

ZOMBIE DOGS

Written by

Ray Hoese

Based on a scary fucking idea.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL MEADOW -- SUNSET

An innocent little bunny runs across a beautiful meadow in the golden light of the approaching sunset. It disappears out of camera as HAPPY, a two-year-old Golden Retriever, comes running into view, looking for it.

On the bunny as it goes into the underbrush -- soon Happy (who is clueless to the rabbit's whereabouts) appears and noses around the outside of the underbrush when

A HUGE SNARLING, BLOODY MOUTH of a giant BULL MASTIFF grabs Happy by the neck and shakes her violently.

EXT. PARK EDGE OF THE WOODS - DAY

A father, BRAD, 30s, and his daughter Katie, 8, and Stephen, 6, walk toward the woods calling.

BRAD

Happy!

KATIE

Happy!

A SHRIEKING YELP echoes through the woods to them.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Happy!

EXT. MEADOW - DUSK

It's quickly getting dark as Brad, Katie and Stephen walk through the meadow.

KATIE

(calling)

Happy!

STEPHEN

Happy!

After a few beats they hear a WHIMPER from the bushes.

KATIE

Happy!

Katie runs to the edge of the bushes where Happy lays, bloody and torn to shreds.

BRAD
Don't touch her, she's hurt.

Katie ignores her Father, pets Happy's head. Happy whimpers again, her breathing labored.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hang on, let me get a light.

The dad pulls out his cell phone, uses it for a flashlight.

ON HAPPY - her rib cage exposed and entrails spilling out. Her rear leg is nearly torn off, hangs from skin and ligaments. The side of her face is ripped open.

KATIE SCREAMS

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: 24 HOURS EARLIER

EXT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL - DAY

Large, modern corporate building -- that is not in an industrial park -- surrounded by lush country side. They are outside the city.

The front parking lot is filled with protestors -- carrying "People for the Ethical Treatment of Dogs" (PETD) signs and bullhorns -- shouting and raising their fists.

The signs say things like "STOP TORTURING DOGS" - "ANIMALS DO NOT BELONG TO US" and "NO DRUG TESTING ON DOGS".

There are COPS there standing around the EXECUTIVES from the company, who are trying to reason with the protestors. (By the shouting going on, it's obviously not working.)

EXT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL BUILDING -- BACK DOOR

Two protestors, SAM, 22 and MARSHA, 19, use a pry bar to open the back door. Marsha carries small bolt cutters.

INT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL LAB AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Marsha quickly close the back door behind them and go through another doorway into a room that is lined with dog cages.

They are large dog cages -- all shiny stainless steel (hermetic) and each has a large number on it and a label.

CLOSE ON LABEL: It says "Canis familiaris" and "Spiroplasma A1402" and "Injection Date: 10/13/2018" -- along with a checklist and other dates.

Sam and Marsha begin opening all the cages. Most contain fairly normal looking dogs/mutts.

Some of the dogs are thrilled and come running out like playful pets -- others stay in their cages, reluctant.

Some are shaking and some bolt out the door.

Soon there are dogs running everywhere.

SAM
(to Marsha)
Go open the back door, set them
free!

MARSHA
Oh yeah!

She heads toward the door. Sam gets to a cage that has a lock on it. The dog inside growls and snarls like it is hoarse... sick maybe.

SAM
It's okay, you'll be out in a
minute, dude.

The dog GROWLS some more. Sam cuts the lock with the bolt cutters. He takes the lock off and opens the door.

A HUGE DOG leaps out and attacks him, SNARLING, SNAPPING and GROWLING. It takes him down instantly.

The dog bites Sam's neck and blood is everywhere as Sam struggles, fighting the dog. The huge dog just continues shaking Sam's neck.

Soon, the blood loss is too much and Sam's hands drop from around the dog. Sam is dead.

The huge dog is mangy and bloody. It immediately grabs the next nearest dog by the neck, and begins shaking it, growling and snarling. That dog is dead in seconds. The big dog grabs another dog -- bites it and snaps its neck with shaking -- and then does it to another dog and another dog.

EXT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL BACK DOOR - DAY

A worker in overalls (LARRY) comes around the corner to see dog after dog running out the back door.

LARRY

What the...

He lifts the radio off his belt, puts it to his mouth.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Back door is open! Code Red! Code Red!

He runs to the back door, shuts it... but it BURSTS OPEN and he falls back to the ground as the huge dog that killed Sam bounds out and right on top of Larry and begins tearing him to shreds. He puts up a good fight, but he's no match for this 150-pound killing machine.

Larry's dead, bloody and mangled in secnds.

INT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL LAB AREA - DAY

A LAB TECH -- wearing a lab coat no less -- comes in, sees all the dog bodies.

LAB TECH

Holy shit.

(into radio)

Larry, come help me. This is gonna take forever to clean up.

The tech puts on rubber gloves and a face mask, starts dragging carcasses into a pile.

LAB TECH (CONT'D)

Gross...

EXT. RURAL DRIVEWAY (STONE FAMILY) - EVENING

MIKE STONE is pulling his trash can to the curb -- there are no other houses around as each of these places is on several acres. A truck pulls up, stops with its window down -- it's Brad.

MIKE

Hey, Brad.

BRAD

Hey, Mike. I wanted to tell you....
Happy got killed by some dogs
earlier today.

MIKE

Oh, man. I'm sorry. Damn. By a
local dogs???

BRAD

No... don't think so... didn't see
it.

Brad gets out of the truck, goes to the bed, reaches in.
Pulls back a tarp to reveal Happy's torn, mangled body.

MIKE

Damn.

BRAD

Yeah, the kids are pretty broke up.

Mike shakes his head, that's tough.

BRAD (CONT'D)

We heard it off in the distance. I
don't know if it was wolves or just
wild dogs -- but we heard it loud
and clear. Definitely a pack of
dogs of some sort. Probably want to
keep yours inside the fence
tonight.

MIKE

Will do. Thanks for lettin' me
know.

BRAD

Yeah, I'm gonna stop by the
O'Hara's. Let them know, too. I'll
see y'all later.

Brad gets back in his pickup.

MIKE

Alright. Tell Mary we're really
sorry.

BRAD

Yep.

Brad drives off. Mike looks around, listening as the noise of
the truck fades off. He hears a few dogs barking and yipping
in the distance.

EXT. CONLEY BACK YARD - DAY

A large, open backyard. Obviously rural. The mother, MARY, puts a small, homemade cross on the freshly covered grave. Brad stands by, still holding the shovel as Katie and Stephen look on, sniffing from their tears.

MARY
God bless Happy and thank you for
making sure she's in doggie heaven
right now. Amen.

The kids can barely manage a whimper.

INT. STONE HOME - DAY

Mike walks in.

BRAD
Karen???

KAREN (O.S.)
In the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Mike's wife KAREN is pouring gravy into three dog bowls -- and is surrounded by three LARGE MUTT DOGS.

BRAD
Hey.

KAREN
(putting food bowls down
for dogs)
Here you go Pumkin. Wait your turn
Blacky, this is Dozer's.

Even though they are mutts, they're substantial and each is different. BLACKY is a huge, shaggy, black mountain-looking dog. PUMKIN is smaller than the other, short-haired and tan. DOZER is dark brown and at 130 pounds, probably the biggest lab you've ever seen.

As Karen finishes separating the dogs with their bowls...

MIKE
Brad Conley stopped by while I was
taking the trash out -- said their
golden retriever was killed by a
pack of dogs this evening.

KAREN
Happy?! Oh no!

Mike shakes his head yes.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Such a pretty baby.

MIKE
Yeah, the kids are pretty broke up
about it. We need to make sure all
the gates are closed and keep the
dogs inside the fence.

Karen's nodding yes.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Especially Pumkin -- you know how
she likes to run off.

KAREN
Of course. Yeah. Did they see it?

MIKE
No. They heard it, though. The kids
heard it, too, and apparently it
wasn't pretty.

KAREN
Ugh. Poor thing.

Karen leans down to pet her mutts.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Nobody's getting my babies!

They slurp up their dog food, ignoring her.

EXT. CONLEY BACK YARD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON the freshly covered dirt of Happy's grave. A beetle walks by the little cross in the moonlight. The dirt near it begins to move... more and more. Suddenly, a paw emerges from the dirt, then more of the leg. It causes the cross to fall over.

MEDIUM SHOT -- as Happy slowly digs herself out of her grave.

It takes about a minute for her to get completely out. She's not whole, with a torn rib cage, flesh and fur hanging all over the place and a broken leg -- but she stands and shakes off the dirt like a dog that just had a bath.

Happy slowly limps away, into the woods. She's a zombie dog now.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Mike and Karen are walking with their three mutts who are all off leash -- running around, sniffing things and chasing butterflies and what-not.

Pumkin is the youngest, so she's constantly trying to get the other dogs to play -- nipping at them and rolling over on her back.

Pumkin runs over to Karen, trying to get her to play. Karen dodges at her and Pumkin rolls over on her back -- wagging her tail.

Karen rubs Pumkin's belly -- and Pumkin's tail wags faster.

Blacky starts GROWLING -- the other two dogs stop -- which makes Mike and Karen stop.

They're in the same place where Happy was killed.

KAREN
(to Blacky)
What is it, Blacky?

The hair on Blacky's back is standing up as she GROWLS LOUDER.

SUDDENLY, from a nearby bush as Happy comes charging at Blacky, snarling and growling. Blacky is a big, tough dog, so she's holding her own as and Pumkin runs over, in a snarling stand-off with Happy.

KAREN (CONT'D)
It's Happy!

MIKE
That dog was all torn up...
(then)
Happy, no!

Happy lunges at Blacky, but Dozer barrels into Happy, knocking her over.

Mike and Karen run over. Mike has a big stick -- he raises it but Happy does not back down and lunges at him as he clubs her with the stick. But she just lunges again.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (waving stick at Happy)
 She must be rabid. Get the dogs
 back to the car!

Karen starts walking and Pumpkin follows, but Dozer and Blacky stay put.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (to dogs)
 Go Blacky!

Blacky winces and moves a few steps toward Karen. Dozer doesn't budge. Happy goes after Blacky again. Blacky scoots out of the line of fire as Mike hits Happy again with the stick.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (to Dozer)
 Dozer! Go!

KAREN
 Dozer! Come!

Dozer slowly starts jogging toward Karen. Blacky follows and Happy goes after Blacky again -- causing Blacky to run faster to Karen, who is sprinting now.

Mike takes off after them all, waving the stick at Happy and trying to get her off of Blacky.

EXT. DIRT PARKING LOT - DAY

Karen arrives at their pickup and lowers the tailgate. Pumpkin and Blacky jump right in.

KAREN
 Come on, Dozer!

We see Dozer in the distance, working with Mike and his big stick as they are still keeping Happy in check. Happy is snarling and frothing at the mouth as she growls and lunges at Mike and Dozer.

Karen gets in the truck, starts the engine.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 (out the window)
 Come on! Get in!

Mike and Dozer jump in the back of the pickup, Happy on their heels.

Mike closes the tailgate, but even then Happy jumps up, paws on the bumper, trying to get to them -- snarling and attacking.

MIKE
(to Karen)
Let's go!

Karen backs up -- Happy keeps attacking. She stops abruptly.

KAREN
I don't want to run her over...

MIKE
To hell with her, she's crazy. Move over.

Karen moves over as Mike climbs from the bed of the pickup in through the driver's window -- Happy at his butt, snarling and jumping up all the way.

INTER CUT -- inside and outside the truck.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Damn dog.

KAREN
Don't hurt her!

Mike peels out and sprints to the other side of the parking lot -- turns around to see Happy charging at them.

MIKE
She's a freakin' crazy dog.

Happy is between him and the exit, so he drives toward the dog -- she is coming right at him -- and he runs right over her.

HAPPY YELPS

KAREN
No!

The truck runs right over Happy and she rolls a few times from the impact after the truck is gone. The truck stops as Karen and Mike look back to see... and Happy just lays there.

KAREN (CONT'D)
So sad.

But Happy stands, snarling and charges the truck again.

MIKE

That Happy is one tough bitch.

He puts it in reverse and runs right over her again.

KAREN

Oh no!

They watch out the front windshield as Happy rolls a few more times, and just lays there.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh my God. This is horrible.

The dog is severely damaged. But she stands YET AGAIN.

KAREN (CONT'D)

She's only got three legs...

CLOSE ON the fourth leg -- torn away -- but the paw still working, pulling its bloody, furry little self in circles.

ON HAPPY -- standing on three legs, snarling, dripping blood from her foamy mouth, limping slowly towards the truck, attacking again.

MIKE

Fuck that dog.

Mike guns it and runs over Happy.

SFX: BUMP

The truck peels out of the parking lot.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

They drive off quickly.

MIKE

(watching his review
mirror)

Shit.

KAREN

Should we tell the Conleys?

MIKE

What? That their dog attacked us
and we had to run over it ten times
to finally stop it??? Hell no.

KAREN

It was only like three times, but still, they came over and warned us...

MIKE

That was about the wild dogs. Not their damned dog.

Light bulbs are going off with them as they put together what Brad said and what they just saw. They look at each other.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This is weird.

KAREN

Really weird.

MIKE

Not saying anything.

KAREN

Me either.

EXT. STONE HOME - EVENING

Karen is walking out of the laundry room with a basket of clothes when she notices something on the floor.

CLOSE ON BLOODY DOG PRINTS

ON KAREN as she puts the laundry basket on the counter and follows the bloody footprints to the dining room where the dogs are all laying around. They lead to Blacky.

KAREN

(loud)

Mike! Blacky's been bit.

Karen starts inspecting Blacky's paws and fur. But she's so shaggy, it's hard to see anything.

Mike enters.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's her leg. It's not bad. I'll put some Neosporin on it.

MIKE

I'll clean up the blood.

KAREN
(petting Blacky)
Poor baby.

EXT. STONE HOME - STAIRS - NIGHT

Karen comes walking down the stairs in her nightgown, brushing her teeth. Pumkin and Dozer meet her at the base of the stairs, rubbing on her legs, trying to get her to scratch them as she walks to the kitchen. She looks around, takes the toothbrush out of her mouth.

KAREN
Blacky?

She continues brushing her teeth as she walks to the door that goes from the kitchen to the garage. The garage is dark, so she flips the light switch.

CLOSE ON BLACKY'S HEAD -- mouth open, blood and drool coming out her mouth as her large, floppy tongue lays there, flies buzzing around it.

KAREN GASPS -- chokes on her mouth full of toothpaste. Her toothbrush slides across the garage floor as she coughs and chokes. After her coughing fit dies down...

KAREN (CONT'D)
Mike!!!

Mike meets her at the door to the garage as she comes out, holding the counter for support.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(crying)
It's Blacky. She's dead!

IN THE GARAGE

Mike goes in, sees for himself. He squats down next to her. Flies buzz around. There's a pool of bile around parts of her. He pats the dog on the head.

MIKE
Sorry girl.

INT. STONE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mike walks in. Karen takes a drink of water and spit it in the sink to rinse the toothpaste out of her mouth.

KAREN

What the hell? It was just a little cut.

MIKE

I guess there's something going around.

KAREN

Like distemper?

MIKE

I don't know. West Nile virus maybe. Who knows. We need to keep the dogs in.

KAREN

We should tell somebody.

MIKE

Yeah. Definitely.

KAREN

I'll call the vet tomorrow. Maybe there's a shot.

Mike nods "okay".

MIKE

We still have those big, heavy duty leaf bags?

KAREN

For Blacky?

Mike nods yes.

KAREN (CONT'D)

In the pantry.

Mike exits to get one.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Watch the floor please... that gross fluid is everywhere.

EXT. STONE BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Mike drags the big, giant trash bag with the big, giant dog in it out the back door.

MIKE

Phew! You've gained some weight
Blacky.

EXT. STONE BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Mike gathers up the mouth of the bag and ties it tightly.

MIKE

Sorry it came to this. You were a
good dog.

He finishes and goes back into the house.

EXT. STONE BACK YARD - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

We see the chain link fence that borders the yard. The bedroom light goes out and the house is dark except for the back porch light. We notice the big, black garbage bag on the porch.

CLOSE ON THE BAG -- as it moves slightly. And we hear a SNARL. It's the ZOMBIE DOG SNARL.

The bag moves again -- and more. Blacky is clawing her way out. Soon a paw/claw appears -- She's growling and snarling as she fights the heavy duty bag.

Soon she's clear of it all and walks slowly away, mouth drooling, toward the back fence. She gets to the closed gate - hesitates for a second, then leaps up, onto the fence and over it.

Through the fence we watch as she trots off into the dark woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A WOLF HOWLS in the distance -- and we see in the moonlight the silhouette of a dog walking slowly. As it comes in to our view, it sits and tilts it's head back in a howling position - - and SNARLS IN A GRAVELY-GROWL like the other zombie dogs.

The wolf HOWLS again in the distance -- the silhouette dog gravel-snarls in response and the moonlight catches its face. We see that it is BLACKY -- with parts of the jawbone showing through rotten flesh and fur.

Blacky snarls/growls again, and other zombie dogs around her start to snarl/growl also -- we realize there are many more dogs here -- fifteen or so.

And they're all breathing heavily, slowly, and growling and snarling through their coarse zombie dog voices at the howling wolf.

EXT. STONE HOME - BACK PATIO - DAY

Mike walks out, dressed for work in his A/C & Heating shirt. He walks to the bag and immediately sees that it's torn open. He kicks it to make sure it's empty.

MIKE
(into house)
Karen! Blacky's alive!

Mike starts looking around the back yard.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(loud)
Blacky!

Karen comes running out the back door -- dressed for work but her hair in curlers.

KAREN
What???

MIKE
The bag's empty -- the bag I put
her in. She tore through it.

KAREN
(looking around)
Oh my God, she's alive.
(calling toward woods)
Blacky! Blacky! Come here girl!

Karen walks toward the back fence, opens the gate.

KAREN (CONT'D)
We've got to go find her - she's
hurt and sick.

Mike doesn't answer, just looks around.

KAREN (CONT'D)
We need to go...

MIKE
You gonna put shoes on?

Karen looks down at her bare feet.

KAREN

Oh yeah.

They head into the house.

MIKE

I want to take Dozer. Just in case
we run into big dogs.

INT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

TITLE: Later that afternoon

Dr. ANTHONY KONCZAL, PhD, (lab coat) stands in front of a map of the area with cocentric circles showing infection zones. His audience is HARLEY DAVID, CEO of Manatee and other EXECUTIVES, all sitting at the table.

DR. KONCZAL

(with laser pointer)

As you can see, we're seeing
infections -- originating from our
location -- spreading outward
logarithmically.

PRESIDENT DAVID

Why is that?

DR. KONCZAL

Lots and lots of dogs. Some
estimates put the number at about a
hundred million dogs in America.
Our area, has more than it's share -
- mostly because it's rural and
people have lots of land -- and
dog's are useful around farms and
ranches.

VICE PRESIDENT SMITH

Yeah, we were losing chickens left
and right to the raccoons until we
got Barney.

DR. KONCZAL

Exactly. I have three. Of course,
mine couldn't take on a cat, much
less a raccoon.

VICE PRESIDENT SMITH

(snickers)

You need to get a real dog.

Dr. Konczal just rolls his eyes.

PRESIDENT DAVID

Okay, boys, put it back in your pants and let's get to the point.

(to Dr. Konczal)

You said these dogs won't last long???

DR. KONCZAL

That's right. I don't see it spreading too far -- this virus makes them weak and sick within hours, death should come in twelve to sixteen hours. I would say three days is the longest any one could last. It's like the Ebola virus in humans.

VICE PRESIDENT MARCUS

Sure seems like it's spreading faster than they're dying...

Dr. Konczal clicks his laser pointer and the slide on the wall changes to a graph with a curve over seven days.

DR. KONCZAL

At first it will appear that way as the sick dogs make contact with well dogs.

He points to the left edge of the chart at the bottom where it says "Day 1".

DR. KONCZAL (CONT'D)

This is today. You can see the infection numbers rise steeply the first two days, but as more and more dogs die, they infect fewer dogs, so the rate drops off as steeply as it begins...

He points to the peak in the curve which tapers steeply down at "Day 3".

DR. KONCZAL (CONT'D)

And, as you can see...

(he sweeps to the right of the chart)

The infections drop to almost nothing in five days.

PRESIDENT DAVID

So it will all be over with in five days.

DR. KONCZAL
Give or take. I actually predict
much sooner because this virus
makes the dogs very weak.

PRESIDENT DAVID
I hope you're right.

Off the President's skepticism, we...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Karen and Mike follow Dozer, sniffing a trail through sparse
woods -- there as many open spaces as the are groups of
trees. Not scary, but a lot of places to hide in the groups
of trees.

DOZER GROWLS

Mike and Karen stop, look around. Dozer goes back to sniffing
the ground, walks faster toward some trees.

DOZER GROWLS again.

MIKE
What is it boy?

KAREN
(pointing)
Look! It's Blacky.

Sure enough, off in the distance, near a group of trees,
Blacky stands there, looking at them. Karen starts trotting
toward her. Blacky lets out a FRIENDLY WOOF!

ON BLACKY just staring as they approach. No tail wagging.

Karen approaches Blacky.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(reaching out to pet her)
Blacky...

Just before she get to the dog.

MIKE
Karen! Look out!

She freezes as FOUR ZOMBIE DOGS RUN OUT from the trees --
Dozer grabs one by the neck just before it bites Karen. Dozer
flings it about ten feet before grabbing another dog by the
neck.

Karen has taken the opportunity to run back to Mike. They both start backing up.

Mike looks around quickly -- sees four or five other zombie dogs coming from different directions.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Look!

She sees the other dogs closing in on them. Mike grabs her by the hand.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Come on!

He lets go of Karen's hand so they can run faster. Dozer continues to kill zombie dogs, but there are many more, running past him at Mike and Karen.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(looking back)
Shit! Quick, this way.

Mike cuts toward a large tree with low branches. Karen stops beside him. He gets behind her, puts his hands on her waist.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Go!

He lifts her and she grabs the lowest branch which is about six feet off the ground. He helps her as she struggles to get on top of the branch.

He looks back to see the zombie pack almost on him. He leaps up and pulls himself up just as they come snarling at his feet. As he flips himself up, his cellphone falls out of his pocket. One of the dogs grabs it and we hear it CRUNCH in its jaws.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Shit. My phone.

The dogs jump up on the tree, pawing at its trunk, snarling and growling, trying to get to Mike and Karen who climb about half way to the top just to be sure.

ON DOZER -- who has about a dozen dead zombie dogs laying around him and is in a standoff with another two.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Dozer!! Dozer!

Dozer looks toward the voice and heads that way -- the other dog taking that moment to attack. Dozer dispatches him as well with a grab and snap of the neck.

ON MIKE and KAREN

KAREN
(pointing at Dozer)
There he is!

They see Dozer jogging towards them, occasionally stopping to fight off an attacking zombie dog. Dozer gets to the base of the tree to find it encircled by a dozen zombie dogs that growl and threaten him.

MIKE
No! Dozer! Go home! Go home boy!

Dozer looks up at Mike, confused.

KAREN
(to Dozer)
Go home, Dozer! GO HOME!

Dozer starts to back away... toward home. The other dogs continue to growl and snarl.

MIKE
GO HOME!

Dozer picks up the pace. A zombie dogs comes up from behind, but Dozer whips around again, taking the dog by the neck and shaking it violently, then releasing it to flop, lifeless, to the ground.

KAREN
Go, Dozer, go!

MIKE
Go HOME!

Dozer continues and soon they can't see him

KAREN
Thank God he listens to us.
(then)
What are we going to do???

MIKE
We'll figure something out.

KAREN
Wish you had your cell phone.

MIKE
Me too. Me too.

SNARLS/GROWLS from zombie dogs,

MIKE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Don't talk.

Karen nods agreement.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY - LATER

Establishing shot to show time has passed.

AT THE BASE OF A TREE there are only about four zombie dogs -- but they stand, staring at the tree as though it were the prey. Every few seconds one of them growl/snarls under its breath.

ON MIKE and KAREN -- who have gotten more comfortable, spread out on large branches, leaning back.

KAREN
(whisper)
Pssst.

Mike looks over at her. She points to her wrist to indicate "What time is it?"

MIKE
(whisper)
A little after one.

She points to her mouth -- she's hungry.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Me too.

KAREN
(whisper)
We should have had breakfast first.

Mike rolls his eyes.

MIKE
(whispered)
I wanted to, remember -- you were in a hurry.

She rolls her eyes back at him, shrugs.

KAREN
(whisper)
Another one is leaving.

LOOKING DOWN -- we see that one of the zombie dogs is slowly walking away. Three remain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPT. LOBBY - DAY

A Deputy walks out the front door. It's one of those automatic ones that stays open for a few seconds.

In this few seconds, FIFTEEN DOGS RUN IN toward the information desk, where BILLY, an older, white information officer sits.

BILLY
What the hell is this, "Bring your dog to work day"???

He stands.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(to dogs)
Out! Out! Y'all get out!

A DEPUTY (SMITTY) approaches the dogs... hands out to stop them.

SMITTY
Whoa! Whoa!

The DOGS ATTACK HIM. BILLY sees this...

BILLY
Shit Moses!

Billy runs down the back hall.

BACK HALL OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Billy jogs past a DEPUTY WITH A GERMAN SHEPHERD POLICE DOG

K9 OFFICER
Hey, Billy, what's wrong?

BILLY

There's about a million dogs in the front -- they're attackin' everybody. They got Smitty!

He frowns.

K9 OFFICER

Here.

(hands the dog's leash)

Hold Jackson. I'll take care of it.

K9 Officer walks off, hand on his gun.

BILLY

(to dog)

Come on, Jackson. You and me gonna find a nice safe cell in the back.

IN THE LOBBY

The K9 Officer turns the corner into the lobby to see total chaos of dogs and deputies.

The front door is jammed open with a DEAD DEPUTY.

A Deputy in the corner is shooting dogs with his pistol as fast as they can come at him. BAM! BAM! BAM!

The K9 Officer pulls his pistol, starts shooting too.

EXT. RURAL DOWNTOWN - DAY

There are people everywhere being attacked by dogs.

A car swerves to miss a dog and hits a parked car -- the owners get out screaming at each other and both are attacked by zombie dogs.

A WINDOW SHATTERS and we see that a dog jumping out of the broken window of a jewelry store.

Another car screeches to a stop and is rear-ended by a truck, steam pouring out of its hood.

Those drivers get out and are instantly attacked.

CLOSE ON: The legs (knee down) of a BLIND MAN -- walking down the sidewalk with a red-tipped white cane and a GUIDE DOG. As the legs and the Guide Dog pass a person being eaten -- the Guide Dog bites at his owner's leg.

BLIND MAN
Owe! Stop it, Gracie!

He WHACKS the guide dog on the head and it stops, goes back to walking with him. They keep walking.

BLIND MAN (CONT'D)
What the hell has gotten into you
Gracie!?

The pair walk a little further, passes another zombie dog chewing on a leg (no body attached). The Guide Dog bites at the owner again.

BLIND MAN (CONT'D)
(whacking dog again)
Damnit, Gracie! I said stop it.

Gracie stops. They continue walking. They pass a person crawling, bloody, reaching out with a bloody hand.

CRAWLING PERSON
(weak, dying)
Help me...

His Guide Dog bites the man's hand.

CRAWLING PERSON (CONT'D)
Ah!

The Blind Man whacks the dog again, and keeps walking.

BLIND MAN
(to crawling person)
Sorry, you'll just spend it on
alcohol or drugs.

Another dog attacks the crawling person, who screams.

BLIND MAN (CONT'D)
(to dog)
This town has gone to the dogs.

CLOSE ON: A sign -- it says "Smith-Johnson Labs, Makers of fine scents and dermatologic wonders."

We hear shouting and yelling -- of more protestors. We are:

EXT. SMITH JOHNSON LABS - DAY

It's a scene much like the earlier one at Manatee -- but this is a smaller, nondescript building. Lots of protest signs that says PETD and "Dogs are People 2".

LES, the lead protestor, is yelling at a SECURITY GUARD, who is standing in front of an EXECUTIVE IN A SUIT.

LES
(screaming)
You're the problem, man! You're the one who thinks these animals are your property! These animals belong to the Earth! They belong to God -- your God, you asshole!

The crowd CHEERS with calls of "YEAH!" And "Damn right!"

SECURITY GUARD
(pushing Les backward)
You need to step back, this is private property.

LES
(totally in the guards face)
Fuck you, Pig!

CROWD MEMBER
Look!

Les -- and many others -- turn to look -- and they see

IN THE FIELD next door -- a huge pack of dogs of all sizes, shapes and colors is running toward the protestors.

CROWD MEMBERS
Yeaaah!!! Wooo hoo!

Everyone in the crowd turns to the dogs running toward them -- opening their arms and calling them.

PROTESTOR SHEILA
Here puppies! Come on!

EXECUTIVE IN SUIT
(re: dogs)
What the hell?

SECURITY GUARD
(moving the executive back)
You need to get back in the building, these people are nuts.

The executive rolls his eyes, turns and walks back toward the building as the Guard watches their back, looking on as the BIG PACK OF DOGS is now about to meet the group of protestors.

ON THE DOGS -- as they leap into the arms of the protestors -- and begin

SNARLING, GROWLING, SNAPPING and ATTACKING all the protestors... who begin

SCREAMING, YELLING, RUNNING, and FIGHTING

Protestor Sheila lays on the ground, screaming, a bloody mess as she is devoured.

PROTESTOR SHEILA
(to boy protestor)
Help me! Ahhhh! Help!

A BOY PROTESTOR whacks at the dog with his protest sign but it does no good. Another dog jumps on his back and he SCREAMS and runs away.

INT. JOHNSON-SMITH LOBBY - DAY

The Security Guard locks the big glass front doors just as people slam up against it -- banging on the glass windows trying to get in. The Guard, Executive and other employees watch as the protestors are being methodically taken down by dogs.

The dogs are making short work of all of them. Their hands are leaving bloody smears on the window.

PROTESTOR BOB
(beating on glass door)
No! Let me in!! Let me in!

The Protestors shakes the doors violently and the Security Guard holds the double door handles, helping to support the bolts.

EXECUTIVE IN SUIT
Jesus Christ.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

An inmate (MARCUS, 30s, tall, African American, close to 300 pounds) sits reading "Harry Potter: The Goblet of Fire". He puts his books down listening to the screaming and gun shots.

Billy appears with Jackson, the German Shepherd and a big ring of keys.

MARCUS
What the hell is...

BILLY
Shutup and move over!

Marcus slides over to the end of the bed as Billy nervously, hurriedly unlocks the cell door. He quickly closes it behind him and just as it clicks locked behind him, a DOZEN ZOMBIE DOGS come running down the hall, SNARLING, SNAPPING, GROWLING at Billy, Marcus and Jackson the K9.

MARCUS
What the hell!?

Marcus stands, presses against the back wall.

Jackson is going nuts, barking nonstop, RUFF! RUFF! RUFF!
RUFF! RUFF!

Billy is holding Jackson back by his leash, away from the gnashing teeth of the zombie dogs who are sticking their heads in between the bars to snap at the captive trio.

Marcus stands up on the bed to get further away from the zombie dogs' snapping jaws.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - LATER

A wider shot of the trees -- the shadows are longer and the light is lower.

At the base of the tree -- there are no zombie dogs now. Mike and Karen appear at the lowest branch. Mike lowers himself a little below that to survey the underbrush around the tree.

KAREN
Anything?

MIKE
(quiet)
Don't think so. You stay here.

He slowly lowers himself to the ground -- prepared to pull himself back up if needed.

ON KAREN -- holding her breath.

Mike gets to the ground and squats -- staying low and looking around low -- so he can spot anything.

He looks up at Karen, waves her down as he stands to help her.

They're both slowly, quietly tip-toeing away from the tree.

WIDE SHOT

As soon as they're in an open area they start jogging back toward civilization. They avoid the groups of trees so they don't pass any obvious places where they could be ambushed. They come up to a really thick grove of trees...

MIKE (CONT'D)
(slowing, pointing)
Psss.

There is a dog laying in the grass at the base of a tree. They can't tell if it's dead or alive. Mike waves at her to follow him as he gives the dog a wide berth.

EXT. TREE-LINED ROAD - AFTERNOON

Mike and Karen come out of a thin line of trees, into the ditch and up onto the shoulder of the road.

MIKE
Oh shit.

They look around. There is a wrecked car about every hundred yards. There's a dog walking in the distance -- slowly, like a zombie.

They start walking toward one of the wrecked cars.

ON THE CAR DOOR -- as Mike opens it and a DOG LEAPS at the snarling and growling -- Karen screams.

As Mike slams the door shut we catch a glimpse of the owner, slumped over into the passenger seat, bloody and torn.

They keep walking, keeping an eye on the dogs further down the road.

ON ANOTHER CAR -- a nondescript silver Japanese sedan. Mike peers into the back seat, then the front seat.

MIKE (CONT'D)
It's empty.

He opens the door. There's some blood on the windshield, but no sign of the owner -- or a dog. Mike gets in.

Karen watches cautiously, looks around -- waiting to be attacked.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Get in, keys are in it.

He starts the car and Karen gets in.

EXT. TREE-LINED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

They drive off.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mike drives slowly to maneuver around the stopped and wrecked cars. They pass a pickup truck with the door open and headless driver hanging out -- a dog chewing on the severed neck. Karen turns away, disgusted.

MIKE
(re: headless corpse)
What the fuuuuuu...

KAREN
I don't know. This is bad.

A SNARL / GROWL comes from the back seat and a zombie dog jumps into the front seat --

KAREN SCREAMS

But it's only a Chihuahua and Mike easily backhands it into Karen's window... where it stays, crumpled and caught on something.

Mike lowers her window from his side and Karen flips it out onto the street.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(breathing heavily)
Shit!

MIKE
I always hated those little fuckers.

Karen hastily rolls her window back up as they drive on.

KAREN
(trying to compose herself)
Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.
What is going on with these dogs???

INT. MANATEE PHARMACEUTICAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dr. Konczal, and three other men in lab coats STAND near the big table; sitting at the table are President David and Vice President Smith and CARTWRIGHT, the Chief Legal Counsel.

PRESIDENT DAVID

Dr. Konczal, I'm getting
conflicting reports on our little
epidemic...

Dr. Konczal starts to speak but is interrupted.

CARTWRIGHT

We got a call from a news reporter
at channel six today. Someone here
has leaked the story to them.
They're calling it the "zombie dog"
story.

A few snickers from the executives.

PRESIDENT DAVID

You denied it, right?

CARTWRIGHT

The call was sent to marketing, but
they have no clue about anything.
The station is waiting for a
statement.
(smile)
Let'em wait.

President David snickers.

PRESIDENT DAVID

(condescending)
Marketing?

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, I know, right.

DR. KONCZAL

(clears throat)
May I speak?

They all turn to him.

DR. KONCZAL (CONT'D)

We're required to enter this in the
clinical trial notes as an adverse
event.

PRESIDENT DAVID
And what clinical trial would that
be?

DR. KONCZAL
Well, the Spiroplasma A-1402...

President David is shaking his head "no" - and looking
confused.

PRESIDENT DAVID
(unctuous tone)
We don't have a clinical trial for
that protocol...

DR. KONCZAL
Well, we do, it's the one that the
protestors...

He sees Cartwright looking at him stoically.

CARTWRIGHT
I checked the records. I couldn't
find anything. And all trials have
to go through legal review to get
approved -- so I'd know about it.

Dr. Konczal's jaw is open... he's not sure how to respond.

PRESIDENT DAVID
There's no such trial. Never was.

An awkward beat passes as they all stare at Dr. Konczal.

DR. KONCZAL
I see.

Another awkward beat.

PRESIDENT DAVID
(to Dr. Konczal)
You're attending the company
retreat this year, right Tony?

DR. KONCZAL
I... ah...

PRESIDENT DAVID
It's in Maui this year. The big
island was getting a little
crowded.

VICE PRESIDENT MARCUS
(Cheshire grin)
It's gonna be great!

On Dr. Konczal's look of how fucked his is...

EXT. SMALL TOWN STRET - DAY

Their silver sedan turns onto the main drag of a small, rural town. It's a mess.

Mike drives slow -- as much to look as to avoid hitting anything.

Zombie dogs are fighting with each other over dead bodies. Other single dogs feast on single bodies.

MIKE
Holy shit.

KAREN
There's got to be something on the radio.

Karen turns the radio on, only to hear STATIC. She pushes all the buttons -- nothing but more static.

KAREN (CONT'D)
This can't be happening.

MIKE
Oh, man. So many dead dogs.

CLOSE ON: A dead dog. Flies buzz around its bloody face. SUDDENLY its eyes open, it sits up.

KAREN
Oh man. That dog just got up... like....

MIKE
A zombie dog...

Karen nods yes.

KAREN
Look at that one.

A DOG STAGGERS SLOWLY -- bloody and zombie looking. After a beat, it keels over. Dead.

MIKE
Is it dead?

KAREN
I have no idea.

MIKE
I know that dog. It's Mike's from
the gas station.

KAREN
Chucky?

MIKE
Yeah. He was a good dog.

Karen nods solemnly. They drive on, slowly.

EXT. PET AND FEED STORE - DAY

As Mike and Karen drive by.

The windows are broken and zombie dogs are feeding on the
bags of dog food stacked in neat piles against the windows.

There are scatterings of white fur and colorful feathers from
various other animals that were for sale -- parrots and
Guinea pigs and such.

The bloody front half of a white rabbit sits under a sign
that says "Rabbits - Half Off!"

After a beat, a zombie dog grabs the half rabbit.

Mike and Karen wince.

KAREN
Let's go by Brad and Mary's -- see
if they're okay.

Mike nods, puts his signal light on and turns.

EXT. FIRE STATION - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

Mike and Karen drive by. The big garage doors are open and
you can see bodies on the ground.

INSIDE MIKE'S TRUCK

KAREN
That looks really bad.

MIKE
Oh man.

KAREN
Let's hurry.

Mike gives it some gas.

INT. FIRE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A DALMATIAN -- it's beautiful white coat with black spots smeared in blood -- walks past SEVERAL DEAD FIREFIGHTERS -- all with one or two zombie dogs eating on them.

The Dalmatian stops to eat on one of the firefighter's faces.

INT. JAIL CELL - LATER

All the zombie dogs are still there -- surrounding the jail cell -- growling and snarling, but not snapping as much.

Marcus is sitting on the bed again, holding his Harry Potter book.

Billy is sitting, still holding Jackson back. Jackson just growls quietly -- it's a standoff.

Suddenly, Billy pulls his gun, points it at Marcus.

MARCUS
What!?

BILLY
Don't try anything!

MARCUS
(scared)
Like what???

BILLY
I don't know. I just realized I'm locked in a cell with a criminal.
(thinks)
What are you in for?

Marcus rolls his eyes.

MARCUS
(realizing the irony)
Animal cruelty.

Billy frowns, puts his pistol away.

BILLY
What'd you do?

MARCUS

I spanked my dog for peeing on the carpet.

BILLY

That's it???

MARCUS

It was in the front yard and the neighbor kid put it on the internet. It went viral. The P.E.T.D. people found a judge to charge me...

BILLY

Freakin' communists. What is it with this town and those PETD protestors. Why can't they pick on somebody else???

Marcus just shakes his head -- he has no idea.

EXT. CONLEY HOUSE - LATER

It's a long, gravel driveway (on five acres). The driveway next to the house is cement. Brad's truck is in the driveway.

The silver sedan pulls into the driveway and we see a lot of zombie dogs patrolling around the house -- walking slowly in circles -- growling, snarling.

MIKE

Looks like they're home.

Mike HONKS the horn twice. The zombie dogs turn and look toward them. A window on the second floor opens, Brad steps out with an AR-15 and waves. Mike turns the sedan so his window faces the house, rolls his window down.

BRAD

Hey guys, you okay?

MIKE

So far, so good -- Mary and kids?

BRAD

We're all good. We're loading up the car -- heading out.

MIKE

Any idea what's going on? Any news?

Brad shakes his head no.

BRAD

No cable, no internet, no radio --
no nothin'.

MIKE

Cell phone?

BRAD

We got two bars on both our phones,
but can't get a call in or out.

KAREN

Damnit.

MIKE

Where you guys going?

BRAD

I guess where's gonna head to
Mary's folks over in Tarpley, see
if they're okay.

Brad's son, Stephen, sticks his head out the window, starts
to climb out.

STEPHEN

Who is it daddy?

Mary appears, pulls Stephen back in. Then sticks her head
out.

MARY

Hi, y'all okay???

MIKE

We're fine.

Mary waves.

MARY

We need to get going, Brad.

BRAD

(to Mary)

Okay.

(to Mike)

Where are y'all headed?

MIKE

We hadn't even thought about it. We
drove downtown -- it's like a war
zone down there.

BRAD
That where you got the car?

MIKE
Naw, we were walking behind the
house -- looking for our black dog -
- got treed by these... zombie
dogs.

Brad lifts his rifle and shoots one of the zombie dogs.

BRAD
Bitch, ain't they?

Mike nods.

MIKE
Shouldn't you save ammo -- might
need it later.

BRAD
I got plenty.

He shoots another dog.

MIKE
Mind if me and Karen tag along with
y'all to Tarpley?

BRAD
Sure, we're leaving in about ten
minutes.

MIKE
Sounds good. We're gonna go to our
house, get our other dog. Meet at
the truck stop?

BRAD
Sounds good.

Mike waves, rolls his window up as Brad waves, then shoots
another dog. Mike and Karen drive away to the sound of Brad
shooting dog after dog after dog.

INT. CAR - DRIVING

Karen and Mike pull out of Brad's driveway.

KAREN
What are we going to do???

Mike shakes his head, he's not sure.

MIKE

Get Pumkin and get the hell outta here. It can't be like this everywhere.

KAREN

Why isn't the cable working -- or the phones?

MIKE

Could just be their house. We don't know.

Karen nods, this could be true.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't see any more wrecked cars...

They come around a curve.

KAREN

There's one.

They drive past it -- there are several zombie dogs around the car with open doors.

ON THE CAR -- two dogs devour the remains of the driver.

BACK IN THE CAR

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm really scared, Mike.

MIKE

You get Pumkin, I'll get the shotgun out of the bedroom and we'll be outta here in ten minutes.

Karen nods okay.

They turn into their driveway.

KAREN

Dozer! He's on my Jeep!

EXT. EXPANSIVE FANCY HOUSE - DAY

New. Huge. Expensive. Perfect lawn. No neighbors.

The garage door opens. A pretty, new Mercedes sedan backs slowly out and stops.

Manatee Pharmaceutical president David (wearing a fine business suit) gets out and walks into the garage, drags a large trash receptacle out and sets it at the edge of the driveway.

He goes back to the car and a little YORKSHIRE TERRIER appears from around the corner of the garage.

It gives out a cute little, high-pitched Yorkie BARK to get his attention.

PRESIDENT DAVID
(walking toward Yorkie /
corner)
Muffin... what are you doing out?

YORKIE BARKS again

The Yorkie just stands there at the corner of the garage. As David bends down to pick up the dog, FOUR ZOMBIE WOLVES come around the corner and take him down. He's quickly overwhelmed and torn to pieces.

David SCREAMS IN PAIN and CALLS OUT FOR HELP as *Muffin* just stands there watching.

CLOSE ON: Muffin the Yorkie -- with blood dripping from her mouth and disheveled hair -- we can see she's definitely a zombie Yorkie.

PRESIDENT DAVID (CONT'D)
(final words)
God damnit, Konczal!

Muffin just walks away.

EXT. STONE HOME FRONT YARD - DAY

The house has a chain link fence around it. Just outside the fence is their Jeep, with Dozer standing on the roof, surrounded by a pack of zombie dogs, two of which are on the hood, snarling at him. He's got blood on him and his fur is pretty scuffed up, but he looks good considering.

One dog on the hood of the Jeep lunges at Dozer again. He grabs it by the neck, shakes it, and throws it off to the side.

The silver sedan pulls right up alongside the fence. Karen climbs out of the moon roof and is able to crawl over the fence into the yard.

Zombie dogs surround the sedan as Mike does the same thing.

MIKE
(to Dozer)
Good boy, Dozer!

ON DOZER -- looking over at Mike as dogs lunge at him from the hood of the Jeep.

Karen is at the front door, opens it as Mike moves to the gate.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Come on, Dozer!

Dozer stares at them.

KAREN
Come on, boy! You can do it!

Two dogs gather around the gate where Mike is. They snarl and growl.

Dozer jumps down onto the hood of the Jeep, knocking a dog off...

MIKE
Good boy! Come on, Dozer!

KAREN
Here Dozer! Here boy!

Dozer jumps to the ground and heads to Mike at the gate. He is attacked by two dogs -- dispatches the smaller, slower animals easily.

As he approaches the gate, Mike opens it and Dozer darts through. Mike slams the gate on a zombie dog's head -- causing it to CRUNCH! Mike leaves it.

Dozer darts into the front door. Mike is right behind him.

INT. STONE HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Karen slams the door as soon as Mike is in. Karen immediately begins petting and praising Dozer.

KAREN
(to Dozer)
Such a good boy! So good to see you!

Pumkin comes running in, excited to see Dozer, licking him and the Conleys as they pet her.

MIKE
Get some food, water... for them
and us. I'll get the shotgun, some
flashlights.

KAREN
Okay.

Karen is already moving toward the kitchen. Mike runs up the stairs.

MIKE
(from stairs)
Might want to bring a change of
clothes.

KAREN (O.S.)
Okay!

The front door pops open -- and Pumkin runs out.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Pumkin! No!

The zombie dogs that were at the front door take off after Pumkin instead of coming inside.

MIKE
That damn door never closes easy!

OUTSIDE -- Pumkin runs through the front gate -- Zombie dogs in chase.

Karen runs for the door and is suddenly jerked back -- it's Mike. He slams the door, leans up against it.

MIKE (CONT'D)
No. Let her go. There's nothing we
can do.

Karen knows he is right.

KAREN
(almost crying)
Oh, poor Pumkin. My poor baby.

She goes to the window.

POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

The gate is open and there is no Pumkin in sight.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I don't see her.

BACK INSIDE

MIKE
I'm sure she can outrun all those
dogs... they're not fast.

Karen looks worried. She hopes this is true.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Brad's truck drives into view -- there are a few wrecked cars
and lots of dogs running around. He drives slowly around
them, careful not to hit them.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

BRAD
Don't know why I'm going slow.

Brad speeds up -- swerves to run over a zombie dog. We hear a
definitive CRUNCH.

ON BRAD -- he smiles, satisfied at the revenge for Happy.

Brad swerves again to hit another zombie dog -- this time
Karen smirks.

He does it again. CRUNCH

BRAD (CONT'D)
Bam!

CRUNCH another dog.

KATIE
(from back seat)
Got'em dad!

CRUNCH!

MARY
(smiling)
This is gross.

BRAD
Aw, it's fun. Admit it!

CRUNCH, he hits another dog. He slows suddenly. Everyone looks out to see

TWO 18-WHEELERS JACK-KNIFED across the road -- one is on its side.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Damn...

MARY

Watch your language, honey.

He slows to a stop, backs up to the shoulder to see if there's a way around.

KAREN

I don't think there's a way around.

He backs up a little and goes to the other shoulder.

BRAD

No go.

He backs up and goes the other way.

BRAD (CONT'D)

We'll have to take the south access road.

(to kids)

We're gonna take out some zombie dogs!

KIDS

Yaaay!

Karen tries to smile. It's hard.

INT. STONE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mike opens the closet and throws clothes aside, pull out his shotgun. He finds a box of shells on the top shelf. He loads the shotgun, racking the pump to arm it.

He walks to the window, looks into the front yard.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

-- he sees dogs in the yard.

Karen enters. She comes to the window...

OUTSIDE --

Zombie dogs are coming through the front gate, surrounding the house -- just like at Brad's house.

They watch as a dog climbs on top of the Jeep.

MIKE

Not good.

KAREN

They're smart...

MIKE

Remember Pumkin did that when she was younger.

(then)

What?

He looks out the window to see what Karen is looking at.

KAREN

They're attacking the tires?

CLOSE ON THE SEDAN and Mike's pickup.

There are one or two dogs at each tire of each vehicle -- all gnawing at the tires.

MIKE

There's no way they can puncture those tires. Too tough. They'll lose all their teeth.

KAREN

You sure?

MIKE

(cocky)

Pffff. Yeah.

Karen shrugs. She believes him.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

We see Brad's truck come into an area with a train track parallel to the road and soon they come to a part with a stopped train.

INT. BRAD'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Brad stops at a crossing that is blocked by the train.

BRAD
God damn it.

He speeds up.

MARY
There's another crossing.

Brad just shakes his head. Soon they get to the next crossing.

MARY (CONT'D)
Are we stuck???

Brad shakes his head no.

BRAD
No, but there is only one other road outta here.

Brad makes a U-turn.

EXT. ROAD AT GAS STATION - DAY

Brad's truck gets close and slows because there are several cars parked and/or wrecked, blocking the road.

He pulls into the parking lot, where cars are scattered all over. Most of the car/pickup truck doors are open and zombie dogs are everywhere, eating what's left of people.

ON A GAS PUMP -- the car still has the gas hose in it as three zombie dogs eat the remains of the car's owner.

INT. BRAD'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

BRAD
I've got to move that car out of the way.

MARY
(insistent)
You can't get out of the truck, Bradley.

Brad looks around.

MARY (CONT'D)
There's too many of those dogs.

STEPHEN
Zombie dogs, mom.

MARY
I know, honey.

KATIE
Gross.

Brad pulls the truck up to a car at the pump, puts his bumper against it and tries to push it.

We hear METAL CRUNCHING as the bumper meets the car's fender. The car is moving a little, it slides some more, then just stops.

MARY
It's wheels are hitting the curb.

Brad backs the truck up, puts it in park.

MARY (CONT'D)
You are not getting out.

BRAD
All I have to do is start that car, drive it out of the way, and we're outta here.

MARY
Bradley Conley, that is the worst idea in the history of the planet! There are dogs all over the place here!!!

He lifts his AR-15 up off the floor.

BRAD
I don't know. Doesn't look like that many to me.

Brad rolls his window down.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(to kids in backseat)
Get on the floor, put your hands over your ears.

The kids do as they're told.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Brad's a good shot. He takes out three dogs in three shots, opens his door, looks behind him -- BAM! He takes out another dog. He spins to the right -- BAM! -- another zombie dog bites the dust.

Now there are no dogs within 100 feet of him. He starts walking toward the car that blocks him.

MARY

Bradley! Get back in the truck!!!

Katie pops up from the back seat. Mary pushes her head back down.

MARY (CONT'D)

Y'all stay down!!!

BAM! Brad takes out the nearest dog just for good measure. He stops beside the car, a large dog is trotting toward him -- and BAM! He takes that one out too.

He opens the car's door and a HUGE DOG SNAPS at him from inside.

ON MARY -- she sucks in a deep breath - not wanting to scream because of the kids.

Brad slams the door shut on the dog, lifts his rifle and shoots through the window -- shattering it -- BAM! BAM! BAM!

MARY (CONT'D)

Stay down kids!

He opens the door, pulls the dog carcass out onto the pavement. He is about to step in when a HUGE DOG LEAPS from in front of the car -- and lands right on top of him.

MARY (CONT'D)

Bradley!!!

Another dog instantly appears and jumps in! Brad struggles as another dog, and another dog and another dog join in -- SNARLING and TEARING and GROWLING and SNAPPING.

Brad turns toward the truck and takes a step, throwing his rifle forward. It lands on the truck hood and bounces, settling at the base of the windshield.

MARY'S POV -- the rifle bounces to a stop in front of her as Brad disappears in front of the truck.

In seconds, there are so many dogs you can't see BRAD.

ON MARY

MARY (CONT'D)

(weeping, repeating)

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

SNORING. Billy and Marcus are both sitting on the bed, leaning back against the wall -- sound asleep.

The Zombie dogs are sitting outside the cell, occasionally snivelling.

CLOSE ON JACKSON -- who is asleep, too.

SUDDENLY his eyes POP OPEN. He stands... his mouth opens and blood drips from his teeth. He's turned zombie!

He LEAPS UP ON Billy -- SNARLING, SNAPPING, BITING his neck and face. Blood is instantly all over him.

Marcus wakes up and grabs Jackson by the neck. Marcus is so strong, Jackson can only squirm around in Marcus' powerful grasp.

Marcus just holds him.

BILLY

Kill him!

Marcus isn't sure.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Break his neck! Choke him!

MARCUS

You sure??? You won't arrest me again?

BILLY

Oh Jesus no! Just kill it!

CLOSE ON BILLY - as he cringes/winces to the SQUEAKY YELP and CRUNCH of Marcus breaking Jackson's neck.

Marcus drops the dead Jackson to the floor. Billy stops holding his breath.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I owe you.

MARCUS

No problem. I'd say let me out, but I think we're a lot safer in here...

Billy nods agreement, looks down the hall.

IN THE HALL -- it's lined with snarling zombie dogs.

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

CLOSE ON: A flat tire - on the silver sedan in the driveway.

Zooming back -- we see that all four tires are flat. And other dogs are still working on the tires of the pickup.

KAREN (V.O.)

Mike! Mike! That car we stole --
they chewed its tires flat!

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike quickly moves to the window where Karen is looking out.

MIKE

No way.

KAREN

Totally!

Mike is looking out the window.

MIKE

Shit. Well, those are wimpy tires.
They can't get through the truck
tires.

KAREN

I don't know -- they're trying
pretty hard.

MIKE

We'll see about that.

Mike runs up the stairs.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

A RUNNER -- tall, thin, lanky and fast -- (with very bright, colorful running shoes) -- comes sprinting down the road -- about ten zombie dogs at his heels.

He's coming up to the gas station where Brad died. He sees a car door open -- cuts into the parking lot heads right for the car Brad was trying to move.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Mary is sitting in her truck, crying, holding the kids, who are also sobbing -- when the Runner appears in front of them. Katie see him.

KATIE

Mom, look!

Mary looks up to see the runner go straight to the car -- jumping over Brad's remains and into the front seat of the car. He closes the door -- zombie dogs jumping up and trying to bite him through the missing window.

The Runner quickly starts the car and pulls away.

MARY

(to kids)

Get in the back!

Mary moves over to the driver's side, starts the truck as the kids dive into the back seat.

Mary peels out and follows the car the Runner took.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Runner is driving like hell -- bug-eyed and running over the occasional zombie dog.

HONK - HONK -- he looks in his rearview mirror to see Mary right behind him.

He slows down -- pulls over to the left and stops as Mary comes up beside him. He rolls the passenger window down so he can hear her.

MARY

We need help! Can you ride with us???

She points to the AR-15 resting on the windshield wipers.

MARY (CONT'D)

We have a gun!

The Runner looks around -- doesn't see any dogs.

RUNNER

Open your door!

She does and he jumps out, sprints over and grabs the AR-15 off the hood before jumping into the driver's seat of Brad's truck.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

As they drive off.

MARY

Thank you!

RUNNER

No, thank you. I'm like six miles from home and...

(offers hand)

My name's Brad by the way.

Mary is stunned.

BRAD

(off her look)

What?

She shakes it off.

MARY

My husband. His name is Brad. He... he...

Stephen pops up from the back seat, startling the Runner.

STEPHEN

He was killed by the zombie dogs at that gas station!

RUNNER

Oh, wow. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. That is weird though... me having the same name.

KATIE

(in back seat)

Freaky. This is a freaky day.

They all nod yes.

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE - ROOF - DAY

Mike is on the roof with his shotgun, pointing at the dogs chewing the tires of his pickup. He fires off a shot and they all back off... no one's hurt, but they're discouraged. After a few seconds he fires again. They back off again.

MIKE
(into open window)
Karen! We need to make a run for
the truck! They're gonna flatten
the tires!

He levels the shotgun, shoots again.

INT. STONE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

There's a CRASH from the window and the curtain billows as
the breeze blows in. Karen runs into the room.

KAREN
Mike!

The dogs are SNARLING and GROWLING -- pushing on the windows.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(louder)
Mike, get down here! They're
breaking the windows!

The dogs keep pushing and snarling.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Mike!!!!

She heads to the stairs.

ON THE STAIRS - as she goes up.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Mike!!!

INT. BEDROOM - WITH OPEN WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

She walks in from the hall.

KAREN
Mike! They're breaking in the
windows!

She goes to the open window, sticks her head out.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Mike!

ON THE ROOF

She looks out the windows -- looks left and right.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Mike?

She climbs out carefully.

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Karen walks around, looking.

KAREN

(loud)

Mike!

She sees the shotgun laying near the edge of the roof -- looks down past it -- there's a crowd of several dogs -- all gathered tightly around something.

She see's legs with a pair of boots sticking out of the crowd of dogs.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(nooooooooo)

Miiiiiiike!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is getting low as the camera picks up Brad's pickup truck.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

The Runner is driving. Mary is holding both kids in her lap.

They all look up as the truck slows. There's a big wreck -- lots of zombie dogs eating on lots of body parts strewn around the wreck.

MARY

(shielding kids eyes)

Don't look kids. Get in the back.

She helps them over to the back seat as they drive through the carnage.

Runner looks out the window - aghast.

RUNNER

Where did all these dogs come from?

MARY

I don't know. One of them used to be ours.

RUNNER

You have a zombie dog?

MARY

Well, she didn't use to be... but I guess she is now. Do you have a dog?

RUNNER

(shaking head no)
I'm allergic.

Mary smirks.

MARY

God, that's ironic.

RUNNER

Yeah. I guess it is.

KATIE

This is a freaky day, y'all.

They look back at Katie. She nods yes, serious. They drive on past the wreck and can see an overpass on the freeway ahead.

MARY

(re: freeway)
Thank God. I never thought I'd be so glad to see the freeway.

RUNNER

You and me both.

They drive up and under it. There are only a few cars pulled alongside the road.

On the other side they see:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - ESTABLISHING SHOT

It's been turned into a fortress. There is a 10-foot high chain link fence around it with concertina wire coils at the top.

Inside the fence there is a perimeter of National Guard Hummers - complete with MACHINE GUNS on top.

There is an entrance with a double gate setup. Just in front of it is a Hummer on each side with a machine gunner protected in a turret.

A GUARDSMAN waves them in. We can see that beyond the double gate are lots of cars and people milling about, and lots of pop-up tents with desks.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

They roll up to the first gate -- a man on each side opens it -- as a man behind each one of those has his rifle pointed to the ground -- watching for dogs.

A SARGEANT walks up as they roll down the window.

SARGEANT
Everybody okay in there?

RUNNER
Yes sir.

SARGEANT
Names please?

RUNNER
Brad Owens. This is...

MARY
Mary Conley, and my kids, Katie and Stephen.

Sargeant gets it all on the clipboard.

RUNNER
Any idea what's going on...?

SARGEANT
Not much information, but we do know it's a virus. We're told it kills the dogs in about 24 to 72 hours -- sometimes more -- sometimes less. So this should all be over with in a few days.

KATIE (O.C.)
Our daddy's dead.

Sargeant leans in to see Katie leaning in from the back seat.

RUNNER
The dogs...

Sargeant nods understanding.

SARGEANT

Ah... yeah. So you can't park in here. No room. We've turned it into a shelter. If you want to park your car anywhere along the road, we'll transfer you from your truck to one of our cars... move you back inside the lot here. We have cots and food and water.

MARY

Do you have a Mike and Karen Stone on your list???

The Sargeant looks at his list, flips back a page -- and another page.

SARGEANT

Stone?

MARY

Yeah, Mike and Karen.

Sargeant shakes his head no.

MARY (CONT'D)

We need to go check on them.

SARGEANT

Ma'am, I have other cars waiting. If you'll park over there and wait in your car until our men come to get you...

RUNNER

(to Mary)

We need to just wait here. Where it's safe.

MARY

(to Sargeant)

Can one of your men come with me to check on my neighbors?

SARGEANT

Ma'am, this is an emergency situation, we can't spare anybody. I need you to park over there, right now.

MARY

(to Runner)

You'll go back with me, Brad? Then we'll come right back here.

RUNNER

I'm sorry, Mary. I don't even know you. I don't know your friends. We're safe now, we need to stay here. Your kids...

SARGEANT

You need to listen to him ma'am.

MARY

Look, Mike and Karen were supposed to be here by now. I know they're probably holed up in their house. It's just down the street.

Runner puts it in reverse.

RUNNER

(to Sargeant)

Sorry officer, we'll park right now.

MARY

(to Runner)

We need to go check on them! She's my best friend.

Runner stops backing up.

SARGEANT

(to Runner)

Get that truck outta here!

Sargeant signals for the gate to open.

MARY

Wait!

Everybody stops.

MARY (CONT'D)

(to Runner)

Take my kids. I'll go -- you chickenshit.

She hefts Katie and Stephen over the seat and hands them over to the Runner.

KATIE
No mommy, I want to go with you!

STEPHEN
Yeah!

MARY
(looks them in eyes)
Kids. I'm going to get Mr. Mike and
Miss Karen. They need to be here
with us. You like them, right?

The kids nod yes.

MARY (CONT'D)
Now you wait here with Mr. Brad and
the nice man here and they'll give
you lunch and cookies -- and I'll
be right back.

SARGEANT
Not a good idea ma'am.

She ignores him.

MARY
(to Runner)
Feed them, they're hungry

KATIE
Yes we are!

SARGEANT
We got lots of food, so get this
truck outta here!

Runner opens the door, gets out with the kids. Mary gets in
the front seat, puts it in reverse again.

They open the gates for her.

MARY
(out the window)
Love you guys!

The kids look back. We can see Runner has Brad's AR-15.

KATIE / STEPHEN
Love you mom!

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Karen backs out of the gate, turns around and drives past a line of cars waiting to get in.

EXT. STONE'S HOUSE FOYER - DAY

Karen comes down the stairs --- can hear growling, snarling and clawing at the front door.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR --

there's a massive zombie dog -- a big, bloody, nasty Mastiff, bigger than Dozer -- clawing his way through the front door.

BACK INSIDE --

Karen walks to the door -- sticks the shotgun into the hole the big dog has made, pulls the trigger.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR --

the shotgun blast explodes in the face of the big dog.

BACK INSIDE THE FOYER --

the big dog paws another board away from the door -- Karen squats down to look.

SUDDENLY the giant zombie dog head breaks through the door -- half of its skull blown away -- snarling and snapping at Karen.

KAREN SCREAMS

Karen falls back on her butt, drops the shotgun. The big dog continues to snap and snarl.

Karen grabs the shotgun, places it right up to the dog's face again, FIRES!

The big dog's head explodes and it crumples, falling back through the hole it made.

CLOSE ON -- the GIANT ZOMBIE DOG head on their tile floor, broken into pieces but still snapping and snarling -- trying to bite Karen, even though it is disconnected from the body.

KAREN shoots the head again.

Another dog sticks its head in the hole in the door.

Karen SHOTS it.

Karen jumps up, exits into the living room as bloody, snarling zombie dogs poke their noses in, growling and snapping at the air.

Karen re-enters dragging a big heavy console -- she flops it over on its side, and slides it against the front door, blocking the bottom half of the door.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Mary is driving back through the gas station. She has to drive past the gas pumps where Brad was killed.

There is no body. Strangely, there are no bodies at all.

All the people and all the dogs -- including the dog carcasses -- are gone. They have all been dragged away -- or eaten -- by other dogs.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mary has to drive slowly to go through the maze of gas pumps and abandoned cars.

The sun is very low and it is very eerie.

SUDDENLY a LARGE ZOMBIE DOG jumps up on the hood of a nearby car, bounds across the roof and jumps into the bed of Mary's pickup.

Mary slams on the brakes -- causing the dog to bounce into the window at the back of the cab.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Mary looks to the see the MASSIVE TEETH, DRIPPING BLOOD and SNARLING at her through the back window. For a moment, she's frozen, leaning forward, away from the back of the truck, unsure what to do.

BACK OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

She suddenly floors it, forcing the dog to fall to the back of the truck. She swerves onto the road, keeping the big dog off balance.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Mary drives on, zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other, keeping the large dog off balance. He crawls his way back to the cab -- looks in.

INSIDE THE TRUCK - We can see Mary driving -- and the big zombie dog in the back swaying as she swerves back and forth to keep him off balance.

EXT. MIKE AND KAREN'S DRIVEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is lower still as Mary comes barreling around the corner, keeping the big zombie dog in the back off balance.

She zooms down the driveway.

INT. STONE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Karen is loading the shotgun when she hears Mary zooming down the driveway and then SCREEECHHHING to a stop.

She jumps up and runs to the window to see Mary in the truck - and the big damn zombie dog in the back. Mary turns the truck to the side so her window faces the house.

EXT. STONE HOUSE - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Karen sticks her head out the window. Mary rolls her window down.

MARY

Karen! You're okay!

KAREN

Mike's dead.

Beat. Mary sighs, takes a breath.

MARY

Brad too.

Karen sighs. Not what she expected to hear.

KAREN

I'm sorry. Where are the kids???

The big zombie dog snarls and snaps.

KAREN (CONT'D)

And why did you bring me that big ass zombie dog?

MARY

He just jumped in when I was going slow.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(then)

How do I get rid of this thing?

Mary climbs out onto the roof with the shotgun.

KAREN

Drive up close, I'll shoot him.

MARY

Duh -- I have Brad's AR in the car.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Mary searches frantically, checks under the seats.

BACK OUTSIDE

MARY

(out window to Karen)

That fucker Brad took it!

Karen is confused.

KAREN

I thought Brad was dead???

MARY

No. This other guy named Brad. He was running from some dogs... never mind. I'll pull up so you can shoot him.

Mary drives up right under the edge of the roof.

MARY (CONT'D)

Aim away from the cab.

KAREN

No shit.

BOOM! She fires -- the dog recoils from the blow, but does not go down.

MARY

Again!

BOOM! Karen fires again. The dog moves, but again, it doesn't go down.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Click.

She's out of shells. The dog rocks back and forth... then finally falls over. Dead.

Mary hangs out the window so she can see Karen.

MARY (CONT'D)

Thanks, can you climb down??? We need to go -- they've set up a shelter down at the truck stop. The Army's there and everything. Machine guns and Hummers all over the place.

KAREN

Thank God.

MARY

Oh yeah -- they said the virus kills the dogs -- but it takes one to three days. So this will all be over soon -- all the infected dogs will be dead.

A Zombie dog jumps up at Mary -- SNARLING and SNAPPING -- Mary SCREAMS and ducks back into the truck -- raises the window as the dog bites and fights to get in with her.

KAREN

(knowing Mary can't hear her)

All we gotta do is outlive the damn dogs.

EXT. PASTURE - SUNSET

A pack of the zombie wolves -- bigger, meaner, uglier than the normal dogs -- are eating the remains of dairy cows in the field. There's not much left but skin and rib bones.

In the distance they hear the six shots of Karen shooting at the dog in the truck. It echoes through the field.

BOOM. BOOM. Beat. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

They all stop eating. After a beat, the lead wolf turns and runs toward the sound. All the other dogs follow his cue and fall in behind.

EXT. STONE HOUSE - SUNSET

Mary stands at the edge of the roof with the shotgun -- lowering it to Mary who is hanging out of the passenger's window to receive it.

INSIDE THE TRUCK -- Mary gets the shotgun, then closes the window quickly. She hears Karen get on the roof.

Mary leans way back in the back seat to open the sliding back windows.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK -- we can see Karen move from the roof into the cab and then scramble through the little window and wiggle into the back seat of the pickup.

INSIDE THE TRUCK -- as Karen squirms in. She flops onto the back seat.

MARY

Close that window before you get
your butt chewed!

Karen does.

EXT. FIELD NEXT TO STONE HOUSE - SUNSET

We can see the pack of zombie wolves running toward the house. They'll be there in thirty seconds.

INT. TRUCK CAB - CONTINUOUS

Karen climbs into the front seat.

KAREN

Finally. Let's get outta here.

Mary nods, starts the truck. It ROARS to life. And dies.

MARY

What?

She turns the key. It starts again for about two seconds and dies again. She starts it again. This time it doesn't start. It just turns over. WAN. WAN. WAN. WAN.

KAREN

Mary.

MARY

What???

Karen nods toward the instrument console. Mary looks.

CLOSE ON: Gas Gauge. It's way past empty.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh my God! No!

She slams the steering wheel, leans her head against it and

A HUGE WOLF FACE appears next to her -- at the window --
snarling and biting.

MARY SCREAMS and jumps over next to Karen. They're both
instantly hyperventilating as the wolf continues to snap at
the window and growl, it's bloody nose and mouth sliding
against the window and leaving bloody red streaks.

MARY (CONT'D)

That thing is freakin' huge.

KAREN

Looks like a wolf. We have wolves.
We've heard them. Saw one last
summer.

MARY

Great.

After a beat of them looking around and not knowing what to
say or do...

KAREN

I don't think we're safe in the
truck.

MARY

Why not? We could just wait here
till they die. I've got a bottle of
water. We can last a day or two
easy.

KAREN

It's not that --

We hear snarling and growling and then PSSSSSST. The truck
leans to one corner as the tire goes flat.

KAREN (CONT'D)

They tore the other cars apart.
Bite the tires... these things will
break the windows.

MARY

You want to go back in the house???

KAREN

I think it's our best bet.

Mary sighs. The wolf jumps at her window again - snarling and growling.

MARY

Okay. But we need to wait for Cujo
over here to chill out some.

KAREN

It's not Cujo -- it Dozer!

We now notice the dog is smiling and happy. He attacks the wolf and takes it away from the truck in a HUGE DOG FIGHT.

Mary and Karen are sitting up tall -- eyes wide -- nervous -- looking out -- they are stressed beyond belief.

Mary presses her face up to the window with her hands on each side to look out.

MARY

Dozer is fighting six wolves at
once! I say we go now.

Karen looks out.

OUTSIDE -- Dozer, indeed, is like the Bruce Lee of dogs -- taking on everybody and kicking ass.

KAREN

Let's go!

Karen climbs to the back seat, slowly slides the window open.

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK -- Karen looks around -- slowly climbs through the small window, lowers herself into the truck bed. She makes a bit of noise -- freezes.

DOZER has about five dogs with their mouths attached to various parts of his body -- and he's still fighting.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hand me the gun!

Mary passes the shotgun through the window. Karen points the gun at the dogs forming a wall around Dozer -- and FIRES!

The dogs all let go of Dozer and he runs away.

Karen keeps the shotgun pointing out, ready to shoot, as Mary climbs out into the truck bed.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You climb up on the roof -- I'll
cover you.

Mary nods okay, gets up on the roof of the truck, then squirms onto the roof of the house.

Every time they make a sound on the truck roof, a dog snarls in the background.

Karen is soon on the roof of the truck -- hands the shotgun to Mary -- then scrambles onto the roof.

INT. STONE HOUSE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Karen climb into the window. Karen closes it and locks it.

MARY
I gotta pee.

KAREN
Down the hall. Wait.

Karen goes first -- shotgun at the ready.

KAREN (CONT'D)
You never now.

IN THE HALL

Karen covers Mary while she walks down to the bathroom. We hear her lift the lid, sit down and then we hear her peeing.

Karen walks to the top of the stairs, looks down. We hear the TOILET FLUSH.

Mary appears behind Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm going slow -- gun first -- just to be sure.

MARY
Yep.

They slowly go down the stairs. It's quiet.

IN THE KITCHEN

Mary and Karen walk in, it looks clear.

KAREN
Damn, I'm starved.

MARY
Me, too.

Karen puts the gun down and opens the fridge, gets a zip lock bag of cheese slices, starts eating -- offers one to Mary, who takes it.

Karen opens a loaf of bread.

KAREN

I'm going to make a sandwich. I think we have some turkey.

Mary looks into the fridge.

MARY

I want a Coke. I think it's gonna be a long night.

Just as Mary pops the tab of the Coke, there's a HUGE CRASH in the living room.

KAREN

Living room!

Karen grabs the shotgun and Mary grabs the cheese and coke and the run back to the stairs -- sounds of SNARLING AND GROWLING coming from the living room.

ON THE STAIRS

They sprint up the stairs, the snarling getting louder.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

They get to the top of the stairs where Karen turns around and points the gun down the stairs. Mary runs into the first bedroom.

The sounds of dogs clawing at the front door can be heard as well as another CRASH from a window.

MARY (O.S.)

Come help me.

Karen moves toward the bedroom when Mary appears, struggling with a dresser. Karen puts the shotgun down and they drag it to the top of the stairs.

Karen pulls as Mary pushes. They take it about five steps down the stairs -- blocking the stairs pretty well.

Another WINDOW CRASH echoes from down stairs, prompting them to dash back into the bedroom for more furniture.

SNARLING, GROWLING is now coming from the base of the stairs. Just on the other side of the dresser.

Karen appears with a night stand, slides it down beside the dresser, blocking one side.

A zombie dog JUMPS UP ONTO THE DRESSER-- but only makes it half way and slides back down.

The SNARLING and GROWLING gets louder -- more wolves are gathering at the base of the stairs.

Karen grabs the shotgun as Mary appears with another night stand, slides it down between the dresser and the stair railing on the other side.

It looks pretty substantial. Karen puts the gun down and gets another small table, jams it in there, too.

The dogs are snarling and scratching at the furniture. It's moving slightly -- not looking solid.

KAREN

Let's hole up in a bedroom in case
they get past that.

Mary doesn't have to be told twice.

INT. STONE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary walks in, puts her Coke down, takes another bite of cheese, hands a slice to Karen.

MARY

Keep your strength up.

Karen puts the whole slice in her mouth. Without another word, they both begin dragging the large dresser and putting it in front of the bedroom door to block it.

MARY (CONT'D)

(re: door block)
I like that.

KAREN

Me too.

EXT. STONE HOUSE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

The furniture is rocking a lot more now as more dogs jump up on it -- and we hear SCRATCHING and CLAWING along with the GROWLING and SNARLING.

IN THE BEDROOM

Karen has a box of shotgun shells out and is reloading the shotgun.

MARY

You've got to show me how to use that thing.

KAREN

(sliding shells into the gun)

It's pretty easy. You put the bullets in here.

She puts six shells in.

MARY

Aren't they called shells, not bullets?

KAREN

See, you know more than me.

Karen pumps the shotgun to put a shell in the chamber.

MARY

Hardly.

KAREN

Well, now all you do is point it and pull the trigger.

CRASH -- the women jump

ON THE STAIRS

The whole mess of the dresser and night stands go sliding down the stairs with a BANG and CRASH!

A WOLF YELPS -- but a second later three big zombie wolves come running up the stairs SNARLING and GROWLING.

IN THE BEDROOM

MARY

What was that?

KAREN

The dresser on the stairs. I guess it went down...

MARY

Oh shit.

BAM! A wolf BANGS up on the bedroom door. It sounds like someone kicking it.

BAM! It does it again.

BAM!

And the bedroom light goes out.

MARY (CONT'D)
(gasps)
Ah!

KAREN
Oh shit. Why now???

As their eyes adjust, the bright moonlight shining in the window illuminates the room.

BAM!

KAREN (CONT'D)
The closet, quick!

The women scramble into the closet. The get in, close the door and it's

SOLID BLACK

INT. CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

BAM! The wolves still pounding on the bedroom door.

CRACK! CRUNCH!

It's the sound of wood cracking and tearing.

KAREN
No, please, no.

MARY
Please God. Protect us from
whatever these wolves are. Please
God.

CRACK! CRUNCH! SNARL! GROWL!

From the snarling noises getting louder...

KAREN
They've made a hole in the door.

CLICK. A flashlight comes on.

MARY
Look what I found.

KAREN
God bless Mike. He had a thing for
flashlights. He always had to have
the latest and the brightest. I
used to give him grief for it all
the time. His toys. They're all
over the house.

Karen starts to cry. Mary starts to cry. They hug and try to
comfort each other for the loss of their spouses.

KAREN (CONT'D)
(looking up)
God bless Mike. And Brad.
(then)
Wait. Look.

Mary looks up. They both see a hatch to the attic in the
closet roof.

CRASH! The door to the bedroom gave way and BAM! The wolf is
now beating on the closet door.

MARY
(muffled yelp)
Ah!

Both women are on their feet.

SNARLING and GROWLING -- inches away from them on the other
side of the door.

KAREN
Give me a boost!

Mary puts the flashlight down on the floor so it points up.

She then gets down, bends her knee and cups her hands on her
knee as a step for Karen.

Karen grabs the shelf and steps up. She pushes on the attic
hatch and loses her balance and they both fall to the floor.

GROWL! SNARL! SCRATCH! BAM!

They scramble to stand back up and get into position.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Again! Again!

Mary does the same thing again -- with the noise of the wolves snarling and growling the whole time.

This time Karen gets up, pushes on the attic hatch and it pops up a few inches, allowing her to wrap her hand around the lip for a firm grasp.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Got it. Got it. Hold on.

MORE SNARLING and SCRATCHING and BITING on the closet door.

MARY
Hurry!

Karen puts her leg up on the shelf and is able to pull herself up onto it. Mary repositions to hold Karen's butt for stability.

Karen stands up on the shelf -- half of her body going into the attic. She then pulls herself all the way in.

IN THE ATTIC

Surrounded in darkness, we can only see Karen's face, illuminated as looks back down through the hatch.

KAREN
Put the flashlight on the shelf,
I'll give you a hand.

IN THE CLOSET

Mary puts the flashlight on the shelf as Karen reaches down. Mary takes her hand, puts a leg up on the shelf -- the women groan and strain to get up. But finally Mary's on the shelf.

LOUD SCRATCHING and SNARLING at the closet door. It won't last much longer!

Mary grabs the flashlight, hands it to Karen.

IN THE ATTIC

Mary's arm comes up the hatch with the flashlight. Karen takes it, sets it aside as Mary comes up.

Karen puts the hatch back into place.

CRACK! CRUNCH! The closet door is not going to last much longer.

Karen and Mary crawl through the attic toward the center of the house.

They find a wide area next to the AC HANDLING UNIT in the attic where they can lean up against it.

MARY

I should have brought the cheese.

Karen frowns at her.

KAREN

I guess I should turn this light out... save it.

MARY

Screw that. This is scary enough without darkness. I say let's see how long it will last.

KAREN

Yeah. You're right.

The women slide next to each other, lean on each other. Karen puts her arm around Mary.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(hugging Mary)

Thanks for coming back for me.

MARY

You're welcome. Sorry I didn't check the gas gauge.

(then)

I had to drive through the Exxon parking lot to get here.

They both kind of laugh.

KAREN

We'll get out of here.

MARY

I know. I know.

KAREN

Where did you say the kids where?

MARY

I left them out the truck-stop-slash-Army-base. Figured that was best.

KAREN

Good call.

They both nod.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STONE HOUSE FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Two large zombie wolves make their way to the pickup truck parked at the edge of the roof.

They jump up on the bumper, put their paws on the top of the tailgate and pulls themselves into the bed of the pickup.

One bound and they're on the roof of the pickup. One more and they're on the roof of the house.

They start prowling around the roof.

INT. ATTIC - LATER

CRUNCH! CRASH! Both women are startled awake (they were sleeping).

Karen grabs the flashlight -- which is a lot dimmer now -- points it down toward the noise. They see pieces of wood falling in from the roof where a wolf is scratching and clawing.

MARY

Those things are relentless.

KAREN

(realizing)

I left the gun in the closet.

MARY

Oh shit. How could you!?

KAREN

I'm so sorry!

CRASH! CRUNCH! CRACK!

MARY

I know. I'm sorry too. We were both scared. I would have done the same thing!

CRASH! SNARL!

KAREN

Shit. He's coming in.

They see a paw come in, pulling at the wood, which is giving way pretty easily.

The get behind the AC unit -- shining the light.

Suddenly the head of a wolf pops in - looks right at them. It's mouth is dripping blood.

It's face is the embodiment of evil.

It pops through the roof right into the attic and does not hesitate -- it starts straight for them.

Mary SCREAMS!

The wolf does not flinch as Karen and Mary start backing up through in the cross members of the attic.

Another wolf comes in behind it.

The first wolf SNARLS -- getting closer and closer.

The other wolf GROWLS -- smelling the meat so close.

CRASH! The first wolf plunges through the ceiling -- he holds on for a second -- doing a bizarre wolf chin-up, trying to hand on to the cross beam -- but he can't and disappears from view.

THUMP! The wolf hits the floor below.

The second wolf does not seem to notice anything -- it just keeps walking -- slowly -- it's breathing deep and labored -- like it has asthma.

It walks to the AC unit and LEAPS over it right at Karen!

She falls back as it comes down on top of her.

MARY SCREAMS again.

CLOSE ON: The face of the wolf -- and Karen's hands around its neck as it presses itself closer and closer. She's choking for all she's worth, but this animal is so much stronger.

His face gets closer and closer to hers. His nose is almost touching her.

BAM!

Mary hits it on the head with a 2x4. The wolf looks at her for a beat, then turns back to Karen -- pushes its head in toward Karen's face -- jaws open wide to take a bite...

But all it gets is 2x4 that Mary has slid carefully into place.

The wolf lifts it's head, spits the 2x4 out -- leans back in to take a bite of Karen's face and it looks like it will this time.

Karen and the wolf are nose to nose. The saliva drips off the canine teeth onto Karen's cheek. She closes her eyes.

And the wolf COUGHS into her face.

Karen closes her eyes from the spittle.

The wolf coughs again -- doesn't growl. It convulses. Karen's grip is keeping it away.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hit him again!

Mary does. The wolf coughs again. It lifts it's head, dazed.

Mary hits it again. The wolf just looks at Mary, confused.

And then it falls over, and breaths it's last breath.

MARY

Oh my God. I think it's dead.

KAREN

Aren't they supposed to do that???

MARY

Yes... thank God.

EXT. STONE HOUSE ROOF - DAWN

Mary and Karen crawl out onto the roof through the hole the wolves made.

In the rising sun, we can see dead dogs everywhere... including some very large wolves.

The sunrise is beautiful.

MARY

(surveying the lawn)

They're all dead. I think they're all dead.

KAREN

I hope so.

MARY

Man. This was not fun.

They both plop down, back on the slope of the roof. It's the first time they've been able to relax in 24 hours.

BARK

It wasn't a growl, it was a bark. Karen sits up.

BARK

KAREN

Pumkin???

Karen stands up, looks over the edge of the roof.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's Pumkin! She's alive!

We see Pumkin in the driveway, running up to the house.

Karen moves quickly to the part of the roof where the pickup truck is parked.

CLOSE ON: Pumkin trotting toward the house, wagging her tail -
- going through a sea of dog carcasses.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Come on, girl! Come on Pumkin!

Pumkin follows Karen to the pickup truck. Mary is right behind her.

Karen gets down onto the roof of the truck, into the bed, opens the tail gate.

The sun is above the horizon now.

Pumkin jumps up into the truck, drops the dog collar she is holding in her mouth... licks Karen all over the face.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Aw, good girl.

Karen picks up the dog collar.

CLOSE ON: dog tag -- it says "DOZER"

Karen gets weepy, hugs Pumkin tight.

MARY

(breaking the moment)

We should get back on the roof.

KAREN
(lifting Pumkin)
Come on girl.

Karen struggles to lift the dog onto the roof of the truck.
Karen then climbs on the cab roof and hands the dog to Mary
on the house roof.

Soon they're all sitting there, safe and sound. Mary hugs
Pumkin.

MARY
So sweet.

ZOOM BACK

To see the hundreds of dog carcasses and the two women and
one dog on the roof, lit by the rising sun.

THE END