

The Lesser of Two Evils
by
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FADE IN ON:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

SARAH (V.O.)

Three billion human lives ended on August 29th, 2015. The survivors of the zombie apocalypse called it Judgment Day. Those that lived faced an unimaginable nightmare: a never-ending battle against the tides of the undead. And it was never a matter of surviving. Just which of them would reach us first.

Lights flicker. Explode and short.

MOANS and SCREAMS echo down empty halls.

Which is nothing compared to the horror evident on the walls. Gore and tissue everywhere.

Four people race around the corner.

ROGER (30s): young, Italian. Confident. Clad in pitch black SWAT gear. A compact pistol in his hand.

PETER (30s): A tall African American, dressed in the same uniform as Roger. No weapon for Peter. A huge gash oozes on his shoulder.

The others are clearly civilians.

JOHN (late 20s): Rangy. Handsome in a scruffy way.

SARAH (late 30s): A thin, tough looking broad with close cropped hair. Years of worry etched in her face.

They skid to a stop. Survey the hallway massacre.

PETER

Shit! They've already been here. We can't keep going this way!

ROGER

We have to. It's the only exit!

PETER

That's easy for you to say. You *have* your gun.

Roger prods his colleague's wound.

ROGER
Please don't say you're infected.

PETER
I didn't get bit!
(beat)
If I did, we've got an hour before I
turn. And we need every hand we can get.

Sarah stares at Peter.

SARAH
You must be in so much pain.

PETER
(grits his teeth)
Pain can be controlled. You just
disconnect it.

MOANS fill the air. John glances back the way they came.

Something putrid shuffles down the hall. Half its face is
chewed away. Blood SPUTTERS half-heartedly from a hole in
its neck. But the nightmare vision keeps on coming.

More zombies follow behind. An army of them - it seems.

JOHN
We've got company!

SARAH
How many?

JOHN
All of them. I think.

SARAH
What the fuck *are* they?

JOHN
They're, they're us. That's all. When
there's no more room in Hell.

Roger points the other way.

ROGER
We stick to the plan, go all the way. Out
to the nearest exit!

SARAH
We don't know what's out there!

ROGER

Who gives a shit? Anything pops out, we blow their decaying ass sky high!

JOHN

We don't have enough ammunition to shoot them all in the head.

Roger SLAPS putty into Peter's hand.

ROGER

This'll slow their advance!

SARAH

What's that?

ROGER

Plastique. Nitro-glycerine based. It's stable.

(off her look)

I used to make it back when I was a kid.

Peter mines the hallway. The zombies drool as they near. Peter holds out a hand to Roger.

PETER

I need lighter fluid.

ROGER

You got it.

He tosses a lighter to Peter. John grabs Peter's hand. The SWAT tech GROWLS - in anger and in pain.

PETER

Don't make me bust you up, man.

SARAH

(sobs)

What's the use? We're all being punished by the Creator! He visited a curse on us, so Man could see what Hell was like.

ROGER

Let's just be constructive, okay?

He points towards the Evil Army of Walking Dead.

ROGER

Those things out there. They can't be bargained with. They can't be reasoned with. They don't feel pity, remorse or fear. And they absolutely will not stop. Ever. 'Til we're dead!

PETER

The situation's got to be controlled.
They're multiplying. Rapidly!

He lights the fuse. Herds the group forward.

PETER

Come on, hustle. Go, go, go!

The fuse SPATTERS. Followed by BOOM! The group's blown off their feet. Into walls. Onto the floor.

John's the first to raise his head. He squints through smoke as it clears.

The hallway's a blistering inferno. The zombies behind them dance in flames.

JOHN

(whispers)

Hasta la vista. Baby.

Sarah glances forward, toward the exit.

A zombie stumbles from a room, accompanied by decomposing "friends." Peter's face falls.

PETER

We just fucked up. REAL bad.

Zombies flow out of doors like a rotting tide. The group's trapped between gruesome death and burning Hell.

Roger yanks Peter by the arm.

ROGER

On your feet, Soldier. On your feet!

The group staggers up - the zombie hordes converge.

PETER

(screams)

Game over. Game over, man!

Sarah RIPS debris from a wall, and plunges it through a corpses' eye.

SARAH

You're terminated. Fucker.

John SNAPS a zombie's arm in two.

JOHN
There's two hundred and fifteen bones in
the human body. That's one.

Sarah SNAPS the zombie's neck.

SARAH
That's two.

PETER
(smiles, relieved)
Groovy.

An undead dives on Peter. They crash to the ground. Roger
pulls SNAPPING teeth back from his friend's face.

PETER
Get it's head up! Get the head up, man!

Peter pulls a knife, spears it through the corpses'
brain.

PETER
Say goodbye, creep!

The zombie collapses on top of him. Roger smiles - helps
Peter to his feet.

ROGER
That's my brother. Feed you a hammer,
you'll crap out nails.

A multitude of zombies emerge from rooms, taking their
fallen comrade's place. The humans are outnumbered. Ten
to one.

Peter points towards an open door.

PETER
Go that way. We barricade ourselves in
there!

SARAH
(beat)
Seriously?!?

PETER
Trust me.

They race to the room. Roger covers the retreat with his
pistol. Berserker mode in his eyes.

ROGER

Come on, you dumb bastards! Come and get us. If you can!

He SLAMS the door. They're locked inside.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Splattered and bloody. No errant zombies in sight. Peter and Roger high-five triumphantly.

ROGER

Perfect, baby. Perfect!

PETER

We got this man. By the ass!

ROGER

We did, didn't we? We whipped them good!

John shakes his head, unconvinced.

JOHN

Gonna have a hell of a time getting back.

SARAH

(nods)

No one is ever safe. They know we're in here. Even if they can't see us!

She glares at Roger. Grabs his gun.

SARAH

Fucking men like you built the hydrogen bomb. Men like you thought it up. You think you're so creative. You don't know what it's like to really create something; to create a life; to feel it growing inside you. All you know how to create is death and destruction. And now you've trapped us. Killed us all!

Roger lunges at Sarah.

ROGER

We're in a desperate situation here! Society's collapsing. My *unit* collapsed. Everyone except Peter and me! We've got to survive. *Someone's* got to survive!

John jumps in his way.

JOHN
Can't we just get along?

ROGER
I'm not running a talk show here. Don't
pitch moral bullshit you want to hear!

Peter GURGLES. The argument stops in its tracks. Roger
scrutinizes Peter's face. His friend is turning. Rapidly.

PETER
(whispers)
Kill me. Please. I don't want to be one
of those... things.

ROGER
Buddy, I can't! Don't make me!

Peter lunges at Roger. Rips a chunk out of his neck.

Blood fountains everywhere. Peter lurches towards John
and Sarah. Roger's the main course. But they're dessert.

Sarah scoops up Peter's fallen knife. They unlock the
door and flee the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zombies pack it to capacity. Sarah and John duck and
dodge like acrobats. Sarah SLASHES an undead. Her
technique improves with practice.

A FEMALE UNDEAD dives at Sarah, nails outstretched. John
pulls the walker off by the hair.

JOHN
Get away from her, you bitch!

He points towards another door. The only one *not*
decorated by a zombie.

JOHN
Come this way. If you want to live.

They dart in. SLAM the door. A deadbolt SNAPS into place.

INT. SECOND APARTMENT

Lights flicker on and off. The two inch forward warily. A
light SPARKS in the bathroom. Followed by SIZZLING.

SARAH

What's that?

JOHN

A fuse blew. This building's fucked.

SARAH

What if we find more zombies?

JOHN

They're all outside. In the hall.

He searches the kitchen nook. The shelves are filled. Stocked with cans.

JOHN

We can camp out here for awhile. We've got shelter. And food...

SARAH

They'll be after us! They know we're still in here!

She creeps towards the bathroom, pokes her head inside.

INT. BATHROOM

A dozen ZOMBIES munch on a large, naked man. The victim looks like a bodybuilder. Or he *was*; at one time.

But now, he's just meat.

The zombies don't bother to turn towards Sarah. Too engrossed with their meal.

Sarah backs away - too horrified to scream. An elated John materializes at her side.

JOHN

Great news! I found this gun in the drawer...

He sees the "feast". Freezes.

JOHN

Oh my God.

John's arm drops. The gun CLATTERS to the floor.

The naked man's arm shoots out - tightens like a vise around a zombie throat. CRUNCH. Vertebrae POP as the head drops off. Bounces like a Spaulding on moldy tiles.

The remaining zombies swarm. They're taken out as well.

The naked man rises to his feet. Retrieves John's gun.
Red electric eyes shine from his gnawed-on face.

NAKED MAN

I've come for you, John Connor.

John's face drains of all color.

JOHN

Oh crap. Not again.

FINAL FADE OUT: