

E D E N | R I S I N G

#204

**"Thank You for Coming to Cut-throat Creek (Please Don't Overstay  
Your Welcome)"**

*by*  
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EDEN RISING  
"Thank You for Coming to Cut-throat Creek..."  
#204

TEASER

**BLACK.**

*SUPERIMPOSE:* "TWO MONTHS LATER" in big white letters...

FADE IN:

INT. FOOD COURT -- NIGHT

Lighting is dim, bowls of peanuts are left abandoned and eaten from on the tables, and dart boards line the walls.

Focus on one particular dart board ---

--- as a DART WHIZZES INTO FRAME AND LANDS BAM!! ---

BULLS-EYE, right in the center.

We pan around to see ASH. Two months haven't changed him much appearance-wise. He smiles at his victory.

We PAN through the food court... it's empty sans Ash, but it's definitely been turned into a sort of recreational hall. PINBALL machines, a TRAMPOLINE... And there's a huge stockpile of FOOD on the counter. He eyes it with such LUST.

And THEN, he whips around when he sees a beam of light coming from around the corner ---

ASH  
(to himself, whispering)  
Shit...

He picks up a heavy chest piece, that goes over his shoulders, getting ready for SOMETHING...

INT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE -- NIGHT

We make our way above the terminal, in the FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE. This is where everyone has made home, beds set up out of chairs, with blankets and pillows... We see KITTY pressed against the wall. Wearing a similar device, a GUN held up close to her face.

A SHADOW passes by. Her face tenses up, she closes her eyes... Licks her lips and then whips around...

INT. FOOD COURT -- NIGHT

ASH hides underneath one of the tables. A pair of feet walk by... He aims the little gun, but by the time he does, he sees that the feet are GONE...

...He barely has time to react until someone grabs him. Ash whips around --- ready to aim his gun and fire at someone, but he sees ---

RORY's dumb grinning face staring down at him. He wears a vest too. We get a full-body shot and realize this is a GAME...

A GAME OF LASER TAG.

Ash rolls his eyes.

ASH  
(whispering)  
Don't fucking scare me like that!  
Where are the others, you hit  
anybody...?

RORY  
Nope.

ASH  
Me neither.

RORY  
So Blue Team's still in the game?  
Shit.

ASH  
We better split, this shit isn't  
smart. We have one hit left each  
right?

RORY  
Right.

And then Rory rushes off down the hall --- we see he's being chased by a beam of RED LIGHT. Ash gives a shocked expression and then sees the light trailing up toward him and hitting him in the vest. BEEEEEP.

VEST VOICE (V.O.)  
GAME OVER FOR ASH KETCHUM OF THE  
RED TEAM.

ASH

Ash Ketchum, seriously?  
(beat -- not getting it)  
Who the fuck is that?!

Ash tosses the vest off and looks around --- he can't see who hit him. He sees a glint of eyes in the shadows and then a TONGUE sticks out at him and a familiar childish laugh makes him sigh. DARLA steps out and grabs him by the arm. Pins him against a table.

DARLA

I've got you. Now time to take you  
our base.

ASH

(melodramatically)  
Rory'll never pay the ransom!  
(whispering - out of  
character)  
*I cannot believe you shot me!*

DARLA

(whispering)  
Yeah, well, *Rory's next*. I plan on  
taking both of you down.

Something very sinister in her voice --- Ash looks a bit scared as Darla stands him up and they walk down the hallway. Ash goes to open his mouth but Darla interrupts with a hoarse whisper:

DARLA (CONT'D)

You expose my location and I'll  
beat you down with my stub.

ASH

Glad you've come to see your stub  
as a source of potential humor as  
the rest of us have.

DARLA

Hush, boy. Just keep walking.

Ash makes a mocking face as they go off-screen, Darla leading him off.

INT. UPSTAIRS WALKWAY -- NIGHT

KITTY, donned in full LASER TAG GEAR, walks down the mesh walkway leading away from the first-class lounge, hanging above the food court.

She hears a noise. She whips around and hears a BZZZT.

She's been hit!

Kitty jumps back with a meek scream and then rushes back, trying to aim in the darkness. She can see the slight flashings of another vest in the darkness --- she picks her aim up and goes to fire when ---

A familiar voice bursts out of the darkness.

RORY (O.S.)  
You're still in the game? Figured  
you'd have gotten gunned down  
already.

KITTY  
Ah, underestimating Kitty Drake...  
the fatal flaw of many...

Rory steps out of the darkness. He's too quick for her. Another buzz and Kitty's vest obnoxiously shrieks ---

VEST VOICE (V.O.)  
GAME OVER FOR HELLO KITTY OF THE  
BLUE TEAM.

KITTY  
Oh, damn it!! You distracted me ---  
your voice, it's like... a  
heavenly dose of chocolate milk!

RORY  
What can I say? I just have a way  
with people...

KITTY  
The only "way" you have with people  
is when they're "running away".  
(off his look)  
You know... away from you.

RORY  
Funny, Kit Kat. Turn around, let  
me grab your wrists --- time to  
make a ransom.

KITTY  
Darla won't back down.

RORY  
We'll see about that.

INT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE -- NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDOW: We see that DARLA brings ASH up the stairs and toward the door. The door is thrown open. Darla looks around --- shuts it and tosses Ash on the couch.

DARLA  
You gonna' talk? You seen Rory?

ASH  
Nope.

DARLA  
Then who were you talking to when I was walkin' up... you know, right before I *shot you* and *knocked you out of the game*?

There's a knock.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
I've got your man in here!

RORY (O.S.)  
And I've got your... woman. Open the door or she *dies*.

DARLA  
Too dramatic Rory... I know you're bluffing.

RORY (O.S.)  
No seriously. I've been bit. And I'm not afraid to...

After a long beat, Rory begins making these hideous noises.

RORY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I... argh... I... BRAHAHHHH!!

Very fucking convincing. Darla tries to make this reassuring smile.

DARLA  
You're a liar.

She looks at Ash --- his look is convincing too. He looks paralyzed with fear.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
(whispering, worried)  
He is *lying* right?

Ash swallows. He shrugs. Darla goes for the door --- opens it as the noises continue --- And then there's banging. Darla jumps back. She grabs a lamp from the table, whips open the door and comes out screaming ---

EXT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE, WALKWAY -- NIGHT

--- Wailing RORY across the head with the lamp. When he hits the ground and looks up with a pained expression, we see that Darla's been PUNKED. But now he's a victim of his own prank... He has KITTY on the ground too, her mouth duct-taped. He stands, raises his weapon and fires it at Darla's chest. Once, twice, three times. BZZT BZZT BZZT.

VEST VOICE (V.O.)  
GAME OVER FOR DARLA OF THE BLUE  
TEAM. RED TEAM WINS.

And she's helpless because she left her gun on the floor. Bleeding slightly from his head, Rory still grins.

RORY  
You hear that ladies? Like music  
to my ears...

ASH steps out --- he and Rory high-five.

Darla just stands there, then takes off her vest and begins to pull off the duct-tape on Kitty's face. Kitty breathes and looks at Rory incredulously.

KITTY  
You can't duct-tape me! Isn't  
there a rule against that?

ASH  
Actually there *isn't*.

Darla helps Kitty stand. Frowning---

KITTY  
Well, from now on... no duct-  
taping.

RORY  
Well, Red Team win's. Guess that  
means we get first dib's, bud.

He claps Ash on the shoulder and they head down the steps. Kitty and Darla exchange defeated glances ---

KITTY  
Good try. Good try.

DARLA  
Yeah, but you know them... We're  
going to be left with nothing to  
eat.

KITTY  
...Pigs.

DARLA  
...Damn straight.

INT. FOOD COURT -- NIGHT

As the winners, RORY and ASH enter the FOOD COURT and dive  
into the STASH of FOOD on the counter. Ripping into it,  
taking whatever they'd like ---

We cut to later, they're eating.

RORY  
So all in all, one of your better  
birthdays, dude?

ASH  
(food in his mouth)  
Definitely.

RORY  
Glad to hear it.

Ash tries his best to swallow what he's eating as he says:

ASH  
We should play more rounds.

RORY  
...Best of 13?

ASH  
You read my mind.

RORY  
I'll ask the others if they wanna'  
join.

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

TIGHT on MANILA, wearing a RED VEST --- as she slowly crosses  
the TERMINAL. Looking for any sign of ANYONE...

We FOLLOW her until we see someone RUN by across the  
screen... she whips around and nails 'em.



The buzzer goes off, the lights blaze. But this person's not down and out yet, they exchange LASER FIRE and then Manila dives out of sight. Hides behind a counter. Then she blind fires as we hear buzzing and cursing in the darkness.

And then the buzzer goes off, SIGNALING AN END TO SOMEONE'S GAME ---

VEST VOICE (V.O.)  
GAME OVER FOR PAJAMA'S OF THE BLUE  
TEAM.

PJ steps out of the darkness. NOT AMUSED... He's got GLASSES on and is wearing a RIPPED SOCK as an ARMBAND. Weird, but MORE ON THAT LATER...

PJ  
Okay, who the fuck made my name  
"Pajama's"?

CUE --- "AWAKE" by ELECTRIC GUEST (**starting at the 3:45 mark**):

Off PJ's deadpan look and the sound of Manila's laughter, we DOLLY around to see ASH on the other side of the wall, SUPPRESSING GIGGLES---

ELSEWHERE: IN SLOW-MOTION, RORY takes off down the hallways. He takes off up the POWERED-DOWN ESCALATORS, but before he gets to the top, KITTY burst into the room, firing madly at him from the top of the stairs. He races to the top and DIVES into the open door of one of the SHOP's---

INT. SHOP -- NIGHT

---trying to pull off a secret agent-like shoulder roll, but really just barrel rolling until he BUMPS into the counter. Hits it with an "Ooof". WHAT A FAIL.

KITTY's in there quickly, her foot on his chest as she aims down. They exchange gunfire, Rory aiming up, Kitty aiming down at him, both biting their tongues anxiously, quickly trying to knock each other out of the game until ---

BZZZT! BZZZT!

VEST VOICE (V.O.)  
GAME OVER FOR RORY OF THE RED TEAM.

Kitty bursts into uncontrollable laughter. Giddy and jumping about:

KITTY  
I won! I fucking won!

RORY  
Awww---! That's disappointing.  
(coyly)  
I ever tell you how damn cute you  
are when you get your revenge,  
though?

Still laughing, Kitty scoops up Rory off the floor and he  
dives forward --- for A KISS. This isn't new for either of  
them apparently...

INT. TERMINAL -- NIGHT

...A view from the terminal as MANILA, ASH and DARLA still go  
at it, arguing and exchanging LASER FIRE and LAUGHING, while  
we see Rory and Kitty SLINK into the darkness of the  
abandoned shop...

**FADE TO BLACK.**

END TEASER

ACT IINT. FOOD COURT -- NIGHT

LEIGH approaches MANILA, who's lounging in a chair in the food court.

LEIGH  
Hey.

MANILA  
Oh. Hi.

LEIGH  
So, uh... I've been having  
these... *strange* dreams.

MANILA  
And?

LEIGH  
Well, I know what everyone else did  
back in the real world --- no  
therapist's or psychologist's  
around here. You were my last bet,  
and I was wondering...

MANILA  
...if I was a therapist?

LEIGH  
Yeah.

MANILA  
...You're in luck.

Leigh looks surprised. With a dumbfounded smile and  
chuckle...

LEIGH  
Seriously?

Manila nods.

INT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE -- NIGHT

LEIGH sits back in a LOUNGE CHAIR in the FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE.  
She looks a mess, her face pale, hair scraggly, while MANILA  
sits across from her in a grey, fashionable but extremely  
presentable outfit, her hair straightened all pretty and a  
pair of glasses on. A clipboard and pen in hand.

LEIGH

I can't sleep. Whenever I do, I  
have these... same nightmares.

MANILA

And the nature of these is?

She taps the pen impatiently against the clipboard...

LEIGH

The destruction of my... exterior.  
I've always been proud of my looks,  
I'll admit. And these dreams...  
I... I'm losing it all. And in  
one, I have it constantly, my  
teeth.

MANILA

They fall out?

LEIGH

...Yeah.

MANILA

It's thought to signify insecurity.  
That seems to be your recurring  
theme now doesn't it?

LEIGH

Which is weird because...  
insecure, as awful as it sounds to  
say... that just *isn't me*.

MANILA

Then do you have a secret?

BEAT. Leigh swallows ---

MANILA (CONT'D)

Well, sorry, that was a silly  
question. We all have secrets.  
But you? I'm betting you have  
something that's killing you. You  
don't want to admit it, you can't,  
but... it's there. And you have  
this fear... that people are going  
to find out. And you've actually  
become stupid enough to care what  
people think of your secret. Is  
that it, Leigh?

Leigh's mouth is tightly shut, quivering slightly. Manila  
removes her glasses, staring at Leigh incredulously. Very  
tongue-in-cheek...

MANILA (CONT'D)

One thing I don't understand,  
though... Why the fuck am I your  
therapist? Of all people, Leigh...  
I have a lot of baggage too, you  
know. Best thing to do though? Do  
what I've been incapable of doing.  
Stop holding it in and let it out---

And then, Leigh's lips can't hold any longer and a whole  
waterfall of blood spews from her mouth. Teeth fall from the  
red bile and into her lap and she just sits there, mouth  
agape, as blood and teeth flow---

INT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE -- NIGHT

---she sits up, gasps. Waking up. Just a nightmare. She  
takes deep breaths, looks over. TOM lies next to her.

TOM

...Leigh. Leigh.

She looks over at him. We see her lip --- it's BLEEDING.

TOM (CONT'D)

You okay?

He leans forward, affectionately wiping her lip with his  
finger. Shows it to her.

TOM (CONT'D)

You were *bleeding*.

LEIGH

Must have... must have bit it.

TOM

Another bad dream?

We're just tight on Leigh's face... Frozen in terror.

INT. SHOP -- NIGHT

Post-sex.

KITTY and RORY exchange looks --- Rory plays with her hair.

KITTY

...Ash was crying this morning.

Rory looks at her oddly.

RORY

Yeah?

KITTY

About Kelvin. I saw him, but I didn't say anything.

RORY

Was there anything you honestly could have said?

KITTY

Before, yeah. It's just... ever since I lost my sister Lori, I just have so much trouble taking it seriously. Sure, another one of us is gone. Or two. Or three. But it's just death, you know? Kate, even Xander and now Kelvin... it's just... it just doesn't even phase me anymore.

RORY

I'm sad for them, but it doesn't affect me in any way.

KITTY

Exactly... and with Xander, with all the shit that happened before that, it's like by the time I saw him dead in the shaft I had no emotion left. And now I can't even tell a kid everything will be okay because his brother's dead. I've used it all up.

RORY

I think in a way, we all have... There's nothing to say that hasn't already been said. Knowing Ash, he probably appreciates that you didn't call him out on it.

KITTY

True...

(beat)

...The only real emotion I ever feel anymore is because of you, you know that? As cheesy as it sounds, I'm serious. You make things fun. I haven't been this happy in a long time.

RORY

I know, I know. You make me happy too. But I do question us, together.

KITTY

Why?

RORY

You're just --- you're strong. Do you really wanna' spend your time with a loser like me? I'm just a tech guy, I'm no fighter. I'm a slow runner, I trip a lot --- my days are numbered.

KITTY

I think we're all about equal on the lifespan scale, Rory. Your ridiculous self-worth issues, considering you're why all of us are alive in the first place, have nothing to do with it. How long could we possibly last at the rate we're going? We're running out of food, rationing is getting out of hand... As hard as we can try to keep the morale up, it's not going to be enough to keep us alive...

RORY

Yeah, well, it feels good to try, doesn't it?

Kitty kisses him --- They begin putting on their clothes and Kitty speaks as she does ---

KITTY

I was thinking about back at home. When I was a kid. I lived on a farm. My mother, she would always make this chart of --- of the stuff we had to complete around the farm. I'd always get stuck with simple stuff like collecting eggs or... or raking up things because I was the youngest. Do you think something like that would work here?

RORY

Like a... a chore wheel?

KITTY

(excited)

Yes...! That's the word. Do you think it'd work?

RORY

I think it has potential.

KITTY

Potential?

RORY

I just don't think Gwen and Tom will take it seriously.

KITTY

If you help me present it they will.

Rory looks skeptical.

KITTY (CONT'D)

C'mon, they agreed with your idea for the rec room --- the laser tag games for what's left of the rationed food. If I would've suggested it, they would've laughed in my face, I'm just a joke to them. But you? Rory, you're like a fucking God.

Rory pops his collar and raises an eyebrow.

RORY

A God, you say? A handsome Greek god I hope and not the invisible, apparently-old-and-bearded-even-though-no-one's-seen-him Christian god --- or that fat Buddha.

KITTY

*Hey, respect!*

She swats him playfully.

RORY

Oh, please don't tell me you're a devout Christian. Or a Buddhist. I'm an Atheist, and I'm not against religion persay, it's just we were doing so well ---



KITTY

No, I'm an Atheist too... I just find religion intriguing and part of that intrigue involves a certain amount of respect.

RORY

Fair enough.

Kitty stands up, composes herself and goes to leave.

RORY (CONT'D)

But, hey --- Kit Kat? You're not a joke.

Kitty smiles at him --- it's genuine.

RORY (CONT'D)

How 'bout you grab some paper --- markers, scissors, whatever. We've got a ton of shit in the back. We can do this chore thing now if you want to.

KITTY

You don't want to um, consult everyone else first?

RORY

Do you know what time it is? The others are fast asleep...

Kitty checks the clock in the store.

KITTY

Christ, it's four a.m.

RORY

Sexy, right? Look at us, rebels against the sun. I'm wide awake.

KITTY

You are?

RORY

Yeah, so you know what --- I'll grab the stuff. You drink coffee?

KITTY

I hate it.

RORY

Me too. So let's forget the coffee.

KITTY

I don't think we have any anyway.  
I heard Phoebe complaining about  
it...

RORY

Oh, right. Well, I'll think of  
something to keep us awake.

KITTY

Music?

RORY

Brilliant idea. We'll use the  
little boom-box I have...

And he skirts out, leaving Kitty grinning from ear to ear.

EXT. AIRPORT -- MORNING

It's an early morning jog for a jubilant-looking LEIGH. TOM  
jogs alongside her... fighting to catch up.

TOM

You're good, you know.

LEIGH

Yeah, well I was army --- we  
trained a lot more than you simple  
police folk.

TOM

"Simple police folk?"

LEIGH

I only said it cause I knew it'd  
bother you.

She laughs. Tom shakes his head with a chuckle.

TOM

I always wanted to be a baseball  
player I ever tell you that?  
(Leigh shakes her head  
"no")  
Seems like something I was suited  
for. I've always had good hand-eye  
coordination. And I loved the idea  
of being on a team.

LEIGH

Did you play?

TOM

Never.

(smirks)

Now I'm starting to realize maybe that was the problem with that dream.

Leigh chuckles.

TOM (CONT'D)

And then one day my dad --- he was a cop --- he came home and told me this story. Baseball player went out on the field at one of his games and shot at people. My dad showed up and he saved that team. Not one person died. Not even the shooter, my dad talked him down. It was one of those stories that shook me to my core... That's when I decided I didn't want to play baseball anymore. I wanted to be the person who *saved* the baseball players. Probably sounds corny as hell.

LEIGH

That's cause it is.

She giggles...

TOM

How 'bout you? What inspired you to be a soldier?

Leigh looks quiet.

TOM (CONT'D)

C'mon. We've been together for about a week and I feel like I don't know you very well. Talk to me.

Leigh hesitates.

LEIGH

My dad pressured me into it. I wasn't a very good kid --- always got into trouble. Shitty grades. He had the money to put me through college, but didn't think I had the initiative. Shipped me off to military school instead. And now here I am.

TOM

How'd it feel to get that off your chest? Not be so secretive anymore?

(beat)

What was he like?

LEIGH

My dad?

TOM

This man you never talk about.

LEIGH

He was... uuuuummm....

TOM

He wasn't uuuuummm. *Your husband.*

LEIGH

He was the best. He could build anything, fix anything, he never took things too seriously. Really shitty cook ---

(chuckles)

--- but the best shitty cook I've ever known. Burnt everything but it was still edible for shit's and giggles, that sort of thing. He liked to make memories for us, stories we could tell our kids in the future... "Hey babe, remember that time we ate the Mac & Cheese I burnt even though it was horrible?" Yeah, he was that kind of guy. And... he was a good lover. But is there such thing as a good lover? Maybe there's only love, and showing it. He showed me love.

TOM

He have a name?

They stop jogging now... Leigh can't bring herself to open her mouth and let the name pour out. Tom frowns --- shakes his head --- annoyed at HIMSELF.

TOM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Jesus. I don't know where this is comin' from Leigh, it's really --- it's really nothin' I need to know. And I know...

LEIGH

Know what?

TOM

I know it's been complicated. With my split from Sid, and now --- It just feels like we've been here for ten years, and I feel like I've known you for my whole life.

She takes his hand. He smiles as she says:

LEIGH

...Me too.

(beat)

Don't apologize for asking me questions. I need them. I need what you're doing now. And his name --- his name was Robin.

Tom brings her in for a hug. And then they carry on with their run...

INT. TERMINAL -- MORNING

TIGHT on the CHORE WHEEL --- all done up in pretty colors and cut out nicely. The chore wheel's tasks are written out, some bits contrast each other, some written neatly and pretty (KITTY), others sloppier (RORY).

We see the tasks as Rory reads them off ---

RORY

So we have the navigator---

Quick cut to show each description on the chore wheel after he says the word:

**"Navigator:** knows how to use the remnants of satellite- and phone infrastructure to get around. only 1 at a time necessary"

RORY (CONT'D)

The bean can runner---

**"Bean Can Runner:** finds food and other supplies... only leaves with navigator. 2 at a time, 3 person groups are best. (only used beans cause I'm craving them)"

RORY (CONT'D)

The tinkerer--- obviously PJ---

**"Tinkerer:** works our mechanical supplies. (PJ)"

Off PJ's smirk---

RORY (CONT'D)  
Gun distributor---

**"Gun Distributor:** in track of all the guns and the ammo."

RORY (CONT'D)  
Mercenary---

**"Mercenary:** at least five of them -- a fancy word for guard."

RORY (CONT'D)  
Soiler---

**"Soiler:** Factory farming is displaced by private amateur gardens, and fertile soil is taken from the land and delivered to the door."

RORY (CONT'D)  
---and the tribe elder's...  
obviously Tom and Gwen.

**"Tribe Elder's:** The value of experience and local knowledge trumps physical strength. Executive decision makers."

Off Gwen's look ---

RORY (CONT'D)  
Well, the Tribe Elder and the...  
Uh... Charming Blonde Lady Who  
Also Leads. How bout that title?

TOM  
And I'm still stuck as the Tribe  
Elder?

Laughing ---

GWEN  
It's preferable.

Kitty rolls her eyes at Gwen's giggling. Makes a mocking face. OBVIOUSLY THEY'RE NOT BACK ON GOOD TERMS... But understandably so.

TOM  
So... Rory, you made this?

Rory swallows.

RORY  
Absolutely.

Looking at the clashing handwriting and the pretty layout, he swallows --- then grins --- trying to be convincing. Trying too hard.

RORY (CONT'D)

Can't you tell...

(long pause)

I mean on my bits at least. But the whole thing... it was Kitty's idea.

Everyone's eyes fall to Kitty --- who immediately turns tomato-red. She starts to sweat. Gives a nervous chuckle.

KITTY

Uh, yeah. He's right. It is my idea. My chart. He contributed --- a lot though. So... it's our chart, really. I don't think you're necessarily doing a bad job. You and Gwen have kept us alive for this long, it's just... things aren't going too good and I think it'd be best if... if everyone contributed, you know? It'd take a load off of you and keep the rest of us busy.

Tom and Gwen are silent for what seems like forever. This silence is driving Kitty NUTS --- she swallows, sweating nervously.

KITTY (CONT'D)

Anything?

TOM

I think it's a fantastic idea.

Kitty gives a happy laugh --- it's one of disbelief, but yes, of happiness.

KITTY

You really think so?

TOM

Absolutely. Thank you. I can't believe no one's thought of it sooner.

KITTY

I've had it in my head for so long, it was just... getting it together.

(MORE)

KITTY (CONT'D)  
 Rory really helped me, so... it  
 wasn't just me. He did a lot too.

Her eyes fall on Rory --- and she smiles.

KITTY (CONT'D)  
 (mouthing to Rory)  
 "Thank you."

He gives her two thumb's-up.

INT. TERMINAL -- LATER

It's a bit later and everyone's done examining the poster board... except PJ, who approaches now and removes his glasses to get a better look at it. DARLA's behind him. She gestures to the glasses curiously.

DARLA  
 I thought you needed those to see?

PJ  
 They make seeing things from far  
 away easier... but close up, I  
 need to take 'em off...

DARLA  
 What are you signing up for?

PJ  
 What are you signing up for?

DARLA  
 Whatever you sign up for.  
 (beat)  
 So I can bother you constantly.

PJ  
 I thought I was the bother?

DARLA  
 You usually are, but my revenge is  
 sweet.

PJ marks his name next to "Bean Can Runner". Darla takes the marker immediately out of his hands and marks her's next to his.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
 Who's our navigator? Don't there  
 need to be two of us and then one  
 navigator, right...?



PJ  
Ummm, I'm looking now.

PJ runs his finger across the board --- and then taps it when he hits the name that's already signed up.

PJ (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
It's Ash.

DARLA  
(chuckles)  
Oh, this will be fun then!

PJ  
And your Dad's going to let you go out there without him around?

DARLA  
You're what, like a year older than me? Please. If you can go, I can go. Besides, my dad's not going to mind, he trusts me---

INT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE -- DAY

TOM  
---You are not going out there without me.

Darla stands in front of Tom. She's baffled, embarrassed even.

DARLA  
Seriously dad? I've been training, Leigh and Ash have showed me so many moves, I can fight these things off. And Ash will be there, you trust Ash more than anyone---

TOM  
Yeah and I'm not going to risk that trust. If you end up dead on his watch, there ain't never gonna' be a day where I'd be able to forgive him for that... or myself for that matter.

LEIGH (O.S.)  
She's a good fighter.

Tom turns around --- sees LEIGH stood in the doorway.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
She's really been improving---

DARLA  
See, Leigh thinks I should...

LEIGH  
No, I never said that.

Tom looks between Darla and Leigh ---

TOM  
Let me talk to Leigh alone, please.

Darla wants to argue, but she decides it's futile. She exits.

LEIGH  
That was me trying not to overstep my bounds...

TOM  
I appreciate it.

LEIGH  
Darla sees me as a friend... nothing more. I figured it'd be best if I kept it that way, I just think --- I think she has a chance to prove herself.

TOM  
You're saying you think I should let her go?

LEIGH  
I'm saying consider it. That's not my choice. I'd prefer her to stay here, I'd prefer all of us to stay here, but someone's gotta' make the supply runs. And... it's not like there's much else for the kids to do around here. PJ was talking the other day, he feels...

INT. TERMINAL -- DAY

PJ  
...useless. Absolutely useless.

DARLA  
It's like, they want us to just sit here and do nothing.  
(MORE)

DARLA (CONT'D)

And then they complain that we don't contribute. Ash gets to run around and do whatever he pleases, why not us? I know Ash is older, but still. It's not fair... Did Manila say no?

PJ

She said "be safe" but she still had that look in her eyes... She doesn't think I should go. She's scared I'm gonna' get in the way again.

DARLA

Last time was different, though.

PJ swallows. He doesn't want to talk about this, we can tell.

DARLA (CONT'D)

You bringin' your homemade explosives?

PJ

Yeah.

He shows off his pack --- zips it open and reveals A DOZEN PIPE BOMBS.

DARLA

Where did you learn to make that? It's a bit creepy.

PJ

The General's camp. This guy Gareth taught me.

DARLA

Gareth? The creepy red hood guy?

PJ

He's not that creepy. He was actually really nice to me.

Darla frowns --- skeptical --- just as ASH approaches the two and interrupts.

ASH

I don't remember opening up a babysitting service, but --- let's get a move on, kidlets.

PJ and Darla look at each other wildly... Off Ash's happy smile:

ASH (CONT'D)  
C'mon, I'm actually looking forward to this bonding opportunity. It'd be nice to see if any of that training you've done has done any good for you, Darla.

Tight on Darla, she looks at PJ...

DARLA  
Should I...?

He shrugs.

ASH  
Something wrong?

DARLA  
No. Everything's fine.

She puts on a passive smile.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
Let's get going, then!

We cut to the opposite side of the terminal, MANILA is going through piles of suitcases, spilling out the contents and going through them. SIDNEY approaches.

SIDNEY  
Looking for something?

MANILA  
...A rubber ball and... track clothes.

SIDNEY  
I think I snatched the last pair of yoga pants if you wanna' borrow them. And a rubber ball? You doing some kind of routine?

MANILA  
Yeah... I want to at least.

Sidney's eyes fall on Darla, who's leaving with PJ and Ash.

SIDNEY  
What're they doing?

Manila looks up --- sees them going.

MANILA

Oh, they all signed up for the next supply run. On Kitty's new... chore wheel thing. I'm not exactly thrilled about PJ going, but the boy's gotta' learn right?

(beat)

Do you know how long it's been since I've eaten, Sidney?

Her tone has gotten considerably darker with this sudden change of subject. Sidney swallows ---

SIDNEY

No. I... I don't.

MANILA

My team won a candy bar last night, we all had to share it. I had one section and that's the most I've eaten in a long time. Now, I hate to sound pushy but --- food rationing isn't being very fair if some of us aren't eating at all.

SIDNEY

I just always assumed you were winning first dibs on the food during the laser tag games...

MANILA

It's a cute idea and it works, but you have to be good. I'm good, but not that good. Rory and Ash are like, murderers.

SIDNEY

Or geeks.

MANILA

I think calling them "geeks" will make me feel a lot better about losing.

Sidney smirks --- Manila's smile is comforting to her.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Look, I hate to sound like I'm putting pressure on you but... maybe next time consider me?

(MORE)

MANILA (CONT'D)

I know you guys go through rough times when you ration out the food, I couldn't imagine the responsibility but... at least think of me.

She sounds really DESPERATE. It's sad, really.

SIDNEY

Absolutely. Whatever Ash brings back, you'll be first. I'll tell Gwen. I don't want anyone starving here, I'm glad you actually spoke up.

MANILA

Yeah well, I've been keeping quiet for too long. My stomach however...

Sidney drifts off, her eyes still following Darla as she packs up weapons and the like. Darla looks around suspiciously --- wondering if TOM's watching.

MANILA (CONT'D)

Going through these old bags... god, it's so sad. This person's family photos. It actually makes me feel really *guilty*...

SIDNEY

(lost in thought)

Yeah...

(beat)

I'll talk to you later, Manila, I'm going to go see Tom.

MANILA

Oh. You do that.

Sidney rushes off. Off Manila's troubled glance---

INT. TERMINAL -- DAY

PJ is getting ready to leave. He, ASH and DARLA pass by MANILA, ready to go. She looks like she has something to say... she hesitates a bit.

MANILA

Hey, PJ?

PJ glances up at her.

PJ  
Yeah. Be there in a sec.

PJ continues packing his things while Manila anxiously taps her foot. He zips up the rucksack, throws it over his shoulders and approaches her.

PJ (CONT'D)  
What's up?

MANILA  
I need you to pick something up for me.

PJ  
So you thought of something? A game you miss?

MANILA  
Something like that.  
(beat)  
I just need a rubber ball.

PJ looks at curiously at her.

PJ  
You wanna' play dodgeball?

Manila chuckles ---

MANILA  
Not exactly. Need me to write it down or---?

PJ  
Nope. I can remember that.

MANILA  
Thanks.

PJ nods and goes to leave --- Manila watches him go and then...

MANILA (CONT'D)  
Hey. PJ.

He turns around --- She says, sincerely:

MANILA (CONT'D)  
Stay safe, okay?

PJ  
You got it.

And then he goes...

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

ASH, DARLA and PJ are in the FOREST. They're a distance away from the AIRPORT, but not TOO far out, as we can still see one of the observatory towers in the distance.

POV SHOT:

PJ's POV --- his GLASSES are covered in BLOTCHES, blocking his vision.

Annoyed ---

PJ

*Damn...*

PJ removes his spectacles, and uses the ripped sock on his arm to wipe off the blotches. He then puts the sock back on his arm and puts the glasses back on.

DARLA

What is it?

PJ

As much as I'm thankful your dad got me a pair of glasses... I really hate 'em.

DARLA

That's a bit contradictory.

PJ

It's just that they get so dirty so easy.

ASH

I just noticed you're still wearin' that dumb-ass sock on your arm.

PJ

My lucky sock.

DARLA

Saved your life didn't it?

EXT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

*SUPER: 2 WEEKS AGO*



The large, metal doors at the back of the supermarket, where a delivery truck would pull in to drop off the latest shipment, are open and TOM, RORY, ASH, and GWEN rush out.

On the roof, looking down at them is PJ, keeping guard. He fumbles with a package of SOCKS in his hand... MANILA comes out of the door on the roof.

MANILA  
Pick anything out?

PJ  
Just some new socks.

MANILA  
They your size?

PJ  
Dunno, wanna take a look?

He tosses her the package of socks. She tears 'em open and looks at them carefully.

MANILA  
(frowning)  
Were you looking for knee-high socks?

PJ  
No, why? Too big?

MANILA  
Tremendously so.

Manila tosses him one of the socks, he stretches it out and examines it. She's right. PJ sighs ---

MANILA (CONT'D)  
Want me to run in and get you another pack?

PJ  
Nah, we're heading out I don't want to hold everyone back. Seems like it's all I do, get in the way.

MANILA  
Give them time, you just have to keep working at the supply runs and you'll get better. You can't just go out here and expect to be perfect right away.

There's a snarl. One BITER approaches, shambling forward. PJ raises his rifle. The makeshift silencer on it is NOTICEABLE. He aims --- fires, and misses.

PJ  
Shit. I can't fucking see!

MANILA  
Here, let me do it ---

The shot attracted the biter's attention. It whips its head up, glaring with dead eyes right at PJ. It runs for the roof, up the steps. The others are too distracted with gathering the equipment they looted into the large military truck to notice.

PJ  
It's coming, hurry!

It starts to clamber its way up the wall, with such ferocity that even though it slips and fumbles on its way up, it manages to get up there QUICKLY. Manila aims --- goes to fire. CLICK! Out of ammo.

So PJ unsheathes the knife from his holster at his belt, reaches forward and goes to STAB it right in the face ---

But it FALLS. Slips on its own and falls, head first to the pavement below, its head weakly exploding into a mess and its body slumping over in finality in the pool of blood and brain matter.

PJ goes too far and --- slips over the edge. The sock still in his hand, a moment of QUICK THINKING leads to Manila SNATCHING it and he hangs there --- off the wall, with just a SOCK between himself and Manila. She pulls ---

MANILA  
C'mon, get your feet on the wall ---  
try to walk up here --- *grappel* or  
whatever the fuck it's called!

PJ  
*Rappel?*

MANILA  
Yeah. That!

PJ puts his feet on the wall and WALKS --- the sock's threads stretching a bit. They start to tear and he reaches the ledge, Manila pulls him over... and then they sit there on the roof, taking heavy inhales and exhales. And then PJ starts to laugh so hard.

PJ  
 (through his giggles)  
 If you tell anybody about this, I  
 swear to god...

Grinning---

MANILA  
 Don't worry, our little secret.  
 You're lucky you did grab these  
 huge socks though...

PJ  
 They're like warm, stretchable  
 little angels.

MANILA  
 Yeah, but now, we really do need to  
 get you some damn glasses. It  
 can't wait any longer.

ON the sock as we...

EXT. CREEK -- DAY

...end up back in the present.

PJ  
 Yeah. Something like that. It was  
 also the day I knew I had to get  
 glasses. I really do hate these  
 things though...

The tree approaches the edge of the forest and the entrance  
 to a creek. A wooden sign has been hammered into the mud  
 beside the creekbed.

And ENSCRAWLED on it, in JAGGED, FUCKING CREEPY WRITING  
 reads:

"WELCOME TO CUTTHROAT CREEK"

In the margins:

"Please don't overstay your welcome"

Off the kids' faces, transfixed, NERVOUS ---

**BOOM.**

END ACT I

ACT IIINT. MEDICAL -- DAY

PHOEBE crosses frame --- holding up an X-RAY of a PATIENT'S CHEST AREA. She clips it to the board and the light lets her look it over properly. Behind her, we see KITTY sat in a chair.

PHOEBE  
...There, you see it?

TIGHT on Kitty as she looks it over --- she does.

There's a LUMP on the x-ray of HER LUNGS.

KITTY  
I see it. A tumor.  
(sighs)  
Is it inoperable?

PHOEBE  
Give it a few more weeks and it  
will be.  
(beat)  
Kitty, you're running out of time  
for this thing to go away.

KITTY  
But you're telling me we can't  
operate here.

PHOEBE  
We can't operate safely here.  
Supplies are low, Kitty, you know  
that.

KITTY  
I know, I'm just --- spitballing  
here. But, if this radio starts to  
work again, there's a chance  
they'll send another plane. We'll  
get to Eden and surely they can  
operate there?

PHOEBE  
If we get to Eden, then yes, you  
have a very good chance. If not  
then... well...

KITTY  
...I know.

GWEN (O.S.)

Kitty?

Kitty sees GWEN stood in the doorway. She looks on in shock -  
-- There's a long pause.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Your cancer's back? How long have  
you known?

KITTY

(sharply)

Shortly after we got here.

GWEN

And you weren't going to tell  
anyone?

KITTY

This isn't something I want to be  
made a big deal, okay? It's not  
something I particularly want "out  
there". It's my business. And  
we... We all have things we'd  
rather not talk about. You of all  
people should know that, Gwen.  
I'll let people know when I want  
them to know. Now go. Just...  
leave. And don't say a word.

GWEN

Does Rory know?

KITTY

Just go.

GWEN

Rory wants to see you. It's why I  
popped in.

Kitty just nods. Gwen looks on in concern before leaving.  
Kitty, frustrated, exhales and looks at Phoebe, who sternly  
reminds her ---

PHOEBE

I told you to tell him a long time  
ago... And just guessing by how  
you responded to Gwen asking, you  
didn't exactly listen.

KITTY

I think seeing pity from you is bad  
enough. Now I have to see it from  
Gwen, too?

(MORE)

KITTY (CONT'D)

Once Rory finds out it's all I'll hear... he's been so happy, I've been so happy, it's the last thing we need. I hate pity. It's not going to take the cancer away. I just don't want any of it.

(beat)

Thank you for the update, Phoebe.  
I've got to see what Rory wants.

And then she hops off the chair and quickly leaves.

INT. ARMORY -- DAY

A food armory. A REFRIGERATOR is in here as well as rows of EMPTIED SHELVES. GWEN is inside, rifling through what little is left. She's stuffing her rucksack full of what's left. From outside the door, MANILA peers in. She's watching Gwen DO THIS, CURIOSLY ---

INT. FOOD COURT -- DAY

KITTY furiously plays a game of ICE HOCKEY against RORY ---

Rory scores the winning goal and laughs. Kitty takes a seat next to PHOEBE at a nearby table.

RORY

You up to face me, Pheeb? I can't play alone.

GWEN (O.S.)

I'll play.

Rory looks surprised to see GWEN stood there, smiling. Her bag slung over her shoulders.

GWEN (CONT'D)

After I have a quick chat with Kitty, if you don't mind waiting?

RORY

Course not.

(off Kitty's uncomfortable look)

If it's alright with Kitty...

GWEN

I think it's cute that you're trying to be overprotective, but it's truly *fine*. I'm not going to bite. Honestly.

Recognizing the hint of concern in Gwen's eyes, Phoebe and Kitty look at each other knowingly --- and then Kitty stands up. Her voice low:

KITTY  
...Make it quick?

Gwen gives a nod and leads Kitty off. They stand on their own, near the counter at the nearby MCDONALD's, as we see Rory and Phoebe conversing in the background.

Gwen unzips her backpack and shows Kitty the contents.

GWEN  
Here. It's the last of the  
ration's we've gathered. Take it.

KITTY  
I told you I didn't want your pity  
parade.

GWEN  
When's the last time you've had a  
good meal? You need to keep your  
strength up, Kit.

Kitty looks at the food --- it's tempting. She takes some of it, but not ALL.

KITTY  
I can't accept all of this. I'm  
not the only one starving, have you  
seen Leigh? Manila? They look  
like death. Thanks, though.

Awkwardly, Kitty stuffs the food and shuffles back to Rory and Phoebe. Off Gwen's look, she feels good. As if she OWES it to Kitty ---

--- Kitty returns to Rory and Phoebe.

KITTY (CONT'D)  
...How's PJ doing with the radio?  
Heard any news?

RORY  
Not lately. But I've got good  
vibes. Still prepping for those  
interviews?

PHOEBE  
Don't be so nervous. It'll be a  
piece of cake, trust me.  
(MORE)

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

The doctors at Eden could use anyone on staff that has medical experience. Once we get there and you interview, you'll be accepted in no time.

KITTY

Thanks, I'm feeling a lot more confident lately.

PHOEBE

We need another dinner like the last one you threw to cheer us up 'round here.

RORY

If only we had the food. That dip... 'twas a keeper.

Rory and Kitty's glances meet --- they both smile ---

INT. FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE -- DAY

MANILA goes up to the LOUNGE. She enters and sees TOM and LEIGH talking, having a moment ---

MANILA

I'm not interrupting, am I?

Tom looks at her awkwardly.

TOM

Erm --- no.

MANILA

Okay, good.

She waltzes in bluntly. Tom and Leigh stir.

TOM

What is it, Manila?

MANILA

It's Gwen and Sidney. I'm tired of their bullshit.

LEIGH

I thought you and Sidney were friends?



MANILA

So did I. I asked Sid if she could keep me in mind for the next time they hand out food, because I haven't been included in any of the rationing's so far. She says yes, and then I find Gwen in the food armory, stuffing her bag full. And then I followed her --- she was giving food to Kitty. Former best friends? Ring a bell? I thought the food ran out days ago, and now they're holding out on us so she can hand out the rest to Kitty?

LEIGH

She feels like she owes Kitty something because she slept with her husband...

MANILA

Exactly. And she's letting the rest of us suffer so she can reconcile her friendship. Something needs to be said.

Tom rubs his temples. Gives a sigh...

TOM

Shit. I knew something like this would happen.

MANILA

I know every situation always turns into a power struggle between you and Gwen Tom, and I'm not trying to feed the flames... I only wanted to give you the truth.

TOM

Thank you.

Manila shuffles toward the door, but shares one final glance at Leigh's direction ---

MANILA

When was the last time you've eaten Leigh? You look spent.

Leigh doesn't give an answer... Tom's worried, she can tell. Manila grows awkward, and then sets out seeing as Leigh's not exactly in the mood for conversation and sensing that she's SPARKED something between these two ---

Once Manila's gone and the door's shut, Leigh's face turns.  
She SMILES and giggles...

LEIGH  
(mocking Manila)  
"Am I interrupting?"

Leigh laughs.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
Like, *obviously*...

She leans in and kisses Tom again. He pulls away. Serious---

TOM  
...She's got a point. When was the  
last time you've eaten?

LEIGH  
You saying I look like shit?

TOM  
No, it's an honest question.

LEIGH  
...Don't stress yourself out too  
much today, okay?

TOM  
You act like I'm gonna' stress out  
over somethin' little. This is a  
big deal, Leigh. Talk to me.

LEIGH  
...It's been at least a week.

TOM  
Damn it and you haven't said  
anything? Why aren't you  
participating in the games to get  
first dib's? At least Manila's  
trying...

LEIGH  
I don't want people to think that  
because we're seeing each other I'm  
getting food.

TOM  
And what do you think Gwen's doing  
with Kitty? She's showing  
favoritism, Leigh. You need to  
eat.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)  
 Stop being worried about what the  
 others are gonna' say. I'll go  
 talk to Gwen ---

Leigh wants to argue, but Tom doesn't want to hear it. He's already half-way out the door. As realization hits her that he couldn't care less about her argument, she just closes her mouth, gives up, and watches him go...

EXT. CREEK -- DAY

They move across the creek, finding a small wooden shed. PJ looks ill, Darla notices. Shoots him a passing glance of concern.

DARLA  
 You ok?

Then we get a CLOSE UP of PJ. He takes a deep breath.

PJ  
 (whispering)  
 I need... I need my meds...

PJ takes a quick look down. At the moving stream.

QUICK CUT to the image of a YOUNG BOY curled up, face in his knees, inside a PIPE as RAIN POURS down OUTSIDE...

BACK ON PJ's face --- closing his eyes ---

PJ (CONT'D)  
 Fuck... fuck, fuck, fuck, *fuck*...

ASH  
 You okay?

PJ's cringing at this point. He closes his eyes --- inhales, then looks at Ash ---

PJ  
 I'm afraid of it, dude. Like  
 deathly afraid.

ASH  
 Of what?

PJ  
 (embarrassed as hell)  
 Water.

ASH  
 Water? Seriously?

TIGHT ON PJ --- dead serious.

QUICK CUT to the young boy again. In the pipe. He tries looking outside but there's nothing to see but a swirling storm. Water beats against his face and he screams, covering his ears, shutting his eyes...

Then we're BACK to Ash, who scratches the back of his head, trying to figure out something...

ASH (CONT'D)  
Uhhhh. Okay. Um... You know what  
I'm deathly afraid of?

PJ  
Nothing.

ASH  
I'm afraid of tons of stuff.  
Everyone's got something they're  
scared of. Me? Fucking bugs.  
Especially *spiders* and *centipedes*.  
But really, any creepy-crawly  
things freak me the fuck out. Even  
bee's, man. Bumblebee's.  
Dragonflies. If it's got wings and  
a hundred eyes, or if it's got  
eight hundred fucking legs and it's  
a tenth of my size, I run and  
scream like a sissy girl.

PJ laughs, taking in a deep breath, not looking down --- Ash  
is trying to make him comfortable ---

ASH (CONT'D)  
And I *don't look at 'em*. If I hear  
'em or whatever, I just don't.  
Look. And it works. So do the  
same thing. *Don't look at the  
water*. We're gonna' find a way  
across, okay?

PJ  
(chuckles nervously)  
Lookin' at you ain't much more  
comforting.

Ash shakes his head with a chuckle. *Good one, kid.*

ASH  
Don't be an ass or I'll knock you  
in there myself...

PJ tenses up, half-expecting him to do it.

DARLA  
...Then look at me.

PJ's face goes straight --- he looks at Darla.

Ash goes toward the shed.

INT. SHED -- CONTINUOUS

Ash stumbles into the gloomy recesses of the wooden shed. There are some unused supplies thrown around in here. Empty five-gallon containers, empty boxes of tree-pruning equipment, spare tires for a large car, perhaps a Jeep.

Ash frowns as PJ and Darla make their way in.

PJ  
You got an idea?

ASH  
A raft.

PJ  
There's one in here?

ASH  
Dunno. Just assuming.

Ash goes through the pile of shit in this room and finds a closet full of plastic oars.

ASH (CONT'D)  
(suspicious)  
Well, that's incredibly convenient.

DARLA  
Okay, great, but where's the *raft*?

She moves to the rear of the building --- passing below a barred window. Slats of light fall on her back and contort as she moves. A dark closet door is slightly ajar. She brushes the handle, it swings open --- and she finds plastic covers. A ton of 'em.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
These for guns?

She raises the plastic covers. PJ examines them, nods.

PJ  
Yeah these'll be useful.

DARLA  
What do they do?

PJ  
Protect the guns from the water.  
So they don't get jammed up...

PJ moves around, sees something. Smirking. And then he sits on a large box.

PJ (CONT'D)  
Yo. Darla.

Darla whips around. PJ gives a shrug.

PJ (CONT'D)  
'Fraid there's no raft.

He smacks his hand against the side of the box... and Darla sees it. She smiles --- sees it: The box he's sat on is labeled: RAFT STORAGE.

DARLA  
Dumby! You're sitting on it.

PJ laughs.

PJ  
I know, I was kiddin'...

He stands, pulls off. That smile he's wearing masks his nervousness. Ash opens up the box and finds two rubber cubes sitting on the floor, strapped tight with flat rubber belts. A half-dozen orange life preserver's are strewn in the large metal box.

PJ (CONT'D)  
No raft...

Darla pulls out one of the cubes, pulls at the belt clasped around it ---

--- and it falls out onto the floor, revealing the flattened shape of a raft. Embarrassed he didn't figure that out sooner---

PJ (CONT'D)  
Oh. Right.

EXT. CREEK -- DAY

At the edge of the small dock ---

Ash pulls a cord off the flattened raft.

With a loud hiss, the rubber material begins to expand uncontrollably, jerking and jumping like a wild marionette. Then, with a whooping *HISSS-WHAAAAAP!* it hits the deck floor, pulling popped open, revealing a large, bright orange raft.

Ash shoves the raft over the edge and ties it to the edge of the deck. It barely clings to the wood, bouncing along the rough-moving waves.

PJ prepares all their weapons with the plastic covers Darla found in the shed, passes them around.

PJ stares on nervously as Darla looks eager to climb in.

PJ

Seriously? That thing's not gonna' hold us is it?

ASH

It's worth a shot. There's no other way around here. They want us to explore places we've never been to, and we can't walk around. We've got two oars. If you want, Darla and I will do all the work ---

DARLA

The amputee? Seriously?!

ASH

...Shuddup.

PJ frowns. Darla hops into the raft quickly. Ash follows. He motions for PJ --- PJ moves across the deck and hops right into the raft. Sticks his landing, sitting against the rubber backing with a deep intake of breath. Ash claps him on the shoulder, proud. He undoes the rope and off they go...

ASH (CONT'D)

Starting to get calmer, huh?

The general ride doesn't seem too bad, the waves are rocking slowly but surely at this point. PJ doesn't look at the water, though, it's too much for him. Ash looks down at the boy, bothered by this.

THUMP. The raft stops moving, and they're aground. Darla looks overboard. She reaches in --- we follow her hand --- about elbow deep.

Ash stands and shoves the oars into the water. He pushes with all his might, there is a loud scraping sound and then screeeeech --- it finally plops back into the water and off of the rocks, moving at a swift pace again. Ash plops back onto his butt in the raft and rows with both oars.

A WIDE AREA OF THE CREEK --- They bounce along the water. As the raft passes it, we see, on the rocks, three bodies. Bite marks cover them, and GUNSHOT WOUNDS of finality are blasted into their heads. They've been rotting for a while, not entirely decomposed but nearly there. And we pan up, seeing a LARGE CABIN on the top of a hill. Darla doesn't notice the bodies, but she does see the cabin. Intrigued, she squints her eyes at it:

DARLA  
Y'all see that?

Ash looks up, PJ keeps his eyes shut and takes a deep breath. Sees the large cabin.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
Those people got a big ol' view of the creek, huh?

Ash doesn't seem too interested. He works the oars energetically, trying to get them through.

DARLA (CONT'D)  
You said we'd do it together, need my help?

ASH  
(annoyed)  
Nah, you just bitched about it so I figured I'd do it myself. You are a cripple right? Amputee?!

DARLA  
(offended)  
Hey!

ASH  
You gave yourself that title, not me!

Darla pipes up, realizes he's right...

There's a bend in the creek. The water begins to rush and roar as the current picks up speed. PJ keeps his head close to the rubber gunwales of the boat, covering his head with his hands. White foam crashes over the sides and into the raft, spraying the kids. Ash and Darla burst into laughter, PJ's face just wears concern and horror as we...



Get a QUICK CUT of the young boy that was in the pipe in the earlier flashbacks, standing --- watching a figure rush past in an unfamiliar coat --- he picks up a rock, the heavy rain water splashing his face, blinding him. He can just barely see the figure in this storm. He tries blocking his face, inching forward toward the figure, and we're---

--- back on PJ, on the floor of the raft. Trying to block his face from the water.

ANOTHER BEND and now the raft is really picking up speed, racing along the current. White waves crash into the raft. A giggling Darla is thrown to the other side, crashing against the floor of the raft. Ash scrambles forward and helps her up, shouts over the raging waters:

ASH (CONT'D)  
You alright?

DARLA  
Just fine!

She sits back up, while PJ looks up. Ash smiles, enjoying himself, but his eyes are alight with concern for PJ:

ASH  
You okay?

The raft tosses left and right, PJ's shaking hands tightly wrapped around the rubber grips.

PJ  
I thought --- I thought it looked  
calm, man. I might barf.

ASH  
Over the edge, man --- not on me ---  
(remembering)  
*Oh wait, no scratch that, do NOT  
look into the water. Barf on me if  
you need too man, I'm not afraid,  
let it at me ---*

DARLA  
Ew!

More water splashes PJ. His glasses go flying -- PJ instinctively reaches out, CATCHES the glasses ---

PJ  
I got it---

A triumphant smile as he raises his other hand in the air, removing it from the gripper victoriously, a childish PROUD moment, and then --- WHOOOOSH!

The stream widens and the raft starts to really fly, sending a GIANT WHITE WAVE up, crashing into the raft. At this moment, PJ's got his hand off the gripper and into the air, glasses in hand.

It happens so fast, the jubilation of his VICTORY is gone in a flash second as PJ is dragged off. Ash and Darla scream after him, but before they know it, they look down at the raging white waters and see PJ splashing, bobbing his head above the surface...

ASH

I SEE HIM!

DARLA

Where?! I don't see ---

ASH

Just c'mon---!

As PJ's body disappears beneath the white waves, dragging ahead of the raft, Ash violently paddling after him, we pan to the stream.

We see something, its hinge caught on one of the rocks ---

--- PJ's GLASSES. Busted. The glasses are barely hanging on to the rock, against the raging waters, until they're DRAGGED away and with them---

END ACT II

ACT IIIINT. TERMINAL -- DAY

SIDNEY stands in the TERMINAL... TOM approaches her.

TOM  
...Sidney, we need to talk.  
Where's Gwen?

Sidney looks at Tom ---

SIDNEY  
Yeah, I was going to talk to you  
too. I'm a bit proud. Surprised,  
but proud...

TOM  
I don't know what the hell you're  
talking about.

GWEN (O.S.)  
I heard my name pop up in  
conversation...

Tom and Sidney turn to see GWEN approaching. She has a pair of keys in her hands --- we recognize these as the keys to the armory where food's being locked up.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
...something you wanna' talk to me  
about?

TOM  
There are some people here...  
including myself... that are  
concerned you're showing a very  
noticeable approach to your food  
distribution.

GWEN  
Mind speaking English?

TOM  
People are worried you're showing  
favoritism, Gwen.

SIDNEY  
Oh, who's said that?

TOM

I said "Gwen", not "Sidney" but if you want to make this about you, Leigh hasn't eaten in at least a week. And the way you've been acting lately, I wouldn't be surprised if you're starving her deliberately.

SIDNEY

Starving her? Do you really think I'd do that?

TOM

We've all done some desperate shit, Sidney, I wouldn't put anything past anyone.

Sidney goes quiet... their stares at each other are ICE COLD. And then his eyes fall back to GWEN ---

TOM (CONT'D)

Someone saw you taking food out of the armory today. Offering it to Kitty... That doesn't look good when you've said it was gone, Gwen.

Sidney's confused. Slightly betrayed, even. She had NO CLUE.

SIDNEY

We keep some food stocked up in case of emergencies, we don't hand all of it out, we agreed on that but... but handing it out to Kitty? She never said anything to me about that.

Gwen sighs, she knows she has a lot of explaining to do. But she kept Kitty's word, she can't spill the beans. So what's a girl to do?

GWEN

Yeah, I offered the food to Kitty alright? It was a selfish act, I was just trying to get her to talk to me again.

(beat)

She didn't take the food though, she refused it and she told me how unfair it was and I came around. It's still in the armory. Heads up.

Gwen tosses the keys --- Tom catches them. They lock eyes --- this is a familiar moment. But this time, these two are on opposite sides.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You think you can do a better job than me? Fine. Ration what's left in the armory. If you think it's so easy, choose who gets to eat and who gets to sit here and starve to death.

Tom stands there, a little taken aback.

GWEN (CONT'D)

What are you waitin' for, sheriff? Get to it.

Tom leaves, the keys in hand.

SIDNEY

And you didn't want to tell me this?

Gwen whips around at Sidney, who's frowning. Guilty:

GWEN

...It was an oversight on my part. I wasn't thinking straight.

SIDNEY

Taking out emergency rations is a decision you can't make on your own, Gwen. You were the one questioning Tom's leadership and now here I am --- questioning yours. If you can't get your act together and keep your personal problems out of this, maybe you shouldn't do this anymore.

Sidney then heads off angrily. Off Gwen's desperate, guilty look---

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY

POV SHOT:

STARING UP at the CEILING of a LARGE TUNNEL, we're FLOATING. WATER splashes over us and we go UNDER --- sounds are muffled, and then we bob back up. The ceiling seems to contort, the light grows brighter and things are barely visible, and it's a very TRIPPY SHOT:

And then the colors get BLINDINGLY DIFFERENT --- we're TIGHT ON PJ's face now as he WINCES ---

--- and then he sits up. The opening to the tunnel scatters the BRIGHT SUNLIGHT, bouncing off the water and RIGHT into PJ's eyes --- A FIGURE STANDS THERE. PJ sits up.

THE WATER'S NOT DRAGGING HIM NOW. He stands.

The figure walks through the water toward him, he puts his hand up, shielding the sunlight to get a better look and he sees:

His mother.

GILLIAN. Her head bloodied, smashed in.

He sighs ---

PJ

...I'm getting too smart for this.  
I'm hallucinating again. You  
always... you always show up in my  
hallucination's.

Gillian looks at the water sadly.

PJ (CONT'D)

I'm starting to think they're the  
only way I'm ever gonna' see you  
again.

GILLIAN

Because you figured out the truth.  
You remembered. That woman lied to  
you. Manila. You didn't get  
separated, you ---

PJ

I know.

PJ swallows. TIGHT ON HIM --- completely disheartened.

GILLIAN

Technically, you're having a...  
*hypnopompic* hallucination. Your  
mind doesn't know whether you're  
awake or asleep. So you're here.  
Somewhere in-between.

PJ

So let me know, mom. Am I awake or  
asleep?

Gillian smiles. Puts a hand on his shoulder.

GILLIAN

That's for you to decide. You are you. No one controls who does what for you except for yourself---

PJ gives a pathetic whimper, fighting tears...

PJ

---But moms do. Mom's control that.

GILLIAN

Honey, I'm not your mother. I'm what's left of her. A memory. Floating around your mind... So what would you rather do, PJ? Stay awake or go to sleep? Just remember --- please don't overstay your welcome.

Then she winks. And then PJ looks down --- A BLOODY ROCK IN HIS HAND. He drops it --- gasps ---

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

A hole in the ground. A pipe. The young boy we saw earlier is curled up, his face in his knees, as a HEAVY RAINSTORM batters outside. He looks up as his mother --- GILLIAN --- stands above him.

GILLIAN

I'll be right back, PJ. I promise.

Gillian smiles comfortingly. She wraps young PJ in her arms warmly and whispers in his ear...

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

...I love you.

PJ

The planes left us, so why do you have to leave me now? You're coming back, right, Mom?

GILLIAN

Of course. It's only for a moment, honey. We need to eat. We have nothing left... so stay in here. No matter what, okay? I'll be back soon.

Gillian heaves a rifle over her shoulder and climbs out of the pipe and into the rainstorm above them, out of PJ's sight.

TIGHT on PJ --- still curled close to his body --- as the rain pours. Lonely.

INT. TUNNEL -- DAY -- END FLASHBACK

--- WE jump to a CLOSE-UP SHOT of PJ, HE'S BACK TO floating in the stream water, which DRAGS him above and under water. He stares up at the ceiling motionless. Voices echo in the background, but his HALLUCINATION has grabbed his attention and those voices mean nothing...

...And then moments later, a hand reaches down and PHYSICALLY GRABS him by the collar --- yanking him up --- shaking him out of his trance ---

And then PJ is back in the raft. He's plopped, jeans and shirt and all sopping wet, staring at ASH, who has pulled him up, and DARLA, who stands behind him.

PJ  
Wh--- Where am I?

ASH  
You fell into the stream. Dragged you in here. It's some sort of pipe, connected to the creek...

Indeed, we get a WIDE SHOT of PJ, Ash and Darla...

Stood inside what looks like a MASSIVE DRAIN PIPE, a TUNNEL connected to the creekbed. The water moves at a rapid pace and the raft is moving swiftly now... Ash points ahead... a dark abyss where the water CURVES downward.

ASH (CONT'D)  
The stream ends there. I dunno where it goes, or how far a'drop it is, but I'm not willing to find out. We gotta' get out of this raft ---

PJ  
I can't see shit. My glasses must've fell --- shit!

To their side, there's a CONCRETE BLOCK and a SHOTGUNNED-TO-HELL DOOR that rests against the wall, barely hanging on.



DARLA

That way. It must lead to some sort of sewer. I mean, it has to right? That smell can't be anything else---!

Ash LODGES one of the raft's oars into a rock. The raft is jammed for a moment but then he shoves the other one in and they're stuck in the rocks, ran aground. Ash hops out, takes PJ's hand and lets him out. Darla gets out on her own, hops across the rocks. PJ hops with her, she takes his hand and helps him balance. They make it to the concrete block and the unhinged door. Ash isn't too far behind them. They climb onto the block, head through the door, and make it inside the room.

INT. SEWER STAIRWELL -- DAY

INSIDE the ENTRANCE, we see the room has flooded. DARLA SLIPS as soon as she walks in, falling right on her ass into the crystal clear water that pours in from ABOVE. ASH helps her up as she grumbles... PJ stares at the water in a sort of TRANCE --- looking SICK.

DARLA

Where's that water coming from?

ASH

The creek. The roof's caved in... foundation of this place isn't too sturdy.

DARLA

Can you check the map? See where we are?

Ash unzips his bag and pulls out BEN'S ATLAS. Finds a DOG-EARED page, follows the trail he marked in there and finds the sewer system.

ASH

It's the local sewer system, and if I'm following the pictures right, if we keep heading down and out, we'll reach the other side of the creek and then we can make our way back around.

DARLA

And back to the airport?

ASH

Yeah.

DARLA  
 (nervous)  
 Good. We need to be back tonight.

Ash tosses the book back into his backpack. Slinging it back over his shoulder, Ash starts. He looks at PJ, who's just staring at the pouring water.

PJ  
 I can't --- I can't ---

DARLA  
 What's wrong with you, c'mon!!

Ash can sense there's something TRULY wrong here as PJ's hands SHAKE... we're tight on them...

ASH  
 Pajama's, focus! Focus!

PJ  
 Don't call me fuckin' Pajama's.

ASH  
 I knew that'd get your attention!

We're TIGHT ON THE STAIRWELL --- FROM PJ'S POV:

The dark staircase, the pouring water... there's so MUCH of it. And then up from the staircase COMES A SHARK. CHOMPING AT HIM.

Ash and Darla seem to be FROZEN in time, and PJ falls, gasping. But the SHARK's gone.

And now, a lone FISH swims past him and its tail fin SLAPS against PJ's leg. PJ shivers, the feeling of the fish SHAKING him --- and then he sees the water falling from the caved-in roof CONTORTING and TWISTING into a FUNNEL. A HURRICANE.

AND NOW PJ SCREAMS ---

--- and then we SNAP back to reality. Ash SLAPS him across the face. PJ tries to catch his breath and looks back up to Ash.

ASH (CONT'D)  
 I don't know what's going on, but  
 you need to get a'hold of yourself.

PJ  
 Water... water... I told you  
 I'm...

ASH  
*Aquaphobic*, shit! And there's  
 water everywhere.

Ash pulls his own straggly hair out of his face and takes in a deep breath. He's fucking stressed. He lifts PJ's arm and puts it around his shoulder.

ASH (CONT'D)  
 C'mon you little shit, we're going  
 in---

PJ  
 ...I can't.

ASH  
 You can and you will.

Darla goes to head down the stairs on her own. Before she does, she looks back at Ash and PJ --- we're TIGHT on her face as she gives a SCREAM:

DARLA  
 (shrill)  
 OHMYGOD, LOOK UP!!

Ash whips his attention to the hole in the roof --- NOW *FUCKING WHAT?* --- AND sees a member of the UNDEAD POUNCING DOWN AT HIM ---

Darla lifts her gun and shoots --- MISSES. Nearly fucking hits Ash as he and PJ hit the ground. PJ's face-first in the water... He starts to panic. He stands on his feet, holding onto the wall. Ash wrestles with the biter in the water, as it pushes his face underwater. Ash fights to get his head above water, to BREATHE ---

--- Darla fights to reload the weapon. She DROPS the fucking magazine...

And then PJ faces his fears, unsheathes a KNIFE, and rushes. Closes his eyes and KNIFES the zombie right under its chin. It gurgles, spitting blood and then PJ yanks the knife out and the zombie splashes into the water. PJ helps Ash stand, and Ash looks at him. PJ's still looking like he's having a panic attack---

ASH  
 You good?

PJ  
 I --- I don't know.

ASH

If you're not gonna' stand I'm gonna' drag you through the fucking water. If you're that afraid of it, I'm sure you won't want that. Cause we're going down those steps. We have no choice now. Oh, and Darla?

DARLA

Yeah?

ASH

Don't fire another weapon again unless you've got a clear shot. Nearly took my fucking head off.

Darla swallows, nervous and guilty. Not sure whether to apologize or just nod and take it. So instead she says nothing.

INT. FLOODED STAIRCASE -- CONTINUOUS

Ash starts down the steps first, the waterfall from above blocking him from Darla and PJ's sight. They look nervous ---

Ash reaches his hand THROUGH the water.

ASH

If I need to hold your hand, let's get this over with.

PJ reaches his hand out and they LOCK --- PJ closes his eyes and holds his breath as Ash PULLS him through the falling torrent of water. PJ opens his eyes when he reaches the other side, his face, hair and body completely drenched. He tries to regain composure. Ash is growing irritable as Darla makes her way through the water...

DARLA

They're coming in through the hole in the roof...!

Ash looks at PJ ---

ASH

Sorry kid. I understand your situation but you gotta' trust me on this.

Ash lets go of PJ and lets him drop to the steps --- splashing into the water butt first.

PJ

Ow, my ass!

Ash hands PJ a pistol --- PJ pulls out his own, dual wielding. Facing backward, PJ fires both pistols at the pursuing horde. The steps are pretty steep and the water is flowing fast, so Ash and Darla fight to keep themselves standing as PJ is dragged by Ash behind them, firing. The muzzle flashes ILLUMINATE the dark staircase, giving us brief looks at the pursuing, writhing mass of undead behind them. About ten or so.

PJ keeps firing, water splashing in his face. But he's determined --- if he's gonna' make it out of here, he's gotta' deal with his fear and JUST KEEP SHOOTING. And he's doing a damn fine job.

Zombie corpses tumble along with them, and Ash nearly trips over one --- PJ is thrown off-balance and bullets bounce awry.

ASH

Sorry!

He regains his balance, whips his sopping wet mop of hair out of his face, and keeps charging on. Darla turns around now and uses her gun to help PJ out. She actually hits a few of them and doesn't get in the fucking way this time. And then out of Ash's bag, the zip not done all the way, tumbles THE ATLAS. The atlas that was once his brother's... He doesn't notice and PJ shouts ahead.

PJ

YOU DROPPED SOMETHING! THE ATLAS!  
OUR ATLAS!!

They finally reach the bottom of the steps, reaching a three-foot deep pool of water... ANOTHER door is blasted open by what looks, once again, like SHOTGUN BLASTS and is left in shambles. Ash helps PJ stand at the bottom of the stairs, and PJ keeps firing -- taking out the couple left. The two younger kids make their way through the destroyed door while Ash goes back up the stairs, looking desperately for the atlas... And he finds it. Picks up the soaked book. Throws it back in his bag, zips it up tight, and meets up with the kids---

INT. SEWER -- CONTINUOUS

---inside the SEWER'S.

DARLA

Eww, it smells down here.

PJ  
(out of breath)  
Did... did you get the atlas?

DARLA  
Yeah we can't get back without it.

ASH  
I got it, but it's drenched.  
Fucking gone probably... But  
listen, wherever those biter's came  
from, the gunshots are bound to  
bring more of 'em so we need to  
move fast.

He looks with concern to PJ, who's doing his best to look at  
anything but the three-feet of sludge and water he's stood in  
right now...

ASH (CONT'D)  
And get this kid out of the goddamn  
water.

Ash and Darla look around --- Darla squints as she sees  
something. She points at a YELLOW LADDER a few feet away.  
It leads up to a chain-link and mesh platform that seems to  
stretch out down the entire tunnel.

DARLA  
We can climb up there. Think it'll  
lead us out of here?

ASH  
Even if it doesn't completely, it's  
at least some sort of guide for us.  
And it'll get Pajama's out of this  
mess.

They start for it. Darla puts her hand in PJ's comfortingly.

DARLA  
It's okay...

PJ  
I'm... I'm fine, honest.

ASH  
You did pretty damn good back  
there...

PJ  
I'm used to aiming at blobs.  
Without my glasses everything far-  
off looks like frickin' pixels...

He's interrupted by a HOWLING NOISE. More are coming. Their footsteps STOMP down the steps they just came from. The trio pick up the pace and head for that yellow ladder...

INT. ARMORY -- DAY

TOM STARES at the ARMORY SHELVES. The food that Gwen returned to them. LEIGH sits with him.

LEIGH

I told you not to stress yourself out and here you are --- Stress Central.

TOM

You couldn't have come up with something better than that?

LEIGH

No. I'm a self-proclaimed lame.

Tom chuckles a bit. He takes the food --- puts it in his bag. Keeps something and hands it to Leigh. She looks it over.

TOM

Eat. It's the least I could give you, but...

LEIGH

If you give me food, you'll be doing exactly what you nailed Gwen for --- showing favoritism.

TOM

I'm feeding you because you need it. Even if we weren't together, I'd have fed you. If Sidney were starving herself, or Gwen, I'd feed them, too. They'll understand.

LEIGH

Will they? Honestly? They'll just use it against you...

TOM

I don't care. You need to eat.

LEIGH

...Thank you. If you need me to back you up, I will.

TOM  
I'm gonna' find the kids next, you  
seen 'em?

LEIGH  
No. Last I heard Ash signed up to  
be Navigator so I'm assuming  
whoever went for Bean Can Runner  
already ran off with him.

TOM  
I have an idea. Enjoy that okay,  
you deserve it.

LEIGH  
Thanks again.

They leave the armory together and as Tom SHUTS the door...

END ACT III

ACT IV

INT. TERMINAL -- SUNSET

TOM is going down the DEACTIVATED ESCALATOR while GWEN is on  
her way up ---

--- they stop in place and look at each other.

TOM  
I want to have a meeting in fifteen  
minutes at the food court. Gather  
everyone up, there's something I  
need to say.

GWEN  
What is it?

TOM  
You'll find out in fifteen minutes.

Gwen's annoyed with the secrecy:

GWEN  
You're getting a little full of  
yourself.

Tom scoffs --- he has so much on his mind he could say to her  
right now. There's a pause as their eyes lock and she waits  
for his retort, but he has more self-control than that.  
Instead he just repeats what he said before.



TOM  
Get everyone down here for me,  
please. *Thanks.*

And he jogs down the steps. And we're left on Gwen's face...

INT. FOOD COURT -- SUNSET

The group is already gathered as SIDNEY makes her way there. Her eyes on Tom. He nods at her, she nods back. Respect here, but she's obviously still a LITTLE BITTER.

TOM  
Everyone's here?

All -- even the four background TECHNICIANS we barely see like MAL, STILLMAN, etc. -- are here. Except Ash, PJ, and Darla.

The group is expecting the worst.

REGIS  
You can't tell us we're not working  
hard enough...

KITTY  
What did we do wrong?

TOM  
Nothing. That's why we're having a  
dinner together.

There's a moment of silence as everyone exchanges glances... Phoebe looks at Rory and Kitty and leans in to whisper...

PHOEBE  
(whispering)  
Was he spying on us earlier? I  
just suggested this---!

RORY  
(whispering)  
Wouldn't put it past him. Dude's a  
hawk...

STILLMAN  
Is there a reason?

TOM  
Why do we need a reason to sit down  
and eat the rest of this food?  
(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

We share it all, distribute it fairly and have a nice conversation while we're at it. That enough of a reason for you?

Annoyed:

RORY

Yeah Stillman. Always gotta' question every goddamn thing --- You heard the man, let's eat!

A smile crosses Tom's face...

LATER:

The group sits at the food court tables. They're all conversing over what little is left of the emergency stash. The fast food is all done up as attractive as possible. TOM, LEIGH and GWEN are lined up to get their plates... Tom looks between the women.

TOM

Has anyone seen Darla? PJ?

LEIGH

...No.

TOM

I just... I thought I asked you to grab everyone.

GWEN

You didn't know?

TOM

Huh?

Gwen raises her eyebrows --- takes a bite of her food, and keeps walking --- Leigh just shrugs. So Tom moves to Manila and Sidney, they sit together at a table.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, uh, you know where PJ's at?

MANILA

'Course I do. He's off with your girl and Ash.

Manila isn't making eye contact with Tom but the way he's looking at her, he's basically begging her too. His expression is one of confusion and horror.

TOM  
Off with---? Wait, what?

SIDNEY  
...She went on the supply run with them. You gave her permission --- wait. Didn't you?

Finally making sense of it, Manila sighs. Rubs her temples.

MANILA  
Oh, *shit*. You didn't know...  
She's always such a good kid I just figured you said yes.

TOM  
And since when would I have let her go out there? Goddamnit!

Manila picks out some food and Tom zips up the bag and flips it over his shoulder, not looking at her.

SIDNEY  
That's exactly what I said! I was--  
- I was going to say something,  
but it isn't my place and I just figured...

MANILA  
Look, I didn't know, if I would've known I woulda' said something.  
I'm sorry.

TOM  
Not your fault. They left hours ago and I'm just now noticing.  
What kind of parenting is that?!

Manila doesn't know how to respond to Tom's spout of self-doubt. She watches him go and yawns.

MANILA  
I think I'm off for an early sleep.  
This meal was filling. Thank Tom for me.

SIDNEY  
Will do. Sleep tight.

Manila gets up to go, leaving the dinner swiftly.

INT. TERMINAL -- SUNSET

MANILA's all alone, moving up to the TERMINAL. She YAWNS as she arrives at the little tent she's set up in the terminal, and notices that there's a note hanging inside. She can see its shadow from the outside. She heads for it, climbs in the tent, yanks the note off from the wall and steps out and back into the terminal. She reads the note and we get a CLOSE-UP of it. Scribbled in messy, KID'S handwriting, it says:

"CHECK THE RADIO - PJ"

INT. SEWER -- SUNSET

Pinned to the mesh floor of the ramp by a zombie, ASH readies his arm -- throws the PIPE BOMB with all his might. It hits the wall --- and, IN EPIC FAIL FASHION, bounces back RIGHT near them.

DARLA

Nice one, Ash. Maybe next time you can throw it away from us...

ASH

Kinda hard to throw well with a biter hanging off my goddamn arm by its teeth. Shoot this motherfucker!

DARLA

But PJ is still down there ---

Darla keeps firing, giving PJ a path to plough through. He reaches the ladder and shimmies up, joining them. Nodding to the pipe bomb ---

PJ

Damn it, now they're going to come up here!

ASH

Yeah, I know. Maybe next time I'll shove it up your ass and all you'll need to do is clench and ---

The zombie's hands grab Ash's face and INTERRUPTS HIM. PJ raises his gun --- BLOWS its head clean off, spraying Ash with blood. Ash tosses its limp form aside and eyes the pipe bomb. He, PJ and Darla run across the ramp as the zombies pour behind them, clawing and biting at each other as the beeping pipe bomb glows and gives them a bright red light and noise to be attracted to.

The explosion rockets behind them with blood and fire and it propels each of them forward. PJ and Darla land face first against the mesh floor, while Ash disappears over the side and splashes into the water. More continue to crawl up the ramp, snarling hungrily at PJ and Darla. They raise their guns, firing and scramble to their feet running and exchanging conversation and firing at the zombies that give chase:

PJ  
Shit, shit, shit...

DARLA  
Where's Ash!?

PJ  
Long-haired freak? Likes to yell  
at people for no reason? Hates  
heights?

DARLA  
PJ, where is he?!

PJ  
He fell into the sewer water...

Darla looks below them crazily, at the sea of zombies, as the pair run and whip around to fire behind them... Darla can barely balance everything, her movements with the gun and her amputated hand. She can't do it much longer, she's phsyically DRAINED. Panting:

DARLA  
...Is he okay?

PJ	DARLA
How the hell am I supposed to know? Do I look like sewer water to you?	--- You smell like it.
	---We can't leave him.

--- You do too, princess.

PJ  
I'm just saying --- if there's one thing I've figured out about Ash these past few weeks, it's that you never interrupt the man's work. He helped me, he --- he --- I'd be dead if it weren't for him so I'd never suggest we leave him behind! We get to the end of this bridge, get down there and meet up with him.

(MORE)

PJ (CONT'D)  
 I know your arm hurts, but you  
 gotta' keep shooting. If you  
 can't, if you get too tired, it's  
 fine. I just need you to try!!  
 He'll be there! I promise!

CUE: "DON ABANDONS ALICE" by JOHN MURPHY:

BELOW --- We see Ash, crawling with zombies that shake and attack him. He expertly starts taking them out, hacking and slashing and shooting all at the same time. As he frees himself from the grips of the zombies, he whips around and smashes one's face in with the butt of his rifle. And then he darts forward, running ---

ABOVE --- PJ and Darla run. The undead chase after them, Darla SCREAMS in pure fear, running on nothing but ADRENALINE at this point. The zombies from below climb up. PJ looks back and in the crowd of biter's that bob up and down, he sees his mother GILLIAN's face...

FLASH: She jumps ahead of the crowd, she's SOAKING WET with a BLOODY HEAD WOUND (this is important) and she drones repeatedly:

GILLIAN  
 Please don't overstay your welcome.  
 Please don't overstay your welcome.  
 Please don't overstay your welcome.

PJ stops momentarily in pure confusion, but by then she's GONE. Shaking it off, with Darla pulling on his arm and the snarling creatures after him, he returns to RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE. He plays with his bag, opening pockets and looking for something... and he pulls out ANOTHER PIPE BOMB. LIGHTS IT.

BELOW --- Ash keeps moving, the zombies aren't paying attention to HIM anymore, they're going up. TOWARD PJ.

ABOVE --- PJ stops at the end of the walkway, holding up the pipe bomb. Darla looks at him incredulously. The zombies keep coming.

DARLA  
 WHAT'RE YOU DOING--?!

PJ  
 Get down! GO DOWN NOW AND GET OUT  
 OF HERE---!

Darla doesn't argue as the zombies keep going. She hits the sewer water as PJ stares ahead. The song FADES...

INT. TERMINAL -- SUNSET

Manila shows LEIGH the letter PJ left her.

MANILA  
He wants me to look at the radio.  
He might've fixed it.

Leigh looks up at Manila, excitedly.

MANILA (CONT'D)  
You know how to work the thing...

Manila doesn't even have to finish. Leigh's got an answer for her.

LEIGH  
...Absolutely.

And they rush off...

INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- SUNSET

Manila and LEIGH enter the OBSERVATORY ROOM at the top of the tower. Leigh approaches the RADIO PANELS and begins playing with them. She turns a knob and THE ROLLING STONES begins to play...

LEIGH  
We're patched in to the  
international system... this is a  
straight broadcast from Eden.

Leigh looks up at Manila in amazement. Gives a surprised, excited chuckle.

LEIGH (CONT'D)  
PJ did it. He fucking fixed it.

Manila laughs heartily.

MANILA  
I told you he would.

INT. SEWER -- SUNSET

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

PJ stands at the edge of the ledge --- holding the PIPE BOMB up. They're rushing ---

PJ  
That's right, son's of bitches.  
Come get dinner.

TIGHT ON PJ, lifting the pipe bomb higher, arching his arm ---  
--- and then he THROWS it --- the zombies, scrambling for the  
light, INTRIGUED, like fucking cats after a laser pointer,  
rush off in that direction.

TIGHT ON Ash now, as, BELOW, he tries to fight back to him ---

PJ (CONT'D)  
GET OUT OF HERE, I'll be fine!

ASH  
Damn it, Pajama's!

DARLA  
You heard him, let's go!

DARLA drags ASH away tearfully. The zombie HORDE explodes as  
the beeping ends and a FIREBALL erupts, its orange blaze  
lighting up the black of the sewer. Debris from the walls  
and body parts are kicked violently into the air, and WAVES  
of sewage water rock around...

Many zombies are blown to pieces, their severed, burning  
appendages flying in every direction. An explosion of fire  
and blood mixes through a red mist in the air.

TIGHT ON ASH AND DARLA as they run, the explosion rocketing  
behind them. The waves kick up and propel them even forward,  
Darla losing her pace and falling beneath the water. Ash  
grabs her by the collar and yanks her up, as she gasps for  
air. Stands her up again.

ASH  
C'mon!!

And then on PJ, rushing as more zombies rush after him. He  
goes for a giant pipe, taking in deep breath's and rushing  
through the sludgy water, avoiding looking down at it. He  
gets to the pipe and starts twisting the large valve. The  
doors to the pipe start to open.

The sewage pipe blasts open and A WHOLE WAVE OF SHIT SHOOT  
OUT, blasting the zombies away. PJ is dragged away too,  
disappearing beneath the waves ---



INT. OBSERVATORY ROOM -- SUNSET

MANILA

Be sure to thank him when he gets back.

Leigh looks up. Manila bites her lip nervously.

MANILA (CONT'D)

It'd just... it'd mean a lot to him. To be appreciated. He never felt like he was worth much 'round here.

Leigh nods, smiling warmly.

LEIGH

...Of course.

EXT. SEWER -- SUNSET

We're on ASH, who has his face buried his hands as he storms away --- ANGRY AT HIMSELF, AT THE SITUATION ---

And then on DARLA, knees down in the water of the stream outside, sobbing...

Tight on the entrance to the sewers, the rumbling of the oncoming wave of shit coincides with its arrival, it all spills out. Zombies fall out, writhing in the sludge. Ash raises his crossbow, angrily taking one out with a quick shot to the eye and then violently stepping on another's neck and severing its head. The jaws still snap so he whips another arrow right between the eyes...

...Ash takes his arrows out and then goes toward another body, to take it out but instantly recognizes the face.

It's PJ!

He lies in the sludge, unmoving.

ASH

Shit. No...

He drags PJ out of the sludge and starts beating on his chest, going to try and revive him.

ASH (CONT'D)

NO! WAKE UP! GET UP, PJ... DAMN IT!

He's choking on his words now. A crying Darla grabs his shoulder ---

DARLA

We--- we have to go, we can't---  
*he's gone, Ash, he---*

And then PJ shoots up, spluttering shit out of his mouth and spraying it ALL OVER THEIR FACES.

Darla instantly turns around and THROWS UP. A coughing PJ sits up, Darla turning forward and helping him as she coughs, while Ash is gagging in the background.

DARLA (CONT'D)

You made it. Ohmygod...

She's more reacting to the shit that's in her mouth and all over her face, not to his sudden revival, as she spits up again. Off PJ's look, coughing too, looking on innocently...

PJ

I tried to drown 'em out with the sewer, to buy us time to get out of there... Didn't mean to throw up all over you two, sorry.

In the background, we hear ASH's voice, BOOMING ---

ASH (O.S.)

FUCKIN' PAJAMA'S!!

PJ stops short. CRINGING a little. Bracing for a punch to the face for the stunt he pulled. Then TURNS AROUND slowly, facing Ash, ready to take his punishment ---

--- PJ's grabbed by the shoulders. PJ WINCES, looking worried. Really worried. So does Darla. Ash then SMILES...

ASH (CONT'D)

You're a fucking *genius*...!

A beat. And then Ash gives PJ a full-on, manly-man BEAR HUG.

PJ gives a weak laugh --- relieved ---

PJ

Oh, man. You scared the shit outta' me --- thought you were pissed.

ASH

You scared us, man. And for the record, yeah, *I am* pissed!

(MORE)

ASH (CONT'D)

You did that on purpose, didn't you? Strung along for dramatic effect, just to spit shit in our faces.

PJ

Absolutely.

ASH

*Bastard---*

PJ

I'm only alive though, thanks to this.

He shows off the SOCK on his bicep.

PJ (CONT'D)

Lucky sock, bro. You gotta' get one. You too, Darla.

Ash shakes his head ---

ASH

It's just a sock, dude.

Close on: Darla. As she washes her tongue in the fresh water away from the sludge, laughing a little.

The three exchange relieved smiles---

WIDE SHOT of the SEWER'S EXIT,

The Creek water, the three of them huddled in the forest.

**BLACK.**

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

It's a light campfire. PJ's changing his clothes, he has a look of shock on his face. He pulls up and buttons up the new pair of jeans he borrowed from ASH, and discards the old pair, tosses them into the woods. PJ struggles with the "a few sizes too big" jeans, pulling the belt TIGHT around his waistline---

PJ turns to see ASH coming up the hill. He's got a fresh pair of clothes on too.

ASH

So you're not scared of water anymore?

PJ  
 You don't just get over a fear just  
 like that...

...He snaps his fingers. Ash frowns. That's a no.

QUICK CUT of YOUNG PJ in the pipe at the construction zone,  
 watching his mother disappear into the storm to get food...  
 The fear frozen in his eyes...

...And then another quick cut. A storm rages on, young PJ  
 stood in the construction site, in the pouring rain -- a  
 bloody ROCK in his hand -- and the dead body of GILLIAN, his  
 own mother, at his feet. MANILA stands nearby as he weeps.

And then jarringly quick, we're back on current PJ.

ASH  
 Mind if I ask what happened? To  
 make you that way? Never seen you  
 like that before, you've always  
 been like... mini fucking Rambo.

PJ  
 I did something horrible... I was  
 young, really young, and I was  
 scared. I forgot about it until  
 recently... but... You know how  
 you like, hear someone say  
 something and it reminds you of  
 like, last week? That sort of deja-  
 vu moment? Well yeah, that's  
 kinda' what I felt.

Quick cut to PJ smashing Zombie Hernandez's head in against  
 the toilet seat back in EPISODE #201 "Home"... the horror in  
 his face we now recognize is one of *recollection*...

ASH  
 Well if you need to get all  
 cathartic with me, go ahead.

PJ  
 Cathartic?

ASH  
 Don't ask me --- Darla taught it to  
 me.

PJ  
 (smirks)  
 'Course.

DARLA (O.S.)  
 It's like an... emotional release.  
 Crying, punching someone and  
 feeling better about it.

PJ whips around, startled.

PJ  
 Don't do that to me, *God*--- I  
 dunno if my heart can handle  
 anymore panic attacks tonight.

DARLA continues, smirking, stepping out --- she's in new  
 clothes too.

DARLA  
 (teasingly condescending)  
 I'll put in a language you two  
 numbskulls would understand.  
 Especially you, PJ, sewer boy.  
 It's like shitting out your  
 emotions after being emotionally  
 constipated for too long.

ASH  
 Yeah, so you ever need to  
 emotionally shit on someone, just  
 let me know, kid. No more throwing  
 up shit, though... That was just  
 awkward.

DARLA  
 (still disgusted)  
 Yeah. For all of us.

PJ  
 (to Darla, annoyed)  
 How long were you listening?

DARLA  
 Long enough, I guess.

ASH  
 (re: Darla saying "shit")  
 You know, Darla, you sound  
 absolutely *ridiculous* when you  
 cuss.

DARLA  
 You sound ridiculous when you say  
 "cuss". It's "curse" or "swear".  
 "Cuss" is what punks say... that's  
 what my dad told me.

PJ  
Yeah well, he also told you to stay  
put at the airport...

His attempt to one-up her also revealed to Ash that she  
didn't have ANY PERMISSION TO BE HERE.

ASH  
Wait. You didn't tell Tom you were  
coming?

PJ  
I got permission from Manila, so  
I'm out of this...

PJ whistles innocently and starts to trail away as Ash and  
Darla start to argue in the background --- PJ stares on and  
we FOCUS on his face as he walks ahead, thinking to  
himself... a lot on his mind. He looks at his hands. Quick  
cut as he imagines there's still blood on them. He shivers,  
shakes that feeling off and looks down again... the blood's  
gone.

...he looks up and sees something that catches his eye.

PJ (CONT'D)  
Hey guys look at this --- GUYS!

He tries to be hoarse enough not to alert any potential  
biter's nearby, but loud enough to grab Ash and Darla's  
attention. They stumble out after him.

ASH  
What is it...?

There's a HOUSE atop the WALL of the CREEK. And another  
crude sign:

"YOU MADE IT THROUGH CUT-THROAT CREEK - WE'VE GOT DINNER,  
JUST REMEMBER...

PLEASE DON'T OVERSTAY YOUR WELCOME"

And we're tight on PJ's face as he stares at these words.

And we get another glimpse of the sign. Those WORDS...

Now we're back to PJ, Darla and Ash. Darla and Ash say at  
the same time two conflicting opinions ---

DARLA	ASH
What kind of idiot would go	That sign says dinner? I'm
into a stranger's house for	<u>in</u> .
dinner.	

--- And then they exchange glances. It's pretty amusing.

PJ  
So what are we gonna' do? Go in?

ASH  
Let's do it.

PJ climbs the wall quickly --- Ash follows. Darla frowns ---

DARLA  
I can't climb this! Hello, *cripple*  
*here*, remember?!

She waves her STUB of a hand. Ash peers over the edge, they exchange a knowing smile. He holds out a hand and she makes it --- HER HAND FALLS INTO HIS GRASP ---

#### INT. CABIN -- NIGHT

--- And now we're inside the WOOD CABIN, as ASH, PJ AND DARLA enter through the side-doors. Each are ARMED. It's nighttime and this place is barely lit. Fucking creepy. It's rather nice, very homey, though. Decorated with FAMILY CRESTS and PORTRAITS. A nice contrast to the eeriness of the lighting here...

#### INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

We enter the cabin's kitchen and there's UNTOUCHED MEAT on plates sat at the table... well, untouched besides the FLIES that COVER the fucking things. COMPLETELY DISGUSTING.

And we get Ash's reaction --- his fear of bugs prominent as he looks away with a wince ---

ASH  
(whispers)  
Fucking nasty... get me the hell  
outta' here...

He rushes out ---

#### INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

--- finds dead bodies. Not too decomposed. But they've been SHOT UP, BLASTED AWAY. One person has a gun --- the other has one. The boys examine the bodies.

PJ  
Must've been a shoot-out.

ASH  
They're not very dead either... A  
week maybe?

DARLA  
Bugs freak you out, but dead bodies  
are fine?

ASH  
Yes.

And that's that. Ash moves to a big metal door on the other  
side of the room curiously. Suddenly, spooked ---

DARLA  
Do you hear that?

PJ  
I heard it too.

ASH  
I didn't hear shit.

They rush off, aiming their weapons.

INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A female voice is coming from behind one of the doors --- PJ  
and Darla follow it ---

JESSIE (O.S.)  
Is someone there? Hello?

PJ  
Yeah, who's this?

JESSIE (O.S.)  
Oh thank god --- I'm Jessie!

PJ opens up the door JESSIE's voice is coming from.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

A girl in her late teens, JESSIE, lies pathetically on the  
BATHROOM FLOOR. She has her hands above her head as PJ and  
Darla aim their weapons ---

JESSIE  
The people here were crazy --- they  
tried to eat me!



PJ

If that's news to you, you're a few  
years late to the party dude...

INT. PANIC ROOM -- NIGHT

The large metal door that ASH opened is the entrance to a PANIC ROOM, with a LARGE METAL TABLE as the centerpiece. But it's so sinister --- blood spray coats the walls, guts are all over the floor, and the corpse of a man lies on the ground. His LEGS missing, chopped off clean. Whoever did this knew what they were doing and this poor guy lies here like cattle at a fucking slaughterhouse.

JESSIE (V.O.)

Not like the living dead, no...

Ash has an expression of frozen terror and unspeakable gut-wrenching sickness. He wants to vomit. Though like any car wreck, he can't look away. He's only more INTERESTED, as he moves closer and ---

--- the corpse shoots up! Not a corpse at all, though. At least not yet, as Ash goes for the kill with his knife. But then he STOPS, notices the amputee's eyes ---

He's not UNDEAD, but ALIVE. PLEADING, CRYING OUT ---

AMPUTEE

My legs, I can't... I can't feel  
my legs...

Then he looks down --- REALIZATION AND HORROR HIT HIM.

JESSIE (V.O.)

...They were fucking *cannibals*!

And the amputee cries. And Ash is frozen on the spot, unsure of what to say or do, as the music CRESCENDOES and...

**BOOM.**

END EPISODE