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Day Of The Dead

By Jeffrey Reddick

Ouch.
Shit. Shit.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
It's okay.
I have another one.
All right.
Slow down.
Just follow me.
You like that?
Uh-huh.
Tell me you like it.
I just did.
Please don't tell me you're taking
lessons from that Neanderthal.
No. No.
Good.
I want us to be special.
Ah-choo!
That's disgusting.
Hey, let's explore.
Marco.
Hey, what's the holdup?
This sucks.
Why is there traffic?
What is going on?
What is that?
This is crazy.
A spokesman released a statement
ten minutes ago
saying that the quarantine exercise
will be for 24 hours...
Charlie 1-4, this is Charlie...
We have visual contact.
We got reservations at 7.
You mean to tell me we can't get through?
This is bullshit. Bullshit.
You can't do this.
We're in America.
Who gave the order
for this exercise?
Sir, my orders are to keep
this road sealed off
for the next 24 hours.

You can take your son
to the hospital in town.
Those guys don't know their asses
from a hole in the ground.
I want to go to a real hospital.
Sir, I understand.
Not unless you have kids,
you don't fucking understand.
Honey,
you're not helping.
We're going to Boulder.
Corporal Cross? Platoon up.
You heard the man.
Let's go. Let's go.
Sir, I'm asking you politely.
Please turn
your car around. Please.
Mrs. Leitner?
What?
Sarah, what are you
doing here?
Your mom told me
you were never coming back.
Well, you know
how she exaggerates.
Besides, I'm needed here.
Look, I'm sorry
that I yelled,
but can you
get us out of here?
Cody is really sick.
Mr. Leitner, I understand
that you're upset,
but the best thing that
you can do for Cody right now
is to get him
to the medical center.
The Army's
brought in specialists.
They're already there
at the hospital.
That'll be much quicker
than driving to Boulder.
She's right.

Thank you.
All right, get the rest
of these cars turned around.
Okay, you heard the captain.
Let's get all of the cars turned around.
Excuse me, sir.
Sir.
Did I just
tell them the truth?
Corporal, your orders are
to keep this shit hole town--
Excuse me.
Your shit hole town sealed off.
Now do it.
Yes, sir.
Yeah, where the hell
are those med 'chines?
They were supposed to
be here three hours ago.
They haven't reported in, sir.
We've got teams searching now.
No. Both of them?
Nina?
Nina?
Hello.
Gotcha!
Aah!
I got you.
Not really.
Yeah, right.
What'd you find?
I don't know.
You want to check it out?
Find a cool little spot?
In a dark hole?
I don't think so.
Hey, didn't you
say something
about your mother
being sick with the flu?
Yeah, she's in bed.
You think she'd know
if we were on your couch?
Zip it up, Kyle.

What?
We're out of here.
Come on.
I'm not really done here.
You want a ride? You're done.
Your friend's
a real buzz kill.
Tell me about it.
Oh, God.
Jesus, you okay, man?
Chill. It stopped.
Are you my mom?
Okay, okay, come on. We gotta go.
Nina and I have, you know, plans.
My parents aren't getting home
for a couple of hours.
Want to come over?
Are you nuts?
If you got me sick,
I'll kill you.
No.
Come on, Kyle!
Bus is leaving!
Let's go!
Wait!
This is KSWT,
broadcasting live
from downtown
Leadville, Colorado.
So I have some travel news
for all of you trying to get out of town.
Route 40 will be closed

until 7:

Still, they keep saying
this is just an exercise.
Now, Uncle Sam wouldn't be
trying to lie to us, would he?
No. Stay tuned for further bulletins.
In the meantime, when the man
gives them to me,
I'll give them to you.
And now, some more
inane bull stuff.

So, as a cog in the military
industrial complex,
are you capable of
independent thought?
Sir, my orders are to relay
the information to you
so you can pass it on
to the public.
This ain't about
that flu thing, is it?
So what the fuck
is it about?
You are gonna talk to me,
so help me God.
Or...Celine Dion.
You probably like her.
Well, hey, come on.
You know, it was
just my allergies.
Look,
I'll give you money.
What?
Well--
Fuck you.
I'm walking home.
Where'd she go?
She said she needed
some exercise.
Everything is all right #
Things can be
as they should #
If you look after me #
The way
I looked after you #
We're so over, Kyle.
Kyle?
Aah!
Whoa!
Aargh!
Aah!
Hey, Private,
why don't you be all you can be
and grab them damn batteries?
Can you believe they're

gonna give that bitch a gun?
Get this to Captain Rhodes
as soon as you can.
Corporal Cross.
We were given orders
to report to your squad.
Think I'm gonna like it here.
You were at Fort Bragg, right?
Yes.
Yeah, I heard about you.
You and my homie Henry Fat
was hitting it for
a couple months, right?
You and your homie
got your wires crossed.
It didn't happen.
If you say so.
As of now, you two
are on guard duty.
This is your barricade.
No one gets through.
You got that?
Crain, you the driver?
Yes, sir. Um, God.
Ma'am.
You up for a road trip?
Yeah.
No one gets through.
How long we supposed
to stay here?
We'll try and be back
before breakfast.
That's, like, 12 hours!
We'll bring you a bagel.
Ahem. Are we really
spending the night together?
Not a chance.
Okay, good,
because that wouldn't be appropriate.
He was definitely
hitting that.
Shut up.
I-- I thought
you wanted me to drive.

I know the way.
You just join?
Really? You can tell?
Yeah, seven months ago.
I was studying
radar and countermeasures.
My first time being called out.
Kind of wish it was something
a little more exciting.
Be careful what you wish for.
I've seen exciting.
You don't have to worry.
Nothing really happens
in this town anyway.
Yeah, it seems
like a real shit hole.
Where are we going anyway?
My house.
Oh, so you're from here?
Born and raised.
Well, it's kind of
a charming shit hole.
All right, I'll be back.
Listen,
Crain sounds so formal.
What do your friends
call you?
Um, my friends call me Bud.
Bud. Okay.
Well, when we're not around the others,
you can call me Sarah.
Whoo.
Nothing on TV?
Sarah?
Haven't you heard of knocking?
Uh, this is
my house, too.
You want privacy,
find a new place.
What's going on, Nina?
Nothing, really.
Your father still
teaching Sunday school?
This is so not cool.

You know what, you missed
a button right there.
What the hell are
you doing here?
Enforcing the quarantine.
What's up with not
returning my calls?
What quarantine?
What calls?
You're kidding me.
I called your cell phone,
like, five or six times.
You know what?
Where's Mom?
In bed, I guess.
You guess.
I just got home.
She wasn't feeling well
this morning.
And you didn't
check on her?
I check on her every day.
That's a lot more
than some people.
Get over it, Trevor.
Hey, Mom.
Sarah, honey.
I didn't know you were coming.
I guess you were too busy to call.
How are you feeling, Mom?
I'm okay.
No, you're not.
You're burning up.
Please, you have more
important things to do
than worry about me.
What are you doing here?
I'm taking you
to the hospital.
Don't be silly.
It's just a cold.
I took some vitamins.
Mom, I'm taking you
to the hospital, okay?

Let's get you dressed.
My dad's left a dozen messages.
They're at the hospital.
How long has Mom been sick?
Since this morning.
It's a cold.
Everyone's got it.
And when did you start caring?
Don't start with me.
Kyle had it really bad.
His nose
was gushing blood.
Where is he now?
Home. He found his dad's
supply of medical hash.
I'm gonna run over there
and check on him.
Wait, wait.
Wait, you can't even
go upstairs
to check on your own mother,
and now you want to go
all the way across town?
No. You're gonna
go upstairs,
make sure
Mom gets dressed,
and don't leave
until I get back.
Do you think
you can handle that?
I'll go check on Kyle.
Aye-aye, Admiral Bitch.
Everything okay?
No, it's not.
Kyle.
Anybody here?
Oh, shit.
Don't worry. It's not loaded.
Oh, my God.
What the hell happened here?
Aah! Fuck!
Fuck! Uhh! Oh!
What's there?

The phone is dead.
Fuck.
Oh, God.
I don't have any service.
Yeah.
Come on.
Let's go.
Fitzsimmons,
The boy Kyle is missing.
The bodies look like they
were mauled by something.
I couldn't call the police.
All the phones are dead. Over.
Yes, I know, Corporal.
We're blocking all phone lines
until we get control
of the situation.
Got a whole lot of wild
rumors running around here.
I'll get that info to the police.
Where are you?
I need to take my mother
to the hospital, Sir.
Well, I'm headed
over there right now
to see if I can find
some missing doctors.
You get back to
that roadblock ASAP.
Yes, sir. Over and out.
Why isn't your gun loaded?
It's complicated.
Cool.
I'm a vegetarian, by the way.
Maybe we should just
keep that between us.
Was Kyle stoned?
He wasn't there.
Did his parents
know where he was?
No.
Oh, oh. I'm bleeding.
There's gauze
in the kit.

All right.
Here, here, I got it.
Here,
tilt your head back.
Careful.
You got it?
So when are you
going back to Denver?
Park it and meet us inside.
Yes, Ma'am.
Slow down!
Oh!
Jerk!
Excuse me, ma'am,
my mom needs a doctor.
Yeah, her and everyone else.
Look, here.
Just write her name on the list,
and we'll get to her.
I-I can't wait.
Listen, lady,
half the town's sick.
We're overwhelmed
and understaffed.
Just write her name
down on the list.
Mom... look, they're
a bit overwhelmed, okay?
We're going to have to wait.
What?
Do you mind?
I found my mom and dad.
They're in a room,
waiting for the doctor.
You want to come with?
Yeah. I'll be right back.
Trevor, wait!
Stay here.
Salazar, you're supposed
to be on guard duty.
Williams and Elders
have it covered.
Captain had me
come with him.

You know the phone lines
are down.

The cell phones
aren't even working.

I heard it was orders
from Washington.

You think this is still
just an exercise?

Nah. There's some real
serious shit going down.

Corporal Cross.

Sir.

There's a doctor here
from the CDC.

He wants to ask you about
the bodies at Cypress Pond.

He was annoyingly insistent.

Sarah's great, huh?

I wish
she were around more.

Um, does she have
a boyfriend?

She's hot, huh?

Oh, she's so hot.

You think she'd ever
go out with a private?

Oh, God, I'm sorry.

I'm a little bit--

Are you all right?

Oh, my God.

You're freezing.

I need some help over here!

Come on, man.

Stay with me.

Talk to me, talk to me.

Talk to me,

talk to me, talk to me.

Um...

Okay, um, Mrs. Cross,

I'm going to go get Sarah.

Okay?

Corporal Cross!

It has to be airborne.

But once in the blood,

it mutates faster
than anything else--
Dr. Logan,
this is Corporal Cross.
Thanks for coming.
Can you give us a minute?
I find people
speak more freely
without a superior
officer around.
I'll be outside.
You've had quite a night.
You could say that.
About the bodies,
you said they looked
like they were mauled.
Could it have been
an animal attack?
If an animal can hide
a body in a closet.
The son is missing?
Yes.
Did the wounds
look like bite marks?
What?
It's a simple question.
How would I know?
Maybe it's the avian flu.
Don't say that.
Dad, seriously,
that's so not possible.
I heard about this case
in France where--
Dad?
Daddy, what's wrong?
Dad?
Daddy?
What's going on?
Daddy?
Dad!
Dad?
Okay, we-- we really
need a doctor.
Aah!

Aah!
Raah!
Aah!
Sir? Sir?
Corporal, you gotta
come to the waiting room.
Something's happening.
To my mom?
To everybody.
What is it?
Something bad. I don't know.
Hey, I thought you guys left hours ago.
What the--
No! No!
No! Oh! Aah!
Aah!
Oh, my God! Anybody!
So this chick takes
her top off, right?
And I swear to God--
What the--
Now this here's just
a little too much for this cowboy.
Now, you see this button here?
You press it, and you talk into that
if you've got something
to say to the folks
because my shift has now ended,
and I am going to mosey on home.
Or not.
Hey, where the hell are you going?
Hey, I thought you said
there were two bodies.
Yeah.
Now there's three.
Show me.
Freeze!
Oh!
Are you sure
this is a good idea?
Hey, maybe you shouldn't
go down there!
Huh?
Aah! Aah!

What the fuck?
What the fuck?
Aah! Aah!
Aah!
Aah! Aah!
Come on, come on,
come on.
Go, go, go, go.
God!
Aah!
Oh, my God!
Aah! Aah!
No, no, no, no!
No! No!
Here they come!
Aah!
What the fuck was that?
Let me in!
Come on. Come on.
What the hell?
What the hell is happening
to these people?
I don't know.
Where's the basement?
Right there.
My mom's in there.
We'll go undercover.
That's an order, Corporal!
Come on!
Here.
We're safe!
Grrr!
Aah!
What the hell was that?
You almost got me killed.
What do you mean?
What are you talking about?
Bud! Help me.
Oh, my God.
What are we going to do?
Aah!
Aah!
Fuck!
Come on.

Aah!
Look at the radio station.
Look, there's somebody
in there.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.
Hey.
We're going to make it,
okay?
I swear.
We can make Molotov cocktails.
Great, and I'll just build a bus
and drive us out of here.
Come on,
we have weapons.
I don't have a gun.
What?
I'm in communications.
We aren't issued weapons.
So basically you're useless.
Shut up, Logan.
Come on.
You've got one.
We can shoot
enough of them.
It's not loaded.
Oh, you've got
to be kidding me.
What the hell kind
of soldier are you?
You don't want to find out
right now, okay?
Bud, where did you park the Humvee?
The lot was full, so I--
Oh, shit.
They must have come out
when I was--
Great. A driver without keys
and a soldier without bullets.
It must be my fucking birthday.
What's with you two?
You know what?
It's complicated, okay, pal?
How did you get here?
Taxi.

Great. Well, you're nominated
to go out
and hail us another one.
Captain Rhodes' Humvee.
He should have the keys on him.
We've got to go get them.
What? No! No. No way!
Those things are everywhere.
Not everywhere.
Come on.
Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God.
Hello.
Hello. Hello, hello, hello!
Somebody.
Hello! Hello?
Stop pounding. Look!
Oh, God! Oh, God!
Oh, God!
Shh!
Oh, God, I'm gonna die!
Open the damn door!
Grrr!
Open the door now!
Open up!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Open the door!
Someone help!
Someone open the door!
Oh, God! Hurry! Hurry!
Are you one of them?
No!
Are you sure?
Yeah, I'm sure.
You better not be!
Mr. and Mrs. Leitner.
Oh, you're all right.
Where's Cody?
Is he okay? Is he--
We wanted to get Cody
to a doctor,
but your sister
wouldn't let us,
and now he's dead.
Andrew, stop it!

My cough--
I had it before all this.
I'm not sick.
Come on.
Jesus.
Raah!
Sweet mother of God!
Don't--
Yuck!
God.
Do you want me to go?
Yeah. But I outrank you.
Okay.
Salazar. Are you all right?
Not if you keep
karate kicking me.
How did you get away?
When everybody started tripping,
I just jumped in the closet.
Keep laughing, bitch.
All right,
I'm taking Rhodes' Humvee.
Oh, man.
You won't be needing this.
I got 'em. Let's go.
Correct, my shit. Uhh!
Go.
Grrr!
No!
What?
What happened?
What is it?
Aah!
Give me some room! Go!
Come on!
He's got me!
Grrr!
Stop!
Pull!
Let's go! Come on!
Go!
Aah!
Aah!
Catch! Come on!

Pull!
Tell me you remembered
the keys.
Raah!
Aah! God!
God!
Ah, fuck, he got me.
Oh, fuck, he got me.
Oh, fuck, he got me.
He got me.
I'm sorry.
Aah! Aah! Aah!
Aah! Oh, fuck!
This is gonna be quick.
No, no!
You saw what happened
to Rhodes
when he got bit, okay?
This is the only way.
I put bleach on it.
Shut up!
Put the gun down.
That's an order.
I don't know if you noticed,
but there's people out there
eating each other, okay?
So fuck you and your orders.
I said shut up!
What are you going to do?
You going to shoot me?
Hey, look, Rhodes was bitten
hundreds of times, him once.
Besides, bleach kills
just about everything.
Who the fuck are you?
Look, I'm a doctor, okay?
I know exactly what's--
Man, ain't nobody trying
to hear that CSI bullshit.
He gotta go.
Didn't I say
shut the fuck up?
Sir.
Look, I will take responsibility for him.

And if the time comes, I'll
do what has to be done, okay?
So just back down!
Look, I ain't got time
for this bullshit.
We need to figure out
how to get the fuck out of here.
I'm watching.
My eye's on you!
Call the police, the National Guard,
and if by any slim chance
the fucking FCC are listening,
they might take notice.
I gotta take a break.
This fucking blood
pressure's killing me.
I shouldn't have done
that kumquat diet.
It's probably too late
to stop smoking.
I'm the one who should be worried.
Your wife's been hacking up
a storm since you got here.
What are you trying to say?
Can I give this a try?
Hey, you got a license?
No.
Me, neither.
I ain't got a fucking license.
If anyone's there--
You go, kid.
If anyone can hear this,
we are trapped at the radio station
KXWT on Elm Street
in Leadville, Colorado.
Uh, uh, we are under attack.
Repeat. We are under attack.
If anyone is there at all--
... we need help. Okay?
Something 's happening.
People are going out of their minds.
Please, please,
please, send help.
There's five of us here.

It's me, my girlfriend Nina,
Mr. and Mrs. Leitner, and the DJ.
Just somebody
send something, okay?
We're at the radio station
KXWT on Elm Street.
Oh, oh, and if you hear my voice,
do not go to the Pine Valley Hospital.
Okay? It's not safe there.
Repeat. Do not go to the hospital.
We should go now.
Okay.
Take this and give me
one of your guns.
What, you little
Miss MacGyver now?
That shit ain't gonna work.
Give me one of your guns.
If something happens to you,
we can't risk
losing both of them.
I know how to shoot
one of those.
I bet you do.
Sweet spear.
You see a black man
with a sharp stick
and it's supposed
to be a spear?
Oh, no,
that's not what I--
Bud, can you throw this
chair through the window?
Yeah.
Do you have your lighter?
Yeah.
Let's do this.
Are you ready?
Yeah.
Okay...Now!
You gotta shoot them
in the head.
Raah!
Oh, my God!

Jesus!
Oh, my God.
Let's go, Doc!
Watch out!
Shit!
Watch out!
Oh, shit.
Let's go.
Please help me.
I'll help you.
Aah!
Come on, y'all!
I got him!
I'm out.
Me, too. Shit.
Where's Logan?
What a dick.
There's more of
these motherfuckers?
Light 'em.
Come on.
Okay.
Oh, shit!
That worked.
Yeah.
Behind you!
Nice shot.
It was kinda gangsta, huh?
We gotta get some more ammo.
Hang on.
This is bullshit.
Hey, yo, Gomer.
Don't give up, man.
Yeah, I won't.
Shit!
What you dodging them for?
Run their ass over.
They're still somebody.
Not anymore.
That was kinda fun.
That is unbelievable.
We have
to get out of here.
Do you have a car?

No, I ain't going out there.
Hey, dude, if you're feeling lucky,
you go for it.
I'd be like prime rib
to those fuckers.
I'm sitting my fat ass right here
till the help comes.
Let's just wait.
Somebody will come.
They have to.
So which one of you
had the nosebleed?
What?
You heard her.
Anybody have a nosebleed?
Just sit down and
answer the question.
What is wrong with you?
Nina, put that down.
What are you doing?
Everyone who changed
had a nosebleed.
Who's lying?
Had to be one of them.
I said sit down.
Hey, you don't wanna eat this.
Major indigestion.
She hasn't had a nosebleed,
and neither have I.
Look at them.
They're covered in blood.
Shut up!
My son attacked a nurse.
It's her blood!
Hey, check them
for bite marks.
No one's touching my wife.
Just answer
the fucking question!
Don't you get it?
Someone in here is infected.
We're all in danger.
All right. Let's make this quick.
What about

your boy back here?
Bud, I'm sorry.
No, no. I understand.
You all right?
Yeah.
Do me a favor.
Yeah. Anything.
Grab me a gun, too,
and, um, load mine.
Yeah, that's the type of
shit I'm talking about.
Ooh. Uh-huh. Yeah.
Fucking tell us.
Yeah. Now, just--
Ah...
choo!
Oh, God.
You scared me.
Paul?
Get off the couch!
Okay.
Is anyone alive out there?
Can anyone hear me?
Anyone? Anyone?
The police? Someone?
We just need someone.
Something's fucking happened.
We need someone. Please, anyone.
Don't think they know
who they fucking with.
Automatics
have no firepower.
Oh, yeah? Says who?
This shit right here
was made for me.
Uh-huh. Whoo.
By the power of Grayskull.
Okay.
Yeah.
Stop fucking around
and start loading
the stuff up.
How long you gonna
keep cussing at me?

You see this? This is a machete.
Unappreciative ass.
See if I save your ass again.
Oh, shit.
No! He's restrained.
What if he gets loose?
Then I'll shoot him.
Look, I'm not riding
with this motherfucker.
Yes!
Shut the fuck up!
My, God, he listened.
Sales of new homes rose--
Plus, with pop--
Ever since day one--
I don't understand.
They're not saying
anything about this.
Word hasn't gotten out yet.
... the Army, the National Guard,
anyone with weapons...
Oh, my God.
Is anyone still alive?
What the hell are you doing?
Out of town
is the other way.
That's my brother.
Your brother's a DJ?
Just send someone.
We're being attacked.
We need help.
We need help now.
Damn it, where the fuck
is the cavalry?
What are you doing?
Oh, my God. Mom!
Trevor!
I have to let her in!
Trevor, wait!
Oh, shit!
That's what I'm talking about!
Run their ass over!
Now you're driving.
Wait! Wait!

She could be infected!
No!
Why'd you lie
about the nosebleed?
Don't worry. It'll be fine.
I promise.
Mom!
Trevor!
Aah!
Oh, God.
Trevor.
Trevor, it wasn't her.
Not anymore.
Nina, is there
anybody else up there?
Yes.
Bring them down.
We're getting out of here.
We are?
Go!
Okay. Okay. Okay.
Mr. and Mrs. Leitner,
we've been rescued. Come on.
It's time to go.
Mr. and Mrs. Leitner?
No!
Raah!
Aah!
Trevor, I'm sorry.
Yo, survivors.
Hello!
Come on.
It's soldiers. Come on!
Aah!
Nina! Hey!
Quick, get over here.
Come on, man.
They're coming, man.
Hurry up. They're coming!
Aah! Oh, no! Oh, no!
We need to leave.
Let's go!
This shit is ridiculous.
I mean, why Thriller over here

ain't trying to eat us?
He's a vegetarian.
That's the best explanation
you can come up with?
You got a better one?
All I'm saying, as long
as he don't try to mistake me
for a soybean burger,
we gonna be all right.
They seem to retain
some part of themselves
before they were infected.
Must've retained his hormones
because he definitely
remembers who you are.
Guess that also means
he remembers who was boss,
huh, bitch?
Bad soldier.
Ten hut!
That's some crazy-ass shit.
Williams,
Captain Rhodes is down.
Do you have any idea
where--
Check if the SATCOM's working.
Come on. Let's go!
Let's get out of here!
Whoo!
Them fools were shooting at me!
What we taking,
a back road out of here?
There is no back road.
Sarah, go up
Hidden Lake Road.
We could get to Boulder
on the fire road.
Yeah, you're right.
Good thinking.
Okay, hold on.
Hey.
You okay?
Remember I said
we're gonna make it?

We are.
Never going back, are we?
I don't know, Trevor.
You know, why did you
leave in the first place
instead of opening
the bike shop?
You think I was gonna
wait around for you
to get your shit together?
Who built the first bike?
That broke
and almost killed me
when we were, like,
Could y'all save that shit
for Oprah, please?
What the fuck was that?
Kyle.
Come on, get out!
What's happening, player?
At ease, soldier.
All right.
Kyle.
Is there any reason
why we're keeping this bitch around?
Everyone grab as much
firepower as you can.
Look at that shit.
He likes you.
Got a little zombie crush.
We need to find cover,
some place we can defend.
The old Nike site's
about a mile from here.
Yeah, you're right,
we can hole up there,
wait for daylight.
Good call.
All right, we're gonna
keep Bud with us.
Why?
He might be useful
against them.
And he follows orders.

I like that.
But if he tries anything...
Head shot.
Yeah, come on,
Mr. Follows Orders.
About face!
Oh, my--
Forward march!
What was that?
I don't know,
but be ready for anything.
Let's move out!
Come on, let's go.
Have a seat.
What the hell
you looking at?
I know you're not
looking at her ass.
I think ol' Gomer
over here wants--
Grrr!
Salazar,
leave him alone!
Trevor.
Good idea.
I'll lead with this.
Don't count on me.
Look, you wanna drop
the passive aggressive bullshit
for once, please?
Over some bicycles?
What's with you two?
It's complicated.
He's a kid.
Yeah, but we all have
to grow up sometime.
Now would be nice.
Bud! Bud! Stop it!
Bud! Bud, stop it!
Aah!
Let's go!
Hey! Follow me!
This way!
Let's go!

Whoa.
Hey, guys.
Come on!
Cover him!
Nice shot.
Thanks.
Hey, come on.
What the hell?
A Puffy video.
Of course.
Yo, we got company.
Trevor, you loaded?
Full up.
All right, stay here with Nina, okay?
We'll be back.
Wait, please don't shoot!
Don't shoot!
The fuck are you doing here?
I-- I was trying to get away.
Those things were after me.
I found this compound.
I just came here for shelter.
So you took off
to save your own ass?
No.
And destroy some kind
of evidence, huh?
Says something
about Project Wildfire.
Your name's on every one of them.
What is
Project Wildfire?
I don't know how my name--
Listen to me!
My mom's dead.
My hometown's turned into
a fucking slaughterhouse.
You either tell me
what you know,
or so help me, I will
shoot you dead right here.
Look, if you'll just
give me a second to explain--
Don't lie to her.

If you'll let me finish--

Go ahead.

There were a few select scientists
studying certain biochemical agents.

Including you?

Were you studying them
or creating them?

Look, I was in Washington
to give a report.

I couldn't reach anyone here.

Then I heard about the quarantine.

Look, we don't know our
research has anything to do
with this outbreak.

Yes, we do.

Ahem.

The virus--

It was three days ago.

...has mutated, and somehow
we have all become
infected or eaten,
and I'm the last.

I think I've killed them all:

Tom, Grace, and everyone.

I, uh...

have sealed myself
inside this bunker.

I've destroyed the samples
and archived my notes.

And I don 't know why the infection
is moving so slowly,
but I can feel it.

I can feel the malevolence.

I'll die here like the pharaohs
with my legacy,
a beautiful weapon...

beautiful weapon.

What was this virus
supposed to do?

It was designed
to paralyze enemy troops
by shutting down
their neural system
for six to seven hours.

We didn't think
it would mutate.
Come on,
this would have allowed us
to capture people
without killing them.
It was intended to save lives.
Yeah,
hell of a job, Doc.
He got out.
Yeah, the door was open
when Nina and I got here.
Why aren't we all sick?
Some people have
a natural immunity
to specific viruses.
Lucky us.
But from what I
understand,
once bitten,
there's no protection.
Whatever, man.
Where's the back door?
There isn't one.
Oh, shit.
Stay here.
You back?
I'm not going to
die down here,
but you,
you knew about this.
No, I didn't know.
I swear.
Nina, Nina, no.
He's not worth it.
He's smarter than the others.
Don't believe this shit.
I'm not going back
into that airshaft.
Raah!
Shut up, bitch.
Hey, did you guys get him?
He's in the ventilation system.
Yeah, I got his little girlfriend, though.

That's Dr. Engel.
He was the best man
on the team.
If they do retain
something of what they were,
we are so screwed.
We have to find a way out.
That's the only way out.
That's why
we chose this place.
Man, I thought scientists
were supposed to be smart.
Here, follow me.
Dumb asshole.
This place
is a Nike site, right?
Yeah.
Well, they weren't making
sneakers up in here.
Nike sites were built
during the Cold War
to house missiles.
What?
What, you were smoking weed
during history class?
Anyways, there were missiles,
and there had to be missile silos.
We find one of those,
and we'll have our escape route.
Hey, what happened
to Fuck-Face?
Oh, Jesus.
We have to find
that silo.
It's going to take forever
to search all these hallways.
We've got to split up.
We meet back here
in five minutes.
Why do white people
always want to split up?
I'm not doing it.
He's right.
Whatever. It's y'all's funeral.

Who is going with who?
Trevor, you're gonna
go with me.
No. Trevor and I
stick together.
We'll be okay.
All right. Five minutes.
Not a second longer.
Be careful.
You look hot.
Shut the fuck up.
Lucky somebody paid attention
during history class.
Yeah, you're not
as dumb as you look.
Oh, yeah?
Well, you're not
as annoying as you look.
Just in case.
Go!
Sarah, run!
Are you all right?
Yeah. Salazar?
Great.
Holy shit.
What?
It's missile propulsion tanks.
Are you sure?
Yeah.
We can rig these
like giant flamethrowers,
get all those things
in one place,
and just blast
the shit out of them.
All right.
As soon as Nina knocks
the nozzles off the tanks,
all I have to do is--
Are you all right?
It's fine.
All right, I'm going
to be running like hell.
As soon as I clear,

you fire the tanks, okay?

Got it.

And don't worry,
it's going to work.

I know.

Hey, Sarah?

Yeah?

Don't get eaten.

Hey!

Now!

See if Logan left the keys.

An update on the outbreak
in Leadville, Colorado.

We're getting sketchy reports
that bodies are still being discovered,
but a spokesman

for the military has assured us
that the flu-like virus
has been fully contained.

So while travel to and from the area
won 't be fully restored
for several days,
it looks like the danger is over.

This is Haley Schue reporting
for KDSX, Colorado County.

Aah!