

Peste
by
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"THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE WAS RECOVERED FROM THE HOME OF
MICHAEL AND KATHLEEN DRAKEFORD.

DURING THE C1H1 OUTBREAK, THE COUPLE AND THEIR TWO
DAUGHTERS SPENT FORTY-EIGHT DAYS UNDER MANDATORY OHIO
STATE QUARANTINE.

THE FAMILY'S CURRENT WHEREABOUTS REMAIN UNKNOWN..."

FADE IN:

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Just your average LOCAL BROADCAST on an average day. A MALE and FEMALE ANCHOR, both coiffed and lovely, beam broadly at us. Welcome to the beginning of the end.

FEMALE ANCHOR

The latest viral video currently making waves on the internet and ruffling some feathers in the public health community comes to us from Jarrett Wolfe, an engineering student from Philadelphia.

MALE ANCHOR

The video has logged in a record four *million* views on Youtube in the past seventy two hours. But the question remains, 'Is it a hoax or isn't it?' You be the judge. But the footage you are about to see may be disturbing to some viewers.

SMASH TO -- THE YOU TUBE VIDEO

Lit only by the light of his computer screen, a ghostly JARRETT WOLFE (early 20s) peers in at us. Pale. Sweaty. Eyes swollen. Indeterminate redness stains his shirt. SOOTHING CLASSICAL MUSIC plays in the b.g.

JARRETT

My name is Jarrett Wolfe. I'm twenty-three years old and if you're watching this right now, just know that this isn't a joke. I'm not lying. I just think you should know the truth.

On the edge of a sob, his breath hitches. He's more than just distraught, he's destroyed. If this is a hoax, it's damn convincing.

JARRETT (CONT'D)

The CDC...They already came for Jess and Tony. Soon they'll be come for me and I don't know what they're going to do when they find me. I've done some bad things. This thing inside me has made me do--

SIRENS in the distance. He breaks off and tenses. Listening. A moment. The sirens fade and he resumes.

JARRETT (CONT'D)

-- made me do some terrible things. And I'm sorry. It's like I turn off.

JARRETT (CONT'D)
 And this thing turns on and bad
 things happen. I try to stop it,
 but I can't. I can't stop it.

He's crying now. Broken by the unseen horror.

JARRETT (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I
 didn't mean to hurt anyone. It
 made me. But the only way anyone
 is going to believe me is if you
 see it for yourself. I swear,
 this isn't a joke, but God... God,
 I wish it was.

Resigned, he removes his shirt and begins to turn around,
 presenting his back to the camera, suddenly--

KA-THUMP! A DOOR IS KICKED IN. LIGHT FLOODS the space.
 CDC AGENTS in BIO-HAZARD SUITS appear and drag Jarrett
 out, kicking and screaming.

JARRETT (CONT'D)
 No! NO! NOO!

Within moments, he's gone. BACK TO...

INT. NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Our anchors exchange a look. Nervous laughter.

MALE ANCHOR
 What do you think, Cecilia? You
 think it's a hoax?

FEMALE ANCHOR
 Convincing, but definitely a hoax.

MALE ANCHOR
 (to us)
 The CDC would like to reassure the
 public that they had no
 involvement in the shooting of
 this video and that there's no
 cause for alarm or concern.

FEMALE ANCHOR
 (a complete change of
 pace)
 Headed out to the 5K at Bryant
 Park this weekend? We'll be right
 back with Megan Blair and our
 seven day forecast.

Off their oblivious smiles, we FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DAY (TRIPOD)

PRE-QUARANTINE. All is right and good in the world. The
 shit hasn't hit the fan. Yet.

Seated on the curb, EMMA DRAKEFORD (14) smiles winningly at us. She's a sweet looking kid. Earnest. Academic. Unconventional with a touch of edge. She'll be our guide. Our narrator. This story unfolds through her eyes.

(*NOTE: UNLESS OTHERWISE SPECIFIED, ALL FOOTAGE IS RECORDED BY EMMA DRAKEFORD'S AMATEUR HAND.***)**

A strand of Emma's hair catches the wind. She tucks it behind her ear and clears her throat. Nervous, but ready.

EMMA
Hi. I'm Emma Drakeford and
welcome to my life.

A moment. Laughter off camera. Emma looks beyond us.

EMMA (CONT'D)
What? Was that bad?

VOICE (O.S.)
It wasn't *that* bad. Just act
natural. Here.

Chubby, punky, African American GRACIE (15) Emma's best friend, pops into frame. With a bobby pin, she secures that stray strand of Emma's hair.

EMMA
I'm in focus, right?

GRACIE
Yes. For like, the twentieth
time. Be still. I swear, what
would you do without me?

EMMA
I'd be jacked up.

GRACIE
Ya heard.

They giggle. Gracie ducks back behind the camera.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Okay. Go again. Act natural!

EMMA
More energy or less?

GRACIE (O.S.)
Natural energy. Stop trying so
hard. Just talk like you talk to
me.

HONKING off screen. Emma waves to a car passing by o.s.

EMMA
Hey, Mr. Toomey!

GRACIE (O.S.)
You ready?

Emma nods. Smiles awkwardly. Tries to focus. Bursts out laughing instead.

EMMA
Don't make the face.

GRACIE (O.S.)
What face? This face?

Gracie pops in camera and makes a CRAZY FACE sending Emma into another giggle fit.

EMMA
Stop! This is serious. Mr. Sparks said this was important.

GRACIE (O.S.)
For why?

EMMA
To help me be more um... What's the word?

GRACIE (O.S.)
Don't ask me, I don't know.

EMMA
Assertive! Less shy and more assertive. He says I can't be an award winning journalist if I'm shy.

GRACIE (O.S.)
You're not shy with me.

EMMA
Cause I've known you since I was, like, a zygote.

GRACIE (O.S.)
Ya heard? You want me to give you a countdown? Like they do on tv?

Another nod from Emma.

GRACIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Three...Two...One...

EMMA
(simple, honest)
Hi. I'm Emma Drakeford and this is my life.
(a moment, then to Gracie)
How was that?

GRACIE (O.S.)
Pretty g--

CLICK. BLACK.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - EVENING

EMMA PANS AROUND in a wide arc revealing three homes (including the Drakeford's) on this island of perfect middle class suburbia.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is where I live.

Across the street, LAWRENCE COLE (50s), the cul-de-sac curmudgeon, sets his garbage cans out by the curb. LUCY, his equally mean-spirited daschund, trots behind him.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Mr. Cole!

He gives an uninterested, half-hearted wave and, hiding his face with his hand, heads back inside.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Or not.

Lucy catches sight of Emma and barrels towards her, BARKING her little doggie-head off.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Lucy. Who's a good girl?
Who's a good girl?

Not Lucy. As soon as Emma bends down to pet her, Lucy starts growling and snaps at her. Emma snatches her hand back.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ow! You little sh--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

WE PAN AROUND this charming, meticulously neat space. The bookshelf sags with hundreds of paperbacks. BEATLES POSTERS on the walls. COLLEGE APPLICATIONS on the desk.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is my room.

She holds up an application. WELLESLEY.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Diane Sawyer went to Wellesley.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Pleasant hustle and bustle. Petite KAY DRAKEFORD (late 40s) fiddles around on the stove, stirring up this and that. She's the high-strung sort. Too thin. Eternally anxious. Worries about everything. But at the moment, she's in a great mood.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is my awesome mom, making her awesome sauce.

KAY
Taste test.

She feeds Emma a spoonful.

KAY (CONT'D)
Well?

EMMA (O.S.)
Tangy and delicious.

Kay picks up a FORM on the tabletop.

KAY
Now, what am I signing again?

EMMA (O.S.)
A release. Just in case I break the camera.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Then we get to pay for it? Joy.

Michael enters. Exchanges a kiss with his wife and begins unloading the dishwasher.

EMMA (O.S.)
But I'm not going to break it.
Hello? I'm the responsible one,
remember?

STACE (O.S.)
I heard that.

STACIA DRAKEFORD (16) enters. She's everything Emma isn't. Primped. Pretty. Curvy and working it. The tension between sisters is palpable. Stace casually flips Emma the bird. Michael swats her with a dishtowel.

MICHAEL
I saw that, smartass.

STACE
(to Emma)
How much stuff do you have to tape?

EMMA (O.S.)
Enough to get an A.

STACE
How much is that? Because you and that camera are already like, working my last fucking nerve.

MICHAEL
(a warning)
Stacia.

STACE
(same tone)
Dad.

EMMA (O.S.)
Mr. Sparks says he only gives three As every semester so that people take New Media seriously.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Competition is supposed to
 encourage increased performance
 among the--

STACE
 Sorry, I don't speak dork.

EMMA (O.S.)
 But you're fluent in bitch. Could
 you teach me?

MICHAEL
 (another warning)
 Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (same tone)
 Dad.

KAY
 Girls, if you can't act like two
 civilized human beings--

STACE
 I'm totally civilized.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Not, cheerleader.

STACE
 Jealous much, Yearbook?

KAY
 You're sisters. You're supposed
 to be best friends. You're
 supposed to take care of each
 other.

STACE
 Like you and Aunt Evie, right?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Yeah, mom. You hate Auntie E.

KAY
 That's beside the point.

HONKING from outside.

STACE
 That's me. I'm out.

KAY
 Where're you going?

STACE
 We talked about this already!

KAY
 No, we didn't.

STACE
I'm going to Laurie's house. I'll
be back!

KAY
When?

STACE
Later!

And she's out the door.

MICHAEL
Before ten!

KAY
It's Wednesday!

MICHAEL
(after Stace)
Before nine!

But Stace is already gone. Michael and Kay exchange a
look. Not happy with Stace. Or each other.

KAY
You shouldn't have let her go at
all.

Kay returns to stirring her sauce. Michael pulls a
strainer from the dishwasher. Not sure where it goes.
Kay snatches it away.

KAY (CONT'D)
(get out)
I got it.

Embarrassed and a bit hurt, Michael notices Emma's still
recording.

MICHAEL
(off-balanced, trying
to laugh it off)
I better not see this on The You
Tube. Where's the form?

Emma hands it over.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - EVENING

ZOOM IN ON -- A plate. Spaghetti. Salad. A glass of
milk. We ZOOM OUT...And ZOOM IN. Emma's just having
fun. A throat clears o.s.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Emma?

EMMA (O.S.)
Yeah?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
What're you doing?

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm *zooming*.

ZOOM IN. Big salad. ZOOM OUT. Little salad. A moment.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You done?

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, part of the assignment was to capture the minutiae of every day life. The key word being 'minutiae.'

EMMA PANS AROUND AND SETTLES ON -- MICHAEL. Who regards her with limited patience. Across the way, Kay picks at a rabbit sized portion.

MICHAEL
Turn the camera off.

Emma sighs and sets the camera on the table.

EMMA (O.S.)
Fine. But if I get a B, it's your-

CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

A small space filled with books. Michael sits in front of his computer. Intently focused on the screen. So focused he doesn't hear Emma creeping up silently behind him. An old game between them. She pounces.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad!

He nearly jumps out of his skin.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Got you. Say hi to the camera.

MICHAEL
Hi to the camera. You finish your homework?

EMMA (O.S.)
Yeah.

MICHAEL
And?

EMMA (O.S.)
Easy. Whatcha readin'?

EMMA ZOOMS IN ON -- THE COMPUTER SCREEN. The headline reads: NINE PESTE CASES CONFIRMED IN NY CITY.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Only in NY City. Nothing for you to worry about.

He CLICKS over to a SOLITAIRE GAME.

EMMA (O.S.)
You waiting up for Stace?

MICHAEL
Yep.

EMMA (O.S.)
She grounded?

MICHAEL
Very.

EMMA (O.S.)
Till when?

MICHAEL
Till she's thirty. I don't know
what happened. She used to be so
nice. She used to like us. Hey,
I gotta ask you something. Switch
that thing off.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, no! What about my A?

Michael gives her The Look. Emma sighs. All 'tude.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Fine. Happy?

Emma SETS THE CAMERA ON A SHELF and APPEARS IN FRAME,
standing in front of her father.

MICHAEL
Is it off?

EMMA
Yes, dad! Talk!

But she's lying. The camera CONTINUES TO RECORD.

MICHAEL
(beat)
Is your sister on drugs?

EMMA
(giggles)
What?

MICHAEL
Why is that funny? I won't be mad
if she is.

EMMA
Yes, you will.

MICHAEL
(concedes)
Yes, I will.
(beat)
Is she?

EMMA
No!

MICHAEL
Then what's wrong with her?

EMMA
Nothing's wrong with her. She's
just Stace.

A moment. Michael considers this.

MICHAEL
Is she drinking?

EMMA
Dad, I'm gonna leave.

MICHAEL
I don't even want to ask this, but-

EMMA
What?

MICHAEL
Is she having sex?

EMMA
Oh my God. Are we done?!

MICHAEL
What about C.J. Moreno?

EMMA
They're just dating.

MICHAEL
Are you having sex?

EMMA
Wow. Just seriously. Wow.

MICHAEL
You're my daughter. I'm your dad.
We're supposed to have talks like
this.

EMMA
Says who?

MICHAEL
Is there anything going on that I
need to know about?

EMMA
Other than the fact that you just
made my brain vomit and cry? No.
Can I go now?

MICHAEL
Go over that last problem again.

Emma retrieves her camera and holds it by her side.
Pointed AT THE FLOOR. Keeping her taping secret.

EMMA (O.S.)
Can I ask you something?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Shoot.

EMMA (O.S.)
You and mom. Everything okay?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Why would you ask that?

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm your daughter. We're supposed
to have talks like this.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Haha. Smartypants. Your mother
and I are fine.

Emma gives her dad a kiss good-night. A real bond
between these two. Emma heads to the door. As she goes,
she turns back to find Michael has clicked back over to
the article.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

EMMA RECORDS THROUGH THE BLINDS. A CAR pulls into the
driveway below.

C.J. MORENO -- (17), ripped, hunky, the athlete all the
girls crush on -- drives. Stace gets out of the
passenger side door.

EMMA (O.S.)
(whisper)
Sooo busted.

She moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Unseen, Emma RECORDS THROUGH THE RAILING as Michael and
Kay bombard Stace the moment she enters.

MICHAEL
What the hell's wrong with you?
It's a school night! You didn't
even call!

Stace ignores them and flounces up the stairs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Get back down here! We're not
done.

Stace brushes by Emma. Glares at her.

STACE
Don't say anything. And don't
tape me!

Emma continues to record. Follows Stace down the hall.

EMMA (O.S.)
When mom and dad fight, it's
always because of you. You know
that, right?

STACE
I said don't tape me!

Pissed, Stace turns and charges towards Emma. She KNOCKS
THE CAMERA out of her hand. CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Michael drives. Seated in the passenger seat, Emma
RECORDS THE WORLD rushing by. A RADIO TALK SHOW blares.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
(filtered)
Seventeen confirmed cases in
Newark this morning, and twenty-
nine in Boston and the numbers
keep on coming. So clearly the
government has no idea what's
going--

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Christ.

Michael SWITCHES OVER TO A MUSIC STATION. SOFT ROCK
DRIFTS OUT.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, I was listening to that.

MICHAEL
Well don't. Every year there's
something - Bird Flu, Pig Flu,
Horse Flu--

EMMA (O.S.)
Horse Flu?

MICHAEL
--and everyone always overreacts.
Especially your mother. Last
thing I want to hear in the
morning.

Michael hums along with the soft rock. Oblivious to the
suckitude of his music selection. Emma reaches down and
switches to an ALTERNATIVE ROCK STATION.

SWIVEL AROUND TO -- THE BACKSEAT. Stace dozes against
the window. Her cheerleading outfit spills out of her
bag. Emma CRANKS the music up. Loud. Louder. Stace
suddenly WAKES AND KICKS THE BACK OF EMMA'S SEAT hard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey! HEY!

He turns the radio off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Okay, so we'll just not have any
 music at all. If I have to treat
 you two like children, I will.

Stace glowers at Emma.

STACE
 (mouths)
 I hate you.

She KICKS EMMA'S SEAT again.

MICHAEL
 GIRLS!

Emma resumes FILMING OUT THE WINDOW. The car stops at a traffic light. On the corner, a SMALL CROWD has gathered, holding signs reading -- "THE END OF DAYS IS NIGH!" "REPENT, THE HOUR OF JUDGEMENT IS UPON US!" "SATAN WALKS!" A PREACHER (50s), all fire and brimstone, points at Emma.

PREACHER
 --and there was a pale green
 horse. Its rider was named Death
 and Hades rode with him! They
 were given authority to kill,
 KILL, with sword, famine, and
 plague!' Repent and--

EMMA (O.S.)
 What. Ever.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Crowded. Chaotic. A DRUMLINE can be heard O.S. HIGH SCHOOLERS trundle by. Headed for the gym. An assembly about to begin.

Grinning easily at us, EVAN (16) fills the frame. He's the punk rock type. A BENT FORK around his wrist. Ponytail. Cute as hell. Perfect for Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (shy)
 So...what do you think of the
 whole virus thingie?

EVAN
 Virus thingie? What do you think?

EMMA (O.S.)
 I'm asking you.

EVAN
 You're freaking out.

EMMA (O.S.)
 I'm not.

EVAN
 You totally are. You know what I
 think?

A beat. Then Evan LIFTS HIS SHIRT and FLASHES A BOY NIPPLE. Then he's pulled away by his FRIENDS and disappears into the crowd. Emma starts laughing. Gracie pops into frame.

GRACIE
He soo likes you. Just get a room
already.

They follow the crowd towards the gym.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Crowded. Full bleachers. The BAND PLAYS a FIGHT SONG and the CHEERLEADERS perform a DANCE ROUTINE. Emma ZOOMS IN ON--

STACE -- Who has perked up considerably. She dances with the rest of the squad. Throwing flirty glances at--

C.J. -- Who stands with the FOOTBALL PLAYERS. Pumping Jersey-style while simultaneously taping Stace's vigorously shaking backside with his cameraphone.

(LATER)

CLOSE ON -- A beleaguered CDC OFFICIAL (40s) stands behind a podium. Most of the audience is paying attention, but a few SCREW UPS aren't making this easy.

CDC OFFICER
--at this time, the CDC is
classifying it as a parasite, but
it's substantially more than--

Someone makes a FARTING noise which generates a few TITTERS. But not from Emma. She wants to hear this.

EMMA (O.S.)
Shhhh!

CDC OFFICER
(clears his throat)
--that.

CDC Officer presses doggedly forward. Emma SWIVELS THE CAMERA AROUND and lands on--

MICHAEL -- Standing on the sidelines with several other TEACHERS. Checking his watch. He catches Emma recording him. Annoyed, he motions to her: *Pay attention!*

CDC OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But the parasite isn't fatal. No
matter what you read online or on
facebook. That's the most
important thing for everyone to
remember. It doesn't kill you.

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- EVAN. Seated a few rows ahead of her. Just hanging with his FRIENDS and not paying attention at all. Evan looks back. Catches Emma's eye/camera. He winks. Beside Emma--

GRACIE -- Nudges her and makes a kissy face.

GRACIE
 (whispers)
 Seriously, you two are
 gonna have like, beautiful
 punk rock babies. Ya
 heard?!

CDC OFFICER (O.S.)
 Early signs of infestation
 include weight loss,
 extensive bruising,
 especially around the trunk
 and abdomen. Markedly
 increased appetite and
 extended sleep cycles.

Gracie nudges Emma again and points.

GRACIE (O.S.)
 (whispers)
 Look!

Emma follows her finger and lands on a--

MALE TEACHER -- Standing off to the side. Though thin,
 he CHOWS DOWN on a massive BURGER. Practically inhaling
 it. Barely bothering to chew. There's something about
 it that's a bit...off. Nevertheless, the girls giggle.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (whispers)
 Wow. It's not even ten o'clock
 yet.

Emma returns her camera to the CDC OFFICER.

CDC OFFICER
 (off to ASSISTANT)
 Can you get the restraints?

ASSISTANT moves away.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 (to crowd)
 You guys'll like this.

Assistant returns with a nasty tangle of RESTRAINTS.
 Looks like something from an S&M video. A super kinky
 one.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 We're pretty proud of these.
 Steel and reinforced titanium.
 Perfect for restraining an
 Infested or Twist, as they're
 called. Any volunteers? How
 about you, sir?

He points to Michael. Michael holds up his hands and
 backs away - *no thanks*.

A NERDY GUY pops up and jumps onto the stage. CDC
 Officer straps him up.

CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
 And this goes here and this here
 and...tada! Cool, right?

RANDOM STUDENT
Wrong, douchebag!

Titters from the audience.

EMMA (O.S.)
Shhh!

CDC OFFICER
(a little hurt)
If you suspect an individual is
Infested or think you may be,
we've got these nifty magnets
here.

He HOLDS one up.

RANDOM STUDENT (O.S.)
They SUCK!

More laughter, intermingled with annoyed shushing.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

CLOSE ON -- The CDC MAGNET. 'SUSPECT AN INFESTED? CALL
1-800-CDC-PESTE!' Beside Emma, Stace grimly loads up the
dishwasher.

EMMA (O.S.)
And this is my sister. Grounded
until she's thirty.

STACE
Shhh! Listen!

Raised voices drift in from the dining room.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I just don't see the point.

KAY (O.S.)
No point? New York City reported
over a hundred cases today! And
they're saying it might be
waterborne. There's nothing wrong
with being prepared!

MICHAEL (O.S.)
There's prepared and there's
paranoid.

KAY (O.S.)
Why is everything always a fight
with you? I'm just asking--

MICHAEL (O.S.)
How much are we supposed to spend
on this? A hundred bucks? Two?

EMMA (O.S.)
(to us)
That's the sound of my parents
arguing. Mom thinks we're all
gonna die.

A moment. Then Stace snorts laughter.

STACE
Mom's such a case.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
GIRLS!

Michael enters. On the edge of his patience.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What're you two doing?

EMMA (O.S.)
Nothing.

Hurriedly, she DROPS THE CAMERA TO HER SIDE. Recording on the down low.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Cricket, let's go.

EMMA (O.S.)
Where?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
(tight)
We're going to get prepared.

STACE (O.S.)
Can I come?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Grounded.

EMMA (O.S.)
Ooh, fail.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Finish cleaning the kitchen. Then you can start on the--

Emma leaves them and moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kay sits at the table. Smoking a cigarette. Lost in thought.

EMMA (O.S.)
Mom?

Nothing from Kay.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
MOM!

KAY
(snaps out of it)
What?

EMMA (O.S.)
 (re: cigarette)
 The window. You'll set off the
 alarm.

Emma sets the camera down and opens up the window.
 CURTAINS billow as a breeze drifts in.

KAY
 Make sure your dad gets plenty of
 water.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Yeah. Were there really a hundred
 cases in New York? A few days ago
 it was only like--

KAY
 Hush, Em. Water. Don't let him
 forget.

Emma backs out, leaving Kay where she sits. A solitary
 figure. Lost.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Emma rides shotgun. Recording out the window. Michael
 drives. The radio blares. A NEWS PROGRAM in progress.

REPORTER 1 (O.S.)
 --seven dead. Nineteen wounded in
 massive evacuation pile up just
 outside of Boston. Law
 Enforcement Officials are urging
 drivers to exercise extreme
 caution when travelling and to
 venture out only if absolutely--

CLICK. Michael switches over to another NEWS PROGRAM.

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)
 This 911 call came in from our
 affiliates only moments ago. The
 recording you are about to hear
 may be disturbing.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 911. What's your emerg--

SCREAMS, GRUNTS, GUNSHOTS, and the sound of GLASS
 SHATTERING CAN BE HEARD. A horrific scene unseen. Emma
 JERKS THE CAMERA DOWN TO THE RADIO. Intrigued.

CALLER (O.S.)
 THEY'RE IN! THEY'RE IN! THEY'RE
 FAST! NO ONE SAID THEY'D BE SO
 FAST!

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Caller, what's the nature of your
 emergency?

CALLER (O.S.)
 WHAT THE (BEEP) DO YOU THINK?
 WE'RE OVERRUN WITH THESE TWISTED
 (BEEP)! SEND THE POLICE! SEND
 THE FIRE DEPARTMENT! SEND EVERY--

GUNSHOT, an AGONIZED SCREAM then...DIAL TONE.

REPORTER 2 (O.S.)
 Unfortunately, the call was lost
 and the status of the caller is
 currently un--

Michael switches off the radio.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Hey, I was listening--

MICHAEL
 Quiet!

He points. Emma swings the camera in that direction and
 WE SEE--

THE SUPERMARKET -- Packed. Cars everywhere. And not
 just cars, but pick-ups with TRACTOR TRAILERS, U-HAULS,
 and CAMPERS. POLICE OFFICERS on HORSEBACK monitor the
 chaos. But the panic, near borderline hysteria, is
 electric. Contagious.

Michael looks concerned. More concerned than we've seen
 him thus far.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 When we get inside, you stay close
 to me. Understand? Emma? Do--

CLICK.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

We're MOVING. The DV CAM sits in a cart's child's seat.
 Recording through stainless steel bars. Emma's O.S.,
 pushing the cart. Michael leads the way, guiding the
 cart through aisles overrun with SHOPPERS.

And it's a fucking madhouse in here.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Water. Mom said not to forget it.

MICHAEL
 Yeah. Yeah. That's the first
 thing on my list.

INT. SUPERMARKET - BEVERAGE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma helps Michael load PLASTIC GALLONS of WATER into the
 cart. There aren't many left. Bewildered, Emma looks
 around at the people rushing to and fro.

EMMA
 (awestruck)
 Unbelievable.

MICHAEL
Cricket!

Emma resumes loading and they move over to the--

INT. SUPERMARKET - CANNED GOODS AISLE - CONTINUOUS

The shelves are nearly empty. Michael scans what's left with false cheer.

MICHAEL
Sardines and lasagna anyone?

EMMA
Seriously?

Michael grabs some cans and drops them in the cart.

MICHAEL
Just in case. When this blows over, we'll end up donating it all to the food bank.

Emma picks up some sardine tins.

EMMA
How many do I get?

A WOMAN comes up beside her and SCOOPS AN ARMFUL OF CANS off the shelf and into her cart. Emma grabs as many as she can before they're all gone.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECK OUT LINE - LATER

Lengthy. Wrapping around the store to the frozen food section. Michael flips through a magazine bearing the optimistic headline: END OF DAYS?

TONY SPARKS (40s) - ponytailed and hip - and ORELIA MORROW (30s) - coach fit - approach. Nod in greeting. Their cart's almost empty.

EMMA (O.S.)
Hey! Mr. Sparks. Coach.

MICHAEL
Tony. Orelia. Great minds think alike.

ORELIA
Or not. Slim pickings all round. We're gonna try Academy in the morning.

Emma settles her camera onto Tony.

TONY
How's it going with this? You comin' out of your shell a little bit?

EMMA (O.S.)
Little bit.

TONY
Seems like you have a perfect
opportunity right here.

EMMA (O.S.)
To do what?

TONY
You're a journalist. You're in
the middle of a situation and you
have a camera.
(a wink)
What would Diane Sawyer do?

He heads off. Beat. Then after him--

EMMA (O.S.)
Do I get extra credit?

JUMP TO -- A WOMAN (40s) regarding us/Emma with obvious
aggravation.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(clears her throat)
How...How is your family preparing
to...um...To deal with a potential
crisis should events escalate?

Not a bad question. Nevertheless, the Woman just squints
at Emma.

WOMAN
What?

JUMP TO -- COLLEGE GUY leering at Emma.

COLLEGE GUY
You're Stace's little sister,
right?

EMMA (O.S.)
So?

COLLEGE GUY
Can I get her number?

JUMP TO -- LITTLE KID (4) clutching a RAG DOLL. After a
moment, she generously offers it to Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
Oh, I can't take--

INT. SUPERMARKET - BEVERAGE AISLE - MOMENTS LATER

A pair of MEN stand chest to chest. Mad-dogging each
other. The object of contention? The LAST CASE OF EVIAN
at their feet.

YOUNGER MAN
Step aside, pops! Step aside!

OLDER MAN
Son--

 YOUNGER MAN
Ain't your son, pops! You best
walk on or we got a prob--

Older Man suddenly grabs the younger and THROWS HIM INTO A SHELF. In an instant, FISTS begin to fly every which way as ONLOOKERS jump in. It descends into a FULL ON BRAWL.

Emma's KNOCKED TO HER KNEES AND NEARLY TRAMPLED. She's KICKED and JOSTLED as the fight spreads and escalates.

 EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?! DAD!

Her camera's KNOCKED OUT OF HER HANDS and KICKED ASIDE. It continues to record as she covers her head with her hands. Curls up to protect herself.

 MICHAEL
Emma!

And Michael appears in frame. He PUSHES A MAN out of the way and PULLS EMMA to her feet. Tries to drag her to safety.

 EMMA
Wait!

She dives for her camera. Grabs onto it. Just as POLICE enter the fray.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Tight-lipped, Michael drives. Emma wipes her bloody knee. She scraped the hell out of it.

 MICHAEL
What happened in there...Let's not
mention it to your mother. You
know how she gets.

 EMMA (O.S.)
Yeah. I know.

 MICHAEL
Let's just keep it between us,
okay?

 EMMA (O.S.)
Dad! I won't say anything! When
do I ever say anything? I never
say anything because mom always
freaks out. Happy?

 MICHAEL
(beat)
We're all gonna be fine. Once
everyone calms down, we're all
gonna be perfectly fine.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Carrying bags, Michael and Emma enter to find Kay still sitting at the table chainsmoking. She clearly hasn't moved since they left.

Emma (O.S.)
Mom?

No response.

Michael
(to Emma)
Finish unloading the car.
(concerned to Kay)
Honey?

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - NIGHT

Emma records as a MINIVAN packed full of gear, HONKS as it passes by. Behind the wheel, fat, bearded LOUIS TOOMEY (50s), leans out the window, and waves to her.

Louis Toomey
Emma! Tell your folks to get
outta town before this place goes
belly up! Be safe!

Emma (O.S.)
I'll see you guys when it's over!

She waves at JEANETTE (6) who pops up in the back seat. The girl WAVES BACK. Louis HONKS again as he and his daughter disappear around the corner.

Emma (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And there go the neighbors. And
my babysitting money.

She returns her attentions to the TRUNK and pulls out a bag. Then she hears a noise. HALF-HOWL/HALF-SCREAM coming from a copse of trees nearby.

Emma (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the--

She drops her bag and ZOOMS IN on the SHADOWY TREELINE where something HUMPED and TWISTED MOVES. Emma gasps and drops down behind the car. A moment. Keeping low, she RUNS back into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Emma bolts up. Taking two stairs at a time. Breathing hard.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma hurries through.

Emma (O.S.)
Stace!

She barges into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stace is in bed. Calmly reading a magazine. Annoyed, she looks up.

STACE
Can you knock, nerdsauce?

EMMA (O.S.)
There's something outside!

Stace sighs and tosses her magazine aside. She gets to her feet.

STACE
Where?

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - NIGHT

Beside Emma, Stace skeptically studies the dark treeline.

STACE
Where'd you see it?

EMMA (O.S.)
(points)
Right over there.

STACE
I don't see anything.

EMMA (O.S.)
It wasn't my imagination!

STACE
I didn't say it was. Freak out much? I swear, between you and mom.

She grabs Emma by the shoulders. Her face fills the frame.

STACE (CONT'D)
Repeat after me. Everything's gonna be fine. Say it.

EMMA (O.S.)
Everything's gonna be fine.

STACE
No one's gonna die.

EMMA (O.S.)
No one's gonna die.
(pause)
Does this mean we're friends again?

Stace makes a face as she retrieves the bags Emma dropped.

STACE
Gross. How many sardines did you guys get?

They giggle as they head back to the house. Sisters again. Emma turns the camera around. She ZOOMS in on the treeline. Whatever was there, is long gone.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (PARKED) - NEXT DAY

Stace settles in behind the wheel. Seated shotgun, a tense Michael secures his seatbelt and clutches the passenger side door. In fear for his life. Emma's in the back. Recording.

EMMA (O.S.)
This may be my last entry. The cheerleader's driving.

STACE
I have a license, tardbox.

EMMA (O.S.)
You have a *permit*, conformist.

MICHAEL
(a warning)
Girls.

STACE & EMMA
(same tone)
Dad.

MICHAEL
Check your mirrors.

Stace does and pulls out in a hurry. Michael winces.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Slow down, turbo. The school's not going anywhere.

Stace makes an unexpected turn.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Where are you--

STACE
C.J. needs a ride.

Michael mutters a curse under his breath.

EMMA & STACE
Dad!

(MOMENTS LATER)

The car pulls up in front of the tidy MORENO HOME. C.J. hurries out and clambers into the car, squeezing in beside Emma and forcing her to move over.

C.J.
Hey, Stace. Thanks for the ride, Mr. Drakeford.

MICHAEL
 (not happy)
 Yep.

C.J. turns his attentions to Emma and her camera.

C.J.
 S'up?

EMMA (O.S.)
 How is your family preparing to
 deal with a potential crisis
 should events escalate?

STACE
 Ohmigod. Shut up, Ivy League.

EMMA (O.S.)
 That soo wasn't an insult, G.E.D.

MICHAEL
 Girls!

C.J.
 (to Emma)
 Like this.

He affably LICKS the camera lens.

EMMA
 GROSS! You d--
 (LATER)

C.J. texts. Emma records out the window. Michael flips
 through radio stations.

C.J.
 Right there, Mr. Drakeford. Turn
 it up.

MICHAEL
 What're we listening to?

C.J.
 This guy's good. He cuts through
 the BS. But no one knows who he
 is. He says he's one of Jarrett's
 friends.

MICHAEL
 Who's Jarrett?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Jarrett Wolfe's one of the first
 people to get Infested. Duh, dad.
 He's the one who made that video
 that everyone said was a hoax.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
 --now confirmed that C1H1
 infection is spread by bodily
 fluids; blood, saliva, semen--

Ha. *Semen.* C.J. snorts laughter. Emma punches him.
Dumbass.

They drive past an ACADEMY SUPERSTORE. Like the grocery store, the PARKING LOT is FULL. Overrun. They pass a STRIP MALL. Several stores are locked, boarded up, and bearing the sign 'CLOSED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.'

RADIO HOST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 The CDC is urging everyone to
 avoid contact with Infested
 persons. They can become
 aggressive due to the parasite's
 increased need to consume.
 Sensitivity to sound and light can
 provoke an Infested to attack and
 these attacks are often fatal.

TRUCKS pass by. Their open beds filled with PEOPLE and LUGGAGE or STACKS OF SUPPLIES. Despite surface normalcy, everyone's either leaving town or hunkering down.

Uneasy calm before the storm. Abruptly, C.J. appears in frame. Solemn. Suddenly very serious.

C.J.
 Crazy, hunh?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Yeah.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunchtime. Emma sits with Gracie and RACHEL (16). Gracie's stuffing her face. Chips, hamburger, french fries. Pigging out. Really pigging out. Not a good sign. But the girls don't sense anything amiss.

EMMA (O.S.)
 What's wrong with you?

GRACIE
 This is how I'm dealing with the
 impending crisis or whatever.
 When I'm stressed, I eat. I can't
 help it. I mean look around.
 Everyone's leaving.

Gracie points, FLASHING A MASSIVE BRUISE ON HER FOREARM. Emma PANS THE CAMERA AROUND. Despite typical loudness and laughter, there's an atypical number of empty seats. ZOOM IN ON--

STACE -- Sitting on CJ's lap. Laughing. Having a jolly old time with the rest of the POPULAR CROWD. WHIP BACK TO--

GRACIE -- And her bruise.

What happened? EMMA (O.S.)

GRACIE
(around a mouth full
of food)
My brother punched me! Don't
record me. I look like a little
piggy!

Giggles. A snort or two. Gracie offers Emma her soda.

GRACIE (CONT'D)
You want a sip?

Emma reaches into frame to take it, then changes her
mind.

EMMA (O.S.)
I better not.

Evan passes by with his boys and flashes a nipple. Emma
giggles. Ahh, young love.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A dozen STUDENTS interspersed throughout. A DOZEN MORE
EMPTY SEATS. Michael passes back pop quizzes. He hands
one to Emma.

MICHAEL
Make sure you get this on camera.

Emma snatches her test away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I told you to look at that last
problem again.

EMMA (O.S.)
I did!

MICHAEL
Emma Louise Drakeford. Did you
just tell a--

A STUDENT snorts in front of her. *Louise?*

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad!

MICHAEL
Sorry.

EMMA (O.S.)
Can I go to the bathroom?

MICHAEL
It's five minutes before the bell.
Can you hold it?

EMMA (O.S.)
I've been holding it!

Michael sighs and inclines his head to the door.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

ZOOM IN ON -- A DROP OF BLOOD. On the floor. Conspicuous red against white tile. One leads to TWO... THREE... FOUR... Emma follows the TRAIL OVER TO a STAIRWELL DOOR.

CRASH! Emma jumps out of the way as two STUDENTS TUMBLE OUT. Panicked. Losing their shit.

STUDENT #1
Oh my God! No way! No way!

STUDENT #2
Somebody call 911! CALL 911!
SOMEBODY!

They run off. Curiously, Emma enters the--

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

We're on the 2nd floor. Below, a small group of STUDENTS huddle on the stairs. Their silent, shell-shocked gazes are locked on CHARLIE KEATS (16). He crouches by the Emergency Exit. Shirtless. Sweaty. Dazed. Infested.

A PESTE has burst out of his back. A CLUSTER of SQUIRMING BLACK TENTACLES FLAIL and wrap around his waist. Inextricably linked to him and very much alive.

CHARLIE
(choked)
Help me. Somebody, please...
Please... Help me.

A TEEN GIRL approaches.

TEEN GIRL
Charlie. It's okay. Shhh. The ambulance is on the way. You'll be--

Suddenly, the BELL RINGS. Blasting through the quiet space like a Klaxon. And something in Charlie SNAPS. In an instant he goes rabid. Certifiably batshit.

He ATTACKS THE TEEN GIRL and goes RIGHT FOR HER THROAT with his teeth. Her SCREAMS are reduced to a GURGLE as BLOOD SPLATTERS THE WALL. Emma and the other students bolt for the exit. Behind them, Charlie continues to attack.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma runs out with the rest. Camera thumping by her side.

EMMA (O.S.)
SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! SOMEBODY
DO SOMETHING!!!

She pushes her way through the crowd. Coach Orelia appears and grabs her by the shoulders.

ORELIA
Emma. Calm down! What happened?!

EMMA (O.S.)
(stammers)
Infested...He's...Charlie's
Infested! Erika...she...she...

ORELIA
Where?

EMMA (O.S.)
Stairwell! He's in the
stairwell...

Orelia moves away. Gracie pops into frame.

GRACIE
Emma, what happened? What ha--

EXT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Michael drives. Stace sits shotgun. Emma RECORDS THE HIGH SCHOOL OUT THE BACK WINDOW as they pull out of the parking lot. The CDC has descended and school's out for the day. VANS, FIRETRUCKS, AMBULANCES and Emergency PERSONNEL are everywhere. The high school is now a CONTAINMENT ZONE.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Newly PACKED FULL OF SUPPLIES. Emma PANS OVER thousands of dollars worth of equipment and survival gear. CANDLES, CAMPING LANTERNS, DRY and CANNED GOODS.

STACE
(sotto)
Wow. Someone was busy today.

Michael doesn't look pleased.

MICHAEL
(under his breath)
Unbelievable.
(aloud)
Honey?!

Kay hurries in. Quickly embraces Stace and Emma.

KAY
I heard what happened! It was all over the news. Are you all okay?

EMMA (O.S.)
We're fine, mom.

KAY
Did you know him?

EMMA (O.S.)
No.

KAY
Did you see it happen?

EMMA (O.S.)
 (beat)
 No, mom.

Stace picks up a BAT, one of FOUR sitting on the table.

STACE
 A bat, mom?

KAY
 (shrugs)
 They had a bunch at the store.
 Everyone was buying them.

STACE
 A gun would be better.

MICHAEL
 Nope. You're safer with a bat.
 Twists hate noise, remember?

STACE
 No.

MICHAEL
 Am I the only one who paid
 attention at the assembly?
 (to Kay)
 You did good, honey.

KAY
 Yeah?

MICHAEL
 Absolutely.

KAY
 You want decaf? I'll make you
 some decaf.

Kay and Michael exchange a kiss. Ending the issue.
 Stace follows Kay out, leaving Michael to scan the newly
 transformed dining room and though he doesn't seem happy,
 he's just going to let it go...For now.

Drilling can be heard O.S. Michael moves over to the
 window. We ZOOM IN and see Laurence Cole on a
 stepladder, BOARDING UP HIS WINDOWS while his WIFE
 watches. Michael just sighs.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad? Maybe we should board up our
 windows, too. Just in case.

MICHAEL
 (weary)
 Turn the camera off, Emma.

For once, Emma obeys.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 1. Early. Just before dawn. Still in bed, Emma switches on her camera as another KNOCK comes at the door.

EMMA (O.S.)
Yeah?

Michael sticks his head in. He's somber. Concerned.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad, what?! It's like, not even
light out.

MICHAEL
Come downstairs.

EMMA (O.S.)
Why? What's going on?

MICHAEL
Just come downstairs. There's
something you need to see.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma enters to find Kay, Michael, and Stace seated together on the sofa in front of the television. All three are silent. Tense. Gazes locked on the screen. Stace moves over to allow Emma a place to sit.

Emma plops down beside her and turns the camera onto the TELEVISION -- A NEWS ANCHOR, rumpled and appropriately sober, addresses us.

NEWS ANCHOR
--and upon advisement from the CDC
and state and local officials,
Governor Marlene McKinney has
declared a statewide Quarantine.
Effective immediately.

A gasp from Kay. Michael wraps an arm around her.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
We'll be broadcasting throughout
the day to update our viewers on
current conditions. All persons
are to remain inside their
residences until further notice.
If you have an emergency, run low
on supplies, or feel the need to
venture out for any reason, please
call the number provided at the
bottom of your screen. Also
effective immediately, CDC
Infestation Teams will be
conducting random sweeps for
Infested persons. Refusal to
comply could lead to a fine or
detention as dictated by local law
enfor--

CLICK. Michael turns the TV off. A moment. No one really knows what to say.

MICHAEL

Thanks to your mother we have plenty of supplies. Internet's working. Phones are working. So we're just going to hole up and wait for this thing to blow over.

Off this--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 3. Emma skips down. In fine spirits despite the circumstances.

EMMA (O.S.)

This is the third day of Quarantine. And we're just waiting for things to get back to normal.

She moves into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Stace go through stacks of supplies. Stace counts. Michael records the results on a clipboard chart.

EMMA (O.S.)

What are you guys doing?

MICHAEL

Inventory. You wanna give us a hand?

EMMA (O.S.)

I'm documenting.

STACE

Well, document this. We have seventy-six cans of sardines.

EMMA (O.S.)

Vom. It.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Rain patters outside. Slow, soothing jazz plays. Unseen at the top of the stairwell, Emma records as Kay flips through the clipboard. Michael comes up behind her. Wraps his arms around her waist. A rare moment of intimacy between these two.

MICHAEL

Stop worrying.

He tosses the clipboard away and within moments, they're dancing. Moving slowly to the rhythm. Kay's responding in spite of herself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We're all going to be fine.

KAY
Yeah?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

And then they're kissing. Lightly at first. But getting heavier. Emma ZOOMS IN. And doesn't hear Stace behind her.

STACE (O.S.)
(whispers)
What are they doing?

EMMA (O.S.)
(whispers gleefully)
Dad's a pimp. They're totally making out.

STACE (O.S.)
And you're recording them? Gross!
What's wrong with you, perv?!

She wrenches the camera away from Emma. They wrestle over it.

EMMA (O.S.)
Hey! Give it back!

MICHAEL (O.S.)
GIRLS?! What are you doing up--

CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY (TRIPOD)

QUARANTINE DAY 4. Lightness in the Drakeford home. The entire family is gathered. Kay is especially animated.

KAY
Are we ready?

STACE
This is so stupid.

EMMA
Just do it, Stace.

KAY
You used to love it when we sang this to you.

STACE
When I was like, two.

MICHAEL
When you were like, nice.

EMMA
Oooh, burn.

STACE

Fail.

MICHAEL

Okay, I'll start.

(sings)

*'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose,
Will I ever see the wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire.
At thy will.'*

He nudges his wife. She joins in for the next verse.

MICHAEL & KAY

'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose--'

And then the girls pop in. A song in the round has begun...And they don't sound half bad. Ironically, it's Stace who has the purest, prettiest voice.

EMMA & STACE

'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose--'

MICHAEL & KAY

'Will I ever see the wed?'

RING! RING! Kay hurries out to answer the phone.

MICHAEL

(to the girls)

Don't stop! Finish this up! We sound good!

EMMA & STACE

*'Will I ever see thee wed?
I will marry at thy will, sire.
At thy--'*

KAY (O.S.)

(distressed)

No! No! No!

STACE

(concerned)

Mom?

Honey?

MICHAEL

Emma grabs her camera and follows Michael and Stace into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An emotional wreck, Kay bolts up the stairs. Michael hurries after her.

STACE

Mom, what happened?

MICHAEL

Who was on the phone?

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad?

MICHAEL
 (to the girls)
 I'll talk to her. Wait here.

He heads up. Emma turns the camera onto Stace who rolls her eyes.

STACE
 Seriously? This is private. Turn
 it off, Emma.

(A SHORT TIME LATER)

Michael sits on the stairs. Emma and Stace on either side of him. Kay can be heard crying in the b.g.

STACE (CONT'D)
 What happened?

MICHAEL
 Grandpa.

STACE
 What about him?

MICHAEL
 Infested. Evie got the call this morning. He got attacked at the pump on his way to her house. They're holding him at CDC Headquarters in Laramie.

EMMA (O.S.)
 And then what?

Michael doesn't have an answer for that one.

MICHAEL
 Just give your mother some time.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 6. Emma enters to find Stace seated at her computer. Clicking away on JPGs. Engrossed. Disgusted.

STACE
 Em. Come look at this.

EMMA (O.S.)
 What is it?

STACE
 You know that guy C.J. was listening to? Jarrett's friend. The guy on the radio? This is his blog.

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- The COMPUTER SCREEN. The headline reads: *WHAT THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE.*

EMMA (O.S.)

No way.

Despite bad lighting and subpar focus, it's clear that we're looking at GUERRILLA PHOTOS OF THE INFESTATION CYCLE. They feature PARASITES (PESTES) post emergence from the human body. Though the HOST'S face is blurred out, he looks a hell of a lot like Jarrett Wolfe.

PHOTO 1: Black and squid-like, a PESTE'S HEAD BULGES out of its HOST'S LOWER BACK. BLOODY TENTACLES wrap around the HOST'S abdomen. The Host's face is BLURRED OUT, but we can tell his MOUTH is open. An agonized silent scream.

PHOTO 2: The PESTE'S TENTACLES AND HEAD are LARGER, LONGER. THICKER. Growing at an exponential rate.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's so photoshopped. It's gotta be.

STACE

You wish. I heard, they live in your intestines and they eat everything you eat and grow six inches a day at least.

PHOTO 3: The HOST lays on his side. Limbs bent at an awkward angle. The PESTE'S TENTACLES HAVE MULTIPLIED. THICKENED. Partially obscuring the host's face and body. Forming strange HUMPS all over his wasted form.

PHOTO 4: The Host stands upright, but is barely recognizable as human. His spine is impossibly twisted. Bent. Broken. The parasite covers every square inch of skin. A TENTACLE has penetrated the Host's mouth, pulling it wide, giving him a gruesome, toothy LEER. He's wrapped in metallic RESTRAINTS.

EMMA (O.S.)

And then what happened?

STACE

It says, 'Subject Terminated.'

EMMA (O.S.)

Bullshit.

STACE

That's what it says. C.J.'s brother's quarantined on campus and he said the CDC puts termination orders on everyone three weeks after that thing pops out.

EMMA (O.S.)

Why?

STACE
Too violent probably. Parasites
overstimulate your adrenal glands
and they make you really strong.
That's what they say anyway.

EMMA (O.S.)
But the person's still in there.
They're just sick. So why kill
them? Why not just--

STACE
What are you telling me for? Do I
look like the CDC, Em?
(re: camera)
I hate that thing. You're such a
grade grubber. And school's been
cancelled anyway.

EMMA (O.S.)
I don't care about my grade. When
this is all over, people are gonna
want to know what it was--

She breaks off as all the LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO OUT.

STACE
You've gotta be kidding me.

EMMA (O.S.)
Rolling blackouts. News said it
was gonna happen.

STACE
Awesomesauce.

EMMA (O.S.)
But check this out. My camera has
nightvision. See?

Emma clicks over to NIGHTVISION and hands the camera to
Stace.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Can you see me?

She does the RUNNING MAN and the ROBOT. Stace giggles.

STACE (O.S.)
That would be cool if you didn't
suck so much.

Emma keeps dancing and Stace keeps giggling.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 8. Emma PANS AROUND the room. It's a
mess. Reruns of *I Love Lucy* play on the television.

EMMA (O.S.)
 It's the eighth day of quarantine
 and welcome to a normal day in the
 Drakeford house that now, for some
 reason, smells like old cheese.

She moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed and surrounded by piles of dirty, wet clothing,
 Michael peers into the washer.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad? Whatcha doin'?

MICHAEL
 What's it look like?

EMMA (O.S.)
 What's that smell?

MICHAEL
 Mold. Mildew. I should've gotten
 this thing fixed before.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Smells like ass cheese.

MICHAEL
 (a warning)
 Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (same tone)
 Dad.

MICHAEL
 Don't you have something useful to
 do?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Not really. No.

MICHAEL
 Go check on your mother.

Emma sighs.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - (MOMENTS LATER)

Emma moves through. Stace can be heard chatting loudly
 in the b.g. Emma PANS THE CAMERA AROUND and we see Stace
 in her bedroom, yapping avidly on her cell.

EMMA (O.S.)
 And this is Stace. On the phone
 with C.J. for four to six hours
 every single day.
 (in her Stace voice)

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 'C.J., you have like, the best
 biceps ever. Seriously. I
 totally think you're just, like,
 great. And I totally, totally,
 like love you.'

Emma goes to the MASTER BEDROOM DOOR and KNOCKS.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Mom? Mom, are you up?

No answer. Emma enters.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Cluttered. Quiet.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Mom?

She follows a SOFT SNORE over to the bed where Kay hangs
 off the side. PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES CLUTTER the
 nighttable. Food sits abandoned on the tray.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dammit, mom.

She places the camera on the dressing table and goes over
 to her mother. With effort, she heaves Kay back into bed
 and covers her with a blanket. Kay mumbles something
 unintelligible, but remains unconscious. Emma grabs her
 camera and exits.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 9. Emma records Michael and Stace who
 argue by the front door. Stace has sneakers and workout
 gear on.

STACE
 -- just right outside for like,
 fifteen minutes. I don't see what
 the big deal is. You'll be able
 to see me.

MICHAEL
 Run around the backyard.

STACE
 It smells like garbage back there!

MICHAEL
 Then the answer's no! Go to your
 room.

STACE
 But I'm going crazy in this house!

MICHAEL
 You're not the only one, kiddo.

She flounces up the stairs past Emma.

STACE
And I'm getting *fat*!

She SLAMS her bedroom door.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STUDY - NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

QUARANTINE DAY 10. Camping LANTERN provides tenuous illumination. Michael sits at his desk, head bent over piles of papers. Listening to the BATTERY OPERATED RADIO.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
If you, like me, are a friend of Jarrett's and you have any information, no matter how outrageous, call in. We'll be here till midnight. Let's work through this thing together. Give us a call. 1-800-JARRETT.

Emma creeps in. Pounces.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad!

Michael jumps.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Got you. Say--

MICHAEL
--hi to the camera. Yeah yeah.

EMMA (O.S.)
What are you listening to?

MICHAEL
Jarrett's Friend. Your mom likes him. She thinks he might have some answers, so...

EMMA (O.S.)
Where is she?

MICHAEL
Sleeping.

EMMA (O.S.)
She's always sleeping.

MICHAEL
Well, she's still upset about grandpa and she's trying to ration out her medication. So give her a break, okay?

Emma points to the papers.

EMMA (O.S.)
Are those tests?

MICHAEL
When everything gets back to
normal, I have students to fail.
Including my daughter who doesn't
like to double check her homework
when I tell her to--

A HALF-SCREAM/HALF-HOWL interrupts him. Michael jumps to his feet. Emma follows him into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lantern lit. The HOWL/SCREAM comes again. Right outside the windows.

MICHAEL
(to Emma)
Turn off the lanterns!

Emma sets her camera on the table and SWITCHES OFF the lantern closest to her. Michael TURNS off the other. He GRABS A BAT. Emma shakes. She looks small. Scared. Another HOWL/SCREAM.

EMMA
(whispers)
Is that a Twist?

MICHAEL
(nods, soft)
That's what they sound like.

In her pajamas, Stace appears behind them.

STACE
Dad?!

MICHAEL
Shhh!

A moment passes. Stace looks around and grabs a bat, too.

The three stand perfectly still as a TWIST, an Infested, passes by. His shadow is oddly BROKEN. HUMPED. HUNCHED and TWISTED. But he's NIMBLE somehow. Strangely light on his feet.

As he passes, he makes that queer HOWL/SCREAM. Searching for prey. After a few tense heartbeats, he disappears from sight. Silence.

Michael releases the breath he's been holding and wipes cold sweat off his brow. Light-headed, Emma slumps against the wall. Weak in the knees. Freaked out. Trying not to cry, but unable to help herself.

STACE
Em, it's okay.

Michael embraces his youngest.

MICHAEL
Hey hey hey. Shhh. Stace, you
remember the number to call?

STACE
Yeah. 1-800-Peste. Magnet's on
the fridge.

MICHAEL
Get the cell. Call it. Report
what we saw.

STACE
'kay.
(re: bat)
I'm keeping this.

MICHAEL
Fair enough.

Stace heads up the stairs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And don't mention this to your
mother.

Michael continues to rock Emma.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Shhh, Cricket. Shhh.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

The power's still out. Emma RECORDS THROUGH THE BLINDS
as a CDC PATROL VEHICLE, YELLOW CAUTION LIGHTS FLASHING,
circles the area. The van ROCKS violently to and fro.
HOWL/SCREAMS can be heard within. Stace appears behind
Emma. Reflected in the glass.

EMMA (O.S.)
They got him.

STACE
Of course they did. That's their
job.

Emma lets out a long sigh. Her breath catches. Stace
wraps an arm around her.

EMMA (O.S.)
You know Charlie from school?

STACE
What about him?

EMMA (O.S.)
I lied. I was there. I saw him
when that thing came out of him.
I saw him almost rip Erika
Rudolph's head off.

STACE
We're gonna get through this. All
of us.

EMMA (O.S.)
Grandpa didn't.

STACE
We are. Me, you, mom, dad. Kit-
Kat. Even that asshole across the
street and his stupid dog. Say
it.

EMMA (O.S.)
(amused)
All of it? Cause that's like, a
lot to rememb--

STACE
You are such a smart--

Abruptly, MUSIC blasts through the space. The LIGHTS
CLICK ON. Power's back.

STACE (CONT'D)
Come on. I'll make you pancakes.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 11. CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! Stace hands
Michael nails as he patiently boards up the windows from
the inside.

STACE
(to Emma)
Are you gonna help or just stand
there?

EMMA (O.S.)
Just stand here, thanks. You guys
are doing a good job. That one's
a little crooked though.

Stace sticks her tongue out at Emma. But it's not mean
spirited at all. Despite the circumstances, these two
are getting closer. Acting like sisters.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 12. Unseen, Emma records through the
stairwell as Michael hurriedly packs up a box with canned
goods.

Wrapped in a heavy trenchcoat and carrying a RIFLE CASE,
Lawrence Cole stands in the foyer. He looks like hell.
Ill at ease. Banged up. A man with a secret.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?

MICHAEL
Back to bed, Emma!

Michael brings the box over to Lawrence who peers in.
Not happy. The two men speak in WHISPERS.

LAWRENCE COLE
This is it? You've got more!

The LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES.

MICHAEL
I've got a wife and two daughters
to feed! It's fifty cans. Fair
trade. Take it or leave it.

Lawrence deliberates for a moment then hands over the
rifle case. Michael gives him the box. Without another
word, Lawrence departs. Michael locks up behind him.

EMMA (O.S.)
What's wrong with him?

MICHAEL
I don't know. Don't want to know.
Bed.

EMMA (O.S.)
Is that a gun?

He nods. Likes it even less than she does.

MICHAEL
Just in case.

EMMA (O.S.)
Do you even know how to use one?

MICHAEL
Emma, I'm going to count to--

CLICK. BATTERY'S DEAD.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Quietly, Emma enters to find Michael intently watching
television. INSERT - TV. NAMES, like credits on a
feature, scroll slowly by.

EMMA (O.S.)
Whatcha watchin'?

MICHAEL
List of new Infested in the area.
They run it every night.

EMMA (O.S.)
Anyone we know?

MICHAEL
Nope. How you holding up?

EMMA (O.S.)
Good, I think. Better than mom.
Not as good as Stace.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 But it's not as bad as I thought
 it would be. Have they found a
 cure yet?

MICHAEL
 Not yet.

EMMA (O.S.)
 But soon, right?

A half-smile from Michael.

MICHAEL
 Yeah. Soon.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 14. In her pajamas, Emma moves over to
 the door.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace?

She opens up the door revealing -- STACE. Dressed to go
 out. Lipstick. Too much eyeliner. Hootchie mama shirt
 and rockin' cleavage. Mischievous grin.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 What are you--

STACE
 Shhh!
 (soft)
 You want to go to a party?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Are you crazy?!

STACE
 Evan's going to be there.

Stace's grin widens. Knows she's got her.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

Dark. Deserted. A lonely wind. Emma and Stace crouch
 behind a bush. Waiting. Emma PANS AROUND.

STACE
 Seriously? You brought that
 stupid camera?

EMMA (O.S.)
 I really, really don't think we
 should be doing this.

STACE
 You want to be stuck in the house
 for the rest of your life? I'm
 going crazy in there.

EMMA (O.S.)
No, but--

STACE
Quiet!

Both drop down as low as they can go as a CDC PATROL VEHICLE cruises by. It stops a few feet away from them.

EMMA (O.S.)
(soft)
Can they see us?!

Eyes alight, Stace clutches her bat close.

STACE
Quiet! We might have to run.

EMMA (O.S.)
Shit!

Another tense beat passes and... The CDC Vehicle moves away. Stace grabs Emma's hand. Yanks her up.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're gonna get in so much trouble. Let's just go home!

STACE
Um. Fail! Hurry up! And turn that camera off.

Stace bolts down the street. After a moment, Emma follows.

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

Set far back from the road in a wooded area. A WARNING/BIO-HAZARD SIGN on the front door. The perfect spot for a bunch of bored, horny HIGH SCHOOLERS to break quarantine.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace! Whose house is this?

STACE
Who cares? They got carted off a few weeks ago. I don't think they'll be back.

Stace drags Emma towards the front door. They enter--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

FLASHLIGHTS and GLOWSTICKS compensate for the lack of electricity. In a salute to morbidity, Chubby Checker's THE TWIST pounds out of an IPOD and small set of speakers. Young bodies cheerfully get their Twist on.

The minute Stace enters, everyone HOOTS and HOLLERS. She's grabbed and pulled into the throng.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace, wait!

But Stace disappears into the crowd, leaving Emma on her own.

A GUY, drunk off his ass, grabs Emma's camera and shoves his face against the lens.

GUY
 (shouts)
 IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE
 KNOW IT, AND I FEEL FINE!

And then he reels away, banging his head to the beat. Emma moves into the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Filled with TEENS carrying cups full of booze. A GIRL pours SHOTS for her FRIENDS and they toss them back. In the b.g., sits a HUMP. Emma ZOOMS IN ON --

MALE TEEN. Seated half-in/half-out of the pantry. Not partying at all, but GOBBLING RAW RAMEN. Barely taking time to breathe. Ravenous. Unseen and unnoticed by his peers.

Emma clocks this. It's weird. Really weird. But she moves on.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

A raucous game of BEER PONG in progress. Nearby, a game of (yep, you guessed it), TWISTER also in progress. This is more than just a fun time. It's release.

VOICE (O.S.)
 EMMA?!

Emma turns and there's Evan. Pushing his way through the crush of bodies and heading her way.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Hey!

EVAN
 Hey! S'up?!

He studies her closely.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 You all right?

EMMA (O.S.)
 Yeah. I just... It's hot in here.

EVAN
 Come on.

He takes her hand and pulls her into the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

They pass a STAIRWELL where Stace hurries up with C.J.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace?!

But Stace doesn't hear. She and C.J. are kissing deeply. Headed to an upstairs bedroom. Ready to seriously get it on. As they go, Stace lifts C.J.'s shirt revealing a MASSIVE BRUISE ON HIS TORSO.

EXT. GAZEBO - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

A quiet spot surrounded by trees. Away from the claustrophobic clutter of the house. Evan has the camera turned on Emma. Just having a good time.

EVAN (O.S.)

Is it on?

EMMA

Can you see the red light?

EVAN (O.S.)

Yeah.

EMMA

Then it's on.

EVAN (O.S.)

After this is all over, what are you gonna do? First thing.

EMMA

I'm going to Dairy Queen. And I'm gonna order a large, no, two large Blizzards with Snickers toppings.

EVAN (O.S.)

(beat)
That's it?

EMMA

That's good, right? Blizzard with Snickers?

EVAN (O.S.)

I guess.

She snatches the camera back. Turns it on him.

EMMA (O.S.)

What are you gonna do?

EVAN

I'm gonna ask you out.

EMMA (O.S.)

Oh, yeah? Where're we going?

EVAN
Bowling.

EMMA (O.S.)
I hate bowling!

EVAN
You've never gone bowling with me.
Bowling's pimp. And if you beat
me, I'll buy you two large
Blizzards.

EMMA (O.S.)
With Snickers topping?

EVAN
With extra Snickers topping.
(re: camera)
Gimme that.

Emma hands the camera over. Evan sets it on the ground
and pulls her close. He kisses her. Gently. Within
moments, they're making out. And then--

SIRENS. They immediately sit up.

EMMA
What was that?

EVAN
Cops. Come on!

He helps Emma to her feet. She grabs her camera and they
run back to--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Panic has swept through like a wave. Teens are grabbing
their shit and bolting. The minute Evan and Emma enter
the fray, they're separated. Emma looks around for
Stace.

EMMA (O.S.)
STACE! STACE!

She runs over to the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Stace hurries down, securing the buttons on her shirt.
Clutching her bat. C.J.'s right behind her.

STACE
What's going on?

EMMA (O.S.)
We're totally busted! I told you
this was a bad idea!

STACE
Come on!

They run to the--

INT. PARTY HOUSE - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

And exit with a crowd of kids. A MALE SCREAM behind them. Emma briefly turns and catches a hint of DARKNESS POUNCING ONTO A COP followed by a GUNSHOT.

VOICE (O.S.)

TWISTS!

SCREAMS in response. But it's unclear if there's any real danger or just exaggeration in the chaos. Emma keeps running behind Stace. Camera thumping at her side. The LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES. They come to a--

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

And keep running. Out of breath, but busting their hump. They turn down a deserted street and Stace finally stops and doubles over. Barely able to breathe, but laughing anyway.

EMMA (O.S.)

It's not funny.

STACE

I'm sorry, Em. But seriously, that was awesome.

She collapses on a front lawn.

EMMA (O.S.)

It wasn't!

STACE

Was. I saw you and Evan out by the gazebo. How was it?

EMMA (O.S.)

We didn't do anything.

STACE

I did.

EMMA (O.S.)

You did? Like...it? How was it?

STACE

(thoughtfully)
Kinda great. I mean, it was fast.
But he was really really sweet.

EMMA (O.S.)

(squeals)
I can't believe you did--

SIRENS interrupt them. Stace bounds up and grabs Emma's hand.

STACE

RUN!

Laughing, they run towards home. LOW BATTERY continues to FLASH. CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 17. Seated on the floor amidst a pile of books, Emma records as Michael and Kay -- clearly not at her best, but trying -- enter and sit awkwardly on the bed.

EMMA (O.S.)

What's up?

MICHAEL

(re: camera)
You might want to put that away.
Your mother and I wanted to talk
to you about something.

Emma sets the camera on the dresser. STILL RECORDING.
And sits between her parents.

EMMA

What'd I do?

KAY

You didn't do anything. It's
Gracie.

EMMA

What about her?

A long, long beat. Michael and Kay don't quite know how to begin.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(knowingly off their
silence)
She's Infested?

MICHAEL

And her father.

EMMA

How do you know?

MICHAEL

They were on the lists last night.
They probably got picked up in a
random sweep.

EMMA

And now what?

KAY

The hospitals are full. The CDC
has containment area set up at the
Stadium, the Convention Center,
the Arena, City Hall.

KAY (CONT'D)
 They'll be taken care of until
 there's a cure. I'm so sorry,
 honey.

She embraces Emma, hugs her close. Emma quickly pulls away. Ill at ease with her mother's rare attempts at comfort.

EMMA
 I'm fine, mom.

MICHAEL
 (carefully)
 How've you been feeling?

EMMA
 Why?

MICHAEL
 No increased appetite? No
 bruising?

KAY
 Michael, stop it!

MICHAEL
 I have to ask. I know you girls
 eat and drink behind each other.

Emma's having a hard time keeping it together.

EMMA
 Could I have a few minutes,
 please?

KAY
 You don't want me to stay?

EMMA
 No.

Her parents go to the door.

MICHAEL
 Door open or closed?

EMMA
 Closed.

Michael quietly shuts the door leaving Emma seated on her bed. A moment. Emma scoops Kit-Kat into her arms. Her breath hitches. On the verge of tears. Then she realizes the camera's still recording. She reaches over and switches it off.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wearing shorts and a tank top, Emma peers in at us. She adjusts the camera so that the viewscreen is turned towards her. She then rises - studying her recorded image in the viewscreen - and turns around. Examining the backs of her calves. Thighs. Upper arms.

She lifts shirt, revealing her midsection. All clear.
No bruises. No peste.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 20. Beside Michael, Emma records THE
SKYLINE. SMOKE, lots of it, obscures the horizon.
Somewhere in the city, a fire burns out of control.

EMMA (O.S.)
What the hell?

MICHAEL
Inside, Cricket.

EMMA (O.S.)
But--

MICHAEL
Inside now!

Emma retreats.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Emma sits on the middle step, recording the kitchen at an
awkward angle. Michael paces back and forth. Clearly
frustrated. Kay, Orelia and Mr. Sparks sit at the table.
A heated discussion in progress.

SPARKS
--can't contain this thing. No
matter what they say. They can't
contain it and they won't. Look
outside for Chrissakes!

MICHAEL
What if you get caught? What if
you get detained?

ORELIA
They can't detain all of us.

KAY
And what if they do more than
detain you?

SPARKS
They're not shooting civilians.
Not yet anyway.

Holding a half-eaten tin of sardines, Stace takes a seat
beside Emma.

STACE
What's going on?

EMMA (O.S.)
Shh!

STACE
Is that coach downstairs?

EMMA (O.S.)
Shhh!

STACE
(shushes, whispers)
What are they talking about?

EMMA (O.S.)
Breaking quarantine. A bunch of
people are gonna try tomorrow.
Before things get worse here.

Stace tilts the tin back and SLURPS SARDINES with GUSTO.
Really enjoying them. And it's a bit...off.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

STACE
What's it look like?

EMMA (O.S.)
You don't even like sardines.

STACE
I'm hungry and they're not so bad.
Want some?

EMMA (O.S.)
Vom. It.

Stace rises and heads back towards her room. We catch
sight of a LARGE BRUISE ON THE BACK OF HER LEG. Emma
ZOOMS IN on it.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stace? What ha--

But Stace doesn't hear. Out of earshot down the hallway.
Emma shrugs it off and returns her attentions to her
father and his friends. Michael's shaking his head.

MICHAEL
I don't know. I just don't know.

KAY
It's absolutely, one hundred
percent out of the question!

Michael catches sight of Emma and her camera.

MICHAEL
Emma! Put that awa--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT
(NIGHTVISION)

Emma's awake. In bed. Panning around the room. Trying
to figure out what woke her. CLICK. CLICK. It's coming
from the window. She gets out of bed and peers below.

There, in front of the house, stands Evan. Dark hoodie.
Skateboard under his arm. The business end of a BAT
peeks out of his backpack. He holds rocks in his hand.
Ready to throw again.

Emma waves to him. He motions for her to come outside.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

The camera records in the grass. Emma and Evan sit curbside. Quiet. Both shy. The silence of the world around them is unsettling. Complete.

EMMA
Creepy out here.

Emma pulls her sleeves down over her hands. Cold. Evan wraps an arm around her. She leans into him. Head on his shoulder.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Who else do you know about?

EVAN
Micah. Melodie. And you heard about Paul, right?

EMMA
Hanley?

EVAN
Vilcek. He got Infested and his parents tried to hide him for awhile. He ended up going batshit on his little sister.

EMMA
And then what?

EVAN
His dad put him down. Shot him in the head.

EMMA
What happened to his sister?

No answer from Evan. Clearly, it was bad.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Wasn't she like, eight?

EVAN
(nods)
It sucks. It all sucks.

EMMA
When are you guys leaving?

EVAN
Tomorrow. Before it gets dark.
The CDC says--

A sudden SCREAM/HOWL from nearby. Twists. Evan pulls Emma to her feet and scans the distance. Emma takes out a flashlight, but before she can turn it on--

EVAN (CONT'D)
Don't!

EMMA
Why not?

EVAN
Light. They'll charge it.

EMMA
Why do they make that noise?

EVAN
I don't know. Sounds like they're talking to each other.

Another SCREAM/HOWL. Closer this time. Evan pulls his bat. Holds it at the ready. He talks fast. Time's running out.

EVAN (CONT'D)
What's your dad gonna do?

EMMA
He hasn't decided yet.

Evan hands her a piece of paper.

EVAN
This is where my family's gonna be. My grandfather's place. He has a ranch in Texas. Huge. If you guys need a place to stay, there's room. They say there aren't as many cases in the south. That Pestes don't grow as fast. It's safer down there.

A moment. He makes a move to kiss her, but she pulls away.

EMMA
We shouldn't. Just in case one of us is...

Infested. Evan gently touches her face instead.

EVAN
When this is all over, you're going out with me.

EMMA
Be safe.

EVAN
Always.

The SCREAM/HOWL is closer than ever.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Get inside, Em. Go, now! Run!

Emma grabs her camera and runs back towards the house as Evan hops on his board and skates off.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 21. Once again, Emma hides on the top step, recording Michael and Kay who argue in the overstocked dining room. Suitcases are packed near the door. Kay yanks one out of Michael's hand.

KAY
Why are you doing this? Why are
you even suggesting it?

MICHAEL
I'm trying to keep this family
safe!

KAY
We are safe! We're together! We
have food and water and--

MICHAEL
How long do you think it's going
to last, Kay? Have you seen the
lists every night? Have you been
watching the news? Things aren't
getting better. How much worse do
they have to get before we do
something?

KAY
If you want to go, GO! But the
girls and I are staying!

She opens up the door. Tosses the suitcases out.

KAY (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Go!

She pounds on him.

KAY (CONT'D)
Leave if you want to! Just go!

He takes her hand and embraces her as her pounding morphs
into broken sobbing. She collapses into his arms. He
holds her close.

MICHAEL
Shhh. I wouldn't leave you and
the girls. I wouldn't do that.

Emma leaves them where they are and pads down the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

To Stace's bedroom door. She KNOCKS.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace?

No answer. Emma quietly pushes the door open.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma ZOOMS IN on the bed where Stace snores. Sleeping
deeply. She's got a nasty bruise on her SHIN. Another
on her arm. It doesn't look innocuous at all. It looks
like a problem. Uneasily, Emma closes the door.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Filled with clutter. Michael, Kay, and Emma sit on the sofa. Stunned by the tragedy unfolding before them on television.

ON SCREEN -- A NEWSWOMAN regards us solemnly.

NEWSWOMAN
This footage was recorded only
moments ago. It's graphic in
nature. Viewer discretion is
advised.

Chaotic images of a highway clogged with cars laden down with supplies. MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN FLEE past us. SCREAMING. We hear GUNSHOTS in the b.g. And the unmistakable HOWL/SCREAM of approaching Twists.

A MAN runs towards us. BLOOD runs down the side of his face. Mad with panic.

MAN
(to the Camera Op)
TELL THEM TO STOP SHOOTING! FOR
GODSSAKE! THEY'RE BRINGING THEM
RIGHT DOWN ON US!

As we watch, TWISTS BOUND OUR WAY. Their HUMAN characteristics have been completely taken over by the PARASITE. They're WARPED, ATHLETIC, SUPERHUMAN PREDATORS.

The Camera Op turns to run and is immediately overtaken. Pounced upon. CRUSHED. His horrible SCREAM abruptly cut off as the camera shatters. BLACK.

Michael switches the TV off. Beat.

MICHAEL
Orelia and Tim were out there.

EMMA (O.S.)
(soft)
So was Evan.

Kay wraps an arm around her. Emma pulls away and goes to the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Emma runs up. The camera shakes with her gasping sobs. CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 22. Michael is bent over the sink, trying to fix a clogged drain. Water BOILS in pots on the sink. Emma watches for a moment, then--

EMMA (O.S.)
Does Stace seem weird to you?

MICHAEL
Since the day she was born.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, I'm being serious.

MICHAEL
Weird, how?

EMMA (O.S.)
I don't know. It's just... She's sleeping a lot.

MICHAEL
She's not taking her mother's pills, is she? Cause if she is--

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, no. That's not what I mean. She has...bruises.

MICHAEL
(a warning)
Emma, don't. You being paranoid isn't going to help anyone. Your sister's fine.

EMMA (O.S.)
You always say that. You keep saying that. But what if it's--

KA-BLAM! Gunshot! Emma and Michael both jump to their feet and run into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael grabs his own rifle and goes to the window. Peers out. Listens intently. A moment later...KA-BLAM!

EMMA (O.S.)
Where'd it come from?

MICHAEL
The Coles.

EMMA (O.S.)
That sounded really bad. We should go over there. See if they're okay.

MICHAEL
I don't think so.

EMMA (O.S.)
Why not? Because you think they're fine? Not everyone's fine, dad! Ask Gracie and grandpa and Evan!

MICHAEL
It's not our business!

Emma flounces out.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (after her)
 Emma!

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 23. Emma peers in at us.

EMMA
 It's the twenty-third day of
 quarantine. Almost a whole month
 stuck in the house. The power
 only comes back on for an hour or
 two every day. The phones are
 really spotty too. Mom hardly
 ever comes out of her room. Dad's
 really worried about everything.
 I'm worried about Stace. And
 Evan. And Gracie. And grandpa.
 It's a bad time.

She leans forward and turns the camera off. CLICK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

QUARANTINE DAY 24. Emma moves through, following a
 bizarre CRUNCHING NOISE that she can't quite place. She
 moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stace crouches in front of the pantry, binging on a
 bizarre assortment of foods - butter, raw meat, cans of
 sardines, raw rice. She makes GRUNTING noises as she
 eats. Barely taking time to chew. Feral. And she's
covered in bruises.

Emma approaches tentatively. Terrified.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace? Stace, what's wrong with
 you?

Stace doesn't hear. In a trance.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stace?!

Emma taps her on the back and Stace snaps back to
 reality. She whirls. Furious. Food smeared across her
 face, obscuring her features. She looks monstrous.
Severely fucked up.

STACE
 Don't tape me!

She lunges. Emma SCREAMS.

STACE (CONT'D)
 DON'T TAPE ME!

Stace wrestles the camera away. And tosses it aside.
CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING (TRIPOD)

QUARANTINE DAY 24. As before, in shorts and a sports bra, Emma performs her check, using the camera to aid her. She examining the backs of her calves. Thighs. Upper arms. No bruising.

She takes a moment and studies her frame. She turns to the side. Sucks in her stomach. Pushes out her boobs. Suddenly realizing, she's not a little girl anymore. But on the cusp of becoming a woman.

KNOCKING at the door.

STACE (O.S.)
Emma? Can I come in?

EMMA
Yeah.

Stace enters. She looks exhausted. Unwell.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You okay?

Stace shakes her head and takes a seat next to Emma. A moment.

STACE
I haven't heard from CJ. It's been more than a week. Something happened to him.

EMMA
You don't know that.

STACE
I know it. He wouldn't just not call. I wanna go over there.

EMMA
Are you crazy?

Beat.

STACE
What if he's Infested? What if he...you know?

EMMA
What?

STACE
(a whisper)
What if he gave it to me?

Emma has no idea what to say.

STACE (CONT'D)
Cause we did things. You know?
At the party. We did things.

EMMA
You're fine, Stace.

Stace vigorously shakes her head.

STACE
I don't feel fine. I'm tired all
the time and hungry. Something's
wrong with me. I don't feel
right. Something's wrong.

EMMA
It's stress. That's what it is.
Just stress. It's in your head.
You're fine. Look at me.
(firm)
You're fine. Say it.

Roles have switched. Emma's becoming the caretaker now.

STACE
You're fine.

A moment. Weak giggles.

STACE (CONT'D)
Did I hurt you?

EMMA
No.

They embrace. As they do, we see the back of Stace's
arms and neck. Bruises. Everywhere. Stace isn't fine.
Not at all.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Rain patters down outside. The battery operated radio
blares. Emma just sits, recording Michael as he looks at
his clipboard. Something's off. Numbers aren't adding
up.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
--governors of Georgia, Louisiana,
Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas,
Texas, and Florida are meeting in
Atlanta to discuss what they're
calling a Southern Strategy to
deal with the Outbreak. However,
legislators in Washington are
issuing an advance warning against
any actions that may be perceived
as a threat to the sovereignty of
the United States government.
Said Georgia Governor Roland Pitts-

MICHAEL

What'd I tell you guys? I don't care if you snack, but we gotta keep track of what we're eating cause I don't know what happens if we run out. Do I need to sleep down here to keep an eye on things?

EMMA (O.S.)

No.

MICHAEL

Where's your sister?

EMMA (O.S.)

Sleeping.

MICHAEL

It's three o'clock in the afternoon!

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad.

MICHAEL

What?

EMMA (O.S.)

You're yelling. Stop yelling at me.

MICHAEL

I don't know what's happening with this family. Tonight, we're all sitting down to a family dinner. Your sister, your mother, me and you. And we're going to have a nice normal, under the circumstances, family meal!

Michael storms out.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight. The entire family is gathered, but everyone is sullen. Somber. Each lost in their own thoughts, picking at their food. Emma PANS AROUND THE TABLE landing on STACE. KAY. MICHAEL.

Finally, onto her own meager plate. RICE and SARDINES. ZOOM IN. ZOOM OUT.

EMMA (O.S.)

Mmmm. Rations.

MICHAEL

Eat your dinner, Cricket.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 26. Emma KNOCKS on Stace's bedroom door. No answer. Emma enters.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND. Discarded food wrappers litter every surface. Empty SARDINE TINS, CANS OF LASAGNA, and CRACKER BOXES -- evidence of Stace's secret binges -- overflow the trashcan.

EMMA
(breathes)
Jesus, Stace.
(pause)
Stace?!

No answer. Stace is gone. The window is wide open. Curtains flutter. Emma hurries over and looks down. A STEP LADDER leans against the side of the house. Stace clearly snuck out.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dammit!

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - SIDE OF THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma SWITCHES TO NIGHTVISION and scans the night. She's standing in a MUDDY PUDDLE. Annoyed, she shakes off her shoes and moves to the--

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

STREETLAMPS have burned out. The neighborhood is deserted. Silent. No signs of life anywhere.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace?!

No answer. She catches sight of a MUDDY FOOTPRINT on the ground, likely Stace's, and heads in that direction.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Emma walks along. On edge. The world is freakishly quiet. Dark. She passes a few houses sporting WARNING/BIOHAZARD YELLOW TAPE across padlocked front doors.

The sound of an APPROACHING VEHICLE breaks the stillness. Emma ducks behind some BUSHES and watches as an OPEN BED TRUCK pulls into the driveway of a QUARANTINED HOME.

A pair of ARMED MEN carrying shotguns and BOLT CUTTERS jump from the truck. Speedily (they've got this down), they go to the front door, SNAP OFF THE PADLOCK, and barge inside.

A WOMAN remains behind the wheel, engine idling. Headlights OFF. Watching. Waiting.

(MOMENTS LATER)

The men emerge carrying valuables - jewelry, silver, etc... They toss everything in the truck bed and drive off.

Emma rises. Heads out.

EXT. CJ'S HOME - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

We've been here before. Lettering on the mailbox identifies this as the Moreno home. It's dark. WARNING/BIOHAZARD TAPE crosses the front door.

EMMA (O.S.)

Stace?

Emma approaches and peers inside the dark windows. Nothing. A SIREN BEHIND HER. BLINKING LIGHTS. Emma whirls as a CDC Patrol Vehicle approaches. A routine sweep of the area. And Emma bolts. She runs--

EXT. BETWEEN HOUSES - CONTINUOUS

And onto the next street. Camera clunking by her side. Running...Running... Headed back home by a different route.

Emma rounds the corner and enters--

EXT. COPSE OF TREES - CONTINUOUS

Nervously, she wades in. After a few steps, she stops abruptly and looks up. Above her, nested in the trees like freakish spiders are--

TWISTS. A half dozen of them. Covered in squirming alien blackness. Their bodies humped and misshapen. The human part of them sleeps. The Pestes are wide awake. And hungry.

Emma clamps her hand over her mouth to stifle a scream as tentacles strain towards her.

Slowly, she begins to back away. Her hand still over her mouth, muffling her whimpers. Step by agonized step. And then...

SNAP! A TWIG CRACKS beneath her foot. Emma freezes. Petrified. Did they hear? A HOWL/SCREAM is answer enough. Yeah, they heard.

She takes off like a shot.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Emma bolts. Twists gain behind her. They haven't seen her yet, but they smell her. And they're closing in. Realizing she can't outrun them, she TRIES VARIOUS CAR DOORS. Searching for a place to hide.

She tries one. Locked. Another. Also locked. Another and she TRIGGERS THE ALARM. It blasts through the night.

EMMA (O.S.)

FUCK!

A pair of HOWL/SCREAMS answer her. With nowhere else to go, Emma drops down and squirms her way underneath a VEHICLE.

Emma shuts her eyes as Twists approach. They swarm the car with the alarm. It sends them into a rage as they pounce on it. RIPPING OFF DOORS. PUNCHING THROUGH GLASS.

Emma's crying now. So terrified, she's having trouble breathing.

Footsteps approach. BARE FEET WRAPPED IN SQUIRMING TENTACLES SLOWLY PASS BY, inches away from Emma. An Infested stalks the area. Searching for her.

The Infested stops. Emma braces herself, ready to run again if she has to. A heart stopping BEAT. Then...

SIRENS. Police CRUISERS and CDC PATROLS gunning for our looters scream by. FIRING SHOTS. The Infested HOWL and scatter.

A few moments later, all goes quiet.

Emma rolls over on her back. Half-crying. Half-laughing with relief.

LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES and...CLICK. BLACK.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 27. Michael, Kay, and Stace argue just outside Stace's bedroom.

MICHAEL

Do you have any idea what could've happened to you out there?

KAY

Or your sister? We were worried sick! We almost called the cops!

STACE

C.J's Infested! And you don't even care!

KAY

Of course, we care.

Michael notices a bruise on Stace's arm.

MICHAEL

What's hap--

STACE

Nothing! Just leave me alone!

She goes into her room and SLAMS THE DOOR. Michael just stands there. Completely bewildered.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 29. A CAMPING LANTERN casts an eerie glow. THUMP! The sound is muffled. Strange. Coming from an indeterminate area somewhere inside the house. A moment of silence. Then...THUMP-THUMP!

EMMA (O.S.)
What the...?

Emma throws back the covers and gets out of bed. We catch a glimpse of her smiley face pajama bottoms and brightly colored toenails as she pads over to the door. Trying to locate the sound's source.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad?

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

EMMA PANS OVER -- The EMERGENCY STORAGE AREA.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad? Is that you?

Emma moves into the--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lit by a few CANDLES. Cluttered with the detritus of close living. BOARDGAMES and piles of DIRTY LAUNDRY scattered about. Emma TRIPS over a battered MONOPOLY BOX and KICKS IT aside.

THUMP-THUMP!

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Michael fell asleep listening to the radio. Kit-Kat purrs on his chest. Emma pets her.

EMMA (O.S.)
Good kitty.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
We've been getting scattered reports coming in from all over the country of something else. Something bigger. Clusters of Infested amassing in--

Emma turns the radio down. THUMP! She jerks the camera up to the ceiling. The noise is clearly coming from upstairs.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emma moves slowly, trepidation in her step. The THUMPS grow louder.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace? You awake?

No answer as Emma approaches Stace's bedroom door.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stace?

Another muffled THUMP from within.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stace, I'm coming in. Don't get
mad, okay?

Emma opens the door and enters into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma PANS AROUND. A COCKROACH skitters by. Emma yelps and jumps out of the way as it disappears underneath the empty bed. THUMP!

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace? What the hell?

Dim light leaks out from underneath the closed bathroom door.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stace?! What're you doing?
You're freaking me out!
Seriously!

Dreading what she's going to find, Emma moves over to the door and pushes it open.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FLASHLIGHT rocks on the floor, throwing uncertain shadows. Emma switches to NIGHTVISION and SWIVELS THE CAMERA AROUND, trying to pinpoint the source of the thumps. She lands on--

STACE. Curled upon the floor. She jerks. Convulses. Eyes roll back in her head. Her foot repeatedly KICKS THE SIDE OF THE TUB. THUMP-THUMP.

EMMA (O.S.)
Stace?

Delirious, Stace doesn't respond. Emma just stands and stares, bewildered by the bizarre movement beneath Stace's shirt, near her spine.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stace, it's okay.

But we hear the horror in her voice as she sets the camera down and LIFTS STACE'S BLOUSE.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, God.

Something CLAWS ITS WAY OUT OF STACE'S BACK. Blood-slick and somehow aware, INKY BLACK TENTACLES EMERGE and wrap around Stace's waist. The HEAD OF A BULBOUS JELLYFISH-LIKE MASS PULSES INSIDE HER. Alive. Waiting. Growing.

Emma SCREAMS and runs out. The camera continues to record behind her.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dad! DAD!

A moment of silence. The 'birthing' is complete.

Stace groans as she comes to, blinking her way back into awareness. Slowly, painfully, she sits up. Confused. Sensing that something is amiss, but unable to put her finger on exactly what it is.

Then she looks down. And sees it.

The PESTE. Its BLACK TENTACLES SQUIRM AROUND HER MIDSECTION. Its alien head embedded inside of her.

Stace lets out a strangled SCREAM. Horrified. The nightmare she only guessed at has come true. She's Infested.

STACE

(a whimper)

No...no, please...

She tries to PRY THE TENTACLES OFF, but they merely squirm and return. Inextricably linked to her.

She GAGS into the toilet.

Then she tries to remove the tentacles again. This time, she wraps her hands around them and begins to PULL SAVAGELY. Straining hard. SCREAMING IN PAIN. CRYING. BODY TWISTING IN AGONY. This shit hurts.

Barely even aware of it, she KICKS THE CAMERA into the bedroom where it continues to record.

And yet the Peste remains. Undeterred. As much a part of her as it ever was. Exhausted and beaten, Stace gives up. The tentacles return to comfortably wrap around her waist.

Stace begins to weep then. Wretched. Miserable. Awful. Unable to stand - her legs are too weak - she scrabbles towards the door. Breath hitching.

STACE (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad? Em! Somebody
help...Help me...

O.S. We hear sounds of Emma and Michael pounding up the stairs. Headed her way.

Stacia?! MICHAEL (O.S.)

Dad? STACE

Michael enters followed by Emma and stops. In an instant, he takes in the situation and drops to his knees. Devastated.

Baby? MICHAEL

Dad? STACE
It's in me. Help me.

Trembling, she reaches for her father and for a second it looks like Michael might embrace her, but--

Oh, dear God. MICHAEL
 I'm sorry,
 sweetheart.

And he abruptly pulls the bathroom door closed, trapping Stace inside. He holds the door shut.

Dad? EMMA
Dad, what are you doing?!

Go down to the garage and get my
 MICHAEL
nail gun.

But-- EMMA

Do it now, Cricket! MICHAEL
Now! HURRY!

Emma runs out. Stace fumbles weakly at the doorknob.

Daddy? STACE (O.S.)

Baby, I'm sorry...I'm so sorry.
 MICHAEL
But I can't let you out. Not like
this...I can't.

Please, I won't hurt anybody. I
 STACE (O.S.)
won't!

I'm sorry. MICHAEL

Let me out! STACE (O.S.)

Stace begins to beat on the door.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
DADDY?! MOM? Daddy, please?!

But Michael can't talk anymore. Instead, he tries to stifle rough, heaving sobs as he holds the door closed with both hands. The monster inside must be contained.

Emma hurries back in with NAIL GUN.

EMMA
I got it!

MICHAEL
Give it here.

Emma hands it over.

EMMA
Stace, calm down!

STACE (O.S.)
Why are you doing this?! LEMME
OUT!

CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! Michael begins to nail the door shut. Permanently.

EMMA
Stace--

STACE (O.S.)
Emma, I'm sick! Get mom! Mom
won't let him lock me in here!
PLEASE?!

CHUCK! CHUCK! CHUCK! The final nail goes in. Michael pulls Emma back. A moment. Stace continues to bang away, but this door ain't movin'.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad?

Suddenly, KA-WHUNK! Stace rips the knob off with bizarre superhuman strength. Taking both the knob and several chunks of wood with her. Nevertheless, the DOOR REMAINS SEALED.

A long tense moment. Within, Stace lets out a loud CRY. Furious. Trapped. Defeated.

Michael collapses by the bed and draws Emma into his arms. Rocking her. Both are distraught. Crying.

MICHAEL
Shhh. Shhh.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 30. Emma peers in at us. She wipes wetness out of her eyes. Clears her throat.

EMMA
It's the 30th day of quarantine
and Stace is...
(deep breath)
Stace is Infested.

KNOCK-KNOCK. Michael enters. Unshaven. Red-eyed. He sits heavily on the bed. Doesn't seem to notice the camera at all. A long moment of silence. He's lost in thought.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Dad?

MICHAEL
(snaps out of it)
Yeah?

EMMA
Did you tell mom?

MICHAEL
(a nod)
She didn't take it well.

Another painful beat.

EMMA
What now?

MICHAEL
For now, Stace is contained.
There's water in there. We keep
her quiet. We keep her safe. And
we wait.

EMMA
Whatever happens, she's still in
there, dad. Don't forget that.
She's still Stace. She's just
sick.

MICHAEL
I know.

He kisses Emma's forehead and exits. Downtrodden.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 32. Emma enters to find the bathroom door has been reinforced by BOARDS - an extra level of protection. At the bottom, is a small open space for sliding food in and out.

Emma sets the camera down and crouches beside the door. Trying to keep things casual and light. Despite the circumstances.

EMMA
Stace? It's me.

STACE (O.S.)

Hey.

EMMA

Hey. How're you feeling?

STACE (O.S.)

Okay. It doesn't hurt, you know?
It feels...weird, but it doesn't
hurt. It's part of me.

EMMA

We're gonna get it out of you,
Stace. Promise.

STACE (O.S.)

It just makes things really loud.
I can hear mom breathing in her
room. Dad's on the phone
downstairs. He's been on hold for
a really long time. Who is he
calling, Em?

EMMA

FEMA. We're running out of food.

STACE (O.S.)

I can hear them.

EMMA

Who?

STACE (O.S.)

The others. Others like me.
They're calling me.

(pause)

Did you bring anything?

EMMA

Dad said not until tonight. He
said we have to ration it. The
more we feed you, the faster it
grows.

STACE (O.S.)

He hates me.

EMMA

No. He doesn't hate you, Stace.

STACE (O.S.)

He locked me in here.

EMMA

To keep you safe.

STACE (O.S.)

To keep you safe.

A moment.

EMMA
He's just scared is all.

STACE (O.S.)
I know. I can smell it. Kit-
Kat's scared, too. He smells
nice.

Emma has to take moment to let that one settle. That was
fuckin' weird.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're not scared.

EMMA
You're my sister. You'd never
hurt me.

Stace reaches out through the slot in the door. Offering
Emma her hand. A TENTACLE SQUIRMS ON HER FOREARM.
Nevertheless, Emma reaches out. Places her hand in
Stace's. Trust here. Sisters.

STACE (O.S.)
I lied, Em.

EMMA
About what?

STACE (O.S.)
(soft)
When I said it didn't hurt. When
it's hungry, it hurts me. It
squeezes me inside. Like it's
trying to rip me open. It gets so
hungry.

EMMA
I won't let it hurt you, Stace.

STACE (O.S.)
Promise?

EMMA
I swear.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 33. Emma peers in at us, so happy, she's
almost in tears.

EMMA
I just got this. It came in a few
minutes ago.

She holds up her cellphone. There's a text message
there.

EMMA (CONT'D)
It's from Evan. He's okay. He,
uh... Well, it says, 'Made it out.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 CU soon. Bowling. Xtra
 Snickers.' That's pretty great.
 I needed some good-

The FIRE ALARM suddenly begins to BLAST THROUGH THE HOUSE. A moment later, we hear Stace, in the next room begin to throw herself at the door. RAMMING IT. FURIOUS. HOWL/SCREAMING.

Emma runs into the next room, leaving the camera behind.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stace! Stace, it's okay! Dad!
 Dad! Turn it off! TURN IT OFF!
 Stace, it's okay.

But the BEEPING continues and Stace continues to charge the door. After a tense moment, the BEEPING stops and Stace quiets.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STUDY - NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 34. Emma bursts in to find the radio blaring. Michael sits at attention. Notepad in hand. Listening intently to the program.

EMMA (O.S.)
 There's something outside!

Concerned, he rises and exits. Emma follows.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Emma listen a moment. Then they hear it -- an Infested's HOWL/SCREAM. Right outside the front door. And the sound of something SLITHERING -- TENTACLES maybe? -- against the wall.

MICHAEL
 Wait here.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad?

MICHAEL
 Shhhh!

Quietly, he grabs RIFLE and softly, oh so softly, opens the door. Emma takes raspy panic breaths. She switches to NIGHTVISION.

The HOWL/SCREAM comes again. We can dimly see Michael through the open door AIMING THE RIFLE AT AN UNSEEN SOMEONE.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Mr. Drakeford...I can't...I'm
 sorry...

Emma recognizes that voice. And so do we.

EMMA (O.S.)
 (a whisper)
 C.J.?

MICHAEL
 (soft)
 I'm going to count to three, son.
 And then I'm going to shoot. One.

HOWL/SCREAM.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Two...

Michael cocks the trigger.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Dad...?

And then we hear TENTACLES SLIDE AWAY. A hasty retreat.
 A distant HOWL/SCREAM. Shaken, Michael lowers his weapon
 and turns back towards the house.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Dad, was that C.J.?

Michael nods.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 He came for Stace.

Suddenly exhausted, Michael comes inside. Locks and
 BOLTS the door.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 35. Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- A MEAGER PLATE
 Michael has prepared for Stace. Watery canned vegetables
 atop a tiny pile of rice. A pittance. Prisoners eat
 better than this. In the b.g, we can hear Stace's
 tortured GRUNTS and MOANS.

EMMA (O.S.)
 This is it?

MICHAEL
 That's all we have, kiddo.

EMMA (O.S.)
 It's not enough.

MICHAEL
 We're not going to make it to the
 end of the week as it is. Take it
 upstairs.

EMMA (O.S.)
 No! She needs more!

MICHAEL
Unless you want to give her cat
food, that's all we can give her
for now.

Emma sighs and grabs the plate.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sounds of fast, feverish consumption on the other side of
the bathroom door. Then Stace shoves the tray out
through the slot.

STACE (O.S.)
Isn't there anymore? It's hurting
me, Em!

EMMA
Stace, I'm sorry.

STACE (O.S.)
HELP ME, EMMA!

Stace begins to RAM THE DOOR. THROWING ALL HER WEIGHT
against it. All the while letting out that trademark
Twist HOWL/SCREAM.

EMMA
Stace, it's okay. Stace?

Inconsolable, Stace continues to ram the door. THUMP!
THUMP! Helpless, Emma digs deep. Searching for
something to console her sister. Then she has it.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(sings)
'Rose, Rose, Rose, Rose--

The ramming slows.

EMMA (CONT'D)
'Will I ever see thee wed?'
'I will marry at thy will, sire.
At thy will.'

The ramming stops completely. Stace reaches out. Emma
takes her hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Better?

STACE (O.S.)
That made it stop.

EMMA
I'm sorry about the smoke alarm
the other day. Mom was smoking
with the windows closed.

STACE (O.S.)
Did C.J. come by?

EMMA
No. Why?

STACE (O.S.)
I just thought...I just thought I
heard him.
(pause)
Emma?

EMMA
Yeah?

STACE (O.S.)
I'm sorry about Kit-Kat.

EMMA
What about him?

STACE (O.S.)
He got too close and I...I
couldn't help it. It made me.

Stunned, Emma realizes Stace ate the damn cat. She just closes her eyes. Nothing to do except deal with it.

EMMA
It's okay, Stace. It's okay.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

With the camera recording on the floor, Emma opens CAT FOOD CANS and shoves them through to Stace, who gulps and slurps with relish. She makes quick work of a half-dozen cans. BELCHES.

EMMA
Better?

STACE (O.S.)
Better.
(pause, then soft)
Why won't mom or dad come and see
me?

Emma gathers up empty cans and searches for something to say.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's okay. I understand. It's
probably hard for them. You
should go to bed, Emma.

Emma claims her camera.

EMMA
Night, Stace.

She exits.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emma gently closes Stace's bedroom door. Then leans against it and allows the sobs she's been holding in to finally escape. Rough. Raw. Broken.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 37. Emma enters and PANS AROUND THE ROOM. This space hasn't been cleaned in a month. Clutter abounds. Cigarette butts everywhere.

Emma finally lands on Kay. Curled up in bed and staring at an *I Love Lucy* marathon on mute. She looks awful. Listless. Wasting away. Of no use to anyone. Smoking like a chimney beside an open window.

Nevertheless, Emma sets the camera down. Settles into frame and tries to break through.

EMMA

Hey, mom. Can I talk to you about something?

KAY

Where's your father?

EMMA

He's downstairs on the phone.

KAY

Who's he talking to?

EMMA

Coach. She and Mr. Sparks are okay.

KAY

That woman almost got us killed. She almost got us all killed.

EMMA

I don't think she meant to.

KAY

I'm almost outta cigarettes. Remind your father to get some more.

A moment. Emma takes a deep breath. Doesn't want to upset her mother, but this needs to be said.

EMMA

Why won't you go see Stace?

KAY

Stop it, Emma.

Ordinarily, Emma would, but not today. She's finding her voice. Standing up for her sister.

EMMA

No. She doesn't understand why
you won't go see her.

KAY

I said, stop!

EMMA

You stop! You can't just hide in
here forever. She needs you!
Just go talk to her. She's still
Stace. Remember? She's just
sick.

(pause)

Mom?

KAY

This is what happens.

EMMA

What?

KAY

When you don't do what you're
told. When you don't listen.
When you run around, doing
whatever you--

WHAP! Emma's hand BOUNCES OFF HER MOTHER'S CHEEK. It
happens so fast both are stunned. Then Kay's face
crumples.

KAY (CONT'D)

I'm so mad. I'm so mad at her.
This wasn't supposed to happen.
We were all supposed to be safe.

EMMA

It's not her fault. You're her
mother. Act like it. Go see her.

Kay takes a deep breath.

KAY

Okay.

EMMA

Really?

KAY

But not today. Tomorrow. I'll go
see her tomorrow when I'm feeling
better.

EMMA

Okay.

For the first time in a long time, Emma embraces her
mother. Holds her close.

INT. DRAKEFORD CAR (MOVING) - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 38. A rainy miserable mess outside. Michael drives along, leaning forward. Focused hard on the road. The radio BLARES, but it's mostly STATIC.

Emma swivels the camera around. RECORDING OUT THE WINDOW. Very few civilian cars on the road. Most are either abandoned or looted. The storefronts are dark. Deserted. Ransacked. They pull up to a--

CHECKPOINT

A string of orange TRAFFIC CONES across the road. A few MILITARY GUARDS in FULL RIOT GEAR patrol the area. One waves Michael to a stop and approaches the car.

Michael rolls his window down.

GUARD #1
Where do you think you're going,
sir?

MICHAEL
FEMA. My family's running low on
supplies. I thought we were gonna
be okay but--

GUARD #1
All Distribution Centers shut down
a week ago!

Emma notices something strange in front of her. Hard to see through the driving rain. She switches on the windshield wipers and a WOMAN (40s) materializes. Slowly approaching the checkpoint. Barefoot. Red housedress. Arms outstretched. Distraught.

WOMAN
(soft)
Help me.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?

But Michael's locked in an argument with the guard.

GUARD #1
Sir, right now you are in
violation of CDC
quarantine. So I need you
to turn your vehicle around
and return to your place of
residence. If you're in
further need of assistance--

MICHAEL
What the hell am I supposed
to do? I called the
hotline. Half of the time
it's busy. And the other
half of the time I get a
recording. I'm trying to
provide for my family. No
one has any answers. You
tell me. What the hell am
I supposed to--

WOMAN

HELP ME!!!

This gets their attention. Immediately, Guards spring to action. Assault rifles aimed and ready.

GUARD #1

Ma'am, stop where you are and put your hands in the air!

EMMA (O.S.)

(whispers)

Dad? Roll up the window.

Michael hastily obeys. Outside, the woman raises her hands, but continues to approach. The redness on her dress BEGINS TO RUN. Not a red housedress at all. Just a regular housedress COVERED IN BLOOD.

WOMAN

I killed them. I tried to stop it, but I couldn't. It made me. I couldn't stop it.

GUARD #1

Ma'am! Stop where you are or we will shoot. You are in direct violation of--

WOMAN

KILL ME! YOU HAVE TO KILL ME! I CAN'T CONTROL IT! I CAN'T...

And then we see them. TENTACLES. Writhing beneath the woman's dress. Around her legs. Flailing around her head. Searching...Searching for prey.

MICHAEL

Jesus.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad, let's go!

GUARD #1

Infested!

They OPEN FIRE and triggered by the sound, the woman lets out that queer HOWL/SCREAM and CHARGES. She BOUNDS towards the guards, LEAPING atop the car. SNARLING as she does so.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad, DRIVE!

Michael jams the accelerator and squeals off, leaving the GUARDS behind them SCREAMING. Their fate uncertain.

(LATER)

Shell-shocked, Michael drives. Shaking the steering wheel in frustration.

MICHAEL
Shit! Shit! Shit! What the hell
are we supposed to do now?

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?! Calm down! I have an idea.

EXT. COLE HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and Emma approach. Michael has his rifle on his back, baseball bat in hand. Just in case. Emma follows, awkwardly trying to record while carrying grocery recycle bags and a lantern.

MICHAEL
I should probably knock, hunh?

Michael KNOCKS. Softly.

EMMA (O.S.)
Louder, dad. No one could hear
that.

He KNOCKS again. Louder.

MICHAEL
Hello?! Larry! Dana?

No answer. Michael tries the door. It's locked.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
All right, Cricket. Stand back.

EMMA (O.S.)
Be careful.

Michael takes a few steps back and then CHARGES THE DOOR. HARD. It doesn't budge. Michael massages his shoulder. That hurt. A lot.

EXT. BACK OF THE COLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The GLASS BACK DOOR is roughly boarded up. Michael grabs a board and pries it off. Then another.

MICHAEL
Get back.

EMMA (O.S.)
I *am* back.

He gives her a look. She sighs and takes a few steps backward. He takes a deep breath and SMASHES THE BOARD THROUGH GLASS. Shattering it.

Beat. Michael leans in. Listens. Doesn't hear anything.

MICHAEL
Larry? It's Michael! I'm coming
in, okay?

Still no answer.

EMMA (O.S.)
Maybe they left.

MICHAEL
(not convinced)
You know how Larry is and he has a
gun, so stay behind me just in
case. Watch the glass.

Carefully, Michael crawls through the hole between boards
and glass. Emma follows.

INT. COLE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Emma PANS AROUND. This place makes the Drakeford home
look a five star resort. There's GARBAGE EVERYWHERE.
Empty FEMA SUPPLY BOXES stacked to the ceiling.
Hundreds, if not thousands, of discarded cans. Filth.

EMMA (O.S.)
Oh my God. The *smell*.

Michael recoils and gags. Dry heaves a bit.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dad? You okay?

MICHAEL
(nods)
Just give me a second.

EMMA (O.S.)
Smells like something died.

MICHAEL
(a warning)
Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)
(same tone)
Dad.

Emma notices some PAMPHLETS on the TABLETOP. They're
rough, likely LOCALLY MADE. The Headlines read --
'PROTECTING AN INFESTED?' 'LIVING WITH INFESTATION?'
etc... Emma grabs them and puts them in her bag.

A weak BARK from nearby. Emma whirls. It's Lucy, the
mean spirited dog. Not much fight left in her, though.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, Lucy.

Is that a tail wagging? Emma sets her camera down.
Steps into frame with her hand outstretched. Lucy licks
it.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

EMMA

Taking her with us. Look at her.
She's starving.

Emma shoves Lucy into one of the recycle bags. Lucy goes willingly.

MICHAEL

We already have cat we can't feed.

Emma slings the bag and Lucy over shoulder and retrieves her camera.

EMMA

We don't have a cat.

Off the implications of that--

INT. COLE HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHTVISION)

The smell's worse in here. Unbelievably bad. We can tell Emma has her hands over her nose as she SWINGS THE CAMERA AROUND IN A WIDE ARC. Michael rifles through the pantry searching for food stuffs. Emma LANDS ON--

TWO PAIRS OF FEET. The bodies of LAURENCE AND DANA COLE, hidden behind the island. The RIFLE used for this MURDER/SUICIDE on the floor nearby. Emma SCREAMS. Jumps away.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad!

She points. He looks.

MICHAEL

JESUS!

He pulls Emma backward. Nevertheless, Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- DESICCATED, DEAD TENTACLES.

EMMA (O.S.)

I wanna get out of here. Can we
just get out of here? We can
check next door.

She pulls her father backward and they stumble out.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT (NIGHTVISION)

Dark. Deserted. But blessedly clean. Compared to the horror of the last house, this place is immaculate. Emma and Michael move through.

MICHAEL

Kitchen?

EMMA (O.S.)

Straight ahead to your left.

Michael heads that way. Looks back.

MICHAEL
I'm sorry you had to see that back
there. I should've known that's
what was going on. You okay?

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad, I'm okay. You're the one who
puked, remember?

Michael allows himself a wan smile. Touche'. He goes
into the kitchen, allowing Emma a moment of silence. She
ZOOMS IN ON -- A TOOMEY FAMILY PHOTO. MR. TOOMEY and
JEANETTE. Smiling. Happy. A time long past.

Lucy whimpers in the bag. Emma reaches in and pets her.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHTVISION)

Another charming, neat space. Michael frantically rifles
through cabinets and the pantry, tossing a few meager
findings onto the table, but there's not much here. This
place has been cleaned out.

EMMA (O.S.)
Find anything?

MICHAEL
Help me look.

Emma sets the camera and the dog down and joins her
father, searching the bottom cabinets. Nothing.

EMMA
Mr. Toomey's really neat.

MICHAEL
Too neat if you ask me.

EMMA
He must've cleaned everything out
before they left. He didn't know
how long they were going to be
gone.

Michael throws open the last cabinet. Just glasses.

MICHAEL
Dammit!

A moment. Emma thinks.

EMMA
The garage! That's where they
keep all their Costco stuff.

MICHAEL
Which way?

Emma points. Michael heads in that direction as Emma
retrieves her camera.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Emma and Michael enter. Almost immediately Emma realizes something's not quite right. She PANS OVER THE SPACE. The Toomey minivan is parked on one side. Odd. It's not supposed to be here.

Emma (O.S.)
Dad?

Michael
Found it!

Michael's on the opposite side of the garage where there are shelves of neatly stacked food stuffs. Water. Canned goods. Dry goods. Enough to last months. Michael couldn't be happier. Crisis averted.

Michael (CONT'D)
When this is over, remind me to thank Louis Toomey. All right, kiddo. Load up. We don't want to have to make a whole bunch of trips.

In the bag, Lucy GROWLS.

Emma (O.S.)
Shhh. What's wrong with you?

And then a BLACK HUMP above Michael MOVES. SLITHERS. DROPS TO THE GROUND BEHIND HIM.

Emma (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(horrorified whisper)
Dad...?

Michael freezes. Cold realization. His hands slowly find his rifle.

The hump is Louis Toomey. He's Infested. The most gruesomely deformed Twist we've seen thus far. His body is bent at a sharp angle, and covered in a WRITHING MASS OF TENTACLES.

They strain towards Michael. Nevertheless, the part of Louis Toomey that is still human jerks. Tries to fight it.

Louis
(choked)
Go...Run....I can't...

And then he lets out that HOWL/SCREAM and charges.

Emma (O.S.)
DAD!

Michael whirls. FIRES. BLOWS LOUIS TOOMEY BACKWARD INTO A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PAPERTOWELS and TOILET PAPER.

Shot through the chest, the human part of Louis Toomey dies, but the PESTE INSIDE HIM IS STILL ALIVE AND FIGHTING. TENTACLES VIOLENTLY FLAIL and SCRABBLE towards Michael. Pitching Louis' body back and forth like a grotesque rag doll.

MICHAEL

What the f--

He pushes Emma out of the way. And fires another SHOT. KA-BLAM! KA-BLAM! The flailing slows. Michael aims for the PESTE HEAD half-embedded in Louis' back. KA-BLAM! He blows it apart and the flailing abruptly STOPS. Tentacles go limp. The Peste is dead.

And then a high-pitched HOWL/SCREAM. A smaller (oh, so small) HUMP detaches itself from the ceiling and charges them. Teeth bared. Tentacles outstretched.

EMMA (O.S.)

Jeanette!

Michael has no choice. KA-BLAM! And Jeanette CRASHES AGAINST THE GARAGE DOOR. Her Peste fumbles about weakly. Michael goes over to her. Time for mercy.

MICHAEL

Don't tape this, Cricket. I mean it.

Emma turns the camera to the ground and...KA-BLAM! Silence except for Emma's panic breaths.

And then we hear it. HOWL/SCREAMS. Dozens of them. Twists, attracted by the GUNSHOTS, headed their way.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

SHIT!

He grabs Emma's hand and pulls her out.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Emma run through. Glass SHATTERS all around them. Emma SCREAMS as TWISTS FORCE THEIR WAY INSIDE. Michael yanks Emma to the--

INT. TOOMEY HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

And they run up.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They hurry past tidy bedrooms with too many windows. Searching for a safe place to hunker down. Emma points to the attic trapdoor.

EMMA (O.S.)

Dad!

Michael pulls the LADDER DOWN. He and Emma pound up into the--

INT. TOOMEY HOME - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Michael closes the door. Below, THUMPS, CRACKS and HOWLS/SCREAMS can be heard as Twists ransack the place.

MICHAEL
Cricket, help!

Emma tosses her camera aside and moves over to help Michael push a HEAVY BUREAU over the attic TRAPDOOR. Both strain. This thing is heavy as hell. As soon as they get it positioned, THUMP!

It POPS UPWARD as a TWIST RAMS THE TRAP. Michael covers Emma's mouth before she can scream. THUMP! THUMP! The bureau holds. No Twist is getting in this way.

But the ransacking downstairs continues. Relentless. Physically and emotionally drained, Michael and Emma collapse. The camera forgotten, Emma rests her head on father's shoulder. Closes her eyes. He wraps an arm around her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
In the morning, it'll be safe to come out.

EMMA
But they're gonna eat all the food.

MICHAEL
We'll think of something.

INT. TOOMEY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

QUARANTINE DAY 39. Emma PANS AROUND THE ROOM. Everything that can be broken, is. It's a disaster zone. Michael emerges from the garage.

EMMA (O.S.)
Anything?

Grimly, he shakes his head.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Wearily, Emma enters. A moment. Emma stops abruptly. Her camera promptly TUMBLES OUT OF HER HAND AND CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR. CRACK! The LENS BREAKS. Emma drops to her knees.

EMMA
Mom?

And then we see what Emma sees -- KAY. On her back beside the bathroom door. Pale. And very, very, still.

Michael can be heard in the next room.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Kay? Kay, honey, where are you?

STACE (O.S.)
Emma?

EMMA
Stace, what did you do?

Stace's voice is choked. Broken.

STACE (O.S.)
I couldn't help it. She came in.
I tried to stop it, but I
couldn't.

EMMA
(anguished)
WHAT DID YOU DO?! MOM!

Emma scoops her mother's limp body into her arms.

EMMA (CONT'D)
WHAT DID YOU DO?!

Emma rocks Kay and we see BLOOD. Too much blood.
Soaking the sleeve of Kay's bathrobe. And there's no arm
in the sleeve. Its been ripped clean off.

Sobbing, Emma continues to rock her mother. Keening.
Incoherent. Inconsolable. And then Michael enters.

MICHAEL
Baby?

He pulls Kay away from Emma. Slaps her cheeks. No
response.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh, no. Oh, no. Please, no.

Within the bathroom, Stace THUMPS.

STACE (O.S.)
I'm sorry! I couldn't stop it! I
didn't mean to!

Michael takes this all in, dry-eyed. Resolute. He
gently sets Kay down. And exits the room.

EMMA
Dad, where are you going? DAD?!

She returns her attentions to her mother. Tries to
straighten her bathrobe.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Mom, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

STACE (O.S.)

Emma?

EMMA

SHUT UP! YOU SHUT UP, STACE!

Michael reenters. Rifle brandished. Headed straight for the bathroom. Ready to end this for good.

EMMA (CONT'D)

DAD, NO!

Emma leaps up. Stands protectively in front of the bathroom door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL

We can't control her, honey. I'm sorry.

EMMA

But it's Stace!

MICHAEL

STACE (O.S.)

Move!

DO IT!

EMMA (CONT'D)

YOU LEAVE HER ^{ALONE!} ALONE!

STACE (O.S.)

JUST KILL ME!

Emma wrestles her father for the gun.

MICHAEL.

Let it go!

EMMA

You're not gonna hurt her! Stop
it! STOP--

KA-BLAM! A SHOT GOES OFF. Embeds into the wall. The sound knocks Michael back to shamed sanity. He's shocked. Mortified with himself. He allows Emma to snatch the gun away. She's crying. Trying her best to be strong. Rational.

EMMA (CONT'D)

She's still Stace. She's
just...She's just sick.

He nods. With his emotions now in check, he goes over to the window and peers out. No Twists.

Wordlessly, he scoops up Kay's lifeless form and exits the room. A huge PUDDLE OF BLOOD soaks its way into the rug. A moment.

STACE (O.S.)
Please don't hate me, Em. Please
don't. I'm so sorry.

Stace reaches her hand out. The tiny TENTACLES that we saw earlier have multiplied, thickened. Emma backs away from them. Scared of her now. In a hurry, she exits the room.

STACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Emma? EMMA! JUST KILL ME!

The camera continues to record.

(LATER)

The sun has shifted. The LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES. Lured by the smell of blood, Lucy sniffs her way inside. Searching for food. She never sees the BLACK MASS OF TENTACLES emerging from the bathroom, reaching for her. Silent. Deadly.

She YIPS as she suddenly SNATCHED INSIDE. HORRIBLE GRUNTS and SLURPS from Stace as Lucy is consumed. Still warm and writhing. LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES AGAIN. CLICK. BLACK.

EXT. DRAKEFORD HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 40. A light sprinkling of SNOW on the ground. Emma hangs back while Michael, wearing a coat, digs a grave. Kay is wrapped in a heavy quilt nearby. The steady CHUCK-CHUCK-CHUCK of the shovel into ground, the only lonely sound to be heard.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

QUARANTINE DAY 43. Emma settles down in front of us. Drained. Hair a mess. Nose running. Shivering. She studies the **NEWLY REPLACED LENS, THE CRACK IS GONE.** Briefly, she adjusts it. Screws it in tighter.

In the b.g., we can hear Twists HOWL/SCREAMING. Stace answers them. It's an endless, unsettling cacophony.

EMMA
It's the forty-third day of
Quarantine. Mom's dead. She left
these on the dressing table.

Emma holds up a single CIGARETTE. A LIGHTER.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(getting emotional)
She had one left. I'd never smoke
it, but I like holding onto it.
It just reminds me of her.

She tucks them safely into her pocket.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Stace hasn't eaten in three days.
 Power only came on for an hour
 yesterday. Internet's down.
 Phones. We lost water pressure
 two days ago.

More HOWL/SCREAMS from outside.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 There's Twists outside. They're
 getting closer.
 (pause)
 I think they're coming for Stace.

She holds up the PAMPHLETS.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 I was reading these. It says that
 Infested want to be around other
 Infested. That they're compelled.
 If let them out, its over. You
 won't ever see them again. If you
 let them go, they're gone for--

A MOTORCYCLE ENGINE approaches outside. Emma frowns and
 scoots over to the window.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 Coach?

She runs out.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candlelit. Peaceful. Cozy. Emma sits on the floor.
 Michael and Orelia are on the couch. Empty cans, empty
 plates, and the camping stove on the coffeetable are
 remnants of a rather decadent meal. Emma munches on a
 candybar. Listens to Orelia's somber tale.

ORELIA
 We got as far as Indianapolis.
 Hooked up with a group of
 travellers squatting in a motel
 off the 70. That's when Tony...He
 was bruising pretty bad, but when
 he went through our entire food
 supply one night, that's when I
 knew. And Tony, I think he
 already knew. One morning, I woke
 up and he was gone. Didn't even
 say good-bye. I think that was
 easier for him. So I made my way
 back. The 70's mess. The 40's
 worse. Took the backroads. Saw a
 lot. Things I don't ever need to
 see again. Heard even more.

MICHAEL
 Where's the CDC?

ORELIA
They're still out there. Working
with Reserve Units. Still
conducting random sweeps, but
their policy's changed when it
comes to the Infested.

MICHAEL
Changed how?

ORELIA
They can't cure it. So now,
they're just trying to contain it.

MICHAEL
And what does that mean?

ORELIA
On sight termination orders for
all Infested.

MICHAEL
Jesus.

ORELIA
That was Canada's policy right
from the start. No Infestation up
there. Germany. Israel. All
clean. Even Texas. Or so I've
heard.

(pause)
How far along is Stace?

EMMA
Two weeks since it popped out.

ORELIA
Can you control her? Can she
control herself?

EMMA
(beat)
No.

Michael clears away everyone's plates. He doesn't want
to talk anymore. Still too painful.

MICHAEL
(to Orelia)
There's a sleeper in the study.
You're welcome to it.

He points to Emma's candy bar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You're not eating that?

ORELIA
Chocolate's harder to find these
days than gas and clean water.

EMMA
It's for Stace.

Wordlessly, Michael exits. A moment.

ORELIA
How's he doing, kiddo?

EMMA
I think we've been through the
worst of it.

ORELIA
Let's hope so.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 45. Emma hurries out of her bedroom,
towards the stairs.

ORELIA (O.S.)
Michael! Emma! Come quick!
Hurry!

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Emma races down. Michael can be heard thumping behind
her. They dart into--

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

The sofa bed is pulled out. Orelia's in pajamas.
Clearly excited. She turns up the radio.

ORELIA
Listen!

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
--repeat! A CDC defector
operating out of Flagstaff claims
he has found a cure.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad?

MICHAEL
Quiet.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
Now, the details are still sketchy
at this time, but this guy, Dr.
Avrum Singh, working independently
out of Flagstaff Memorial, claims
to have developed a treatment
regimen that reduces the
Infestation in test subjects and
in some cases, has eradicated it
completely.

MICHAEL
(not buying it)
Turn it off.

Michael? ORELIA Dad? EMMA (O.S.)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I said, 'Turn it off!'

Orelia does. Glares at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You really believe this?

ORELIA
It's something.

MICHAEL
It could be a trick. Or a trap.
Or bullshit.

EMMA (O.S.)
What if it's not? What if it's a
chance for Stace to get better?

Michael heads to the door.

MICHAEL
Don't get your hopes up.

He exits.

ORELIA
I'll talk to him.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

QUARANTINE DAY 47. Emma RECORDS THROUGH THE BLINDS.
Below in the driveway, is a CDC VEHICLE. YELLOW LIGHTS
BLAZING.

Random sweep. EMMA (O.S.)
 Shit!

BANGING ON THE FRONT DOOR. She runs out.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma hurries down the stairs. With Orelia behind him, Michael opens up the door as FOUR CDC OFFICIALS charge inside. All wear BIOHAZARD SUITS that obscure their features. Several carry SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

MICHAEL
What the hell is this?

FEMALE OFFICER steps forward. She holds a clipboard.
Her voice muffled by her mask.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
Michael Drakeford?

MICHAEL
What's this about?

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
In accordance with Emergency
Quarantine Article 9.2, this home
and its residents are subject to
random health screenings as
determined by local CDC and State
mandates. Failure to comply will
result in fines and detention. Do
you comply?

MICHAEL
No, I do not!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
This can be easy or this can be
hard. If you make it hard for us,
it'll be harder on you, Mr.
Drakeford.

MICHAEL
Get outta my house!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
(to two Officers)
Sweep it.

MICHAEL
Wait!

ORELIA
Michael, don't!

Orelia tries to hold him back, but Michael BLOCKS THE
STAIRWELL. He receives a RIFLE BUTT to the GUT that
doubles him over. Another BLOW TO THE HEAD draws blood.

EMMA (O.S.)
Dad!

She drops her camera on the table and runs over to help
him. Officers push by her.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
I'm sorry, Mr. Drakeford. I know
this has to be a difficult time
for you. We're just trying to end
this thing.

She takes a moment to SHINE a PENLIGHT into his eyes. To
CHECK HIS FINGERNAILS. His FOREARMS for signs of
BRUISING. Another OFFICER uses an EAR THERMOMETER to
take his temperature. The entire examination is brief,
but thorough.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
(turns to Orelia)
Kathleen Drakeford?

ORELIA
(a moment's
hesitation)
Yes.

Another swift check of Orelia's vitals.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
(suspicious)
Date of birth?

Orelia has no clue.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
According to Emergency Quarantine
Article 6.5, any person detected
outside of their authorized
quarantine zone shall be detained
and or returned to their
authorized zone as determined by--

Her WALKIE BLIPS.

MALE CDC OFFICER (O.S.)
(filtered, over
walkie)
We've got a barricade up here!
Suspected Infested inside!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
What's inside, Mr. Drakeford?

MICHAEL
Please. She's my daughter.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER
Infested?

Michael's silence is all the answer she needs.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
Did she kill your wife, Michael?

More painful silence from Michael.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)
You can't help her. She's gone.
I've seen this before. It's
better this way.
(into Walkie)
Break it down and terminate.

EMMA
NO! DON'T HURT MY SISTER!

She jumps up, but a GUN IS POINTED RIGHT AT HER. She
raises her hands, face crumpling. On the verge of tears.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't hurt her!

Female CDC Officer nudges her partner.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER

Stand down.

The gun is taken off Emma. She lowers her hands and slips them into her pocket. A SPARK of an idea. A way to save Stace. Abruptly, Emma turns on her heel and RUNS OUT.

MICHAEL

Emma!

Male Officer makes a move to go after her.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER

Let her go.

Upstairs, we hear CRACKS and THUMPS as CDC Officers pry the wood off the door. A FINAL CRACK upstairs. CDC Officers are in.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

(*NOTE: THE FOLLOWING FOOTAGE IS RECORDED ON OFC. CRAWLEY'S HELMET CAM.***)**

CRAWLEY and his partner, BURKETT, pry the last piece of wood off the bathroom door. Inside, Stace is silent. They ready their weapons.

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

Two in the head.

BURKETT

One in the gut.

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

On three. One. Two. Three.

KA-WHAM! Together, they KICK THE BATHROOM DOOR IN.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Officers burst inside and look around. For a moment, the room appears empty. Discarded bones in the tub. Piles of filth on the floor. Then Crawley LOOKS UP.

CRAWLEY (O.S.)

Jesus.

A SQUIRMING MASS OF BLACK TENTACLES HOVERS NEAR THE CEILING. Nesting within them, is a frightened Stace, baring her teeth in fear. Trapped. Guns point towards her. For a moment, it looks uncertain, then--

A FIRE ALARM BLASTS THROUGH THE HOUSE. Stace's reaction is instantaneous. Her trigger's been flipped. And she ATTACKS in a flurry of BLURRED MOVEMENT. GUNSHOTS. Curdled MALE SCREAMS. A BONE SNAPS. BLOOD ARCS and FLOWS.

The HELMET CAM CLATTERS TO THE GROUND beside a very dead Officer Crawley. Stace's bare foot calmly steps over him. (**END CRAWLEY HELMET CAM FOOTAGE.**)

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - DINING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

EMMA'S CAMERA CONTINUES TO RECORD. The FIRE ALARM continues to beep. Emma runs back in. Michael clutches his daughter close.

MICHAEL

What did you do? What do you do?!

MALE OFFICER

She tripped the alarm! You little shit!

EMMA

Get out of our house and leave us alone!

FEMALE CDC OFFICER

Quiet!
(into walkie)
Report.

Nothing.

FEMALE CDC OFFICER (CONT'D)

(with growing
concern)
Crawley, report.

More nothing. Female Officer exchanges a look with her colleague. Should they check it out or not? Neither wants to. Shit. They head that way anyway and REVEAL--

STACE. Standing in the open doorway. A full on Twist. Her body bent. Misshapen. BLACK TENTACLES a SQUIRMING, VIRULENT MASS BEHIND HER.

In the next instant, she HURLS the Male officer into the wall with BONE CRUNCHING FORCE. His neck SNAPS. Female Officer manages to get off ONE SHOT before Stace GRABS HER and DRAGS HER OUT.

Finally, the FIRE ALARM slips into silence.

(LATER)

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- THE DEAD CDC OFFICER. His body is bent at an impossible angle. Michael and Orelia can be heard arguing in the next room.

ORELIA (O.S.)

--back up on their way soon!
You're going to have to take the
girls and get out of here, now!

MICHAEL (O.S.)

How?! You saw what she did!

ORELIA (O.S.)
 CDC vehicles are built to handle
 Twists. Just get her inside.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 How the hell do you suggest I do
 that? You didn't see what she did
 to her mother!

Emma ZOOMS IN ON -- RESTRAINTS on the CDC Officer's belt.
 After a thought, she grabs them.

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - STACE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT
 (NIGHTVISION)

Bathed in moonlight, Stace stands beside the window.
 Tentacles outstretched. A monster. Emma approaches,
 falters, but quickly reclaims her composure. Determined
 to do this.

EMMA (O.S.)
 Stace?

Stace doesn't turn. In the distance, we can hear the
 SCREAM/HOWLS of a dozen Twists. They're closer than
 ever.

STACE
 You're scared. I can smell it.
 Go away.

EMMA (O.S.)
 We have to go. More people are
 going to come and they're going to
 try to kill you.

STACE
 Because I did a bad thing. I
 tried to stop it. But I couldn't.
 I can't ever stop it.

EMMA (O.S.)
 It's okay, Stace.

STACE
 No, it's not. I killed mom.

EMMA (O.S.)
 It was an accident.

STACE
 (pause)
 They're calling me, Em. Can you
 hear them?

Stace throws back her head and lets out that horrible
 HOWL/SCREAM. More cries answer her.

STACE (CONT'D)
 They're coming for me. They want
 me to go with them.

EMMA (O.S.)
No, Stace!

STACE
C.J.'s out there. If I go, I
won't hurt anymore. I won't feel
bad anymore.

EMMA (O.S.)
But you'll be gone, Stace. If you
go with them, you'll never come
back. I'll never see you again.

STACE
If I go, I can't hurt you or dad.
And sometimes I want to.
Sometimes it wants me to.

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm not gonna leave you. You're
sick. And I'm gonna take care of
you until there's a cure that can
make you better. I'm coming in,
Stace.

STACE
No! I'll hurt you.

EMMA (O.S.)
You won't hurt me.

Emma sets the camera down and moves slowly over to Stace.
Restraints in hand. Shaking.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We're sisters. We're going to get
through this together.

And she begins to hum *Rose Rose*. She's beside Stace now,
humming the melody. The tentacles remain subdued as Emma
begins to secure Stace in the restraints.

Downstairs, Michael has just realized Emma's missing. He
pounds up the stairs followed by Orelia.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Emma! EMMA!

He comes to the top and sees...

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus. Em--

ORELIA (O.S.)
(whispers)
Quiet, Michael!

Emma continues to hum and secure Stace's restraints.
Within moments, the final CLASP IS LOCKED. Stace is
bound. Neutralized for now.

EMMA

Dad, it's okay. It's okay.

FADE TO:

INT. DRAKEFORD HOME - EMMA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

QUARANTINE DAY 48. Dressed in a heavy coat, boots, and carrying a suitcase, Emma peers in at us. Breath fogging in front of her. She looks tired, but hopeful. Something new on the horizon.

EMMA

Hi. My name is Emma Drakeford and it's the forty-eighth day of Quarantine. Me and dad and Stace and Coach are moving on. We're going to Flagstaff to see about a cure.

HONKING outside.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(off)
I'm coming!
(to us)
To the families of the CDC officers, I'm sorry about this.

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out her mother's LIGHTER and the CIGARETTE. Half of the tip is ASH COVERED. Burned away. We realize this is what Emma used to trigger the SMOKE ALARM.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I know you were just doing your job, but I had to protect my sister...Or help her protect herself.
(pause)
If any of you out there are wondering why I don't just give up on her...When I was two and Stace was four, this lady who used to live in the Cole house...Well, her son died. Crib death, they said. Afterward, I started having all these weird dreams about someone picking my nose while I was sleeping. I found out later that it was Stace. She was coming into my room every night, sticking her finger under my nose, to make sure I was still breathing. That's my sister. That's Stace.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Cricket?! We have to go!

EMMA

Everyone out there, I hope you
make it. I hope your families
make it. Good luck.

She turns the camera to the window and whistles as she
exits.

THROUGH THE BLINDS WE SEE -- THE CDC VEHICLE. Michael
waits anxiously by driver's side door. Stace,
presumably, is in the back cab. Emma hurries outside and
hops into the passenger seat.

A moment later, Michael pulls out. On her bike, Orelia
follows after. And they all disappear around the corner.

LOW BATTERY LIGHT FLASHES.

Then we hear HOWL/SCREAMS. Closer than ever before. The
GROUND BEGINS TO SHAKE. Something rumbles towards us.
We catch a flash of something BLACK. HUGE. A THUNDEROUS
MASS OF TWISTS INTERLOCKED. MOVING AS A SINGLE, VIRULENT
COLOSSAL ORGANISM. HUMAN HOSTS lost in the horde.

Suddenly, our camera TOPPLES OVER and we--

SMASH BLACK.