

THE LAST DAY

Written by

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Based on

The Last day (2013)

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL BUS/ WOODLAND ROAD - DAY

A SCHOOL BUS squeals to a halt on a quiet country lane. Laughter spills out as a group of YEAR 5 KIDS disembark, chattering and excited.

KID #1

Ah this better be more than another stupid museum, they never have anything good.

KID #2

They best have a good shop.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Single file, stay with your groups.

The kids bunch up near a tired-looking teacher and another CHAPERONE, drifting toward the entrance of the Clifton Mining Museum.

LUCY (9) is the last off. Curious, distracted. Her backpack bumps as she steps down - but she stops. Looks.

Across the road - past the fencing - the edge of the forest. Wind rustles the trees.

And there, half-hidden in the shadows, stands a MAN in camo gear. Pale. Still.

He lifts a hand. In it - a cluster of colorful balloons. Red. Yellow. Blue.

He doesn't move. Just beckons.

Lucy blinks.

The breeze dies. Birdsong cuts.

The man is gone.

TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lucy! Come on now!

Lucy glances back - then down the path - then slowly follows the others.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY - LATER

Heavy BREATHING.

Lucy crashes through dense undergrowth, her face streaked with dirt and panic.

She runs, wild-eyed, stumbling over roots, constantly glancing back.

Branches whip her arms. She doesn't stop.

The forest looms - thick, shadowed, endless.

Somewhere behind her - a SNAP. A rustle.

Lucy skids to a stop, heart hammering. She spins.

LUCY
(whispers)
Please... don't find me.

She bolts again, breath ragged, feet barely holding.

She's not just lost.

She's being hunted.

INT. SEEDY BAR - SAME TIME.

A pair of hardened looking women play pool, CLACK, the balls scatter.

A dim-lit corner.

JOSEF (50s-70s), black-suited, sits with his back to us. Only flashes - the scar tissue along his lips as he speaks, voice low.

Across from him: COLT (40s-50s), sharp-eyed, cautious.

JOSEF (O.S.)
So what do you think?

COLT
Bit, out of the way isn't it?

CLOSE: A wicked smirk tugs at Josef's scarred lip.

JOSEF
Trust me -- it's worth it.

Josef slides a dossier across the table.

Colt thumbs through the pages, frown deepening.

COLT
So what is this item then?

JOSEF
Let's just say... An opportunity.
(beat)
I trust I can count on your
discretion.

Colt's brow lifts – curiosity hooked.

COLT
I like to know what I'm stealing
Josef and where I am stealing it
from.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE – DAY

Lucy reaches a broken chain-link fence, tangled with weeds
and rust.

She crouches, eyes darting.

A gap – just wide enough.

She slips through, scraping her arm, but doesn't stop.

Beyond the fence: a ghost town.

Rows of crumbling buildings. Empty homes.

Silent. Forgotten. Watching.

She creeps forward.

JOSEF (V.O.)
It's the new big thing.
My intel says it's worth two, maybe
three billion – easy.

FLASH TO:

INT. SEEDY BAR – CONTINUOUS

Colt sets the dossier down, eyes Josef.

COLT

(firm)
Even if I could pull this off.
(beat, shakes head)
It's not going to be cheap.
(beat)
Or easy.

CLOSE: Josef pulls a PADDED ENVELOPE from his jacket, slides it over.

Colt sifts through - impressed.

JOSEF (O.S.)

Some seed money to get you started.
Should cover your expenses, with a
little spending money on top..

Colt pockets the cash.

COLT

I'll need a small crew. Three men,
tops.
(beat, curious)
Place looks military. Why've I
never heard of it?

CLOSE: Josef's discolored eye gleams; a scar cuts through it.

JOSEF

Because no one is supposed to know
it exists.

COLT

Security?

JOSEF

Private contractors. Same mindset
as you - kill first, ask later.

COLT

(scoffs)
Sounds like my kind of people.
Shame, really.
(beat)
And the target? Do they have
protection?

JOSEF

A couple of bodyguards. Nothing you
can't handle.

Colt leans in.

COLT
And they have the location to the
item?

Colt glances around – the bar's full of chatter, no ones
paying attention.

Back to Josef.

JOSEF
(smirks)
Yeah. I would say the target only
trusts the target. He is the key.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE

A low fog creeps through crumbling streets and boarded
windows.

Lucy, disheveled and trembling, stumbles through the ghost-
town. Her breath catches in the cold air.

She pauses.

Eyes wide. Frozen.

A BURLY MAN in military camo steps out from between two
buildings, expression blank, rifle slung over shoulder. He
raises a hand to his radio.

BURLY MAN
(into radio)
Target located. It's just a kid.

The radio CRACKLES. A cold voice replies:

JASON (V.O.)
Bring her in, no witnesses!

The Burly Man lowers the radio, steps forward – swift,
mechanical. Lucy spins to run–

Too late.

A large hand clamps down on her arm.

LUCY
(panicked)
Let go, please no!

The Burly Man doesn't flinch.

He drags her back toward the compound as her screams echo into the desolate silence.

INT. SEEDY BAR.

CLOSE: Josef from the rear.

JOSEF
Your extraction's at six a.m.

COLT
I'll be there before that.

JOSEF
(admiring)
Confident. It will need to be this night. You have 3 months to prep. After this, we won't have another chance.

COLT
(smirks)
Walk in the park.

SMASH TO:

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY

SUPER: 3 MONTHS LATER.

A thick canopy of autumn leaves shudders in the dying wind.

The last light of day bleeds through the dense, browning trees.

In the distance, an engine sputters -

TICK... TICK... TICK...

The forest holds its breath.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A gentle breeze stirs the overgrown verge, nothing but woodland behind it.

Ahead - a BLACK ESTATE CAR, engine coughing its final breaths on the narrow dirt road.

EXT. DESERTED MILITARY VILLAGE - DAY

Silent. Forgotten.

Crumbling houses, skeletal trees.

Graffitied hangars slump by an overgrown runway.

THUD. THUD. CRACK.

The brutal sounds of fists on flesh.

At the hangars - find STEVE, (late 30's), bloodied, restrained by TWO HEAVY GUARDS in balaclavas, while a THIRD pounds him mercilessly.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The black estate car sits dead on the road.

The engine sputters, groans... then silence.

BANG. THUD. BANG.

From the boot.

BRAY (O.S.)
Colt. I- I think he's dead.

INT. BLACK CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colt, furious, slams his gloved fists into the wheel.

COLT
I know it's dead Bray cause it
won't fucking start!

Beside him, BRAY (30s-50s), blood-soaked, unnervingly calm.

BRAY
No Colt...
(nods to the back)
I think he's dead.

Colt twists to see MARCUS (30s-50s), a bullet-riddled corpse slumped across the backseat.

COLT
Brilliant. Just brilliant.

BRAY
So? We walking away?

COLT
Walking away? No. We've come this far.

(beat)
No. We adapt - like always.

Colt opens the door. Gets out the car.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Colt circles to the boot. Bray follows.

From the boot: THUD. THUD. THUD.

BRAY
What we going to do about the car?

COLT
We'll find another.

THUD.

COLT (CONT'D)
Figures.
(beat, exhales)
Let's get this over with.

INT. BLACK CAR - BOOT - CONTINUOUS

The boot creaks open.

Two shadows - Colt and Bray - loom.

COLT
Time for some air and a chat!

They haul out JASON (50s-70s), semi-naked, bound, beaten, gagged.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

They drop Jason hard against the car.

COLT
Listen carefully, Jason.
(removes gag)
We ask. You answer. No bullshit.

Jason spits blood - at Bray.

JASON
He's fucking insane, mental,
please, you--

POW!

Colt drops him with a punch.

COLT
Rule one - you talk to me.

Colt lifts Jason's chin - forcing eye contact.

COLT (CONT'D)
Got it?

Jason nods weakly.

COLT (CONT'D)
Good.

Colt yanks him upright - gestures toward the horizon.

COLT (CONT'D)
You know where we are?

Jason hesitates.

CLICK-CLICK.

Bray presses a pistol to Jason's temple.

BRAY
Tick-tock, mate.

IN THE DISTANCE - the rusted gates of the abandoned base.

JASON
Yeah. This is the place.

Colt grins coldly.

Colt draws a knife from his leg holster.

COLT
Now, Jason...
(beat)
We're gonna play my version of
twenty questions.

Colt kneels.

JASON
I'm dead anyway. Right?

COLT

Yeah.

(beat)

But quick... or slow? That's up to you.

SHUNK!

Colt stabs Jason's thigh - twisting the blade.

Jason SCREAMS echoe off the vacant road.

COLT (CONT'D)

See, like a radio, it's just a case of fine tuning...

(looks to Bray)

Am I right?

BRAY

Look, you do what you got to do.

COLT

(turns to Jason)

How many guards are there?

JASON

Ten.. Maybe, fifteen.

Colt yanks the blade free.

COLT

Which building?

Jason gasps.

Colt calmly levels a pistol at his kneecap.

COLT (CONT'D)

Last chance, Jason.

JASON

Building 55. It's in the vault.

Colt nods, stands.

Jason, desperate:

JASON (CONT'D)

Wait—who sent you? Was it—?

BANG.

Jason slumps – dead before he finishes.

Colt's pistol smokes.

COLT

(cold)

I told you. I ask the questions.

(beat)

Cunt.

Beat. An almost disgusted look sits on Bray.

BRAY

(sighs)

I didn't sign up for "this" Colt.

COLT

What? He's dead weight anyway. And it's not like the car is going anywhere is it?

BRAY

Fair point.

Colt grabs a heavy duffel bag from the boot.

He slams it shut.

COLT

You ready to do this then?

BRAY

I'm ready to call it a day yeah.

COLT

Come on Bray, I need you. Just think of the payday.

BRAY

That's if we even get that far.

Bray strides down the road.

BRAY (CONT'D)

You coming then or what?

Colt slings the bag over his shoulder and follows.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE LAST DAY.

FADE IN:

INT. COASTAL HOTEL - PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

A wide, pristine suite overlooking a jagged shoreline. Sunlight streaks across polished marble floors. The sea is restless - waves battering the cliff edge.

A MAN IN SHADOW (Josef) stands at the floor-to-ceiling windows, hands clasped behind his back, facing the ocean.

We don't see his face - only the back of his head, the shape of his suit, and the faint burn scar on one hand as he lifts a cigarette.

A SECURE PHONE on the side table vibrates.

He answers it calmly, still facing away.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

A SUITED OPERATIVE grips the wheel with one hand, blood on his shirt cuff.

OPERATIVE (V.O.)

We just swept the mansion sir. It's a bloodbath. Security shredded, camera's destroyed and bodies, civilian bodies.

JOSEF

Vanderstaff?

OPERATIVE (V.O.)

Gone, they took him - alive, we think. Zip ties, blood trail, boot marks.

JOSEF

Then they're heading for the vault.

OPERATIVE (V.O.)

Do we intervene?

A pause. Josef exhales calmly.

JOSEF

No. Let them open it. Come back here, When the time is ready, "we" will go to the vault.

OPERATIVE (V.O.)

Understood.

The call ends. Josef stands still, watching the restless ocean. His reflection lingers faintly in the window – just the outline of a man built from scars and silence.

The sea hammers the cliffs, rising.

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE – DUSK.

A cut wire fence, flayed and rusting.

Beyond it – a village forgotten by time.

Broken homes. Skeletal trees. The stench of decay.

But not dead.

A SECURITY CAMERA swivels atop a leaning pylon – scanning left to right.

Behind a derelict building, TWO CASUAL-DRESSED SECURITY GUARDS emerge – SMGs slung loose. One lights a cigarette.

SECURITY GUARD #1

So, that guy going down with the others?

SECURITY GUARD #2

Yeah. Hansen and Ripley got stuck with that detail.

(beat)

I hate the lab. Gives me the creeps.

SECURITY GUARD #1

You ain't wrong. I hear --

SNAP.

Both freeze.

The faint crack of a twig.

SECURITY GUARD #2

You hear that?

SECURITY GUARD #1

(quiet)

I stopped talking didn't I?

Weapons up. Eyes sharp.

They move toward the sound, at the back of the house they just came from.

EXT. BACK YARD.

A discarded family yard – swings rusting, toys half-buried in dead grass.

SECURITY GUARD #2
It came from round-

PING.

The guard looks down.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
Oh sh-

BOOM!

The tripwire detonates – a savage eruption.

Guard #2 vanishes in a flash of blood and smoke.

Guard #1 is hurled backward –

THUD – he slams into the ground, dazed.

Frantic, he scrabbles for his radio.

SWOOSH –

A blade flashes.

The throwing knife buries itself between his eyes.

He freezes mid-reach – then collapses.

THUD.

Silence.

From the shattered back door, Bray steps out – calm, methodical.

He pulls the knife from the dead man's forehead, wipes it clean on the corpse's jacket.

Behind him, Colt emerges – surveying the carnage.

COLT
(low, quiet)
Drag them inside. Watch the
cameras. Next stop – the hangar.

Bray nods, grabs the first body by the legs, starts hauling. Stops and looks at a pair of smouldering boots.

BRAY
Could've taken 'em both alive if
you didn't have a thing for blowing
shit up.

COLT
(smirks)
What? It's not like they don't
deserve worse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

Flickering monitors line the wall.

The SECURITY LEADER sips tea - freezes mid-swallow as one
screen turns to static.

Then another.

He sets the cup down, grabs his hand radio.

SECURITY LEADER
All teams report in. I've lost two -
-

Another screen dies.

Hissing static.

SECURITY LEADER (CONT'D)
Three cameras down. Hangar team,
report in. You've gone dark.

EXT. HANGAR - DUSK.

In the fading light-

COLT throttles SECURITY GUARD #3 with a garotte.

The guard claws helplessly, radio CRACKLING on his shoulder.

SECURITY LEADER (V.O.)
Hangar team. Respond!

SNAP.

The guard's neck breaks. He slumps dead.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

The Security Leader stiffens, wary now.

SECURITY LEADER
(into radio)
Hangar team?! Is anyone nearby.

The radio crackles – distorted voices.

SECURITY GUARD #4 (V.O.)
I'm nearby chief...

EXT. HANGAR BAY – REAR.

GUARD #4 hustles across the yard, radio pressed to his mouth.

SECURITY GUARD #4
I'll be there in a s--

SLICE –

Blood sprays.

His throat opens wide.

He collapses face-first – dead before he hits the ground.

Behind him, BRAY – knife dripping, already moving on.

EXT. CONTROL TOWER – DUSK.

Colt and Bray creep along a rusting cargo container.

They reach the edge – pause.

Colt checks his watch.

COLT
Five minutes.

He peeks around the corner:

–A wide, disused runway.

–Beyond it, the modern, glass-paneled CONTROL TOWER.

Colt turns to Bray.

COLT (CONT'D)
That's the eye in the sky.
We take it – they're blind.

BRAY

(flat)

It's an open run. They'll spot us a mile out.

ROVERS SCREECH IN.

Two Range Rovers skid to a halt ahead.

Four armed guards leap out, weapons drawn.

Bray shoots Colt a look.

Colt's already unscrewing his silencer.

BRAY (CONT'D)

I guess, we're going loud now.

COLT

Yeah one step ahead of you!

Bray draws his pistol.

They step out - cool, composed.

COLT (CONT'D)

(calls out)

Gentlemen, I think you're looking for us.

The guards whirl-

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Four bodies drop before they can react.

Colt and Bray stride through the carnage.

BRAY

I think it's actually quieter with the silencer off.

COLT

Right?! That's what I get for using Dougal.

BRAY

You went to Dougal?

COLT

I was on a budget.

BRAY
Why'd I let you talk me into this
again?

They reach the control tower door.

COLT
Money, obviously.

Colt slides up his sleeve -

A six-digit code tattooed inside his wrist: 082013.

He punches it into the keypad.

The light blinks GREEN.

PSHT.

Door unlocks.

They share a nod - guns up - and slip inside, Bray last, he
takes one last cautious look out.

The door closes.

FLASH TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

SUPER: THREE MONTHS AGO...

BRAY sits on a bunk, nose buried in a battered paperback: We
Regret to Inform You That Rick Is Still Alive.

The mechanized door CLANKS to life.

A PRISON GUARD approaches.

PRISON GUARD #1
Graves, you're up.

Bray closes the book, rises without a word.

INT. PRISON - CHECK OUT - LATER

Bray stands between two thick-necked PRISON GUARDS, blank-
faced as another guard reads from a clipboard.

PRISON GUARD #2
 Half a pack of smokes. Black
 jumper... One pair Nike Air
 Jordans.

He glances up from the list – unimpressed.

A beat-up cardboard box sits on the desk.

PRISON GUARD #2 (CONT'D)
 That everything?

BRAY
 (faint smirk)
 I had a pair of Ray-bans and a
 fedora too.

PRISON GUARD #2
 (unamused)
 Just sign the form.

Bray leans in and signs the form, he has a WOLF TATTOO on his
 arm.

EXT. PRISON - GATES - DAY

The heavy gates CREAK open. A SPORTS CAR idles at the curb –
 engine purring.

Bray steps out, holding a tattered cardboard box. Breathes in
 the air – a ghost of a smile.

The car door swings open. Colt leans against the roof, casual
 in a leather coat and cocky grin.

COLT
 What – no warm hello for an old
 friend?

BRAY
 Last I checked, you're the reason I
 did time.

COLT
 Yeah, well...
 (beat)
 I'm here to make it up to you.
 Got a job – easy money.

Bray moves around Colt, he starts to walk away.

BRAY
 No. Not interested.

Colt calls after him -

COLT
Set you up for good.
(beat)
Maybe even see your family again.

Bray stops cold.

COLT (CONT'D)
How old's Clemmy now? Twelve?
Thirteen?

He reaches into his coat and pulls out a folded photo - grainy, dog-eared. He offers it without flair.

Bray hesitates, then takes it.

CLOSE - A snapshot of a girl - ten years old, smiling awkwardly in front of a school mural. The kind of smile that says I miss something I can't name.

Bray stares at it. Quiet. The wind whistles.

COLT (CONT'D)
You do this job right, you walk away clean. New record. New start. Judge sees that? You get to see her again.

Bray folds the photo carefully. Pockets it.

BRAY
You driving or talking?

Colt grins. They get in the car.

FLASH TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - STAIRWELL - NOW

Colt and Bray move fast, guns drawn, clearing each turn.

At the top -

The security leader is already surrendering, hands high, fear in his eyes.

SECURITY LEADER
Please - I'm unarmed. Don't - Don't shoot me.

COLT
Who else is left?

Bray's gaze shifts -

Under the desk, a RED LIGHT flashes urgently.

BRAY
Uh, Colt.

Colt follows Bray's nod - sees it.

His jaw tightens.

COLT
(to security leader)
You fucking wanker. Why'd you have
to go do that?!

BANG.

Colt fires.

The Security Leader's knee explodes - he crumples, howling.

COLT (CONT'D)
You think I wasn't ready for a
silent alarm?
(shakes head)
Why do you think I'm not wearing a
fucking mask?

BANG.

Another shot - a clean bullet through the head.

The Security Leader drops, dead.

Through the tower windows -

BOOM.

A huge explosion rocks the distant woodland.

Flames rise over the treetops.

BRAY
Fucking hell Colt, how much
explosive did you use?

Colt smirks, he moves to the security console.

He scans the monitors:
 Empty runway – dead quiet.
 Burning Range Rover – black smoke curling.
 Smashed gates and scattered corpses.
 A lone house – battered but strangely intact.
 Bray joins him.

BRAY (CONT'D)

Well?

COLT

He said Building Fifty-Five, right?

BRAY

Yeah.

Colt frowns.

COLT

I don't see a building fifty-five.

They study the screens.

Colt's eyes narrow on the battered house –
 Camera trained squarely on it.

BRAY

Why waste a camera on one shitty
 house?

They share a look.

The light bulb clicks for both of them.

Colt messes with the control panel.

On the COMPUTER SCREEN: EXTERIOR SECURITY SHUT DOWN
 INITIATED.

FLASH TO:

EXT. VILLAGE – DAY

Colt's sports car glides through a quiet coastal village.
 Too quiet.

Faded MISSING POSTERS blanket every telegraph pole – overlapping, weather-beaten, desperate.

Windows are shuttered. Streets empty.

INT. COLTS SPORTS CAR – MOVING – CONTINUOUS

Bray watches the ghost-town pass by.

BRAY

For a coastal village it's not very warm and welcoming is it?

COLT

There's a history here. People have a habit of going missing.

BRAY

And no-one asks questions.

COLT

Not if they want to avoid being one of those posters.

(beat)

We're here.

EXT. COTTAGE – CONTINUOUS

The car pulls up outside a quaint, weatherworn cottage.

Colt and Bray step out.

Bray gives the place a once-over.

BRAY

Nice digs.

COLT

It'll do.

INT. COTTAGE

Blueprints and maps are spread across a coffee table.

Colt studies them, focused.

Bray pins photos to the wall – Jason's face front and center.

He steps back, uneasy.

BRAY
So what's the job really about?

COLT
Simple. Break in. Steal something
from a vault.

BRAY
Yeah but with you nothing is ever
that simple is it?

COLT
(smirks)
Okay, it's a two part plan.

BRAY
(skeptical)
Two part?

COLT
We need to grab someone who know's
the location of where what we want
is.

BRAY
And?

COLT
And it has to be clean, we have to
grab them, then hit the location
and extract.

BRAY
(skeptical)
Yeah, about "this location". Had a
few of my contacts look into this.

COLT
And?

BRAY
According to them, this place; it
don't exist.

COLT
(smirks)
Yeah, well the target is some kind
of tech savant - years ahead of his
time. Brought the place off the
books back in the 80's.

BRAY
He's an enigma and those are
dangerous.

COLT

Well, from what I know. He sells in the shadows – big tech, pharma, black market. Low profile, high profit.

BRAY

That ever end well?

COLT

In our business, no.

(beat)

But the payout for this is real.

BRAY

So why now?

COLT

Whatever this guy is doing, it's over. Word is he's packing up. Leaving the country. Taking all his property with him.

Bray scans the maps, frowns.

BRAY

Even between us, this setup's tight.

COLT

Which is why we need a third.

BRAY

(turns slow)

No.

COLT

Someone who's worked with us in the past.

BRAY

Don't even suggest it.

COLT

C'mon Bray. You know Marcus. He's quiet.

BRAY

No, he's mute. But other than that he's a psychopath.

COLT

And the people guarding this place aren't exactly saints.

BRAY
(reluctant)
Still. Marcus is chaos. You
remember that job in, Montreal?
Those people didn't deserve that.

COLT
I do. And you're right they didn't.
(confident)
Don't worry. I'll keep him on a
tight lease.
(beat)
I promise.

FLASH TO:

EXT. BUILDING 55 - DUSK

Colt and Bray flank the front door - guns drawn, backs to the wall.

Bray glances over.

Colt nods.

They breach.

INT. BUILDING 55 - CONTINUOUS

They sweep into the entry - barren, stripped, silent.

COLT
What the hell is this?

BRAY
It's here.

COLT
Why are you so confident all of a sudden?

Bray moves down the hall - scanning, searching.

He stops at a doorway, smirks.

BRAY
I got something.

Colt steps in beside him.

The room is lined with dusty bookshelves.

Some shelves are bare – untouched for years.

COLT
A library? You dragged me into a
damn reading room?

INT. LIBRARY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bray moves to a specific shelf – brushes dust with his
fingers.

BRAY
What's the matter? Never read a
good mystery novel?

He finds a spine out of place – pulls it.

CLICK-CLANK.

Gears whir. A panel slides open, flooding the room with
harsh, white light.

BRAY (CONT'D)
(mutters)
Bingo.

COLT
Good to see you're earning your
cut.

They approach the hidden opening – a narrow stairwell
descending below.

It's pristine. Maintained.

COLT (CONT'D)
You ready?

BRAY
I am. But before we go. Answer me
something.

COLT
What?

BRAY
The mansion. Marcus. What happened?

Colt hesitates – sighs.

COLT
 You were right Bray.
 (beat)
 I couldn't control him.

Bray stares him down.

COLT (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry.

BRAY
 Save it. Let's get this done shall
 we?

They step into the stairwell.

The secret door closes behind them.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

They descend cautiously - tight turns, nowhere to hide.

Suddenly -

CLANG. A door opens below.

Colt and Bray flatten against the wall. Two GUARDS walk past, chatting.

SECURITY GUARD #5
 Can't wait for this to be over.

SECURITY GUARD #6
 Two more shifts. Then it's all
 buried.
 (looks to colleague)
 You got something lined up?

SECURITY GUARD #5
 Mrs. She's sorted me a gig with her
 dad.

SECURITY GUARD #6
 The butcher?

SECURITY GUARD #5
 Ugh, I know. This place sticks with
 you. But, hey - money is money.

SECURITY GUARD #6
 That's what my therapist told me.

Colt steps out casually - Bray a beat behind.

COLT
Fella's don't suppose you can tell
me the way to the vault do you?

The guards spin. Panic.

BANG. BANG.

Two headshots. Both drop.

BRAY
They didn't act like we were
expected.

Colt checks his phone. Dead signal. Radio: static.

One of the guard's groans. Colt turns, raises his gun -

BANG.

Blood spatters his face.

BRAY (CONT'D)
(dry)
You got red on you.

COLT
(fuming)
That was your guy.
(beat)
learn to finish your Damn dinner!

They approach the next door.

INT. BASE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

COLT
No going back.

BRAY
No going back.

Colt leads the way. Bray follows close behind, rifle ready.

Suddenly -

WHAM!

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER slams into Bray's chest - launching him
backward against the wall. Winded, he collapses.

A BURLEY GUARD charges Colt, roaring -

SECURITY GUARD #7
I am not dying today!

A violent melee explodes. Grunts, boots, fists. Colt loses grip of his weapon.

The guard gets the upper hand—hands around Colt's throat.

Colt scrambles—grabs the fallen fire extinguisher—

WHAM.

Hits the guard in the ribs.

WHAM.

Face.

WHAM. WHAM. WHAM.

Blood splashes across Colt's vest. The guard drops. Still twitching.

Colt stands over him. Eyes burning. Breathing hard.

WHAM.

BRAY (O.S.)
(shouting)
Colt! - he's down!

WHAM.

BRAY (CONT'D)
He's done! Stop!

WHAM.

A final, sickening crunch. Colt freezes. Red dripping from the extinguisher.

Bray gets up slowly, wincing but intact. Colt stands over the mangled corpse, bloodied and silent.

BRAY (CONT'D)
You good?

Colt doesn't look at him.

COLT
He could've set off the alarm.

BRAY
And now he's just meat on the
floor.

Beat.

COLT
Let's move.

Colt turns. Bray hesitates. Looks down at the guard. Then at
Colt's back.

A look in his eyes: what the fuck are we walking into?

FLASH TO:

EXT. LINDLEHURST MENTAL FACILITY - DAY

SUPER: 48 HOURS AGO..

A grey concrete slab of a building, perched on a hill that
seems to slump under its weight. Fences hum. Surveillance
tracks everything.

Armed GUARDS patrol slowly. Silent. Watchful.

INT. LINDLEHURST - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Colt stands with arms outstretched. A wand SCANS him down.

The GUARD watches him like a man checking for matches in a
dynamite shop.

INT. LINDLEHURST - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Colt walks beside a nervous DOCTOR SALMONS (40s), who keeps
glancing over his shoulder.

DOCTOR SALMONS
He's been under full sedation. But
it doesn't seem to make a
difference.

They pass a bulletin board with a staff photo - several faces
have Xs drawn through them.

Next to it: a wall-mounted plaque - "In Loving Memory of
James Turrell, Dr. Simon Choa, Nurse Patel...

COLT
Is that recent?

DOCTOR SALMONS

Six weeks.

They keep walking. A guard limps past with a stitched-up jaw, bruised and wired. Colt clocks it. Says nothing.

INT. OBSERVATION CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

A reinforced door. Two additional GUARDS stand watch.

Inside the window: Marcus. Still. Mute. Staring right at them through the glass. Not blinking.

DOCTOR SALMONS

You don't understand. He's not like the others.

(beat)

He doesn't speak. He doesn't sleep. He just... watches.

COLT

I've met worse.

DOCTOR SALMONS

He once killed a man by slamming a bedframe bolt through his eye.

(beat)

He didn't even move after. Just sat down and waited.

Colt hands over a sealed folder. The doctor opens it, glances once - and turns white.

DOCTOR SALMONS (CONT'D)

Where did you get this?

COLT

Doesn't matter.

(beat)

Open the door.

INT. MARCUS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The lock disengages with a loud CLICK.

Marcus stands immediately - like he's been waiting.

He walks past Colt. No hesitation. No words. Just presence.

Colt watches him go. The guards grip their weapons tighter.

EXT. LINDLEHURST - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus climbs into the back of a black car, slow and smooth.
Colt gets into the driver's seat. Checks the rearview mirror.
Marcus stares forward. Eyes unreadable.

COLT

Two days.
(beat)
In and out.

No response. Just silence.

Colt starts the engine.

They drive away. The asylum disappears behind them.

FLASH TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT

A sterile corridor - everything packed and sealed, ready for transport.

Blackened windows. Sealed doors.

Silent. Clinical. Wrong.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colt and Bray sweep into an abandoned control room.

Monitors hum.

All but three are live - one has Steve in a cell, the other on a science lab, and the third, static.

Bray stares, horrified.

BRAY

What the hell is this?

COLT

Guess we've found the missing locals.

BRAY

But why?

COLT
 (shrugs)
 Not our job.

Colt points to another monitor.

COLT (CONT'D)
 That's our mission.

On the feed: a massive VAULT DOOR looms.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - VAULT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Colt and Bray stand before the vault - three times Colt's height, thick steel and menace.

BRAY
 That's... bigger than the plans.

COLT
 Yeah, no shit.

BRAY
 This isn't the same door.

COLT
 (turns to Bray)
 Can you still crack it?

Bray steps up - examines wires trailing into the walls.

BRAY
 Maybe.
 (nods to the wires)
 But the security feed loops back to
 the control room..
 (beat)
 And that would be a decryption.
 (nods over to hand panel
 and eye scanner)
 And it needs a handprint and an
 eyeball.

COLT
 But that control panel looks dead.

BRAY
 It will be until the seals around
 the lock are deactivated.
 (beat)
 Then the eye and the hand are the
 final key.

COLT

Shit.

(beat)

Alright, let's have a look at what we have in the control room.

EXT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They move through dimly lit corridors - past sealed rooms. Windows blacked out.

BRAY

What the hell are they doing here?

COLT

Best guess? Pharmaceuticals.

BANG.

Something inside one of the rooms slams against a door.

Both men freeze.

COLT (CONT'D)

Best not to think too hard about it.

BRAY

Right.

They move on.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Colt drops into the main chair.

A single item stands out - a RED DIAL PHONE.

Colt picks it up.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - NIGHT

Fire crackles.

A polished lounge chair. A side table. A phone.

CALLER ID: Unknown.

A pale hand picks up.

JOSEF (O.S.)
I trust you have secured the
package?

Colt leans back, exhaling slow.

COLT
Not exactly.
(beat)
Vault's not what you told me it'd
be.

Silence.

JOSEF (O.S.)
(frustrated)
Complications? I hired you because
you're supposed to be the best.

COLT
Well, this is where plans changed.
I'm going to need you're eye on
this.
(smirks)
You're good one that is.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Josef leans forward - revealing his face:

Jason's near-identical twin.

Cold fury flickers across his expression.

JOSEF
What about my brother?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

COLT
He's dead.
(beat)
And that ride you gave us. Also
dead.

JOSEF
This wasn't my plan Colt.

COLT
No. But, it's now my plan. You want
the item, you come get us. Clear?

Colt hangs up.

INT. HOTEL LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Two armed men at the door straighten.

JOSEF
You two with me.

EXT. LUXURY COUNTRY HOTEL - NIGHT

Josef leads five heavily armed men to a black van.

He throws open the back doors.

JOSEF
When we get there - No one left
alive.

The men nod.

They pile inside.

SLAM - doors close.

The van roars down the winding drive.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE - NIGHT

Fog snakes through the empty streets.

A low wind howls between crumbling buildings -
cold, steady, unnatural.

The village is silent. Watching.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT

Lines of encrypted code scroll across the monitor.

Bray sits hunched over the terminal, fingers flying – but even he's rattled. The system's tight.

Behind him, Colt paces.

COLT

So?

BRAY

It's military-grade. Tamper-proof.
Almost unbreakable.

COLT

So you can't crack it?

BRAY

I said almost.

(beat)

I can crack it – but I need to go
back to the car.

COLT

What? Why? We have the equipment.

Bray opens the duffel bag on the desk.

BRAY

It's not equipment I need.

(beat)

It's an eye. And a hand.

He pulls out a HACKSAW.

Colt gets it. Grim.

COLT

Jason.

BRAY

Exactly.

Bray stands, already moving for the door.

BRAY (CONT'D)

I've got a decryption program
running. Should break the digital
lock in about forty-five minutes,
give or take.

Colt checks his watch.

COLT

Well, we have an hour till Josef
gets here.

Bray stops, turns.

BRAY

Which I still don't get. Why the hell did you call him?

(beat)

We've got wheels. We could've been gone.

COLT

The car was a setup. Wouldn't start from the jump.

BRAY

You checked it?

COLT

Always do. Engine was quiet – too quiet. He set us up to fail.

BRAY

So you invite him to the party?

COLT

For now, I want him thinking we're still playing his game.

BRAY

You sure it's a game and not fire you're playing with here.

COLT

(smiles)

Fire's warm. Keeps people sharp.

BRAY

Yeah? Look where fire got us last time.

COLT

(grins)

We're here aren't we?

Bray exhales hard – then disappears down the hall.

Colt turns back to the screen.

Lines of code still falling.

The clock is ticking.

FLASH TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - MORNING

SUPER: SIX HOURS AGO...

Colt's sleek sports car rolls quietly through the foggy village streets.

INT. COLTS SPORTS CAR - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Colt nods to the rhythm of the music. Fingers tap the wheel.

Then—he stops.

Eyes narrow. Something's off.

EXT. VILLAGE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

STEVE, worn but focused, sits alone on a bench.

He scribbles in a weathered journal.

He looks up.

The car glides past.

Steve and Colt lock eyes.

No wave. No nod.

Just cold recognition.

EXT. COTTAGE - MORNING

Colt's sports car pulls into the cottage drive.

He steps out, grabs a bag of groceries, and heads for the door.

Across the lane, an ELDERLY WOMAN walks her dog.

She smiles politely.

Colt nods. Keeps moving.

INT. COTTAGE.

Colt enters, light on his feet — oddly upbeat.

COLT
Morning fellas. Everyone feeling
sharp?

In the corner, Marcus, pale, cleaner, shaved; toys with a
knife.

He doesn't speak – just shifts his black, shark like, eyes to
Colt and gives a slow, steady nod.

COLT (CONT'D)
Good to have you back.

Marcus turns back to the window, knife still twirling.

Bray sits at a computer, he watches a screen of monitors,
turns to Colt.

BRAY
Yeah... he's definitely with us
again.
(beat, irritated)
I had to stop him from stabbing the
postman. But he's back.

Colt raises his brow.

COLT
How's our virus working?

BRAY
They've been having problems non-
stop last forty-eight-hours.
(smirks)
They called this morning, we're
booked in for eleven.

COLT
Perfect.
(beat)
I'll make breakfast
(to Bray)
You handle cleanup.

Bray nods. He begins stripping the blueprints and notes from
the wall.

He yanks down the vault schematics, folds them once –
then rips them in half.

FLASH TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Colt sits at the central console, eyes scanning the live feeds.

One monitor flickers with static - dead signal. He tries toggling it. Nothing.

But then -

CELL 12 lights up in the upper corner.

A man paces, bruised and bloodied. Steve.

Colt leans in, intrigued.

COLT
(curious)
And just what are you doing here?

INT. CELL 12 - MOMENTS LATER

Steve huddles in a corner of the grimy cell, shivering.

His body aches. His breathing is ragged.

CLANK. The cell door unlatches.

Colt steps inside - pistol drawn.

Steve turns, weak but defiant.

STEVE
(feebly)
Here to finish me off then?

Colt stays by the wall, relaxed. In control.

COLT
I'm not with those guys.
(beat)
But, I do have questions.

STEVE
And after?

COLT
That is entirely up to you.

Colt takes a pack of cigarettes, he removes one and puts it to his lips, he lights it taking a long, hard pull.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Look - I'm not here to save anyone.
 Least of all you

STEVE
 (hopeful)
 There's others?

COLT
 More than a few. Answer my
 questions, I'll leave the doors
 open on the way out.

Steve hesitates, then nods.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Why are you here?

STEVE
 My daughter, Lucy she's been
 missing three months...
 (beat)
 You got a spare one of those?

Got a spare one of those?

Colt tosses over the pack and lighter.

Steve fumbles to light a cigarette - hands trembling.

He takes a long drag, steadying.

STEVE (CONT'D)
 She was on a school trip. Nearby
 village.
 (exhales)
 They say she wandered off, but
 she's not like that. So I followed
 what clues I could...
 (scoffs, bitter)
 And it's working great so far.

COLT
 So why follow me? I Saw you this
 morning.

STEVE
 How..

Colt taps his head.

COLT
Photographic memory.
(beat)
Useless most days - handy today.

STEVE
I thought you and your crew were
security. Guess I was wrong.

COLT
You weren't far off.
(beat)
We're here to rob the place.
(beat)
What's your name?

STEVE
Steve... Steve Morris.

COLT
You know much about this place
Steve?

STEVE
Nothing. Even the locals don't talk
about it. I heard them say that
something they were testing...
(remembers)
It was unpredictable.

COLT
(pensive)
Hmmm.

Colt heads for the door.

COLT (CONT'D)
Sit tight, Steve. I'll circle back
once I'm done.

STEVE
No! Wait!

SLAM.

The cell door shuts.

EXT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY

Colt takes a moment outside the steel door.

From the nearby cell. BANG. BANG. BANG.

This makes him uneasy, he checks his watch and sighs.

COLT
(mutters)
It's going to be close.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Colt takes a seat at the desk, he picks up the red phone and dials a number.

Beat.

COLT
This is Pendragon...
(beat)
Mission parameters are currently on schedule. Jason has been terminated, Josef is on his way. He will be bringing company.
(beat)
Houndersham, we're 12 miles South-West.
(beat)
Understood. No, he doesn't know anything.
(beat)
I'll be back in touch.

Colt sits still in the chair.

The red phone clicks back onto its cradle.

He exhales, the mask slipping just for a moment.

FLASH TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A BLACK TRANSIT VAN, labelled as "SECURITECH SERVICES" cruises down a quaint back country road.

INT. BLACK VAN - MOVING - DAY

SUPER: THREE HOURS AGO...

The van hums down an empty country road.

Bray drives, jaw tight.

Colt rides shotgun, calm, focused.

Marcus slouches in the back, arms draped across the seat, eyes fixed on the sky through the sunroof.

A beat of silence.

COLT
What you think to the van?

Bray has other concerns.

BRAY
You really think he's up for this?

Colt glances back – doesn't answer right away.

COLT
He can handle it.
(beat)
So can you.

BRAY
I'm driving and cracking computers
Colt. Not exactly breaking a sweat.

COLT
Get us in, make the switch and come
get us. Nice and simple.

BRAY
(scoffs)
Colt, c'mon you talking like I
haven't done this before.

COLT
Yeah... I know.
(shrugs)
Just laying it all out.
(turns to back)
You ready Marcus?

Marcus lowers his gaze.

Silent. Cold-eyed. Nods once.

Colt grins – just a flicker.

COLT (CONT'D)
(smirks)
Let's do this!

FLASH TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Fog rolls across the abandoned road.

Bray trudges through the dark, flashlight in hand. His boots crunch on gravel. The black estate car sits dead under the moonlight.

Bray approaches slowly. Peers into the back window.

Marcus is slumped motionless in the seat. Eyes closed. Dried blood down his shirt.

BRAY
(sighs)
Here we go.

He circles to the boot.

Opens it - recoils instantly at the stench.

Inside: JASON'S CORPSE - twisted, half-stripped, blood dried.

Bray kneels beside it. Opens his canvas duffel.

He takes out a hacksaw. Pauses. Breathes hard.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Sorry old chum

He begins sawing - slow, wet, sickening.

Blood sprays. Bray gags. Keeps going.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Empty.

On the main monitor, Bray's decryption program continues to cycle.

A message flashes:

FIRST LOCK DECRYPTED.

A dead monitor flickers - static...

Then briefly stabilizes.

ON SCREEN:

A room of charred corpses, still smouldering.

Then—static again.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The vault hums to life with a low WHIRR.

The control panel lights up.

CLANK.

A locking seal disengages — the sound echoes through the facility.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Colt stops.

Turns toward the sound.

He listens. Smirks. Checks his watch.

Then keeps moving.

The hallway is lined with crates, equipment sealed for transport.

Dust hangs in the air like it's been untouched for years.

Colt slows —

An open door catches his eye.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

CLICK.

Colt flips on the lights.

The lab is immaculate — still active.

Beakers bubble. Liquid drips from one test tube to another.

Colt scans the room.

Someone's been here... recently.

At the back — a powered-down terminal.

He turns—freezes.

A sealed lab beyond glass walls.

Blood smeared across the inside of the windows.

Colt stares.

He's seen horrors. This still rattles him.

He moves to the computer.

Hits the power.

ON SCREEN:

LOGIN CREDENTIALS REQUIRED.

Colt pulls a black USB drive from his pocket.

Plugs it in.

ON SCREEN:

WELCOME MR. VANDERSTAFF.

The desktop loads.

Dozens of folders. One catches his eye:

HG - ALPHA TEST

He clicks.

A list of video files appears.

He selects the first.

ON SCREEN:

Black and white surveillance footage begins to play...

INT. SEALED LAB - B&W (SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE)

JASON stands over a restrained MAN on a gurney — groggy, panicked.

A nearby DOCTOR checks vitals.

JASON
(looks to wall clock)
Time is 11:54 a.m. Subject twenty-
three.

DOCTOR
Blood pressure normal.

CONFUSED MAN
What- What's going on? Where am I?

JASON
And heart rate?

DOCTOR
Slightly elevated. But within
normal parameters.

CONFUSED MAN
Please. What's going on? Where am
I?

JASON
Okay, proceed when ready.

The doctor nods, preps a syringe.

Injects fluid into the I.V. line.

DOCTOR
Beginning stage one.

CONFUSED MAN
Please-!

Suddenly, his body locks - eyes wide.

JASON
Observing reaction.

The man begins to convulse violently.

DOCTOR
Heart rate climbing.

BEEP. Flatline.

Silence.

Blood streams from the man's eyes and ears.

Jason exhales. Frustrated. Cold.

JASON
Subject twenty-three - failure.
(clean)
Burn it. Bring in twenty-four.

He exits.

Before leaving, Jason glances up at the camera – smirks.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - PRESENT.

Colt stares at the screen.

His face – horror, then disgust...

Then something colder.

Controlled rage.

Another video plays in the background.

JASON (O.S.)
It's one-thirty-two p.m. This is
subject twenty four...

FLASH TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

SUPER: A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO...

A transit van pulls up to a set of large, mechanical gates.

Colt leans out and presses the intercom.

BEEP. A crackle.

SECURITY GUARD #8 (V.O.)
Yeah?

INT. TRANSIT VAN.

In the back, Bray sits at a laptop hooked to a makeshift antenna.

He taps a few keys, then nods to Colt.

COLT
(to intercom)
Yeah, we've had reports of security
glitches – solar flare
interference. Just routine checks.

SECURITY GUARD #8 (V.O.)
Alright. I'll meet you at the gate.

Colt glances to Marcus in the passenger seat.

Both wear workman disguises.

Marcus looks barely contained – wired and hungry.

COLT
Keep it clean. Got that?

Marcus turns slowly, offering a sinister smirk.

BRAY
I'm in the system. Cameras are on a
loop – yesterday's feed. You've got
a clear window.

COLT
Copy that.

EXT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

SECURITY GUARD #8 approaches the gates as they grind open.

He walks to the driver's window.

Colt flashes a fake ID.

The guard inspects it.

SECURITY GUARD #8
Leave the van. Bring your tools and
fix whatever's busted.

COLT
Sure thing.

Colt shuts off the engine, steps out.

Marcus exits from the far side.

SECURITY GUARD #8
Why do you both need to—?

SHUNK.

Marcus drives a blade into the guard's neck – sudden,
vicious.

Even Colt flinches.

COLT
Jesus Christ, Marcus!

The guard gurgles, drops to his knees –
Marcus snaps his neck clean.

INT. TRANSIT VAN – CONTINUOUS

Bray climbs into the front, sees the body outside.

BRAY
What the actual fuck?

EXT. MANSION – CONTINUOUS

Colt spins toward Marcus.

COLT
We were supposed to be invisible!

Marcus just stares.

Blank. Unapologetic.

Colt and Marcus hoist the body and drag it to the van.

INT. TRANSIT VAN – MOMENTS LATER

The back doors fly open.

The corpse is dumped beside Bray, who recoils.

BRAY
Are you serious? This is a street.
Someone's gonna see–

COLT
Stick to the plan. Get to the
switch car. Burn this one. One
hour.

Bray nods, tight-lipped, and shuts the doors.

EXT. MANSION – CONTINUOUS

Colt rounds on Marcus.

COLT
No more stunts. I said clean.

Marcus tilts his head. Shrugs.

Then strolls toward the mansion gate.

Colt lingers, watching him go.

Something in his expression changes – a sliver of doubt.

He follows.

FLASH TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT.

The duffel is zipped closed – soaked through.

Bray wipes blood from his face. Smears it worse.

He stands, breathing hard.

BANG.

The rear door slams open behind him.

Marcus EXPLODES out – slamming into Bray.

They tumble into the dirt – fists, limbs, grunts.

BRAY
Jesus- Marcus!

Bray manages to get his gun up – click – at Marcus's head.

BRAY (CONT'D)
Don't make me do this!

Marcus twitches – hand shaking – then reaches inside his coat.

Bray tenses – ready to shoot.

Marcus pulls out a phone – screen cracked, battery low. He hands it over.

BRAY (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

The screen lights up:

MESSAGE:

“HE'S SETTING US UP, BRAY.”

"DON'T TRUST COLT."

Bray freezes. Eyes scan the message. Then Marcus.
For the first time – Marcus looks terrified.

BRAY (CONT'D)

(quiet)

You waited this long to say it?

Marcus coughs. Blood bubbles on his lips.

He mouths something. Bray leans in.

Marcus whispers – barely audible in Bray's ear.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MANSION - GARDEN - DAY

SUPER: HOURS EARLIER...

Colt and Marcus move low through a manicured garden, flanking the rear of the house.

They reach the back door.

Colt tests the handle –

CLICK.

It opens.

From inside: music and laughter spill out.

Colt glances to Marcus, finger to lips.

Marcus nods.

They slip inside.

INT. MANSION - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

A soft breeze moves sheer white curtains.

Somewhere deeper in the house – old rock music and giggling.

They creep forward, low and quiet.

At the far end of the hallway – a bedroom. Giggles echo.

Colt turns to Marcus.

COLT
(low, whisper)
No killing. Not until I give the
okay.

Just then—

The bedroom door swings open.

They duck into a side hallway — silent.

A PROSTITUTE, half-dressed, steps out.

PROSTITUTE
We need more champagne, I'll be
back in a second.

She saunters away down the corridor, unaware.

Colt and Marcus press against the wall — still. Waiting.

Colt nods.

They move on.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The prostitute opens the fridge, humming.

She pulls out a magnum of champagne and chuckles.

PROSTITUTE
(mutters)
That'll do nicely. Tight old fuck.

She closes the fridge—

Marcus is there. Right behind the door.

She gasps—

CRACK.

He pistol-whips her clean across the jaw.

She drops.

Marcus catches the bottle before it shatters.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - SAME TIME.

Jason, half-dressed in a loose kimono gown, sits on the edge of the bed.

PROSTITUTE #2 lies across his knees, giggling.

He SNORTS a long line of cocaine off her back.

Jason jolts - face spasming - then lets out a guttural laugh.

JASON
Yes! That is it!

He slaps her ass. She squeals, slipping off his lap.

JASON (CONT'D)
Now, where were we?

Prostitute #2 stands by a nearby chair, playful.

PROSTITUTE #2
We were about to have some fun mr.
Jason.

JASON
(claps hands)
Yes we were!

Jason stumbles toward the chair.

She blindfolds him - Jason can barely contain himself.

She takes his hands... guides them behind the chair.

CLOSE ON JASON'S FACE

THUD.

Confusion sets in. The tone shifts.

JASON (CONT'D)
Soranya?

The blindfold lifts.

COLT stands in front of him.

Behind Jason - the real Prostitute #2, unconscious on the floor, bloodied nose.

COLT
Sorry Jason. Play time is over.

WHAM.

Colt punches Jason clean in the face.

SMASH TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - LATER

Jason stirs in the chair, groggy, blood at his lip.

JASON
Wh.. What the fuck?

COLT (O.S.)
Plenty of time for questions later.

Colt sits on the arm of a chaise longue, pistol aimed at two bound, gagged prostitutes beside him. They squirm.

Marcus looms over them, toying with a large knife.

COLT (CONT'D)
Right now, I'm the one asking.

JASON
What do you want?

COLT
(scoffs, stands)
Still not getting it.

SMACK.

Colt slaps Jason hard.

COLT (CONT'D)
This is your warning. Nod if you understand.

Jason locks eyes with him. Nods once.

COLT (CONT'D)
Good.
(beat)
Where is the base?

JASON
I-I don't know what you mean-

BANG.

Colt shoots Prostitute #1. Her body slumps.

Prostitute #2 sobs through her gag.

Marcus leans in, blade at her throat – slicing just enough to bleed.

Colt doesn't blink.

COLT
Try again.

JASON
Alright! It's twelve miles out.
Private road. Outside Houndersham.

COLT
Better.

JASON
You'll never make it. The team
there—

COLT
(smirks)
You think I came unprepared?

He turns to Marcus. Their eyes meet.

Colt raises his pistol.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Marcus drops.

Prostitute #2 muffles a scream.

Jason stares – stunned.

COLT (CONT'D)
He was part of the plan.

JASON
What- What the fuck is going on?

COLT
Let's talk about item sixty-eight.

JASON
(slow, hesitant)
I- I do-

Colt raises a finger to Jason's lips. A warning.

Then glances at the crying woman.

COLT
Think carefully.

Jason meets her eyes. Shaking. He exhales.

JASON
(flat)
I don't know.

Colt grabs Marcus's HUNTING KNIFE, he drags prostitute #2 by the hair, she screams holding her out on her knees in front of Jason.

COLT
C'mon Jason, clocks ticking.

JASON
(cold)
Let me out of this fucking chair.

COLT
(smirks)
Okay, so be it.

SLICE.

He cut's prostitute #2's throat, her eye's widen, she gasps for air, smudged tears roll down her cheek, but the sound is muffled through the gag.

Colt let's her go, she falls forward hitting the ground face first. THUD.

COLT (CONT'D)
Just you and me now.

Jason seethes.

JASON
You people... you're all the same.
This won't end well for you.

COLT
(checks watch, then)
Yeah, yeah. Clock's ticking.

Colt pulls a pair of pliers from his back pocket.

He walks to the stereo. Turns the volume up.

COLT (CONT'D)
 We don't want to disturb the
 neighbours now. Do we?

JASON
 Whatever you're going to do. Do it!

COLT
 Okay then.

He lunges, pries Jason's mouth open. Jason thrashes – too slow.

CRUNCH.

Colt yanks out a tooth.

Jason howls, blood running down his chin.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Plenty more where that came from.

JASON
 (feebly)
 You.. You're an animal.

COLT
 No, Jason. You are.

Colt wipes the pliers, then sits again.

COLT (CONT'D)
 You built an empire in the dark.
 Extortion. Blackmail. Abductions.
 (beat)
 But you couldn't hide forever.

JASON
 Who are you?

COLT
 Who I am isn't important. The
 people I represent, they are. They
 know you're working on something.
 What is item sixty-eight?

Jason eyes the bloodied pliers. A beat. He sighs.

JASON
 Let me tell you a story.
 (beat)
 My father... he worked with a murky
 crowd in the cold war.
 (spits blood)
 (MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
 But it came with access to things.
 Things the world buried. That's
 item sixty-eight.

COLT
 (satisfied)
 See? That wasn't so hard.

He pats Jason on the head.

COLT (CONT'D)
 Now, let's move shall we?

WHAM.

He punches Jason – chair and all – sending him toppling
 sideways.

Colt pulls out his phone. Dials.

COLT (CONT'D)
 This is Pendragon. I have the
 asset, he's taking us to the
 location now.

He looks over to Marcus, still, bleeding.

COLT (CONT'D)
 I've killed the bonus target too.
 (beat)
 Remember what I said though on
 arrival you leave the last man to
 me. Okay?

He exits.

On the floor, Marcus blinks.

Still alive.

FLASH TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT.

Marcus still barely audible whispers to Bray.

MARCUS
 (not a plea - a warning)
 Kill him first.

Then – stillness.

He dies in Bray's arms.

Bray stands alone beside the car. Blood on his hands. Bag slung over his shoulder.

He turns toward the forest path. Toward the base.

He walks. Faster now.

Determined.

The phone drops to the ground behind him – screen cracked, still pulsing:

DON'T TRUST COLT.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT.

A black van speeds down an empty highway.

It turns off –

A faded sign: HOUNDERSHAM - 8 MILES.

INT. JOSEF'S VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

JOSEF sits in the back, flanked by armed men loading pistols, shotguns, and one with a submachine gun.

Josef loads his pistol with a heavy CLICK.

JOSEF

You know the drill – once the deal's done, we wipe the crew. No connections.

From the front –

DRIVER (O.S.)

Hey boss.

Josef looks up.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The van slows.

Ahead:

A blockade – two cars parked across the road. Their headlights glow dim, eerie.

INT. JOSEF'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

DRIVER
Looks like some kind of checkpoint.

JOSEF
Curtain.

A henchman pulls the black curtain, concealing the rear.

EXT. LONG COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

EMERSON, tall and sharp-suited, steps out from the shadows - backlit by high beams.

He strolls to the driver's side.

The window rolls down.

EMERSON
Evening. Bit late to be out, isn't it?

DRIVER
(casual)
Yeah, shortcut through to Arniston Bay.
(beat)
Something up this evening?

EMERSON
Arniston bay huh?...
(beat)
So what's in the back?

The driver eyes Emerson.

DRIVER
Just supplies. Family lives out here. They're... private.

INT. JOSEF'S VAN - REAR - CONTINUOUS

Josef signals.

The crew quietly readies their weapons.

Tension mounting.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DRIVER (O.S.)
Isolationist types. Post-Covid and
all. My dad, he's not too good.

EMERSON
Right...

Emerson pulls a photo, it's Josef.

EMERSON (CONT'D)
We're looking for this guy.
Expecting him to come through here.

DRIVER
Dangerous?

INT. JOSEF'S VAN - REAR - CONTINUOUS

A henchman slowly cracks the side door open.
Hands on triggers.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

EMERSON
Dangerous?
(smiles)
He works with a guy who looks just
like you.

DRIVER
What's that?

BANG.

A shotgun blast from inside the van - Emerson jerks back,
blood sprays across the windshield.

The blackout curtain drops. Chaos erupts.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

HENCHMEN spill out the side of the van.

SPOTLIGHTS FLARE ON.

BLACK OPS COMMANDER (O.S.)
Open fire!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

Gunfire erupts from the woods.

The henchmen scramble – but are mowed down.

A stray shotgun blast drops one of the black ops team.

INT. JOSEF'S VAN – CONTINUOUS

Josef, sweating, slams the door shut behind him and bolts out the back.

EXT. ROAD BLOCK – MOMENTS LATER

The van sits silent – riddled with holes.

Black Ops soldiers close in.

One opens the rear door–

It's empty.

Only the driver's corpse...

And a flashing red light.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

BLACK OPS MEMBER #2

It's a–

EXT. ROADBLOCK – SIMULTANEOUS

BOOM.

The van explodes – metal and fire rips through the trees.

EXT. WOODLAND – CONTINUOUS

Josef, further into the woods, stops at the blast behind him. Smoke plumes into the sky.

He doesn't flinch.

He turns – and keeps running.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CELL - NIGHT

Steve sits slouched in the corner, smoking a cigarette.

His eyes are vacant. He's not just tired - he's hollowed out.

He reaches into his pocket.

Pulls out a worn photograph:

Steve and his daughter, mid-laugh, frozen in a sunlit moment.

His lips curl into a faint smile.

Then it breaks - a single, ragged sob escapes.

CLANK.

He freezes.

A mechanical sound echoes from the hallway outside.

A faint green light glows beneath the cell door - flickering, sickly.

CLANK.

Another one. Louder. Closer.

Steve stares at the door.

EXT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another locking mechanism disengages with a heavy CHUNK.

The control panel lights up -

Code spills down the screen, fast, unreadable.

The vault hums.

Something is coming.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Colt sits motionless, eyes locked on the computer monitor.

ON SCREEN: (ARCHIVE FOOTAGE)

Lucy - is escorted into a sterile lab by Jason, other SCIENTIST watch in hazmat suits, making notes on a clipboard.

JASON
(on screen)
Subject fifty-two.

He kneels beside her, voice gentle – almost fatherly.

JASON (CONT'D)
And how are you sweetie?

LUCY
I'm okay, but I would really like
to go home.

JASON
And you will my darling. But, I
just need to run a little test make
sure you're okay.

She looks at him, uncertain.

LUCY
But I feel fine.

BACK TO SCENE:

A red warning light starts to spin on the wall.

WHRRR.

Colt narrows his eyes.

No hesitation.

He yanks the USB drive from the terminal.

Stands.

And walks out.

EXT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Colt enters, approaches the main console.

ON SCREEN:

FINAL SEAL: DISENGAGING...

A slow smirk creeps across Colt's face.

Behind him –

Bray appears in the doorway.

Gun raised. Focused.

BRAY

It's time me and you had a real talk.

(beat)

Like the one me and Marcus just had.

Colt turns. Calm. Controlled.

COLT

Ah Marcus.

(beat)

How is he doing?

BRAY

He's dead.

(flat)

For real this time.

(waves pistol)

Hands. Now.

Colt raises his hands. No resistance.

COLT

Okay, let's not get too dramatic.

(nods towards console)

As you can see - final lock's breaking. Just need the eye and hand to complete it.

BRAY

Yeah, I've got those.

(beat)

What I don't have... is answers.

(steps in closer)

So tell me, Colt - what the hell is this really about?

COLT

Bray come on-

Bray cocks the pistol.

COLT (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm not working for Josef.

BRAY

No shit. Let me guess, he's coming to try and kill us. That's part of your plan too. Right?

COLT
 He won't get close.
 (confident)
 My people are handling it.

BRAY
 And just who are your people?

COLT
 Maybe... the same as yours. This
 was the test, Bray. And you're
 passing.

BRAY
 (finger tenses)
 Why should I believe a damn word
 you say?

COLT
 Because when it mattered - I
 brought you in. Not him. Not anyone
 else. You.
 (beat, nods to screen)
 And now...
 (hopeful)
 We get to see why this is worth it.

A tense beat.

BRAY
 After you.

EXT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Colt walks, hands raised, duffel bag slung on one arm.

Bray follows, pistol aimed squarely at his head.

BRAY
 Why bring Marcus... just to kill
 him?

COLT
 (quiet)
 Because of what he did. To you.

BRAY
 What?

COLT
 After Montreal—he got caught.
 Started hunting in a nearby town.
 (MORE)

COLT (CONT'D)

Cut a deal. Gave them a name for the Clefton job. Yours.

Bray freezes. Processing.

BRAY

He's why I did time?

COLT

The night you got locked up... He came for your family. I had him grabbed, dumped in that Hospital—kept him sedated. Until I could use him.

BRAY

And then you left me to rot.

Colt slows. Regret flickers.

COLT

That... I couldn't stop.

BRAY

Keep walking.

They move on in heavy silence.

BRAY (CONT'D)

So who do you work for?

COLT

The Black Wing. Government ghost unit.

(beat)

We deal in stuff most people call fiction.

BRAY

So I was your puppet?

COLT

At first, yeah.

(beat)

But then I saw what you could do. You've got instincts; skills I need, Bray.

BRAY

So why keep this from me until now?

COLT

Because I needed to be sure. That you were ready.

BRAY
Ready for what.

They arrive at the VAULT ROOM DOOR – cold, massive, humming with energy.

COLT
What's inside there.

BRAY
And just what is that?

COLT
Some say a weapon. Others – the Holy Grail. All I know? Too many bodies got stacked trying to find out.

(beat)
But we're not here to sell it.
We're here to lock it down.

Bray lowers the pistol slightly.

BRAY
And you want me to join this "black wing"

COLT
You finish this job – you're out clean. Or you join us. Do it for Clemmy. Build something real.

Bray hesitates. Then, slowly... lowers the gun.

BRAY
You cross me, Colt... I'll kill you.

COLT
Then let's both hope I don't.

They turn toward the vault room. Bray still unsure of whether he can trust Colt or not.

FLASH TO:

INT. MANSION – MASTER BEDROOM – DAY

The room is deathly still. Blood on marble. The air stinks of copper and cologne.

Marcus lies dead against the wall, shot through the chest, eyes wide open. His blade still in hand.

A security guard's body lies nearby – throat slit.

COLT stands over Marcus, gun still faintly smoking. He doesn't move. Doesn't speak.

FOOTSTEPS.

Bray enters. Freezes.

His eyes scan the room – the two dead escorts, twisted, exposed. Blood. Red against velvet.

Then he sees Marcus.

BRAY
(staggered)
What the hell happened?

COLT
(slow)
He lost control. Killed the guards.
Tried to take Vanderstaff's head
off.

Colt nods toward the far wall.

Jason slumps zip-tied in a chair, battered but breathing.

COLT (CONT'D)
I had to put him down.

Bray kneels by Marcus. Sees the clean shot. Close range.

BRAY
(quietly)
You sure he was still a threat?

Colt says nothing. Just holsters his weapon.

BRAY (CONT'D)
(suspicious)
We needed him for the base.

COLT
He served his purpose.

A tense silence.

Bray stares down at Marcus. Not sad. But unsure. Something doesn't line up.

FLASH TO:

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Colt approaches the control console, fingers dancing across the keypad.

He glances back at Bray.

COLT
You ready?

Bray nods. He takes the duffel bag, unzips it.

Inside - the hand and eye, sealed in separate bio-bags.

Bray removes them carefully.

He places the hand on the biometric pad -

Holds the eye to the retinal scanner.

ON SCREEN:

WELCOME MR. VANDERSTAFF

INITIATE VAULT? (Y/N)

Colt smirks, types: Y.

BOOM.

The vault rumbles.

Steam hisses from the door seams - lights flash red, then blue.

From the P.A system.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Vault opening initiated. T- minus
ten minutes to purge.

Bray pulls a faded photo from his pocket.

A young girl - his daughter - smiling beside him.

He kisses the photo gently.

Eyes locked on Colt.

BRAY
This is it!

Colt nods.

No more words. Just the endgame.

They turn to face the vault.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Josef, bloodied and gasping, stumbles out of the treeline and onto a deserted country road.

He stops to catch his breath.

A trail of blood streaks across the asphalt, leading away from the facility.

JOSEF
(mutters)
What the fuck?

He checks his watch: 3:00 A.M.

Then looks up – something catches his eye.

Reveal: Jason's corpse, lifeless in the road.

Josef steps up, smirking.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
See, brother... In the end, I was
always gonna win.

He spits on the corpse.

CLICK.

Josef freezes.

Behind him: a burnt, battered BLACK OPS COMMANDER, submachine gun aimed and steady.

BLACK OPS COMMANDER
It's over. You're done.

Josef turns slowly. Sizes the man up.

JOSEF
(scoffs)
No. I'd say you're done.
(beat)
Or maybe just, well done.

BLACK OPS COMMANDER
Shut the fuck up. You don't get to
talk here.

JOSEF
Fair enough.
(smoothly)
But you might want whats in my
jacket.

BLACK OPS COMMANDER
Easy. No sudden movements.

JOSEF
Of course.

Josef nods.

Then—

SHUNK.

A wrist holster snaps — a compact pistol slides into his
hand.

BANG.

The commander drops, dead before he hits the ground.

Josef stands over him. Blows smoke from the barrel.

JOSEF (CONT'D)
Amateurs.

He turns and walks off towards the abandoned grounds.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. VAULT ROOM - NIGHT

CLANK. The final seal releases.

The vault door creaks open, steam hissing from the edges.

Colt, duffel bag in hand, shares a look with Bray.

COLT
Moment of truth.

They step in.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The vault is pristine. Lined with gold bars, preserved mutant specimens in jars, and in the center - a glowing vial, suspended in a climate-controlled glass case.

Bray stares, slack-jawed.

BRAY
Colt... there's enough here to fund
a small country.

COLT
We're not here for that.

He moves to the case, studying it.

COLT (CONT'D)
We're here for this.

BRAY
Do you know what it is?

COLT
A weapon. Saw it in the lab tapes.
One drop - total organ failure.
Think sarin gas meets the Black
Plague.

He pulls a glass cutter from the duffel. Begins to work.

BRAY
So what's the plan? Sell it?

COLT
No.
(beat)
Destroy it. Quietly.

CLICK.

Colt freezes.

He doesn't turn.

Behind him: Bray, gun raised.

BRAY
I'm sorry, but I'm taking it.

COLT
Don't do this Bray. This isn't the
way.

BRAY

It is my way.

(beat)

Some gold, a new name, my daughter
back.

COLT

Bray. Please. I'm offering you
that.

BRAY

You're offering shadows. I don't
even know who you are.

That hits Colt. He turns slightly.

COLT

No. You don't.

(beat)

But you take that vial, I will hunt
you down.

BRAY

I'll take my chances.

BANG.

Bray shoots Colt in the leg. Colt drops, clutching the wound

COLT

(gritted teeth)

Damn it Bray!

BRAY

Open it. Now.

Colt, seething, gets up.

He breaks the glass, pulls the glowing vial – it pulses a
faint pink hue.

ALARM KLAXON BLARES.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)

Protocol ten breached. Emergency
protocol in place.

Red lights flood the room.

BRAY

What is that?

COLT
(panicked)
I- I don't know.

BRAY
Well, then you are of no use to me.

BANG.

Colt takes a shot to the chest - drops.

The vial rolls from his hand.

Bray grabs it, shoves it into his jacket. His breath sharp, controlled.

Colt, gasping, eyes wide.

COLT
(weak)
Bray.

Dead.

Bray wipes his face, grabs the duffel.

He starts loading gold bricks - fast.

KLAXON continues.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CELL - CONTINUOUS

CLUNK.

The heavy cell door unlocks and creaks open.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
System purge complete, opening
containment.

KLAXON BLARES in the distance - low and constant.

Steve lifts his head, blinking in disbelief. A flicker of hope crosses his face.

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY

Steve steps out slowly, cautious.

The corridor is bathed in flickering red light.

HISS. CLANK.

One by one, the sealed doors along the hallway begin to unlock.

From the shadows, shapes stir - twitching, jerking, unnatural.

Figures crawl, stumble, and hiss into view - once human, now something else.

Steve's eyes widen. His breath catches.

He backs up. Step by step. Into the safety of his cell.

With shaking hands, he grabs the door-

SLAMS it shut. Locks it.

He stands in silence, breathing hard, watching through the small window-

As the undead flood the corridor.

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE - NIGHT

Josef stumbles through the gates, KLAXON blaring around him.

He slows, confused by the chaos-

Red lights swirl across the crumbling buildings.

AUTOMATED VOICE (V.O.)
Containment breach, emergency
protocols initiated!

INT. VAULT ROOM.

Bray zips the duffel shut, glances back at Colt's slumped body, smug.

BRAY
It's been... emotional!

He turns-

BANG.

A hole rips through Bray's skull. He jerks, eyes wide- Drops face-first, dead.

Behind him-Colt, barely standing, pistol raised, blood soaking through his shirt.

COLT
(mutters)
Fuck!

He stumbles forward, groaning in pain, grabs the vial from Bray's jacket.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Colt limps into the hallway, clutching the vial.

Then—he stops.

Ahead:

A horde of undead, silhouetted in the red emergency lights...
And at the front—Lucy.

Colt exhales, steadies himself.

COLT
Ah shit, sometimes I think the
universe just waits for me to get
cocky.

He cracks his neck.

COLT (CONT'D)
Alright you undead fucks... let's
dance.

He FIRES—BANG. BANG. BANG.

But they keep coming.

They swarm him, gnashing teeth, clawing hands.

Colt fights—vicious, wild, biting, punching, shooting—

But he's overrun, dragged down beneath the mass.

His screams twist and pitch into a chilling crescendo—

Then—

Silence.

The only sounds left:

Meat tearing. Bones snapping.

And the low, hungry groans of the undead.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Josef reaches the entrance to Building 55.

Suddenly—

BOOM! The door blasts open.

A wave of undead pours out, eyes glowing, limbs twitching.

Josef stumbles back, horror etched across his face.

JOSEF
What the fuck?!

He raises his gun—

BANG! BANG! A head explodes in gore. Another stumbles, then regains balance.

They keep coming.

Josef turns to run—too late. The swarm overtakes him.

A moment later—his severed arm flops free from the feeding frenzy.

INT. VAULT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lucy, blood-streaked, steps away from Colt's shredded corpse.

She shuffles forward—eyes blank, but purposeful.

Behind her, a tide of the undead floods the corridor.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

A monitor flickers—video playback resumes.

ON SCREEN:

ON SCREEN: Jason sits in his office, tense.

JASON
Subject fifty-two showed...
promise.

INT. JASON'S OFFICE (VIDEO FOOTAGE)

Jason leans forward, haunted.

JASON
 HG-8021 initiated cellular
 regeneration... But only after
 death.
 (beat)
 The subject lives - but on pure
 instinct.

He exhales hard. His expression darkens.

JASON (CONT'D)
 One bite. That's all it took. It's
 spreading. If this escapes...
 (beat, smirks)
 Global extinction...
 (beat)
 We will continue with testing and
 refinement for military use.

EXT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY

The horde marches forward, Lucy at the front.

They pass his cell.

Inside—Steve, pale, broken, watching.

She pauses.

Father and daughter lock eyes.

STEVE
 (sobbing)
 Baby. I- I'm sorry. What did they
 do to you?

She stares blankly. Then moves on.

Steve collapses to his knees, the klaxon still echoing faintly behind his sobs.

EXT. ABANDONED MILITARY VILLAGE - DAWN

The first light of day spills over a row of cracked rooftops.

From each decrepit house, the undead begin to emerge - sluggish, mindless, endless.

They shuffle forward, groaning for their next meal, hundreds of them.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVE YARD - MORNING

A peaceful country cemetery. Birds chirp. Dew glistens on headstones.

An estate car pulls up on a hill. JOHNNY (40s, neat suit) and his sister KAREN (30s, black dress) get out.

JOHNNY
(softly)
You okay?

KAREN
I'm fine, you know these places,
make me feel uncomfortable.

JOHNNY
(smiles)
I've got you. Always.

EXT. GRAVE YARD - GRAVE SIDE - CONTINUOUS

They walk toward a headstone:

MARY-ANNE DILBERT. Mother. Wife. 1954-2003.

Karen kneels, placing flowers.

KAREN
I'm sorry we don't visit much mum.

JOHNNY
That is my bad to be honest.

Karen looks up - something's off. Her eyes lock on a figure in the distance.

KAREN
Johnny...

JOHNNY
What it it?

On the horizon:

An UNDEAD HIKER limps toward them – decayed, moaning, arms outstretched.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Alright, go wait in the car. I'll handle it.

KAREN
 What about you?

JOHNNY
 Just someone in bad shape. I'll check 'em out you call it in.

Karen hurries back.

EXT. GRAVE YARD – CONTINUOUS

Johnny cautiously approaches the hiker.

JOHNNY
 Hey, uh, you okay there buddy?

The hiker lunges, taking a HARD BITE on Johnny's throat.

INT. ESTATE CAR – CONTINUOUS

Karen slams the door and locks it. Her hands shake as she digs through her bag.

A muffled scream cuts through the morning air.

She freezes.

SLAM!
 A bloodied hand hits the window.

She turns – it's Johnny. His throat's torn open. His eyes are milky, his hands clawing at the glass.

KAREN
 Johnny?!

SLAM! SLAM!

The hiker joins him. Then another. Then more.

The car starts to rock.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 No-no-please-!

They beat against the doors. Glass cracks.

She's trapped.

EXT. GRAVE YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A GUNSHOT rings out. Then another. Then another.

Heads explode. Bodies drop.

From the treeline steps Marcus - battered, bleeding, but alive. His rifle smokes in his hands.

He pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

Out of ammo.

Three undead remain. They snarl, closing in.

Marcus grins, drops the rifle - draws his hunter's knife.

He charges, disappearing into the chaos.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE LAST DAY.