

Dead in the Water

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EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

A sailboat, THE GREAT WHITE HOPE, cuts across the clear blue water. TWO COUPLES, young, attractive, are visible on board. They are sunbathing, relaxing, having a drink.

CHRIS KANE, 28, handsome, shirtless, sits with his girlfriend, TESSA MILLS, 30, pretty, but proper, in a white one-piece -- a book open in her lap.

CHARLIE PRICE, 35, husky, unshaven, comes up from the hold, opening a beer. His girlfriend, DIANE AVERY, 30, lies face down -- topless -- on the open deck near the stern, a bottle of Baby Oil open next to her. It is a beautiful Caribbean winter day and they're on vacation from a cold northern city.

TESSA

That's nothing. I was working the ER last month, and this father and daughter were brought in. Both DOA. The little girl was six-years-old. The father must have weighed three hundred pounds. He'd had a massive heart attack in their living room, collapsed on top of her. She suffocated.

DIANE

That's horrible.

CHARLIE

In April I removed a tumor from a woman -- sixteen pounds. I swear to God, it looked like Elvis.

TESSA

Young Elvis or fat Elvis?

Chris Kane, half paying attention, stares out over the water.

CHARLIE

Fat Elvis. It even had sideburns.

DIANE

I don't know how you guys do it. I can't have a pedicure without getting nauseous.

TESSA

You learn to ignore the person, see the condition.

Diane rolls over, sits, up, holding her bikini top on with her hand.

DIANE

What about you, Chris? What's the worst case you've seen?

ANGLE ON KANE

Staring out at the water.

KANE

The floater.

The three exchange a look.

KANE (cont'd)

It was my first week of residency. I didn't even know how to draw blood. The paramedics brought in this woman, Margaret Adams. Seventy-years old. She was soaking her feet in Epsom salt in the bathtub, had a stroke. She slid into the tub, went into a coma. Seven days later her grandson broke down the door. It was ninety-six degrees in the house. The stench was unbelievable. Margaret was still alive somehow, but the salt water had leached into her skin. It was like --

Kane sees something in the distance. He picks up a pair of binoculars, looks through them.

KANE (cont'd)

Have you ever had duck confit, where the meat just falls off the bone?

KANE'S POV

We see a rundown trawler, THE GATO, bobbing in the distance. TWO BLACK MEN are standing at the stern. They lift a LARGE BLACK BAG and throw it into the sea. Other bags are already floating in the water behind the boat.

The two men bend down and pick up another bag. This too goes into the sea with a splash. Then one of the men spots The Great White Hope -- yells to the driver and the trawler speeds off in a cloud of exhaust.

Kane lowers the binoculars.

KANE (cont'd)

Hey, Charlie?

Charlie comes over. Kane points. Charlie goes over to the wheel, changes course.

TESSA
What's up?

CHARLIE
Nothing. Just gonna check something out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - MOMENTS LATER

The sailboat approaches the spot where the trawler was.

ANGLE ON KANE AND THE OTHERS

As the reality of what they're seeing sets in.

ANGLE ON THE WATER

Eight BLACK BODY BAGS bob in the chop. The white sailboat floats among them like a child at a wake. Around them the sea is eerily quiet.

DIANE
(spooked)
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Drug dealers, maybe, getting rid of the competition.

Kane moves onto the bow.

KANE
Get closer.

He lays on his stomach, one arm stretched out towards the closest bag. Charlie steers towards it.

TESSA
I don't know, Chris. Maybe we should call the Coast Guard.

ANGLE ON KANE

We're looking up at him from the water. A body bag is between us and him, bobbing. Kane reaches for it. What Kane can't see from his angle is the yellow BIOHAZARD stamp on the bag - *Precaucion: Sustanica Toxica*.

KANE
Almost got it.

Suddenly the bag jerks violently. Water splashes everywhere.
They jump.

CHARLIE
Shark?

KANE
(checking)
No. The water's clear.

DIANE
Are you saying someone's alive in
there?

With a new sense of purpose, Kane lunges for the bag, grabs
it.

KANE
Help me get it in.

Charlie runs over, gets a hook into the bag and together he
and Kane muscle it up onto the deck.

ANGLE ON KANE AND THE OTHERS

They stand staring down at the bag, unsettled.

ANGLE ON THE BODY BAG

The yellow biohazard stamp is clearly visible now.

TESSA
Diane, call the Coast Guard.

Diane runs to the hold. Suddenly, the bag jerks against the
deck, sitting up, then falling back with a sickening crack. A
MOAN issues from inside. Charlie kneels next to it.

TESSA (cont'd)
Charlie, no.

CHARLIE
We have to. We took an oath.

He reaches for the zipper.

ANGLE ON TESSA

As Charlie unzips the bag, we push in on her face.

There is a SHOUT, the sound of struggle. The shout becomes a scream. We stay on her face, terror rising in her eyes, as BLOOD speckles her face.

We PAN AWAY to the open water, slowly moving away from the boat, leaving the horror behind. We pick up speed, racing across the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

We're sixty miles away now, flying across the waves towards an enormous CRUISE SHIP. Twelve stories tall, a thousand feet long, THE OCEAN DREAM cuts through the turquoise waters of the Caribbean like a massive floating resort.

We CIRCLE the ship. Everywhere we look there are passengers on deck relaxing, recreating, not a cloud in the sky. We see men and women at the STERN driving golf balls off a DRIVING RANGE into a billowing net. One deck above, men are SHOOTING SKEET.

At the BOW, bodies dot a large CLIMBING WALL, situated near a well populated SWIMMING POOL.

We take all this in, then PUSH IN on the starboard side of the ship, singling out a specific STATE ROOM balcony, curtains drawn. We PUSH through them and into ...

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - DAY.

A large-ish room with a small balcony that looks out over the ocean. Without the view it would be a mid-priced room at the Marriott.

BRIAN LAKE, 35, is laying on his back on the queen-sized bed. He is throwing a golf ball up in the air and catching it, clearly bored. Brian is the boy scout who started picking fights and smoking cigarettes the day he learned that no good deed goes unpunished.

The door opens. Brian's wife, CARRIE LAKE, 32, enters, wearing a bikini top and a sarong. She is a beautiful woman who wants to be happy, but hauls sadness around with her like a little dog.

CARRIE
(exasperated)
You promised you were going out.

BRIAN

Do you know this boat weighs over four hundred tons? It should sink to the bottom of the ocean like a typewriter.

She throws open the curtains, opens the sliding glass door, letting in sunlight and the ocean breeze.

CARRIE

You haven't left the room in two days.

BRIAN

That's not true. We went to dinner last night.

CARRIE

You left during the salad course.

BRIAN

All those shrimp cocktails were making me nervous.

CARRIE

You just didn't want to talk to anybody.

BRIAN

I don't understand why they make us sit with a bunch of strangers.

CARRIE

It's supposed to be fun. We get out of our shell, meet new people.

BRIAN

I meet new people all the time.

CARRIE

People you don't arrest?

BRIAN

Hey, for your information, an arrest is like a date. I pick up a suspect in my car. We talk, get to know each other, maybe even hold hands if they need to be fingerprinted.

CARRIE

So now you're dating them?

BRIAN

The point is -- criminals I can relate to. We come from the same neighborhood. These people -- I got nothing to say.

Carrie gives up, throws herself down on the bed.

CARRIE

You're an idiot.

(beat)

But you're cute.

She slides her hand under his shirt. He puts his hand on top of hers -- stopping her.

BRIAN

Carrie, I'm not sure more rocking is what my stomach needs.

She sighs -- pulling away. We see the sadness in her blossom for a moment. He knows he's blown it.

CARRIE

Well, I didn't come on this trip to hide in my room.

BRIAN

I'm not hiding.

They look at each other, at a stalemate. There is the weight of things unsaid -- a bigger issue they are skirting.

CARRIE

(trying to be positive)

There's skeet shooting.

BRIAN

I prefer shooting people.

CARRIE

Would you at least take your book and go read by the pool? Please. For me?

Beat. He doesn't want to fight with her, knows he needs to make some kind of gesture. He gets up, grabs his book.

BRIAN

Okay.

CARRIE

Thank you. Meet you back here at
six?

He nods. A perfunctory kiss, then he's out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEMPLE OF RA POOL. DECK - DAY.

Brian finds a lounge chair. A CREWMAN is instantly at his side with a towel.

BRIAN

I got ten dollars if you can turn
that into a beer.

The crewman leaves. Brian slips off his shirt. We see puckered scar tissue on his upper back, the healed topography of two BULLET WOUNDS.

He scans the mobbed pool area. There is a WET BAR on one side, filled with men in Hawaiian shirts and frizzy-haired women in sarongs. The CLIMBING WALL stretches up on the other side of the pool, passengers in harnesses scaling and repelling.

The pool area itself is filled with pale, jiggly flesh -- men and women in ill-advised bathing suits, most of whom shouldn't be allowed to undress in public.

And then there -- stretched out on a lounge chair across the pool like a sunflower in a field of weeds -- is CHLOE MORAN, 18, French, gorgeous and she knows it. We linger on her.

JUAN (O.S.)

Let me guess, the cruise was your
wife's idea.

Brian looks over. JUAN RAMOS, 44, is standing in the pool, one son, HECTOR, 6, on his shoulders, the other, JESUS, 8, splashing nearby. He is a big man, six-four and muscular.

BRIAN

She likes people. My line of work --
I know better.

JUAN

Lawyer?

The Crewman arrives with Brian's beer. Brian hands over the ten.

BRIAN
Cop. 13th Precinct, Brooklyn.

Behind Juan, Chloe sits up, starts rubbing suntan lotion into her arms and legs. She meets Brian's eye, smiles.

JUAN
We're from the Bronx. You guys on your honeymoon?

BRIAN
No. We've been married six years. You?

Juan dunks Hector off his shoulders. Then bends down so Jesus can climb up.

JUAN
Ten. Best thing I ever did.

BRIAN
(beat, then meaning it)
Yeah. Me too.

Chloe rolls over onto her stomach. She's wearing a thong.

JUAN
You got kids?

BRIAN
(beat, focussing)
No.

JUAN
Why not?

BRIAN
It's -- complicated.

Juan launches Jesus, who submerges, surfaces, and comes splashing back for more.

JUAN
Simplest thing in the world. The hard part is raising them right. What about your wife? She want kids?

CUT TO:

CARRIE

She is staring at something in a kind of daze. We PULL BACK to find we are in ...

INT. PLAYZONE DAYCARE - DAY.

The Day Care Center is filled with kids; laughing, running around. Some play video games in the ARCADE, others are climbing on the jungle gym. For the little ones there is a large BALL PIT.

ANGLE ON CARRIE

exposed, vulnerable. A young mother, ALICE GRAHAM, 28, approaches her.

ALICE
Which one's yours?

Carrie is startled from her reverie.

CARRIE
No. None.

ALICE
Just window shopping?

Carrie shakes her head.

ALICE (cont'd)
Those are mine. The one pulling the battery out of his nose, and the bigger one trying to put it back in.

CARRIE
They're cute.

ALICE
Boys. If they give you a choice, choose girls.

CARRIE
(beat)
They don't usually give you a choice.

ALICE
Don't I know it.
(yelling)
Damon! Don't you put that in your brother's nose.

She heads off. Carrie watches. We see that sadness again, bigger now, threatening to break loose.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - MOMENTS LATER.

Carrie steps out through a bulkhead door, distracted. Around her, the deck is empty. She walks over to the railing, stares out at the water. The sun is low on the horizon. The wind is in her hair. She is preoccupied by her thoughts, but then she SEES SOMETHING in the distance.

ANGLE ON THE OCEAN

Something is floating in the water about a hundred yards away. It's a MAN clinging to a piece of debris.

ANGLE ON CARRIE

Is she really seeing this?

ANGLE ON THE MAN

It's Chris Kane - we barely recognize him. He waves weakly.

ANGLE ON CARRIE

CARRIE

Hey.

She looks around for someone, her voice rising.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Hey!

A purser, TIBOR FISCHER, 51, is walking past. She grabs him.

CARRIE (cont'd)

There's someone in the water.

She points. Tibor sees the man. He takes out a walkie-talkie.

TIBOR

Man overboard! Man overboard!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER DECK - THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

A crowd has gathered. Carrie is there. Crewmen pull Chris Kane up on deck. He is sunburned, dehydrated, emaciated. He lays coughing, gasping for air.

STAFF CAPTAIN DAVID "CRASH" CARTER is there. He puts a blanket around Kane.

CRASH
It's okay. We've got you.
(to crewman)
Get these people back.

Tibor feeds Kane water.

CRASH (cont'd)
(to Kane)
Can you tell me what happened?

KANE
(weak)
We were sailing. We saw something
in the water--

He starts coughing. Flecks of blood and sputem fly from his mouth, getting on crew members.

DR. PATEL (O.S.)
Let me through.

DR. AJ PATEL, a young Indian woman, pushes through the crowd, drops to her knees next to Kane.

KANE
Please -- these people aren't safe.
It killed them all --

He breaks down coughing. Dr. Patel looks him over, takes his pulse. She pulls on a pair of surgical gloves, looks in his eyes. Doesn't like what she sees.

DR. PATEL
We need to get him to sick bay.

Two CREWMEN help Kane to his feet, but as they do he lurches forward and VOMITS blood. It splashes on the deck, drops getting on the shoes and legs of some passengers, who jump back, sickened.

CRASH
Get back everyone, please. Give us
some room.

Kane's eyes roll back into his head and he goes into convulsions. Carrie watches as more CREWMEN run up with a stretcher, put Kane on it. Lift him.

CARRIE
Is he going to be alright?

DR. PATEL
(pushing past)
I don't know. We'll do everything
we can.

The crewmen carry Kane away as Dr. Patel follows.

A MAN

dressed like a passenger, but with an air of authority, grabs
Crash's arm, says something. He is BILL PRYOR.

CRASH
(stepping forward)
Alright, people, please. Go back to
your vacation. Everything is going
to be fine.

The CLEANING STAFF is already there with mops and buckets,
trying to remove the blood from the deck.

ANGLE ON A FAT PASSENGER

as he tries to wipe blood specks from his socks and sandals
with his bare hand. He wipes the hand off on the side of his
shorts. As the passengers disperse, we FOLLOW him. He reaches
out and TOUCHES a DOOR KNOB, opens the door, re-enters the
ship. We let him go and LINGER on the knob.

Another HAND grabs it. We follow the hand as it lets go of
the knob, enters the ship, reaches out, grabs a smaller hand.
We PULL BACK and see Alice Graham, the mother from Playzone,
holding her younger son, WILT's, hand.

The older son, DAMON, smacks Wilt and Wilt gives chase; hands
touching everything. Alice reaches up, rubs her nose.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - NIGHT.

Brian and Carrie are dressing for dinner. She's in the
bathroom. He's standing by the bed, dressed in jeans and a
button down shirt.

BRIAN
(calls out)
You sure you're alright.

Carrie is in a black evening dress, putting on mascara. Determined to look like a million bucks, but distracted at the same time.

CARRIE

It was so weird. If I hadn't stopped, if I'd looked the other way -- we'd have just floated right by.

BRIAN

He was lucky.

CARRIE

An entire ocean, what are the odds of us finding him?

BRIAN

Well, these are shipping lanes. A lot of boats come through here, most of them bigger than this one.

She puts on a little blush.

CARRIE

How was the pool?

He tucks his shirt in, looks at the results in the mirror.

BRIAN

I think I got a sunburn.

She puts in an earring.

CARRIE

Can you at least make an effort to be happy?

Brian changes his mind, untucks his shirt.

BRIAN

The whole point of a vacation is there's no effort required. It's *effortless*.

She comes out of the bathroom putting in her other earring. He stares at her.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Wow. You look...

He stops, speechless. For a moment there is heat between them, love, but then she notices what he's wearing.

CARRIE
Sweetie, you know you have to wear
a tuxedo, right? Tonight's the
formal dinner.

BRIAN
Where would I get a tux? We're on a
boat.

CARRIE
We had this conversation. I rented
one for you. It's hanging in the
closet.

He doesn't want to look, doesn't want to go tonight.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Please. For me.

Beat. He opens the closet, looks at the tuxedo the way you
look at a bad seafood dinner.

BRIAN
We should have gone to the lake.

CARRIE
No. We need people, energy. We need
dancing and laughing and the sun on
our face.

He looks at her skeptically.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Vitamin D has been shown to help
depression.

BRIAN
I'm not depressed.

CARRIE
Well, I am, and I'm sick of it.
It's time to start living again.

He looks at her, then at the tux. He does the math -- how
much he doesn't want to do this versus how much he wants to
make Carrie happy. He starts to undress.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CREW QUARTERS. DECK TWO - NIGHT.

A labyrinth of bunks and hammocks. We follow Tibor Fischer
into the room. He wipes his nose on the back of his hand.

Inside we recognize some of the crewmen as those who helped take Chris Kane to sickbay, members of the cleaning crew, etc. They are playing cards, smoking.

One Crewman coughs wetly into his hand, plays a card. Another crewman picks it up, folds. The first crewman takes the pot. Tibor Fischer sits at the table, accepts a shuffled pack of cards.

TIBOR

Seven card stud, nothing wild. I
know you gooks don't speak English,
but nod your heads like you know
what I'm saying.

He deals. In the corner we see a young Indonesian man, SUPARMAN ATALAS, 22, lying in his hammock, not joining in the fun. As the men play cards we DRIFT over towards him. He is staring at the ceiling overhead.

SUPARMAN'S POV

Pictures of a small fishing boat -- his dream -- fill the small patch of ceiling.

A CREWMAN enters.

CREWMAN

(in Indonesian)

Night shift. Time to get to work.

Everyone drops what they're doing. Suparman jumps down from the hammock. We follow him out into the ...

HALL

The crew members are joking with each other, but Suparman walks alone. As he turns a corner, we RISE UP through the floor to DECK 3, moving through the CREW MESS where several crew members cough into their plates. We continue rising to DECK 4, then up through the passenger decks, arriving at the ...

DECK TEN HALLWAY

where we pick up Brian and Carrie, looking like a million bucks. He tugs at his collar, uncomfortable.

BRIAN

I feel like an asshole in this
thing.

CARRIE

You look great.

She means it. They enter ...

INT. SHADOWS NIGHTCLUB - CONTINUOUS.

The nightclub is in full swing. On stage we see members of *Cirque Extrême* in action. A BEARDED MAN balances a stack of chairs on his chin. A WOMAN in a sequin dress sits cross-legged in the top chair. The crowd applauds. Brian and Carrie walk through the back of the room, enter the ...

INT. CASINO - CONTINUOUS.

All the tables and machines are full. TOM KILLIAN, 38, is at the craps table. He's winning big, looks elated. A crowd has gathered around him. Several people are coughing.

KILLIAN
Big money, big money.

He rolls the dice, hits a seven. The crowd roars its approval. Brian and Carrie enter the ...

INT. AUBERGE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS.

The restaurant is busy. A HOSTESS greets Carrie and Brian.

CARRIE
Carrie and Brian Lake.

The Hostess leads them to a large round table. Most of the chairs are already full. SAUL and ELLEN WEXLER, both in their seventies, are there, as is the Staff Captain, Crash Baker.

Brian sits next to Carrie. Ellen Wexler is on his right. Dr. Patel sits across from him.

ELLEN
You're the police officer.

BRIAN
That's right.

ELLEN
I'm Ellen Wexler. This is my husband Saul.

SAUL
Raincoats.

BRIAN
I'm sorry.

SAUL

I sold raincoats in Seattle. Forty years.

BRIAN

You picked a good place for it.

SAUL

You said a mouthful, pal. I'm frickin' rich.

Ellen takes a package of disposable, anti-bacterial sheets from her purse, offers one to Brian.

ELLEN

Disinfecting wipe?

BRIAN

Uh, no thanks.

ELLEN

These ships can be such hotbeds of disease. Dr. Patel was just telling us about the flu.

DR. PATEL

The Spanish Flu, actually. First seen in Nineteen-Eighteen during the First World War. It came in two waves. The first was normal; congestion, a bad cough. The second killed fifty million people -- mostly strong, healthy adults.

Brian notices Chloe Moran at a nearby table. She meets his eye, gives him a little wave. He freezes, checks to make sure Carrie didn't notice.

ELLEN

What made it so deadly?

DR. PATEL

The virus mutated. It evolved into a more virulent, more effective strain. Like all organisms, the goal of a virus is to reproduce, to spread its genetic code. The more contagious it is, the farther it spreads. But if it kills too quickly it burns itself out.

Dr. Patel's pager rings. She looks at it.

DR. PATEL (cont'd)

Excuse me.

She steps away, makes a call on her walkie-talkie. Carrie turns to Crash.

CARRIE

How is he?

CRASH

Who?

CARRIE

The man they pulled from the water.
I'm -- I'm the one who spotted him.

CRASH

He'll be fine.

CARRIE

He didn't look fine.

CRASH

When you're adrift long enough the
body starts to feed on itself --

CARRIE

How long was he --?

CRASH

-- he said it was only a few hours,
but given the state he's in, I'd
say at least a week.

Carrie leans in, lowers her voice.

CARRIE

What do you think he meant when he
said we weren't safe?

DR. PATEL

comes back to the table, concern on her face. She whispers something in Crash's ear. He stands.

CRASH

Excuse me.

CARRIE

Something wrong?

CRASH

Not at all. Enjoy your dinner.

They leave. At a nearby TABLE we see Alice Graham, COUGHING hard into her hand. Her two kids are making a mess of the table, but Alice doesn't seem to notice.

THE WAITER

comes over. As Alice hands him her plate, we PUSH IN on her hand -- seeing mucus from her lungs speckled with blood. We watch as they transfer to the plate as we PULL BACK to find the waiter carrying it into ...

THE KITCHEN

He puts the empty plate down, picks up a few full ones, walks into ...

THE RESTAURANT

where he deposits a salad at a table, continues on into ...

THE CASINO

Where he gives a sandwich to a MAN who's playing slots. The man hands the waiter a poker chip, their hands touching. The waiter leaves. The man puts a quarter in the slot machine and pulls the lever. The wheels spin. The machine doesn't pay off. The man takes his sandwich and moves on.

SAUL WEXLER

comes up, puts a quarter in the slot, grabs the handle, pulls. The wheels spin. Ellen comes up.

ELLEN

I thought you were going to the bathroom.

SAUL

I was.

The machine hits three cherries. Lights flash. Silver dollars tumble into the well.

SAUL (cont'd)

Look at that. I'm the luckiest man alive. Kiss me.

He leans toward her. She pulls away.

ELLEN

Not with that breath.

We MOVE OFF them and find Tom Killian still at the craps table, except now he's losing. The crowd is gone. Killian rolls snake eyes. The croupier takes his chips. Killian's pissed, cursing under his breath.

We leave him and move across the CASINO. People are coughing here too. We PUSH OUT through the window onto the ...

DECK

where we find a woman, ERYN CHIN, 26, pushing her brother, DAVID, 16, in a wheelchair. Both are wearing surgical masks.

ERYN

I feel like an idiot in this thing.

DAVID

You'd rather spend the next ten days puking into a chemical toilet? Be thankful I brought them.

ERYN

Anyone ever tell you how much people hate a know-it-all?

Behind them we see Brian exit a bulkhead door. Carrie comes out after him. We PUSH IN on them.

CARRIE

Where are you going?

BRIAN

I need some air.

CARRIE

No. You're running away again.
(beat)
Are you trying to piss me off?

BRIAN

No.

CARRIE

I'm trying to save our marriage here. Should I stop?

He doesn't answer.

CARRIE (cont'd)

(about to go off)
I swear to God, Brian--

BRIAN
(quiet)
I miss him.

This stops her.

CARRIE
You think I don't?

BRIAN
I don't know how to be happy
without him. You want me to have
fun, but how can we have fun when
he's dead?

CARRIE
(beat, then tender)
Say his name.

But Brian can't.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Max. His name was Max and we loved
him and he died. It's been fifteen
months. I can't do this anymore.
We need to figure out a way to move
past it, to live.

BRIAN
Easy for you to say.

She slaps him.

CARRIE
How dare you.

He doesn't respond.

CARRIE (cont'd)
When are you going to forgive me?
Do you really hate me that much?
Don't you think that every day I
wake up wishing it was me, not him.

She turns and runs off.

BRIAN
Carrie.

He follows, catches her. She fights him. He won't let go.

BRIAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry.

She struggles against him, crying now.

CARRIE

No.

She breaks loose, runs off. Brian watches her go, miserable.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - NIGHT.

Brian comes in. Carrie is already in bed, her back to him. He undresses, gets into bed. They are physically close, but emotionally so far apart. He reaches out to touch her, but then hesitates, lowers his hand. The distance between them is too great.

CARRIE

(quietly)

I can't do this without you.

We see his face. It breaks his heart, but he doesn't know how to fix this. Beat. He reaches out to turn out the light. Blackness, then:

THE CAMERA

finds the light filtering in from under the door. PUSHES towards it, passing underneath into

THE HALLWAY

Empty. We move forward past state room doors. Wet coughing emanates from inside many of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EMPRESS DECK. HALLWAY - NIGHT.

More coughing. We see Tibor Fischer deliver fresh towels to Room 1103. He coughs wetly into his hand, wipes it discreetly on his pants, takes a tip. We move past him, turn a corner and move towards a doorway at the end of the hall. It's memorialized by a plaque that reads SICK BAY. The coughing worsens. The sound of a man fighting for air.

CUT TO:

INT. SICK BAY - CONTINUOUS.

A large room with white curtains blocking off several beds. A panicked NURSE approaches one of the curtains as the coughing from within culminates in a sudden wheezing gasp. Then silence.

NURSE

Mr. Kane?

She pushes open the curtain. From her POV we see Chris Kane laying on the bed, back arched, fists still grabbing the sheet. Face distorted in rictus, his dead eyes are wide open.

The nurse rushes forward. She takes his pulse, starts to perform CPR. But it's no use. He's dead. She goes to the phone, makes a call.

NURSE (cont'd)

Dr. Patel? I'm sorry to wake you.
It's Nurse Brooks. Mr. Kane died.

She listens for a moment.

NURSE (cont'd)

I will.

She hangs up, turns back to Kane's bed, but it's EMPTY. Spooked, she turns and sees Kane standing behind her, his jaw slack, eyes dead. Before she can react he snarls, LUNGES for her. She screams and we ...

CUT TO BLACK:

Super Title Card: CARRIE

FADE IN:

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - MORNING

Sun hits Carrie's sleeping face.

Title Card: Saturday, 8:45 a.m.

Carrie stirs. Her eyes open. Looking over, they find Brian's sleeping face. For a moment she feels love, pure and untainted. We see it in her eyes, but then all their problems come racing back and she turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - MORNING

Carrie's dressed now. Brian's still asleep. She puts a note on the night table:

GONE TO BREAKFAST

A last look at a sleeping Brian -- longing, regret -- then she opens the door. Steps into the hall. As she pulls the door shut, the draw of air lifts the note off the table. It floats down into the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - MORNING

Strangely empty. Carrie crosses, sees a few kids splashing in the pool. A handful of sunbathers lying in lounge chairs. A PERSONAL TRAINER is leading two heavyset women in early morning water aerobics.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - MORNING

A few die-hards are still playing. Carrie sees Tom Killian, eyes red-rimmed, now at the BLACKJACK TABLE, a few meager chips in front of him. He is spent, busted out, but can't bring himself to leave.

KILLIAN

Hit me.

The DEALER hits him. A Queen. He loses.

KILLIAN (cont'd)

Shit!

The dealer takes Killian's last remaining chips.

DEALER

Did you want to buy more chips,
sir?

KILLIAN

(rubbing his
face/agitated)

No. Maybe.

(calling out)

Who do I have to fuck to get a
drink around here?

CUT TO:

INT. BREAKFAST NOOK CAFE - MORNING

Most of the tables are empty. Carrie enters, spots a haggard looking SARAH BENJAMIN, 32, the Hospitality Director.

CARRIE
Where is everybody?

SARAH
(forcing a smile)
It was a bit of a rough night.

CARRIE
You think I might be able to get a
massage this morning.

SARAH
Normally, I'd say no way, but I
think there've been some
cancellations.
(checks her watch)
I'll make you an appointment for
nine-thirty, okay?

CARRIE
Great, thanks.

Bill Pryor beckons Sarah over. He is the man we saw
yesterday talking to Crash. Pryor is mid-forties, mustached --
a frontiersman in a former life.

SARAH
Excuse me.

Sarah walks over to him. An animated exchange begins as
Carrie turns away. She gets some coffee, heads for the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - MORNING

Carrie climbs the stairs towards the SPA DECK.

BELOW/BEHIND HER

we see a FIGURE burst from a distant bulkhead door; moving
with awkward urgency as it makes a beeline for a small group
of SUNBATHERS.

We stay with Carrie as she climbs. In the background we see
the sunbathers scream - the sound masked by the wind. As
Carrie reaches the next landing, we watch the sunbathers
scatter, the figure charging towards them.

Unaware, Carrie opens the door, and we lose sight of the action below. Carrie enters ...

INT. THE SPA - CONTINUOUS

No one is behind the desk.

CARRIE

Hello?

No answer. She moves to the desk, spots the appointment book; names have been crossed out. She finds hers scribbled in - the first appointment of the day. She moves to the inner door. Pushes it open.

SARAH

Hello?

Nothing. She steps into the hallway inside. Passes an empty massage room, finds ...

THE LOCKER ROOM

at the end of the hall. A steam room at its rear. She grabs a towel off the counter. Opens a locker. Starts to undress.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAM ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and Sarah steps inside; wrapped in a towel. She takes a deep breath; letting the heat sink in. Then she moves to find a seat at the far end of the room, loosening the towel as she leans back.

We can barely make her out through the steam as she lets the towel fall, closes her eyes - feeling herself begin to relax--

CLICK

Her eyes open.

CARRIE'S POV

... searching the thick steam. Did someone come in? She sees the slightest hint of movement. The door inching closed.

CARRIE

Hello?

She looks around. Nothing. She starts to relax again. Then she hears a faint KNOCKING SOUND, odd concussive patterns moving across the floor. She searches the steam for the source, but can see nothing. The sound gets closer.

She looks down through the steam. A BLOODY HUMAN FACE is looking up at her -- AN INFECTED MAN crawling across the floor on knuckles and toes towards her.

CARRIE

let's out a shout, JUMPS as a hand grabs for her leg. It misses. She clambers up onto the highest bench, clutching the towel to her. The man skitters up after her, his body moving fast, but with an inhuman awkwardness.

She LAUNCHES herself toward the door, pulls it open, but instinct makes her turn - just in time to see the man IN MID-AIR coming towards her.

She throws herself out into the locker room. The man slams into the edge of the door. Bounces back. He scrambles to his feet.

Carrie lunges for the door. Pulls it closed just as the man SLAMS against the glass. Eyes dead crazy. Carrie stares in horror as he attacks the glass.

The glass cracks. Carrie grabs her clothes from her locker. Ducks into

THE INNER HALL

Pulling that door closed as well. Heart pounding, she quickly pulls on her pants. Her shirt.

MOVEMENT

from the end of the hall. She turns to see the SPA ATTENDANT in the shadows.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Thank God. There's a crazy man.

He attacked me in the--

She breaks off as she hears the keening MOAN that's coming from the Attendant. Carrie starts to back away, as the Attendant steps into the light. Something very wrong with the way she moves.

CARRIE (cont'd)

(involuntary)

Oh.

The Attendant charges her. Carrie takes off. Bursting through the inner door, she runs through the Reception Area and out onto --

EXT. SPA DECK - CONTINUOUS

Carrie emerges to a ship transformed. Smoke rises from the wet bar. Chairs are scattered everywhere. There are a dozen people on the deck below. Half of them infected. The infected chase and feed on the others.

A WOMAN

tries to escape by jumping into the pool. The infected go in after her; several sinking. But a few, bloated and buoyant, fight their way to her; pulling her under the water with hands and teeth.

A NOISE

turns Carrie to see the Spa Attendant burst from the spa. Carrie takes off down the stairs; the Attendant hot on her heels. Carrie JUMPS the last four steps, runs towards an open bulkhead door.

OTHER INFECTED

rise from their meals and charge towards her -- cutting her off. Carrie sees the CLIMBING WALL ahead. Throws herself at it. Fighting for purchase as she pulls herself up. And up.

BAM

The Spa Attendant hits the wall just below her. Carrie yanks her foot away. Climbing higher. We realize that there are OTHER PEOPLE up here. Hanging on for dear life.

BELOW THEM

More infected arrive. Fighting each other to reach the wall; a horrific cacophony of moans and grinding teeth, as--

CARRIE

climbs higher. She sees Sarah Benjamin dangling from a thin handhold. Their eyes meet. They share a few seconds of pleading human contact.

SARAH
(whimpering)
Help me.

Carrie reaches out.

CARRIE
Give me your hand --

Sarah reaches -- loses her grip on the wall. She screams as she tumbles onto the infected below. A feeding frenzy erupts as they fall on her. Biting and tearing--

CARRIE

looks away. Fights panic. She moves sideways and up, trying to get to the edge of the wall where it intersects with the deck roof. She looks down to see the Spa Attendant forcing herself up onto the wall. Her fingernails snap as she grabs onto rough hand-holds.

Carrie redoubles her efforts. Slips! Almost falls. Banging against the wall. Five finger tips are all that keep her from death. She searches desperately for a toe hold. Looks down to see

THE SPA ATTENDANT

Coming faster now.

CARRIE'S FOOT

finds purchase. But it's too late. The Attendant lunges--

BLAM

A bullet blows the back of her head off. She falls --

PRYOR
Over here!

Carrie looks up to see Bill Pryor and Tom Killian standing on the deck roof. Pryor has a pistol. He hauls her to safety as she climbs over to them.

CARRIE
Thank you.

And now she notices that Killian's hands are handcuffed in front of him.

KILLIAN
(to Pryor)
Jesus Christ, give me a gun
already!

Pryor ignores him.

PRYOR
We need a place to hide.

CARRIE
I have to find my husband. He's in
our cabin.

KILLIAN
He's dead, lady -- trust me.

CARRIE
No, he was sleeping when I left.

Below them the infected moan loudly as they feed. The sound
is unsettling.

KILLIAN
(with passion)
Will you shut the fuck up!

CARRIE
(to Pryor)
Please--

PRYOR
The corridors are too dangerous--

CARRIE
He's got a gun. And bullets. He
never goes anywhere without them.
He's a cop.

Beat. Pryor doesn't like it, but ...

PRYOR
What deck?

CARRIE
Verandah. Two down.

KILLIAN
(to Pryor)
You're not serious.

PRYOR
I've only got four mags left.
That's 60 bullets. There's nine
hundred passengers and three
hundred crewmen on this ship. You
do the math.

He starts off along the roof; Carrie beside him.

KILLIAN
I knew I should'a gone to Vegas.

And then he's following.

BELOW

The infected move with them; paralleling their progress as Carrie and the others make their way towards the short deck of the spa level. A four foot gap stretches between the two decks. They'll have to jump it to reach the Spa.

CARRIE
(re: the spa)
You don't want to go in there.

PRYOR
There's a service elevator inside.
Only way we're getting down two
levels alive.

The infected discover the stairs up to the Spa Level. They swarm up them.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Shit. Go, go, go!

They run for it. Jumping across the span. Carrie makes it, but stumbles. Killian lands next to her, but rather than help her up, he runs right past her. She scrambles to her feet. Slams through the door after Killian and Pryor; the infected hot on her heels.

INT. SPA - CONTINUOUS

Pryor hits the elevator button. He FIRES past Carrie. Hitting the infected man behind her. Then the elevator doors are opening and they're ducking inside.

AN INFECTED WOMAN

lunges for them. BLAM. Pryor blows her backwards and the doors click closed.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Carrie pushes the button for V deck. Leans back against the wall; trying to catch her breath.

CARRIE
What the hell's going on out there?

Pryor takes a second handgun from his pocket.

PRYOR
Something biblical.

He offers the gun to Carrie.

PRYOR (cont'd)
You know how to use one of these?

She nods, takes the gun.

KILLIAN
She gets a gun? The girl?

Carrie ejects the magazine, checks the chamber, slaps the magazine home, like a pro. So much for *the girl*.

CARRIE
(sarcastic, to Killian)
Thanks for your help back there.

KILLIAN
Survival of the fittest, baby.

He holds up his wrists, rattles the cuffs.

KILLIAN
(to Pryor)
Will you please take these fucking things off?

PRYOR
Not a chance. You're a prisoner in my custody.

CARRIE
You're a cop?

PRYOR
Federal marshal. Bill Pryor.

CARRIE
I'm Carrie Lake.

They look at Killian.

KILLIAN
Are you serious? Those people just tried to eat us, and you guys are playing nice to meet you? Take the fucking cuffs off.

PRYOR
You assaulted a dealer.

KILLIAN
Yeah, but did I eat him? No. So
take 'em off.

DING

The elevator reaches it's destination. Pryor raises his gun. Carrie does the same. The doors slide open revealing:

INT. VERANDAH DECK - CONTINUOUS

Lights flicker weakly. Blood stains splatter the rug and walls; disappearing into several open doors. Carrie's heart stops at the sight.

KILLIAN
Yeah. *This* is a good idea.

Pryor ignores him. Steps into the hall; gun at the ready. Killian and Carrie follow. Pryor looks to Carrie - where? She fights to get her bearings. Then:

CARRIE
(whispers)
Four down on the left.

Pryor nods. Moves that way. Ghosting into empty doorways along the way. Checking for trouble. But all is clear.

CARRIE'S POV

as her room door comes into sight. Or rather, what's left of it. It's smeared with blood and barely hanging on by one hinge.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Brian.

She pushes past Pryor.

PRYOR
(going after her)
Dammit, wait.

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The furniture is destroyed. The mattress shredded in the middle of the floor. The sliding glass door is shattered. Carrie takes it in on the fly. She spots the closed bathroom door.

CARRIE
Brian!

She reaches for the handle, but Pryor yanks her away.

PRYOR

You got a death wish? Stay behind me.

She doesn't like it, but she does it. He takes a breath. Kicks the door open. The bathroom is empty.

KILLIAN

Told you he was dead.

PRYOR

Shut up and watch the hall.

Killian puts up his hands in mock deference. Turns to comply.

CARRIE

He's not dead -- there's no body.

PRYOR

Yeah, well, in case you haven't noticed, the dead don't seem to be doing a lot of lying around today.

Reeling, Carrie turns away.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Where's his gun, Carrie? Carrie?

CARRIE

(in free fall)

In the safe.

Pryor opens the closet. Spots the safe; door hanging open. He turns to see the gun case half-hidden under the mattress. Yanks it out. Only to find that it's empty.

PRYOR

Shit.

CARRIE

(with renewed hope)

He took it with him. He's alive.

PRYOR

Maybe. But without that ammo, we're fucked--

He breaks off as he spots Killian going through the mini-fridge, looking for booze.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Dammit, I told you to watch the
hall.

KILLIAN
I need a drink.

He unscrews the cap, lifts the bottle to his lips with both
hands.

SOMETHING MOVES

in the doorway behind him. Pryor shoves Killian to the
ground. Raising his gun to find:

ERYN CHIN

standing in the doorway. Eyes wide.

ERYN
Wait!

Somehow, Pryor stops himself from blowing her brains out.

ERYN (cont'd)
I heard voices. We've been hiding
across the hall.

CARRIE
Have you seen my husband?

Eryn shakes her head.

ERYN
Once the screaming started -- we
barricaded the door.

PRYOR
We need to get to the bridge.
Radio for help. There's a gun
locker there for emergencies.

KILLIAN
Then why the fuck did we go on this
wild goose chase?

PRYOR
Because the bridge is all the way
at the other end of the ship. We
needed her husband's bullets to get
us there.
(to Eryn)
You should come with us.

ERYN
Someone has to help me with my
brother.

CARRIE
Is he hurt?

ERYN
Not exactly.

They step into

THE HALL

to see David in his wheelchair.

KILLIAN
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

DAVID
You got something against the
disabled, asshole?

KILLIAN
Yeah...
(seeing something/oh shit)
...but they don't.

Meaning the TWO INFECTED MEN that have just come around the corner by the elevator. Their eyes light up at the sight of fresh meat.

Carrie's group falls back down the hall as another three infected appear - all running down the hall at them.

BLAM

Pryor shoots the closest, then he and the others are hauling ass. The infected chase after them. Eryn pushes David's wheelchair as fast as her little legs will carry them. They come around a bend to find the hall dead ends at a stairwell.

DAVID
(oh shit!)
Eryn!

Pryor does the math in an instant.

PRYOR
(to Killian)
Carry him.

KILLIAN

Fuck that.

But he finds Pryor's gun in his face.

PRYOR

Pick him up or I'll shoot you.

Killian

This is bullshit.

But he uses his cuffed hands to lift David out of the chair, and throw him over his shoulder.

AN INFECTED MAN

rounds the corner. Carrie puts a bullet through his heart. She's obviously no virgin with a 9mm. The infected man keeps coming. Pryor puts one through its brain.

PRYOR

Gotta go for the head.

Carrie nods as the others race up the stairs behind them, Killian carrying David. Pryor and Carrie fall back as rear guard. They FIRE as two more infected appear; coming fast.

ON THE STAIRS

Killian's got David in a fireman's carry; struggling under his weight.

DAVID

(looking back down the stairs/urgent)

Get it in gear, dude.

KILLIAN

(breathing hard)

Fuck.....you.....China...boy.

CARRIE AND PRYOR

are falling back up the stairs. Picking off the infected.

CLICK

Carrie's gun comes up empty. An infected man scrambles for her. Pryor kicks it into the wall. Shoots it in the head. Blood splatters everywhere.

PRYOR
(shit)
Go!

They turn and run as the infected flood up the stairs behind them.

ERYN

reaches a doorway. Ducks through it onto ...

EXT. PROMENADE DECK - DAY

An outer corridor that runs the length of the ship. Behind her, Killian reaches the deck, trips and falls, dropping David, who slides across the deck and slams into the railing.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Carrie and Pryor reach the deck; one step ahead of the infected. Pryor turns to fire, but he's out of bullets.

BAM

An infected man SLAMS into Carrie; knocking her down. Carrie holds the infected man by the throat -- fighting for her life as his jaws snap shut an inch from her face.

Pryor ejects his clip, struggles to reload -- more infected coming up fast. He spots a FIRE HOSE coiled inside a glass box on the deck wall.

PRYOR
(to Eryn)
The hose!

Eryn sees it. She struggles to pull it free.

KILLIAN

scrambles to his feet; ready to run away.

ERYN
Help me!

Beat. He looks at her, then at the empty corridor.

KILLIAN
Shit.

He runs over; helps her free the hose. She RAMS the lever, opening up the water supply.

The hose jumps in Killian's hands. The high pressure burst slamming into Carrie and the infected man - blowing them back into the stairwell.

PRYOR

grabs Carrie's wrist, saving her as the infected man is hurled backwards down the stairs. He slams into the other infected.

Pryor pulls Carrie to safety as Killian and Eryn fight their way forward with the hose. They BLAST the infected off their feet and over the stair railing, where they TUMBLE deep into the bowels of the ship.

The stairwell clear, Eryn turns off the water.

PRYOR
(to Carrie)
Are you okay?

She nods. Shaken. He helps her up as --

ERYN

moves to her brother. Sees a gash in his leg from the impact. Shit. She pulls her top shirt off. Presses it against the wound.

PRYOR (cont'd)
(coming over)
Is it bad?

He winces when Eryn shows him the wound.

ERYN
It's deep.

She dresses the wound as best she can.

DAVID
Relax, I can't feel anything below my waist.
(to Killian)
Yo. You gotta start workin' out, dude.

Killian gives him the finger, looks out over the open water.

KILLIAN
Never thought I'd die on a cruise.

PRYOR
We're not gonna die.

KILLIAN

Right. Remind me, how many bullets
do you have left?

Pryor starts walking.

PRYOR

Just stay close to me. I know I'm
not dying on this boat. Anybody
else wants to live, I suggest we
get inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

Full of obstructed sight lines. Pryor slides the door open.
Scans the massive room. He motions for silence as the group
slips inside.

Killian deposits David on a counter. David picks up a
cleaver. Tests its weight.

Pryor finds the walk-in refrigerator. Readies his gun as he
opens it. Empty. He motions them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WALK-IN FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS.

The fridge is full of food and supplies.

PRYOR

Take what you can carry. Nothing
that'll slow you down.

Eryn steps towards him as the others grab water bottles and
food. For many of them it's the first meal they've had
since last night.

ERYN

How can you be so sure you won't
die?

PRYOR

Because I've seen my death. I know
where it happens, and it's not
here.

She wants to ask more, but Pryor turns away, grabs Killian's
wrists, unlocks the cuffs.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Don't go anywhere.

KILLIAN
(rubbing his wrists)
Where the fuck am I gonna go?
(as Pryor turns away)
Hey, how about that gun?

Pryor gives him a hard look: *Don't push your luck.* He moves away. Killian bites into an apple, studying David. Eryn looks warily at him.

ERYN
What were the cuffs for?

KILLIAN
I drowned a puppy.
(re: David)
What's the matter with him?

ERYN
Car accident.

DAVID
We were broadsided by a drunk driver.

Eryn coughs.

ERYN
I never even saw him --

DAVID
It wasn't your fault.
(then)
Taking this cruise, on the other hand...

NEARBY

Carrie sits by herself. Everything that's happened is finally catching up with her. Pryor comes over, crouches next to her.

PRYOR
I'm sorry about your husband.

For a moment, he thinks she didn't hear him, then:

CARRIE
He was sleeping when I left.

Pryor nods. There isn't much else to say.

CARRIE (cont'd)
(lost in thought)
He never slept. He wasn't that kind
of baby.

Pryor realizes she's not talking about Brian.

CARRIE (cont'd)
He cried all the time. Screamed --
night and day. I couldn't take it.
But that morning he was happy,
smiling. I put him down for his nap
and he fell right to sleep. And I
went downstairs and I fell asleep
too. I was exhausted.
(beat)
I woke up two hours later. The
house was quiet. I went upstairs.
(beat, remembering)
He was blue. Brian never forgave
me. He said he did, but I could see
it in his eyes. And now he never
will.

PRYOR
I'm sure your husband loved you
very much.

Carrie doesn't answer. A tear rolls down her face. Tom
Killian comes over.

KILLIAN
I hate to break up this Lifetime
moment, but how are we gonna get to
the bridge?

Pryor puts a hand on Carrie's shoulder, squeezes. Then he
stands and slices into a twenty pound bag of flour, which
spills out across the floor. He quickly draws the ship's
layout in it. The others gather around.

PRYOR
(pointing)
We're here. In order to get to the
bridge, we have to go through the
restaurant, the Casino and the
Nightclub. Then take the elevator
up one level.

DAVID
Can I ask a stupid question? Why
don't we just get in one of the
lifeboats and get outta here?

PRYOR

The ship's off course. Given the position of the sun, I'd say we've been heading North, Northeast since early this morning.

CARRIE

Meaning we're in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

PRYOR

Where the likelihood of being spotted and rescued in a 20 foot lifeboat is pretty much non-existent.

Beat. They think about this.

ERYN

Let's just stay in here. There's plenty of food. Those things can't "live" forever without us to eat.

KILLIAN

I'm with the chick -- we hole up here, wait for them to croak.

BAM

The lights go out, plunging them into darkness. A moment of panic -- not knowing what to expect:

PRYOR

It's okay. The back up generator should kick in any second now.

Beat. The lights flicker on at a much lower wattage. They look around, making sure everything's okay.

DAVID

Uh, guys.

He points. Everyone looks up.

ANGLE ON VENTS

The strips of fabric that show when air is circulating in the freezer lay motionless. If they stay here they'll suffocate.

KILLIAN

It's official. This cruise sucks.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Lights flicker. Throwing shadows. They move towards the swinging doors of the restaurant, peer through the door glass.

THEIR POV

The restaurant is dark, shadowy, light thrown in rails by the curtained deck windows. More importantly, it looks empty. Pryor motions for them to stay together. He pushes open the door ...

INT. AUBERGE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Guns drawn, they move through the restaurant. Many of the tables have been knocked over, ravaged. They pick their way through cutlery and broken glass, trying to be quiet. Carrie moves closer to Pryor.

CARRIE

(whispers)

What did you mean when you told
Eryn you've seen your death?

PRYOR

I have this recurring dream -- ever
since I was a kid. When I die it'll
be snowing.

CARRIE

Snowing.

He nods.

PRYOR

That's why I've never been north of
Florida. I won't even watch the
winter Olympics on TV. Call it life
insurance.

CRUNCH

They freeze -- turn -- Killian has stepped on broken china. He looks guilty, pissed. They look around, praying no one noticed. Beat. Nothing. They keep moving, reach the ...

INT. CASINO - NIGHT.

It's underlit and full of blind spots -- the slot machines, roulette wheels and card tables creating visual barriers.

PRYOR
(quietly)
Everybody stay close.

They snake their way through the machines; Pryor in front, Carrie and Eryn behind him, Killian in the rear, carrying David on his back.

The final moments of the casino have been eerily preserved. Jackpot coins still fill a slot machine bowl. Card tables are covered with hands unfinished, chips stacked and abandoned.

ANGLE ON KILLIAN.

Taking it all in. We see the addiction in his eyes. Then he notices the door to the MONEY CAGE. It's open. He looks towards the others. They are ahead of him now, disappearing from sight around a bank of slot machines.

Killian makes a decision. He deposits David on top of a blackjack table.

DAVID
(whispering)
What are you doing?

KILLIAN
Sshhh. Don't go anywhere.

DAVID
(whisper/yelling after
him)
Is that supposed to be funny?

But Killian has already moved off. He disappears through the money cage door. David looks around nervously, clutching the cleaver in his hand. All he can see are blind spots, shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. MONEY CAGE - DAY.

Killian stands stunned. Piles of cash are stacked in bundles.

KILLIAN
Hello, silver lining.

He opens a DRAWER looking for a bag. Inside is a HANDGUN. Killian smiles, pockets it, finds a canvas bag. Starts to fill it with money.

ON DAVID

fighting panic. Sitting on the edge of the blackjack table. Eyes scanning the casino. The lights stutter overhead.

A FLASH

of movement. David's adrenaline spikes.

DAVID
(quietly)
Eryn? Carrie?

Nothing.

DAVID'S POV

searching all around him. A red EXIT sign flickers in the distance. We hear the slight *tick, tick, tick* of the roulette wheel turning slowly nearby. David looks over, fear rising...

A NOISE

from below him. A ripping sound. A GROWL. Terror as his eyes PAN downwards to see

AN INFECTED MAN

is CHEWING ON David's left calf -- his head and torso sticking out from under the table, There is a second of surreal horror - watching something he can't feel - then David screams and brings the cleaver down into the top of the infected man's skull. The movement pitches David forward and he drops onto the floor -- *Ooph!*

ANGLE ON ERYN, PRYOR AND CARRIE

At the exit. They hear the scream.

ERYN
David.

They run back towards the sound as

DAVID

fighting to pull himself across the rug. Dragging his mauled leg behind him. He looks back. Sees the cleavered man isn't done. He drags himself after David. David crawls faster, desperate, the infected man gaining.

DAVID
ERYN!!!!!!

At the sound of his scream a HALF DOZEN MORE INFECTED appear from behind the slot machines. They lurch across the casino towards him.

David throws his body forward; dragging useless legs, trying to escape the inevitable, as the crawling man grabs his foot.

ON ERYN, PRYOR AND CARRIE

Running through the slot machines. Panicked. Desperate.

ON DAVID

He rolls over onto his back as the cleavered man scampers up David's body, jaws snapping. The other infected descend.

ON ERYN, PRYOR AND CARRIE

emerging just in time to see the infected fall on David. Ripping him apart.

PRYOR

grabs Eryn before she can scream. He holds her tight, pulling her back out of sight, his hand clamped to her mouth as Eryn fights to get free.

CARRIE'S POV

As she sees Killian emerge from the cage on the far side of the action; his new gun out, two bags of money looped around his neck. Their eyes meet. He's busted and he knows it. He gives a little wave with his newfound weapon. Disappears back towards the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - MOMENTS LATER.

Music BLARES as Pryor pulls Eryn into the dark, empty club -- his hand still over her mouth. Carrie closes the Casino doors, locks them.

CARRIE
(re: Killian)
That greedy fucking asshole --

Eryn struggles to get free. She is pale, sweating.

PRYOR
He's gone, Eryn. I'm sorry.

ERYN
Let go of me.

Pryor drops her. She runs back towards the doors. Carrie steps in front of her.

ERYN (cont'd)
Get out of my way.

She tries to push Carrie out of the way, but Carrie won't budge. Eryn breaks down crying. Carrie holds her.

CARRIE
(gently)
We have to go. It's not safe here.

She leads a stunned Eryn away from the doors. They cross the club, eyes sweeping the overturned tables, the scattered chairs. They reach the dance floor; panels flashing in time to the throbbing music.

ERYN
(in anguish)
I couldn't carry him.

CARRIE
It's not your fault.

The SONG STOPS. Eryn's next words are spoken into silence.

ERYN
(forceful/hating herself)
I wasn't strong enough.

At the sound of her voice, a DOZEN HEADS pop up from the shadows; blood dripping from their mouths --

PRYOR
Shit.

THE MUSIC

kicks in again as the infected come BOUNDING forward, JUMPING over furniture.

PRYOR (cont'd)
The stage!

They run -- jump onto it -- looking for a stage door, but there isn't one. The infected are almost on them. Carrie turns, spots a TRAP DOOR in the stage itself. She runs to it, pulls it open.

FROM HER POV

We peer into the open trap door. It's dark down there. Foreboding. But they have no choice. Pryor goes first, jumping down, gun drawn. Eryn and Carrie follow, just managing to close the door as the infected reach the stage.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBSTAGE - CONTINUOUS.

Darkness. Then Pryor gets his lighter lit. It's one of those butane kitchen wands that gives off a steady, flickering light. They are in a crawlspace -- narrow and low ceiled. Overhead they hear the pounding of infected feet, as hands pull at the closed door above them.

CARRIE

That way.

They move through the crawlspace. The driving bass of the song bleeding through the floor above them. Behind them there is a CRASH.

CARRIE'S POV

As she turns. Light pours into the crawlspace, where the infected have broken through the trap door. They tumble down into the crawlspace like roaches, scurrying after Carrie, Pryor and Eryn.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Go!

They speed-crawl forward, quickly reaching a SMALL DOOR at the far end of the crawlspace -- the infected coming fast behind them. Pryor pushes through into ...

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Filled with mirrors, make up and costumes. Pryor, Carrie and Eryn scramble inside, slamming the door behind them. Pryor runs over to a large vanity.

PRYOR

Help me.

They slide the heavy vanity in front of the door as infected hit it. Pryor runs over to the HALL DOOR, puts his ear to it. He doesn't hear anything.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Okay. This is it. The main deck is
out this door. The bridge is a
hundred yards ahead up a flight of
stairs.

Eryn stands hunched over, trying to catch her breath.

ERYN
I can't.

CARRIE
I'll help you.

Pryor reloads his gun. Hands his last cartridge to Carrie.

PRYOR
That's the last of it. Don't shoot
unless you have to.

POUNDING

behind them as the barricade starts to move. They have to go
now. Pryor opens the door ...

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK TEN - CONTINUOUS/DUSK.

The sun is low in the sky. Clouds bunch red and blue along
the horizon. A warm wind hits their faces as they exit, close
the door behind them. For a moment they are struck dumb by
the beauty of it all.

PRYOR
It'll be dark soon.

No one likes the sound of that. Pryor points right. The deck
skirts the bulkhead for about fifty feet, then opens. They
move quietly, sticking close to the wall, until they reach
the end. Pryor stops them. Eryn leans against the wall, weak.
Pryor peers around the corner.

PRYOR'S POV

We see the open expanse of deck, and, fifty feet forward, the
staircase to the bridge. Between them and the stairs are
twenty infected, milling, spread out. Pryor ducks back. His
face says it all. Carrie reads it.

CARRIE
Well, it could be worse.

PRYOR

How?

CARRIE

It could be snowing.

He smiles, her words triggering an idea. A sense of Zen. He takes something from his pocket, slips it into her hand.

PRYOR

This is the key to the bridge. You can't get in without it.

She looks at it.

CARRIE

Why are you giving me this?

PRYOR

Give me thirty seconds, then go.

Before she can respond he TAKES OFF running across the deck. The infected see him almost immediately, give chase. Pryor dodges and weaves through their outstretched arms, barely breaking through. As Carrie and Eryn watch, Pryor leads the infected away around a distant corner.

Carrie helps Eryn across the empty deck to the STAIRS. Every second they're exposed feels like an hour. They climb toward the bridge -- Eryn struggling, coughing -- Carrie looking around nervously, worried about Pryor.

They reach the LANDING. Eryn leans against the rail as Carrie lifts the KEY to the lock. Her hands are shaking as she moves to fit it into the keyhole--

A NOISE

from behind. Carrie jerks, fumbles the key. It drops through the grate below and disappears.

CARRIE

Shit.

She turns, scanning the deck. A door is banging in the wind. Carrie gets down on her knees, peers through the grate, but it's too dark to see down there.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Stay here.

She hurries down the stairs; moving around the railing to the DARK ALLEY between the stairs and the high deck wall.

She doesn't want to go down there, but she has no choice. She moves down the channel -- finds a narrow GAP under the stairs -- wide enough only for her shoulder and arm. The key must be in there.

Carrie tries to peer inside, but it's too dark to see. Knowing it's a bad idea, she slips her gun into the waistband of her pants, turns sideways and sticks her arm into the gap.

ANGLE ON CARRIE'S HAND

Inside the gap, feeling around in darkness. We watch her fumble, vulnerable, exposed. PUSH IN slowly. Then -- GOT IT! She grabs the key.

ANGLE ON CARRIE

as she pulls out her arm, turns, and finds herself FACE TO FACE with Alice Graham, the infected Playzone mother.

Alice lunges for Carrie, who falls back onto the deck. Alice lands on top of her. They struggle. Alice's strength is incredible as she tries to get her teeth into Carrie's neck. Carrie fights, manages to get a knee up, THROWS Alice off her. Carrie scrambles for the stairs, Alice right behind her.

Carrie takes the stairs four at a time, reaches back, pulls the gun from her waistband.

ANGLE ON ERYN

sitting on the deck, trying to catch her breath. She sees Carrie -- and Alice in pursuit. Fights to her feet.

ERYN

Hurry!

Carrie reaches the bridge landing, turns and FIRES wildly at Alice. One shot hits Alice in the shoulder, turning her, slowing her down. The next catches her in the back. She staggers.

CARRIE

raises the gun, aims, and takes off the top of Alice's head. Alice slumps, falls.

DOWN BELOW

a group of INFECTED runs into view. Carrie jams the key into the lock, opens the door ...

INT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS.

Carrie helps Eryn inside. Turns back to the doorway -- searching desperately for Pryor as the infected reach the stairs.

CARRIE

Come on -- where are you?

But Pryor's nowhere to be seen. As the infected reach the landing she slams and locks the door. It's so thick, she can barely hear the infected attacking it. Carrie turns and takes in the room. The bridge is modern, computerized. There are no hiding places, no hidden corners.

In other words, they're safe.

Carrie sees another bulkhead door on the other side of the bridge. She crosses to it -- reaches out to make sure it's locked.

WHAM

Something slams against the door. Carrie jumps back. Then she sees PRYOR'S FACE appear in the portal.

PRYOR

Open up.

Carrie moves to the door, fumbles with the lock. Through the portal we see Pryor look over his shoulder.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(anxious)

Let's go.

She opens the door. For a split second we see a crowd of infected closing in behind him, then Pryor is inside and the door closes.

CARRIE

That was stupid.

PRYOR

(breathing hard)

Told you I couldn't die.

Movement catches Carrie's eye. She turns to see infected scrambling up onto the ledge in front of the slanted, room-sized, picture window. They throw themselves against the glass. Carrie flinches.

PRYOR (cont'd)
They can't get in. The glass is two
feet thick.

Eryn is lying on the floor. She can't seem to catch her
breath. Carrie goes over to her.

CARRIE
Try to relax.

Eryn coughs, tries to get air.

CARRIE (cont'd)
She's turning blue.

Pryor leans over her.

PRYOR
Get her sitting up. Take the
pressure off her lungs.

They sit her up. This seems to help. Eryn quiets down. Pryor
goes over the navigational computer.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Looks like we're about three
hundred miles northeast of St.
Croix.

CARRIE
Can you steer this thing?

He studies the controls, tries to move the throttle. It won't
budge.

PRYOR
We're drifting. I think the engines
stopped when we lost power.

Carrie goes over the communications array.

CARRIE
Maybe we can reach someone on the
radio.

Pryor comes over. He takes the handset from the radio.

PRYOR
Mayday. Mayday. This is Oslo Cruise
Lines Ocean Dream. We have a
medical emergency and need
assistance. Over.

CARRIE
Tell them to bring guns.

PRYOR
Let's see if they respond first.

Beat. Nothing.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Mayday. Mayday. This is the Ocean
Dream. We are adrift and require
immediate assistance. Is anyone
there? Over.

Nothing. The infected press themselves grotesquely against
the glass.

PRYOR (cont'd)
The dish could be down.

CARRIE
What does that mean?

PRYOR
It means we'll be floating for a
long time before anyone finds us.
We need to restart the engines.

CARRIE
Can we do that from here?

PRYOR
No. We'd have to get to the engine
room.

Pryor goes over to the weapons locker. He opens it with a key
from around his neck. Inside there are ten assault rifles and
a row of 9mm handguns. He takes one of the assault rifles,
checks it, then slaps a magazine home.

CARRIE
Even with all that, we'd never make
it.

Pryor nods. He knows she's right. He puts down the gun, sits,
runs his hands through his hair. Carrie stands over him, her
adrenaline level dropping for the first time in hours. They
both stare blankly ahead. Beat.

CARRIE (cont'd)
Do you know what this reminds me
of?

PRYOR

This *reminds* you of something?

CARRIE

When I was sixteen my mother had a nervous breakdown. She spent six weeks in a psychiatric ward. The first time I went to visit her it was Halloween. The orderlies had dressed all the inmates up in costumes and rubber masks. Demons, pirates, witches --

PRYOR

(sparking)

Pirates.

He stands.

PRYOR (cont'd)

The ship carries a sonic cannon to deter pirates. It's like a small satellite dish -- only the vibrations it broadcasts could blow a linebacker off his feet.

CARRIE

Where is it?

Pryor starts to answer, then notices something behind her head.

PRYOR'S POV.

A red light has started blinking over the communications array. Pryor scrambles to his feet, picks up the handset.

CARRIE (cont'd)

(hopeful)

Coast Guard?

PRYOR

No. It's coming from inside the ship.

(into the handset)

Hello. Is anybody there? Come in.

Beat. Nothing. Then ...

CRASH (O.S.)

Thank God. Who is this?

PRYOR
(relief)
Bill Pryor. I'm on the bridge with
two survivors.

CRASH (O.S.)
Bill, It's Staff Captain Carter.
I'm in the engine room.

Pryor and Carrie exchange a look of relief.

PRYOR
Can you get the engines started?

CRASH (O.S.)
We're trying.

PRYOR
We?

CRASH (O.S.)
There are five of us, including Dr.
Patel. She says there's some kind
of virus on the boat. That's what's
doing this to these people.

PRYOR
A virus.

CRASH (O.S.)
It's passed through contact with
infected blood. Symptoms include
fever, shortness of breath and a
wet cough. Are any of you infected?

Pryor looks at Carrie. Together they turn and look at Eryn,
who is wheezing and appears to be unconscious.

CRASH (O.S.) (cont'd)
I need you to set the throttle to
neutral and restart the
navigational computer.

Pryor moves to comply. Carrie can't stand it anymore. She
takes the handset.

CARRIE
Please. Is my husband with you?

CRASH (O.S.)
Who is this?

CARRIE
This is Carrie Lake. I need --
please -- his name is Brian.

Beat. Then chaos from the other end of the radio.

CRASH (O.S.)
No! Hold them back!

Voices are heard. Gunshots.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
.... too many ...

CRASH (O.S.)
(muffled)
I told you, no shooting in here
dammit!

Pryor and Carrie are riveted, staring at the radio.
Unnoticed, behind them, we see Eryn seize. She is dying.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Look out! It's gonna blow!

CARRIE
Brian?

Just then the ship is rocked by a huge EXPLOSION. The
infected go flying off the front window. Carrie and Pryor are
thrown from their feet. Beat. Pryor scrambles over to Carrie.

PRYOR
Are you okay?

CARRIE
(a burst of hope)
That was Brian. He's alive.

They look up to see a huge plume of smoke rising from the
stern.

PRYOR
Not anymore.

Behind them we see Eryn's undead eyes snap open and we --

SMASH TO BLACK:

A SCREAM cuts the darkness

Super Title Card: BRIAN

FADE IN.

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - MORNING.

CLOSE ON Brian's eyes snapping open. He sits up, scanning the empty room.

Title Card: Saturday, 9:30 a.m.

BRIAN

Carrie?

The scream comes again, distant, terrified. Brian gets up, goes over, opens the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

The overhead lights are flickering. Several doors hang open. Something is seriously wrong.

BRIAN

steps outside. The SCREAM comes again -- weaker now -- from down the hall to his left. He moves towards it -- passing an open door. He looks inside. The room has been trashed. What happened here?

He keeps moving. Sees another room, also trashed. The mirror broken. A crimson stain on the carpet. He slows, cautious now, turns a corner.

THE OVERHEAD LIGHTS

in this part of the hall have all been smashed. A weapon suddenly seems like a really good idea. He takes a FIRE EXTINGUISHER down off the wall, creeps forward.

As he reaches the end of the hall he hears whimpering. It's coming from behind the closed door of room 1003. He approaches, sees the latch is broken. Quietly pushes the door open. The whimpering stops. He steps into ...

INT. ROOM 1003 - CONTINUOUS.

Bright light hits him from the window, blinding him for a moment. He hears a door close. Someone is in the bathroom. He gets his sight back, steps over to the door. Hushed whimpering comes from inside.

Brandishing the fire extinguisher like a club, he pushes the door open to REVEAL: Dr. Patel and Chloe are huddled together on the floor, terrified.

DR. PATEL
(terrified whisper)
Close the door.

CHLOE
(panicked)
Please.

Brian kneels, checking them over.

BRIAN
Are you hurt?

They pull away from him.

DR. PATEL
Don't touch us -- you could be infected.

BRIAN
Infected with what?

CHLOE
(terrified)
Did you see them? Are they out there?

BRIAN
See who? What's going on?

CHLOE
Les morts -- the dead -- they're walking.

Brian doesn't know what to say to that. Ignores it -- focuses on the doctor.

BRIAN
I heard a scream -- there's blood in the hall. Tell me what happened.

A MOAN reaches them from the hall. Dr. Patel grabs his arm.

DR. PATEL
(hisses)
Sshh!

The moan comes again, louder this time. Closer. Brian starts to rise.

BRIAN
(quiet)
Stay here.

DR. PATEL
No. They'll kill you.

Something in her voice gives him pause, but he's a cop. This is what he does. He stands.

BRIAN
Close the door behind me.

They do. He crosses the room toward the hall door. The moan comes again, this time from right outside the door - someone is out there.

Brian hoists the fire extinguisher. Reaches for the knob. But something holds him back. The moment stretches... then the sound of shuffling feet reaches him; the moan moving away. Brian lowers the fire extinguisher, quietly opens the hall door, peers out. The hall is empty.

He goes back to the bathroom.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Okay. Let's go.

CHLOE
No.

BRIAN
You're not safe here -- the door
doesn't even have a lock.

He gets them up, leads them out into

THE HALLWAY

They move back the way Brian came -- the women sticking close; panicked eyes going everywhere.

DR. PATEL
Where are we going?

BRIAN
Back to my room. I'm a police
officer. I have a gun in my safe.

They turn the corner. Brian's room is in sight.

DR. PATEL
Hurry. We're not safe in the open.

The reach his room, enter ...

INT. LAKE STATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Brian goes over to the safe, opens it.

BRIAN
Somebody want to tell me what's
going on here?

DR. PATEL
It found a way.

BRIAN
What did?

DR. PATEL
The virus. It found a way to
overcome the death barrier.

Brian takes out a 9mm handgun. Several clips lay inside the
safe. He takes them, puts them in his pocket.

BRIAN
What are you talking about?

DR. PATEL
A virus that kills too quickly
burns itself out. Once you're dead
and stationary you stop being an
effective carrier. But what if
death isn't the final symptom? What
if the virus continues to evolve
after death? Then the dead become
the most effective carriers of
disease in the history of the world
-- single-minded, relentless,
unaffected by pain, by injury.

BRIAN
Okay. You're starting to creep me
out--

He breaks off when he sees Carrie's note poking out from
under the bed. He bends down to pick it up--

CHLOE SCREAMS

Brian spins to see Chloe staring at the doorway - in shock.
A MORBIDLY OBESE MAN stands there;

his mouth distended, covered in blood. He gives several short barks, and charges Chloe.

Brian slaps a magazine home, raises the gun, shoots the infected man twice in the chest. He goes down, pops up again, keeps coming.

Brian puts a round through his head. The infected man falls. But several more appear in the doorway.

BRIAN (cont'd)
The balcony! Go!

The women scramble out onto the balcony. Brian flips his bed over, trying to slow the infected down. He runs out onto the

BALCONY

Pulls the glass door shut. Looks around. It's too far to jump to the neighboring balconies. He looks up to the next level -- it's reachable.

BRIAN
(to Chloe)
Quick. On my shoulders.

He hoists her up. She grabs the railing of the balcony above them, pulls herself up.

BAM

An infected woman hits the glass -- hits it again -- cracks appears.

BRIAN

bends down.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Hurry.

Dr. Patel climbs onto his shoulders. He lifts her up. She grabs the rail --

SMASH

The glass breaks. The infected woman charges - a glass shard in her neck. Brian stumbles back and Dr. Patel is left hanging. Brian gets a foot into the infected woman's chest, throws her back. He tries to help Dr. Patel, but the infected woman comes charging back.

Brian drops his shoulder, throws her overboard. She tumbles down into the sea. Brian gets his hands under Dr. Patel's feet, pushes her up. She clambers onto the upper balcony.

BRIAN

jams the gun into the back of his sweat pants. He climbs up onto the railing as MORE INFECTED pour into his room -- rush the balcony. Brian's only got a second to jump up and grab hold of the railing above him.

He springs -- hands grabbing for purchase -- a deadly fall to the raging water below if he fails.

Got it--

AN INFECTED MAN

grabs his leg, teeth rushing towards flesh. Brian kicks free, but the gun slips from his waistband. Falls into the sea. The infected swarm onto the balcony below him. A burst of adrenaline gets Brian up and over the railing to ...

THE BALCONY ABOVE

Chloe and Dr. Patel are gone. Heart pounding, Brian tries to scan the inside of the room through the glass door, but all he sees is his reflection. He slides the door open.

STATIC

rages on the television. Chloe and Dr. Patel are standing silently in the flickering light, staring at the bed. Saul Wexler is laying there. His wife, Ellen, sits next to him in a chair.

ELLEN

He's better now. He was fighting so hard before.

Dr. Patel goes over to the bed. Saul is still breathing shallowly, but it's just a matter of time. Dr. Patel looks over at Brian, shakes her head.

BRIAN

We have to keep moving.
(to Ellen)
Come with us.

But Ellen is clearly in shock.

ELLEN

I can't leave my Saul

BRIAN

He needs to rest. We'll come back
for him. I promise.

Ellen looks at him, sees something in his face she trusts.
She lets Dr. Patel help her up, leans over Saul, kisses his
forehead.

ELLEN

I love you -- I've always loved
you. Forty seven years.

Brian touches her arm.

BRIAN

We have to go.

She straightens. Brian goes over to the door, puts his ear to
the wood.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Okay.

Chloe looks over, sees a set of GOLF CLUBS in the closet.

CHLOE

Attendez.

She hands a driver to Brian. He nods, takes a breath, opens
the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The destruction is less here. They exit the room. Dr. Patel
at the rear -- helping Ellen along -- leaving the Wexler's
door open behind them.

The eclectic group moves down the hall. Exposed.
Vulnerable. Terrified -- except for Ellen who seems lost in
a daze.

BAM

Something HITS the closed door they're passing. They jump.
It hits again. They move past it, but the sound is repeated
as they pass other closed doors.

DR. PATEL

(realizing)

They can't get out. People who died
in their rooms -- they're locked
inside.

CHLOE
Good -- fuck them.

Brian moves closer to Dr. Patel, speaks quietly so the others don't hear.

BRIAN
Why aren't we sick?

DR. PATEL
It could be we have a natural
immunity -- or that we're just more
resistant --

She stops -- something left unsaid.

BRIAN
Or?

DR. PATEL
(reluctant)
That we're already infected, but
the symptoms haven't manifest yet.

CHLOE
(overhearing)
Baise toi! What does that mean? --
we are going to become like them?

But the doctor doesn't know.

BRIAN
We're gonna need guns.

He looks to Dr. Patel.

DR. PATEL
I don't --

BRIAN
There's gotta be something --
(remembering)
Skeet shooting. Where is that?

DR. PATEL
Lido deck.

She points up.

BRIAN
All right. Stay close to me.

They reach a door marked STAIRS. He reaches for the knob.

ELLEN

Wait.

He turns to see her brandishing a disinfecting wipe.

ELLEN (cont'd)

You can't be too careful. These
ships are hotbeds of disease.

She wipes the knob. Tucks the used wipe back into the outside pocket of her bag. Nods, satisfied. The others look at each other.

CHLOE

Maudit! She is crazy, no?

Brian motions them to get back. Opens the door --

WATER

rains down the center of the stairwell. What the...? Brian makes a move to look for its source --

WHAM

an infected man FALLS past them -- banging off the railing as it disappears below. Brian jumps back as two more follow, then four, all tumbling to the landing eight stories below. Brian pulls the door closed.

BRIAN

Let's find another stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Brian opens the door. This one is dry and not raining bodies. The lights are flickering. Noises echo. Impossible to pinpoint. Brian tightens his grip on the club. They start up the stairs, reach the next landing. Brian motions for them to stay back. Moves to look out ...

MOVEMENT

out on the deck. Brian ducks back, then looks out ever so slowly to see A BRIDE in a wedding dress being chased by the infected. The Bride screams as they catch her; riding her to the ground. Biting and tearing.

CHLOE
(quietly/coming up behind
him)
What--?

He covers her mouth. Her eyes widen at the carnage. He points her and the others up the stairs. They move past the open doorway. Brian makes sure they weren't seen before following them up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIDO DECK - DAY

Brian appears in the doorway. Wind pushes at him. Sun high in the sky. He checks both ways but all is quiet.

BRIAN
(a whisper)
Which way?

Dr. Patel points aft. They move along the outside of the ship. Eyes going everywhere. The skeet range comes into view. Shotguns locked inside a cage. They step out into the open--

ANGLE UP AND OVER THEIR SHOULDERS

as we see something arcing through the air towards them from the short deck above -- time slowing down as it twists in the air -- BAM -- it hits the deck -- time speeding up as they spin at the noise -- just have a second to register that it's a severed arm before it SLAMS into Chloe's legs.

She SCREAMS. Brian looks up to see

A MELEE

going on above them. At its center is JUAN RAMOS. Shirt ripped; covered in blood. He's swinging a fire axe like some crazed executioner. WHAM. He cuts off a head. BAM. A leg comes off. SLAM. He buries the axe in an infected man's face. Steps on its chest to haul it free.

But they just keep coming after him. Forcing him back against the railing.

BRIAN

moves to the gun cage. Smashes the lock with his golf club. Tossing it away, he pulls out a shotgun. He feeds in shells, as he mounts the short stairs to Juan and the infected.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hey!

They turn. Swarm towards him--

BOOM

He blows one apart.

BOOM

He takes out another.

A NOISE

turns his focus to a one legged man skittering across the deck towards him.

BOOM

He paints the deck with brains.

AN INFECTED WOMAN

rushes him. He points the shotgun at her face. Click. He's empty. The infected woman launches herself, screaming --

BOOM

Her head explodes as Dr. Patel steps forward; shotgun in hand. Brian gives her a look of silent thanks. He crosses to Juan, who stands there, breathing hard. Axe gripped tight. Covered in blood -- and worse.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Are you okay?

Juan doesn't answer -- though his eyes burn with intensity.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(recognizing him)

I know you -- from the pool --
Juan, right?

Still nothing.

BRIAN (cont'd)

(realizing)

You had kids. A family -- where
are they?

Juan's eyes shift to Brian. Pain burning briefly through the rage. Brian understands: they're dead.

DOWN BELOW

Chloe waits with Ellen. Chloe's nervous, scared to be down here alone, but more afraid of crossing the open distance to the short stairs.

CHLOE

Merde. What are they doing up there?

ELLEN

(in a daze)

Such a beautiful day. Maybe later we'll go for a swim. Saul loves the water.

Chloe shakes her head at the crazy, old woman. Reaches to take a shotgun from the cabinet. It's heavier than she thought it would be. She pouts. Puts it down.

A FIGURE

suddenly appears from the stairwell they came up through. Ellen recognizes him.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Saul?

The figure's head jerks their way. It is Saul.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Saul!

She takes a step towards him. Eyes burning, he lopez in their directions.

UP ABOVE

Brian hears Ellen's cry. He runs to the railing. Sees Ellen moving quickly towards her infected husband.

BRIAN

Shit.

He runs down the stairs. Sprinting towards Ellen -- Saul quickly closing the distance to his wife.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Ellen! Get down!

He raises the gun. Ellen is oblivious. All she can focus on is her husband, alive once more and closing the distance.

ELLEN
Feeling better, baby?

She puts out her arms.

ELLEN (cont'd)
I'm sorry I left you, Saul -- I
won't leave you again --

Saul slams into her -- knocking her backwards -- her head hitting the deck -- her bag flying away. He bites into her neck. Rabid. Ferocious.

ELLEN (cont'd)
(stunned/in shock/dying)
I've got you, Saul -- it's all
right -- I've got you.

ON BRIAN

as he moves towards them -- sickened, but strangely compelled by Ellen's unconditional love for her husband. He raises the shotgun. WE PUSH IN ON HIS FACE as he pulls the trigger - BLAM -- the barking scream of Saul -- BLAM.

ANGLE ON CHLOE AND DR. PATEL

They watch Brian walk back to them; the shotgun hanging at his side. He's seen a lot of bad shit in his day, but this... He pushes past them to the gun cage. Finds a bag and starts stuffing all the ammunition into it.

DR. PATEL
Brian.

He looks up to see Juan standing there. Brian offers him a shotgun, but Juan doesn't acknowledge it. Brian puts the shotgun into the bag -- rises -- slipping the bag over his neck.

CHLOE
Where are we going?

BRIAN
I'm going to find my wife.

CHLOE
What if I don't want to do that?

BRIAN
You don't have to.

He pushes past her. Juan moves to follow. Brian looks over, but Juan's eyes are straight ahead.

CHLOE
(following/pissed)
T'es bon pour t'appeller xelory!
Elle est morte -- imbécile.

DR. PATEL
Shut up.

Chloe flinches -- turns to yell at the doctor -- but the look in Patel's eyes makes her think twice.

DR. PATEL (cont'd)
(moving up to Brian)
Do you have any idea how you're going to find her?

BRIAN
Her note said she went to breakfast.

They move along the deck, sticking close to the wall.

DR. PATEL
I hate to break it to you, but the restaurant's on the other end of the ship -- and down a level. There's no way we're just going to walk there --

BRIAN
If you don't wanna come --

DR. PATEL
Will you knock it off -- you think I want to do this alone? I'm just saying -- you're a smart man --

BRIAN
No. If I was a smart man, I wouldn't have broken my wife's heart. I would have been with her this morning --

He breaks off -- the cop in him reasserting control.

A NOISE

reaches them. The electronic siren song of two dozen video games - beckoning them forward to ...

INT. PLAYZONE ARCADE - DAY.

All neon and noise. To their left is the arcade. To the right -- through an open archway -- is the Daycare center -- dominated by a large ball pit.

AN INFECTED TEEN

is fighting to get between two arcade games. Something is back there he desperately wants. Brian moves to raise the shotgun, but Juan is already pushing past; massive hands tightening on the axe as he moves towards the infected teen.

It senses him -- spins with a bark as Juan raises the axe -- brings it down without mercy -- the bark cut off as

BRIAN

steps past to the bank of video games. He squats down, trying to see what the infected teen was after. He leans forward -- straining to see in the darkness between the two games. And then he spots a toddler's sneaker -- the rest of the child hidden behind the machine.

Something catches in Brian's throat.

BRIAN

Are you -- are you okay in there?

The sneaker doesn't move. Brian leans into one of the machines trying to move it.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hold on, I'll get you out --

The machine slides six inches. The sneaker suddenly twitches. Pulls back into the darkness. Brian sees the movement. Abandons his effort.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Don't be scared. I'm gonna help you --

He reach between the machines--

DR. PATEL

No!

She pulls him away just as -- SNAP -- the infected toddler lunges for his hand. We only catch glimpses of it in the dark space.

BRIAN
(horrificed)
Oh, shit. Oh, fuck.

CHLOE

backs away from the horror of it -- through the arch into the Day Care area. She bumps up against the ball pit -- eyes pinned on Patel as the doctor aims her shotgun. BOOM. Chloe turns away. Covering her eyes.

SOMETHING MOVES

under the balls behind her. Unaware, Chloe sits on the edge of the pit. It's all too much. She's trembling; losing it.

CHLOE
(muttered)
*Déverminage enfer -- je m'en fous
complètement -- je veux aller à la
maison.*

MOVEMENT

under the balls. Closer now.

IN THE ARCADE

Brian has gotten to his feet; shaken. Dr. Patel touches his arm.

DR. PATEL
It's okay. There was nothing you
could do.
(calling)
Chloe -- let's go..

Chloe doesn't move, lost in her own world.

CHLOE
(muttered)
Va te faire foutre.

MOVEMENT

under the balls. Right behind her now. She hears it. Turning to see a flash of skin among the happy colored spheres. She SCREAMS. Tries to rise but her hand slips and she overbalances -- falls half into the pit.

BRIAN
(running)
Chloe!

She fights to free herself.

CHLOE'S POV

Ball level as she sees MORE MOVEMENT from all around the pit -
- converging on her.

CHLOE

fights for traction but there is none as something BITES her
under the surface. She SCREAMS as more teeth tear into her --
jerking her farther under the surface.

BRIAN AND JUAN

reach her too late as she's pulled kicking and screaming
under the balls. Brian moves to go after her, but Juan
blocks him. There's nothing they can do. Brian backs away
as the sound of CHLOE'S SCREAMS weakens.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

An elevator bank. A map of the ship posted next to it. Brian
comes through a doorway, looking like he might throw up.

DR. PATEL

Brian --

BRIAN

I'm sorry -- I can't -- Chloe --
that boy --

DR. PATEL

It's okay.

BRIAN

I have to find Carrie. I have to --

DR. PATEL

You're no good to her dead. And
you will die if you try to cross
this ship -- we all will.

Beat. He's overwhelmed, then, in his daze, he sees something
that gets his attention.

ANGLE ON THE MAP

There is an X on the Lido Deck that says *You Are Here*. It
shows them near the top of the 12 named decks.

BRIAN
These are the passenger decks,
right?

DR. PATEL
Yes.

BRIAN
And below them is what, the
engines, propellers?

DR. PATEL
(seeing where he's going)
Yes. And access is restricted to a
handful of ship personnel.

BRIAN
Then that's how we get across. We
go down. And under.

CUT TO:

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY.

Going down. The dark shaft visible through the glass.
Brian, Dr. Patel and Juan stand inside. Lost in shock.

Suddenly, the shaft ends and the elevator emerges in an open
THREE STORY ATRIUM filled with SHOPS, at the center of the
ship.

It looks like the end of the world in here. Smoke pours from
several of the stores that line the inner decks. Blood
glistens on the polished wooden floors.

Infected are everywhere.

As the elevator enters the atrium the infected turn. Rush
forward -- leaping over balconies -- falling one story, two --
as others knock over chairs -- slam up against the doors.

BRIAN
If they know how to push a button,
we're in trouble.

But the elevator continues past them; plunging back into the
closed shaft.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVIERA DECK - DAY.

DING. The elevator doors open revealing Brian and Juan -- armed and ready.

REVERSE ANGLE

A carbon copy hallway. They emerge into it. Patel immediately crossing to an unmarked doorway.

DR. PATEL

The elevator doesn't go below
decks. We'll have to take the crew
stairs.

Brian and Juan cover the hall as she takes a card key from around her neck. Swipes it across a sensor. Nothing happens. She looks at the key; sees the blood crusted on it. Wipes it on her pants. Tries it again - nothing.

She senses MOVEMENT -- just gets out of the way as Juan slams the axe into the sensor. Sparks fly. He rips it free. Nods to the Doctor. She tries the knob. It opens.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY.

Darker than the other stairs. Less effort has been made at upkeep because passengers never see it. Water drips somewhere below them. They make their way down the stairs, entering another world. A place of wet dirt -- of oil and grime -- a place where the reality of the sea cuts through the fantasy of luxury.

The stairs end at a doorway. They look through it into ...

INT. SHAFT ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Damp. Claustrophobic. Massive pipes line the wall and ceiling; disappearing down the seemingly endless corridor.

DR. PATEL

This goes all the way to the engine
room. There's communication
equipment there. We can call for
help.

Brian stares into the dark, narrow corridor. Once they're in it, there's no place to go but forward.

BRIAN
(doesn't like it)
If we get caught in there--

But Juan has already stepped through the doorway. He heads down the corridor, axe at his side. The others follow reluctantly, stepping into the corridor, pipes dripping from above into puddles on the floor.

Brian moves closer to Dr. Patel. He is tortured by something. He almost can't get it out.

BRIAN (cont'd)
That boy in the arcade -- I know he
was already dead, but -- what
happened to his soul?

Beat. They walk for a moment, the question hanging in the air.

DR. PATEL
In Nineteen-Oh-One a surgeon named
Duncan Macdougall weighed a dying
man and discovered that, at the
moment of death, he lost twenty-one
grams. Macdougall said this was the
weight of the soul leaving his
body.

BRIAN
Do you believe that?

DR. PATEL
I'm Hindu. My people believe in
reincarnation. But I'm also a
scientist. I only trust what I can
prove. The Torah makes reference to
a single, indestructible bone at
the top of the spine, known as the
luz. Rabbis used to call it the
soul bone. But no such bone exists.
If there is a soul inside the human
body I've never seen it.

They proceed slowly down the narrow corridor.

BRIAN
I used to believe in heaven.

Dr. Patel looks over at him.

BRIAN (cont'd)
Then they told me my son -- my
sweet, innocent three month old son
-- didn't go to heaven when he
died. He didn't go to heaven
because he hadn't been baptized.
What sin did he ever commit?

DR. PATEL
(gently)
Original Sin.

BRIAN
I told them fuck you and your God.
I don't want to go to any heaven
where my son isn't allowed.

JUAN
(quietly)
None of us are going to heaven.

They look over at him; shocked to hear his voice after all
this time.

JUAN (cont'd)
Not after what we've done.

BAM

The lights go out. Blackness fills the screen. Total and
absolute.

DR. PATEL
(fighting panic)
What do we do?

BRIAN
Keep moving.

We hear them stumbling forward; hands sliding along pipes;
feet shuffling through inch deep water.

A MOAN

in the distance behind them. The sound of splashing.

BRIAN (cont'd)
(a whisper)
Hurry.

Their pace increases. Someone falls.

DR. PATEL
 (a shock of pain)
 My leg.

She's helped up. The SPLASHING is getting closer. More than one set of feet. The grinding moan rising.

BRIAN
 (making a decision)
 Juan -- take her.

The sound of transfer -- of Brian turning -- his rapid breathing -- the rack of the shotgun slide.

BOOM

Time slows down as the MUZZLE FLASHES revealing a DOZEN INFECTED swarming down the narrow tunnel. Shit! Then all is blackness as Brian falls back -- racking the slide -- FIRING again -- the MUZZLE FLASH showing he hit one -- but they're coming on fast -- then blackness again.

Brian's panicked breathing -- running -- the nightmare of what's chasing him --

A SPOTLIGHT

suddenly cuts the blackness ahead -- illuminating Juan and Dr. Patel; Brian ten yards behind them.

CRASH (O.C.)
 This way! Hurry!

The light swings away; briefly illuminating Staff Captain Crash Baker as he turns to run. They follow. The sound of swarming infected coming fast through the blackness behind them.

Crash slams through an open hatch. Juan and Dr. Patel right behind him. Brian turns and FIRES as the infected reach him. He's dead for sure --

JUAN

grabs him from behind; yanking him backwards through the doorway as Crash swings the door closed. Infected slam into it, pushing it back open.

CRASH (cont'd)
 Help me!

An infected hand grabs Crash right arm; ripping flesh with its nails.

Crash cries out as Juan and Brian slam into the door -- cutting the arm off at the elbow as the door is forced closed.

Crash slams a bolt home, locking it. Brian slides to the floor. Runs a shaking hand through his hair. He sees Dr. Patel ripping her lower pant leg away. Tying it around her wounded leg.

BRIAN

Is it bad?

DR. PATEL

It wouldn't be if I could keep it clean.

Crash grimaces. His own wound throbbing.

DR. PATEL (cont'd)

Let me see that arm.

CRASH

It's nothing.

She hobbles over to him. Forces his hand away. As she does the backup generator kicks on -- low orange lights flickering on around them. Two deep gouges run the length of Crash's forearm.

DR. PATEL

You'll be fine.

She starts to bind the wound. But when Crash turns away, the doctor looks at Brian -- concern in her eyes.

CRASH

I have to get to the engine room.

BRIAN

We were headed that way. Just tell me we don't have to go back into that tunnel.

CRASH

No. There's an access vent in here somewhere.

Dr. Patel finishes covering his wound. Crash stands, moves to find a grating mounted half-way up the wall.

CRASH (cont'd)

Gimme a hand.

Juan moves to help. The two struggle to remove the heavy grate.

BRIAN
(quietly/to Patel)
You think he's infected?

DR. PATEL
The long answer is I don't know.
It depends on how contagious the
virus is -- how easily it's
transmitted --

BRIAN
And the short answer?

DR. PATEL
Yeah. He's infected.

Juan and Crash pull the grate free revealing a four foot black hole of a tunnel. We PUSH INTO the blackness ...

CRASH (O.S.)
Okay -- who's first?

A long beat, then a faint light illuminates ...

INT. ACCESS VENT - LATER

Crash crawls through the dark vent, flashlight in hand -- the rest of the group following behind him. They've been in here for a while now, crawling towards a distant light. Brian notices that Dr. Patel winces every time she puts weight on her left knee.

BRIAN
Maybe we should take a break.

The group stops, sits. Crash is next to Dr. Patel. Brian is next to her.

BRIAN (cont'd)
You okay?

She nods. Crash massages his right shoulder. He is pale, sweating.

BRIAN (cont'd)
(to Crash)
How about you?

CRASH

It's weird. I can feel it burning
up into my shoulder.

Dr. Patel takes the flashlight from him, shines it on his
arm. All around the wound the veins are BLACK, infection
stretching visibly up into his shoulder.

CRASH (cont'd)

(stunned)

What's happening to me?

She looks to Brian. He nods.

DR. PATEL

You're infected.

Beat. There it is -- his death.

CRASH

How long?

DR. PATEL

An hour, maybe two. All your
exertion is speeding up the
process.

Crash looks at Brian, his future gone.

CRASH

To restart the engines you'll need
to restore main power. Put the
engines in neutral.

BRIAN

(gently)

You'll do it.

But they both know this is a lie.

CRASH

If I turn into one of them --

He leaves it hanging. Brian knows what Crash is asking him.
He nods. Beat.

ANGLE ON CRASH

If he sits here another second he's going to break down.

CRASH (cont'd)
 Okay. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. HALL - LATER

Empty. Quiet. Then the VENT GRATE is KICKED OUT. Crash drops from the vent, looks around. The others follow him out one by one, crossing to the engine room door. They raise their weapons -- ready for anything -- as Brian throws open the door ...

ANGLE ON BRIAN AND THE OTHERS

Their faces stunned as they come face to face with the impossible:

SUPARMAN ATALAS

-- all four-feet-eleven-inches of him -- stands on top of an enormous PILE OF BODIES, limbs and heads decorating the engine room. He's breathing hard, a machete in one hand, his white jumpsuit splattered with blood. The camera CHARGES into a close up, and we ...

SMASH TO BLACK.

Super Title Card: SUPARMAN

FADE IN:

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The walls are freshly painted white, the floor metal and clean enough to eat off.

A labyrinthine concourse of pipes, tanks and valves. The main engine is sunken into a central well, with stairs leading down to it. Narrow corridors branch off, filled with control panels that resemble those found in 1970's nuclear reactor control rooms. A fluorescent green glow tinges everything.

We find Superman Atalas, in a pristine white jumpsuit, climbing out of a vent. He jumps down, brushes off his knees.

Title Card: Saturday, 2:15 pm

Superman goes over to a panel of glassed-in gauges. GEMA PERTIWI, 38, another Indonesian maintenance worker, is sitting nearby on an overturned bucket, smoking a cigarette and reading an Indonesian newspaper.

When he speaks, he speaks in Bahasa Indonesian. Yellow subtitles are visible at the bottom of the screen.

GEMA
(reading)
Angelina Jolie adopted another
Asian baby last week.

Beat. Suparman taps one of the gauges, not happy with the reading. Gema offers Suparman a cigarette. Suparman shakes his head. Gema pockets the pack.

GEMA (cont'd)
One more and she'll have enough for
a Ping Pong team.
(looks around)
Where is everybody?

SUPARMAN
Sick.

GEMA
Chief too?

Suparman nods. Still not happy with the gauge, he leaves Gema and goes down a long, narrow CORRIDOR. The lights flicker overhead. He opens a wiring conduit, looks inside with his flashlight.

ANGLE ON GEMA

sitting on his bucket, reading his newspaper.

GEMA (cont'd)
In Kenya a turtle adopted a baby
hippopotamus -- a tortoise, I mean.
Almost two hundred years old. The
tortoise is male, but he looks
happy to be the mommy. It's very
cute.

He is interrupted by a loud POUNDING. Gema puts down his newspaper, gets up, goes over to the main door. The pounding is coming from here.

GEMA (cont'd)
(calling)
Ba jao jo.

The pounding intensifies.

GEMA (cont'd)
(go away)
Ba ilang jo!

But the pounding doesn't stop. Gema throws the lever, opens the door. Tibor Fischer is standing there, skin gray, mouth slack, eyed dead.

GEMA (cont'd)
(in English)
Sorry, boss. I thought you were
Fez.

Tibor grabs Gema by the shoulders and bites into his head. Gema yells, blood spurting. He struggles, but Tibor's grip is iron.

ANGLE ON SUPARMAN

Out of sight down the long corridor, staring into the open conduit. He hears the yell, but doesn't think much of it. He sees the problem he's been having -- a loose wire. He reaches in, fixes it, closes the box. The YELL comes again, a scream now. Superman hurries back down the corridor.

Coming around the corner he sees Tibor crouched over Gema's body, feeding. Superman freezes, but Tibor senses him, looks up, snarls, ATTACKS.

Superman runs back the way he came, but the corridor is a dead end. He turns. Tibor is racing towards him. Superman looks up.

THE WALL

to his right is ten feet tall and open at the top. He jumps and plants his left foot on the wall to his left, then his right foot higher on the wall to his right, and in this way, RUNS UP THE WALLS and jumps over the right hand wall into the next corridor.

He lands, runs back towards the main engine room. He reaches it just steps ahead of Tibor, who charges him. Superman veers away, heading for the exit, but it's clear he won't beat Tibor to the door. He JUMPS over Gema's body, kicks off a low panel and does a SPIN KICK, that sends Tibor flying.

Tibor is up almost as soon as he's down. Flight no longer an option, Superman shuffles his feet like a dancer, strikes a martial arts pose. Tibor barks, charges. Superman throws a BARRAGE of kicks and punches, staggering Tibor, but the infected man doesn't fall.

Tibor charges. Superman DROPS, KICKS Tibor's legs out from under him. Tibor goes down, Superman SLAMMING his heel into Tibor's neck, trying to break it.

Both fighters pop up at the same time. Superman dances backwards, considering his options. The infected man lunges for him. Superman spins away. He sees something.

ANGLE ON THE MAIN ELECTRIC CONDUIT.

Thick electric cables run up into a junction box. Superman puts himself between Tibor and the junction box.

Tibor charges. Superman spins, kicks Tibor in the back, launching him into the junction box. Giant SPARKS fly. Electricity courses through Tibor's body. His head catches fire.

MAIN POWER goes out, the room going black. We hear Tibor fall. Superman stands in the dark, catching his breath. Beat. The BACK UP POWER comes on, orange emergency lights casting a dim glow. Tibor sits up. Superman feels something next to him, turns --

GEMA

is standing there, most of his face eaten away.

SUPARMAN

takes off running. He slides down the metal banisters into the engine area itself, heading for another exit. Tibor and Gema stumble down after him.

Superman reaches the exit, throws it open. SIX MORE INFECTED CREW MEMBERS are there, and happy to see him. Superman DIVES sideways, rolls, pops up and takes off in a different direction, pursued now by eight hungry infected men.

Superman reaches a red footlocker bolted to the floor. There is a padlock on it. He lifts a heavy monkey wrench, smashes the lock, throws open the locker. It contains the engine room's secret weapon stash -- there in case of piracy. The locker is full of pipe-clubs and knives. Superman takes TWO MACHETES from inside the locker, turns.

The infected are almost on him. Superman strikes a Jeet Kwon Do stance, machetes crossed, and then -- as the infected converge on him -- he begins a ballet of dismemberment, leaping, twirling, the machete blades flickering, taking a hand, an leg, a head.

ANGLE ON DOORWAY

More of the infected, hearing the fight, come running down the hall.

ANGLE ON SUPARMAN

As he takes Tibor's head off, spins and kicks an infected man backwards. The white walls are now splattered with blood. Everything SLOWS DOWN.

ANGLE ON

An arm flying through the air.

ANGLE ON

A foot twitching legless where it was planted.

TIME PASSES

We get the impression that Suparman has been fending off the infected for an hour, wave after wave.

ANGLE ON SUPARMAN

an infected man LUNGES for him. He drops and rolls under a low pipe, sweeps a machete across the ankles of five of the infected. They fall backwards, footless.

Suparman rolls out. Gema, one arm missing, reaches for him. Suparman plants a machete in his skull. Gema falls back, taking the machete with him.

Suparman jumps up, whips his remaining machete down across his body, a line of blood flicking across the floor. There are dead infected everywhere, dozens of lost limbs. Ten infected remain, mostly intact. Beat. Suparman looks around, taking in the angles like a chess master.

The infected charge, and Suparman becomes a whirling fan-blade of death -- spinning, kicking, cutting -- that doesn't stop moving until each of the infected has been dispatched.

Beat. Suparman stands panting, covered in blood. He is a man who has been through a war.

BEHIND HIM

he hears a DOOR clang open. He whirls, ready for anything, and finds himself staring at Brian, Crash and the others -- their faces stunned.

Beat. Seeing they're not a threat, Suparman jabs his machete into a dead man's torso, strips off his bloody white jumpsuit, revealing a belted pair of pants and a black wife-beater. He picks up the machete, wipes the blade off, slips it through belt.

Crash comes forward.

CRASH
(amazed)
Did you do this all yourself?

Suparman looks at him. He doesn't understand English.

CRASH (cont'd)
Did you -- what's your name?

Suparman doesn't understand. Crash touches his own chest.

CRASH (cont'd)
I'm Crash --

He points at Suparman, who gets it -- touches his chest.

SUPARMAN
Suparman.

And with that he walks away, leaving Brian and Juan to look at each other.

BRIAN
Did he say his name is *Superman*?

SUPARMAN

Climbs back up to the control panel area. The others follow -- Crash moving to the main junction box. His right arm is almost completely useless now.

CRASH
Fuses are blown.

He looks at Suparman, points at the box, communicating -- *are there more fuses?* Suparman crosses to the closet where the fuses are stored.

CRASH (cont'd)
I'm going to try to restart the engines.
(pointing)
I need guards on both of these doors.

Juan goes to cover one door. Brian goes to the other. He ratchets the shotgun. Suparman drops the fuses he's carrying, runs over to Brian waving his hands.

BRIAN

What?

(to Crash)

What is he saying?

Crash looks around. Sees the giant boilers.

CRASH

Shit. You can't shoot in here --
the boilers --

Superman picks up a bloody machete from the floor, offers it to Brian, who doesn't look happy, but takes it.

Crash goes over to a damaged control panel as Superman moves to replace the fuses. Crash examines the radio -- doing everything with his left hand. He coughs wetly. Dr. Patel and Brian exchange a worried look.

CRASH (cont'd)

The radio's broken. The only thing
that works is ship to ship
communications.

He presses a button to hail the bridge.

BRIAN

What happens after we start the
engines?

CRASH

I can put us on a course back to
the mainland.

He coughs again.

DR. PATEL

No. They have to quarantine the
ship. It's too infectious.

Over the radio speaker we hear ...

PRYOR (O.S.)

Hello. Is anybody there? Come in.

Brian and Crash exchange a look -- it's a miracle. Crash picks up the handset.

CRASH

Thank God. Who is this?

PRYOR (O.S.)
Bill Pryor. I'm on the bridge with
two survivors.

CRASH
Bill, It's Staff Captain Carter.
I'm in the engine room.

PRYOR (O.S.)
Can you get the engines started?

CRASH
We're trying.

PRYOR (O.S.)
We?

Crash looks around at the weary survivors, bloodied,
exhausted. Everyone is riveted by the moment, the realization
that they're not alone.

CRASH
There are five of us, including Dr.
Patel.

He looks at his blackened right hand.

CRASH (cont'd)
She says there's some kind of virus
on the boat. That's what's doing
this to these people.

PRYOR (O.S.)
A virus.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENGINE ROOM HALLWAY - SAME TIME.

From down the hall we see the open door to the engine room.
Juan's back is to us.

CRASH (O.S.)
It's passed through contact with
infected blood.

We move down the hall towards Juan, picking up speed.

CRASH (O.S.) (cont'd)
Symptoms include fever, shortness
of breath and a bad cough. Are any
of you infected?

ANGLE ON SUPARMAN

Who has installed the last fuse. He gives Crash the thumbs up. Crash is beginning to sweat -- infection coursing through his veins. He knows he doesn't have much longer. He has to get the ship running.

CRASH (cont'd)
I need you to set the throttle to
neutral and restart the
navigational computer.

He turns to the control panel, throws a few switches.

ANGLE ON BRIAN

As he hears a familiar voice.

CARRIE (O.S.)
Please. Is my husband with you?

At the sound of Carrie's voice, emotions threaten to overwhelm Brian. Is he hallucinating? He steps forward. Crash grabs the radio handset.

CRASH
Who is this?

CARRIE (O.S.)
This is Carrie Lake. I need --
please -- his name is Brian.

CLOSE UP ON BRIAN

Overjoyed, overwhelmed, but then something catches his eye -- movement behind Juan.

BRIAN
Look out!

Juan turns, sees a dozen infected almost upon him. He lifts his axe, but the first one lunges, knocks him down.

CRASH
No! Hold them back!

Juan wrestles with the infected man, who tries to bite his face. Other infected surge down the hall towards the room.

DR. PATEL
There are too many.

Panicked, she shoots wildly. Her shots ricochet around the engine room.

CRASH

I told you, no shooting in here
dammit --

One shot hits the boiler. Pressurized steam bursts from the hole. Brian grabs Dr. Patel, pushes her toward the other door.

BRIAN

Move! It's gonna blow!

Crash runs over to the boiler, trying to turn it off, avert an explosion. Forgotten, Carrie's voice comes over the radio.

CARRIE (O.S.)

Brian?

ANGLE ON JUAN

Wrestling with the infected man. Slowly he forces it up and away from him. Suddenly it's head vanishes. Superman is there, wielding a machete. Brian pulls Juan to his feet. The other infected are almost on them. The three run towards the empty doorway. Brian sees Crash wrestling with the boiler controls.

BRIAN

Come on. It's too late.

But Crash throws him a look, eyes bloodshot -- and in the look is the knowledge of infection, the inevitability of death. Brian, Juan and Superman jump through the open doorway into the hall as the first flash of the explosion rips through Crash and we ...

CUT TO:

BRIAN, JUAN, PATEL AND SUPARMAN

thrown from their feet as ...

THE PRESSURE CONCUSSION

rips through the ship -- warping hundreds of door frames -- state room doors popping open all over the ship, releasing the infected trapped inside as ...

INT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

From the silent depths outside the ship we see the explosion. A huge hole is blown in the hull, engine parts and pieces of the infected voided into the cold dark sea.

Then water rushes into the hole and we MOVE WITH IT, pouring into the engine room, hunting for open space. We race towards the open hallway ...

CUT TO:

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

... where we find Brian, Juan, Superman and Dr. Patel running for their lives. They turn a corner, the water almost lapping at their heels. Brian sees something ahead.

BRIAN

The stairs!

They run for them, but Dr. Patel is struggling with her wounded leg. She stumbles, FALLS -- crying out. Brian turns. He only has a split second to decide: Help her or escape.

He runs back, picks her up. A WALL OF WATER hits them, knocks them off their feet, sends them tumbling down the hall.

Juan and Superman have reached the stairs. As Brian and Dr. Patel flow past them Juan reaches out and grabs Brian's wrist. Brian grabs Dr. Patel's hand to make a chain. The pull of the water is intense.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Take her.

Brian pulls Dr. Patel in so that Juan and Superman can grab her. Juan starts to pull Brian in when ...

AN INFECTED MAN

caught up by the water, SLAMS into Brian, knocking him loose. The water sweeps them down the hall, Brian struggling to keep from being bitten. He goes under. There is just the sound of roaring water, his arms raised to hold off the snapping jaws.

Brian surfaces, coughing. Only three feet of air remain above the water line. The infected man bites for his face -- Brian kicks upwards, raising the infected man up above the water -- BAM -- its head is STAVED IN by a ceiling fixture. Brian dives, pops up further down the hall.

He passes a corner on the left, water branching off down that hall. He KICKS for it -- too late. The hallway Brian's in DEAD ENDS at a bulkhead door. Brian hits hard, loses his breath, water PINNING him to the door.

He dives under, tries to open the door, but it won't budge. He surfaces. The water is rising around him. He swims hard against the current, trying to reach the adjoining hallway.

He fights his way around the corner. Once he crosses the threshold the current grabs him again, pulls him off down the hall. Ahead he sees a STAIRWELL. If he can reach it he'll be safe, but -- as he's passing -- the water pressure forces open a DOOR, and -- with escape in sight -- Brian is SUCKED into a ...

MAINTENANCE ROOM.

... and SLAMMED against the far wall. The water pressure pins him. He fights to reach the open door, but can't. The room fills quickly. Brian battles to the top to breathe from an air pocket. He has time for THREE QUICK BREATHS, then the air pocket is gone.

ANGLE ON BRIAN

As he sinks. Everything is quiet. The lights take on a wavery, magical quality underwater. Brian has fought so hard to stay alive. Now that the end is here he looks sad. He will never see Carrie again, never tell her how sorry he is, how much he loves her. He is drowning, becoming light-headed. We see flashes of IMAGES as they enter his mind -- blown out, soft-framed.

CARRIE in a sundress twirling in a rolling green field.

KIDS on a city street playing in the water of an open fire hydrant.

CARRIE at a kitchen table nursing baby MAX, blown white by the morning sun.

A CRIB, little Max lying on his back staring up at us with happy eyes. Twisting above Max is a MOBILE, glass balls twirling, casting lights around the room, and at the bottom of the mobile, the baby's name, MAX, in shiny letters flashing.

The image goes wavery under water, lights flashing. As we watch Max's name morphs into the word MAX in bold black letters written on a curved surface. We realize we are back in the MAINTENANCE ROOM staring up at a sign of some kind.

MAX

The sign calls out to Brian, this vision, this eleventh hour hallucination. He reaches for it, pulls it closer.

It is a portable oxygen tank, PRO-MAX OXYGEN written in big black letters on the side. Brian pulls the tank to his face, puts his lips to the spigot, turns the valve and breathes.

Renewed he kicks for the ...

HALLWAY

... and heads for the ...

STAIRWELL

A vertical cauldron of water, bubbling, rushing to the top of the ship. Brian rises quickly, reaches the surface. He passes the deck three landing. We RISE AHEAD OF HIM, racing for the top of the ship, bursting through an open door onto ...

DECK TEN

to find Juan, Suparman and Dr. Patel as they exit another stairwell. They pull up short -- horror on their face as

THE CAMERA

rockets upwards overhead revealing

HUNDREDS OF INFECTED

filling the deck -- pouring up from below like rats. FIRES are burning on different parts of the ship, smoke billowing into the night sky.

JUAN, PATEL AND SUPARMAN

retreat towards the railing. There is nowhere to run as the infected turn at their presence. Surge forward. This is it. This is the end.

BOOM

A massive pressure wave slams into the infected; blowing them down like dominos.

JUAN, PATEL AND SUPARMAN

spin to see Carrie and Pryor on the stairs to the bridge -- aiming the sonic cannon at the infected that scramble back to their feet --

BOOM

A second blast hits them -- the infected closest to the blast actually come apart. The ones behind them are blown down again as

CARRIE AND PRYOR

abandon the deck-mounted cannon, sprint for Juan, Suparman and Dr. Patel.

PRYOR
The lifeboats!

He throws an assault rifle to Juan.

CARRIE
(frantic)
Where's Brian?

She turns searching in vain for him.

JUAN
He didn't make it--

She moves back toward the stairwell.

PRYOR
Carrie, we gotta go --

But she would run back into hell to find him. Infected swarm towards them. Juan grabs Carrie. Propels her towards the stairs. She fights against him; refusing to believe --

CARRIE
Let me go! He's not dead -- he
can't be.

But Juan hauls her down the stairs as infected reach the landing above them. Pour down after them. Juan FIRES as

PRYOR

hits the bottom step. Infected are there. Pryor fires a long blast from his assault rifle, popping heads.

The survivors run along the outside corridor. Ahead a dozen LIFEBOATS are suspended at the edge of the railing -- attached to a mechanical deployment system that moves them out and down into the water.

Juan pushes forward -- opening FIRE on the infected who scramble towards them from up ahead.

PRYOR
Cover me. I'm going to lower the
boats.

He moves to a lifeboat; releases the tie strap.

PRYOR (cont'd)
(calling to Dr. Patel)
Loosen that strap. There's a lever.

She moves to the other side of the boat. The wind shifts --
blowing something into his eyes. He wipes it away
automatically, not noticing as white flakes fall around him --
lightly at first, but then becoming a flurry.

CARRIE
(in horror/wonder)
Pryor--

He looks up. Ash is falling all around them.

TIME SLOWS DOWN

as he realizes that it looks just like snow. His eyes find
Carrie as --

TOM KILLIAN

rises from inside the lifeboat behind Pryor -- the money bags
still around his neck -- his dead eyes crazy with infection.

ON CARRIE

crying out as she sees him--

ON PRYOR

as he starts to turn --

TIME SPEEDS UP

as Killian lunges at Pryor, clamping down on his neck. Pryor
cries out as Killian bites deep, driving him to his knees.

CARRIE

takes a step towards them--

PRYOR
(to Carrie)
Get in the boat!

She doesn't want to, but infected are closing fast -- Juan and Suparman barely holding them off. In shock, Carrie scrambles into the lifeboat, as Pryor jams his gun into Killian's eye and pulls the trigger -- BOOM -- Killian is blown backwards.

Pryor struggles to rise -- ash falling in a blizzard around him -- his heart pumping his life into the night. He grabs the lever. Pushing it forward, then down. Carrie's boat pulleys outward.

HER EYES

meet his as he sinks to his knees, red blood staining the white ash around him, snow falling everywhere in soft white flakes.

AN INFECTED MAN

leaps into Carrie's lifeboat. She FIRES at him -- the burst blowing him backwards through the pulley line.

SNAP. One end of the lifeboat falls away. The boat swings down. Carrie screams -- just managing to grab on as the boat drops out from under her. The lifeboat swings wildly three stories above the water. Then ...

SUPARMAN

is there -- running along the railing -- leaping to cut through the remaining line. The lifeboat falls -- straightening out as it slams into the water below as

SUPARMAN'S LEAP

lands him on the edge of a second lifeboat.

JUAN

throws Dr. Patel into it. Rams the lever down. An INFECTED WOMAN leaps at him -- he catches her in mid air. Throws her away. By now there's a five foot gap between the lifeboat and the side of the ship. The lifeboat starts its downward descent.

Juan LEAPS for the boat as the infected grab for him. He SLAMS into the side of the lifeboat -- barely grabs hold. Suparman and Dr. Patel rush to him. Trying to pull him in as the lifeboat moves downward.

BAM

An infected man BOUNCES off the lifeboat from above. WHA-WHAM -- two more fly past. Suparman looks up to see dozens of infected swarming over the side of the ship. Falling straight down at them -- BAM -- one lands in the boat.

SUPARMAN

abandons Juan -- turning as it scrambles at him. He slams his machete into it as

JUAN

pulls himself into the boat. BAM, BAM -- two more infected bounce off the boat -- rocking it wildly. Dr. Patel is thrown from her feet.

JUAN

(to Suparman)

Cut the line! It's too slow--

Suparman kicks the infected man out of the boat. Slams his machete into the line on his side as Juan brings his fist down on the release mechanism on the other. The boat drops -- hits the water hard -- throwing Dr. Patel overboard. She hits -- going ...

UNDER THE WATER

We see the initial splash then silence as she sinks; kicks to stop herself. That's when she sees

THE INFECTED

they're all around her. Some are sinking -- but others are floating -- made buoyant by decomposition -- fighting their way towards the surface.

An infected man slams into the water from above -- shooting past Dr. Patel. She kicks sideways. Fighting for the surface -- emerging --

INTO HELL

Infected are everywhere. Hundreds more are falling into the water from the burning cruise ship.

DR. PATEL

turns -- searching for the lifeboat. She comes face to face with an infected man; half his face missing. She screams. Kicking backwards, she moves right into another infected.

She tries to get away but it grabs her -- biting -- as others swarm to her -- pulling her under the surface.

JUAN

fires from the boat. Trying to repel the infected that are fighting to get on board. Superman races around -- slamming his machete along the edge of the lifeboat -- cutting off the fingers and hands that threaten to capsize them.

BEHIND THEM

we see Carrie's boat. Floating free of the infected -- but several are moving towards it.

ANGLE ON

Carrie lying on the bottom. She makes no move to get up. She can hear the infected getting closer but she's lost the will to live. Brian's dead. What's the point of fighting?

She raises her pistol. Checks the cartridge. One bullet left. The synchronicity strikes her as she slips it back inside the gun. Beat. She puts the gun to her temple.

CARRIE'S POV

sweeping across the ship -- smoke rising -- ash falling -- infected pouring over the railing into the water -- a MAN stands alone -- her eyes close -- wait a second -- her eyes open again -- did she just see -- it can't be --

She sits up; eyes searching for the lone man. Is she dreaming? And then her eyes find ...

BRIAN

standing on a balcony two stories above her.

CARRIE

can't believe it's true ...

CARRIE

BRIAN!

AN INFECTED WOMAN

suddenly raises up in front of her, trying to get on board. BLAM -- Carrie puts the last bullet through her brain.

CARRIE (cont'd)

BRIAN!!!

ON BRIAN

as he hears his name. His eyes find the lifeboat. His wife inside. Infected moving towards it --

BRIAN
CARRIE!!!

-- and then he's jumping -- diving -- plummeting into the waters below.

UNDER WATER

Brian shoots down under the surface. Infected are all around him. He kicks past them -- going deeper. Swimming for the shadow of the lifeboat ahead.

He kicks for the surface. Getting closer and closer. Just as he thinks he's going to make it an INFECTED MAN grabs his leg. Pulls him backwards.

BAM

An oar arcs through the water -- braining the infected. Brian surges up and

OUT OF THE WATER

The lifeboat is right there. Carrie standing in it; swinging the oar -- beating away the infected who threaten to swamp the boat. Brian pulls himself on board. Kicks an infected off the side. He looks desperately for a weapon.

That's when he sees the OUTBOARD MOTOR.

CUT TO:

VROOM

The engine roars to life. Brian leans on it, lifting the propeller out of the water; chewing through infected like a blender --

CARRIE
Brian!

He looks forward to see a dozen infected reaching for the front of the boat.

BRIAN
Hold on!

He drops the propeller back into the water. Carrie falls -- just manages to grab on as the boat surges forward. Running over infected as Brian angles them away from the listing ship.

GUNFIRE

turns them to see Juan and Superman in the other lifeboat; infected all around them -- rocking the boat as they try to reach their food.

JUAN

fires into them -- clearing a brief space. Blood staining the top of the water. For a moment he sees HIS CHILDREN'S FACES beneath the water. Then the infected are surging forward; hands grabbing the boat.

Juan pulls the trigger but his gun is empty.

JUAN

(to Superman)

Go!

Superman doesn't understand the words, but he gets their meaning. He leaps out as the infected swamp the boat ...

SLOW MOTION

as Superman runs over the heads of a half dozen bobbing infected. Behind him the lifeboat capsizes, Juan pitching forward into the sea, greedy hands grabbing him.

Superman launches himself forward into the water. Disappearing beneath the surface in a perfect dive -- infected swarming around the spot.

ANGLE ON BRIAN AND CARRIE

as they lose sight of him -- the lifeboat motoring away from The OCEAN DREAM -- THUMPING against the bodies of the infected as they try to grab hold.

Then the boat is clear -- out into open water. Putting fifty meters, then a hundred between them and the nightmare they've left behind. They're going to make it --

CARRIE

throws herself into Brian's arms. He crushes her against him.

THE ENGINE

suddenly sputters. Coughs. The boat slows. No. Then it catches. A moment of renewed hope -- then it coughs and dies. The boat glides through the water -- losing speed.

Without the ROAR of the engine, the MOANS of the infected drift across the water towards them.

BRIAN

Row.

But one oar is broken, the other missing.

CARRIE

Brian.

BRIAN

It's okay. I'm here.

But she points to the bottom of the boat. WATER is beginning to pour in from beneath. Brian tries to find the source, but it quickly becomes clear that the hull is cracked in multiple places from the fall. The reality hits them. They're sinking. Brian grabs a life preserver. Hands it to Carrie.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Put this on.

CARRIE

What's the point?

BRIAN

We're going to make it, Carrie. I didn't come this far to lose you now.

She nods -- terrified, but strangely at peace because she's with him. They slip on their vests. The water is at their ankles now and rising. Brian tries to bail, but it's no use. Any second now the boat will sink and they'll be floating in the sea, unprotected, exposed.

The infected are getting closer.

Carrie and Brian stand together, holding hands. The water reaches their knees, the boat slipping down under the surface.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Hold on to me.

She wraps her arms around him, floating now. They kick -- moving backward. Trying to put distance between themselves and the infected who are fighting their way through the water towards them. Tireless in their hunger. Relentless as they close the distance.

CARRIE

I'm sorry.

BRIAN

Don't ever say that. It wasn't your fault. He was a little baby and we loved him, but it was his time.

He pulls her through the water.

CARRIE

Do you think -- we'll see him?

He takes her by the shoulders, looks into her eyes.

BRIAN

Listen to me. I love you more than any husband has ever loved his wife. We're going to get through this.

The infected are almost on them. Behind Carrie and Brian ...

A FIN

cuts the water. They don't see it. The infected are almost upon them, splashing awkwardly, mouths open, eyes-crazed.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Close your eyes, baby.

She closes her eyes, ready for death. Then there is

A TREMENDOUS SPLASH

As the infected man closest to them is lifted from the water and pulled under.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Jesus.

ANOTHER FIN

cuts the water nearby.

CARRIE

Brian.

BRIAN

Don't move. Stop kicking.

She goes still. Ten feet away another infected is pulled under with a splash, its arms flying up as it sinks. Carrie opens her eyes, sees the shark's tail disappear into the water.

CARRIE

Oh my God.

They hear splashing in the distance, the sound of sharks feeding on the bodies of the infected. Carrie and Brian float silently. Around them the infected are confused. They can sense life all around them.

A HAMMERHEAD SHARK surfaces inches from Carrie and Brian, it's milky-white eyes glinting in the moonlight. Carrie clings to her husband.

BRIAN

(quietly)

The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall
not want.

Another FIN surfaces. An INFECTED WOMAN is pulled

UNDER WATER

A shark has her by the waist. Rather than struggle, she reaches for shark, mouth open. Other infected cling to the shark, biting it's fins, feeding on it as it feeds on them.

BRIAN (O.S.)

He maketh me lie down in green
pastures.

The water is filled with sharks. They attack the infected, but rather than surrender, the infected fight back.

BRIAN (O.S.) (cont'd)

He leads me beside still waters.

THE CAMERA

SURGES UP and OUT of the water as an INFECTED MAN lunges for them.

CARRIE

Brian!

Brian grabs him by the throat and shoulder. As he does he realizes that the man's entire right side is missing, bitten off. Brian shoves the infected man away.

BRIAN

Kick.

CARRIE

But you said ...

BRIAN

No splashing. Even strokes. We have to get out of here.

They lay on their backs, kicking as calmly as possible, moving away from the mayhem. The air is filled with moans and the splashes of striking sharks.

They swim. The mayhem recedes. The ship is far away now. They stop kicking, float for a moment in silence.

CARRIE

Look at the moon.

From their POV we see the full moon rising on the horizon. It's huge, glowing, beautiful.

BRIAN

takes Carrie in his arms, kisses her -- everything they've been through, how hard they fought to reach each other comes through in this moment, water lapping against them -- as far as the eye can see.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN.

EXT. BEACH. MORNING.

Carrie and Brian lay in the surf, unconscious. A wave washes over them. Brian wakes up. He rolls Carrie over. She's not moving.

BRIAN

Carrie.

He pulls her up onto the beach, drops to his knees, listens to her chest.

ANGLE ON CARRIE

As she wakes up, the sun on her serene face.

CARRIE

Brian.

He sits up. She's okay. They're safe. He pulls her to him.

CARRIE (cont'd)

Where are we?

He looks around -- palm trees, white sand.

BRIAN

I don't know. An island in the Caribbean maybe.

He helps her to her feet.

CARRIE

Are we safe?

BRIAN

I think so.

Beat. They stand looking out at the ocean.

CARRIE

I missed you.

He takes her hand. Everything they've survived is evident on their faces -- the second chance they've been given.

BRIAN

Next year we go skiing.

We PUSH THROUGH the V of their arms, and move out over the SURF

racing away from the coast, heading out into the open sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

Another beautiful sunny day. We come upon a floating piece of debris. Superman Atalas lying on top of it -- unconscious. As we watch, the debris bumps against the hull of a ship. Superman wakes up. He sits, looks around.

The ship he has bumped into is a fifty-foot fishing TRAWLER. Superman pulls himself along to the stern. Climbs ...

ONTO THE TRAWLER

No one in sight. Suparman wanders the empty deck. Finds a water bottle, takes a long drink. A SHADOW falls across him. He turns to see

A HAMMERHEAD SHARK

hanging head down over the deck, it's belly cut open. Half-digested fish and trash lay on the deck. And something else.

A HUMAN HAND

Behind him he hears a SOUND. He turns. There are TEN MEN in fisherman gear huddled behind a large crate, their mouths hanging open, faces bloodied. Seeing Suparman their infected eyes light up.

ANGLE ON

Suparman -- "not again". As the infected surge to their feet, he strikes a marshal arts pose. Signals for them to attack. As they swarm forward we

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END