

Cicadas

"Pilot"

Log Line: 15 years after an alien virus decimates civilization, a ruthless survivor finds her humanity again when tasked with delivering two teens to their rebellious father.

## Main Characters

Riley

Nadine

Marco

## Supporting Characters

Evelyn

Vincent

Owen

Andre

Jeremiah

## Minor Characters

Evan

Beth

Private Gavin

Sergeant Majors

## Named Characters who will appear in the Series

Anna

Gustavo

Tonya

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE - SUMMER

Sunlight streaks in through an open window. Birds sing from a nearby tree. Calm breeze wafts in. Posters line purple and white walls. Shelves bolted to them hold trophies. All first place in track and field. A real athlete.

Dresser decorated in flower, horse and band stickers. On top, more trophies. All first place.

Nightstand, an unlit lamp, cellphone charging. Three more trophies. These are second and third place trophies for high school meets. They face toward-

**YOUNG RILEY** (14), as a reminder. She wants, no, needs to get better. Competitive and determined, Riley rests to prepare for another day of training.

**SUPER IMPOSED: JULY, 2025**

The alarm on her phone BLARES to life! Riley's eyes slowly blink open. She grabs her phone -- hits snooze. A reflex. She needs more sleep.

Beat. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Riley's door. From the other side-

OWEN (O.S.)  
Riley! You up kiddo?

Beat. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Riley's eyes squint open.

YOUNG RILEY  
Give me 5 minutes...

Beat. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!

OWEN (O.S.)  
You were very clear. Wake you up at  
all costs. So-

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Riley finally sits up!

YOUNG RILEY  
I'm up! I'm up!... Stop knocking!

Beat. KNOCK! For good measure. Riley turns to the door, in a huff!

YOUNG RILEY (CONT'D)  
Knock it off!

OWEN(O.S.)  
(British Accent)  
I only do what I am commanded oh  
daughter of mine.

Riley sighs then smiles. She throws off her blanket and gets ready for the day.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

**OWEN** (37), cooks up scrambled egg whites and spinach. A request from his daughter. Rock music blasts from a blue tooth speaker. He wears work out clothing and bops his head.

Riley walks in, dressed in her own work out clothes. Opens the fridge, pulls out a Self Filtering Water Jug. Goes to the cabinets, grabs two glasses. Places them on the table.

She goes back, grabs plates and forks, sets the table. Owen walks over with the pan and dishes out two even portions of eggs.

They sit, scoop up some eggs, bite and are disappointed.

YOUNG RILEY  
That guy on Tik Tok made it look so  
much better.

OWEN  
I know right? I followed every step  
to a T.

Owen stands.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
You know what this needs.

He walks to the fridge with a pep in his step. Grabs a bottle of ketchup and presents it like a trophy.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Ketchup!

EXT. STREET - FEW MINUTES LATER

Riley and Owen jog down the street. Neighbors spot the duo and wave good morning with Riley and Owen replying in kind. The rhythmic hum of CICADAS echo through their neighborhood.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - OUTSIDE FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Riley and Owen jog past. In September, Riley starts high school. She's already competing in high school track, determined to be the best like her dad. She looks off at the field, thinking of her lose only two weeks ago.

She suddenly speeds up, catching Owen off guard.

OWEN  
Slow down kiddo!

He speeds up as well. We linger here and look toward the sky. A series of comets are descending toward Earth. Distant, a ways off. None will impact their town. But everything is soon to change...

EXT. SMOOTH JUICE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Small, quaint shop serving the finest, fresh juiced beverages in town. It's owned by Owen's best friend and Riley's godfather, Andre.

Sweating, Riley and Owen jog up to the front and walk inside.

INT. SMOOTH JUICE - CONTINUOUS

**ANDRE** (38), stands behind the bar he serves customers from. He finishes ringing up a customer as Riley and Owen come in. Andre waves a hand at them, then cocks his head, confused.

ANDRE  
You two run a marathon or  
somethin'?

They each take a seat at the bar. Owen points to Riley.

OWEN  
This one here found herself a new  
workout routine and has so  
graciously demanded I join her.

Riley rolls her eyes.

ANDRE  
Well alright Rye. I know just the  
drink for you.

YOUNG RILEY  
Nothing sweet Uncle Andre. It'll  
slow me down.

Andre turns to start prepping the drink.

ANDRE

Sugar don't make ya slow Rye.

YOUNG RILEY

That's not what Kylie said on Tik Tok. She won gold last year.

Andre looks over his shoulder at Riley. Then to Owen.

ANDRE

(to Owen)

I blame you for this.

OWEN

Don't act all innocent. Every game night I gotta force you and Evelyn to put the damn things down.

Riley laughs. Andre finishes making the drink. It's green and slightly slimy. He put it down in front of Riley, with a straw.

ANDRE

Go ahead giggles. Give it a try.

Riley, smugly, takes a bold sip of the drink. IT'S AWFUL. She gulps it down, feigning she likes it.

YOUNG RILEY

...Tastes good...

EXT. OWEN AND RILEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Riley and Owen jog up to the front door. Owen continues past, pulling out a remote to open the garage. He turns to Riley.

OWEN

I'm headin' for the supermarket.  
You need anything?

YOUNG RILEY

Just more of the food from my list.

Riley turns to enter the house but --

OWEN

Look kiddo. I know you wanna win  
but you gotta enjoy yourself too.

YOUNG RILEY

But I gotta try right? If I don't  
do everything I can, I'll never be  
as good as you.

Owen shakes his head.

OWEN

Kiddo, I only said it would be  
nice. If you're not enjoying this,  
you can stop any time.

Riley smiles.

YOUNG RILEY

I love running dad.

Owen nods.

OWEN

Alright then... We still on for  
movie night?

YOUNG RILEY

Always.

Owen turns to the garage and clicks the garage remote. It  
starts to open then jams up.

OWEN

Dammit... This stupid thing.

Riley shakes her head, smiling. She turns back to the front  
door, about to enter when she spots a neighbor staring up in  
the sky, pointing. Others in the neighborhood also point up,  
amazement and wonder.

Riley looks up and spots those comets from earlier. They  
leave a beautiful trail in the sky. Much closer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits on the couch, swiping through several Tik Toks.  
Three of them in particular:

A poorly made info graphic about unexpected asteroids coming  
to Earth.

A conspiracy video. A crazed man with images of Mayan  
Calendars and Astrology signs.

CRAZED MAN  
They're hiding their space  
exploration from us! Just today, a  
bunch of comets suddenly-

Riley swipes past this one quickly.

A news video. An independent journalist, composed and  
factual.

JOURNALIST  
Unknown Objects from Space?  
Scientists were shocked when a  
series of comets had suddenly  
entered into our solar system, on a  
direct course with Earth-

Owen plops down next to Riley. She quickly closes her phone.  
Owen looks at the phone. Riley pockets her phone.

OWEN  
Time to get serious. You ready?

YOUNG RILEY  
Always.

Owen grabs the remote and turns on the TV.

YOUNG RILEY (CONT'D)  
Don't fall asleep on me this time.

OWEN  
Worry about yourself. I'm wide  
awake.

YOUNG RILEY  
Is that a yawn I hear old timer?

OWEN  
Oh, you calling me old now?

YOUNG RILEY  
I only speak the truth.

**Later that Night** -- Both are passed out on the couch. Owen  
snores. Riley is cuddled up to her dad. Owen's snoring wakes  
himself up. He looks down, smiles and picks up his daughter.

INT. RILEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Owen lays Riley in her bed. He puts her blanket over her. He  
plants a soft kiss on her forehead which she smiles at. He  
walks to the door, shuts off the lamp and closes the door.

**Night turns to Day** -- Riley's alarm blares to life! Her eyes squint open, she hits the snooze on her phone. Beat.

No knocks. The alarm blares again. Riley, tiredly opens her eyes, and is about to hit snooze when she looks to the door. -- *Where's dad?* -- She ends the alarm and sits up.

YOUNG RILEY  
Dad?! You there?!

Silence. She gets up, walks to the door and opens into--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The house, eerily quiet. She looks up and down the hall. No sign of her father. The door to his room is slightly ajar.

She steps into the hallway and walks to his room. Quietly, concerned -- *Dad's up by now. Where is he?*

She reaches the door. A faint rumble from his cell phone can be heard. She opens the door into --

INT. OWEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

His bed takes up most of the room. On a nightstand, his phone vibrates, a call coming through. Displayed: **Andre**.

Riley slides past his bed, reaching the nightstand. She picks up the phone and answers.

YOUNG RILEY  
Uncle Andre?-

ANDRE (O.S.)  
(Out of Breathe)  
Rye?! Where's your dad?!

YOUNG RILEY  
I don't know. Are you okay?!

ANDRE (O.S.)  
Rye, listen to me! Find your dad,  
get out of town, now-

YOUNG RILEY  
What's going on?!

The call disconnects. Too many calls in the area. Riley turns to the window, the sunlight pushing into the room.

She sees people in her neighborhood, running for their cars, packing up and driving off, recklessly. From downstairs, she hears the back door swings open then slams shut!

YOUNG RILEY (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
Dad!?

OWEN (O.S.)  
Kiddo!

Riley runs to the bedroom door. We linger on the window. Looking down, a man with a **strange red welt on his throat** charges a woman and **BITES** her!?!?!?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Riley spots her dad. He's splattered with blood and green ooze! She goes to hug him when he puts out a hand, stopping her!

OWEN  
Wait wait wait! I've got... blood  
on me.

Riley stops.

YOUNG RILEY  
Blood?! Wh-what happened?! And,  
Uncle Andre! He-

OWEN  
Riley! I need you to pack a bag.  
I'm gonna get changed and we are  
leaving. We'll go look for Uncle  
Andre then we're heading for  
Grandpa's, understood?

YOUNG RILEY  
Bu-but, what-

OWEN  
Answer me Riley!

YOUNG RILEY  
Okay!

**CUT TO** -- Riley's Room: She frantically packs her bag! She grabs clothes, her phone, extra shoes, water bottle.

**CUT TO** -- Owen's Room: He changes shirts, packs a compact bag, clothes and essentials. Pockets his car keys. He shoves a HANDGUN in the back of his belt.

**Through the House** -- The pair runs down the hall, down the stairs, through the living room and into the garage. Owen's pick-up truck sits. Owen closes the door behind them!

They hop in! Put their bags in the backseat and put their seat belts on. From inside the house -- CRASH! A window breaks open! Frantic, guttural cries can be heard!

Owen puts the keys in the ignition! Good to go! He remotely opens the garage door. ITS STUCK!

OWEN  
Goddammit!  
(turns to Riley)  
Head down, stay here!

Owen swiftly opens the car door and sprints to the garage door.

**RILEY'S POV:** Owen pushes on the garage door. More frantic guttural noises! Owen pulls out his gun. Aims it under the garage door - BANG!

Riley flinches and yelps! **RAPID THUDS** against the door to the house! Owen thrusts his shoulder against the garage door! **SPLINTERING CRACK** on the door as it starts to give! The Garage Door Opens! Owen turns back!

**CRACK!** House Door Gives! Stepping in, a man with a massive, red welt on his neck! He looks crazed, ravenous! Charges toward Riley!

He leaps onto the hood and starts banging on the windshield! Owen comes around the front, gun out!

**BANG! BANG!** - The man collapses! One of the gunshots hit him in the neck!

Riley screams! A neighbor, lifeless just beyond the windshield. Owen hops in the car! Locks the doors, puts it in reverse, FLOORS it out the garage!--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- The pick-up **SLAMS** into a man sprinting toward them! He goes flying! Owen turns onto the street -- It's Chaos!

People with those same welts chase and tackle non-welted people, biting them!

People in their car attempt to pull out of driveways but a welted person slams into the driver side window and starts attacking!

A neighboring house has four of these welshed people banging on the front door before it gives!

Owen puts the car in drive and floors it down the street! He weaves through the chaos - barely! Riley still screaming in terror! Owen turns off their street and heads further into town--

EXT. TOWN - CONTINUOUS

As he drives, he tries to calm his daughter while calming himself-

OWEN

We'll be alright Riley! We're gonna find Uncle Andre and we'll be long gone!

YOUNG RILEY

Dad, what's going on?! Why were they- When did you-

Owen grabs her hand and squeezes it!

OWEN

When we get to Grandpa's, we'll talk okay? We will make it through this, I promise.

Riley, still crying, tries to compose herself -- for her sake and her dad's.

EXT. SMOOTH JUICE, DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Riley looks up, spotting SMOKE -- it's coming from **SMOOTH JUICE**! She points it out.

YOUNG RILEY

Dad, isn't that-

Owen speeds up! He takes a sharp turn as Smooth Juice comes into picture -- It's on FIRE!

YOUNG RILEY (CONT'D)

Maybe he didn't go in early today-

Owen **SPEEDS** off down the street! He's heading out of town!

YOUNG RILEY (CONT'D)

But Uncle Andre-

OWEN

We can't!

Riley is SHOCKED. Her father is abandoning his best friend!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER THAT MORNING

Owen and Riley drive up to the edge of a full on traffic jam. Others trying to flee whatever is happening. Owen slams his hands on the steering wheel!

OWEN

Come on!

He looks around the highway and spots an off-road trail nearby, through a forest, large enough for his pick-up to fit through, barely. Beat.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Owen turns onto the trail. Riley turns to Owen.

YOUNG RILEY

What are you doing?

OWEN

Getting us out of this mess.

EXT. OFF ROAD TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Owen drives through the trail. He's constantly looking around, making sure the trail doesn't suddenly bend. The pick-up bounces around. Riley is slowly breathing in and out to keep herself calm.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The pick-up **races** out of the forest and onto the road! -- QUIET and EMPTY. They've gotten through the worst of it! Owen and Riley breathe heavy sighs of relief.

OWEN

How we doing kiddo?

Riley nods. Beat. *But we left Uncle Andre.* Tears start to well up. She turns to Owen.

YOUNG RILEY

How could you just leave him?

Owen, tears of his own, turns to Riley.

OWEN  
I gotta keep you safe... Andre  
knows that... He'll forgive me...

Riley turns back to the road. She sees something!

YOUNG RILEY  
Dad stop!

Owen quickly turns his head and SLAMS on the brakes!

A little bit up the road, a stranger with his hands up was  
trying to wave down the pair -- He was nearly run over.

STRANGER 1 (O.S.)  
Oh thank goodness you stopped!  
Thought I was a pancake for a  
second!

He jogs up to Owen's window.

STRANGER 1 (CONT'D)  
Hey there mister. Can my family and  
I possibly hitch a ride?

Behind the stranger's back, he has a GUN wedged in his belt!  
Owen rolls down his window.

OWEN  
How many ya got? I only got three  
more seats.

STRANGER 1  
Well, it should be plenty for all  
of us, plus the two up front.

The stranger quickly pulls his gun and points it in the  
window at Owen!

More strangers with guns come out from the nearby trees,  
holding guns of their own!

STRANGER 1 (CONT'D)  
Get out! We want the car, not your  
life!

Riley spots the others approaching!

YOUNG RILEY  
Dad, there's more!

Owen looks to them. He looks back at the stranger. Owen smiles.

OWEN

Alright.

Owen **FLOORS** it! The pick-up speeds OFF! **BANG!** -- The stranger fires his gun. Unclear where it hit. More gunfire from the other strangers!

Owen drives and drives! The strangers continue to fire! Eventually stops, not hitting their target!

He looks over at Riley! -- She looks horrified, staring down at his legs!

Owen follows Riley's gaze, sees blood **GUSHING** from his leg!

OWEN (CONT'D)

(calmly)

That's nothing kiddo. Grab my bag, grab a shirt and press down as hard as you can.

Riley, shaking, reaches for one of his shirts. Owen flies down the road! A smile on his face.

She has the shirt and turns back to her dad.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Just press down as hard as you can.

Riley does. Owen clenches his mouth to not cry out. Beat.

OWEN (CONT'D)

...Great job kiddo. ...Just keep applying pressure. ...We'll be at Grandpa's soon...

The pick-up continues to dash down the road. Like its riding into the morning sun.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PROVIDENCE CITADEL, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND - DAY

Barbed wire fences. 20 ft concrete walls behind them. Even taller watch towers. American Flags flutter on the walls.

A reinforced, steel door. Remotely opened. Built into the walls. Above it "Providence Citadel New American Republic".

**SUPER IMPOSED: 15 YEARS LATER**

Wandering up, a woman with a red welt on her leg, erratic movement, wanders into frame.

The flash of a sniper rifle is seen from one of the watch towers -- **BOOM!** Her head explodes! She falls to the ground!

EXT. PROVIDENCE CITADEL - WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

**Through the scope** -- Beat. The woman stands back up!?!

SERGEANT MAJORS (O.S.)

Dumbass.

**Sergeant Majors** (33) looks down at Private Gavin, his rifle still trained on the woman. **Private Gavin** (19) looks up.

PRIVATE GAVIN

Academy was right for once. You can't just pop'em in the head.

SERGEANT MAJORS

Maybe if you spent less time screwing around, you would've learned something.

Private Gavin looks back through the scope -- The woman swings and swipes at the air, wildly!

PRIVATE GAVIN

I learned plenty Sarge. We had no choice.

**BANG!** - He strikes the woman in the leg with the welt. She collapses, no longer moving!

EXT. PROVIDENCE CITADEL - STREETS - DAY

Armed soldiers patrol the streets.

Roof top farmers cultivate crops and small livestock.

Vendors and Merchants sell their wares. They exchange quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies. As soldiers pass, they avert eye contact.

Workers create burn piles for the dead. Guarded by soldiers.

Shifty and shady looking people, **rebels**, duck out of the way of the patrols.

Cleaners wipe off graffiti reading: "Join the Rebellion!"

Soldiers bust down a door and storm inside!

A lineup of rebels is gunned down by soldiers.

The charred remains of a N.A.R truck, topped with speakers, with soldiers bodies hanging out the sides.

Wanted posters everywhere: "Gustavo Ramirez"

A functional propaganda truck rides through the town.

N.A.R PROPAGANDIST  
Gustavo Ramirez is wanted for the  
assassination of Councilman  
Chambers! Any and all information  
related to him and his terrorists  
will be rewarded handsomely!

It drives past a "N.A.R Detention Center" A nicer way of saying prison. Inside --

INT. N.A.R DETENTION CENTER - CONTINUOUS

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! (O.S.) -- **NADINE** (13), curious, brave, impulsive, sits huddled in the corner of her prison cell. She's uncertain of what will happen to her.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! -- **MARCO** (16), brash, cowardly, wary, slams against the metal bars of his cell.

MARCO  
Let us out! We had nothing to do  
with this!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! (O.S.) -- Nadine crawls to the bars and looks at Marco.

NADINE  
Stop. All you'll do is piss them  
off again.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! -- Marco continues his drum beat.

MARCO  
You say we're criminals but you  
fuckers killed an innocent man!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! -- SLAM! -- The door to the cells bursts open from down the hall!

An N.A.R Soldier stomps down to Marco's cell! He jumps back!  
The soldier slams on the cell door!

SOLDIER  
You act up one more time, I'll beat  
you senseless kid!-

NADINE  
Leave him alone!

The soldier turns and slowly walks over to Nadine's cell.  
Footsteps echo through the halls.

MARCO  
He-Hey, I ain't done with you yet!

The soldier looks back.

SOLDIER  
Ha! You look like you're gonna piss  
yourself boy!

The soldier turns back to Nadine. Nadine is right up against  
the bars.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Got some stones on you girl.

The soldier bends down to get eye to eye with her, puts a  
HAND on the bars.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Marla mentioned you were tough. I  
can see it in your eyes. Your a-

Nadine **BITES** the soldier's hand! He Stands! Blood trickles  
down his wrist!

NADINE  
Whoops.

SOLDIER  
...You're dead you little bitch!

The soldier fishes in his pocket for the key -- **SHUNK!** A  
crossbow bolt suddenly pierces the soldier's neck! He  
collapses to the ground, gasping for air! They all look  
toward the door leading to the cells.

Standing in the doorway, Evelyn (55), calculated, bold,  
tough. She holds a hand made, one handed cross bow, putting  
it on a hook on her belt.

She walks over to the soldier and finds the keys. She looks up at Nadine.

EVELYN  
Good work soldier.  
(looks to Marco)  
You're both coming with me.

**SIRENS** -- Emergency lights and sirens sound. Looks like Evelyn's been caught!

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - A WEEK LATER

A man with a hood up slinks down an alleyway. He turns and makes his way to the front of a Warehouse --

EXT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT DOORS

A less patrolled, more derelict and decayed portion of town. The warehouse is dark, old, but in use.

Two goons stand by the front doors, watching for anyone who might get too close. They spot the man in the hood. The man looks at them, they see who it is and let him inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

The man walks by as more of these goons patrol the warehouse. Two of them open a crate, filled with guns. The man walks by, he nods to them.

He turns a corner and finds a Red Door, leading to a windowless office.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Damp, dingy and unused. A man (Vincent) sits in the middle of the room, tied to the chair, sack over his head. Singular overhead light. Two more goons standing guard.

VINCENT  
Is the sack necessary?

The hooded man approaches from the dark, **Evan** (27), skinny, shaggy hair, acts tough.

He rips the sack off revealing, **VINCENT** (31). Handsome, charming, trouble. A cheeky grin as he stares up at Evan. Swollen, black eye.

EVAN

It is Vin! I don't need your  
fucking Pitbull finding me once  
we're done!

Evan looks terrified. He doesn't want to be doing this but,  
he's got orders.

VINCENT

My pitbull? Wow Evan, after all  
these years.

EVAN

Shut the fuck up! You did this to  
yourselves!

VINCENT

Come'on bud. You know this doesn't  
end well for you.

Evan gets right in Vincent's face.

EVAN

You ain't talking out of this Vin!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - FRONT DOORS - CONTINUOUS

The two goons continue their watch. They look up and down the  
streets, spotting nothing. Some loose garbage cans a bit  
away.

Out of focus, in the dark -- The shadow of someone throws a  
glass bottle toward the garbage cans -- CLATTER! SHATTER! --  
The goons turn to the cans.

GOON 1

What was that?

GOON 2

Probably a cat.

GOON 1

What if its a soldier?

GOON 2

Soldiers don't patrol here no more.

Out of focus, in the dark -- That same person slinks around  
to the side of the warehouse.

GOON 1

After the councilman and that prison break? No way, they're cracking down hard.

GOON 2

Orders were to watch the door. It ain't the soldiers, I ain't movin'.

GOON 1

What if its the Pitbull?

GOON 2

We just grabbed the guy. Ain't no way she found us already. My ass stays right here, you can look.

Goon 1 turns. He makes his way over to the cans. Sees the shattered bottle. No signs of anything else.

**Silenced gunshot!** Unheard by Goon 1. He turns back to Goon 2. Goon 2's on the ground! Blood pooling from his head!

Goon 1's about to say something when -- SPLAT! He gets a bullet to the head! Our shadow leaning over the corner of the warehouse, shooting her targets!

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evan paces back and forth in front of Vincent. Vincent sits there with a shit eating grin. Evan turns and gets right in Vincent's face!

EVAN

Where's Beth's supplies Vin?! I know you two took that job!

VINCENT

Business is business Evan. You know that. If I started yapping about all our jobs, no one would hire us.

EVAN

So you do know!

VINCENT

Clean those ears pal. That's not what I said.

Beat. Evan PUNCHES Vincent!

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Another goon patrols the ground floor near some crates. He looks to his left then forward again. Continues his patrol.

One of the crates opens, quietly. Our shadow, once again, slinks out. We get better details on them this time. This is a woman, knife in hand.

This goon walks by another set of crates. He looks around and is about to move forward, when he gets grabbed.

SLICE! -- She SLASHES his throat, quietly.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evan punches Vincent in the face! He pulls back!

EVAN

It only gets worse the more you  
fuck around!

Vincent shrugs off the punch. Spits at his feet.

VINCENT

Gotta work on that punch bud.  
You're swinging with your arm, not  
your body.

Evan goes for another punch!

INT. WAREHOUSE - MAIN STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

The two goons checking the weapons are gunned down in a few, quick, silenced shots! Our shadow slinks away.

Three more goons, walking the warehouse, gunned down by silenced gunfire in quick succession!

The last goon sees this and bolts for the Red Door!

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Evan is right in Vincent's face, screaming at him --

EVAN

-Tell me where you took her Supply  
NOW!

The goon bursts down the door, screaming!

GOON 3

Evan! It's-

**SILENCED GUNSHOT!** -- The goon goes down! Evan looks terrified! Vincent smirks. Beat.

EVAN

(to the two goons)

Get her! Now!

The goons, nervous, guns out, step out into the warehouse. Evan grabs his GUN and holds it up to Vincent's head. Putting Vincent between himself and the door.

Beat. **OFF SCREEN:** A muffled gunshot. A body hits the floor. Two more muffled gunshots. Another body hits the floor.

Beat. Vincent looks up at Evan.

VINCENT

Coulda just paid me back.

Stepping through the door, **RILEY** (29), gun up, trained, tactical, cold and ruthless. Wearing Owen's backpack. She looks Evan in the eyes.

RILEY

Evan.

Vincent smirks. Evan gulps.

EVAN

The Pitbull of Providence herself.  
How can I-

RILEY

Cut the shit Evan, what is this?

EVAN

B-Beth wants her stuff back and the  
name of whoever hired you two.

RILEY

Business is business, Evan. We  
don't target our own. And who the  
fuck were those nobodies?

She gestures to the dead goon on the ground.

EVAN

...Beth's new recruits.

RILEY

So you're a rat and her lap dog.

EVAN  
M-My gun's pointed at your boy  
toy's head-

VINCENT  
(to Riley)  
I'm alright by the way.

EVAN  
(to Riley)  
So, you're gonna let me walk free  
and we never have to talk of this  
again. Deal?

Beat. Riley smiles, gun goes down, not away.

RILEY  
Alright.

Evan sighs with relief. He removes the gun from Vincent's head.

EVAN  
Oh thank you Riley! I'm real-

Riley goes cold. Swiftly, she raises her gun -- BANG! Clean through Evan's head! He collapses to the ground.

Riley quickly rushes up to Vincent and starts to untie him. While she does --

VINCENT  
Little bastard owed me, thought he  
was finally paying back.

RILEY  
Thought your rule was never go  
alone?

VINCENT  
So you do worry about me?

RILEY  
No, what I'm worried about-

Riley finishes cutting him free.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
-Is Beth gettin' dirt on mercs.

Vincent stands, massaging his wrists.

VINCENT

Then, maybe we finally follow that lead. One more job should get us to New Mexico.

Riley grabs the gun Evan had.

RILEY

Can we discuss this when we aren't knee deep in bodies?

Vincent looks around the room. Riley rummages through the pants and shirts of the dead goons, finding ammo and their guns. Puts them in her backpack.

VINCENT

You got them all?

Riley nods. They turn to leave.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Slightly decayed, slightly overgrown. Some glass in windows replaced by plywood to keep the air out. Some windows lit with candle lit. Some lit with electrical light.

Another propaganda truck rolls by. Lights, easily seen, blaring the same message from before --

N.A.R PROPAGANDIST

Gustavo Ramirez is wanted for the assassination of Councilman Chambers! Any and all information related to him and his terrorists will be rewarded handsomely!

INT. RILEY AND VINCENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Door swings open, Riley and Vincent step inside. Riley walks over to an Electrical Panel, flips some switches and the apartment is lit revealing --

Old, stained furniture, chipped walls, a small leak with a pot under. Rough looking table and chairs. Refrigerator, worn, beaten but functional, just like everything else in this apartment. An old radio resting on a stand. Piles of dishes, dirty laundry, a real pigsty.

Vincent walks over to the fridge and pulls out two, homemade bottles of beer.

Riley sits on the couch and puts her feet up on the chipped coffee table. She puts her bag on the side of the couch.

Vincent places one bottle in front of her and opens his own, taking his spot next to her on the couch. Beat. Vincent turns to Riley.

VINCENT

Thank you by the way. I was kinda fucked.

Riley stares at the ceiling but responds --

RILEY

Don't mention it. You woulda done the same.

VINCENT

Just not as gracefully.

RILEY

You call that graceful? I missed the one fucker. Coulda gotten ya killed.

VINCENT

But you pulled me out. That's what counts.

Riley turns to Vincent. Vincent looks longingly into Riley's eyes. He wants them to be more but he knows she doesn't.

RILEY

Nasty shiner you got Vin.

Vincent pulls back.

VINCENT

Oh this? Just one more story for the ladies.

RILEY

And what's that? How a skinny shithead jumped you?

VINCENT

(sarcastic)

How I heroically and valiantly fought off an entire gang and only caught this shiner for my troubles.

Riley smirks.

RILEY  
You're an idiot.

VINCENT  
It's why you put up with me.

RILEY  
It's why I keep you around. In fact, for saving your ass again, I want you to clean up this dump.

VINCENT  
(sarcastic)  
...So that's why you saved me.

RILEY  
(joking)  
Damn right. I need my maid.

They share a laugh. Riley opens her beer and they clang them together. They take a drink. Vincent turns to Riley.

VINCENT  
So, we finally doing it?

Riley takes another drink.

RILEY  
It's the best lead you got.

VINCENT  
One more job and we should have enough.

RILEY  
Sounds about right.

VINCENT  
Then, that's it? You're okay with this?

Riley turns toward Vincent.

RILEY  
Why wouldn't I be?

VINCENT  
I don't know. You haven't wanted to leave, ever. I mean, with everything about to kick off, you could land yourself a cushy spot here.

RILEY  
Or shot by whoever I side against.

VINCENT  
You'd figure out how to play both  
sides.

RILEY  
Vin. I'm with you. I wanna see Anna  
too. Don't get all jumpy on me when  
we're this close.

Vincent raises his beer.

VINCENT  
Then let's get our money, get our  
ride and blow this shit hole.

Riley mimics the gesture.

RILEY  
Now that's the Vinny I know!

CLINK! -- A toast to their future!

**Night turns to Day** -- Riley and Vincent are passed out on the  
couch next to each other. Warm morning sun shines into the  
room.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! -- Coming from their door, jolting the  
pair awake. Riley looks to Vincent.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
You expecting company?

VINCENT  
Not today.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! -- They look to the door.

RILEY  
Wrong Apartment!

From behind the door --

JEREMIAH (O.S.)  
Its Jeremiah!

Vincent looks at Riley, confused. Riley is surprised -- *Why's  
he here?!*

RILEY  
...I told your buddies to contact  
us through the board. Why you here  
Jer?!

JEREMIAH (O.S.)  
It's urgent!

VINCENT  
(to Riley, hushed)  
Want me to handle him?

RILEY  
(hushed)  
I got this.

Riley gets up, she grabs her pistol from her bag and walks up to the door. She unlocks the door and slightly opens it, keeping her gun in hand, out of sight.

Through the door, Jeremiah (28), glasses, sweaty, wearing inconspicuous clothes. A rebel.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

JEREMIAH  
Can't say, not here.

RILEY  
Still doesn't answer my question.

JEREMIAH  
It's Evelyn. She wants a word.

Riley looks shocked and angered. That's the last name she wants to hear!

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Lit with fluorescent tubes, several bunk beds, lined up orderly, make up the bulk of the concrete bunker. No windows, only two doors, underground.

Rebels gather up weapons and small supplies. Rough and Rowdy. They jog through the bunker, preparing themselves for the fight to come.

One rebel escorts Nadine over to a bunk bed. Sitting and waiting, Marco. The rebel points to the bunk --

REBEL 1

Take a seat, someone will get you  
both soon.

Nadine sits next to Marco. They both watch as the rebel walks  
off. Marco turns to Nadine.

MARCO

You alright Nadine?

NADINE

I'm fine Marco. They said they  
needed to do another check up on  
us.

MARCO

Another one? That'll be...

NADINE

7 this week.

MARCO

Ya, why do we need that many?

NADINE

Does it matter? I just want out.

MARCO

Guess you're right...

They both look ahead. Beat. Nadine turns to Marco.

NADINE

What do you think's gonna happen to  
us?

Marco shakes his head.

MARCO

I don't know.

Nadine looks around at the rebels.

NADINE

Do you think they're gonna fight?

MARCO

Probably. They need to keep the  
N.A.R on their heels.

NADINE

So you're not an academy brat?

MARCO

Hell no, I'd never work for fascist dogs... Are YOU an academy brat?

NADINE

Yep. Buncha idiots teaching smaller idiots to be assholes.

Marco slightly laughs at that.

NADINE (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

They share a momentary laugh before --

JEREMIAH

Marco Gonzalez, Nadine Porter. Come with me.

Jeremiah stands to the side, holding a clipboard. Marco and Nadine share a nod, then stand. Jeremiah turns and leaves, the pair follow.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - TRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marco and Nadine are given their 7th health check up! Heart rate, tonsils, blood pressure, eyes, reflexes. -- Both are healthy!

A doctor leads them to a pair of chairs and has them sit down. As they do, they sit across from Riley and Vincent. Vincent has an ice pack on his bruised eye and is flirting with a nurse. Riley sharpens a knife.

The nurse playfully bats Vincent on the arm and walks off. He looks forward and notices the two teens. Beat. Vincent looks to Riley.

VINCENT

You know these kids?

RILEY

Nope.

MARCO

I ain't a kid.

Vincent looks to Marco.

VINCENT

Sorry. I meant no offense. Just an observation.

MARCO

I don't need to be observed.

VINCENT  
...What crawled up your ass?

Nadine chuckles. Marco turns to her.

MARCO  
What's so funny?

NADINE  
You. You're way too jumpy.

Vincent chuckles.

VINCENT  
You two brother and sister or something?

NADINE  
He's not my brother.

MARCO  
She's not my sister.

VINCENT  
...So you ain't siblings. You don't look like rebels. Why they got you down here?

NADINE  
Don't know. They broke us out of prison. Still don't know why we were arrested either.

Riley, still looking at the knife.

RILEY  
Wouldn't be the first.

MARCO  
...You two don't look like rebels. Why are you down here?

VINCENT  
I'm the one asking the questions here pal.

NADINE  
You look like mercs. Thought the board didn't work with the rebels?

Vincent looks to Riley. Back to the teens.

VINCENT  
Well, if you must know-

Jeremiah turns the corner, looking to Riley and Vincent.

JEREMIAH  
Evelyn's ready for you.

Riley pockets the knife as she and Vincent stand. Riley follows Jeremiah. Vincent looks to the teens.

VINCENT  
Well, whatever they got you down  
here for, good luck.

Nadine smiles and gives a small wave. Vincent returns the gesture. Marco sits back, crossing his arms.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Several small storage rooms flank the hallway. Crates and boxes filled with ammo and supplies. Rebels run up and down. Riley walks side by side with Jeremiah as Vincent catches up.

RILEY  
You ever gonna tell me why you're  
here?

JEREMIAH  
They need the reinforcements.  
Gustavo kicked the hornets nest.

RILEY  
It's gonna be a war zone Jer. You  
can still leave. I'm about to take  
off. Come with us.

Jeremiah stops, turns to Riley.

JEREMIAH  
Unlike you, I'm fighting for  
others, not myself. I'd rather die  
then let these fascists dogs run my  
life!

RILEY  
Oh ya? Because sending a pair of  
kids to die is so honorable.

JEREMIAH  
That's not why they're down here.

RILEY  
Then why?! To be made into monsters  
like we were!... That sneaky bitch.  
She knew the only way to get me  
here was using you!

VINCENT

Maybe we should just go. We can  
find another job.

RILEY

I like the sound of that--

Echoing from a nearby room --

EVELYN (O.S.)

Riley?! Get your ass in here  
soldier!

A shiver runs up Riley's spine. The woman who trained her,  
who broke and rebuilt her.

Riley looks into the room. Cold, angered, sick of it already.  
Like a trained dog, she walks into the room.

INT. EVELYN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maps on the walls: Sewer systems of Providence and Newark,  
Providence Citadel, Rhode Island, Northeast US, Continental  
US. The US Map has several locations marked as N.A.R  
Citadels. Sticky notes and tacked notes indicate numerous  
rebels gathering in Providence.

A hit list of N.A.R Council Members: Council Member Chambers  
is crossed out.

The furniture is minimal, no decoration. A workbench with  
Evelyn's crossbow on it rests, drawstring broken. Other  
weapons and ammo scattered about.

A white curtain is pulled in front of a bed with the shadow  
of Evelyn, lying down, and a doctor checking on her.

Riley's footfalls echo in the room. She traces her hand  
across the top of the workbench. She looks at the council  
members, focused on Chambers. Beat. Vincent steps inside. He  
looks around. He joins Riley looking at the Council Members.

VINCENT

They'll just replace him soon  
enough.

RILEY

Doesn't matter.

Jeremiah steps in, standing by the door. From behind the  
curtain--

DOCTOR  
Ma'am, I don't think you should-

Evelyn sits up and begins to stand. She pulls the curtain back to reveal -- A portion of her face wrapped in bandages, her left arm in a sling and her right foot in a walking boot. Evelyn looks at Riley --

EVELYN  
Well if it ain't my pride and joy.  
Long time, soldier.

Riley crosses her arms --

RILEY  
Evelyn, you look like shit. Thought  
you'd be dead by now.

EVELYN  
Ha! There's that sense of humor.

Evelyn hobbles over to a chair and takes a seat.

RILEY  
What do you want?

EVELYN  
What? Your godmother wants to check  
in and you think its business?

RILEY  
It always was.

Evelyn chuckles. She gestures to the Doctor.

EVELYN  
Give us the room.

The doctor nods and leaves. Beat. Evelyn turns to Vincent.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
Who's the charmer?

VINCENT  
I'm Vincent, ma'am.

EVELYN  
Riley's a loner. You're either  
special or stupid. Maybe both.

RILEY  
Can we cut the bullshit!... Tell us  
what you want!

EVELYN  
(to Vincent)  
Don't worry, she's always like  
this.  
(to Riley)  
I need a unique package delivered.

RILEY  
We ain't couriers.

EVELYN  
If it was that simple, we'd be  
sharing a whiskey. Then I'd try to  
get you back with the resistance.  
(to Jeremiah)  
Bring them here.

JEREMIAH  
Yes ma'am.

Jeremiah steps out.

EVELYN  
I need you to lead these two down  
to the Newark Citadel. Drop them  
off at the Rock. You'll be paid  
there.

VINCENT  
The rock?

EVELYN  
Nickname for that abandoned arena.  
My favorite hockey team played  
there.

RILEY  
What exactly are we delivering? And  
to who?

EVELYN  
When did you become little miss  
details?

RILEY  
When you showed up.

EVELYN  
(to Vincent)  
You really put up with this?

RILEY  
Alright, fuck this! Let's go Vin-

Jeremiah returns with Marco and Nadine. He lets them in, then stands by the door outside.

NADINE  
Ms. Evelyn!

Nadine runs over to Evelyn. Big hug!

EVELYN  
Ow! Watch the arm soldier. Still not in fighting shape.

Nadine pulls back. Evelyn looks to Marco.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
How you holding up kid?

MARCO  
I'm fine. Question, did you know Oscar Feliciano?

EVELYN  
I don't. I'll have to ask around... Marco, Nadine, this is Riley and Vincent. They're gonna get you both out of Providence.

	RILEY	NADINE
What?		Really?

EVELYN  
They're orphans or so they thought. Turns out, they have the same father. He's a rebel. And he wants them out of here.

Nadine looks to Marco as if to say, *We're brother and sister?* Riley looks to Vincent. Vincent is surprised. He's still on Evelyn being Riley's godmother.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
You'll get them out of Providence and into Newark, following the sewers. Use those maps.

Evelyn gestures to the maps.

EVELYN (CONT'D)  
You're the best I know Riley. I need that to get these kids to their father.

Riley is torn. She wants to say, *Fuck YOU!* But she would do anything to see her own father again. She nods.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Riley, Vincent, Nadine and Marco (the group going forward) slink their way through the streets, avoiding soldiers.

The sound of distant gunfire prompts the soldiers nearby to run off, allowing the group to move quicker.

INT. RILEY AND VINCENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is dark. Door swings open. Riley turns the lights on like before. Marco and Nadine step in. Marveling at the mess.

Vincent steps in, looks to the teens.

VINCENT

Take a seat. Sorry about the mess.

(turns to Riley)

Can we talk?

Riley and Vincent step out into the hallway. Marco and Nadine each take a seat on the couch. They look around the apartment. Nadine turns to Marco.

NADINE

What do you think Newark is like?

MARCO

It's another citadel. Probably shitty.

Nadine nods.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Riley and Vincent stand across from each other, speaking in hushed voices.

VINCENT

What else haven't you told me?!

RILEY

Like I was trying to hide it?!

VINCENT

That's Evelyn, fucking, Johnson!  
The Rebel Queen! And she's your  
godmother?!

RILEY

Not on my list of things to talk  
about!

VINCENT

And these kids?! Please tell me you see exactly what I'm seeing!

RILEY

I know Vincent! But what else can we do?! It's our best shot out!

VINCENT

Fuck!

Vincent throws up his hands and paces.

RILEY

Where's the Vinny who told me, let's get our money and blow this shit hole?! Now, we got our in to Newark and the money for Tonya.

VINCENT

These kids have never been outside the walls! It's a week on foot!

RILEY

We'll make a run to Mick's. Supply up. We keep the ocean to our left. Find a way over the river, avoid what we can.

Vincent stops and turns to Riley.

VINCENT

You're making more and more sense.

RILEY

Like you always said, we stick together, we get shit done... We get clear of the N.A.R., the rebels, find a cozy spot for ourselves. You find your sister and I can raise... Horses.

VINCENT

Horses?

RILEY

Fuck ya.

VINCENT

Never saw you as a horse girl.

They share a laugh. Finally having calmed down. Beat.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I'll make the run to Mick's then.

RILEY  
Wait, let me-

VINCENT  
No. Mick's still pissed at you and  
he owes me. You want the AR with  
the detachable silencer right?

RILEY  
No Vin really, I can go.

VINCENT  
We can't leave those two on their  
own.

RILEY  
I know but-

VINCENT  
And Mick's gonna up charge ya.

RILEY  
Ya but-

VINCENT  
Then you know I'm right.

RILEY  
...Ugh, fine.

VINCENT  
I'll sell off those guns too.

Vincent holds out his hand. Riley takes her bag off and hands  
it to Vincent. He nods, turns and walks down the hallway.  
Riley turns back to the apartment. Sighs and steps inside.

INT. RILEY AND VINCENT'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Riley closes and locks the door. -- Nadine is reading a book,  
laying down on the couch. Marco is messing with the radio.

Riley quickly walks over and snatches the book from Nadine --

NADINE  
Hey!

Riley turns to Marco --

RILEY  
Quit messin' with that.

Marco stops, jumps back! -- He's scared of Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(to Nadine)  
Move.

Nadine stands. Riley lays down on the couch. Closes her eyes.  
Beat.

NADINE  
Are you going to sleep?

RILEY  
Yup.

MARCO  
A-Aren't we leaving.

RILEY  
Not yet.

NADINE  
Then, what are we supposed to do?

RILEY  
Down the hall. Get some sleep.

MARCO  
W-Where's Vincent?

Riley opens her eyes and sits up. Marco and Nadine step back.

RILEY  
We gonna keep playing twenty  
questions? Bedroom's down the hall.  
Get some sleep.

Riley lays back down. Eyes closed. Marco and Nadine look to each other. Nadine rolls her eyes and they walk down the hallway into --

INT. RILEY AND VINCENT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two twin beds. Small dressers. A shared closet. Posters over one bed: Beautiful models, muscle cars, video games. Over the other: No decoration. No life. Only utility.

Nadine marvels at the posters.

NADINE

Why are they dressed like that?

Marco, immediately, lays down on the bed without the posters, turned away, embarrassed.

MARCO

S-Something people back then used to do I guess.

Nadine shrugs. She sits down on the other bed.

NADINE

Do you think we'll run into infected?

MARCO

Probably.

NADINE

How do you think it all started?

MARCO

You ask a lot of questions.

NADINE

All the academy ever did was lie. You get used to asking a lot. They can never keep a story straight.

Marco turns over, looking at Nadine.

MARCO

What was it like in the Academy?

NADINE

Sucked. Everything is scheduled. And all they do is yap and yap about how great the N.A.R is. Punish you for the smallest mistakes.

MARCO

Like I said, they're fascists.

NADINE

You sure you're not a rebel? You talk like them.

Marco flips over, avoiding the question.

MARCO

Let's just go to sleep... like she said.

Nadine stares at Marco, curious why he avoided the question. Beat. She lays down. Looking up at the cracked ceiling.

DRIP...DRIP...DRIP... A crack in the ceiling gives way to leaking water. It drips down into a bucket. With each drip, it clangs against the metal. PANG...PANG...PANG...

INT. PROVIDENCE SEWERS - LATER THAT NIGHT

PANG...PANG...PANG... Water drips onto metal pipes. Water slowly trickles. The smell is horrid. Concrete walkways allow people to walk without marching through sewage.

The group walks in line. Vincent leads, flashlight attached to his AR-15. Riley in the rear, same setup as Vincent. All have backpacks. All have their noses and mouths covered. Rats skitter nearby. No one reacts.

They turn a corner of the sewers. Wooden walkway lets them walk to the other side.

Above them, APC's patrol the streets. Soldiers march. Martial law in effect. Vincent turns back to Riley.

VINCENT  
How much farther?

Riley slings the AR over her shoulder. Pulls out the map and a smaller flashlight to see.

RILEY  
We got two more blocks... Then we cut through a large pipeline, it'll take us out of the city.

Riley reverses her process and has her AR back in hand.

NADINE  
If you want someone to navigate I can-

RILEY  
No.

NADINE  
But what if-

RILEY  
I said no. Just walk.

NADINE  
What if we're attacked?

RILEY  
Then get behind me.

Nadine sighs as they continue their march.

They come to another section of the sewer, no wood bridge.  
It's in the water. Vincent quickly raises a hand --

VINCENT  
(hushed)  
Flashlights off! Down!

The group crouches. Flashlights extinguished. Riley looks back the way they came. Keeping an eye out.

MARCO  
What's wrong?

VINCENT  
The rebels made this path. They  
wouldn't just leave the bridge out  
like this.

RILEY  
Especially if Evelyn set this up.

Beat. The chittering of rats, water dripping on metal pipes.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(to Marco and Nadine)  
You two, around the corner, hide.  
(to Vincent)  
Watch my back.

Riley slings her gun over her shoulder and backpack. She pulls out that small flashlight again.

Nadine and Marco move past Vincent and tuck around the corner.

Vincent scans the different paths and pipes. Looking for any movement in the dark.

Riley flips on the flashlight and slides into the sewage water -- Nasty.

She slowly, methodically, searches through the water near the sunken wood board. -- Nothing. Amateur Work.

She turns off her light, looks up to Vincent.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
No traps. I lift, you pull.

Vincent nods. Just as he does, he spots movement in the dark!

From the sewers left of them, three, no five, no seven figures navigate both walkways.

He tucks behind a large metal pipe -- He aims his weapon, grabs the flashlight on the front. He flicks his light on and off twice, a callsign between mercs that means peace.

One of the figures responds the same.

VINCENT

Did you knock down the bridge  
here?!

The figure with her light on, walks forward, revealing herself to be, Beth (45).

With a cocky smile, barely visible under her cloth mask, long greasy brown hair and patch work coat, Beth calls out--

BETH

Vinny my boy! Heard from one of  
your new rebel buddies you and the  
Pitbull were skipping town.

Riley, unseen, slinks through the water and quietly gets into position.

VINCENT

Beth! How long's it been? Lookin'  
good old timer!

Riley pulls out the silencer. Attaches it to her AR.

BETH

Let's cut the crap Vin. I know you  
were hired to steal my seeds. I  
want them back. And I want the  
bastard who hired ya!

Riley aims down her sights, lining up Beth's head.

VINCENT

I'm guessing you found Evan. Look,  
I get it. You were robbed. You're  
looking for someone to blame. It  
ain't us-

BETH

That's bullshit Vinny and you know  
it!

Beth aims her gun at Vinny!

BETH (CONT'D)  
 So you tell me who has my seeds or  
 we end your fucking life-

MUFFLED BANG! -- Beth gets a bullet to the head! She falls into the water! The rest of Beth's goons flick on their lights and start firing toward Vincent!

RILEY  
 (to the group)  
 Get to the other side!

Riley fires toward the lights! One goes down! The rest back up, finding cover!

Vincent turns off his light! He hesitates, not wanting to step in sewage.

A bullet dings a nearby pipe! He turns to the teens, they're terrified!

VINCENT  
 Let's go!

Vincent slides into the sewage then quickly climbs back up the other side! The teens follow him in!

Riley continues to fire! Another light collapses!

Vincent gets them up! They turn and run down the walkway!

Riley sees they've moved on, she continues to fire at the lights! -- *Kill them, before they become a threat.*

EXT. SEWER EXIT - CONTINUOUS

**Muffled Gunfire** and **Shouts** ECHO from the exit! Vincent, Nadine and Marco run out!

The system runs out to the river. The riverbanks are overgrown and scattered with debris.

Vincent stops to catch his breath. Marco and Nadine look back down the sewer pipe.

NADINE  
 Where's Riley?

VINCENT  
 She'll be fine. We keep moving,  
 she'll find us later.

Vincent starts to walk along the riverbank. Marco and Nadine follow.

Behind them, scaling down to the side of the sewer exit, two soldiers appear. Sergeant Majors and Private Gavin.

The soldiers check the pipe then Majors spots Vincent and the teens.

SERGEANT MAJORS  
STOP WHERE YOU ARE! HANDS UP!

Vincent sighs and puts his hands up. Nadine and Marco do the same.

The soldiers approach, turning their flashlights on. The group slowly turns around. Private Gavin recognizes Nadine.

PRIVATE GAVIN  
Nadine?

NADINE  
Gavin?... Fuck.

PRIVATE GAVIN  
Where've you been? Everyone said  
you got thrown in solitary.

NADINE  
Look man... I'm just tired of it,  
alright. I'm leaving.

PRIVATE GAVIN  
But Nadine-

Majors interrupts --

SERGEANT MAJORS  
That's desertion. The punishment is  
ten lashes and a month in solitary.  
But these two are far worse...  
They're the escaped prisoners from  
last week.

Gavin turns back to Majors.

PRIVATE GAVIN  
Wait what?

SERGEANT MAJORS  
For conspiring with terrorists-

NADINE

I didn't conspire! You fuckers  
arrested me after that psycho  
killed Chambers!

SERGEANT MAJORS

For conspiring with terrorists and  
fleeing your assigned citadel  
without authorization. The three of  
you are under arrest.

Vincent steps up. Gavin aims his gun at Vincent!

VINCENT

Look man, we can make a deal. You  
can pretend like we were never  
here.-

SERGEANT MAJORS

The N.A.R's word is law. Unless we  
want the infected to rule, we must  
maintain order. No exceptions, no  
bribes.

MARCO

This is bullshit! Do you hear  
yourself? You sound like a fucking  
robot-

SERGEANT MAJORS

Enough! This is how it works! This  
is what humanity has left! So you  
all have a choice! Either come  
quietly or we execute you on the  
spot! Have I made myself clear-

MUFFLED BANG! -- Majors is shot through the head! He  
collapses to the ground!

Gavin, panics and turns, firing his gun **wildly**! He is tackled  
to the ground, his gun goes **flying**!

REVEAL -- It's Riley! Knife out, she starts stabbing Gavin  
over and over again! Still covered in muck from the sewers!

She **STABS** and **STABS** and **STABS**! Gavin's face is no longer  
recognizable.

She straightens up, covered in blood, looks toward the group.  
She looks horrifying.

Nadine is fascinated by Riley. Marco is horrified by Riley.

EXT. RIVERBANK - MORNING

Riley finishes cleaning the blood from her face and hair. She's changed her clothes. She looks down at her reflection in the water. It ripples with the water, unclear, distorted.

She turns back to see Vincent looking around for danger, AR in hand, he's wearing different pants. Nadine and Marco are both asleep in sleeping bags, separated by their backpacks.

Riley walks up to Vincent, holding out her hand.

RILEY

Get some rest.

Vincent nods and hands Riley the AR. He pats her on the shoulder and goes to lay down. Riley keeps watch. The rising sun silhouettes her.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The group walks in tandem, keeping the ocean to their left. Riley and Vincent holding their weapons. They each have the rifles from Majors and Gavin attached to their backpacks.

The tides roll in and out, seagulls ride on the breeze, the sun is high.

Nadine chases the tide as it rolls out then quickly darts back as it rolls in. Her first time on the beach.

Marco jogs up to Vincent.

MARCO

Should I have a gun?

Vincent turns back, Gavin's rifle slung over his shoulder.

VINCENT

What?

MARCO

A gun. You know, in case you guys need back up. You have extras now.

Vincent shakes his head.

VINCENT

That's something you'll have to take up with Riley.

MARCO

W-Why can't I ask you?

VINCENT

When we're working, Riley calls the shots... Do you know how to shoot?

MARCO

Y-Ya.

VINCENT

Ask her then, I'll back you up...  
Having some backup wouldn't hurt.

Marco slows his pace. He turns back to Riley.

**MARCO's POV:** Riley is looking out for danger. Gun in hand.  
Ever vigilant.

He shakes his head and continues walking, he's afraid to ask her anything.

Nadine turns around to Riley.

NADINE

You know Ms. Evelyn right?

RILEY

Unfortunately.

NADINE

Why unfortunately?

RILEY

Doesn't matter.

NADINE

Why?

RILEY

...Because my business is my  
business. Stay focused. If you spot  
something, call it out.

Beat. Riley continues to look out for any signs of danger.  
Nadine wants to learn more about Riley but mimics her.

Beat. Nadine turns back to Riley.

NADINE

That guy, Gavin. He was a senior  
cadet when I started training.

RILEY

...So what? You wanna kill me now  
for killing your buddy?

Nadine slows her pace to walk side by side with Riley.

NADINE

No. Gavin would've killed us or  
took us back to prison.

RILEY

How old are you again?

NADINE

13... How old are you?

RILEY

...29.

NADINE

Where'd you learn to shoot like  
that?

RILEY

...Evelyn.

NADINE

When did she teach you? Before  
everything happened? What was it  
like back-

RILEY

And we are done talking... Go  
bother Marco or Vincent.

Sore spot for Riley -- Nadine sighs, notes this in her head,  
and jogs up to Marco. Riley continues to watch for danger.

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Old, rusted pick-up. Pushed onto the beach, on its side. Wood  
blocks lean against the truck, keeping it from falling. The  
group sets up a small camp behind the truck.

**Evening turns to Night** -- A single lantern illuminates.  
Sleeping bags arranged around. Marco lays down in his, not  
asleep.

Riley does a patrol around the camp.

Vincent and Nadine share some jerky, sitting near the  
lantern.

NADINE

How much longer until we reach  
Newark?

VINCENT

Few more days if we keep this pace.

Nadine looks off at Riley, still patrolling the area.

NADINE

Why's she sad all the time?

VINCENT

You noticed it too.

Nadine nods yes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Well, from what little she has actually told me, its something that happened early on.

NADINE

And she never told you.

VINCENT

Nope. She keeps it to herself.

Vincent's stares at Riley, longingly. Beat. Nadine notices.

NADINE

Oh my god...

Vincent turns to Nadine.

NADINE (CONT'D)

You're in love with her.

VINCENT

That obvious huh?

NADINE

It's all over your face.

VINCENT

Well, it won't happen, ever.

NADINE

Why not?

VINCENT

She doesn't want that. She's made that clear. And, I won't pressure her.

NADINE

So, why do you still work with her?  
Isn't it hard?

VINCENT

It is and it isn't. Yes, I would love to be with her. But, I am with her. And, I think that's enough. Despite her tough guy act, I know she cares. And, I'm okay with that. Eh, most of the time.

NADINE

That's stupid. But I get it.

VINCENT

Oh, so the 8 year old is a love expert now.

NADINE

13, idiot.

They laugh together. Marco having listened to the conversation.

EXT. CONNECTICUT I-95 - DAY

The group turns from the beaches, and onto the highway. Jammed packed with rusted cars. Overgrowth. Cracked pavement.

They walk the side of the highway with the least tree cover. Nadine walks in tandem with Vincent. Marco walks in the middle on his own. Riley continues her watch from the rear.

Marco looks back at Riley, still untrusting, still scared. Nadine looks up to Vincent.

NADINE

Haven't spotted any infected.

VINCENT

No, and that's good for us.

NADINE

I thought there would be more.

Vincent knows there should be infected by now. But doesn't want to scare Nadine.

VINCENT

That's just it. Recently infected roam around. It's the one's that have been infected a long time we're looking out for.

NADINE

The academy taught us they turn  
into bugs and burrow underground.

VINCENT

That's half right. They do burrow,  
but they still look like people.

NADINE

Ever have to kill one?

VINCENT

Me, kill one? No. Nearly broke my  
leg getting away from one though.

NADINE

Now you gotta tell me.

Vincent turns back to Riley.

VINCENT

Yo Riley! Wanna tell them about our  
first Cicada?!

RILEY

Not much to tell! Vin almost broke  
his leg! Lady nearly bit me!

VINCENT

Oh come'on! There was more to the  
story!

RILEY

Can we drop this already?!

Vincent turns back to Nadine.

VINCENT

There's more to the story.

Nadine laughs. Marco jogs up behind Vincent and Nadine.

MARCO

I heard they stick their antennae  
out of the ground, listening for  
anyone who gets close and attacks.

VINCENT

That sums it up. They kinda look  
like cattails... The plant.... When  
you get a couple yards from one,  
you gotta go silent.

(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Sudden noises won't attract them,  
but talking, gunfire or running is  
bound to draw their attention.

MARCO

How do you kill one then?

Riley closes in with the group, hearing Marco's question.

RILEY

Their welts. Wherever they were  
first infected, the welts  
eventually move to their upper  
backs and grow thick skin to  
protect them... It's a two person  
job killing one.

NADINE

Then, how did you both survive your  
first?

Vincent looks back to Riley. Riley looks to Nadine. Sighs.

RILEY

We collapsed a bridge.

VINCENT

You, collapsed a bridge. I was  
acting as bait.

RILEY

You were screaming.

VINCENT

And by screaming, I baited her  
under the bridge.

The group laughs together. Marco, still hesitant.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - DAY - TWO DAYS LATER

A row boating rental shop. A dock on the river. Broken row  
boats on the dock. Overgrowth across the shop. Insects buzz  
about.

INT. ROW BOAT RENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Dusty shelves. Broken glass. Plants growing from the floor.  
Souvenirs unclaimed. Several leaks in the ceiling. Back of  
the shop, sign over door reads: Boat Storage.

The front door, once windowed, the glass shattered inward. Covered by overgrowth. -- SLASH! A machete chops at the overgrowth.

SLASH! -- Another swing reveals the group behind. Riley making the cuts.

SLASH! -- One more for good measure.

She reaches in and unlocks the door. Dust kicks up. Glass scraps on the ground from the door.

The group steps inside. Nadine marvels at the shop.

NADINE

Wow!

She darts to the nearby shelves and examines the relics of a lost world. Vincent looks out, wary of any troubles to come.

VINCENT

I'll keep watch for this one. Maybe you'll have better luck.

RILEY

Either this one has them or we add an extra week.

VINCENT

We could just swim.

Riley looks at Vincent -- *Really dude?*

Vincent understands and smirks. He turns to keep an eye out. Riley looks around the shop. She spots the Boat Storage. She turns to Marco.

RILEY

Help me look?

MARCO

Yo-You sure?

RILEY

Ya. Can't carry them by myself.

Marco, nervously, nods. Riley and Marco walk to the back of the shop. Riley reaches for the door handle. She stops. Pulls out her pistol.

She grabs a flashlight, hands it to Marco. Marco nods, knowingly. He turns on the light, right in Riley's face. She squints and looks at him, slightly annoyed. Marco mouths, *Sorry*.

He points the light at the door. Riley grasps the door handle again. She turns it. Gun up, she pushes inside, Marco follows, light up.

INT. ROW BOAT RENTAL STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

They see several smaller row boats, all are worn and water damaged from a hole in the ceiling.

They examine the room. Nothing good for them to use. No signs of danger. Marco shines the light toward the back. -- A tarp over something.

Riley notices where Marco is pointing and walks over, carefully. She reaches the tarp, slowly lifts it, revealing -  
- **an undamaged row boat!** Their ticket across the River!

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - LATER THAT DAY

The group rows across the river, slowly. It's hard going as the river churns. But, they make it across. A day's walk from the Newark Citadel now.

EXT. NEW JERSEY I-95 - DAY

The group continues their trek. Rusted wrecks, collapsed bridges, cracked pavement. No animal noises. No signs of infected. No signs of anyone, except our group.

Riley is paranoid, looking around. It's bothering her --  
*There's nothing and no one. Somethings wrong, very wrong.*

Riley calls out --

RILEY

Stop!

The rest of the group halts, crouches down. Riley gathers them up --

RILEY (CONT'D)

Have any of you spotted a single infected?... I know I haven't.

The group looks to each other, shake their heads, the realization hitting them.

RILEY (CONT'D)

So why? Why haven't we run across a single infected out here?

MARCO

Maybe the N.A.R's been lying about  
how many are out here.

VINCENT

That's the problem Marco... We've  
done enough jobs out here to know  
where the infected tend to roam.

RILEY

The fact there are none, means  
something about them has changed.

VINCENT

Or, something has drawn them  
somewhere else.

Beat. They all look around. Hoping to spot any infected. --  
They don't...

NADINE

So, what do we do?

RILEY

We're on high alert and silent  
until we are safe inside Newark.

The group nods in agreement. A silent trek it is.

Montage: Day to Night -- they walk the highway. They are  
constantly looking out, checking under cars, looking for any  
cattails. -- Nothing!

They avoid holes where the highway has collapsed, move around  
a massive pile up, walk under a highway sign soon to fall.  
They find a quiet spot to setup camp. Riley and Vincent  
cannot sleep and do an entire night's watch.

EXT. HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

In the distance: The Newark Citadel looms. Similar to the  
Providence Citadel. Concrete walls surrounded by barbed wire  
fences.

The group walks down from the I-95 and onto the I-280.  
Passing by more rusted cars.

Riley walks, ever vigilant. She stops, noticing something. A  
quick but efficient *Whistle\** gets the others to stop.

Riley examines the cars and notices they've been recently  
moved. Metal carved through pavement.

She looks further and notices several bloody footprints. They were running. They had stepped through broken glass.

The footprints lead into the town they're about to enter. Riley pulls out her map and finds the sewage system for Newark. It runs through the town. She silently walks over to Vincent, getting Nadine and Marco to follow.

In hushed tones --

RILEY

Town's definitely full of infected.

VINCENT

Alright, what's the play?

Riley pulls out the map, charting the course through the sewers, they connect this town to Newark and the Prudential Center.

EXT. NEWARK CITADEL - NIGHT

The streets are quiet. There are some people huddled in corners. They are slightly twitching but its unclear.

Windows are smashed. Stalls are ruined. Roof top farms look as if they haven't been tended to in a few days.

Armored N.A.R vehicles lie motionless. Street lights cling to life. Front doors are caved in.

EXT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Man Hole Cover, undisturbed. An N.A.R propaganda truck sits broken and burned. Swarming flies buzz over a mound of something -- unclear what it is. A bed of flowers, crushed under a tire.

The man hole cover suddenly shifts! Slowly, carefully, it slides off revealing -- Vincent.

He climbs up, looks about the area -- coast is clear.

He looks down and gestures for the rest to come up. First Marco, then Nadine, finally Riley.

As Riley comes up, she sees the truck and the mound -- A dead body.

Vincent looks to Riley, quietly speaking --

VINCENT

She said this was the least  
patrolled district. Didn't realize  
they left bodies in the street.

RILEY

Something ain't right Vin. That  
truck, it's a news truck. They  
wouldn't leave this place  
unpatrolled if the rebels attacked.

NADINE

And our citadel is always loud.  
It's really quiet here.

Beat. They look towards Marco. Marco is staring off, down an alleyway, terrified!

Stumbling and twitching, red welt on his left forearm, an infected man! His back to the group!

Riley grabs Marco and gestures to be quiet.

The group crouches down. Riley gestures for them to go to the Prudential Center. They move quickly, but quietly, into the building.

Getting close -- all of the windows and glass doors are shattered inward!

Thousands and thousands of bloody footprints!

The group looks into the building -- no infected inside but with no other clues, they enter.

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Rebel graffiti, half washed away. Faded arrows pointing toward a stairwell. Furniture scattered and shattered. Shards of glass decorate the floor. The bloody footprints go deeper into the center.

Quietly, avoiding the glass, the group enters. Nadine spots the arrows and gestures for Riley to look at them. Riley nods and begins to head into the stairwell.

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Wide, concrete stairs. No windows. Only emergency lights. The group slowly climbs the stairs. Checking for any infected.

One! -- An N.A.R soldier, right shoulder exposed, red welt.

Riley stops the group. She aims her silenced weapon. FIRES -- Clean hit. The infected falls onto the landing.

They reach the first floor landing. A painted sign over the door reads: To Triage.

Riley gestures for everyone to stop. Points to Vincent to watch the stairs. Vincent nods. Riley presses her ear against the door.

Beat. Riley hears guttural yelps and cries, multiple. She turns back to the group, shakes her head. They press forward up the stairs. No infected on the next landing.

Another door reads: To CC. They repeat the process. Riley listens, Vincent watches. Beat. **No noise.** Riley nods to the group. She pushes on the door and enters into-

#### INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER 2ND FLOOR CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

Empty vendors, built into the concourse walls. Destroyed displays. Advertisements for concerts, events and the 2025-2026 NJ Devils Season. All decayed and faded.

Black curtains block out the way to the seats in the arena. There is this perpetual, guttural moaning that echoes through the walkway. Distant, caused by thousands. More painted arrows direct to a Lounge Area labeled: Command Center. The lounge looks into the arena.

The group pushes into the concourse. They immediately notice the moans and the Command Center. They move into the Command Center, to find the source.

#### INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Tables rearranged to create a meeting table. Signs of previous use. All documentation is gone except for some scattered notes.

The group moves past the table and come up to the edge of lounge. They slowly peak over to reveal -- **The Entire Arena is Filled with Infected!**

In the center, **a glowing light** can be seen! It's unclear what this is now. The infected are drawn to it.

The group quietly moves away from the edge and back toward the central table. Panic across their faces. They speak **QUIETLY** --

NADINE

What do we do now?

Beat. Riley is doing everything she can to not panic.

RILEY

We go back... Tell them Newark is overrun... Find someone else to take these two... We're done.

NADINE

Wait-

RILEY

We're done. This is fucked. We aren't risking our lives.

MARCO

We can't go back. They'll know about the sewers and-

RILEY

It's better than this.

Vincent looks over at the table, spotting the documents. He starts to look through them.

MARCO

This isn't fair.

RILEY

None of this is fair.

She turns to Vincent. He finishes reading a document and looks up.

VINCENT

Looks like they're heading further west... They were testing some kind of lure for the infected?...

RILEY

So what?

VINCENT

I don't know. But it's a lead... Looks like they were heading...

Vincent stops. He sees a letter under the documents. It's addressed to **Marco and Nadine** and signed by their father, **Gustavo Ramirez?!?!**

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Holy shit...

Vincent walks over to Riley.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Their father's actually Gustavo.

Beat. Marco and Nadine are surprised. Riley just shakes her head at Vincent.

RILEY  
So? It's what we thought back in Providence, right? Changes nothing.

VINCENT  
Riley-

RILEY  
No Vin-

VINCENT  
Just stop!... You have some crazy history with these people, I get it. Hell, I don't want to help this guy in any way. But this isn't about Gustavo or the rebels...  
(turns to Marco and Nadine)  
It's about them...

RILEY  
Vin, you can't be serious? Now you wanna be brave?

VINCENT  
Of course I don't, but there's nothing left for me in Providence. Not with the N.A.R. And definitely not with the fucking board... Where's the woman who told me to blow that shit hole? Who would help me find my sister?

RILEY  
...I'm still with you Vin. But we aren't equipped to look after them longer than we have. This was our resupply. There's nothing here.

VINCENT  
We don't know that.

RILEY  
Then what do you call that arena full of infected?

VINCENT  
Our way out.

RILEY  
Really?? Because whatever that lure  
thing is, isn't attracting all of  
them.

VINCENT  
It's clearer than it would be.  
Fuck. Riley, I'm not abandoning  
them.

RILEY  
I'm not saying we should.

VINCENT  
Taking them back is.

RILEY  
It's not.

NADINE  
Don't we get a say?

They turn to Nadine --

	RILEY	VINCENT
No.		Yes.

They turn back to each other --

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(to Vincent)  
Their cargo.

VINCENT  
Their people.

MARCO  
(to Riley)  
I knew it... You're nothing but a  
monster... I've heard all about  
you. The pitbull or whatever...

Riley turns, gets right in Marco's face. Marco leans back.

RILEY  
Exactly kid. The Pitbull of  
Providence. Dumb fucking name, for  
a dumb fucking bitch-

NADINE  
 Stop!... All of you!...  
 (to Marco)  
 ...Maybe we are better off with  
 someone else-

VINCENT  
 No!... Taking you back is a death  
 sentence for both of you.

Vincent turns to Riley.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
 You can go back... I don't need you  
 to find my sister... We aren't  
 anything to each other anyway...

Single tear forms in Riley's eye.

RILEY  
 We aren't anything?... Then what  
 were the last 5 years?...

VINCENT  
 ...That was me thinking you were  
 more than that dumb fucking name...  
 Guess I was wrong...  
 (turns to Marco and  
 Nadine)  
 Come'on, my sister will help us  
 find them.

Vincent brushes by Riley. Marco rushes past. Nadine walks  
 past but turns back, tears in her eyes --

NADINE  
 Were we really just cargo?...

Before Riley answers, Nadine runs to catch up with Vincent  
 and Marco.

Riley's alone. It hits her all at once. She's having a hard  
 time breathing. Tears roll down her face. -- She's having a  
 panic attack! She's hyperventilating!

FLASHBACK: INT./EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

Owen's pick-up truck swerves on the Road. There's nothing on  
 the Road.

Inside, **YOUNG RILEY**, still presses down on Owen's leg. His  
 shirt, drenched in his blood. Owen is pale and having a hard  
 time staying awake.

YOUNG RILEY

Dad! Stay awake! Please!

Owen slowly nods his head. He starts to apply the brake and brings the pick-up to a stop. Gas tank is very low! He turns to Riley.

OWEN

Kiddo... Do you remember the way...  
to grandpa's house from here?...

YOUNG RILEY

Dad please! Keep driving!

OWEN

Tank's running on empty... Get to  
grandpa... Have him come back for  
me...

YOUNG RILEY

We can go together! You need help!  
I don't wanna be alone!

OWEN

You won't be alone for long... Tell  
me you know where he is?...

Riley, tears streaming down her face, nods.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Good... Grab your stuff and mine...  
Run... I'll be fine...

Riley nods, she reaches into the backseat, grabs both bags and turns back to her dad. She takes her dad's hand, presses it on the shirt --

YOUNG RILEY

Like you said, keep pressure on it.  
I'll get grandpa and you'll be  
okay.

Owen smiles.

OWEN

Right as rain kiddo...

Riley turns, opens the car door, and runs down the road. She needs to find her grandpa!

Owen looks on. He knows he won't make it. But smiles anyway. It's a risk but, giving her a chance to survive is better than watching him die...

Owen slumps over in his seat. He's gone...

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER COMMAND CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

**RILEY** sits against the back wall. Catching her breath, calming herself. She gets the panic attack under control.  
Beat. BANG! BANG! BANG! --

VINCENT (O.S.)  
AAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

-- Echoes from the stairwell! Riley looks to the stairwell, gun in hand, no hesitation, runs for the stairs!

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Riley bursts open the door! She looks up, hears --

NADINE (O.S.)  
GET OFF HIM!!

BANG! BANG! BANG! -- Gunfire! Riley races up the stairs, finding a door with a painted sign above reading: Armory. Riley kicks open the door --

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The distant gunfire! The muffled screams! The infected break their trance from this glowing object! They turn and run for the stairwells toward the group!

As they move past, we see the glowing object in full view --  
**A metallic chunk with electrical cables sparking electricity into the chunk. The electricity causes the chunk to glow!**

INT. PRUDENTIAL CENTER 3RD FLOOR CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

Riley rushes in! She sees an infected lying motionless on the ground! Welt shot! Marco struggling to hold back an infected with a pipe! Gnashing at his face! Close, but no bites! Marco's backpack is torn, no longer usable!

Nadine is behind Marco! Holding a handgun, she's fired every shot and is scrambling for another mag!

Vincent, further away, is pinned down in a booth! Gun off to the side! An infected trying to bite at him! -- **His fate is unclear!**

Riley, without thinking, pulls her knife, runs up to the infected on Marco, **stabbing it in the welt!** It collapses to the ground! Riley quickly checks Marco!

RILEY  
Are you bitten?!

MARCO  
No!

NADINE  
Help Vin!

Riley turns, sees Vincent pinned! She races over to them!

No visible welt! Riley has to pull the infected off of Vincent first!

She spots it! Lower abdomen! She holds back the infected with one arm and stabs it in the welt with the other! It collapses! Riley runs over to Vincent! He shakes his head!

VINCENT  
Barricade the stairs!

Riley nods! They each grab chairs and position them against the stairwell doors! **A momentary barricade!**

Marco and Nadine look through the black curtains, down into the arena! The infected continue to pour out, headed right for them!

The group reconvenes in the middle of the concourse! They stand in front of an area labeled: Armory. Some barrels of oil and grenades on a bandoleer remain. Riley looks to the group --

RILEY  
We all good?!

Marco and Nadine nod. Vincent shakes his head.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

Vincent smirks, pulls back his shirt. **Revealing a BITE!**

RILEY (CONT'D)  
No.

Vincent walks up to Riley.

VINCENT  
Listen to me.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
No.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
I need you to listen-

RILEY  
No! This isn't happening!-

VINCENT  
Yes it is!... It really fucking is!

RILEY  
Goddammit! This is all my fault! I shoulda just gone with you!

VINCENT  
Don't blame yourself! I made my choice! I shouldn't have left you like that!

Marco looks to the stairwell doors. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!  
Infected are battering the door! Nadine starts to tear up.

RILEY  
I shouldn't have made you choose-

VINCENT  
I need you to listen... I broke the rule, not you... You're the only person who got me. You know how I felt and you still kept me around. You are the best part of my life, but I need to call the shots this last time.

Vincent pulls out the documents and letter.

VINCENT (CONT'D)  
Take these, find Anna, she'll know best where to find the rebels. Get them to their father. Live, Riley... I've watched you for five years pretend you didn't care when that was the furthest thing from the truth... Prove me right...

Riley looks into Vincent's eyes. She sees the conviction on his face. She knows what she needs to do. Beat. **Her face hardens!** Riley turns and grabs Nadine by the arm, leading her away!

NADINE  
Wait! Let go of me! What about Vin!  
We can't just leave him!

Vincent puts a hand on Marco's shoulder.

VINCENT

Don't be afraid of her.

He hands Marco his rifle and backpack. Marco nods, tears in his eyes and quickly runs after Riley and Nadine. Beat.

Vincent takes a deep breath. He runs toward the barrels of oil, opens them, then turns them on their side, oil gushing out!

The stairwell doors are starting to give! Thousands of infected! Vincent grabs the bandoleer of grenades and straps them to himself! Hand goes on one of the grenade pins. Beat.

The doors are almost breached! Beat. Vincent takes in one last deep breath. The memories of his brother, his sister, of Riley, pass in his mind. Beat.

The doors burst open! Thousands of infected race toward him! He smirks. Pulls the grenade pin as the infected swarm around him, slipping and sliding through the oil!

**At the same time** -- Riley, dragging Nadine, with Marco behind, loops around the concourse toward another stairwell, away from the infected! Riley opens the door, flashlight down the stairwell, no infected.

Nadine tries to run back but Marco stops her! He looks her in the eyes and shakes his head, No. Beat. Nadine turns back to the stairwell, tears in her eyes. Riley gestures for them to go!

**STAIRWELL** - The trio races down the stairwell. They exit through an emergency door and out onto --

EXT. NEWARK CITADEL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The trio runs from the building, down the street. While they run -- **Off Screen: BOOM!!** Vincent got them the time needed to escape.

They look back, the smoke rising from the Prudential Center! Beat. Riley wipes away her tears, turns and continues down the street.

Marco and Nadine look at her, then back to the smoke. Nadine wipes away her own tears and follows Riley. Marco checks the rifle, adjusts the backpack, then follows, wiping away tears as well... Beat.

CUT TO BLACK.