruz yanks his body away, leaving his fake hand in the confused Zombie's mouth, as he SLAMS the door shut...

Exhaling. Shell-shocked.

CRUZ
...Jesus.

INT. ESCALATOR - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott, Reggie and Kate run up the ESCALATOR towards the Monorail Platform above. Scott grabs his radio com.

SCOTT
KEVIN, WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

Kate shoots down the escalator. The Zombies below caught in a bottleneck. Our heroes with the high ground. As Bahini joins them, switching from sniper rifle to machine gun.

PRIVATE BAHINI
GO, GO, GO, I GOT IT HERE--

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Scott, Kate and Reggie come running around the corner, leaping over the TOKEN STILES.

In the distance, they see the MONORAIL approaching, Kevin at the controls. *It isn't slowing down.* Scott grabs his com.

SCOTT
KEVIN, SLOW DOWN.

KEVIN (O.S.)
THIS IS AS SLOW AS I CAN GET IT,
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO JUMP.

A high pitched SCREAM interrupts. Like a pig being slaughtered. It is Private Bahini...

INT. ESCALATOR - SAHARA - NIGHT

Private Bahini is being eaten. Weighed down by a swarm of feasting Zombies as they rip out his INTESTINES and he looks down to see one of his GRENADES on the ground next to him...

He reaches out. Mercy, inches away...

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

The MONORAIL comes thundering in, Pilot Naylor sticking his arm out of the door of the front car...

Grabbing Kate, pulling her in.

Scott and Reggie run alongside the Monorail. Kate reaching out, grabbing Scott's hand, pulling him inside...

Two down. One to go.

KATE

Reggie, come on.

As Reggie runs for their outstretched arms. Almost there.

INT. ESCALATOR - SAHARA - NIGHT

Bahini is almost dead now. The Zombies picking the meat off his bones, as he reaches out for the grenade.

PRIVATE BAHINI

...Please...

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

Reggie is sprinting after the Monorail. Hand almost to Scott's, agonizingly close. A matter of millimeters...

INT. ESCALATOR - SAHARA - NIGHT

Bahini finally gets a hold of the Grenade. He PULLS THE PIN and clutches it to his dying chest. Exhaling. Relieved.

PRIVATE BAHINI

Thank you--

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - SAHARA - NIGHT

BOOM.

A terrific EXPLOSION kicks out onto the platform, knocking Reggie off his feet, just before Scott can grab his hand.

KATE

NO--

Reggie tumbles to the ground. Getting up, desperately trying to scramble after the Monorail. Scott yells at Kevin.

SCOTT

STOP IT--

KEVIN

I CAN'T.

But Reggie already knows.

As the monorail pulls further and further away...

And he slowly stops running.

A bittersweet agony slowly etching itself across his face. His friends speeding safely away into the distance as he nods, satisfied, and then turns to face his fate.

He smiles. The Zombies almost to him as he reaches deep into his pocket and pulls out half a JOINT. He sparks it up.

REGGIE

...Okay...

As Reggie takes one big final drag, and closes his eyes.

INT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott, Kate, and Kevin absorb the awful silence. The last of our team. Too many bodies behind them. Naylor walks up.

PILOT NAYLOR

Come on, we're not out of this yet.

He presses a BUTTON on the DRIVING CONSOLE and all the DOORS OPEN. They lean out to see a MASS OF ZOMBIES clinging onto the last Monorail car, inching forward.

SCOTT

Kevin, can you speed this thing up?

KEVIN

...I won't be able to stop it.

Scott looks at him fatefully and nods.

EXT. MONORAIL - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The MONORAIL gathers speed. The pack of Zombies having a harder time holding on, some even losing their grip...

Tumbling off, falling thirty feet down to the ground.

INT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott, Kevin and Pilot Naylor lean out of the open doors, FIRING back. Picking the Zombies off one by one, as the creatures take evasive action and climb onto the ROOF.

KEVIN

...They're going up onto the roof.

Scott starts readying himself for battle.

KATE

Wait, you're going out there?

SCOTT

Better than waiting for them to come to us....What've we got?

Scott checks his gun. The others follow suit.

PILOT NAYLOR

Less than a clip. You?

KEVIN

Half maybe--

SCOTT

Well, I have two, so I've got point. Remember, heads only. Don't spray. Conserve your ammo.

Kate starts to get ready too. Loading her gun.

SCOTT

No, you're staying here.

KATE

But--

SCOTT

I don't wanna hear it, Kate.

EXT. ROOF - MONORAIL CARS - NIGHT

Las Vegas whizzes by as Scott, Kevin and the Pilot haul themselves onto the roof of the monorail.

In the distance, on the roof at the end, they see a PACK of Zombies inching their way towards them, battling the wind.

Our team OPEN FIRE. Pushing forward, the Zombies left with nowhere to run as their heads explode. Numbers dwindling.

KEVIN

(re: his gun)

...I'm out--

EXT. LAST MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

On the back of the last car, clutching onto the tail of the speeding Monorail, we see a HIDDEN ZOMBIE in the shadows.

His skin hasn't rotted yet. He is a fresh kill. Indeed, his face is almost familiar, like we've met him before...

It is COLONEL KRIEG. Or what's left of him.

As he listens to the sound of his comrades dying on the roof above and starts creeping around THE SIDE OF THE TRAIN...

EXT. ROOF - MONORAIL CARS - NIGHT

The surviving Zombies are closer. Scott and Pilot Naylor picking their shots. The Pilot lowers his gun.

PILOT NAYLOR

...I'M DONE TOO.

SCOTT

GET BEHIND ME, GET BEHIND ME--

Scott aims carefully...

BANG. BANG. BANG. Three shots, three exploding heads.

SCOTT

THAT'S IT.

Scott is out too, his gun useless against the TWO SURVIVING ZOMBIES now surging forward towards our weaponless heroes.

SCOTT
OH, SHIT, HERE WE GO--

EXT. SIDE - MONORAIL CARS - NIGHT

The KRIEG ZOMBIE is making his way along the side of the Monorail to the front, closer and closer to the open door...

And the oblivious Kate inside.

INT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Kate looks at the control panel SPEEDOMETER. It is in the RED. She sees the END OF THE LINE way ahead in the distance.

KATE
Oh no...

EXT. ROOF - MONORAIL CARS - NIGHT

Scott has his gun around a Zombie's neck, trying to pull it off of Pilot Naylor as the Zombie tries to bite his face...

The other Zombie is running at Kevin, full speed. The kid stands there. Panicking. Do or die time. Moment of truth--

WHACK. He smacks the Zombie across the head with the butt of his gun. The decapitated Zombie head sent flying. Home run.

KEVIN
I GOT HIM. SCOTT, I GOT HIM--

SCOTT
A LITTLE HELP--

Kevin cuts his celebrations short and helps Scott pull the final Zombie off of Pilot Naylor...

They manage to claw it off, the Zombie writhing and kicking in the air. HISSING. Trying to grab at them.

SCOTT
OVER THERE...READY?

Kevin nods and they get ready to throw the snapping Zombie off the side of the Monorail. One, two, three...

They throw it off...

As the falling Zombie reaches back. Grabs Scott's ankle.
AND PULLS HIM OFF THE SIDE OF THE MONORAIL TOO.

PILOT NAYLOR

SCOTT--

INT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Kate sticks her head out the open door, looking back to see
Scott HANGING OFF THE END of the Monorail. Legs dangling.

KATE

HOLD ON--

A NOISE interrupts.

Kate looks in the REFLECTION of the window to see the Krieg
Zombie secretly pulling himself into the car behind her.

She turns around slowly and looks over at her gun on the
control panel. Ten feet away at least...

The Krieg Zombie regards her, looking at the gun...

And then he starts to MOAN. Almost ROARING. As piece by
piece he starts RIPPING OFF HIS SKIN. Literally tearing the
skin from his body. A bestial act of superiority.

EXT. LAST MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott holds on for dear life. Legs dangling.

Kevin and Pilot Naylor leap down into the last car, forming a
human chain. Kevin reaches out of the open doorway...

KEVIN

GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

Scott grabs Kevin's hand. Naylor and Kevin slowly pulling
him into the last car. Back into the land of the living.

The sound of KATE SCREAMING interrupts.

SCOTT

Oh, shit, KATE--

As he looks up along the Monorail to see Kate on the floor of
the front car, sticking half out of the doorway...

THE KRIEG ZOMBIE ON TOP OF HER.

INT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

The Krieg Zombie has Kate pinned down. She is holding him back as best she can, but he is too strong...

KATE
PLEASE STOP, JUST STOP--

The Krieg Zombie starts to overpower her. Leaning his mouth down towards her jugular, PRESSING HIS TEETH INTO HER NECK--

KATE
FUCK, YOU, FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU--

And then he stops. Instinct telling him not bite. The Krieg Zombie pulling away from her neck, HER SKIN UNBROKEN...

EXT. LAST MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott frowns, relieved but also terrified, in full knowledge of why she's being left alive. Naylor YELLING interrupts--

PILOT NAYLOR (O.S.)
Oh shit, HOLD ONTO SOMETHING--

As Scott looks up to see the END OF THE LINE speeding towards them. The Monorail is about to crash.

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM - MGM GRAND - NIGHT

The MONORAIL CRASHES through the end of the platform with an explosion of masonry, concrete and debris...

The five Monorail cars flying through the air...

Buckling as they fall, twisting, separating.

INT. LAST MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott, Kevin and Pilot Naylor are thrown around the car. Up and down interchangeable. As they tumble off the walls...

Kevin SCREAMING as his leg is bent around a support pole with a horrible CRACK.

EXT. TROPICANA STREET - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The Monorail cars thunder down Tropicana street in an orgy of SPARKS and SCREECHING METAL...

Pieces of the chassis flying everywhere. The cars all rolling to a dusty halt in DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE STREET.

EXT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

The Krieg Zombie pulls Kate out of the wreckage of the front car. We see that she has been KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...

He grabs her by her hair, and starts pulling her along down the street. A SWARM OF ZOMBIES surrounding him, assisting.

KATE
DAD, HELP ME--

EXT. LAST MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott, Kevin and the Pilot pull themselves out to find that they have landed hundreds of meters away from the other cars.

SCOTT
Katie...

Scott runs off down Tropicana Street towards the front car. Pilot Naylor dragging the injured Kevin behind him.

EXT. FRONT MONORAIL CAR - NIGHT

Scott arrives at the front car to find it empty.

SCOTT
...Katie?

He looks up to see Kate in the far distance, surrounded by Zombies. Being dragged along in the direction of the LUXOR.

SCOTT
No, no, no--

He looks around the car, grabbing Kate's GUN. About to run after her when the Pilot appears in his way.

PILOT NAYLOR
She's too far--

SCOTT

But--

The sound of STAMPEDING FEET interrupts and they turn to see a wave of Zombies investigating the crash site.

PILOT NAYLOR

Look at me, Scott...she's too far.

The Zombies. Surging towards them. Almost to them.

PILOT NAYLOR

...and we gotta go.

Scott hangs his head. Reason slowly taking over.

KEVIN

Now--

As they run off towards the ADJACENT AIRPORT. Scott forced to watch his daughter being dragged towards the LUXOR HOTEL.

EXT. LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD - NIGHT

KATE'S POV:

We are falling in and out of consciousness, everything seen in horrific GLIMPSES...

Everywhere we look there are ZOMBIES. Looking down at us like a prized catch. GRUNTING away, pulling us by our hair.

We look up to see that we are almost to the BLACK SHINY PYRAMID of the Luxor. The awful black hive sucking us in.

KATE (O.S.)

(through unconsciousness)

OH GOD PLEASE HELP ME--

EXT. MCCARRAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Scott and Pilot Naylor pull the injured Kevin between them. Slow going. The Zombies gaining ground...

They arrive at an AIRPORT FENCE.

Scott SHOOTS the lock and they burst through. The Pilot grabbing an old RUSTY POLE from a pile of debris, and sticking it through the lock, jamming it shut...

The chasing Zombies RATTLE at the fence like a cell block full of lifers. Helpless, as they watch our Survivors runs across a runway towards an AIRPLANE HANGER.

SCOTT

No, wait. This way.

Scott heads off towards a fleet of parked HELICOPTERS.

INT. CASINO - LUXOR - NIGHT

KATE'S POV:

The disorienting GLIMPSES of Kate's concussion continue...

We look up to see the Zombies dragging us through this Egyptian-theme Casino. All Sphinxes and Obelisks.

Deeper and deeper into the Lion's den as we SCREAM.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Naylor starts up this civilian helicopter. Kevin resting his leg in the back. Scott checks his watch: 11.38 PM.

KEVIN

What are we doing, Scott?

SCOTT

She's alive, Kevin, they're taking her to the hive--

PILOT NAYLOR

Scott, in twenty minutes--

SCOTT

You know what they're about to do to her? You know what will happen?
(off their looks)
...We're not leaving without her.

INT. STAIRWELL - LUXOR - NIGHT

KATE'S POV:

More GLIMPSES as Kate's wrestles with consciousness...

We are being pulled up a concrete stairwell. The HALOGEN lights above, covering everything in a sickening green.

The sound of a far-off WOMAN SCREAMING getting closer.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Scott gears up as the helicopter speeds towards the Luxor. He takes the Pilots THERMAL GOGGLES, readies his gun, and checks the MINI-SAT MONITOR for a read on Kate.

SCOTT

Tell me you've still got your
phone, Kate. C'mon, c'mon...

Sure enough, the monitor shows a digital signal in the Luxor.

SCOTT

Thatta' girl...Kevin, can you kill
the power in that Casino?

KEVIN

Sure, if it has its own regulator
bank, if it's off the grid.

SCOTT

Can you find out?

Kevin takes the MINI-SAT MONITOR and toggles through
DIFFERENT MAPS. He pulls up a map of a NEVADA POWER GRID.

KEVIN

Why are we killing the power?

SCOTT

(re: the GOGGLES)
...To level the playing field.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LUXOR - NIGHT

KATE'S POV:

The sound of the WOMAN'S SCREAMS is getting closer. It
accompanies Kate's GLIMPSES of the inside of this awful HIVE.

We are now being dragged down a hallway. Past ROOM after
ROOM. Each marked with a huge "X" SCRATCHED on the door...

Some of the doors are open. Each open doorway providing a
different glimpse into the nightmare within...

Most rooms have a WOMAN'S CARCASS inside, the bodies split in
two, as if something's eaten its way out of these women...

Some rooms contain PREGNANT WOMEN, feverish. Their stomachs BULGING. ZOMBIE GUARDS standing watch outside...

We look out over the other side of the hallway to see that it is like a long BALCONY. The whole inside of the pyramid can be seen across the atrium. HUNDREDS OF HOTEL ROOMS visible. All the doors marked with a SCRATCHED "X". The hive massive.

Kate shudders and we look over to see a final room, the source of the SCREAMING, the worst vision of all inside...

LUCY BEING RAPED BY A ZOMBIE. And not just any Zombie. A huge muscle-bound Alpha Male. The STUD ZOMBIE. A BEEPING coming from a familiar looking LOCATOR ANKLET on its leg.

LUCY
Please, help me...KATE, HELP ME--

But there is nothing we can do, as we are dragged around the corner and into an EMPTY HOTEL ROOM of our own--

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kevin points down out the window at a small GREY REGULATOR BUILDING, about a hundred feet away from the black pyramid.

KEVIN
That's it, that's the regulator.

SCOTT
Once I'm in, you knock it out and you stay put. I'll meet you there.

Pilot Naylor flies up to the pyramid's top. A HUGE LIGHT pointing out of it, directly into the sky. The light pouring into the helicopter, blinding. Everything a BRIGHT WHITE.

SCOTT
I'm not back in ten minutes you get the fuck out of here, okay?

Naylor nods, as Scott drops a ROPE out the helicopter's side.

KEVIN
Good luck, Scott. Go get her.

EXT. LUXOR - LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

Scott slides down the rope toward the top of the PYRAMID below. He FIRES his gun, SHOOTING the pyramid's GLASS TIP. Glass shattering all around as he slides in through the hole.

...The Helicopter peeling off towards the Regulator Building.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LUXOR - NIGHT

KATE'S POV:

LUCY SCREAMS next door, as the Krieg Zombie starts RIPPING OFF OUR CLOTHES, preparing to do the worst...

And then the Krieg Zombie suddenly stops, turning...

The king STUD ZOMBIE is standing in the doorway. The familiar BEEPING LOCATOR ANKLET giving his identity away. And if we didn't realize before, we certainly do now...

This is what has become of the Naked Man from the beginning of the film. He is now the muscle-bound king Alpha Male.

The KRIEG ZOMBIE puffs out his chest in a display of infantile superiority. Kate is his, he cannot have her...

The Stud Zombie SNEERS, and in one lightning fast movement RIPS THE KRIEG'S ZOMBIES HEAD OFF. Just like that.

There is only one Alpha Male here.

As he casts Krieg's head aside casually, SCRATCHES an "X" on the door. And we hear the sound of Kate starting to CRY...

EXT. REGULATOR BUILDING - NIGHT

The helicopter has landed on top of the Regulator Building. Naylor is looking out at the Luxor, waiting, impatient.

INT. REGULATOR BUILDING - NIGHT

The room is radio shack heaven. Circuits and resisters and wires and cables. Just like Kevin's bedroom.

He's doing his business on a COMPUTER CONSOLE. Pea in a pod.

KEVIN

And bingo was his nameo.

INT. LIGHT ROOM - LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott stands in the impossibly bright room. Surrounded by thousands of DEAD INSECTS. His eyes firmly shut...

He breathes in and out in quick succession. Psyching himself up. Jumping up and down on the spot. Game time...

SCOTT

C'mon, Kevin, c'mon...

And then a POWER DOWN sound. The lights turning off. As he clicks on his GOGGLES and the world turns to NIGHT VISION.

(NOTE: everything we see within the casino is now filtered though the unmistakable green hue of Scott's night vision.)

INT. STAIRWELL - LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott sneaks down the emergency exit stairwell in cover of darkness, checking his SAT MONITOR, following the signal...

He runs down one flight. Then another. Fast going...

And then he stops dead in his tracks. Hearing an unmistakable low MOANING SOUND, right behind him.

He turns to see a line of ZOMBIES walking up the stairs through the darkness. Straight towards his position.

He reaches for a nearby DOOR HANDLE but it is locked.

He spins around, pressing his back against the wall, the Zombies walking right towards him as he COCKS his gun...

And then the Zombies walk past, oblivious to his presence. One after the other, no idea that he is standing there.

He UNCOCKS the gun, relieved.

One of the Zombies stops. Turning back, inching its way towards Scott. Curious as to the tiny sound. Listening.

They stand like that for an agonizing beat...

Just feet away from each other...

Until the Zombie walks off, joining the others. Leaving the relieved Scott to continue his journey down the stairs.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott sneaks out into the upstairs hallway, down the same horrific corridor that Kate was dragged along.

He looks over the LONG BALCONY to see the massive cavernous inside of the pyramid. The hundreds of hotel rooms...

And then he stops. Shuddering...

Down below, the entire floor of the pyramid is MOVING. Thousands of ZOMBIE HYBRID CHILDREN gathered together. A big writhing mass of next generation zombies. Waiting.

He continues on down the corridor with a new urgency, the MINI-SAT MAP leading him to a ROOM, dead ahead...

As he arrives at the door, exhales quickly and--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LUXOR - NIGHT

SLAM. Scott BURSTS in to find the STUD ZOMBIE over his daughter. He starts FIRING on instinct. The volley of bullets throwing the Stud Zombie back against the wall.

The Stud Zombie's blood sprays all over the faux Egyptian wallpaper as his body hits the floor, seemingly dead.

Scott rushes over to Kate. She is still barely conscious.

SCOTT
C'mon, wake up--

She slowly comes to. Regaining her consciousness. Only to see the Stud Zombie RISING SLOWLY BEHIND SCOTT.

KATE
Wait, BEHIND YOU--

Scott spins around and starts FIRING. SCREAMING as he does so. Sending the Stud Zombie flying out of the room...

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LUXOR - NIGHT

The Stud Zombie is sent tumbling back...

Scott's FINAL SHOT hitting him square in the FACE...

Half his head EXPLODING as he flies off the balcony behind...

INT. PYRAMID FLOOR - LUXOR - NIGHT

The Stud Zombie soars down 200 FEET to the pyramid floor, landing with a SPLAT in the middle of his offspring, surrounded by all the HYBRID ZOMBIES he has Fathered.

The Hybrids all recoil, looking up to see the remnants of Scott's MUZZLE FLARE above. *Someone is up there.*

They start to SQUEAL in the darkness. An awful HIGH PITCHED SHRIEK as the mass of monstrous Zombie children move for the stairs with an erratic, lizard-like ferocity.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott is helping Kate up. Handing her clothes, protecting her modesty as she comes back to consciousness. Distraught.

SCOTT

You alright? C'mon, we gotta go--

KATE

(as she comes to)

...Lucy.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LUXOR - NIGHT

Kate leads Scott out into the hallway, over to the adjacent room. She nods as he KICKS down the door.

INT. LUCY'S HOTEL ROOM - LUXOR - NIGHT

Kate bursts in to find Lucy on the bed. Alone. The deed already done. Lucy's face is blank. She's gone into shock.

KATE

Lucy? C'mon, here we go, we're gonna get you out of here.

She pulls Lucy up and leads her out.

LUCY

It's too late.

KATE

No, it's okay, just relax--

LUCY

I'm sorry, Kate.

(off Kate's confusion)

...Thank you for trying.

As Lucy grabs Scott's gun and turns it on her stomach.

KATE

Wait, Lucy, NO.

Too late. Lucy riddling her womb with bullets. The blood pouring from her belly as she slumps to the ground. Dead.

KATE

No--

SCOTT

Kate, we got trouble here.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott see a FLOOD of ZOMBIE HYBRIDS surging down the hallway towards them. He turns the other way to see just as many ZOMBIE HYBRIDS coming from the other side.

...They are trapped.

INT. LUCY'S HOTEL ROOM - LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott and Kate retreat into the room. SLAMMING the door shut. Dragging cheap HOTEL FURNITURE in front of it...

SLAM, SLAM, SLAM--

The door starts to BANG. Immediately buckling. The force on the other side immense, the barricade starting to CRACK.

Scott grabs his gun from Lucy's dead hand and checks his watch: 11.53 PM.

SCOTT

Okay, we're in trouble here.

Kate looks around the room to see a WINDOW.

She peers out. They are near the top of the Pyramid. Hundreds of feet in the air. Way too high up to jump.

And then Kate sees the Pyramid's SLOPED WALLS.

She smiles, turning back to Scott, but he is already with her, hurling a CHAIR out the window. Watching it SLIDE down.

SCOTT

Let's do it.

Scott climbs out the window, pulling Kate out behind him. She looks back at Lucy one more time, saying goodbye...

And then the barricade gives. The Zombie Hybrids CRASHING through the room towards them...

EXT. LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott and Kate slide down the side of the pyramid on their backs, picking up speed. Kate starts going TOO FAST.

SCOTT

Push your feet against the side,
it'll slow you down. Go, NOW--

Kate does as she's told, kicking her feet in, slowing her descent. Until...

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP--

They look up to see the Zombie Hybrid Children leaping out of the window above them, tumbling down after them...

The hybrids kick off the black glass, gaining on our heroes, almost to them as their jaws start SNAPPING...

Scott turns around so he is sliding back head first, gun aimed up the pyramid. BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG--

Zombie brains explode all around them, as he turns to see the ground speeding towards him...

Closer and closer until--

He and Kate hit the bottom of the pyramid, tumbling off onto the surrounding GRASS, rolling onto the ground...

Up and running in a flash.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kevin and the Pilot sit waiting in the cockpit, the helicopter still perched on top of the regulator building.

They see Kate and Scott suddenly running towards them, followed by HUNDREDS OF HYBRID ZOMBIES, giving close chase.

KEVIN

...There--

EXT. LUXOR - NIGHT

Scott and Kate sprint towards the helicopter as it lands thirty feet away. Scott pushing Kate in front of him...

The little demonic children giving chase. Gaining...

Kate reaches the helicopter, jumping in, reaching for her Father. As she hauls him in with a mighty tug. The Zombie Hybrids leaping through the air towards them...

KATE
GO, GO, GO--

Pilot Naylor takes her up. The Hybrids clambering all over each other, reaching up to stop them, to no avail...

As our helicopter soars safely away into the night sky.

INT. MILITARY BUNKER - VEGAS OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

General Rather watches the clock hit: 11.59 PM. As Major Lewis arrives at his side.

MAJOR LEWIS
It's time, General, sixty seconds.

GENERAL RATHER
Have you checked the other frequen--

MAJOR LEWIS
Sir, we need a decision.

Rather closes his eyes. Takes the beat, and then nods.

GENERAL RATHER
...May God have mercy on my soul.

INT. STEALTH BOMBER - NIGHT

The two BOMBER PILOTS sit inside their B2 SPIRIT STEALTH BOMBER on their final approach, tearing through the clouds.

BOMBER PILOT
Confirm two niner, opening package.

EXT. STEALTH BOMBER - SKY - NIGHT

The BOMB DOORS slide open. The Bomber ready to deploy its load. A B61 NUCLEAR BOMB visible inside.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Naylor grins from ear to ear. Thrilled. The injured Kevin sitting next to him. As behind them Scott holds Kate tight.

KATE
...Thank you.

SCOTT
Hey, better late than never, right--

SLAM. The helicopter suddenly gives to one side. Pitching.

KATE
What the fuck was that--

PILOT NAYLOR
I dunno, something's wrong.
(off their looks)
...We're carrying extra weight.

SCOTT
You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

Kate and Scott look at each other nervously. He gives her the machine gun. As they start to search the cabin...

SCOTT
I don't see anything.

KATE
...Me neither, are you sure?

PILOT NAYLOR
We definitely picked up something.

Kate looks out one side of the helicopter door as Scott looks out the other. Nothing. She turns back to her Dad.

KATE
There's nothing out there.

Scott turns around to, looking back at his daughter...

SCOTT
She's right, maybe it's mechanical--

And then he loses the words as a BEEPING echoes out. A look of horror spreading across his face. He is turning white.

KATE
...Oh no...

As behind Kate, in the open doorway we see it...

THE STUD ZOMBIE, lowering itself down from the top of the helicopter. IT'S HEAD HALF BLOWN APART, but still alive.

SCOTT

Kate...

(as she turns around)

KATE, MOVE--

Too late, as the Stud Zombie charges for her, knocking the machine gun flying to the floor with a CLATTER...

SCOTT

KATE--

The Stud Zombie jumps down, lunging towards her neck, jaw snapping like a great white shark as--

SCOTT

WAIT--

SLAM, Scott jumps into the way, pushing his daughter clear, taking the full force of the monster's attack...

The Zombie's teeth hit him hard. SINKING FIRST INTO HIS ARM. THEN HIS CHEST, THEN HIS NECK. Faster than he ever would have imagined. His blood spraying everywhere...

As the Stud Zombie starts eating Scott alive...

KATE

GET THE FUCK OFF HIM--

The Stud Zombie spins around to see Kate holding the gun.

The VOLLEY OF FURIOUS GUNFIRE ripping through the Zombie in an instant, sending him reeling through the helicopter door.

An awful guttural moan escaping his dying mouth...

The Zombies body soaring through the sky, down into the beautiful twinkling lights of the doomed sin city below.

INT. STEALTH BOMBER - NIGHT

The Bomber Pilots flick their final switches. The far off lights of Las Vegas visible in the distance, far below.

BOMBER PILOT

Two niner, package is opened,
target is viable, confirm delivery.

VOICE (O.S.)

Roger that, two niner, confirmed.

One of the Pilots reaches for a BUTTON, clearly sickened.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kate is crumpled on the floor next to her dying Father. She grabs him forcefully. Almost shaking him.

KATE

No, you come back, they can fix yo--

SCOTT

...I'm sorry.

He takes the gun and checks the mag. A FEW ROUNDS LEFT. He loads it and hands it back to her.

KATE

No, I can't...please. I can't.

SCOTT

Yes, you can.

He looks at his daughter and smiles. She grabs onto him. As he takes the VIAL from around his neck, putting it over hers.

SCOTT

...Kevin--

Kevin holds onto Kate, pulling her away.

SCOTT

Make sure she's safe, okay?

KATE

No, just a few more minutes.

SCOTT

...I'm sorry.

He forces the gun into her hand and holds it to his head. Her finger grazing the trigger, unable to fire.

SCOTT

...It's okay, Katie.

KATE

I can't.

SCOTT

(content)

...It's okay.

As she watches the life slowly drain out of his face.

KEVIN

Kate, hurry.

An awful beat extends. Nothing.

KEVIN

KATE--

And then Scott's eyes suddenly BURST OPEN. His corpse lurching forward with an awful blood lust as--

BANG.

Kate blows her Father's head off.

INT. STEALTH BOMBER - NIGHT

The city of Vegas looms below as the Bomber Pilots do their duty. The clock hitting midnight. A BUTTON pressed.

BOMBER PILOT..

Roger, 11-06, package away.

EXT. STEALTH BOMBER - NIGHT

The B61 NUCLEAR BOMB slides out of the cargo doors, a KEVLAR RIBBON PARACHUTE harnessed to the back....

The WMD gently floating down towards the American city below.

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

The old, blood-sprayed "WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS" sign sits in an eerie quiet. The city still. The midnight hour.

And then BOOM...

A FLASH of WHITE...

As a new kind of hell eclipses Las Vegas. Equally man-made. But all together more efficient in its devastation.

The "Welcome to Las Vegas" sign exploding before our eyes. The city now officially closed for business.

EXT. CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

The Bell 407 Helicopter rotors away, out of the city. Safe. The MUSHROOM CLOUD kicking into the sky behind it.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kate looks back at the city of Las Vegas. Gone. The magnificent stain of man's military might replacing it.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

These are indeed dark times. But
the spirit of those that we have
lost will light our way...

ON A TV:

A NEWSCASTER, improvising his way through the broadcast, shuffling papers, braving the emergency bulletin.

SHAKEN NEWSCASTER

...Because, if there's one thing
our brave nation has learned, it is
that faith in God and Country will
protect us all. Come what may.

A series of hastily constructed graphics overtake the screen. Displaying PHOTOS of people we have grown to know and love...

KATE'S MUG SHOT. And then digitally captured CCTV STILLs of out entire lost gang. SCOTT, CRUZ, REGGIE, DOC and TY.

SHAKEN NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...Once again if you've just tuned
in, the terrorists set off the
explosion at 12.02am EST. They are
believed to be part of the Pro-
Death political movement that has
been pushing for the destruction of
the Las Vegas area for some months.

INT. BELL 407 HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kate joins Pilot Naylor in the cockpit. They are flying across the NEVADA DESERT. She sees a DINER in the distance.

SHAKEN NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...At this time, all six of the
terrorists are believed to have
perished in this terrible attack...

EXT. "CACTUS HEAD" DINER - DESERT - NIGHT

The chopper lands by the ROADSIDE DINER as our team gets out.

SHAKEN NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 ...The President is due to address
 the nation later this morning...

INT. "CACTUS HEAD" DINER - NIGHT

A TV hangs from the wall. The same TV we've been watching.
 The Shaken Newscaster muddling through the information.

SHAKEN NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
 ...The administration clearly as
 shocked by this horrific attack as
 the rest of us.

Kate and Pilot Naylor enter, helping Kevin in. They see a
 PACKED diner. TRUCKERS eating. TOURISTS. A cross section
 of America, all feasting on midnight junk food.

Kate walks over to a counter where a LADY CASHIER stands (45,
 pigtails, apple pie). The Ying to Kate's beat up Yang.

KATE
 Excuse me, do you have a phone I
 can borrow? It's an emergency.

CASHIER
 Sure, over there, hun.

She points to a PAYPHONE. Kevin holds onto Kate, protective.

KATE
 It's alright, I'll be okay.

KEVIN
 Just stay close--

She smiles sweetly, a brief flirtation, as Kevin lets her go.
 A MURMUR slowly overtaking the restaurant. People pointing.

The MANAGER (50, nervous) slides up next to the Cashier.
 WHISPERING in her ear. Under his breath.

MANAGER
 ...Hand me the gun.
 (off her confusion)
 Look at the fucking TV, Betty--

The Cashier looks up at the TV to see Kate's MUGSHOT.
 Kevin's CCTV freeze-frame also visible.

Betty hands over a GUN from under the cashier counter. As
 Kate grabs a passing WAITRESS.

KATE

Excuse me, I'm sorry, do you have a quarter I could borrow--

MANAGER

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM HER NOW--

Kate turns to see the Manager pointing his gun. Diner Patrons start SCREAMING. He means business.

KATE

Now, just listen--

MANAGER

They're the ones on the TV--

Kate looks up at the TV, seeing what's happening. She looks at the Manager. Trying to calm him. Hands in front of her.

KATE

It's fine, we're not infected--

MANAGER

They're the ones that done, Vegas, they're the terrorists.

KATE

No, listen, it's fine--

The DINER PATRONS, group together, mob mentality taking over.

DINER PATRON #1

They're alive--

DINER PATRON #2

They were inside--

DINER PATRON #3

The head, shoot the head--

DINER PATRON #4

They're infected--

Kevin steps forward. Realizing they're in trouble.

KEVIN

Please listen to me, okay, we're not infected, you're alright--

MANAGER

I saw the TV, I know what you did--

KEVIN

No, whatever they've told you is a--

BANG. The Manager shoots Kevin in the forehead, the back of his head exploding as he slumps to the ground. Dead.

KATE

KEVIN--

PILOT NAYLOR

No, wait, you don't understand--

BANG, BANG. Pilot Naylor takes two in the head. Landing next to Kevin. Kate surges forward, terrified.

KATE

Oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus...

The Manager turns the gun on her. Terrified.

KATE

Please listen to me, don't believe--

BANG. Kate is shot too. Just like that. The three of them dead. As the Manager EMPTIES HIS GUN into their heads.

Just to be sure.

CASHIER

...Is that it?

DINER PATRON

No, you're supposed to stay away from 'em, they can still come back--

MANAGER

I got 'em in the head, s'fine.

The Manager kicks Kate's body. No sign of life.

MANAGER

Better call the Police, Betty.

CASHIER

Will do. I bet we're gonna be on TV. We're gonna be heroes...

The rest of the Diner Patrons gather around. Chatting and congratulating each other. Moving and thinking as one.

As we close in on the HARD DRIVE in Kate's hand.

INT. MILITARY BUNKER - VEGAS OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The HARD DRIVE is now in a sealed PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG in the hands of Major Lewis. He walks it over to General Rather.

MAJOR LEWIS

We got one survivor at St. Paul's,
but she's a vegetable. All the
others are dead. It's over, Sir.
(re: evidence bag)
...This is all that's left.

The General looks at the blood-soaked hard drive. He grins.

MAJOR LEWIS

...Destroy it.

INT. GENERAL RAND'S OFFICE - DAY

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

It is hanging on a wall next to various medals, certificates,
and PHOTOS of General Rand in military service.

As the General enters and sits down at his COMPUTER.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

Susan Mansion walks down a long halogen lit corridor.
Flanked by DOCTORS. Her eyes are glazed over, distant.

DOCTOR

Your daughter was shot three times
in the head Mrs. Mansion. This
might be hard for you to see...

INT. GENERAL RAND'S OFFICE - DAY

The General sits at his computer and lights a CIGAR.

ON COMPUTER MONITOR:

Rand enters his SECRET PASSWORD, and the screen opens up.

He drags a folder named "RE-AN" across the screen and into
the TRASH, deleting its contents. Confirming the erasure...

As we see all the other files. A HUNDRED FOLDERS with
different code-names. A hundred secrets we don't know about.

A world of lies hidden within.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Susan walks in to find the unconscious Kate, surrounded by BEEPING MACHINES. She is all but unrecognizable.

DOCTOR
She'd completely brain dead. The
bullets destroyed her occipital
lobe. She's technically alive
but...Without the machines...

Susan quietly starts to cry. Looking at her daughter's body.
Just a slab of meat. Scott's necklace still around her neck.

DOCTOR
...It's just a matter of time.

INT. GENERAL RAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Rather turns off his computer. Puffing on his cigar..

He straightens his tie, gets up, grabs a set of GOLF CLUBS,
and then leaves. Turning the LIGHT off behind him...

Leaving the AMERICAN FLAG in the dark.

INT. KATE'S ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

Susan kisses Kate's forehead, wiping the hair from her face.

And then slowly, sadly Susan leaves her daughter behind. The
machines BEEPING, mocking her as she leaves...

The Doctor's following suit, closing the door behind them...

Nobody there to notice Kate's moving stomach. The skin
slowly starting to stretch from within...

Something nasty alive inside.

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS:

The end. The credits stretching out in all their glory. The
score kicking in. The audience about to leave when...

It all abruptly comes to a stop.

FADE IN:

EXT. SAHARA FALLOUT SITE - DAY (POST-CREDITS SCENE)

Nuclear debris covers everything. Las Vegas an ashen post-nuclear white. The Sahara all but reduced to rubble...

SOLDIERS in BIO-SUITS cover the scene, sifting through the wreckage, as one of them arrives at what used to be a VAULT.

He sees that the huge VAULT DOOR is ajar...

SOLDIER
Hello? Anyone alive in here--

INT. VAULT - SAHARA - DAY

The Soldier follows a trail of EMPTY FOOD AND WATER CONTAINERS, only to find a BODY at the end of it. He frowns, nervously turning the corpse over to reveal...

A DEAD SOLDIER. Stripped of his Bio-suit.

SOLDIER
What the fuck...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Cruz removes his stolen BIO-SUIT HELMET and looks back at the still smoking Vegas in the background, a safe distance away.

CRUZ
...Well, alright.

He sees a nearby HIGHWAY, a ROAD SIGN listing various destinations. One of them being "MEXICO - 198 MILES."

He takes a big swig of water with his good hand and grins.

CRUZ
...Senoritas and Margaritas.

As he reaches down, grabs a rope, and hauls four ENORMOUS DUFFEL BAGS OF CASH off into the dusty sunset...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END