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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT -- LATE EVENING

Two men, a woman, and a young child sit in a living room. The child is sleeping soundly on his mother's lap. CARVER, a self-declared natural leader and poster-child for yuppies everywhere tunes a crank radio. The only sound comes from the radio, and muffled moaning behind the large bookcase and furniture barricade. PETE, a classically middle guy, middle aged, middle class, and middle management looks at him and the radio.

PETE

Dammit! How long are you going to mess with that thing?! There hasn't been anything on there for over a week. Just fucking static!

Outside the moaning grows louder, punctuated with an occasional soft thump. The child stirs slightly. The radio's static suddenly begins to quiet down, so Carver starts to crank it.

CARVER

Do you have a better plan?

PETE

No... but this is-

CARVER

Then shut up. Make sure that bookshelf is tight against that door.

PETE

You're not in charge here, alright? This is my apartment, you should be taking orders from me.

Though he says that, Pete walks to the door and confirms the bookshelf's placement, and gives it a strong push to be sure.

CARVER

Keep it down. If you keep making such a racket more of them are going to gather. Bookshelves and couches won't be any help then.

SIMONE, a child too young to really understand whats going on in the world, wakes up but doesn't move.

SIMONE
Daddy... I'm hungry...

MARY; Carver's wife and Simone's mother, gave up her career to raise her children; stroke's Simone's hair

MARY
Shhhh... We just ate baby

SIMONE
But it wasn't hardly anything, I'm still hungry...

MARY
We'll have some more tomorrow. Once we're rescued you can have ten hamburgers in a row if you want. In the meantime we have to be careful with our food, OK?

CARVER
Yea son, help will probably come tonight, or tomorrow morning at the latest.

PETE
(whispers to himself)
No they won't...

CARVER
Whats that Pete?

PETE
I'm sorry but... but you're wrong, nobody is coming to save us...

SIMONE
But then who's going to bring Cam over?

PETE
Who?

MARY
Cameron... Our other son, he's... turned... Hey Pete, c'mon, lets go play a game.

SIMONE
Whats he talking about?

MARY

Come now, it'll be night before you know it, and then we won't be able to play anything.

SIMONE

'kay

Mary takes Simone's a hand and leads him into the next room. Once they are Carver turns on Pete.

CARVER

(hissing, to keep his voice down)

What the hell is wrong with you? Why would you say that? He's just a kid!

PETE

Look... I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking...

An awkward pause. Carver begins to crank the radio again. Static and moaning fill the silence.

PETE (CONT'D)

How long do you think he's going to believe you?

CARVER

What?

PETE

You've told him nearly the same thing almost every day since you locked yourself in here. He's not going to believe you forever.

CARVER

I can't tell him the truth, he was so close with his brother... and now he's one of them.

PETE

Help's not coming... is it?

CARVER

It has to.

PETE

But if they were coming don't you think they'd broadcast ahead of themselves?

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Don't you think every other person locked up in a closet somewhere has a radio, same as you? If someone was coming it'd be the military, right? So wouldn't they tell us somehow? They'd find a way, right?

CARVER

God, just shut up! You're right! Ok!? Is that what you want to hear?!

Carver stands up, walking menacingly towards Pete.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Is that what you want to hear, dammit!? That we're all going to die in your shithole apartment? That one of my sons is dead?!

MARY (O.S.)

God dammit Carver! What's wrong with you?!

Mary comes storming back into the room. Carver realizes he was shouting.

SIMONE

Mommy... what does Daddy mean? Where's Cam?

CARVER

Son... I...

MARY

Not another word! Not another damn word!

(Kneeling to look Simone
in the eyes)

Simone... I'm sorry but... Cameron has died... he's gone

Simone pauses to grasp the situation, tears up, and then runs out of the room wailing.

CARVER

I'm... I'm sorry... I didn't realize...

MARY

Don't talk to me. Just, don't.

She follows Simone out of the room.

CARVER
 Its getting dark... I think I'll go
 to sleep...

INT. APARTMENT -- MORNING

Pete is deep asleep on couch. Carver sits on a pile of blankets on the floor, looking dead tired. The only sound in the room is that of the undead.

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

Pete is reading a worn-out TV guide. In the corner, Mary is telling a story to a red-eyed Simone. Carver is sitting in the same place as before, with a dead look in his eyes.

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

Mary is reading to Simone from the same TV guide that Pete had earlier. Carver sits across, looking at them sadly.

CARVER
 Sorry.

MARY
 What?

CARVER
 Simone... Mary... I'm so sorry...
 I'm sorry that I brought us here to
 starve to death, I'm sorry that
 Cameron is dead, I'm sorry that all
 of this is happening.

The constant moaning outside has been lowering during Carver's apology. Suddenly a new sound outside pierces the silence outside: gun shots.

CARVER (CONT'D)
 What?! Oh my god! Someone's coming!

Everyone in the room is alive again with excitement. Gun shots continue to ring outside. Pete runs into the room

PETE
 Did you hear that? We're saved!

Everyone shouts for attention and help, pounding on the wall.

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE
Did you hear that? There's people
in that room!

OUTSIDE VOICE FEMALE
Get us in, I'll hold them off,
hurry!

A pounding on the wall answers their own.

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE
Quick! Let us in! Help!

PETE
(Hushed, to the rest)
Wait... they want help from us?

MARY
They're not rescuers... they're
just refugees

CARVER
Yea, Pete, help me move this stuff

Carver starts pulling the couch away from the shelves

PETE
What are you doing? We won't be
able to support just us for much
longer, why would you want more
people?

CARVER
What the hell? They're going to die
if we don't help! Mary, help me
move this!

MARY
No, he's right Carver...

OUTSIDE VOICE FEMALE
Tell them to hurry the fuck up! A
whole bunch more are coming up and
I'm running low!

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE
What's going on! Let us in! We're
going to be over run!

CARVER
You too Mary? They're human! We
can't just let them die!

PETE

What if one of them is infected? Or what if zombies get in when we're letting them in? We're safe, don't ruin that on a maybe.

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE

Please! Hurry!!

CARVER

I can't believe this!

By himself Carver starts to push the bookcase out of the way of the door.

MARY

Stop that! Don't let them in!
You'll kill us all!

Pete struggles to pull Carver away from the shelf.

OUTSIDE VOICE FEMALE

Fuck! I'm out!

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE

Oh shit!! For the love of God, let us in now!

Pete shoves Carver off of him, and pries the bookshelf away from the door just far enough to allow O.V. Male to begin to squeeze through.

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE (CONT'D)

Oh thank god!! Quick Sylvia, its open!

O.V. Male reaches out to help pull Sylvia through who is bleeding profusely.

PETE

Don't let her in! She's bitten!

CARVER

Shut up!

Carver helps O.V. Male pull Sylvia through.

MARY

Carver! Stop! What about our son?!

Sylvia gets through, and collapses on the floor, very pale.

OUTSIDE VOICE MALE

No, she's ok. C'mon, speak to me

SYLVIA

Uh...

Arms begin to reach through the gap in the door. Carver tries to shut the door, but gets scratched in the process.

PETE

No!

CARVER

I just scratched it on the door;
Dammit, help me get this shut.

PETE

But she's-

CARVER

Do you want them getting in here!?

Together they use the shelf to get the door shut again while O.V. male crouches over a still Sylvia

MARY

Is she OK...?

Predictably Sylvia suddenly reaches up and bites into O.V. Male's neck, who immediately falls to the ground clutching his bleeding neck gurgling blood. As Pete, Mary, and Simone scream in terror Carver collapses to the ground, pale.

MARY (CONT'D)

Carver!

SIMONE

Daddy!

Pete picks up a chair and attacks Sylvia with it. It breaks over her, but she is not affected and bites Pete's leg.

PETE

Shit! Shit! It got me! Help!

Mary starts to struggle to drag Carver to the other room while Pete collapses, clutching his leg.

SIMONE

Mommy! What happened to Daddy?

MARY

Get into the bedroom Simone now!

Simone darts to the other room. ZSylvia gets up and walks towards Mary, and ZMale starts to shift. Pete is lying still on the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)
 (crying frantically)
 Oh please... oh God...

Mary releases Carver and grabs her bleeding hand, screaming. Carver is now ZCarver. Pete stands back up, he is now ZPete. Mary immediately stumbles to the bedroom door.

MARY (CONT'D)
 Simone... baby... Don't open the door. Help will be back soon.

SIMONE
 Mommy... no!

She locks the door from the inside and shuts the door while Simone cries loudly. Mary collapses against the wall and becomes silent. The only sound is the moaning of zombies, the static from the radio, and soft crying behind the door.

INT. APT-- NOTICEABLY LATER

The situation hasn't changed. Same sounds as before.

RADIO
 Zzzch... This is the US Army. If you are able to, please get to an established camp. Look for red flares. If you are unable to travel without assistance hang sheets out your window and help will arrive as soon as possible.

RADIO (CONT'D)
 static

RADIO (CONT'D)
 Repeat: This is the US Army. If you are able to, please get to an established camp. Look for red flares. If you are unable to travel without assistance hang sheets out your window and help will arrive as soon as possible.

FADE OUT.

