

PAGE TWO.

PANEL ONE - A second man, AARON, appears beside him, holding a double barreled shotgun.

WADE - AARON...HOW'S ARCHIE?

AARON - THE SAME. TEN DAYS SINCE HE'S BEEN BITTEN, AND STILL NO CHANGE.
(Beat)
DOC SMIT THINKS IT'S SOME KIND OF IMMUNITY, BUT WE'RE KEEPING HIM LOCKED IN SOLITARY UNTIL WE'RE SURE.

PANEL TWO - Lowering the binoculars, Wade looks over at Aaron.

WADE - AND DOC SMIT, DOES SHE THINK THIS IMMUNITY OF ARCHIE'S IS SOMETHING WE CAN USE?

AARON - SHE SAYS MAYBE.

PANEL THREE - Wade returns the binoculars to his eyes.

WADE - GO AND TELL HER THAT THE OUR PERIMETER IS FAILING.
(Beat)
THROUGH THE FENCE OR OVER IT, THEY'LL BE IN HERE WITH US BY THE END OF THE NIGHT.
(Beat)
IF ARCHIE'S GONNA SAVE US SOMEHOW...

PANEL FOUR - Cut to ARCHIE, sitting cross-legged in a dimly lit cell - THE VAULT - a chamber for solitary confinement. Archie has his left forearm bandaged, blood soaking through the gauze. His eyes are sunken, and that, along with the long shadows fallen across his face, make him look sickly.

CAPTION(Wade) - "...HE NEEDS TO DO IT SOON."

PANEL FIVE - The door has a narrow window, barred and covered with Plexiglas. The corridor is well lit, and it bleeds into the darkness of Archie's cell. Beyond, in the corridor, DOCTOR SMIT, an attractive blonde in her early thirties, peers through the opening.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE THREE.

PANEL ONE - The doctor, with some reluctance, opens the door narrowly and steps inside. Behind her, a man stands with a shotgun at the ready.

SMIT - ARCHIE? IT'S DOCTOR SMIT, AND I'M COMING INSIDE.
(Beat)
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE TURNED, AND I BELIEVE YOU CAN HEAR ME.
(Beat)
STILL, IF YOU MOVE SUDDENLY, THE MAN STANDING BESIDE ME HAS BEEN ORDERED TO *SHOOT YOU IN THE HEAD*.
(Beat)
UNDERSTOOD?

PANEL TWO - Close on Archie, remaining stoic, motionless.

ARCHIE - ...

PANEL THREE - Similar to PREVIOUS.

ARCHIE - YES, DOCTOR. UNDERSTOOD.

PANEL FOUR - Doctor Smit takes a few steps into the cell. The MAN WITH GUN follows. Doctor Smit looks back over her shoulder.

SMIT - HE ISN'T A THREAT. YOU CAN WAIT OUTSIDE.

MAN WITH GUN - BUT...

PANEL FIVE - Smit furrows her brow.

SMIT - I SAID **GO**.
(Beat)
IF I'M WRONG ABOUT HIM, YOU'LL HEAR ME SCREAMING. IN WHICH CASE, YOU CAN LOCK THE DOOR AND GO BACK TO THE OTHERS.
(Beat)
...NOW.

PANEL SIX - The Man with the gun leaves, pulling the door closed behind him.

MAN WITH GUN - ...
(Beat)
WHATEVER YOU SAY, DOC.

PAGE FOUR.

PANEL ONE - Doc Smit stands over Archie, who looks up at her.

SMIT - HOW DO YOU FEEL?

ARCHIE - I FEEL FINE, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

PANEL TWO - Close on Smit.

SMIT - LOOK, ARCHIE, IT'S BEEN **TEN DAYS** SINCE YOU WERE BITTEN
AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T TURNED.
(Beat)
BEFORE YOU, NO ONE'S LASTED **TEN HOURS**.

PANEL THREE - She crouches beside Archie.

ARCHIE - YOU THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF IMMUNITY?

SMIT - YEAH.

ARCHIE - YOU TOOK A BLOOD SAMPLE BEFORE YOU LOCKED ME UP IN
HERE. DID YOU FIND ANY REASON WHY OR HOW?

PANEL FOUR - Smit looks at the ground, while Archie begins unwrapping the
bandages on his arm.

SMIT - NO.
(Beat)
BUT WE'RE DESPERATE, ARCHIE. SURROUNDED.
(Beat)
YOU'RE TYPE O NEGATIVE. LET ME TAKE A PINT OF YOUR
BLOOD, GIVE TRANSFUSIONS TO THE OTHER SURVIVORS. IT'S
A LONGSHOT, BUT...

ARCHIE - WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE WOUND, DOCTOR SMIT?

PANEL FIVE - The doctor looks at the arm, as Archie finishes unwrapping it.
The wound itself remains, unseen from this point of view. A look of stunned
surprise washes over Smit's face.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE FIVE.

PANEL ONE - Close on the arm, where the bite should be. Archie's arm is perfectly normal and healthy, without so much as a blemish.

SMIT - MY GOD.
(Beat)
WHERE'S THE BITE?

PANEL TWO - Archie rubs the freshly exposed part of his arm.

ARCHIE - THERE ISN'T ONE. NEVER WAS.

SMIT - BUT, I SAW...

ARCHIE - NO YOU DIDN'T.

PANEL THREE - A BLACK & WHITE Flashback Panel, as Archie stumbles into the complex, clutching his arm, blood seeping from between his fingers. He winces from the pain.

CAPTION(ARCHIE) - "YOU SAW BLOOD, AND YOU ASSUMED."

PANEL FOUR - Close on Archie, shadows filling the hollows of his face.

ARCHIE - NOBODY WANTS TO GET TOO CLOSE TO A ZOMBIE BITE.

PANEL FIVE - She looks down at him again.

SMIT - BUT WHY? WHY FAKE A BITE?

ARCHIE - BECAUSE I WANT TO LIVE, DOCTOR SMIT.

PANEL SIX - CUT TO Wade, on the roof, keeping tabs on the Zombie hordes with his binoculars.

CAPTION(WADE) - "WADE'S AN IDIOT, THINKING WE'D BE SAFE HERE.
CHAINLINK FENCES AND CONCERTINA WIRE WON'T KEEP THEM
OUT FOREVER."

PAGE SIX.

PANEL ONE - A bird's eye perspective shot of the solitary cell, giving an indication of the small confines of their quarters.

ARCHIE - BUT DOWN HERE, IN SOLITARY, WE'RE SURROUNDED BY
REINFORCED CONCRETE WALLS AND A STEEL DOOR SIX INCHES
THICK.
(Beat)
THIS IS THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD.

PANEL TWO - Close on Archie, still sitting, serene.

ARCHIE - THE ZOMBIES'LL MAKE IT INSIDE, FINISH OFF THE OTHERS,
AND MOVE ON, ALL IN A DAY OR TWO.
(Beat)
BUT YOU AND ME, DOC, WE'LL BE PERFECTLY SAFE.

PANEL THREE - Cut to the ZOMBIES Outside, still climbing over one another, reaching the top of the fence.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FOUR - A few of them drop over the fence now.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL FIVE - The other zombies continue pressing against the fence as if they're Europeans at a soccer match. The fence bulges...

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL SIX - ...And the fence breaks, spilling zombies into the prison yard.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PAGE EIGHT.

PANEL ONE - A zombie pounces, burying its teeth in the guard's neck, releasing a geyser of blood. The eyes roll back in his head.

MAN WITH GUN - unnngh...

PANEL TWO - A splatter of blood stains the narrow window of the cell door.

(NO DIALOGUE)

PANEL THREE - The doctor watches in horror, tears rolling down her cheek, one hand covering her mouth. Archie remains emotionless.

SMIT - AW, GOD...
(Beat)
OH GOD, YOU KNEW.
(Beat)
ARCHIE, WHY DIDN'T YOU TRY TO CONVINCE THEM?
(Beat)
WE ALL COULD'VE HIDDEN HERE. THEY MIGHT'VE LISTENED.

PANEL FOUR - Close on the doctor.

SMIT - WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN THEM?

PANEL FIVE - Close on Archie, smirking again.

ARCHIE - I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO LIVE, DOCTOR SMIT.
(Beat)
I NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT BEING A NICE GUY.

END.