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Resident Evil: Extinction

By Paul W.S. Anderson

Take a sample of her blood...
-...and then get rid of that.
-Yes, sir.
The Umbrella Corporation thought
they'd contained the infection.
Well, they were wrong.
Raccoon City was just the beginning.
Within weeks, the T-virus
had consumed the United States.
Within months, the world.
The virus didn't just
wipe out human life.
Lakes and rivers dried up,
forests became deserts...
...and whole continents
were reduced to...
...nothing more than
barren wastelands.
Slowly but surely, the Earth
began to wither and die.
What few survivors there were
learned to keep on the move.
We avoided major cities.
If we stopped anyplace too long,
they would be drawn to us.
Only a few at first,
but then more and more.
A never-ending army of undead.
For those of us left...
...staying on the road...
...seemed the only way to stay alive.
This is KLKB.
We have seven people here...
...in need of urgent medical attention.
We need help. This is KLKB.
Can anyone hear us?
Can anyone help us? Please?
My baby.
Please.
Please help my baby.
You bitch.
You dropped my baby.
"We're surrounded. We need help.
Can anyone hear us?"

-Can anyone help us? Please."
-Works every time, Mama.
Let's see...
-...what else she's packing.
-Yeah.
What you got down there, fishy?
I wouldn't do that.
Shut your mouth!
-Relax!
-Just show the bitch.
Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!
Jesus Christ! He's dead!
Think you're pretty smart, huh?
Well, you'll see.
There you go, bitch.
I wouldn't want it to be over too fast!
Open the cage!
Let them loose.
Get up now!
That was a juicy one, huh?
Hey, Carlos, this is Claire.
-You got any smokes?
-No.
Like I'm supposed to believe that.
Claire, would I lie to you?
-L.J.
-Claire Redfield, how can I help you?
-Got any smokes?
-No can do.
How about alternate?
Sorry to say we're out of that too.
You gotta be shitting me. Otto?
Sorry, campers. Smoked the last of it
back in Salt Lake.
Damn.
-Yeah, people...
-Damn it.
...it really is the end of the world.
-Anyone else?
-Paris facility.
Food supplies down to 50 percent.
Six casualties.
Biohazard numbers increasing.
London facility.

Food supplies down to 28 percent.
Seventeen casualties.
Biohazard numbers increasing.
Gentlemen.
Dr. Isaacs.
How good of the science division
to join us.
Chairman Wesker. I've been busy.
On the subject of the biohazard,
what is the science division's report?
Well, we now know conclusively that
they have no real need for sustenance.
They hunger for flesh
but do not require it.
My research indicates
they could remain active for decades.
We're to be trapped underground
for decades?
What news of Project Alice?
Using antibodies from her blood...
...I will develop a serum that will not
just combat the effects of the T-virus...
...but potentially reverse it...
...giving back these creatures
a measure of their intelligence...
...their memories,
thus curbing their hunger for flesh.
You're confident you can
domesticate them?
They're animals, essentially.
We can train them, if we can
take away their baser instincts.
They'll never be human...
...but would provide the basis
for a docile workforce.
We can return to the surface.
After months of experiments,
you have nothing to show.
-We are left to rot underground.
-Without the original Project Alice...
...progress has been difficult.
I've been forced to replicate her
using cloned genetic models.
It's laborious.

The results, unpredictable.
Project Alice and the subject of
domestication is of the highest priority.
You will concentrate on this to
the exclusion of all other research.
We expect an updated report
in a week.
Simply demanding results
will not guarantee them.
Then perhaps we should place
someone else in charge.
Someone who can give us
the reassurances we require.
Continue with your research, doctor...
...while it still is your research.
This meeting is adjourned.
Sorry about this, Stevie.
This is Claire Redfield's convoy,
broadcasting for any survivors.
Is anybody out there?
Broadcasting for any survivors.
Is anybody out there?
This is Claire Redfield's convoy,
broadcasting for any survivors.
Is anybody out there?
This is Claire Redfield's convoy.
Location, the Desert Trail Motel.
Broadcasting for any survivors.
Is there anybody in there?
Broadcasting for any survivors.
Is there anybody in there?
Keep trying, Mikey.
Is there anyone alive in there?
Please respond.
-Seems quiet.
-Yeah, don't they always?
Is there anyone alive in there?
Please respond.
Claire. Looks clear. Shall we go in?
It's your call, boys.
-Come on. Let's go.
-Let's do it.
I'm gonna get me a room.
I'll take a waterbed, a Jacuzzi...

...and I'm gonna rent me a porno.
What happened? You two okay?
Yeah. It's all clear.
Somebody need my help?
It's nothing. But if you insist....
That's right. So sit back and relax.
Spread out. Look for anything of use.
Gas, food, ammo. You know the drill.
You like playing rough, huh?
-Oh, I've had worse.
-I'm sure.
But you've always been gentle
with me, Betty.
Oh, God. I'm leaving.
So, what do we say,
dinner at my place tonight?
Oh, I'm there.
Hey, Betty! Over here!
This is amazing.
He knows what it is.
Camera.
You try.
Stand your ground.
-My God.
-Unbelievable.
He has memory
and reasoning skills.
This is incredible. The serum works.
You've domesticated them.
You've done it. Congratulations.
No, doctor! Please. No!
No, no, doctor. Please, no!
Pork and beans. I'll get some
peaches for the little one there.
There you go.
-It's asparagus.
-Thanks.
For you...
...cat food.
Just kidding. It's pork and beans.
-Hey.
-What's this, huh?
-Soup. Cream of mushroom.
-Bullshit.

-I think that's pork and beans too.
-Thanks, man.
-I'll be damned.
-Asparagus.
-How do you do that?
-Just one of my skills.
It's a dying art, unfortunately.
This is the last of it.
-I think it's some kind of fruit.
-Thanks, Otto.
Sorry, that's all we have.
Fruit. You want some fruit?
Fruit. You want some fruit?
-Did you check out the gas station?
-Yep, it's bone-dry.
Well, how we looking here?
Well, Claire, if we can run
these trucks on rust...
...we're looking pretty good.
All right.
Hey, sweetheart.
Perimeter up yet?
It's almost done.
-Who's out there?
-Olivera.
-Hey, Carlos.
-Claire.
All that smoking is slowing you down.
Get your ass in gear, old man.
I want my perimeter up.
Last sentinel in place.
Perimeter's up and running.
All motion sensors online.
Cameras 1 00 percent.
Refried beans. Fruit salad.
Oh, my favorite.
Storm's coming!
Let's start packing it up
and move it inside.
-Come on, kids, let's go!
-Hurry up!
Get back in the bus.
Put this fire out.
This is Claire Redfield's convoy.

Location, the Desert Trail Motel.
Lat. 35, long. 1 14.
Calling any survivors.
This is Claire Redfield's convoy.
Location, the Desert Trail Motel.
Lat. 35, long. 1 1 4.
Calling any survivors.
Activate Number 87.
Shit.
-Dr. Isaacs.
-What is it?
My sensors have detected a peak
in psionic activity.
Both alpha and beta wave.
From Number 87?
No, the activity's not from
one of the clones.
It occurred outside the complex.
-That's not possible.
-My sensors were quite clear.
Massive psionic activity was detected
...centered on a desert location.
-Claire!
-What?
What the hell?
Oh, God.
-Carlos.
-I see them.
Everybody stay in your trucks.
What's going on?
Everyone just stay in your trucks.
Roll up the windows and keep quiet.
Okay, close the windows up.
What's wrong with their eyes?
They've been feeding
on infected flesh.
-Fire it up. Let's get out of here.
-That's a hell of an idea.
Lock and load.
-We're stuck!
-Hell, no, let's get out of here.
Let's head for the bus, come on.
Come on! Go! Go!
Come on, get in!

Come on, come on, come on.
Claire!
Damn it.
Mikey, Carlos,
we have to evac the bus.
You got it.
Hold it!
-Come on, move!
-Keep moving!
Come on! Go! Go! Go! Come on!
-Betty!
-Go! Just go!
Get out of here, Betty! Go!
-Move! Move! Move!
-Go!
-Betty! Betty!
-L.J., hurry up!
Come with me!
Come on! Come on! Betty! Betty!
No!
Betty!
Go! Go! Go!
Dr. Isaacs.
Another spike in alpha
and beta waves detected.
Forty-five percent probability
that this is Project Alice.
Triangulate. Find her location.
Impressive.
If it is her, her development
is extraordinary.
Her powers would appear to have
grown at a geometric rate...
...since her escape from
the Detroit facility.
You've made 10 trips to the surface
in the past 24 hours. All unauthorized.
Any trip to the surface, especially to
gather specimens, puts my men at risk.
Why do you need so many
all of a sudden?
Isaacs!
My research has intensified.
Don't worry.

They're perfectly secure.
You're supposed to be
domesticating them.
Sometimes aggression has its uses.
What could you possibly need
these things for?
Dr. Isaacs.
Specimen 87 has reached
the final stage of the test grid.
Perfect. Put her on the screen.
Good girl.
Is Chairman Wesker
even aware of this?
He knows what he needs to know.
You've overstepped your mark.
My research will change
the face of everything.
If you pick a side...
...be sure it's the right one.
Hi.
Hey.
This belong to you?
I gave it to you last night.
For luck.
Thank you.
What's your name?
K-Mart.
It's where they found me.
Claire and the other....
A few years back.
Do you have another name?
Never liked it.
Everyone I knew was dead...
...so seemed like time for a change.
Anyone want to say something?
Alice, this is Claire Redfield.
She's the one who put this
convoy together.
Thank you so much for your help.
Claire!
Excuse me. I have things
I have to attend to.
In the last six months,
she lost half of the convoy.

Pretty soon there'll be
more of us dead than alive.
Alice, what happened to you?
Why did you leave after Detroit?
I didn't have a choice.
They were using me.
What do you mean?
They were tracking me.
I couldn't be around you.
Any of you.
-I would've gotten you all killed.
-That's why you disappeared?
Broke into an Umbrella facility
and hacked into their computers...
...downloaded the satellite
trajectories...
...and stayed off the grid.
And after the world ended?
Why stay out there alone?
It's just safer
if I'm not around people.
Why'd you come back?
Damn!
What time is it?
Chase, what time is it?
Well, Carlos, it is 1 2:1 4. Why?
You got somewhere you gotta be?
Guess I'm just being paranoid.
Welcome home.
Got a minute?
Yeah.
Everyone is grateful
for you helping us out.
But how long am I gonna stay?
Don't get me wrong.
We really are grateful.
They're all talking about what you did.
And they're scared.
I don't blame them.
People have a habit
of dying around me.
Not just you.
You're positive it's her?
Sixty-two percent.

Too great a chance to pass up.
If it is Project Alice, she's been
evading the satellite grid for years.
I've re-routed
the remaining satellites.
We can reacquire the subject.
She'll be unaware of surveillance.
I can have a strike team ready
within the hour.
No. We'll establish
a positive identification first.
One hundred percent.
The group she's with
include known associates.
The original Project Alice
is vital to my research...
...to the whole process
of domestication. Her blood...
...her genetic structure, is the key.
The longer she's out there,
the greater chance we lose her.
-I can't risk that.
-That decision isn't yours to make.
Take no action until this matter has
been discussed by the committee...
...at the next scheduled meeting.
And, doctor...
...that's an order.
These transmissions are the best
indication of life we've seen in months.
-Alaska?
-We have to check it out.
We can't just ignore it.
Any idea what kind
of journey that would be?
-Yeah. A long one.
-And at the end of it, what?
You have no guarantee there's even
anyone alive up there.
-These transmissions say that--
-They're dated six months ago.
How many radio broadcasts
have we responded to?
How many times

have we got there too late?
The transmissions say that
there's no infection up there.
It's isolated.
Safe.
This convoy trusts me
with their lives.
These people don't need
pipe dreams.
Maybe that's exactly what they need.
Look at them, Claire.
Six months ago, there were 50 of us,
then 40, now there's less than 30.
They're starting to give up.
They need some kind of hope.
We have a decision to make.
And it's too big, it's too important
for me to make for you.
There's a chance
there are survivors.
Where?
In Alaska.
There is a chance...
...that the infection
hasn't reached that far.
But we don't know for sure.
So we have a choice.
We stay as we are...
...or we try for Alaska.
For Alaska.
Alaska.
I hope you're right.
God.
The food's virtually gone
and the truck's running on empty.
I've got half a tank of gas. That's it.
-Chase?
-Shit, I don't even have empty.
I got enough for
a hundred miles, tops.
If we're gonna make this trip,
we'll need to resupply.
Yep.
These are our options.

The nearest, safest bet
is right there.
No, it's empty. I tried that.
Then, well, maybe....
-We could try this--
-Vegas.
It's the only place we're sure to find
gas and supplies.
There's a reason for that.
Vegas is too dangerous.
It's crawling with them
sons of bitches.
We've drained every small town dry
over the last six months.
We have to hit a big city.
She's right.
Vegas, it's our only bet.
We'll establish
a positive identification.
One hundred percent.
Take no action until this matter has
been discussed by the committee.
Doctor...
... that's an order.
The committee authorizes
immediate action.
Release of vehicles
and personnel...
... under command of Dr. Isaacs.
That's an order.
Hey. You all right?
Yeah, I'm fine.
Them pork and beans, they lethal.
I don't see how you cowboys do it.
Years of practice.
Oh, my God.
What happened to it?
The desert must have taken it back.
Five years.
No one to keep the sand back.
It's empty.
No undead.
Nothing.
Those birds must have moved

through the city block by block.
Picked it clean.
I don't see any truck stops.
Where are they?
There.
Valet parking at the casino
up ahead.
There's gas pumps in there.
Now, how do you know that?
I dropped two G's
back in the day here.
You lost \$2000?
Damn it.
Spread them out!
We're gonna have to move it.
All right, Chase, I need a lookout!
Up there.
Great.
Climb the Eiffel Tower
with a high-powered rifle.
A few years ago,
that would've caused a stir.
Well, let the good times roll.
Let's get this done.
Get the hell out of here.
Mikey, get the winch.
-Yeah.
-Carlos.
Wait.
Get back!
-Carlos, cover me!
-Go!
Move!
Just get to the back and stay quiet.
Go! Now! Go!
Get down!
She really is magnificent.
When she's dead,
make sure you move in fast.
I need a sample of her blood
while it's still warm.
That won't be a problem.
-Satellite in position?
-Yes, sir.

Then shut her down.
Mikey!
Hey!
Mikey!
No!
No!
She's fighting the conditioning.
Boost the control signal.
Shit!
Climb! Give me your hand!
Run! Go!
Go! Run!
Let's go!
L.J.!
L.J.
What is it?
Satellite. Some kind of malfunction.
How long?
New feed coming online
in 1 5 seconds.
Online in three, two....
Now.
Where the hell is she going?
Shut her down!
She's still coming!
-Now!
-Oh, shit.
You son of a--
Back to base!
The anti-virus!
Get me the anti-virus!
Why didn't you shoot?
Because we're not driving to Alaska.
I want that helicopter intact.
Let's go look at the computer,
see where that chopper's headed.
-How is he?
-Under house arrest...
...as you instructed.
He's been quiet.
How much of this have you used?
Her blood increased
the creatures' power.
It also increased the strength

of the infection.
I needed it.
You have no idea
what this will do to you.
Oh, I have an idea.
You're out of control.
Well, this ends here.
Under executive order 1 345,
issued by Chairman Wesker...
...for gross misconduct in the field...
...I sentence you to
summary liquidation.
Liquidation?
Just die.
Take the body to the surface.
Bring me the stats on Program Alice--
Sir!
Good thing we like a challenge.
Hold on.
Hold on.
They have the anti-virus in there.
Just hold on.
It's too late, and you know it.
Besides, you need a way
to get in there.
And I have an idea.
-You keep them safe, huh?
-You got it.
Come here.
Carlos, l--
Save it.
You just promise me one thing.
When you get down there....
Consider it done.
Wish I had a smoke.
Fuck!
I'll be damned.
L.J., you sneaky son of a bitch.
Oh, hell.
Come on.
Get the kids out quickly!
Go!
-Run! Run! Hurry up!
-Okay.

Go! Go! Go!
Take him!
You're not coming?
Take care of the others.
I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to startle you.
-I am the artificial intelligence--
-I know what you are.
I knew your sister.
She was a homicidal bitch.
My sister computer was merely
following the most logical path...
...for the preservation of human life.
Yeah. Kill a few, save a lot.
So, what happened here?
Dr. Isaacs returned in an infected
state. He was bitten by a creature...
...that had been treated
with a newly developed serum.
A serum derived from your blood.
The resulting infection
has caused massive mutation.
My blood?
Your blood has bonded
with the T-virus.
Dr. Isaacs correctly deduced...
...that it could be used
to destroy the biohazard for good.
You mean my blood
is the cure for all this?
Correct.
So why are you helping me?
Your blood is pure,
and this facility contains...
...all of the equipment you will require
to synthesize a cure.
-You mean this could all end?
-Correct.
There is, however...
...a small problem.
I have him contained
in the lower levels...
...but I cannot hold him there
for much longer.

All right, let's go.
Alice?
Good luck.
You can't kill me.
I've told you...
...I can't die.
No.
For so long, I thought
you were the future.
I was wrong.
I am the future.
No.
You're just...
...another asshole.
And we're both gonna die
down here.
Yeah, you're the future, all right.
All attempts to contact the North
American facility continue to fail.
How long have they been off the air?
Seventeen hours.
We must consider them lost.
But our plans remain unchanged.
All data will be transferred
to this facility...
...and the research will continue
under my personal supervision.
I expect results within one month.
You won't have to wait that long, boys.
Because I'm coming for you.
And...
...I'm gonna be bringing
a few of my friends.
You're just...
...another asshole.