

Sanitorium

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN

EXT. URBAN CITY - MORNING

The sun is rising behind looming office towers in a downtown metropolis. The streets are dark and empty. The city is just waking up. All is quiet.

JOSH, a 25 year-old professional, makes his way to work. Dressed in khakis and a wrinkled golf shirt, this man's face hasn't seen a razor in a few days. He's clearly not at his best.

A CELL PHONE rings. We hear Josh's voice over a montage of various urban scenes. Twenty-four hour grocery stores are just being opened for the day. A bus driver inspects passengers as they board his vehicle. Hospital emergency wards have been closed down with hand-scrawled signs. Posters advise citizens to report to local detention centres if they're not feeling well. All is not right in the city.

JOSH (V.O.)

Hi, Dad... Yeah, sorry I was over at Jenna's most of the weekend and forgot to charge my phone... Well, you can tell her I'm fine... Yeah, it's a little strange... people are pretty freaked out... What's the talk like where you are?... That's pretty much what's happening here, too.

Josh approaches the entrance to the subway. He pauses in order to finish his phone call. A newspaper box sits outside the station. The headline reads: "A City Contained or Contaminated?"

JOSH (CONT'D)

On my way to work... It's what they're telling us to do... You can tell her I'll come home next weekend... Love you both... Bye.

Josh hangs up his phone and watches as a older Asian lady wearing a surgical mask, JULIA, enters the subway station. He surveys his surroundings, seemingly contemplating whether he should be going in. He takes a deep breath and heads down the stairs.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Josh stands on the practically empty subway platform. The few other passengers that are waiting for the train are keeping their distance from each other. The tension is palpable.

The SUBWAY races into the station. Josh boards the very last car.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh elects not to take a seat, despite the fact that the vast majority are free.

Just as the subway doors close, LYDIA, a larger woman in her mid-40s, barely squeezes through in time. She is extremely out of breath and takes a seat beside another passenger.

LYDIA

Phew... sorry, I didn't think I was going to make that.

LOGAN, the well-groomed 30 year-old sitting next to her, sneers as he gets up from his seat and moves across the aisle. Lydia looks towards Josh in exasperation. Josh simply shrugs his shoulders in response. The subway starts up and tears out of the station.

Josh looks around at the other passengers. The car is not very full with only eight people throughout. There is a noticeable tension in the car; all the passengers, including Josh, seem tense and even paranoid. Only an elderly black man sitting in the corner seems at ease. He is reading the paper, and Josh cranes his neck to get a look at the headline. It reads: "No cure in sight."

A slender man with dark hair is sitting in another corner, slightly hunched over. His hair is damp and he is sweating slightly. This strikes Josh as strange, but his thoughts are interrupted...

The sound of a loud SCREECH fills the car as it comes to a complete and sudden stop. The lights go dark. Josh loses his footing and falls to the floor.

The other passengers shuffle in the darkness, trying to get back to their feet.

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

Is everyone OK?

The calm black man answers her.

DONALD (O.S.)

I'm OK. Does anyone need any help?

Amid the groans, the emergency lights come on. In the dim lights the dishevelled passengers try to orient themselves. Josh picks himself up off the ground, a fresh new gash on his forehead.

No one says anything for a while, but as everyone's eyes move around the car, the shape of an ominous idea is taking form in the passengers' heads. A middle-aged man in a buttoned short sleeve shirt and slacks asks the question on everyone's minds.

FRED

Do you think we hit one?

Everyone looks at FRED. The well-dressed man responds.

LOGAN

I hope so.

DONALD

I hope we didn't. Then we're really in trouble.

JOSH

Maybe it's just a delay. These things happen all the time.

Josh doesn't quite believe what he just said, but wants to. A younger girl in her early twenties speaks up. She's wearing ripped jeans, a band T-shirt, and has a wild streak of red in her jet-black hair.

SANDY

(to Donald)

Why? What happens if we hit one?

DONALD

That's how it spreads. After death.

LOGAN

That's what they're saying at least.

DONALD

It's true.

LYDIA

Yes, I read that too. Everytime one dies, everyone nearby seems to get infected. That's why there weren't able to contain it at the first hospital.

Logan stands up and walks over to Lydia. He cocks his head condescendingly.

LOGAN

They weren't able to contain it, because they didn't do anything about the people they knew were infected.

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

They didn't act, that's why this keeps getting worse.

FRED

What do we do if we hit one? How do we know if we're infected?

An announcement interrupts Fred over the Public Address. It sounds harried and unpolished. Whoever is making the announcement seems to be making it up as they go along:

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

Attention passengers. Please remain calm. We ask that all passengers stay where they are and do not attempt to leave the train or move between cars. We are currently investigating... this, and we--

The public address clicks off. Logan looks up at the speaker overhead.

LOGAN

Is that it? I thought they--

Logan is interrupted as the voice comes on again:

ANNOUNCEMENT (O.S.)

Please we ask all passengers to remain in their cars until the subway is operational again.

The passengers reflect quietly on the announcement.

JOSH

They didn't even tell us when we would be back online.

FRED

So we're supposed to just sit here? What if we did hit one? We could all get infected.

LOGAN

One of us might already be infected.

Logan looks over at Julia, the woman wearing a surgical mask. She looks back but says nothing. Everyone in the train is uneasy at this declaration.

SANDY

Oh God.

DONALD

Look, you can't get infected just by being in the same car as someone.

LOGAN

That's not what I heard.

FRED

(to Donald)

Yeah, how can you be sure?

DONALD

I think we all need to relax.

(beat)

We might be here for a while.

Logan sits down with a begrudging air. Everyone is quiet. Josh looks over to the sweating man in the corner. He is the only one that has not said a word. The man is still looking down and scratching the insides of his wrists ferociously. Josh's eyes widen at the sight.

Josh looks down and sees that his own fingers are idly scratching the wrist of his left hand. He stops scratching and self consciously folds his hands in his lap.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The subway is quiet. Every passenger is attempting to keep themselves distracted; some with cell phones, some with magazines, and some are just re-reading the advertisements on the walls over and over again.

The unhealthy looking man still hasn't spoken a word. He is pale, clammy, and can't stop fidgeting; like a junky in need of a fix. His wrists are raw. He coughs loudly. Sandy, sitting only two seats away, decides to get up.

She moves from her seat towards the end of the train. Two windows and a door overlook the dark tunnel behind their car. The emergency lights from inside the subway only provide enough brightness to light up the first few feet of the tracks. She leans against the window, angling to get a better view. Suddenly, from behind...

DONALD

I wouldn't stand so close.

Sandy jumps.

DONALD (CONT'D)

Didn't mean to scare you.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

I just don't think it's a good idea  
to stand that close to the end.

Sandy understands what he's implying. She walks back towards the middle of the train, taking a seat next to Lydia who is reading from the middle of her book.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The subway is even quieter still. Passengers are still attempting to keep themselves distracted, but cell phones are dying and magazines have been long finished. Lydia finishes reading from the last page of her book and quietly closes it.

CROSSFADE:

A loud piercing SQUEAL can be heard in the blackness, and as it trails off...

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

...the sound of the SQUEAL becomes distant and faint.

LYDIA

Did anyone else hear that?

Logan stands up, agitated.

LOGAN

Was that a scream?

SANDY

I didn't hear anything.

Donald nods.

DONALD

It was one of them.

Sandy stands up and starts walking towards the end of the train.

SANDY

Did you really hear something?

JOSH

(to Sandy)

I didn't hear anything.

LOGAN

I definitely heard something... and  
it was definitely one of them.

FRED

Out there?

SANDY

I thought this thing was contained?

LOGAN

They always want you to believe it's  
contained.

Lydia attempts to calm the situation.

LYDIA

It sounded like an animal. There's  
no reason to get worked up.

FRED

Maybe that's what they sound like?

DONALD

(offended)

They're not animals.

FRED

From what I've been reading, they  
might as well be.

(beat)

Did you hear about the nurse over at  
Willowbrook?

SANDY

What?

FRED

This nurse at the retirement home.  
She was doing her rounds a couple of  
days ago and noticed one of her  
patients wasn't in his bed. A really  
old guy... couldn't even walk. She  
went in to check on him and he jumped  
her from behind. The thing ripped  
half her face off before she could  
even fight back.

Sandy is wide-eyed.

SANDY

Did she survive?

FRED

Yeah, apparently she's one of the only ones to survive direct contact.

SANDY

What did she do?

FRED

She smashed his head into the bedpost and while he was knocked out she sedated him.

LYDIA

Smart lady.

LOGAN

I heard they got that one locked up now somewhere.

JOSH

I heard that, too.

Donald shakes his head disapprovingly. They all pause for a moment.

JOSH (CONT'D)

How does a guy go from being bed-stricken to attacking someone like that?

LYDIA

This thing makes them strong and it makes them vicious.

DONALD

But first they get weak. The sickness takes over the body. Rips it apart. Tears it down before it builds it up again.

JOSH

(hesitantly)

What kind of sickness?

DONALD

Imagine the worst fever you've ever had. Your blood racing through your veins at twice its normal speed. You wouldn't look good.

Sandy eyes the unhealthy man sitting at the end of the car. He is the elephant in the room.

SANDY

Kind of like that guy?

No one immediately responds. They have all been avoiding dealing with this obvious problem. The man looks up at the other passengers who are eyeing him suspiciously. He immediately stops scratching his wrists.

DONALD

Come on now. We can't just start accusing people.

LOGAN

(to Donald)

Are you serious? Look at him! He has all the symptoms.

Josh unconsciously places a hand on his left wrist. Lydia stands up and walks slowly towards the man. We see that he is shivering, and weak.

LYDIA

Sir... are you... infected?

The man clears his throat and speaks for the first time. He has a quiet, sickly tone.

MARK

It's Mark. And... I don't know.

Sandy gasps takes a step back.

SANDY

I was sitting next to him.

DONALD

It's OK. We're OK. It's not contagious -- not like that anyway.

LOGAN

What do you know? I'm not taking any chances.

Logan points an accusing hand at Mark.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You need to get off this train.

MARK

What--?

JOSH

We can't send him out there. We don't even know-- we don't know what's out there.

LOGAN

You heard what happens to them when they turn.

JOSH

I've heard lot of things--

LOGAN

Their skeletons grow out of their skins. That's why they're covered with blood in the pictures. It's like they're growing stronger and faster. And you can't stop them. They are killing machines. One of them tore a man's arms off, another bit a hole into a little girl's chest. They can break your bones with their teeth. The police can't stop them. Do you think we can? Once this guy turns--

DONALD

That's enough! I've heard those rumours too. I've also heard that they are working on a cure. And that not everyone has the same violent reactions.

LOGAN

I'm not taking that chance.

SANDY

Me either. I say we throw him off the train.

DONALD

You throw him out there, and he's a dead man.

LOGAN

So?

JOSH

So, once he's dead, we're all infected for sure. That much I do know. We can't kill them.

Josh looks directly at Mark.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I mean, him.

There is silence in the car. The debate seems to be at an impasse. Finally...

MARK

Look. Just tie me up.

FRED

What?

MARK

Just tie me up. I don't know if I'm infected, but if I am, I don't want to hurt any of you. But I also don't want to be thrown--

He motions with his head slowly.

MARK (CONT'D)

--out there.

(beat)

Tie me up.

The rest of the passengers absorb this information. Logan seems satisfied with the arrangement. He looks around at the passengers.

LOGAN

Does anyone have any rope?

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Mark's hands and legs are bound with multiple layers of duct tape. He is sequestered around a pole at the end of the subway car, near the doors between their car and the neighbouring car. He is still sweating and there are dark circles under his eyes. The rest of the passengers seem to be keeping their distance, except Lydia. She is sitting across from him. They are playing hangman.

The lights suddenly flicker and full light is restored in the train.

FRED

Thank god.

SANDY

Does this mean we're back in business?

No one is ready to be quite that optimistic.

JOSH

I'm sure they'll make an announcement.

The restored lighting has allowed the passengers to get a better glimpse of the neighbouring subway car. Logan notices a few people in the next train.

LOGAN

Instead of waiting for an  
announcement, let's just go ask them.

(beat)

I'm making my way to the front of  
this thing.

Logan walks to the end of the train, purposely taking care to avoid Mark. He opens the door and just as he's attempting to move between the cars, TIM, a burly and imposing passenger in the next car rushes towards him.

TIM

What do you think you're doing?  
Back in your fucking car!

Logan puts his hands up defensively and is takes a step back into his car. Tim is menacingly holding a fire extinguisher in his right hand.

LOGAN

Woah! I just want to walk through.

TIM

No one's getting in this car for any  
reason. This is a sealed environment.

Logan peers into the man's subway car. Two girls sit together quietly at the very far end.

LOGAN

Look, I'm really not trying to cause  
a problem. I just want to walk to  
the front and talk to the operator.

At that moment, Tim takes notice of the fact that Mark has been bound to a pole. He flips out.

TIM

What the--? No way! You stay in  
your fucking car.

Tim slams the door shut and continues pacing the aisle of his car.

JOSH

There goes that plan.

LYDIA

Charming.

LOGAN

(muttering)  
Asshole.

Fred jumps up from his seat.

FRED  
I can't just sit and wait anymore!

SANDY  
There is another way off.

Sandy eyes the door at the other end of the car leading into the tunnel.

LYDIA  
Oh honey, I don't think that's such  
a--

LOGAN  
(interrupting)  
I'll go... I'll walk back to the  
station.

JOSH  
(rationalizing)  
It can't be that far. Half a mile  
tops.

DONALD  
If this train stopped because we hit  
one in that tunnel, that's half a  
mile of danger.

LOGAN  
I doubt it's getting safer, the longer  
we wait.

Logan picks up a jacket that he had previously tossed on a seat as he prepares to head out.

FRED  
I'll come with you. I was supposed  
to pick up my kids hours ago. My ex  
is going to kill me.

Donald shakes his head disapprovingly. Logan notices.

LOGAN  
(incredulously)  
Really? You're going to try and  
talk us out of going to get you guys  
help? (beat)

Anyone got any better ideas?

Josh, Sandy, and Lydia all look at each other and shrug.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Logan and Fred head towards the door that leads into the tunnel. They pause to scan for danger out the windows.

DONALD

Do me one favour... just move fast.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Logan and Fred have ventured into the darkness and the six remaining passengers all sit anxiously. Josh checks his watch.

JOSH

They must've made it to the station  
by now.

LYDIA

I'm sure they did.

SANDY

Which means help is on the way.  
Which means we'll be fine.

(beat)

Right?

Josh is unconvinced.

JOSH

Right.

All of a sudden a tremendously loud CRASH is heard against the side of the train. Everyone jumps out of their seat and looks out at the black windows.

Sandy screams.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What was that?

Mark, who is beginning to look notably healthier, lets out an uncharacteristic laugh.

MARK

I think we know what that was.

LYDIA

It could have just been an animal.

SANDY

Like what? A giant rat?

Josh thinks he hears something.

JOSH

Shhhhh... do you guys hear that?

Everyone quiets down. They listen in silence. A very clear SCRAPING noise can be heard along the side of the train. It's like nails on a chalkboard.

MARK

(knowingly)

Those aren't rats. Those are fingernails.

Julia begins to pray silently. Sandy has begun crying.

The passengers remain transfixed and standing, listening to these new noises.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The noises have stopped and the passengers are sitting in silence. Sandy is passing around a small bag of potato chips. Lydia grabs the bag, carefully breaks a chip in half, and puts it in her mouth. She smiles at Sandy. Suddenly, there is POUNDING from against the door. Startled, Lydia drops the bag and scatters the chips on the ground.

Without hesitation, Josh and Donald run to the end of the car and slide open the door. A pair of grimy arms appear from the darkness and claw desperately to get inside. It's Logan. Josh and Donald grab his arms and pull Logan inside. He is panting and covered with slime and dirt. He can barely speak.

Logan is gasping for air and struggles to get out:

DONALD

Where's--?

LOGAN

Close--

Josh understands. As he reaches for the door handle, a sharp animal-like squeal echoes in the tunnel. It's getting louder.

JOSH

It's stuck.

Logan's eyes widen.

LOGAN

Close...  
 (he gasps)  
 ...the door!

Donald reaches for the handle and together both Josh and Donald try to the door shut. The sound of the squeal is getting louder. The scratching noises from before are back.

SANDY

(screaming)  
 Close the door!

They manage to slam the subway door shut. The squealing sounds disappear. Josh whirls around to face Logan who is lying on the floor and grimacing in pain. Josh looks at him expectantly.

LOGAN

I... don't know. We made it halfway to the station... I saw a ladder. But then we heard footsteps... so we ran back.

DONALD

Whose footsteps?

LOGAN

I don't know. I didn't see anyone. I couldn't see anything. I just kept running. Then I fell over and tripped on a rail. I think I broke my leg.

SANDY

Let me see it.

Sandy walks over to Logan and crouches down beside his leg.

SANDY (CONT'D)

I'm a nurse.

Josh, Logan and Donald all look at her questioningly. Her sleeve tattoo doesn't fill them with confidence.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Really!

Logan winces as Sandy handles his wound. She pulls up his jeans to reveal four deep and pronounced scratches in his leg. Suddenly, Sandy recoils from the leg.

SANDY (CONT'D)

It's not broken, but...

LOGAN

What?

Donald looks at the wound in horror.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

What is it?

SANDY

It looks like you've been scratched...  
by a hand.

JOSH

By one of their hands.

Logan turns white. He looks at Mark, who is still tied up in the corner. Logan turns to Donald.

LOGAN

You said you can't get infected this way, right?

DONALD

That's what I heard, but... what do I know?

Suddenly, there is COMMOTION on the other side of the car. The DOOR slides open. Two girls are being jostled into the car by Tim. He is still holding the fire extinguisher with his right hand, while directing the girls with his left.

GIRL #1

Let us go!

GIRL #2

Stop it!

TIM

They're all yours, gang.

Tim returns to his car and slides the door shut. He slams the fire extinguisher against the door handle until it breaks. It dangles loosely and is now completely ineffective.

GIRL #1

That guy is messed up.

GIRL #2

We were just sitting there quietly.

SANDY

What happened?

GIRL #2

I started scratching my wrist and he freaked out.

JOSH

You were scratching your wrists...?

Josh turns back to Donald and Logan at the other end of the car. They all know what needs to be done.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The girls have been tied with duct tape, opposite Mark. They are scared, but are talking quietly to one another. Logan is sitting up now, and has tied his jacket tight around his leg. It is soaked with blood. Sandy is eating pieces of crumbs from the now-empty bag of chips. Lydia and Donald are asleep.

Mark's health is improving, and he sits serenely, monitoring everything that is happening. He is looking pensively at Tim who is pacing up and down the neighbouring car.

Josh is seated and holding his cell phone. He turns it on to see if he can get any service, but the tunnel is a dead zone. He opens an old text message from his girlfriend.

**Be safe. I'm at my place. Please call when you get home. I'll wait up for you. XoXo Jenna**

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We slowly move through a darkened apartment. It is a disaster zone. The TV is on and a commercial is playing loudly. There are holes in the walls and all the furniture is in disarray. Picture frames have been knocked askew. It looks like the place has been robbed, but there is something else about it too. Something sinister.

As we move past the bathroom we see that the SHOWER is running and there is water all over the floor. The shower curtain is ripped and there is blood on the walls. In the bedroom, there is a naked body slumped on the bed face down. She has blonde hair and her skin is scratched, ripped and cut. She is lifeless and her eyes are glassy and cold. A steady stream of blood is dripping from her abdomen; she has been disemboweled.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - JOSH'S FACE

Josh blinks.

INT. SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Josh slides the cell phone back into his pocket and lets out a long sigh. He closes his eyes and tries to get some sleep.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Julia is staring at a pool of dark liquid sitting at the base of Mark's feet. She looks up; Mark's pants are stained with blood, but Mark doesn't appear to be in any pain. In fact, he seems alert and comfortable. He is obviously changing. The woman says nothing, but continues to stare in disbelief.

Sandy sits a few seats down from Donald. She is growing visibly agitated. Her eyes look tired, and she is having trouble concentrating.

SANDY

(quietly, to Donald)

Did I hear you say before that if one of them dies, then everyone around them gets infected?

DONALD

That's what people are saying.

SANDY

(motioning to Mark)

So if we kill this guy, we all get it?

Donald nods. Sandy seems to be contemplating this.

DONALD

It's a pretty darn effective method of transmission.

Josh has been listening in on this conversation.

JOSH

(to Sandy)

Why are you asking?

SANDY

I'm just considering my options.

JOSH

What option?

SANDY  
(hesitantly)  
If you can't beat 'em...

DONALD  
That's not an option.

SANDY  
What else? We sit around and wait  
to die?

JOSH  
We wait until someone comes for us.

Sandy lets out half a laugh.

SANDY  
They're not coming for us. We all  
know it.  
(beat)  
I just think we should consider--

JOSH  
(interrupting)  
I'm not considering that.

Sandy looks over at Mark. He is looking back at her silently.

SANDY  
(motioning to Mark)  
He looks good. He looks better than  
most of us!

Logan finally joins the conversation.

LOGAN  
That fucker is what did this to my  
leg. That's what you want to be?

Sandy is growing more and more agitated.

SANDY  
I just want to survive this thing!

Lydia has also been listening. She sits delicately next to  
Sandy and places her hand on Sandy's shoulder.

LYDIA  
Honey, we're all scared.

Sandy takes offence to Lydia's mothering and pushes her hand  
away.

SANDY

I'm not scared! I'm just tired of this! Tired of all this waiting and these fucking noises. I just want it to be over!

Sandy gets up and grabs the fire extinguisher that is affixed to the wall.

DONALD

What are you doing?

Sandy walks towards Mark and stands directly above him with the fire extinguisher in her hands. He looks up at her calmly. Josh and Donald stand up.

JOSH

If you kill him, we're all done.

DONALD

Think about this...

Sandy raises the fire extinguisher above Mark's head. She closes her eyes and prepares to swing it into his face. However, just as she's bringing it down to make contact, Logan jumps in the way and grabs it from her hands. A tug of war over the fire extinguisher ensues between Logan and Sandy. Logan forces her up against some seats. As Logan finally pries it away from her, the fire extinguisher slams into the window of the subway car, shattering it.

LOGAN

Look what you fuckin' did!

Logan completely loses his temper. He throws the fire extinguisher to the ground and begins physically forcing Sandy down the aisle of the car.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You want this to be over?!

Logan is pushing Sandy closer and closer to the exit into the tunnel.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

You want this to be over?!

(to Josh)

Open the door!

(beat)

Now!

Josh, reluctantly, opens the door to the tunnel. Logan pushes Sandy off the end of the train and slams the door behind her.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

(satisfied)

She can find one out there to kill.

Suddenly, from outside, Sandy's body SLAMS against the window of the subway. She is being mauled. Her blood sprays across the windows.

LYDIA

Oh my god!

Lydia recoils into Donald's chest for comfort. Logan, still breathing heavy, looks in horror as Sandy's body is whipped around like a rag doll outside the car.

JOSH

Should we--

DONALD

(interrupting)

It's too late.

After one final slam against the window, Sandy disappears. Her body is dragged off into the darkness. All goes quiet, inside the car and out. They are all in shock.

Josh takes a seat. He puts his head in his hands and stares at the ground in disbelief. However, his grief quickly dissipates as he notices a trickle of blood making its way down the aisle of the subway car. His eyes follow the blood back up the car towards its source. The trail leads to Mark. His legs are blood-soaked. Josh realizes that the change has begun.

CROSSFADE:

INT. SUBWAY - MARK'S P.O.V.

Mark is sitting on the ground of the subway car in the midst of a serious commotion. Logan looms menacingly above him, holding a fire extinguisher in both hands. Josh stands next to Logan pleading with him to stop.

JOSH

You can't do this.

MARK (O.S.)

Please.

LOGAN

Look at him!

JOSH

I know, but we can't do this.

MARK

Please, don't. This isn't my fault!

The girls tied up across from Mark are hysterical and crying. Donald speaks and Mark turns to him.

DONALD

If you kill him, we're all infected.  
You know this right?

LOGAN

I know.

(beat)

That's why I'm not going to kill  
him.

Logan raises the fire extinguisher and brings it down hard on Mark's legs.

CUT TO BLACK

There is the sound of a CRACK and Mark's SQUEAL echoes through the subway. It's not a sound a human can make.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The mood is grim on the subway; untold hours have passed. Mark is lying on the ground in the fetal position, a dark pool of blood is slowly thickening around his legs. He looks gaunt and his skin is grey. His transformation grows more apparent. The passengers are keeping their distance, except Lydia. She is sitting on the ground next to him and telling a story. It's not clear that Mark can hear Lydia, but it's not clear that Lydia is talking to Mark either.

LYDIA

I used to have an older brother. He looked a lot like you, actually. Our teachers couldn't believe we were related. He was so sweet.... My parents couldn't figure was wrong with him, though. He was always lost in his own world. Never listened to my mother or father. He threw wild tantrums that scared our pets. Sometimes he would climb onto the roof in the middle of the night, and it would take until sunrise for my father to convince him to come down... we never really knew what was going through his mind.

(long beat)

I guess now you'd call him 'autistic' or something, but back then he was

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
just 'disturbed'... and it got to my  
parents. Having to care for two  
children, on a mechanic's salary and  
all these doctor's bills... maybe it  
would have been different if was  
only him.

Lydia looks directly at Mark.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
He was supposed to get the help he  
needed at Gallimard... it was a  
Sanitorium a few towns over. That's  
where they sent him. No one knew  
what else to do. They were trying  
to help, and the doctors said that  
was the best thing for him. He was  
never the same after that. He was  
just... changed.

Mark's still body moves slightly as he breathes. He does not  
seem to be listening. His eyes are completely black and  
unfocused.

JOSH  
What happened to your brother?

Lydia collects herself and turns to Josh.

LYDIA  
(sighing)  
He killed himself.

LOGAN  
(quietly)  
At least he did something.

Lydia hears Logan. She is too tired to be irritated by his  
callousness.

LYDIA  
I'm sorry?

Logan turns to face Lydia.

LOGAN  
I'm sorry for your loss and all that,  
but at least he did something. He  
took action. What are we doing here?  
We're waiting to die.

DONALD  
And what should we be doing exactly?  
(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

Last time you took "action" we lost someone out in the darkness. That poor little girl had her own plan, and you threw her out there too. You can't blame us for not being forthcoming with ideas.

LOGAN

(sarcastically)

You're absolutely right, old man. What was I thinking? Let's just sit here and wait for that... thing to spring to life and slash the rest of us to bits.

LYDIA

That's not going to happen.

Logan rolls his eyes in disbelief.

JOSH

Look, we know we can't stay here. So what do we do?

LOGAN

Let's head back to the tunnel. We'll take the fire extinguisher this time. We'll all go. I made it to the ladder once. If we hurry--

DONALD

Are you crazy? We don't stand a chance out there. Can you even run on that leg? (beat) Look, if we're going to do anything, let's try the other way. Let's see who else is on this train; maybe they can help us. Maybe they have a way out.

JOSH

What about... him?

DONALD

I'd rather take my chances with him, than out there.

Logan looks around the car, seemingly taking an inventory of his surroundings. He looks through the window at Tim who is sitting alert, with a fire extinguisher at his side.

LOGAN

If we all go through, we can probably take him.

(MORE)

LOGAN (CONT'D)

I'll approach first and try to grab the fire extinguisher. You guys go after the asshole. Do we still have any tape left?

LYDIA

It was in the girl's purse.

Logan glares at Lydia.

JOSH

It's our best course of action.

GIRL #1

You're not going to leave us here with him are you?

There is a pause and then...

DONALD

I'll untie the girls. Can you two --

Before Donald can finish his thought, Tim comes running the door between the two cars and SLAMS on the glass with both his fists. He is desperately trying the handle, but the knob is still damaged from his earlier attack. Josh and Logan, who are watching the scene, take a quick step back from the subway door.

As Tim struggles, a grey and bloody hand emerges from behind his head and pulls him to the ground. There is a violent struggle. The tied up girls in the car start screaming, begging to be untied. Lydia crawls backwards on the floor, trying to get as far away as possible.

JOSH

We have to go. Now!

Josh picks up Lydia from the ground. Logan approaches Julia who immediately realizes what is happening. She stands up right away.

DONALD

I'm going to untie these girls.

LOGAN

You don't have time...

DONALD

Just go! We'll meet you at the ladder. God willing.

Logan slides open the subway door and cranes his neck out, listening.

He hears nothing, and can see nothing but blackness. Josh comes up behind him.

JOSH  
 (to Lydia)  
 I'll help you down.

Josh and Logan help Lydia and Julia. Logan follows with a cautious jump. Josh is the last to leave the train. He looks back at Donald who is struggling with the tape and trying to calm the hysterical girls. Mark is still, but his hand has moved. Josh jumps into the pitch-black darkness of the tunnel outside.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The tunnel is silent and the pace immediately slows. Their train, only a few feet behind them, seems far gone in the blackness of the tunnel. There is no turning back, just moving forward... slowly.

Logan leads this crew of strangers through the pitch dark tunnel. No one speaks a word and they each simply follow the echoing FOOTSTEPS of the person directly in front of them. Scampers are occasionally heard in the distance. Rats? Infected humans? No one is quite sure and no one dares to ask.

Minutes seem like hours. Their BREATHING has become heavy, each of them equally sure that this path is leading them to their death as much as it is leading to their salvation.

Logan stops. He turns around to face the group.

LOGAN  
 (whispering)  
 I'm sure it was around here somewhere.

The group gathers together tightly. They can barely make out each other's faces. Four has become three: Julia is missing.

JOSH  
 Where's...?

Josh trails off, realizing he never even knew her name.

LOGAN  
 (reluctantly)  
 We might have missed the ladder.  
 (Beat)  
 You guys wait here. I'll walk back  
 a few hundred feet.

LYDIA

Don't go far.

Just as Logan begins to walk away, Josh notices a tiny sliver of light streaming through a crack in the roof of the tunnel. It's sunlight from a manhole cover. Josh's eyes focus and he realizes that beneath the sliver of light there is a ladder leading up towards the street.

JOSH

(calling out in a  
whisper)

Wait! I see it.

Josh, now leading the other two, steps slowly through the darkness towards the base of the ladder. He looks back at Lydia and Logan for approval before climbing the first rung.

The metal ladder CLANGS with every footstep. Josh ascends first, followed closely by Lydia, with Logan shortly behind. As they approach the top, more light illuminates their faces.

Josh reaches the manhole cover at the top of the ladder and pauses. He takes a deep breath and pushes it aside.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Josh's face slowly rises above street level and the frame fills with light. He shields his face, his eyes no longer accustomed to the brightness of natural sunlight. He squints, attempting to make out his surroundings. The world slowly comes into focus behind him. It is not as he remembers.

The street-scape is barren: storefront windows have been smashed, mailboxes knocked over, and cars abandoned. Most notably, human remains litter the streets. The world above ground has been compromised.

Josh turns around and looks down at Lydia and Logan, eagerly standing on the ladder beneath him. He shakes his head solemnly. They understand.

Josh slowly retreats down the ladder. He pulls the manhole cover back and the three of them descend into darkness.

CROSSFADE

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The camera moves forward through an empty subway car. It's one we have not seen before. The car is void of passengers, but personal items are strewn about. The contents of a purse have been dumped on the floor and food wrappers are scattered everywhere. An empty stroller lies knocked over on the ground.

One of the side doors has been pried open and it is clear from a smeared trail of darkened blood that at least one body has been dragged from the car.

The camera pushes through this car and into the next.

INT. SUBWAY - NEXT CAR - CONTINUOUS

The next car is similarly empty of life. Two dead bodies evidence a human tragedy. A young woman has been shot in the chest and lays motionless on the floor. An older male has a self-inflicted gunshot wound to his temple and is slumped in his seat.

The camera pushes through this car and into the next.

INT. SUBWAY - NEXT CAR - CONTINUOUS

The next car is seemingly empty and nondescript. However, as we pull towards the far end of the car, a familiar character is discovered. Tim's dead body lays motionless directly beneath the door he had previously broken. His body has been ripped apart, but his clothes and face are still clearly recognizable.

The camera pushes through this car and into the next.

INT. SUBWAY - NEXT CAR - CONTINUOUS

This car is instantly recognizable. Where two girls were once tied to poles, all that remains are bloody hands and arms still taped together. The windows and doors have almost all been broken through and the car has been ravaged. Donald's body can be seen hanging out an open door on the side of the car. Mark is nowhere to be seen.

This is not a place to which the passengers can return.

The camera pushes off the end of the train and into the blackness of the tunnel.

FADE OUT