

DAWN OF THE DEAD
by George A. Romero

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"WHEN THERE IS NO MORE ROOM IN
HELL THE DEAD WILL WALK THE EARTH"

DAWN OF THE DEAD

a screenplay by

George A. Romero

1 We see the face of a young woman. She is asleep. It is very quiet at first, as credits appear. The woman's face begins to twitch, as though she is having a bad dream. She moans slightly and her expression grows more desperate.

A mix of subtle sounds begin to fade in. As they get louder, we can discern what sounds like a busy office area. It is actually a frantic television studio with the hum of panic in a national emergency.

The woman's moans get louder and more desperate as the background sounds reach full volume and the credits stop. The woman sits up, snapping awake.

2 She lurches forward into the arms of a strong young man. She is Francine, twenty three years old and very attractive, although she is gritty with dirt. Her hair is hanging, dishevelled and sweaty. Her jeans and blouse have been worn for several days.

She is sitting on the floor, where she has slept the last several hours, covered by an old overcoat.

Tony: YOU OK?

Fran stares at the young man. She is shaking. She doesn't speak.

Tony: THE SHIT'S REALLY HITTING THE FAN.

The girl tries to clear her head as the young man moves on to where others sleep on the floor. He wakes them up one at a time. We begin to hear voices over the busy hum of the studio. They have an electronic tinniness, as broadcast over a monitor. Fran looks about. She is still shaken from her dream.

3 We see the television studio. Reporters buzz about madly. Everybody looks dishevelled and exhausted. Technicians man monitors, and we see people on the little screens, arguing emotionally...

4 Voice: WHAT'S MAKING IT HAPPEN? WHAT THE HELL
 DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, WHAT'S MAKING IT
 HAPPEN.

Voice: YES, BUT THAT'S...

Voice: THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STUDY. THEY'RE TRYING...

Voice: BUT IF WE KNEW THAT, WE COULD...

Voice: WE DON'T KNOW THAT! WE DON'T KNOW THAT!
WE'VE GOTTA OPERATE ON WHAT WE DO KNOW!

5 The room is pandemonium. People run in with wirecopy; others organize the stacks of bulletins as they arrive. Others trip over cables and generally get in each other's way.

6 Francine stares at the madness, still trying to clear her head.

Man's
Voice: I'M STILL DREAMING.

Fran turns her head. Another young man sits next to her on the floor. He is one of the ones who Tony awakened.

Fran: NO YOU'RE NOT.

Woman: MY TURN WITH THE COAT.

Fran looks up. A young woman is offering her coffee in a paper cup. She is next in line for the overcoat and

a few hours sleep. Fran takes the coffee and struggles to her feet.

Woman: THE GUYS ON THE CREW ARE GETTING CRAZY.
A BUNCH OF 'EM FLEW THE COOP ALREADY.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER WE'LL BE ABLE
TO STAY ON THE AIR.

7 Fran staggers over to the control consoles. The technicians are at the end of their ropes.

Technicians: WATCH CAMERA TWO...WHO THE HELL'S ON CAMERA
(all at once) TWO, A BLIND MAN...
WATCH THE FRAME...WATCH THE FRAME...
ROLL THE RESCUE STATIONS AGAIN.
WE GOT A REPORT THAT HALF THOSE RESCUE
STATIONS HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT.
SO GET ME A NEW LIST.
SURE, I'LL PULL IT OUTA MY ASS.

Fran focusses on the monitors. She is incredulous... stunned by the madness which surrounds her. She realizes the hopelessness of the situation as she zeros in on the televised conversations.

8 We begin to listen over the din of the newsroom.

TV Man 1: I DON'T BELIEVE THAT, DOCTOR, AND I DON'T BELIEVE...

TV Man 2: DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE RETURNING TO LIFE?

TV Man 1: I'M NOT SO...

TV Man 2: DO YOU BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE RETURNING TO LIFE AND ATTACKING THE LIVING?

TV Man 1: I'M NOT SO SURE WHAT TO BELIEVE DOCTOR!

9 Suddenly we cut into the studio, and we see the argument as it is being shot.

TV Man 1: (con't)
ALL WE GET IS WHAT YOU PEOPLE TELL US.
AND IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO BELIEVE...

TV Man 2: IT'S FACT... IT'S FACT...

TV Man 1: IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO BELIEVE WITHOUT YOU COMING IN HERE AND TELLING US WE HAVE TO FORGET ALL HUMAN DIGNITY AND...

TV Man 2: HUMAN DIG... YOU CAN'T...

TV Man 1: ...FORGET ALL HUMAN DIGNITY...

TV Man 2: YOU'RE NOT RUNNING A TALK SHOW HERE, MR. BERMAN...YOU CAN FORGET PITCHING AN AUDIENCE THE MORAL BULL SHIT THEY WANT TO HEAR!

TV Man 1: YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT ABANDONING EVERY HUMAN CODE OF BEHAVIOR, AND THERE'S A LOT OF US WHO AREN'T READY FOR THAT DOCTOR FOSTER...

10 A great cry of assent goes up from the studio floor. Doctor Foster is flustered and frustrated. The stagehands and cameramen are all screaming at him, swearing and ridiculing. We notice Police guards, armed, at the studio doors. They control the traffic in and out of the big room.

11 Back at the control panel. Fran stares at the screens. Confusion still reigns.

Man: FRANNIE, GET ON THE NEW LIST OF RESCUE STATIONS. CHARLIE'S RECEIVING ON THE EMERGENCIES...

Fran pulls herself away from the monitors as the argument rages on screen.

12

She fights through the heavy traffic and reaches Charlie, a harrassed typist who holds the receiver of an emergency radio unit under his chin...

Charlie: SAY AGAIN...CAN'T HEAR YOU... (into receiver)

Fran: RESCUE STATIONS?

Fran leafs through sheets of paper on Charlie's desk. He writes notes as he listens on the receiver, and he speaks to the woman.

Charlie: HALF THOSE ARE INOPERATIVE ANY MORE.
I'M TRYIN' TO FIND OUT AT LEAST ABOUT THE
IMMEDIATE AREA. WE'VE HAD OLD INFORMATION
ON THE AIR FOR THE LAST TWELVE HOURS.

Fran: THESE ARE RESCUE STATIONS. WE CAN'T SEND
PEOPLE TO INOPERATIVE...

Charlie: (into receiver)
SAY AGAIN, NEW HOPE...

Charlie makes more notes and hands them to Fran. Still listening on the receiver, he speaks to the woman again.

Charlie: I'M DOIN' WHAT I CAN. THESE ARE DEFINITE
AS OF NOW. SKIP AND DUSTY ARE ON THE RADIC,
TOO. GOOD LUCK.

Fran snatches up the sheets and moves across the room.

13 She stops at the consoles...

Fran: I'M GONNA KNOCK OFF THE OLD RESCUE STATIONS.
I'LL HAVE THE NEW ONES READY AS SOON AS I CAN.

Technician: GIVENS WANTS 'EM ON.

Fran: WE'RE SENDING PEOPLE TO PLACES THAT HAVE
CLOSED DOWN. I'M GONNA KILL THE OLD LIST.

14 Fran moves toward another control room. An armed officer
stops her. A young man rushing through with copy intercedes.

Man: HEY, SHE'S ALRIGHT.

Officer: WHERE'S YOUR BADGE?

Fran reaches instinctively for the lapel of her blouse.
Her badge is missing.

Fran: JESUS!

Man: SHE'S ALRIGHT.

Fran: I HAD IT...I WAS ASLEEP OVER THERE...

She makes a move toward the corner where she was asleep.

Man: SOMEBODY STOLE IT. THERE'S A LOT OF 'EM
MISSING.

(to officer)

SHE'S ALRIGHT. LET HER THROUGH!

The officer reluctantly steps aside.

15 The young man and Fran move down a crowded hall and into
a small camera room. The foot traffic is solid. They
talk as they walk.

Fran: I DON'T BELIEVE IT.

Man: ONE OF THOSE LITTLE BADGES CAN OPEN A LOT
OF DOORS...YOU AVOID A LOT OF HASSLES IF
YOU GOT A BADGE...ANY KIND OF BADGE...

Fran: IT'S REALLY GOING CRAZY.

16

They reach a small camera installation. The camera is aimed at a machine which rolls out a list of rescue stations. The list is superimposed over the live broadcast as it goes out.

Cameraman: YOU GOT NEW ONES?

Fran: I GOTTA TYPE 'EM UP. KILL THE OLD ONES.

Cameraman: GIVENS WANTS 'EM...

Fran: KILL 'EM, DICK. TELL GIVENS TO SEE ME!

The man clicks off his camera. Fran moves toward the studio.

17

On the monitors, we see the rescue stations blink off over shots of the two men who still argue on the air.

TV Man 1: WELL I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, DOCTOR.

TV Man 2: THESE ARE NOT GHOSTS. NOR ARE THESE HUMANS!
THESE ARE DEAD CORPSES.
ANY UN-BURIED HUMAN CORPSE WITH ITS BRAIN INTACT
WILL IN FACT RE-ACTIVATE.
AND IT'S PRECISELY BECAUSE OF INCITEMENT BY

IRRESPONSIBLE PUBLIC FIGURES LIKE YOURSELF
THAT THIS SITUATION IS BEING DEALT WITH
IRRESPONSIBLY BY THE PUBLIC AT LARGE!

18 Another outraged cry goes up from the stagehands and observers. Doctor Foster tries to out-scream the cries...

TV Man 2: YOU HAVE NOT LISTENED...YOU HAVE NOT LISTENED...
FOR THE LAST THREE WEEKS...WHAT DOES IT TAKE...
WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE PEOPLE SEE?

19 Fran moves into the large studio area where the braodcasters argue. The commotion is maddening. Fran stares for a moment.

20 TV Man 2: (Now distraught...almost pleading)
THIS SITUATION IS CONTROLLABLE.
PEOPLE MUST COME TO GRIPS WITH THIS CONCEPT.
IT'S EXTREMELY DILFFICULT...WITH FRIENDS...
WITH FAMILY...BUT A DEAD BODY MUST BE DE-
ACTIVATED BY EITHER DESTROYING THE BRAIN
OR SEVERING THE BRAIN FROM THE REST OF THE
BODY.

Another outburst in the studio...

TV Man 2: THE SITUATION MUST BE CONTROLLED...BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE...THEY ARE MULTIPLYING TOO RAPIDLY...

21 Fran moves through the crowded room of emotional people
and finally reaches another emergency radio installation.
Skip and Dusty are trying to listen to their receivers. They
jot notes.

Fran: OPERATIVE RESCUE STATIONS?

Dusty: THEY'RE DROPPIN' LIKE FLIES. HERE'S A FEW.
YOU KNOW, I THINK FOSTER'S RIGHT. I THINK
WE'RE LOSIN' THIS WAR.

Fran: YEAH, BUT NOT TO THE ENEMY.
WE'RE BLOWIN' IT OURSELVES.

She gives the rest of her coffee to the two men.

Fran: NOT MUCH LEFT, BUT HAVE A BALL.

The two men each slug eagerly from the paper cup. Fran rushes
off toward a large teleprompter typing machine.

22

The broadcasters still argue emotionally.

TV Man 1: PEOPLE AREN'T WILLING TO ACCEPT YOUR SOLUTIONS,
DOCTOR, AND I, FOR ONE, DON'T BLAME THEM.

TV Man 2: EVERY DEAD BODY THAT IS NOT EXTERMINATED BECOMES
ONE OF THEM! IT GETS UP AND KILLS! THE PEOPLE
IT KILLS GET UP AND KILL!

23

Handing the list of active rescue stations to the teleprompter typist, Fran rushes back toward the control room.

24

Around the monitor consoles, the commotion has been made even more frantic by an angered Dan Givens, obviously one of the station managers.

Givens: NOBODY HAS THE AUTHORITY TO DO THAT, I WANT...

Givens spots Fran as she moves into the room.

Givens: GARRETT, WHO TOLD YOU TO KILL THE SUPERS?

Fran: NOBODY. I KILLED 'EM. THEY'RE OUT OF DATE.

Givens: I WANT THOSE SUPERS ON THE AIR ALL THE TIME!

Fran: ARE YOU WILLING TO MURDER PEOPLE BY SENDING THEM
OUT TO STATIONS THAT HAVE CLOSED DOWN?

Givens: WITHOUT THOSE RESCUE STATIONS ON SCREEN EVERY
MINUTE PEOPLE WON'T WATCH US. THEY'LL TUNE OUT!

Fran stares at the red faced man in disbelief.

Givens: I WANT THAT LIST UP ON SCREEN EVERY MINUTE THAT
WE'RE ON THE AIR.

Fran is about to say something in anger, but before she can,
one of the technicians, having overheard Givens, gets up
from the control panel and starts to walk away.

Givens: LUCAS...LUCAS, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING...
GET ON THAT CONSOLE...LUCAS...WE'RE ON THE AIR!

Lucas: ANYBODY NEED A RIDE!

25 Two other men from various positions in the room snatch up
personal effects and follow the technician toward the door.
The door is guarded by a nervous Officer.

26 Givens: OFFICER...OFFICER...YOU STOP THEM...STOP THOSE
MEN...LUCAS...GET BACK ON THIS CONSOLE...

A frantic hubbub begins over the lack of console control. People rush in and out, the floor director's voice can be heard over a talkback system...

Voices: WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON IN THERE.
 SWITCH...SWITCH...THERE'S NO SWITCHER...
 WE'RE LOSING PICUTRE...

Givens: OFFICER...STOP THOSE MEN...

27 The young Officer faces the men as they reach his post. He takes a grip on his rifle, opens the door and lets the group through. Then he runs out himself, deserting the losing cause.

28 Givens jumps toward the console. He frantically tries to work the complex dials and pots...

Givens: GET SOMEBODY IN HERE THAT KNOWS HOW TO RUN
 THIS THING...COME ON...I'LL TRIPLE THE MONEY
 FOR THE MAN THAT CAN RUN THIS THING...TRIPLE
 THE MONEY... WE'RE STAYING ON THE AIR...

Fran moves slowly off toward the studio.

29 In the big room, the tension is thicker than ever. A few of the newsmen still earnestly try to perform their various

functions, but most of the crew are reduced to emotional polarization over the broadcast argument which still rages.

30 TV Man 2: THEY KILL FOR ONE REASON.
THEY KILL FOR FOOD.
THEY EAT THEIR VICTIMS, DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT,
MR. BERMAN. THAT'S WHAT KEEPS THEM GOING.

31 Fran stops to listen to the argument. She falls back into the shadows of the studio. People rush past her, some leaving the studio in disgust.

32 TV Man 2: IF WE'D LISTENED...IF WE'D DEALT WITH THE
PHENOMENON PROPERLY...WITHOUT EMOTION...
WITHOUT...EMOTION...
IT WOULDN'T HAVE COME TO THIS!

Foster wipes his sweat with a dirty handkerchief. He pulls his tie away from his tight collar, and pops the shirt button open. He is desperate now, shivering with anger and frustration.

TV Man 2: THERE IS A MARTIAL LAW STATE IN EFFECT IN
PHILADELPHIA...AS IN ALL OTHER MAJOR CITIES
IN THE COUNTRY...
CITIZENS MUST UNDERSTAND THE...DIRE...DIRE
CONSEQUENCES OF THIS PHENOMENON...SHOULD WE

BE UNABLE TO CHECK THE SPREAD...
BECAUSE OF THE EMOTIONAL ATTITUDES..OF THE
CITIZENRY...TOWARD...THESE ISSUES OF...
MORALITY...

IT IS THE ORDER OF THE O.E.P. BY COMMAND OF THE
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT...THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED
STATES...

CITIZENS MAY NO LONGER OCCUPY PRIVATE RESIDENCES,
NO MATTER HOW SAFELY PROTECTED OR WELL STOCKED...

A murmur in the studio begins to build to an emotional
crescendo. Foster tries to talk over the noise...

TV Man 2: CITIZENS WILL BE MOVED INTO CENTRAL AREAS OF
THE CITY...

33

Technicians abandon their posts. A few others jump in to take
their places, but pandemonium reigns. A cameraman whips off
his headset and breaks for the door. His camera spins on its
liquid head, and on the monitors, we see a whirling blur as
Foster continues to speak.

Fran moves quickly for the spinning camera. She aims it back
at the sweating Foster, and she stares through the viewfinder
not believing what she is seeing.

34

TV Man 2: THE BODIES OF THE DEAD WILL BE DELIVERED
OVER TO SPECIALLY EQUIPPED SQUADS OF THE
NATIONAL GUARD FOR ORGANIZED DISPOSITION...

#8

Suddenly a man darts out of the bustling crowd and comes
up quickly behind Fran.

Steve: FRANNIE...AT NINE O'CLOCK MEET ME ON THE
ROOF. WE'RE GETTING OUT.

Fran: (letting the camera slip slightly)
STEPHEN...I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...WHAT...

Steve: WE'RE GETTING OUT. IN THE CHOPPER.

Another technician steps over to take the camera from Fran.
Stephen talks more quietly in the other man's presence.

Steve: NINE P.M. ALRIGHT?

Fran: STEVE...WE CAN'T...WE'VE GOT TO...

Steve: WE'VE GOT TO NOTHING, FRAN. WE'VE GOT TO
SURVIVE. SOMEBODY'S GOT TO SURVIVE.
NOW YOU BE UP THERE AT NINE. DON'T MAKE
ME COME LOOKIN' FOR YA.

Stephen is gone in a flash. Fran nervously looks back at the cameraman. The argument still rages between Foster and Berman. The cameraman, without taking his eye from the viewfinder, speaks to Francine quietly and slowly.

Cameraman: GO AHEAD. WE'LL BE OFF THE AIR BY MIDNIGHT ANYWAY. EMERGENCY NETWORKS ARE TAKING OVER. OUR RESPONSIBILITY... IS FINISHED, I'M AFRAID.

36 It is dusk, and the city of Philadelphia is surprisingly quiet. We see several large buildings. They are part of a low-income housing project, and their lack of grace is evident. They stand like tombstones as the first stars appear in the navy blue sky.

37 Under cover of the growing darkness, activities of the S.W.A.T. Unit go unnoticed. Grappling hooks grab against the lip around the roof and silent figures climb to the top of the building. Men in armor vests, clutching the latest in special weapons, take position here and there about the development.

Other men strategically place their cars and trucks in the court below.

38 On the roof, at an entrance to one of the building's fire stairs, Roger squats silently alongside three other team

members. The men check their weapons. Roger looks at his watch. The sweep hand reaches the 12...

Roger: (to himself) LIGHTS.

39 In an instant, large searchlights bathe the side of the building. The troop commander, shielded with other Officers behind a large truck, shouts through an electronic bullhorn.

Commander: MARTINEZ...YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING...YOU KNOW
WE HAVE THE BUILDING SURROUNDED...

The electronically amplified voice echoes through the concrete caverns between the buildings of the project. There are only a few windows which glow with lights from inside. At the sound of the bullhorn, the lights all blink out one at a time.

Commander: (not over the bullhorn)
LITTLE BASTARD'S GOT 'EM ALL MOVED INTO ONE
BUILDING...DUMB LITTLE BASTARD!

Sargeant: LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA TRY TO FIGHT US.

Commander: (on bullhorn again)
MARTINEZ...THE PEOPLE IN THIS PROJECT ARE YOUR

RESPONSIBILITY...WE DON'T WANT ANY OF THEM HURT
AND NEITHER DO YOU!

42 There is no sign of life in the building. The great concrete
slab is silhouetted silently against the darkening sky.

43 Roger, and his team mates, crouch in readiness. The sound of
the bullhorn rises to them easily and clearly.

Roger: I'M GIVIN' YOU THREE MINUTES, MARTINEZ...

Commander: (Bullhorn)
I'M GIVIN' YOU THREE MINUTES, MARTINEZ...
TURN OVER YOUR WEAPONS AND SURRENDER...

Roger: THERE ARE NO CHARGES AGAINST YOU...

Commander: THERE ARE NO CHARGES AGAINST YOU OR ANY OF YOUR
PEOPLE...

Roger: YET.

Commander: THREE MINUTES, MARTINEZ.

Roger: AND COUNTING.
(he looks at his watch)

There is a long silence.

Roger: COME ON, MARTINEZ!

One of the other S.W.A.T. team members is a big man, with a rough and vicious looking face. He is WOOLEY, a hardened veteran, and a red neck of the first order.

Wooley: YEAH, COME ON, MARTINEZ...SHOW YOUR GREASY
 LITTLE PUERTO RICAN ASS..SO I CAN BLOW IT OFF...

Roger looks over at the big man. He is distressed at the pent up violence in Wooley.

Wooley: I'LL BLOW ALL THEIR ASSES OFF...LOW LIFE BASTARDS...
 BLOW ALL THEIR LITTLE LOW LIFE PUERTO RICAN AND
 NIGGER ASSES RIGHT OFF...

Roger is greatly concerned. He looks at one of the other men, a young, smooth faced rookie. The boy doesn't know how to react. He is obviously nervous.

Roger: KEEP COOL. JUST DON'T POP OFF IN THERE WHEN WE
 GO IN.

The boy nods, grateful for a more human contact.

Wooley: HOW THE HELL COME WE STICK THESE LOW LIFES
 IN THESE BIG ASS FANCY HOTELS ANYWAY?
 SHIT, MAN. THIS' BETTER THAN I GOT.
 YOU AIN'T GONNA TALK 'EM OUTA HERE.
 YOU GOTTA BLOW 'EM OUT.
 BLOW THEIR ASSES!

Roger: (To the boy)
 YOU GONNA BE ALRIGHT?

The boy nods in the affirmative.

Wooley: LET'S GET ON WITH IT. THIS IS A WASTE OF
 MY TIME!

44 CRASH! Without warning, the metal door to the fire stair
 bursts open and several figures rush out of the darkness.
 Shots are fired from hand guns. A bullet smashes through the
 skull of the young boy next to Roger. He falls against Roger
 with a pleading expression on his dead face.

 Figures charge this way and that. More gunfire. The other
 S.W.A.T. men dodge and dive for cover. Wooley opens fire
 with his automatic weapon.

45 On the street, the Commander, hearing the gunfire, barks into
 the bullhorn:

Commander: MOVE IN...MOVE IN...
GODDAMMIT!

Sargeant: (into walkie talkie)
ALL UNITS...FULL OPERATION!

46 On the roof, Roger struggles under the dead weight of the young man. He tries to free himself and his weapon. Shots ring out.

A handful of Black and Puerto Rican youngsters charge about the rooftop. Another S.W.A.T. patrol appears from behind a large elevator housing. The young civilians retreat. Several are mowed down.

Another bullet smashes against the dead S.W.A.T. man's back. Just as Roger frees himself, a bullet catches him squarely in the chest, but his armor takes the impact. He is thrown back off balance, and he struggles to catch his wind as he scrambles over to recover his weapon which skitters away across the roof top.

Before he reaches the gun, he is cut off by the looming figure of one of the Black youths, pistol in hand. Roger freezes. The young man aims his hand gun, but hesitates. A sudden barrage of bullets rips through the young Black and he falls in a pool of blood. It was Wooley's gun that killed him.

Wooley: COME ON YOU DUMB BASTARDS...
 COME AND GET 'EM...

He fires again and again, even though the skirmish is winding down.

Roger charges for his weapon, snatches it up, and runs for the cover of an incinerator housing. He startles a young civilian who was hiding there, trying to load his gun. The boy makes a break...

Roger: HOLD IT...

The boy freezes for a moment, then, thinking, breaks into a run across the roof.

Roger: HOLD IT, KID...DON'T RUN OUT THERE!

The boy is mowed down in a crossfire.

47 Inside the building, other S.W.A.T. teams along with units of the National Guard are crashing through the hallways and breaking into apartment units. People are herded into the halls where they are held at gunpoint.

Some men, although armed, surrender willingly. Others retaliate against the invading force, and little skirmishes develop on every floor of the complex structure.

48

On the ground, the Commander barks into the bullhorn:

Commander: MASKS...

Sargeant: (into walkie talkie)

MASKS FOR GAS...MASKS FOR GAS.

49

Tear gas cannisters crash through windows and the halls are filled with clouds of gas. Civilians trying to escape, are choked as they attempt to shoot their way out.

50

The teams on the roof charge down the firestairs into the building.

S.W.A.T. 1: WORK YOUR WAY DOWN. A FLOOR AT A TIME.

HOLD 'EM IN THE HALLS 'TIL WE CAN WORK 'EM
DOWN THE STAIRS.

Roger and Wooley and the men in their unit, snap on their bizzarre looking gas masks.

51

The troopers break into an apartment on the top floor. An old couple kneels in prayer at a small altar, while their children and their children's children huddle in a corner. The young husband surrenders his gun to a trooper, and Roger watches as the group is led into the hallway.

Suddenly, a young Black man charges out of one of the apartments. A woman appears at the door, screaming for him to stop. He breaks through a cloud of gas and Wooley fires his automatic. The Black man crashes to the floor. Wooley is crazed. He kicks in the door of another apartment and fires randomly into the room.

The flurry of action causes panic among the civilians in the hall. The younger ones try to escape while the older people kneel or fall against the walls praying.

S.W.A.T. 2: WOOLEY'S GONE APE SHIT, MAN...

Roger: WOOLEY! (shouting)

Wooley kicks in the door of another apartment. Roger charges at him and grabs him around the shoulders. The big man resists. His gun fires and the bullets fly wildly. He struggles against Roger, but Roger manages to hold on.

Roger: GIMME A HAND...SOMEBODY...

Another S.W.A.T. Trooper steps up out of the cloud of gas. He is very tall and he looks mysterious in the fog as he speaks in a deep voice.

Trooper: STEP AWAY FROM HIM.

Roger: GIMME A HAND.

Wooley throws his body around and slams Roger against the wall, but Roger grabs him again -ust as the crazed man is leveling off his gun at the open apartment door.

Roger: GODDAMMIT...HELP ME...HE'S CRAZY!

Trooper: STEP AWAY FROM HIM!

Just then, Wooley wrenches free and pushes Roger across the hallway. The other Trooper carefully aims his weapon and fires one shot through Wooley's head. The big man falls back violently.

The mysterious Trooper turns and hurries away down the hall. Other S.W.A.T. Officers face him threateningly. He stares at them through his mask. They let him pass. He disappears through the smoke as other Officers begin to restore order among the civilians.

Women scream and cry over their dead-loved ones. Roger is helped to his feet by another Officer. Roger's eyes are wide and staring through the insect-like lenses of his mask.

They are locked on the sight he sees through the door of the apartment which Wooley kicked open. The other Trooper looks and his eyes widen as well.

53 In the apartment, lying in a pool of blood, are the partial remains of what was a human body. It has been ripped to shreds.

Roger staggers against the door frame. The other trooper moves inside. Another corpse, also mutilated, one leg missing, one arm badly mangled. It is trying to move. To reach the Troopers.

54 A sudden loud scream. Roger startles and spins around. A woman in the hall has seen the grisley sight, and she runs screaming down the corridor. More confusion, as civilians push through the Troopers who try to hold them back.

55 The Trooper in the apartment is revulsed...

Trooper: JESUS...HOLY JESUS...

A third officer enters the apartment. He speaks to the Trooper who is closest to the writhing corpse on the floor.

Trooper (2): SHOOT IT...SHOOT IT THROUGH THE HEAD.

The young officer is too dumbstruck to respond so the third Officer pulls out his pistol. Then suddenly, from out of the shadows, a spectre-like figure lunges at the third Officer, flailing and biting at his arms. It is a wild-haired woman. There are several bleeding wounds over her body. She is one of the walking dead.

The Trooper struggles to free himself, and Roger darts into the room. Although the Zombie is weak, she manages to hold on to the Trooper.

Another creature suddenly appears in the bedroom doorway. A male, it staggers out into the room. The young Trooper struggles with his holster trying to free his hand gun. Suddenly, he feels something on his leg. The dismembered corpse is clutching his ankle, pulling itself closer, it's mouth open. The boy tries to pull away, but falls onto the floor, crashing over a table and lamp. He tries to crawl away, but the frail corpse keeps its hold and drags along behind the young Trooper, who still cannot free his pistol.

Roger and the third Officer fling all their weight against the woman Zombie. She flies against a wall, but bounces back immediately, and attacks again. The third Trooper's rifle fires. A slug tears through the woman's chest but it doesn't stop her onslaught. Another shot rips through her neck. Still she comes.

The boy on the floor manages to level off his pistol. He fires at the ghoulish head which draws closer to his leg. The thing's skull blows open and its grasp relaxes. The boy is shaking violently. His arm and gun stay in the air, still poised. He fires again...and again...and again.

56 In the hall, the male Zombie appears, and the crowd panics. The Troopers try to keep things calm.

S.W.A.T. 3: IT'S ONE OF THEM...MY GOD...IT'S ONE OF THEM.

S.W.A.T. 4: SHOOT FOR THE HEAD.

Woman: NO! NO! MIGUEL...DIOS MIO...MIGUELITO...

The woman pushes through the crowd. The Zombie advances. Before the Troopers can stop her, the woman throws her arms around the creature.

Woman: MIGUEL...MI VIDA...MIGUELITO...

S.W.A.T. 3: GRAB HER...GET HER OUT OF THERE...
(his gun is leveled off, but he can't get a shot)

The Zombie clutches at the woman. It bites at her neck... her arm. She screams with terror. She tries to pull away, but the creature holds her. It bites again. A Trooper comes up from behind and tries to wrestle the creature away. Another Trooper grabs the woman and tries to free her. She is screaming insanely. The Zombie pulls another piece of flesh off her arm.

S.W.A.T. 3: STAND CLEAR...FOR CHRISAKE...STAND CLEAR!

57 In the apartment, the female Zombie lunges at the third Trooper and the two tumble to the floor. Roger wrestles her free and, with all his might, throws her against the wall. She advances again. Roger raises his gun. She is just about to reach him. He fires. The bullet drops her.

58 In the hall, a Trooper brings his gun butt slamming against the male's ghoul's head. The creature loses his grip on the screaming woman. The Trooper who is holding her, pulls her free across the floor. S.W.A.T. 3 fires. The bullet tears through the Zombie's shoulder...another shot...through his neck...another...through the skull. It falls.

59 There is finally a calm. A few of the citizens murmur prayers. Troopers and befuddled old people seem to drift through the clouds of gas in a totally dazed state.

60

Roger and the third Trooper from the apartment drift to the hallway. The Third Trooper moves into the crowd, but Roger stands against the open door jamb for a moment.

A sudden, loud gunshot makes Roger duck and spin around. He looks into the apartment. The young Trooper has shot himself through the head.

61

In the dark firestair, it is very quiet. Roger bursts through a metal door from one of the halls and falls against the stair railing. He is wretching. He breathes heavily to contain himself. He removes his mask and coughs slightly from the gas mist which still clings in the air.

Voice: YOU'RE NOT ALONE BROTHER.

Roger tightens, grabbing for his gun. The voice is present; very nearby. Roger looks up. Sitting on the stairs above is the Trooper who shot Wooley. His rifle is aimed at Roger.

Voice: YOU WAS IN WOOLEY'S UNIT.

Roger: I DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN .
 I DIDN'T SEE HOW HE DIED.

Roger slings his rifle, so the Trooper relaxes and lowers his gun. He removes his gas mask. He is Black.

Roger: YOU RUNNIN?

The Black man shrugs. He hasn't decided.

Roger: I DON'T MEAN 'CAUSE OF WOOLEY.
 I JUST MEAN 'CAUSE OF...

Voice: YEAH. I KNOW.

Roger: THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE RUNNIN'.
 I COULD RUN.

Roger stares up at the grim faced Black.

Roger: I COULD RUN RIGHT TONIGHT.

The Black man just stares levelly into Roger's eyes.

Roger: FRIEND OF MINE GOT A HELICOPTER. HE DOES
 TRAFFIC FOR J.A.S. GOT A HELICOPTER AND HE'S
 RUNNIN' OUT WITH IT. AS'T ME T'COME.

The Black man smiles.

Roger: YOU THINK IT'S RIGHT TO RUN?

The black man shrugs again, then he stands and walks down the stairs. He turns past Roger on the landing and continues down into the lingering gas mist. Roger follows.

62

A few landings down...a noise. The two Troopers freeze. The stairwell is dark. The noise grows louder. The Troopers ready their weapons.

The sounds are little scraping thumps, like the weary footfalls of someone...something...trying to negotiate the stairs... There is the low, wheezing sound of labored breath.

The men stare at the landing below. The Black man steps forward slightly, trying not to make a sound.

Suddenly, a figure pops out of the darkness. It falls against the wall below. Both Troopers raise their guns. The figure pulls away from the wall. In the mist, it's shape is ghostly... robed...in black...it sees the Troopers...

Figure: SENORES...

 PLEASE TO LET ME PASS...

The voice weakens into a low wheezing cough. The figure slumps and sits on the steps, clinging to the railing. It is an old Priest, obviously from a local Puerto Rican Parish.

Roger stoops next to the old man, who is struggling to keep his breath. He is weary. He seems to be near death. He clutches at his chest.

Roger tries to support him...

Roger: LET'S GET HIM TO THE MEDICS...

Priest: NO...NO...NO...PLEASE
 JUST...LET ME PASS...
 MY SISTER...I GO UP TO SEVEN FLOOR...
 TO FIND MY SISTER...

Roger: THEY'RE TAKIN' EVERYONE DOWN...THEY PROBABLY
 BROUGHT HER DOWN... COME ON...

Priest: MY SISTER...SHE IS DEAD...
 THEY TELL ME...
 THE DEAD THEY DO NOT BRING DOWN.

Roger and the Black Trooper shoot glances at one another..

Priest: JUST LET ME PASS.
 MARTINEZ IS DEAD. THE PEOPLE OF 107 WILL DO
 WHAT YOU WISH NOW.
 THESE ARE SIMPLE PEOPLE...BUT STRONG...
 THEY HAVE LITTLE...BUT THEY DO NOT GIVE IT UP
 EASILY.

AND THEY GIVE UP THEIR DEAD...TO NO ONE!

The Priest goes into a coughing fit. The Troopers look on. Roger wants to help in some way.

Priest: MANY HAVE DIED ON THESE STREETS IN THE LAST
 WEEKS...IN THE BASEMENT OF THIS BUILDING...
 YOU FIND THEM...

The Troopers are shocked. The Priest struggles to his feet.

Priest: I HAVE GIVEN THEM THE LAST RITES.
 NOW...YOU DO WHAT YOU WILL...

The old man starts up the stairs. Roger moves to help him, but the big Black man stops him. The Priest weaves up through the gas mist, coughing.

Priest: YOU ARE STRONGER THAN US...
 BUT SOON, I THINK...
 THEY BE STRONGER THAN YOU...

The old man's voice trails off up the stairwell as he disappears in the cloud...

Priest: WHEN THE DEAD WALK, SENORES...
 WE MUST STOP KILLING...
 OR WE LOSE THE WAR...

63

In the basement of the large building, S.W.A.T. Troopers pry at the boards which are nailed over the entrance to the storage area.

The rest of the riot troops stand at the ready, weapons raised...high powered rifles...flamethrowers...

The nails creak loudly as they are pulled free. The men are silent, not knowing what to expect.

There are three boards left...then two...

With a great, tearing sound, the door flies open before the men remove the last boards. The boards fly and the door almost rips off its hinges. Like flood waters, a small army of Zombies pushes into the hall.

They are wide eyed and terrifying. In life, they were mostly Blacks and Puerto Ricans from the neighboring buildings. They are all ages, from the very old to the very young.

The riot troops are stunned. They cannot react quickly enough, and the squeeze is so tight in the little hall that it is impossible to shoot accurately, or without the bullets injuring other troopers.

The men fight back, wrestling and trying to back away. In the front line, Zombies bite at the flesh of the humans. Teeth tear into arms and hands. Some men are trampled in the crush.

Commander: BACK OFF...BACK OFF...SPREAD OUT...

The rear lines retreat into the wider vestibule, and as the mass of struggling bodies spreads out, shots begin to fire. Some Troopers, at close quarters, are able to fire off accurate rounds with their hand guns. Others fall and are lunged at by clutching ghouls.

Roger and the Black Trooper are in the middle of the battle. They fight off several of the creatures. The battle spreads into little skirmishes through the dark hallways. The highly organized Troopers are scattered and confused by the mindless onslaught.

As the main action moves away from the entrance to the storage area, several Troopers move into the room.

The walls are dank and gray. There is a dripping sound. All around lie remnants of human civilization. Baby buggies and bicycles chained to the pipes which ring the area. Large trunks and cartons of every size and shape; old beds and other furniture.

And here and there throughout the large area lie the remains of corpses. They have been eaten away. Most of them are still moving, their heads uninjured.

Two of the Troopers retreat, revulsed. The sounds of the gunfire and screaming can be heard from the hall.

The big Black man walks calmly into the room. Roger watches him. He walks up to the writhing creatures one at a time, and fires carefully aimed shots into their heads with his hand gun. Tears roll down his cheeks.

Some of the creatures are without arms and legs. Some have been eaten away about the neck and shoulder. They moan with a gurgling, guttural sound as they try to move.

A young Black Zombie, pulling itself along the floor with one arm, draws closer to the Black Trooper. The big man aims his pistol. It clicks...empty. He quickly and efficiently reaches for more ammunition and begins to reload. The Zombie pulls closer, its mouth wide.

Roger steps up behind the other Trooper and fires into the creature's head with his automatic rifle.

The Black man brushes tears from his eyes and continues to load the pistol.

Roger disposes of several other creatures. He comes to a place where several are piled together. Some lie still, others writhe about. Two on the heap, although they cannot move about, are eating at parts of other bodies. Roger shoots them. They never look up. They don't seem to notice him at all.

A loud creaking sound breaks the mood suddenly. Roger looks up.

 In the ceiling, a double set of loading doors has been opened. Several other Troopers look down into the storage area.

Trooper: JESUS CHRIST.

He shines a light beam down towards Roger.

Trooper: YOU OK DOWN THERE?

Roger nods.

Trooper: THIS MUST BE WHERE THEY DUMPED 'EM IN.

64 Roger looks down at the pile of corpses beneath the opening.

65 Trooper: YOU NEED MORE MEN?

64 Roger shakes his head "no".

65 Trooper: JESUS CHRIST.

The trooper leaves the opening. He is replaced by two others who just stare down into the storage room through the weird, round lenses of their masks.

66 The distant sounds of the battle in the hall flare up again. The big Black man snaps his loaded clip into his pistol and takes a few steps forward. He sees a corpse wrapped in a bed sheet and tied securely with clothesline. It looks like a mummy. It is writhing, trying to free itself. He shoots it through the head.

Nearby, a small corpse, that of a very young child, is also writhing, but the end of the shroud, where the child's feet should be, has been torn open and is bloody. A stump kicks around the blood where a foot has been eaten off. The Black man fires into the thing's head.

Roger: THEY...ATTACK...EACH OTHER...

Black: JUST THE FRESH CORPSES...BEFORE THEY REVIVE...

Roger: WHY DID THESE PEOPLE KEEP THEM HERE?
 WHY DON'T THEY TURN THEM OVER...OR...
 OR DESTROY THEM THEMSELVES...
 IT'S INSANE...
 WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Black: 'CAUSE THEY STILL BELIEVE THERE'S
 RESPECT IN DYING.

The big man fires into the head of another squirming Zombie.

67 In the halls of the building, Troopers fall and are pounced
 on by ghouls. Other Troopers fire their automatics through
 the heads of attacking Zombies. The riot troops try to
 stay organized, but the onslaught is so mindless and random
 that it is turning into a riot.

68A The buildings of Philadelphia loom in the moonlight. What few
 lights remain lit reflect in the waters of the Delaware. It

68B is quiet except for the slight sounds of lapping water and an
 occasional wooden creak as the floating docks strain against
 one another.

There are a few big Police launches still docked in the marina.
 The bob about silently. The chain, which normally restricted
 the area, is broken and dangling. The sign, which reads:
 CITY OF PHILADELPHIA - POLICE - NO ADMITTANCE clangs against
 the broken chain in the wind.

Halfway down the long dock is a little guard house. Inside, sitting at a radio transmitter, is the corpse of a uniformed guard.

Nearby is a separate floating dock on which is painted a large, square pattern. It is a landing bay for Police helicopters. Alongside, afloat separately but securely chained fast, is a small fuel barge, with pumps and hoses for refuelling the choppe and launches.

Two other bodies lie bleeding on the bobbing docks, another officer and a civilian. A bell buoy rings in the distance and we begin to hear the sound of an approaching heliicopter.

The blades of the J.A.S. Traffic Copter whine as they gear down for a landing. The whirlybird settles like a hummingbird on the gently bobbing heliport.

69 With the blades still spinning loudly, Stephen hops out of the cockpit.

Steve: COME ON...I NEED YOU.

Francine unbuckles her safety belt and jumps out of her side of the machine. Steve runs, ducking under the blades, around to the woman's side of the cockpit, grabs her hand, and they make for the fuel pumps.

Steve: I DON'T SEE ROGER. WE'LL GIVE HIM TEN MINUTES.

Fran: OH MY GOD!

70 The woman freezes in mid stride, and her action brings Stephen's eyes around to see what she is staring at. The two bodies which lie near the fuel pumps.

Steve: YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OUT IN IT AT ALL.
IT'S TOUGH TO GET USED TO.

He pulls her quickly along. They have to actually step over the civilian corpse. Fran freezes again. She can't bring herself to walk over the body. Steve lets go of her hand and trots over to the pumps. Activating the lever mechanism, and checking the tank guage, he pulls the hose with him as he moves quickly back to Fran. The long hose is heavy, and it bobbles the civilian corpse, almost rolling it over. The back of the bodies head has been blown out by the exit of a powerful bullet. Blood still runs. The wound is fresh. Steve does not see this as he tugs the hose over the corpse and moves to the helicopter with Fran following.

71 At the side of the machine, the blades still spinning overhead, Steve jams the hose nozzle into the fuel tank recepticle. He pulls one of Fran's hands onto the nozzle mechanism.

Steve: JUST LIKE THIS...LIKE ON A CAR...

Fran responds, getting the feel of the nozzle trigger.

Steve: THAT'S IT...JUST HOLD HER THERE 'TIL SHE
 SPITS OUT AT YA.

The woman takes over and Stephen trots away toward the guard shed. The propeller blades still spin. They make an eerie, whispering sound as they pass over Fran's head. She can hear the lapping water now, and the creaking moans of the shifting docks. She looks this way and that, fear in her eyes.

72

At the guard house, Stephen rushes in to find the dead radio operator. A signal is coming over the receiver in Morse Code. The corpse is slumped over the desk and it is covering the send key. A small entry wound is barely visible in the back of the dead man's head. As Stephen pulls the body up to an erect posture in its chair, he sees that the exit of the bullet all but obliterated the corpse's face. Again the wound is still running and bits of flesh and blood are splattered about the desk and the radio unit.

Stephen clicks on the send switch and he quickly begins to send a message in Morse:

OPERATOR DEAD...POST ABANDONED...

73 Back on the fuel dock, the long hose brushes over the civilian corpse. A shadow moves nearby, making us aware of a presence other than Fran's.

74 The woman switches hands on the pump nozzle. The blades still whoosh overhead. Then she hears the sound of another engine. She looks toward the mainland. The headlights of an approaching vehicle can be seen.

75 At the guard house, Stephen, hearing the approaching engine, steps into the doorway and looks up the dock. He calls to Fran.

Steve: I HOPE IT'S ROGER.

76 Fran: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Steve: I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

77 He ducks back into the shed. He snatches up a First Aid kit and throws it into a khaki knapsack. He rummages in the darkness. He finds a toolbox.

As he stands up, he backs into a tall figure which stands in the shadows. Feeling something sharp and hard against his back,

Steve recoils and spins to face the figure. It is a uniformed officer. His rifle is levelled off at Steve's chest. From out of the shadows, a second Policeman appears with a hand gun cocked and aimed.

78

Fran's eyes strain to discern the approaching vehicle, but suddenly she catches a movement in the corner of her vision. Through the open sides of the helicopter bubble, she notices a Police van. It has been there all along, it's doors flung wide open, as though abandoned hurriedly. Now one of the rear doors moves. A figure appears carrying a large packing carton. The figure is uniformed, with two rifles strapped to its back. It rushes toward the launch docks.

Voice: JUST STAY COOL.

Fran, already startled by the running figure, is now doubly shocked by the calm voice behind her. She spins and the fuel nozzle clatters out of it's recepticle to the wooden dock boards. She is facing another "Policeman", who aims a rifle directly at her head.

Officer 1: IF YOU DIE...IT'LL BE YOUR OWN FAULT.

The Officer who is running with the carton shouts toward the Guard house.

Officer 1: IF YOU DIE...IT'LL BE YOUR OWN FAULT.

Officer 2: COME ON SKIPPER...
 THEY GOT FRIENDS COMIN',

79 In the Guard House, Steve is held at bay by one of the Officers while the other uniformed man moves to the door to check the progress of the approaching vehicle.

Officer 3: WHO ARE YOU?

Steve: WE'RE WITH J.A.S...WE...

Officer 4: (at the door)
 ABOUT A MINUTE AND A HALF.
 (referring to the arrival time of the vehicle)

Officer 3, the Skipper, pushes Steve with his gun barrel. Steve spins out through the open doorway. He looks up the dock and sees the vehicle which is just turning onto the pier which is almost a mile long.

80 Officer 1 has moved around Fran and he reaches into the helicopter bubble pulling out Steve's rifle.

81 Steve: NOW WAIT A MINUTE...WE'RE JUST HERE TO REFUEL...
 THESE MEN WERE ALREADY DEAD...YOU WERE HERE...

YOU KNOW THAT...IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY WAS
AFTER THE LAUNCHES...WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH...

Officer 3: (looking at the insignia on the helicopter)
HEY...J.A.S. TRAFFIC WATCH...
STEVE ANDREWS.

Steve: (trying to capitalize on his minor celebrity power)
RIGHT...THAT'S ME...I'M STEVE ANDREWS...

Officer 3: NO SHIT.

82 Officer 1: (shouting from the helicopter)
WE'D GET A LOT FURTHER IN THIS BIRD, SKIPPER.

83 Steve freezes again, sensing that these are not law enforcers.

84 The man who was carrying the carton is now rushing back up
the dock having deposited his load in one of the motor launches.

Officer 2: CAN'T ALL FIT.

85 Officer 3: (directly to Stephen)
HOW MANY WILL THAT THING HOLD?

Officer 4: HEY, MAN, I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE IN NOTHIN' I
CAN'T DRIVE MYSELF!

86 Officer 2 has returned to the van and is carrying out another
carton rushing back to the launch.

Officer 2: THAT'S TRUE...SOMETHIN' HAPPENS TO HIM AND
WE'RE STUCK. STAY WITH THE LAUNCH!

Officer 1: GET A LOT FURTHER IN THIS BIRD!

87 Suddenly, above the two white headlights of the approaching
vehicle, we see a third light in red. It is the spinning
"bubble-gum-machine" of a Squad Car. It is heralded by one
blast of the car's siren.

88 Officer 4: HEY, THAT'S A BLACK AND WHITE!

89 Officer 1 still holds his rifle aimed at Fran.

Officer 1: THEY SEEN US!

90 Officer 3: IT'S ALRIGHT...WE'RE POLICE...

91 Officer 2 dumps his carton at the edge of the dock and pulls
one rifle from his back.

Officer 2: BULL SHIT...LET'S GET TO THE BOAT!

92

Officer 3 stares hard at Stephen. Then at the Squad Car. Then back at the nervous young pilot.

Officer 3: YOU'RE RUNNIN', AIN'T YOU, FLY BOY?

Steve does not respond. He is terrified, not knowing what answer to be the safest.

Officer 3: YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS IS RUNNIN' OFF IN THE J.A.S. TRAFFIC BIRD...

The man starts to grin with knowing. He suddenly feels in more control.

Officer 3: SIT TIGHT, BOYS...THEY'RE RUNNIN', TOO.

93

It seems to take forever for the Police Car to pull down the dock. Stephen takes a few steps forward, squinting to see, but he is threatened by the "Policeman's" gun barrels.

94

The car screeches to a stop and two armed S.W.A.T. Troopers immediately pop out of the front seat on either side. They are Roger and the Black Trooper.

100

The policemen start to unload crates and cartons from their Van. The big Black Trooper pulls a few supplies from out of the squad car and carries them toward the helicopter.

101

Fran trots over toward Stephen. He is just coming back out of the guardhouse where he picked up the toolbox and the knapsack full of supplies. The woman falls into his arms. Roger trots up.

Roger: YOU OK?

Stephen: (nods)

 WHO'S HE?

 (referring to the big Black)

Roger: HIS NAME'S PETER. HE'S ALRIGHT.

The three are already moving toward the helicopter.

Roger: LET'S HUSTLE.

102

Peter has stowed the supplies in the rear of the cockpit, and he has noticed the fuel hose lying on the dock. He tries the nozzle in the receptacle on the chopper and holds it in until the tank fills.

103

The other "Policemen" are still moving cartons of supplies from their van down the dock.

Roger: (to the other Policemen)
YOU GUYS BETTER MOVE IT. THERE'S A RADIO
REPORT ABOUT THE DOCK BEIN' KNOCKED OUT.

104 They reach the cockpit. Fran climbs in and crouches on
the floor in the rear of the bubble.

Fran: YOU SURE THIS'LL CARRY US ALL.

Steve: LITTLE HARDER ON THE FUEL, BUT WE'LL BE OK.

105 As Peter climbs aboard, one of the other Policemen, carrying
a final carton, speaks to Roger.

Officer 2: HEY...YOU GOT ANY CIGARETTES.

Roger looks at the others one at a time. Fran shakes her
head "no".

Roger: SORRY. (he trots around to the passenger seat)

Steve: WHERE YA HEADED?

Officer 2: DOWN RIVER...GOT AN IDEA MAYBE WE CAN MAKE
IT TO THE ISLANDS.

Steve: WHAT ISLANDS? (he starts the engine)

Officer 2: ANY ISLANDS...WHAT ABOUT YOU?
WHERE YOU HEADED?

Steve: STRAIGHT UP.

106 The Policeman rushes off with his two cohorts. As they untie one of the launches from the dock, the J.A.S. helicopter whines loudly. Then it lifts off the dock with a smooth motion.

The Police launch starts without a problem, and it pulls out onto the dark river.

107 The lights on the helicopter blink as the metal bird swoops low over the Philadelphia skyline.

We see an empty city. Independence Hall...Betsy Ross' House, which flies the original American Flag...the oldest American heritages stand coldly in the night. The whirring engine fades overhead.

108 In the cockpit, Fran lights a cigarette. So does Roger. No one comments, but Peter smiles slightly.

The big Black looks down at the city.

Peter: ANY OF YOU LEAVIN' PEOPLE BEHIND?

Fran: AN EX-HUSBAND.

Roger: AN EX-WIFE.

Steve: YOU PETER?

Peter: (still looking down)
SOME BROTHERS.

109 The whirlybird cuts through the dark night sky. It flies over open country now, moving West. Some time has passed.

110 Roger is asleep in the passenger seat. Twisted in the cramped rear of the cockpit, Fran and Peter sit very close to each other. Peter still stares off into the night.

Fran: REAL BROTHERS?

Peter looks at her. He has a strong face.

Fran: REAL BROTHERS OR...STREET BROTHERS?

Peter: BOTH

Fran: HOW MANY REAL ONES?

Peter: TWO.

Fran: TWO.

Peter: ONE'S IN JAIL. THE OTHER'S A PRO BALL PLAYER.
BUT WE CATCH UP TO EACH OTHER ONCE IN A WHILE.

Fran doesn't quite know how to respond.

Peter: (nodding at Steve...the engine roars too loudly
for the pilot to hear the conversation)
HE YOUR MAN NOW?

Fran is taken off guard. She smiles slightly.

Fran: MOST OF THE TIME, YEAH.

Peter: JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHO EVERYBODY IS.

Fran: YEAH. ME TOO.

111 Light dawns on the horizon. The little helicopter chugs
through the shades of blue.

112

Now Fran is asleep and Roger still snores. Peter stares at the back of the pilot's head. Steve nods slightly, then shakes himself. Soon, he nods again...falling asleep. Peter kicks him in the shoulder.

Steve looks back, surprised that the big man is awake. Peter just stares at him.

Steve rubs his face violently with his free hand. He pulls at his lower eyelids.

Steve: ANY MORE WATER?

Peter reaches into the supplies and produces a plastic container with water. Steve slugs some of it and pours a little onto his face. Then he passes it back to Peter, who also drinks.

Suddenly, Fran stiffens and wakes up with a start. Peter looks over at her with a gentle expression. She takes a moment to orient herself.

Peter: (to Stephen)
YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?

Steve: I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE.

Peter: HARRISBURG?

Steve: PASSED IT ABOUT AN HOUR AGO.

Roger finally wakes up from the loud talking.

Steve: WE'RE PRETTY LOW ON FUEL. I'M JUST WAITIN'
FOR FULL LIGHT SO WE CAN SEE WHAT WE'RE LANDIN' IN.

113 In the morning light, several fires can be seen on the ground,
where buildings are burning.

114 The chopper flies over a National Guard convoy as it chugs
up a winding country road.

115 Here and there on the ground, human activity can be seen.
Search and Destroy units, made up of Police, Guardsmen and
civilian volunteers move across the countryside. Occassionally,
a Zombie is seen staggering through the trees or over a field.
Gunfire cuts the creatures down.

116 Roger: JESUS. IT'S EVERYWHERE.

Steve: WE'RE STILL PRETTY CLOSE TO JOHNSTOWN.
WE'RE BETTER OFF AWAY FROM THE BIG CITIES.

117 A little country airfield lies quiet in the morning sun. There is no sign of life. A few private planes dot the area, but the tower is empty. The J.A.S. chopper buzzes very low just outside the tower windows.

118 As the whirlybird slowly sets down near the fuel pumps, its blades create a wind blast which raises great clouds of dust from the dry earth. Sheets of old newspaper and other light debris are sent flying through the air in all directions.

119 One piece of torn newsprint blows flat against a window in one of the little sheds. It sticks against the glass for a moment, as though glued there, then it flutters to the ground. As the paper clears the glass, we see the face of a badly scarred zombie peering out through the window.

120 As the group scrambles out of the helicopter, Stephen immediately checks the fuel pumps.

Steve: SHIT, MAN, DAMN NEAR EMPTY.

Roger: LOTTA PRIVATE PLANES IN FARM COUNTRY LIKE THIS.
GUESS THEY ALL HIT THE PUMPS AND TOOK OFF.

Steve: TO WHERE? WHERE THE HELL CAN THEY GO?

Peter: WHERE WE GOIN?

By now, Steve has drained the dregs from the first pump into the chopper's tank, and moved to the second pump. It spurts with more force.

Steve: THERE'S A GOOD BIT LEFT IN THIS PUMP.

He stretches the hose toward the chopper but it doesn't quite reach.

Steve: DAMN. I GOTTA GET IT CLOSER.

121 Steve jumps back into the cockpit and the machine lifts off the ground.

122 Fran is watching the action, walking slowly backwards towards a small rickety hangar area. She turns and looks down toward the private hangars. Most of them are open wide, the planes they housed long gone. One or two of the old wooden double-doors are still closed and locked with chains and padlocks. The wind from the chopper blades blows her hair and sends more debris flying around her shoulders.

123 Peter kicks open the door to the chart house. The room is dusty and dilapidated. A few small chairs surround an old wooden table. Several half finished cups of coffee sit on

top of wrinkled flight charts leaving brown rings soaked into the paper. Flies buzz loudly. An old window shade clicks against its window from the gusting of the wind and it makes Peter flinch.

He readies his weapon. When he sees the shade, he steps over to it easily, pulls it and lets it roll up on itself. It makes a loud, flapping noise.

124 Outside, the chopper sets down. Roger is ready with the hose nozzle. Ducking under the blades he inserts the device into the tank receptacle even before Stephen has idled the engine.

Stephen hops out of the cockpit and shouts over the engine noise.

Steve: I'M GONNA SEE WHAT'S LEFT IN THE HANGARS.

He trots off after Fran.

125 In the chart house, Peter idly drops a coin into an old coffee machine at one end of the room. The machine clicks loudly and spits out a cup. To Peter's surprise, the cup starts to fill with hot brown liquid.

While he waits, Peter notices a series of notes taped to the machine and the surrounding walls. They are all written hurriedly in various hands and with all sorts of inks and colors:

LUCY - GONE TO JOHNSTOWN.

CHARLES - I HAVE THE KIDS. LEFT WITH BEN.

COULDN'T WAIT. GONE TO ERIE - JACK FOSTER.

There are dozens of such messages.

Peter takes the full coffee cup from the machine. As he sips it, his eyes fall on a closet door just across the room. It is moving slightly. It is locked, but it bangs against the lock...once...twice...more regularly than if caused by the wind drafts.

Peter steps closer. Now the door bangs violently with a loud crash, but it holds. Peter sets his coffee on the chart table and takes his rifle in both hands.

Again the door bangs hard, and a skeleton key is knocked out of the keyhole. It falls to the floor with a metallic clang, and Peter notices a caked blood stain where blood recently ran out of the closet, under the door and onto the linoleum.

Another bang and a gurgling moan. One of the living dead is trying to break out of the closet.

Quite calmly, Peter raises his rifle and aims it at the door about head high. The rifle roars in the little room, and a splintery hole appears in the old wooden door.

126

Outside, Fran and Stephen snap to attention at the sound of the rifle. Fran stands at the entrance to one of the little wooden hangars. Stephen is checking out the cockpit of an old Cessna inside. Immediately, Stephen runs out and grabs Fran's hand. As they turn the corner to run up the grade toward the helicopter, they are confronted with two Zombies, staggering slowly towards them through the dust cloud from the chopper.

Fran screams. They have no weapons with them:

Steve: ROGER...ROGER...

127

Under the whirling chopper blades, Roger continues to fill the fuel tank. In the roar of the engine, he cannot hear anything else.

A third Zombie lumbers toward the helicopter. Roger's back is to the creature and he is unaware of the impending danger.

128

Inside the chart house, Peter stares at the closet door. It is still for a moment...then another moan and the door bangs again.

Peter fires two shots, lower right and lower left of the first forming a triangle.

129

The two creatures advance slowly on Fran and Steve.

Steve: JUST RUN.

Fran is petrified. She turns and looks behind them. They are boxed in by the hangars.

Steve: RUN RIGHT PAST 'EM...RIGHT AROUND 'EM.
THEY CAN'T CATCH YOU.

She hesitates. The Zombies draw closer.

Steve: RUN, FRANNIE. GODDAMMIT, I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
WE CAN HANDLE THEM!

Fran charges up the little grade. She runs to the right of the creatures and they move in her direction, arms outstretched. As she draws near to the dead things, she hesitates again in fright. The creatures claw at the air. The one in front is within a few feet of the woman.

Steve: RUN, FRANNIE. MOVE!

Fran stares into the dead, staring eyes of the lead Zombie. She is almost hypnotized. At the last instant, she runs and just gets past the creatures. A little up the grade, she turns and looks back, stopping again.

One Zombie turns slowly and starts up the grade after Fran. The other continues to advance on Stephen.

130 Stephen ducks back into the open hangar. It is very dark but for thin beams of sunlight which cut through between the wooden boards of the structure. Stephen roots around among the greasy tools which clutter the area. He finds an enormous sledge hammer. He runs out of the shed.

131 He dodges around the lead Zombie, who staggers on with inertia. Steve sees that Fran is still facing the second creature. The man takes a firm grip on the giant hammer as he charges up the grade toward the Zombie's back. As he reaches the creature, he brings the twenty pound steel head of the sledge slamming against the ghoul's skull with all his might.

The creature staggers on for a few more steps, its head a bloody pulp, then it falls to its knees and finally flops face down in the dust.

Without breaking stride, Stephen grabs Fran's hand and the two run toward the helicopter. The other Zombie at the hangar has turned around and is walking up the grade.

132 Roger is pumping the last drops out of the fuel hose when he sees the frightened couple making for the chopper.

133B As Steve charges up the grade he sees the Zombie approaching

133A Roger from behind. Steve shouts and Roger spins around. The stumbling creature is very close. It raises its arms and its hands clutch at the air. Roger lets the fuel nozzle drop to the ground. He is trapped at the side of the machine. He doesn't have his rifle. He fumbles with the snap on his hand-gun holster.

Suddenly, the blank face of the Zombie turns red as the top of its head seems to disintegrate into a bloody pulp. The creature has walked into the spinning chopper blade. It's body staggers forward another step or two, then the thing collapses in a heap.

134

Stephen and Fran have reached the chopper. Steve let's go of the woman's hand and he drops his bloody sledge to the ground. He lunges into the cockpit and snatches up his rifle, ducking in the propeller draft.

135A

The Zombie which is stumbling up the grade from the hangars almost loses its footing, but it regains its balance and advances steadily toward the helicopter.

135B

Fran falls to her knees on the ground. She is wrenching and clutching at her stomach. Steve raises his gun, fumbling. He aims at the approaching creature and fires.

136

The shot misses clean. He fires again. The bullet grazes the creature's face. It staggers from the impact, but does not fall.

137

Roger moves quickly for his high powered weapon. Steve fires two more rounds.

138

Another miss and another graze, this time on the arm.

139

He is about to shoot once more when Roger stops him, stepping up alongside.

139B

Roger calmly aims and fires one shot cleanly through the creature's brain.

140

The Zombie falls and papers blow over its body.

141

In the chart house, Peter fires several more shots into the closet door. Bullet holes appear just where the creature's head should be. There seems to be no way that the volley could have missed.

Silence for a moment. Peter still holds his gun high.

Then, with a great crash, the closet door flies open into the room. Two small children burst out. One has no left arm; the other has been bleeding from a great wound in his side. They are dead. They move directly toward Peter. Their heads are at least a foot shorter than the bullet holes in the closet door.

Peter stares down at the creatures, revulsed. He is so startled that he cannot react quickly enough, and they are on him. The moment he feels their clammy grasp, he regains his survival instincts. He cannot effectively aim his rifle. He kicks and thrashes around. One creature flies against a wall. The other is about to bite the man's arm. The big Black grabs the small Zombie and flings it physically back. The other creature pounces on his back. He throws it over his shoulders and it crashes against its brother.

Now Peter raises his gun. As the children try to scramble to their feet the man fires several shots in rapid succession. First one creature falls; then the other.

Peter continues to fire, his eyes wide with desperation and disgust. Finally his weapon clicks. It is out of ammunition.

Peter breathes heavily. He stares at the small corpses. Instinctively, he begins loading his weapon, without even looking at the action, as he backs wearily out toward the door of the chart house.

142

Behind him, in the brightly sunlit doorway, we see the Zombie who first appeared at the window. The creature staggers forward. Peter turns and startles. He reaches for more shells and backs away a few steps as he tries to load the bullets into his gun. The creature reaches out and takes another step into the room.

Peter stares into the creatures eyes. Then suddenly, out in the sunlight, a few hundred feet behind the Zombie, Stephen appears with his rifle. Peter sees the man over the creature's shoulder.

143

Steve raises his gun and aims at the Zombie, but the barrel seems to be on a straight line with Peter.

144

Peter ducks quickly. Steve's gun fires. The bullet misses the creature cleanly and crashes into the room. It ricochets off the coffee machine. Another shot crashes through the glass in the front room.

Peter crouches, still stuffing shells into his weapon. A third of Stephen's bullets tears through the Zombie's shoulder, but the creature still stands. It turns toward Peter slowly. Peter crawls under the table as another shot splatters into the coffee cups.

145

Once again, Roger steps up beside Stephen. He fires one carefully aimed shot, looking through his telescopic range-finder.

146

Just as Peter finishes loading his weapon, the Zombie crashes into the room, falling over the table and onto the floor.

147

Fran is still kneeling in the dust, trying to keep herself from vomiting. Stephen rushes to her side. Roger, keeping his rifle poised, shouts toward the chart house.

Roger:

PETER.

148

The big Black man appears in the doorway, snapping the safety of his rifle.

151 Fran's wretching causes her to choke and cough. Steve tries to comfort her, not knowing what to say and shaking himself.

152 Peter advances with long strides.

153 Stephen looks up when the Black man is a dozen steps away. Immediately, he sees the anger in Peter's eyes. The big Trooper then raises his rifle and aims it at Stephen. Steve tries to stand, but trips and falls on his back in the dust. In an instant, Peter is looming over him with the barrel of his rifle aimed at point blank range for the shivering man's forehead.

Fran screams through her choking...

Fran: NO... MY GOD... DON'T... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Peter speaks calmly to Stephen, in low tones.

Peter: YOU NEVER AIM A GUN AT ANYONE, MISTER.

IT'S SCARY.

ISN'T IT?

ISN'T IT?

Stephen looks up at the tall man, shivering. Then Peter lowers his weapon and extends his hand, helping Stephen up onto his feet.

154

Roger clears the fuel hose from around the runners of the chopper. Peter climbs into the cockpit and sits in the rear without saying another word.

Roger helps Fran climb aboard. Steve wanders around the front of the cockpit bubble and climbs into the Pilot's seat. Roger climbs in behind Fran as she squeezes into the uncomfortable space beside Peter. The big black offers the woman a sip of water, which she accepts. Then she lets her head flop wearily against the rear bulkhead.

155

Steve is urgently surveying his flight charts, shuffling the papers and trying to seem very busy after the embarrassment of the incident.

Steve: WE GOTTA FIND FUEL. MAYBE CLOSER TO PITTSBURGH...

Roger: NO, WE'VE GOTTA STAY OUT OF THE BIG CITIES.
IF IT'S ANYTHING LIKE PHILLY WE MIGHT NEVER
GET OUT ALIVE.

Peter: WE MIGHT NOT GET OUT OF ANYPLACE ALIVE.
WE ALMOST DIDN'T GET OUT OF HERE.

Roger: WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE FINE.
AS LONG AS THERE'S NOT TOO MANY OF THOSE THINGS
WE CAN HANDLE 'EM EASY.

Peter: YEAH, WELL IT WASN'T "THOSE THINGS" THAT
NEARLY BLEW ME AWAY!

Stephen turns around and is about to say something angrily.
Roger stops him by speaking urgently.

Roger: WE GOTTA STAY IN THE STICKS. THERE'S BOUND TO
BE MORE LITTLE PRIVATE AIRPORTS UPSTATE.

Steve: (reluctantly going back to his charts)
THERE'S THE LOCKS ALONG THE ALLEGHENY.
FUEL STATIONS THERE, PRIVATE AND STATE.

Roger: PROB'LY STILL MANNED. WE DON'T NEED THOSE
HASSLES EITHER.

Steve: THEY'RE JUST OUT AFTER SCAVENGERS...LOOTERS...

Peter: OH, YOU GOT THE PAPERS FOR THIS LIMOUSINE?

Steve: (angrily)
I GOT J.A.S. ID. SO DOES FRAN.

Peter: RIGHT. AND WE'RE OUT HERE DOIN' TRAFFIC REPORTS?
WAKE UP, SUCKER. WE'RE THIEVES AND BAD GUYS IS
WHAT WE ARE. AND WE GOTTA FIND OUR OWN WAY!

There is a long silence. The engine drones, but the helicopter still sits on the ground. The men look at each other. Peter takes a long slug of water.

Fran: JESUS CHRIST. WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE'RE
GOING. WE DON'T HAVE A RADIO. WE'RE RUNNING
OUT OF WATER. WE NEED FOOD...
STEPHEN, YOU NEED TO SLEEP.

156 We see a wide shot of the little airfield. The J.A.S. chopper sits on the ground for a moment, it's props spinning. Then, with a surge of power, it lifts off and flies away. The dry earth swirls up into clouds and blows more bits of paper over the wide-eyed corpses which lie in the morning sunlight.

157 We see the facade of an enormous structure. It is a huge, suburban shopping mall. The outer walls are all concrete, and their clean lines stretch upward for more than two storeys. The building looks like a giant domina lying flat on the ground. There are only four entrances, and the shops which are housed

within have no windows opening onto the surrounding lot.

158 In the immense area around the building, lanes and stalls are painted for automobile parking. What few cars now dot the area are parked randomly, some with their doors open wide.

159 We hear the sound of the helicopter engine fading in, then we see the little machine as it approaches and eases down onto the roof of the building.

160 In the parking lot, walking among the abandoned vehicles, we see several of the living dead. They look almost like normal shoppers at the mall for morning chores, but their lumbering walk is unmistakably stiff..

161 At one of the mall entrances, we see a revolving door flanked by several regularly hinged doors, all made of glass and surrounded by large windows. A few of the Zombies manage to negotiate the hinged doors and enter the building. Others bounce off the windows and claw at the transparent glass in confusion. One creature walks around and around in the revolving door endlessly.

There are a good many of the creatures, but they are spread out and far between. They move with no seeming purpose.

We do not yet see the mall interior. The Zombies pay no attention to the sound of the chopper engine as it whines to a stop overhead.

162

On the roof, even as the blades of the helicopter still spin, the humans are out and moving to the edge of the building. They look down at the creatures which dot the parking lot.

162B

Fran: OH MY GOD!

Stephen: NO CHANCE. FORGET IT, LET'S GET OUTA HERE.

Roger: WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE...THEY CAN'T GET UP HERE.

Steve: YEAH, AND WE CAN'T GO DOWN THERE!

Roger: LET'S CHECK IT OUT.

Roger trots away.

163

Peter has moved directly to an area where a giant grid of transparent plexiglass bubbles face down into the building. He stares through one of them and can see into the mall below. Roger trots up and peers through another of the bubbles.

Peter: MOST OF THE GATES ARE DOWN. I DON'T THINK
THEY CAN GET INTO THE STORES.

164 The vantage point only reveals a small aspect of the interior,
a square plaza with a garden beneath the sunroof of trans-
parent bubbles. The space is open all the way down to the
garden, which is two storeys below. Around the garden on
the bottom floor can be seen the entrances to several shops.
All but one have heavy metal cage gates down and locked into
position.

One or two Zombies are seen wandering about. They cannot
enter the stores, except for the one which is un-gated.

Halfway up the walls can be seen a balcony railing which
rings the entire plaza. It is a second storey of shops.
The same cage-gates seal off the visible store entrances,
but none of the dead creatures are evident on the balcony.

165 Fran and Stephen come trotting up to the bubbles.

Roger: I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY OF THEM UP ON THE SECOND
FLOOR.

Peter: THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORES USUALLY USE BOTH
FLOORS.

Roger: IF WE CAN GET IN UP TOP...

166 Peter is looking across the rest of the expansive rooftop. He takes off toward a series of other housings which jut up out of the otherwise flat surface. Roger follows.

167 Fran: (still staring down through a bubble)
WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
WHY DO THEY COME HERE?

Steve: (also looking down)
SOME KIND OF INSTINCT.
MEMORY...OF WHAT THEY USED TO DO.
THIS WAS AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THEIR LIVES.

168 Below, the Zombies which are in sight wander aimlessly over the plaza. Some try the gates but cannot budge them. One wanders out of the single open shop, it is a female. The shop is an appliance store. As the creature leaves she drags a toaster idly behind her, pulling it by its power cable. It scrapes on the floor loudly.

169 We see an installation of large reflectors mounted in an intricate metal skeleton which stretches across a large area of the roof surface. Behind the structures can be seen a large power generator.

170

Peter: SOLAR SCREENS.

Roger: CAN'T BE ENOUGH TO POWER THIS PLACE.

Peter: EMERGENCY SYSTEM, MAYBE.

Roger: IT'S PRETTY LIT UP IN THERE.

Peter: GUESS THE POWER'S NOT OFF IN THIS AREA.
A LOT OF PHILLY'S STILL LIT. COULD BE NUCLEAR.

171

Roger: HEY LOOK AT THIS!

Roger is peering down through a wire-hatched skylight. There are several laid out over this particular area of the roof. He moves to another while Peter looks down into the first. Fran and Stephen jog up.

Roger: THESE DON'T GO DOWN INTO THE MALL.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

Fran and Stephen peer down into the darkness. Peter pulls a flashlight from his utility belt. He has stayed in full uniform all the while, where Roger has stripped off all but his ammunition belt and pistol holster.

172

The big man shines a light beam down into the space. The floor is only seven feet or so below the window. There is absolutely nothing in sight; clear floor, clear walls, all light gray.

Peter: DAMN.

173

Roger has moved to another window.

Roger: HEY, OVER HERE. THERE'S SOMETHIN' HERE.

174

Peter trots over and shines his beam down. They see a vast array of cardboard cartons...hundreds of them.

Roger: STORAGE?

175

Peter moves the light beam. Now it illuminates a collection of large drums, stacked floor to ceiling and running deep past the line of vision. On the face of each drum is the familiar symbol of a triangle within a circle, and the letters C.D.

176

Peter: CIVIL DEFENSE. CIVIL DEFENSE WATER SUPPLY.

Roger: AND BOXES OF CANNED FOOD!

Steve: HOW DO WE GET DOWN THERE?

Peter looks at Stephen as a street-wise-tough would look at a hopeless city-slick-sissy. Then the big man brings his rifle butt down against the glass and the shattered pane crashes to the floor below.

177

Inside- the vastness of the space is impressive. It is quite dark but for rays of sunlight which drift through the occasional skylights. We see an enormous quantity of food cartons and water drums. It is very quiet. The space is barren except for the stacks of Civil Defense supplies.

178

Suddenly, a figure drops out of one of the skylights, landing on its feet in the sunray. It is Peter.

Instantly he readies his rifle, looking this way and that across the large room. Silence.

Peter: OK.

He steps aside and Roger climbs in. He too drops cat-like to the floor.

179

The two men instantly sling their rifles and move to the food cartons as by pre-arranged plan. They carry the big boxes quickly, one at a time, to the spot directly under the open skylight.

In a moment, they have built a pyramid out of the cartons. It creates a kind of stairway for a quick escape through the window above.

180 Now Fran lowers herself into the room and is able to climb down the cartons holding onto Roger's hand. She is followed by an anxious Stephen.

181 Peter has already wandered off. There are only two doors in the enormous room, one at either end. The big Trooper moves up to one of them as Roger comes up behind him, gun at the ready.

Peter's hand turns the doorknob. It is unlocked, and the big man gives Roger a familiar nod. Roger stands several feet back, his rifle aimed directly at the door and ready to fire. Then, with a sudden, commando-like motion, Peter throws the door open and ducks away flat against the wall. Roger stiffens, his finger all but pulling his rifle trigger, but there is no apparent danger.

182 The door opens onto another vast room, equivalent to the one the people are in. It also has stacks of C.D. supplies.

The Troopers cautiously move into the area through the door. The room is empty. The same sunrays pierce the darkness through skylights. All is dead quiet. This room has no doors at all, but for the one Peter opened.

Roger: DOUBLE DAMN!
 LOOKS LIKE A FREE LUNCH, BUDDY.

183 In the first room Stephen has started to rip open one of the cartons.

Fran: SPAM!

Roger walks back into the room.

Roger: YOU BRING A CAN OPENER?

Fran: OH.

Roger: THEN DON'T KNOCK SPAM. IT'S GOT IT'S OWN KEY.

The woman flips over the can in her hand and finds the little key.

Peter has walked right past the group. He is moving quickly toward the still-unknown door at the other end of the room. Again, Roger follows.

184 At the door, the two Troopers go through the same S.W.A.T. procedure. The door swings open, this time onto a very small space. Again no immediate danger.

185 As the men enter, they discover that they are on the top landing of a concrete and metal firestair. There are no windows, and the air is musty. There is one bare light bulb lit in the ceiling, but down the stairs at the next landing it is quite dark, and there the stairs wind even further down; they recede into blackness.

Roger: WHATD'YA THINK?

The Black man just stares, first down into the darkness then back into the storage area.

Roger: THIS IS THE ONLY WAY UP HERE.
 WHATD'YA THINK?

CUT.

186 A great barricade of food cartons has been stacked against the stairway door.

187 Near the pyramid under the open skylight, the group of refugees sits on the floor.

Stephen is asleep. Fran sits next to his curled form, her hand in his hair. Roger leans against the pyramid and Peter sits in the lotus position, his gun across his legs, squarely facing the suspicious stairwell. He and Roger still pick at their food. Roger swills water from an empty Spam can which he has filled from one of the C.D. drums.

Roger: YOU BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, TOO, BUDDY.

Peter: THERE'S AN AWFUL LOT OF STUFF DOWN THERE
 THAT WE COULD USE, BROTHER.

Roger: I KNOW IT.

Fran stiffens at the talk. She doesn't believe what she is hearing. She knows instantly that the men will try to raid the mall.

Peter: THEY'RE PRETTY SPREAD OUT DOWN THERE.
 IT'S A BIG PLACE. I THINK WE COULD OUT-RUN 'EM.

Roger: HIT AND RUN.

Peter: HIT AND RUN...MAYBE GRAB US OFF A RADIO...

Fran: YOU'RE CRAZY!

Roger: THIS PLACE COULD BE A GOLD MINE.
 WE GOTTA AT LEAST CHECK IT OUT.

188 Roger checks his weaponry and quickly moves toward the door where he begins to remove the barricade of cartons. Peter still sits, checking his own guns.

189 Fran: THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE RE TRYIN TO GET AWAY
 FROM...LOOK WHAT HAPPENED AT THE AIRPORT...

Peter: THE ONLY PROBLEM AT THE AIRPORT WAS STRAY BULLETS!
 WE COULD OUTFIGHT THOSE DUMMIES BLINDFOLDED.

Fran: STEPHEN...(the exhausted Pilot is sleeping through
 it all)

Peter: (standing)
 LEAVE HIM BE. WE'RE GOIN' OURSELVES.

The big Trooper bends over snatching up Stephen's rifle. He snaps off the safety and slams a shell into the chamber. He hands it to the woman.

Peter: THAT'S READY TO SHOOT. BE CAREFUL.

Fran holds the gun gingerly.

Peter: THE TRIGGER SQUEEZES REAL EASY, BUT THE WEAPON'LL
KICK YOU GOOD WHEN IT FIRES. BE READY FOR THAT.

Fran: WAIT A MINUTE, I...

Peter: ANYONE BUT US COMES UP THEM STAIRS, YOU GUYS
TAKE OFF IN THE MACHINE. WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT
OUT TO THE PARKIN' LOT. YOU CAN PICK US UP THERE.

Fran just stares up at the big man, with desperation in her eyes. She has stopped arguing seeing that the Troopers' decision is made.

Peter: IF WE DON'T SHOW UP AFTER A FEW MINUTES...
WE'LL CATCH UP TO YOU SOME OTHER TIME.
YOU UNDERSTAND?

190 In the dimly lit firestair, the door on the top landing
pulls open suddenly. The stairway is still empty.

The Troopers move slowly out onto the landing. They look
down into the darkness below. Then they move slowly and
silently down the steps. Fran appears on the upper landing.
She stands in the doorway clutching the rifle.

Peter stops for a moment, looking back up at the frightened woman.

Peter: YOU'LL PROB'LY HEAR SOME SHOOTING.
 JUST DON'T PANIC, OK.

Fran sighs exhaustedly.

Peter: YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT.
 IT'S OUR ASSES THAT'S IN THE FIRE.

191 Two landings below, there is almost no light. Roger clicks on his flashlight and shines the beam around. He is in a very small concrete space. The stairs go down no further. There is only one door. Peter eases down the steps behind.

Roger: THIS IS THE ONLY WAY UP THERE.

192 We see the other side of the metal door. It stands in another cement walled space, which also seems small from our angle, but it is fully lit.

The door opens slowly, and the Troopers cautiously step out. As the camera swings around, we see that the men are at the end of a long narrow hallway. Directly across from them are two open supply rooms, one containing a stationery sink and a toilet. Both rooms are filled with cleaning supplies.

193 Down along the hall can be seen a dozen or so doorways. Some doors are open, some are closed. Along the opposite wall there is nothing.

The far end of the hall, about a hundred yards away, opens out onto the second storey of the mall proper.

194 The men look at one another and slowly move down the corridor. They try the first two doors, which are locked. The third is wide open.

195 Roger ducks quickly into the room with his rifle raised. It is a large administrative office, with rows of desks which are fully equipped for a staff of secretaries and accountants.

196 The next room has a closed door, but it is unlocked. Peter swings the door open and silently jumps into the room. This is a much more spartan area, with two metal desks and a few chairs. There are several phones. It is a maintenance office. On one wall is a large map of the mall, with pin flags and scribbling over an acetate which covers the drawing. At the other end of the space is a huge electrical panel with circuit breakers and an entire series of master controls all keyed by a number code to another map of the mall showing electrical installations.

On the wall behind Peter is a large blackboard and two metal cabinets. One is open. It contains all sorts of tools, manual and electric. There are circuit testers, walkie talkie units and there are several enormous rings containing hundreds of keys, also color and number coded. Peter grabs up one of the rings as Roger steps up behind him.

Roger: THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM.

197 Back in the hallway, Roger's hand tries another doorknob and throws the door open. This opens onto beautifully plush offices, obviously the executive headquarters.

The rooms interconnect, and while Peter walks from door to door in the corridor, Roger moves through the inner doors, meeting Peter at each room. One office is more elegant than the next, with the latest in designer furniture and expensive decorations.

198 The Troopers finally reach a room on which both the interior and corridor doors are closed and locked. The brass nameplate on the interior door reads C. J. Porter - President.

199A Roger moves out to the corridor where he joins Peter. They
~~THEY MOVE INTO THE EXTERIOR CORRIDOR.~~

199B

are very near the end of the hall, and the brightly lit shopping area is close at hand. They can only see a small section.

- 200 The balcony on their side is railed off against the open drop down to the first floor, and across the great cavity they see the opposite balcony. On the far side only two store fronts can be seen. They are both gated shut.
- 201 The two realize what dangers might face them in the mall proper. They look at each other and move forward, each clinging to opposite walls in the corridor.
- 202 As they reach the mall proper they slowly and carefully peer around their respective corners.
- 203 The upper balcony totally surrounds the vast interior of the building, and at several points bridges across from one side to the other. Little shops of all types run along the entire length of the balcony, and at each far end, stands the entrance arches for a large department store.
- Most of the stores are gated, but several seem open. The big department stores are gated and locked. Here and there tall trees grow up from the ground floor and reach up into view of the second storey. There are none of the living dead evident on the balcony.
- 204 The two troopers move slowly and quietly to the railing. They crouch and peer down through the bars of the rail. Below, the sight is even more spectacular.

205

Stores of every type offer gaudy displays of consumer items. Everything from clothing to appliances, Photo equipment; audio and video outlets; sporting goods and weaponry; gourmet foods and natural organic foods. There is a Book Store, a Record Store, a Real Estate Agency and a Bank; A Novelty Shop, a Gift Shop; all with the absolute latest in American consumer items. And at either end of the concourse like the main Altars at each end of a Cathedral, stand the mammoth two storey Department Stores; great symbols of a consumer society.

Down the center of the ground floor, along with the gardens and park benches, are little stalls. One is a Tobacco Specialist. another Jewelry; another is a small Photo Portrait stall where mothers had their children photographed. There are Restaurants and Snack Bars and numerous coin operated machines selling everything from childrens' toys to Blood Pressure readings.

205B

There is a large turntable, designed to spin but which is now still, holding a late model car on exhibit.

205A

Another turntable displays futuristic household appliances.

The images are all too familiar, but in their present state they appear as an archeological discovery revealing the Gods and Customs of a civilization now gone.

The ghosts of the civilization, however, are not figments in the myasma. They are quite real. And they walk below in the aisles of the great Cathedral. At least twenty Zombies can be seen from the Troopers' perspective.

206 Roger: IT'S CHRISTMASTIME DOWN THERE, BUDDY.

Peter: FAT CITY, BROTHER.
HOW WE GONNA WORK IT.

Roger: WE GET INTO THE DEPARTMENT STORES UP HERE.
THEY PROB'LY HAVE THEIR OWN ESCALATORS INSIDE.

Peter: LET'S CHECK THOSE KEYS.

207 The Troopers stealthily pull away from the railing and back into the administrative corridor. Then they move quickly down the hall toward the Maintenance Office.

208 As the men leave the balcony, the camera pans. Several yards away a Zombie staggers out of one of the open stores. It is followed by a second creature, a female without one arm. They are moving along the balcony toward the open corridor.

209 In the Maintenance Office, the Troopers are checking the keys against the coded map on the wall.

Roger: SEVENTY TWO...U. AND D. ...HERE IT IS...

The men check the keys. Peter finds corresponding numbers.

Peter: HERE.

Roger: LET'S JUST HOPE IT'S RIGHT.

Peter: LOOK HERE (on the map)
THESE NUMBERS MUST ALL BE LOCKS. (he points)
FRONT...SIDE...BACK OUTSIDE, MUST BE LIKE
LOADING DOCKS...BUT WHAT ARE THESE?

The man points to several numbered spots which seem to be within the big Department Store they are studying.

Roger: WASHROOMS...EQUIPMENT...I DUNNO.

Roger moves off toward the electrical control panel. Peter still stares at the map.

Peter: I GUESS THESE GOTTA BE THE GATES.

Roger: HOW ABOUT A LITTLE MUSIC?

Peter: WHAT?

210 The big Black moves up behind his partner. One of the controls on the panel is marked: MUSIC TAPE. It indicates a master switch which is in the off position. Another is marked FLOOR EXHIBITS and a series of others are marked ESCALATORS. There are dozens of master switches which are in the off mode.

Peter: POWER SWITCHES.

Roger: THE MUSIC MIGHT COVER THE NOISE WE MAKE.

Peter: HIT 'EM ALL. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE POWER IN EVERYTHING. WE MIGHT NEED IT.

Roger hits the switches one at a time.

211 Throughout the mall, we hear the drone of the dull, mass produced music designed to lull a shopper's brain.

212 Upstairs, Francine startles at the sound from below. She snaps the rifle into her hands, ready to fire. She has been standing just inside the storage area. She steps into the firestair and looks down into the darkness. The sounds of the insipid music drift up to her. She leans into the storage area again.

Fran: STEPHEN...

STEPHEN!

213 Steve, still lying on the floor against the escape pyramid,
slowly awakens.

214 Down on the first floor of the big mall, things begin to
work. 214 B The automobile turntable starts spinning; the great
escalators move up and down. Two of the living dead, caught
just starting up two stalled escalator, ^(CLIP SC. 224) fall and roll down
as the mechanical steps begin moving.

Lights blink on the exhibits, and mechanical window
displays begin their robot-like motions. It is like a
Carnival coming alive. The Zombies which wander the floor
look about in confusion. Some of them swat ineffectively
at the moving exhibits.

215 In a very tall cage, which reaches from the first floor
all the way to the ceiling, the Tropical Birds which are
housed within begin to flutter and squawk.

216 In a pet shop, there are puppies and kittens in a window
display. They whine and scramble over one another in fright at
the noise and the motion and the colored lights.

217 On one of the floor exhibits, a rear-projection movie starts.
It is a dryly produced film about the merits of a Real Estate
Developer's new tract of suburban houses. A narrator speaks
in a friendly voice:

...and for prices which anyone can afford,
 you can live in these luxurious new homes
 by Brandon. Fully electric, central air,..etc.

218 In the Maintenance Office, the Troopers ready themselves
 for their raid. Peter secures the vital keyring to his
 utility belt and they move out.

218B PETER AND ROGER MOVE DOWN THE HALL AND EXIT THRU DOOR TO EXTERIOR CORRIDOR.

219 Just as Roger moves through the door into the corridor, he
 is confronted by ~~one of~~ the Zombies from the balcony.
 He startles and ducks back into the room. The ^{CLOSEST} Zombie is
 reaching out with clutching hands, ~~rounds the corner and~~
~~appears in the doorway.~~ Peter raises his gun and fires
 two shots cleanly through the creature's head.

220 As the shots ring through the area, Fran, standing at the
 top of the firestair, startles. Steve grabs the rifle from
 the woman.

Steve: JESUS CHRIST...
 THEY'RE MANIACS.

221 The Troopers step over the corpse, ~~and out into the corridor.~~
 The second Zombie, the armless female, is walking toward them.
 This time Roger fires his weapon. The creature falls in a heap.

Roger: WHATD'YA THINK?
 BAG IT OR TRY FOR IT?

Peter: YOU GAME?

Roger nods and the two men run down the hall toward the mall.

221 B

Their rifles poised, they are like commandos on an important mission.

221 C

MEN AT MALL MOUTH SEE DEPT. STORE AND START FOR IT.

221 D

MEN RUN FROM CORRIDOR ONTO BALCONY.

222

The battle to win the mall has begun. The creatures which wander the first floor look about, attracted by the sound, but they are confused. They walk this way and that, in misguided, staggering strides.

223

Several of the Zombies try to move up the down-escalator. They fall over themselves and cannot negotiate the moving stairway.

224

A few creatures who move onto the up-escalator also fall against each other from the movement, but one falls onto the moving steps and is carried upward. Then another manages to keep its balance holding on to the hand rail.

225

At another point down the length of the mall, there is a stationary stairway which runs from the first to the second floor. Several creatures move up the steps.

226

At the top of the firestair. Stephen begins to move down the steps cautiously. His rifle is at the ready. Fran stays on the top landing.

Fran: STEPHEN, DON'T GO DOWN THERE.
 (he continues)
 STEPHEN PLEASE!

Steve: IT'S ALRIGHT.

227 At the huge gate which locks off the big Department Store,
 the two Troopers come to a crashing stop.

228 There is a side concourse which can be seen from this van-
 tage point, and in the hall are four or five Zombies. They
 are about three hundred feet away.

229 Roger keeps his rifle leveled off in the direction of the
 creatures while Peter confronts the lock at the middle of
 the big roll gate.

 He fumbles with the keys for a moment until he finally sinks
 the proper key into the receptacle which is right at the floor.
 The tumblers turn successfully.

Peter: ALRIGHT!

230 On the escalator, the creatures which fell onto the moving
 steps are being carried up to the balcony. The one supporting
 himself on the hand rail is still standing. The head of the

standing Zombie suddenly becomes visible from Roger's perspective.

231 The Trooper raises his gun and aims for the creature's forehead.

Peter tries to lift the roll gate. It won't move. It is still locked.

Peter: YOU BASTARD!

Roger: WHAT?

Peter: STILL LOCKED...(he sees another assembly)
 ON THE SIDE...

The big man moves to the far side of the gate. The same key fits. Roger re-focusses on the creature which is riding the escalator. It is quite near the top now. Roger is about to shoot when something catches his eye.

232 The fallen Zombies, which up to now could not be seen behind the escalator railwall, suddenly come tumbling out onto the balcony floor.

233 Roger fires, but his aim is inaccurate.

- 234 He hits the standing Zombie in the neck. The creature is thrown off balance enough to lose its footing. It falls back down the escalator, but before it reaches the bottom, it stops rolling. The steps carry it back up toward the second floor again. It is still very much alive. The two creatures on the balcony struggle to stand.
- 235 Roger looks back over his shoulder.
- 236 The Zombies from the side concourse are now about a hundred and fifty feet away.
- 237 Peter turns the key in the lock, but again the gate will not lift. It moves slightly, as the middle mechanism and the one on the far right are free, but there is a third lock on the far left. Peter moves to it quickly.
- 238 On the first floor concourse, other creatures are beginning to take note of the action upstairs. They start to move.
- 239 The Zombies on the stationary stairway are beginning to reach the second floor, but they are far down the main balcony. They will have to pass the administrative corridor in order to reach the Department Store.
- 240 Roger fires again.
- 241 One of the nearby Zombies falls in a heap.

242 At the sound of the rifle, Fran gets desperate.

Fran: STEPHEN...FOR GOD'S SAKE...LET'S GET UP ON:
 THE ROOF...

243 Steve is at the middle landing. He stares down into the
darkness below. More gunfire can be heard from the mall.

Steve: IT'S ALRIGHT, I'M TELLIN 'YA. THOSE THINGS
 DON'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH TO CATCH US.

More gunfire can be heard.

244 Now the giant gate rolls up with a loud rumble. Peter ducks
into the store even as the gate is still rising, but the
inertia of the great metal cage carries the lip up out of Peter's
grasp. He jumps to try to catch it, but he misses. It jerks
up into its fully open position and rolls back down slightly, but
still Peter cannot reach the lip. It slides back to rest about
three feet above Peter's fingertips.

245 The Zombies advance.

246 Roger drops another with a clean shot through the head, then he

246B backs into the archway of the Department Store entrance. Peter
is desperately looking around for something to stand on to reach
the gate.

247 The Zombies are very close to the arch now, advancing steadily.

248 Peter grabs a small counter used to display shoes, but it is too heavy for him to move himself.

Peter: HERE...COME ON...

Roger has to abandon his post at the arch long enough to help drag the little counter. The men drag it to a point just at the side of the open arch, and Peter instantly jumps up on top of it. At that instant, a Zombie rounds the corner and grabs at Peter's legs. The big man kicks, startled, and the motion causes him to fall off the little counter. He lands on his feet, but out on the balcony beyond the arch. Roger brings his rifle butt around against the creature's head and the Zombie falls back, but is not dead.

Other creatures are only a few feet from Peter, whose gun sits on the little counter inside the store. Roger levels off his rifle but cannot fire as Peter is in the line. Peter makes a move and, like a football player, jukes to the left, then to the right. He dives right at one of the creatures carrying it into the store.

Now Roger fires, dropping one, then another. Peter jumps back up on the counter.

Peter: BEHIND YOU...BEHIND YOU...

The creature in the store has crashed against a cosmetics display and is regaining its footing. Roger turns and fires. The creature falls. Peter grabs the lip of the roll gate and starts to bring it down.

There are several creatures right in the archway, now they clutch with their hands. One blocks the downward progress of the gate. Roger fires point blank and the Zombie flies back. The gate lowers but is stopped by the clutching hands of other creatures. Roger grabs the cage now and helps to pull it down. Peter, still gripping the lip, jumps off the counter to get more leverage.

The bottom of the gate is now four feet from the floor. The two men are able to move it steadily downward. The Zombies are very weak, but more creatures appear making it more difficult. Then one Zombie tries to crawl under the gate. Its torso just gets through as the gate slams down against its chest. Its arms grab for Peter's legs and its mouth is gaping. Its body is preventing the gate from engaging in the floor mechanisms.

Roger lets go the cage as Peter tries to hold it against the creatures outside. Grabbing his rifle, Roger brings the butt straight down on the clutching Zombie's skull. The Zombie goes limp. Then Roger tries to push the creature clear of the gate, but the pressure is too great.

Roger: LET UP A LITTLE...LET UP A LITTLE...

The gate rises a few inches. More Zombies appear outside. Their hands clutch at the roll cage. The openings in the grid are only big enough for their fingers, their hands cannot reach through, but they are pushing the gate higher and higher...more than Peter intended to clear the obstructing corpse.

With his rifle butt, Roger manages to push the dead Zombie clear except for one of its arms. From outside, a creature's hand suddenly grabs Roger's weapon. For a moment it like a Tug-O-War. Peter is having a harder time holding the gate. It is inching upward.

Peter: COME ON...COME ON...

Roger lets go his gun barrel and the weapon is snatched away by the creature in the crowd. Roger grabs for the gate.

Peter: THE ARM...THAT ARM'S IN THE WAY.

Roger squats again and manages to throw the dead Zombie's arm clear. Then he grabs the gate again. Now it starts to move down more steadily.

At the last moment, another clutching arm juts into the store, but when the gate hits it, it withdraws, and the big cage clicks solidly into place.

The two Troopers step back from the gate. The creatures still moan and gurgle, slamming against the gate, their fingers clutching at the grid, but they are unable to budge it.

There are ten or twelve Zombies trying to get into the Department Store and several others are making their way along the balcony. At least six lie dead along the floor.

Roger: WELL...WE'RE IN...NOW, HOW THE HELL WE GONNA
 GET BACK?

Peter: LET'S GO SHOPPIN' FIRST.

The two men back into the aisles of the store. The creatures outside still push and claw at the gate. The one with Roger's rifle uses it as a bludgeon, but it has no effect.

249 Stephen opens the door into the Administrative corridor.

250 ~~He sees the Zombies which lie dead in the hall.~~ From his
 perspective, the hall, ~~visible at the open end of the~~
~~corridor,~~ is inactive. He observes the washrooms and the
 long row of doors which lead into the various offices.

251 He starts into the corridor, letting the firestair door
close behind him.

252 At the top of the firestair, Fran can see the beam of light
from the open door below. As the door closes, the beam
narrows, then it blinks out with a click as the door closes.

Fran: STEPHEN...JESUS GOD...

She is very frightened. She backs into the storage area.

253 She moves quickly to the little pyramid of cartons which
lead up to the roof. She sits on the bottom carton biting
her fingers.

254 In the Department Store, Roger is riding down an escalator.
He has found a back pack, and it is already obviously filled
with goods. As he steps off the moving stairs on the ground
floor, the surroundings are eerily quiet.

255 He moves through a clothing department. We see the dead
looking faces of store mannequins. Roger runs into one and
is greatly startled. He snatches up a lined windbreaker
and ties it around his waist by its arms, then he trots off
down another aisle, where he finds Peter.

256 The big Trooper has a radio under his arm and he is snatching
up a small television.

Roger: HEY MAN, WE CAN'T CARRY ALL THIS SHIT...

257 Peter turns a corner and dumps the articles into something which we cannot yet see. As Roger trots up, he sees that Peter has a big gardening cart already heaped with goods.

Roger: OH...WE'RE GONNA JUST WHEEL RIGHT BY 'EM, RIGHT?

Peter: WE GONNA TRY, BROTHER. WE AIN'T DOIN' THIS FOR THE EXCERCISE. WE MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO GET WHAT WE CAN.

Roger: THERE'S NO WAY THIS IS GONNA HAPPEN...

Even though he doesn't understand the plan, Roger helps Peter toss things into the barrow.

258 They race down the hardware aisle tossing in tools and other supplies. Electrical cables, flashlights, batteries. They scoop things up like contestants on a game-show who have five minutes in a store to grab whatever they can.

259 Stephen is in the Maintenance office. He examines the maps and the electrical equipment, then he rummages through one of the desks.

260

At the open end of the corridor which leads out to the second storey balcony, Zombies wander past. ^{AND THREE ENTER THE CORRIDOR.} They are heading for the Department Store entrance, where many of the creatures still claw at the roll gate.

261

The Zombies move randomly. Some are already leaving the gate as their prey is now out of sight within the store. They begin to wander this way and that.

262

Three of the creatures turn into the administrative corridor and start toward the offices.

263

Stephen has found a large binder in a desk drawer. It contains all the plans for the mall, duplicating the charts on the walls and many others. It is a complete maintenance manual revealing all the workings and the entire layout of the huge structure.

264

Elevator doors slide open with a loud whoosh. The two Troopers appear in the car, and they wheel their barrow out into the second storey aisles of the big store.

265

Now, they can see the roll gate and the creatures which push at it ineffectively. The two men roll their barrow up very close to the gate. When the Zombies catch sight of the humans their efforts are renewed. They set up great moaning sounds and push harder at the cage.

The Troopers leave the barrow and disappear back among the aisles.

266A They run onto the interior escalator, bounding down faster than the moving steps, then they run across the first floor until they see the lower level-roll gate.

266B

267A There are creatures wandering the concourse, but none of them are at the gate.

267B Peter: LET'S GO BROTHER...THE OLD OKEY DOKE!

The men move up to the roll gate. A Zombie lumbers past. Roger speaks to the creature:

Roger: HEY, UGLY!

The creature turns instantly. Registers. Then dives for the gate with a moaning roar. Its mouth opens and its hands clutch. The gate pops forward from the creature's thrust, but it holds tightly. The action causes Roger to jump even though there is no immediate danger.

Peter: LET'S RAISE SOME HELL...HEY...HEY...
(he is shouting)

Roger: OVER HERE...LET'S GO OVER HERE...

268 Other creatures along the concourse turn toward the Department Store. They lumber along attracted by the sounds.

269 At the gate, several Zombies push at the metal grids. The Troopers back away, but stay in sight of the creatures.

Peter: JUST GIVE IT TIME...GIVE IT TIME.

270 Upstairs, the Zombies at the upper gate are attracted by the commotion on the first floor. They begin to move away from the gate and they lumber along the balcony toward the stairways and escalators.

271 In the maintenance office, Stephen still rummages. He finds a loaded hand gun and he stuffs it into his belt. Then he moves to the large cabinets containing the walkie talkies and the keys.

272 In the corridor, the stray Zombies move in and out of the executive offices as they draw nearer to the Maintenance room.

273 Several creatures fall over one another as they try to move down the up escalator. Others are pushed out onto the first floor by the down escalator. They scramble to their feet and move toward the Department Store.

274 A In the concourse, many of the creatures are moving toward the gate and already there are a dozen or so clutching and

pushing at the metal grid. Through the crowd, Peter can see
274 B several other creatures lumbering down the stationary steps.

275 Peter: . OK...THEY'RE COMIN'...

The big man readies his walkie talkie, pulling the antenna out full.

Peter: GO ON UP...STAY OUTA SIGHT BUT LEMME KNOW
WHEN ITS CLEAR ENOUGH.

Roger, clutching his walkie talkie, disappears among the aisles as he runs, crouching, into the store. Peter tries to hold the attention of the creatures at the gate.

Peter: RIGHT HERE, BABIES...THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT...
YOU DUMBASS SUCKERS...YOU DUMB....YOU ARE DUMB!

276 Upstairs, the doors to the elevator glide open again and Roger moves through the second floor aisles stealthily.

~~277 Stephen, taking the maintenance manual, starts to leave the office. Just as he peers around the corner, he sees the first Zombie approaching from the Hall. The Creature sees him as well, and reacts by reaching out its arms. It is about twenty feet away. Stephen ducks back into the office and slams the door.~~

277 A Steve takes manual and leaves maintenance office.

277 B Steve walks down interior corridor.

277 C Steve opens door to exterior corridor - zombies attack.

277 D The zombies clutch as Stephen tries to close door on zombie 13's arm.

277 E Stephen runs back down interior corridor.

278 Steve starts up the firestair door, Fran calls. Steve takes...realizes he will lead creatures up to her. He closes door and moves toward maintenance office and runs in.

279 Steve runs into maintenance office slamming the door.

- 280 A second creature is moving up behind the first, and another enters the corridor from the accounting office.
- 281 The metal door locks only with a key. Stephen fumbles for a moment with his rifle, then he dives for the key cabinet. There are hundreds of keys on the rings. He looks at the wall map. He can't focus in his panic.
- 282 In the hall, the first creature slams against the door. It doesn't even have the intelligence to reach for the knob. It pounds on the door with its hands.
- 283 The pounding increases Stephen's panic. He stares at the map trying to focus on the maze of numbers.
- 284 The second creature reaches the door and claws at it. The third approaches slowly.
- 285 Stephen rattles among the keys. His fingers shake and he cannot decipher the numbers.
- 286 Outside, one of the creatures, in its random clutching, takes hold of the knob and pushes in and out, not yet turning it.
- 287 Stephen, clutching one ring of keys, throws himself against the door, still trying to read the numbers. The knob finally turns. The door opens against Stephen's weight. He manages to slam it shut despite the pushing of the creatures. He throws the keyring down and grabs his gun.

288 Roger speaks into his walkie talkie:

Roger: I THINK WE CAN MOVE THE WAGON.

289 A Peter, downstairs, talks into his unit:

Peter: CLEAR?

Roger: (over talking unit)
NOT ALTOGETHER, BUT THEY'RE SPREAD OUT PRETTY
GOOD...ENOUGH TO MOVE THE WAGON.

289 B The creatures slam against the first floor gate, but it holds securely. Peter stares at the beasts as he lowers his talk unit. He backs slowly away into the depths of the store.

290 Upstairs, Roger peers from behind a counter.

291 The second floor gate is clear.

292 On the balcony, we see several creatures still wandering aimlessly, but most of them have already moved down the steps and escalators.

293 Peter is still in sight of the Zombies at the first floor entrance. He clips his talk unit onto his belt, then ducks and disappears among the aisles.

294 He runs, crouching out of sight, until he rounds a far wall
and comes up into the elevator.

295 He enters the car and pushes "2". The doors glide shut and
the car begins to move up.

296 At the door of the Maintenance Office, the knob turns again.
The door pushes open against Stephen's weight. His feet slide
on the linoleum floor. He cannot get the door closed this
time. Biting his lip, he makes the sign of the cross, and
he backs suddenly into the room, holding his rifle high.
The floor flies open with a great slam, and the three Zombies
advance into the office. Stephen tries to aim carefully at
the leader, and he fires.

297 Just as the elevator doors open, Peter hears the gunfire.
He hesitates for a moment, then runs toward the entrance arch.

298 Roger is poised at one of the side locks on the gate. The
gunfire stops him also as he is unlocking the mechanism.

299 Along the balcony, some of the creatures turn around in con-
fusion. They walk this way and that, attracted by the sound.

300 Peter thunders up behind Roger.

Peter: WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

Roger: FUZZ MAYBE?

Peter: OR MAYBE FLYBOY. WHERE'S IT COMIN' FROM?

Roger: CAN'T TELL.

Peter: COME ON. OPEN UP.

Roger: MAYBE WE SHOULD SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'...

Peter: OPEN UP. I CAN GET THE WAGON OVER.
IF IT IS FLYBOY, LET'S GET HIM ON OUR SIDE.

Roger moves to the second lock. More gunfire.

(setting his weapon on the floor)
Peter: YOU JUST COVER ME GOOD, YOU HEAR?

Roger moves to the third lock as Peter stands and grabs on to the handles of the barrow.

301 The body of a dead Zombie hits the floor, its head shot through. Nearby lies the corpse of the first creature to break into the Maintenance Office.

The third staggers into the room.. Stephen stands fast now. He holds his rifle out in front of him. The creature walks toward the gun. Steve holds his hands on the trigger. The

Zombie lunges suddenly, and its hands grab the gun barrel. Steve fires, but the blast tears through the creature's chest. Steve struggles to raise the barrel but the motion of the Zombie makes it impossible to aim accurately. The gun fires again, this time grazing the Zombie's neck. With a sudden burst of energy, the creature is able to wrench the gun free. Steve backs against the wall. The creature tosses the rifle across the room where it slams to the floor by one of the desks. Then the Zombie advances on Steve. Steve is right next to the key cabinet. He grabs at it, trying to find some weapon. His hand feels the tools in the cabinet. He comes up with a hammer. The Zombie is just about to reach him when Steve pulls the hammer out and upsets the cabinet. The Zombie fumbles with the cabinet at its feet, but it does not fall. When Steve tries to hit the creature's head with the tool, he misses and the Zombie grabs at his arm, trying to bite it. Steve wrenches free, and the two bodies fall to the floor. Now the creature is clutching at the man's legs, it's teeth bared like an animal. Steve kicks desperately and manages to land a blow squarely in the creature's face. The Zombie comes on after him again, and from his crawling position, Steve is able to bring up the hammer on an uppercut with the creature's jaw. The creature falls back enough for Steve to crawl across the floor away from it. It follows, but Steve reaches the desk where he grabs up his rifle. Rolling on the floor, he fires several shots into the creature, finally destroying it.

- 302 The second floor gate rolls up with a rumble and Peter runs out of the Department Store with his barrow full of supplies.
- 303 The action attracts the attention of several of the creatures which are still wandering the balcony. They turn slowly.
- 304 Just as he rounds the corner, Peter almost collides with one creature, and can barely keep from upsetting the barrow. He manages to get past, and he runs as fast as he can toward the opening of the administrative corridor.
- 305 Roger does not let the gate roll up too high. He stabilizes the metal grid well within reach, then he stands his post with Peter's rifle. Several creatures approach from the opposite direction. Roger fires at the closest one. It falls. The others are still too far away to waste bullets.
- 306 A Stephen steps over the corpses in the office and grabbing up the maintenance manual, he rushes into the corridor and runs out
 306 B the door to the EXT. CORRIDOR.
-
- 306 C Steve runs down EXT. CORRIDOR
- 307 ~~Three~~ Four more creatures, move toward him up the hallway. turn in from the hall and start for him
- 308 At first Stephen freezes, then he starts backing toward the firestair, his rifle poised.

- 309 A Just as Peter is about to reach the mouth of the corridor, a Zombie steps out of the hallway right in his path. Peter slams the barrow squarely into the creature's legs. The Zombie falls into the barrow on top of the supplies. The big man slams the load against a wall at the mouth of the corridor, and before the Zombie can get its balance, the big Trooper reaches down and grabs the creature by its jacket lapels. With all his might he flings the dead thing out against the balcony railing. The creature flips over the rail at its waist, but does not fall off the balcony.
- 309 B Its arms and legs are flailing as Peter comes up quickly behind it and flips it over the rail. The creature makes no sound as it plummets to the concourse below.
- 309 C
- 310 Roger fires again at a Zombie which is drawing dangerously near. Other creatures throughout the area are again converging on the Department Store entrance.
- 311 Peter wheels the barrow into the mouth of the corridor and he sees Steve at the other end of the hall, the three Zombies still closing in.
- Peter: HOLD IT FLYBOY!
- 312 Steve freezes. He can barely see Peter, his line of vision blocked by the advancing Zombies. The creatures are about thirty feet away from him.

313 Peter: DON'T GO INTO THE STAIRWAY!

314 Stephen is confused. The creatures advance.

315 Peter: DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR, BABY. YOU'LL LEAD 'EM
RIGHT UP WITH YOU.

316 Steve is on the verge of panic.

Peter: RUN FOR IT. RUN THIS WAY.

The Zombies are drawing closer and closer.

317 Peter: COME ON, MAN. RUN THIS WAY.
YOU CAN RUN RIGHT THROUGH 'EM.
WE GOTTA LEAD 'EM AWAY FROM HERE!

318 Steve sizes up the corridor. It is narrow, but there is room
to run past the Zombies.

319 Peter: COME ON, FLYBOY.
YOU CAN MAKE IT.
COME ON!

320 With a sudden move, Steve breaks into a run. He passes the
first creature easily. The second grabs him as he runs past,
but the man keeps his footing even though he slams against
the wall of the corridor. He keeps moving forward. The third

creature stands right in his path. Steve lowers his head and slams into the Zombie's chest like a football lineman. The creature flies back and falls. Steve falls as well, and tumbles toward the mouth of the passageway. He regains his footing as the creatures turn to pursue him, and he runs to the end of the hall where Peter waits.

Peter: NOW...HIT FOR THE DEPARTMENT STORE...GO!

321 The two men run across the balcony. They slam into two other Zombies which clutch and grab at them but without success.

322 At the entrance arch of the big store, Roger fires at another creature which is getting close. It falls. Other Zombies are approaching, but Steve and Peter dive into the arch in time, and the three men manage to lower the gate without a problem.

The Zombies converge on the area as they did before, clutching and pushing at the metal cage, which holds them out securely.

The three humans breathe heavily with exhaustion as they back away from the gate.

Peter: DOWNSTAIRS AGAIN...
 SAME TRICK.

323 A The men move through the aisles of the store and go crashing
 323 B down the escalator.

324 A On the first floor they run toward the lower gate where they
 pull up wheezing with exhaustion.

Steve: WHAT DO WE DO...

Roger: LET 'EM KNOW WE'RE HERE...

(shouting)

WHOOOO HOOOOOO...OVER HERE...YEEE HAAAAAAA

Steve starts to laugh at the ludicrous situation. Peter
 smiles at the young pilot.

Peter: YOU DID ALRIGHT THIS TIME, FLYBOY.
 HOW 'BOUT IT?

Stephen laughs some more, nervously at first, then whole-
 heartedly. Then he lets out a loud:

Steve: WHOOOOOOOOOOO"EEEEEEEEEE...

He has joined the cowboys. He is like a child, almost
 exultant with the joy of their victory...

The three men shout through the cage at the creatures, which
 324 B are already gathering at the gate.

325 Out on the concourse, a few Zombies wander aimlessly, but most are heading for the first floor Department Store Arch, where the commotion reigns.

327 On the upstairs balcony, Zombies again move toward the stationary steps and the escalators.

326 A The three creatures in the Administrative corridor move toward the open mall. Two walk out onto the balcony, but the last one turns into an open office. Then it staggers back out and heads down the hall toward the firestair.

326 B # 5 at door to Int. Corridor ... opens Knob by accident ... but does take
 326 C # 5 moves down Int. Corridor toward Firestair.

328 Fran can faintly hear the "whooping" of the men as she moves toward the stairway door, which is still open.

329 She steps out onto the landing and looks down into the darkness. The shouting stops. She is desperate with fear. She moves back into the storage room, then back onto the landing. Now her fear starts turning into anger.

Fran: SHIT...

She takes a few steps down the stairs. Stops. Goes back up.

Fran: GOD DAMMIT!

She starts down again.

330 In the corridor below, the creature walks into another office.
Then it moves back into the hall.

331 A The Zombies crash against the first floor gate. It holds.

331 B The men crouch in the shadows of the aisles.

Roger: WE JUST GOTTA WAIT LONGER BEFORE WE MOVE.

Peter: NO. THERE'S ALWAYS A CHANCE OF SOME OF THEM
STAYIN' UP ON THE BALCONY.

Roger: YEAH, BUT WE CAN HANDLE THAT. WE CAN BREAK THROUGH!

Peter: IF ANY OF THEM SEE US OR HEAR US, THEY'LL JUST
FOLLOW US ON UP. IT'S NO GOOD.

Roger: WE CAN SURE AS HELL OUT RUN 'EM...LOAD UP WHAT
WE CAN AND GET OUTA HERE.

Peter: I'M THINKIN' MAYBE WE GOT A GOOD THING GOIN' HERE.
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY TO LEAVE.

Roger: OH, MAN...

Peter: IF WE COULD GET BACK UP THERE WITHOUT THEM
CATCHIN' ON, WE COULD HOLE UP FOR A WHILE.
AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO CATCH A BREATH.
CHECK OUT THE RADIO. SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'...

Roger: MAN, I DON'T KNOW...

Steve: THERE'S SOME KIND OF PASSAGEWAY OVER THE TOP
OF THE STORES.

The Troopers look at the young Pilot, almost surprised to hear him speak. He has been quiet up until now.

Steve: I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S JUST HEATING DUCTS OR
IF IT'S SOME KIND OF ACCESS. I SAW IT ON A
MAP.

Peter: UPSTAIRS.
LET'S GO.

The three move off down the aisles, then duck out of sight around a corner. The Zombies clutch at the metal gate, 331A moaning and rattling the grid loudly.

In the Maintenance hallway, we see the thick manual lying on the floor. It is kicked by a lumbering foot as the Zombie

in the corridor wanders into another office. The creature ignores the book, as it does the corpses which lie strewn in the hall.

333 In the firestair, Fran is on the middle landing. She is suddenly overcome with a wave of nausea. She clutches at her stomach, wrenching. She sits on the landing, letting her head flop against the wall. She is almost in tears.

334 A The upstairs doors of the Department Store elevator open and the men trot out. As they clear a wall, they can see the
 334 B entrance arch.

335 There are no Zombies at the gate, but two are seen drifting along the balcony outside.

336 Peter: WATCH IT...DON'T LET 'EM SEE YOU.

The men move stealthily along the aisles. They look up at the ceiling and see a series of large grillwork panels. Peter shines his flashlight beam up into one.

337 The ceiling is about twelve feet high, but the light beam penetrates the grille enough to reveal a fairly large space above

338 Roger: LOOKS BIG ENOUGH TO CRAWL THROUGH.

Peter: THEY'RE LOCKED.

Roger: DAMN. THAT'S THOSE OTHER LOCK NUMBERS WE
SAW ON THE CHART.

Steve: WHY THE HELL WOULD THEY BE LOCKED?

Peter: JACKPOT, FLYBOY. YOU'RE ALRIGHT.

Roger: WHAT?

Peter: THEY'RE LOCKED BECAUSE YOU CAN GET THROUGH
'EM EASY FROM OTHER PARTS OF THE BUILDING.

Steve: OVER HERE.

339 Steve notices that one of the ceiling grids is very close
to the elevators. Peter looks at the grid, then down at
the double doors.

Peter: THE ELEVATOR SHAFT!

He moves over and hits the button. The doors open.

Peter: HOLD 'EM.

Roger stands against the rubber safety bumper, holding the
car doors open wide. Peter steps up on the hand railing
which runs around the car and he reaches up for the escape
hatch, which is held in place by four knob-headed bolts. He

removes the bolts quickly and is able to dislodge the hatch cover and pass it down to Stephen. Then the big man sticks his head up through the opening.

340 He looks around in the elevator shaft, shining his flash this way and that. Then he sees another grid in the wall of the shaft.

Peter: IT'S HERE...AND IT AIN'T LOCKED.
GET A SCREWDRIVER AND SOMETHIN' TO STAND ON
FOR IN HERE.

341 Roger: I KNOW WHERE THE TOOLS ARE. GET ONE OF THOSE
TABLES.

Roger ducks off down an aisle and Stephen moves to the nearby furniture department where he grabs a lightweight lamp table. The elevator doors close. When Steve returns with the table he has to hit the button again. The doors open. Peter is already climbing out of the car and up into the shaft. Steve use the first table to hold the doors open and he goes to get another. This time he gets a larger coffee table. Bringing it back, he sets it under the opening in the car and sets the smaller table on top. Then he climbs up, sticking his head out onto the shaft. The doors close again.

342

In the greasy black shaft, amid the cables and elevator mechanisms, Peter examines the wall grid with his flashlight.

Peter: IT'S ALRIGHT...WE CAN GET IT OFF.
 YOU FOUND IT FLYBOY.

Even though he speaks softly, Peter's voice has an eerie, echoing sound in the narrow shaft.

343 B

343A

The car door opens. Steve ducks down to see Roger, who bears a screwdriver and pliers along with some other tools in a shopping bag.

Roger: ONE-STOP SHOPPING...ANYTHING YOU NEED RIGHT
 AT YOUR FINGERTIPS.

344

Steve relays the tools up to Peter, who immediately begins to work on the screws which mount the grid into the wall frame. He passes the flashlight to Steve who holds the beam steadily on the work area.

345 A

Fran sits in the stairwell, her hand over her mouth. It is very quiet for a moment, then she hears a slight clicking. Her head snaps to attention. She stares down at the bottom landing. There is a thump at the door.

Slowly, the woman stands to her feet, her eyes transfixed on the door below.

345 B Zombie ← 5 pounds & turns knob... turns knob... door opens slow

Fran: STEPHEN!

The door starts to open. Light creeps in. The slow, lumbering figure of the Zombie moves into the firestair. Choking back a scream, Fran turns and runs up the stairs. The creature below follows, unsure of itself in the dim light.

346 At the top, Fran makes it into the storage area and slams the door. For a moment, she just backs away in terror. Then she gathers her wits and moves to drag the food cartons over as a barricade. She struggles with one of the cartons. It is very heavy and so large that she cannot get a good grip. The smooth cardboard slips in her hands.

347 The Zombie has almost reached the middle landing.

348A Roger looks down through a ceiling grid. He sees the interior
 348B of a Sporting Goods Store. Along one wall is an arsenal of
 the latest in weaponry for the Sportman.

349 Roger: SWEET JESUS!

Peter: I SEEN IT. COME ON!

The men are in a large ductwork which seems to run along the whole length of the mall. They move as quietly as they can. There are several side tunnels which branch off in both directions.

350 A Steve passes another ceiling grid and he looks down. He

350 B sees a fully equipped radio and electronics shop.

350 A Roger: I HOPE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', BUDDY.

Peter: (who is leading)

THIS IS IT. COME ON.

351 Fran struggles with the carton. She gets it against the door finally and moves to haul another.

352 On the landing, the Zombie has reached the top. It makes for the door.

353 Before the woman can bring another carton over, she sees the door move. She throws herself against it, but can't plant her feet well because of the carton on the floor. The door moves an inch at a time. Then the creature's hand reaches into the room. It clutches at the edge of the door.

354 Fran panics and runs back towards the escape pyramid, where she turns and faces the door.

355 The creature is straining against the weight of the carton. Now, both its hands clutch the edge of the door. The carton moves another inch...and another. Now, the creature's head can be seen as it strains to get through the widening space.

- 356 Fran's eyes are wide, almost hypnotized. She looks around for something to use as a weapon. The room is bare but for the cartons and the water drums. She is about to opt for the skylight, when she catches a glimpse of Roger's knap sack in the shadows. She runs for it as the creature finally breaks into the big room.
- 357 The woman's hands tremble as she rummages through the cloth sack. Nothing appropriate. She dumps the contents out: ammunition, mace cans, batteries, flares...flares! She nervously grabs up one of the cylinders and her shaking hands try to deal with the paper wrapping.
- 358 The Zombie moans as it draws nearer. It is approaching the pyramid of cartons.
- 359 Fran manages to free the wrapping, and she snaps the cylinder in two at the mark.
- 360 Now the Zombie is between she and the pyramid, cutting off her immediate route. It is very near. Fran backs away a few steps as she tries to strike the head of the flare on the small striker at the tip of the cylinder cap. It doesn't fire...she tries again...and again. Now, the Zombie has reached the knapsack. It kicks through the items on the floor, knocking the other flares rolling.

Fran's flare finally catches, and with a great whoosh, the bright flame shoots out startling the woman as well as the advancing Zombie. The creature's eyes go wide and it brings its arms up so as to avoid the brightness. The intense, white flame casts eerie light over the creature and throws the Zombie's shadow, in an enormous size, against the cartons and the wall. The Creature backs away a few steps almost tripping over the articles on the floor.

Fran manages to advance close enough to snatch up two extra cylinders, then she skirts around the Zombie in a wide arc. The creature swats at the air with its arms, keeping its distance, but still threatening.

Fran considers the door to the firestair, but decides on the pyramid. She has circled around to a point where she can climb up from behind the moaning Zombie. She rushes for the cartons and starts to climb, but she loses her footing trying to hold the flares in both hands, and she crashes into the topmost carton. It starts to slide off the pyramid and the woman can't prevent it. The heavy case tumbles to the floor. It almost crashes into the Zombie. The creature starts to clutch at the pyramid.

The stack of cartons being one-too-short, Fran can reach the skylight with her hands but she cannot pull herself up. She accidentally drops two of the flares, including the lit one. It tumbles to the floor behind the pyramid where it

no longer offends the Zombie's eyes. Now the creature tries to climb toward the woman.

Fran grabs the last flare in her mouth and reaches up with both hands for the edge of the skylight. She lifts with all her might. Her feet come off the carton tops. She strains, but she cannot pull herself up. As she tries to lower her feet back onto the cartons, the pyramid shakes and wobbles from the Zombie's weight. The creature is making progress; it's hand can almost touch Fran's foot.

361 Peter drops out of a ceiling grid. He lands in a plush office. Roger's legs appear through the open grid, then he too swings down, holding on as long as he can with his hands so as to soften his landing.

Suddenly, we are aware of a third person in the room, seated in a large chair at the desk. Roger startles and grabs for his gun. Peter just stares. They are in the President's office. The President, some days earlier, shot himself through the head while sitting in the locked room.

Peter: COME ON...

Steve struggles overhead.

Peter: JUST DROP, I GOT YOU...

Steve: I CAN'T...I...

Peter: (to Roger)
THE DESK...GIMME A HAND.

The two Troopers grab the big desk and slide it away from the President's corpse. The action makes the corpse's chair spin slightly, and his wide, terrified eyes seem to watch the action.

The desk in place, Steve's toes can reach its surface. He loses his balance slightly and pulls back up. He kicks a picture frame off the desk and it falls to the floor, shattering the glass over photos of the President's wife and children.

Peter: COME ON!

Steve finally gets footing on the desktop, and he lowers himself into the room. He stares at the corpse in the big chair as Roger helps him off the desk.

362 Peter is already unlocking the door to the corridor. He opens it a crack and peeks out.

363 The corridor is empty At the end he sees
the door which
leads to the ext. corridor.

364 A As the other men come up behind him, Peter opens the door quietly and slips into the hall. He starts to walk ^{quickly} toward the ^{door to the ext. Cor.} ^{Roger follows}

as Stephen moves backwards up the corridor toward the firestair.

3648 Peter moves quickly out & down the EXT. CORRIDOR toward his barrow. Roger watches at the door which he holds open.

365 Peter's hands grab the barrow handles and he starts to pull the cart down the corridor, walking backwards he always faces the mall opening.

366 A In the corridor, Stephen ^{clutches} the maintenance manual.

B Peter backs slowly up the hall. The wheels of the cart squeak, and the big man bites his lip with tension. Roger kicks the last corpse close to the corridor wall. Stephen then notices that the firestair door is open wide.

A. Steve: JESUS CHRIST!

He bounds toward the door. Roger spins to see what happened, and Peter turns around, quickening his pace. Steve trots off up the steps.

Roger: (to Peter)
COME ON...YOU GOT IT.

B. Peter runs the last few yards pulling the cart with him. As he gets to the doorway, Roger breaks up the steps.

368 Steve breaks into the storage area...he drops the manual...

Steve: FRANNIE!

369 The woman turns in Steve's direction. The Zombie swats at the flare and sends it flying out of Fran's hand. She startles and the cartons feel as though they will topple. She holds herself steady with both hands. The Creature is grabbing at her legs. She kicks.

370 Steve raises his rifle and moves in for a closer shot...

Roger: DON'T SHOOT...THEY'LL HEAR YA...

Roger has arrived in the room. The two men charge the pyramid.

371 The creature is still clutching at Fran. She kicks violently just as Roger pulls at the back of the Zombie's clothing. the creature hits the floor and falls. Just as it kneels up, Steve brings his rifle around like a baseball bat, smashing the butt into the thing's head. Then Roger delivers a blow with his gun, straight down, like a battering ram.

372 Steve rushes to Fran. She falls off the cartons into his arms sobbing and choking.

Steve: FRANNIE...ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
YOU OK, FRANNIE? HEY...

The woman is incoherent. She is clutching her stomach.

373 Peter appears in the doorway carrying the T.V. and several other items. He dumps them on the floor.

Peter: LET'S GET THIS STUFF UP, COME ON.

374 Roger is dragging the dead Zombie toward the door. Peter comes to help him. Fran starts to wretch. Steve tries to calm her. He gets some water in a can and brings it over.

Steve: FRANNIE...IT'S OK...COME ON, IT'S OK...
ARE YOU HURT, HON? DID YA HURT YOURSELF?
FRANNIE...

The woman cannot stop sobbing.

375 Downstairs, at the ^{ENTR.} corridor, Peter peeks out. He can see into the mall at the far end. The coast is clear. He and Roger hurriedly carry the corpse into the hall and roll it onto the floor. Then they retreat back into the firestair. Peter holds the door open slightly and watches the corridor for a moment. Convinced that they haven't been seen, he closes the door quietly.

376 Peter: I THINK WE'RE OK, BROTHER.

They grab more supplies from the barrow and start upstairs.

377 Steve still tries to comfort Fran.

Steve: WE'RE OK...WE'RE ALL OK...
WE GOT A LOT OF STUFF...
ALL KINDS OF STUFF...

In the background the two Troopers bring their load of supplies into the big room and deposit them near the T.V. Then they go downstairs for another load.

Steve: THIS IS A TERRIFIC PLACE...FRANNIE.
THIS PLACE IS PERFECT.
WE GOT IT MADE IN HERE...FRANNIE.

The woman still cannot stop sobbing and wretching.

378 Now, the enormous barricade of food cartons is stacked against the door again. It is quiet but for the little noises of eating and the occasional rustle of paper. We also hear a faint electronic whistle, but we do not recognize it.

As we see more of the room, we find our refugees sitting near the reconstructed pyramid on the floor. Peter seems to be asleep sitting up against the pyramid. Roger is nibbling at delicacies from the Department Store's Gourmet Department.

Their "loot" is layed out around them on the floor. Roger, as he eats, is leafing through the maintenance binder. There is a stack of tools, some still in wrappings. There are electric razors, still boxed; some clothing articles; the radio, which will also play small cassettes of audio tape. There are soaps, toiletries, pens, pencils and notebooks, flashlights, cigarettes and several decks of playing cards with a cannister of chips. The items are clearly not all functional. Some are representative of the luxuries which are considered necessary by a consumer society.

They are all bathed in the blue glow from the television screen, which Stephen tries to tune in. Its power cable is spliced into the leads of a bare light fixture overhead. Fran cannot be seen at first.

Roger: WHAT THE HELL TIME IS IT, ANYWAY?

Steve: ONLY ABOUT NINE.

Roger: AND NOTHING? (referring to the T.V.)

On screen we see the Civil Defense logo, and we realize that the high pitched electronic signal is coming from the set.

Steve: AS LONG AS WE'RE GETTING THE PATTERN,
THAT MEANS THEY'RE SENDING.

Roger snaps on the large, battery powered radio. He rolls the dial getting nothing but static. Finally, he hears a signal and he tunes it in. A badly modulated voice is droning through the interference. It sounds like a war correspondent sending a signal from very far away.

Radio: ...REPORTS THAT COMMUNICATIONS WITH DETROIT
HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OUT ALONG WITH ATLANTA,
BOSTON AND CERTAIN SECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA
AND NEW YORK CITY...

Roger: PHILLY...

Steve: I KNOW J.A.S. IS OUT BY NOW...IT WAS A MADHOUSE
BACK THERE...
PEOPLE ARE CRAZY...IF THEY'D JUST ORGANIZE...
IT'S TOTAL CONFUSION...I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S
GOTTEN THIS BAD: I DON'T BELIEVE THEY CAN'T
HANDLE IT.
LOOK AT US. LOOK AT WHAT WE WERE ABLE TO DO TODAY.

Peter's eyes suddenly blink open. None of the rest of his body moves, so the other men do not realize he is awake. The big man stares at Stephen, who is getting emotionally excited about their exploits as a team.

Steve: WE KNOCKED THE SHIT OUT OF 'EM AND THEY
NEVER TOUCHED US...
NOT REALLY.

Peter: THEY TOUCHED US GOOD, FLYBOY. WE'RE LUCKY
TO GET OUT WITH OUR ASSES. YOU DON'T FORGET THAT!

The other men look at Peter. The radio drones on with more
disaster reports.

Peter: YOU GET OVERCONFIDENT...UNDERESTIMATE THOSE
SUCKERS...AND YOU GET EATEN! HOW YOU LIKE THAT?

Peter speaks in low, unemotional tones. Stephen is transfixed.

Peter: THEY GOT A BIG ADVANTAGE OVER US, BROTHER.
THEY DON'T THINK. THEY JUST-BLIND ASS DO WHAT
THEY GOT TO DO. NO EMOTIONS.
AND THAT BUNCH OUT THERE? THAT'S JUST A HANDFUL
AND EVERY DAY THERE'LL BE MORE.
A COUPLE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE DIE EACH DAY
FROM NATURAL CAUSES. THAT PROB'LY TRIPLES OR
BETTER WITH FOLKS KNOCKIN' EACH OTHER OFF THE
WAY IT'S GOIN'.
NOW SAY EACH ONE OF THEM COMES BACK AND KILLS
TWO, AND EACH ONE OF THEM TWO MORE...
YOU KNOW ABOUT THE EMPEROR'S REWARD?

EMPEROR TELLS THIS DUDE, "I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING I GOT, NAME IT"...DUDE PUTS OUT A CHESS BOARD... SAYS GIMME ONE GRAIN OF RICE ON THE FIRST SQUARE, TWO ON THE SECOND: FOUR ON THE THIRD: EIGHT... DOUBLE FOR EACH SQUARE ON THE BOARD... DUDE GOT ALL THE RICE IN THE KINGDOM, BABY. WIPED THE EMPEROR OUT!

Steve: YEAH, BUT THESE THINGS CAN BE STOPPED SO EASILY...IF PEOPLE WOULD JUST LISTEN... DO WHAT HAS TO BE DONE...

Peter: HOW ABOUT IT, FLYBOY?
LET'S SAY THE LADY GETS KILLED.
YOU BE ABLE TO CHOP OFF HER HEAD?

Steve is stopped by this one. He stares at the big man. He starts to open his mouth as though to say "yes", but he stops himself. He just stares.

379 We see a closeup of Fran's face. She is lying down, listening. When there is silence from Steve, she gets more attentive. Then she sits up. She is in the shadows behind a wall of cartons at one end of the room. She listens. Silence but for the drone of the radio. She fumbles to light a cigarette.

We can faintly hear some of the radio broadcast. The announcer sounds unprofessional, and his voice is tired. He takes long pauses between paragraphs.

Radio: ...GASSES OR CERTAIN TOXINS WHICH MIGHT EFFECT THE CREATURES. EXPERIMENTS WITH HALLUCINOGENS HAVE BEGUN AT HAVEFORD, IN THE HOPES OF PRODUCING AN AGENT WHICH WILL CLOUD THE BRAIN AND PREVENT THE EFFECTIVE MOTOR COORDINATION OF THE BODY, HOWEVER SCIENTISTS FEAR THAT THE CREATURES FUNCTION ON A SUBCONCIOUS, INSTINCTIVE LEVEL, AND THAT SUCH DRUGS WILL HAVE LITTLE OR NO EFFECT. IN NEVADA, CHEMICALS SPRAYED FROM CROP DUSTING AIRPLANES HAVE HAD MORE OF AN ILL EFFECT ON THE HUMAN POPULATION THAN ON THE WALKING CORPSES...

380 Cut back to the men.

Peter: SHE ALRIGHT? (to Stephen)
SHE LOOKED BLOWN.

Roger: WHAT D'YA EXPECT?

Peter: NO, I MEAN SHE REALLY LOOKED SICK...PHYSICALLY.

Steve: SHE'S PREGNANT.

There is a long silence. The radio plays on. Finally, Peter heaves a heavy sigh, then he closes his eyes again as though instantly falling asleep.

Roger: HOW FAR ALONG?

Steve: THREE AND A HALF...FOUR MONTHS...

Roger: JESUS, STEVE...
MAYBE WE SHOULD TRY TO GET MOVIN'...

Peter: (without opening his eyes)
WE CAN DEAL WITH IT.

Roger: YEAH, BUT MAYBE SHE NEEDS A DOCTOR OR...

Peter: WE CAN DEAL WITH IT! IT DOESN'T CHANGE A THING.

Now the big Trooper opens his eyes and looks hard at Steve.

Peter: YOU WANNA GET RID OF IT?

Steve: HUH?

Peter: DO YOU WANT TO ABORT IT?
IT'S NOT TOO LATE
I KNOW HOW.

381

Again we see Fran's face. She is listening. There is no answer audible. A tear rolls down the woman's cheek. The radio drones on.

After a time, Steve appears. He is surprised to find the woman awake. She sits on a new blanket from the store. Another is rolled up as a pillow where her head was lying. She wipes away her tears with her cigarette still in her hand.

Steve: HEY...YOU OK?

Fran: ALL YOUR DECISIONS MADE?

The man kneels next to her, not knowing what to say.

Fran: DO YOU WANT TO...ABORT IT?

Steve: DO YOU?

She doesn't respond. She looks away, taking another drag on the cigarette, which is burned down very low. Stephen sits next to her and puts his hands on her shoulders.

Fran: SO I GUESS WE FORGET ABOUT CANADA, RIGHT?

Steve: (taking her in his arms)

JESUS, FRANNIE, THIS SET UP IS SENSATIONAL.

WE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED. WE SEAL OFF THAT

Steve: STAIRWAY...NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW WE'RE UP HERE.
(cont.) WE'D NEVER FIND ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

Fran: I GUESS NOBODY CARES ABOUT MY VOTE, HUH?

Steve: COME ON, FRANNIE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE SLEEPING.

Fran: WHAT HAPPENED TO GROWING VEGETABLES AND FISHING?
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IDEA ABOUT THE WILDERNESS...
HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM ANYTHING AND ANYBODY...
STEVE, I'M AFRAID.
YOU'RE HYPNOTIZED BY THIS PLACE. ALL OF YOU.
IT'S ALL SO BRIGHT AND NEATLY WRAPPED THAT
YOU DON'T SEE...
YOU DON'T SEE THAT IT CAN BE A PRISON.

She leans in to him, making a final plea.

Fran: STEPHEN, LET'S JUST TAKE WHAT WE NEED AND
KEEP GOING.

Steve: WE CAN'T HARDLY CARRY ANYTHING IN THAT LITTLE BIRD.

Fran: (angry)
WHAT DO YOU WANT? A NEW SET OF FURNITURE?
A FREEZER? A CONSOLE TV AND A STEREO?
WE CAN TAKE WHAT WE NEED. WHAT WE NEED TO SURVIVE.

382

Cut to a close up of Peter's face. His eyes pop open.

Peter: SHUT THAT THING OFF!

Roger clicks off the radio. They listen. They hear slight sounds coming from the firestair. The end of the room with the barricade of cartons looks surreal in the blue glow of the TV screen which still shines.

Roger crawls over and clicks the TV off as well. The electronic whistle slowly dies. Silence.

Steve steps out from behind the wall of cartons. Fran peers around the corner to look, but she still sits on the floor. Another noise. The faint squeeking of the door to the bottom of the steps. Then footsteps on the metal stairs. Slow... lumbering.

The faces of the humans all tighten. Peter and Roger pull their rifles. Roger makes his ready.

Some thumping in the hall. Steve squats down and holds Fran. The sounds are closer now. The door behind the cartons clicks but does not move. More pcunding...then silence.

After a time, the footsteps recede down the stairs.

Peter: SOMEBODY BETTER SIT WATCH ALL THE TIME.

Roger: THEY'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THERE.

Peter: ENOUGH OF 'EM WILL.
AND IT AIN'T JUST THEM THINGS WE GOT TO WORRY
ABOUT. THAT CHOPPER UP THERE COULD GIVE US
AWAY IF SOMEBODY COMES MESSIN' AROUND.

Roger: WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO? LAND ANOTHER PILOT
TO FLY IT OUT. THEY'RE NOT GONNA MESS WITH
A LITTLE BIRD LIKE THAT. THEY GOT ENOUGH ON
THEIR HANDS.
YOU KNOW BACK IN PHILLY WE FOUND A BOAT IN
THE MIDDLE OF INDEPENDENCE SQUARE. SOMEBODY
TRYIN' TO CARRY IT TO THE RIVER, I GUESS.
DIDN'T MAKE IT.
DAMN THING SAT THERE FOR EIGHT DAYS.

Peter: SOMEBODY FINALLY GOT IT, THOUGH.
IT COMES DOWN TO HOW MUCH ITS WORTH.

383 Fran ducks back onto her blanket. She disgustedly lights
another cigarette. Steve sits next to her again.

Steve: FRANNIE...

She doesn't respond.

Steve: DAMMIT, FRAN, YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES WE'D HAVE TO LAND FOR FUEL TRYIN' TO MAKE IT UP NDRTH? THOSE THINGS ARE OUT THERE EVERYWHERE. AND THE AUTHORITIES WOULD GIVE US JUST AS HARD A TIME...MAYBE WORSE.. WE'RE IN GOOD SHAPE HERE, FRANNIE. WE GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED RIGHT HERE!

Stephen curls up with his head on the rolled blanket.

Steve: COME ON...GET SOME SLEEP.

The woman doesn't move.

Steve: FRANNIE. COME ON.

She grinds hir cigarette out on the concrete floor and stretches out next to the man. He puts his arm around her. His hands rub up and down her body as he curls next to her. He opens her blouse and reaches inside. He closes his eyes and he seems perfectly comfortable to rest in her softness. His hand moves under her clothing. She doesn't respond, at first, then her body relaxes somewhat and she brings one of her arms up around his head.

Steve: I'M NOT JUST BEING STUBBORN.
I REALLY THINK THIS IS BETTER.
HELL, YOU'RE THE ONE'S BEEN WANTIN' TO SET
UP HOUSE.

She stares off across the barren room. His hands continue to move under her blouse.

384

In the Administrative Corridor, a few stray Zombies wander among the corpses on the floor. One large and severely wounded creature ^{pounds on the door to the Int. Corridor.} been the one which was pounding at the door upstairs.

A female Zombie squats near one of the corpses in the hall. She lifts its arm and moves it to her mouth, but she drops it quickly, repelled by its coldness. She leans over and picks at another corpse, then she stands and drifts toward the mall.

Slowly the creatures leave the corridor and move out onto the second floor balcony. We begin to hear a voice fading in over the scenes:

Voice: ...NOT ACTUALLY CANNIBALISM...CANNIBALISM IN THE TRUE SENSE OF THE WORD, IMPLIES AN INTRA-SPECIE ACTIVITY...THESE CREATURES CANNOT BE CONSIDERED HUMAN...THEY PREY ON HUMANS...
THEY DO NOT PREY ON EACH OTHER...

385

We see the mall balcony now. Zombies wander past the stores. Some move down the stationary stairs onto the main concourse below.

Voice: THEY ATTACK AND...AND FEED...ONLY ON WARM
 HUMAN FLESH...

386 At the mall entrances, some creatures drift out into the night.
 Others still enter the enormous building. There are not as
 many as there were in the afternoon, but there are certainly
 enough to be threatening.

Voice: INTELLIGENCE? SEEMINGLY LITTLE OR NO
 REASONING POWER. WHAT BASIC SKILLS REMAIN
 ARE MORE REMEMBERED BEHAVIORS FROM...FROM
 NORMAL LIFE.

387 Several creatures are clawing at the roll gate to the
 department store. It is a strange and eerie sight. The
 staring, painted eyes of the mannequins within the store
 seem to watch the Zombies. The gate rattles but does not
 budge.

Voice: THERE ARE REPORTS OF THE CREATURES USING TOOLS,
 BUT EVEN THESE ACTIONS ARE THE MOST PRIMITIVE...
 THE USE OF EXTERNAL ARTICLES AS BLUDGEONS ETC.,
 EVEN ANIMALS WILL ADOPT THE BASIC USE OF TOOLS
 IN THIS MANNER.

388 Fran's eyes pop open. The voice has awakened her. She has been asleep on the blanket.

Voice: THESE CREATURES ARE NOTHING BUT PURE, MOTORIZED INSTINCT...

The woman looks around. Morning sunlight is spilling in through the skylights above. She sits up and peers into the next area of the room. The men are gone. The television is playing. On the tube we see a dishevelled man sitting in an emergency newsroom reading the report.

389 Voice: THEIR ONLY DRIVE IS FOR THE FOOD WHICH SUSTAINS THEM. WE MUST NOT BE LULLED BY THE CONCEPT THAT THESE ARE OUR FAMILY MEMBERS OR OUR FRIENDS. THEY WILL NOT RESPOND TO SUCH EMOTIONS. THEY MUST BE DESTROYED ON SIGHT...

390 Fran sees that the barricade of cartons is still in place at the firestair door. She looks up. The skylight above the pyramid is open. She realizes that the men are on the roof.

391 At the edge of the roof, Peter looks through binoculars.

392 About a quarter of a mile away, he sees the large warehouse of a food processing chain. In the yard and in the large open garages of the building, he sees a fleet of enormous trailer-trucks parked.

393

Steve: YOU SURE WE CAN START 'EM.

Roger: YOU HAVEN'T SPENT ENOUGH TIME ON THE STREET.

Peter: WELL LET'S GET IT UP. THERE'S NOT TOO MANY
OF 'EM AROUND YET THIS MORNIN'.

The big trooper looks down to the parking lot below.

394

There are not as many Zombies as there were the day before,
and they wander aimlessly, spread out rather than in clusters.

395

The men move for the skylight.

396

In the storage area below, Fran is examining the maps in the
manual. The TV still drones at a low volume. The men climb
down into the room.

Roger: HEY, FRAN...

Fran: I WOULD HAVE MADE COFFEE AND BREAKFAST,
BUT I DON'T HAVE MY POTS AND PANS.

There is a bitterness in her voice. Roger laughs. Steve senses
the tension. Peter just straps on his equipment.

Fran: CAN I SAY SOMETHING?

Steve: SURE. WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Fran: I'M SORRY YOU FOUND OUT I'M PREGNANT, BECAUSE
I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO TREAT ME ANY DIFFERENTLY
THAN YOU'D TREAT ANOTHER GUY.

Steve: HEY, FRANNIE, COME ON...

Fran: AND,...I M NOT GONNA BE DEN MOTHER FOR YOU GUYS.

They all look at her, attentive now.

Fran: AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
AND I WANT SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THE PLANS.
THERE'S FOUR OF US, OK?

Steve: JESUS, FRAN. .

Peter: FAIR ENOUGH!

Fran: NOW. WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

Peter: WE'RE GOIN' OUT.

Fran starts to say something, but this time Peter cuts her off.

Peter: ...AND YOU ARE NOT COMING WITH US!

Again the woman starts to protest, but Peter continues.

Peter: AND YOU WILL NOT COME WITH US UNTIL YOU CAN
HANDLE YOURSELF. THAT MEANS LEARN TO SHOOT
AND LEARN TO FIGHT.

The big man starts back up the pyramid. Roger moves to follow him.

Fran: SOMETHING ELSE.

The men look at her. She faces Roger and Peter directly without looking at Stephen.

Fran: I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU TWO, BUT I WANNA LEARN
HOW TO FLY THAT HELICOPTER.

Stephen is shocked. Fran looks at him and lowers her eyes.

Fran: IF ANYTHING HAPPENS...
WE'VE GOTTA BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF HERE.

Stephen doesn't know what to say. He looks at the woman, then up at the other men.

Peter: SHE'S RIGHT, FLYBOY.
 COME ON, LET'S GO.

Fran: AND YOU'RE NOT LEAVIN ME WITHOUT A GUN ACAIN.

Stephen thinks about protesting but he complies by slowly setting his rifle down on the cartons.. Then he fishes in his pocket for a fistful of shells and dumps them next to the gun. He stares at the woman angry and hurt.

Fran picks up the weapon and shoots a glance up at Peter.

Fran: I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO
 USE IT.

Peter and Roger disappear through the skylight. Stephen stands still. He looks down at the floor. Fran moves close to his side.

Fran: I'M SORRY, STEPHEN.
 (it is not an apology)

Steve: I KNOW...I KNOW...IT'S ALRIGHT?

He starts up to the skylight.

Fran: STEPHEN.

Steve: YEAH.

He stops and turns to look at her. Her eyes are pleading for understanding, but he is incapable of it at the moment. Fran just shrugs off whatever she was going to say, and she sighs with exasperation.

Fran: BE CAREFUL.

Steve: YEAH, WE'LL BE ALRIGHT.

He disappears through the skylight. Fran stares down at the weapon in her hands, then she steps over and clicks off the television.

397 A The sudden, loud noise of the chopper engine as it hovers.

397 B Only Stephen is on board at the controls.

398 In the cab of one of the big trailer trucks Roger is crouched working on the wiring beneath the dashboard.

399 Peter sits in the cab of another truck. He tries the complicated shift mechanisms and fidgets with the other controls. Then he pulls out. He stops the big vehicle with his cab just abreast of the cab Roger is working in.

Peter: HOW ABOUT IT?

Roger: GETTIN' IT.

400 A Peter looks around. The mall can be seen in the distance.

B On the ground between, there are a few Zombies scattered about in little clusters. None of them present any imminent danger.

401 Roger sits up and is able to start his truck.

Peter: I'LL JUST RIDE PICK UP, I'M NOT TOO SURE OF THIS THING...

Roger: I GREW UP IN ONE OF THESE, LET'S GO.

402 The great trucks lumber away from the warehouse. They pull across the little loading lot and out a ramp toward the roadway. Stephen hovers overhead in the chopper, following the trucks as closely as he can.

403 On the roof of the mall, Fran clutches her rifle. She sees

403 B the big trucks roar up over the hill, the helicopter just above them. It is a strange looking convoy as it speeds toward the big shopping center.

404 Along the road, several Zombies try to stagger after the trucks but they are left in the dust of the speeding vehicles. The creatures lumber along slowly behind.

405 The vehicles pull into the little grade which loads into the mall's parking lot. They roar right toward the building.

406 A At one of the building entrances, a cluster of Zombies is moving in and out of the main doors. Others wander nearby in the parking lot. Attracted by the sounds of the engines, the creatures turn and face the trucks.

406 B As Peter pulls his vehicle in a wide arc, Roger drives his right up to the side of the building and he roars toward the entrance doors. Then he skips his right wheels up onto the curb, and with a great, scraping crunch, the big truck pulls directly abreast of the building, flush with the entrance. The huge vehicle crushes several of the helpless creatures and knocks others flying back.

407 The trailer of the truck has totally blocked off the mall entrance. Several Zombies trapped inside try to push the glass doors open. The doors move, but cannot be opened wide enough for the creatures to get out.

408 The few creatures immediately around the truck begin clamboring at its sides. Roger shuts off the engine and grabs his gun as other Zombies begin clutching at the windows of the cab.

409A Overhead, the whirlybird hovers very close by. Now Peter's
 409B big truck pulls up alongside so that Peter's passenger door
 is directly abreast of the free door on Roger's cab.

Peter's truck also crushes one or two of the creatures, but
 there are still several in the immediate vicinity of the cabs.

410 As Roger opens his door and scrambles into the other truck,
 one of the Zombies grabs hold. Roger just manages to kick
 the creature off as the big truck pulls out and roars across
 the lot.

411 The helicopter flies straight up and directly over the roof
 of the big shopping center, where Fran has been watching the
 action. She now runs to the other side of the roof, the
 wind from the chopper whipping her hair.

412 The chopper turns and waits for the big truck to move up under it
 then the whirlybird escorts the trailer back to the warehouse
 down the road.

413 Roger is whooping and hollering like a cowboy as the big rig
 pulls up beside another of the parked vans.

Peter: COME ON, COME ON...
 THREE MORE BABY.

Roger: LIKE A CHARM, HUH?

LIKE A FUCKING CHARM!

Roger grabs his knapsack and climbs into the new cab where he immediately goes to work on jumping the engine cables.

414A From the helicopter overhead, Stephen spots something moving around the warehouse. He jockeys the chopper slightly

414B for a better look and he sees a small group of Zombies wan-

414C dering out of the big garage directly toward Roger's truck.

415A In the meantime, Peter's truck pulls away from the cab Roger is in. The big vehicle rolls into the large paved area behind

415B the warehouse where Peter can turn it around easily.

416A Stephen swoops down with the big bird. He buzzes as close

416B as he can to Roger's truck, trying to signal the man.

417A Roger continues to work on the cables, still whooping like a child. The Zombies are very close at hand. They have just

417B about reached the cab.	Stephen	buzzes again.	Roger doesn't
notice.	417C COCKPIT C.V.	417D HELIO. SHOT	417A
417A			

418A Peter has now backed up into a position which enables him to pull out. He looks up to see the helicopter heading

418B straight for him.

419 The big chopper buzzes right over Peter's cab then spins around heading back for Roger.

420A Peter looks toward the other truck. He can now see the

420B lumbering creatures. He tries to slam the truck into gear, but the complicated shift mechanism fights him.

421 One Zombie slams its hands against the driver-side window of Roger's truck. The man startles and tries to untangle himself from his cramped position under the big steering wheel. He is stuck for a moment. The other creatures appear at the passenger side of the cab, where the door is open. One grabs at Roger's legs. Roger kicks violently, but can't get a good position. He falls lower onto the floor of the cab, his body almost knotted among the controls and the shift sticks.

422A Peter's truck starts to roll, but it accelerates slowly.

422B

423A The helicopter tries to buzz the clutching ghouls, but they do not even flinch. The wind from the propellor blades whips

423B at the creatures' hair, making them look even more frightening as they claw at the desperate Roger.

424 The man kicks and kicks, but he cannot deliver a solid blow from his pinned position. His hand gropes on the seat of the truck for his rifle, which suddenly fires as the man's fingers inadvertently hit the trigger. A shell blasts through the chest of the lead creature, but the thing pays little attention.

425 Peter's truck is starting to roll faster. He heads right for Roger's cab.

426A The helicopter hovers as Stephen tries to see the action.

426B

427 Now Roger has a good grip on his gun, but he cannot clear the long weapon from around the gear sticks. The lead Zombie is actually scrambling into the cab and is all but on top of the struggling Trooper.

428 The second creature is about to claw its way in when, with a great roar, Peter's truck swings up and crushes it.

429 Roger is desperately trying to keep the other Zombie's mouth away. They are wrestling now. The Zombie is weak, as usual, but Roger is still hampered by the position he is in.

430A Peter has pulled too far past the other truck. He slams his rig into reverse and backs up. Now his window is in a direct

430B line with the open door on Roger's cab. He raises his rifle and aims, but he cannot get a clear shot. He shouts loudly trying to overcome the noise of the truck engine and the hovering helicopter.

Peter: GET ITS HEAD UP...GET ITS HEAD UP...

431 Roger realizes that Peter is outside. He struggles with the creature, dropping his gun. His hands manage to get a stranglehold on the creature's neck. He pushes up with all his might. The Zombie's hands are clutching at the man's face. It's fingers push at the man's eyes.

432 Peter sees the opportunity and fires. The gun roars loudly.

433 The Zombie's head flies apart. Remnants of blood and brain tissue splatter the inside of the cab and the driver's window. The gummy stuff flies into Roger's face. The Zombie falls limp, but Roger is still desperate. The dead weight of the creature is now on top of him, and the bloody wound runs. Roger is frantic. He frees himself with great heaves of his body and he pushes the dead creature out of the cab. The man's eyes are wide with revulsion. He instantly brings up his sleeve to wipe the stains from his face. He is quivering in extremes of emotion.

A sudden crash. Roger spins. The Zombie at the driver door has smashed through the cab window with a brick. Roger, still shaking, dives down to the floor for his weapon.

434 Peter tries to level off a shot but he cannot because Roger is in the way...

Peter: GET DOWN...STAY DOWN...I GOT IT!

435 Roger, in his adrenalized anger, sits up with his gun and levels off on the creature himself. He fires. The shell crashes through the already shattered glass and squarely into the creature's head.

Roger: YOU BASTARDS...YOU BASTARDS...

It seems as though his mind is snapping. His voice quivers as does his body.

Roger: WE GOT 'EM, BUDDY...WE GOT 'EM DIN'T WE!

436 Peter: COOL IT, MAN...GET YOUR HEAD...

437 Roger: WE GOT THIS BY THE ASS...GOT THIS BY THE ASS!

Roger is screaming. He dives down to work on the jumping again.

438 Peter: HEY, ROG...GET YOUR HEAD MAN...
COME ON...WE GOT A LOT TO DO...
ROGER...

439 There is no response from the other truck. Peter is about to open his door and step out when suddenly Roger sits up again. The engine of the truck roars. He seems to have calmed down some. He looks across at Peter.

Roger: LET'S GO BABY...NUMBER TWO...

Peter: YOU ALRIGHT?

Roger: PERFECT, BABY...PERFECT!

Roger guns the engine on his truck. The big vehicle lumbers out of the area. Peter follows suit.

440 The two Semis rumble out of the warehouse lot and start down the grade toward the road. The helicopter escorts them.

441 A few Zombies are walking up the road slowly.

442 Roger's eyes get wide with anger. He steers his big rig right for the creatures.

443 The front of the cab smashes into two of them. One is crushed under the wheels, the other flies back from the impact.

444A Fran watches with anxiety. She sees the two trucks pull up
444B over the rise. The helicopter buzzes along with them. We hear spirited, military music as the convoy approaches the mall building.

445 The two trucks roar around the entrance ramps into the parking lot and again, the chopper zooms right over the roof.

446 Fran trots across the roof to see the action in the lot.

447 The trucks rumble toward the second set of entrance doors. The music continues through the entire action.

448

Roger steers his giant vehicle directly broadside with the doors. The cab knocks over several creatures and scrapes against the building as the big trailer blocks off the entrance. This time there are more creatures still alive in the immediate area. They clutch at the cab of the truck and leap at the doors.

449A

Fran, watching from directly above, seems to be getting inspired; caught up in the bravery of the moment. As she sees the creatures converging on the truck, she aims her rifle down at them. Before she fires,

Peter's rig slides

449B

in very close to Roger's, the cabs abreast.

450

Peter's truck knocks over several of the clutching creatures. One of the Zombies, which is caught directly under the front wheels, is still alive and clutching at the air. Several creatures jump at Peter's driver side window.

451

Roger, grabbing his gun, moves to leave his truck on Peter's side, but the rigs are too close together. His door will not open enough for him to get through. He rolls down his window. Peter has noticed that Roger's door will not open, and the big Trooper is fumbling with the gear shift in order to pull away, but he hears Roger shouting:

Roger:

THE WINDOWS...OPEN YOUR WINDOW...YOUR WINDOW...

Peter dives across the cab and rolls down the passenger window. Roger is leaning out of his open passenger window and trying to get his weapon into firing position. One or two Zombies are squeezing through the narrow space between the trucks. They are just about to reach Roger when he manages to fire. His bullet kills the lead ghoul. Other Zombies are moving around the front of Roger's cab and they will reach him in a moment.

452A The helicopter buzzes the area as Stephen wstches the Zombies
 452B converge on the cab.

453 Fran, her hair blowing from the pass of the chopper, tries to aim her rifle carefully down into the pack of creatures. Her hair covers her eyes and she brushes it away with irritation.

Fran: ROGER...IN FRONT, ROGER...IN FRONT, ROGER...

She is shouting over the engine noises. She is getting very excited.

454 Roger fires again and again down the narrow space between the vans. Another Zombie falls.

Peter: FOR CHRISSAKES COME ON!

Roger is still emotionally crazed. He leans out of his window in a very vulnerable position. He is whooping like a child again as he tries to level off another shot.

Suddenly, he is grabbed from behind by a Zombie, and he almost falls out of the window. He struggles to hold himself and keep a grip on his gun. Peter leans over and tries to get a shot at the creature, but he cannot get a clean sight. Roger grabs the window frame on Peter's door and he tries to pull himself up. Another creature grabs him from behind.

455 Fran watches with emotion in her eyes.

Fran: MONSTERS! MONSTERS!

She fires her gun.

456 The bullet slams into the pavement kicking up a cloud of smoke. It narrowly misses one of the creatures. Fran fires again. This time her shot tears into the shoulder of the Zombie, but it doesn't stop him.

457A The chopper zooms in very close. Peter still cannot aim his

457B rifle, but Roger, using both hands, brings his gun butt in an uppercut. It slams against one of the creature's which is grabbing him and drives the thing staggering back. Then with a desperate, diving motion, Roger climbs through the windows into Peter's cab.

458 Peter pulls the big rig away even while Roger's legs still
kick out the window. The Zombies grab at Roger's ankles,
and one manages to hold on as the truck starts to move.

459 Fran fires again...and again.

460 This shot rips into the Zombie which holds Roger's legs.
It lets go and falls, rolling across the pavement. The
woman fires again. The bullet hits the pavement. The
creature is struggling to its knees. She fires again. The
shot hits the creature's neck. Again. Shoulder. Again...
head. The Zombie sprawls on the cement. Fran is exultant.
She aims at another creature and begins to shoot.

461 The helicopter passes overhead. The music is still stirring.

462 In Peter's truck, which is just about to roll out of the lot,
Roger suddenly realizes:

Roger: JESUS!

Peter: WHAT?

Roger: MY GODDAM BAG...I LEFT MY GODDAM BAG IN THE
OTHER TRUCK.

Peter brings his vehicle to a screeching halt.

Peter: ALRIGHT, NOW YOU SON OF A BITCH!
 YOU BETTER SCREW YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD ON, BABY!

Roger: YEAH, YEAH... I'M O.K. LET'S GO.

Suddenly, Peter grabs the Trooper by his lapels and slams his back against the door of the cab.

Peter: I MEAN IT! NOW YOU'RE NOT JUST PLAYIN' WITH
 YOUR LIFE, YOUR PLAYIN' WITH MINE!

The two men stare at each other for a moment. Roger is startled somewhat out of his emotional rush.

Peter: (softer)
 ALRIGHT, NOW ARE YOU STRAIGHT?

Roger: YEAH.

Peter lets him go and returns to the wheel. He guns the engine and the giant truck roars into a big arcing turn in the parking lot.

463B

When Fran sees the truck returning, she looks up from her gun sights. The helicopter has already flown over the roof,

and Stephen is confused as to why the truck hadn't appeared

463A

on the road. Fran turns and tries to signal to Stephen.

464A

He finally sees her and he flies closer. The woman waves

464B

a signal and the chopper buzzes back over the lot.

465

Her hair blowing wildly, Fran takes up her post again, her rifle ready. She thinks a moment, then begins to reload the weapon pulling the shells from her blouse pocket.

466A

Peter's truck zooms back into position, again colliding with

466B

some of the Zombies in the vicinity.

467

Roger immediately climbs through the windows into the original cab. He snatches up his knapsack and several tools which are strewn over the seat and floor.

Again the creatures converge on the cab area. Two more come up between the trucks and several come around the front of the cab.

468

Fran is still loading.

469

The helicopter buzzes.

As Roger climbs back through the windows, his pack accidentally falls to the ground. With a reflex action, he drops between the cabs, landing on his feet. He is facing the two creatures which are very close. He reaches up and with one hand on each of the open window frames, he swings his legs up hard. His kick sends the creatures sprawling. He then bends to collect his pack. He is grabbed from behind.

- 471 Peter tries to level off his gun but he cannot get a shot.
- 472 Neither can Fran who is shouting from the roof.
- 473 Roger keeps his head this time. His first thought is for the pack of tools. He tosses the sack into the cab of Peter's truck as though he were making a hook shot with a basketball.
- 474 Peter catches the pack as several of the tools clatter out and onto the floor of the cab.
- 475 The creature which has a hold on Roger takes advantage of the man's inbalance from throwing the knapsack. It bites at the man's arm. Roger tears away, but blood appears at the wound. Then Roger squares off a solid punch right to the Zombie's jaw. The creature flies back and almost knocks over the Zombies behind it.

Roger jumps, making a grab for the window of Peter's cab. The Zombies between the trucks, which Roger originally kicked away, have regrouped. They advance and grab at the struggling trooper. Roger's feet try to get a hold on the side of the door, but they slip.

476 Peter moves to drop his rifle and grab Roger's hands, but Roger falls from the high window back to the pavement. Peter draws his hand gun.

477 Roger leaps again, his hands catching the window frame. The Zombies are clutching at him. Again he swings up his legs and kicks the creatures off balance. This time he manages to get his feet locked against the door and Peter grabs the Troopers arm with his free hand, but another Zombie is pulling at the man's shirt and still another makes a grab for his legs.

Peter reaches out with his pistol and fires a point blank shot at one of the clutching ghouls. It flies back and Roger is able to pull himself higher. His torso is just about through the window when another creature grabs him.

478 Peter can no longer get a shot as Roger fills the window, so the big man drops his pistol and pulls on Roger's arms with all his might.

479 Roger is almost all the way in but his legs still dangle, kicking. Peter starts the truck. As it begins to roll away, one of the clutching Zombies is able to get a solid hold on Roger's left leg. The creature opens its mouth and bites at the calf. Blood appears. The creature bites again and this time it comes away with bits of flesh tangled in a bloodstained strip of material from Roger's trouser.

480 Roger screams in pain and kicks violently. The truck accelerates and the Zombie finally falls clear.

481 It rolls on the pavement for a little way before it stops. Then it sits on the ground, looking like a gorilla. It still has the bloody mass of flesh and material in its mouth. With its hands it tries to separate the cloth from the more important morsels.

A bullet pings into the cement near the chewing Zombie. Another tears through its shoulder. It still is concerned only with its prize.

482A Fran is firing, swearing through her teeth as the gun roars.

482B She finally hits the seated creature squarely in the head.

483 We see it fall from her point of view on the roof. Others walk by the corpse without taking notice.

484 The helicopter escorts the big truck back to the warehouse.

485 As it rumbles along, Roger, in extreme pain, is tying his belt tightly around his leg as a tourniquet. He sucks air through his teeth in anguish.

Peter: THAT'S IT.

Roger: BULL SHIT.

Peter: WE GOTTA DEAL WITH THAT LEG!

Roger: I'M DEALIN' WITH IT...I'M DEALIN' WITH IT FINE!
I WON'T BE ABLE TO WALK ON THIS AT ALL IF WE
WAIT.

Peter: CAN YOU WALK ON IT NOW?

Roger: YOUR DAMN RIGHT, I CAN...DAMN RIGHT, I CAN!

The wounded trooper struggles to wrap the bloody part of his leg with a torn off piece of his trouser. He can hardly keep from screaming, and his words come out sharply and with great breaths between them.

Roger: I STOP MOVIN' THIS LEG...MAY NOT EVER GET IT GOIN'
AGAIN...THERE'S A LOT TO GET DONE BEFORE...
BEFORE YOU CAN AFFORD TO LOSE ME...

The big Black man stares at his friend for a moment. Then

465 B

he drives on to the warehouse escorted by the chopper.

486

There is now a huge trailer truck at each of the four main entrances to the mall. They are very close to the doors, if not completely flush. Some of the glass portals can be opened slightly, but not enough for the Zombies inside to pass through.

487

In the parking lot, the creatures mob around the trucks, frustrated that they cannot pass into the building. They clutch and claw at the enormous vehicles but to no avail. Some try to climb up onto the cabs. Others try to claw at the loading doors on the trailers.

488

Some creatures are crawling under the rigs. When they reach the mall doors they cannot stand, so they have no leverage. The creatures inside are pushing the doors out, so the Zombies under the trucks cannot push them in. The doors swing both in and out, so it is clear that some access could be had by the creatures if they were more organized.

One creature, having crawled under a trailer, does manage to push open a mall door. The thing crawls into the building through the legs of other ghouls which are trying to exit. They behave as a swarm of insects.

The revolving door offers the best access for the creatures, although its inherent complexity is baffling to their empty

brains. Two creatures do manage to crawl under the truck which blocks the revolving door, and one of them negotiates the rotating action and enters the concourse.

489 Peter and Stephen are huddled over the maps of the building. They are back up in the crawlspace. The cartons are still piled against the firestair entrance.

Peter: IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW MANY OF THEM ARE STILL INSIDE. THAT'S A LONG HAUL BETWEEN THOSE ENTRANCES.

Steve: WELL IF WE CAN GET SOME MORE FLARES... OR MAYBE SOME OF THOSE PROPANE JOBS.

Peter: THE GUNS ARE FIRST. GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

490 Roger moans with pain. Nearby, Fran is applying a dressing to his leg. The wound is wrapped with several layers of cloth. The first aid kit is open on the floor. Peter crouches near his friend. He takes over from Fran. He ties more strips tightly around the wound and around the upper thigh.

Peter: YOU SURE YOU GONNA MAKE IT, BUDDY?

Roger: JUST HURRY UP WITH THAT!

491 Again, the military music. A tall figure drops out of a ceiling grid and lands on the floor of the Sporting Goods Store. It is Peter. His rifle is slung and there is an empty pack on his back. Several of the Maintenance Room key rings are strapped into his belt.

492 Suddenly, a Zombie charges from across the room. The gate to the mall balcony is open on this store. Another creature, attracted by the commotion, starts through the open entrance arch

493 Stephen is starting down through the ceiling grid. He also has equipment strapped onto his body. He sees the charging creature. Peter is trying to unslung his rifle. Stephen conquers his fear of the height, and lets himself fall to the floor. He crumples up when he hits, and he rolls into a store exhibit, knocking things flying.

Peter manages to level off his gun and shoot the rushing creature. Stephen regains his footing. The second creature is moving up the aisle. Stephen grabs a powerful crossbow from a nearby exhibit. It is loaded. It fires with a strumming sound and the small shaft rips cleanly through the creature's skull and imbeds itself in a wall beyond. The Zombie walks forward a few steps before it falls.

494 The men run toward the entrance arch. Leaping up on an adjacent countertop, Peter manages to reach the lip of the roll gate and he swings it down fast. Stephen catches the cage below and slams it into place just as another ghoul falls against it moaning and clawing.

Stephen unslings his gun and is about to level it off on the creature outside. Peter jumps down from the counter.

Peter: DON'T TRY TO SHOOT THROUGH THOSE GATES.
OPENINGS ARE TOO SMALL. BULLET'LL WIND UP
CHASIN' US AROUND IN HERE.

The Zombie crashes all its might against the metal cage. Stephen startles.

Peter: HE CAN'T GET THROUGH...COME ON...

495 The men crash back through the store and Peter moves right to the racks of weapons. He pulls down a gorgeous high powered rifle which is equipped with a sophisticated scope for sighting.

Peter: AIN'T IT A CRIME!

Steve: WHAT?

Peter: (looking through the telescope)
THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD EVER MISS WITH THIS
GUN...IS THE SUCKER WITH THE BREAD TO BUY IT.

496 The crosshairs of the telescope zero in on the enlarged
forehead of the Zombie, which is thrashing against the roll
gate. The sight gives us a sense of the super-weapon's
lethal accuracy.

497 Stephen dives into the ammunition and moves behind the counter
where he pulls out boxes of shiny new hand guns.

Peter finds elaborate holsters and ammunition belts. He pulls
several other rifles from the rack. We recognize the firepower
in the arsenal that the two men accumulate.

498 Other Zombies appear at the gate, but they cannot break in.

499 Peter: (at the creatures)
YOU JUST WAIT OUT THERE, SISSIES...
WE COMIN'...AND WE READY!

500 With a swell in the music, the band of all four humans charges
out of the Maintenance corridor and makes a break for the
Department Store. They all wear new double holsters containing
hand guns. Each has a rifle strapped over his shoulder and
another in hand. They wear ammo belts and carry packs with
other supplies. The wounded Roger is sitting in the big

gardening cart which Peter earlier used to carry the first supply load out of the store. Peter runs, pushing the cart before him.

There are only a few creatures on the balcony. The dead things turn in confusion at the sound of the attacking commandos. Roger, his hands free to shoot, fires his weapon several times at some of the creatures who are closest.

501 The creatures from the main concourse below begin to move up the stationary staircase and struggle with the escalators. The corpses of creatures slain in the earlier battles still clutter the area.

502 Fran and Steve are the first to reach the entrance to the Department Store. Steve falls immediately on the gate locks. Peter pulls up to a screeching halt at the gate. He turns the cart in a full 380 so that Roger is facing out toward the mall.

Steve fumbles with the second lock. Peter faces the few Zombies which are converging along the balcony. He lifts his new Super-gun and stares through the scope. The gun roars eloquently. Even its sound pronounces its power. The single shot rips cleanly through the center-forehead of one of the creatures.

The man aims at another head. Blam. Another perfect kill. And then a third. Roger also fires several times.

Fran stands ready at the roll gate. As Stephen finishes with the final lock, the woman pushes against the cage and it starts up. Steve stands, and the two roll the cage into the ceiling, but Stephen is careful not to let it get out of his grasp.

Fran moves into the store and Peter pulls the cart behind him. Then Steve, Peter and Fran pull the gate shut long before any of the advancing creatures reach the area.

503 Again, the Zombies smash into the cage, but the humans are already running through the aisles of the big store.

504 Peter wheels Roger into the elevator and hits the button for the first floor. The doors close and the car starts down.

Peter: HOW'S THE RIDE?

Roger: KINDA BUMPY. WATCH IT.

The stearn Black face stares down at the back of the wounded man's head. Despite his attempt at humor, the stiffness in Roger's body evidences his pain. Peter puts his hand squarely on the Trooper's shoulder.

Peter: LOOK HERE...I...

Roger: I KNOW, I KNOW...SHUT UP.

Something very serious is shared between the two men, some knowledge which we do not fully understand. We do see the kind of bond shared by soldiers in a battle.

505 The elevator doors glide open and Peter pushes the cart out into the first floor of the big store.

506 Fran and Stephen charge down the store escalator moving faster than the steps themselves.

507 They run through the hardware department where Stephen snatches up several propane torches. Fran stuffs extra bottles of gas into her back pack.

508 With a great hiss one of the propane nozzles spits a white-hot flame as it is lit with a new disposable lighter. Fran holds two torches as Stephen light them.

509 Peter steps up to the first floor entrance gate with Roger in front of him. Several creatures outside the cage fly into a sudden frenzy at seeing the humans. They slam against the grid but it holds as usual.

Peter: UNLOCK THE MIDDLE ONE LAST.

510 Steve falls on the right hand lock with his keys. The Zombies all converge near the crouching man's side of the gate. They push and shove. Fran holds one of the lit torches very close and the creatures back away cringing. The lock opens and Steve moves to the extreme left.

Again the Zombies follow and again Fran is ready with the torch.

Peter: ALRIGHT...THE TOUGHEST PART'LL BE GETTIN'
BY THESE RIGHT HERE...

Steve: IT'S A LONG PAUL DOWN TO THE ENTRANCE.

511A Peter cranes his neck to see past the Zombies and down the
concourse. Several other creatures are starting toward the
511B Department Store. Behind them, about three hundred feet away,
is one of the main entrances which is blocked off outside by
a truck trailer.

512 Peter: WE'LL BE ALRIGHT!

Fran: IT'S TOO FAR!

Peter: THERE'S NO BACKIN' OUT NOW. WE GOTTA LOCK
THOSE DOORS!

Fran: WE'LL NEVER MAKE ALL FOUR. IT'S TOO RISKY.

Steve: YOU JUST STAY HERE AND BE READY TO OPEN UP FOR US.

Fran: THE CAR!

Peter: WHAT?

Fran: THE CAR!

513 Outside, we see the slowly spinning exhibit which displays the new automobile. It is a sleek, sporty model, which looks fast and maneuverable.

514 Peter looks down at Roger.

Peter: YOU OK TO START IT?

Roger nods and reaches for his supply pack. He is cringing with pain, but he moves efficiently.

515 The Zombies clutch at the gate with new vigor. At the unlocked ends the grid gives a little, but still holds the creatures out. Fran waves the torches closer and the creatures back away. Steve un-locks the middle lock.

Steve: IT'S GOIN' UP!

516 The gate swings up with a thunderous roar. The Zombies attack but Fran's torches make them hold back slightly. Steve grabs one of the propane cannisters with one hand and draws a pistol with the other. Fran draws a hand gun also. The two fire into the pack of Zombies. One or two fall. The others try to move in but are afraid of the bright flames. One gets close to Steve but the man blasts his torch directly into its face. Its hair catches on fire and the creature throws itself wildly about, knocking other Zombies back.

517A Now Peter sees an opening and he makes a break with the cart. Roger holds on to the sides. They crash through the scattered pack of ghouls successfully and Peter makes for the car exhibit.

517B there are a few creatures on the concourse in the cart's path.

Peter: (shouting)

CLOSE THE GATE...CLOSE THE GATE...

518 Steve grabs the lip of the roll cage and it starts down. Fran is still inside the store with one of the torches.

Fran: THE KEYS, STEPHEN...THE KEYS!

Steve tries to stop the downward progress of the gate but it slams shut with a metallic crash.

Fran: JESUS CHRIST!

519A Peter stops in his tracks when he hears the woman's shouts.

He looks back. Several of the creatures have followed the

519B cart. They advance slowly.

520 Several have stayed with Stephen, however, and they approach Stephen as he tries to pass the keys back through the gate. The big ring doesn't fit through the small openings.

Steve: YOU MOTHER!

Fran: KEEP 'EM...JUST KEEP 'EM...LOOK OUT!

The Zombies at Stephen's back are very close. Steve lunges at them with his torch. They back off slightly.

521A Peter: COME ON, MAN! GET OUTA THERE!

521B The creatures on the concourse are approaching the cart.

521A A pained Roger levels off several shots, but he is very

shaky from his extreme pain. He manages to down one of the

521B Zombies.

522 Fran: STEPHEN...FOR GOD SAKE...

The woman holds up her torch so that the bright flame faces the ghouls.

Stephen crouches and puts a key in the right hand lock.
the Zombies converge on him.

523 Peter, seeing other creatures drawing near, starts to push
the cart again. He manages to dodge around two little
clusters of the walking dead.

524 The lock clicks just as one bold creature grabs Stephen from
behind, Fran tries to aim her torch closer. It disarms the
Zombie for a moment, and Stephen thrashes his body back
knocking the thing off balance. Then he quickly slides the
keys under the gate which he can lift just high enough with
the single lock undone.

Another ghoul grabs Steve from behind. This time Steve's
torch is knocked flying and it rolls away. Fran is desperate.
She tries to aim her pistol but cannot shoot through the
grill. She holds her torch high.

Steve kicks and scrambles, rolling on the floor. The Zombies
are on him. He manages to knock one or two of them to the
floor. Then he fires with his pistol, killing another.
He crawls to the torch and grabs it, the creatures clutching
and tugging at his pants and shirt.

He brings the flame up and flashes it at the Zombies. They
back away enough for him to crawl to an open space. Then
he scrambles to his feet and charges down the concourse toward

525 At the exhibit, Peter stips the cart. There are two of the lumbering creatures close at hand. The big trooper raises his rifle. Roger, using all his strength, manages to pull himself up out of the cart. He limps to the exhibit as Peter fires at the oncoming ghouls. The super-gun scores two perfect hits.

526 As Roger tries to step onto the spinning platform, he falls and rolls against the car. The turntable carries him around toward another creature. He is struggling in pain toward the driver's door of the vehicle.

527 Steve, who is approaching at a run, sees the action.

Steve: WATCH IT ROGER...ROGER!

528 Roger turns his head and sees the ghoul just before the creature grabs him. The thing's hands clutch at the wrapped wound, which is already leaking blood through its dressing. Roger screams loudly.

529 Peter jumps up onto the spinning turntable and leans across the hood of the car. His super-gun drills a hole through the creature's skull. It falls off the exhibit.

530 Peter hurriedly comes around to Roger's side. In extreme pain, the Trooper is desperately trying to open the driver door.

Peter helps him. The door opens and Peter eases his friend into the seat. Roger immediately goes to work under the dash.

531 Zombies are advancing now from all over the concourse.

532 Peter: GET IN!

He is shouting at Stephen who is just rushing up to the platform. He and the big Trooper scramble into opposite sides of the back seat. They slam the doors and make sure that all the buttons are locked. Roger works as quickly as he can.

533 Several of the lead creatures reach the turntable. Some fall as they try to step onto the moving disc, but others manage to struggle over to the car. They smash at the windows with their hands. It is a nightmarish scene as the men huddle in the shiny, new car which spins very slowly in circles.

534 Fran has relocked the one open gate mechanism, and she stands now trying to see the action, but it is out of her line of vision. She can only hear the moaning of the creatures and their pounding on the car. She turns the valve on her propane nozzle extinguishing the flame.

535 The car's engine roars as Roger is able to jump the wires.

Steve: I'LL DRIVE IT...

Roger: I GOT IT.

The Trooper's face contorts in agony as he moves himself into position behind the wheel. He is shaking, but he bites his lip and slams the car into gear. There are at least eight creatures crawling over the car, and more approach. The platform spins. Roger waits until the car is aimed directly down the concourse. The men in the back seat are alert to the Zombies which pound at the windows. The ugly and distorted faces press very close against the safety glass.

536 Now the car pulls out quickly. It rolls off the edge of the spinning display, knocking several of the creatures aside. The front wheels move off the platform and bounce onto the floor of the concourse, but the frame of the car scrapes the top of the disc and is stuck for a moment. The disc spins on carrying the rear of the car with it. Then Roger gives it more gas. The rear wheels spin and finally catch.

537 The car shoots out onto the mall floor. Some of the Zombies cling for a moment, but they all fall away quickly, scrambling to regain their footing and follow.

538 The car swerves and for an instant seems as though it will crash against the columns on the concourse. Roger manages to control it, and the shiny vehicle zooms ahead with tremendous energy.

539 One of the stray creatures in the concourse tries to directly intercept the speeding auto, but the car knocks him mercilessly aside as though he were a bowling pin.

540 Now Fran sees the car as it rounds the corner and heads directly for the main entrance which she can see from her position.

541 The Zombies at the entrance have already started back into the mall attracted by the commotion. Now the car zooms down the concourse easily breaking their ranks.

542 Roger throws the maneuverable little vehicle into a screeching tailspin, stopping just at the doors.

543 The big trailer blocks the entrance effectively. There are some creatures inside the doors. Under the big van, several Zombies are struggling with the doors. One is just pushing in and seems as though it will be able to enter.

544 Peter and Stephen slam against the door. Stephen aims his torch directly at the crawling creatures. The one in front withdraws its arm. The grotesque things writhe and kick under the truck. The door slams and Peter produces another set of master keys. They are all coded. He falls on the lock mechanism

Peter: THAT'S NOT 100%, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'LL
GET THROUGH...

Steve: CAN'T THEY SMASH THE GLASS?

Peter: SAFETY STUFF...PRETTY INDESTRUCTIBLE...
THEY GOT NO LEVERAGE UNDER THE TRUCK.
GIMME THE ALARMS...

545 Steve rummages in his back pack. He produces two portable
battery operated burgler alarms. Peter activates the units
and stands them against the base of the now locked doors. As
he crouches near the glass, the creatures outside go into a
frenzy clawing at the glass doors. They cannot get in.

Peter: I'M HOPIN' THEY'LL JUST GO AWAY AFTER
THEY FIND THEY CAN'T GET IN...

546 The creatures moving slowly down the concourse are now
getting close to the action.

547 The men hop back into the car, and it roars off with Roger
still at the wheel.

548 Again the sleek auto rips through the ranks of the advancing
Zombies. They fall and scatter.

549 B The car speeds down the concourse and turns the corner near where ^A Fran watches at the Department Store gate. We hear Steve's voice on the woman's walkie talkie.

Steve: WE'RE OK...WE GOT IT MADE...
IT'S GONNA WORK..

Fran stares out through the roll cage. ^B The Zombies in the concourse are staggering weakly after the car.

550 With another tailspin, the sleek auto pulls up to the second set of doors. The men scramble out of the back seat. Again, the Zombies outside try to crawl under the second trailer. The men shut them out easily, locking the door and planting alarms. Then they stand to look down the concourse.

551 The creatures seem even more spread out now.

Steve: HOW MANY YOU FIGURE ARE ALREADY IN...

Peter: DUNNO. NOT TOO MANY. WE'LL GET 'EM EASY.
WE GET IT ALL LOCKED OFF AND WE'RE GOIN' ON
A HUNT!

The big Trooper raises his super-gun and sights through the telescope.

552 As we see through the scope, the crosshairs settle on the forehead of one of the creatures which is lumbering down the hall. The face is magnified and distorted by the telescope. The gun roars and the head in the scope explodes with red.

553 The creature falls against a column, hit squarely through the brain. Again we sense the supreme accuracy of the magnificent weapon.

554 It is night. The Zombies in the parking lot still group around the semis. They set up an eerie moaning in the moonlight. A slow piece of music starts to build.

555 The creatures crawl under the trucks but cannot enter the mall building. They pound and scratch at the doors, but to no avail.

556 From inside the concourse, the sound of the mob is muffled. Even the revolving door is locked now. It seems the most vulnerable, but the crawling creatures cannot quite get the leverage to smash at the glass panels and they have no tools to pound with.

The auto is flush against the revolving door on the inside, offering added protection. Several of the alarm units sit atop the car. They are the early warning devices guarding against a penetration.

557 As the camera starts to dolly back along the mall concourse, the music builds. We see the slain corpses of many Zombies lying askew in various parts of the building. It is like a battlefield after a war.

558 The humans appear on the second storey balcony. They move to the railing and look down into the expanse of the building. They are guerrilla fighters, with their weapons strapped on. They have taken the Temple. The music hits a crescendo as the people look over their spoils. Even the wounded Roger seems triumphant as he limps to the rail, supporting himself on his arms.

559 We see the spectacular shot of the full expanse of the building. Zombies lie dead everywhere. The humans have captured the gold of the Gods...In this case the Gods of Consumer Heaven.

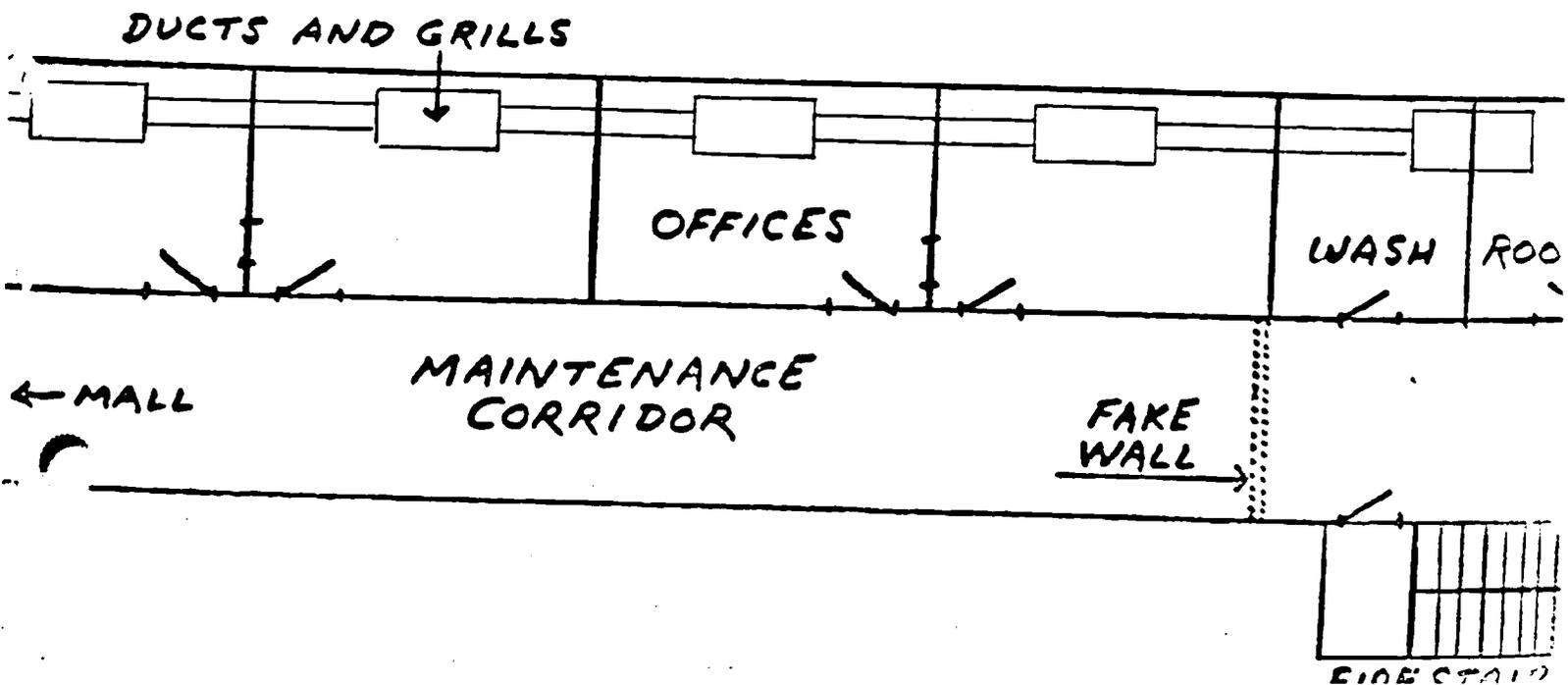
560 We see Peter's hand on the maps of the Maintenance Corridor. He is drawing a line just past the washrooms at the end of the hall near the firestair.

Peter: WE PUT UP THE WALL HERE. THERE'S NO DOOR FROM THE LAST OFFICE INTO THE WASHROOMS, SO NOBODY'LL GET NOSEY...AND THIS WAY WE CAN STILL GET TO THE PLUMBING...

Steve: WHY CAN'T WE JUST BOARD UP THE STAIRWAY. HELL,
THEY CAN'T EVEN GET THROUGH A STACK OF CARTONS.

Peter: I'M NOT JUST WORRYIN' ABOUT THEM.
SOONER OR LATER MIGHT BE A PATROL THROUGH HERE...
LOOTERS MAYBE...
I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO EVEN KNOW THAT STAIRWAY
EXISTS.

They look back at the map :



Peter: THE DUCTWORK RUNS ALL THE WAY INTO THE WASHROOMS. WE'LL HAVE TO GET IN AND OUT THAT WAY. WE'LL BRING UP ANY BIG STUFF WE WANT BEFORE WE PUT UP THE WALL.

561 The men sit huddled. The large storage area is already filled with mounds of supplies brought up from the mall stores, but the stuff all sits around in disarray.

562 Behind the wall of cartons, Roger seems to be sleeping, but he is sweating feverishly, and his face twitches. Fran has been trying to soothe him with a wet cloth on his forehead. Now she stops, leaving the cloth on the shivering head. She moves out to Stephen and Peter.

563 Fran: HE SEEMS TO BE SLEEPING.

Peter: GOOD.

564 The woman moves to where she has medical supplies atop one of the cartons. There are bottles and vials and diabetic hypodermic syringes as well as bandages and dressings from the Pharmacy in the mall.

Fran: I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO...

Steve: YOU'RE DOIN' FINE.

Fran: HIS LEG IS AWFUL...THE INFECTION IS SPREADING
FAST. CAN'T WE FLY HIM OUT OF HERE...TRY TO
FIND A MED. UNIT...

565 Steve looks at Peter. The big Trooper speaks softly.

Peter: I'VE SEEN HALF A DOZEN GUYS GET BITTEN BY
THOSE THINGS...
NONE OF 'EM LASTED MORE THAN THIRTY SIX HOURS.

566 Fran is stunned. Suddenly, Roger screams from behind the
cartons...

Roger: PETER...PETER...WHERE ARE YOU?

567 Peter: RIGHT HERE, BUDDY.

568 Roger is sitting up. His eyes look very dark and sunken.
He is sweating even more profusely than before.

Roger: YEAH...YEAH...

He licks his lips. He looks around the vast, barren room,
trying to clear his eyesight.

569 Outside, Fran sits on a carton. The men are still huddled around their spoils. Roger occasionally shouts from the other room.

Roger: WE DID IT, HUH, BUDDY?

WE WHIPPED 'EM.

Peter: THAT'S RIGHT ROG.

Roger: DIDN'T WE?

PETER? DIDN'T WE WHIP 'EM?

Peter: WE SURE DID, BUDDY.

Roger: WE WHIPPED 'EM AND GOT IT ALL!

WE GOT IT ALL!

The man's voice sounds pathetic as it echoes through the big storage area bouncing off the barren walls.

570 A hammer slams into nails behind the fake wall which the people are working on. A great network of two-by-fours has been braced up at the rear of the corridor, and more lumber is wedged against the walls making a frame.

Stephen is slamming large nails into the framework for reinforcement. On the frame's face, a masonite panel is already nailed into place on one side. Peter works in the corridor. He is carefully nailing in a moulding which makes the new partition look like a finished wall.

In the corridor, there are power tools lying about and a vast array of other hardware in the gardening cart. Fran appears from out of the washrooms. She is carrying an old can of paint, which has obviously been used.

Fran: THIS MUST HAVE BEEN FOR TOUCH-UP...
 IT LOOKS PERFECT.

Peter grabs the can and pries its lid open quickly with a screwdriver. Then he dips his finger into the liquid and smears some onto the new wall where it butts against the corridor. It is a perfect match.

Steve: (To Fran)
 ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT BEFORE WE CLOSE IT OFF?

Fran: NO...

The woman is staring down the corridor toward the mall proper.

571 The corpses from the hall have been cleared out of the way. They are piled together at the mouth of the corridor on the balcony. It is a grisly sight. Fran turns away.

572 Fran: NO.

She steps back through the unfinished partition and leans against the framework. Her hand goes to her mouth as she tries to choke back a gag. Steve moves up behind her, but she feels another wave of nausea and she darts for the wash-room. Steve sets down his hammer and follows.

573 The woman is kneeling on the floor, propped up by her hands on the seat of the toilet. She is vomiting. Steve approaches quietly. His hand falls on her back.

Fran: LEAVE ME ALONE...IT'S ALRIGHT...
IT'S MY PROBLEM.

Steve: FRANNIE...

Fran: JUST GET OUTA HERE, STEPHEN...I DON'T WANT YOU HERE

The man doesn't move. Fran reaches up and takes his hand. She clutches it tightly, indicating that she is not angry.

Fran: I DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME THIS WAY...

Another wave hits her and she wretches again. She pulls her hand back and leans over the toilet bowl.

Fran: PLEASE GO...I'M ALRIGHT...PLEASE...

Stephen stands up reluctantly. He drifts out of the room. The woman wretches but she is dry. She tries to swallow. Then she sits on the floor next to the toilet holding her stomach. She fumbles with the flush handle and depresses it. The rushing water makes an ugly sound. Fran looks down and at her stomach thinking of her pregnancy.

574 Stephen steps out of the unfinished framework. Peter is gazing down the corridor at the pile of corpses.

Peter: THIS PLACE IS GONNA BE ROTTEN...
WE GOTTA CLEAN UP, BROTHER.

Flies buzz about the staring faces of the dead things on the balcony.

575 Peter's hands are on the large round hatch wheel of an enormous safe.

Peter: THEY'RE USUALLY ON A TIMER...
 OPEN AT NINE...LOCKED AT FOUR...
 KEEPS THE BANKERS HONEST.

The wheel spins and Peter swings the giant door open.

576 Inside is the huge safety deposit vault of a bank. The men stand for a moment in awe. The clean walls are lined with drawers and doors where depositors have stored their valuables. At one end of the room there are stacks and stacks of paper bills. The men approach the piles of money and stoop down.

They each pick up packets of bills and flip through the edges...tens...twenties...hundreds.

Peter stuffs several packets into his knapsack. Steve looks at him quizzically.

Peter: YOU NEVER KNOW, BROTHER.

Steve takes several stacks and stuffs them into his kit. He looks about the enormous vault.

Steve: DON'T YA WONDER WHAT THE ARCHEOLOGISTS ARE
GONNA THINK...GUYS IN THE FUTURE...DIGGIN'
THIS PLACE UP. IMAGINE ALL THF STUFF'S IN
THESE BOXES...JEWELERY...MAYBE THEY'LL FIGURE
IT'S ALL SOME KIND OF OFFERING TO THE GODS...
LIKE IN THE PYRAMIDS...A BURIAL CHAMBER.

Peter: THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS NOW...

577 We see the men wheeling gardening carts piled with corpses.
The somber image is shocking as the figures move in sil-
houette against the bright store fronts with their displays
of goods designed to attract shoppers to the sweet life the
items pretend to represent.

578 At the bank, Peter wheels a cart with several dead Zombies
through the lobby.

579 In the vault, the big Trooper dumps the bodies out on top
of several others which are already deposited. The corpses
lie askew, their arms and legs protruding. The stacks of
money are upset by the limp action of the bodies as they
roll around.

580 A finger flips a switch and we hear the mall music start up
slowly.

- 581 We see a montage: Fran, Stephen and Peter walk slowly through the conquered building. They drift in and out of stores picking up various items. They use shopping carts.
- 582 Fran rummages idly through the cosmetics department.
- 583 Peter looks through a book store.
- 584 Stephen plays the pinball machines in a huge game room.
- 585 Peter tries on big colorful hats in front of a mirror
- 586 Fran trims Stephen's hair as he sits in the mechanical chair of the mall Barber Shop.
- 587 Fran feeds the animals in the Pet Store, then with a bag of seed, she feeds the Tropical Birds in the tall cage out on the concourse. The birds flutter and flap about, screeching loudly.
- 588 Now the group walks along the upper balcony. They look down. They still have their weapons and kits, but Peter is wearing a wide brimmed hat and Fran sports a new mink coat.
- 589 The concourse is empty now of corpses, but the group can hear the moaning and thumping at the main entrances. It is

dark outside, and the creatures which claw at the doors cannot be seen in the shadows under the big trailer trucks. The sound evidences their presence, however.

590 The people stand at the balcony railing overlooking their realm.

Fran: THEY'RE STILL HERE.

Steve: THEY'RE AFTER US...THEY KNOW WE'RE IN HERE.

Peter: THEY'RE AFTER THE PLACE...
 THEY DON'T KNOW WHY...
 THEY JUST REMEMBER...
 REMEMBER THAT THEY WANNA BE IN HERE!

The noise at the entrance continues eerily. Fran starts to be afraid.

Fran: WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY?

Peter: THEY'RE US, THAT'S ALL.
 THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN HELL.

Steve: WHAT?

Peter: SOMETHIN' MY GRANDDADDY USED TO TELL US...
 YOU KNOW MACUMBA? VOODOO...
 GRANDDADDY WAS A PRIEST IN TRINIDAD.
 USED TO TELL US...WHEN THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN
 HELL...THE DEAD WILL WALK THE EARTH.

591 Roger is screaming wildly. He is sweating and his face
 looks sunken with an ashen color. He thrashes about as
 Steve tries to hold him. His leg is swollen and almost
 all black. His arm, which was also bitten, is wrapped
 but oozing.

Steve: GET MORE VALIUM IN HIM...

Fran fumbles with one of the hypodermics, but she drops the
vial of serum and it shatters on the floor.

Steve: GET ANOTHER ONE...COME ON...

Roger is throwing himself about wildly. Steve barely manages
to hold on. Fran rushes into the other room.

592 The space is starting to look like living quarters. There
 is furniture. There are sectioned off areas with things still
 packed in cartons, but it is beginning to look like a home.

- 593 The woman rushes to the medical supply area which is now more organized with little cabinets and a small refrigerator. She takes a new vial of serum from the freezer.
- 594 Downstairs, Peter is checking the coving at the floor base of the fake wall. He hears the violent screaming from above.
- 595 A He climbs up a rope ladder in the ^{ceiling}, and he scrambles through the grill in the ceiling, ^B entering the duct. Then he pulls up the ladder and closes the grill.
- 596 A He crawls through the tight space for a few feet, and
- 596 B drops out of another grill into the wash room.
- 597 Then he moves through the ^{Int. Corridor} and into the firestair.
- 598 All the while, Roger's screaming can be heard. Peter tramps up the steps several at a time.
- 599 He rushes through the living space in the direction of the screams.
- 600 Fran is withdrawing a hypodermic from Roger's good arm. The man still thrashes wildly. Steve is struggling to hold him. Peter rushes in and helps. Fran drifts out of the room.

After a short time Roger relaxes somewhat.

Peter: (to Steve)

GO ON...I'LL STAY WITH HIM.

Steve leaves the area.

601 In the living space, Fran is sitting in a chair. It is the inflatable kind, which can be collapsed like a balloon. Steve comes up to her and puts his arms around her neck from behind. She cups his hands with hers and holds them tightly. She stares off across the room.

602 Roger catches his breath and looks up at Peter. He licks his lips and tries to speak coherently.

Roger: YOU...YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME, RIGHT, PETER?
YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME...WHEN I GO...

Peter: I WILL.

Roger: I DON'T WANNA BE WALKIN' AROUND LIKE THAT,
PETER...NOT AFTER I GO...I DON'T WANNA BE
WALKIN' AROUND LIKE THAT...

The man's eyes are terrified. He looks this way and that at the walls, the ceiling, at Peter...He can't focus...

Roger: PETER? PETER?

Peter: I'M HERE, TROOPER.

Roger: YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME...I KNOW YOU WILL...

Peter: I WILL.

Roger: PETER?

Peter: YEAH, BROTHER.

Roger: PETER, DON'T DO IT...TIL YOUR SURE...SURE I'M
...COMIN' BACK...DON'T DO IT TIL YOU'RE SURE...
I MIGHT NOT COME BACK, PETER...I'M GONNA TRY
NOT TO...I'M GONNA TRY...NOT TO COME BACK...

603 Later. The moon shines down through the skylight in the living area. A sturdy ladder has now replaced the pyramid of cartons up to the open hatch.

604 Stephen fiddles with the television. There is a faint signal coming in. He has the set wired to a makeshift antenna which stretches up through the skylight. A table lamp sits on a small end table and it is lit. Its cable is patched into a network of wiring which stretches about the room.

605 Fran is unpacking things. She is stacking dishes and silver-
ware. It is a very orderly scene. The couple looks like
a pair of newlyweds who have just moved into a new house.

606 On the television, two men are talking, a commentator and
an official of the Government. The Scientist is in a suit,
but his tie is rumpled and his collar open. He has not shaved
and he seems very tired and nervously upset.

Scientist: I'VE GOT TO...BE CAREFUL WITH WORDS HERE...
WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO STUDY THEIR HABITS...
WE'VE REPEATEDLY ASKED FOR A LIVE CAPTURE SO
WE CAN HAVE CONTROLLED STUDY....
WE NEED SUPPLY AND DEMAND RATIOS...

Comm.: YOU MEAN...THEIR NEED VERSUS...

Scientist: VERSUS THE AMOUNT OF FOOD AVAILABLE.
LET'S BE BLUNT.

There is a commotion in the TV studio. We hear noises and
shouting, as we did at J.A.S. earlier.

607 Steve: JESUS CHRIST.

He squats near the set, staring. Fran comes up behind him.

608 Scientist: PROJECT OUT THEIR RATE OF GROWTH...THERE'S A
CRITICAL BALANCE...AND IT'S THE WASTE THAT
KILLS US...LITERALLY...THEY USE...THEY USE
MAYBE FIVE PERCENT OF THE FOOD AVAILABLE ON
THE HUMAN BODY...AND THEN THE BODY IS USUALLY
INTACT ENOUGH TO BE MOBILE WHEN IT REVIVES.
THERE'S AN ECOLOGICAL INBALANCE AND THEY'RE
INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING...

Comm.: WHAT ARE YOU PROPOSING?

Scientist: WE HAVE TO BE UNEMOTIONAL...WE HAVE TO PROVIDE
COUNTER MEASURES OR WE'RE ALL...

Comm.: COUNTER MEASURES?

Scientist: THEY CAN'T CONTROL THE RATE OF GROWTH AND CON-
SUMPTION...WE HAVE TO CONTROL IT FOR THEM!

Comm.: YOU'RE SUGGESTING THAT WE HELP THEM?

Scientist: BY HELPING THEM IN THIS CASE WE SAVE OURSELVES...

A great outcry is heard in the studio. The camera bobbles
around. The scientist is fumbling for words...

609 Stephen: GOOD GOD...

610 In the other room, Peter sits against a wall. He can hear the television. His eyes stare straight ahead at something.

Scientist: I'M PROPOSING THAT CERTAIN...NECESSARY MEASURES BE PUT INTO EFFECT AT ONCE...MEASURES APPLYING TO ALL OFFICIAL SEARCH AND DESTROY UNITS, WHILE THEY RE STILL OPERATIVE...HOSPITALS...RESCUE STATIONS...AND ANY..PRIVATE CITIZENS...

The camera pulls off Peter's face. We see that his rifle is stretched across his lap. The TV drones on from the other room.

Scientist: IN COOPERATION WITH THE MOBILE UNITS OF THE O.H.P. THE CORPSES OF THE RECENTLY DEAD SHOULD BE DELIVERED OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES FOR COLLECTION IN REFRIGERATED VANS...THEY SHOULD BE DECAPITATED TO PREVENT REVIVAL...

We see now what Peter is staring at. On the floor, twenty feet away lies the corpse of Roger. It's face is covered with a blanket. It lies very still.

Scientist: THIS COLLECTION...THIS COLLECTION...

The man's voice is heard almost shouting over the voices from the studio. The angry staff protests vigorously, with emotional language...

Scientist: THIS COLLECTION COULD BE...STORED...RATIONED...
FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE INFECTED SOCIETY...

The shouts of anger continue.

IN AN ATTEMPT...IN AN ATTEMPT TO CURB THE
SENSELESS SLAUGHTER...THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER
OF OUR OWN SOCIETY...

Suddenly the dead Roger's foot seems to move under the
blanket. Peter's eyes pick up the movement immediately.
His hands tighten on his weapon.

Scientist: THE DISSECTION...THE DISSECTION OF THE CORPSES
CAN BE CARRIED OUT...CARRIED OUT WITH RESPECT
FOR THE DIGNITY OF THE HUMAN BODY...

Roger's arms seem to move; in slight twitching motions...

THE HEADS...THE HEADS AND THE...SKELETONS...
WHENEVER POSSIBLE...COULD BE IDENTIFIED AND...
AND BURIED IN CONSECRATED GROUNDS...

The commotion in the studio reaches a fever pitch.

From the movement beneath, the blanket starts to creep down off Roger's face. Peter stares with fascination and disbelief. The blanket clears the blankly staring eyes...the drooling mouth...Roger tries to sit up. Peter's hands click a shell into his super-gun.

Suddenly, the corpse sits up. It stares at Peter, blankly at first, then with purpose...it starts to move towards the Trooper who calmly raises his weapon...

611 On the TV, the commotion still rages. Stephen and Fran stare at the tube, hardly believing what they see. The scientist is shouting above the din. He is nervous. He wipes his brow with his sleeve...

Scientist: WE'VE GOT TO REMAIN UNEMOTIONAL
UNEMOTIONAL...RATIONAL...
LOGICAL...
TACTICAL! TACTICAL!

612 Steve: THEY'RE CRAZY...THEY'RE CRAZY...

Fran: IT'S REALLY...ALL OVER, ISN'T IT...

BLAM! The loud roar of Peter's gun from the next room. Fran startles and falls into Stephen's arms.

613 Roger's corpse is dumped on top of the stack of bodies in the Bank vault. His eyes stare with a puzzled expression. The arms and legs of the other bodies make the room look like a Renaissance Painting of hell itself. There is the familiar gunshot wound in Roger's forehead.

The heavy door of the vault closes with a metallic slam which echoes throughout the mall.

614 A small puppy lifts its leg and urinates on a table.

Fran: ADAM! NO NO!

The woman's hands reach into frame and grab the little animal. She carries it through the room and drops it on some papers which are layed out in an unused part of the storage area.

Fran's stomach is big now, her pregnancy evident. She wipes her brow like an exhausted housewife, and shuffles back into the living area. She fumbles with the sheets on the double mattress which she and Steve obviously share. There is an end table near the bed, with a reading light. Books lie strewn around, along with magazines and half drunk cups of coffee.

615 In the sitting room, we see a scene which could be comfortably suburban. The furniture is neatly arranged. There is a small portable stove which operates on bottled gas, a refrigerator, and cabinets with dishes and silverware.

616 There is a modern calendar on the wall, which shows three months crossed off. There are all sorts of radio and television units and a stereo record player. There are even decorations here and there: paintings hung, knick knacks on the tables. The room almost looks like a wealthy man's den, with all the accoutrements of gadget-oriented affluence.

617 In the Department Store, Stephen wanders about. He fiddles with a new supersonic calculator and he looks at adult games.

618 On the roof, in the bright sunlight of early morning, Peter plays tennis against a wall of one of the sheds. He is dressed in a new sweat suit and he wears brightly colored Addidas sneakers. He has a sleek new racquet, and he slams phosphorescent orange balls with all his might. His face is set in what is almost anger. He attacks each shot with determination and emotion.

619 One of his shots misses the shed. The ball bounces and banks off the lip of the roof, then it tumbles over the edge.

620 In the parking lot below, the ball hits the pavement. It bounces several times before rolling off among the feet of the army of Zombies wandering this way and that through the area.

621 The creatures mob around the trucks at the main entrances. They moan and gurgle as they claw at the building. There seem to be hundreds of the dead things, all different ages, sexes, shapes. Some clothed, some naked, some wounded, some seemingly untouched.

622 Now Fran, the pregnant housewife, is cooking supper.

623 The men play cards on a table in the living space. They play with hundred dollar bills.

624 The three sit around the dinner table. They are just finishing their supper. The television set is on, but only gray snow fills the screen and the speaker hisses as it receives no transmission signal.

Fran: THESE HASN'T BEEN A BROADCAST FOR THREE DAYS.
 WHY DON'T YOU GIVE IT UP?

Steve: THEY MIGHT COME BACK ON.

Fran angrily throws down her silverware and stomps over to the TV. She clicks it off and the blue glow disappears. Then the woman returns to the table.

Steve stands up and moves to the set. He clicks it back on. Peter watches the two sheepishly. It is a domestic scene. The group has become a family, with all the disadvantages of comfortable living, including the inability to communicate with one another.

Fran: WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO OURSELVES?

625 The thunderous roar of the helicopter engine. The machine is hovering over the roof of the mall.

626 Fran is at the controls. Steve sits in the passenger seat.

Steve: OK, NOW EASY...EASY...BRING 'ER DOWN...

627 The whirlybird starts down for the roof. It is somewhat unstable, but it eases down regularly.

628 In the cockpit, Fran is flustered, but she manages to handle the controls...

Steve: EASY...STABILIZE IT...THAT'S IT...

The woman reacts efficiently. She handles the controls better now as the chopper's rudders are just about on the roof's surface...

Steve: THAT'S IT...THAT'S IT...
 YOU GOT IT!

629 The runners hit the roof surface and the chopper settles.

630 Fran throws her impulsively around Stephen's neck.

Steve: YOU DID IT...YOU DID IT, HON...YOU DID IT...

The woman excitedly hugs and kisses Stephen with childish joy. She is bubbling.

631 As seen from a great distance, the helicopter atop the mall building looks very small. Its engine dies and begins to whine.

632 A pair of binoculars is watching the action. The lenses pull away from a pair of beady eyes.

Voice: THEY MUST GET IN THROUGH THE ROOF.

Voice: SON OF A BITCH!

Voice: THERE'S TRUCKS BLOCKIN' ALL THE ENTRANCES.

Voice: NO SWEAT!

Voice: WHAT DO YA THINK? HIT 'EM NOW OR WAIT FOR
TONIGHT?

Voice: TONIGHT.

633 We see the speaker of the short wave radio installed in the
living space near the television. A voice rattles over the
unit:

Voice: WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE...SEEM THE WHIRLWIND
ON THE ROOF.

634 Fran steps into the doorway attracted by the signal. Peter
sits at the radio, not knowing whether or not to send back.
Steve moves over to listen.

Voice: HEY, ER...COULD YA USE SOME COMPANY IN THERE?

Steve is about to say something. Peter stops him.

Voice: WE'RE JUST RIDIN' BY...WE COULD SURE USE
SOME SUPPLIES...WHAT'S THE CHANCE US GETTIN'
IN THERE TO STOCK UP?...

Peter listens intently, trying to read into the voice's
inflections.

Voice: HOW MANY OF YOU IN THERE, ANYWAY...
 THERE'S THREE OF US. COULDN'T YA USE
 THREE MORE GUNS?

Peter: RAIDERS.

Fran: WELL, THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, MAYBE WE SHOULD...

Peter: (cutting her off)
 NO CHANCE.

The little puppy scrambles up to Fran's feet, seeking attention. She picks the little dog up in her arms.

Fran: WELL, IF THERE'S ONLY THREE OF THEM...

Peter: WHO SAYS?

There is a long silence. The radio sputters with static. Voices can be heard, but they are not speaking into the microphone. They are obviously conferring among themselves. Steve starts to speak, Peter cuts him off.

Peter: SHHHH! QUIET!

He is trying to hear the muffled conversation.

Fran: I THINK WE SHOULD...

Peter: JESUS CHRIST, SHUT UP AND LISTEN!

More static. Slight laughter can be heard. Steve looks into Peter's face. The big Trooper just stares at the speaker without moving. Finally, the voice again:

Voice: HEY...YOU IN THE MALL...
 YOU JUST FUCKED UP REAL BAD!
 WE DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO DON'T SCARE.

Instantly Peter reacts. He grabs his weapon and straps on his holsters...

Peter: COME ON, MAN...GET IT UP.

Steve springs into action. He straps on his weaponry.

635 Under cover of darkness, we see a pair of hands storing a microphone on a portable radio unit. The radio is in a small van which is cluttered with junk. An arsenal of weapons is strewn all about.

636 We see several men, and a few women, huddling inside the van. They look like banditos. One even wears a large Mexican Sombrero. The men are armed to the teeth, and they wear ammuni-

tion belts criss-crossed over their chests. They are dirty and sloppily dressed in all sorts of surplus clothing.

637 Outside, we see only close up shots. Hands turn the controls on big motorcycles and feet stomp on accelerators. The bikes roar into action creating a thouderous sound. Clouds of dust and exhaust fumes rise into the air.

638 Peter and Stephen are running across the mall roof. The roar of the cycles can be heard in the distance.

639 They reach the edge of the roof and Peter stares off at the horizon. Nothing can be seen, but the thunder draws nearer. Peter tries the binoculars.

640 Through the lenses we can see vague shapes in the darkness. As the sound swells, we make out the raiders. Their powerful bikes come charging up over a rise...first two...then three more...three more...more...

They are accompanied by two small vans. There are at least fifteen bikes. The sound is deafening.

641 Peter: JUST THREE, HUH?

Steve: HOLY SHIT!

Peter: THEY'LL GET IN. THEY'LL MOVE THE TRUCKS.

Steve: THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THOSE CREATURES DOWN THERE.

Peter: COME ON, MAN. THIS IS A PROFESSIONAL ARMY.
LOOKS LIKE THEY BEEN SURVIVIN' ON THE ROAD ALL
THROUGH THIS THING...
DAMN! HOW MANY OF THE STORES ARE OPEN?

Steve: I DUNNO...SEVERAL OF 'EM...

Peter: WELL LET'S NOT MAKE IT EASY FOR 'EM...
COME ON!

642 The men charge down through the skylight. Now the roar of
the convoy can be heard even in the living space.

Fran is desperate. Steve rushes by her with Peter, who
crashes on ahead through the door onto the firestairs.

Fran: WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Steve: THERE'S FIFTEEN OR TWENTY OF 'EM...
WE'RE GONNA SHUT OFF THE GATES.

Fran: STEPHEN!

Steve: WE'RE JUST GONNA SHUT THE GATES.
THEY'LL NEVER FIND US UP HERE.

The man disappears through the door to the stairway. Fran drops the puppy which skitters across the floor and goes running after the men floppily.

Fran thinks to chase the dog, but instead she moves to a storage area and snatches up her own weapons. She starts to load her rifle

642B Peter and puppy in Sinestair

643 Outside, the motor convoy makes a pass at one of the trucks. In the darkness the zombies clutch at the swiftly moving bikes. The raiders fire their guns, dropping several of the creatures.

The mob of creatures is impenetrable at first. The leader of the raiders signals for the convoy to drop back across the parking lot. Some riders almost lose their balance as zombies claw at them, but they manage to keep their mounts.

644 The lead bikes pull up on the other side of the lot.

Raider: THEY'LL SPREAD OUT COMIN' AFTER US...
THEN WE GO IN WITH THE VAN...

645 The other bikes ride up to the leaders. A van pulls in
and two bikers scramble aboard through the side doors.
One of the women jumps into the driver's seat and revs the
engine.

646 The Zombies are starting to move out after the convoy. The
mob at the mall entrance is thinning somewhat.

647 In the mall, Peter drops out of the grill in ^{to the ext. corridor}
He immediately charges out of the room and into the Maintenance
Corridor, where he breaks at a dead run for the mall proper.
He is followed by Stephen.

Peter: (shouting)
DOWNSTAIRS FIRST...

Steve: OK...

Peter: GOT YOUR TALK BOX?

Steve: YEAH.

Peter: KEEP IT HANDY.

648 Outside, the Raiders' van revs up and roars toward the mall
entrance. The bikers stay at the other side of the lot,
their engines idling. Some of the men whoop and holler like
American Indians.

649 The van crashes through the ranks of advancing Zombies. Several creatures are knocked flying. The little vehicle pulls up along side the truck cab. Three men pile out and scramble into the big trailer. The Zombies in the immediate area clutch at the men and the raiders have to fight their way clear. the woman in the little van revs the engine again. With Zombies clawing at her windows, she pulls out and goes squeeling back toward the main group of bikers.

650 The Zombies in the parking lot are approaching the ranks of Motorcycles but they are still quite far away. The Raiders open fire. They, too, possess sophisticated weapons, and the barrage sets up a great noise. Several creatures fall in the hail of bullets. The little van pulls up behind the bikes. The men still whoop and shout.

651 On the first floor of the mall, Peter and Steve dash about slamming down the roll gates on open stores. They run desperately through the still empty concourses. They can hear the din from outside. They leave the Department Store until last so that they can get upstairs within the store if necessary.

652 At the trailer cab, one of the raiders fires point blank at the Zombies which claw at the passenger window. Another man is working on the jump cables.

Raider: SHIT...IT S STILL TAPED UP...ITS ALL READY
FOR US...

The man sits up at the wheel, revving the big engine.
The ghouls still jump at the windows.

653 A Inside, the men hear the truck engine starting. Steve slams
down the gate of the Pharmacy. ^B Peter is already running
into the Department Store. ^C The big Trooper crashes up the
escalator and into the second floor aisles. ^P Stephen breaks
for the Hardware Store which is also open.

654 The huge trailer rolls away from the Mall entrance. A shout
of victory goes up from the raiders all over the parking lot.
The Zombies at the doors do not yet try to enter the mall,
as their focus is on the raiders now. Other creatures are
starting to move from the other mall entrances. They are
converging on the parking lot.

655 Across the lot, the bikers rev their engines loudly. They
are ready to make a run on the building. The raiders from
the truck hop out of the cab. They run toward the doors.
They shoot into the Zombies as they move. Some creatures
fall. Others claw at the running figures. One raider is
brought down by the clutching ghouls. His friends pay no
attention.

- 656 A One gunman slams into the mall doors discovering that they are locked. He levels off a machine gun on the locks. A barrage of shells rips open the mechanism. ^B The men push in through the doors. The little alarm units are knocked flying and they send out an incredibly high pitched signal.
- 657 Peter is just slamming down the gates on the balcony when he hears the alarms go off.
- 658 One of the raiders hears the gates rumbling. He looks up to see Peter running along the railing upstairs. He fires with his machine gun.
- 659 Peter dives, sliding across the balcony. The bullets miss him. He starts to crawl around the balcony, just out of sight from below.
- 660 Steve has just slammed down the Hardware Store gate, and he makes a dash for the Department Store.
- 661 The raiders spot him as well, and opens fire.
- 662 Steve runs a zig-zag pattern and dives into the big store, where he ducks into the shadows leaving the gate open.
- 663 Peter comes up behind the balcony railing and levels off his super-gun on the raiders.

664 One accurate shot is fired and a raider falls back with a
giant wound in his chest.

665 The last raider at the doors ducks behind a column out of
Peter's sight.

666 Now Steve can charge the roll gate, which he does, slamming
it shut. He is inside the store.

667 The bikers are roaring toward the building now. The Zombies
are scattered about the lot.

668 Just as the bikes are about to reach the building, the raider
inside rushes the doors. He holds them open as the big fleet
of rumbling cycles comes screaming into the building.

669 Steve is in awe for a moment. He watches through the Department
Store grid.

670 The thundering machines pull down the concourse. The Zombies
lumber in after them. The raider at the door is grabbed by a
Zombie. Then another. He manages to fight away.

671 ^APeter, shooting from above, ^Bdowns the raider and one of the
ghouls.

672 A The main band of bikers, hearing the gunfire, pull down a side concourse to regroup. They make the turn very close to the Department Store gate, and ^B Steve runs back into the shadows of the aisles.

673 A Peter moves to another spot on the balcony. ^B The Zombies are clamoring back into the big concourses. ^A Peter's eyes are wide as he sees the safe building being invaded again.

674 Upstairs, Fran hears the noise of the battle. She is at the top of the firestair with her weapons ready. On the landing below, the little puppy scampers and barks excitedly. Fran calls the dog, but it does not listen.

675 A The bikes arc around again and several of them pull up directly in front of the Department Store.

Raider: ALRIGHT...COUPLE OF GUYS HOLD OFF THEM ZOMBIES...
CHARLIE?...HIT THE GATES...WE GOTTA GET THAT
SNIPER.

675 B The leader rolls his bike out. Others follow. They draw fire from Peter above. One falls, his bike flying into the crowd of approaching Zombies.

676 The action is too fast and furious for the men to keep up with it. Neither Peter or ^B Steve can see the whole layout of the concourse.

677 The lead bikes pull off behind another set of columns, out of range. A couple of bikers dismount and start up the stationary stairs.

678 Steve talks into his walkie talkie:

Steve: THEY'RE COMIN' UP, PETER...THEY'RE COMIN'
 UP THE STAIRS.

679 Peter moves to another spot on the balcony.

680 Suddenly the raiders at the Department Store door turn a machine gun onto the roll gate locks. One flies open... another...

681 Steve runs deeper into the store. He is about to charge up the escalator, when he realizes that he will be in the line of fire. He runs into the elevator at the side, hits a button, and the car starts up for the second floor.

682 Peter fires at the charging men on the balcony. He drops one of them. The other takes cover. Then, just as Peter, is changing his position, the lights in the building blink out...the escalators stop...the power has gone off.

Peter moves to ext. Corridor.

683 Upstairs, Fran is alone in the total darkness. From below, she hears the puppy still barking. She starts carefully down the steps.

684 The elevator is stuck. Steve gropes around in the dark. He fumbles for his walkie talkie...

Steve: PETER...PETER...

685 The big Trooper charges through the darkness and makes it into the Maintenance Corridor. *He climbs the rope ladder into the ducts.*
He ignores the buzzing on his talk unit.

686 The raiders on the balcony approach quickly, ducking against the walls occasionally for cover.

687 The other bikers are now spilling into the Department Store. They are raiding the counters and rapping the displays. They throw things into sacks on their backs. Some of them move to other stores and break through the roll gates easily by shooting off the locks. The men raid the arsenal in the Sporting Goods Store.

688 A The main pack of bandits is holding off the wave of Zombies. The creatures come at them with new vigor. *Some of the* raiders fall and the creatures pounce on top of them, ripping at flesh with their teeth and hands. The men are screaming.

689 The van pulls up outside the doors and two of the bikers ride out to it, loading supplies in through the double doors. The Zombies are everywhere, but the quick actions of the professional looters befuddle them for the most part. Zombies fall from

690 Several creatures have followed the raiders up onto the balcony. One Zombie pounces onto the corpse of the raider which Peter shot. The creature begins to tear at the body. The other Zombies move along the balcony.

691 A As the remaining raiders appear at the mouth of the corridor, Peter opens fire ^{From the open grill in the ceiling}. He kills the lead raider with a clean shot in the heart. ^{Peter splits.} The man flies back against the railing and topples over. His body falls to the concourse below where several Zombies attack it. ^B The other raider falls back against the wall.

691 C. Peter, ^{in the ducts,} pulls up rope ladder and closes duct.

692 C Peter dashes into the Maintenance Room. He rushes immediately to the power station and he throws the emergency power switch.

692 A. Peter drops out of washroom ceiling and dashes through

692 B. Peter runs down interior corridor (puppy is there).

693 The portable emergency light units blink on all over the mall.

694 A Steve, who has worked open the hatch in the elevator ceiling and climbed out on top of the car, suddenly feels the car move. He tries to grab onto the cables but his hands slip on the grease. His rifle falls down to where it wedges between the wall of the shaft and the moving car.

Suddenly, the car stops again, and Steve can see down through ^B the escape hatch. Light spills in as the main elevator doors open. He thinks to jump down through the hatch, but he hears the voices of the raiders below.

695 Two of the big, greasy bandits charge into the car. They whoop and shout as they see the open escape hatch.

696 Steve tries to settle back against the wall as much out of sight as possible.

697 Raider: COME ON, MAN...LET'S GO...

The other raider aims his machine gun up through the hatch. He whoops loudly as he fires off a barrage of bullets.

698 The shells bang and clatter around in the shaft. They ricochet off the walls and ping off the metal gears. One shell knicks Stephen on the arm. He cringes but does not cry out.

699 Finally, the barrage stops and the raiders charge back off into the store.

700 A Other bandits continue their battle with the Zombies. ^B The men crash through the stores, collecting weapons, ammunition, tools, articles of clothing, food.

701 Bikers shuttle the goods out to the van where the side doors are opened only to take in loot. The woman in the front seat of the van are ready with giant pistols. Zombies try to pound their way into the cab of the little vehicle, but they cannot succeed.

702 In the mall, another biker is brought down by a pack of Zombies. They pounce on him and start devouring his screaming body.

703 Several creatures are now wandering through the department store, having entered through the open second storey gate. They move through the aisles knocking against the displays. One grabs at a mannequin thinking it to be a human. It throws the doll aside roughly.

704 The raider on the balcony is being approached by several Zombies. He runs down the Maintenance corridor and into the Maintenance office. Peter is gone. The raider breaks into the various offices. They are empty. He comes up to the fake wall panel and assumes it goes nowhere. Then he hears something. The faint barking of a little dog. He checks the panel again. He runs his hands along the edge.

Suddenly a sound in the corridor. The raider turns. There are three ghouls approaching him. He raises his gun and fires. He knocks off the creatures one at a time and goes running out onto the balcony.

705 A He sees the full spectacle as he looks down into the mall. Creatures wander everywhere.

705 B Bike's roar this way and that. It is a war zone.

706 The man is about to run downstairs when he hears a noise above him. He spins and looks up. He sees Peter just too late.

707 A The big Trooper has opened a ceiling grid just above, and his big super-gun is aimed squarely at the raider's head. The gun roars and ^Bthe man flies back ~~DEAD.~~

708 Below, the raiders are starting to regroup. The bikes begin to peel out of the mall entrance one at a time.

709 Another raider is snatched off his machine by the zombies.

710 The bikers toss a last bit of booty into the van and the woman driver gets ready to pull out. Before she does, she lowers her window and fires point blank at the heads of the clutching creatures which have been trying to get through the glass.

711 The last wave of raiders is at the first floor entrance to the Department Store. The zombies are mobbing around the bikes outside. The men struggle, shooting and beating their way to their cycles. One man is brought down but three others manage to mount their machines. The big bikes roar and the men pull out.

- 712 A Peter is crawling through the ductwork. ^B He sees the last bike rolling across the concourse just as he opens one of the grids. ^C ^A He levels off with his scope.
- 713 He shoots one rider out of the saddle. Two more ride out of range and drive through the main doors into the parking lot.
- 714 The band regroups out in the lot. Where there were twenty, there are now only seven or eight.
- 715 A One cyclist who ducked back around when Peter opened fire, now revs his engine and roars through the concourse. ^B He dodges several of the creatures and heads for the entrance. He is the leader. The one who was on the radio. He is just about to drive through the doors. He starts to whoop victoriously.
- 716 A Peter leans out of the grid in the ceiling. ^B The crosshairs of his scope settle on the back of the rider's head. ^A Peter's eyes are angry. He waits. ^B The biker pulls through the doors and ^C starts to roar across the parking lot. Peter can still see him. The cross hairs are locked on his back. The rider lets out one last victorious shout as he pulls into the fresh air. ^A The super gun roars. About a second and a half later, the biker is blown off his machine.
- 717 The bike flies into a pack of approaching Zombies. Some of them fall back. Others advance on the rider. The man is rolling over the cement. He stops. He is not dead. He screams

718 The other bikers move their convoy off into the night and gradually the roar of the engines fades away.

719 The puppy stops barking. Fran looks down into the darkness. She is tense. Her fingers clutch at her rifle. She stands on the landing which is silent for the first time in a long while.

720A In the parking lot and over the main concourse of the mall,

720B the creatures wander freely. They fight over the remains

720A of the corpses which lie here and there. The starved Zombies eat ravenously, and the sounds of their feasting are the only sounds in the area now...

721A Peter crawls through the ductwork. He peers down through the

721B grids at the slaughter below.

721A

Suddenly he hears the beeper on his talk unit. He hits the button.

Steve: PETER!

Peter: WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

721C Steve: IN THE ELEVATOR!

Peter: LISTEN, THOSE THINGS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE.
CLIMB UP TOP...I'LL GET YOU OUT THE GRID IN
THE SHAFT...I'M COMIN.

Peter starts to crawl through the ducts.

722A Steve hits the button for the second floor and the car starts to climb. He clambors up with his feet on the hand rail around the car. His hands reach up and grab the mouth of the escape hatch and he manages to get his head and shoulders out the opening. He is just kicking with his legs to force himself up, when the car stops. He can see the grid in the wall of the shaft.

723 Suddenly, the car doors open onto the second storey of the Department Store. With startling abruptness, several Zombies dart into the elevator. They claw at Stephen's legs and pull him down out of the hatch. He screams and thrashes violently.

724 In the ducts, Peter can hear the blood curdling screams. He stops short. Listens for a moment. Then backs away, heading for the Maintenance Corridor.

725 In the elevator car, Steve thrashes and kicks with all his might. The creatures try to pull him out of the car. The elevator doors close and open, close and open, their safety bumpers slamming against the creatures which block it.

A Zombie takes a bite out of Steve's arm, another manages to bite his neck. The man scrambles, trying to free his hand gun from its holster. He punches and kicks, although he is bleeding profusely, especially from the neck wound. He finally pulls his weapon. The big pistol fires...once... twice...

- 726 Peter is just dropping out of the duct in the washroom. He hears the pistol shots. He realizes that he might have made a mistake in assuming Steve to be dead. He thinks about climbing back into the grid, but he stops. He punches at the wall violently. He is angry and confused.
- 727 Again the big pistol roars and it's shell rips through the head of one of the Zombies. It flies back out of the car. The doors still slam against one last creature. Others are advancing from the store. Steve fires one last time. The threatening Zombie flies back and the doors finally close shut.
- 728 Outside, Zombies fall against the elevator doors. They pound and scratch. None of them think to hit the call button, of course, but several of them narrowly miss it in their thrashing.
- 729 Inside the car, Stephen falls to the floor. His neck runs red. His eyes are wide with terror. He sits stupidly. He stares at the pistol in his hand. He finds it hard to breath.

730 Peter appears at the bottom of the firestair. The puppy runs up to meet the man, wagging its tail and yapping. Fran looks down at him. He hangs his head.

Fran: NO.....NO!

She runs down the steps. The big Trooper catches her bodily as she is about to charge out into the hall.

Peter: I HEARD HIS GUN...MAYBE HE'S ALRIGHT...
WE'LL WAIT...
WE'LL JUST WAIT A WHILE...

731 A slight blue haze appears in the Eastern sky. The mall stands silently in the impending dawn.

732 Armies of Zombies move in and out of the building freely through the penetrated entranceway. They walk the halls and they lumber through the stores.

733 At the elevator doors in the Department Store, several of the creatures still pound and scratch at the closed panels. As they push at each other, one creature inadvertently falls against the wall. Its shoulder makes hard contact with the elevator call button.

The doors glide open. In the car, Stephen is standing. The blood on his body is dry now. His eyes are blank. He steps forward. The other creatures drift away seeing that he is no longer prey...he is among them now.

The doors slide closed and they slam against Steve, but the bumpers react and they open again. Steve lumbers into the store and starts down the aisle. Other creatures drift this way and that around him.

734 Upstairs, Fran is packing supplies into a sack. She doesn't move excitedly. She does her chores slowly and ponderously. Her face is red from crying.

735 Peter stands at the top of the stairs. He looks down at the landing.

736 Fran is determined. She sets the sack at the base of the escape ladder which leads to the roof. Then she very deliberately goes to fill another sack.

737 On the mall balcony, Stephen's corpse walks up to the Maintenance Corridor entrance. Other Zombies are already in the hall. They wander aimlessly. Steve looks past them. He sees the fake partition. Something in him remembers... He moves forward.

738 Fran: IT'S ALMOST LIGHT...LET'S GO.

Peter looks at her silently from the stairway door.

Fran: HE DOESN'T ANSWER THE RADIO...
IT'S BEEN HOURS...

She starts to cry again.

Fran: FOR GOD SAKE.
YOU BETTER COME ON BECAUSE IF I GET TO
THINKIN' ABOUT THIS, I'LL JUST GO ON
DOWN THERE AND LET THEM...
LET THEM...

The puppy suddenly sets up a growl. It charges out the door between Peter's feet and runs floppily down the steps.

739 In the hallway, Steve is pounding at the fake wall. The other creatures notice and they move up behind him. More of them appear in the corridor. They all move toward the partition.

740A Upstairs, the pounding can be heard now. Peter stands stoically, looking down into the darkness. The dog barks below.

740B

Fran: WHAT IS IT?

740B
CONT.

Peter: IT'S STEPHEN...
THEY'RE COMIN' UP!

741 With a great, crunching noise, the fake partition gives way from the pushing of the army of creatures. They stagger over the splintering lumber and move into the INTERIOR CORRIDOR. THEY MOVE TO FIRESTAIR DOOR... STEPHEN TURNS THE KNOB AND THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN... THE GROUP MOVES ONTO THE STAIRS.

742 Peter slams the door. He speaks quietly.

Peter: GO ON...YOU GET OUT OF HERE.

Fran: PETER...

Peter: I SAID...GET OUT OF HERE.

From the firestair, we hear the sudden loud yelping of the puppy as it falls victim to the creatures. The sound echoes through the barren spaces of the storage area.

Fran: OH, JESUS, PETER...PLEASE...

Peter: I DON'T WANT TO GO...
I REALLY DON'T...
YOU KNOW THAT? I REALLY DON'T.

743 Suddenly, the door flies open and the advance creatures lumber into the living space. Peter stares at them. He smiles slightly. The creatures advance, led by Stephen.

744 Fran starts to scream.

Fran: STEPHEN...STEPHEN...

She makes a slight move for her lover, but Peter raises his super gun and shoots the Zombie through the head.

As Stephen falls, Fran comes up short, The act has startled her into a kind of awareness. Peter faces her as the creatures come up behind him.

Peter: MOVE WOMAN!

745 Fran grabs the sacks and climbs the ladder to the roof.

746 The creatures advance on Peter. He backs away, trying to lead them from the skylight. They crash through the living space upsetting the carefully planned room.

747 On the roof, Fran desperately starts the engine of the helicopter. The big blades begin to whine...

748 Peter backs into the second storage room slamming the door behind him. The creatures move toward the closed portal. Then we hear the super-gun roar one last time.

The Zombies push through the door and move in after their meal.

749B Several creatures manage to scramble up the sturdy ladder
toward the skylight. Some of them make it up onto the roof.

749A

Fran stares at them transfixed. The blades roar up to full speed up above the cockpit bubble.

The creatures advance toward the machine.

Fran suddenly steps out onto the running board. The creatures are very close now. She crouches, watching them for a moment. Then she looks up at the spinning propellor.

She stands straight up on the running board driving her head into the whirling blades.

A headless form falls onto the roof at the side of the running helicopter. The Zombies advance.

750 In a wide shot, silhouetted against the dawn sky, we see the creatures huddled under the chopper blades, feasting on their last victim.

The credits crawl up.

Just as the credits end...

the engine of the helicopter sputters...
and dies.