



Scripts.com

Infected

By Glenn Ciano

[ethereal music]

- THE WORLD HAS CHANGED.

A BLOOD VIRUS:

HAS PLAGUED US ALL.

IT TAKES YOUR SOUL

AND DESTROYS YOU

FROM THE INSIDE.

IT SPREAD FROM TICKS,

THROUGH BIRDS AND DEER

TO HUMANS.

EVERYONE IS A CARRIER

OF ONE STRAIN OR ANOTHER,

ONE STEP AWAY:

FROM A DEADLY COMBINATION,

A TICKING TIME BOMB.

YOU CAN TRY TO CONTROL

THE FEVERS,

GIVE YOUR IMMUNE SYSTEM

A CHANCE,

BUT YOU'RE FIGHTING

THE UNKNOWN,

SOMETHING THAT WILL RIP YOU APART FROM WITHIN,

SOMETHING ANIMAL,

SOMETHING INHUMAN.

BEFORE WE CAN REBUILD,

WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY

TO SURVIVE OURSELVES,

A WAY TO FIGHT.

[bluesy rock music]

[door rattling]

[gun cocks]

[pounding and rustling]

[glass shattering]

- THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, LOUIS!

EVERYWHERE!

[glass shatters]

[driving rock music]

- [whimpering]

WE'RE GONNA DIE!

- YOU SHUT UP!

YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!

RIGHT NOW,

WE ALL GOT TO KEEP OUR HEADS.
IT'S NOT THE TIME
FOR THAT.
WE HAVE TO FIGH AND SURVIVE!
WE GOT TO BUTTON

THIS PLACE UP:

AND COVER UP THESE DOORS
AND WINDOWS.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL
IS OUT THERE,
BUT IT'S COMING BACK.

IT'S COMING BACK.

COMING BACK.

IT'S FUCKING HUNGRY.

WE'RE NOT GONNA DIE.

I'LL KILL EVERY SINGLE ONE
OF THOSE SONS OF BITCHES.

ANDREW,

GO FIND EVERYTHING YOU CAN
TO PUT ON THESE DOORS

AND WINDOWS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

ANYTHING.

MATT, YOU WITH ME?

- [groaning and panting]

I AM STILL IN ONE PIECE.

- WELL, STAY THAT WAY.

GO GET THE AMMO.

LOAD UP THE GUNS.

- LET'S DO SOMETHING.

- DON'T ANYBODY DO ANYTHING
WITHOUT TELLING ME FIRST!

- EVERYTHING IS GONNA BE
ALL RIGHT.

[glass shatters,
roaring]

[twangy acoustic guitar music]

[knife pounding]

[gun cocks]

[gun cocking]

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE...

JUST GONNA STAND AROUND MOPING
ALL WEEKEND, HUH?

- THAT'S PRETTY MUCH
THE PLAN.
- THAT'S TOO BAD.
I WAS KIND OF HOPING
MAYBE WE'D HAVE
TIME TO TALK ABOUT THINGS
AND HAVE A FEW LAUGHS.
I'M A FUNNY GUY.
[laughs]
RIGHT?

I TOLD ANGELA:

THIS WASN'T GONNA BE
A GOOD IDEA,
THIS WHOLE WEEKEND.
- THIS WAS HER IDEA?
- YEAH.
- [scoffs]
WOW.
- YOU KNOW, SHE'S A WOMAN,
STARTING A RELATIONSHIP,
BUILDING A FAMILY.
- [scoffs]
OH, MY GOD,
YOU'RE PATHETIC.
- YOU KNOW?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING SMOKING
BY THE WAY?
WHAT THE HELL?
WHEN DID YOU START THAT?

TAKE THIS:

OUT OF YOUR FUCKING HAND.
- [scoffs]
[shooter headphones
clatter and ding]
I'M GONNA GO

UP TO THE LODGE:

AND SEE IF ANYBODY ELSE
IS HERE.
- WHY DON'T YOU DO THAT?
- YEAH.
[bluesy acoustic guitar]

flourish]

- THAT'S THE WAY
OF THE WORLD, SON,
A CIRCLE.
IT'S BEEN GOING ON
SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME,
SINCE MAN,
WITH STONE AND SPEAR,
WENT OUT AND KILLED
HIS FIRST BEAST,
MEAT AND FUR AND BONE.

- BUT, DAD, WE DON'T NEED
TO DO THAT ANYMORE.

WE HAVE STORES.

- WELL, IMAGINE A WORLD
WITHOUT STORES.

CAN YOU?

A WORLD WITHOUT COMPUTERS

OR CELL PHONES:

OR EVEN ELECTRICITY
FOR THAT MATTER.
IN THAT WORLD, A MAN
WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR HIMSELF
SO THAT HE AND HIS FAMILY
CAN SURVIVE.

- COME ON, DAD,
THAT'S NEVER GONNA HAPPEN.

- YOU NEVER KNOW, JEREMY.
YOU NEVER KNOW.

I MEAN, IT WOULDN'T TAKE MUCH
TO THROW THIS CRAZY WORLD
OFF BALANCE,
AND IF THAT WERE TO HAPPEN,
ONLY THE STRONG, THE SMART,
AND THE CAPABLE WOULD SURVIVE.

- YOU'RE STARTING TO SOUND
LIKE ONE OF THOSE SURVIVAL NUTS.

- [chuckles]

AH.

YOU AND YOUR:

HAPLESS GENERATION
OF TWEETER AND FACEBOOK

AND SKYPERS.
I'M AFRAID IF ANYTHING
WERE TO REALLY HAPPEN,
YOU'D ALL END UP RUNNING AROUND
LIKE A HOARD OF BLIND MICE.
HEY, LOOK.
- WHERE?
- RIGHT THERE,
HE'S LOOKING AT YOU.
- I SEE HIM.
[gunshot]
- NEVER HESITATE, SON.
THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN SURVIVING OR NOT.
[twangy acoustic guitar music]
- ANDREW.
THE HELL YOU DOING?
YOU'RE ONE--
- LOUIS!
- [laughs]
LOOK WHO'S HERE.
HEY!
- [laughs]
ANDREW,
HOW THE HELL ARE YOU, SON?
- HEY, DOCTOR DENNEHEY,
HOW'VE YOU BEEN?
- FINE, SON, FINE.
YOU IN COLLEGE NOW?
- I WENT FOR A WHILE.
- I SEE.
JEREMY, SEE WHO'S HERE?
LOUIS.
- HEY.
- HEY.
- YOU OLD SON OF A BITCH,
HOW'VE YOU BEEN FARING?
- GOOD, DOCTOR.
- YEAH? GOOD.
YOU LOOK GOOD.
- WELL, THANKS.
SO DO YOU.
- YEAH, WHAT CAN I SAY?
FIGHTING GRAVITY'S

A BITCH.

- [laughing]

YEAH, IT GETS HARDER

ALL THE TIME.

- THAT IT DOES.

- LOOKS LIKE

YOU'RE GETTING STARTED EARLY.

- YEAH, YEAH,

I GUESS I HAVE.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE

GETTING STARTED EARLY YOURSELF.

- BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.

- MM.

[both chuckle]

- WELL,

I'M GONNA TAKE OLD BUGS HERE,

CUT HIM UP,

AND GET HIM READY FOR THE FIRE.

TRY TO SAVE ME:

ONE OF THOSE BEERS, HUH?

- THERE'S PLENTY LEFT.

ANDREW.

WE ARE NOT DONE TALKING YET.

YOU FIND SOME TIME

FOR YOUR FATHER,

YOU LET ME KNOW.

THE HELL YOU DOING?

SITTING AROUND,

TAKING PICTURES?

[bluesy guitar music]

[whimsical music]

- I'M SORRY, WAIT.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS OKAY?

- RELAX.

STEP INTO MY OFFICE.

- OKAY.

IS THERE POISON IVY?

'CAUSE I GOT IT BAD ONCE,

AND I HAD TO TAKE STEROIDS

FOR IT.

NOT LIKE JACKED STEROIDS,

BUT IT WAS--

- YOU GOT THE MONEY?

- OH.
- BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE,
HONEY.
- OH, YEAH.
IS THIS ENOUGH?
- THAT'S PLENTY.
- OKAY.
WOW.
JESUS.
DO YOU--CAN--

I HAVE TO GO:

TO THE BATHROOM.
[mysterious breathing]
[snarling]
- HELLO?
[snarling]
[screaming]
- WELL, SINCE YOU'RE FEELING
ALL DOMESTICATED,
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE
TO HELP ME DISEMBOWEL
THIS LITTLE FELLA.
- OH, JESUS CHRIST, ED,
ON THE COUNTER LIKE THAT?
FUCK.
- LOOKING
A LITTLE JITTERY THERE, SETH.
YOU KNOW, A FELLOW LIKE YOU
OUGHTN'T DRINK COFFEE.
- YEAH, IS THAT A FACT?
- I SAW JESSICA OUTSIDE,
BY THE WAY.

HOW ARE YOU TWO:

GETTING ALONG?
- ACTUALLY NOT TOO GOOD.
I MEAN,
WHAT CAN I SAY, ED?
I'M A SHITTY BROTHER.
- YOU SAID IT.
I DIDN'T.
SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE A GO
WITH THAT?

- I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO DO ANY OF THIS SHIT.
- TYPICAL.
EH.
ALL YOU GOT TO DO
IS TAKE CARE OF YOUR OWN NEEDS.
SHITTY COFFEE,
BY THE WAY.
KELLY!
HOW ARE YOU, DARLING?
- HI.
- SORRY I CAME IN EARLY
ON YOU HERE.
- NO, NO, THAT'S OKAY.
YOU KNOW, I REALLY SHOULD'VE
HAD THESE BEDS MADE.
I KNOW HOW YOU ARE,
DOCTOR DENNEHEY.
HI.
- SOMETHING WRONG?
- IT'S JUST MY GRANDMA.
SHE'S BEEN SICK.
I'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF HER.
- IS SHE OKAY?
- YEAH, SHE'S GONNA BE FINE.
RIGHT?
[sighs]
I DON'T KNOW.
- WELL, IF YOU'D LIKE,
I'LL GET MY BAG,
AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK.
- WOULD YOU MIND DOING THAT?
I MEAN, IT WOULD MAKE ME FEEL
SO MUCH BETTER.
- OH, MY PLEASURE, DARLING.
- OH, BY THE WAY,
I'M SORRY
ABOUT YOUR GRANDFATHER.
HE WAS A GOOD MAN.
- HEY, GRANDMA.
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE
TO SEE YOU.
- [gasping sporadically]
- HI, GRANDMA ANNIE.

- [gasping weakly]
- IT'S GETTING WORSE.
- IT'S ME, DOCTOR DENNEHEY.

I UNDERSTAND:

YOU'RE NOT FEELING WELL.

CAN YOU TELL ME:

WHAT'S AILING YOU?

- [gasping weakly]
- I'M GONNA TAKE HER TEMPERATURE AND CHECK HER VITALS, OKAY?

HEY THERE, SWEETHEART.

JUST OPEN UP.

THERE YOU GO.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.

- [whimpers]
- YEAH, SHE'S BURNING UP. YEAH.

AND HER PULSE IS ELEVATED.

HERE, LET ME SEE.

OH, MY GOSH, 104.

- IS SHE GONNA BE OKAY?
- YEAH, SHE'LL BE FINE.

WHAT I'D RECOMMEND,

YOU KNOW,

WE KEEP HER BED,

GIVE HER LOTS OF LIQUIDS

AND FOOD.

IF YOU LIKE,

I CAN GIVE HER SOMETHING

TO HELP HER SLEEP.

YEAH?

EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE FINE,

GRANDMA ANNIE.

- [gasping weakly]
- CAN YOU HEAR ME, ANNIE?
- [wheezes]

[gasping weakly]

- HERE YOU GO, HONEY.

THIS IS GONNA HELP YOU.

HERE YOU GO.

JUST OPEN YOUR MOUTH.

[ominous droning music]

- GRANDMA,

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

- [gasping weakly]

- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

- I'M FINE.

- I'M GONNA GET SOME BANDAGES.

[percussive music]

- BEAUTIFUL DAY, BOYS.

- YOU READY?

- DON'T MIND IF I DO.

CHERRY, I MEANT TO ASK YOU,
YOU BUY THAT STOCK I TOLD YOU
ABOUT LAST YEAR?

HOPE YOU DID.

IT WENT THROUGH THE ROOF.

- I'M SORRY TO SAY I DIDN'T.

WHAT'D YOU DO?

- WELL, YOU KNOW ME.

BOUGHT LOW, SOLD HIGH.

MADE A KILLING.

SPEAKING OF KILLING,
ANYBODY WANT TO GO HUNTING?

- HOW IS SHE?

- WHO?

- KELLY'S GRANDMOTHER.

- OH, SHE'LL BE FINE.

JUST A LITTLE TOUCH OF THE FLU.

SHALL WE?

- I'M SO IN.

- WELL, LUCKY US.

HEY, CHERRY, WAS THAT YOU
FIRING OFF ROUNDS BEFORE?

- I'M JUST A LITTLE BI OUT OF PRACTICE.

- DON'T LISTEN TO HIM,

HE'S BEST DAMN RIFLE SHO
I EVER KNEW.

- [laughs]

THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.

- LONG AGO BUT NOT FORGOTTEN,
PAL.

COME ON.

BEASTS ARE WAITING.

- LET'S HAVE AT IT.

[twangy acoustic guitar music]

- JEREMY, WE'RE GOING OUT FOR A WHILE.

YOU WANT TO COME ALONG

WITH US,

OR YOU WANT TO HANG

WITH THE OTHER KIDS?

- I DON'T KNOW.

- COME ON.

- WHERE ARE THE OTHER KIDS?

- THEY'LL PROBABLY BE BACK SOON,
RIGHT?

- COME ON.

COME ON, I NEED MY WINGMAN,

YEAH?

GET OFF YOUR ASS, BOY.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.

I SET THAT UP AS YOUR QUARTERS

THIS WEEKEND.

[laughs]

- AN UNSPEAKABLE TRAGEDY

HAS BEFALLEN:

A GROUP OF LOCAL BOY SCOUTS

ON A WEEKEND CAMPING TRIP

IN THE AREA:

OF THE NORTHERN STATE FORES

IN EAST LYME, CONNECTICUT,

TODAY.

SEVERAL BOYS FROM THE GROUP

OF TEN SENIOR SCOUTS

ON A LOCAL HIGH ADVENTURE TRIP

FOR THE WEEKEND:

HAVE DISAPPEARED

INTO THE WOODS:

AND HAVE YET TO BE FOUND.

FOUR OTHER MEMBERS OF

BOY SCOUT TROOP 26 FROM OLD LYME

HAVE BEEN HOSPITALIZED

FOR UNDISCLOSED SYMPTOMS

AT LAWRENCE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

IN OLD SAYBROOK:

AFTER AN APPARENT ANIMAL ATTACK.

LOCAL DOCTORS SAY

THE SICKNESS:

APPEARS TO BE RELATED

TO LYME DISEASE:

THAT WAS LIKELY CONTRACTED

BY THE BOYS:

BECAUSE OF EXPOSURE

TO INFECTED WILDLIFE.

- SO WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING

IN YOUR WORLD?

- GOT DUMPED RECENTLY.

- OUCH.

- HOW ABOUT YOU?

BOYFRIEND?

- YEAH.

IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS, THOUGH.

IT'S SOMETHING

TO PASS THE TIME.

- YOU KNOW THEY SHOT A SCENE

IN RETURN OF THE JEDI

ON THIS TREE?

- OH, YEAH?

- THE SCENE WITH PRINCESS LEIA

AND THE EWOK.

THEY MEET RIGHT HERE

FOR A CANDY BAR.

- THAT'S A LOT OF HISTORY.

SO...

WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE CHICK?

- SHE BROKE UP WITH ME,

AND AFTER TWO YEARS

OF PUTTING UP WITH--

- WHAT?

- JESUS.

I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO IT.

- WELL, YOU HAVE TO NOW.

- IT'S ACTUALLY

QUITE EMBARRASSING.

- COME ON.

- SHE'S SAVING HERSELF.
- WHAT?
SO YOU NEVER--
- NO.
- [chuckles]
- I'VE GOT MYSELF A SE OF SEVERELY SWOLLEN BLUE BALLS.
- I BET YOU DO.
- IN FACT,
SITTING LIKE THIS RIGHT NOW
IS QUITE UNCOMFORTABLE.
LIKE, I HAVE TO READJUST.
- POOR THING.
- BUT ENOUGH ABOUT MY BALLS.
- [laughs]
- DO YOU HAVE A JOB,
OR YOU JUST RUN AROUND
PHOTOGRAPHING PEOPLE
IN THE WOODS?
- I WORK AS A CASHIER.
- OH.
- IT'S VERY EXCITING.
- WELL,
SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT.
- YEAH.
I GUESS SO.
WHAT DO YOU DO?
- I WORK AT A GARAGE.
- AH.
- DO YOU RIDE MOTORCYCLES?
- NO.

BUT I LIKE GUYS:

WHO DO.
- AH, OF COURSE.
- [laughs]
- DID YOU HEAR THAT?
[gunshot]
- [laughs]
- [laughs]
- OH, LOOK.
- AW.
- SHH.
- IT'S CUTE.
[warbling tone,

mysterious growling]
[energetic rock music]

HEY.

- I SUPPOSE YOU WAN TO TALK NOW, IS THAT IT?
- DO DEER EAT MEAT?
- NOT THAT I KNOW OF.
- WE JUST A SAW A DEER

KILL A SQUIRREL:

AND EATS ITS GUTS.

- [laughs]

I THINK THE TWO OF YOU
ARE PROBABLY SMOKING
MORE THAN JUST CIGARETTES.

- THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.

GRAZING BEASTS DON'T KILL
OTHER GRAZING BEASTS FOR MEAT.

LOUIS,

YOUR BUCK.

CARE TO DO THE HONORS?

- I'M SORRY, ED.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE CARE
OF THAT FOR ME.

YOU ARE THE SURGEON.

- MY PLEASURE.

JUST PROMISE ME:

YOU'RE NOT GONNA TURN

INTO ONE:

OF THESE HOPELESS VEGETARIANS.

- I PROMISE.

- LOOK, DAD,

WE'RE NOT LYING.

- YOU KNOW,

A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN
OUT IN THE WOODS.

- [gasping weakly]

HUSH LITTLE BABY

DON'T SAY A WORD

MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU

A MOCKINGBIRD:

AND IF THAT MOCKINGBIRD

DON'T SING
[wheezes deeply]
MAMA'S GONNA BUY YOU

A DIAMOND RING:

[gasps]
[coughs]
[ominous droning music]
[twangy acoustic guitar music]
- FLOWS LIKE A RIVER.
PRETTY SOON, IT'S JUST GONNA BE
VENISON STEAK.
- SO COOL.
- WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE
YOU'VE FOUND SOMETHING
OTHER THAN COMPUTERS
YOU LIKE.
MAYBE YOU'LL CONSIDER
FOLLOWING IN MY FOOTSTEPS
AND BECOMING A SURGEON.
GRAB ON THEM LEGS
REAL TIGHT, BOYS.
ALL RIGHTY.
[laughs]
- [coughing]
- [chortles]
HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?
SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
GRAB BACK ON THAT LEG.
THIS WAS A GOOD BEAST.
IT'S GONNA FEED MANY.
JESUS CHRIST, WHAT THE HELL
IS THIS OVER HERE?
- WHERE?
- AH!
- FUCKING ASSHOLE, ED.
- [laughing heartily]

BETTER FETCH ME:

ANOTHER BUCKET, JEREMY.
GONNA BE NOTHING BUT GOOD
EATING THE REST OF THIS NIGHT.
THERE YOU GO.
HUH?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
MAKE LITTLE SAUSAGES
OUT OF THAT?
- [laughs]
- [chuckles]
KILLING BAMBI.
[ambient music playing]
[tires squeal]
[ominous ethereal music]
- HELLO?
HELLO?
HELLO?
HEY.
HEY, IT'S OKAY.
HI.
ARE YOU OKAY?
- ARE YOU SICK?
- NO, HONEY.
I'M NOT SICK.
- ARE YOU SURE?
- YEAH, I'M SURE.
LISTEN, MY NAME'S ANGELA.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
- SARAH.
- ALL RIGHT, SARAH.
I WANT TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.
I DON'T THINK
WE'RE SAFE HERE,
SO WOULD YOU COME WITH ME?
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
DON'T WORRY.
OKAY?
YEAH, COME ON.
IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.
COME ON.
THAT'S A GOOD GIRL.
GOOD.
- [sighs]
[panting]
[eerie music]
UH-OH.
UH-OH.
[panting]
[gravel scraping]

SARAH?

SARAH?

- ARE YOU OUT HERE

BY YOURSELF?

WHERE'S YOUR MOM AND DAD?

[metal clattering and crashing]

[ominous music]

- HEY, THAT'S MY GIRL, YEAH.

[coughs]

- WHAT?

YOU'RE HER FATHER?

- YES.

YES, I AM.

[coughs]

- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

- I'M FINE.

[coughs]

- YOU DON'T LOOK FINE.

- COME HERE, HONEY.

[panting]

COME HERE.

[snarls]

COME HERE, BABY.

- YOU DON'T LOOK ALL RIGHT.

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG.

- COME TO DADDY, HONEY.

IT'S COLD OUT.

[snorts]

COME--COME--COME--COME--

COME TO DADDY.

COME TO DADDY.

I WANT MY KID BACK.

- YOU'RE SCARING ME.

YOU'RE GONNA SCARE HER.

WHAT'S THE MATTER

WITH YOU?

- I HAVE A CONDITION.

I HAVE A--

I HAVEN'T HAD

MY MEDICATION TODAY,

SO I'M A LITTLE JUMPY,

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN

I CAN'T BE A FATHER

TO MY OWN CHILD,

SO CAN YOU JUST PLEASE
LET ME HAVE MY KID, OKAY?

- NO, NO.

SARAH, YOUR DADDY'S
NOT YOUR DADDY ANYMORE.
STAY HERE WITH ME.

- COME ON OVER, PLEASE.

[snarls]

- NO, I DON'T THINK SO.
I'M GONNA TAKE HER WITH ME.

- HONEY.

GET OVER HERE.

- HE'S MY DAD.

- NO, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG
WITH HIM.

WE HAVE TO GO FIND HIM
SOME HELP, OKAY?

YOU JUST COME WITH ME.

- NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

- NO, I KNOW.

I KNOW YOU WANT SEE HIM.

HE LOOKS LIKE YOUR DAD,
BUT HE'S NOT YOUR DAD.

- COME TO DADDY.

[growls softly]

- NO!

- [snarling]

[both snarl]

[engine revs, tires screech]

[fire crackling]

[eerie ambient music]

[twangy acoustic guitar music]

- BLOOD RARE,
THE WAY GOD MEANT IT TO BE.
YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT ME
TO THROW ONE OF THESE

ON THE FIRE:

FOR YOU THERE, LOUIS?

- I THINK I'M GONNA STAY
ON A LIQUID DIET.

- SUIT YOURSELF.

PASS ME ONE OF THOSE BEERS,
WILL YOU?

[chuckles]

MY, MY, YOU'RE SMELLING
PRETTY GOOD THERE, BOY.

- HE WENT TO A TURKISH BATH.
IT'S RIGHT DOWN THE ROAD.

[chuckling]

COME ON BACK.

WE'RE GONNA MAKE S'MORES.

[both laughing]

- YOU KNOW, YOUR SON OVER THERE
IS SMITTEN.

- HORMONES.

- JEREMY!

SUPPER'S ON!

COME AND GET IT!

FEAST TOGETHER...

ALL RIGHT, LET'S EAT.

- I THINK MY FEE ARE ON FIRE.

- SO YOU'RE A VEGETARIAN TOO.

- WELL, YOU DON'T KNOW WHA YOU'RE MISSING THERE, LOUIS.

COOKED IT UP FOR YOU,

MY LIEGE.

- LOOKS PERFECT.

- THANKS FOR GETTING HER,
EAGLE EYE.

BLESS THIS FALLEN BEAST,

FOR 'OUT HIM,

THERE WILL BE NO FEAST.

- BON APPETIT.

- THAT'S GOOD.

THAT IS GOOD.

[twangy acoustic guitar music]

- YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN I,
GUNGA DIN.

AFTER JEREMY'S MOM,

I'VE BEEN IN NO HURRY

TO JUMP BACK IN THE FIRE.

FIRM BACHELORHOOD FOR ME.

ANOTHER ONE?

- SURE, WHY NOT?

HOW MANY TIMES YOU BEEN MARRIED,
ED?

- [chuckles]

THREE, MY FRIEND,

AND THREE STRIKES,
YOU'RE OUT.

ONLY GOOD THING TO COME OU OF IT ALL WAS JEREMY.
SETH, WHY DON'T YOU
GO BACK THERE IN YOUR ROOM

AND FETCH US:

THAT BOTTLE OF NAPOLEON BRANDY
YOU GOT HIDDEN?

- ALL RIGHT.
- AND AFTER THAT,
WHY DON'T YOU CHOP SOME WOOD?
I MEAN, WHAT, ARE WE SUPPOSED
TO DO ALL THE WORK AROUND HERE?

WHY THE FUCK:

DOES THIS GUY COME HERE?
- YOU KNOW,
THIS WHOLE NEW KID THING
IS MAKING ME PRETTY NERVOUS,
CONSIDERING I DIDN'T DO

A VERY GOOD JOB:

FIRST TIME AROUND.
- IT'S NEVER TOO LATE
TO GET IT RIGHT.
HERE'S TO HAVING THE BALLS
TO TRY.
[glasses clink]
- THANK YOU, ED.
[mysterious shrill tone]
- WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
- NOTHING, I JUST FEEL
A LITTLE LIGHT-HEADED.
- YOU ALL RIGHT?
- YEAH.
- WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED
TO YOUR HAND?
- OH, NOTHING,
JUST A SCRATCH.
FUNNY, THOUGH.
KELLY'S GRANDMA BIT ME.
- SHE SURE DID.
WHAT, IS SHE FUCKING SENILE?

- HERE YOU GO, GUYS.
- YEAH, I WORRY.

I GOT A FEELING:

THIS WILL DO THE TRICK.

- [laughing]

OKAY.

- [laughs]
- POUR AWAY.
- YEAH.

LET ME SCURRY THAT ONE UP
FOR YOU.

- MM-HMM.

- [chuckles]

- HERE'S TO THOSE HUNGRY
COUNTRY GIRLS.

- OH, MY GOODNESS.
- YEAH, THAT'S THE GOOD STUFF.
- MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG AGAIN.

- [coughs]

[sniffles]

[spits]

[eerie ambient music]

- YO.

- DICK.

- WHAT, ARE YOU GOING
TO A RAVE?

- YOU'RE FUNNY.

YOU WANT TO FIRE OFF
A COUPLE ROUNDS WITH ME?

- FIRE OFF A COUPLE ROUNDS
OF THAT.

- HERE YOU GO, MAN.

BE CAREFUL WITH THAT.

IT'S REALLY GOOD.

- OOH.

- HOW YOU DOING, MAN?

- I DON'T KNOW.

THIS FUCKING TRIP.

MY DAD IS TRYING TO PACK IN
IT'S NOT HAPPENING.

- OH, MAN,

THE FUCKING DOCTOR.

JESUS CHRIST, EVERY YEAR,

HE'S ALL OVER ME,
EVERYTHING I DO.

- "GRAZING BEASTS DON'T FEED ON
OTHER GRAZING BEASTS."

- DID HE FUCKING SAY THAT?

- WHAT THE FUCK

DOES THAT EVEN MEAN?

- I BET HIS BLONDE HAIR
WAS LIKE--

[imitates wind blowing]

BLOWING IN THE WIND.

I SWEAR TO GOD,
HE'S GOT A PERM.

- HEY, LISTEN, MAN.

I'M GONNA ASK YOU A QUESTION.

- WHAT'S THAT?

- AND, TO ME,

THIS IS ALL THAT MATTERS.

DID YOU BRING LORETTA?

- [laughs]

GET THE FUCK OVER HERE, KID.

- HE SAID, "I DO EVERYTHING
EXCEPT FOR TWO THINGS.

I DON'T KISS,
AND I DON'T SWALLOW."

[both laughing]

- OH, GOD,

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

WHEN WE WERE:

IN THE SERVICE, LOUIS.

AH, NO WORRIES.

CAREFREE.

- IT WASN'T ALL FUN AND GAMES.

THAT'S FOR SURE.

- YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT, BU OTHER THAN WHAT WE HAD TO DO,
IT WAS PRETTY CAREFREE.

MAY WE NEVER HAVE TO GO

THAT WAY AGAIN, BUDDY.

[glasses clink]

- AH, TO BE YOUNG...

YOUNG AGAIN.

- YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY SURE
I CAN HANDLE THAT.

- OH, I BET YOU COULD.
LISTEN, I'M GONNA HIT IT.
I GOT TO TURN IN.
- GOOD SEEING YOU, PAL.
- YEAH.
THERE'S ONLY ONE DOCTOR ED,
AND THAT'S YOU.

- [laughs]
[glasses clink]
- NIGHTY NIGHT.
[mysterious shrill tone]
[eerie ambient music]
- LORETTA LOO?
SOMEONE'S HERE TO SEE YOU.
YOU REMEMBER ANDREW.
DOES SHE FEEL GOOD?
- OH, SHE'S SO BADASS.
HO, HO.
SHE LOOKS AMAZING.
- WELL, HAVE AT IT, HOSS.
- HEY, SETH.
DO DEER EAT MEAT?
- [laughs]
NO.

TOLD YOU:

THAT SHIT WAS GOOD.
[electronic ringtone]
- OH.
[sighs]
[roaring monstrosly]
DID YOU GET MY--
DID YOU GET MY CHECK?
[panting painfully]
[growling]
HOW COME YOU DIDN'T CASH IT?
I NOTICED YOU DIDN'T CASH IT.
[growling]
I'LL BE IN CHARGE
OF WHERE SHE IS!
[sobbing quietly]
NO, I DIDN'T FUCKING FEED HER,
ALL RIGHT?
WHAT THE FUCK?

OF COURSE I FED HER.

SHE'S EATING.

[snarls monstrously]

[chewing loudly]

YEAH, WHAT THE FUCK

DID I JUST SAY?

[panting]

SHE HAD ONE BITE, AND NOW

SHE'S HAVING ANOTHER BITE.

OKAY?

[sobbing quietly]

OH, YOU MEAN THE POOL HOUSE

WHERE YOU FUCKED THE CABANA BOY?

THAT POOL HOUSE?

IS THAT THE ONE:

YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?

[glass shattering]

[roars]

COME ON,

I'M HAVING A BAD DAY.

CAN WE JUST HAVE A TALK?

[snarling]

LISTEN, LET'S JUST TALK.

CAN WE JUST TALK A LITTLE

LIKE NICE PEOPLE?

I'M NOT ALWAYS LATE!

I'M NOT ALWAYS LATE.

LOOK, CAN WE JUST TALK

FOR A LITTLE BIT, PLEASE?

I'M NOT MAD.

I'M NOT MAD.

ARE YOU MAD AT ME?

PLEASE DON'T BE.

CAN--CAN WE JUST HAVE A TALK?

[television clattering]

I DON'T--I DON'T WAN ANY PROBLEMS, OKAY?

CAN WE JUST HAVE A TALK?

CAN WE JUST TALK?

CAN YOU JUST FUCKING TALK TO ME?

[glass shatters]

[sighing with relief]

[eerie ambient music]

[droning ominous music]

- [snarling]
[panting monstrosly]
- LOUIS?
DOCTOR DENNEHEY?
SETH?
- WHAT IS IT, KELLY?
- I'M SORRY.
MY GRANDMA'S GONE.
- WHAT DO YOU MEAN GONE?
- I DON'T KNOW,
I HEARD A NOISE,
AND I HEARD THE FRONT DOOR
FLY OPEN.
I WENT DOWN THERE,
AND NO ONE WAS THERE.
AND I WENT TO GO SEARCH
FOR HER,
AND SHE'S GONE.
- WHERE'S HER CAR?
- IT'S IN THE DRIVEWAY.
- SHE COULDN' HAVE GONE VERY FAR
WITHOUT THE CAR.
- I THINK SOMEBODY TOOK HER.
- NO, NO,
IT'S PROBABLY THE FEVER
CAUSING HER TO HALLUCINATE,
MAYBE SLEEPWALK.
- SHE'S NEVER DONE
ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE.
- OKAY, LISTEN.
I'M GONNA GO LOOK FOR HER,
OKAY?
KELLY, YOU COME WITH ME.
LET'S GO.
YOU KIDS STAY HERE.
CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND ME.
LOCK IT UP.
ANY PLACE IN PARTICULAR
WHERE SHE EVER BEEN
ROAMING AROUND UP HERE BEFORE?
- WELL, SHE LIKES THE STREAM,
BUT SHE'S SO SICK,
YOU KNOW,
I REALLY CAN'T IMAGINE HER

JUST GOING FOR A STROLL.
- WHERE IS THAT STREAM?
- ABOUT 100 YARDS
OVER THAT RIDGE.
- GRANDMA!
OH, WE GOT TO FIND HER.
- WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
- HOLY FUCK.
THAT'S HER BLANKET.
- GRANDMA ANNIE!
GRANDMA ANNIE!
- WELL, NOW WHAT?
I'M NOT TIRED.
- HOW ABOUT A LITTLE OF THIS?
[door opening]
[glass sliding,
liquid swishing]
[door closing]
- OH, SWEET.
- AND--
[door closing]
CHASERS.
[cans clanking]
- COOL.
WE SHOULD BUILD A FIRE.
- THAT'S A GREAT IDEA.
YOU SHOULD GO OUT AND GATHER SOME FIREWOOD.
- I'M ON IT.
[bluesy rock music]
- 52 CARDS
PLACED ON TOP OF THE BOTTLE.
YOU BLOW.
I BLOW.
IF YOU KNOCK THEM OFF,
YOU GOT TO TAKE A SHOT.
[indistinct conversation]
- OH!
- OH, WOW.
- OH, MY GOD,
YOU HAVE TO DRINK.
I'M GOOD AT BLOWING.
WHAT CAN I SAY?
[eerie ambient music]
[twig snaps]

- HELLO?

ANDREW!

- [snarling monstrously]

[pulsing rock music]

[snarls bestially]

[ominous music]

- JEREMY!

- WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

- JEREMY!

- JEREMY!

- I DON'T KNOW.

JEREMY!

- JEREMY!

WHERE'S YOUR GUN?

- GET IN THE HOUSE.

- GRANDMA!

- LOUIS.

- YEAH?

- DO YOU HEAR THIS?

- WHAT?

- NOTHING.

THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG.

- JEREMY!

ANDREW!

- ANDREW,

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON?

- WHERE'S JEREMY?

- WE WERE INSIDE THE CABIN

WHEN WE HEARD HIM SCREAMING.

BY THE TIME:

WE GOT OUTSIDE,

WE COULD HEAR SOMETHING

DRAGGING HIM AWAY.

- WHAT THE FUCK

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT--

- TAKE IT EASY, ED!

WHAT'D IT SOUND LIKE?

- WE DON'T KNOW.

WE JUST HEARD HIM SCREAMING

AND MOVING AROUND,

AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN,

WE HEARD THIS HORRIBLE SOUND.

- WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT,

SOUND?

WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

- JUST SILENCE.

- ALL RIGHT,

SO FIRST GRANDMA, NOW JEREMY.

THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE.

- ED, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ED, WAIT, WAIT, WAIT!

HEY, HEY, HEY! DON'T, DON'T.

DON'T GO OUT.

- LOOK, HE'S MY SON.

- DON'T GO OUT--

- MY SON!

- YOU DON'T KNOW

WHAT WE'RE DEALING WITH!

[bells jingle]

GET YOUR CELL PHONE OUT.

CALL THE POLICE.

RIGHT NOW, DO IT!

- WE TRIED THAT.

- GOD DAMN IT!

[ominous droning music]

[mysterious shrill tone]

- [groaning painfully]

[screaming painfully]

[panting]

[ominous orchestral music]

- ED!

ED, WHERE ARE YOU?

- [whimpers]

- ED!

- [sniffles]

- ED.

ED.

ED, IT'S ME, LOUIS.

- [sighs morosely]

[breathing heavily]

- ED.

- THEY KILLED MY BOY, LOUIS.

KILLED MY SON.

THIS IS ALL:

THAT'S LEFT OF HIM.

- COME ON NOW, ED.

OH, MY GOD.

OH, MY GOD.

- DON'T TOUCH ME.

DON'T TOUCH ME!

[growls]

- [whispering]

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?

- [inhales sharply]

[sighs]

[panting]

[chain clinking]

[metal clatters]

[door creaks slowly]

[droning music]

[eerie spasmodic tone]

[junk clatters]

[eerie spasmodic tone,
junk clattering]

[monstrous roaring]

- [groans]

[driving rock music]

- [snarls]

[crunches]

- [screams]

[bones snap]

- [whimpers]

- [groans]

[gunshot]

[ominous droning music]

- [whispering]

FUCKING STARVING.

OH, FUCKING CEREAL.

CEREAL.

NEED SOMETHING REAL TO EAT.

LOUIS?

[door creaks]

[mysterious shrill music]

OH, MY GOD.

GRANDMA ANNIE?

- [gasping spasmodically]

[gasps sharply]

- GRANDMA?

- [whimpering]

- LOUIS.

LOUIS.

- HEY.

OH, GOD.

- IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU.

I HAVE TO TELL YOU

WHAT'S GOING ON.

THERE'S THIS--THIS VIRUS,

THIS DISEASE.

PEOPLE ARE ATTACKING PEOPLE.

I DON'T KNOW

WHAT WE SHOULD DO.

[melancholy orchestral music]

- SOME CRAZY SHIT'S GOING ON.

[panting]

WE GOT TO GO UP THE ROAD.

- OKAY.

- WE GOTTA GO UP THE ROAD

TO THE HOUSE.

- OKAY.

- OKAY?

- OKAY, YEAH.

- LET ME GET IN THE CAR.

I'LL SHOW YOU.

- ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.

- WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

YEAH, SHE LOOKS LIKE

SHE'S SUFFERING,

AND I WANT TO TAKE HER

TO THE HOSPITAL.

- [coughs nasally]

- I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING

LIKE THIS BEFORE.

- WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

- JESUS CHRIST, LOUIS.

- THIS IS MY WIFE, ANGELA.

I JUST GOT ATTACKED...

both:

- BY SOMEBODY

OR SOME FUCKING THING

OUT IN THE BARN,

AND I'M PRETTY SURE

IT'S DEAD.

- WHAT THE FUCK

IS GOING ON OVER HERE?
- I DON'T KNOW, SETH.
WHATEVER IT IS,
IT'S RIGHT OUT ON THE DOORSTEP.

EVERYBODY NEEDS:

TO KEEP THEIR HEAD TOGETHER
TILL WE CAN GET SOME POLICE.
THAT'S FOR SURE.

GRANDMA.

- [whimpers]
- YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
YOU KNOW, WE'VE BEEN LOOKING
EVERYWHERE FOR YOU.

- SHE NEEDS A HOSPITAL.

- YEAH.

YEAH, SHE SURE DOES.

ANGELA HAS A CAR.

COME ON.

- YOU'RE GONNA BE FINE.

WE'RE GONNA GET YOU

TO A HOSPITAL:

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

I PROMISE.

[eerie ambient music]

[gunshot]

- [groans]

[jibbers]

[roars]

[gunshot]

[pounding at door]

[gun cocks]

- GO AHEAD.

LET HIM IN.

OPEN THE DOOR.

[rapid knocking]

KELLY.

OPEN THE DOOR.

LET HIM IN.

I'M GONNA FUCKING BLOW

HIS HEAD OFF.

[knocking]

OPEN IT UP:

AND GET BACK.

- [squeals fearfully]

- HEY, MATT!

WHAT THE FUCK?

ALMOST SHOT YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

GET IN HERE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

- HOLY FUCKING SHIT.

- ANDREW, GET A CHAIR.

- OH, MY GOD.

- SIT DOWN!

WHAT IS IT?

I ALMOST SHOT YOU!

- [cries]

- WHAT THE FUCK

IS WRONG WITH YOU?

HOLY SHIT.

GOD ALMIGHTY.

- I WAS AT THE STATION.

I'M THERE,

AND I'M FINISHING THE SHIFT;

I'M ALMOST DONE.

AND FUCKING:

OUT OF NOWHERE,

OLD MAN TUMAN:

FUCKING ATTACKS ME, MAN.

HE TAKES ME:

TO THE FUCKING GROUND.

- YOU'RE GONNA FUCKING BLEED

TO DEATH.

GO GET SOMETHING

FOR THAT FUCKING THING.

- I'M DOWN--

YEAH, I'M DOWN, RIGHT?

I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR THE GUY,

FUCKING WHAT, 11 YEARS?

HE'S GOT TO BE, LIKE,

[chuckles]

AND HE HIT ME--
HE HIT ME LIKE I AIN' NEVER BEEN HIT BEFORE, MAN,
EVER.

- THE FUCK HAPPEN
TO YOUR LEG?

- [cries painfully]
SO HE FALLS ON TOP OF ME,
AND HE'S--
AND HE'S TRYING TO BITE ME.
HE TRIED TO CHEW
MY FUCKING LEG OFF.
[groans]
SO I'M--I'M KICKING HIS FACE
AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN,
HARD, MAN.
I'M TELLING YOU.
I BROKE HIS FACE, LOUIS.
I DID.
NOTHING LEFT TO HIM
BEHIND THOSE EYES, MAN.

- FUCK.
- NOTHING.
- OKAY, THIS IS GONNA HURT.
- [screams]
[groaning]
I JUST FUCKING--
I JUST SPRAYED GAS
IN HIS EYES,
AND I CRAWLED IN THE TRUCK,
AND I RAN, MAN.
I RAN, LOUIS.

- CALM DOWN.
NEVER HAD A HABIT.
- ANDREW, TRY THE COPS AGAIN.
- [whimpering]
- ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING
TO ME?
THIS IS BIGGER THAN US.
- [panicked screaming]
[whimpering]
[panting]
- HEY, CAN YOU HELP ME?
PLEASE, THERE'S BEEN
AN ACCIDENT.

CAN YOU HELP ME, PLEASE?

I'LL DO ANYTHING

YOU WANT.

ANYTHING.

[gunshot]

[gasps]

- HI, GRANDMA.

UM, DRINK SOME WATER.

OKAY, OKAY.

THERE YOU GO.

YOU FEEL BETTER:

A LITTLE BIT?

GOOD, GOOD.

LOOK, THIS IS A RAG.

IT'S COLD.

YOU WANT TO PUT I ON YOUR FACE?

OH, GOSH.

YOU HAVE SUCH A FEVER.

- [moaning]

- WE'RE GONNA GET YOU

TO A HOSPITAL.

ALL RIGHT, MORE WATER.

- [slurping]

- GOOD.

YOU'RE THIRSTY.

WE GOT TO KEEP YOUR FEVER DOWN,

I GUESS,

UNTIL WE GET TO THE HOSPITAL.

I LOVE YOU.

- [growling]

[yells viciously]

- [screaming]

- [growling]

- [muffled]

GRANDMA!

[screaming]

- OH, GOD.

- [snarling]

- [screaming]

[gunshot]

- THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, LOUIS!

EVERYWHERE!

[growling]

- [shrieking]
[driving rock music]
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
[grunting, growling]
- HEY!
[gunshot]
- [snarling]
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
- [screaming]
[gunshot]
- SETH!
- [screaming]
- NO!
- ANDREW, GET THE DOOR.
- [sobbing]
- [groaning]
- YOU ALL RIGHT?
- YEAH.
YOU OKAY?
- ANDREW, YOU ALL RIGHT?
- I'M OKAY.
- WE'RE GONNA DIE!
- YOU SHUT UP!
YOU SHUT FUCK UP!
IT'S NOT THE TIME
FOR THAT.
RIGHT NOW, WE ALL
GOT TO KEEP OUR HEADS.
WE HAVE TO FIGH AND SURVIVE!
WE GOT TO BUTTON

THIS PLACE UP:

AND COVER UP:

THESE DOORS AND WINDOWS.
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THE HELL IS OUT THERE,
BUT IT'S COMING BACK!
IT'S COMING BACK.
COMING BACK,
AND IT'S FUCKING HUNGRY.

ANDREW, GO FIND
EVERYTHING YOU CAN
TO PUT OVER THESE
DOORS AND WINDOWS.
TABLES, CHAIRS, ANYTHING.
MATT, YOU WITH ME?
- [shaky panting]
I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE.
- OKAY.
GO GET ALL THE WEAPONS.
ALL THE AMMO.
LOAD UP THE GUNS.
- [suppressed groaning]
OKAY.
I CAN GET IT.
- I'M NOT GONNA DIE.
I'LL KILL EVERY SINGLE ONE
OF THOSE SONS OF BITCHES.
DON'T ANYBODY DO ANYTHING
WITHOUT TELLING ME FIRST.
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.
- YEAH, I KNOW.
I KNOW IT WILL.
- [shrieking]
[screaming]
- FLIP THAT TABLE OVER.
PUT IT IN FRON OF THE WINDOW.
- I'M SCARED.
- SO AM I.
- I DON'T--
I DON'T THINK
I'M GONNA BE ABLE
TO KEEP UP WITH YOU GUYS.
I DON'T WANT TO HOLD
ANYONE BACK.
I JUST--
I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA MAKE IT.
- EVERYBODY'S
GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.
I PROMISE.
EVERYONE.
ESPECIALLY YOU.
- WELL, WHAT ABOUT ANDREW?
- HE'S MY SON.

I'M COUNTING ON HIM.

- I KNOW SETH SHOWED YOU
HOW TO USE ONE OF THESE, RIGHT?
SLIDE THIS OPEN,
PUT THE BULLETS IN THERE,
CLOSE IT, AND YOU SHOO JUST LIKE YOUR CAMERA.
POINT AND SHOOT.

- IT FEELS LIKE
THE WORLD'S GONNA END.

- NO, IT'S NOT.
WE NEED TO GET THE FUCK
OUT OF THIS HOUSE.

- THEY WERE EATING SETH ALIVE
WHEN THEY DRAGGED HIM
OUT THE WINDOW.

[radio static]

- A GREAT DEAL IS UNKNOWN
ABOUT LYME DISEASE.
IN MOST CASES, LYME DISEASE,
WHEN TREATED EARLY,
IS A MILD ILLNESS
WITH NO LONG-TERM EFFECT.
THERE NOW SEEMS TO BE
A NEW STRAIN,
A STRAIN OF LYME
THAT IS ACTUALLY
A COMBINATION OF STRAINS.
HOWEVER, THIS NEW,

EVOLVED STRAIN:

IS FAR MORE AGGRESSIVE.
IT IS CAUSING VIOLENT,
ANIMALISTIC BEHAVIOR--
DOG-LIKE BITING ATTACKS.
THE SPREAD RATE AND DEATH TOLL
IS RISING TO DISTURBING NUMBERS.
SYMPTOMS CAN BE FLU-LIKE:
HIGH FEVER, FATIGUE.

OTHER SYMPTOMS:

MAY BE QUITE SEVERE:
DELUSIONS, HALLUCINATIONS
CAUSING SOME TO BE BEDRIDDEN
IN A NON-RESPONSIVE,

OPEN-EYED, COMA-LIKE STATE.
THE MEDICAL RELIEF STATIONS
ARE FILLING UP FAST.
I REGRET TO BE THE MESSENGER
FOR SUCH BAD NEWS,

AND TO ALL WHO:

CAN HEAR MY VOICE,
BE CAREFUL.

- OKAY.

EVERYBODY HEARD THAT.

I THINK IT'S OUR BEST SHOT.

GET TO ONE OF THOSE

RELIEF STATIONS.

- THE CLOSEST ONE'S

- HOW WE GONNA GO THAT FAR

WITH ALL THOSE THINGS OUT THERE?

- DO THE BEST WE CAN.

WE'RE PROBABLY

BETTER OFF THAN MOST.

WE GOT A LO OF PROVISIONS.

PLENTY OF AMMO.

- ALL RIGHT, WHY DON'T WE TAKE

DR. DENNEHEY'S TRUCK?

THING'S LIKE A FUCKING TANK.

- IT'S A GOOD IDEA.

[squishing]

MATT.

QUIT FOOLING AROUND

WITH THAT MEAT.

I'M TELLING YOU,

PUT IT AWAY.

- OKAY, PAL.

- LISTEN,

EVERYBODY'S PRETTY TIRED.

I DON'T THINK

IT'S A GREAT IDEA

TO GO WANDERING:

OUT IN THE DARKNESS.

LOOK, WE MIGH BE ALL RIGHT FOR THE NIGHT.

I SAY WE SET OU FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

[clattering from above]

YOU HEAR THAT?

GO UPSTAIRS AND MAKE SURE HE HAS
THE BEDROOMS ALL BUTTONED UP.
BE CAREFUL.

[gun cocking]

[ominous music]

[clattering from above]

- ANDREW,

WHAT HAPPENED?

- THERE'S NOTHING UP THERE.

I CHECKED EVERY DOOR.

- I'M HEARING ALL KINDS

OF SHIT OUTSIDE, MAN.

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.

GO WATCH THE DOOR.

I DON'T FEEL FUCKING GOOD, MAN.

HOLY SHIT.

- [panting fearfully]

LOUIS!

- SETH!

- PLEASE LET ME IN!

IT'S SETH!

- PLEASE!

- NO, NO, NO!

DON'T OPEN THE DOOR.

NOBODY'S COMING IN HERE.

I DON'T CARE WHO IT IS.

NO ONE'S COMING IN.

- IT'S SETH!

PLEASE LET ME IN!

JESSICA!

JESSICA, JESSICA,

PLEASE HELP ME!

DON'T LET THE FUCKING--

- WE HAVE TO HELP HIM.

- HE'S NOT COMING IN.

SETH, GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

- PLEASE LET ME IN, PLEASE!

- YOU'RE NOT COMING IN.

- PLEASE LET ME IN.

DON'T FUCKING LET THEM

GET ME, LOUIS!

JESSICA!

JESSICA, PLEASE,

OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR.

PLEASE!

[snarling]

- NO, NO, NO!

- OH, GOD.

[snarling, grunting]

- [growling]

- [screams]

- GET THE FUCK OFF HIM.

[gunshot]

[screaming]

- OH, FUCK.

- LAY DOWN.

ANGELA, LAY DOWN.

- AH, MY WATER BROKE.

- LAY DOWN, LAY DOWN.

NOT NOW.

CAN'T DO THIS NOW,

NOT HERE.

LISTEN, I TOLD YOU

ONE OF THOSE FUCKING THINGS

BIT ME IN THE ARM.

I THINK I HAVE--

I DON'T KNOW.

WE GOT A GAME CHANGE.

EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.

THEY'RE OUTSIDE.

THEY'RE COMING BACK IN.

YOU GOT TO GO TO A MEDICAL CENTER.

- NO.

NO, PLEASE.

- GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE.

- NO, NO.

- WE GOT TO GO.

I'M GETTING ED'S TRUCK.

- NO, DON'T GO OUT THERE.

DON'T GO OUT THERE.

- I HAVE TO GO.

JUST LAY BACK.

LAY BACK, LAY BACK.

- I GOT YOU.

I GOT YOU.

- [groaning]

- LET'S GO!

- STOP.

I'LL GET THE TRUCK.

EVEN IF THE KEYS AREN'T IN IT,

I'LL GET IT RUNNING.

I'M A LOT FASTER

THAN YOU.

- [chuckling]

GIVE ME A CIGARETTE.

- ALL RIGHT.

YOU DON'T LOOK

TOO GOOD.

- YEAH, WELL, ONE OF THOSE

FUCKING THINGS BIT ME.

I DON'T WANT TO GET IT.

I DON'T WANT TO GET IT, ANDREW.

IF I GOT IT...

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOT TO DO.

YOU GOT TO PUT ME AWAY.

- I'M NOT FUCKING DOING THAT.

YOU CRAZY?

I'M GONNA GET THE TRUCK,

WE'RE GONNA PUT THE GIRLS

IN THE TRUCK, WE'RE GONNA GE THE FUCK OUT OF HERE.

I GOT TO DO THIS.

- BE CAREFUL, ANDREW.

PLEASE BE CAREFUL.

LET'S GET THIS SHI OFF THE DOOR.

[ominous warbling music]

- [snarling]

- [growling]

[intense rock music]

- FUCK, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

- [snarling]

- DON'T DO THAT!

WHAT THE FUCK:

ARE YOU DOING, SETH?

- [grunting]

- STOP, SETH!

STOP!

WHAT THE FUCK:

ARE YOU DOING?

- COME AND GET IT!

[blade zipping]

- YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHAT'S ALL THAT BLOOD FROM?
- IT'S NOT MINE.
I SAW SETH.
HE TRIED TO KILL ME.
DOCTOR ED KILLED HIM,
BUT HE'S GONE NOW.
THEY'RE FUCKING MONSTERS.
THEIR FLESH IS ALL FUCKED UP.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK'S
GOING ON, DAD.
- COME ON!
LET'S GO!
GET YOUR STUFF.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
RIGHT NOW.
COME ON.
COME ON, LET'S GO.
- [moans]
- WHERE THE FUCK IS JESSICA?
WHERE'S MATT?
- [screams]
MATTHEW!
[shrieks]
- MATT, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
MATT--
GET HIM OFF ME.
[clanging]
GET HIM OFF OF ME!
[gunshot]
LET'S GO.
ANDREW, PUT THEM IN THE CAR.
[gunshot]
- COME ON, GET IN.
[gunshot]
LET'S GO, DAD!
- GET IN!
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
[gunshot]
[gunshot, shrieking]
LET'S GO, LET'S GO, LET'S GO!
[gunshot]

- [snarls]
- [bellowing]
[all grunting and snarling]
- ED.
- YOU'RE INFECTED, LOUIS.
- I KNOW.
- LOCK YOURSELF UP.

CHAIN YOURSELF:

IF YOU HAVE TO.
IT'S A VIRUS.
IF YOU CAN CONTROL THE FEVER,
YOU CAN MAINTAIN,
BUT WHATEVER YOU DO,

DO NOT GIVE IN:

TO THE MADDENING COMPULSION
TO EAT HUMAN FLESH.
[all moaning and growling]
- ED, LET'S GO.
- IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME.
- [howls]
- ED!
ED!
- COME ON, DAD!
- [sobbing]
ED!
[all moaning and snarling]
YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!
[gunshot]
[eerie ambient music]
WE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO
THE MEDICAL STATION THAT NIGHT.
THERE WAS TOO MANY OF THEM.
WE GOT OVERWHELMED.
THE INFECTED, THEY GATHERED,
THEY ROSE, AND THEY ATTACKED
AGAIN AND AGAIN,
FURTHER SPREADING THE VIRUS,

LEAVING NOTHING:

BUT MORE LOST SOULS,
CARNAGE IN THEIR WAKE.
IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER,

TO MAKE SENSE OF IT ALL NOW
AND HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.
I LOST ANGELA AND THE BABY.
[sobbing]
[groaning]
I THOUGHT I HAD LOS ALL HOPE FOR MYSELF
ALONG WITH THEM...
BUT I CAN'T QUI ON MY SON.
I CAN'T QUI ON ANDREW.
I DIDN'T GIVE HIM
WHAT A BOY NEEDS FROM A FATHER
TO BECOME A MAN AND SURVIVE
IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD,
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WAN TO CALL IT.
I NEED TO HOLD ON TO THIS
LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE
HE'S GOT A SHO AT WHATEVER'S LEF
OF WHAT WE HAVE.
THAT'S HIS WORLD NOW,
THE WORLD WHERE THE VIRUS

AND THE PLAGUE:

HAS BROKEN DOWN SOCIETY.
BEFORE WE CAN REBUILD,
WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY
TO SURVIVE OURSELVES...
A WAY TO FIGHT.
WE BUILT A VEHICLE.
WE CALL I THE WAR WAGON.
[pulsing rock music]
[engine revving]
[dark rock music]
EVERY DAY, WE VENTURE OU FURTHER AND FURTHER
TRYING TO GE MEDICAL SUPPLIES.
GET FOOD, WATER.
ANYTHING WE CAN FIND
THAT'S STILL OUT THERE.
[suspenseful music]
[clanging]
[suspenseful music]
THERE SEEMS TO BE
NO HELP,
NO GOVERNMENT INTERVENTION.
IT'S ONLY WHAT WE KNOW.

THIS THING HAS SPREAD
ALL OVER THE WORLD,
AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE,
AS FAR AS THE RADIO
AND TELEVISION CAN TELL.

[rooster crowing]

THERE IS ALWAYS HOPE,
A SAFE HAVEN,
A FORT OF PROTECTION.

- ALL RIGHT.

- THAT'S ALL WE HAVE.

[wistful rock music]

[speaking indistinctly]

- HELLO.

- EVERY DAY,

WE HOPE THAT IT'S OVER,
AND EACH NIGHT,
OUR NIGHTMARES REMIND US
THAT IT'S NOT.

MAYBE SOMEDAY WE'LL FIND
AN END TO ALL OF THIS.

UNTIL THEN,

WE KEEP FIGHTING.

GOD HELP US.

AMEN.

- [groaning]

WHO'S THERE?

[grunting furiously]

[yelling]

[screaming]

[moaning]

- YOU KNOW,

A LOT OF STRANGE THINGS
HAPPEN OUT IN THE WOODS.

- IT'S A VIRUS.

- WILD

AND ANIMALISTIC BEHAVIOR.

HIGH FEVER AND FATIGUE.

DOG-LIKE BITING ATTACKS.

- IF YOU CAN CONTROL THE FEVER,
YOU CAN MAINTAIN.

- DO DEER EAT MEAT?

- I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT.
ANYTHING.