

FADE IN:

INT. EXORBCORP LABORATORY - ANYTIME

ROBERT(30), a scrawny scientist in a lab coat, rubber gloves, and safety glasses swirls an Erlenmeyer flask half full of clear liquid. Flasks, beakers, and cylinders litter the lab.

He inserts a measuring device into one of the flasks and compares the data with a chart on a clipboard. The heading on the stationary reads "EXORBCORP".

He shakes his head and disappointedly writes his findings in a note pad. His cell phone rings. He removes his gloves and answers the phone.

ROBERT

Hello? Yes, yes Sir. No, nothing yet, Sir. I know Sir. We have isolated the problem and we are confident this is the solution. I'm hoping to have something very soon Sir.

Undecipherable yelling is coming from the other line.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I...I...

The phone goes dead. Robert looks terrified and is starting to sweat. He reaches into his pocket, takes out a handkerchief and wipes his brow. He starts to shake.

He reaches into his lab coat and pulls out a bottle of pills, shaking two pills into his hand. He drops one. He grabs at it wildly, but he opens his hand to reveal nothing. He looks quickly at the floor around him, but finds nothing.

He shakes out one more pill, puts the lid back on the bottle, and puts the pills away. He walks over to the sink, grabs a cup from the upper cabinet, pours a glass of water and takes the pills.

Robert takes a few deep breaths. He is noticeably calmer. He looks over to the lab table with a new look of determination.

He walks back over to the table and picks up his gloves when suddenly the door bursts open. A very LARGE MAN (25) appears with two side-arms strapped to his body. Robert's eyes are frozen wide open.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Wh-what are you...

LARGE MAN

Mr. Blackwell sent me to watch over you as you finish the project today.

ROBERT

T-Today? I just tried to tell him I'm very close, but I just need more...

LARGE MAN

TODAY. Mr. Blackwell says if he has no product, he will not renew your contract. You will finish today or you will be replaced... permanently.

The scientist scrambles around the lab, crazily grabbing containers, instruments, and chemicals. He fills flasks and beakers with a half liter of this, a few milliliters of that, a few drops of some liquid here, a few milligrams of some powder there. All without the aid of the gloves he always wore. He puts a beaker under flame, swirls a flask around, boils this into that.

FADE TO:

INT. EXORBCORP LABORATORY - LATER

The scientist has multiple flasks lined up and is measuring each of them. One by one his spirits are crushed as he compares his data to the chart and falls short.

He sets a flask off to a pile of rejected ones to his left as he grabs the last one to his right. He places the measuring instrument in the last flask. He closes his eyes and clenches his fists, pumping them up and down as he mouths the word "please" over and over. His face scrunches up and it appears that he is about to cry. He slowly opens up his right eye before the left. He takes his reading and compares the data.

His eyebrows raise as he compares it again. He quickly runs to the back of the room and returns with a rat in a cage with an exercise wheel. He removes the top of the cage and grabs an eyedropper. He takes one drop and feeds it to the rat. The rat convulses and drops to the ground, motionless.

The scientist looks defeated. He turns to the Large Man.

ROBERT

I guess this is it. I did the best I could.

Robert starts to cry. He approaches the Large Man with his arms stretched out pleading for his life. The Large Man pushes him away.

LARGE MAN

Stop it. Stop crying. I can't stand  
to see a grown man cry.

Robert's high pitched weeping subsides, but is replaced by squeaking noises that are getting faster and louder. Robert looks to the rat cage to see the rat running unnaturally fast in its exercise wheel, its eyes glowing green. Robert runs up to the cage.

ROBERT

I...I did it. YES! I DID IT!

Robert twirls around with glee and throws his hands into the air, releasing the missing pill that was stuck in the cuff of his lab coat. Robert watches as the pill slowly falls into the flask holding the working solution. Robert stares intently as it starts to bubble and then subside. Robert's shoulders drop heavily as he sighs.

A sudden explosion covers Robert with liquid. His skin quickly starts to boil and steam from the now caustic concoction. The flesh on his hands bubbles as he reaches for the smoke-filled goggles on his face. The melted plastic pulls and rips at his skin as he removes the goggles. There is now a ring of unharmed flesh from where his goggles once were. Strands of melted plastic dangle from where the goggles touched his face.

His clothes and body disintegrate as he screams in inhuman pain.

A shot rings out as Robert's body falls to the floor, revealing the Large Man behind him with smoke emanating from the barrel of his pistol, his cell phone already in-hand.

Roberts body sizzles and gurgles into a pile of goo as the large man inaudibly talks on the phone.

CUT TO:

TITLE CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

A door bell rings as the door to a brightly lit jewelry store opens and closes. The store owner, STELLA(55), emerges through a curtain from the back of the store, pushing her chained eye-glasses up onto her nose. Her nails perfectly manicured. Her hair tied back. Her dress speaks of wealth.

She looks about the otherwise empty store, perplexed as to why the door should open and close on it's own accord. She squints her eyes and hesitantly turns and goes through the curtain to the back of the store.

The store service buzzer sounds. Stella walks through the curtain and quickly scans the store before shaking her head and returning to the back of the store. The buzzer rings again.

Stella hesitantly re-emerges from the back of the store looking concerned. She carefully scans the store, eyeing the three "ring for service" stations placed evenly atop tall display cases, looking for anything out of place. There is a sense of unease about her as she clutches a fistful of her fancy dress.

She approaches the register and places her hand under the counter, her quivering hand quietly searching for the silent alarm. Just before her finger lands on the button, the buzzer goes off again. Stella jumps as her eyes pop wide open. She leans over the register and sees TERRY (38), a well-groomed little person in a suit, behind the display case.

TERRY

Hello

Stella screams.

STELLA

Wha...what do you want?

Terry has a puzzled smile on his face.

TERRY

Uh...I'm here to pick up a ring I had re-sized. A young lady had helped me out the other day. I think her name was Julie?

STELLA

Julia. That's my daughter. I'm Stella, the owner. I'm sorry if I'm being rude. You got me flustered. I do all the re-sizing. What is your name?

TERRY

Terry. The ring is white gold with a 1/2 carat marquise with three small diamonds on either side. It was my grandmothers.

STELLA

I know the one.

Stella pops into the back room behind the curtain. Terry looks up around the room, eyebrows raised. She emerges holding a small, red box.

Terry's eyes light up. He grabs the box from Stella and opens it. A smile breaks through his lips.

TERRY

It looks great. I hope it fits.

STELLA

She is going to love it. If it doesn't fit, bring it back and I'll adjust it.

TERRY

Thank you. Now all I have to do is ask her.

STELLA

How long have you two been together?

TERRY

Five wonderful years. I just wish I could have asked her sooner. Work just never seems to end.

Terry sets the case back on the counter.

STELLA

Maybe you should take a vacation, huh? Be a good way to propose.

Terry sighs.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Lemme guess. Work, right? Everyone deserves to take a break now and again, right? Can't you call in sick, take a long weekend? Do you want me to wrap this?

TERRY

Please.

(beat)

I was hoping to surprise her this weekend with champagne and then dinner at The Oceanaria, this seafood restaurant she loves. I just hope I can get off work in time.

She pulls a sheet of wrapping paper off the roll and cuts a piece of ribbon.

STELLA

You could always have the maitre d' put it in an oyster shell

TERRY

That's a great idea. She loves oysters.

Stella pauses what she is doing and looks over at Terry.

STELLA

You still want me to wrap this?

TERRY

Yeah. Just in case.

She folds the paper neatly around the box and secures it with a piece of tape.

Terry smiles as she hands him the neatly wrapped box.

EXT. EXORBCORP WAREHOUSE LOADING DOCK-NIGHT

A beat up Chevrolet truck backs into the dock. The driver's door opens as CURTIS(35), wearing overalls with no shirt and a trucker hat, exits the vehicle. The passenger door swings wildly open. Flannel-clad passenger JEB(32) reaches for the door handle with his flimsy arms, trying to keep the heavy door from slamming open. He exits the vehicle and the two men walk to the warehouse entrance. A large sign over doorway reads "EXORBCORP."

CUT TO:

INT. EXORBCORP WAREHOUSE-NIGHT

CURTIS and JEB are surrounded by MR. BLACKWELL(50) and his henchman.

Mr. Blackwell is wearing a tailored suit and an ice-cold demeanor. The pair of BODY GUARDS stand on either side of him.

MR. BLACKWELL

I need you two to dispose of these  
for me.

Mr. Blackwell turns and snaps behind him, signalling a man pushing a cart containing 4 barrels.

MR. BLACKWELL (CONT'D)

There is a bonus for you this time  
due to the rather large load.  
Unfortunately we had to...downsize  
some departments.

CURTIS

How Much?

Mr. Blackwell signals one of the body guards. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out an envelope and places it in CURTIS' hand.

MR. BLACKWELL

Ten on top of the usual rate. Half  
Now. Half when its done. No traces  
this time boys. NONE. Last time we  
had cops poking their heads around  
cause you guys decided to cut  
corners.

CURTIS AND JEB

Sorry Boss.

MR. BLACKWELL

Now get a move on. I want these  
disposed of immediately.

Curtis and Jeb head for the exit, the man with the cart in tow.

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Curtis and Jeb's truck swerves slightly down the highway, barrels clunking in the bed of the truck under a large, blue tarp.

INT. CHEVROLET TRUCK-NIGHT

Curtis drives the truck as Jeb repeatedly glances over at Curtis. Curtis sees Jeb out of the corner of his eye and looks annoyed.

CURTIS

What?

JEB

Whatcha gonna do with your share of the money?

CURTIS

Pay off debts. Prolly git me a boat trailer too.

(beat)

Grab me one of those cold beers.

Jeb turns and reaches to the back cab of the truck and grabs a couple cans of beer out of a cooler. He opens one of the cans and hands it to Curtis. Curtis takes a couple chugs and lets out a belch. Jeb is nervously looking at Curtis again.

JEB

Imma put a down payment on a summer home.

Jeb opens his beer and takes a gulp. Curtis turns toward Jeb.

CURTIS

Summer home? You don't have a fall, winter or spring home.

JEB

Well, you don't even have a boat.

CURTIS

I gotta get the trailer before I can gets the boat. Where else am I gonna put it?

JEB

In the water.

CURTIS

Well then Einstein, what am I gonna do with the boat in the winter?

JEB

You shouldn't be using your boat in the winter.



CURTIS

I know that dummy. That's why I need the trailer.

JEB

Yeah, but you don't even have a boat.

CURTIS

You son of a bitch, Jeb.

Curtis takes the last chugs of his beer. He cranks down the window and throws the empty can onto the highway. He rolls the window back up. Without taking his attention off the road, he swings his arm out and backhand slaps Jeb in the stomach.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Grab me another one of them cold beers.

Jeb turns again to the back cab of the truck. He reaches for the cooler, but it is now just barely out of his reach. He turns completely around in his chair and is facing the rear of the vehicle with his knees on the seat. As Jeb leans around his chair, he lets out a raging fart. Curtis' nose scrunches up as he takes a sniff. His eyes squint and he starts coughing. Curtis rolls down the window as he turns towards Jeb.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

GOD DAMN IT, MAN! What have you been shoving down that shit hole you call a mouth?

Jeb looks back to the road to see a large raccoon running out in front of the truck. He loses control, swerving back and forth. The tarp is ripped off, exposing the barrels. He tries to straighten the vehicle, causing Jeb to fall into Curtis, causing him to lose total control as the truck flips over and rolls down the narrow highway, sending the barrels flying from the bed of the truck. Two barrels pop open, spilling dead bodies covered in some sort of liquid. One barrel flips head over heels until it catches its edge, turns sideways, and starts to roll down the road. The last one bursts open, spilling green sludge across the highway. Chunks of white lab coat can be seen in the ooze.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY-DAY

A CIRCUS CARAVAN is traveling on the freeway. A roadblock protects the overturned truck that spilled green sludge all over the roadway. A HAZMAT TEAM is seen cleaning up bodies and toxic waste. A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN(40) waves the first semi truck in the caravan down as circus employees stare from the buses, wondering what has happened. The patrolman approaches the driver's side of the semi, to speak with a derby hat wearing TRUCK DRIVER(42).

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN Sorry, we can't allow you to go any further. There was a spill and we have no idea how toxic this stuff is. We don't want anyone getting hurt.

TRUCK DRIVER

We are 10 miles from where we're going. Any chance you just let us through?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Sorry, you are going to have to go back the other way.

TRUCK DRIVER

How do you expect us to turn around? We've got a dozen trailers and ain't no way we're turning around here.

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

There's a spot you can turn around about a quarter mile back. You'll just have to drive it in reverse till you get there.

TRUCK DRIVER

Are you kidding me? With these rigs? That would take forever and we're already short on time. If I don't get the trucks there on time there will be no show and I will be looking for a job. Come on Man. Just let us go through. We'll be fine.

The patrolman walks over to his patrol car and uses the radio. He starts to walk back over as he waves the trucks through. The driver gives the officer a nod as they drive toward the spill.

They approach the spill, but the driver has to stop suddenly as one of the HAZMAT workers drags a body across the highway.

While the trucks are stopped, an elephant trunk emerges from the side of the truck. It stretches out and starts drinking the green sludge that still covers the street.

As the elephants trunk retracts, it glows green from the slime. The trucks drive off.

INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT-DAY

Terry opens the door to a small but clean and contemporarily decorated apartment. He enters his apartment carrying a shopping bag and bottle of champagne.

He has an accomplished look on his face. He sets the bag on the counter and turns his head towards the hall.

TERRY

Darla! Darla, baby, come into the kitchen. I have a surprise for you.

DARLA(35) gorgeous and also dwarven, emerges from the hallway bathroom. Her dress is half on as she pins up her hair.

DARLA

Terry, you're late. We have to get going. Wait, what surprise?

Darla pulls the straps of her dress over her shoulders. Darla gives Terry a longing smile as Terry pulls out the bottle from behind his back.

TERRY

I got us some champagne to celebrate.

DARLA

Aww, baby.

Terry begins to remove the wrapper from the neck of the champagne bottle. Darla puts her hands on his and kisses him.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Not now, baby. Save it for later. We're already late. Go put your suit on.

Terry hurriedly makes it to the bedroom while undressing from his work clothes. He reaches into the back of the closet to pull out a suit. Terry turns his head toward the hallway and yells at Darla.

TERRY

I'm really excited for tonight. I feel like all my hard work is finally being noticed.

Darla comes into the bedroom.

DARLA

You deserve it, babe.

Darla kisses the back of Terry's neck.

DARLA (CONT'D)

The LPA knows that you have been working hard and they just want to give you the recognition you deserve. All those long hours, sleepless nights...you are their knight in shining armor.

Darla picks out a tie and hands it to Terry.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Let's get going. You can put your tie on in the car.

Darla and Terry head toward the door as Terry slips on his shoes. Darla puts her hand on the door handle as Terry interrupts her.

TERRY

One last thing...

Terry reaches into the shopping bag producing a box. He opens the box and pulls out a daffodil and pins it to her dress. Darla immediately starts glowing.

DARLA

Oh, baby. A daffodil. My favorite.

TERRY

Anything for my darling Darla.

Terry opens the door and gives an "after you" hand motion. Darla leans toward Terry, lifting her leg while she closes her eyes and puckers her lips. Terry kisses her. Darla smiles, pulling away from Terry.

DARLA

You're sweet enough to eat, you know that? What did I ever do to deserve a man like you?

Terry closes the door.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT-DAY

A tent flap opens and out bursts a little man, EDDIE(43).

CIRCUS WORKERS are seen walking in all directions carrying various objects toward their destinations. Through the crowd, Eddie dodges the hustle and bustle around him, when he is stopped by a large, limping from the hip, leather-faced BOSS MAN(55) smoking a cigar. The Boss Man adjusts his pants before turning toward Eddie.

BOSS MAN

Eddie, I need you to go over to the tent and help Bobo get the clown car cleaned up. Those assholes never cleaned it up after Twinkles puked in it at our last stop.

EDDIE

Why do I have to do it? Make Twinkles do it.

BOSS MAN

Look, I don't pay you good money to listen to you bitch. Your little midget fingers can get into spaces where theirs can't, so get your midget ass over there and clean that fucking car!

EDDIE

(under his breath) It's little person, dick.

BOSS MAN What did you say?

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I said yes, Sir, Sir.

BOSS MAN

You better keep yourself in line, you little piece of shit, or you'll be looking for another job!

Eddie starts walking from the Boss Man toward the tent.

EDDIE

Man, this is some fucked up shit.

Eddie bobs and weaves through the CROWD on his way to the tent. ELEPHANTS are seen lined up directly outside the tent.

Suddenly a hand truck filled with boxes is slammed into him by a local STAGE HAND(30).

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey, watch where you're going Dick!

STAGE HAND

Fuck man, I didn't see you.

EDDIE

Didn't see me? It's not like I'm some inconspicuous fucking mosquito or something. I bet if I was a little kid or a fucking puppy you would have SEEN me. You got something against little people or something?

STAGE HAND

Shit man, I said I was sorry.

EDDIE

Look, I know it may be a surprise to you, but when you were asked to work for the circus, you have had to assume that you were going to come across elephants, clowns, dancing bears, bearded ladies, sword swallows, fire eaters, contortionists ...and little fucking people who are tired of getting shat on.

Directly behind Eddie, the INFECTED ELEPHANT defecates directly on top of the little man, completely covering him in green-tinted feces. The elephant falls over dead. The ELEPHANT HANDLER(50) hurries over, screaming in terror.

ELEPHANT HANDLER

Penelope, baby, please come back to me. Oh, why. Why! Why!!!

Eddie stands motionless, covered in toxic elephant feces. He opens his eyes and his mouth, breathing slowly as he tries to keep feces from getting sucked into his mouth. He mumbles his words as he tries to keep his lips from touching.

EDDIE

Would someone help me GODDAMNIT!!!

Another ELEPHANT HANDLER sprays EDDIE in the mouth with a water hose, pushing the fecal matter on his face into his mouth.

A lanky, slow looking man is seen holding the hose as Eddie coughs and gags on toxic poo. Eddie raises his hands in the air.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
AHHHH!!!

INT. TOYOTA PRIUS - DAY

Terry sits behind the wheel of his new black car, modified with hand controls. Darla rests her head against the passenger side window gazing forward dreamily as soft pop plays on the radio. She looks over at her man behind the wheel in admiration.

DARLA  
Did I ever tell you how handsome  
you are?

TERRY  
Once or twice.

DARLA  
Well I meant it and I'm so proud of  
you.

Terry smiles until a Phil Collins song comes on the radio.

TERRY  
Oh fer Chris sakes will you change  
the station.

DARLA  
You can do it... with the new  
controls on the wheel.

TERRY  
Oh yeah. I keep forgetting. I'm  
just used to having such an  
excellent copilot.

Terry flips through a couple stations before landing on some soft jazz.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
So I hope you don't mind, but I  
made reservations for dinner  
tonight.

Darla looks at him slightly puzzled.

DARLA

They have a catered meal at this event.

TERRY

I know but I figured we could duck out early. Have some time to ourselves.

DARLA

It's your night. We can celebrate however you want.

TERRY

Thanks babe, I knew you would...

A loud bang is heard from the rear of the car. It begins swerving wildly. Terry does everything in his powers to hang on to the wheel and guide the car to the side of the road. It comes to a stop with a THWAP THWAP THWAP.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me.

DARLA

What happened?

TERRY

I think we had a blow out.

Terry begins to unbuckle his seat belt.

DARLA

What are we gonna do? We're running late as it is.

TERRY

I know.

(beat)

We'll have to call triple A and wait for a tow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY ROADSIDE - CONTINUOUS

A dirty, rusted out yellow Toyota Corolla wagon pulls up behind the disabled newer car of Terry's. It sputters a cloud of dirty black smoke as it's driver turns off the engine.

Out steps a long, lanky figure with unkempt shaggy hair and worn out jeans, ALEX DAVIS (26).



She holds a cell phone in her hand, obviously recording the whole thing as she approaches.

The door of the Prius opens.

ALEX

Are you all right? That was...

Terry bounces down on to the roadway.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Whoah!

(continuing but shocked) Gnarly! I caught the whole thing on video.

TERRY

I can't believe it I just bought this thing.

ALEX

Well you shouldn't have any problem suing with this video evidence

She waves her phone.

ALEX (CONT'D)

I've heard there were a rash of unsafe tires sold on these things.

TERRY

No, thanks I spend enough time in court.

ALEX

You don't exactly look like the law breaking type.

TERRY

I'm a lawyer.

ALEX

OH!

TERRY

I really don't have time for this today.

Terry gestures toward Darla in the passenger's seat.

TERRY (CONT'D)

We're running late as it is.

ALEX

I could give you a ride. If it would help out?

Terry is hesitant.

TERRY

Who are you? I don't even know you.

ALEX

Oh I'm sorry.

Alex digs through the pockets of her jeans for a second before producing a crumpled, dirty business card. She hands it to Terry.

It reads:

Alex Davis. Freelance journalist.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Alex. Alex Davis.

Terry accepts the card and does his best at making a forced smile.

TERRY

Let me check with my girlfriend.

ALEX

Sure.

Terry leaves the conversation headed toward his passenger door.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Terry and Darla sit in Alex's car amidst a sea of junk food wrappers, empty beverage containers and tons of camera gear.

Alex helms the wheel as they buzz down the road. Terry sits in the back seat wedged between a tripod and Pelican cases, while Darla rides shotgun.

DARLA

So what is all this stuff?

Alex turns around with her cell phone camera still on and pointed toward Terry.

ALEX  
I was telling your... uh

TERRY  
Boyfriend

ALEX  
Boyfriend...that I am a journalist.

TERRY  
Freelance

Terry reaches out and pushes the phone away.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Could you maybe watch the road?

DARLA  
We'd really like to get there in  
one piece.

Alex spins back around toward the front and begins placing the phone on a dashboard mount.

ALEX  
That's cool. I'll just use this  
thing and get a wide shot of us  
all.

She continues to fiddle with it.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Darla, could you lean in a bit?

Darla leans in.

DARLA  
How exactly does one make a living  
being a freelance journalist?

ALEX  
I'm still trying to figure that  
out.  
(beat)  
I'm hoping that I'm in the right  
place at the right time... which is  
why I had my dash cam on, when you  
guys had that blowout back there.  
Are you sure you guys are OK?

Alex turns around to look at Terry again.

TERRY

Yeah, we're fine. Just pay attention to your driving would you?

Alex spins back around.

ALEX

Sorry, So you guys are headed to the LPA convention ? What is that? I've never heard of it.

TERRY

It's the Little People of America.

DARLA

It's an organization to celebrate the accomplishments of people with dwarfism who have overcome great obstacles, stood up to discrimination, and made significant achievements in their communities.

ALEX

No kidding. And how long have you been around?

TERRY

Since 1967.

Alex is momentarily quiet while she considers her words. She grabs a small handheld camcorder from a bag on the floor

ALEX

Do you think you could get me in there?

TERRY

Where? The convention?

ALEX

Yeah. I promise I'll be respectful.

DARLA

I don't think that would be a good idea. They have their own media firm handling PR.

ALEX

Oh come on. It could really help me with my career.

TERRY  
Listen.. I'm not trying to...

ALEX  
(interrupting)  
Yeah, you're probably right. Kind  
of rude of me to impose like that.

TERRY  
It's not that we don't appreciate  
you helping us out, but...

ALEX  
I get it. I was being insensitive.

TERRY  
No. It's fine.

An awkward silence settles in as they continue riding down  
the highway.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - LATE AFTERNOON

Alex's car idles quietly at the curb side. Darla gets out,  
while Terry crawls up to the front seat.

ALEX  
Sorry about that. The door is  
broken and I didn't realize I'd  
have passengers today

TERRY  
Not a big deal. Thanks for the  
ride. We really appreciate it.  
I've got your card and I promise  
I'll look you up.

ALEX  
Don't mention it.

TERRY  
Thanks again.

Terry and Darla walk toward the convention center with a few  
other last minute stragglers. Once Alex has driven off and is  
out of sight, Terry looks at Darla and just shakes his head.

INT. EDDIE'S TRAILER - DUSK

Eddie is sleeping in the bed at the end of the trailer. The  
setting sun has turned his trailer a burnt orange.

Eddie starts to toss and turn as he moans and coughs. He is sweating profusely and has turned pale. After a coughing fit he looks in his hand and there is neon green blood. A close up reveals glowing ooze dripping from the side of his mouth. He wipes the toxic drool on his sleeve. There is a knock on the trailer door.

EDDIE  
(Coughing) Come in.

The door opens as 3 DWARF TROOP MEMBERS enter the trailer.

DWARF TROOP MEMBER 1  
Eddie, we heard there was an accident. What happened?

EDDIE  
I ate shit.

DWARF TROOP MEMBER 2  
You fell?

EDDIE  
No. I ate shit.

DWARF TROOP MEMBER 3  
I don't get it.

Eddie points to his mouth.

EDDIE  
I...ATE...SHIT.

Eddie starts coughing at his friends, spraying drops of green blood on them. Eddie's friends stare blankly at him and then explode into laughter.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck you guys. Get the fuck out of my room!

DWARF TROOP MEMBER 2  
Sorry man.

DWARF TROOP MEMBER 1  
Make sure to brush your teeth!

All 3 friends burst into laughter as they head for the door. The last one can be seen coughing as he closes the door.

EXT. EDDIE'S TRAILER-NIGHT

Eddie emerges from his room wide-eyed and disoriented. Sores have developed on his face and body. He stumbles away from the trailer and hobbles toward the circus tent as light and roars of applause emanate from the interior. He grows increasingly irritated at the ruckus coming from inside the tent. He struggles to drag his now half-limp body, yet his eyes are filled with sinister determination.

EXT. CIRCUS TENT-NIGHT

Eddie is waved through SECURITY backstage even though neon drool drips endlessly from his mouth. His bottom lip carelessly quivers to retain the drainage. He pulls himself toward the wings of the main stage, holding himself up on the stage drapes. He blindly slams into the BEARDED LADY, who is about to take her cue on stage.

BEARDED LADY  
Shit, watch out!

The Bearded Lady's disgruntled glare quickly turns to confusion and terror as she examines Eddie's sickened face.

BEARDED LADY (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck...Eddie, are you okay?

EDDIE  
Mmm...meh..... neg.....beh...

Eddie falls to his knees.

INT. CIRCUS TENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Audience is applauding as a TROOP of a dozen little people bow and exit the stage opposite of Eddie and the bearded lady. They are clearly exhausted and are all breathing heavily and coughing.

The RINGMASTER advances to center stage as he begins to introduce the bearded lady. A PACKED AUDIENCE fills the stands.

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCUS TENT STAGE RIGHT WING - CONTINUOUS

Eddie is clutching onto the bearded lady's leg, trying to keep himself from swaying.

BEARDED LADY

Eddie, let go. This is my  
cue...Eddie!

Eddie looks up and blankly stares back at her. His jaw is dropping slowly open. His lips reluctantly open as his jaw descends unnaturally. He strains to focus on her leg as he grips the crotch of her knee, as if trying to center himself.

BEARDED LADY (CONT'D)

Seriously Eddie.

Eddie desperately pulls himself towards her, biting off the bearded lady's kneecap as if he were biting into an apple.

BEARDED LADY (CONT'D)

AAAAGH!!! FUCKING LITTLE PRICK BIT  
ME!!

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCUS TENT STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The little man troop sways its way back onto the stage, but this time is different. They have changed. A desperate, deranged look occupies their faces.

They crisscross slowly over the stage toward their seemingly predetermined targets. Thinking this is all part of the show, the audience is laughing, eyes bulging in anticipation of where the show is going.

As the first bites fall on unsuspecting victims, the crowd soon realizes something is wrong. The little zombies begin to feast as their victims scream in terror. Absolute mayhem ensues.

The audience scrambles to evacuate the tent, while unoccupied zombies turn their attention to the now running crowd. It's is clear that the taller humans can outrun the little zombies, but almost on instinct, the zombies squat down and make flying leaps onto their horrified victims.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Holy shit, they can fly! These  
fuckers can fly!!!

As the audience member says this, a zombie jumps, landing onto an audience members back and sinks his teeth into the screaming man's neck, tearing through skin, muscle and his jugular.



Blood squirts rhythmically from the man's neck as he falls head down onto the floor; all the while the zombie enjoys its snack.

The zombie lifts its head. Skin and unrecognizable guts hang loosely from its teeth as the zombie roars in delight.

It throws its hands in the air in almost recognition of its victory, only to turn and drive its fist easily into the now deceased audience members skull, withdrawing large chunks of brain. The zombie feasts on its new-found dessert, licking its lips in delight of its sweet bounty.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCUS TENT-NIGHT

The scene is filled with police cars. AUDIENCE MEMBERS are strewn about, distraught and tired. Some have been given blankets for comfort, but they are still shivering in fear. Some people are crying as DEAD BODIES are being taken out from inside the tent. POLICE OFFICERS are spread out interviewing and looking for evidence. OFFICER HARDMAN(40) is questioning the RINGMASTER.

OFFICER HARDMAN

So let me get this straight. You're saying that one minute a bunch of midgets were making people laugh and the next they are flying around and biting people's heads off?

RINGMASTER

There is no other way to explain it.

OFFICER HARDMAN

Are the midgets on drugs?

RINGMASTER

Not that I know...and they are called little people. Midget is derogatory...it's like calling a cop a PIG.

Officer Hardman gives the RINGMASTER a disapproving glare.

OFFICER HARDMAN

I don't give two shits. Those little fuckers killed 27 people and as far as I'm concerned, you are all involved in some sadistic sacrificing ring and you are all suspect. Flying fucking midgets. You must think I'm the biggest fucking idiot in the world. I bet you circus faggots have them hidden somewhere and my men are going to tear this place apart until we find them.

RINGMASTER

Look, we lost some of our own people too. We had nothing to do with this.

OFFICER HARDMAN

We'll see about that.

A young OFFICER DAVIS approaches Officer Hardman.

OFFICER DAVIS

Sir, we found one of the bodies of the killers, Sir. The head was smashed in. We found this in his pocket.

Officer Davis hands Officer Hardman a ticket. As Officer Hardman reads the ticket, his eyebrows raise. He shows an accomplished grin. Officer Hardman turns his attention back to the ringmaster, shaking the ticket in his face.

OFFICER HARDMAN

I'm going to get to the bottom of this and when I do, you and all of your freak show friends are going to jail for a very long time.

Officer Hardman puts away his notes and walks away from the circus tent toward his squad car. Meanwhile, a gurney is brought out from the tent. As the sheet-covered body crosses the camera, the CIRCUS MANAGER's arm falls out from under the sheet, still clutching his cigar.

EXT. OFFICER HARDMAN'S POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Officer Hardman approaches his squad car and opens the drivers door. He reaches in and pulls out his CB radio. He props his foot up on the floorboard of the vehicle as he communicates briefly with the person on the other end of the radio. He puts the CB down from his face for a second as he looks back at the tent. Something rustles in the trees behind him. The officer looks over, takes out his flashlight and shines it, finding nothing. He puts the flashlight away.

OFFICER HARDMAN  
Flying fucking midgets...

Officer Hardman gets into his squad car and starts the vehicle. As the car drives away down the road, ZOMBIE EYES can be seen glowing green underneath the trunk as the car fades in the distance.

FADE OUT.

E/I. LPA CONFERENCE - EVENING

There is a sign that says "The Little People of America National Conference welcomes you." LITTLE PEOPLE are filing in as TV crews capture the event. The camera cuts to the interior. TERRY and DARLA are standing in the entryway to the main conference hall, taking in all the details. People are making their way around them on their way to their seats.

DARLA  
They've really outdone themselves  
this year. It looks amazing.

TERRY  
Yeah, you can tell they spent a lot  
of time making sure everything is  
perfect.

Terry and Darla make their way to the front of the conference hall and take their seats. The lights dim and the house music drops to silence. A very proper and well dressed emcee HAROLD takes the stage.

HAROLD  
Thank you ladies and gentlemen for  
joining us today. This awards show  
serves as a way we can celebrate  
the achievements that certain  
people have contributed greatly to  
little persons across America.  
(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Let us show our appreciation in  
advance for these amazing people.

The crowd applauds.

CUT TO:

EXT. LPA CONFERENCE-NIGHT

A police car arrives at the conference and parks in a no parking zone. Feet are seen exiting the squad car. A close-up reveals OFFICER HARDMAN. He walks dominantly toward the conference entrance.

The LITTLE ZOMBIE emerges from under the squad car and slowly follows the officer into the conference. JOHN, the check-in man sitting at a table, tries to talk to Officer Hardman as he slams down the ticket and walks past without even acknowledging John. John has a dumbfounded look on his face. It looks as if he burnt himself out on drugs years ago. John's MANAGER, a middle-aged woman in a black skirt-suit, comes over and puts her hand on John's shoulder.

MANAGER

John, we have been getting complaints that you have been staring at the people coming in for the conference. That is not acceptable and we need you to be more sensitive about that.

JOHN

Oh...

There is a long pause. John's manager glares at him for his response.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Okay. Sorry. They are just so...weird looking.

MANAGER

They are just people like you or me. They don't stare at YOU do they?

JOHN

Uh...

John thinks way too long about the question. His manager looks annoyed.

MANAGER

Of course they don't. Just please  
don't stare, John. Its  
disrespectful.

The manager leaves and heads back to the conference.

Meanwhile, the zombie approaches the check-in desk. John extends his hand to stop the little zombie as it tries to get into the conference. Misunderstanding his manager's warning, he doesn't look at the zombie at all.

JOHN

Ticket please.

Eddie moans.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, you need a ticket to get in.

Eddie slowly pats his pockets and moans.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, you forgot it at home, eh?  
What's your name? I can look you  
up.

Eddie moans louder.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sorry Buddy, without a name I can't  
let you through.

Eddie growls at the man as his eyes glow bright green. The

Check-In man stares briefly and then looks away, frightened at what he just saw.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Uh, it's okay. Just go ahead...Man.

CUT TO:

INT. LPA CONFERENCE AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

An AWARDED DWARF WOMAN is applauded as she exits the stage.

HAROLD, The emcee of the even walks up to the podium and adjusts the microphone. Officer Hardman is seen in the background entering the auditorium as the little zombie follows behind, coughing little clouds of green dust.

A WOMAN sitting in the AUDIENCE shushes the zombie. The zombie turns and growls at the woman, scaring her. The officer roams the aisles looking for anyone that would fit the description of a "midget" killer. TERRY and DARLA sit anxiously in their seats. Terry's hand is clutching Darla's as they wait for the emcee to speak.

HAROLD

Our next award goes to a man of great conviction, determination and integrity. He has helped bring awareness and compassion to the great causes of the LPA. He contributions as a lawyer has helped our members deal with prejudice and discrimination throughout the years. His personal struggle with the same plights are reminiscent of the late Paul Steven Miller. Our recipient graduated top of his class at Stanford Law and, like Mr. Miller, was met with disdain and fear when entering the legal profession, solely based on his physical attributes and not on his knowledge, candor, professionalism, or the content of his character. He is a rogue in a sea of giants and he has never failed or faltered. His passion and message are reminiscent to our founder Billy Barty's when he started this organization back in 1957. It is with great pleasure that I get to introduce to you...Terrance Michael Edwardson.

Cheers of applause welcome Terry as he walks up to the stage. Officer Hardman, still roaming through the aisles, takes out his flashlight and shines it on the crowd. People turn and stare at him with looks of disapproval for interrupting the event. The Emcee notices the disruption and stops his presentation before Terry is able to accept the award.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Sir. Can I help you?

OFFICER HARDMAN

Go about your business. I am looking for fugitives of the law.

HAROLD

Well, I highly doubt you are going to find them here Sir.

(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

You are interrupting a very important presentation.

OFFICER HARDMAN

I will be the judge of that. Hours ago, about 20 miles from here, a handful of midgets killed 27 people at the Baker Brothers Circus.

HAROLD

First of all sir: we are little people, not midgets. Midget is derogatory and will not be tolerated here. Second, your claim is preposterous. What evidence do you have?

The officer makes his way to the stage and takes the mic and pushes the presenter aside. Audience members gasp at his audacity to do such a thing. The little zombie makes his way closer to the stage as it coughs more neon green sludge particles into the air. The audience and the officer are too preoccupied to notice.

OFFICER HARDMAN

We have many eyewitnesses saying they saw about a dozen of YOU PEOPLE brutally torturing and EATING 27 people.

They were last seen heading in this direction and we have reason to believe they are being harbored here.

HAROLD

How dare you sir to accuse us of such things. Do you have a warrant? If not, I ask you leave immediately.

Officer Hardman grabs Harold by his arms and shakes him.

OFFICER HARDMAN

I suggest you keep your midget mouth shut before I lock you up, tiny man.

Terry steps in to help pull the officer off of Harold. The officer pushes both Terry and Harold to the ground and pulls out his sidearm. Gasps and screams come from the audience.

OFFICER HARDMAN (CONT'D)  
 STAY WHERE YOU ARE YOU LITTLE  
 FUCKING FREAKS! I'm going to get to  
 the bottom of this, warrant or not!

At that moment, ZOMBIE EDDIE leaps from the aisle onto Officer Hardman. It leans in and tears off the officer's nose in one bite as if it were a piece of beef jerky. Officer Hardman screams and starts shooting wildly while trying to rip Eddie off his face. One of the bullets grazes an audience member's shoulder.

The entire audience is now screaming and running for the exits. Terry finds Darla and hurries her to the exit. Eddie bites into Officer Hardman's shoulder. He winces and screams again, but this time takes his gun and shoots into Eddie's chest, detaching it from the officer and sending it sliding down the wooden stage. Eddie lays motionless. He has a large chunk of Officer Hardman's shoulder in his mouth. The officer stops to check on his nose and shoulder. Blood is dripping everywhere. He tries to touch his nose, but realizes it's no longer there. He gently tries to touch the fleshy hole, but almost falls over from the pain. Eddie can be seen slowly getting up as the officer tends to his wounds.

EDDIE  
 PIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGGG!!!

Officer Hardman quickly turns his weapon toward the zombie and opens fire, laying round after round into its body. The zombie falls to the ground and is motionless. The officer marches over to the zombie and kicks it to make sure it is dead. The officer falls to his knees.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LPA CONFERENCE - LATER

There are POLICE everywhere. Officer Hardman is shirtless, sitting up on a gurney led by two paramedics as it is rolled to an ambulance. He has an infuriated look on his face. Bloody bandages cover his face and shoulder. As the gurney approaches the ambulance, he is surrounded by a few fellow police officers, including OFFICER DAVIS.

OFFICER DAVIS  
 Sir, we rounded up as many of the  
 little guys as we could. Many of  
 them fled before we arrived.

OFFICER HARDMAN  
 How many did you get?



OFFICER DAVIS

Sir.

OFFICER HARDMAN

Good. That should be enough to get a straight answer out of somebody. Let's get down to the station right away. Where did they send the body of the one I killed?

OFFICER DAVIS

Sir?

OFFICER HARDMAN

The one I shot on the stage. The one that bit me.

OFFICER DAVIS

There was no body when we arrived on the scene, sir.

Officer Hardman leans forward to dismount from the gurney. Officer Davis places his hand on Officer Hardman's good shoulder.

OFFICER DAVIS (CONT'D)

Sir, You need to go to the hospital.

Officer Hardman gets up from the gurney and gets in Officer Davis' face, pushing his finger deep into the young officer's chest.

OFFICER HARDMAN

Don't you ever tell me what to do. This is the biggest case of the century and I'll be damned if I miss one second of it. I'm going to get these maggots if its the last thing I do. Now, lets get to the station. That's an order!

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The lobby is filled with NEWS REPORTERS, CAMERAMEN and PROTESTERS. They are all barking questions about the incident and why they have arrested so many little people. OFFICER DAVIS quiets them down and makes a statement.

## OFFICER DAVIS

Ladies and gentlemen, we are dealing with a very sensitive situation and we would appreciate your cooperation. The individuals we are holding are being investigated regarding an incident that occurred earlier today and are also believed to be linked to the circus incident as well. Due to the sensitive nature of this situation, I am unable to say any more at this time. An official statement is expected in the next few days.

The crowd erupts into yells of questions and accusing statements. Officer Davis makes his way past the crowd, down the hall toward the jail cells.

Once in the cell area, all of the cells are seen filled with LITTLE PEOPLE from the conference. They have been separated into cells by sex, with the women's cell being closest to the door. TERRY and DARLA are holding each others hands through the cell bars as the rest of the people are yelling at the OFFICER HARDMAN, who is standing in the middle of the hall along with two armed JAIL GUARDS. Random shouts of injustice are heard. The little people are all starting to cough as well...

## LITTLE PEOPLE

You can't keep us here! We have rights too you know! I want to talk to my lawyer! Let us out! You fucking bastards!

## OFFICER HARDMAN

No one is going anywhere until I get to the bottom of this. Everyone here is suspect. We will be conducting interviews over the next few days...

## LITTLE PEOPLE

A Few days? You can't do that. That's not right! Fucking pigs!!!

Officer Hardman has a jail guard open the Men's jail cell. He pulls out his FIRST INTERVIEWEE by his arm. The little man struggles and kicks in resistance. Officer Hardman drags him down the hall as if he were a pouting child dragging a doll. The other officers follow quickly behind, locking doors as they go.

## INT. JAILCELL-NIGHT

The main jail door opens and in comes OFFICER HARDMAN, carrying the FIRST INTERVIEWEE. He is bruised and beaten. The JAIL GUARDS open the door as Officer Hardman tosses the beaten man on the ground. The guards close the cell door and move to the women's cell door, opening it.

The WOMEN rush to the far corner of the cell. The interviewing officer goes right for DARLA. She twists out of the way as Officer Hardman grabs another woman as his SECOND INTERVIEWEE. He picks her up by the waist of her dress. He heads towards the door as the other OFFICERS lock up behind him. He stops and turns before entering the doorway.

OFFICER HARDMAN

If the rest of you are as uncooperative as he was, we are going to be here for a very long time.

The second interviewee is crying and struggling. Officer Hardman turns his head toward her as he is headed toward the door.

OFFICER HARDMAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry sweetheart. I'm going to take special care of you.

Officer Hardman starts laughing maniacally as he leaves the room.

CUT TO:

Darla holding onto TERRY desperately through the bars.

DARLA

Terry, I'm scared.

Darla coughs into her hand.

TERRY

Everything is going to be okay. If I could only get my phone call I would get us out of here quick.

DARLA

What makes you think that heightist dick will give anyone a phone call?

TERRY

You're right. We need to devise a plan.

DARLA

I know.

Darla coughs harder this time.

DARLA (CONT'D)

We could lure the guard over here and then we can try to overtake him, but what can we do to get him over here?

TERRY

I got it. I'll fake a seizure and when the guard opens the cell, the rest of the guys will overtake him.

DARLA

That's a great idea!

TERRY

Alright, I'm going to fill the guys in on the plan. You do the same with the ladies.

Terry kisses Darla and then gets the group to huddle and informs them of the plan. The group breaks off and Terry takes position at the center of the cell. You can see some of the fellow "inmates" start to sway back and forth as they wipe sweat from their brows. The same can be seen from the ladies' cell. Terry lays down and closes his eyes. Terry takes a deep breath and starts his fake convulsions.

DARLA

Please, come quick, my husband is having a seizure and needs medication or he will die!

Darla suddenly collapses onto the bars that connect the two cells. A JAIL GUARD gets up from his post and comes over to investigate. The guard appears concerned at first, but then realizes that they are trying to pull one over on him. The others start to slump down to the ground and go limp. The guard comes over to the male cell door and props his foot up on the bottom of the bars while his hands reach above him to support his weight. He leans in real close.

JAIL GUARD

You have to get up pretty early to think you can pull one over on old Jaaaaaaaaaaa!!!

The guard looks down in horror to find that one of the newly turned zombies has sheared off the front of his shoe and his toes along with it. The zombie gnashes on the guard's toes.

CUT TO:

Terry comes out of his fake seizure and is noticeably confused. He sees the other newly-formed zombies rising to their feet and advancing to where the guard is. Other non changed little people look disgusted and confused as well. Terry quickly goes over to find Darla huddled, crying on the ground.

BACK TO:

The guard moans as he tries to hobble back to the entrance.

He is fumbling for his keys when he trips and sends the keys flying in to the women's cell. He quickly kneels down and stretches his arms through the cell to try and retrieve the keys. A female zombie pops up green-eyed and hungry, startling Terry. The guard barely has a finger on the keys when two female zombies quickly grab his arms and pull. The guard's face gets slammed up against the bars as he yelps and winces in pain.

CUT TO:

The sounds of screaming, tearing of flesh and bones breaking makes Terry wince.

BACK TO:

The guard's screams get louder and more terrifying as his arms are ripped off. The Zombie and her pulling partner start to feast on their kill as the other female zombies fight for their share. Another zombie is seen tearing the scalp off the guard's skull. She puts the piece into her mouth and chews.

The male zombies want in on the feast so they use their super-strength to pry the bars open, escape the cell and start to devour the guard's remaining body. Some of the other male zombies turn to attack their unchanged cell mates. The female zombies have pried through the bars as well. Terry fights off the other zombies with a recently discarded arm bone, while some of the other unchanged people are eaten. Steps are heard booming toward the door.

CUT TO

Officer Hardman bursts through the door screaming, carrying a beaten female zombie corpse that he tosses angrily to the side.

OFFICER HARDMAN

What the fuck is this? I fucking  
knew you little turds were in on  
this. I'm going to kill every last  
one of you freaks.

The Zombies advance on Officer Hardman as he punches systematically at their biting heads. He grabs a zombie and bowls it into a dozen others. Darla is seen standing at the end of the toppled zombies, scared and shaking.

DARLA

Terry...

OFFICER HARDMAN

Give me what you got, you  
CRETINS!!!

A female zombie leaps forward, latching onto Officer Hardman and biting directly onto his lips. He immediately screams and curls over while the other zombies encapsulate his body and tear into his skull. The female zombie continues to eat at Officer Hardman's face, which resembles passionate, heavy kissing. The other guards come crashing through the melee only to be met by enraged zombies.

Terry searches for Darla where she was last seen but can't locate her. He fights off zombies and the pleading grasp of an officer being torn apart as he is forced to the exit.

TERRY

DARLA!

Realizing there is no way to get back to the jail cell, Terry turns and runs as fast as he can out the door, still looking back for any signs of Darla. Terry runs as fast and as far as he can before collapsing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY ALLEY-MOMENTS LATER

Terry leans on one knee panting heavily, trying desperately to catch his breath. He looks cautiously around the corner for any sign of activity. It's all quiet.

He is suddenly swooped up and tucked under the arm of a larger person.

TERRY

HEY! Get your fuckin hands off me!

Terry looks up to see that it is Alex who has nabbed him.

ALEX

Hold on. I'm going to get you out  
of here.

TERRY

I wished I could say I was  
relieved.

Alex runs with Terry under his arm. They skirt around the corner of the block. Alex's car awaits. Alex tosses Terry in like a sack of potatoes.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Terry is rubbing the top of his head.

TERRY

You didn't have to throw me.

ALEX

Sorry, but we gotta split.

Alex puts the keys in the ignition, twists it and all that is heard is a single CLICK.

TERRY

You gotta be kidding me.

Alex wiggles the gear shifter and tries again. It starts.

ALEX

It does that sometimes.

They speed off.

INT. ALEX DAVIS' APARTMENT - DAY

Alex hands Terry a wet cloth as he sits on the edge of a large sofa.

TERRY

Thanks.

He takes the cloth and wipes the dirt and blood from his head.

Terry looks around at the apartment. The coffee table is covered in conspiracy theory books and activist pamphlets. Alex scoops a pile of debris from the sofa and sits in a chair across from Terry.

ALEX  
Make yourself comfortable.

TERRY  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
What is all this?

ALEX  
Remember, I was telling you I was a  
journalist... well I also, work for  
Fighting For Freedom. Its an  
underground watchdog publication.

TERRY  
Okay? So...?

ALEX  
So I've been monitoring the  
situation. I've got this scanner  
app on my phone.

She pulls out her phone and demos her ability to listen in on  
police radio.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
I heard some pretty crazy stuff  
went down. What can you tell me?

TERRY  
I don't really know.

ALEX  
(interrupting)  
Hang on a sec.

Alex stands up and pulls the cloth of a tripod mounted  
camera. She powers it on and grabs a quick focus.

ALEX(CONT'D)  
Sorry. Continue.

TERRY  
Is that really necessary?

ALEX  
UH-Yeah. This may be the only  
documented proof of what really  
happened in there.

TERRY  
Fine.  
(sighing)  
(MORE)



TERRY (CONT'D)

As I was saying, I was at the conference when some little person freaked out and attacked a police officer. They rounded up and arrested as many of us as they could.

ALEX

Really?

TERRY

Some dick-head cop was screaming at us saying we were part of some cult. He took people one by one into a back room and brought them back bloody.

ALEX

Holy Shit!

TERRY

We were trying to escape when everyone went nuts. I don't know how else to explain it. People just started eating people.

ALEX

Oh my god.

TERRY

What are they saying on the radio?

ALEX

Not much. Sounds like they are trying to keep it pretty hush - hush.

TERRY

I appreciate you looking out for me, but I need to go and find my wife. Can you bring me back to the police station?

ALEX

That is the last place you should be going right now. Those bastards would snatch you up and you'd never see your wife again.

TERRY

I have to find my wife.

ALEX

Look, let me help you. They are on high alert for little people in the area. We'll see if I can find out what's going on.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alex opens the driver's side of the vehicle, gets in, and unlocks the doors. Terry gets in of his own accord this time.

TERRY

Thanks for not picking me up and throwing me this time.

ALEX

Won't happen again I promise.

TERRY

OK. Let's just go find Darla

Alex starts the car without hesitation.

ALEX

I hope this works.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME-DAY

The mantelpiece is shown strewn with photos and an urn. A close up of one of the photos on the mantelpiece shows the LPA emcee with his small-stature wife and child, as well as another child of standard height. The photo next to the urn shows an old lady with a kind and lovely smile. Amenities around the house illustrate many customized furniture and fixtures throughout the home.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Harold's WIFE wakes up and takes off her sleeping mask. Realizing her husband isn't home yet, she leaves the bedroom hurriedly. The wife goes downstairs to find the Harold sleeping face down on the couch.

WIFE

Honey, wake up. I told you, you didn't have to sleep on the couch if you came home late.

(MORE)

WIFE (CONT'D)

I got a call from Janet and she said she heard something terrible happened at the conference. You also missed a call from a man named Alex. You should have called... Honey?

The emcee mumbles and grunts and starts to roll over. Just before his face is revealed, he coughs and rolls back over on his face, littering the air with green particles. Footsteps are heard in the distance as the emcee's two CHILDREN make their way down the stairs.

CHILDREN

Daddy!!!

The kids approach their father with arms out for an embrace as he rolls over to "greet" them. The tall child kneels down to reach the same height as his brother. The kids close in on each side of him as he opens his radioactive eyes and clenches the necks of both of his children. Both kids struggle to scream as Harold's wife's eyes bulge in horror. She quickly turns to the mantelpiece, grabs the fire poker from its holder and turns around to confront her husband.

WIFE

What is wrong with you? You have to the count of three to get your hands off of them. One...

The emcees's attention turns to his smallest child. He gazes longingly as he licks his lower molars on the slack-jawed side of his mouth.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Two...

The emcee quickly dips his head down to take a bite out of his son. His jaw slumps closed as his face suddenly goes from possessed to angry. The camera cuts to his wife. Her hands are clutched tight around the fire poker as tears start to roll down her face. The camera follows the shaft of the poker to reveal it embedded in Harold's chest. She coughs. Her lips tremble as she barely speaks.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Run children.

The zombie emcee starts to scream and growl at his wife. She tries to move him using the poker still stuck in his chest. Harold the zombie grabs the poker and launches his wife into the mantelpiece, knocking off the photos and urn.

The children have opened the front door, but are too frightened by their zombie father beating their mother to leave. The wife comes to, seeing her kids staring back at her.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Run to the McGovern's place kids.  
Don't worry about me. I'll be fine.  
Go. NOW!

The kids run out the door and close it behind them. The emcee is distracted for a moment, but then redirects his attention back to his wife. He gets closer and closer as she scrambles to try and get to her feet, but she slips. He is now right on top of her. She grabs to her side and takes the first thing her hands can find, which is the urn. She smashes it in his face, blinding him with ashes. She scurries around his legs and runs toward the basement door. She opens it and looks at her husband.

WIFE (CONT'D)

I'm over here, Honey.

The emcee blindly makes his way toward his wife. His arms are flailing trying to find her. He gets to the mouth of the basement. He slowly moves his hands up to his face and attempts to scratch the ash from his eyes as his head rotates back and forth, trying to get any semblance of where his wife may be. He rotates toward the stairs heading down to the basement. His wife takes her chance and shoves him down the stairs and locks the door behind him. She slumps down at the basement door and starts to cough and cry.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME-BOTTOM OF STAIRS-DAY

Cut to the bottom of the basement stairs. The emcee is on the ground face down. The fire poker has pushed out his back, but still remains attached to his body. He slowly gets up and stammers backwards into the stairs. The fire poker hits the rise of one of the steps and pushes the poker back through his chest slightly. He doesn't seem to notice. He gets up and walks to the cellar door. It is locked. He punches a large hole in the door and begins to climb through it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME-DAY

On zombie Harold's way through the basement door, the fire poker gets caught, causing him to stop in his tracks.

He extends his arms out and pulls his body away from the stuck poker. Pieces of his insides remain on the end of the poker.

A barking dog at the neighbor's house draws his attention. He slowly walks to the neighbor's property.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME-CONTINUOUS

Harold's wife wipes tears from her face as she watches her husband's thorough the kitchen window. She retrieves a knife from the kitchen, coughs, and quietly sneaks out the front door, heading next door to find him. She goes to the front door and rings the doorbell. Her NEIGHBOR, a middle-aged blonde, answers the door.

NEIGHBOR

Oh, hello Neighbor. Can I help you with...what's with the knife?

WIFE

I am looking for my husband.

The emcee's wife collapses in a fit of coughing. The neighbor picks her up and brings her inside and closes the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORS HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

The doggy door is swinging...

EXT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Alex pulls up on the opposite side of the street from the police station and places the vehicle in park.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

ALEX

Okay. We've been driving around all night and have gotten no where. I guess the only thing left to do is venture into the lions den.

Whatever you do, stay in the vehicle and out of sight. I'll be back as soon as I can.

TERRY  
Please find my Darla.

EXT. POLICE STATION-CONTINUOUS

Alex exits the vehicle and walks toward the police station.

An officer exits the police station and bumps deliberately into Alex as their paths cross. Alex looks back at the officer as they continue to walk away from each other.

ALEX  
Asshole.

Alex walks into the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION-CONTINUOUS

Alex walks up to the RECEPTIONIST. She is on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
No, he's not in at the moment, can I take a message? No I have no information regarding that. No, you would have to talk to him. Would you like to leave a message?

She hangs up the phone. The phone continues to ring. She looks up at Alex.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
May I help...Oh, its YOU again.  
What do you want this time?

ALEX  
I'm trying to locate a person being held here. Her name is Darla Richardson. She's brunette. About 3 foot 9. Is she here?

RECEPTIONIST  
Can't say.

The receptionist answers the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Precinct 13.

There is a pause as she listens to the person on the other line.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Please hold.

The receptionist pushes a couple buttons on her phone, transferring the call. She hangs up the phone. The phone continues to ring.

ALEX  
When is the last time you saw her?

RECEPTIONIST  
Can't say.

The receptionist answers the phone again.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Precinct 13. Hello? Hello?

After a few seconds of no response, the receptionist hangs up the phone. The phone starts ringing again. She looks irritated.

ALEX  
Is she okay?

The phone rings again. Now both Alex and the receptionist are irritated. The receptionist picks up the phone and angrily hangs it up. It rings again. She picks up the receiver and hangs it up again. There is finally silence.

RECEPTIONIST  
Can't say. I'm not allowed to say anything...

The phone rings again. Alex picks up the receiver and hangs it up. Everything is silent again. The receptionist's angered face stares at Alex and turns into a smile. She leans in close to Alex.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Look, the Feds came in and took everything and everybody...or what was left of them. That's really all I can tell you.

As the receptionist is telling Alex this, her attention turns outside where she sees a police officer slowly approaching his car where Terry is hiding. She looks worried.

ALEX  
Thank you.

EXT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Alex rushes quickly outside. She approaches the officer.

ALEX

Can I help you Officer?

The officer tilts his sunglasses up on his head and peers through the back window into the car.

OFFICER SANDERSON

You here alone?

ALEX

Yes sir.

OFFICER SANDERSON

You sure about that?

ALEX

Yeah.

(beat)

What's going on?

OFFICER SANDERSON

What's your business here?

ALEX

Wait? What? I was just...

(beat)

What is happening here?

OFFICER SANDERSON

You should probably just leave.  
It's not safe around here.

ALEX

OK. Thanks for being concerned  
about my safety.

Alex enter the car, starts it and drives away.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

TERRY

What did you find out about Darla?



ALEX

Not much, really. Just what I had suspected the whole time.

TERRY

Which is...

ALEX

The feds are involved. And they are desperately trying to cover this up.

TERRY

The FBI?

ALEX

Not sure. Some sort of federal agency.

TERRY

But do they have Darla?

ALEX

I don't know.

Alex runs her hands through her hair.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This is all just too crazy. Occult conspiracies. Little people turning into crazed flesh eating monster. This is huge.

TERRY

What are we going to do now?

Alex reaches for the radio dial.

ALEX

Maybe the radio stations will have something.

She turns the radio on and scans through a few stations playing bad pop country and bluegrass before finding a station with a news broadcast.

RADIO VOICE

...will continue to follow this story as it progresses. In case you are just tuning in, we have several reports of some very disturbing incidents taking place throughout the weekend.

(MORE)

## RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

Apparently a crazed troupe of circus performers... all little people... went berserk and attacked the audience on Friday night. Shortly thereafter there was another incident at the convention center where a Little People's conference of some sort was taking place. Authorities have yet to officially confirm any correlation between the incidents, but a group of local citizens has taken the matter into their own hands. A posse of heavily armed individuals was spotted driving around in a large military surplus type vehicle rounding up every "dwarf" or little person they could find.

Terry reaches over and turns the radio off.

TERRY

Jesus Christ, this is so fucked.

ALEX

Yeah. I'll say.

TERRY

What kind of vigilante bullshit is going on around here?

ALEX

Oh Fuck.

Alex puts a hand to her face.

TERRY

What?

ALEX

I bet I know who those people are.

TERRY

Who?

ALEX

There's a group of separatists... militia men... They have a compound out by the old quarry.

TERRY

How do you know this?

ALEX  
My brother-in-law is one of 'em.

TERRY  
Oh shit.

ALEX  
Yeah. And they're armed to the teeth.

TERRY  
Do you think we could get in there?

Alex takes a deep breath and slowly exhales.

ALEX  
I don't know man. They scare the shit out of me.

TERRY  
Come on, we gotta find Darla.

ALEX  
Fuck. This could be dicey. What the hell, let's fly.

Alex puts the car in gear and pulls away.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EVENING

Alex's car sits motionless, idling on a dirt road just off a main highway.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - EVENING

Alex and Terry sit transfixed on their phones.

TERRY  
Damn it. There is no signal out here

ALEX  
The last time we had signal I got a map, but as you can imagine these guys don't exactly want to be found.

TERRY  
I thought you said you had been here before.

Alex lowers her phone.

ALEX

Once... and I was glad to get out.  
I wasn't really paying attention to  
landmarks. You know?

A series of loud gun bursts are heard in the distance. They both become extremely alert and look in the direction of fire.

TERRY

Well, I think we're in the right  
neighborhood.

ALEX

I'm going to go check it out. Stay  
put. I'll be back.

TERRY

Oh no. You're not leaving me here.  
I'm coming with.

ALEX

OK. Stay close by. These guy are  
wackos.

Alex exits the vehicle and motions for Terry to follow her.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Alex hunches over, while Terry walks fully upright through a series a bushes adjacent to a dirt path way. They stop as they approach a large arching gate upon which is hung a red, white, and blue banner reading "Don't tread on me", framed neatly with a pair of crossed M-16 rifles.

ALEX

This is it.

TERRY

You sure? Could be a yoga retreat.

Alex flashes a sarcastic smile and grabs a camera out of her bag.

ALEX

I'll go scope it out and come back  
as soon as it's safe.

Terry points at Alex's camera.

TERRY

Are you just going walk in there  
taking video?

ALEX

Oh yeah. I suppose you're right. They're going to be on high alert today and not wanting to talk to outsiders...even if one of 'em is my relation.

TERRY

Good luck.

ALEX

If I'm not back in 20 minutes, go get help.

TERRY

You got it.

Alex puts her camera away and starts off down the path.

EXT. MILITIA COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

Alex walks slowly and cautiously down the dirt road surrounded by woods. It is eerily quiet.

She rounds a bend in the corner to find an old jeep spray painted flat black. The door is ajar but other wise devoid of life.

She walks up and looks in the open door. She quickly grabs her phone and begins recording.

Laid across the seat is a body dressed in paramilitary gear, full of bullet holes and pools of blood. She reaches in to check a pulse, but finds nothing.

ALEX

Oh dang.

She continues his walk up the road only to find an olive green military surplus personnel carrier flipped over on it's top. The driver's body partially flung from the vehicle, his torso pinned beneath the vehicle with no sign of movement.

Alex continues to record, her mouth dropping open.

Alex crosses a cattle guard crossing embedded in the ground, as she does so she feels a wire snag on her shoe.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Oh fuck!

She looks down at the wire and starts to run. She runs 10 paces at a full stride before stopping to look back.

Complete silence for 5 seconds and BOOOOOMMM!

A large explosion at the crossing causes Alex to stagger a half step backward before tripping on another all black dressed paramilitary body.

Alex looks around to see bodies scattered all about. She screams in terror. Seconds later she regains her composure, attempts to record the scene, but realizes her hands are shaking too badly before giving up.

She gets to her feet and jogs over to the main trailer house that makes the central building of the compound. She puts her back to building and sneaks around to the corner, poking her head out.

A large mastiff lunges at her from inside a chain link fenced enclosure. She jumps back.

She soon relaxes and extends her hand toward the dog who licks her hand through the fence.

She makes his way up the stairs, opens the door, and cautiously enters the building.

INT. MILITIA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Once inside the trailer, Alex looks around to find a mess of camouflage gear, tactical weapons, and reloading equipment strewn about. The large security light hung out side the building now, shines through the hundreds of bullet holes piercing the walls.

Alex once again starts recording with her phone. She scans about the room and begins making her way toward the back of the building.

The front door slams and Alex jumps. She spins back toward the front door, seeing nothing at first. She scans down. Terry stands there trying to catch his breath.

ALEX

What the fuck are you doing?

TERRY

What the fuck are YOU doing? I heard shit blowing up so I came running.

Terry scans around the room at all the mayhem.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
What the hell happened here?.. And  
all the bodies outside?

ALEX  
I have no idea.

From out of the back room a camouflaged figure suddenly emerges with a flashlight in one hand and drawn handgun in the other. He spots Alex first

MILITIA MEMBBER  
Freeze!

He quickly spots Terry just inside the doorway and draws down on him.

MILITIA MEMBBER (CONT'D)

OH, FUCK NO!

Just as he fires, Alex dives for the gun, deflecting the trajectory into the wall.

Alex and the militia member struggle for control of the firearm.

ALEX  
Wait! Hold up! He's not one of  
them.

The militia member is resistant, but eventually steps back lowering his weapon

MILITIA MEMBBER  
Those little fuckers killed  
everyone here.

ALEX  
What?

Terry lingers by the door, ready to bolt at any moment.

MILITIA MEMBBER  
I don't know how to explain it. We  
rounded up a personnel carrier full  
'em in town.

ALEX  
How did you manage that?

MILITIA MEMBBER  
Tranquilizer darts. One of our guys  
is a vet.

TERRY  
(sarcastic) Nice.

In a paranoid gesture the militia member begins to once again  
raise his weapon. Alex blocks his arm.

MILITIA MEMBBER  
Keep that fucker away from me.

ALEX  
I'm telling you, he's not infected.

MILITIA MEMBBER  
Infected?

ALEX  
It's some kind of crazy sickness,  
for lack of a better term, that is  
causing people to lose their minds  
and go nuts.

MILITIA MEMBBER  
But only the little ones?

TERRY  
Apparently, but I'm fine.

ALEX  
So what happened here?

MILITIA MEMBBER  
When we got back here with our  
payload, one of 'em woke up and bit  
the driver's face off.

TERRY  
Jesus!

MILITIA MEMBBER  
And from there it spiraled out of  
control pretty quick. One of 'em  
got a hold of an automatic firearm  
and just started slaughtering  
everybody. We do tactical training  
all the time, but nothing could  
have prepared us for something like  
this.



ALEX

So what did you do?

MILITIA MEMBBER

I did what any sane individual would do.

(pause)

I hid. I came in here and locked myself in the bathroom.

TERRY

How brave.

ALEX

So what now?

MILITIA MEMBBER

I'm gonna stay here and wait for the national guard.

(beat)

What are you guys doing?

TERRY

We're looking for my wife. We think she might have got caught up in all this. She's about this tall...

Terry raises his hand in the air as far as it will go.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Red hair.

MILITIA MEMBBER

Oh yeah. I saw her.

TERRY

Do you know where she might have went?

MILITIA MEMBBER

Probably headed out with the rest of 'em. From the sounds of the gun shots, I would say they headed to the northwest towards ol' farmer Jed's. Can't believe they missed the mine field.

ALEX

Mine field.

MILITIA MEMBBER

Yeah!? We can't have trespassers wandering around here.

TERRY

Can you show us the way, so we  
don't blow ourselves up?

MILITIA MEMBBER

Fuck no.

TERRY

Please. I'll give you a hundred  
bucks.

Terry pulls several bills out of his pocket. He offers an  
outstretched hundred to the militia member.

MILITIA MEMBBER

OK. Fine.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Alex and Terry gaze anxiously on from the edge of an empty  
field. The militia member walks slowly out into the field.

He turns back to address the two.

MILITIA MEMBBER

So if I remember correctly, we  
planted mines all along this fence  
line and left the center...

CLICK! BOOM!

The militia member explodes. Terry and Alex are covered in  
blood and guts.

TERRY

Well that was the best hundred  
bucks I ever spent.

ALEX

What do say we take the car and  
stick to the road?

TERRY

Sounds good to me.

They spin on their heels and walk back toward the compound.

## INT. FARMHOUSE-NIGHT

A dirty, red-neck FARMER is sitting in his chair watching a trashy TV talk show, in which two little men are arguing over a pretty woman who is seated between them. The man scratches his crotch and finishes the rest of his can of beer before belching loudly.

FARMER

How can that hot piece of ass have anything to do with those little fuckin' freaks? I betcha their dicks aren't barely bigger than the tip of my finger and they both get a piece of ass like that...

The farmer leans his head toward the kitchen.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Anna Sue!  
(Under his breath)  
Fuckin' freaks should be locked up  
in a zoo.

The farmer's wife ANNA SUE pokes her head out from the kitchen.

ANNA SUE

What?

FARMER

Don't give me that tone Bitch. Get your ass over here and get me a beer!

The farmer goes back to watching TV as his beer is brought to him. The farmer opens his beer at the same time a painful moo can be heard in the background. The farmer looks around in confusion. He takes another sip in sync with another moo. The farmer spits out some of his beer.

FARMER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

CUT TO:

## EXT. FARMHOUSE-NIGHT

The farmer grabs his rifle and storms outside. He cautiously makes his way to the pasture. He discovers a cow laying on its side, motionless, with blood spilled out of its rear end.

The farmer cautiously circles around the cow carcass, searching for any movement in the distance.

He turns his attention back to the cow. He pokes at the cow's belly with the muzzle of his rifle. The cow's stomach moves in waves until it gradually comes to rest. The farmer looks more and more closely at the cow's stomach. The stomach starts to move ever so slightly on its own.

The farmer pokes it again. This time, something protrudes in answer to the farmer's call. The farmer does it once more, this time with greater force. This time produces nothing. The farmer gets on his knees to get a closer look. The cow's stomach quickly inflates as a bloody zombie pops out like a champagne cork as the farmer screams.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. ALEX'S CAR - NIGHT

Terry looks frustratingly at Alex who is fiddling with her phone as they sit idling at a rural driveway.

TERRY

What are we waiting for? Come on, Darla could be in there.

ALEX

Just a second. I gotta upload this video. That was incredi....

Before Alex can finish his sentence a deafening roar drowns him out. Terry and Alex look at each other in shock.

EXT. DIRT FARM ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Alex's car begins to shake and is quickly enveloped in a blinding bright white light.

A huge jacked up 4x4 diesel pickup with trail lights, billows clouds of black smoke and veers wildly down the driveway. It nearly collides with Alex's parked car.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Terry both twist in their seats to follow the insane pickup, which is teeming with little zombies.

A green-eyed Darla hangs on for dear life, clinging to the roll bar in the bed of the pick up.

TERRY

Oh my god, it's Darla.

ALEX

Shit.

Alex fumbles with her phone, trying desperately to hit record mode on the camera.

Terry punches her in the arm.

TERRY

Will you just fucking drive?

Alex drops the phone and puts the car in reverse. She attempts to make a 3 point turn to get turned around, by which time the truck is just a set of taillights in the distance.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Floor it will ya?

The car accelerates with all it has, flinging gravel from one of it's small rear tires.

I/E. NEIGHBORS HOUSE-NIGHT

The EMCEE Harold and his WIFE CAROL stop from snacking on the middle aged NEIGHBOR. A dog barks. They stop eating and walk out into the back yard. They fiendishly grin at each other before they lift their heads to the sky and let out a howl.

A dog from the adjacent yard begins to howl with them. A MAN'S voice from inside the house yells out.

MAN'S VOICE

Shut the fuck up!

The zombified couple turn their attention to the adjacent yard. The dog begins to yip. The couple charge and burst through the fence.

A badly neglected dog barks wildly from a concrete slab where it's chained. The MAN dressed in a wife beater and boxer shorts charges out the back door.

MAN

I thought I told you to shut the fuck up!

He spots the two little crazed zombies and his eyes go wide.

MAN (CONT'D)

What the fu...

Before he can finish, Harold and Carol are on him. They rip him limb from limb.

CAROL tosses a chunk of flesh to the dog. The dog eagerly laps it up.

FADE OUT.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

BEN and SUSAN RITTENHOUSE are sitting at the airport terminal with their carry-on luggage at their feet. A wall mounted television screen keeps passengers distracted with the news. A bell rings out as a voice comes over the intercom. An IRATE CUSTOMER can be seen yelling at an AIRLINE EMPLOYEE behind the ticket counter.

INTERCOM LADY

Flight 413 to New York is now  
boarding sections C through D.

BEN gets up from his chair and starts to gather his baggage.

BEN

That's us.

Susan gets up and grabs her things. They walk past the ticket counter. The IRATE CUSTOMER is still yelling at the AIRLINE EMPLOYEE behind the counter.

IRATE CUSTOMER

What do you mean the flight is sold  
out! I paid for my ticket months  
ago! I have to get on that flight.  
You people...

TICKET COUNTER EMPLOYEE

I am sorry sir, but your seat is no  
longer available. We can try to put  
you on the next available flight...

The irate customer turns and notices the little person family walking past him. He then notices many little people in line.

He starts to chuckle as he turns back toward the ticket counter employee.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Hey, why don't you just have some midgets sit two to a seat? Shit, you could probably fit four in one seat.

BEN and SUSAN turn toward the IRATE CUSTOMER. Eyes wide in disbelief.

IRATE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Shit, you could fit 'em in the overhead compartment. I bet you could...

TICKET COUNTER EMPLOYEE

Sir, please...

IRATE CUSTOMER

No! Fuck you. Please this (he grabs at his crotch). I bet those midgets are flying on our tax dollars. Bunch of disabled fucking retards. Goddamn atrocities should be fucking castrated and dumped off on a deserted island. I bet most of them haven't worked a day in their lives.

BEN turns to the IRATE CUSTOMER. A cold, stern look shows on his face. Susan tries to stop him as Ben approaches the irate man at the counter.

BEN

Hey man, what's your problem?

The man turns and leans down to Ben.

IRATE CUSTOMER

I have a problem losing my seat to welfare freaks.

BEN

I'm not on welfare. I'm an electrical engineer. I pay my taxes.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Oooh. I'm sorry. Let me congratulate you. Quick, somebody get me a box of cigarillos and some of those mini liquor bottles!

TICKET COUNTER EMPLOYEE

Sir, I am going to have to ask you to compose yourself or I am going to have to get security.

IRATE CUSTOMER

The only way I am going anywhere is on that plane.

TICKET COUNTER EMPLOYEE

Suit yourself.

The TICKET COUNTER EMPLOYEE picks up the desk phone and hits a button. A sweet, LITTLE OLD LADY approaches the ticket counter.

LITTLE OLD LADY

Excuse me, I overheard this man saying that he needs to get on this flight. I just wanted to offer him my seat. I'm in no hurry to go anywhere.

The employee pulls the phone from his ear as "Security, this is Jim" is heard before he hangs up the phone.

TICKET COUNTER EMPLOYEE

Thank you Ma'am. How kind of you.

The irate customer turns to the old woman and gives her a smirk before wrapping his arm around her.



IRATE CUSTOMER  
Thanks Grandma. Bless your  
wrinkled, old heart.

The old woman politely smiles and nods, oblivious to how rude the irate man was.

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

BEN leads his family through the boarding bridge toward the airplane. His wife SUSAN is talking about how rude the irate customer was. Through one of the windows you can see ZOMBIE EDDIE slowly climbing up the plane's front wheel and landing gear.

Ben and Susan walk through the aisles to their assigned seats. Ben stops and double checks the tickets to make sure they are at the correct seats. He notices the IRATE CUSTOMER pushing his way past the other passengers and his family.

IRATE CUSTOMER  
Need a hand, Little Man?

BEN looks sceptically toward the man. The man reaches his hands out toward Ben as if to grab his carry-on luggage.

BEN  
Uh...yeah. Thanks.

Ben extends his luggage out to the man, but instead of grabbing the luggage, the irate man picks up Ben as if he were a child and holds him up to the height of the overhead compartment. Ben struggles, shifting his body back and forth to combat the irate man's clutches while trying to not drop his luggage.

BEN (CONT'D)  
What the hell do you think you're  
doing? Put me down!

IRATE CUSTOMER  
Why so fussy, Little Man?

BEN  
You're an asshole.

SUSAN  
Ben!

The man puts Ben down. Ben's face is red and he is breathing heavily. The irate man looks at Ben and laughs. He tries to go for Ben's luggage to honestly help him this time, but Ben turns his bag away from the man. The man throws his hands up in the air and steps away.

A flight attendant makes her way through the aisle and helps Ben and his family with their luggage. Ben looks at his ticket again, looks up at the seat number tags, and looks down to see that his seat is right next to the irate man. Anger and frustration occupy Ben's face. He tries to calm himself as he approaches the man. Ben's wife sits in the a seat just across the aisle from him.

BEN  
Excuse me, I was wondering if you would trade seats with my wife so we can sit together.

IRATE CUSTOMER  
No. I'm quite fond of the seat I was assigned.

Ben looks at his wife and takes a deep breath before stubbornly sitting in his seat. He puts on his seat belt and turns away from the irate man and buries his head as he tries to fall asleep. A CLOSE UP of the air vents show little green particles dancing in the air. Ben's wife Susan begins to cough as she turns in and starts to fall asleep.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Alex's car zooms steadily along a desert highway. Her phone vibrates on the dash. She picks it up and her jaw drops open.

ALEX  
Oh fuhhh... I must have hit the post button.

TERRY  
What is it?

ALEX

I gotta pull over.

She pulls the car to the side of the road and swipes at her phone.

TERRY

What?

She hands the phone over. It reads:

"Ms. Alex Davis, This is Officer Cornwell with the FBI. Your video is of great interest to us. Please contact us at your earliest convenience. 1-800-333-7853"

TERRY (CONT'D)

Oh fudge.

Alex places the care in drive and speeds off as fast as the little car will go.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are we going?

ALEX

I don't know, but when you get that kind of message from the FBI... running is the best option unless you want to end up naked, zip-tied with a bag over your head in a rendition camp somewhere.

TERRY

You seem a little paranoid.

ALEX

Dude, some of the organizations I follow have reported things like that happening as recently as 6 months ago.

TERRY

Really?

ALEX

It's been like this since the Patriot act and getting worse every year. Most of the insidious stuff is kept so hush-hush, but some of it is right out in the open and people just seem to be sleepwalking.

TERRY

The modern attention span is so short.

ALEX

Tell me about it. Data mining public communication servers, drones, voter fraud, media monopolization and control. It goes all the way to the top

Terry shakes his head in subtle disbelief.

TERRY

This sort of stuff is so beyond me. I guess I just can't see the forest for the trees, you know?

ALEX

What do you mean?

TERRY

I'm a lawyer.

ALEX

Oh shit.

TERRY

Public defense. So much of what I deal with is poor, uneducated folks who are mostly victims themselves.

ALEX

I suppose.

TERRY

Like this one poor guy last week. Homeless guy. Charged with trespassing, possession, resisting arrest and bodily harm on a police officer. He was just some poor schmuck caught with half a joint when the police came to oust the homeless camp.

ALEX

Jesus.

TERRY

When they woke him up he was half dazed... like any of us would be... and he tried to flee.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

There have been attacks down there lately where homeless people are getting beat up.

Alex looks on incredulously.

TERRY (CONT'D)

So he goes to split and in all the commotion his tent pole comes unhooked ...smacks the police officer in the face... assault on a police officer.

ALEX

You're shitting me.

Alex looks up at his rear view mirror.

TERRY

Nope, and I see that kind of thing everyday. So I might be cynical, but...

ALEX

(interrupting nervously)  
I think we're being followed.

Terry spins in his seat. A pair of black SUVs approaches slowly from the rear. Terry pulls on Alex's shirt.

TERRY

Floor it.

ALEX

Yeah, like I'm gonna outrun 'em in this thing.

TERRY

You gotta try.

Terry pushes the accelerator all the way down. The car picks up speed. The needles moves up.. 65... 70.. 75...80. Terry and Alex look at each other anxiously and turn back behind them. They've put some distance between them.

ALEX

I don't think it'll can go much faster.

They turn back around just in time for Alex to swerve and narrowly avoid hitting a white Honda Civic straddling two lanes.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alex quickly regains control and falls back behind the Honda.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex and Terry look at each other in shocked disbelief.

ALEX

What is this guy's problem?

The Honda slows down and drifts back into the right lane.

Alex accelerates and pulls up beside the car. Terry looks through the window at the driver.

TERRY

Holy shit! This guy's on his phone.

As they get closer, it becomes evident the guy is watching video content on his phone. Terry watches for a moment and then his face goes dead serious.

TERRY (CONT'D)

He's watching... the video from ...

Alex honks the horn. The Honda driver jumps, slams on the breaks and cranks the wheel.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The white Honda's tires smoke as it slides sideways. It catches and rolls wildly down the freeway. Coming to rest on it's roof.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

TERRY

... from last night. Your video.

Alex has slowed down, but still remains holding a steady pace on the Freeway.

ALEX

What do we do now?

They both turn back to see the black SUVs stopping behind the wreckage.

TERRY

I vote we keep going.

ALEX

Me too, but we're going to have to stop for gas soon.

Alex wipes a bead of sweat from her brow.

INT. GAS STATION-DESERT HIGHWAY-NIGHT

A gas station ATTENDANT(22) is watching the newscast change from a small, old dial television from behind the counter. He switches off the TV as a CUSTOMER(50) approaches.

ATTENDANT

Howdy.

CUSTOMER

Two packs of reds. 20 on pump 3.

The customer hands the attendant money. The attendant pushes some buttons and the register opens.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Hey, did you hear about those psycho little people?

ATTENDANT

Just saw it on the news a minute ago.

CUSTOMER

Man, I hope I don't run into one of those little fellers. I can't even stand em when they ain't all sataned up. Them little things scare me. Can't be around em if I see one. Just so weird. Just not normal.

ATTENDANT

Yeah...sure. Well, you're good to go.

CUSTOMER

Thanks.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The customer leaves the store as Alex enters the store.

There is an old metal trash barrel, a hand truck, firewood, and windshield wiper fluid lining the outside of the store.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alex is looking at beverages in the cooler. The attendant grabs a pornographic magazine entitled "Midget Mistresses" from behind the counter and starts rifling through the pages. Simultaneously, through one of the gas station windows, a zombie is seen approaching the customer pumping gas through the store window. Neither the attendant nor the customer see the zombie. The attendant flips to the next page and gives an affirmative nod. He bites his lower lip as he gently massages the crotch of his pants.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The zombie approaches closer and closer to the customer pumping gas. The customer turns around, seeing the zombie. The zombie leaps onto the customer and topples him over next to the pump.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alex is at the counter waiting for the attendant, who is too busy with his magazine to notice.

ALEX

Ahem.

The attendant is startled by Alex. He quickly stashes the magazine under the counter.

ATTENDANT

Man, you scared the bejeezus out of me.

ALEX

on pump 2.

Screams are heard from outside. Alex and the attendant look at each other, confirming they just heard the same thing. The attendant grabs a baseball bat from behind the counter while talking to Alex as they both stare out the window towards the pumps.

ATTENDANT

You need...a...receipt?

Alex's eyes grow huge staring outside.



ALEX

No.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Alex and the attendant slowly leave the store. The customer's shaking legs are seen protruding from under the vehicle as blood spills out toward the store. The attendant makes a wide circle around the vehicle to get a view of the driver's side. The zombie is seen munching away on its meal.

The zombie notices the attendant and immediately redirects attention to him. The zombie starts licking his lips while walking toward the attendant, who is barely able to hold onto the bat that is shaking in his hand. Alex follows close behind him.

The zombie crouches and leaps toward the attendant. The attendant slams the zombie in the head with the bat. The zombie flies backwards and slams on the ground. The attendant walks over and steps on the zombie's chest. The attendant then grabs the gas nozzle and shoves it deep into the zombie's mouth and pulls the trigger. The zombie's stomach fills up as gasoline spews from its orifices. The attendant pulls out the nozzle as Alex appears with the hand truck with the trash can loaded on it. They flip the little zombie into the trash and cart it away from the pump into the parking lot. The attendant wipes the gasoline off his hands on his work shirt. He grabs out a pack of cigarettes and a Zippo lighter. He lights a cigarette, keeping the Zippo lit as he turns to Alex for an approving nod. He tosses the lighter into the trash barrel. The barrel bursts into flames. Crackling and spitting noises are heard. The attendant turns to Alex.

ATTENDANT

What the hell was tha...

Suddenly, the burning zombie pops up out of the trash barrel and lets out a nasty wretch, spewing gasoline wildly out of his mouth like a flame thrower. The attendant gets sprayed in the face and is immediately engulfed with flames.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

(incoherent screaming)

The flaming attendant walks toward Alex, arms spread out begging for help. The zombie in the barrel suddenly explodes, blasting the attendant on top of Alex, sending both to the ground.

Alex tries desperately to push the burning attendant away as the attendant's skin melts down onto Alex in a molten, fiery mess. Alex's clothes are now on fire. The attendant's body slowly starts to lower on top of Alex when suddenly both of them are doused in blue liquid.

Terry stands over them, dumping washer fluid on them to extinguish the flames. Terry helps push the attendant's charred corpse off of Alex, but falls on the ground beside Alex after the final push. Alex and Terry stare up into the sky as they catch their breath, only to see an airplane pass by.

BACK TO:

EXT. GAS STATION PUMP - NIGHT

The pump nozzle is sticking out of Alex's car. Terry is helping Alex pull off his flannel, which is now stuck to her skin.

TERRY

Okay. I'm gonna do it quick like a Band-Aid. On three. One...Two...

Terry rips the flannel shirt off of Alex.

ALEX

(Indescript screaming). What the fuck. I thought you said on three.

TERRY

I thought you were supposed to use the element of surprise so it hurts less.

ALEX

Well it hurt MORE. I didn't have time to brace for impact.

TERRY

You had 3 seconds.

ALEX

3 seconds. A lot can happen in one second...

A well-dressed arm from nowhere pistol whips Alex on the head.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The airplane cruises blissfully steady in the day time sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

BEN is sleeping next to the IRATE MAN, who is reading an in flight magazine. A bell sound comes through the intercom as a flight attendant's voice comes over the loudspeaker. Ben opens his eyes as the announcement is made. Susan turns in her seat and coughs green dust.

ATTENDANT

Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like we are going to be hitting some turbulence. Please return to your seats and fasten your safety belts.

Ben rubs his eyes and yawns. He turns to the irate man.

BEN

How long have we been in the air?

IRATE CUSTOMER

Not long. An hour maybe. I don't...

Suddenly something slams into the Irate Man's arm.

IRATE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Oww!

A heavy-set man with a cane makes his way down the aisle. He turns to the Irate Man.

HEAVY-SET MAN

Oops. Sorry.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Jesus! Watch where you're going you stupid, fat fuck!

The heavy-set man gives the irate man an appalled look, turns and continues walking down the aisle and into the lavatory. Ben turns toward the Irate Man.

BEN

Why do you have to be such an asshole all the time?

Ben gets a stare from his wife Susan across the aisle, but Ben doesn't notice.

IRATE CUSTOMER

I hate everybody. I think most people are completely worthless. Don't take too much offense there smalls.

Ben stares at the man wide-eyed and tight-lipped.

IRATE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Did you ever play baseball as a kid? Hahaha. Of course you haven't.

BEN

Yeah. I played baseball. You definitely make a lot of assumptions about little people.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Midgets?

BEN

A midget is actually a tiny sand fly. It's offensive to call us that.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Really? I'll be damned. I guess we're all midgets then. Worthless specs of nothing across this ever expanding existence. Haha. Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. Baseball. Life is like a game of baseball. You have the people that get on base and win, and the people who strike out, sit on the bench and do nothing. The majority of people sit around and do nothing while the rest of us score.

BEN

That's a messed up way to look at life.

The irate man unbuckles his seatbelt and stands up.

IRATE CUSTOMER

Yeah, well, what the fuck do you know.

The man walks up to the lavatory and pounds on the door.

Meanwhile, more green particles shoot out of the overhead air valves and Ben takes a deep breath and puts his head back down to rest.

IRATE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
 Time's up, fatty. Wipe yourself  
 down and let other people have a  
 turn.

There is no response from the lavatory. The irate man pounds on the door again.

IRATE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)  
 Okay Tubbs. Hurry it up in  
 there...Oh, look, they are coming  
 down the aisle with food. You  
 wouldn't want to miss thaaa...

The lavatory door bursts open, ejecting the irate man into the wall behind him.

The large man is sitting on the toilet with his pants down around his ankles. His head is pointing down and his body is perfectly still. His arms and legs start to twitch as his head slowly begins to raise. The large man's closed eyes open as his mouth winces. His neck stretches as his head moves upward, slowly detaching itself from the large man's body.

The little zombie emerges out of the carcass wearing the heavy-set man's head like a helmet. The man's headless body now has a huge hole where the zombie had burrowed his way up from the toilet. Long strands of stretched, torn flesh hang down from the heavy-set man's neck.

An UNDERCOVER AIR MARSHALL stands up from his seat and pulls out a pistol and confronts the zombie.

US AIR MARSHALL  
 US Air Marshall. You are under  
 arrest. Put your hands in the air.  
 Now!

Passengers are screaming and trying to move toward the back of the plane.

The Zombie turns toward the Air Marshall and runs toward him, arms flailing. The Marshall fires into the zombie's helmet-head, spinning the helmet around the zombie's head. The zombie spins around from the inertia of the shot and continues to advance on the Marshall.

Behind the zombie, the IRATE MAN stands up. The Marshall kicks the helmet-head off the zombie's body, sending it flying in the air and into the Irate Man's hands. He looks disgusted as he turns around and hands the head to one of the flight attendants standing behind him.

She screams, causing the zombie to turn his attention toward her. He spots the Irate Man wiping his bloodied hands off on the airplane. The zombie slowly advances toward him.

The Air Marshall fumbles for his pistol takes aim at the zombie's head and fires. The zombie crouches down as the bullet grazes the middle of his head. He leaps for the irate man, who ducks out of the way, sending the zombie through the cockpit door.

Banging noises and screams are heard from inside the cockpit. The Air Marshall gets behind the door and tries to peek inside the hole. A loud bang emanates from the cockpit The Marshall backs up from the hole to reveal his face is covered in blood.

People are screaming. The Marshall stands up and wipes the blood from his face as he turns to face the passengers.

US AIR MARSHALL (CONT'D)  
Ladies and Gentlemen. Please do not panic. The airplane is safe as long as the autopilot is still engaged. I will gain control of this aircraft. Please return to your seats.

The Marshall turns back towards the cockpit door, pulls out his pistol and carefully fires at the cabin's door lock.

Passengers scream. He tries to open the door, but it is still locked.

The Irate Man backs away from the cockpit toward his seat.

As he takes his seat, he notices that Ben doesn't look well. The Irate Man takes his seat as Ben starts to fumble through the magazine compartment in front of him.

IRATE CUSTOMER  
Well, we're fucked.

BEN  
I don't feel so good.

Ben pulls out an air sick bag and starts to vomit into it.

Another gun shot rings out. Cut to the Air Marshall successfully opening the cockpit door and slowly walking in.

The Marshall has breached the cockpit door and enter the cockpit.

## IRATE CUSTOMER

Hey Man, switch seats with me if you're going to do that.

Ben gets up, still holding his mouth to the bag. The Irate Man takes his seat toward the window as Ben takes the man's seat.

## IRATE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

That's just great. Crazy killer midget. Sick midget. What more could a guy ask for? Its like The Exorcist meets the Wizard of Oz in here...I got it...Midgets on a Plane!

Ben's eyes are closed as he vomits again into the bag.

The Irate Man turns away from him toward the window. Ben vomits again and is suddenly still, the bag still attached to his face. Ben's eyes pop open showing that he has turned as he removes the bag from his face to reveal glowing green vomit on his face.

## EXT. PLANE - CONTINUOUS

From outside the plane the Irate Man's bloody, eyeless face pops up against the window and proceeds to fall down.

Mayhem all about the cabin of the aircraft.. Screaming passengers dart back and forth as the Air Marshall bursts backwards out of the cockpit, trying to detach the zombie from his face. A zombie rides a drink cart down the aisle.

FADE IN:

## EXT. GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Alex wakes up on the ground in a daze. She has a large bump and cut on hers head from where the butt of the pistol hit her. She stumbles to his feet and lightly touches her head, wincing in pain. She walks over to her vehicle and looks inside. She visually scans the area. Terry is nowhere to be found. She takes the gas nozzle out of the vehicle and tiredly drops it. It swings next to the pump as she gets in her car. She slams his head on the steering wheel.

ALEX

Damn it.

CUT TO BLACK:

## INT. AIRPLANE-COCKPIT - NIGHT

The GROUND ZERO ZOMBIE sits in the pilot seat turning the controls back and forth, using the dead pilot as a booster seat.

Another ZOMBIE occupies the co-pilot seat. He is pushing buttons with a severed arm and he is using the arm as a reaching device. He pulls the arm back, puts a finger in his mouth and bites it off.

The cockpit door is open, revealing the chaos in the cabin.

Zombies are jumping off the seats and hanging from the overhead compartments. The pilot zombies look at each other and laugh. The copilot zombie looks down at the buttons, reaches out the severed arm and pushes the stubby finger onto the button marked auto-pilot, turning it off.

The ground zero zombie turns the controls again, shaking the airplane with every dive and turn.

FADE IN:

## INT. WHITE ROOM-ANYTIME

TERRY wakes up in white room. He is strapped face-down to a gurney. He is naked except a sheet covering him from his lower back down. He struggles a bit and realizes quickly that he is going nowhere. A large man, AGENT BROWN (40) enters the room with DR. DUDDINGSTON(35), who is wearing medical scrubs and a mask. He is slowly placing rubber gloves on his hands.

AGENT BROWN

Well, well, well. If it isn't our special little guy. We have been looking for you. It seems that you are quite different from your friends. We have been expecting you to get sick like the others, but you haven't. Now, we get to spend some time together and find out why.

TERRY

Who are you? Where is Darla?

AGENT BROWN

I'm sorry, excuse me for being so rude. I am Agent Brown and this is my friend Dr. Duddingston.

(MORE)



AGENT BROWN (CONT'D)

He will be running some tests on you until we figure out why you are one of the ones immune to the virus.

TERRY

You're FBI? Where is Darla? Where is Alex?

AGENT BROWN

Ha ha ha. No, not FBI. It is best to no longer concern yourself with them. However, if we can find out why YOU are immune, maybe we can find a cure for all your friends.

TERRY

This is ridiculous. You can't keep me here. I demand to make a phone call. I want to talk to my lawyer. I want to see Darla.

AGENT BROWN

Do something about it.

Agent Brown places a gag in Terry's mouth and nods to Doctor Duddingston. The doctor grabs a tray from the table beside him and walks over to Terry, setting the tray down next to Terry's head. The doctor then slowly removes a large syringe from the tray. Terry's eyes grow huge in terror. He starts to struggle.

AGENT BROWN (CONT'D)

It will do you no good to struggle my friend, that is, unless you want Dr. Duddingston to turn you into a cripple.

Agent Brown pushes down forcefully on Terry's neck and lower back, trying to stabilize him. Dr. Duddingston pushes the syringe far into Terry's spine. Terry screams and cringes, his eyes growing even larger from the pain.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The Airplane takes an erratic dive.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM-ANYTIME

TERRY wakes up face down on the gurney again. He struggles for a bit and quickly realizes the pain in his lower back from the impromptu spinal tap.

A television news broadcast squawks in the background. Terry twists his head to view a wall mounted flat screen. A dramatic news jingle plays and a station graphic floats across the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM-ANYTIME

News Anchor BARBARA COLLINS(36) quickly organizes and glances at the papers on her desk before speaking. In the upper left hand corner of the screen shows shots of a downtown area riddled with little zombies. People are running from the melee in every direction. A number of people are being leveled by the leaping zombies.

BARBARA COLLINS The death toll is rising after an outbreak of a terrible virus quickly spreading throughout the county. Officials tell us these events are directly related to an incident that occurred at the Davis Brothers Circus at the Lincoln County fairgrounds yesterday.

BACK TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM-ANYTIME

AGENT BROWN enters the room and makes his way toward the television.

AGENT BROWN

Good morning Mr. Edwardson. Sleep well?

TERRY

Go to hell, you fucking monster.

AGENT BROWN

Ah, ha ha ha ha. So sorry about the last minute...withdrawal. If we had any anesthetic we surely would have given you some. Oh, well...

Agent brown reaches for switch on the side of the television.

TERRY

Leave it on.

AGENT BROWN

Oh, you'd like to see what your friends are up to I imagine. Ok Then.

Agent Brown steps away from the television and continues talking over the news broadcast.

Agent Brown stops his speech dead in his tracks.

TERRY

Wow. You guys are fucking brilliant.

AGENT BROWN

Shut up.

Agent Brown turns the volume up.

BARBARA COLLINS

For more on this, we go live to our reporter Rachel Dwyer, who is at the Center for Disease Control with Director Nihls Burman. Rachel...

INT. CDC FIELD OFFICE(WAREHOUSE) -DAY

RACHEL DWYER

Thanks Barb. We are here with Mr. Nihls Burman, Director of the Center for Disease Control. He has some very important information regarding the escalating situation.

NIHLS BURMAN

Well Rachel, after countless hours of testing on a subjects recovered from the Lincoln County Jail, we have discovered that we are dealing with an orally transmitted virus that only affects people of short stature.

Our research is inconclusive as to why it only affects people of limited size, but we do know once the virus enters the subject it effects them in a way that makes their bodies slowly decompose.

(MORE)

## NIHLS BURMAN (CONT'D)

The virus damages the nervous system first, so the subject is no longer able to respond to normal pain receptors, causing the subject to no longer feel pain.

The subjects blood also coagulates and no longer flows normally, so when they are cut, they do not bleed normally. In addition, the subject now has super-human strength. Although the subjects move slower due to the decaying affect, their strength enables them to make concentrated leaps from place to place, similar to that of a jumping spider. For some reason, they become very violent and now feed on human flesh.

We hope to have more answers soon and are working diligently around the clock to answer these questions. Until then, please refrain from having contact with any little person as this virus is extremely spreadable. Right now, we estimate hundreds of them in the immediate area, but those numbers are expected to grow quickly. It is estimated that over two million people have some form of dwarfism in the U.S. alone, which would prove to be catastrophic if we were not able to find a cure. These people are considered extremely dangerous and are to be avoided at all costs. If you do come in contact with one and are unable to get to safe shelter, the only known way to kill the diseased is total annihilation of the head.

## RACHEL DWYER

So, what you are saying is that the disease only affects little people and the only way to kill them is to...(gulp) destroy the head?

## NIHLS BURMAN

That is correct, Rachel. To demonstrate, Peter has arranged for different examples of ways you can construct your own devices using common household objects that can achieve total annihilation of the head.

Dr. Burman walks Rachel over to PETER(40), who stands at the 1st demonstration, which is a mock entryway of a house. He is wearing a white lab coat and safety goggles. He gives a lab coat and goggles to Rachel. There is a table next to Peter holding various objects. Peter points out the individual objects as he describes them. As Peter talks, a STAGE HAND is seen walking over to the door carrying a toddler sized zombie dummy, which he positions at the front doorway.

## PETER

Our first demonstration is easily rigged using rope, an eye hook and a pick axe.

Peter walks over to a wall and pulls a rope. A whooshing noise is heard as the pick axe flies through the air into the dummy's head.

## RACHEL DWYER

Ooh, that's neat. What if I don't have a pick axe?

## PETER

If you don't have a pick axe, a pitchfork, sledgehammer, sharpened shovel, or just a regular axe will do.

Stage hands comes out and strike the dummy and pick axe. A new dummy is placed at the doorway.

## PETER (CONT'D)

This next demonstration uses an item commonly used in the country, but it can be found at most camping supply stores.

Peter flicks another switch and there is a pause before a bear trap drops down on the zombie doll's head. Peter pulls a rope, suspending the doll in the air and ties off the rope on a boat anchor tie-off located on the wall.

PETER (CONT'D)

In a real-life situation, the zombie would struggle until the head is severed from the body.

RACHEL DWYER

Oh, dear.

Peter walks to the right, where a STAGE HAND is positioning another toddler zombie doll on a raised platform that has a set of stairs and a doorway on it. The platform has a large wooden box attached underneath it. Motor sounds can be heard coming from the platform. Peter turns towards the camera.

PETER

Our next demonstration was built using common woodworking tools, rope and a very common household item.

Peter pulls a rope that opens a trap door on the floor, releasing the zombie doll onto a lawn mower that has been suspended upside down under the flooring. Chunks of the zombie doll are thrown everywhere.

RACHEL DWYER

This one looks like it would make a big mess.

Again, Peter walks to the right, where there is a mock kitchen with a back door. A stage hand sets up another doll at the back door.

PETER

This next demonstration was inspired by a time-old vermin killing classic. This one is for the more experienced builder, but its worth the extra effort. It is built using a wooden frame, rope, sheet steel and garage door parts.

Peter drops a block of wood, which releases a mouse trap-like frame that shoots up from the floor into the doll, lifting it up from the ground, simultaneously closing the door as the doll is slammed into it, cutting its head in half. Peter has a proud smile on his face.

RACHEL DWYER

Why, its just like a big ol' mouse trap!

Peter nods his head. Stage hands scurry to clean up and position another doll.

PETER

This one is my favorite. It's simple, cheap and effective. It requires trash cans, rope, pulleys and concrete to build. This time, we have arranged a live demonstration for your enjoyment.

Stage hands wheel out a wooden box on a hand truck, positioning it in front of the back door. They open the box, revealing a little zombie that is bound and has a pillowcase on its head. One of the stage hands cautiously removes the pillowcase, revealing the zombies gnashing teeth.

RACHEL DWYER

Oh, goody. This should be fun.

PETER

If you will take the honors, Madam.

Peter leads Rachel to the rope that will activate the final demonstration.

RACHEL DWYER

It would be my pleasure, Peter.

Peter takes a couple steps to the side as Rachel pulls the string. Nothing happens.

PETER

Curious. It worked in rehearsal...

Peter takes two steps towards Rachel, his hand extended to grab the rope. At that moment, two concrete filled trash cans careen into each other, crushing the zombie into a pulpy mass that shoots everywhere. Rachel is completely covered in zombie guts. Peter has a few splashes of blood here and there. Rachel strains to smile and remain calm as blood and goo drip down her body.

Peter takes no notice of her disgusting state, instead he proceeds excitedly to the next display of torture.

PETER (CONT'D)

(chuckling to himself) )  
And lastly we have one that ought to light up your life.

Rachel still wiping goo offer her face rolls her eyes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Any body of water will work, but we arraigned a bath tub in order to keep this broadcast clean.

Struggling against hand cuffs chained to a bathtub faucet, Darla screams and splashes wildly, her eyes glowing sinister green.

DARLA

Errragh. Gahh meh owwt uf herrrrr.

PETER

Ohh. We got a fiesty one here.  
I'll be "shocked" if she has  
anything to say after this...

Peter walks over and clamps a large jumper cable clamp onto Darla's ear. She attempts to bite him as he reaches in, but he evades her teeth and snaps the clamp in place. She howls in pain. He tosses the other end in the tub of water.

As he retreats from the tub he guides his hand over a cord attached to the jumper cable, pointing out the splice in the cord.

PETER (CONT'D)

It requires a little wiring, but  
your average handyman should be  
able to handle connecting a set of  
jumper cables to a common extension  
cord.

He walks over to the wall and reaches out with the extension cord end and stops just short of the outlet.

PETER (CONT'D)

One.. Two...

He jams the cord into the socket

PETER (CONT'D)

BZZZZTTTT!

Both Rachel and Darla jump.

PETER (CONT'D)

Just kidding. Rachel, would you  
please hit that switch just to your  
left?

BACK TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

A white haired AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (60), stares at a pulsing radar screen in front of him. He looks worried and haggard like he hasn't slept in a week.



He pounds a slug of coffee, runs his hand through his hair which is standing on end and grabs the microphone in front of him.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
Flight 237, Do you read me? This is  
air traffic control. Come in?

Silence as he chews his nails.

Alarm bells begin flashing.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
Flight 237. You're way too low!  
Pull up! Pull Up! This is not  
funny. Please respond.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE-COCKPIT - NIGHT

Eddie cranks the pilot's hat down over his eyes and reaches down to grab a femur bone. Iron Maiden's Run to the Hills blasts wildly as other zombies, have come to join him in their carnal feast. He gnaws upon the bone wildly, while the air traffic controller's pleas go unanswered.

EXT. DIRT LOT-NIGHT

The quiet air of dark deserted dirt lot is interrupted by a whirring noise that grows louder and louder.

Suddenly, out of the clouds, the zombie-filled airplane comes careening toward the ground. It clips a utility pole causing the pair of large transformers atop the pole to explode into a shower of sparks. The plane crashes to the ground, smearing the group of abortion protestors into a bloody mess as it slides to a screeching halt.

The side door of the airplane pops open and little zombies leap out in the moonlight. Eddie leads the pack. He raises his hands in the air and lets out a siren's scream. The other zombies scream in response.

The power lines continue to shoot sparks as all the lights in the surrounding neighborhood go black.

CUT TO:

INT. CDC FIELD OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rachel stands with her hand on the wall switch. She looks equal parts terrified and fascinated. She takes a deep breath.

She flips the switch downward.

All lights in the makeshift studio go black.

A pair of glowing green eyes illuminate through the darkness. They fly across the room. Shrill horrific screams pierce through the sound of tearing flesh and snapping bones.

BACK TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM-CONTINUOUS

The television screen goes black and flashes a "No Signal" message.

Terry gasps and begins sobbing.

TERRY

No! Darla!

AGENT BROWN

I'm sorry. It appears your friend has been a sacrifice to the greater good.

TERRY

Fuck you, you sadistic prick.

The lights flicker, dim and go dark. The room is lit by a singular emergency light in the corner.

AGENT BROWN

It appears we have lost power. The generator should kick on any second here.

(beat)

Regardless we still have no idea why this affliction affects only little people... or why you are not affected, which means more testing.

The lights come back on.

AGENT BROWN (CONT'D)

Oh, I almost forgot.. the good news.

TERRY

How could there possibly be any good news?

AGENT BROWN

I have arranged for an anesthetic.

Agent Brown takes his handgun from his shoulder holster and strikes Terry in the temple with the butt of the weapon, knocking him unconscious. Agent Brown waves for DR. DUDDINGSTON, who enters the room with a new, full tray of tools. Both of them close in on Terry.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WHITE ROOM - ANYTIME

Terry wakes up still strapped to the gurney. DR. DUDDINGSTON(60) appears, clipboard in hand, along with the AGENT BROWN and MR. BLACKWELL. They approach Terry.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Good morning, Sunshine! Did we sleep well?

TERRY

Eat shit, you worthless turd.

Terry points at Mr. Blackwell

TERRY (CONT'D)

Who is this?

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Ah. Hahahaha. You have quite the sense of humor this morning. I am here to let you know about our findings regarding your test results and my employer Mr. Blackwell is here to monitor my progress.

TERRY

Spare me the suspense.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I think it's best if I bring you to our lab.

TERRY

Great. More suspense.

Dr. Duddingston snaps his fingers at the AGENT BROWN, who grabs a wheelchair from the corner of the room. They both unstrap Terry. Dr. Duddingston pads the back of the chair with a pillow as Agent Brown places Terry on the chair and wheels him toward the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TESTING LAB - MID DAY

Dr. Duddingston enters the Lab followed by Terry, Agent Brown and Mr. Blackwell. The room is lined with zombies, both dead and alive. The dead ones lay in an autopsied state, their chests and skulls split open, brains removed. The alive ones are over-strapped and chained to tables that are bolted to the floor.

In the corner of the room a zombie floats in a clear canister of liquid, hands and feet chained to the bottom of the tank. An oxygen mask covers his face as tubes protrude from his arms. Dr. Duddingston grabs a rolling white board and wheels it towards Terry. He takes the eraser and clears off the scientific mess that occupied the white board. Dr. Duddingston writes on the board as he describes.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I have discovered the virus affects the normally unaffected allele in the FGFR3 growth protein gene. Little people like yourself possess a mutation in one-half of the FGFR3 gene's alleles. If both halves are affected at birth, the result is death. This virus affects the previously unaffected allele, rendering these people...HALF DEAD. This still doesn't explain why YOU have not been affected.

TERRY

Sure it does. The gene you describe is related to achondroplasia, which affects the majority of people with dwarfism. I have spondyloepiphyseal dysplasia congenita, which affects the col2A1 collagen gene, not the FGFR3 gene.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

So that's it! The virus ONLY affects people with achondroplasia. How could I have been so stupid?

TERRY

I take it you earned your genetics degree online...

Mr. Blackwell chuckles at Terry's snarky response. Dr. Duddingston looks over at Mr. Blackwell and back at Terry.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I wouldn't be so bold if I were you.

TERRY

Why not. I have nothing to lose.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Sure you do. What about your wife?

TERRY

She wasn't my wife... but she is dead. They destroyed her precious life... on television... for ratings.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

We have a little surprise for you... Agent Brown.

Dr. Duddingston gestures toward Agent Brown.

AGENT BROWN

One moment.

Agent Browns turns and exits the room. He returns moments later pushing a wheel chair, with a very angry, tore up Darla.

She is frothing at the mouth, straining heavily against the restraints while her eyeballs roll back in her head.

TERRY

Darla! Darla!

She is totally unresponsive. Agent Brown continues to wheel her into the center of the room.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I'm afraid she's unable to communicate. The virus is in a very advanced stage.

TERRY

You son of a bitches. How could you do this to her?

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Well, I suppose indirectly we are somewhat responsible, but what god giveth science takes away.... or would that be vice versa. Either way, I think you'll be pleased to know we may have found a cure.

Dr. Duddingston points over to laboratory equipment where there are several syringes on a metal stand filled with neon blue fluid. Terry's eyes light up.

TERRY

What? A cure? It really works?

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Only on a cellular level. I have yet to test it on a live subject. Live testing begins within the hour.

Dr. Duddingston grabs a syringe, expels the excess air and begins flicking it. He stands over an unconscious Darla, strapped to a stainless steel table, dressed in a surgical gown. A heart monitor races unsteadily. Terry looks worried.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

Even with a sedative administered, it's incredible just how fast her heart is racing. This virus is really something.

TERRY

You had better hope you can save her?

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I'm fairly confident we will, but regardless her life will go down in the history books.

TERRY

Don't fuck with me. Just do your job.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I'll do my best.

TERRY

How long do you think it will take before she's back to normal.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

With the accelerated way this virus behaves, the cure should twice as fast. We could see results in as little as 60 second.

TERRY

Wow!

Dr. Duddingston lifts up the loaded syringe from surgical tray. He inserts it into the IV line and presses the plunger.

They both stand in silence for what seems like an eternity with no noticeable effect on Darla.

The BPM number slows to a more standard 100... 95...88.. It remains steady.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Well that's promising. Respirations are a bit slow, but should recover.

The monitor starts to beep as the heart rate drops to 12.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

TERRY

That doesn't sound good.

The line flattens out completely.

TERRY (CONT'D)

No!

Dr. Duddingston points to a cabinet on the wall and shouts at Agent Brown.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Brown! Get in there and grab the defibrillator!

Agent Brown casually reaches over to a nearby cabinet and produces a defibrillator.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

Hurry up you, doofus.

He hands the machine off to the doc, who hurriedly begins preparing the paddles.

Just then Darla coughs. The heart rate monitor returns to a slow but steady 56.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)  
Glad I didn't have to use these  
things.

(beat)  
I've never done it before.

Terry shakes his head.

TERRY  
Is she going to be OK?

DR. DUDDINGSTON  
I think so. Sometimes when the anti-  
viral takes hold it can cause a bit  
of a crash, but apparently recovery  
is pretty quick.

He sets the defib machine down and pulls out his pocket  
flashlight. He clicks and begins lifting Darla's eyelids,  
shining the light in her pupils.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)  
Pupils are constricting and  
dilating. That's good.

Dr. Duddingston taps on her reflex points with his reflex  
hammer. No reaction.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)  
All we can do now is wait.

A stillness settles into the air.

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alex is sitting at the kitchen table of her small upstairs  
apartment. She is on the phone, nervously tapping a pencil on  
a small, yellow pad of paper.

ALEX  
Really? Where do they meet? Okay,  
can you put me in touch with him  
then?

Alex's eyebrows raise.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Where? Really. What's the address?

Alex writes the address down.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Oleander Blvd. Got it.



Alex hangs up the phone and puts her head in her hands, shaking her head back and forth.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM-DAY

There is a news reporter at a desk giving a news cast. There is a Headline box in the upper left corner that says "Little Satanist Cult Killers?"

REPORTER

A series of incidents are indicating a mass uprising of what appears to be a cult of satanic... little people across America.

(smirk)

Our sources indicate the uprising started at the Brown County

(chuckle)

Cir-cus, but has spread throughout the country, including the hijacking of a 727 air...plane?

(chuckle)

The Reporter turns away from the studio camera and looks off screen.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Dan, is this a joke? Midgets hijack an airplane? What, do they sit on phone books to see?

(chuckle )

Do they have phone books on an airplane?

(chuckle )

More of this report at 7. Angela...

INT. TESTING LAB-MID DAY

Darla bolts up into a sitting position, coughs and screams. Dr. Duddingston, Terry, and Agent Brown all jump with shock.

Dr. Duddingston rushes to her side and begins checking vitals. Darla's eyes and mouth are completely devoid of the demonic green glow. She appears tired and weary, but otherwise back to her humanity. Her eyes dart around the room trying to make sense of what she sees.

Terry stands atop a stool, waving at her trying to get her attention.

TERRY

Darla! Sweetie you're gonna be OK?

Darla's cognition lingers. Her mouth hangs open.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Darla? Can you hear me.

DARLA

Terry?

Terry and Dr. Duddingston both light up with hope. Agent Brown still stands stone cold in the back of the room.

TERRY

Yes Darla. It's me.

DARLA

Where are we?

TERRY

You were very... ill. There has been this horrible virus ...

DR. DUDDINGSTON

(interrupting)

My dear, you are lucky to be alive.

My name is Dr. Duddingston.

He extends his hand which she reluctantly shakes in her wrist restraints.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

It is with great interest I've been watching over you.

She looks at him more confused than ever.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

You were infected with what has become known as the "midget zombie virus."

DARLA

That's so rude.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

I know and not very scientific either. The technical name is Hyper-Achondroplasiac-Growth Virus. Or HAG for short.

Darla starts to regain her senses.

DARLA

The last thing I remember is  
escaping that jail cell and that  
awful Officer... what was his name?

AGENT BROWN

Hardman.

They all spin to look at Agent Brown who had been so silent.

TERRY

How do you know him?

AGENT BROWN

He's my brother... and a brother at  
arms.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

Regardless, we're glad you're with  
us now. We have a lot more tests to  
run to study how this virus and  
it's anti-viral cure work.

TERRY

We'd just like to go home now.

AGENT BROWN

Not gonna happen butter cup. Ya'll  
are staying put.

Agent Brown steps toward the door, widens his stance and  
crosses his arms.

Just then, a chime rings and a red light on the wall flashes.  
A security monitor shows a crude black and white image of  
Office Hardman standing outside a heavy door looking up at  
the camera.

AGENT BROWN (CONT'D)

Well... speak of the devil.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

What's he doing here?

Agent Brown opens the door to the testing lab and is about to  
step out. Turns back to address them.

AGENT BROWN

Sit tight. We'll be right with you.

Agent Brown closes the door behind him. Dr. Duddingston grabs  
a handful of equipment off his tray.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

First things first, we are going to need a blood sample.

He begins swabbing her arm with an alcohol wipe. Darla squirms.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

Relax I'm not going to hurt you, but you've got to cooperate with me.

While Dr. Duddingston's back is turned, Terry nabs a scalpel from the tray. He makes eye contact with Darla. She ceases to resist the doctor's probing. Terry secures the instrument in his pocket.

The door opens. Agent Brown returns with Officer Hardman and an uptight man, JONES (50), wearing a black suit and carrying a black brief case.

Dr. Duddingston stops his procedures.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I don't believe we've met.

(to Brown)

And why are you bringing strangers in my lab?

JONES

Your lab?

(beat)

I'm afraid you have no idea where the funding for Exorbcorp comes from do you?

DR. DUDDINGSTON

From shareholders obviously.

JONES

That's right...and I'm the number one shareholder. That's all you need to know.

TERRY

You look awfully familiar. Aren't you...

JONES

The aide to senator Rockefeller? That's me.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

OK. Well gentlemen I don't mean to be rude here, but we've got work to do. We've just had a major breakthrough and may have a cure.

Jones steps toward the rack on the bench with the blue vials. He opens his briefcase. Dr. Duddingston attempts to block him. Hardman pushes Dr. Duddingston backwards.

DR. DUDDINGSTON (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You can't take those.

JONES

I'm sorry, I seem to recall just having had a conversation about who works for who. Am I mistaken?

DR. DUDDINGSTON

It's not ready. There need to be further tests made.

JONES

We'll figure that out. Don't you worry.

Jones begins loading his briefcase. Hardman stands with a hand on his sidearm.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

What good could it possibly do you?

JONES

Oh you know... Just stopping a fucking zombie outbreak and avoiding mass pandemonium. That kind of thing is bad during an election year.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

There is no way you'll be able to administer the cure to everyone infected. It's spread beyond your control.

Jones begins packing up his briefcase.

JONES

Honestly this is the perfect opportunity to test out a new chemical administration system.

DR. DUDDINGSTON

You gotta be kidding me?

(beat)

You know that's nothing more than a conspiracy theorist's wet dream, right?

JONES

Or is it? It's such debunked science that it makes the perfect cover for doing it right out in the open.

Jones and Hardman begin making their way to the door.

AGENT BROWN

(gesturing toward Terry and Darla)  
What should we do with these two when all the tests have concluded?

JONES

Need you even ask? Seriously they know too much and won't be of much additional use.

Terry springs to life, jumping on Dr. Duddingston's back and holding the scalpel to his throat.

DARLA

Terry what are you doing?

TERRY

I'm not going down without a fight.

Without hesitation Hardman pulls his weapon.

BANG! A spray of blood exits Terry's shoulder. He manages to hang on.

BANG! The back of Duddingston's head explodes, covering Terry in blood and brain matter. He collapses to the ground on top of Terry, as he does so the scalpel flips out of Terry's hand. It lands flat against Darla's body and rolls down to her restrained hand. She quickly tucks it out of sight.

JONES

(to Duddingston) Clean it up!

Jones and Hardman exit. The door slams. Darla sobs.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - MID DAY

A black limousine with heavily tinted windows idles on an airport tarmac. It's parked just outside a small private hangar and next to a commercial passenger jet painted with red, gold and blue with a SouthDeath Airlines with a black heart logo on the tail.

Officer Hardman approaches a flight mechanic just under the wing. He hands him a black briefcase, spins on his heels and enters the back of the limo.

The mechanic places the briefcase on a rolling tray full of tools. He opens the case and begins inserting the bright blue vial into a canister on the underside of the wing.

INT. LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Hardman pulls the door shut.

Jones sits with hands folded across from him.

OFFICER HARDMAN

Is this really going to work?

JONES

You better believe it. We've had scientists deploying a divergent strain for the last two years. It's made everyone so god-damned dumb.

OFFICER HARDMAN

I was wondering about that.

JONES

Yeah. That was us.

OFFICER HARDMAN

So the plane that crashed?

A blur of motion speeds past their car window and into an open cargo door.

JONES

Not us... and damn it if we didn't have to come up with some half-assed story about "Mechanical failure."

OFFICER HARDMAN

Sounds like deja vu all over again. Couldn't you blame it on the Jihad-ees?

JONES

It's a fine line. You want to keep people scared enough to spend like there is no tomorrow, but you can't have something like that go down on our watch.

OFFICER HARDMAN

Makes sense.

(beat)

So how long before this is all over?

JONES

Well the plague should be annihilated by sundown... The political fallout, that's going to take some time to cool down.

Jones knocks on the window to the drivers compartment.

JONES (CONT'D)

... and I have some press releases to write. As should you.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

The limo pulls away. Eddie's ghoulish smile flashes from a crevice as the cargo door closes.

INT. TESTING LAB-MID DAY

Agent Brown locks the door behind him and turns to face Darla who is straining against her restraints.

AGENT BROWN

I'm sorry my dear.

DARLA

Stop.

AGENT BROWN

Why? You know what I have to do.

DARLA

There is another way.

AGENT BROWN

Oh really? Do tell.



Agent Brown takes another step toward Darla when his phone dings from his pocket.

AGENT BROWN (CONT'D)  
Oh fer fucks sake, I got shit to do here.

He pulls it out and scrolls through a text message. He quickly thumbs out a response that reads: "I'll be home late."

He puts the phone away.

DARLA  
Who was that?

AGENT BROWN  
Just my kid. Wanting dinner I suppose.

A sinister look comes over Agent Brown. He interlocks his fingers, pushes them forward and stretches.

AGENT BROWN (CONT'D)  
Now what were you saying about another way?

DARLA  
Listen I don't know how much you know about that guy you work for... Jones, but he is rotten to the core.

AGENT BROWN  
Yeah we're not exactly nice guys. So what?

DARLA  
No, you don't understand. I mean there are some things that are not tolerated even among criminals, am I right?

AGENT BROWN  
You calling me a criminal?  
(laughs)  
I suppose you're right.

DARLA  
One of the first cases Terry had was defending a drunk driver who supposedly crashed into a horse stable, killing a horse.

AGENT BROWN

Yeah so?

DARLA

I was the prosecuting attorney. That's where I met terry, before I quit practicing. The defendant was Jones' teenage son, Josh. All of 17 and full of privilege. I wanted to throw the book at him, but with Jones' political connections it was made abundantly clear that unless I threw the case, I would be out of a job.

AGENT BROWN

Whoop-de-do Doo. Am I supposed to be shocked? We all gotta serve somebody. Might as well be the guy with the bucks.

(beat)

You're just stalling.

Agent Brown takes another step closer.

DARLA

But... the real unbearable thing. This kid hit the wrong stable. He was trying to run over his dad's trophy horse. It was Jones' prize possession. The kid was seeking revenge. Turns out his dad had been sexually molesting him for years.

Brown is deadfaced.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Turns out your boss is a kiddy fiddler.

Brown steps right up next to Darla and begins unbuttoning his pants.

AGENT BROWN

That reminds me... I always wanted to see how big it would look with your little hands wrapped around it.

He undoes her wrist restraint. A sputtering cough is heard from underneath Dr. Duddingston. They both jump and turn their attention.

DARLA

Terry!?

Like lightening, Darla reaches across with her one free hand and retrieves the stashed scalpel. She jams it in Brown's crotch. He crumples to the floor.

She undoes her other wrist restraint and jumps off the table. She struggles to lift the weight of Dr. Duddingston's corpse. She peels back his upper torso and Terry squirms out.

In a bloody mess, kneeling on the floor they embrace, oblivious to the anguished cries of Agent Brown.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - EVENING

Alex's car sits angled haphazardly along side a dirty looking convenience store. She emerges from the store carrying a plastic bag full of junk food and enters her car.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Alex grabs a candy bar from the bag and tosses it on the passenger seat.

She pulls out her phone and begins scrolling. Her eyes light up with disbelief.

His text message reads:

"Alex, This is Jon from Sk-EYE Watch. We have been monitoring some pretty crazy activity in your area. It appears that the Aux. HAARP antenna on the edge of your town is being fired up. Could you check it out and get some footage for us?"

ALEX

Ho-Lee - Shit!

Alex snaps a bite of her candy bar, sets the phone in the drink holder and fires the car to life.

She puts in gear and peels out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

The front door of non-marked, nondescript grey warehouse opens suddenly. Out stagger a bruised and bloodied Darla and Terry. Terry's arm dangles in a makeshift sling while his shoulder bleeds profusely. He's got one arm around Darla who does her best to remain calm.

DARLA

Come on, we got to get out of here.

TERRY

I'm trying, but I don't feel so good. I'm so thirsty and I can't stop sweating.

DARLA

We gotta get some help.

They trudge onward across an empty parking lot toward a seemingly deserted roadway. Not a single sign of life can be found.

TERRY

Where the hell are we anyway?

An ominous crack of purple and blue lightening dances across the sky and connects with an oddly shaped giant antenna. The light illuminates billowing smoke stacks and several industrial buildings.

DARLA

Looks like we are in some industrial park.

Terry takes a couple more steps, falters and collapses.

Darla catches him before his head can hit the pavement and cradles him to the ground.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Terry!

He is unresponsive. Darla checks for a pulse. Terry eye's flutter. He regains consciousness.

DARLA (CONT'D)

Terry.

TERRY

What happened?

DARLA

You fainted. You've lost a lot of blood. You're probably in shock.

TERRY

I feel like I'm going to throw up.

Darla holds his head gently in her lap.

DARLA

It'll pass.

She wipes his sweaty forehead.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - EVENING

Alex speeds along, her dash cam recording a blur of road signs and industrial buildings. She narrates to the camera...

ALEX

So I just got word that they are going to activate the HAARP system, specifically directing it toward the new antenna they built. If you haven't seen this thing it's out on the edge of town just past the industrial park. Most people drive past it thinking it's just another cell tower... well I can tell you this thing is no cell tow....

CRACK! The sinister sound of lightening and thunder occurring almost simultaneously drowns Alex out. She is almost blinded by the light.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Holy shit! Did you just see that? Oh my god! I never thought they would activate this thing. That was incredible.

The outline of the antenna still glows in the camera. Smaller arcs shoot off the antenna and into the ground as Alex's car gets ever closer.

ALEX (CONT'D)

There is something going on there. It looks like they are getting ready to charge it for another round.

A small bit of movement from along side the road catches Alex's eye. She turns her head just as she zooms by Darla and Terry.

TERRY

Whoah!

She slams on the brakes. The car slides to a halt. She throws it in reverse and floors it.

EXT. ROAD SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Alex's car comes to a stop just shy of Darla who is still holding a barely responsive Terry. Alex rolls down the window.

ALEX  
Are you OK?

DARLA  
It's my boyfriend. He's been shot.  
I think he's in shock.

Alex finally realizes that it is Terry and Darla jumps out of the car.

ALEX  
Terry? Darla?

DARLA  
Alex?

Alex scoops up Terry and guides Darla around to the passenger side. She opens the door and sets Terry amidst the debris of the back seat.

TERRY  
Glad to see you cleaned out your car.

ALEX  
Glad to see you haven't lost your sense of humor.

Darla gets in the passenger seat while Alex scoots around to the driver side. She gets in.

DARLA  
He has lost a lot of blood. We have to get him to a doctor.

Alex notices that the dash cam is still recording.

ALEX  
Shit!

DARLA  
What?

ALEX  
I was just on the way to document the HAARP antenna.

DARLA

What's that?

ALEX

It's this uber secret government program where they use high power, high frequency electromagnetic radiation to affect things like the weather, Seattleite communications, and even mind control.

DARLA

And you believe this?

ALEX

I don't know, but I just saw some weird shit.

Another fairly large arc from the antenna flashes and discharges into the ground.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You see... that there is what I'm talking about.

From the back seat Terry begins to heave.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Fuck... fuck fuck fuck!

Alex pounds on the steering wheel.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We can't take him to the ER. They are still rounding up little people like it's the black plague.

DARLA

What are we going to do?

Alex puts the car in gear and spins it around.

INT. ALEX'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alex, Darla and Terry all ride in silence. The car comes to a stop. Terry peeks up from the back seat. He observes a sign just outside the car that reads: "Master's Veterinary Care: For all your little friend's needs."

TERRY

A Vet? You gotta be kidding me.

ALEX

This guy is solid. I went to college with him. He is my connection when I need ketamine.

TERRY

Well that makes me feel a whole lot better.

EXT. CITY PARK - MID DAY

A dirty, ragged homeless man sleeps on a bench amidst a quiet, sleepy little park lined with trees and uncut green grass. The grass sections are roped off with stakes, green ribbon and little green and white signs that read:

"Keep off grass. Chemical spraying."

The homeless man is awakened by the sound of a yip, yip, yipping of a little dog. He opens his eyes to see a small hairy, white Lhasa apso straining against it's leash with all it's might. It barks as fiercely as it's little body will let it in an attempt to reach the sleeping man.

A FANCY LADY (60) with large fingernails, big rings and bouncy bracelets occupies the other end of the leash. She is talking on her cell phone, but rests it on her shoulder to yell at the dog.

FANCY LADY

Mitzi! Mitzi! You stop that.

The homeless man gives them both the stink eye.

FANCY LADY (CONT'D)

(talking back to her phone)

Barb, I'm going to have to call you back. Mitzi is being a little shit.

The fancy lady hangs up the phone and quickly scoops up the little dog. She carries it some 15 feet away before setting it back down on the sidewalk.

She takes two steps. The dog stops and squats, taking a dump on the sidewalk. The lady waits impatiently. The dog finishes and they walk off.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey lady. Aren't you going to pick that up?

The fancy lady continues to walk and gives him the finger.



## HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Well fuck you too, lady.

The homeless man rests his head back down on a makeshift pillow. His attention is caught by the strange movement of Harold and his wife shuffling down the sidewalk, trailing behind the fancy lady and her dog.

The roar of a jet airliner interrupts the otherwise tranquil park. The plane leaves a enormous trail as it streaks across the sky.

Harold stops when he reaches the dog's defecation. He picks up a handful of it.

A light misty haze begins to fall all around them.

The fancy lady looks back at the small zombie couple about to fling poo on her.

## FANCY LADY

Oh no you don't you little bastard.

She quickens her pace still looking behind her and not paying attention to where she is going. She turns around just at the last second to see the entrance to an underground tunnel. She smacks her head on the side of the tunnel.

Harold and his wife begin laughing hysterically. They laugh so hard it turns into a coughing fit for the both of them.

They fall, clutching their chests.

## EXT. CITY PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Harold washes his hands in a dog watering station while his wife holds the button. They are free of their zombie-ism. They look weary but clear eyed.

## WIFE

What the hell were you doing with a handful of dogshit?

## HAROLD

I honestly have no idea how we got here. Do you?

## WIFE

Not a clue. This is so weird.

## EMCEE

I know...and I have this strange hankering for rump roast.

WIFE

Weird.

He steps away from the fountain and wipes his hands on his mutilated pants.

INT. ELEVATOR - ANYTIME

A small hand reaches up to touch the button, but can't quite reach. It bounces up and down, jumping at the button. A second jump and the button is hit but does not illuminate.

A large pair of dirty tennis shoes and raggedy blue jeans enters the elevator.

Harold looks up to see Alex smiling down at him. Alex observes the full elevator with Harold at the panel, his wife lingering just behind him and Terry and Darla holding hands at the back. They're all dressed semi casual. Terry's arm is in a proper sling.

ALEX

Let me get that for you.

HAROLD

Thanks.

Alex pulls out an ID card labelled "NSA" from a retractable holder and swipes through a magnetic scanner.

Terry looks shocked.

TERRY

Alex, what are you doing here?

ALEX

They offered me a pretty cushy job.  
I couldn't say no.

Alex hits the button and the doors close.

HAROLD

Who the hell are you?

TERRY

She's the woman that saved my life.

Darla elbows him in the ribs.

DARLA

Ahem!

TERRY

Well technically she just drove me to a doctor. Darla saved my life.

DARLA

...and don't you forget it buddy.

Harold's wife addresses Alex.

WIFE

So I suppose you are going to be the one checking up on us, to make sure we fall in line with their hair brained story about power outages, airplane mechanical failures and mass hallucinations?

ALEX

Not me. You'd better believe they've got eyes everywhere.

TERRY

I don't know if I can say those things with a straight face.

ALEX

I guess you should be glad that the story mostly sells itself. It's incredible how the combination of the vaccine and thought control exerted by the HAARP signals made everybody forget.

HAROLD

I know it sounds crazy, but I'm glad we don't have to admit the truth. We have to deal with enough already without Achondroplastic Zombie-ism.

TERRY

Amen.

DARLA

I'll just be glad to get back to normal life.

Terry grasps her hand ever tighter.

TERRY

Me too, love. Me too.

## INT. WASHROOM - EVENING

A basket full of toiletries and colognes rests between two bowls on a marble sink, next to a similar basket full of nicer disposable towels. Warm scone lighting provides a hazy, soft yellow glow to the washroom.

Terry dressed in a sports coat and nice slacks stands on a step stool splashing water on his face.

He grabs a towel from the basket and pats his face dry. He looks in the mirror.

TERRY

Come on, Terry... you can do this.

His hands are shaking.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Don't chicken out now.

He climbs down from the stool and tosses the towel in a trash bin.

He takes a deep breath and exits the restroom, another customer holding the door for him.

## INT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

A half burnt candle centerpiece with a gorgeous floral arrangement adorns a white table cloth draped table. Half empty wine glasses and crumbs litter the table.

Terry and Darla gaze lovingly into each other's eyes, oblivious to the magnificent sunset reflecting off the water of the bay at their window-side table.

DARLA

Thank you so much for bringing me here.

TERRY

So you enjoyed the food then?

DARLA

Oh my god, it was incredible.

TERRY

Even if the waiter was kind of a jerk?

DARLA

Yeah, what was that all about?

TERRY

Just the way he said it when listing off the specials.... Jumbo SHRIMP, MINI crab cakes, PETITE sirloin. Did he think he was being funny?

DARLA

I don't know, but I'm just so happy to be with you.

TERRY

Me too. Let's not let that guy ruin our night, huh?

DARLA

Exactly.

They both sigh simultaneously. Terry fumbles in his pocket.

TERRY

You know Darla after everything we've been through, it made me realize something very important.

DARLA

What's that?

TERRY

It made me realize just how special you are and how much to you mean to me. I can't imagine ever being without you in my life.

Terry starts to well up.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I don't' want to ever be apart from you again.

DARLA

Me either.

TERRY

You've been so patient with me. I don't want you to have to wait for me any more.

Terry starts to pull his hand out of his pocket.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Darla, will you...

AAAHHH OOOOGAA! A super loud fog horn from a passing ship blares out. They wait it out until they can rejoin their conversation in peace.

DARLA

What were you going to say?

TERRY

I was just going to say that...

A waiter in black pants and shirt with matching black tie interrupts.

WAITER

Would you two like any desert tonight?

DARLA

I would love some.

WAITER

Fantastic. I shall return momentarily with the desert cart.

The waiter leaves the table. Terry takes a deep breath. Darla notices that he is sweating.

DARLA

Are you OK?

TERRY

Yeah, I'm just a little nervous I guess.

DARLA

Nervous about what?

Darla has a twinkle in her eye. She extends her hands across the table toward Terry. He grabs them both and holds them gently as he addresses her.

TERRY

Darla, You mean the world to me and I love you so very much. I can now envision us having an amazing life together... to share every moment... to celebrate one another... loving each other completely...

Terry notices the waiter returning with the desert cart and begins to rush his speech.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Darla, I have wanted this moment to  
be perfect from the day I met you  
and...

The desert cart is nearly at the table. Terry pulls a ring  
box out of his pocket, opens it and places it in her hand.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Darla, will you...

From beneath the draped portion of the desert cart, a wild  
completely green glowing Eddie bursts out, blasting across  
the table and snatching the ring. He circles the table and  
completely destroys the waiter's knee with a massive punch as  
he runs by.

Terry and Darla sit dumbfounded.

FADE OUT.