

I AM LEGEND 2:
THE DESCENT OF MAN
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First Draft
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INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

ON TV, SHREK tries to explain to DONKEY:

SHREK (ON TV)
Layers. Onions have layers. Ogres have
layers. Onions have layers. You get it?

ROBERT NEVILLE sits on the couch between his wife ZOE and
his daughter MARLEY (6). Marley holds their German
shepherd puppy SAM on her lap. A portrait of contentment.

MARLEY
I like Shrek.

NEVILLE
(has watched *Shrek* 47 times)
Oh, I know you like Shrek.

ZOE
What do you like about him?

CLOSE ON MARLEY as she thinks about it for a second.

MARLEY
He's a monster, but he's nice.

Neville likes this reason. He kisses her on the forehead,
and turns to smile at his wife --

-- but Zoe isn't where she was, on the couch next to him.
In fact, she is no longer in the room at all.

And Marley is now sitting in the easy chair to the left
of the couch, in front of the picture window.

Neville is confused: He did not see Zoe leave, or Marley
move from the couch to the chair. He did not see Sam walk
to the front door, where she now sits with ears perked.

MARLEY
(staring at TV)
But Shrek's not real, right?

NEVILLE
Right, he's just a...

His voice trails off as he sees what she's watching.

ON TV: Shrek and Donkey are gone, replaced by FOOTAGE OF
NEVILLE, ZOE AND MARLEY from the first film. Amidst utter
chaos on the South Street Seaport, Neville leads his wife
and daughter to a waiting HELICOPTER.

MARLEY

Real monsters aren't nice.

In the unfocused b.g., a *PALE FORM* shoots past the window behind Marley.

[People generally refer to them as "the infected," but we'll call them "darkseekers."]

Neville knows what is really happening here, but he doesn't want to believe it.

ON TV: Saying goodbye to his family, Neville makes Marley a final promise:

NEVILLE (ON TV)

Daddy's gonna make the monsters go away, baby, okay?

Back in the living room, tears well in Neville's eyes.

MARLEY

You said you would, but you didn't.

NEVILLE

I tried, sweetie. I-

Behind Marley, another DARKSEEKER scuttles past the window, a quick, feral blur. Two more follow it.

MARLEY

You didn't make them go away.

Sam WHIMPERS and BARKS at the door.

NEVILLE

No... no no no no...

Neville watches the most terrible moment of his life unfold one more time, as

ON TV, ANOTHER HELICOPTER CAREENS OUT OF CONTROL, heading for Zoe's and Marley's helicopter.

Outside, something SCRAPES at the door. Sam runs away.

MARLEY

They're still here.

Neville reaches for his daughter --

ON TV, the SPINNING HELICOPTER is an instant away from crashing into Zoe's and Marley's helicopter --

And as SOMETHING SLAMS INTO THE DOOR, we SMASH CUT TO

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A loud KNOCK on the FRONT DOOR.

On the couch, an unshaven Neville startles awake. An empty bottle of Château Lafite Rothschild sits on the coffee table, next to the mug he's been drinking it from.

On TV: a static-y EMERGENCY BROADCAST STATION. A tired but resolute military man (GENERAL PRICE, 50s) speaks:

GENERAL PRICE

-and our nest clearings are proceeding apace. Philadelphia and Chicago, the only other US cities with whom we're still in contact, are not making similar progress.

(grave)

Washington, D.C., remains offline.

SAM BARKS at the door. She's a few months older than she was in the dream, on her way out of puppyhood.

As Neville's dream fades, the weight of reality hits him.

He holds down the remote button; snow on every other station. He turns the TV off.

Another KNOCK. Neville shushes Sam and answers the door.

MAJOR TOM STILLMAN's (30s) uniform is pressed and buttoned to the neck. He's as composed as anyone could be under the circumstances; we might not know he'd been through anything at all, if something in his eyes didn't tell us.

He salutes Neville. Neville raises his eyebrows.

NEVILLE

Really?

Stillman tries not to smile.

STILLMAN

Rank is rank.

Neville smiles and salutes back. Then they clasp hands; the two men have a friendship that predates the pandemic.

STILLMAN

Haven't seen you at Command in a while.

NEVILLE

Yeah, you know... I've been at the hospital. Working.

When Neville brings up his work, Stillman nods but subtly looks away, as if from embarrassment.

Over Neville's shoulder, Stillman sees the empty wine bottle. He gives Neville a glance laced with concern.

STILLMAN

You okay?

NEVILLE

Yeah, yeah. Just give me a minute.

EXT. NEVILLE'S BROWNSTONE - EARLY MORNING

Now in uniform, carrying an ATTACHE CASE, Neville follows Stillman to his JEEP and climbs in. Spring has come, but the air is still cold enough to cloud their breath.

EXT. JEEP - FIFTH AVENUE - EARLY MORNING

The jeep turns onto Fifth Avenue, which is uncannily clean and orderly.

Military vehicles are the only ones allowed on the road. Everyone else is on foot, and there aren't many of them; New York City is now as crowded as Abilene, Texas.

They pass a POSTER: "PROOF OF IMMUNITY REQUIRED. Failure to produce certificate will result in quarantine."

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

People make way for the jeep, their faces worn down by fear and grief.

NEVILLE

I ought to be driving. You're a terrible driver.

STILLMAN

I happen to be an excellent driver.

Their jeep passes a long line of people waiting outside a Whole Foods as a soldier checks their ration cards.

NEVILLE

I seem to remember your excellent driving scored us two weeks' work detail for wrecking the Fort Benning guardhouse.

STILLMAN

(laughs)

Can't dwell on the past. Things change.

NEVILLE

That they do.

They ride on in pensive silence for a moment.

Stillman pulls the Jeep to the curb and they get out.
They have arrived at

EXT. LINE OF CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Fifth Avenue has been walled off at 14th Street -- a fifteen-foot high CONCRETE BARRICADE thick with CONCERTINA WIRE, GUNNERY POSTS and ARC LIGHTS (currently off) mounted in regular intervals along the top.

A prominent SIGN reads: "MILITARY 1-A CLEARANCE ONLY.
CIVILIANS FORBIDDEN. VIOLATORS WILL BE SHOT."

The DOOR SLAB has been rolled aside for daytime access, but it is still heavily guarded.

STILLMAN

You sure you want to do this?

NEVILLE

You sure you want to do this? Can't be the most popular detail.

Stillman smiles and shrugs.

NEVILLE

I appreciate the help, Tom.

Neville switches the attache to his other hand so he can flash his military ID along with Stillman. They pass through the barricade.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - OUTSIDE SAFE ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The change in the landscape is massive and abrupt:

As far as the eye can see in either direction, the BUILDINGS on the north side of the street have been SYSTEMATICALLY DEMOLISHED, to prevent the infected from leaping across into the Safe Zone.

On the south side of the street, 15' high ELECTRIC FENCING runs the length of the island. All windows have been meticulously boarded.

The last of the SNIPERS that line the rooftops at night are finally going home for the day.

A soldier sprays down the south sidewalk with the contents of a TANKER TRUCK. As Neville passes, his nose wrinkles and his eyes water.

NEVILLE

Where'd you find that much vinegar?

STILLMAN

New Jersey.

Many military vehicles line the street. Following Stillman, Neville approaches one: a Stryker ARMORED VEHICLE, waiting for them with a TEAM OF THREE MEN.

The men salute. Stillman and Neville return.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MORNING

The Stryker heads up the ruins of Fifth Avenue, with Neville, Stillman and the team in it. Wind blows snakes of debris through shattered windows.

Spray-painted in huge blood red letters across the white marble frontage of the Prada store: "EVERYTHING MUST GO!"

The Stryker passes a battered newsstand. We hold on BILLS posted thereon; they feature a GROTESQUE CARICATURE OF DR. ALICE KRIPPEN, the accidental "inventor" of the virus that caused all this, as Death upon a pale horse.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

The Stryker rolls into Central Park. From deeper inside the park, three or four SMOKE PLUMES stretch to the sky.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO GATES - MORNING

The Stryker stops outside the CENTRAL PARK ZOO.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - MORNING

Neville, Stillman and company walk through the Zoo along trellised, glass-roofed pergolas. The outdoor enclosures are notably empty. The sea lion pool is drained.

They approach the PRIMATE HOUSE. Pale and deadpan, CORPORAL BRIGGS (20s) opens the unlocked door.

INT. PRIMATE HOUSE - MAIN FLOOR - MORNING

Not a primate to be seen. The group heads to a door marked "STAFF ONLY."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK ZOO - MORNING

Neville and Stillman follow Briggs, PRIVATE WILLIS (20s) and CORPORAL GARCIA (20s) as they roll a PRIMATE TRANSPORT CAGE -- an 8'x6'x6' steel box lined with breathing holes -- out of the zoo on casters.

Briggs isn't happy about it.

Neville looks out over several large LIME PITS that mar the East Green. Poking from the edge of the nearest one, whitened but still identifiable: an ELEPHANT'S TOE.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - UPPER EAST SIDE - MORNING

Neville watches, his ATTACHE in hand, as Briggs and Willis haul the primate cage up the front steps of this once-grand brownstone. Briggs pants from the effort.

BRIGGS

We could clean out twenty nests with the time this is taking. All I'm saying.

STILLMAN

You're right, that is all you're saying.

But Neville treats the complaint seriously.

NEVILLE

Five of the last eight infected I've received have had skull fractures, gunshot wounds... one had a broken back. So now we're doing it my way. Because I can't run motor response tests on someone with a broken back.

BRIGGS

Something. Not someone.

NEVILLE

You're entitled to your opinion.

BRIGGS

Yeah, me and everyone else left in the-

STILLMAN

I said *enough*.
(to Willis)
Willis, Get the door.

WILLIS

(quietly, to Stillman)
Sir, I've been trained primarily as a
sniper... Garcia is more experienced with-

A look from Stillman is all it takes to cut him short. As
he passes Neville on the way to the door:

WILLIS

So, you've done this before...

NEVILLE

No.

Off a nod from Stillman, Briggs and Garcia lift the CAGE
PANEL facing the door of the brownstone, and prop it open
with a LOCKING BOLT that runs up the length of the cage.

Neville approaches with a bolt of PARACHUTE CORD and a
KEVLAR LOCK. He lays the lock on the ground next to the
cage. Then he takes the cord, ties it to the handle of
the locking bolt and unravels it back twenty paces.

Willis nervously approaches the front door and inserts an
AUTOMATIC LOCKPICK into the lock.

Stillman hands Neville a .45 AUTOMATIC and a HOLSTER.

NEVILLE

Thanks, I'm good.

Neville puts the gun down next to his ATTACHE. He opens
the case and removes a JET INJECTOR GUN instead.

The front door lock POPS. With one hand on his sidearm,
Willis opens the door. He winces at the CREAK.

Briggs and Garcia slide the cage into place over the
doorway, careful not to trip the door trigger.

Neville removes a TEST TUBE OF BLOOD from the attache and
takes it over to the cage.

STILLMAN

They'll smell that all the way upstairs?

NEVILLE

They'd smell this down the block.

He opens the test tube and drops it through one of the cage's breathing holes. It SHATTERS on the floor.

Neville backs away and picks up the cage's trip cord.

The men stare in silence at the upstairs windows, and listen. For a long while, they hear nothing.

Neville looks over to see Willis' gun trembling in his hand. The injector gun is steady in his own.

NEVILLE

Don't be afraid.

(Willis smiles, until)

They'll smell that too. Pheromones.

Willis looks at him with confusion.

NEVILLE

They're chemicals that trigger
intraspecies behavioral responses, they-

Inside, something stirs. Guns go up.

But the cage remains still.

Straining to hear, Neville steps closer, taking up the trip cord slack as he goes.

STILLMAN

Neville...

But Neville keeps going, as the others stare at him with disbelief. Right up to the cage. Still nothing.

Neville leans in close to listen through the airholes. Stillman wishes he wouldn't.

And then a quiet drumroll of rapid footfalls, and something SMASHES INTO THE CAGE FROM THE INSIDE, hard enough to knock it back a foot, knock Neville over --

-- and send the front panel SLAMMING down.

Dropping the hypo gun, Neville dashes over, pulls the locking bolt into place and secures it with the lock.

We cannot see the darkseeker inside the cage, but we can hear it going crazy, SHRIEKING, dashing its body against the walls of the cage in a rabid frenzy.

Neville picks up the injector gun and approaches the airholes of the cage.

GRAY FINGERS jam through the holes, straining to reach him. BLACKENED TEETH gnaw at the steel.

Neville grabs two of the creature's FINGERS; within seconds, the SUNLIGHT STARTS TO BURN THEM. He jams the injector gun into its flesh and pulls the trigger.

Almost immediately, the gnawing and shrieking stop. Five seconds later, the creature THUDS to the floor.

Stillman nods to Willis and Briggs.

Willis and Briggs yank the cage away from the door --

-- and a DARKSEEKER that's been pressing against the cage comes TUMBLING THROUGH THE DOORWAY and down the stairs.

Everyone jumps away, but there's no need; almost immediately, the darkseeker BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

The other darkseekers in the front hall flee the sunlight so fast that we barely see them.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER

A team of TEN MORE SOLDIERS has arrived to assist in the clearing of this darkseeker nest.

No one bothered to extinguish the darkseeker who fell into the light; his charred remains smoulder in the b.g.

Neville walks away from the brownstone, into the wind, the sidearm in one hand and the attache in the other.

He reaches Stillman, who is standing about two hundred yards from the brownstone, next to a MILITARY TRUCK onto which the primate cage has been loaded.

They watch the soldiers put on gas masks down the street.

STILLMAN

It's noble, you trying to find a cure.
Still.

NEVILLE

But you don't think I will.

He doesn't, but he tactfully avoids telling Neville so:

STILLMAN

Not my field, Robert.

Down the street, the soldiers SHOOT OUT ALL THE BROWNSTONE'S WINDOWS with machine guns. The ABRASIVE SHRIEKS from the sun-burned darkseekers seem to support Stillman's doubts.

Neville's face acknowledges as much. Changing the subject, he hands over the gun Stillman gave him.

NEVILLE

Here. Never really been a gun person.

Stillman won't take it.

STILLMAN

No time like the present.

In the distance, the gas-masked soldiers launch NERVE GAS through the brownstone's windows.

The darkseekers' DEATH CRIES carry for miles.

INT. NEW YORK DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Sam the German Shepherd strains against her leash, her nails scraping across the linoleum. She veers right to sniff a brownish streak on the wall:

Dried blood.

Neville jerks the leash, pulling her away.

Ahead of them, Willis and another SOLDIER push the darkseeker's cage past many similar stains, records of the nightmare that transpired here not long ago.

Now the place is all but abandoned. Remnants of Level 4 containment protocols are in place, visible through the open doors. Useless now; only the immune are still alive.

The cage's squeaky casters echo down the hall, as the soldiers push it toward the ELEVATOR.

Neville knocks on a door. DR. TRACI CHEN (30) opens it. She would be pretty, if she'd just get some sleep.

[In the b.g., a lone wounded SOLDIER receives a blood transfusion.]

She looks down the hall and sees the cage. She takes Sam's leash from him.

TRACI

Excellent. I'll get Sam situated up here and be right down.

NEVILLE

Thanks, Traci.

Neville walks to the elevator. The two men are holding the doors for him. He enters, standing in front of the darkseeker's cage. Slowly, creakily, the doors shut.

INT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - NEVILLE'S BASEMENT LAB - DAY

The DARKSEEKER'S UNCONSCIOUS HEAD drops onto the STEEL EXAMINING TABLE with a loud, heavy CLANK.

Still holding the darkseeker's feet, Neville and Traci give a What The Fuck? look to

Willis, who just dropped the darkseeker; he's still holding his latex-gloved hands up and away from the creature as if it's radioactive.

WILLIS

Sorry, sorry.

They're in a basement room that Neville has converted into a makeshift research laboratory. The small, sidewalk-level windows near the ceiling have been painted black. The bluish light is weak and UV-free.

NEVILLE

Thanks for your help, Private Willis.
We'll take it from here.

Neville goes to scrub up in a nearby sink.

TEN MINUTES LATER

The unconscious DARKSEEKER is now firmly strapped down to the table; it is ashen and hairless, and its wiry musculature gives the appearance of permanent tension. The cage has been pushed into the corner.

On the lab benches: DNA sequencers, an electron microscope, computers... it's a decent collection of equipment, although a creeping disarray hangs over the room, as if maintaining a modern lab is becoming too much for Neville and Traci to handle under current conditions.

Traci draws the darkseeker's blood with a familiar hypodermic Vacutainer. She starts to draw a second vial.

Working on the computers at a table by the far wall,
Neville stops her short.

NEVILLE

One's fine. I just want a baseline.

She brings him the blood, and puts the Vacutainer and two
empty vials down on a table next to him.

He dips a contact strip into the blood and inserts it
into a portable PCR TESTER. After a few seconds, the
tester's LCD READOUT reads 100.

As Neville speaks into a POCKET VOICE RECORDER, Traci
fills a SYRINGE from a TEST TUBE labelled "BA-3."

NEVILLE

PCR tests indicate subject is carrying a
full viral load.

He shines a UV PENLIGHT up and down the darkseeker's
forearm; the skin begins to BLISTER.

NEVILLE

Extreme UV sensitivity...

He opens a small vial. He opens one of the darkseeker's
eyes, and waves the vial in front of the darkseeker's
nose. The DARKSEEKER'S PUPILS CONTRACT to pinpoints.

NEVILLE

...and increased olfactory/pheromonal
response consistent with KV infection.

Traci hands him the loaded syringe.

NEVILLE

Subject injected with Compound Three from
vaccine series BA at 12:32 hours.

Neville swabs the Darkseeker's arm and INJECTS him with
the trial vaccine.

Neville goes back to the computers and calls up a 3D
protein structure analysis.

TRACI

You want to go get something to eat?

NEVILLE

Nah, I'm good. I'm just gonna do some
catching up.

She tries to hide her disappointment.

TRACI

Sure. I'll go take Sam for a walk to the
PX. We'll bring you something back.

(beat)

You look skinny.

When she's gone, Neville shrinks the protein analysis window into a corner of the screen, and calls up a VIDEO.

IN THE VIDEO, DR. ALICE KRIPPEN (50s), unintentional creator of the KV virus, speaks into a camera. A neat OFFICE is visible in the b.g.

Any strength and confidence she once had are gone. Her skin is sallow, her eyes ringed red.

The video is corrupted and garbled, shot through with patches of static. We only make out snippets:

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)

-[garbled] toward a solution, but...

Neville quickly REWINDS a minute back into the video:

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)

[garbled] -code, AB3419.

(REWINDS)

-AB3419.

He hits PAUSE. In a new window, he runs through a LIBRARY OF GENE SEQUENCES until he gets to one labelled: AB3419. He calls up a visual representation of the gene.

He stares at it, like someone trying to solve an impossible puzzle.

A HALF-HOUR LATER

Neville dips a contact strip in another blood sample from the darkseeker and slides it into the PCR TESTER.

He grabs the tester in one hand and his voice recorder in the other. As he awaits the viral load measurement, he drifts over to the darkseeker's examination table.

ON THE PCR TESTER, the LCD numbers come up: still 100. The vaccine is a failure. Neville sighs.

NEVILLE

Compound Three from vaccine series BA
fails to inhibit viral replication.

Neville clicks off the recorder and closes his eyes.

And the *darkseeker's eyes open*.

He LUNGES AT NEVILLE with snapping jaws.

Neville jumps, but the darkseeker is strapped in tight. He growls and bites at Neville, to no avail.

Neville takes a moment to compose himself. Then he looks at the darkseeker, futilely roaring, snapping at Neville over and over with pure, dumb rage.

Neville stares for a long beat.

NEVILLE

Hi. I'm Robert.

The darkseeker shakes his head and gnashes his teeth.

Reaching into a desk drawer, Neville comes up with a BOTTLE OF WINE and a PLASTIC CUP.

NEVILLE

You don't mind if I...

(off darkseeker's BARK)

No. You wouldn't.

When he uncorks the wine, the darkseeker sniffs at it intently, more like a dog than a man. Neville fills the cup and takes a sip. While the darkseeker HISSES:

NEVILLE

I know, I know... you'd think with a full nucleotide sequence of the KV virus and molecular correlative studies, we could find a way to confer our own immunity on-

(cut off by another BARK)

Sure. Not your field.

The darkseeker's chest rises and falls with rapid breaths. He tries to free himself from his restraints, but he cannot. He bites at Neville in frustration.

NEVILLE

Give me something. Give me anything. Tell me why I should care.

The darkseeker's HOWL does not sound human. Not at all.

NEVILLE

That's all you've got for me.

Another long HOWL.

NEVILLE

That's all you've got.

He gives the creature a final look. Then he picks up a vial labelled "Sodium Thiopental," and a syringe.

CUT TO:

Silence, as Neville takes a final look at the dead darkseeker before pulling a sheet over his eyes.

He pins a POLAROID of the dead darkseeker on a WALL OF SIMILAR POLAROIDS, organized by vaccine trial series.

There's a knock on the door. Neville turns. Through the glass, Traci sees his disappointment, and shares it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Neville, Traci and Sam emerge from the ER exit. After hours in the half-light, Neville squints against the sun.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Neville, Traci and Sam enter the south side of the park. He yanks Sam's leash to keep her in line. There are about three hundred people here. Neville is disheartened.

NEVILLE

It's a job for a pharmaceutical company.
It's not a job for two people.

TRACI

What about Krippen? She's one person.

(beat)

Was.

Neville stops and looks at the crowd: A woman plays classical guitar for a small group. A prayer group bows their heads by the fountain. Two elderly men play chess.

NEVILLE

What if her whole transmission... what if Krippen didn't accomplish anything?

TRACI

What if she did?

NEVILLE

She's going on about "AB3419" -- as far as anybody knows, that's the gene that makes red hair red. What if there's no "therapeutic vaccine," no "solution"? What if she just lost her shit?

TRACI

You knew her. You worked with her. Do you think she just lost her shit?

NEVILLE

I don't know what to think.

TRACI

What do you *believe*?

Neville watches some kids play soccer, cheered on by their new parents. He allows himself a moment of hope.

The moment is shattered by the insistent BEEPING of Neville's WATCH ALARM.

Next to him, a young BOY'S WATCH ALARM goes off as well. Then three more, eight more, thirteen... a twittering SYMPHONY OF TINY ALARMS, ringing out across the park.

CURFEW SIRENS soon join them.

TRACI

I'll see you tomorrow. Get some sleep.

She squeezes his hand and goes.

He stays where he is, as the rest of the crowd disperses quickly and quietly. Neville and Sam soon stand alone in the growing shadow of the Washington Square Arch.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On the couch, Neville watches KRIPPEN'S LAST TRANSMISSION on his TV. Sam is curled up next to him. Last night's wine bottle has been replaced by a WHISKEY BOTTLE. Next to it: the GUN that Stillman gave him.

He tries to ignore the faint inhuman HOWLS, audible even through his window's steel shutter.

ON TV

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)

[garbled] -code, AB3419. Down there, you
[garbled] long term nonprogression.

(MORE)

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
As a therapeutic vaccine, there's not the-
[garbled] -as a side effect, confers the
ability to control-

Neville strains to make sense of an extended garbled
patch, without success.

ON TV

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
-[garbled] toward a solution, but... I'm
not going to be able to see it through.

She shuts her eyes tight, but the tears come anyway.
Tears of blood. Dr. Krippen is infected.

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
I'm not going to become- [garbled] I
won't let it happen. However bleak the
outlook, we always have a choice.

She draws a big dose of sodium thiopental into a syringe.

Neville turns away from the sight, stands and walks over
to the window, his back to the TV and Sam.

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
But listen to me: It's not over. You can
make this right. You can fix this.

Neville THROWS THE STEEL SHUTTER OPEN. Sam barks in
protest, but he ignores her and opens the window.

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
You're the only one who can, now. The
only one who stands a chance.

Sam runs into the kitchen to whimper under the table.

DR. KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
Tell them I tried. Goodbye, Robert.

On the TV, Krippen is replaced by snowy static.

Neville stares out into the night, as the distant SHRIEKS
and HOWLS of the darkseekers wash over him.

INT. NEVILLE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A few days have passed, as evidenced by the beginnings of
Neville's beard as he sleeps on his bed.

Neville awakes to the sound of SIRENS.

Confused, he looks at his clock: 8:00AM. He opens the steel shutters, and the sun shines into the bedroom.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Neville turns on the TV.

ON TV: The tail end of an announcement by General Price:

GENERAL PRICE (ON TV)
-in which further information will be
given. This announcement will repeat.

It does, looping back to the beginning. Neville leans in, close to the screen. Sam pads over and stares at it too.

ON TV, the General speaks into the camera. His face tells us the news is catastrophic before his words do:

GENERAL PRICE (ON TV)
We've been tracking a new development
over the past week. These are infrared
images from our remaining surveillance
satellite, showing packs of infected.

The General is replaced by a SATELLITE MAP OF THE US, covered in DIFFUSE RED DOTS of various sizes.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)
As they move at night, these packs have
begun to merge.

CLOSE ON NEVILLE, watching the TV with horror.

ON TV, TIME LAPSE IMAGES of the red dots coming together as if by gravity, and merging to form LARGER RED PATCHES.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)
We don't know why they're drawn to each
other, or how they're maintaining order
in these larger-scale hordes. But we do
know these hordes are converging on our
remaining immune strongholds and
overrunning them.

A new SATELLITE IMAGE: CHICAGO. In TIME LAPSE IMAGES, a mass of tiny RED DOTS (darkseekers) closes on a smaller mass of tiny BLUE DOTS (immune survivors).

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)
This has happened to Chicago and
Philadelphia. In the past two days, we
have lost contact with both cities.

The red dots reach the blue dots and overrun them. The blue dots disappear.

BACK TO NEVILLE, closing his eyes at this sight.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)

The largest horde is 450 miles west and heading our way. They're on track to reach us at 2AM, the day after tomorrow.

ON TV, a new infrared satellite image in still-higher magnification and in real time, like a targeting video from a high-altitude bomber. We can now make out the INDIVIDUAL DARKSEEKER SHAPES, an endless sea of them.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)

By then, we estimate they will be half a million strong.

This is THE HORDE. A smaller pack feeds into it from the south, becoming a part of it -- and we MATCH CUT TO

EXT. SEVENTH AVENUE - DAY

An OVERHEAD VIEW of a MASS OF HUMANITY heading north, away from the concrete barricade of the Safe Zone, and another group feeding into it from 28th Street.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)

The current Safe Zone is too large for us to effectively safeguard.

ON STREET LEVEL: Neville, Traci and Sam are a part of this exodus. Neville wears civilian clothes.

With suitcases and backpacks in tow, the crowd staggers forward like walking wounded. There is anger here, grief, bewilderment. Fear.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)

By 2PM today, everyone needs to make their way to Madison Square Garden...

Up and down the avenue, a heavy MILITARY PRESENCE flanks the procession, both protecting them and guiding them to

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

Soldier and civilian teams alike have begun fortifying the Garden: barricading it, wrapping it in electric fencing, ringing it with batteries of arc lights.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)
 ... which we are in the process of
 converting into a defensible shelter.

People regard the ad hoc fortress with dread as they enter through the Garden's single open entrance.

Neville and Traci enter along with everyone else, faces in the crowd.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)
 At 2:30, there will be a further briefing
 on the situation...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

GENERAL PRICE stands before a LARGE PROJECTION SCREEN.

GENERAL PRICE
 ... by Major Tom Stillman.

All the surviving immune in New York are in the stadium. They don't come close to filling it. Ten thousand people, at most. A stunned silence pervades the crowd.

Neville and Traci stand near the front; he looks almost of-a-piece with the shell-shocked faces around him.

General Price cedes the podium to Major Stillman. Stillman tightens his tie and approaches the microphone.

STILLMAN
 There's nowhere left to run. Our only
 remaining option is to make a stand.
 (beat)
 In the process of securing the island,
 we've used up most of the ordnance in the
 area.

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN: A map of WASHINGTON, DC.

STILLMAN
 But there's a cache of high-grade
 emergency munitions in Washington, D.C.,
 in an underground tunnel system.

The sight of the DC map hits Neville like cold water; the way he stares at it suggests a major revelation.

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN: A small network of GLOWING RED LINES appears at the heart of the city.

STILLMAN

The capital was overrun before these munitions could be used. We're going to go there, get them and bring them back.

Neville aims his phone camera at the map.

SOLDIER 1

Hold on. Give me that, you can't-

Neville flashes his MILITARY ID at the soldier without taking his eyes off the DC map.

NEVILLE

Yes I can.

The soldier recognizes Neville and sheepishly salutes. Neville manages to SNAP ONE PHOTO just before

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN, the map is replaced by a MAP OF MANHATTAN. On the north end of the island, a stretch of the HARLEM RIVER is highlighted.

STILLMAN

Infected can't cross the Hudson or the East River, or some would have by now. The Horde will converge on the narrowest, shallowest stretch of water... here. The Harlem River in Washington Heights. And we will be there waiting for them.

The projection screen goes dark.

STILLMAN

We've all seen terrible things. Things we would give the world to forget.

The last strikes a painful chord with Neville.

STILLMAN

Pain has carved itself into our hearts in a way that may seem irrevocable.

CLOSE ON FACES IN THE CROWD, moved by his words.

STILLMAN (O.S.)

But we can move beyond it. We can wipe away the mistakes of the past and start again.

CLOSE ON STILLMAN.

STILLMAN

We will survive. We will thrive. New York
will not fall!

The CROWD ROARS in response.

In the crowd, Traci turns to Neville with a rush of renewed hope -- but he's no longer standing next to her.

As she looks for him, we CRANE UP to see NEVILLE, already halfway through the crowd, heading out of the stadium with Sam. The only person with his back to the stage.

INT. NEVILLE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Neville sits in front of his LAPTOP on the kitchen table. His phone is plugged into the laptop, and the MAP OF THE D.C. TUNNEL SYSTEM is on the screen.

Next to him on the table is a brochure for the KRIPPEN INSTITUTE, a medical center with airy glass architecture.

Neville is all solid resolve as he watches

KRIPPEN, on the KITCHEN TV, speaking her final words as she cries red tears:

DR. KRIPPEN (ON TV)

However bleak the outlook, we always have
a choice.

Neville's gaze drifts over to the refrigerator and a PHOTOGRAPH OF MARLEY, his little girl.

DR. KRIPPEN (O.S.)

You can make this right.

He returns his attentions to the laptop.

DR. KRIPPEN (O.S.)

You can fix this.

On the MAP OF THE D.C. TUNNEL SYSTEM, we MATCH CUT TO

INT. HIGHLINE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE/COMMAND CENTER - AFTERNOON

The MAP OF THE DC TUNNEL SYSTEM on a large TOUCHSCREEN.

General Price and Major Stillman survey the map. A hive of military activity buzzes in this glass space overlooking Manhattan. Many stories below, the line of control separates the Safe Zone from the rest of the city.

SOLDIER 2 (O.S.)
General, Sir?

The General looks up to see Neville, in uniform, striding past the soldier and into the room.

SOLDIER 2
Uh- Colonel Neville here to see you, Sir.

Both the General and Stillman are surprised to see him here; their expressions tell us that Neville hasn't much factored into current events as of late.

Neville marches past INFRARED SATELLITE VIEWS of massing darkseekers and SURVEILLANCE IMAGES from other cities: Chicago, Los Angeles, Sydney, London. All empty now.

He reaches the General and Stillman. They exchange salutes. The General is respectful but harried:

GENERAL PRICE
What can we do for you, Colonel?

NEVILLE
(to Stillman)
I need to go with you to D.C.

His statement ratchets their surprise up a notch.

GENERAL PRICE
For what purpose?

NEVILLE
Tom, where do you unload the munitions?

STILLMAN
There's a tram that carries them under the river to the extraction point.

On the touch screen map, Stillman circles a spot due north of the Pentagon.

Following suit, Neville circles an intersection just south of Pentagon.

NEVILLE
The Krippen Institute is here. A half hour walk. I need to see what she found. This may be my last chance.

Stillman stays quiet, letting the General play the heavy.

GENERAL PRICE

Colonel... Major Stillman has eleven hours to get in and out of the city. The transit time for a CH-53...

He looks to Stillman for the answer.

STILLMAN

230 miles? An hour-fifteen there, maybe two-thirty back fully loaded.

The General illustrates on the map as he speaks:

GENERAL PRICE

Which gives the Major and his men seven hours to get into the tunnels outside the Lincoln Monument, walk to the depot, load 30,000 pounds of munitions onto the tram, get them out, load them onto the chopper and get them back in time to deploy.

(beat)

I understand your... persistent respect for Dr. Krippen, but she-

NEVILLE

-was probably the most gifted scientist on the planet.

GENERAL PRICE

Yes, we're familiar with her work.

NEVILLE

If she found a cure, we can aerosolize it, and-

Finally, Stillman feels the need to speak up:

STILLMAN

Robert: *This* is the cure.

He circles the munitions cache on the map.

STILLMAN

The infected... they're all gone. They're dead. They just don't know it yet.

NEVILLE

Then we are too. "Kill 'em all"... you don't think that occurred to anybody in Chicago? Philadelphia? Moscow, Beijing? How'd it work out for them?

(beat)

(MORE)

NEVILLE (CONT'D)

Look: the Krippen virus had a ninety percent kill rate, less than one percent immunity...

He gestures everybody in the room (i.e., only the immune are left alive).

NEVILLE

And that leaves nine percent. In this country, that's nine percent of three hundred million.

He points to a nearby INFRARED SATELLITE IMAGE OF THE DARKSEEKER HORDE heading their way.

NEVILLE

This half a million here? That's only the beginning. Even if you can kill them all with a few hundred men and a load of weapons -- which I doubt-- there'll be more. And more. And more. And rage will be all they know.

(beat)

The only way to make it stop is to turn that rage off. A cure is the only way to stop the killing for good.

(beat)

It's worth a half-hour walk.

Neville and Stillman look to the General. It's his call. He thinks about it for a long beat.

GENERAL PRICE

(to Stillman)

Take him.

Though Neville and Stillman respect each other, the beginning of a rift has opened between them. But Stillman is a good soldier; he doesn't miss a beat.

STILLMAN

Yes, Sir.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HELIPORT - DAWN

The heliport is strewn with abandoned helicopters, which are all dwarfed by the SIKORSKY CH-53K SUPER STALLION powering up on the pier. It is the biggest helicopter in operation: 100 feet long, capable of carrying 70,000lbs.

Neville watches the chopper, noting its similarity to the one that has been haunting his dreams for months.

He stands with Traci and Sam, lit by the dull glow of the sun rising across the river.

Neville kneels to say good by to a whimpering Sam.

NEVILLE

You be a good girl. Do what Traci says.

Sam lunges forward and licks his face. He rises.

NEVILLE

Thanks for taking her.

TRACI

Thank you.

NEVILLE

I haven't done anything yet.

TRACI

Yes you have.

She kisses him lightly on the cheek.

TRACI

Don't lose your shit.

Neville grins at this, then runs down the pier. Sam strains against her leash, trying to run after him.

A support crew is finishing final checks on the chopper. Waiting for Neville: the General, Stillman, Briggs, Garcia, Willis and two new soldiers: DAY and TOOLEY.

All are combat ready; Stillman wears an UnderArmor military turtleneck and urban fatigues. He salutes Neville when he arrives, but a palpable tension remains after the last scene.

Whitman grabs a sidearm from Garcia and starts to give it to Neville.

STILLMAN

I know you're not a "gun person," but-

Neville opens his coat; the GUN Stillman gave him earlier is there in its shoulder holster.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAWN

As the chopper takes off, we PULL INTO THE SKY and FOLLOW it as it banks west, giving us our first AERIAL VIEW OF FORTRESS MANHATTAN:

The military-imposed order south of the line of control.

The chaos north of it: Fires burning in Central Park, and elsewhere. Streets clogged with dead automobiles.

And across the rivers, the BOMBED-OUT SHORES of Jersey and Brooklyn, creating a DMZ buffer zone around Manhattan, two blocks deep.

INT. CHOPPER - MORNING

ON A CELL PHONE SCREEN, Krippen's final transmission plays silently; a blood-red tear falls from her eye.

Neville listens through an earpiece and stares at the video, lost in thought.

Sitting in the cockpit next to the PILOT, Stillman checks his watch.

Willis gazes out the port window at the shimmering Atlantic.

Briggs is doing the same -- until his eyes drop down to Willis' dangling DOGTAGS. He leans in, squints, LAUGHS.

BRIGGS

No way.

Embarrassed, Willis clutches the tags as the other guys clamor to see them, trying to grab them; Willis tears the tags off his own neck to prevent this.

WILLIS

No... get off... god damn, you-

Neville appears in their midst, mildly annoyed at the interruption. He holds out his hand to Willis.

NEVILLE

Come on. Let's see them.

Willis sighs, and shows him.

INSERT DOGTAGS for: "WILLIS, MARK BRUCE (PVT.)"

NEVILLE

(reading the tags)

"Private Mark *Bruce Willis*"...? For real?

WILLIS

My dad was a fan.

The others laugh. Willis grabs the tags back and shoves them in his vest pocket.

BRIGGS
I can't think of a single person who
reminds me less of Bruce Willis.

WILLIS
That's right... because Bruce Willis is
dead, bitch.

More laughter. Advantage Willis.

DAY
Which is a damn shame.

TOOLEY
Sure... but Paris Hilton's dead too.

Their faces concede the point.

GARCIA
And Osama bin Laden.

Even better. From the cockpit, the PILOT calls back:

PILOT
Donald Trump.

Willis aims one at Briggs:

WILLIS
Rush Limbaugh.

BRIGGS
(right back at him)
Michael Moore.

Neville shakes his head, trying hard not to smile.

NEVILLE
You guys are all going to hell.

Checking his watch again, Stillman steps back from the cockpit, into the cabin.

STILLMAN
Hey, you know who else is dead?

DAY
Who, Major?

STILLMAN

My wife. Cara.

Game over. A chastened silence prevails -- until Stillman checks his watch again, and grabs a post.

STILLMAN

Hold on tight.

And all at once, *everything goes white.*

An instant later, the brightness fades. Its source: the starboard windows.

Neville rushes over to see the MUSHROOM CLOUD blooming in the west.

The chopper shakes as the distant shockwave rolls through them. A rush of WHITE NOISE comes with it, and subsides.

DAY

What the hell was that?!

No one knows, except Stillman:

STILLMAN

That was Philadelphia.

Neville takes a moment to process this.

NEVILLE

There may have been survivors. Hundreds, thousands...

STILLMAN

It was overrun. There are no pretty choices left.

They all look away from him, out the window at what remains of Philadelphia: a burning ember in the distance.

All except Neville, whose eyes remain on Stillman.

EXT. MALL - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

All we see is many, many GEESE, floating through algae-covered water. They ruffle their feathers as a distant BUZZ gets louder and louder.

Then a mounting WIND scatters them, and sweeps aside the algae to reveal the CHOPPER, flying low across the REFLECTING POOL.

The chopper lands at the base of the WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

CUT TO:

Neville, Stillman and the others, gravely looking out across the WWII monument and the reflecting pool at

The LINCOLN MONUMENT. Which has been BLASTED TO RUBBLE.

CUT TO:

The group stands closer to the remains of the monument.

Day examines the empty TANK that did the damage.

Briggs examines the sun-charred corpses of the darkseekers that were the reason why.

Stillman slaps an enormous slab of blasted marble.

STILLMAN

No way we're getting through this.

Looking at a MAP OF THE CITY AND TUNNEL SYSTEM, Garcia speaks to Neville and Stillman:

GARCIA

We could go in through the tram exit, backtrack to the munitions depot...

STILLMAN

Can't open the exits from the outside.

BRIGGS

There's another pedestrian entrance across the river, here. We take the chopper, enter the tunnels, walk back under the river to the depot.

He traces the route on the MAP as he talks; Neville sees that it's a long walk. Neville points at the map himself.

NEVILLE

There's a way in right here.

BRIGGS

(pointing out his mistake)
No, that entrance is *inside* the Capitol building.

NEVILLE

Which is right here.

BRIGGS

You want to go inside the Capitol.

NEVILLE

Lot more sunlight in there than in those tunnels.

GARCIA

Sir, the tunnels are locked down.

NEVILLE

Were locked down. That pedestrian entrance is... five miles away. One breach anywhere in the area, and that's a five-mile deathtrap.

(points toward Capitol)

This is faster, and safer.

The men seem doubtful; Briggs gives Stillman a look that says "this guy's got to be kidding."

Neville also turns to Stillman for support.

Stillman suspects that Neville's arguments belie his true motivations: having time to get to the Krippen Institute. But they also make sense. He looks to the Capitol.

STILLMAN

Looks like the lesser of two evils.

Neville nods thanks and heads toward the Capitol.

The others follow.

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Clips are checked. Gloves and metal collars fastened. Night goggles readied. Guns locked and loaded; Tooley helps Neville with his.

The CAPITOL looms above our group, utterly silent.

BRIGGS

We're really doing this.

NEVILLE

Yeah.

He may be out of his depth on this mission, but Neville is still the first one up the Capitol steps.

Off a look from Stillman, Briggs holds his tongue and follows along with the rest.

Garcia looks down to the GPS in his hand and points.

GARCIA

Door's in the basement, under the House chamber.

Neville holds his gun uneasily.

The front door is boarded up. Stillman checks his team's readiness, raises his boot --

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - ENTRY HALL - CONTINUOUS

-- and KICKS IN THE DOOR BOARD.

The team enters in formation, each man covering a different direction.

The entryway is clear, and half lit by a brightness that comes from up ahead.

Stillman signals for them to move forward.

Neville tries to focus on the task at hand, and not on his complete lack of experience with such missions.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - ROTUNDA

Light streams into this vast circular room through the windows that line the overhead dome, far too much light for a darkseeker to handle.

Several dome windows are broken, accounting for the numerous PIGEONS, SPARROWS and other birds that have made the Rotunda their home.

Spooked by the team's footfalls as they echo off the sandstone, a PIGEON TAKES FLIGHT suddenly.

Spooked by the pigeon, WILLIS RAISES HIS RIFLE -- but Neville stays his hand.

WILLIS

Sorry.

The men lower their guns a few degrees as they walk past the statuary. A pigeon preens on Andrew Jackson's head. Two SPARROWS jockey for dominance of Jefferson's arm.

Neville passes a TOUCAN perched on MLK's shoulder -- then steps back for a double take. He's about to comment, but decides there are more important issues at hand.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - STAIRCASE

Dimmer than the Rotunda, grading into darkness on the way down. Guns come up again.

The men descend as quietly as possible, all the while keeping guns trained above, below, ahead.

Toward the bottom of the staircase, one by one, they lower their NIGHT GOGGLES over their eyes.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR ANTECHAMBER

A small room, dark save for Garcia's GPS. He whispers:

GARCIA
Stairs to the basement are just through
here...

GARCIA'S NIGHTVISION POV of an ENTRYWAY.

The men step quietly toward the entryway.

Neville cranes his neck forward.

NEVILLE'S NIGHTVISION POV of the long, COLUMN-LINED HALL on the other side of the entryway -- and the *ghostly white figure peeking out from behind the nearest column.*

In a knee-jerk reaction, Neville raises his gun -- but Stillman stays his hand. On Stillman's silent prompting, Neville looks again.

NEVILLE'S POV. The figure is a MARBLE STATUE.

Neville takes a deep breath and nods.

Stillman motions for Tooley to take point.

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - HALL OF COLUMNS

They enter the long hallway with Tooley at the lead, faint silhouettes in the near-blackness.

Tooley checks the right side of the hall. Behind him, Briggs checks the left side, and we see what he sees:

BRIGGS' NIGHTVISION POV of the COLUMNS lining the hall, with MARBLE STATUES sitting in the alcoves between them.

Garcia passes an alcove on his left, checks it, turns back to face front -- and stops abruptly a step later. He holds up his hand.

The others stop. Garcia points back to the alcove. Neville looks.

NEVILLE'S NIGHTVISION POV of the STATUE. His gaze moves from its pale right arm, to its pale left arm...

... to a third pale arm hanging behind it. A DARKSEEKER. Breathing heavily, even in sleep.

The men all see it. Stillman takes point. They pad slowly and silently through the rest of the hall. As Neville goes, we see

NEVILLE'S POV of another alcove to his left, housing a DARKSEEKER next to its original occupant. To his right, TWO DARKSEEKERS, bony elbows protruding.

In the darkness, Neville shakes his head as his lips mouth a curse.

They make it to the other side of the hall without awakening the sleepers, and exit the hall to

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Another staircase, winding both upward and downward into darkness.

Willis quietly exhales with relief, and proceeds around the balustrade to the stairs.

CLOSE ON WILLIS' DOGTAG CHAIN, hanging out of his vest pocket. When he rounds the staircase, the chain catches on the railing post, pulling his dogtags from his pocket to fall on the floor with a CLINK.

Everyone spins back toward the Hall of Columns.

NIGHTVISION POV of the hall as the DARKSEEKERS' HEADS snap out from behind the columns, eyes rendered milky white by the nightvision, and SHRIEK at the men.

This time, Neville doesn't stop Willis's hair trigger as he SHOTS. Five shots. Five head shots. On the last...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - HOUSE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON A DARKSEEKER'S EYES OPENING to the distant shot.

We look down on the ALPHA DARKSEEKER as he awakens from his fitful sleep and SHRIEKS.

And from high above the House floor, we look down on a HUNDRED DARKSEEKERS as they awaken likewise. On their simultaneous SHRIEKS, we cut away to

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

The darkseekers in the Hall of Columns are all dead. But:

NEVILLE

Listen...

They all hear it: the distant sound of FERAL SCREAMS.

GARCIA

Cabrón.

A faint THUDDING comes from overhead, getting louder.

On the ceiling of the Hall of Columns, the farthest CHANDELIER begins to shake. Then the second farthest. Then the third.

NEVILLE

They're coming.

STILLMAN

Move!

The men VAULT DOWN THE STAIRS four or five at a time, one hand on the railing.

The impact of landing knocks Day's goggles off.

DAY

Lost my goggles!

STILLMAN

Lose all the goggles! Lights!

Stillman hits his GUN-MOUNTED LIGHT. The beam slashes through the darkness --

-- illuminating a FLAILING WHITE BLUR as it drops down the center of the stairwell beside them. Followed shortly by a sickening CRUNCH and a harsh SCREAM.

BRIGGS

What the-

As the men reach the basement level, Willis shines his light down on a DARKSEEKER, lying crumpled on the ground with two broken legs. Briggs shoots it in the head.

Neville shines his light up the stairwell to the second floor, three stories up --

-- where a STREAM OF DARKSEEKERS pour into the stairwell, their inhuman vocalizations echoing in the column.

Some clamber down the stairs, and some JUMP STRAIGHT DOWN THE CENTER OF THE STAIRWELL without regard for their own bodies, dropping from railing to railing.

As Briggs and Willis shoot upward into the stairwell, Garcia throws open the door into

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The men run through this warren of dark, tight corridors, where exposed pipes and wiring line the ceiling.

Garcia looks at the GPS while he runs.

GARCIA

Left! Then go-

Garcia trips and the GPS goes flying, smashing into a wall. Its screen goes dead.

The men stop. Garcia gets up.

A moment of silence. Then, the sound of naked feet slapping on the tile.

Stillman FIRES toward the sound; his MUZZLE FLASH illuminates the coming darkseekers as he mows them down.

GARCIA

End of the hall on the right!

They sprint through the darkness, flashlights rising and falling with their pumping arms, strobing the hall.

Garcia reaches the SECURITY DOOR at the end of this T-intersection.

Stillman slaps a palm-sized BATTERY PACK into Garcia's hand. Garcia attaches one of the leads to power up the lock (the power in the Capitol is long dead). Before he can attach the second --

-- a DARKSEEKER LUNGES from the dark to his left, knocking him over, leaving the battery pack dangling by one lead.

Garcia tries to push the darkseeker off him, but the creature is far stronger than he is; she bites the metal collar around Garcia's neck so hard that her TEETH CRACK.

Willis lays down expert suppressing fire to the left, Stillman to the right. Day and Tooley fire behind.

Neville scrambles for the security door. He is a doctor, not a combat soldier; his hands shake as he tries to connect the second lead to the security lock.

Garcia draws a sidearm and empties three rounds into his darkseeker's head.

Neville connects the battery. The lock's RED LED FLASHES.

NEVILLE

The code!

STILLMAN

A! A! 6! 6! 9! 1!

Neville keys in the sequence as Stillman calls it. As his finger reaches for the "1", something drips onto his hand, something clear and viscous. Neville looks up --

-- at the ALPHA DARKSEEKER overhead, who has evaded the gunfire by crawling along the exposed ceiling pipes.

Neville DRAWS HIS GUN -- the ALPHA DARKSEEKER DROPS -- a FLASH from Neville's gun as the DARKSEEKER HITS HIM --

Both CRASH to the ground -- the darkseeker opens his mouth as wide as a snake's --

And goes limp, as his lifeblood pours onto Neville's chest from the hole he shot in the darkseeker's heart.

Neville throws the creature off him, lunges at the security door and hits "1" on the keypad. The red LED goes dark, and the GREEN LED alights. The door opens.

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

The men back through the doorway, firing as they go.

Stillman is last. Briggs tries to slam the door behind him, but a DARKSEEKER'S ARM prevents him.

Stillman grabs Garcia's machine gun and BLOWS THE ARM OFF. Briggs slams the door and bolts it.

The darkseekers smash into the door from the other side, but it is reinforced steel. The men are safe, for now. They catch their breath.

Briggs looks at Neville with unveiled contempt.

BRIGGS

Really glad we took the safe route and saved all that time.

Briggs turns on his flashlight, revealing a long, straight tunnel, eerily featureless. He walks down the tunnel, away from Neville.

This time, Stillman does not reprimand Briggs for his insubordination. He just follows him down the tunnel.

INT. MUNITIONS CACHE

The men enter the darkness.

WILLIS

Supposed to be solar lights somewhere...

Willis finds the switch; dim sodium lights flicker on, bathing the room in a weak yellow glow.

The place is *big*, a maze of crates stacked higher than the tallest of them.

In the center of the room, a gas-powered FLATBED TRAM sits on RAIL TRACKS. The tracks lead into a TRAM TUNNEL, currently covered by a STEEL DOOR.

BRIGGS

Let's get to it.

Taking a crowbar off the wall, Briggs pops open the nearest crate, reaches in... and pulls out an ECONOMY-SIZED CAN OF TOMATOES. He rolls his eyes.

NEVILLE

Is there some kind of map?

Stillman checks the briefing file on his PDA.

STILLMAN

Nothing in the briefing.

The men eye the endless stacks of crates and moan.

NEVILLE
(shakes his head)
Government.

STILLMAN
Start digging. Find them: Grenades,
Stingers, high-caliber rounds... we'll
load as much as we can on the tram, and-

WILLIS (O.S.)
Sir! Over here!

Against the far wall, Willis stands in front of what
looks like a FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

GARCIA
What the hell is this?

Stillman checks the briefing file again.

STILLMAN
Nothing about that either.

Day starts up an adjacent GENERATOR; as it coughs to
life, the ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN.

Stillman and Neville look at each other. Neville steps
into the elevator.

EXT. DWP UTILITY HUT - TIDAL BASIN - DAY

An unassuming cement DWP utility hut. The door opens.

The men step out. Behind them: an empty field overlooking
the tidal basin, and the blooming cherry blossoms.

GARCIA
This is perfect. We can haul the stuff
up, load the chopper right here and go.

WILLIS
It'll make up the time we lose digging
through those crates...

Everyone agrees. Except Neville.

NEVILLE
What about the Krippen Institute?
(off their looks)
It's on the other side of the river,
where the tram lets out.

TOOLEY

How long would it take to walk there?

NEVILLE

There and back? Maybe two hours.

Heads shake; too much time.

NEVILLE

Okay... can we load the weapons here,
stop off at the Institute, and-

DAY

Another take off, fully loaded? We've
barely got enough fuel to get us back in
time as it is.

Stillman puts his hand on Neville's shoulder.

STILLMAN

Circumstances change, Robert. This is a
gift. A chance to-

NEVILLE

To what? To try to kill half a million
infected before they kill us? The gift is
whatever Krippen left us in-

BRIGGS

Dr. Krippen lost two hundred million
patients, man! License revoked!

NEVILLE

She was a great scientist. She said she
had a solution. And I believe her.

STILLMAN

That's what this is about for you, isn't
it? Not science -- faith. Blind faith.

Stillman may be right; Neville may know it. But Neville
is not giving up, not now. He hates to do it this way,
but he has no choice:

NEVILLE

This is about rank. I'm the ranking
officer on this mission. We take the
tram.

He heads back into the elevator, alone.

INT. MUNITIONS CACHE

The men tear open crates in silence.

Neville works apart from them, but he works harder than anyone, sweating through his shirt as he applies a crowbar to crate #655321.

NEVILLE

I've got some... looks like grenades...

Briggs comes over, inspects the contents of the crate, and motions for Garcia to come over and help him move it to the tram -- all without acknowledging Neville.

CUT TO:

The men are all sweating and exhausted, but the tram has been loaded to capacity. A thin border around the edges of the crate pile allows the men to maneuver.

Stillman throws a switch and the STEEL DOOR in front of the tram tunnel slides aside.

The tunnel is dark -- until Willis turns on the tram, and the tram's SPOTLIGHT lights up the darkness.

The men climb on the tram, using their weaker gun lights to augment the spotlight. With a groan, the tram pushes into the tunnel.

INT. TRAM TUNNEL

The tram is the only sound to be heard here. The men stand guard around the cargo, their lights roving.

Willis mans the throttle. Stillman reminds him:

STILLMAN

Keep it slow.

Standing in the rear of the flatbed, Neville shines a light along a rail switch that branches off behind them into an entirely different tunnel.

Suddenly, audible over the low rumble of the tram: a WAILING that sounds unnervingly like a crying infant.

STILLMAN

Stop the tram.

Willis stops, and there is silence -- broken by the WAILING, closer this time, echoing off the tunnel walls. The men ready their guns.

TOOLEY

What the-

STILLMAN

No guns! We're sitting on 40,000 lbs of explosives.

The WAILING comes again, loud, right on top of them. Stillman, Briggs and Day draw combat knives.

The men wave their lights around wildly, but the echoes make it impossible to identify the source of the cry.

Neville scours the tunnel methodically with his light and strains to listen, but he sees and hears nothing --

-- until a SMALL GRAY BLUR FLIES INTO THE FRAME and VAULTS OFF HIS HEAD.

Whatever it is, Neville smacks at it reflexively -- but it's already on Briggs' shoulder. Briggs SHOUTS and tries to swipe at it with his knife --

-- and it bounces away again, straight up to land on top of the pile of crates in the center of the flatbed.

All lights are pointed at the top of the cargo pile. And something peeks cautiously over the edge.

A squirrel-sized creature with gray fur, a round head, huge black eyes and oddly human hands. It blinks at them.

Sighs of relief, and a laugh from Neville.

STILLMAN

What the hell is it?

NEVILLE

It's a bushbaby.

The BUSHBABY manages to be both extremely eerie and extremely cute at the same time. Briggs, of all people, breaks off a piece of an energy bar and holds it up:

BRIGGS

Go on. Take it, you little freak.

With lightning speed, the bushbaby snatches the chunk of energy bar from Briggs and retreats out of sight.

GARCIA
What's it doing here?

NEVILLE
I don't know. They're African... must've
come from the zoo.

The bushbaby crawls back into view and starts nibbling
furiously at the energy bar.

WILLIS
The zoo animals, someone must have let
them out instead of... what we did.

Neville's smile falters.

From behind them: a deep, scraping RASP, like giant claws
on a giant chalkboard.

The BUSHBABY LEAPS FROM THE TRAM with a squeak of alarm
and disappears into the darkness.

TOOLEY
(bewildered)
Sounds like another train...

NEVILLE
Go... go, Go, GO!

Willis jams the throttle. The tram SCREECHES forward.
And, as if in reply, another RASP. No...

Two of them. Much closer now, close enough to sound like
what they are: ROARS.

Everyone aims their lights down the tunnel behind them as
the tram gradually picks up speed.

Thudding padded FOOTFALLS herald the arrival of

TWO KV-INFECTED POLAR BEARS, almost unrecognizable
without hair. Under normal circumstances, they are the
most vicious mammals on Earth.

Now they are worse. Much worse. Gray, veined, crazed and
massive, more than a ton each.

And they are running faster than the tram.

Ignoring Stillman's warning, Day shoots at them, hitting
one. This causes it to let out a slavering ROAR, and run
faster. Stillman grabs the man's rifle.

DAY

But I-

STILLMAN

It ricochets, we die! We die, everyone
dies!

Day drops his rifle and picks up a CROWBAR.

Neville has no time to escape to the front of the tram.
All he can do is watch as the lead bear closes.

Briggs takes point, leaning against the tram's rear gate
with his knife, preparing to do whatever damage he can.

But the FIRST INFECTED BEAR thrusts forward and RAMS into
the back of the tram.

SPARKS FLY from the tram's METAL WHEELS as they skid
across the rails.

The impact knocks all the men backward relative to the
tram. Neville grabs hold of the side railing. Many SLAM
into the REAR GATE.

And Briggs FLIPS over it, with only one hand on the edge.

Neville lunges and SLAPS HIS HAND AROUND BRIGGS' WRIST
before he goes over the side altogether. Briggs slams
into the rear bumper -- but Neville's grip holds.

Neville has one hand on an inside gate handle and one
hand on Briggs, whose ankles drag along the ground.
Briggs grabs onto Neville's forearm with his other hand.

The FIRST INFECTED BEAR is closing once more, snapping
epic jaws.

Briggs climbs Neville's arm, hand over hand. He grips so
tight that his nails draw blood from Neville's forearm.

The strain threatens to tear Neville's arm from its
socket, but he keeps his grip, on Briggs and the gate.

Briggs is about to hook his hand into the rear bumper of
the tram --

-- when the SECOND KV BEAR leapfrogs the first, SINKS ITS
TEETH INTO THE BACK OF BRIGGS' NECK and pulls him to the
ground beneath a ton of weight, killing him instantly.

Neville falls back, clutching his forearm.

Without missing a beat, the FIRST BEAR comes again, this time swatting with a RIGHT PAW as big as a man's chest.

Day HAMMERS THE PAW aside with the crowbar --

-- but the bear hooks its second claw over the lip of the gate, winds up again and BATS DAY OUT OF THE TRAM and INTO THE TUNNEL WALL. The crowbar falls into the tram.

In an instant, the bear is on Day; he barely has time to SCREAM before his throat is torn out.

The tram is picking up speed. But the SECOND BEAR is coming back for more, its muzzle red with Briggs' blood.

Neville whips his light across the crates, searching for a familiar one. When he finds it (#655321), he grabs the crowbar, pries open the crate and yells back to Willis and Stillman:

NEVILLE

Slow down!

Alarmed, Willis turns to Stillman:

WILLIS

No way. No way.

Neville reaches into the crate and pulls out a GRENADE.

Seeing what Neville is doing, Stillman tells Willis:

STILLMAN

Do it. Slow down.

Willis pulls back the throttle. The tram slows. The SECOND BEAR GAINS on them.

NEVILLE

(to Garcia)

Hold onto me.

Neville PULLS THE PIN ON THE GRENADE, shoves it back in the crate, grabs the crate and leans over the rear gate as far as he can, almost falling --

-- but Garcia has a firm grip on the back of his jacket.

Looking up, he sees the BEAR'S WILD EYES and RED FANGS, coming for him.

Neville drops the CRATE OF GRENADES to the ground.

NEVILLE

Go!

Garcia pulls him back into the tram. Willis floors it.

The tram picks up speed again.

The bear passes the crate, with the second bear not far behind.

Neville yells back to the group:

NEVILLE

Down!

Everyone hits the deck as the tram rounds a bend --

-- and fifty yards back, the grenades explode with a FLASH and a deafening BOOM, sending a CLOUD OF SMOKE AND DEBRIS BLASTING THROUGH THE TUNNEL and over the tram.

For two seconds, the tram travels in a total blackness that even their lights cannot penetrate.

Then they emerge from the cloud into a straightaway. Ahead, a CLOSED METAL DOOR spans the mouth of the tunnel.

STILLMAN

(to Willis)

Slow down.

Willis pulls back on the throttle.

But as Neville climbs to his feet and shines a flashlight over the tram's back gate, at the receding smoke cloud --

-- a KV BEAR SURGES out of the billowing black. *The bear is burning.*

NEVILLE

Speed up! Now, go, go, go...

Willis jams the throttle forward again. The men brace themselves as the tram heads right for the closed door.

But the BEAR LAUNCHES ITSELF at the tram and HOOKS ITS ENORMOUS PAWS into the tram's rear coupling latch.

With a metal-on-metal SQUEAL, the tram slows under the burning bear's tremendous weight.

Roaring with pain and fury, the bear reaches up with one claw and TEARS OFF THE REAR GATE.

Neville scrambles backwards until his back is against the crates. He has nowhere to go.

And the bear is actually CLIMBING INTO THE TRAM, bringing its teeth and claws closer to Neville -- and its flames closer to the 30,000lbs of munitions.

The men grit their teeth and cover their heads.

The tram reaches the end of the tunnel with just enough momentum to RAM THROUGH THE CLOSED DOOR.

EXT. TRAM TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The TRAM skids to a halt in the sunlight --

-- and the bear instantaneously IMMOLATES and CRUMBLES INTO ASH where it lays.

Neville and Day quickly drag a tarp over its smouldering remains, making sure no embers get near the munitions.

They all catch their breath, and look to

The CHOPPER, waiting for them here as scheduled.

And the PILOT, staring at them, slack-jawed.

Neville gets off the tram, and looks at the other men.

They all look back at him without a word, then start unloading the crates.

Neville resigns himself to their contempt.

NEVILLE

Private Willis, come with me.

STILLMAN

I'll go with you. You guys load up the chopper.

Willis gives Stillman a brief concerned look -- but Stillman locks eyes with him, and Willis turns away.

EXT. OAKWOOD DRIVE - DAY

Neville and Stillman walk toward the Krippen Institute, Arlington Cemetery visible in the b.g. to their right.

For an uncomfortably long time, neither man speaks.

STILLMAN

You lost your wife and daughter, right?

NEVILLE

Yeah.

STILLMAN

How?

NEVILLE

I was trying to get them out of New York before the quarantine... there was a helicopter accident.

Stillman nods, acknowledging the tragedy.

STILLMAN

You know how I lost my wife?

(beat)

I shot her in the head.

Neville just looks at him, stunned.

STILLMAN

She got sick. She died. I went downstairs to call one of the hazmat teams. When I went back up... she wasn't dead anymore.

(beat)

I was wearing my gun when she came for me, but I didn't use it. I couldn't: it was Cara, she didn't know what she was doing. So I let her keep doing it.

Stillman pulls down the collar of his UnderArmor top, revealing a KNOTTED MASS OF SCAR TISSUE at the base of his neck, shocking Neville.

STILLMAN

When I finally got her off me and looked at her, really looked in her eyes, you know what I saw?

NEVILLE

What?

STILLMAN

Nothing. Nothing at all. Cara wasn't there anymore. What I pulled the trigger on wasn't my wife.

He stops. Neville stops too.

STILLMAN

I know you wanted to save everyone. I know you feel like you "failed humanity." You didn't, Robert. It's not failure when the task is impossible. Stop suffering for it. Let it go.

NEVILLE

Nobody should ever have to go through what you went through. Or what I went through. What everybody went through.

(beat)

It's strange, though: the worst thing for me, in a way, was making my little girl a promise I couldn't keep. A promise to make this all stop.

(beat)

I can't let that go. Because I know there's still a way to do it -- not to save everybody, but to save some of them. And ourselves. A way that doesn't involve killing somebody else's wife, somebody else's little girl.

(beat)

I know there's a way. And we're going to find it.

Neville turns and heads back toward the Institute.

STILLMAN

I'm sorry to hear you say that.

CLOSE ON NEVILLE, still walking away.

STILLMAN (O.S.)

I really am.

For a split second, Neville knows what's coming. He starts to turn, but he's too late; Stillman steps into the frame and PISTOL WHIPS him.

Neville crumples. As his eyes close...

NEVILLE'S FADING POV of Stillman, looking down on him. His genuine sadness is plain to see, until he turns and walks away, and everything goes BLACK.

EXT. OAKWOOD DRIVE - DUSK

FADE IN ON the same POV shot as above. A PIGEON walks past the frame. It turns to look at the camera, then flies away into the darkening sky.

Neville jumps to his feet, too quickly; he nearly falls. He touches the back of his head and grits his teeth. The blood is dry, but it still hurts like hell.

To his left, the last sliver of sun is just visible above the buildings.

Neville's gun is still in his shoulder holster. Stillman left it for him.

He's in bad shape, but he digs deep and starts to run.

EXT. 395 OVERPASS - DUSK

Neville runs under a tangled overpass.

EXT. 18TH STREET - DUSK

Neville turns onto this East/West street. The pavement is still covered in sunlight.

But as the sun finally disappears below the buildings behind him, the SUNLIGHT RECEDES, crawling up the street, leaving shadow in its wake.

Neville breaks into a full-on sprint.

Behind him, in the buildings no longer in the direct sunlight, doors begin to open.

At the end of this street ahead of him: the KRIPPEN INSTITUTE complex. We may recognize its airy glass architecture from the earlier brochure.

Neville does not turn around, but over his shoulder, we see them in the half-focused b.g.: DARKSEEKERS, emerging into the safety of the encroaching dimness.

They see him running away. Their BESTIAL CRIES bring more darkseekers out into the open -- including their ALPHA, bigger and more imposing than the rest.

They're all coming for him, advancing with the line that separates sun from shadow.

Neville reaches the Krippen Institute. He doesn't need to figure out a way to open the front door. Someone has already SMASHED it for him.

INT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The power is out, but enough dusk light comes through the ubiquitous glass to illuminate this huge, ultramodern space. Despite his urgency, Neville is stopped dead by

Several DESICCATED CORPSES, many in security uniforms. He staggers into their midst, as sated flies buzz around them. He sees no bite marks on the corpses.

Only BULLET HOLES.

Visible through the building's glass frontage, a GROWING PACK OF DARKSEEKERS comes closer, in lockstep with the setting sun.

The reception desk is scorched, the computers and monitors smashed for good measure. The RECEPTIONIST has been shot in the head.

Neville flips switches up and down, but, as mentioned, the power is dead.

Doors leading into offices and laboratories have been kicked in, and these areas have been destroyed as well.

Any doubts about who is responsible for this carnage are dispelled by the message spray painted on the rear wall:

*ALICE KRIPPEN
MURDERER, LIAR, BLASPHEMER
BURN IN HELL*

Neville has come this far for nothing. And darkseekers are not to blame; ordinary people are. The kind of people he's trying to save have laid waste to their final hope for salvation.

As he absorbs this, something inside him comes undone.

At the mouth of a long hallway on the far end of the lobby, he sits down against the wall. He takes out his gun, removes its single clip and stares at it.

Then he looks through the glass.

EXT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

The THRONG OF DARKSEEKERS are separated from the Institute by a shrinking 5' band of light.

Like all darkseeker groups, they are led by their ALPHA.

INT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Neville returns the clip to the gun. From his pocket, he takes out a PHOTO OF ZOE AND MARLEY, his wife and child.

EXT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, the band of light is only 4' thick. The ALPHA DARKSEEKER's gaze ping-pongs between it and Neville.

INT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Tears welling in his eyes, Neville watches with broken resignation as

The ALPHA DARKSEEKER FLINGS HIMSELF across the 3' band of light, and through the pane-less door.

Others blindly follow his lead, both POURING THROUGH THE DOORWAY and THROTTLING THE UNBROKEN GLASS with their bodies. The shatterproof panes spiderweb under the force of the blows, and eventually rip open altogether.

Neville turns away. He doesn't want them to be the last thing he sees. He holds up the picture of his family, fixes on it, and PUTS THE GUN TO HIS HEAD.

NEVILLE'S POV of the PHOTO. Zoe and Marley, frozen in time, smiling forever.

Then RACK FOCUS to the SECURITY DOOR at the hall's end. On which a SINGLE RED LED GLOWS.

He looks left, not at the darkseekers, but at the lights, the other security doors, the monitors. All dead.

On the far end of the lobby, the darkseekers come running for him, scrambling over the furniture, the reception desk and the corpses like wild animals.

Neville rises to his feet and hauls ass down the hall.

The security keypad is almost identical to the one beneath the Capitol building. He smacks at the keys; they refuse him with an angry electric BLAAAT.

The darkseekers are clawing over each other to get to him, nearly filling the entire volume of the hall, pouring into it like water.

And then Neville gets it.

FLASH ON THE KRIPPEN VIDEO that Neville has watched a thousand times:

DR. KRIPPEN (ON PHONE)
-code, AB3419. Down there, you-

The "code" is not a gene for red hair, or anything else. It is an access code.

Neville starts to key it in: A. B. 3. 4. 1...

But a ROAR causes him to turn and see the darkseekers, ten yards away.

Gun still in hand, Neville aims, takes a deep breath, holds it and FIRES FOUR TIMES at the darkseekers.

Three of the shots hit random darkseekers -- and the last hits the ALPHA in the head. He goes down.

The darkseeker advance halts, as several beta darkseekers face off, competing for leadership.

Neville hits the "9."

With a friendly BEEP, the red LED is off; the GREEN LED is on. Neville opens the door.

Beta contenders shy away from the largest darkseeker, their pupils contracting. A new Alpha has emerged. The darkseeker advance resumes.

Neville jumps through the door and slams it behind him.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Neville winces when they SMASH into the door behind him, but it holds.

He finds the wall switch and flips it, lighting up a stairwell that leads straight down.

Neville descends, gun ready. The sound of the darkseekers fades behind him.

INT. KRIPPEN'S SECRET LAB - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Neville flips on the lights. Not unlike his own setup in New York, but more professional: Neat rows of lab benches, well-organized equipment. You could put a picture of this room in the brochure.

Neville is on alert, but he's also impressed. Under the direst of circumstances, with people actively trying to find and kill her, Dr. Krippen held it together.

Still uneasy with his gun, Neville checks a side room.

KRIPPEN'S OFFICE

[We may recognize this room; it's the office that was in the b.g. of Krippen's last transmission.]

Everything is in its right place. Hanging on the wall, PHOTOS OF DR. KRIPPEN with numerous luminaries, including one with Neville himself. She projects quiet confidence, in stark contrast to the woman in the video.

On a desk: the camera and ANALOG TRANSMITTER she used to send her final message to Neville. He tries to turn it on, but he gets a "NO SIGNAL" message that no amount of dial spinning and button pushing can erase.

He hears a soft CLANK from the main room and spins around. Could be mechanical. Could be something else.

MAIN FLOOR

Neville steps back into the main room, gun ready. He hears the low hum of slumbering machines.

And the CLANK again, coming from behind a STEEL DOOR.

Neville approaches the door. He is not trained for this.

He puts left hand on the handle, and aims the gun with his right as best he can. With a deep breath, he throws the door open on a...

WALK-IN FREEZER

Leaving the door open, Neville walks into the freezer. It is still ice cold, clouding his breath.

The CLANK comes once more, and Neville's gun barrel swings toward its source: the COMPRESSOR, up in the corner. Relieved, he lowers his gun.

To his left, frozen foodstuffs. Mostly meat, and mostly gone: packages torn open, left on the floor. The bone of a T-bone, stripped clean.

On the right: EUTHANIZED DARKSEEKERS in semi-opaque body bags. Neville unzips one; her arm falls out and dangles.

As Neville returns the arm to the body bag, *something shoots across the doorway behind him*, almost too fast to register. He doesn't see it.

But two seconds later, he hears a quiet SCRAPING.

And he sure as hell notices when the LIGHTS GO OFF.

The gun goes back up. He heads back into the

MAIN ROOM

The only sources of light are the stairwell and a few screensavers. Neville can make out bare silhouettes, but nothing else.

Wearing his terror plain on his face, he backs his way to the wall and moves sideways, looking down the barrel of his gun at the rows of lab benches.

NEVILLE'S POV of the BENCHES, shifting slightly as he stretches to see over or around them. Nothing in the first row. Nothing in the second. Nothing in the third.

At the far end of the forth row, a small triangle breaks the line of the last bench.

A bony ELBOW.

Neville takes aim.

NEVILLE

Hey!

No response, no movement.

NEVILLE

I have a gun! You don't want to get shot, you stand up slowly, very slowly, and-

SOMETHING DARTS FROM BEHIND THE FAR BENCH.

Neville FIRES.

Whatever it is, it moves far too quickly for Neville to hit, a blur in the darkness, bouncing from lab bench to ceiling to wall to floor, toward him.

Neville runs the length of the room, keeping away from it, heading toward the stairwell, SHOOTING as he goes --

-- but his bullets miss their target entirely, raising sparks as they RICOCHET around the room.

The creature vaults to the back of the room, drops behind a rack of equipment and stays there.

Neville looks at his gun, its slide locked in the back position; he's out of ammo. He reaches over to the light switch and turns the lights back on.

Quietly returning his gun's slide to forward position, Neville bluffs his way toward the equipment rack:

NEVILLE

I *will* shoot you.

As he rounds the rack, he finally sees it.

Sees her.

The room's other occupant is a woman. Barefoot, in filthy, tattered clothes, she is wedged between the rack and the wall, her face turned away as if in fear.

Her hair is shock white. Her skin is very pale, but not as ashen as a darkseeker's. Her limbs are very muscular, but within the range of the humanly possible. Maybe. Neville keeps his gun up, but we see him daring to hope.

NEVILLE

Can you understand me?

She turns her head suddenly, fixes him with WHITE IRISES and HISSES.

He jumps back, nearly dropping his now-useless gun.

She makes no immediate move to attack him. She clearly has some kind of KV infection -- still, she's not like any darkseeker he's seen.

For the first time, Neville sees a HANDWRITTEN NOTE on a bench. He picks it up:

ROBERT, OR WHOMEVER IT MAY CONCERN--

DO NOT SHOOT HER!

HER FILE IS ON ALL BACKUP DRIVES, NOS. 1-5. HER VACCINE IS COMPOUND 5 FROM SERIES CC.

DON'T KNOW HER NAME. I CALL HER KALI. SHE CAN END THIS.

ALICE KRIPPEN

Neville looks into those white eyes:

NEVILLE

Kali? Your name is Kali?

KALI (30s) does not respond. She may be trying to understand what he is saying, but it's hard to tell; her body language is somewhere between shell-shocked human being and half-tamed animal.

Keeping an eye on her, Neville locates the BACKUP DRIVES, five 8 terabyte drives rack-mounted side-by-side.

And locates the BULLET HOLE where one of his stray bullets has gone through every one of them.

NEVILLE

God damn!

Startled, Kali fires an alarmed BARK at him -- but it contains none of the darkseekers' raw animal rage.

Neville tries to keep things calm while he searches:

NEVILLE

It's okay... it's all good...

(beat)

I'm just gonna look for Series CC.

Compound 5, you know the one... here we go... and...

A bullet has cut a swath right across the TEST TUBE RACKS on this lab bench, marring their neat rows and columns with a DIAGONAL OF BROKEN GLASS.

Neville closes his eyes for a second, afraid to look.

NEVILLE

This is not happening.

Then NEVILLE'S FINGER traces its way down the labelled racks, careful to avoid the jagged edges: AA, AB, AC, BC.

Series BC compound #5 has been SHATTERED.

NEVILLE

Not happening.

Kali responds with a VOCALIZATION that is all the more unsettling for the recognizable phonemes that surface in it. She sounds like something trying to learn -- or someone trying to remember -- how to be human.

NEVILLE'S FINGER drops down to rack CC. Compound #6: SHATTERED. Compound #5...

INTACT. Neville sighs relief and picks up the TEST TUBE very carefully. He slides it into a FOAM SLEEVE Krippen left behind for him and slides that into his pocket.

He looks at Krippen's note, then back to Kali.

NEVILLE

You can end this... how can you end this?
You've definitely got some kind of
suppression going on, but... I can't
really pronounce you "cured." No offense.

No response from Kali.

NEVILLE

You're not trying to tear my throat out.
That's a start. Okay... the first thing I
need to do is draw your blood.

Nothing from Kali, as Neville searches through some bench drawers until he finds a HYPODERMIC VACUTAINER.

Kali's eyes narrow.

NEVILLE

Come on, Alice must've drawn blood. You
know...

He holds out his arm and taps his vein in demonstration.

Kali holds out her arm in tentative imitation. This act of primitive communication makes Neville happy.

NEVILLE

Right, right. That's good.

He lowers his arm. She pulls her arm back in.

He holds out his arm again. Kali does the same.

He steps forward, keeping his arm held out. Kali's eyes widen -- but her arm remains outstretched.

NEVILLE

Don't worry. I'm not going to hurt you.

He is almost within reach. Her expression is intense and inscrutable, but she's still holding out her right arm, her left arm resting on the floor.

With yogic slowness, he lowers himself to the floor. She stays put.

His left hand comes up beneath her right forearm.

NEVILLE

All I'm going to do is take a tiny sample-

Very gently, his HAND closes around her RIGHT FOREARM.

Her LEFT HAND FIRES faster than Roy Jones Jr., SWATTING HIM IN THE HEAD and knocking him to the floor.

Dazed, angry and afraid, Neville scrambles away from her and draws his gun on her.

But she looks at it innocent of its purpose, without fear -- and without bullets, fear is all he's got.

NEVILLE

Do *not* do that!

She HISSES at him.

He HISSES back.

She cocks her head, not knowing what to make of this.

Neville calms half-way down. He puts his gun away and pulls himself back into a sitting position.

NEVILLE

You've got to give me something. You've got to help.

Insistently, he holds his arm out again.

She looks at his arm, then at his face -- then at her own arm, as she inches it out, wrist up.

Less tentatively than last time, he takes her forearm in his hand. She jerks, but he keeps his grip.

NEVILLE

And you know what? I lied. It is going to hurt.

He plunges the HYPO into one of her prominent VEINS.

She lets out an angry GRUNT.

But she lets him draw the blood.

CUT TO:

Neville tests Kali's blood, using a portable PCR TESTER identical to the one in his own lab. She watches him.

Its LCD READOUT reads 94. Neville frowns.

NEVILLE

A little lower than the usual baseline,
but not much.

Neville's disappointment is deadened by his exhaustion.

NEVILLE

I'll run some more tests tomorrow. I had
a long day.

He walks toward Krippen's office, but turns and points a warning finger back at her.

NEVILLE

Don't think about waiting for me to pass
out so you can sneak up and move in for
the kill.

She sniffs in his general direction.

NEVILLE

I've got a gun.

She turns away and bounds off like a rhesus monkey to the walk-in freezer. She opens the door and goes inside.

Eyelids drooping, he enters Krippen's office and closes the door behind him.

INT. KRIPPEN'S SECRET LAB - KRIPPEN'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON NEVILLE, sleeping in Krippen's chair. His EYES OPEN.

NEVILLE'S POV of Kali, standing right in front of him without regard for his personal space.

Neville startles, nearly falling out of the chair.

Kali startles in response, but she doesn't run away. Without prompting, she holds out her arm.

MAIN FLOOR

Neville holds a PCR TESTER, staring at it, waiting.

The READOUT arrives: 76.

NEVILLE

(amazed)

You dropped eighteen points overnight.

He lifts the foam sleeve from his inside pocket, slides the VACCINE from it, and looks at the test tube with undisguised hope.

Kali watches his hope with what appears to be interest.

Neville checks his watch with renewed urgency: 8:03AM.

NEVILLE

We've got to get you out of here.

CUT TO:

Neville grabbing necessary equipment -- a fistful of Vacutainers, the PCR tester, alcohol swabs -- and shoving it all into a black shoulder bag.

KRIPPEN'S OFFICE

Neville has been rummaging through Krippen's clean and orderly office, making it much less clean and orderly.

Deep in her closet, he finds what he's looking for: a LARGE BLACK RAINCOAT. A pair of PANTS. SHOES.

INT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - LOBBY - DAY

No direct sunlight shines into the lobby yet.

Neville ditches his empty gun, trading it for a DEAD SECURITY GUARD'S GUN. He checks the clip to make sure it's full, then walks over to Kali.

He has put the shoes and pants on her, and draped the coat over her shoulders. He now pulls the coat up over her head. She peers out from under it as he leads her past the bodies.

NEVILLE

This'll have to do for now.

Everything is two sizes too big for her; Kali is fully covered. Still, Neville hesitates before leading her over the shattered glass and through the empty panes, out onto

EXT. KRIPPEN INSTITUTE - CONTINUOUS

Neville walks Kali toward the corner along a safely shaded sidewalk. She cannot see where she's going; a sound of protest comes from beneath the coat.

When they reach the corner, however, he sees that the east/west street before them is bathed in sunlight. Soon everything will be.

He takes out his PHONE. He's not getting any reception bars. He tries it... nothing.

NEVILLE

All right... look, you wait here, okay?
Wait. Here.

When he sees that she's staying put, he walks away from her, back down the street, scanning the parked cars.

NEVILLE

I'm gonna go find a van. It won't get us
past the Beltway traffic blockade, but-
(looks back; alarmed)
No! Stop!

Kali is STEPPING OUT INTO THE LIGHT, head still covered.

Neville runs back toward her, but it's too late. He can only watch as

Kali LETS THE COAT SLIDE from her head and shoulders, and STANDS IN THE SUNLIGHT, exposed.

Her eyes narrow to tiny slits; her hands fly to her face to cover them against the sun.

But she does not burn. *The sun does not harm her.*

Neville takes this in with silent awe.

Gradually, she adjusts to the light, pulls her hand away and sees him staring at her. She watches him watching.

Then she turns and walks away. He walks after her.

NEVILLE

Wait...

She sees him coming, and SPRINGS FIFTEEN YARDS ahead in three bounds, landing on the top of a parked car.

NEVILLE
No... just wait...

He takes another step. She puts another five yards between them.

Neville is not happy. He turns his head away --

-- and then breaks into a full-tilt SPRINT to catch up with her.

Bouncing and swinging from CAR to LAMPPOST to AWNING to WINDOW LEDGE, she keeps away from him with no discernible effort. He stops, panting, catches his breath.

NEVILLE
Fine. Fine.

Neville turns and walks away from her.

EXT. STREET - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Kali pads with confused caution down the middle of the street, past BIOHAZARD QUARANTINE STICKERS and handmade SIGNS: "No agua aquí." "I shoot looters." "Closed 4ever."

If they mean anything to her, she gives no indication.

Up ahead, a PICKUP TRUCK with tinted windows sits in the middle of the intersection, blocking her way. She slows.

When she is twenty feet away, the passenger door opens. She freezes.

Behind the wheel, Neville pleads with her:

NEVILLE
Please come with me. They're going to reach New York in 15 hours. We're 230 miles away. We've got to get there first.

She listens to his pleading, impassive.

NEVILLE
Please. It's important. You don't know how important.

Still nothing.

NEVILLE
It's all resting on you. Everything.

A moment of stillness.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

NEVILLE'S POV through the open shotgun door, as Kali LEAPS UPWARD, out of the frame and out of sight.

Neville hangs his head in failure. For two seconds.

Then a heavy STEEL THUD shakes the whole truck. He looks around, frantically trying to determine its source.

Through his rear window, he sees Kali, crouched in the bed of the pickup.

Keeping his eyes on her, he starts the car. She stays put.

He checks the CLOCK: 9:18AM. He resets the TRIP COUNTER to zero. He looks back again; she's still there, staring at him, eyes wide and white.

Slowly, he drives away.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Neville's pickup pulls into a gas station with Kali still in the back. He gets out.

He tries his cell phone again. Still NO RECEPTION BARS and no reception. He heads toward the station.

Kali stays in the truck. He's about to leave her there, but at the last minute he turns back:

NEVILLE
You coming or what?

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The place has been pretty well ransacked, but not entirely cleaned out. As Neville and Kali walk through the detritus, he stoops to pick up pieces of their lunch.

NEVILLE
"No Trans Fats." That's good.
(beat)
Slim Jims. You like Slim Jims? You do.
Everybody likes Slim Jims.

The one thing that's been left untouched is the thing he's most interested in: the MAP RACK.

He grabs a Maryland/Virginia, a Pennsylvania, a New York.

EXT. GAS STATION - FRONT - DAY

They sit together on the stoop outside the station, with the MAPS spread out on the ground before them.

Neville eats Slim Jims and drinks warm Gatorade while going over their route.

NEVILLE

We'll go as far as we can, as fast as we can in the truck. On the roads and off.

(looks at her)

You sure you don't want some Slim Jims?

He holds out his Slim Jim. She sniffs and wrinkles her nose. He shrugs and pops the rest in his mouth, tossing the wrapper aside.

ON THE MAP, his finger circles Philadelphia.

NEVILLE

At some point around here, we're going to want to get on the water.

A CAT skulks from around the side of the station, sniffing in the direction of the wrapper.

NEVILLE

It'll keep us away from the radiation. And we can't risk being on land when it gets dark.

Neville notices the cat licking the wrapper.

NEVILLE

Hey, guy...

Neville opens a new Slim Jim and holds it out for the cat, but it shrinks away.

Kali fixes her eyes on the cat. Her head tilts subtly.

The cat SNIFFS at her, and starts to approach. It walks right past Neville and crawls up into Kali's lap. She strokes the cat, primitively but gently.

Neville smiles wide. He is astounded, even a bit moved:

NEVILLE

How did you- see, that's the side of your personality you should open with. The whole twitchy, wild animal thing doesn't-

Kali GRABS the cat behind the neck, flips it over and DIGS HER TEETH INTO ITS THROAT.

Neville opens his mouth in abject horror, but before he can make a sound the animal is dead.

NEVILLE

You... you did not! You did not!

His tone sends her packing around the side of the building, cat in tow.

Immediately regretting his reaction, he goes after her.

EXT. GAS STATION - BACK - DAY

Neville rounds the back of the station to find Kali on the ground, her back to him, huddled over the cat.

He approaches with care, palms out in a gesture of peace.

NEVILLE

I'm sorry, I didn't- I know you don't-

She looks up at him sharply, her mouth and chin wet with blood, and for a second she is fearsome, alien.

But she soon drops her gaze to the ground at Neville's feet, and her face displays its first undeniably human emotion: shame.

Neville's empathy overrides his disgust. He holds out his hand to her.

NEVILLE

Come on.

She puts her pale, bloody hand in his.

EXT. I-95 EXPRESSWAY - DAY

REVERSE TRACK with the PICKUP. Kali rides in front now, next to Neville.

Behind them, the road is empty. The inevitable decay is months away; it's still all pristine highway, a scene from a driver's dream.

But Neville slows down. As we CIRCLE 180° around the side of the truck, we see what's ahead of him:

An abandoned MILITARY BLOCKADE. Concrete barriers, tanks, military vehicles. And on the other side of it:

An IMPOSSIBLY LARGE TRAFFIC JAM. It is also a scene from a dream, completely surreal; hundreds of thousands of cars, spilling off the road, spread across the landscape.

As we RISE OVERHEAD, the scene becomes an abstraction, a vast, random mosaic. The PICKUP takes a 90° turn off-road and heads for the edge of the sea of painted steel.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Kali still sits in front. They're driving on a rough, dirt access road; she blinks when they hit large bumps.

As the endless expanse of automobiles rushes by through his window, Neville drives with one hand, and holds the PCR TESTER in the other.

The PCR tester delivers Kali's viral load reading: 57. Neville is overjoyed:

NEVILLE

Yeah! That's what I'm talking about.
Nineteen more points. Do you have any
idea how amazing that is?

She does not. They hit a ditch hard enough to jar the GLOVE COMPARTMENT open.

NEVILLE

Well, you will. You're about a week away
from becoming the most famous person on
Earth. Doesn't quite mean what it used
to, but still. Get ready for it. There
might not be many people left, but there
are plenty of video cameras.

Kali is no longer paying attention to him; she's examining a COMB from the open glove compartment.

NEVILLE

Oh... I see... you're already there.
Obsessed with your hair. Playing it cool
with the little people.

(beat)

I'll have you know, I used to be famous
too. Magazine covers, "Man of the Year,"
"Savior," all that. And let me tell you:
It comes... and it goes. So, you know,
check yourself. As soon as there are
enough new celebrities for two of them to
go on a date, people are gonna forget all
about Saint Kali.

Kali reaches into the glove compartment and pulls out a SNAPSHOT of the FAMILY that used to ride in this truck. She takes it in her thin fingers and stares.

Neville watches her for a while before speaking.

NEVILLE
This used to be their truck.
(beat; explaining)
They were a family.

She's trying to pierce the mental fog that separates the image in the photo from the meaning of Neville's words.

Neville reaches into his pocket and removes the PHOTO of his own family. He shows it to her.

NEVILLE
This is my family. See? There I am,
that's me. Robert. I'm Robert.

He points, illustrating. Her gaze bounces up to him, then back to the photo.

NEVILLE
And this is Zoe, my wife. And my daughter
Marley. They were my family.
(beat)
Did you have a family?

She strains to understand. To remember.

NEVILLE
What's your real name? Not "Kali," what
did your family call you?
(points to himself)
Robert...
(points to himself in photo)
Robert. And you are...?

He motions to Kali, soliciting a response.

She stares at his PHOTO. A SMILING NEVILLE stares back.

NEVILLE
I know you remember. I know you're there.

Kali HISSES, and savagely SWATS THE PHOTO AWAY.

Neville jerks the wheel, and the car swerves a bit before he can right it. When he looks back to her...

She is looking out the window. Distant, impenetrable.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - LATE AFTERNOON

HIGH OVERHEAD THE PICKUP TRUCK as it rolls across an open field toward the DELAWARE RIVER.

Its TIRE TRACKS stretch out behind it, the only sign of human activity visible in any direction.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Neville checks the truck's clock: 1:35PM. And the trip counter: 111 miles into the 230 miles between DC and NYC.

Neville looks to Kali and finds her looking through the windshield, watching as the wind plays through the overgrown grass in the fields all around them.

As they get closer to the riverbank, a MASSIVE FLOCK OF SWALLOWS TAKES TO THE SKY in a black cloud thick enough to cast a shadow on the slow-flowing water.

Neville is moved by the beauty of the sight, as the truck climbs up a gentle rise.

On the other side of a rise: one dead body face down in the grass; and the charred corpses of two darkseekers five yards away from it.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Neville's truck is parked in front of an abandoned boat house. Neville and Kali are no longer in it.

EXT. RIVER SIDE - DAY

Kali stands at the foot of a PIER, watching warily as Neville works inside the cabin of a small recreational TRAWLER a few yards away.

INT. TRAWLER - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Amidst a mess of exposed wiring, Neville finally connects the right two wires, and the engine turns over.

Pleased, he hops to his feet and exits the cabin.

EXT. TRAWLER/PIER - CONTINUOUS

Wiping his dirty hands on his jacket, Neville waves Kali over to the boat.

She does not move.

NEVILLE

Come on. It's getting late, we've got a long way to go...

She looks at the water on either side of the pier with trepidation, and takes a step backward.

NEVILLE

Water. Right.

EXT. PIER - DAY

Neville leads Kali to the trawler by the arm.

NEVILLE

It's okay. You're doing fine.

INT. TRAWLER - DAY

The boat chugs upstream at about 10MPH, along a river that winds through lush, forested territory.

Kali sits in the corner of the cabin, the water safely out of her line of sight.

Neville checks his watch, checks the New York map, shakes his head.

NEVILLE

We're not going to beat the infected at this rate. We-

He's cut short by something he sees on the boat's dashboard: his own PHONE, with a single RECEPTION BAR flickering in and out.

Neville grabs the phone and dials. A long silence.

Then it RINGS.

VOICE (V.O.)

Who is this?

The call is peppered with static, but it's holding.

NEVILLE

Hello? Hello! It's Robert Neville, Colonel Robert Neville. Listen to me: you need to get me General Price. I-

STILLMAN (V.O.)

Robert?

Neville recognizes the voice. He is silent.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON MAJOR TOM STILLMAN, on the phone. He's no longer wearing the military turtleneck; his scars are fully visible as he asks again:

STILLMAN
Robert? Is that you?

NEVILLE (V.O.)
Yeah.

INT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

NEVILLE
Surprised?

STILLMAN (V.O.)
Yes. I am.

NEVILLE
Listen: What you did, it doesn't matter.
This isn't about us.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

STILLMAN
I agree. It's much bigger.

As he speaks, WIDEN TO REVEAL his location: Rucker Park, at 155th Street. The public basketball court was once the sport's most storied proving ground. Now it is a bustling military COMMAND POST.

STILLMAN
I can't undo what I did to you. But I can
undo what Krippen did to all of us.

CONTINUE WIDENING TO REVEAL what lies beyond the command post, on the river's edge:

NEVILLE (V.O.)
You don't have to. There's a better way.

A force of SEVERAL HUNDRED SOLDIERS, armed with the HEAVY WEAPONRY that Stillman and company brought back from DC: SAMs, antitank missiles, mounted machine guns, etc.

A PROTECTIVE CORDON stretches behind them, similar to the one separating the Safe Zone from the rest of the city: barricades, electrified fence, razor wire, lights, etc.

INT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

Neville looks at the FOAM SLEEVE containing Krippen's vaccine as he speaks:

NEVILLE

Krippen did it. She *did* it, she-

He's interrupted by a sudden loud RUSH OF STATIC. He returns the foam sleeve to his inside pocket.

NEVILLE

Hello? Stillman!

STILLMAN (V.O.)

I don't-

More STATIC cuts him off; this time it doesn't let up.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

At the command post, Stillman hears the STATIC as well.

Pvt. Willis approaches him.

WILLIS

What was that, Major?

STILLMAN

It was nothing. Get back to your post.

Stillman turns off the phone and puts it in his pocket.

INT. TRAWLER - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Neville has to restrain himself from smashing the phone against the dashboard.

Then he sees the FLAKES floating across the windshield.

NEVILLE

Snow?

But the flakes aren't really white. Most are grayish. Some are black.

Ash.

Dread washes over him as he understands what this really is. He looks with alarm at an open port-side WINDOW, where a few ash flakes are floating into the cabin.

Neville jumps over and SLAMS THE WINDOW SHUT. The flakes that already made it through are visible in the light, falling faintly through the cabin toward Kali.

Neville grabs a FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the wall and SHOOTs THE ASH FROM THE AIR with a cone of foam before it can touch her.

NEVILLE

Don't touch it! Don't touch...

He quickly rolls up a towel and shoves it in the crack under the door. He closes all the heater vents.

As they come around a bend in the river, he sees a huge FLOCK OF DEAD SWALLOWS littering the river side. Then, in the distance to his left, backlit by the afternoon sun:

The RUINS OF PHILADELPHIA, connected to the sky by a black, billowed column of smoke.

Kali overcomes her fear of water to stand beside him and look out the window. We PULL OUT TO

EXT. TRAWLER/DELAWARE RIVER - PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

A clearer view of the city's remains. Its buildings are charred and ravaged. The heart of the downtown still gives off a dull orange glow.

Neville and Kali pass the holocaust with merciless slowness, drifts of radioactive ash blowing across the bow of their boat.

INT. TRAWLER - CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The black column of smoke from Philadelphia has moved from the cabin's port window to the rear window; they've left the dead city behind them. A light rain is falling.

Neville is drawing blood from Kali for another test.

CUT TO:

Neville stares at the PCR TESTER with disbelief.

Kali's viral load has gone back up to 79.

NEVILLE

Can't be.

Neville removes his last hypodermic Vacutainer from the shoulder bag and goes back to Kali.

NEVILLE
Give me your arm.

She eyes him warily. He repeats, sternly:

NEVILLE
Give me your arm.

CUT TO:

Neville drawing blood from Kali.

CUT TO:

Neville, expressionless, looking at the PCR tester.

The PCR TESTER READOUT: 81.

Kali watches, waiting for some kind of cue she can read, but he gives her nothing. He only stares at the readout.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - DUSK

The sun is setting on Neville's trawler.

The Pennsylvania (port) side of the river is mostly buildings and concrete, but fields and forests line the New Jersey (starboard) side.

Up ahead, the river begins to run narrower and faster.

INT. TRAWLER - CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Neville watches KRIPPEN'S MESSAGE again on his phone:

KRIPPEN (ON PHONE)
-side effect, confers the ability to
control- [garbled]-
(FAST FORWARD)
You can fix this-
(REWIND)
-can fix this-
(REWIND)
-fix this.

The darkness spreads from starboard to port, creeping across Neville's face. Shaking his head, he looks at KRIPPEN'S NOTE from the lab:

SHE CAN END THIS.

He turns to Kali, back in the corner of the cabin.

NEVILLE

How can you end this? Best case scenario, the vaccine has thrown your viral load into some kind of oscillation. You're not going to get better.

The last strip of daylight leaves his face.

NEVILLE

Your count is going to cycle up and down until the vaccine wears out. Then you're going to turn back into one of them.

Kali stares at him. Her irises seem to glow in the dark, underscoring her otherness.

He rewinds further into the video:

KRIPPEN (ON PHONE)

-as a therapeutic vaccine, there's not the-[garbled] -as a side-effect-

He hits "Stop."

NEVILLE

Krippen knew it, I think. She knew it, but she couldn't bring herself to admit it. Just like me.

(beat)

Stillman's right. It's us or them. I guess tonight we'll find out which.

His tone makes Kali uneasy. She shifts in her corner.

NEVILLE

You don't have any idea what I'm talking about, do you? Not a single word.

She tries to respond with a soft, high, pleading RASP. Neville is overcome with frustration and futility.

NEVILLE

That's all you've got for me.

(beat; looks away)

Like talking to a dog. A damn dog.

Whether it's a spark of understanding or merely Neville's expression, his response seems to sadden her.

Then she startles; she hears something.

It's a few seconds before Neville hears it too: the distant GRUNTS and HOWLS. He shoots to his feet.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - EVENING

As darkness reaches the Pennsylvania side of the river, the shadows of the abandoned buildings begin to seethe. One by one, DARKSEEKERS emerge into the weak moonlight.

They hear the boat and scramble down to the riverside.

Their reaction to the water is similar to Kali's, but more extreme; they shrink away, repulsed.

INT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

Neville takes note of this, hopefully.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The darkseekers are caught in an equilibrium between hunger and fear...

Until the RIVERSIDE ALPHA steps forward. He must have been intimidating even before he turned: 6'5", muscled, covered in now-illegible tattoos.

With a bellicose ROAR, he breaks the stalemate.

The darkseekers move forward again. They get as close to the water as they can bear and FOLLOW NEVILLE'S BOAT, crab-scuttling with it along the riverbank. More and more of their kind join them as they go.

As the river continues to narrow, its rate of flow increases, churning up WHITEWATER.

INT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

Neville keeps a watchful eye on the darkseekers. The sight of him only intensifies their aggression.

Then he turns to see Kali watching them. Her expression is cryptic, almost birdlike, but she is not afraid of them. Not at all. And this is enough to worry him.

NEVILLE

Kali. Kali. Over here.

But when he looks back out the port window, he sees that the strong current has pushed him closer to the bank.

And he sees the Alpha step to the fore.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Alpha stands at the river's edge, shaking with a mounting, inhuman rage. Finally, with glances to his pack that underscore the act's significance --

-- he STEPS INTO THE RIVER. Showing them it can be done.

INT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

Neville SPINS THE WHEEL RIGHT and PUSHES THE THROTTLE all the way.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

And the trawler pushes back toward the center of the river, moving as fast as it can against the current.

The darkseekers keep up easily, moving as a pack. Their coordination is unthinking, a matter of hisses and snarls, body language and shared instincts.

INT. TRAWLER - CONTINUOUS

A rock protrudes from the water ahead. Neville steers around it, but doing so brings him closer to the left bank and the darkseekers once again.

And as he's concentrating on getting back to the center of the river --

-- Kali LEAVES THE CABIN and steps onto the side runner.

NEVILLE

Kali! Get back inside! Kali!

Heedless, she strides past the port window toward the bow, her fear of water no longer in evidence.

He is caught between his need to steer the ship through roughening waters, and his desire to protect Kali, who doesn't appear to be in control of what she's doing.

Neville lets go of the wheel and goes after Kali.

EXT. TRAWLER/DELAWARE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Neville makes his way to the deck.

NEVILLE

You've got to come back in...

Kali ranges back and forth across the slippery deck of the boat without acknowledging him, stopping every few steps to check on the darkseekers.

The only thing guiding the boat now is the whitewater that crashes against its hull; they're in a very dangerous position, and Neville knows it.

On the riverbank, the Alpha's piercing SCREAM cuts through the rushing of the water.

Kali jumps up onto the railing, balancing precariously. She looks at the Alpha like a dog sizing up another dog.

Neville makes a grab for her.

She SPRINGS INTO THE AIR.

Neville doesn't see where she's gone. He's afraid she's jumped into the river --

-- until she lands on the roof of the cabin behind him. She HISSES at him, and returns her attention to the darkseekers that follow along the shore.

Neville sighs relief.

Then he looks over the bow, where the trawler is two seconds from hitting a large OUTCROPPING OF ROCK.

The BOAT'S KEEL SMASHES INTO THE ROCK and RIDES UP ON IT.

The deck tilts nearly vertical. Neville falls backwards and CRASHES INTO THE CABIN WINDSHIELD, SHATTERING it.

Kali slides backward. She tries to clamber up the cabin roof --

-- but the southward current pushes the boat bow over stern and CAPSIZES IT INTO THE RIVER.

We stay with Neville as he FALLS INTO THE DARK WATER.

He fights against the current, but a HYDRAULIC CATCHES HIM AND PULLS HIM UNDER, and we follow him to

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

As Neville flails for the surface, we PUSH IN TO

NEVILLE'S POV, for a look through the eyes of a drowning man. Visibility is almost zero.

The river's muted rush sounds in his ears, along with the CRUNCHING of fiberglass against rock.

Then the BOAT'S SUBMERGED HEADLIGHT sweeps a path through the surging foam, and for an instant Kali crosses his line of sight. He GRABS FOR HER.

But the current pulls her away; his HAND MISSES HER WRIST by an inch.

Then the headlight hits a rock, and it all goes BLACK.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVER - EAST BANK - EVENING

The black water runs undisturbed past the muddy east bank, until NEVILLE'S HEAD AND HANDS break the surface.

He claws his way onto land. Freezing, disoriented and battered, he tries to catch his breath.

Then with a shock of recollection, he twists around and looks down the riverbank.

NEVILLE'S POV of the east bank. No sign of Kali. He looks out over the flowing water and sees the wrecked boat caught on a rock. No sign of Kali there, either.

Finally, he looks across the river to the darkseekers. They don't see him yet. And Kali is not with them.

Neville shoves his hand into his jacket's inside pocket, but yanks it out with an involuntary GRUNT of pain.

His FINGER IS BLEEDING.

More carefully, he removes the foam sleeve from his pocket and lifts out the BROKEN TEST TUBE that once contained Krippen's vaccine, but does no longer.

He has nothing left. Nothing to stop the coming carnage, nothing that might help him find a cure. All he's got is his gun, still snapped into its shoulder holster.

He has failed.

And on the other side of the river, the darkseekers are now staring at him, alerted to his presence by his grunt.

Neville looks to the left; no way they can get across in that direction. To the right, however, a half mile away, a SMALL TRAFFIC BRIDGE spans the river.

He sees it. The darkseekers see it.

Moving as one, they break for the bridge.

Neville rises to his feet and runs inland.

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

Neville sprints through the trees. Low-hanging branches lacerate his face and neck, but he doesn't slow down.

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

Neville emerges from the forest utterly exhausted, and stops on the edge of a field.

The only sounds he hears are the whistle of the wind through the trees, and his own labored breathing.

And then a DARKSEEKER'S HOWL.

Another one, louder. The CRACKLE of breaking branches.

Neville sprints across the field with his final reserves, toward a structure in the distance:

A HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - EVENING

Bleachers flank the field on either side. A scoreboard sits on one end, a squat building housing locker rooms on the other.

Neville stumble-runs onto the field. At the 40-yard-line, he falls, and barely manages to lift himself to his knees. His desperate breath clouds the air as he struggles to remain conscious.

Then he hears them, behind him. He closes his eyes and thinks about not looking. About just letting it happen.

But he turns to see the DARKSEEKER PACK stalking in, around the bleachers, through them and over them. Their ALPHA is in the lead.

Neville makes one last lunge in the opposite direction --

-- but darkseekers pour onto the field from that side as well. And from both end zones.

Neville retreats to the center of the field and stands his ground, as the creatures close on him like a noose.

He draws his gun.

The Alpha approaches for the kill. The KV virus has turned up the volume on his violence, hunger and rage until they shout out all else.

Neville looks at his gun, with its eight bullets.

Then he looks at the hundred or more darkseekers, and the Alpha who leads them.

Neville's defiance wanes. This was a man, once. Now it's a victim, as Neville himself is. Both prey to the same tragedy.

The last thing Neville shows this creature is pity, as he reholsters his gun.

Then a metal CLANG from the bleachers causes them all to turn to the bleachers, and see

KALI. Perched at the top of the stands.

The darkseekers HOWL at her. The Alpha's muscles go tense and his hackles raise as he SHRIEKS a challenge.

She watches quizzically for a quiet moment.

Then, agile as the bushbaby in the tram tunnel, she BOUNDS DOWN THE BLEACHERS in three jumps --

LEAPS ACROSS THE PACK OF DARKSEEKERS without touching the ground, using them as stepping stones, backs, heads, shoulders, moving too quickly to be caught --

And LANDS between Neville and the Alpha.

The Alpha is twice her size, but she stands before him and his pack with a complete lack of fear, as if their rage simply does not compute.

Neville is astonished to see her, and dismayed by what is certainly about to happen to her. He begs her:

NEVILLE
Get out of here. Run.

The Alpha steps toward her in a dominance posture. But as soon as he crosses into her personal space --

-- she impassively SWATS him with lightning speed, then returns to her previous standing position. Given the circumstances, her calm is surreal.

The Alpha fills his lungs with an angry INHALATION, preparing to make an example of her.

Neville steps forward, preparing to get between them at the cost of his own life.

And then, impossibly, the ALPHA'S PUPILS CONTRACT TO PINPOINTS, and his RAGE DISSIPATES. His posture of dominance slackens into one of submission.

Neville watches, bewildered, as the Alpha averts his eyes altogether and BACKS AWAY from Kali.

The darkseekers are bewildered too. A momentary confusion passes through the pack: their leader appears to have stepped down... but this tiny female can't be in charge.

CLOSE ON NEVILLE as he remembers:

FLASH ON NEVILLE, telling Willis:

NEVILLE
Pheromones... they're chemicals that
trigger intraspecies behavioral
responses...

*FLASH ON THE CAPTIVE DARKSEEKER'S PUPILS CONTRACTING in
Neville's downtown hospital lab.*

NEVILLE
...increased olfactory/pheromonal
response consistent with KV infection.

FLASH ON KRIPPEN'S FINAL TRANSMISSION:

KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
-as a side effect, confers the ability to
control-

THREE LARGE DARKSEEKERS step forward to seize control of the pack by killing Kali.

She holds her ground as they approach.

And like the Alpha, the fight drains from them as they get close. Their PUPILS CONTRACT. They submit.

As Neville continues to put the pieces together, we

*FLASH ON the corridor of the Krippen Institute, as the
contenders for pack leadership shy away from their new
Alpha -- and their PUPILS CONTRACT.*

FLASH ON KRIPPEN, tighter this time:

KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
-confers the ability to control-

The rest of the pack has seen enough. As Kali's gaze passes over them, their eyes go to the ground.

CLOSE ON NEVILLE one more time, and

FLASH ON THE GENERAL speaking to the Manhattan survivors:

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)
We don't know why they're drawn to each other, or how they're maintaining order in these larger-scale hordes.

FLASH ON KRIPPEN, so close we almost lose her for the pixels that constitute her face:

KRIPPEN (ON SCREEN)
Control.

And Kali stands before the darkseekers, smaller than the least of them, quieter than the quietest... and their new Alpha. Without shedding a drop of blood.

As Neville takes in the sea of docile darkseekers, the implications dawn on him, energize him, overwhelm him.

Kali approaches. Her indignation is unmistakable.

And then he hears it, as if from a great depth, in a high hoarse whisper:

KALI
Not. Dog.

She walks away, leaving Neville alone with the pack.

The Alpha snarls at him, but none move to harm him.

Neville stands among the darkseekers. Dumbfounded. Safe.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - ONE MINUTE LATER

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS of Neville:

-- Kicking locker doors in.

-- Tearing lockers open.

-- Rifling through football jerseys, backpacks, pants pockets, until he finds

-- A CELL PHONE with a car charger.

-- And a set of CAR KEYS.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON NEVILLE, shot from the side as he drives 30MPH, and holds the CELL PHONE to his ear.

TRACI (V.O.)

I don't understand: why didn't you come back with Stillman and the rest?

NEVILLE

There was... a difference of opinion.
Listen, Traci...

Neville watches the SPEEDOMETER with impatience as he talks to her, but he holds his speed steady.

NEVILLE

I'll be back in about two hours. I should beat the infected...

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

ON THE PROJECTION SCREEN, a satellite image of a mass of tiny red dots: THE HORDE. Now a mere 60 miles from Manhattan, just north of Allentown, PA.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Barely.

The Horde pixel-ticks east, and we PULL BACK TO

TRACI, surreptitiously talking to Neville in the midst of this refugee camp, holding SAM'S LEASH in her other hand.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

Even if I don't, you've got to tell Price not to do anything until I get there.

Sam's ears perk up at the faint sound of Neville's voice.

Everyone here is exhausted, guards included; Traci moves to the back of the floor, so as not to disturb any fitfully sleeping civilians.

TRACI

General Price isn't here, he's up at the river, he-

NEVILLE (V.O.)

I don't care. You've got to get to him. Take Sam.

Upon hearing Neville speak her name, Sam lets out a brief BARK. Traci jerks the leash to quiet her.

Traci's gaze whips around, taking in the military GUARDS.

TRACI

There are guards here. They're not just keeping them out. They're keeping us in.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neville checks his rear view mirror as Traci speaks.

TRACI (V.O.)

Some people tried to leave, and-

NEVILLE

Krippen was telling the truth.

A beat of silence on the other end.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

NEVILLE (V.O.)

We can stop this.

Traci's eyes are wide.

TRACI

You have the *vaccine*?!

Out of the corner of her eye, Traci sees a SOLDIER surreptitiously making sure his superiors don't see him abandon his post to go take a leak.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neville looks at the CUT on his finger from the broken test tube.

NEVILLE

I... had it. But it's still in her bloodstream. When I get her back, I can isolate it, and-

TRACI (V.O.)
(whisper)
Her!?

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Traci is hiding in the shadows beside an exit door.

TRACI
There's a "her"? Oh my god!
Sam whimpers; Traci quiets her again.

TRACI
Put her on!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neville casts a quick glance in his rearview mirror.

NEVILLE
She's... busy, it's...
(beat)
Complicated. You're just gonna have to
trust me: I haven't lost my shit.

TRACI (V.O.)
I trust you! I trust you.

NEVILLE
Thank you. Now get to Price, however you
can...

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Traci and Sam are hiding behind an army JEEP.

NEVILLE (V.O.)
And tell him to hold his fire.

Traci peeks up over the jeep's door, sees the soldiers
patrolling in the distance. And the KEYS in the ignition.

TRACI
You got it. And Robert...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

TRACI (V.O.)
Hurry up.

He looks in his rear view mirror.

NEVILLE
Going as fast as I can.

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR, a brief glimpse of: KALI.

Running.

Behind the car.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Cradling a sniper rifle, PRIVATE WILLIS smokes a cigarette like it might be his last. Understandably.

He checks his watch. 1:41AM.

He blows the SMOKE out an open window. Through the smoke, visible on the river bank below...

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

HUMANITY'S LAST ARMY occupies what used to be Washington Heights. Five hundred of them if they're lucky.

Some are career military, like CORPORAL GARCIA; some wear the makeshift uniforms of newly-minted soldiers. Some are gung-ho; some stoic; some terrified.

But all are ready, and resolute, and armed to the teeth as they peer into the floodlit night at:

The RUINS OF THE 155TH STREET BRIDGE, poking from the river in jagged bits and pieces.

The tiny, THIN ISLAND in the river that once supported the bridge's midsection.

The DEMILITARIZED ZONE on the Bronx side of the river, a strip of bomb-razed land half-a-mile thick, containing the remains of Yankee Stadiums old and new.

And the DARKNESS that lies beyond the reach of the lights.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

At the Rucker Park command center, General Price and Major Stillman both watch the Western horizon like hawks. A COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER approaches.

COMM OFFICER
General, Sir... we've got something coming from the south.

GENERAL PRICE
South? Not west?

COMM OFFICER
No. The main Horde is still about twelve minutes out.

He shows the General a patchy SATELLITE FEED of a GROUP OF DARKSEEKERS, tiny figures running at alarming speed up the DMZ on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

GENERAL PRICE
I thought all the infected in range had joined the Horde.

With a SMALL JOYSTICK, the Comm Officer carefully PANS up their ranks, to the LONE DARKSEEKER that leads the pack.

COMM OFFICER
(confused)
There's something else...

GENERAL PRICE
A car. It's a car. Who the hell...

ON THE FEED, NEVILLE'S CAR comes into view, a tiny box ahead of the lead darkseeker.

Stillman hides his suspicions well.

ON THE FEED, the Comm Officer ZOOMS OUT to a wider angle that includes Neville and the entire pack.

COMM OFFICER (O.S.)
Why doesn't he just speed up?

We PUSH IN TO THE FEED, and MATCH CUT TO

EXT. WESTERN MANHATTAN DMZ - CONTINUOUS

From high overhead, we SWOOP DOWN on the scene:

THE DARKSEEKER PACK, running along the craggy landscape in a formation at once mutable and tight, following

KALI, leading them like the Pied Piper, following

NEVILLE, driving down this blasted road, dodging craters and debris.

From outside the car, we see him through the windshield as he looks over his shoulder to check on Kali. Then his CELL PHONE RINGS, and he answers.

TRACI (V.O.)
Where are you?

NEVILLE (V.O.)
About a mile away. Where are you?

INT. JEEP - 155TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Traci talks to Neville as she drives the JEEP toward the reverse side of the PROTECTIVE CORDON set up around the command center and army position. Sam rides shotgun.

[Through an opening in the barricades, the COMMAND CENTER is visible in the b.g., as are the General and Stillman.]

TRACI
We're here. I'm getting out of the car.

Traci exits the car with Sam in tow, onto

EXT. 155TH STREET - PROTECTIVE CORDON - CONTINUOUS

Traci walks toward the entrance to the command center.

TRACI
I think I see them...

From a LOOKOUT POST, a GUARD sees her and Sam stepping into the lights, and calls down to

THREE MORE GUARDS, who come at Traci with weapons raised.

GUARD 1
Hands on your head!

Traci raises her hands to her head, keeping her grip on the phone and Sam's leash.

NEVILLE (THROUGH PHONE)
Traci? Traci! Hello!

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

The General and Stillman consider the satellite feed of Neville and the darkseekers for a beat.

[In the b.g., more GUARDS pour through the barricades to deal with Traci, unseen by either man.]

GENERAL PRICE
Prepare to fire on them.

For a moment, Stillman opens his mouth as if he's about to say something... but his expression hardens, and he shuts his mouth.

The Comm Officer calls it in.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

As Neville's car comes into view in the distance --

-- a SOLDIER raises a SHOULDER-LAUNCHED MISSILE.

IN HIS SIGHTS: NEVILLE'S CAR and the DARKSEEKERS that trail it. He gets a bead on Kali.

His finger tenses on the trigger. He shifts the missile launcher a hair to the left and FIRES.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

NEVILLE
(on phone)
Traci, where-

Neville hears a HISS, and turns to see the MISSILE hurtling toward him. And Kali.

NEVILLE
No!

EXT. NORTHERN MANHATTAN DMZ - CONTINUOUS

The MISSILE banks left, away from Neville's car, and SLAMS INTO THE TAIL OF THE DARKSEEKER PACK.

The hindmost few darkseekers are OBLITERATED; seven or eight more are THROWN THROUGH THE AIR by the blast, and do not get up.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Neville screams into the phone while reaching for something on the floor.

GUARD 1 (THROUGH PHONE)
On the ground!

NEVILLE
No! Tell them to stop!

EXT. PROTECTIVE CORDON - CONTINUOUS

Neville's SHOUTS come through quiet and tinny from the PHONE Traci holds above her head.

NEVILLE (THROUGH PHONE)
They have to stop!

TRACI
You have to stop!

The guards are not listening; they are all on edge. The SECOND MISSILE that EXPLODES in the b.g. doesn't help.

GUARD 2
On the ground! Now!

Sam GROWLS. Still standing, Traci yells into her phone:

TRACI
Robert! Are you there?! Robert!

The guards take aim at Traci and Sam, who starts BARKING.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

General Price and Stillman hear the distant BARKING. They turn around and see Traci, Sam and the guards.

The General steps toward them. Stillman follows behind.

EXT. PROTECTIVE CORDON - CONTINUOUS

Traci sees the General and calls to him:

TRACI
General! General! Don't shoot!

The General can't quite make out what she's saying. He steps closer to Traci and her barking dog.

And Traci actually walks toward General Price, and the guards' gun barrels.

GUARD 1
(to Guard 2)
I'm taking her down.

Traci gives it one last try, as loud as she can:

TRACI
Don't shoot! It's Neville!

The General hears her. For a second, he processes what she's just told him.

Seeing him, the guards remain frozen, ready to shoot.

General Price turns to look at Stillman behind him. Stillman stares back, deer-in-the-headlights.

And behind Stillman, in the distance: NEVILLE'S CAR, still driving, with Kali AND THE DARKSEEKERS still behind it. Neville is waving something out the window.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Looking through binoculars, the Comm Officer sees what:

A WHITE FOOTBALL JERSEY.

EXT. PROTECTIVE CORDON - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL PRICE
(to the guards)
Stand down.
(to Comm Officer)
Hold all fire.

Traci sighs relief, and holds out her PHONE.

INT. CAR - TWENTY SECONDS LATER

Neville entreats the General:

NEVILLE
Sir, you don't understand...

EXT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT

The General marches back toward the command post with Stillman beside him.

GENERAL PRICE
I understand that you're leading a group
of infected our way.

Traci walks behind him with Sam, watching with unease as the General talks to Neville.

NEVILLE (V.O.)
It doesn't have to happen this way, just-
don't shoot. Watch, and don't shoot. And
drop the lights.

Stillman's unease is even greater, but he masks it better:

STILLMAN
Sir... I think he's lost his mind.

GENERAL PRICE
You thought he was dead.
(beat; to Comm Officer)
Lower the lights.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

A soldier lowers a sliding switch.

The FLOODLIGHTS DIM.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

In the half-light, Traci, the General, Stillman and everyone else in the command post stop what they're doing and stare agape across the river.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

On the frontlines, CORPORAL GARCIA does the same:

GARCIA
What the hell's he doing?

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Directly across the river from the Army's center of gravity, NEVILLE STOPS HIS CAR.

In an instant, DARKSEEKERS SWARM around it.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

SOLDIER (O.S.)
He's getting out!

Even in Traci's face, we see a shade of doubt.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Neville's PASSENGER DOOR OPENS a crack.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Watching this through his window, Willis raises his sniper rifle -- but the call comes in over his radio:

COMM OFFICER (ON RADIO)
Hold your fire! I repeat, hold your fire!
General Price's orders!

Willis lowers his weapon.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Sam barks and tugs at her leash, lunging toward the other side of the river, as

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Neville STEPS OUT INTO THE MIDST OF THE DARKSEEKERS. Kali comes to stand by his side....

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

And to the amazement of all onlookers, from the recently enlisted, to Corporal Garcia...

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

To Traci and the General and Stillman...

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

NEVILLE STANDS AMONG THE DARKSEEKERS, unharmed.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

They all watch him for a silent moment.

Then Stillman's gaze shifts upward, as

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The darkness beyond the DMZ begins to roil with gray shapes, ghosts that take on substance as they emerge into the penumbra of the Zone: one, ten, twenty, fifty...

Neville turns to see them:

The DARKSEEKER HORDE. Thousands upon thousands, swarming into the DMZ.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The army is shaken by the sight; they ready the artillery that they're eager to use sooner rather than later.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Kail is crouched next to Neville like a compressed spring. For all his faith in her, Neville is terrified.

NEVILLE

You can do this?

She jerks the impenetrable mask of her face toward him, fixing him with her white eyes. She lets out a soft, high-pitched WHINE.

Responding to her command, DARKSEEKER PACK CLUSTERS around Neville, preparing to protect him.

Awkwardly, as if attempting the gesture for the first time, Kali nods up at Neville.

Neville nods back, and turns toward the command center.

NEVILLE

(into phone)

Don't fire.

GENERAL PRICE (V.O.)

What?! Colonel, you-

NEVILLE

Don't fire. Keep the lights low.

Neville faces the Horde, just as

The HORDE ALPHA EMERGES.

This is the most dominant darkseeker of all the millions in the eastern US. A monstrous specimen: huge, vascular, scarred, vicious. Difficult to believe he was ever human.

Neville has never seen anything like him. He backs up to the river, and the darkseekers move with him, his own personal bodyguard.

The rate of Kali's breathing picks up.

The Alpha lets out a WAR CRY and SENDS THE HORDE SURGING FORWARD.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

The Horde pushes toward Neville and his comparatively tiny band of darkseekers like a tidal wave.

Stillman can't believe the General is letting this happen.

STILLMAN
This is insane!

The General seems to agree. But he holds firm.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Kali is still down in a crouch. She's hyperventilating now, four breaths per second.

Just as Neville starts to worry that something is wrong with her, she uncoils and EXPLODES TOWARD THE HORDE.

One small figure, sprinting toward myriad thousands at impossible speed. She closes the gap in seconds, and when she's nearly upon them, she LEAPS --

-- SOARING over the Horde darkseekers to land expertly in a gap in their midst.

While the HORDE PUSHES ONWARD toward Neville --

-- KALI PUSHES INTO THE HEART OF THE HORDE, dodging, ducking, sliding, jumping and scrambling toward

The HORDE ALPHA. He sees her coming; he smashes and batters his way through his own minions to reach her, and put an end to this challenge to his authority.

Meanwhile, the Horde's vanguard reaches Neville's darkseeker bodyguard and ATTACKS.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Traci tries unsuccessfully to keep Sam calm, and forces herself to watch.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Neville's darkseekers fight savagely, but they don't stand a chance against the Horde's sheer numbers. They're getting ripped apart.

Neville doesn't prepare to fight; if the Horde reaches him before Kali reaches their Alpha, there's little point. He stands his ground, firm and unwavering.

Kali and the Alpha are mere yards from each other.

A darkseeker stands between the Alpha and his quarry -- so the Horde Alpha GRABS THE DARKSEEKER BY THE THROAT and shakes him until his NECK SNAPS.

He holds the dead darkseeker out for Kali to see, a coming attraction, then throws his body into the dust.

Kali's brow furrows slightly.

She takes two quick steps and LEAPS over the Alpha --

-- but the Alpha is more agile than he looks; he shoots straight up, GRABS HER ANKLE and SMASHES HER TO THE DIRT.

Neville is powerless to help her: The Horde has already torn through two-thirds of his darkseeker guard.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Stillman gives Traci a look of undisguised disdain.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE

The Horde Alpha picks up an unconscious Kali by the back of her neck and lifts her to eye level with one hand. His quivering jaws open to bear down on her throat.

Neville sees this happening in the distance -- and sees it about to happen to him, as the Horde overcomes his final dozen guards.

But the Alpha's curiosity surfaces, perhaps the last vestige of humanity remaining in him. For a brief moment, he examines this scrawny thing dangling from his grasp, wondering how it could cause so much trouble.

KALI'S EYES open wide. She stares at the Alpha.

His thick, dirty FINGERNAILS release their grip.

Kali falls to the ground. As she rises to her feet, the Alpha's pupils contract. His muscles relax.

And with a BELLOW, he announces his submission.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Traci, Stillman and the rest get a long view of the WAVE THAT RIPPLES THROUGH THE HORDE from the Alpha's epicenter, turning fury to passivity.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The still-vicious Horde darkseekers break through the last of Neville's defenses.

Neville closes his eyes as dozens of GRAY HANDS reach for him at once --

-- and fall away from him all at once. Neville opens his eyes to see them standing there, heavy breaths subsiding.

Kali makes her way toward him, through the Horde ranks. They all part for her like the Red Sea.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Seen from this vantage point, the image is breathtaking.

Still, Traci can't help but turn away from it for a second, to throw a bit of Stillman's disdain back at him.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Kali comes to stand by Neville's side. Together they look back upon the OCEAN OF CALMED DARKSEEKERS at the river's edge, now under her charge.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The entire Army looks upon the same, awestruck. Fingers slide away from triggers. Gun barrels and shoulder-launched missile systems are lowered to the ground.

For a long moment, silence prevails, interrupted only by the water and the wind, and the hum of the generators.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Neville raises his phone to his lips.

NEVILLE

Send a boat.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - ONE MINUTE LATER

A soldier steers Neville and Kali toward the ISLAND in the middle of the river in a small MOTOR BOAT. He periodically casts nervous glances at Kali.

Neville looks behind him at the Horde, stretching out from the riverbank as far as the eye can see. Waiting.

Kali stares down into the water.

The General and Stillman approach from the other side. A small FLOTILLA of motor boats back them up, filled with wary, heavily armed SOLDIERS.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Traci watches the scene nervously through binoculars from her place in the command post, Sam seated next to her.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The soldier piloting Neville and Kali pulls up to the island and drops anchor off the stern; the ANCHOR falls about ten feet and sinks into the muddy riverbed.

Neville and Kali climb onto the stunted grass of the island, and walk around the twisted, half-melted girders that used to support the 155th Street bridge.

General Price and Stillman walk around the other side of the girders. A SQUAD OF MEN follow them, guns ready, with the rest of the armed men remaining in their boats.

GENERAL PRICE

It's good to see you, Colonel. We thought you were dead.

Stillman waits for Neville's answer with baited breath.

NEVILLE

Understandable mistake. We're lucky any of us made it back.

Only Neville notices Stillman's subtle nod of thanks.

GENERAL PRICE

(re: Kali)

So: What is that?

Kali is now the leader of the largest army ever assembled in one place, but she still takes a step behind Neville when attention turns to her.

NEVILLE

She was infected, before Krippen vaccinated her.

STILLMAN

Still looks infected to me.

NEVILLE

She's not trying to kill you.

STILLMAN
Not right this minute.

GENERAL PRICE
How did she...?

He motions to the mass of docile darkseekers in the DMZ.

NEVILLE
It was an unintended side effect of the vaccine. I think it's pheromonal.
(off General's confusion)
Pheromones are chemicals that trigger intraspecies behavioral responses, they-
(off more confusion)
What matters is, she can do it. Their rage... she can turn it off.

STILLMAN
Which means she can also turn it back on whenever she likes.

Neville makes his plea directly to the General:

NEVILLE
Krippen's vaccine is the missing link we've been searching for -- the bridge between us and them. And it's still in her blood. We can bring them all back.

Stillman finds the suggestion insuperable:

STILLMAN
There's nothing to bring back. *That...*
(points at Kali)
...is not a person. *Those...*
(gestures to Horde)
... are not people!

NEVILLE
You're wrong. She remembers who she is. She spoke to me.

The General appears to be sympathetic to Neville's argument; this only makes Stillman more strident.

STILLMAN
And a dead frog's leg can jump.
(to Kali)
OK, you can speak? Speak.

Neville looks to Kali hopefully, but she only stares at Stillman.

STILLMAN

Go on, anything. Say "Hello"!

Kali shifts uneasily.

Behind her, the HORDE ALL SHIFTS AT ONCE, with a sound like a thunderous sigh.

NEVILLE

(to Stillman)

Don't.

STILLMAN

Why? Because you believe in her?

Stillman steps toward Kali.

Neville draws his gun and points it at Whitman.

Behind Stillman, every gun in the squad points at Neville.

GENERAL PRICE

Stand down! Everyone!

STILLMAN

You won't shoot.

NEVILLE

I will.

STILLMAN

So shoot!

(to Kali, aggressive)

Who are you? Where are you from?

GENERAL PRICE

Major!

STILLMAN

(to Kali, more aggressive)

Where did you go to high school, who was your prom date? Are you married?

Neville snaps the slide. Stillman ignores him.

And Kali stares at the SCARS ON STILLMAN'S NECK.

STILLMAN

What was your husband's name?

Her eyes dart between Stillman's eyes, and the scars on his neck. She HISSES softly, under her breath.

Neville hears the hiss. And sees what she's looking at. His eyes widen with revelation...

But Stillman takes a step toward her:

STILLMAN
Your husband!

Kali steps forward, HISSES LOUDLY at Stillman --

-- and is cut short by a loud CRACK.

Her face registers surprise.

Neville looks at her, confused. He looks at his gun, which has not been fired.

Stillman is confused as well, as is his squad. They all look around.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK along the SMOKING MUZZLE of...

WILLIS'S SNIPER RIFLE. Realizing what he's just done, Willis drops the weapon in disbelief.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Kali looks down to her side and sees the BLOOD staining her clothes red.

Before Neville can grab her, she FALLS INTO THE RIVER.

Without hesitation, Neville DIVES IN AFTER HER.

EXT. UNDER THE HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Neville breaks the surface of the dark water. The visibility is almost zero.

NEVILLE'S POV, an impressionistic swirl of eddies against the darkness, stirred up by NEVILLE'S HANDS.

Neville pulls himself through the water, searching for her. Only his barest contours are visible.

NEVILLE'S POV. Still nothing but churning darkness -- until a PALE WHITE ARM floats limply into view, and Neville's hand shoots out to grab it by the wrist.

Neville reels Kali in, wraps his arm under hers, holds her mouth and nose shut and swims her toward the shore.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The two groups stare at each other across the river: The MEN with their guns. The DARKSEEKERS with their numbers.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

There is a stirring in the darkseeker ranks. The former Horde Alpha steps to the fore and surveys the situation:

The men in front of him. The darkseekers behind him. His usurper nowhere to be seen.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The General and Stillman watch as

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The Alpha ROARS at the darkseekers immediately adjacent to him. They all shy away. Once again, he is in charge.

The Alpha turns back to face the army of men, and takes a defiant STEP into the water.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

Traci sees what's coming; she unhooks Sam's leash and pushes her away.

TRACI

Go.

Sam anxiously scans the river for signs of Neville, but he is nowhere to be seen.

Traci THROWS HER BINOCULARS at the ground, smashing them into the asphalt at Sam's feet.

TRACI

Go!

Sam runs.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - IN THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Neville breaks the surface with Kali. He lets go of her mouth and nose; she draws a sharp breath, and her eyes flutter open.

He tows her to a sheer embankment and wraps his free arm through the rusty, LOCKED GRATE of a sewer runoff drain.

As he catches his breath, he pulls himself out of the water to get a better view across the river. His gun is lodged in his waistband.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The Horde Alpha takes another step into the river. He grimaces; he doesn't like it. But he does it again.

Beside him, FOUR OTHER DARKSEEKERS follow suit.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The General and Stillman back away, toward the boats.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The Horde Alpha sees the two men and recognizes them for what they are: the leaders of his opposition. His ROAR tells them what he has in store for them.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The General finally does what Stillman wants:

GENERAL PRICE
Do it. Hit them with everything.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

[SIRENS sound, and blare throughout.]

On the Manhattan side of the river, troops spring into action, checking their equipment one last time before:

SOLDIER
Fire!

A bank of SHORT-RANGE MISSILES fires simultaneously, flying in tight formation over the river --

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

-- to EXPLODE in the Horde's midst, BLASTING A HUGE WAVE OF DARKSEEKERS AND DIRT up over the darkseeker frontlines and into the river.

All at once, WEAPONRY LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT SKY: missile batteries, shoulder-fired missiles, more bullets than we've ever seen fired at once.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - IN THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

The munition light paints Neville a hellish orange as he hangs onto the grate with one arm and Kali with the other.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Stillman climbs into one boat, the General into another.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The darkseekers keep pouring in over the top, and over the top, and over the top, rushing forward in a savage, raging tide to be killed by the thousands.

As they're shot down, they sink into the river, joining the other bodies, and the huge UPHEAVALS OF EARTH the artillery continues to spit up.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The shooting, shelling and bombing continue unabated, meeting with no resistance at all.

GARCIA dares to allow himself a smile of hope.

As does the GENERAL, on the river itself. And STILLMAN, in another boat. They appear to be winning.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - IN THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

Only Neville sees the truth in the situation, but he's powerless to stop it from happening:

NEVILLE

No... stop... stop...

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE/RIVER- CONTINUOUS

Darkseekers continue to fall into the river by the hundreds. Finally, inevitably, a DARKSEEKER at the front is shot, falls face first into the water --

-- and stays above the water line, propped by the fallen darkseekers beneath him. The human assault is building a BRIDGE TO MANHATTAN. A bridge of flesh and earth.

The Horde behaves with a hive logic; their forward push intensifies. They trample each other under foot to get to the front, die and fall into the shallow water, so those behind them can get that much farther across the river.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - CONTINUOUS

As his boat heads toward the shore, Stillman yells:

STILLMAN
The bodies! Shell the bodies!

He gets it. But he's too late.

EXT. NORTHERN DEMILITARIZED ZONE/RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The darkseeker frontline parts for the HORDE ALPHA.

He runs forward across the unfinished bridge of the fallen, LEAPS, and LANDS ON THE MEDIAN ISLAND.

HUNDREDS OF DARKSEEKERS immediately follow suit. Many of them get cut down en route. Adding their bodies to the bridge. Making it higher, longer, wider.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - IN THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

NEVILLE
Hold on.

Neville wraps a semi-conscious Kali's hands around the bars of the RUNOFF GRATE and draws his GUN from his waistband. Water drips from the gun's chambers.

He aims at the grate's LOCK, pulls the trigger...

Click. Nothing.

EXT. ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

The darkseeker vanguard is drawing heavy fire from the shore, but the remains of the 155th Street Bridge deflect a good deal of it.

They also draw fire from the FLOTILLA of retreating boats. Stillman and General Price fire with the rest.

A darkseeker manages to VAULT from the south edge of the island ONTO THE NEAREST MOTOR BOAT. A mounted machine gun instantly vaporizes him, but the example has been set.

The DARKSEEKERS ALL VAULT FORWARD like locusts, undeterred by the heavy fire, LEAPING FROM BOAT TO BOAT.

EXT. HARLEM RIVER - IN THE WATER

Still aiming at the grate lock, Neville pulls the trigger again and again and again, but his gun is not firing.

ON THE WATER

As the darkseekers advance across the flotilla toward the shore --

-- the shore TROOPS panic and start to FIRE
INDISCRIMINATELY, killing darkseekers and men alike.

Stillman hits the deck an instant before the darkseekers
in his boat are blown to pieces.

But the GENERAL IS MOWED DOWN by the fire.

And the FIRST DARKSEEKER LANDS ON MANHATTAN SHORES.

IN THE WATER

Neville's gun finally FIRES, blasting open the lock. He
opens the runoff grate.

ON THE SHORE

Stillman's boat drifts to the shore. He jumps out and
steps toward the command post.

But a THICK GRAY HAND shoots up from the river, grabs his
leg and pulls him back in.

The HORDE ALPHA SMASHES STILLMAN against the bank like a
rag doll, twice, and proceeds to TEAR STILLMAN APART.

IN THE WATER

Twenty yards upriver, Neville sees it happening; even
over the din, he can hear Stillman SCREAM as the Alpha
rips into his flesh. There's nothing he can do.

He hoists Kali into the massive DRAIN PIPE, pulls himself
up and quietly shuts the grate behind him.

EXT. COMMAND POST - CONTINUOUS

The end is coming nearer, with inhuman SHRIEKS and HOWLS.

Traci sits cross-legged on the ground, bows her head and
waits for it with grace.

INT. RUNOFF DRAIN - NIGHT

Several yards in from the opening of this long, concrete
tube, Neville is wrapping Kali's side with a tourniquet
made from his shirt. The sounds of the battle outside
wash over them, reverberant and distorted.

She is conscious, and she is afraid. Her white-eyes look at him imploringly.

NEVILLE

It's going to be OK. I'm going to get you somewhere safe.

He wraps her arm around his shoulder and helps her down the tunnel ahead.

CUT TO:

The MOONLIGHT casts serrated shadows on the wall through the sewer grates overhead.

There's barely enough light for Neville to see where he's going, as he marches Kali through the knee-high muck.

Kali is having a tough time, panting, wheezing. Neville stops to let her catch her breath. He sniffs, and wrinkles his nose at the smell.

Coming through the overhead sewer grates, he hears what sounds like faintly falling rain.

The "rain" gets louder and louder, until it becomes recognizable for what it is: THOUSANDS OF NAKED FEET SLAPPING THE PAVEMENT. Heading in the same direction as they are, only much faster.

Neville puts his fingers to her lips and backs her away from the grate --

-- as a SPINDLY SHADOW appears amidst on the wall to their left. SNIFFING sounds come through the grate.

Neville crouches in the muck, pulling Kali down with him.

OTHER SHADOWS join the first on the wall. More sniffing, snarling, grunting.

Neville holds his breath for a long, tense moment.

The sewage masks their smell from the darkseekers; with a dismissive BARK, the first darkseeker runs off to rejoin the Horde. The others soon follow.

Neville exhales.

EXT. 85TH STREET - NIGHT

A MANHOLE COVER slides aside and Neville climbs out, helping Kali after him. She lies on the pavement.

The street is deserted and silent. No sounds of any conflict coming from any direction.

Neville finds a crashed HARLEY DAVIDSON lying on its side, filthy and rusting. A dried blood smear leads away from it like a stroke from a man-sized paintbrush.

He lifts the motorcycle and finds the keys still in the ignition. He kickstarts it; the engine turns over.

EXT. 9TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Neville rides the Harley south down the silent, empty avenue with Kali on the seat in front of him.

He hears something over the revving of the motorcycle's engine, barely. He stops and listens.

GUNSHOTS. Very faint. Up ahead.

EXT. 9TH AVENUE AND 31ST STREET - NIGHT

Neville slows down; a military ROAD BLOCK obstructs the avenue in front of him.

The din is much louder now, and coming from his left.

Kali is not looking good. There's no time for detours.

Neville turns west onto 31st Street.

EXT. 31ST STREET - NIGHT

As Neville makes it halfway to 8th Avenue, it comes into view: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Darkseekers swarming all over it like ants on an anthill.

NEVILLE

No. No no no no...

Kali moans; her skin has gone from gray to an almost chalk white. Neville feels her forehead. If he doesn't get her to a place where he can help her soon, she is going to bleed to death.

He kills the engine. With his feet, he propels the bike into the heavy shadows on the opposite side of the street. Step by step, he begins to push past the carnage, protected only by darkness.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The darkseekers are in the equivalent of a feeding frenzy; they do not notice Neville.

But he is heading toward a dangerous swath of light.

Dozens of darkseekers bring down one of the last LIGHT BANKS, crashing hundreds of high-wattage UV bulbs into the pavement with a firecracker *rat-a-tat-tat* --

-- and extinguishing the light in front of Neville. He continues, now directly in front of the Garden.

One of the few soldiers left hits a group of them with a FLAMETHROWER to halt their advance up the Garden roof.

But the darkseekers keep going even as they burn, burning sections of the roof as they go.

Other darkseekers claw their way through the roof, oblivious to the damage it does to their hands and arms.

As Neville rolls silently by, he watches helplessly as they begin to drop into the roof and disappear into the building. He knows full well what this means:

He has to find a cure for the infected. Because the infected are all that's left.

And he looks to the only hope for this cure, dying on the motorcycle in front of him.

Kali MOANS again.

And on the roof, a darkseeker turns in their direction and SHRIEKS, capturing the attention of

The HORDE ALPHA. He sees his one-time usurper, half-dead on the motorcycle. Not dead enough for the Alpha. He SHOUTS to the sky.

Neville kick-starts the motorcycle and guns it down 31st.

An a MASS OF DARKSEEKERS pulls away from the Garden, reaching down the street for Neville like a thick tentacle off the main body of the Horde.

Neville speeds up; his TIRES SCREAM as he turns onto

EXT. 5TH AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Neville makes a mad dash south.

Behind him, DARKSEEKERS SPILL OUT from 31st Street, filling the full width of the avenue, rolling after him like an avalanche.

Neville is not a stunt man; this is pure adrenaline driving, 80, 90, 100mph in a straight line, staying ahead of the darkseekers. He slows down, they die. He hits a crack in the pavement, they die.

He is pulling away from them, slowly but surely; they can run unnaturally fast, but they can't run 100mph.

But Neville is coming up on the concrete barrier separating the (once) Safe Zone from the rest of the city -- and its entrance appears to be closed.

He's going too fast to turn off onto a side street. He lets up on the throttle. The darkseekers start to gain.

As he draws closer, Neville sees the barrier isn't entirely closed; there is a THREE FOOT OPENING.

He guns it again. Wrapping his arms around Kali to tuck her in tight, he focuses, aims...

And SHOOTS THROUGH THE GAP in the barrier, close enough to scrape his own shoulder raw on the cement.

The flow of darkseekers is slowed considerably. In their eagerness to get at him, they clog the opening with their bodies. The others have to clamber over the barricade, which takes time.

EXT. SAFE ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Neville widens his lead, escaping into the Village.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - OUTSIDE SAFE ZONE - CONTINUOUS

But there are so many darkseekers that they crawl and claw over each other, ant-like, until the pile of them is high enough to allow the others to LEAP OVER THE FENCE.

EXT. SAFE ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The darkseekers are back on Neville's trail, sniffing, grunting, growling.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

Neville tears through the park as fast as he can on the cycle, almost losing Kali when his bike jumps down the stairs to the central fountain, almost crashing when he rolls back up the stairs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Wrapping an arm around Kali, Neville jumps off the motorcycle, letting it roll down the street and crash into a wall.

INT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

No one thought to turn off the generators; Neville carries Kali in his arms down a weakly lit hall.

He opens the door to the room Traci was in earlier; the only light comes from the BLOOD TRANSFUSION REFRIGERATOR. Three or four bags of fresh blood are visible therein. Kali desperately needs blood.

But Neville hears the darkseekers howling in the night, drawing closer. There is no time.

He shoots the blood to sidetrack them, and runs her to the elevator.

INT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Still carrying Kali, Neville flips on the low bluish lights and takes quick stock of the room.

NEVILLE'S POV. Everything is where he left it several days ago: The computers. The open wine bottle. The huge transport cage in the corner. The spare hypodermic vacutainer and cartridges on the table.

He hears a RUMBLE: darkseekers descending the stairwell.

He has about twenty seconds.

Hauling Kali across the room, he grabs the OPEN WINE BOTTLE, smells it, takes a sip, winces and spits it out.

NEVILLE

Vinegar.

He brings Kali to the TRANSPORT CAGE and sets her inside.

He runs back, grabs the wine bottle in one hand and the Vacutainer and cartridges in the other.

He douses himself with the vinegared wine, douses Kali, and pours the rest on the cage, and in a semi-circle around it.

He grabs the cage's KEVLAR LOCK from its hanging place in the locking bolt and gets inside the cage with Kali.

INT. TRANSPORT CAGE - CONTINUOUS

Neville hooks the lock through the breathing holes in the cage door and wall --

-- just as the DARKSEEKERS enter the room. He peeks through a breathing hole at them.

NEVILLE'S POV through the hole, as the creatures make their way into the room, looking, snarling, sniffing. Five of them, ten, twenty...

And the HORDE ALPHA, who enters and looks directly at the cage.

Neville backs away from the breathing hole.

BASEMENT LAB

The Alpha approaches the cage. Several other darkseekers follow close behind, sniffing as they go.

The Alpha reaches the cage.

TRANSPORT CAGE

Crouched in the corner of the cage, Neville holds Kali to his chest and closes his eyes.

We see the Alpha through the breathing holes right outside the cage, blocking the thin shafts of blue light that stream through them. We hear him inhale.

BASEMENT LAB

And we see his nose wrinkle in distaste at the smell of the vinegar.

Reflexively, with a sharp huff, he turns around. The other darkseekers shy away and scramble out of the room.

We don't go with them, but we hear them milling around in the hall, getting into other rooms, rifling through them.

TRANSPORT CAGE

Neville hears them too. If he and Kali step outside the cage where the darkseekers can smell them, they'll both be dead.

And if they don't step outside the cage, Kali will die.

She squints at him, trying to make him out in the dim blue light that trickles in overhead.

Without being asked, she holds out her arm.

Operating mostly by touch, Neville squeezes her forearm, inserts the Vacutainer, and draws Kali's blood.

As her blood dribbles into the tube, she points to his pocket. He is confused, but she points again, insistent.

He reaches into the pocket and removes the FAMILY PHOTO he showed her earlier, now wet and crumpled.

Her pupils dilate as she stares at it, almost crowding out her white irises altogether. She points to the photo, her hand dangling on her wrist like a marionette's.

Her finger touches Zoe, Neville's wife.

Then it swings back around to point at Kali herself.

KALI
(dying whisper)
Heather.

NEVILLE
(whisper)
That's your name? Heather?

As she nods, her eyelids flutter. She's on the edge of consciousness... but she regains control for long enough to point at the picture again. At Neville. He gets it:

NEVILLE
Your husband. You had a husband.
(off her weak nod)
What was his name?

She shakes her head and cries, crushed by the memory:

KALI
Jon.
(beat)
I. Killed. Him.

Neville nods, unsurprised. [This is what he realized beneath the ruins of the 155th Street Bridge, when he saw Kali staring at Stillman's scars.]

NEVILLE

It's okay. It wasn't your fault.

Neville hugs her close to him.

NEVILLE

You hear me? It was not your fault. That wasn't you.

Kali stops crying. She exhales.

NEVILLE

This... this is you.

Her arm goes limp, the Vacutainer needle still in it.

Neville gently places her against the opposite wall of the cage and closes her eyes.

He removes the TUBE OF HER BLOOD from the Vacutainer. Balancing it in the palm of his hand, he shakes it gently back and forth, simulating an agitator.

FADE TO BLACK, then FADE IN ON

INT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - BASEMENT LAB - MORNING

The cage door opens. Tentatively, Neville steps out. In his hand, he is still jiggling the TUBE OF BLOOD.

He listens for a long moment, and hears nothing but the sound of his own breathing.

CUT TO:

Neville watches as the blood spins in a centrifuge.

CUT TO:

Neville monitors a DNA SEQUENCER as it converts the DNA of Krippen's vaccine into an endless stream of COLOR-CODED LETTERS.

He clicks "Burn" on the sequencer.

CUT TO:

Neville removes a DVD from the DVD burner.

INT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - MORNING

The hallway is dark, except for a bright light bleeding through the doorway up ahead.

As Neville approaches the door, the light bleaches out his field of vision, blinding him.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOSPITAL - MORNING

Neville emerges, squinting against the sun. In his hand: the DVD containing the KV vaccine sequence.

As his eyes adjust, he takes stock of the Village around him. It is completely deserted.

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS - MORNING

Neville walks down empty streets as if through a dream.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - MORNING

Neville walks through the empty Park, DVD in hand, adjusting to his new, impossible reality.

The wind stirs a soccer ball in front of him. When he reaches the ball, he kicks it. It bounces down the pavement and rolls out of sight.

He is alone.

Almost.

Neville stops dead in his tracks, as

SAM emerges from behind the arch. She stares at him for a beat, not entirely trusting that he's real.

He crouches down and whistles for her. She comes running.

No two creatures in the history of the world have ever been this happy to see each other. He hugs her as she does her best to lick his face off.

Eventually, Neville disengages himself from her and rises. For a moment, he and Sam stand in the shrinking shadow of the Washington Square Arch.

NEVILLE

Let's go, girl.

He walks away, and Sam follows; she no longer needs a leash to stay perfectly at heel.

EXT. NEVILLE'S BROWNSTONE - MORNING

Neville and Sam enter the house.

INT. NEVILLE'S BROWNSTONE - DAY

Neville speaks into a MICROPHONE that's connected to his LAPTOP.

NEVILLE

My name is Robert Neville.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Neville and Sam sit in front of Kali's grave, which he has just finished filling in.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

I am a survivor living in New York City.

EXT. SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - DAY

Neville sits behind the desk he has hauled out here.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

I will be at the South Street Seaport every day at midday, when the sun is highest in the sky.

He throws a tennis ball down the pier for Sam.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Neville and Sam stockpile provisions.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

I can provide food.

INT. NEVILLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Neville reinforces his window shutters, and his door.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

I can provide shelter.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Neville puts himself through firearms practice at a makeshift firing range.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

I can provide security.

INT. NEVILLE'S BROWNSTONE - BASEMENT LAB - DAY

In a SERIES OF SHOTS, Neville builds the basement lab from the first film, modelled after Krippen's lab.

He sets up the Plexiglas panes; the stainless steel countertops; the lab equipment.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

So if there's anybody out there...

Finally, he takes out the DVD containing the vaccine's DNA sequence, obtained from Kali.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

You are not alone.

He pops the DVD into a computer. A RAINBOW OF COLORED LETTERS STREAMS across the screen.

NEVILLE (V.O.)

There is still hope.

On his laptop, Neville opens his RESEARCH LOG and types:

"Day 1."

The End.