

FADE IN:

1 TV IMAGES 1

A HIGH STREET.

An ABANDONED CAR.

On the road beside it, BLOOD.

And a LITTLE GIRL'S RED SHOE.

Beyond:

A UK CITY run riot.

A powerful virus has locked its citizens into a state of murderous rage. The INFECTED. Hoards of them are on the rampage, killing and maiming with an insatiable appetite for violence.

2 EXT. KENT COAST- DAY 2

A DOG.

Gnawing on a SEVERED LEG.

Suddenly, it stops eating, looks around, whimpers- and runs off.

We're in a small coastal town. Deserted shops, pubs and fast food restaurants. A baby's bottle in the gutter. An old NEWSPAPER blows across frame and catches on a lamp post. Headline: "US INTERVENES."

Hurtling round the corner- SURVIVORS- running for their lives.

They're heading for the SEA.

One SURVIVOR trips and falls. He gets to his feet and continues, but his ankle is twisted. He looks back.

As a HOARD OF INFECTED come sprinting around the corner.

The SURVIVOR limps on desperately, the HOARD closing in.

The first INFECTED tackles our SURVIVOR from behind, snarling as he rides him to the ground, grabbing a clutch of hair and smashing him, face-first, once, twice... into the tarmac. On the third smash the rest of the HOARD fills frame, trampling past at full speed.

Leaving behind:

Just the SURVIVOR'S CORPSE. What's left of his face is turned towards us. Meat. A single eye is open in the tenderized mass.

Extreme CU: between the mucous membrane and the eyeball something is growing: a tiny bubble of blood expanding slowly in the sunlight before it bursts.

3

EXT. SEASHORE- DAY

3

The remaining SURVIVORS are desperately hauling a small BOAT across the shingle.

They make it to the water's edge. PARENTS start lifting KIDS inside as...

...the INFECTED come racing over sea wall.

Someone tries to start the OUTBOARD MOTOR- which splutters and dies.

SURVIVORS pile in (too many for such a small boat) and it almost sinks, the keel digging into the sloping shingle sea bed.

The OUTBOARD MOTOR starts but the boat is stuck.

INFECTED swarm into the water.

A SURVIVOR jumps overboard to push the boat out. As he does: two things happen. First, the OUTBOARD MOTOR starts. Second, an INFECTED reaches him and lunges, teeth-bared, for the SURVIVOR'S throat... dragging him underwater and shredding them both against the surging PROPELLER.

The BOAT pulls away from the shore-line leaving a wake of red-froth.

Our SURVIVORS' POV:

Of the INFECTED, standing waste-deep in the sea.

Watching.

Waiting.

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL- DAY

4

The little BOAT is overloaded. Water is coming over the sides. SURVIVORS bail frantically, using their cupped hands to get rid of the flooding sea water. Then the OUTBOARD MOTOR dies. And won't restart.

We pan around the FACES in the boat. Silent faces.

Then a sound.

Distant at first, but growing louder. Nearer.

A SURVIVOR points. All eyes follow...

5

INT. US F16- CONTINUOUS

5

The PILOT's POV of the BOAT below.

SURVIVORS waiving.

Radio CRACKLE and CODE.

EXT. ON BOARD THE BOAT- CONTINUOUS

6

Joyful, the SURVIVORS cheer and shout.

Too soon.

7

EXT. AIR TO AIR- CONTINUOUS

7

The F16 swoops over head and Immelmans back.

An EXOCET MISSILE detaches from the fighter's right wing.

8

EXT. SEA LEVEL- CONTINUOUS

8

WHOOOOOOSH.

The BOAT disappears in a thirty meter surge of water.

The F16 flies low over the wreckage.

9

EXT. AIR TO GROUND- CONTINUOUS

9

We're with the F16 as it skims over the corpses in the water.

Then we see another boat wreck.

Then another.

Then another.

The English channel is swamped with the CORPSES of escaping survivors.

And through them, a US AIRCRAFT CARRIER slices like a Hellish icebreaker.

FADE TO BLACK.

10 **TITLE** 10

28 WEEKS LATER

FADE IN:

11 **EXT. GROUND TO AIR- DAY** 11

A PASSENGER PLANE flies overhead.

Over the same shingle beach that our survivors escaped from.

12 **INT. PASSENGER PLANE- DAY** 12

DANNY is fifteen years old. He's wearing a "The Kills" T-shirt and listening to Seven Nation Army by the White Stripes.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

A provisional British government is to take control of mainland UK two weeks earlier than expected. The news came in a statement issued by the US Secretary of State- who arrived in Downing Street from Washington this afternoon...

Danny's pov of the SCREEN in the seat back in front of him:

The US SECRETARY OF STATE waving triumphantly to a barrage of PHOTOGRAPHERS as he steps out of a Daimler and is herded by security towards NUMBER 10...

NEWS READER (V.O.)

The hand-over ceremony coincides with the latest influx of civilians to the capital- bringing London's total population, not including US troops, to seven thousand.

Next to Danny is TAMSIN, seventeen.

She's sitting by the window eating duty free chocolates.

She touches her brother's arm. They look outside.

ECU on DANNY.

He smiles.

DANNY

London.

13

EXT. RUNWAY- DAY

13

Landing gear hits the tarmac with a rubber scream and two twin plumes of vapour.

14

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT- DAY

14

Deserted. Eerie. Run down.

Vacant check-in desks, closed shops, deserted restaurants and empty baggage carousels.

DANNY and TAMSIN emerge into the arrivals hall dragging their luggage.

TAMSIN is the first to spot him:

DON is forty five. Mobile phone engineer. He stubs a fag out underfoot and opens his arms as TAMSIN runs into them.

They're still hugging as DANNY approaches. Too cool to show his feelings. DON gives him a manly squeeze. There's love in it.

DON

Let me look at you.

He looks at both kids, clutching their hands. There are tears in his eyes.

15 EXT. MOTORWAY- DAY

15

Empty.

Barriers block exit junctions.

And the road signs: all city names and distances have been covered over or crossed out.

All except one.

LONDON 17

16 INT. COACH- DAY

16

Few passengers.

DON opening his duty free gifts.

TAMSIN

It's single malt.

DON

Perfect.

He turns to DANNY, sitting behind- and holds up the bottle.

DON

Oi.

He winks.

DANNY

Tamsin scoffed the chocolates.

TAMSIN

I had six.

DANNY

Hundred.

JASON (O.S.)

Together?

DANNY looks up. JASON (31) reminds us of the cabin crew on a low budget airline. He has a plastic yellow daffodil pinned in the waistcoat of his prim grey uniform. In the crook of his left arm he's clutching a sheaf of booklets.

DON

Never seen 'em before in my life.

JASON smiles warmly and hands out a booklet.

JASON
My name's Jason. I'm your Home
Office Rep. Welcome back to
Britain.

He moves along the coach, handing out more booklets. Danny's
pov: the booklet is called *Coming Home: Guidelines for
British Citizens*.

DON
You've got two weeks before the
education centre opens...

DANNY
School?

DON
In a word. Here.

DON hands them what look like a mini cheque book each.

DON
Food and drink vouchers. You can
use these anywhere in the hotel.
You won't need money so don't ask-
there's nowhere to buy anything.

TAMSIN
Are we allowed out?

DON
Only in the green zones.

TAMSIN
Green zones?

DON
They're marked on the map in the
back.

He turns to the last page of the booklet.

DANNY
What's in the red zones?

DON reads:

DON
 "The Red Zones contain buildings or facilities deemed structurally unsound due to damage or neglect..."

DANNY smiles slowly.

DANNY
 Su-perb.

DON
 Oi. No fucking about. I've got too much to do to keep my eye on you two twenty-four-seven.

DANNY
 Where will you be?

DON
 A hundred and eighty feet up a satellite mast. Next question.

All along the coach, VIDEO SCREENS flicker into life.

We see US GENERAL WESTMORELAND (55).

The image is grainy and at first there's no sound:

WESTMORELAND
 ...introduce you to Mr. John Macpherson, ex-junior minister for Scottish Fisheries, er... who is -as of this moment- your acting head of state.

WESTMORELAND applauds. There's a burst of flash photography as MACPHERSON takes his place at the microphone, head bowed, expression grave. Think Gordon Brown.

Behind him is a huge billboard sporting a picture of a giant yellow Daffodil and the logo:

AmTel

MAKING BRITAIN GREAT AGAIN

MACPHERSON indulges in a solemn silence.

TAMSIN
 (to DON)
 Who is he?

DON

Dunno. I didn't vote for him.

MACPHERSON

These are great days for Britain. They mark a turning point. Behind us: a successful US-led salvage operation. Ahead: the laying of new foundations for the social and economic future of our country.

On DANNY- watching the flickering screen.

MACPHERSON

My vision, our vision, is of a three phase reconstruction involving a truly international community... a community working together to maximise the very real economic opportunities of a new United Kingdom.

A pause for dramatic effect.

MACPHERSON

To Britons around the world we say:
come home.

DANNY turns up The White Stripes as we cut to:

17 **EXT. HOTEL/EXHIBITION CENTRE- DAY**

17

Home: think the Hilton Olympia.

The COACH pulls up outside.

18 **INT. EXHIBITION CENTRE- DAY**

18

We follow DANNY, TAMSIN and DON into the centre. The first thing we see is a huge MODEL of London.

DANNY wanders through the other exhibits: architectural designs for new buildings; plans for transport system redevelopment; initiatives designed to recruit personnel to the police force, the national health service and the education system.

There's a very attractive young woman standing at the entrance to the NHS exhibit. SCARLET (29).

She smiles at DANNY.

SCARLET
Hi.

DANNY
Hi.

DON (O.S.)
Hello Scarlet.

DANNY turns to see his father and sister.

SCARLET
Hello Don.

DON pecks SCARLET on the cheek. Then puts his hand on DANNY's shoulder.

DON
This is Danny and Tamsin.

TAMSIN stands beside her father, her arm through his, staring at SCARLET.

DON
Kids. This is Scarlet.

The kids are silent.

SCARLET
(making an effort)
Hi.

TAMSIN
(cold)
Hi.

On DANNY, registering TAMSIN's instant dislike of SCARLET as we cut to:

19 INT. HOTEL, LIFT- DAY

19

The family and their luggage. In silence.

DON puts his arm round TAMSIN. She shrugs him off.

20 INT. HOTEL SUITE, DON'S ROOM- DAY

20

Two double bedrooms off a central living/dining area.

DANNY
Nice.

DON
Pulled a few strings, didn't I?

TAMSIN examines the Champagne in a bucket by a bowl of fruit.

TAMSIN
(suspicious)
Who's this for?

DON
Later. Look at the view!

DANNY's already at the window, his face pressed to the glass, looking out across the deserted city. It's our first view of LONDON. From this height, the details are vague. What overwhelms us is the sheer emptiness.

DON
This way. Modom.

DON picks up the luggage, bows and carries it through. TAMSIN and DANNY follow.

21

INT. HOTEL SUITE, KIDS' ROOM- DAY

21

DANNY and TAMSIN are standing in the doorway staring at the two twin beds.

DANNY
Where's Tam's room?

There isn't one.

DON
Could be worse. Could be a double bed.

TAMSIN looks at her dad.

TAMSIN
Thanks. Don.

She walks into the bathroom. Slams the door.

DON
What's all this "Don" business?

DANNY shrugs.

DANNY
Separation anxiety.

DON
 (uncertain)
 Yeah?

DANNY
 Yeah. S'tough growing up these
 days.

He sits on a bed.

DANNY
 You're generation's had it easy.

DON
 How do you know?

DANNY
 Can't have been worse than this.

On DON.

DON
 We had to get up dawn...

DANNY & DON
 (together, smiling)
 ..and sweep the lake.

22 INT. HOTEL BATHROOM- DAY

22

TAMSIN stares at herself in the mirror- dissatisfied.

The turns on a tap. Nothing comes out. She tries the hot.
 Nothing there either. Then the plumbing makes a clanging
 noise, metallic, getting louder...

Suddenly there's water surging from both taps. TAMSIN jumps.

23 INT. HOTEL SUITE, HOTEL BAR- DAY

23

DON is holding SCARLET's hands.

DON
 They like you. I can tell.

SCARLET
 Don.

DON
 What?

SCARLET
 (troubled)
 I think they should have you to
 themselves for a bit.

The LIGHTS in the hotel bar burn brightly, flicker. Go out.
 Then come on again. Other people in the bar react.

DON
 Generator's still dicky.

SCARLET
 Have you talked to them?

On DON for a beat. He hasn't.

24 INT. HOTEL SUITE- DAY 24

DON is knocking gently on the kids' door.

No answer.

He opens it.

A mess of luggage, half-unpacked.

No kids.

25 EXT. STREET- DAY 25

TAMSIN and DANNY are walking out of the hotel.

TAMSIN
 She's only been dead six months.

DANNY
 (upset)
 Stop going on about it.

DANNY kicks an empty can- hard.

It rolls until it stops.

The road ahead is blocked.

A sign reads:

DANGER: RED ZONE
 STRICTLY NO ENTRY

AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL

DANNY looks at the ruined street beyond: dilapidated houses; burned out shops and restaurants.

DANNY
How about a bit of sight-seeing?

TAMSIN shakes her head.

DANNY
Can't sit around the hotel room all day.

DANNY slips under the road block.

TAMSIN
Danny!

He wanders off.

TAMSIN
Danny, come back!

He ignores her.

She loses sight of him behind a burned out car.

Then slips under the road block reluctantly.

26 EXT. PUB- DAY 26

A old-style London pub. Gaping, glassless windows.

27 INT. PUB- DAY 27

Tamsin's pov: vandalized fruit machines and a looted cash till, broken and upturned in the middle of the shag-pile carpet.

SMASH.

DANNY is holding a bar stool. He's takes a second swing at a CIGARETTE MACHINE.

A single packet of MARLBORO RED drops into the dispensing trough.

DANNY
Bonanza.

TAMSIN looks around the pub. It's dark.

TAMSIN
Let's get out of here.

28

EXT. STREET- DAY

28

A BRICK WALL daubed with the word:

REPENT

And on top of it, DANNY and TAMSIN sharing a bottle of vodka.

TAMSIN
I'd be less of a bitch.

She looks at DANNY.

TAMSIN
What would you do differently?

He's staring into the middle distance.

TAMSIN
If she was still alive.

DANNY shrugs.

There are tears in his eyes.

DANNY
She isn't.

29

EXT. STREET- DAY

29

A school bag, it's contents littered over the road, sodden and faded.

DANNY and TAMSIN are staring at an abandoned red brick building.

In front of it is a sign:

ST. MARY'S SECONDARY COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

DANNY
Same name as ours.

30

INT. CLASSROOM- DAY

30

Rows of empty desks.

Upturned chairs.

Strewn around the classroom: school books, bags, pencil cases and a dead mobile phone.

An unsettling atmosphere.

TAMSIN watches her breath form a little cloud in the cold air.

DANNY is at the black board, a lit fag hanging from his mouth, writing in chalk.

TAMSIN sits at a desk. There's a pink furry toy on it. A mascot. She looks at it.

TAMSIN

(spooked)

I used to have one of these.

She looks up. On the blackboard Danny's written:

I SEE DEAD PEOPLE

TAMSIN

(cross)

Danny!

31

INT. SCHOOL, CHEMISTRY LAB- DAY

31

DANNY and TAMSIN are smashing the place up. The mood is jubilant.

So jubilant that they don't see something moving in the corridor outside...

A breathless beat as they survey the wreckage.

DANNY

I always liked chemistry.

A shadow drifts across the floor.

Now the kids notice.

A frozen beat.

DANNY is about to speak...

...when something grabs him.

TAMSIN screams.

Their pov: looking up at a US MARINE.

32

INT. HOTEL SUITE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

32

DANNY is watching TV. Off screen we can hear TAMSIN and DONALD having an argument.

DON (O.S.)

If this happens again...

TAMSIN (O.S.)

Why aren't you bollocking *him*?

DON (O.S.)

Because he's fifteen. You're supposed to be the responsible one. I left you in charge!

DANNY turns the volume up to drown out the continuing row.

On screen: a PRESS CONFERENCE.

US GENERAL WESTMORELAND and a man in white coat, PROFESSOR STONE (45), face a sea of journalists.

STONE

Infection is dead. The Human Cortico-deficiency Virus can't survive without a living human host.

A KNOCK on the door.

STONE

It died when the last Infected died- and that was 28 weeks ago.

DANNY gets up and opens it.

SCARLET looks heart-thumpingly lovely.

SCARLET

Hello Danny.

On DANNY- totally unimpressed.

SCARLET
Can I come in?

DANNY shrugs. Steps to one side.

SCARLET enters.

As she does so we hear:

TAMSIN (O.S.)
OVER MY DEAD BODY!

DON appears, flushed.

DON
Scarlet.

SCARLET
Donald.

DON
Open the champagne, Danny.

He kisses SCARLET.

DON
Table's booked downstairs for eight
fifteen. TAMSIN- GET A MOVE ON!

TAMSIN (O.S.)
FUCK YOU!

DON smiles at SCARLET.

DON
(sotto)
Time of the month.

33

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT- NIGHT

33

DON, SCARLET and DANNY eating in complete silence.

There's an empty place at the table.

DON puts his hand on SCARLET's.

DANNY sees.

SCARLET reaches for her wine glass, moving her hand away from Donald's.

SCARLET

How was the flight Danny?

DANNY

All right.

He stares at his plate as he eats.

DON

Food on the plane OK?

DANNY shrugs.

DON

What about the landing? Was it a good landing?

DANNY looks at his father, deadpan.

DANNY

It was the most amazing experience of my *entire* life, dad.

He returns to his food.

DON smiles at SCARLET.

SCARLET smiles back- thinly.

34

EXT. EMBANKMENT, COUNTY HALL- DAY

34

Sunshine glittering on the surface of the THAMES.

TAMSIN is sunbathing in a bikini and a pair of shades.

DANNY is sitting cross-legged beside her, smoking a fag.

TAMSIN

Traitor.

DANNY

I was hungry. What was I supposed to do, starve?

On DANNY as he looks at his sister. It takes him a beat or two to figure out exactly what he's going to say.

DANNY

I'm not saying I *like* her. [Beat]
But hating her won't bring mum back.

On TAMSIN as she opens her eyes and stares at DANNY.
He gets up and walks away.

35 EXT. EMBANKMENT- DAY 35

DANNY is standing below a sign for the
LONDON AQUARIUM

He goes in.

36 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM- DAY 36

DANNY slips through the half-open door into the empty foyer.

Stops.

Looks.

Listens.

Silence.

37 INT. LONDON AQUARIUM- DAY 37

Darkness. And in the darkness, shimmering.

Water. Lit from above. A huge glass tank.

DANNY presses his face to glass.

His pov: a mist of blue green.

Sunbeams dancing in the murk.

And something...

DANNY stares.

It comes towards us suddenly.

He steps back.

A huge RAY FISH swims past, it's soft sides undulating as it skirts the glass and disappears again into the gloom.

A relieved beat.

DANNY takes a breath.

Then he spots it. Indistinct. A floating shape.

He presses his face to the glass and tries to make it out.

For a moment it looks like his own reflection, staring back at him.

We reverse our pov:

Now we're in the water, looking back at Danny, his face distorted by the play of light through liquid.

We pull back to reveal hair, undulating.

We're looking over the shoulder of a floating corpse.

Danny's pov:

Now we see the corpse. A boy. Danny's age.

INFECTED.

38

EXT. LONDON AQUARIUM- DAY

38

DANNY runs outside.

DANNY

TAM!

She sits up as we cut to:

39

EXT. LONDON AQUARIUM- DAY

39

US MARINES have cordoned off Embankment.

Figures in TYVEK-F NBC biological and chemical suits are moving in and out of the foyer.

40

INT. LABORATORY, HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

40

A stark, white, tiled room.

DANNY is lying on a hospital bed. Worried.

ROSS (O.S.)

How's the boy?

STONE (O.S.)

In shock, but he'll recover

41

INT. LABORATORY, CORRIDOR- DAY

41

A BODYBAG is being wheeled along a corridor by personnel in Tyveck suits. Following them are DOCTOR ROSS (30) and PROFESSOR STONE- the man we saw on the news.

On STONE- tough, deadpan, decisive.

STONE

This isn't just another bag of bones. The water in that tank was only five point four degrees. Saline solution, twenty percent. If the virus is as well preserved as the corpse we could be looking at our first live specimen.

ROSS

Shouldn't we burn it?

STONE

Absolutely not. Incinerate this corpse and we burn our best shot at an antibody.

ROSS

It killed 60 million people.

STONE

Which is exactly why we need this.

ON STONE- resolved.

STONE

We follow IID containment measures to the letter- and double the security. Cleanroom. HVAC air filtration units. Surgical clean air suits. Nothing gets in or out.

42

INSERT

42

Expert hands are loading and priming ROBAR RC50 SNIPER RIFLES.

Pull back to reveal STONE, standing before six US MARINES. Everyone is wearing Tyvek body suits.

STONE

Transmitted in a single drop of blood, Infection goes full blown in twenty to thirty seconds. Now. In the unlikely event that either myself or Doctor Ross should become exposed to Infected blood, I want you to follow I.I.D. emergency response procedures- *to the letter*. And remember: spray an Infected subject with bullets and you spray everyone around him with Infected blood. If you have to fire...

He points to the upper middle of his visor- right between his eyes.

STONE

One clean shot.

43

INT. LABORATORY, CLEANROOM- DAY

43

We're in a refrigerated 'cleanroom'- a prefabricated operating environment used to work with contagious diseases.

Its high-density laminated surfaces are *blinding white*, a crystal clear environment that's purified with HVAC air filtration units.

At its epicentre, bathed in burning bright halogen lamplight, is an operating table.

On the operating table is the corpse of the INFECTED BOY.

He himself appears to be the victim of an Infected attack. He has bite marks and wounds all over his body.

At the far end of the cleanroom, armed US MARINES in Tyvek suits are stationed at two meter intervals.

ROSS and STONE approach the operating table. Both are wearing SURGICAL CLEAN AIR SUITS. ROSS is wheeling a stainless steel trolley neatly prepared with an array of scalpels and syringes.

STONE surveys the battered body beneath him.

Then nods at the MARINES. In unison, they lift their RC50s and stare down the barrels of their MACMILLAN DAY/NIGHT SCOPES as...

ROSS hands STONE a scalpel.

An anticipatory beat. STONE takes a breath.

Then we see the SCALPEL slicing through the bruised flesh of the dead boy, his thawed blood forming a vivid thin red-lines in the knife's wake.

Now a NEEDLE slips into a vein and blood is sucked into a syringe. STONE hands ROSS the needle. ROSS' hand is shaking. He squeezes DROPLET of blood onto a glass slide and puts under a MICROSCOPE.

STONE looks through the VIEWFINDER.

We see an image of the VIRUS.

Ever so faintly, tremulously, its oval cells are moving.

STONE looks up from the microscope at ROSS.

STONE

Activity.

He turns back to the image.

STONE

Six months of simulated DNA and we finally have a live specimen.

STONE's excited. His visor is misting up. Instinctively he wipes it, leaving a little SMEAR OF BLOOD.

A beat as he sees the smear.

ROSS

Stone.

STONE

I see it.

STONE examines his hands. There's a tiny droplet of blood forming on the tip of the index finger of his surgical glove.

HE STARES AT IT.

Suddenly, he stands.

STONE

COUNTDOWN!

Six ROBARS are trained on STONE.

Methodically, the SERGEANT counts down:

30 SECONDS

20 SECONDS

10, 9, 8, 7...

STONE closes his eyes, bracing himself for INFECTION as the countdown reaches zero...

..and nothing happens.

On STONE for a perplexed beat.

ROSS opens his eyes.

STONE

All clear.

The MARINES are still on target.

STONE

I said **all clear**.

Six ROBARS are lowered.

ROSS is frozen to the spot.

ROSS

Fuck.

He takes off his mask and breathes a sigh of relief.

ROSS

Needle must have been clean when it happened.

44

INT. HOTEL SUITE, KIDS' ROOM- DAY

44

DANNY is lying on his bed playing a Gameboy. DON and TAMSIN are sitting on either side of his bed. He looks up at them and scowls.

DANNY

Can I get some peace, please?

DON

How are you feeling?

DANNY

Fine.

DON
 Sure?

 DANNY
 Dad!

 DON
 Why don't you get into bed?

 DANNY
 You're doing my head in.

He returns to his game. DON fidgets anxiously. Both kids glare at him.

 TAMSIN
 Aren't you supposed to be
 somewhere?

 DON
 I'll cancel.

 DANNY
 Don't.

 TAMSIN
 I'm here.

 DON
 I'm not leaving you in charge
 again.

A prickly beat between father and daughter.

 TAMSIN
 (icily)
 Fine. Don.

45 INT. HOTEL SUITE, FRONT DOOR- DAY

45

DON, suited, is standing on the threshold holding SCARLET's hand.

 DON
 Drinks with the area manager. Half
 an hour tops.

On SCARLET- steely.

 DON
 It's a bonding opportunity. For you
 and the kids.

SCARLET
Go. Before I change my mind.

46

INT. HOTEL, BAR- DAY

46

Jam packed with civilians getting wasted.

ROSS drains a glass of whiskey, turns and pushes through the crowd towards the exit.

DONALD is coming the other way.

They collide.

ROSS

Sorry.

Recognising him- he puts out his hand. DON shakes.

ROSS

How how's your boy?

DON

Fine, thanks. Upstairs. Asleep.

47

INT. HOTEL SUITE, KIDS BEDROOM- DAY

47

TAMSIN and DANNY are watching TV. Scrolling along the bottom of the screen are the words "Breaking news... hunt for a vaccine takes dramatic turn." We're watching a press conference. STONE is on the podium.

STONE

...increased chances of an antibody.

Flash photography.

JOURNALIST 2

Kelly Reynolds. CBS. Is there any danger of infection from this kind of research?

STONE

None. Research is conducted in a strictly controlled environment under IID guidelines.

JOURNALIST 2

What do those guidelines involve?

STONE

The most stringent containment
measures possible.

GENERAL WESTMORELAND steps in.

WESTMORELAND

I think we have a question on law
and order?

JOURNALIST 3

Kenny James, NBC. When are US
troops coming home?

WESTMORELAND

Prime Minister?

MACPHERSON steps up the mic.

MACPHERSON

United States Marines have been
deployed to maintain law and order-
and will be until phase three in
the re-building scheme, which
involves the training and
deployment of a new Metropolitan
police force...

The door to the kids' room is open slightly. SCARLET leans
in.

SCARLET

(brightly)
You guys alright?

TAMSIN's bed is nearest the door.

Without even looking she closes it in SCARLET's face.

DANNY shoots his sister a look.

48

INT. HOTEL SUITE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

48

SCARLET is staring at the door to the kids room: disbelief
mixed with resentment.

KNOCKING.

She turns and walks into the hall.

Opens the door to the hotel suite.

FLYNN is thirty years old.

He hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

FLYNN
Richard Flynn. Herald Tribune.

SCARLET
What do you want?

FLYNN
Are you his mother?

SCARLET
No.

FLYNN
Can I talk to him?

SCARLET
No.

FLYNN
I just want to find out what sort
of tests they ran. How long they
kept him in. How's he feeling?

SCARLET
Fine.

FLYNN
You sure?

Beat.

SCARLET
Yes. I'm sure.

FLYNN
How about a picture?

SCARLET
No.

FLYNN
They're looking for an antibody.
If they're looking for antibody
then they can't have ruled out a
recurrence. Ever thought of that?

DANNY (O.S.)
Yup.

SCARLET turns. DANNY is standing in the hall.

FLYNN snaps a few shots.

SCARLET

Oi!

SCARLET puts up her hand.

FLYNN

Exactly what relation are you to
the boy?

SCARLET slams the door. FLYNN has wedged his foot in the way.

SCARLET

Leave us alone!

FLYNN

If you could just open the door so
I can get my foot out...

She opens the door. He removes his foot. She slams it shut.

49 EXT. HOTEL- NIGHT

49

The only lights in an otherwise dead city.

50 INT. HOTEL SUITE, MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT

50

SCARLET has fallen asleep on the bed.

She wakes suddenly, as if startled.

51 INT. HOTEL SUITE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

51

An unsettling darkness.

SCARLET turns on the living room light.

DON is sitting on the sofa.

He's staring at SCARLET.

A long, befuddled beat.

SCARLET

Don?

DON

Come 'ere.

SCARLET

What are you...? You said you'd be half an hour, it's the middle of the night. How long have you been sitting there?

DON

I said, come 'ere.

Warily, SCARLET walks towards him.

SCARLET

(suspicious)

What's going on?

DON looks up at her.

Gently he wraps a large, meaty hand around hers. And says very softly:

DON

I left you in charge.

SCARLET

I know.

DON

So why would you go letting strange blokes in?

He holds up Flynn's BUSINESS CARD.

SCARLET

He said he was a journalist.

DON

Shhhh.

SCARLET

I never let him in.

DON

See. What you got to understand is. My kids. My kids are the most...

He struggles to find the word.

DON

Precious. Yeah. Precious things in the world to me.

SCARLET

I know.

She tries to take her hand away. His grip tightens.

DON

And if I thought anyone was...

SCARLET

You're hurting me.

DON

...I'd have to...

SCARLET

Get off!

She pulls free with unexpected force. DON stands and stares at her... puzzled.

SCARLET

Now you listen to me, Donald.

52

INT. KIDS' ROOM- NIGHT

52

TAMSIN wakes up. DANNY is asleep. She opens the door a crack and spies:

SCARLET

I started a relationship with you, not your kids. Now I know you want everything to work out but the fact is that you've forced this on us all and no one's ready to play happy families- not yet- least of all your kids.

On DONALD...

...watching SCARLET like Neanderthal man might have watched a small, relatively harmless animal he'd never seen before- with a mixture of bewilderment and wariness.

SCARLET

I'm twenty-nine years old, Don. I'm too young to be a step-mother. I don't want kids. Fuck it: I hate kids.

On TAMSIN- triumphant.

SCARLET's eyes have filled with tears.

SCARLET
I'm sorry, Don.

DON stares. Utterly uncomprehending. No grasp of language.
Like an animal.

SCARLET
I'm going back to my own room. I'll
collect my stuff later.

SCARLET turns to go, catching sight of TAMSIN through the
bedroom door. TAMSIN shuts the door.

SCARLET leaves.

A beat.

Then the door to the kids room opens again and TAMSIN-
checking the coast is clear- emerges.

TAMSIN
Don?

He wheels round quickly.

Frowns. He doesn't recognize his own daughter.

TAMSIN
You all right?

She comes towards him, anxious, caring.

TAMSIN
Don?

Her voice sounds far away.

DON reaches out to touch her. His hand is shaking.

TAMSIN presses herself against him, her arms around his
waist.

TAMSIN
We're gonna be fine.

ECU on TAMSIN, her face against her dad's chest, comforted.

DON looks down at her. And takes his daughter's face in his
hands.

TAMSIN
Dad?

As she looks up, we get Tamsin's pov:

Of DONALD's face.

And his eyes.

INFECTED.

TAMSIN

Daddy?

A sickening beat.

Then DON breaks his daughter's neck- snapping her spinal cord with a single savage twist.

The expression frozen on her face- pleading, incredulous- TAMSIN drops to the floor as we smash cut to:

53

INT. KIDS' ROOM- NIGHT

53

A THUD- like a sack of potatoes being dropped from waist height.

DANNY wakes with a start.

Listens.

His bedside lamp glows brighter than usual. Then dims. Then brightens. Then dims again.

Suddenly it fizzles out.

Moonlight.

DANNY reaches for the lamp switch. Turns it on and off. Nothing.

DANNY

Shit.

54

INT. HOTEL SUITE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

54

The door to kids' room opens.

DANNY peers out.

DANNY

Dad?

Silence.

DANNY

Tam?

He steps into the living room.

And looks around.

Moonlight: everything looks clean and angular.

Then a SHADOW- moving.

DANNY

Oi.

DANNY approaches.

Crosses the living room.

And moves round the corner...

...into the hall.

To find:

TAMSIN. Her T-shirt riding up obscenely round her midriff,
her head bent backwards like a broken doll.

On DANNY.

55

HANDHELD

55

Racing across the living room towards DANNY- who turns to
face us as we smash cut to:

56

DANNY'S POV

56

Of DON- Infected- as he snarls at us and swipes and we duck,
scrambling between his legs and out the other side, grabbed
and lifted off the ground and hurled against the wall,
collapsing, DON leaping at us, hands outstretched and
suddenly...

A SCREAM.

And DON- distracted- wheels round to see:

57

INT. HOTEL SUITE, FRONT DOOR- DAY

57

SCARLET, back-lit by the lights in the hotel corridor. She's horrified, her hands over her mouth, breathless, struggling to take in what she's seeing.

It's a split second shot; a momentary diversion before DON grabs DANNY by the throat and starts to crush his windpipe.

THWACK.

Don's INFECTED EYES roll backwards in his head and he drops to his knees, collapsing forwards to reveal:

SCARLET standing behind him, struggling with the weight of a hotel FIRE EXTINGUISHER which she drops.

A beat.

Then SCARLET looks at DON. At his Infected face. And TAMSIN's broken body beyond. Her hand moves to her mouth as she swallows an sudden upsurge of bile.

Bruised, DANNY pulls himself up to a sitting position. He's facing the wall. He won't look behind him. Not at the bodies of his father and his sister. Instead he just sits there, pressed against the radiator, breathing rapidly.

There's a long, long beat.

SCARLET

Danny?

On DANNY, too shocked to speak.

SCARLET

Danny, listen to me.

SCARLET is *right* on the edge of hysteria. She's managing to keep control for DANNY's sake- but only just.

SCARLET

I think we should go and get help.

She looks behind her as the LIGHTS in the hotel corridor burn bright.

Then go out.

Darkness.

58 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR- NIGHT 58

The LIFT doors reflect the moonlight. SCARLET whacks the call button. Dead.

DANNY is in shock. He's staring at the open door to the hotel room.

59 INT. EMERGENCY STAIRS- NIGHT 59

SCARLET plunges through a pair of double doors, dragging DANNY with her. A fire escape. Above and below them, concrete stairs disappear into the darkness.

A moment.

Then they start running down stairs.

60 EXT. HOTEL- NIGHT 60

All over the building, LIGHTS fail.

Darkness spreads in chunks.

The hotel is consumed by the dead city.

61 INT. HOTEL LOBBY- NIGHT 61

The FIRE ESCAPE DOORS smash open and DANNY and SCARLET run out.

Their POV of the empty foyer, bathed in moonlight.

SCARLET sprints towards reception.

SCARLET

Help us!

She looks around.

SCARLET

HELP US!

DANNY is the first to see her.

The RECEPTIONIST.

She's sitting well back in her chair

Her head is upturned

Her eyes are wide open, too wide- bulging

Her swollen neck is vivid, livid blue and purple.

DANNY stares.

Then turns away.

Distant GUNFIRE.

CU on SCARLET as it hits her: it's everywhere.

A beat.

Then FOOT STEPS.

Running.

SCARLET

Hello?

The FOOTSTEPS cease.

Change direction.

And start getting closer.

SCARLET turns to find DANNY backing slowly away from her, towards the lobby doors.

FOOTSTEPS are getting louder.

On the FIRE ESCAPE DOORS...

...as they smash open and an INFECTED bursts through them.

62

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

62

DANNY and SCARLET burst out of the hotel.

We're with them as they run.

Up ahead, DANNY sees a group of CIVILIANS sprinting towards the entrance to the RED ZONE.

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN trips and falls. From nowhere an INFECTED hurls himself on top of her and sinks its teeth into her neck, pulling a chunk of flesh away.

The MIDDLE AGED WOMAN screams, writhing like a headless snake.

We CU on her face as her eyes open.

INFECTED.

DANNY stops dead.

The INFECTED middle aged woman sits up.

Looks at DANNY, fixing him in her sights.

And snarls.

SCARLET

DANNY!

He turns to look.

SCARLET's found a side street.

The INFECTED woman gets to her feet.

Then comes hurtling straight at DANNY as he and SCARLET run.

63

EXT. SIDE STREET- NIGHT

63

DANNY and SCARLET are sprinting down the middle of the road.

The INFECTED is gaining on them as they slip between two parked JEEPS.

SCARLET stops to see if there are keys in the ignition. There aren't. In a second the INFECTED is on her, swiping at her tearing dress as she rolls across the bonnet and sprints along the pavement past a row of boarded-up shops.

64

INT. HOTEL, EMERGENCY STAIRWELL- NIGHT

64

FLYNN is filming MACPHERSON.

MACPHERSON is chasing WESTMORELAND up the stairs.

WESTMORELAND is surrounded by MARINES.

One screams into his radio:

MILITARY POLICE
Get her ready!

AS WE CUT TO:

65 HANDHELD CAMERA FOOTAGE 65

FLYNN films the entourage as they burst through a set of
DOUBLE DOORS and out onto:

66 EXT. A HELIPAD- NIGHT 66

Atop the hotel.

FLYNN angles on a CHOPPER as its engine roars into life and
its rotor blades begin to turn.

MACPHERSON
General! General, wait for me!

WESTMORELAND and his MARINES pile into the CHOPPER. We can
hear the engine rise and strain.

PILOT
We're heavy!

MACPHERSON tries to squeeze on board. There's no room.

WESTMORELAND
We're heavy!

MACPHERSON
(trying to hold on to
shred of authority)
As Prime Minister, I insist you...

He is cut off by a boot in the face from a MARINE.

WESTMORELAND
GO!

The CHOPPER starts to lift.

PILOT
We're overloaded!

MACPHERSON is holding on to the skids. WESTMORELAND shoots
him in the head. His body drops onto the helipad below.

FLYNN is getting everything on film.

The CHOPPER rises.

Then WESTMORELAND sees it: an INFECTED marine in the back of the chopper, lunging towards us.

He screams. Chaos as his men fire wildly.

The PILOT is hit.

The CHOPPER banks left and starts to drop...

...FLYNN'S camera pans and zooms, capturing the helicopter as it nosedives the helipad and explodes in a ball of flame.

67

EXT. ALLEY- NIGHT

67

SCARLET and DANNY dive into the darkness of a narrow alleyway.

Breathless, they huddle in the shadows.

The INFECTED hurtles past.

A relieved beat.

Then the INFECTED'S FACE- peering round the corner, staring at us.

SCARLET and DANNY run...

...only to reveal that the ALLEY is in fact a DEAD END.

More specifically a BRICK WALL.

SCARLET starts scrambling up it.

Embedded in the top of the wall is BROKEN GLASS.

DANNY cuts his hands. Drops back with a yelp.

SCARLET

Here!

She reaches out for DANNY.

The INFECTED is almost on top of him.

He takes SCARLET'S hand...

...and the added purchase lifts him clear with barely a split second to spare.

68

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

68

In the middle of the road is a TRANSIT VAN.

Its sides are painted with a huge yellow DAFFODIL, its engine is running, its driver door is open and its front radiator is wrapped around a lamp post.

A thick red stripe of blood runs from the empty cab and across the street to what looks like a corpse.

STONE comes running down the road.

He sees the TRANSIT VAN as we smash cut to:

69

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

69

A civilian woman in the dressing gown sprints across an empty intersection.

The TRANSIT VAN hits her full on.

She's thrown ten feet.

STONE jams the breaks on.

He gets out and runs over to the INJURED WOMAN, checking she's not Infected.

She isn't. She's not unconscious, but she's having trouble breathing. STONE touches one side of her trachea, then the other.

STONE looks up.

JASON (our Home Office Rep) and FLYNN are standing in the middle of the road, staring at him.

STONE

HELP!

Not a plea, an order.

JASON and FLYNN help STONE bundle the INJURED WOMAN into the driver's cab.

STONE gets behind the wheel.

70

EXT. CAR PARK- NIGHT

70

DANNY and SCARLET run across frame, scanning the car park for a getaway vehicle. SCARLET tries an AMBULANCE. It's locked.

We hear the SNARL of the pursuing INFECTED.

And the sound of a distant ENGINE.

SCARLET and DANNY change direction.

71

INT. TRANSIT VAN- NIGHT

71

We're heading for a ROAD BLOCK leading to the Red Zone, moving at top speed.

Up ahead, STONE sees:

DANNY and SCARLET running towards the van.

Behind them the INFECTED is closing in.

72

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

72

STONE swerves past DANNY and SCARLET.

It looks like he's abandoning them...

...then he swerves back, slamming into the INFECTED.

STONE jams on the breaks.

The TRANSIT VAN skids, teetering on its side, poised to roll over.

Bursting from a side street, two more INFECTED run towards the teetering VAN...

...which rights itself.

FLYNN

(shouts)

GET IN!

DANNY and SCARLET fling themselves into the back.

STONE hits the accelerator as the first of the two INFECTED leaps at the van, grabbing onto the back step. FLYNN stamps on its bloody hand and the INFECTED drops into the road.

The VAN smashes through the ROAD BLOCK and turns a corner sharply. FLYNN almost tumbles out of the van. Cardboard boxes fly out the back, bouncing into the road and bursting open.

Hundreds of LITTLE YELLOW PLASTIC DAFFODIL BADGES scatter across the road...

...trampled by INFECTED FEET as the VAN disappears into the Red Zone.

73

INT. TRANSIT VAN- NIGHT

73

The INJURED WOMAN is turning purple.

SCARLET

She's dying!

STONE

Pneumothorax.

SCARLET

If it's pneumothorax she'll need a chest drain.

STONE

Are you a doctor or a nurse?

SCARLET

I was a consultant's secretary.

STONE

Where's the nearest hospital?

SCARLET

We'll just have to improvise.

74

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

74

The open doors to a CHEMISTS slamming gently, invitingly, ominously in the night breeze.

The VAN screeches to a halt.

Everyone piles out, helping STONE carrying the INJURED WOMAN.

FLYNN

I know you. You're the CMO. Stone.

DANNY is staring at the INJURED WOMAN. She appears to be trying to say something. There's white spittle drying on the corners of her mouth. She's turning from purple to blue.

75 INT. CHEMISTS- NIGHT

75

We're in a large, central London pharmacy.

Carrying the INJURED WOMAN, our SURVIVORS move through the shop.

Stone's TORCH is their only source of light.

SCARLET
We'll need water.

She points Stone's torch at a WATER DISPENSER.

FLYNN
Here.

Those not carrying the INJURED WOMAN help drag the WATER DISPENSER into...

76 INT. DISPENSARY- NIGHT

76

Our SURVIVORS put the INJURED WOMAN on a lab table.

STONE and SCARLET scavenge the cupboards for supplies.

STONE
Chest drain.

The CHEST DRAIN is a hollow glass spear. SCARLET has found a BUCKET.

SCARLET
This'll have to do for a water
Cannister.

She nods at JASON, who fills the bucket from the dispenser.

SCARLET opens the INJURED WOMAN's dressing gown.

STONE presses the tip of the CHEST DRAIN between two ribs and pushes.

The glass spear slides into the her side. JASON turns away. DANNY doesn't.

FLYNN is filming the whole thing.

STONE
Dip the other end...

SCARLET dips the other end of the chest drain into the BUCKET.

The escaping air makes BUBBLES.

SCARLET
Stopped.

STONE
Good.

STONE slides the chest drain out.

SCARLET presses some cotton wool to the bleeding wound.

STONE puts his ear to the INJURED WOMAN's chest.

She's not breathing.

Methodically, STONE pumps her chest.

The clearer it becomes that the INJURED WOMAN is dead, the more intense STONE's efforts get. He won't give up.

A hint of desperation sets in. The others watch. No one knows what to say. They're observing a chink in the armour of a man they've all unwittingly accepted as their leader. It's an intensely emotional moment. Somehow this stranger's death reflects the whole group's fate.

SCARLET touches STONE on the shoulder. It's enough. He stops.

FLYNN is still filming. SCARLET looks at him, incredulous. There are tears in her eyes.

SCARLET
Put it down.

He turns the camera on her.

FLYNN
Helps me keep my distance.

JASON tries his mobile phone. Dead tone. He hangs up and re-dials.

FLYNN
(to STONE)
How did it get out?

STONE is silent.

FLYNN turns off the camera.

FLYNN
Off the record.

STONE
We took every precaution.

FLYNN
Evidently not.

DANNY
You said there was no risk. On TV.

STONE
(uncertain)
It must be different this time
round. Different rules.

DANNY
YOU SAID THERE WAS NO FUCKING RISK!

STONE
Someone shut the kid up.

SCARLET
Leave him alone.

Off SCARLET's concerned look- DANNY turns and walks away.

SCARLET goes after him.

SCARLET
Danny?

He ignores her.

SCARLET
Danny.

She doesn't know what to say.

She reaches out to touch him.

He flinches.

DANNY
Get the fuck away from me.

SCARLET
He was Infected, Danny.

They stare at each other. DANNY is breathing rapidly.

SCARLET
If I hadn't done what I did...

JASON
Why does no one answer?

STONE
We're code Zero.

FLYNN
What does that mean?

STONE
Medical Research and Material
Command: "Mass evacuation and
associated risks untenable."

JASON
What the fuck does that mean?

STONE
Quarantine.

DANNY
(quietly to himself)
Game over.

SCARLET
What do we do?

All eyes turn to STONE.

STONE
They can't feed themselves. Sooner
or later the Infected starve to
death. We try and stay alive until
then.

There's a long beat as everyone takes this on board.

FLYNN
Brilliant.

FLYNN turns and paces.

FLYNN
Fucking brilliant!

SMASH CUT TO:

17

INT. CHEMISTS- NIGHT

77

STONE, SCARLET, DANNY, JASON and FLYNN are loading up with MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

DANNY comes across a packet of SCALPELS.

Secretly, he takes one.

78

INT. CHEMISTS- NIGHT

78

Our survivors move quickly, quietly towards the exit. JASON is lugging the upturned REFILL from the water dispenser. It's heavy and it slows him down.

The group moves carefully along the corridor towards the main doors.

They can see the VAN outside.

STONE waits for JASON to catch up.

We see a shadow moving. They don't.

JASON passes STONE.

Then it happens.

A young black female marine- INFECTED- comes tearing down the corridor behind them and grabs STONE, smashing him against the wall. She tries to bite his throat out. STONE holds her at bay with all his strength...

...while at the same time reaching for the GUN in the INFECTED's holster.

Wrestling an arm free, STONE jams the gun barrel into the INFECTED's belly. And pulls the trigger- emptying all eight chambers 'till we hear the empty weapon CLICKING.

The INFECTED drops to her knees. Then collapses forwards with a thud, her head in CU, her eyes rolled backwards in her sockets.

Everyone is staring at the corpse.

STONE looks at the gun his hand.

Double checks the chamber.

Empty.

He notices a drop blood of on his sleeve.

Carefully, he removes and drops his CMO jacket.

79

EXT. STREET- DAWN

79

We're deep into the red zone. The degradation is horrific. It looks like a war torn city that's been left to rot. One bizarre detail: there's bird shit everywhere.

Familiar signs of civilization make the landscape more disturbing- the burned-out Curry House, the dilapidated minicab office and the decrepit cinema.

Sewage has slewn out from a blocked drain and the VAN sends up two arcs of white-brown water as it turns a corner and disturbs a huge FLOCK OF BIRDS.

80

INT. BACK OF THE VAN- DAY

80

JASON is still trying his phone. He's scared. Only the pointless activity of dialling and re-dialling is keeping him from freaking out.

SCARLET and DANNY are sitting at opposite ends of the van. They've lost everyone they love- and neither has much confidence in their survival.

She looks at him.

He looks at her. Then turns away. Detached.

81

INT. VAN, DRIVERS CAB- DAY

81

FLYNN is at the wheel. STONE beside him.

FLYNN

What are our chances?

On STONE for a beat. He doesn't know.

FLYNN stares at him.

STONE

CAREFUL!

Dead ahead, a upturned HARRODS VAN is lying across the road. FLYNN swerves to avoid it. Tires screech.

They drive on.

32 INT. BACK OF THE VAN- CONTINUOUS 82

DANNY lights a cigarette.

His hands are shaking.

He exhales and the smoke blows over SCARLET.

She looks like she's about to say something.

But she doesn't.

83 EXT. THAMES RIVER- DAY 83

A well-smoked cigarette butt lands mid-frame in a shower of sparks as the VAN crosses a bridge.

84 EXT. STREET- DAY 84

The van approaches the gates to an ARMY BARRACKS.

Abandoned.

The van slows down outside a high wire gate. The insignias of the 50th Light Armoured Division and the Royal Engineering Corps have been half-covered by a sign for the US NATIONAL GUARD.

The east wing of the barracks is being reconstructed. It's covered in scaffolding.

Zero sign of life.

All we can hear is the wind.

STONE is the first to get out. FLYNN follows. They open the back of the van.

STONE

We need weapons. Keep your eyes open and stay quiet.

JASON

(sotto)

Yes, sir.

85 EXT. BARRACKS- DAY 85

Our survivors turn down a row of nissen huts and store rooms.

Cautiously, they start opening doors.

The first few huts comprise of empty marine accommodation or offices.

FLYNN opens the door to the third hut.

We don't see what he sees.

Just his face. His reaction.

Then he gags.

FLYNN

Fuck me.

FLYNN fumbles for his CAMCORDER.

SCARLET goes to look... but STONE stops her.

STONE

I think you better take your son
back to the van.

SCARLET

He's not my son.

On DANNY for beat. A flickered glance at SCARLET.

JASON

I'll go.

STONE

(firm)
All of you. Flynn?

FLYNN

Yeah?

STONE

Guns. Now.

86

EXT. BARRACKS- DAY

86

DANNY and JASON are heading quickly back to the VAN.

SCARLET stops them.

In the middle of the parade ground- between them and the van-
is an INFECTED.

Stock still. Staring at them.

A beat.

Then it comes running.

JASON backs away, turns, trips, and sprints.

SCARLET

This way!

SCARLET spots a CONSTRUCTION SITE ELEVATOR that runs up the scaffold-clad east wing.

The base of the elevator is enclosed in a METAL SHED with an open entrance.

SCARLET, DANNY and JASON run inside. SCARLET wrenches open the steel cage door to the lift and they pile in.

She slams the door shut and hits the UP BUTTON. The elevator starts to move...

87

INT. WEAPONS STORE- DAY

87

GUNS galore. FLYNN picks up a GLOCK 9mm. Its weight takes him by surprise. He almost drops it.

FLYNN

Weights a ton.

He shoves it in his waste band.

STONE

Hope your safety catch is on.

FLYNN

Safety catch!

Anxiously, he takes the gun out.

FLYNN

Could have shot my bollocks off.

He laughs nervously. STONE shows him the catch.

STONE

On. Off.

STONE takes a MACHINE GUN.

Loads it.

And holds it out to FLYNN.

FLYNN

Two?

Nodding at the CAMERA round FLYNN's neck.

STONE

Your choice.

FLYNN

I'm more of an observer...

A moment between the two men; the older and the younger, the practical and the ambitious.

FLYNN

Fuck it. Tape ran out hours ago.

FLYNN takes off his camera.

STONE

You just used it.

FLYNN

Like I said. Helps me keep my distance.

A beat.

STONE hands him the MACHINE GUN.

FLYNN holds it; a big, ugly, awkward piece of metal.

He takes a deep breath.

STONE

Ready?

On FLYNN for a nervous beat...

...as he nods, unconvinced.

88

EXT. ELEVATOR- DAY

88

SCARLET, DANNY and JASON are sitting on the floor, exhausted.

We hear a HUMMING noise and suddenly the ELEVATOR jerks into motion.

Going down.

SCARLET

What the...

JASON, SCARLET and DANNY peer though the cage. The bottom of the elevator shaft is obscured by the roof of the METAL ELEVATOR SHED.

Whoever- or whatever- called the elevator can't be seen.

SCARLET screams:

SCARLET
STONE? FLYNN?

89

EXT. POWER STATION- CONTINUOUS

89

STONE and FLYNN retrace their steps.

Suddenly, STONE stops.

FLYNN too.

STONE stares at the empty line of huts.

A door is swinging on its hinges.

DARKNESS inside.

A silent beat on both men's faces.

Then:

An INFECTED soldier bursts out from the hut and runs towards us.

FLYNN pulls the trigger but nothing happens. He wrestles with the safety catch, shoots- the kick-back knocking him right off his feet- and misses wildly.

STONE takes a slow, steady aim... and punctures a HOLE in the dead centre of the INFECTED'S FOREHEAD.

90

INT. ELEVATOR- CONTINUOUS

90

The lift is almost at the bottom.

JASON, SCARLET and DANNY are standing at the back of the elevator cage, wary.

It comes to rest at ground level...

...but the SHED is empty.

A beat.

All we can hear is the wind whistling through the scaffolding.

SCARLET

Stone?

Nothing.

DANNY

(quietly)

It called the lift.

SCARLET

(dismissive)

It can't have.

We hear distant GUNFIRE...

SCARLET is about to hit the UP BUTTON but JASON stops her.

JASON

I say we get in the van and get the fuck out.

SCARLET

Not without them.

JASON

Screw them.

JASON puts his hand on the latch to the steel cage door.

JASON

Yes or no?

SCARLET shakes her head.

JASON

Danny?

DANNY is silent.

A beat.

Then JASON opens the steel cage door.

Just as he steps outside he hears a SNARL.

Before he can scream, an INFECTED drops into frame, hanging from the entrance to the metal shed, then dropping to his feet and lunging forwards. Ambush.

JASON trips retreating, falling back into the lift.

On SCARLET- as she slams the elevator door shut and hits the UP BUTTON.

The INFECTED hurls himself at the elevator as it starts to rise.

Everyone retreats to the back of the lift.

A relieved beat as we ascend.

Then the lift STOPS.

Beat.

And starts descending.

SCARLET hits the UP BUTTON and the lift reverses- climbing once more...

...then stops again.

This time SCARLET jams her finger on the UP BUTTON. The elevator lurches and grinds, unsure which direction to move in.

Then starts GOING DOWN.

SCARLET tries to stop it but there's nothing she can do:

The INFECTED is holding down the call button.

The lift approaches ground floor as we cut to:

91 **EXT. POWER STATION- CONTINUOUS**

91

INFECTED soldiers are attacking STONE and FLYNN from all directions.

FLYNN is improving: using short, controlled bursts.

When his MACHINE GUN runs out, he remembers his GLOCK.

92 **INT. ELEVATOR SHED- CONTINUOUS**

92

The ELEVATOR hits the ground floor.

On the INFECTED- pausing for a puzzled moment, studying the HANDLE on the steel cage door as if bewitched by a phenomena from the distant past.

Then it reaches out its hand.

And as it does so...

...DANNY stabs it with his stolen SCALPEL, sinking it into the creature's hand.

A furious beat as the wounded INFECTED snarls.

Then reaches for the DOOR again...

...and slowly starts to slide it open.

DANNY grabs the cage to hold it shut. The INFECTED bites at his hands.

SCARLET

Danny!

DANNY backs away. The door begins to open again. We can hear Flynn and Stone's GUNFIRE in the distance. No one's coming to anyone's rescue. Only one thing for it now:

They move to the back of the lift.

SCARLET

Get behind me, Danny.

He doesn't.

JASON *does*.

SCARLET

GET BEHIND ME!

DANNY

NO!

SCARLET and DANNY stand fast.

He takes her hand...

SCARLET

Shut your eyes.

On DANNY, wide-eyed: as the INFECTED lunges.

SCARLET screams.

...just as a MAN appears in the entrance of the elevator shed and opens fire: one, two, three shots in the INFECTED's back.

A beat.

Then it falls twitching at SCARLET's feet.

DOYLE- 33, baseball cap, immaculate white T-shirt, pale blue jeans and white trainers, returns his GLOCK to a shoulder holster.

DOYLE
That your van outside?

DOYLE talks with a tough, East End twang. He's a geezer; working class, ex-SAS.

SCARLET nods.

DOYLE turns suddenly, drawing his gun.

FLYNN and STONE are standing in the entrance to the elevator shed, machine guns in hand, breathing heavily.

FLYNN
What happened?

DOYLE
Jim Doyle. Security consultant. Any chance of a lift?

93 **EXT. STREET- EVENING** 93

Daylight is beginning to wane.

The VAN hurtles past us.

94 **INT. INSIDE THE BACK OF THE VAN- NIGHT** 94

DANNY and SCARLET are sitting next to one another- united against JASON for his recent display of cowardice.

SCARLET
We work as a group or we don't work at all.

On JASON.

He nods.

95 **EXT. STREET- NIGHT** 95

The VAN is racing up a ramp onto a fly-over.

The engine SPLUTTERS and DIES.

The VAN slows.

Just before it reaches top of the incline it stops.
Then starts rolling backwards.

96

INT. DRIVER'S CAB- NIGHT

96

STONE pulls on the hand-brake.

STONE

Petrol.

FLYNN

Brilliant.

DANNY

Why don't we nick a car? There's loads of them.

DOYLE

Flat batteries, mate. We're on foot.

DANNY

Where are we going?

DOYLE

Somewhere with good all round visibility and limited access. Barricade ourselves in for the night.

97

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

97

With no electricity, the city is darker than usual.

Beneath the fly-over, our SURVIVORS move swiftly, silently, guns raised.

DOYLE leads the way using a torch- STONE is bringing up the rear.

In the distance, an INFECTED spots the torchlight.

It SNARLS.

DOYLE turns the light off.

Relative darkness.

Silence.

Then the SNARL of the Infected as it moves away.

98

EXT. THAMES- NIGHT

98

DOYLE walks down a metal GANGWAY towards a HOUSEBOAT.

He signals and the group follows.

Once they're all on board, DOYLE takes out his gun.

DOYLE
Everyone can swim?

A muted chorus of affirmatives.

The GANGWAY consists of two sections, hinged in the middle.

DOYLE aims at the hinges.

Fires two SHOTS.

A METALLIC CREAK...

...and the second section of GANGWAY drops into the water and SINKS.

DOYLE
That should keep 'em at bay.

On DANNY- impressed.

His pov as deftly, DOYLE picks the padlock on the entrance to the MAIN CABIN.

Everyone piles inside and DOYLE slams it shut.

99

INT. INSIDE THE HOUSEBOAT- NIGHT

99

A CANDLE has been lit.

The cabin is cosy.

DANNY opens a cupboard in the little OPEN PLAN KITCHEN.

DANNY
Camping gas!

He points to a METAL GAS CANISTER that feeds the oven. One stroke from his lighter and a gas ring has been lit.

DANNY
Who wants a cup of tea?

FLYNN
Can we sail this thing out of here?

DOYLE
No sails, no motor. We could cut ourselves adrift but we couldn't steer the damn thing.

FLYNN
Then lets find a boat with a motor!

DOYLE is looking out the porthole.

DOYLE
Show me a boat and I'll swim for it.

Their POV: THE EMPTY RIVER, foggy and dark.

SCARLET
We're safe here. Warm and safe.

She sits at the cabin table, exhausted.

STONE checks the dates on some TINNED FOOD. Puts the edible ones down in front of SCARLET and the others.

STONE
Eat.

100 INT. HOUSEBOAT- NIGHT

100

Empty TINS and TEACUPS on the table.

FLYNN is trying to sleep.

STONE deep in thought, has wrapped himself in a yellow Sou'wester.

And DOYLE showing DANNY, SCARLET and JASON how to handle a MACHINE GUN.

DOYLE
Lock. And Load.

He demonstrates. Then hands the gun to DANNY.

DANNY
Lock.

JASON
Lock.

DOYLE
Load.

SCARLET
Load.

DOYLE
Short, *controlled* bursts.

STONE
Our ammunition won't last long.

FLYNN opens his eyes.

DOYLE
Longer than us. A well trained unit
might survive, but not...

SCARLET
Not women and kids?

JASON
Long as they're fast runners.

SCARLET shoots JASON a look. *Coward.*

FLYNN
Where are they? Your well trained
units?

On DOYLE.

He doesn't know.

DANNY
There's a supposed US base in The
Mall.

Everyone turns to DANNY.

STONE
How do you know?

DANNY holds up a little BOOKLET. We recognise it as the one
that Jason gave him on the coach when the kids first arrived.
It's entitled: *ADVICE FOR UK CITIZENS.*

DANNY
It's on the map at the back.

FLYNN sits up.

FLYNN

Well what the hell are we waiting for?

DOYLE

Dawn. It's pitch black outside and it's not safe to use a torch, not on land.

Everyone knows this to be true.

DOYLE

We wait until morning.

101

INT. HOUSEBOAT- NIGHT

101

SCARLET and DANNY are lying next to one another. She's put her coat over them. They're staring up at us.

DANNY

We were away when it happened.

SCARLET turns to look at him.

DANNY

The first Infection.

He swallows.

DANNY

Me and Tamsin. With dad for the holidays.

He looks at SCARLET.

DANNY

We watched it on the telly.

There's a long pause.

SCARLET

You want to know the truth?

DANNY nods.

SCARLET

I was angry.

Beat.

SCARLET

I was angry you'd survived and my family hadn't.

There's silence.

Then:

DANNY

It'll get us in the end.

He looks at SCARLET.

DANNY

Won't it?

On SCARLET for a long beat. She's not going to lie.

102

INT. HOUSEBOAT- NIGHT

102

DANNY is fast asleep. Curled around him like a spoon is SCARLET.

We can hear the RIVER LAPPING lightly on the hull of the houseboat.

Everyone's flat out but DOYLE.

He doesn't look well.

FLYNN wakes.

DOYLE

Keeping guard.

FLYNN sits up, aching from the floor.

FLYNN

What time is it?

DOYLE

0-three hundred.

FLYNN

0-three hundred.

A curious beat.

FLYNN

What are you doing here, Doyle?

DOYLE turns. Gone is his capable, sympathetic manner. Something edgy, guarded, animal has taken it's place.

DOYLE
That's two questions in a row.

FLYNN
It's my job.

DOYLE looks at FLYNN for an extraordinarily long time.

But says nothing.

FLYNN
Let me guess. Private Military
Consultant. Employed by AmTel,
probably ex-SAS. What are you
securing?

Beat.

DOYLE
Installations.

FLYNN
What sort?

No answer.

FLYNN
Nuclear?

Still no answer. FLYNN smiles.

FLYNN
I'm good, aren't I?

DOYLE
You're all the same to me.

FLYNN
Ever been to Africa?

DOYLE
Maybe.

FLYNN
As a gun for hire? Assassinated
undesirable political leaders?
Sabotaged elections? Installed
puppet governments? PCMs my arse,
you're mercenaries.

Suddenly, FLYNN finds DOYLE's hand around his throat.

FLYNN chokes.

A single bead of sweat runs down DOYLE's forehead.

He's rupturing FLYNN's windpipe.

ECU on DOYLE: his face bleach-white, his breathing laboured.

Something's wrong.

He turns towards us.

DOYLE

What the fuck are you looking at?

On JASON- staring.

FLYNN is turning blue.

Hand shaking, JASON fumbles for the nearest gun.

DOYLE watches him with a mixture of bewilderment and wariness. It's a look we've seen before- in DON.

JASON

(pointing the gun)

Let him go.

DOYLE stares at the gun, utterly uncomprehending. No grasp of language. Like an animal.

Then he SNARLS.

As SCARLET's eyes open, JASON shuts his... and pulls the trigger.

BULLET HOLES appear in the wall to DOYLE's left.

In an instant, DOYLE has dropped FLYNN, ripped JASON's throat out and hurled himself at SCARLET.

GUNFIRE- three short, controlled bursts.

DOYLE staggers backwards and collapses against the hull wall next to SCARLET.

On STONE, staring at the corpse...

...and behind Stone:

DANNY

the hot metal of his machine gun hissing in the damp air.
There's a long beat.

FLYNN
How did he get it?

STONE
He must have caught it from
Infected blood.

FLYNN
What Infected blood? We've been on
this boat for hours!

A beat.

Then they hear it.

WATER.

Gushing through the SCORES OF BULLET HOLES in the hull.

FLYNN
Block them!

Frantically everyone start looking for things to bung the
holes with.

STONE
Don't go near the body!

SCARLET
I can't find anything!

DANNY
There's too many of them!

103

EXT. THAMES- NIGHT

103

The HOUSEBOAT is sinking slowly.

STONE, FLYNN, SCARLET and DANNY are standing on the edge,
staring at the MURKY WATER.

DANNY
What do we do with the guns?

FLYNN
I don't know. Are they waterproof?

STONE

They're too heavy to swim with.
Leave them.

A reluctant beat.

DANNY is the first to take off his gun and dive in.

He emerges in the dark brown swirling water.

The others jump in after him.

They start swimming.

Then they hear another SPLASH.

A beat as they look around, treading water.

Then SCARLET disappears.

ON DANNY:

DANNY

SCARLET!

The surface of the river: empty.

DANNY

SCARLET!!

Suddenly she emerges, coughing and spluttering.

SCARLET

SWIM!

On DANNY, FLYNN and STONE...

SCARLET (O.S.)

SWIM!!

...as an INFECTED bursts out of the water and grabs at them,
thrashing and clawing...

They swim.

The INFECTED tries to get them all- and in doing so, gets
none of them.

DANNY is the first to climb the IRON RUNGS on the side of the
EMBANKMENT.

FLYNN is the last.

The INFECTED grabs at his foot and pulls him back in.

STONE dives.

Together, he and FLYNN overcome the INFECTED, holding it underwater.

It writhes and splashes violently, until it's drowned.

Then floats, motionless.

EXT. EMBANKMENT- NIGHT

On STONE, FLYNN, SCARLET and DANNY.

Scared, soaked, exhausted and cold.

STONE

Let's go.

104

EXT. CITY SCAPE- DAWN

104

What we're seeing is an elegiac, haunting London, like something from a children's fairy tale.

Six months after the city has been abandoned, nature is reclaiming the streets:

Tree roots have displaced the paving stones in BOND STREET.

Ivy climbs MARBLE ARCH.

The grass in HYDE PARK is savannah-high.

A ZEBRA gallops through KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

105

EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS- DAY

105

MOSS is growing up EROS' LEGS.

The glass on the ELECTRIC BILLBOARDS has been smashed, revealing RUSTING CIRCUITRY.

FLYNN, STONE, SCARLET and DANNY sneak past a looted VIRGIN PICCADILLY...

...and pass FORTNUM AND MASON. The building has been burned out.

Next they pass the RITZ. It's been boarded up.

They turn into GREEN PARK.

106

EXT. THE MALL- DAY

106

Empty.

Our SURVIVORS approach BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

There's a US FLAG flying instead of a Union Jack.

Their pov:

In the middle of the palace's inner courtyard, six armored Humvees form a crude semi-circle. At their centre is an enormous pile of loot. MARINES are adding to it. One spots our four SURVIVORS running for the palace gates.

MARINE
INCOMING! TWELVE O'CLOCK!

Swiftly, MARINES drop whatever they're carrying and train their weapons.

SURVIVORS
Don't shoot!

BRIDGES
Hold your fire.

STAFF SERGEANT
Hold your fire!

LIEUTENANT COLONEL BRIDGES, 37, clean-cut and efficient, looks at his men anxiously.

BRIDGES
Hurry.

STAFF SERGEANT
HURRY IT UP, PEOPLE! THIS IS NOT A
SECURE AREA! I REPEAT: THIS IS NOT
A SECURE AREA.

BRIDGES marches over to the gates.

STONE
I'm Professor Stone. Chief Medical
Officer, Institute of Infectious
Diseases.

SCARLET
Please help us.

CU on BRIDGES, teeth grinding. Things aren't going to plan. He signals and the gates are opened anyway.

FLYNN, STONE, SCARLET and DANNY enter the palace courtyard.

Marines slam the gates shut behind them.

BRIDGES

Lieutenant Colonel Bridges, Asset protection.

FLYNN, SCARLET and DANNY survey the pile of LOOT. It consists of:

Twelve crystal chandeliers; ten tons of gold and silverware; a mountain of antiques; various Royal Portraits (including Freud's of Elizabeth); the queen's throne and enough Beefeater gin to sink an aircraft carrier.

SCARLET

(aside to FLYNN)

Asset Protection? They're looters!

FLYNN

The US taxpayer isn't going to pay to rebuild Britain, is he.

BRIDGES turns to his STAFF SERGEANT.

BRIDGES

Load up and move out.

STAFF SERGEANT

Yes, sir. LET'S GO, PEOPLE- LOAD UP AND MOVE OUT!

BRIDGES turns to STONE.

BRIDGES

You got here just in time.

MARINES start loading up the Humvees with loot.

BRIDGES takes STONE to one side.

BRIDGES

The IID has got a truck-load of explaining to do. Your brief said the mainland was secure: no Infected, no Infection! What used to be a peaceful salvage operation has become a god damn flashpoint.

STONE
Can you take us somewhere safe?

BRIDGES
City Airport. Least I can secure that.

STAFF SERGEANT
Excuse me, sir. I think the doctor should take a look at Private Lascelles.

107 EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE- DAY

107

DANNY is staring at the US FLAG on the palace ROOF.

A MARINE stops and stands beside him.

PRIVATE JONES
My name's Jones.

DANNY
Mine's Danny.

PRIVATE JONES
Good to meet you, Danny. Those your folks?

DANNY turns to see SCARLET and FLYNN.

He swallows his regret.

DANNY
No.

108 INT. HUMVEE- CONTINUOUS

108

PRIVATE LASCELLES is 19. He's lying in the back seat, sweat-drenched, pale and restless.

STONE
Anaemia, psoriasis...

STONE checks his pulse.

STONE
Has he been exposed to Infected blood?

STAFF SERGEANT
That's a definite possibility, sir.

STONE looks closer.

His pov: of a small OCULAR HEMORRHAGE, like a blood clot, bordering Lascelles' right pupil.

On STONE- as he registers the hemorrhage.

LASCELLES tries to speak, but can't.

We've seen these symptoms before...

STONE nods at the STAFF SERGEANT. They step away from the car.

STONE

Shoot him.

BRIDGES

Now?

STONE

Now.

BRIDGES

(riled)

I give the orders here, doc.

STONE

It's not an order. It's an I.I.D guideline.

Beat.

BRIDGES

Sergeant?

STAFF SERGEANT

Sir.

BRIDGES

Have Private Lascelles shot. On the I.I.D.'s recommendation.

BRIDGES shoots a sour look at STONE.

The STAFF SERGEANT signals.

A MARINE steps forward and shoots LASCELLES in the side of the head.

PRIVATE JONES

Sure is, Danny. Only thing we gotta worry about is land mine or an RPG and as far as I know the Infected don't know how to use a rocket launcher.

SCARLET

I wouldn't bet on it.

An INFECTED leaps onto the bonnet and pulls himself up towards the windscreen.

PRIVATE JONES

Damn!

PRIVATE JONES swerves and the INFECTED is thrown off.

PRIVATE JONES

See, they don't realise who they're fucking with. We're not the National Guard. The National Guard aren't trained for this shit! The National Guard are a bunch of fucking weekend warriors. Dead weekend warriors!

The whole car jerks and rumbles as...

114 EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

114

...the INFECTED is crushed under the Humvee's massive wheels, its flesh and bone jammed between the tire treads.

115 INT. HUMVEE- CONTINUOUS

115

PRIVATE JONES continues, trying to keep everyone calm.

PRIVATE JONES

Most guys in the National Guard are on welfare, else they never would have joined. Marines is different. Shaggy was a marine. You like Shaggy, Danny?

DANNY

No.

PRIVATE JONES

No? Who do you like?

DANNY
White Stripes.

PRIVATE JONES
White Stripes? Never heard of them.

Just at that moment there's an almighty THUD on the roof.

FLYNN
What the fuck was that?

DANNY grips SCARLET's hand.

116 **EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS** 116

As they pass beneath a footbridge, we see that an INFECTED has leaped onto the Humvee's roof.

117 **INT. HUMVEE- CONTINUOUS** 117

The INFECTED on the roof leans down over the WINDSCREEN, clawing desperately at the glass.

PRIVATE JONES
Hold on!

He swerves from side to side, but this time the INFECTED holds on.

So he jams on the brakes.

The INFECTED is thrown.

The HUMVEE behind ploughs into us.

PRIVATE JONES hits his head on the steering wheel. Hard.

FLYNN
SHIT!

CORPORAL is unconscious.

FLYNN
You OK?

FLYNN tries to rouse him.

One, two, three INFECTED gather around the vehicle.

FLYNN
He's out cold.

The HUMVEE behind drives past, honking it's HORN.

RADIO (V.O.)
Unit five, get out of there!

118 EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS 118

INFECTED are rocking the motionless HUMVEE from side to side.
Its WHEELS start to lift off the ground.

119 INT. HUMVEE- CONTINUOUS 119

FLYNN, DANNY and SCARLET are trying to drag PRIVATE JONES out of the driving seat.

SCARLET
He's too heavy!

RADIO (V.O.)
Unit five, I said get the hell out of there!

The INFECTED manage to turn the vehicle on its side. DANNY slips down the back seat until he's sitting on SCARLET.

FLYNN
Fuck!

FLYNN grabs the RADIO.

FLYNN
This is unit five!

Now the whole vehicle is pushed over onto its back. SCARLET screams and grabs onto to DANNY. The RADIO crackles and goes dead.

FLYNN
Hello? Hello!

INFECTED start kicking at the doors and windows. SCARLET puts her hands over her ears and shuts her eyes.

One INFECTED starts beating on the windows with a METAL BAR.

Others follow suit, grabbing whatever they can.

One swings at it with an AXE.

SCARLET
This can't be happening!

FLYNN
It is!

DANNY grabs a machine gun. His hands are shaking.

DANNY
Lock and load.

He locks and loads. Hands a GUN to SCARLET.

DANNY
We come out blasting.

On SCARLET.

SCARLET
Danny.

DANNY
Yeah?

SCARLET
I don't know if I can do this.

DANNY
I do. You can. Safety's off. Be careful.

DANNY turns to FLYNN. FLYNN takes out his GLOCK.

FLYNN
On three?

DANNY puts his feet against the passenger door and gets ready to unlock it.

FLYNN does the same.

DANNY & FLYNN
One. Two. Three.

They kick open the doors, firing at the INFECTED outside.

120

EXT. STREET- CONTINUOUS

120

DANNY is the first to emerge from the Humvee, shooting the INFECTED around him in short controlled bursts. SCARLET and FLYNN follow.

He pumps bullets at a lunging INFECTED. She peppers another.

FLYNN

Let's go.

DANNY runs, SCARLET beside him, FLYNN close by.

Now we're pulling our survivors as they turn a corner.

And see up ahead:

121

EXT. CITY AIRPORT- DAY

121

A makeshift fortress.

SCARLET, DANNY and FLYNN come running down the road towards it.

MARINES in WATCHTOWERS are waving and shouting. They're trying to warn us- about what?

FLYNN takes up the rear. More INFECTED appear. FLYNN runs backwards, mowing them down.

As he does so, he steps on a small plastic disc, half-hidden by the dust and debris.

CLICK.

We angle on his right foot. He's standing on a LAND MINE.

On FLYNN.

FLYNN

Fuck!

SCARLET and DANNY look back as they run. DANNY is the first to stop.

DANNY

Flynn!

FLYNN

RUN DANNY!

DANNY hesitates.

INFECTED are converging on FLYNN.

FLYNN

RUN!

DANNY starts running- reluctantly- looking back at FLYNN.

FLYNN grits his teeth.

And shuts his eyes.

FLYNN
Come on, you fuckers.

A beat.

As the INFECTED pile in on him, FLYNN steps off the land mine.

BOOM.

A small but potent explosion rips upwards in a six foot smoke surge, taking four INFECTED with it. There's a beat of muffled silence. Then Flynn's GLOCK lands in the road with a clatter.

122

EXT. AIRPORT GATES- CONTINUOUS

122

SCARLET and DANNY are twenty meters from the entrance.

They're sprinting; screaming at the MARINES on the nearest WATCHTOWER:

SCARLET & DANNY
OPEN THE GATES!

STONE runs out onto the airport concourse.

STONE
Open these gates!

MARINES open the airport gates.

SCARLET and DANNY make it through...

...pursued by a hoard of INFECTED.

Their arms plunge through the wire gates as they slam shut.

A PRIVATE gets caught, pulled back by a forest of grabbing hands that pluck at his eyes, throat and heart.

He screams.

MARINES open fire on the INFECTED, picking them off the fence.

DANNY turns away.

SCARLET
It's going to be OK.

DANNY looks at SCARLET.

They hug each other.

123

INT. CONTROL TOWER- NIGHT

123

A hive of activity.

BRIDGES marches in.

BRIDGES
Flight deck- give me an ETD on a
full evacuation.

STAFF SERGEANT
Whole Island's quarantined, sir.

BRIDGES
Bullshit. We've got classified
cargo clearance. Flightdeck!

FLIGHT DECK (RADIO)
T-minus twenty minutes, Colonel.

BRIDGES
I want everyone out of here in ten.
Staff sergeant?

STAFF SERGEANT
Sir?

BRIDGES
Ditch the cargo and evacuate all
personnel.

124

INT. AIRPORT- NIGHT

124

SCARLET is sitting the cool, calm, air-conditioned peace of
an empty boarding lounge.

She's virtually catatonic.

Through the large window beside her, DANNY can see down onto
the runway:

An enormous HERCULES TRANSPORTER is being loaded and fuelled for take-off.

DANNY puts his hand to the glass- as if touching the plane.

But what he's touching is SCARLET'S REFLECTION.

125 INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

125

STONE is washing his face when he catches sight of something in the bathroom mirror.

ECU: as he leans forward and examines his right eye.

There's a small but acute OCULAR HAEMORRHAGIA identical to the one we saw in LASCELLES' eye.

It grows microscopically.

On STONE. The confirmation of his worst fears.

Then it hits him:

On the mirror right in front of him is patch of MIST caused by his breath.

He breaths out again.

More mist.

And suddenly, a FLASHCUT:

126 INT. LABORATORY- DAY

126

The INFECTED CORPSE is on the autopsy table.

ROSS takes off his mask and breathes a sigh of relief.

127 INT. BATHROOM- NIGHT

127

On STONE, remembering.

Suddenly, on LOUDSPEAKERS all over the airport:

ANNOUNCEMENT
ATTENTION! EVACUATION MEASURES TO
COMMENCE IMMEDIATELY. ALL PERSONNEL
REPORT TO MUSTER STATIONS TWO AND
THREE FOR ROLE-CALL. I REPEAT.
(MORE)

ANNOUNCEMENT (cont'd)
 EVACUATION MEASURES TO COMMENCE
 IMMEDIATELY...

The sound of the EVACUATION ANNOUNCEMENT seems to jerk STONE into action.

Suddenly, he smashes through the bathroom doors and is gone...

128

INT. CO'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

128

BRIDGES is collecting his belongings when STONE bursts in.

STONE

Cancel the evacuation.

STONE speaks forcefully and clearly:

STONE

You asked me what was carrying the disease. I'm here to tell you.

On STONE.

STONE

The four fucking winds.

BRIDGES

What the hell are you talking about?

STONE

Damn it, it's spreading like flu. A cough, a sneeze, a handshake. Taking longer to gestate: maybe an hour, maybe a day. Don't you get it? Anyone could be Infected. If this got off the Island...

BRIDGES

You're not making sense Stone!

STONE

It's airborne!

There's desperate few moments as BRIDGES tries to grapple with this. The problem is, he can't cope. He's already made his decision and he's going to stick to it.

BRIDGES

You're out on a limb. How do I even know you're I.I.D?

On STONE in his yellow Sou'Wester- a bedraggled world away from Chief Medical Officer.

STONE
Cancel the evac...

BRIDGES
You're not in charge here, Stone!

STONE
I.I.D. Regulations: *Military Occupation of a Biochemically Hazardous Area*, section seven, paragraph three- "in the event of quarantine, the Chief Medical Officer assumes full control of containment measures."

BRIDGES
Wrong. We're immune to the travel ban by arrangement with the United States General Accounting Office. My cargo leaves whenever it's ready and that's official.

STONE
I can't allow that. I.I.D. regulations...

BRIDGES
You know what I say to the "I.I.D. regulations"?!
Calmly, STONE puts a the barrel of a GUN to BRIDGES's temple. BRIDGES is taken completely by surprise.

BRIDGES
Jesus, Stone. Don't be a fucking...

STONE pulls the trigger.

129

INT. STAIRWELL- NIGHT

129

The EVACUATION ANNOUNCEMENT is still going.

SCARLET and DANNY are tramping excitedly down the staircase that leads to the tarmac.

SCARLET
Ever been to Paris, Danny?

DANNY
 (awestruck)
 Not in a Hercules.

We angle on the HERCULES TRANSPORTER.

DANNY
 Look at the size of it!

SCARLET
 That's the plane that's going to
 gets us out of here...

SCARLET's pov of the HERCULES...

...as it EXPLODES in a immense core-ball of burning aviation
 fuel.

SCARLET and DANNY hurl themselves to the ground.

SMOKE.

The RUNWAY is strewn with wreckage.

GROUND STAFF start screaming at each other.

SCARLET staggers to her feet from where she's shielded DANNY.

She sees a FIGURE standing in the clearing smoke.

He's holding a RPG (grenade launcher).

SCARLET
 (under her breath)
 Stone.

She turns to DANNY.

SCARLET
 Wait here. I'll be back for you.

DANNY
 OK.

On DANNY- trusting SCARLET for the first time.

130

INT. CONTROL TOWER- NIGHT

130

Everyone is panicking.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER

I say we take the chopper and get the hell out of here while we still can.

STAFF SERGEANT

One chopper for fifty men!? That's a lot of short straws, soldier. I say we stick together!

CORPORAL

He's right. They attack. We defend. We hold the perimeter. If that collapses we move back into this central section here. Sergeant. How quickly can you build a wall?

STAFF SERGEANT

With sandbags? I don't know...

CORPORAL

Then you'd better get started.

STAFF SERGEANT

Yes, sir!

CORPORAL

(to himself)

Where the hell is Lieutenant Bridges?!

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICER

(aside)

Sir, with due respect. Your only plan is to build a wall?

CORPORAL

A secondary defensive wall. From here to here. If they get over that, the redoubt... the final redoubt is the control tower.

131

EXT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE- NIGHT

131

The STAFF SERGEANT and several MARINES climb into the ARMoured HUMVEES- all five of them- and drive them into the centre of the airport.

Then unexpectedly get out.

And overturn them-

-to form part of the SECONDARY DEFENSIVE WALL, piling
SANDBAGS between the vehicles.

We hear an AIR RAID SIREN.

132 EXT. BOARDING LOUNGE- CONTINUOUS

132

DANNY is pacing.

We can hear the sound of the SIREN wailing.

133 INT. CORRIDOR- CONTINUOUS

133

STONE is walking towards us, streaked with oil and smoke.

SCARLET bursts in behind him.

STONE turns and she kicks him in the bollocks.

He drops to his knees.

SCARLET grabs his GUN and presses the barrel to STONE's
temple.

SCARLET

WHY?

STONE

My responsibility is stop the
spread of Infection. It always has
been.

SCARLET

What about us? What about Danny?

STONE

You and Danny are the problem.

SCARLET whacks him across the face with the GUN. STONE
sprawls.

STONE

We *all* are. We die- so billions
won't.

She stands above him, gun cocked, gripping it with both
hands.

STONE

We're Infected.

SCARLET

NO!

STONE

Look at yourself. It's already
inside you. Using you. Consuming
you with rage...

SCARLET pulls the trigger. Before she knows it, she's emptied
all the remaining chambers into STONE's face.

For a moment, she just stares in disbelief at the mess on the
tiled bathroom floor.

Then she pukes.

We ECU on the HEMORRHAGE in her right EYE.

SCARLET bolts from the bathroom.

134 INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE- CONTINUOUS

134

The CORPORAL is overseeing the completion of the SECONDARY
DEFENSIVE WALL.

The STAFF SERGEANT approaches.

STAFF SERGEANT

Sergeant. Lookouts report Infected
to the North West. [Beat] Hundreds
of them.

CU on the CORPORAL. He swallows.

CORPORAL

All right, Corporal. Stand to.

135 EXT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE- MOMENTS LATER

135

The STAFF SERGEANT is marching down a line of PRIVATES
positioned along the fence.

STAFF SERGEANT

Stand to!

All along the line: the sound of WEAPONS readied.

ECHOES of "stand to".

Then quiet.

136

EXT. WATCHTOWER- NIGHT

136

A young MARINE is manning a SEARCHLIGHT. He's listening to THRASH METAL on his headphones.

His POV.

As the light beam picks out a figure in the darkness of the street below.

INFECTED.

The MARINE pans back...

...and the figure is gone.

Pans back again.

And now we see them:

THOUSANDS OF INFECTED

In a long line.

A silent beat.

Then like a tidal wave, the INFECTED break into a run.

BOOTS, SHOES, BARE FEET- sprinting over pavements, cars and road.

The MARINE's mouth opens and his cigarette falls out.

He grabs his gun.

And starts to fire.

137

EXT. BOARDING LOUNGE- CONTINUOUS

137

The sound of the STAMPEDE.

DANNY stops pacing.

The GLASS in the window panels begins to shake.

138

EXT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE- CONTINUOUS

138

Through the perimeter fence we can see the approaching INFECTED- fifty metres away and closing.

STAFF SERGEANT
Fire at will.

We're with the first MARINE as he unloads.

And all down the line as MACHINE GUN after MACHINE GUN
flashes and roars.

139 EXT. STREETS- CONTINUOUS 139

TRACER FIRE streaking through the darkness.

Bullets ripping through the front ranks of the attack as row
after row of INFECTED replaces them, surging onwards with
savagery.

Reaching open ground, what was a line is becoming a semi-
circular front, poised to envelop the AIRPORT.

140 EXT. STAIRWELL- MOMENTS LATER 140

DANNY is running down the stairs.

Suddenly, he stops.

SCARLET is sitting at the bottom with her head in her hands.

Despairing.

DANNY
Scarlet!

She doesn't react.

DANNY runs downstairs towards her.

DANNY
Scarlet!

Suddenly turns and looks up at us.

INFECTED.

There's a moment of confusion.

Neither seems to recognise what they're seeing- SCARLET
because she's no longer Scarlet and DANNY because he doesn't
want to believe she's Infected.

Then SCARLET snarls.

DANNY takes a step back.

And suddenly, the chase is on.

We follow DANNY as he sprints up stairs, down corridors and along walkways, SCARLET at his heels.

He's a fast runner.

But she's faster.

141

EXT. COMPOUND- CONTINUOUS

141

The first INFECTED is making it over the top of the perimeter fence.

A MARINE below shoots upwards and the INFECTED drops on top of him. They struggle. The INFECTED sinks its teeth into the MARINE's cheek.

A second MARINE shoots the INFECTED in the back.

The sheer weight of INFECTED climbing the FENCE is destabilising it. We can hear the CREAK of bending metal.

STAFF SERGEANT

Pull back!

The collapsing fence brings down a WATCH TOWER. Grating and snapping, the thirty meter metal structure starts to lean.

Clinging on, a young MARINE shoots wildly at the INFECTED climbing up towards him.

Below, MARINES are retreating, scrambling over the SECONDARY DEFENSIVE WALL (the Humvees) and firing backwards at the hoard of INFECTED following them.

The STAFF SERGEANT straddles the wall, screaming:

CORPORAL

Pull back!

He throws a GRENADE.

It lands in the midst of the attacking hoard and explodes, splattering the STAFF SERGEANT with Infected BLOOD and BRAIN.

He wipes it from his mouth.

STAFF SERGEANT

Shit.

142

INT. AIRPORT- CONTINUOUS

142

DANNY bursts through a pair of double doors and finds himself in a dead end corridor.

The only other door leads to a small WC with a toilet and a sink.

DANNY slams the door behind him and fumbles with the lock.

Silence.

He gets his breath back.

Puts his ear to the door and listens.

Nothing but the distant roll call for evacuation.

Slowly, DANNY reaches for the lock.

Gently, silently, he turns it back.

And opens the door a crack.

BAM!

SCARLET hits the other side of the door with such force that DANNY is almost knocked off his feet.

A beat.

Then SCARLET leans in, her Infected eyes, wary, savage, looking for DANNY.

That's when DANNY jams kicks the door shut on her neck.

For a moment, SCARLET's stunned.

Then DANNY leans against the sink, his feet pressed to the door, and forces it shut.

SCARLET's neck is still trapped.

She starts choking.

On DANNY.

On his face:

His effort.

His anguish.

And his RAGE.

Until she's dead.

143

EXT. HELIPAD- PRE-DAWN

143

The CORPORAL and RADAR OPERATOR are trying to take off in a CHOPPER.

A sea of INFECTED are grabbing onto its landing rails, stopping it from flying.

DANNY spots his chance.

With the odds stacked against him, he ducks and weaves though the legs of the INFECTED.

The CORPORAL sees DANNY as the INFECTED grab and claw at him, but DANNY is small enough and quick enough to make it.

A few feet from the CHOPPER, he hurls himself into the outstretched arms of the CORPORAL.

As the CORPORAL lifts him above the SEA OF INFECTED, we pull back to reveal:

The SEA has parted, forming a passage between DANNY and the CHOPPER.

Have they let him through?

On DANNY, amazed- as the INFECTED let the chopper go.

It takes off.

DANNY looks down into their silent ranks and they look back up at him- watching him, pregnant with intention.

The CHOPPER ascends into the night sky, washing UPTURNED INFECTED FACES in its down-draft.

144

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL- DAWN

144

The CHOPPER, flying low over the ocean.

Passing a US AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

CORPORAL
Andromeda, this is City Airport,
requesting G.A.O.
(MORE)

CORPORAL (cont'd)
classified cargo clearance, code:
zero-zero-six-one-niner...

RADIO (V.O.)
Roger, this is the USS Andromeda;
have you got personnel on board?

CORPORAL
Two personnel and one civilian.
Sole survivors, sir. But we're A-
OK.

145 INT. ON BOARD THE CHOPPER- CONTINUOUS 145

The CORPORAL turns to DANNY and points up ahead towards the
FRENCH COAST.

We zoom in on DANNY'S FACE.

Gone is the teenage boy.

In his place is something darker.

Something with a tiny ocular HEMORRHAGE in its right eye.

FADE TO BLACK.

146 TITLE: 146

28 DAYS LATER

FADE IN:

147 EXT. FRENCH HOSPITAL- DAY 147

A deserted lobby.

Abandoned AMBULANCES.

Vacant buildings and empty streets.

8 EXT. PARIS- DAY 148

The CHAMPS-ELYSEES

The EIFFEL TOWER

NOTRE DAME

Empty.

But for the occasional pocket of CORPSES.

FADE OUT.

THE END.