

# AWAKENING

Pilot Episode

by

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## AWAKENING

### ACT ONE

BLACK SCREEN

With soft SOUNDS coming up, country sounds, night sounds.

LEILA (O.S.)

Don't say it.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

A two-lane road, deep in wilderness, middle of the night. A Prius sits on the shoulder of the road, dead to the world. It's pitch black out except for the half moon that shows us ZACK and his hot date, LEILA, mid-20s, good schools, making money. Leila is pissed to be stranded.

LEILA

Do not tell me electric cars are good for the environment.

ZACK

They are. They reduce energy use.

LEILA

Yeah, by getting us stuck in the swamps of New Jersey.

ZACK

It's not a swamp.

Zack taps mournfully at his iPhone.

ZACK (CONT'D)

No network.

LEILA

No kidding.

ZACK

We could walk.

LEILA

It's twenty miles to the interstate.

ZACK

So what's *your* plan?

LEILA

My plan is, you're going to buy a new car.

ZACK

(pause)

We could make out.

LEILA

I've got to change my life.

She turns and walks back to the car dejectedly. Pause. Zack pecks the iPhone again. Nothing. Then...

ZACK

Hey... car...

We hear a powerful engine sound. Then another. Headlights flash off the trees and tall grass. Leila steps out into the road.

ZACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

LEILA

As long as it runs on gas, I'm getting in whatever comes along.

And two RANGE ROVERS buck over the rise in the road about a hundred feet away. The bright blue halogens silhouette Leila, waving her arms, and the Rovers brake hard, weaving to odd-angle stops in front of her. Something about them makes her drop her arms slowly.

The doors fly open and about a dozen people spill out, a lot of bodies for just two cars. The guys wear expensive casual, the girls are heavily made up, wild hair, sexy dresses. They're drunk, or tweaked, or something. They surround Zack and Leila, talking all at once, friendly but high. Way high.

The girl in front is ANGELINE, a tiny blonde with reckless hair and a short short blood-red dress.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Hey, thanks for stopping...

ANGELINE

No problem. Wow... you're hot.

LEILA

It's the lighting.

ANGELINE

I don't think so.

And, weirdly, Angeline throws her arms around Leila *and licks her neck*, hard and long. Her friends hoot and holler. Leila breaks her grip and steps back.

LEILA

Whoa, look... not cool. I was thinking of a ride more than, you know... sex.

Angeline runs her tongue over her lips, the taste of Leila's skin getting her even higher.

ANGELINE

Don't rule anything out...

LEILA

Okay, I think we'll get back in our car here...

Angeline and the others are following Leila as she backs away from them. Now Zack steps up with surprising authority.

ZACK

Look, we just need a ride.

A man comes out of the pack. MARK RITTER is nothing like the others. He's in his late 30s, built like a whip, pock-marked face and bright, suspicious eyes.

RITTER

Our cars are full. Maybe we can fix yours.

ZACK

No offense, but I don't think so...

And suddenly there's a sharp SCREAM. Zack whips around to see LEILA reeling away from Angeline in shock. Leila's hand is clasped to her shoulder near the neck, blood pumping and burbling out between her fingers.

LEILA

She *bit* me...

ANGELINE

I did not...

And you'd believe Angeline if her mouth wasn't full of blood and flesh, a good big velociraptor chunk. Her chin is slick with blood as she chews.

And Zack grabs the horrified Leila by the hand and takes off for the Prius. The Range Rover people run after them, baying like dogs.

Zack opens the car door and throws Leila inside, diving in after her. He manages to slam the locks shut a quarter second ahead of the mob, but they don't even slow down. They swarm the car, covering the hood and trunk and roof.

POV SHOT

From inside the Prius shows us what Zack and Leila see: distorted faces, hands pounding on the windshield and windows, muffled screams and barking shrieks. It's terrifying. And then we HEAR:

JAYCE (O.S.)

Are you gonna eat that?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A shiny Manhattan bistro. JENNA LESTRADE, 30, beautiful, smart, warm, looks up from her plate, suddenly guilty.

JENNA

Why... is it too much?

JAYCE  
It's meat.

JENNA  
I eat meat.

JAYCE  
No you don't.

Jenna sighs. Her sister Jayce, 25, high energy, eyes too bright, seldom knows anything about her.

JENNA  
You've been away, Jayce.

JAYCE  
Did you miss me?

JENNA  
I cried a lot.

JAYCE  
No, seriously.

JENNA  
Yes. Seriously.

And Jenna looks back down at her plate. She doesn't like to remember how much she missed her sister.

JAYCE  
So what's with the meat?

JENNA  
My therapist wanted me to. I worked so long to beat the disorder. She said I should, you know... celebrate. Eat everything.

JAYCE  
Which is cool. But look, Jen, honestly... shouldn't we be talking about me by now?

JENNA  
(a smile)  
I'm sorry. Yes. Go.

JAYCE  
Okay.  
(a deep breath)  
His name is Ted, and he's six foot five or something, and he looks like Jesus. Really. Well, if Jesus hung around the gym a lot.

JENNA

And grad school was worth it, and you're looking for a job...

JAYCE

He's like... he's *exhilarating*. He just makes everything up as he goes along. Picture Dad, and imagine the opposite. So I love him. Now you.

JENNA

Now me what?

JAYCE

Look, I'm trying. You always say I only think about myself, so I'm asking about your new man. I swear, I'm even going to look interested while you talk about him.

JENNA

All right. His name is Matt and he manages money, but it's an ethical fund. He's wonderful.

JAYCE

Wow, Miss Perfect's in love. I'll bet he's a total smokestack.

(off Jenna's look)

Mom's word. I think it means he's hot.

JENNA

She hasn't met him.

JAYCE

Dad's got a narc on him, I guarantee. Are you bringing him Thursday?

JENNA

What, to mom and dad's? I haven't done Thursdays in a long time, Jayce. I'm not going to put Matt through that.

JAYCE

Well, as long as you come. I can't go alone.

JENNA

I don't know. I love them... but they're not good for me.

JAYCE

After you're twelve, nobody's parents are good for them. You have to come.

(big eyes)

For me, Jen. It's just one night...

And off Jenna's look we CUT TO...

## EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - NEW JERSEY - AFTERNOON

The scene of the attack. A crime unit is at work, everything taped off. Technicians swarm the car with hi-tech gear.

A middle-aged man, silver hair, piercing eyes, dark overcoat, walks to the duty cop guarding the scene. This is THE HUNTER. He flashes a heavy I-D pack.

THE HUNTER  
US Marshals. Fugitive Division.

The cop nods The Hunter and his partner through. The partner is SIMON, 25, dark overcoat similar to The Hunter's. Tall, tough, short-cropped hair. It's Simon's first day. He's uneasy. Looks back at the cop, speaks to The Hunter quietly.

SIMON  
They didn't mention you were a Marshall when they sent me here.

THE HUNTER  
There's lots they didn't mention.

He's scanning the crime scene like an eagle scans a riverbank. Not knowing what else to do, Simon also scans the scene.

SIMON  
The car door is gone.

THE HUNTER  
I see that.

And The Hunter stalks off into the field of high grass between the road and the tree line. Simon hurries to follow.

## EXT. FIELD - DAY

With Simon and The Hunter walking through the waist-high grass.

SIMON  
Car's registered to a Zachary Ambar. No one's seen him since Monday night, maybe 40 hours ago. No Missing Persons yet 'cause they need forty-eight...

The Hunter stops, looks back at the car, calculating. Starts walking again...

And finds the door from the Prius, lying in the tall grass. Simon looks at it, looks back towards the car.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
How the hell did it get here?

THE HUNTER  
You're the tracker.

Simon scans the tall grass.

SIMON

I don't know. It wasn't dragged. And there's no footprints.

THE HUNTER

Should I tell you?

SIMON

Sure.

THE HUNTER

Someone threw it.

FLASHBACK

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - NEW JERSEY - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Zack and Leila trapped in the car. The howling Range Rover mob around them. Mark Ritter is out of patience. Without hesitation, *he tears the passenger door off its hinges and throws it away into the tall grass behind him*, sailing it an amazing distance as though it were a Frisbee.

There's a stunned silence for a beat. Inside the car, Zack and Leila stare out at the pack, open-mouthed in horror. The pack stares back at them. And then they're pulled out of the Prius like rag dolls, and they scream wildly, helplessly, as they're hoisted up in the air.

BACK TO SCENE

Silence. Simon stares at the car door, then to the road. It's a long ways off.

SIMON

Someone threw a car door seventy yards?

THE HUNTER

Yes.

And The Hunter stalks off through the tall grass towards his sleek black car. Simon calls after him.

SIMON

What do you want me to do?

THE HUNTER

What else? Check it for prints.

And he keeps walking, and we HEAR...

MRS SARKISIAN (O.S.)

The son of a bitch deserved it.

INT. MANHATTAN COURT HOUSE - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jenna's Public Defender office is a somewhat stained and beat environment. She looks across her desk at a pale, handsome woman. Mrs Sarkisian is about 40, with tremendous posture and a look of fixed rage.



JENNA  
I know he did.

MRS SARKISIAN  
He hit me.

JENNA  
I know.

MRS SARKISIAN  
There's pictures of the bruises.

JENNA  
I've seen them.

MRS SARKISIAN  
I got a restraining order. I wasn't going to be hit again.

JENNA  
I appreciate that, Ms Sarkisian.

MRS SARKISIAN  
It's Mrs.

JENNA  
The problem is, it's not a defense for killing your husband.

MRS SARKISIAN  
He can't hurt me anymore. I'd say that's a pretty good defense.

JENNA  
(beat)  
Let me see what I can do.

INT. MANHATTAN COURT HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Jenna moves fast through a corridor jammed with urban court house types -- down and out defendants, harassed staff, cops. Her assistant, ESTELLE, middle-aged and sharp, hurries to keep up.

ESTELLE  
Okay, you have the pre-trial first thing tomorrow in the Chow case, jury selection for Kornblum at noon...

JENNA  
Which one is he?

ESTELLE  
The cat killer. Hears voices. And your hot Mister Yaeger called three times.

JENNA  
I'll get back to him after this. Don't let me forget.

She stops at a door that reads ROBERT GRANT, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY. Another sign tells us Mr Grant is IN CONFERENCE. Jenna tries the door. Locked. Knocks. No answer. She turns to Estelle, who is already holding up her plastic i-d card. Jenna takes it and quickly jimmys the door open.

INT. GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob Grant is a handsome, athletic, political poster boy in his late 30s.

GRANT

I lock it because I'm busy, you know.

Jenna turns his computer screen around. He's playing *Madden*.

GRANT (CONT'D)

What do you want, Lestrade?

JENNA

Cheryl Sarkisian.

GRANT

Shot her husband six times.

JENNA

It's self-defense.

GRANT

Not when you stop to reload.

JENNA

Let her off.

GRANT

How would that help me?

JENNA

It's not supposed to help you. It's the right thing to do.

GRANT

Oh, god.

And he starts playing *Madden* again. She watches him for a beat.

JENNA

Fine. She pleads guilty. You agree to suspend.

GRANT

(considering this)

Well... that could work, I guess. I get the win... she walks away... you go to lunch with me. Everyone's happy.

JENNA

No lunch.

GRANT

No deal.

JENNA

Take the win, Bob.

And she turns and walks out.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jenna is on her way back to her office. Bob Grant walks beside her.

GRANT

You know I'm inevitable.

JENNA

We had a little thing, that's all. I was confused at the time. I have a boyfriend now.

GRANT

Real or made up?

JENNA

Real.

GRANT

What's his name?

JENNA

Matt...

GRANT

Sounds muscular.

JENNA

What are you doing here?

And Grant realizes Jenna's not telling him the name, she's *calling* the name. To her surprise, MATT YEAGER has appeared at the end of the corridor. Matt is six two, piercing blue eyes, Calvin Klein handsome. He holds many, many red roses.

MATT

I have some news.

Jenna is staring past Matt into her office. It's full of roses, the same kind of roses Matt is holding, by the dozen and dozen.

JENNA

It looks like big news.

MATT

I'm moving to London.

And over Jenna, staring at him, we HEAR...

SIMON (O.S.)

There were no matches on the prints from the door.

INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Simon has just arrived in this small, airless space jammed full of filing cabinets. The Hunter sits with excellent posture, absorbed in a file.

THE HUNTER

Where'd you look?

SIMON

Every active file online. It took the whole night.

THE HUNTER

Try the inactive ones.

SIMON

Inactive? Prints aren't inactive until the owner dies.

THE HUNTER

I know. But we're very thorough in this line of work.

SIMON

Okay, so... I'll... check the dead people.

The Hunter is reading a file. Says nothing. Simon shrugs -- what the hell -- and turns away and we HEAR...

JENNA (O.S.)

He wants me to go with him.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - EVENING

Very dark. Too hot. African masks and fetishes all over the walls.

DR KABILA

And what will you do?

DR JUBILEE KABILA is a six-foot Kenyan woman with a beautiful Kikuyu accent and a six-thousand dollar Chanel suit.

JENNA

Well... London is his dream job, and it actually came true. And the first thing he thought about was me. So yes... I want to go with him. I love him.

DR KABILA

Do you.

JENNA

You don't sound happy.

DR KABILA

I eat people's sins. I'm not supposed to be happy.

JENNA

Love isn't a sin.

DR KABILA

No. But it causes them.

(beat)

What did you say when he asked you?

JENNA

That it would be wonderful.

DR KABILA

So you didn't accept on the spot.

JENNA

But I will.

DR KABILA

Because...

JENNA

I told you. I love him.

DR KABILA

More.

JENNA

I... I want my life to be his. And his to be mine.

DR KABILA

And you know enough about him to feel this way?

JENNA

I think so.

DR KABILA

And what does he know about you? Everything?

JENNA

Even the bulimia.

DR KABILA

(exasperated)

Jenna, your eating disorders are in the past. I'm talking about current conditions.

JENNA

Look, I know I've got issues. But they're not out of proportion to other people.

DR KABILA

Good lord.

JENNA

I love this guy and he loves me, and I want to get out of New York and start a new life with him. Is that so hard to understand?

DR KABILA

There's no such thing as new life, Jenna. And you know it.

JENNA

You know, no offense, but after this... my mother's going to be a relief.

DR KABILA

Now you're trying to hurt me.  
(she smiles)  
We're making progress.

And off her satisfaction we CUT TO...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Mark Ritter has been stopped by the cops on a side street. His Range Rover is pulled over to one side and Ritter stands with hands on the roof and legs spread with precision. The police are impressed.

COP #2

You do that pretty well. Lots of practice?

Ritter is a pro. Says nothing.

COP #1

Mind if we look in the vehicle?

RITTER

I went down a one way. You can't search on that.

Cop #2 walks around to the passenger side and opens the door. Ritter stiffens, his eyes like coals.

RITTER (CONT'D)

I said no.

The cop fishes under the passenger seat and comes up with a gun.

And Ritter grabs the cop near him and hurls him head first into the side of the Rover with terrifying strength.

Instantly the second cop has his Taser out. The darts hit Ritter and there's a loud CRACKLING sound as the electricity shoots through him.

And nothing happens. An elephant would be flat on his back, but Ritter just pulls the darts out of his chest.

The cop stares at him in astonishment, and Ritter turns and takes off, except two steps later he comes crashing down as the prone cop drives his billy club into Ritter's ankle.

Ritter struggles back to his feet, hopping on a smashed ankle, but now there's a cop gun at his head from behind.

COP #2

Never seen anyone take a Taser. You want to try a slug?

But Ritter does not. Even he knows his limits.

INT. THE LESTRADE HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jenna has just walked into her parents home, carrying several packages, and is enveloped in the arms of her mother. EUNICE LESTRADE is mid 50s, still vibrant and sexy, beautifully put together.

EUNICE

My girls, my two girls... it's been forever...

Eunice hugs Jenna tightly, too tight, crushing the packages between them.

JENNA

Um, Mom...

EUNICE

What are all these things?

JENNA

Flowers and the Barolo you like.

EUNICE

I don't drink anymore. What's this?

She takes the last bag from Jenna, who quickly takes it back.

JENNA

I've got it.

EUNICE

It's heavy.

JENNA

It's just salad.

EUNICE

You brought food?

JENNA

I always bring food. You know that.

EUNICE

Yes, but... I thought you'd make an effort. For your sister, if not for me.

JENNA

I've been doing this since I was fifteen, Mom...

EUNICE

Can't you be yourself for one night?

JENNA

I *am* being myself. Where's Daddy?

EVAN (O.S.)

Waiting to eat...

INT. THE LESTRADE HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

With Jenna entering, putting the salad on the table. Jayce and her father, EVAN LESTRADE, are in their places. Evan is a prosperous, serious man in his late 50s, well-kept and strong minded. He looks up, happy to see Jenna.

EVAN

There's my girl...

JENNA

(kissing him)

Hi Daddy...

EVAN

You're just in time...

Jenna drops obediently into a chair across from Jayce, who shoots her a look of enjoyment. Jenna is not enjoying anything. Eunice comes bustling in, carrying a large covered serving tray.

EUNICE

Dinner is served...

The CAMERA PANS along the dinner table as the tray is set down. Gleaming Doulton china, candles, decanter, glasses full of blood red wine. Evan folds his hands reverently.

EVAN

For what we are about to receive, may we be truly grateful.

And Eunice uncovers the tray. It's full of human body parts, arms, legs, hands, a rib cage, all sectioned and roasted a rich brown, artfully arranged on a bed of frisee, fingers clawed up.

EUNICE

I hope it's not overdone. The oven's been wonky lately...

Jenna, nearly sick to her stomach, tries to look anywhere but at that platter full of zombie food as her parents dig in.

END OF ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

## INT. FAMILY HOME - EVENING

The Lestrade family are still at the dinner table. Mom and Dad -- Evan and Eunice -- eat with appetites. Jayce is bored. Jenna picks at a salad.

EVAN

Pass the lady fingers, please.

Eunice offers him a bowl. It does in fact contain ladies' fingers in a delicate pile. Evan tries one. Reacts.

EUNICE

What's wrong?

EVAN

Are they from Macoute's?

EUNICE

Of course.

EVAN

They taste different.

EUNICE

They lost their man at the morgue. They're sourcing somewhere else now. Are they off?

EVAN

No, they're fine. Just... different.

EUNICE

You try one, Jenna.

JENNA

I haven't eaten this food since I was fifteen.

EUNICE

Hope springs eternal, dear.

JENNA

It made me bulimic. I threw up for years.

EVAN

You had a nervous stomach. That's all.

EUNICE

Jayce. Try one.

JAYCE

They're not organic.

EUNICE

What are you talking about? Macoute's has the best suppliers. Medical schools, pathologists...

JAYCE

Mom, come on. This could be road kill for all you know.

EUNICE

You loved road kill when you were little. Have some. Here.

And she presses the bowl on to Jayce. And Jayce slaps the bowl away, and snaps:

JAYCE

I only eat *fresh*, all right?

And she's said too much. Even Jenna is staring at her. Eunice and Evan are shocked... and frightened.

EUNICE

You eat fresh?

EVAN

Where are you getting fresh kill?

JAYCE

(uneasy)

You just have to know people.

EVAN

Are you hunting?

EUNICE

(almost wild)

Evan, of course she's not hunting...

EVAN

Are you?

JAYCE

No. Not yet. But I might.

And that send Evan right off.

EVAN

Don't you dare talk like that. Not ever.

JENNA

Dad, she was just--

EVAN

(interrupting)

Being ignorant. But that's no excuse. You didn't live through the Sixties, either one of you.

JAYCE

Here we go...

EVAN

They sent hunters after us. They shot-gunned us like crows, they burned us alive when we tried to hide...

EUNICE

Evan, please...

EVAN

They cornered us at Dellamore.

JAYCE

Dellamore?

JENNA

That tourist trap when we were kids.

EVAN

My parents left me in a barn and lured them away. I heard the shots.

JENNA

Dad, we know this...

EVAN

My father stood up to them. It took four or five rounds. He screamed and screamed. Your mother's parents tried to *trade* her to them, to save themselves...

EUNICE

(almost yelling)

That's enough...

EVAN

(yelling back)

Everyone *knows* it, Eunice.

(beat)

And still... we managed to survive. We made the right choice... to adjust. To fit in with them. That's why you have your lives.

JAYCE

But not my identity. You made us assimilate, Dad. We lost who we were.

EVAN

And you think you'll get it back with this Awakening?

EUNICE

This is nonsense. There's no Awakening.

EVAN

It happens every couple of generations, Eunice. Look around you. Pre-deads are disappearing all over. Our own kind, too. They're hunting. Clancy, at Golf Town. His son disappeared.

(looking at Jayce)

She could be next.

JAYCE

Dad, we *need* to wake up.

EVAN

If we do, we'll be destroyed. Is that what you want?

JAYCE

Of course not. But nobody wants to be a slave.

And Jenna's had enough. She stands.

JENNA

I've got to get back to the City.

EUNICE

What, so soon? You said you had news.

JENNA

It'll keep.

And she walks out, leaving a loud silence behind.

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

A guard leads a handcuffed Mark Ritter down a hall and into...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The guard is cuffing Ritter to a chair as Jenna enters.

GUARD

Counselor...

JENNA

Morning, Gene. I won't need him restrained.

GUARD

You sure?

She nods. The guard looks dubious, but leaves. Jenna turns to Ritter.

JENNA

My name is Jenna Lestrade. I'm your court-appointed attorney.

RITTER

Thanks for the cuffs.

JENNA

You have no priors. You don't seem randomly violent.

RITTER

I'm not.

JENNA

So what happened?

RITTER

I misread a one-way sign.

JENNA

And assaulted two officers.

RITTER

They searched my car illegally.

JENNA

And that made you attack them?

RITTER

It was a mistake. I shouldn't have.

JENNA

They also found an unregistered weapon.

RITTER

I didn't know it was there.

JENNA

It's your car.

RITTER

I loaned it to someone yesterday. It must be his.

JENNA

Who was this?

RITTER

Steve something. Friend of a friend.

Jenna looks at him, not even writing that one down. But Ritter is looking right back at her, suddenly preoccupied by her, intensely curious, almost... *sniffing* her.

JENNA

Is something wrong?

RITTER

No...

And he keeps staring at her. Jenna is unnerved.

RITTER (CONT'D)

You from New Jersey?

JENNA  
What does that mean?

RITTER  
How old are you?

JENNA  
It's none of your business...

RITTER  
(leaning forward)  
I'm older than I look. Unless I let myself go. Know what I mean?

And suddenly Jenna wants to get up, to get out of there, but she can't. It's almost as though she's hypnotized.

JENNA  
No... I don't...

RITTER  
I think you do. You feeling a little... restless lately?

JENNA  
No...

RITTER  
Maybe just... hungry?

JENNA  
This meeting is over...

RITTER  
You know, you're a lot like me.

JENNA  
I doubt it.

RITTER  
You just need to be true to yourself. We all do.

JENNA  
I'm not like you...

He is leaning right in to her now, very close, very intense.

RITTER  
Don't kid yourself.

And she's staring at him, breathing harder, scared, and suddenly the door bangs open and THE GUARD is standing there.

GUARD  
Your office needs you, ma'am.

And Jenna snaps out of it.

JENNA

Thank you Gene. One more minute.

She watches him leave, then turns back to Ritter. She's in charge of herself again, the moment gone.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I can get you bail, if there's someone who can finance it.

RITTER

My girlfriend. Angeline.

(smiling)

She's a lot like you, too...

JENNA

I'll need a number.

And she pushes her legal pad across to him.

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

In the corridor, Jenna talks to the Guard, his back to the window into the room where Ritter sits.

GUARD

Mets won again.

JENNA

They'll break your heart eventually.

She looks at the interview room window. Ritter is staring back at her, terrifying in full-out zombie mode, looking fresh out of the grave, his flesh hanging in shards. He presses his decayed face up against the glass, smiling wickedly at her.

Jenna gasps, but gets control of herself. She turns and gets out of there fast. The guard watches her go. When he opens the door to get Ritter out, Ritter once more looks perfectly calm and normal, as we HEAR...

SIMON (O.S.)

I found a match on the fingerprints.

INT. ZOMBIE HUNTER'S OFFICE - DAY

With Simon entering the jammed office.

THE HUNTER

Very good.

SIMON

No. Not good. We have to talk.

THE HUNTER

About what?

SIMON

They belong to a Mark Randall Ritter.

THE HUNTER

And the problem is...

SIMON

He died in 1968.

THE HUNTER

I see.

SIMON

Slashed throat. Full autopsy. Definitely dead.

THE HUNTER

And this... upsets you.

SIMON

Given that he left fingerprints in New Jersey two nights ago... yeah, it does. What about you?

THE HUNTER

What upsets me is that we haven't found him yet.

(off his look)

Death is not always... permanent. Some of us already knew this. We deal with the problem quietly. Effectively. I was told you might have an aptitude for the work, but... if it makes you uncomfortable, the Marines would be happy to have you back ...

And off Simon's look of disbelief we CUT TO...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

With Jenna hurrying through the crowds. On her cell.

JENNA (O.S.)

I have to talk to you.

We INTERCUT Jayce sitting at a picnic table in a remote country location.

JAYCE

Not in your lecture voice you don't. Can you believe Dad last night?

JENNA

What are you doing, Jayce? And who are you doing it with?

JAYCE

I'm twenty-five, you know.



JENNA  
I just had a client zomb out in front of me.

JAYCE  
All the way?

JENNA  
Dead flesh, worms, the full Romero.

JAYCE  
That is so cool...

JENNA  
No, Jayce, it's not cool. *He knew what I am.*

JAYCE  
So?

JENNA  
Is Dad right? Is there an Awakening?

JAYCE  
I don't know.

JENNA  
Tell me.

JAYCE  
I don't. But we need one.

JENNA  
Look... whatever you're doing, get away from it.

JAYCE  
And be like you? In denial?

JENNA  
They'll slaughter you.

JAYCE  
You sound like Dad.

JENNA  
Dad lived through the last one.

JAYCE  
And I'll live through this one. As myself.

And Jayce hangs up. We widen as she gets up from the picnic table and a sign behind her tells us she's at Dellamore Pioneer Village. The place her dad talked about at dinner. The sign also says "Closed".

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Jenna slams her phone shut in frustration and looks across the street to see...

## EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Matt is waiting for her outside. She dodges through traffic and just about throws herself into his arms.

MATT

Hey... hello to you, too.

JENNA

Are you still going to London?

MATT

Yes...

JENNA

Do you want me with you?

MATT

What do you think?

JAYCE

I'm asking the questions.

MATT

Yes. Absolutely. I want you there and everywhere I'm ever going to be.

JENNA

In that case, I love you.

And she kisses him hard.

MATT

Okay, that's good...

JENNA

(still kissing him)

I wasn't sure if I'd mentioned it...

MATT

You hadn't...

JENNA

Just take me away from here...

And she kisses him again and doesn't stop, and the SOUNDS of the city start to FADE AWAY, and are replaced by sibilant footsteps through brush, and panting, and whimpering, and we go to...

## EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

We're TIGHT on two pairs of feet as they rush through the underbrush, struggling, stumbling.

It's Zack and Leila, the kidnap victims, wide-eyed in terror, sleepless, traumatized. They're gagged, their clothes torn and dirty, their hands bound behind them. A rope ties them tightly together at their throats, and Ritter has the other end, choking them as he pulls them along like dogs.

And now they hear SOUND in the distance. A pounding, rhythmic drumming -- ominous, frightening.

They emerge from the trees and are in the middle of Dellamore Pioneer Village, where we saw Jayce. Light flickers in the old barn in front of them, and the sound of the drums starts to THUNDER and we CUT TO:

INT. BARN -NIGHT

TIGHT on three muscular, shirtless drummers, pounding out a throbbing Haitian rhythm, each man with a voodoo drum set, the Rada Batterie, made up of three tall drums, Maman, Segon, Boula.

The drummers' eyes roll back into their heads as they play. Several dozen people, mostly young, crowd around, swaying to the music, pumped and rowdy.

The drummers stop abruptly, and cheers erupt. They give each other props as Angeline, the ravenous little blonde, jumps on stage like a DJ at Spring Break. She stumbles to the microphone, drunk, tweaked, hot, and really vibey.

ANGELINE

Aw right, aw right... How you doin'? Everybody  
freakin' on a Friday night?

(the crowd roars in response)

Aww right. S'good to have so many of my peeps here...  
kickin' it together... bein' who we are...

(another roar)

Cause... I used to be, y'know, this stupid little club  
slut...

(hoots of approval)

Just full of weed and X and shit... no *purpose*... And I  
never woulda woken up and had my life without this  
guy, and I love this guy for that, so this is... this our  
man... this is Ted...

And the crowd goes nuts as TED steps up on stage and takes the mic from Angeline. Ted is late 20s, very tall, massively cut, with long flowing hair and a really lit-up, brilliant, terrifying look in his eyes.

TED

Is she fine, or what?

(cheers)

Whoa whoa whoa, what was that? What are you guys,  
the living dead? I said, is she fine, or what?

(bigger roars)

That's better. I was worried there for a second. Thought  
I was talking to the pre-dead, or something.

(the crowd laughs, catcalls)

Yeah, that's right. The Pre-Dead.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

That's what we call 'em. But I'm not hatin' on 'em...  
They're just pre-dead. But us... we're the ones who  
know what life is really all about, right?

The crowd roars again. At the back of the room, Ritter is pulling Zack and Leila in with him.

TED (CONT'D)

Cause life is *positive*, man. Life isn't hate. It's not  
knockin' others down. We know what they think of  
us. They use the Z-word to denigrate us. We've seen  
what we look like in their movies.

(boos)

We don't walk, we *lurch*, all numb and dumb, eating  
out their brains... like anybody eats the brains...

(wild laughter)

And then we get our lurching asses blown off...

He does a stereotypical zombie walk, to laughs and cheers. When he comes out of the walk, he's deadly serious.

TED (CONT'D)

Well, they did gun us down once, man. Right here. In  
this place. But now we're here to reclaim this ground.  
We want to live, not hate. We don't discriminate the  
way they do. We don't kill the planet like they do.  
And most of all... we're not afraid like they are.

(the crowd shouts approval)

I'm done with fear, man. And I'm done with hate. All  
I want to do is *live*... And once you get in touch with  
your true dead essence... that's what makes you live,  
man. That's what makes you *live*...

And *his skin starts to move and bubble*. The drummers are back at their drums behind him, and they start to pound a wild voodoo beat.

TED (CONT'D)

I want to show my true self... I want to be it, and live  
it...

And his flesh is sloughing off, falling in rotten bits, bones starting to stick out, the full zombie coming out, and the drums are pounding, ferocious, drunken, and Ted starts to whirl his head around, long ropes of hair whipping...

TED (CONT'D)

Wake up, brothers and sisters! The Awakening is here!  
Say yes to your power and your power will grow.  
Wake up and show them who you really are...

And a guy drops to his knees in front of Ted, going full zombie right before our eyes, from human to six-months-in-the-grave in a few seconds.

And it's sweeping through the crowd, drunk people morphing into full-decay zombies, the excitement and horror flying through the room with the furious drums.

Zack and Leila seem to be screaming, but we can't hear them. Ritter -- zombied out -- holds them each by the hair, his face between theirs, laughing his zombie ass off.

And the drummers are still pounding but the beat is changing, going from ferocious to hard-funky, and the frenzied zombies start to dance with it, and a steady, sinewy, loping bass line starts in along with the drums, and...

Zombies start gathering in the center of the room, dancing together. More and more zombies join the scene and we realize *they are choreographing their moves with each other*. A drummer calls out...

DRUMMER

Come on, y'all, don't tell me you don't know this...

We're up to a dozen fluidly-moving zombies now, and we suddenly realize -- the music has hit into that familiar funky tune, and the dancers are faithfully recreating Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video, move for move. Only this time, the zombies are real.

And Ritter is dragging Zack and Leila out on the dance floor with that insane zombie strength. They twist and buck in horror, their screams drowned out by the pounding music.

Ritter kicks them to the floor and turns to the musicians, making a wide slashing gesture across his throat. Instantly the music cuts. And in the eerie silence, Ted howls from the stage...

TED

Whooooooooo's hungry?

And the dancing zombies swarm over Zack and Leila, howling like hyenas. The feeding frenzy begins. Ted watches with a maniacal smile and we HEAR...

JAYCE (O.S.)

Oh my god, you are so great, and I totally love you...

And Jayce appears beside Ted, the only one in the whole place who still looks human -- allowing for the fact that Zack and Leila have disappeared in the middle of a writhing knot of zombies.

Jayce grabs Ted's grave-worthy face and kisses him, long and deep as bits of his flesh flake off.

TED

Show me that pretty face, baby...

And Jayce zombies out, morphing into a classic decayed corpse.

JAYCE

Come on, before there's nothing left to eat...

And they join the frenzied feeding scene.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

## EXT. RITTER'S HOUSE - NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Deep night, almost dawn. An old, beat, two-bedroom house on a rural road, long driveway, no one around.

The Range Rover pulls up in front of the house. Mark Ritter gets out, gym bag in hand. It seems heavier than a gym bag should be. Ritter walks up the steps to the front door, puts the bag down, fishes for his keys.

And we HEAR the sound of a shotgun pumping.

THE HUNTER (O.S.)

Hello, dead boy.

Ritter doesn't turn around. Just stands there a minute, key in the lock, inches from safety. We stay on his tight, neutral face as we HEAR...

THE HUNTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go ahead. You know you want to.

And Ritter slowly, deliberately, turns around to see The Hunter standing at the foot of the stairs, holding a massive 10-gauge Magnum shotgun on him.

RITTER

Who are you?

THE HUNTER

It's more a case of who you are. Mark Ritter... right?

RITTER

You have the wrong guy.

The Hunter brings the shotgun up to his shoulder, aiming straight at Ritter's face from ten feet away.

THE HUNTER

Murdered, 1968. Slashed in the jugular while trying to kill a man. Is that correct?

And Ritter, looking down both barrels, raises one hand slowly and undoes his shirt, which has been buttoned up, to reveal a jagged slashing hole on the right side of his neck.

THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

When did you re-animate?

RITTER

Two years ago.

THE HUNTER

Been feeding tonight?

RITTER

No.

THE HUNTER

What's in the bag?

Ritter's eyes move down to the gym bag beside him, then back to the Hunter. Pause.

THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

I bet it's heads.

RITTER

It's not heads.

THE HUNTER

Two of them. A man and a woman. Young.

RITTER

No.

THE HUNTER

Not much to eat on a head. But you keep them for trophies. Am I right?

And Ritter knows that there's nothing to do here. Talking wouldn't do any good even if he wanted to. So he hurls himself down the stairs at The Hunter, who doesn't even need to pull the trigger, because

A HUGE SHOTGUN BLAST hits Ritter from the left, shredding half his body and taking him out of mid-air. He crashes to the ground at the foot of the stairs in front of the Zombie Hunter.

SIMON steps out of the shadows, ten gauge in hand. He's shaking, intense, his first time on a kill. We HEAR, but do not see, Ritter thrashing on the ground, half blown apart but still alive, hyena sounds. Simon looks at The Hunter, waiting for orders.

The Hunter walks over to Ritter, aims his shotgun down, and pulls the trigger. A huge boom, a terrible splattering sound. The thrashing and hyena sounds diminish, but don't stop. A human would have been dead on the first round. With the zombie Ritter, two at point blank range haven't finished him. So...

THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Simon takes a deep breath, aims down, and fires a *third* point-blank round. A horrible wet impact, and still some movement, still low whines, and so The Hunter, face blank, pumps his gun and blasts a fourth round into Ritter. Finally, there's silence. Simon is staring down at the blown-apart body.

THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

How did it feel?

Simon looks up at The Hunter. His wide eyes and hard breathing say it all.

THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

Good. You're going to do just fine.

And he picks up the gym bag walks off into the darkness.

DR KABILA (O.S.)

How was your weekend?

INT. DR KABILA'S OFFICE - MORNING

The Doctor has opened her blinds to let the morning in, but the only effect is to throw zebra patterns on her spooky walls, and the sunlight is no less unnerving than the darkness.

JENNA

It was great, thanks. I spent it making plans.

DR KABILA

To flee with your human friend?

JENNA

I'm human too. We all are.

DR KABILA

But we're obviously different, as well. You live as though you were only human. And so you have conflicts.

JENNA

Everyone has conflicts.

DR KABILA

Tell me about these plans.

JENNA

I'm going to resign. I'll take a week off now and go to London with Matt, then come back here to wind up my cases. After that, I'll be free. I'll be with the man I love.

DR KABILA

How wonderful for you.

JENNA

(flaring)

Look, you can't blame me for wanting to get away from this.

DR KABILA

I don't blame anyone for anything.

JENNA

You're in denial about that.

DR KABILA

Leave. Go to London with this man who doesn't even know who you really are.

JENNA

Are you guiltting me? Because I'm going anyway.



DR KABILA

At a time like this. With our people in such danger.

JENNA

They're not my people.

DR KABILA

You're only fooling yourself.

JENNA

And what danger? Specifically, what?

DR KABILA

As if you don't know.

JENNA

I want to hear it from you.

DR KABILA

If that's what you need.

(beat)

We're waking up. Some of us are hunting... and feeding.  
And it always leads to slaughter.

Jenna is frightened. Says nothing.

DR KABILA (CONT'D)

You're thinking of your sister.

JENNA

I don't know why. She wouldn't give me a second  
thought.

DR KABILA

Whether she does or not, you have the same problem.  
I know you, Jenna. You were born to help. And so  
you must not leave now.

JENNA

Why not?

DR KABILA

Because it might not be too late. If enough of us resist,  
this Awakening could die out. It's not inevitable. But  
if you turn your back on the struggle, you will never be  
the same.

JENNA

I'm sorry. It's just not my fight.

And off the CLOSE shot on her face, we HEAR...

ESTELLE (O.S.)

He's in your office.

## INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Jenna has just stepped off the elevator and into the crowded corridor. Estelle, her assistant, is waiting for her, files in hand. Estelle is worried.

JENNA

Who's in my office?

ESTELLE

He didn't give a name. He has an S-1.

JENNA

An S-1?

ESTELLE

All access, all times. I'd never seen one before.

## INT. COURTHOUSE - JENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

With Jenna entering, all business. The office is still jammed with the dozens of red roses that Matt brought.

JENNA

I'm Jenna Lestrade.

And we REVEAL The Zombie Hunter in Jenna's chair, watching as Jenna's printer spits out sheets. He turns to her, courteous, intimidating.

THE HUNTER

Carl Hunter. US Marshals. I see you like roses.

JENNA

Anything on that computer is protected by law.

THE HUNTER

I don't care for roses myself. They smell like funerals.

JENNA

I'll need some I-D.

He hands her the badge pack.

JENNA (CONT'D)

S-1 access... never heard of it.

THE HUNTER

I'm with US Marshals Fugitive Investigations. I mostly handle... cold cases. Where's Mark Ritter?

JENNA

He made bail. I wouldn't know where he is.

THE HUNTER

Perhaps he told you something.

JENNA

No.

THE HUNTER

Some hint of where he'd go.

JENNA

Nothing.

He settles into a chair across from her desk, looking at her empty chair. Waits. It's unnerving. Jenna finally comes around, sits opposite him. But she's not going to give him the satisfaction of asking anything. There's a beat. Then:

THE HUNTER

What sort of name is Lestrade?

JENNA

French, I think.

THE HUNTER

But not from France.

JENNA

New Jersey.

THE HUNTER

I'm working there. For a while, I expect.

(beat)

Maybe I'll see you.

And he gets up and goes, taking his papers with him. She waits a second... She watches, thinking. He looks at her computer monitor. It shows the last page he looked at -- the personal contact information of Angeline Del Gatto. She picks up her phone.

JENNA

Estelle, get me the US Marshals Service...

#### SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

A series of TIME DISSOLVES shows Jenna on her speaker-phone, wading through a forest of calls. She jump-cuts around the room as time passes.

VOICE (O.S.)

US Marshals Service. Please hold...

CUT TO:

MAN'S VOICE

No, no one by that name in your area. If he's special DoJ, you might try D.C...

CUT TO:

VOICE

You've reached the Department of Justice. Please hold...

CUT TO:

DOJ VOICE

No, he hasn't been in this office in two or three years. Last I heard, he was seconded to the Bureau.

CUT TO:

VOICE

At the Federal Bureau of Investigation, your call is important to us--

CUT TO:

Muzak comes from the phone, Jenna's frustration grows.

CUT TO:

FBI VOICE

I've never heard of an S-1 myself. Let me transfer you to US Marshals...

CUT TO:

VOICE (O.S.)

US Marshals Service. Please hold.

She slams the phone off and looks back to the monitor. She picks up the receiver, dials. Grimaces. Answering machine.

JENNA

Ms Del Gatto... Angeline... this is Jenna Lestrade in the Public Defender's office. I know we've never met, but... I'm working with your friend, Mark Ritter, and... someone is looking for you, and I... I thought you should know. I don't know why. I just thought I should tell you that.

She hangs up, not sure what she's just done or why she did it. She startles as her door opens. Estelle looks very worried.

ESTELLE

Your mother's on the phone.

JENNA

Not now.

ESTELLE

Your sister's disappeared. Her phone's dead. They can't find her anywhere.

And off Jenna's shock we HEAR...

MATT (O.S.)

Look, I'll delay. It's not the end of the world.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

With Matt and Jenna at the bar, untouched cocktails in front of them.

JENNA

They need you in London.

MATT

You need me here.

JENNA

No... I don't. I can find her on my own. Jayce pulls this crap every couple of years. It won't be hard.

She leans in impulsively, and kisses him.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I'll probably be in London by the weekend.

MATT

You're not telling me something.

JENNA

What?

MATT

If I knew, I wouldn't bring it up.

JENNA

I tell you everything. Even when you don't want me to.

MATT

Not this time.

JENNA

You're crazy. Which I love. But I have to go find her.

MATT

I'll come with you.

JENNA

You leave tomorrow night. Go pack. I'll call you.

And she kisses him again and walks out. He's not happy.

EXT. A NEW YORK NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Club kids lined up outside a steel door. Angeline spills out, short short lime green dress, club guy draped all over her. They make out until Angeline breaks free.

ANGELINE

I gotta find my boyfriend. I love him, you know.

And she licks the guy's face again, and gets into a yellow cab as it pulls up.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

ANGELINE

Newark.

And the cab pulls away. Angeline watches out the window, sill high, but anxiety creeping in. The cab slows down. Stops. A door opens. The Zombie Hunter slides in beside Angeline, his ten gauge shotgun coming from under his long coat.

ANGELINE (CONT'D)

Oh god... don't...

THE HUNTER

I just want your phone.

SIMON

And the password.

And we see that the cab driver is SIMON, and he has his own ten gauge trained on her from the front seat.

ANGELINE

Please... I'll do anything...

EXT. TAXI - NIGHT

From across the street we hear a huge flat BOOM and see a bright flash inside the parked cab. Angeline's curly hair smacks against the window. Another BOOM and flash, then a third. Smoke drifts from inside the taxi. Simon and The Hunter get out, splashed with blood. The Hunter hands an iPhone to Simon.

THE HUNTER

Check her Facebook. I'm sure she has lots of friends.

And he walks away. Simon follows, tapping at the phone. The cab door still open.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

## INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

Even thicker than usual with the people who inhabit a public defenders office -- the weird, the hopeless, the dangerous. Jenna pushes her way through, face set, more dangerous than any of them.

## INT. BOB GRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Grant looks up as Jenna comes through the door.

BOB

You'll notice I don't even bother to lock it anymore.

JENNA

My sister's disappeared.

BOB

No problem. Missing Persons owes me big.

He picks up the phone and starts to dial, but Jenna hangs it up.

JENNA

It has to be off the books.

BOB

Why?

JENNA

She's unstable. If we go on record, she could lose her insurance.

BOB

So what do you want me to do?

JENNA

Track her credit cards. GPS her phone.

BOB

That's illegal.

JENNA

If I wanted legal, I wouldn't need you.

BOB

Oh... so now you need me.

JENNA

I don't need you, Bob. My sister does.

And we hear...

SIMON (O.S.)

What kind of name is Jayce?

## INT. ZOMBIE HUNTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tight on a picture of Jayce. It's onscreen as Simon goes through Facebook friends on Angeline's iPhone.

THE HUNTER

What's the last name?

SIMON

There's none on the whole phone. First names only. And they're probably just tags.

THE HUNTER

Too bad. Usually, the more awake they are, the less cautious.

(an unpleasant thought)

Maybe they're evolving...

SIMON

Some of these pictures have the same background.

He puts up a picture on the computer. It shows Angeline and several other hot young zombies at Dellamore Pioneer Village.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Like a film set or something.

Several other pictures show the same scene. The Hunter obviously recognizes it.

THE HUNTER

No, that place is very real. My father did some of his best work there.

SIMON

Yeah? What did he do?

THE HUNTER

Same thing I do. It's kind of a family business. A calling.

And off his distant, thoughtful look we CUT TO...

## INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sort of a 60s radical place, almost bare, spare furniture, posters of a young Dylan, a Goddard film, Joy Division. Ted is moving around with his usual energy.

TED

You seen my keys?

JAYCE

You know, if I wanted jail, I could live with my parents.

TED

Now there's an empty threat.



JAYCE  
Why do you get to go out and I don't?

TED  
Because I'll come back alive.

He locates his keys and heads for the door.

TED (CONT'D)  
Keeps the blinds down. Run a movie.

JAYCE  
You have control issues.

He's trying to be patient, since he actually does care about her.

TED  
Look. Where's Ritter?

JAYCE  
How would I know?

TED  
Angeline?

JAYCE  
Ripped somewhere.

TED  
What if they're dead?

JAYCE  
You're paranoid.

TED  
When was the last time you went twelve hours without  
a tweet from that ho?  
(she's silent)  
Right. And Ritter checks in all the time, too. But not  
since the party.

Silence. Then:

JAYCE  
Do you really think they're dead?

TED  
No clue. But we need food. I'm going to Macoute's.

JAYCE  
I only eat fresh.

TED  
So what do you want me to do?

JAYCE

Hunt for me.

TED

(exasperated)

God, you're spoiled. It's a good thing you're hot.

JAYCE

How hot?

And he grabs her and kisses her. Hard.

JAYCE (CONT'D)

I want to know how hot... *Show me...*

And he zombs out, his face turning to decay, his thick tongue licking her face and neck. She's totally in love with him.

JAYCE (CONT'D)

Oh, god... more...

And he suddenly morphs back to his human face and pushes her away.

TED

Stay here. Don't move.

Ad he walks out. She's left shivering and alone.

INT. JENNA'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jenna drives, Matt in the passenger seat. Silence.

MATT

So...

JENNA

None of her friends have seen her. Her phone is dead.

MATT

I should stay.

JENNA

It's not that serious.

MATT

If it's not serious, come with me. We'll re-book at check-in.

JENNA

I can't. Honestly. I'll be there next week.

(beat)

It's just as well. I have to wrap a few cases.

(beat)

And tell my parents.

MATT  
You haven't told your parents?

JENNA  
I was getting to it.

There is a long pause.

MATT  
You know... it's all right if you're having second thoughts.

JENNA  
I'm not.

MATT  
This is a big deal. I get that. I might have rushed you.

JENNA  
No, Matt... honestly. If anyone's rushing, it's me.

MATT  
It doesn't make sense. Your sister disappears, but it's not serious, so I should go to London. But *you* won't come to London, because it's serious.

JENNA  
That's not what it is.

MATT  
You're not telling me something, Jen.

JENNA  
No, I swear. Don't worry. I love you.

MATT  
I love you, too.

And they settle into silence. But it's not a happy silence.

INT. ZOMBIE HUNTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Simon is as excited as he ever gets. He turns his laptop so The Hunter can see it.

SIMON  
I found a map for Dellamore.

The Hunter studies it.

THE HUNTER  
Remote... multiple access... they like that...

SIMON  
What do you want to do?

The Hunter is lost in thought for a beat. Then:

THE HUNTER

Send a message to someone in her book... see if they respond...

And off The Hunter's look CUT TO...

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

With Matt and Jenna in front of the door into the Security area. They are both unhappy.

MATT

Okay. I guess this is it.

JENNA

Yeah. Have a good flight.

MATT

Thanks.

(beat)

You should let me stay.

JENNA

I don't want that. Go start your job. I'll be there soon.

MATT

(beat)

Please, Jen... tell me what's wrong...

JENNA

Nothing's wrong.

MATT

Is it just me, or are we breaking up?

JENNA

What? No... god, no. Why would you say that?

MATT

I don't know. I just feel like... I'm on Mars, or something. Like I'm missing whatever's going on with you.

JENNA

Look, Matt... get on the plane. I'll call you tomorrow, I'll see you next week. I'll bring deli. Deli fixes everything.

MATT

Okay.

(beat)

Deli.

JENNA

Deli.

And he leans in and kisses her. Uncertain. She kisses back. But she's uncertain, too. He turns and walks through security. He doesn't look back. She's left alone.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jayce watches a Goddard flick on the flat screen without interest. Bored. Restless. We hear a chiming sound. She grabs her iPhone. Angeline's voice reads the text for us.

ANGELINE'S VOICE

J girl are u there Mark left me at Dellamore hasn't  
come back I'm scared can u get me love Ange

And Jayce texts right back...

JAYCE'S VOICE

Ange on my way

And she's off the couch, throwing her jacket on as she flies out the door.

INT. JENNA'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jenna drives through the night, tears streaming down her face. It feels like the end of the world. The phone rings. She punches the hands-free.

JENNA

Jayce?

We INTERCUT Bob Grant in his office.

GRANT

It's Bob. What's wrong?

JENNA

Nothing.

GRANT

You're crying.

JENNA

What's up, Bob?

GRANT

Your sister changed her cell yesterday. I have the new  
number.

JENNA

Shoot.

GRANT

How's Matt?

JENNA

Give me the goddamn number, Bob.

And he starts firing numbers, and she's scrawling them down

EXT. DELLAMORE PIONEER VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Hunter's car is parked on top of a hill overlooking the pioneer village site from a few hundred yards away. All around, we see tombstones in the moonlight -- the pioneer cemetery. Simon and The Hunter stand by their car.

THE HUNTER

Nice little spot.

We see they are both carrying shotguns.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

## INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jenna is starting to dial the number Bob gave her when she's interrupted by an incoming call. She answers.

JENNA  
Estelle?

ESTELLE  
Hi. I know it's late, but I've got some news and you're not going to like it.

JENNA  
Things can't get any worse tonight.

ESTELLE  
Your client is dead. Mark Ritter. Shot to pieces.

JENNA  
Oh, god. Any leads?

ESTELLE  
Not yet

JENNA  
Okay. Send the report, will you?

And she hangs up. Her insides are going to water. She knows what's happening now. When she punches in Jayce's number, her hands are shaking.

## INTERCUT:

## INT. JAYCE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jayce is also driving, listening to techno music that's cut off by the incoming call. She answers, irritated.

JAYCE  
How'd you get this number?

JENNA  
Jayce, don't hang up. Something's happened.

JAYCE  
Can't hear you. Living life.

JENNA  
I can help you. Where are you?

JAYCE  
Everything's fine. I'm going to Dellamore to pick up a friend. Stop freaking on me.

JENNA  
The Pioneer Village? In dad's stories?

JAYCE  
Yeah. This guy I know bought it. It's a cool hang.

JENNA  
Get off the road. The hunters are out.

JAYCE  
Oh, for god's sake, Jenna, we're not kids. There's no such thing as zombie hunters.

JENNA  
The guy I told you about... my client who zombied out...

JAYCE  
Yeah...

JENNA  
He's dead. Shot-gunned.

JAYCE  
When?

JENNA  
I don't know. They're sending me the report.

JAYCE  
What was his name?

JENNA  
Mark Ritter.

To Jayce, that's a gut shot. For the first time, she has to take something seriously. But she isn't afraid. She's just suddenly quiet and focused.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Jayce... are you there?

JAYCE  
Yeah.

JENNA  
Did you know him?

JAYCE  
No.

JENNA  
I tried to contact his girlfriend... a woman named Angeline. But she never called me back.

And now Jayce knows that Angeline must be dead, too... and couldn't have sent her that message. Her face is like stone. The muscles in her throat work in rage.



JENNA (CONT'D)

Please. Just turn around and go home.

JAYCE

I can't.

JENNA

Then I'm coming with you. Matt flew out of Newark.  
It's not far.

Jenna's punching away at her GPS.

JAYCE

Don't. You won't be able to help.

JENNA

Jayce, please, just *turn around*...

JAYCE

I can't.

JENNA

Then I'll see you there.

JAYCE

Don't come in the front way.

And Jayce hangs up, and the furious techno music blasts back on. Jayce stares straight ahead as she kicks down on the gas.

EXT. DELLAMORE PIONEER VILLAGE - NIGHT

Silence and moonlight. The Hunter and Simon walk down the main street.

SIMON

Back gate's closed, so she either comes in the front or  
over by the barn.

THE HUNTER

If she comes at all.

(sizing it up)

You take down there. I'll watch from up here.

They move to find cover. Each of them carries his Magnum 10 gauge.

EXT. GAS BAR - NIGHT

Jayce has just finished filling up her car. She moves to the tiny glass cell where the CASHIER sits. The cashier is about 19, goth, oblivious to the world due to the din in her earbuds. Jayce raps on the window. The cashier startles.

CASHIER

What number?

JAYCE  
Three. You alone?

CASHIER  
Why?

JAYCE  
Nothing.

And Jayce is staring at the cashier as we go to...

EXT. JENNA'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Way past the speed limit.

INT. JENNA'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jenna is really scared. No idea what to do. Finally, she hits the voice dial.

JENNA  
Call Grant.

We hear the phone dialing, connecting. Then an answering machine.

BOB  
You've reached Bob Grant, Assistant District Attorney  
in Manhattan, and if you have this number you're an  
intimate friend, so leave a message.

The beep. Jenna starts to speak, then stops. No idea what to say. Starts again.

JENNA  
Bob, it's... shit.

And she hangs up.

INT. DELLAMORE - BLACKSMITH'S SHOP - NIGHT

The Hunter watches out the window towards the main gate. Something catches his eye through the window behind him. A quick flash of light. He moves to see...

POV

High on a rise above the village, headlights cresting a hill. They show us the silhouettes of gravestones, shards of light breaking between them like a prism. The car stops.

BACK TO SCENE

The Hunter thinks for a moment, looks around. He pumps a shell into the chamber of his shotgun and starts to move out towards the hill, staying in the shadows. The car is a couple of hundred yards away, but his pace is deliberate. He has lots of time.

EXT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jenna passes the sign that identifies Dellamore Village.

## EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Hunter still moves towards the car, which sits motionless in the hilltop cemetery, its headlights blazing. His finger rubs rhythmically on the side of the shotgun.

## EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Jenna rolls to a stop, gets out of her car. Off Jayce's warning, she's parked a little ways off from the village. She starts to walk through the moonlit darkness, alone, afraid. But still walking.

## EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Hunter steps slowly into the cemetery. He knows what he's doing -- he's doubled around, coming at the car from the rear, in the dark, away from the stabbing headlights.

It's Jayce's car.

## EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE - NIGHT

Jenna arrives at the village and looks around, trying to see what, if anything, is going on. Nothing. But, up on the hill...

## EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Hunter has inched right up to the driver's window. He pauses, takes a quick breath, then smashes his gun through the window and into the face of...

THE GOTH GIRL from the gas bar. She screams as the glass blows in on her, and AGAIN as the double barrels stop inches from her face. Her hands are duct-taped to the wheel.

CASHIER

Don't shoot, don't shoot, I'm not her...

THE HUNTER

You're not who?

CASHIER

The bitch made me drive up here. She said she'd let me go if I did what she wanted...

The Hunter stares at her, furious.

## EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE - NIGHT

In the village below, Jenna stares up at the hill, wondering what's happening. Suddenly, there's a sound behind her. She whirls to see--

JAYCE

Who looks at her desperately and hisses...

JAYCE

Get out of here...

And something about the way she says it makes Jenna step back into the shadows as Jayce takes off at top speed, and that was a good decision because...

SIMON runs right past the hidden Jenna, shotgun in high carry. As Jenna watches in horror, Jayce races into the barn. Simon is right behind her. An instant after they disappear from sight there's a SHOUT and then the terrible sound of a shotgun blast.

EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE CEMETERY - NIGHT

The Hunter reacts to the distant blast, wheeling around, peering into the darkness, waiting for another blast. There is none. He moves off, shotgun ready. The cashier yells after him...

CASHIER

Well, don't *leave* me here...

EXT. PIONEER VILLAGE - NIGHT

Jenna is horrified. She creeps to the barn, straining to hear something... anything. Gets nothing. She hesitates, but she has to know... so she opens the door and is face to face with...

JAYCE

Whose face is a mask of blood. Jenna would scream except that Jayce snakes a hand out and covers her mouth.

JAYCE

Don't freak.

JENNA

You're hurt...

JAYCE

No... just hungry.

And she smiles a ghoulish, ravenous smile, and we realize... *it's not her own blood* that covers her face. Jenna looks down and sees...

SIMON

Lying on the ground just inside the barn. He stares blankly up at the roof. His shotgun lies a few feet away. Most of Simon's throat has been torn out.

JENNA

Oh god, Jayce... oh god...

JAYCE

He's *so good*, Jen... you gotta try him...

JENNA

Come with me.

And she grabs Jayce by the arm, but Jayce makes a horrible noise, somewhere between a hiss and a hyena's scream, and she rips herself away from Jenna and drops on all fours on top of Simon, tearing his freshly-dead flesh with powerful hands, stuffing it into her mouth.

Jenna is open-mouthed in horror. Jayce is still feeding, tearing off chunks of the dead man and stuffing them in.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Jayce, you can't...

JAYCE

Oh, god, that's good heart. You gotta have heart...

JENNA

Please... you can't live with this...

JAYCE

I can't live without it, sis. And neither can you.

JENNA

Don't say that. I'm nothing like you...

JAYCE

Don't fool yourself. This is who we are.

Jayce want to stuff more of Simon into her mouth, but something stops her. She looks off into the night, towards the path the Hunter has to take back from the cemetery.

JAYCE (CONT'D)

He's coming.

JENNA

I don't hear anything.

JAYCE

Cause you're not awake yet. Trust me, Jen... go now, or die.

And the way she says that is so intense, so real, that Jenna knows it's true. Jenna doesn't know what to say. But Jayce does. Her face returns to normal and she says...

JAYCE (CONT'D)

I love you, sis.

Jenna almost gasps. Tears start in her eyes. She looks straight back at Jayce and says...

JENNA

I love you too..

And then she runs off into the darkness.

The HUNTER

Stalks towards the barn. The gun is ready.

JENNA

Hurls herself through the night in the deep brush, stumbling, panting, looking back compulsively into the nothingness behind her.

EXT. THE BARN - NIGHT

The Hunter comes around the corner, shotgun ready, and sees...

Nothing. Jayce is gone. All that's left in the black night is the garish silver moon shining into the barn to reveal Simon... wide-eyed, open-mouthed, and gutted, chunks of him gone. The Hunter just stands there, helpless fury welling up, and we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Jenna drives across the George Washington, back into the city. She's got a thousand-yard stare, face blank, trying to keep herself in control after this terrible night. And we DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - NIGHT

Jenna walks towards the door to her house. A figure steps out of the shadows behind her, approaching rapidly. She hears the footsteps, wheels around and sees...

MATT.

MATT

I can't go anywhere that you're not going. We have to be together.

And she doesn't say anything. She just collapses into his arms. They kiss and kiss as the camera wheels around them, and music sweeps in, a swirling electric piano solo against a dark, romantic beat. It feels like we're at the end of the story, but we DISSOLVE THROUGH to...

EXT. SUBURBAN BACKYARD - DAY

With Matt and Jenna emerging from a handsome little house on Long Island on to the back patio. The music carries over as source from an iPod player. We start to recognize the song as a classic rock hit, but we can't put our finger on which one. A TITLE tells us it's ONE WEEK LATER.

JENNA

I'm a little nervous.

MATT

Don't be. We're doing the right thing. And my dad is great.

And we see Matt's dad at the far end of the yard, doing some gardening. He tosses down his spade, turns and comes toward them. He seems different in these suburban surroundings, in his Hawaiian shirt, but there's no doubt...

*Matt's dad is the Zombie Hunter.*

THE HUNTER

Hello there, stranger...

MATT

Hey, Dad. This is Jenna...

Jenna can't believe what she's seeing...

THE HUNTER

Why... I believe I know this young lady.

MATT

You do?

And The Hunter turns to Jenna, all warm smiles, as though he's going to hug her.

THE HUNTER

We met this week... in her office.

The Hunter takes her hand and holds it in both of his. He could not possibly be warmer, more intimately friendly.

THE HUNTER (CONT'D)

So you're the girl Matt's in love with...

And his eyes are staring straight into hers. She's breathless. All she can do is smile and nod.

JENNA

That's me...

The Hunter smiles right back, his eyes crinkling with good will.

THE HUNTER

I hope you brought an appetite.

And we're tight on Jenna and then pulling back to reveal more and more of the scene, faster and faster as we finally recognize the Classic Rock hit that plays on the soundtrack...

SINGER (V.O.)

Her voice was soft and cool/ Her eyes were clear and bright/ But she's not there...

It's The Zombies.

And by now we're all the way back to the hole that the Hunter was digging at the far end of the yard. A gym bag is at the bottom of the hole, ready to be covered up. It's the bag he took from Ritter. The one with the heads in it.

And as the music hits its final slamming note we

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END