

ZOMBIEPOCALYPSE

Written by

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FADE IN.

EXT. OLD NEW YORK CITY - MORNING

Sunlight illuminates the dilapidated remnants of New York City. Buildings beyond repair. Overturned cars litter the streets-

Streets teeming with ZOMBIES.

A lone zombie SHAMBLES down a deserted stretch heading outwards. He stops.

A GIANT WALL looms in his path. Steel-enforced concrete and barbed wire.

He MOANS.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

We SWEEP over New York past stretches of highway.

A scratchy Frank Sinatra's *New York, New York* blares in the background.

Into the suburbs. Similar destruction but something is missing. There are no zombies.

The deeper we go, the less wreckage. Cars parked neatly in driveways. Joggers running, mothers and fathers leaving for work.

Finally, our destination-

A brand new city bustling with people. A massive SKYSCRAPER towers over everything else in the city center. We're worlds away from the apocalyptic wasteland.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Ten years...

EXT. NEO NEW YORK - SKYSCRAPER BASE - DAY

A hive for suits. AGENTS come and go in droves.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

Blueprints, plans, and photographs render the walls invisible.

CAITLIN ROMERO, 31, steadfast and strong with pretty features, gazes out over the skyline. She wears a business suit and an earpiece, but always keeps a hand on her pistol out of habit. She clenches a hefty folder beneath her arm.

MAN'S VOICE

Agent Romero.

Caitlin snaps to attention, facing her superior - DALE PETERSON, 50s, a silver-streaked political superstar.

CAITLIN

Sir.

She spreads files across the table. Dale thumbs through each one. He raises an eyebrow at-

A picture of a handsome JAPANESE MAN.

DALE

We'll need to get the plane ready.

CAITLIN

Trust me, he's worth it.

DALE

Well, if that's everything, I'll make the arrangements.

Caitlin fidgets, slowly pulling out another file.

CAITLIN

There's one more, sir.

Dale's eyes widen as he reads. He points to something.

DALE

This must be a typo.

Caitlin shakes her head.

CAITLIN

No, sir. Based on the population of Burlington, Vermont before and after...his kill count is about accurate.

DALE

Jesus. What did he use, a machine gun?

CAITLIN

No. Too loud. He uses an axe...saw...thing.

DALE

Why didn't you show me this sooner?

CAITLIN

I've tried to recruit him before.
He's difficult.

DALE

For God's sake, try again.

We see the file-

A picture of a BEARDED MAN in red flannel and the words: KILL
COUNT 42,000.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Chilly mist dances about the serene wilderness.

THWACK. An AXE chops into a tree. Once. Twice. Three times.

It's being held by the man from the picture-

JAY BURTON, 37, burly and bearish with his rugged beard and
lumberjack flannel. A thick bomber jacket shields him from
the Vermont air. He wears a GOLD WEDDING BAND on his ring
finger.

Jay wipes sweat from his forehead and readies his axe for a
final swing.

Suddenly, a bloodcurdling GROAN echoes from deep within the
woods.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

Tattered shoes SHUFFLE through leaves.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jay lays down his axe.

Another weapon leans on a tree nearby - THE BASTARD. It's a
monstrosity, a broadsword if swords were welded from axe and
saw blades. A small cylindrical grip graces the tip. Colors
muddied by gallons of blood.

EXT. UNDERBRUSH - DAY

The ZOMBIE sniffs the air. It moves faster, mouth dribbling bloody drool.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The Bastard looks heavy. Jay flings it over his shoulder one-handed.

He stares out into the woods. Wrong direction.

The zombie BURSTS out behind Jay. It's about to bite when-

With a mighty 360-DEGREE SWING, Jay shreds the zombie to meaty chunks. A bit of arm, a bit of torso.

The decapitated head lands near Jay's axe. He kicks it aside.

EXT. WOODED PATH - DAY

Jay trudges along an overgrown dirt path. He drags a rickety, lumber-filled cart behind him. The Bastard sits atop the pile. Blood drips down wood.

The cart JERKS to a stop.

Jay drops the handle and bends down to pick up a DEAD SQUIRREL from a trap.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The lumber cart sits outside a Lincoln-esque cabin. A nearby pick-up truck drowns in moss.

INT. CABIN HALLWAY - DAY

Jay holds the squirrel carcass in one hand. He clenches a REVOLVER in the other and heads down the hallway. Past a bureau lined with-

FRAMED PICTURES: Jay getting married, Jay with his smiling daughter over his shoulders, a family portrait.

Jay reaches a PADLOCKED door. He produces a key from his pocket and opens up to a stairway descending into pitch black. He tosses the squirrel carcass down.

The CLINK of a chain echoes through the house. Jay aims his gun at the carcass.

EMILY BURTON, 13, a small female zombie in a pink Hello Kitty shirt, SLINKS over to the squirrel. The same girl from the pictures on the bureau. A chain encircles her neck. The squirrel is nearly out of reach.

Jay's steady aim falters. He's tearing up.

Emily GROWLS, low and unintimidating. Almost sad. She LURCHES forward and the chain loosens slightly from the wall. Emily rips into the squirrel.

Jay's finger QUIVERS on the trigger.

Emily stops eating. She looks up at Jay. Staring.

He can't do it. He slams the door shut and SLUMPS down against it.

EXT. CABIN - EVENING

The woods outside the cabin appear more menacing in the dark. Smoke billows from the chimney.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jay SLOUCHES in a plush green armchair next to a dying fireplace. He sips a half-empty bottle of MAKER'S MARK.

Jay reaches to the side table next to his chair. The revolver sits menacingly next to a remote. His fingers find the ON button.

Beneath a deer head mounted on the wall, the TUBE TV crackles to life.

On TV: A tired NEWSMAN, 50s, stands in front of a burning building.

NEWSMAN

Eyewitnesses say the explosion-

CLICK. The channel changes. A Seinfeld rerun.

Jay takes a SWIG of bourbon.

JAY

They could kill every person on the
Goddamned planet and there would
still be Seinfeld reruns on TV.

CLICK. A public speech. Dale stands proudly on a podium in front of the SKYSCRAPER BASE. A crowd flocks in front.

DALE

-and no matter what we have lost,
always remember to have hope.
Humanity has won. We are the
chosen. The lucky. The strong. The
survivors.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

Jay turns the television off. He stumbles to his feet, over to an old RECORD PLAYER and sets up a vinyl.

A scratchy *Fly Me to the Moon* fills the cabin. Jay slumps back in his chair and toys with the revolver.

JAY

Lucky...

Fade to black.

Cue NOIR COMIC BOOK animation.

INT. ANIMATED SUPERMARKET - DAY

A WOMAN enters a supermarket. She walks down the aisle. PALE CUSTOMERS stare her down at every turn.

JAY (V.O.)

My wife went to pick up milk. Never
came back. We weren't lucky.

The woman checks the expiration date on a glass milk bottle. A pimple-faced EMPLOYEE stumbles up behind her.

The woman turns to face him. Her expression turns to terror as he bites a chunk of flesh out of her neck.

JAY (V.O.)

Nobody knows how it started.

The milk bottle shatters. Milk pools with blood.

INT. ANIMATED MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

TEENAGERS fill the theater, holding hands, necking.

It's a ZOMBIE FLICK.

ONSCREEN: A woman SCREAMS as a zombie approaches.

In the theater, a kissing couple is revealed to be a girlfriend GORGING on her boyfriend's face.

JAY (V.O.)
Girlfriends eating boyfriends...

INT. ANIMATED SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A LITTLE BOY with a Thomas the Train backpack comes home from school. Dead eyes.

FATHER greets him with a hug. The boy's teeth latch on to the father's arm. The father desperately tries to swing him off.

JAY (V.O.)
Kids eating parents...

A LITTLE GIRL, 10, watches hidden from behind a corner. She hugs a BIG DOG and cries.

EXT. ANIMATED FBI HEADQUARTERS HELIPAD - DAY

A group of FBI AGENTS run toward a whirring HELICOPTER. They're tailed by ZOMBIE AGENTS.

JAY (V.O.)
Whole world, gone to shit...

The live agents run and fire. But the zombies are too fast. They're devoured.

The copter lifts into the air. One agent makes it past the zombies. He reaches his hand out.

JAY (V.O.)
From Virginia...

A female agent grabs his hand and HOISTS him. But it's too late. A MUSCULAR ZOMBIE latches to his legs and he's ripped in two. She rescues a torso.

EXT. ANIMATED BUDDHIST TEMPLE - DAY

A SWORDSMAN stoically stands outside the temple gates. KATANA ready.

He's crowded by a pack of ZOMBIE MONKS. They charge. It looks like he's been devoured when --

Flash of sword. The zombies' heads neatly fall.

JAY (V.O.)
...To Japan. And some of us...

The swordsman SHEATHES his blade.

INT. ANIMATED CHURCH - DAY

A PRIEST with TWO HANDGUNS stands alone in a church. Panting.

Dead zombies and bullet shells cover the floor.

JAY (V.O.)
Most of us...

Bright light shines through stained glass windows. The priest walks through the doors, stepping on a BIBLE.

EXT. ANIMATED CABIN - DAY

Emily watches Jay chop wood from the doorstep.

A LEGLESS ZOMBIE crawls up from out of the forest and CHOMPS her leg.

JAY (V.O.)
Lost everything.

Her eyes widen in pain.

INT. ANIMATED TOOLSHED - NIGHT

The flame of a WELDING GUN scorches a SAW BLADE.

An AXE sparkles on a grindstone.

Jay, in a welding mask, swings the red-hot Bastard.

EXT. ANIMATED BURLINGTON, VERMONT - DAY

Jay walks alone down the red brick streets. Past a sign --

The SIGN reads: "WELCOME TO BURLINGTON, POPULATION 42,000."

HIPPIE ZOMBIES run amok. He cuts them down by the dozen.

JAY (V.O.)
Heads...

Jay HACKS a zombie in half.

JAY (V.O.)
Brains...

Jay WRENCHES a zombie heart from its chest.

JAY (V.O.)
Hearts...

Jay, covered in blood, sits atop a tremendous pile of CORPSES. He's crying.

JAY (V.O.)
It doesn't matter. They can't feel.
They can't think. They're all dead,
and so are you. Because when the
rage subsides, you're just left
with pain. That and regret.

EXT. ANIMATED NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Tremendous CONCRETE WALLS, half-constructed, surround the city.

JAY (V.O.)
Soon, the walls came up...

ARMED MEN patrol the perimeter. One receives a message on his WALKIE TALKIE.

EXT. ANIMATED CONSTRUCTION ZONE - DAY

Dale puts down a walkie talkie. He commands construction workers and armed men. They revere him like a god.

JAY (V.O.)
Then the cities...

A new city is being built. The buildings are incomplete, but the promise is palpable.

INT. ANIMATED CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Jay, with not-so-much beard, opens a fridge lined with BEERS.

JAY (V.O.)
And eventually, the zombies weren't
a threat anymore. There were people
to deal with that.

A KNOCK on the door.

Jay, beer in hand, opens up to see-

Caitlin, young and perky. Jay's V.O. matches her mouth movements.

JAY (V.O.)
Government appointed zombie
hunters. Travel the country, kill
zombies, get paid, save lives.

Jay SMASHES the bottle and SLAMS the door in her face.

JAY (V.O.)
As if I could save anyone.

END ANIMATION.

EXT. CABIN - SUNRISE

Red light drenches the cabin. A chain's CLINK echoes from inside.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE

The fire is dead. The Maker's Mark empty. The record needle off the groove.

Jay lies passed out in the chair, revolver hanging from a limp hand.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Emily LUNGES forward. The squirrel carcass is out of reach. The hook SNAPS out of the wall and Emily breaks free.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jay JOLTS awake. He's hungover. He stares at the gun in his hand.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Emily stumbles up the stairs.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jay picks up the empty bottle of Maker's Mark.

Raises to his mouth, shakes - dry.

INT. CABIN HALLWAY - DAY

A small gray hand reaches out, pushing the door ajar.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

With a DEEP SIGH, Jay lumbers toward the kitchen. Time for another beer.

Suddenly, a ZOMBIE GROAN echoes from behind Jay.

Jay jerks around and FIRES.

Emily hits the ground. Eyes wide open. As the blood flows from her body, she looks unsettlingly human.

Jay covers his mouth and DROPS to his knees. The gun falls with a metallic THUD.

JAY
No. Oh, God no.

Jay scoops up his daughter's corpse. He CRADLES her like an infant.

JAY (CONT'D)
Baby.

Jay's eyes well up. He runs his hands through Emily's hair.

JAY (CONT'D)
Oh, baby, what have I done?

Jay gently closes her eyes with his fingers.

He picks up the revolver and puts it to his head. Finally.

The WHIR of helicopter blades blare from outside.

EXT. FOREST SKY - DAY

A jet black CHOPPER descends near the cabin.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jay's finger hovers on the trigger.

A KNOCK on the door.

CAITLIN (O.S.)
Hello?

Jay tries to ignore it. He SOBS quietly.

Another knock. LOUDER, urgent.

CAITLIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This is Agent Caitlin Romero. I'm
looking for Jay Burton.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Caitlin RAPS on the door.

A muffled SOB escapes from within.

Caitlin stops knocking. She raises her gun - a SEMI-AUTOMATIC ASSAULT RIFLE. With a swift KICK, Caitlin busts the door open.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Caitlin aims left, then right. Secures the entryway, then STEALTHILY, gun first, rounds the corner. She's pro.

Another muffled SOB. This time, Caitlin can tell where it's coming from.

She emerges into the living room to find Jay on the floor, gun still in-hand, daughter still in lap.

He looks up at her. They simultaneously put down their guns.

INT. CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Caitlin opens the fridge. Nothing but beer.

She closes the door and fills a glass with tap water.

CAITLIN
You want some?

Jay weakly shakes his head. He sits at the kitchen table like a statue. Dead.

Caitlin sits down next to him.

JAY
She would've just started college.

Caitlin opens her mouth but no words come out.

JAY (CONT'D)
 They don't get older.
 (beat)
 Every day, I wonder how she'd have
 turned out. She was smart, like her
 mother. Pretty.

CAITLIN
 Mr. Burton, I don't...

JAY
 There must be plenty of fresh-faced
 kids dying to put bullets in some
 zombie skulls. I'm not one of them.

CAITLIN
 It's different this time.
 (beat)
 There might be a cure.

Jay grabs a beer and SMACKS the top off on the counter.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
 Right after the outbreak, we
 gathered up the world's best
 scientists. Flew them to an
 underground bunker in New York.
 Tasked them with finding an
 antidote.

She looks to Jay for a reaction. He takes a long sip of beer.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
 When the city got overrun, the area
 around the bunker was flooded.
 Inaccessible. We thought the
 scientists had all died. But
 recently, one made contact. He
 found a cure. So I'm gathering a
 task force - the best of the best -
 to enter the remains of Old New
 York and break him out.

Caitlin stares at Jay, expecting something. Anything.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
 Well?

JAY
 Not interested.

CAITLIN
 Then what can I do to make you
 change your mind?

He kills the bottle.

JAY

Listen, Agent Romero. When I did
what I did in Burlington...

(long beat)

I don't have it in me. Not anymore.

Jay pushes his chair out with an exaggerated CREAK.

JAY (CONT'D)

I think you should go now.

Caitlin gets up to leave. Jay follows her to the door.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Caitlin steps outside. Jay begins to close the door, but
Caitlin keeps her hand in the doorway.

CAITLIN

Mr. Burton. One last thing.

She pauses. He's listening.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)

I'm not a parent, so I can only
imagine what you've gone through,
but-

(beat)

I've lost people too. And if you
could spare just one person from
the grief you've suffered, wouldn't
that be worth it?

Caitlin slowly removes her hand from the doorway. The door
SLAMS in her face.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jay runs a finger along the blood spattered wall as he walks
through the living room.

Slowly, he kneels down next to Emily. He brushes her cheek.
TEARS.

Jay furrows his brow. He traces the streak. Not Emily's
tears...

Jay feels his own face. It's wet.

JAY
(whispering)
Wait.

The WHIR of helicopter blades in the distance.

Jay LIFTS his daughter up in his arms and heads for the door.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The helicopter HOVERS.

Jay rushes out of the cabin, Emily in his arms.

JAY
(screaming)
WAIT!

The helicopter lowers back down. Caitlin pops her head out the side.

CAITLIN
You changed your mind?

JAY
I want to bury her on top of the
mountain. We used to pick
blueberries there.
(beat)
Fly me up. Then I'll go.

EXT. NEO NEW YORK - NIGHT

The helicopter soars over the cityscape toward the skyscraper looming below.

INT. SKYSCRAPER BASE ENTRY FLOOR - NIGHT

Caitlin leads Jay through a maze of SUITS and SCIENTISTS, lobbies and laboratories.

Jay LUGS a massive suitcase behind him. Bastard strapped on top. Coupled with his flannel, Jay sticks out like a sore thumb.

They reach a huge pair of metal doors emblazoned with a GOLDEN SEAL of a bald eagle, clutching a zombie corpse.

Caitlin is greeted by TROY, a muscular agent standing guard in front of a control panel.