

DEAD LOCK

By

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OPENING CREDITS - MISCELLANEOUS

The credits open over a living collage of news excerpts, a mixture of snippets that include the rising panic over swine flu, the concern over police brutality and the increasing figures of inner-city crime.

In amongst these snippets we get the briefest of flashes of rotten corpses that appear to be still alive. Some are just shabbily moving around whilst every now and then the flash shows them attacking the living. These flashes are literally a blink and you miss them affair.

As the credits come to an end we...

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. LOCK UP - MORNING

We open inside the lock-up. It is poorly lit by a handful of dim bulbs, but the morning light is pushing in through the grubby windows.

We can hear the sound of a TV... the news is on, and a young man is sat in a battered old arm chair watching it.

This is TERRY.

NEWS READER (O.S)

As predicted the summer saw a lull in the numbers of those contracting the human to human strain of swine flu. And with UK scientists having claimed to have broken the DNA coding to this virulent virus the country had dropped its defenses...

We are yet to move around to the front but it is clear that the TV has a bad reception and the voice is uneven and crackled interference threatens to overshadow the news reader.

NEWS READER (O.S)

The same scientists are now claiming that they may have been premature in their belief that a vaccine would be available within months.

(CONTINUED)

Terry leans forward, watching the screen with interest. He doesn't look too well himself, wiping at his nose with a stained tissue.

Behind him the outer door to the lock up opens and three men walk in.

These are BRUCE, JASE and NICK.

Nick and Jase are talking, nothing important but we can hear them.

JASE

You watch the match last night? It was fucking rubbish.

NICK

Nah, mate... I was out with Helen.

JASE

Which ones that? Not that fat bitch again.

NICK

Piss off... Her that works at the Rose and Crown.

JASE

The one with huge...

Jase holds his hands in front of his chest as if weighing up a large pair of breasts.

NICK

Yeah, hours of fun.

Terry doesn't look around but raises a hand in greeting, his attention still on the TV.

We move around to see the screen, a picture almost obliterated by static snow.

TERRY

In a minute, Guys.

NEWS READER

Dr Francine Davies of Domicile Research had this to say.

The news reader is replaced by Dr Francine Davies. Davies has a section of square gauze on her neck. Blood is already showing in the center of the gauze.

FRANCINE DAVIES

We had thought we were on the verge of a vaccine, but it appears we may have misjudged our results. The original virus has already mutated twice, making progress more difficult than expected.

Bruce picks up a large adjustable spanner from the bench in the center of the lock up. He pulls his arm back and launches the spanner.

BRUCE

Turn that fucking shite off.

Terry ducks as the spanner soars past him and hits the TV screen with a bang and a shower of sparks.

Terry turns around.

TERRY

What's your fucking problem, Bruce?

Bruce storms across the room and drags Terry over the back of the old arm chair.

Bruce holds Terry out at arms length.

BRUCE

You're my fucking problem. I need your full attention and I wasn't getting it.

(pauses)

Do I have it now?

Terry nods without saying a word.

JASE

I'd put him down if I was you.
Cunt's full of the fucking lurgy.

Bruce drops Terry back in the chair and Terry has a coughing fit. Covering his mouth with the stained tissue.

NICK

Probably got it off his mum... I heard she used to suck off lepers for free blow.

TERRY

Fuck off!

NICK

He'll have been down the petting
zoo.

Nick elbows Jase in the ribs and Jase joins in.

JASE

You been tampering with Pinky and
Perky again?

Both Nick and Jase start squealing and making humping
movements.

TERRY

I'll fucking have you.

Terry glares at Nick and Jase and then starts coughing
again.

JASE

Ohhhh, the pig stickers angry.

NICK

Better watch it... He might cough
all over you.

Bruce is walking back to the work bench and points at Nick
and Jase. He is smiling as he does so.

BRUCE

Leave it out. I want you lot
getting along today, not at each
others fucking throats.

Bruce looks at the watch on his wrist and frowns.

BRUCE (CONT...)

Where's Flynn?

TERRY

He rang about fifteen minutes ago.
Said he wouldn't be late, but had a
surprise for you.

BRUCE

Surprise... the last thing I need
is a fucking surprise.

As Bruce finishes the sentence the door to the lock up is
kicked open and FLYNN walks in. He is grinning from ear to
ear. He has a large canvas bag thrown over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN

But you're gonna fucking love this one.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A bus stops and people get off, one of them is CAROL. She is wearing an open coat over the top of a uniform. Over her shoulder is a bag and in her right hand she is holding a cup of Starbucks coffee.

She moves away from the small crowd, walking along the street on her own.

On the other side of the street is another woman, wearing the same uniform. This is LYDIA.

Lydia waves, a smile on her face, but Carol is paying no attention to anything.

LYDIA

Carol!

Carol finally turns her head and smiles, stopping and waiting for Lydia to cross the road.

Lydia starts the conversation before she has reached the pavement.

LYDIA

Morning boss.

CAROL

You trying to beat me in this morning?

Together they start walking.

LYDIA

Every morning, but so far no luck.

CAROL

Matt's going to start getting jealous. He already thinks you're after his promotion.

LYDIA

(faux shock)

Who? Me? Never, just trying to make a good impression.

(CONTINUED)

(pauses)

The new girl doing her best to fit in.

CAROL

Well you've succeeded. I've already filled out your evaluation. Your work has been outstanding up to present and I'm more than happy to have you as part of the team.

LYDIA

Thanks... It's great to be working again. Feels like I'm doing something useful.

CAROL

Well stop panicking and maybe have a lay in one morning. I don't want you falling asleep on the job.

Lydia and Carol turn the corner and up ahead we can see the bank they work at.

MATT is already standing at the door, waiting for them. His hands are jammed in his pockets and he doesn't look happy to see Lydia walking with Carol.

CAROL

I told you so. Its turning into a competition.

LYDIA

(friendly laugh)

I'll have to start buying your coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCK UP - MORNING

Flynn slams the canvas bag down on the workbench and pulls open the zipper running its entire length.

FLYNN

Help yourselves, lads.

Flynn pulls out a stocky looking sawn off shotgun.

FLYNN

Whatever takes your fancy, but this baby is mine.

(CONTINUED)

Flynn strokes the barrel of the shotgun as Nick and Jase start searching the contents of the bag.

JASE

Now this is what I'm talking about.

Jase pulls out two silver handguns, one in each hand and starts swinging them around.

NICK

Fuck me, outstanding.

Nick has found a compact uzi pistol and is holding it like he's Action Man and makes machine gun noises like a big kid.

TERRY

What about me?

JASE

I think there's a pea shooter, be careful its loaded.

Terry gives Jase the finger.

TERRY

Piss off!

Bruce pushes Jase's hand down as he swings the handguns around.

BRUCE

Watch it, you'll have some fuckers eye out.

(turns to Flynn)

So, this is the big surprise? I'm impressed.

FLYNN

(still grinning)

Nah, that's only part of it. The second part's even better. You're gonna love it.

(turns to the door)

Hey, Joe get your neanderathal arse in here.

The lock up door swings open again and the daylight is immediately blocked out by the hulking frame of JOE.

BRUCE

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - STAFF ROOM - MORNING

Lydia is making coffee, the kettle is boiling and she has laid out three cups.

Carol is nowhere to be seen but Matt walks in.

Matt walks up to Lydia and smiles, its not a friendly smile, more of a 'I don't like you much' smile.

LYDIA

Looks like its just you and me again. I can't wait for Trish and Steve to get back.

MATT

Free you up to creep around Carol.

Lydia gives Matt a sideways glance but ignores the comment and begins pouring the coffee.

LYDIA

Bloody Flu bug, its hitting everyone. We must be the lucky ones.

MATT

Flu bug... overrated hype if you ask me. Authorities over reacting to bugger all. Wouldn't surprise me if most of the victims are just pulling a fast one to get time off sick.

Lydia holds the cup out to Matt and he takes it.

LYDIA

You don't like people much, do you?

MATT

What's that supposed to mean?

LYDIA

Well, you clearly dislike me.

MATT

Only because I know what you're upto. Coming in here and trying to squeeze others out the way.

LYDIA

You got it all wrong.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Don't give me that. You think you can get all matey with Carol and move your way up the ladder. It doesn't work like that.

Lydia slams her own cup back down on the work top, splashing coffee.

LYDIA

Do you know something Matt? I've met some little shits in my time but you're up there with the shittiest.

At this moment the door to the Staff Room opens and Carol enters. Behind her are two others.

These are SUE and PAUL.

CAROL

I hope you two are building bridges.

MATT

(fake smile)
Getting on like a house on fire.
(pauses)
Who's this then?

Carol walks into the room. Paul and Sue follow her.

CAROL

Paul Hogan and Sue Staton. Head office sent them over to cover for Trish and Steve. They'll be with us until the end of the week.

Lydia walks straight over with her hand out.

LYDIA

Nice to meet you. I'm Lydia and this is Matt.

Sue takes Lydia's hand and shakes it. A look passes between them, only slight but its there.

Lydia then takes Paul's hand.

PAUL

Maybe you can show me around. Get me used to the place?

The look on Sue's face returns. One of veiled suspicion.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCK UP - MORNING

Nick and Terry are climbing into the rear of a red transit van, the side emblazoned with signs telling us it belongs to a plumbing company.

Joe is already sat just inside the rear door.

Terry is trying weakly to climb up, but keeps coughing.

NICK

Joe, be a pal and give this ponce a
fucking hand, will ya.

Joe leans forward and lifts Terry by the scruff of his neck. Joe places Terry down, facing him.

TERRY

Thanks.

As soon as he's spoken Terry sneezes, covering Joe's face in a fine mist of snot.

Joe growls and Terry backs away.

Joe wipes his face on his sleeve as Nick jumps into the back and places a hand on Joe's shoulder.

NICK

I'd go get a check up, mate. Don't
know what he might have given you.

Joe looks at Nick but doesn't say a word. Nick removes the hand and holds it up in a gesture of surrender and backs away.

NICK

Though a big guy like you probably
has no need for Doctors, eh?

As Nick takes a seat next to Terry we move around the van.

Jase is getting in the front, taking his place behind the steering wheel.

As Jase starts the van and flicks on the stereo we turn away and face the lock up.

We move towards the lock up.

(CONTINUED)

Flynn is walking away from the lock up as Bruce snaps the padlock into place.

Bruce grabs Flynn by the arm and spins him around.

BRUCE

I ain't happy about this, Flynn.

FLYNN

Is that anyway to say thank you?

BRUCE

You could have brought anyone else, I mean anyone... Why him?

FLYNN

Cos he's big and just as fucking mean. We want to walk in there and instill terror.

Flynn glances over at Joe and then back, his grin is wide once again.

FLYNN (CONT...)

And that big bastard has terror oozing out his pores.

BRUCE

But he's a fucking animal... We ain't got room for liabilities on this job. It was supposed to be in and out.

FLYNN

And it will be. Think of him as insurance, nothing more.

Flynn slaps Bruce on the back.

FLYNN (CONT...)

Come on, get in the van and stop worrying. It'll be a laugh.

Bruce and Flynn head towards the van, Bruce glancing at his watch.

CUT TO:

POV. TV SCREEN - MORNING

The screen is showing the news. A presenter sits behind the desk as a 'Breaking News' banner scrolls along the bottom.

NEWS READER

Unconfirmed reports have reached the news desk, informing us of the death of Dr Francine Davies and at least six others at the Domicile Research Building in Central London.

The News Reader pauses and shuffles the papers on the desk.

NEWS READER (CONT...)

Martina Sheeves is at the location and hopefully has more information for us.

The image changes to a young woman standing outside a large building.

Behind her we can see armoured vehicles standing with the rear doors open.

Groups of people in yellow 'Hazmat' type suits are loading coffin sized boxes into the armoured vehicles.

MARTINA

Behind me you can see what is the second fleet of armoured vehicles to have left here in the last ten minutes.

As Martina talks the last coffin sized box is loaded and the 'Hazmat', crews start boarding also, five to each vehicle.

MARTINA (CONT...)

The news of what has exactly happened here is yet to be confirmed and, up to present no one is willing to comment on the condition of Dr Davies and the six, rumoured dead, colleagues.

NEWS READER (O.S)

What about the general public, Martina? Should they be concerned, considering the work being carried out at Domicile Research?

(CONTINUED)

MARTINA

I could only guess at this time.
Hopefully we'll know more soon.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - MORNING

A lone man sits in the rear of the van.

This is DI RYAN SCOTT.

One wall is made up of black and white TV screens. If we look closely enough we can tell that some of them show the outside of the bank whilst the rest show the rooms inside the bank.

The news programme plays on a separate, tiny screen in the bottom left.

A sliding door behind Ryan opens and we see another man.

This is DCI COLIN FARLEY.

Colin is holding a cardboard tray with two coffees balanced in it.

Ryan looks over his shoulder and grins, leaning over and turning the volume down on the news.

RYAN

I thought you weren't coming back,
Guv... Maybe gone to Colombia to
hand pick the beans.

COLIN

You and your fucking half fat
Latte's. What's wrong with normal
coffee, black and strong?

Colin holds out the tray and Ryan takes it.

RYAN

Because times have moved on. We
have things you didn't as a child.
(pauses)
You know, like milk and sugar.

COLIN

Cheeky bastard.

Colin climbs in and slides the door shut, whilst Ryan starts on his coffee.

(CONTINUED)

Colin takes his coffee and squeezes into the chair next to Ryan and starts studying the screens.

They show the day to day running of the bank. We can see both Lydia and Matt serving customers, as is Sue.

Paul can be seen talking to Carol. Carol looks nervous.

On the news programme we can see a photo of Dr Francine Davies, her name in bold letters in the lower left corner.

Colin takes a pen from his jacket pocket, stirs his coffee, sucks the pen clean and then uses it to tap the screen showing Paul and Carol.

COLIN

How's she holding up?

RYAN

She was alright earlier, but she's starting to get the jitters... Keeps looking at her watch every two minutes.

COLIN

And she's the only one who knows the bank is under surveillance?

RYAN

Yeah, we pulled her in last night and briefed her on what to do.

COLIN

You think she'll be OK?

RYAN

All she has to do is look scared and do as she's told. She'll be fine.

COLIN

I fucking hope so.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT VAN - REAR - MORNING

Flynn is sat next to Bruce.

Bruce has a handgun strapped into a shoulder holster. He has his head back against the side of the van and his eyes are shut.

(CONTINUED)

Flynn is toying with the sawn off shotgun, cracking it open and then snapping it shut again.

Terry is sat next to Nick who is picking his nose and studying the contents before wiping it on his jeans. Terry looks pale and has started sweating.

FLYNN

You sure you're going be alright,
Terry? You look like shit.

TERRY

Just a cold, Flynn. I'll shake it.

Nick finishes picking his nose and leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. He grins at Joe.

NICK

You sure you don't want a gun?

Joe turns his head to face Nick and curls his lip.

JOE

Don't need one. I got these.

Joe reaches around his back with both hands and comes back holding two of the biggest serrated blades you've ever laid your eyes on.

NICK

Fuck me its Rambo's ugly brother.

Joe growls low in his throat.

FLYNN

Don't upset him, Nick. He ain't a
morning person.

NICK

No offence.

JOE

You wanna learn to keep your mouth
shut.

(pauses)

My mum used to talk alot. You know
what happened to her?

NICK

No.

JOE
(miming a cutting action)
I slit her open from her neck all
the way down to her fanny. She
don't talk so much now.

NICK
(nervously)
Nice one.

Nick leans back and closes his eyes, quickly opening one of
them again to check on Joe.

Joe is still looking at him.

JOE
Neck to fanny. She made a right
mess of the carpet.

Joe starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - MORNING

Lydia is just finishing with a customer.

LYDIA
Thank you, sir.

As the customer turns to leave, Lydia turns over her name
plate to show that 'This Counter Is Closed'.

Lydia looks over her shoulder and then stands. She moves
over to Matt who is counting out a pile of twenty pound
notes for an aged female customer.

Lydia stands behind Matt.

LYDIA
Looks like you've got someone new
to worry about.

Matt keeps counting.

MATT
What are you on about?

LYDIA
I'd say that Paul is making moves
on Carol. What are you going to do?

Matt looks around, instantly losing count.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Shit!

Matt quickly looks up at his customer with an embarrassed smile on his face.

MATT (CONT...)

Sorry Madam.

The old lady just smiles, holding a hand up to her ear.

Matt starts counting from scratch.

LYDIA

I wonder what they're talking about?

MATT

Whatever it is it won't concern you, just get back to work.

LYDIA

Work... It's dead in here today. I'm gonna make fresh drinks. You want one.

MATT

No, I have other work to catch up on.

LYDIA

Suit yourself.

Lydia walks away, passing Paul and Carol who stop talking as she does so.

Sue watches Lydia leave.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - STAFF ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia is stood in the staff room. The kettle is boiling and she is leaning against the worktop, a mobile phone pressed to her ear.

Lydia looks annoyed that there is no answer. She pulls the phone away from her ear and pushes the end call button.

LYDIA

Shit!

The door to the staff room opens and Sue enters.

(CONTINUED)

Lydia puts the phone in her pocket and turns back to face the kettle.

LYDIA

You want a drink? I'm buying.

SUE

Tea please.

Sue walks over and joins Lydia at the worktop. As they talk Lydia prepares the drinks.

SUE

Haven't we met? I'm sure I recognise you.

LYDIA

I don't think so. I haven't worked for a while and I don't go out much.

SUE

You been out of work?

LYDIA

Had a little one, a boy. He's taken up most of my time.

SUE

Kids do that.

LYDIA

You have any?

SUE

God forbid, no.

(pauses)

I take it you haven't worked here long then.

LYDIA

About three months. Why?

SUE

No reason.

Sue starts walking away.

LYDIA

What about your tea.

Sue turns back and takes the cup.

SUE

Thanks.

Sue leaves and Lydia pulls out the phone again. Dialing the number and putting the phone to her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - MORNING

Colin and Ryan are watching the screens.

COLIN

What's Sue playing at? She was told to remain at the counter at all times.

RYAN

Fuck knows. She'll have her reasons.

COLIN

Not good enough. We have to run this operation tight. There's no room for fuck ups.

RYAN

Come off it, Guv. She's one of the best we've got.

COLIN

I don't care how good she is. I want her back on that counter now.

On the screen we see Sue return to her place.

RYAN

Your wish is her command, see.

COLIN

Bollocks, they're early.

Colin points at one of the screens at the top. We can see the transit van coming into view.

Ryan picks up a two way radio and raises it to his mouth.

RYAN

Cobra to all units. The Mongoose has arrived.

Colin shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN
(to self)
Fucking Mongoose?

RYAN
What?

COLIN
Nothing, but as soon as they get
inside make sure the street is
closed off. I want only our people
out there.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The transit van pulls into the street.

It travels along the street overly fast until almost level
with the surveillance van and then pulls up directly outside
the bank.

The back door swings open.

Joe climbs out first, he is wearing what looks like a black
woollen hat on his head. He is quickly followed by Flynn,
Terry, Nick and Bruce, they are wearing the same hats.

Jase remains in the van.

As Flynn and crew reach the door of the bank they roll the
woolen hats down, now balaclavas that cover their faces.

Flynn pushes open the door, pulling out the sawn off shotgun
as he steps across the threshold.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Flynn leads the way into the bank.

There are only a few customers in the building. These are
ROBERT, CARL, KATE and SHARON.

Sharon has a baby strapped to her chest in a papoose.

Flynn wastes no time in getting everyones attention. He
grabs Sharon, an arm around her neck and holds the shotgun
to her head.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN
(shouts)
OK people, listen up.

Kate starts screaming as does Carl, almost beating her in the high pitched stakes.

Joe walks straight up to Carl and punches him between the eyes. Carl stops screaming, dropping to the floor like a sack of shit.

Joe turns to Kate and raises a finger to his lips as, with his other hand he draws out one of the knives.

JOE
Shush.

Kate's screaming quickly subsides to a whisper.

Bruce squeezes passed Joe and takes Kate by the arm.

BRUCE
(low voice)
Do as I say and you'll be fine.

Bruce turns to Carl, pointing his gun at the prolapsed form of Robert.

BRUCE (CONT...)
(to Carl)
You, drag him over there.

Carl nods and grabs Robert by his feet, dragging him as ordered.

FLYNN
That's better... couldn't think
with all that fucking noise.

Flynn pushes Sharon ahead of him, heading straight towards the counter that Lydia is now sat at.

Flynn taps the end of the shotgun against the glass.

FLYNN
Be a good girl and open the door.

Lydia shakes her head.

Carol is standing back. She looks over at Paul and he nods ever so slightly.

CAROL

Just do as he says.

Flynn shifts the shotgun so that the tip of the barrel is pointing at the papoose.

FLYNN

I'll ask again... Open the door or
I will pull the trigger.

Sharon is shaking with terror, tears roll down her cheeks.

SHARON

(whimpers)
Please.

Lydia stands up and starts walking towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Colin and are watching the screens.

We can see multiple angles from within the bank.

On one Screen Lydia has just reached the door.

On another screen we can see Flynn holding Sharon. Bruce joins him.

On another we see Joe, Terry and Nick.

On yet another we can see Paul and Sue, they are standing next to each other.

On the news we can see footage of the armoured vans pulling away from the Domicile Research Building.

RYAN

Just give me the word, Guv and
we'll go.

COLIN

Not yet. I want Flynn with his
hands in the till.

RYAN

But Guv, we can take him now. Why
wait?

Colin turns to Ryan. He looks annoyed.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

I said not yet. Make sure that Keene's lot are in position, but they hold off until my man makes his move.

Ryan lifts the radio to his mouth.

RYAN

Viper, this is Cobra, take your positions, over.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We move along the street at a steady pace and as we go we see movement.

We pass the red transit van and see that Jase is listening to music, tapping the steering wheel and (so far) oblivious to what is happening around him.

Armed Response Team types are readying themselves on rooftops, in windows and behind cars.

We move further down the street and see that road works have been set up and that people are being turned away.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Flynn is standing at the door. He still has Sharon held in front of him.

The handle turns and the door opens. Lydia is on the other side.

Flynn points the shotgun at her.

FLYNN

That wasn't too hard, was it? Now get over there with your friends.

Flynn turns to Terry.

FLYNN (CONT...)

Get your arse in here and keep an eye on them.

(CONTINUED)

Lydia starts moving towards Paul, Sue and Matt. When she gets there Paul takes her arm and moves her behind him.

Carol walks slowly towards Paul also but Flynn turns the shotgun on her.

FLYNN (CONT...)
Not you, darling. I've got a job
for you.

Flynn releases Sharon and passes her back to Bruce. Flynn then glares at Carol.

FLYNN (CONT...)
Come on, over here where I can see
you.

Carol walks over to Flynn.

At the same time Bruce leans in close to Sharon.

BRUCE
Go sit with the others and keep
your head down and this'll all be
over with, I promise.

Sharon hurries over to the corner and squats down. Joe steps towards the group of huddled customers. He is now holding both knives.

Bruce turns to Joe and points at him.

BRUCE (CONT...)
Whatever your thinking, don't. We
ain't got time for fun and games.
We get the money and we fuck off.

Joe's shoulders slump in disappointment.

Carol has reached Flynn and he pushes the barrel of the shotgun under her chin.

FLYNN
You behave and we'll get along just
fine, but you try fucking me around
and I'll paint the ceiling with you
face, understand?

Carol nods.

FLYNN (CONT...)
We'll start with an easy one, shall
we?

(pauses)
We're gonna open the safe.

Flynn lowers the shotgun and prods Carol in the midsection.

Carol turns around and heads towards the large metal door set into the rear wall of the room.

Bruce is right behind them.

Nick remains in the door way.

Terry starts having another coughing fit.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

On the screens we can see all that is happening in the bank, but we move in on the screen that is showing Flynn, Bruce and Carol.

COLIN (O.S)
Wait for it...

We see Carol open the safe, pulling the door wide.

We also see Bruce start to raise his gun.

COLIN (O.S)
All units move in.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANSIT VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jase is sat banging his hands along with the rock music pounding out of the stereo.

Suddenly the street around him comes alive with Police units. Vans and cars fill the street.

JASE
Fucking hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

One man watches this from the rooftop. This is KEENE.

He has a high powered rifle raised and ready to use.

From here we see Jase jump out of the van and make a dash for the bank.

KEENE

And where do you think you're
going?

Keene pulls the rifle into his shoulder, lines up the sights and pulls the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jase has almost reached the door to the bank when the back of his right knee explodes from the impact of the shot.

Jase yelps, losing his balance and collides into the wall of the bank. He tries to keep upright, staggering further away from the door.

Jase finally slides down the wall, crying and looking in horror at his knee.

The street continues to fill with Police.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Flynn pushes Carol to one side and turns around to grin at Bruce.

As he turns Bruce raises his gun and points it straight at Flynn.

FLYNN

What the fuck are you playing at?

BRUCE

It's over Flynn.

At this point things get busy and a few things happen at about the same time.

(CONTINUED)

Nick, who is standing in the door way raises his gun at Bruce.

We hear a bang and a red bloom appears in Nick's chest. Nick staggers back, dropping the gun and we see that Sue is now holding a gun also.

Paul reaches into his jacket and also pulls a gun, pointing it at Terry.

PAUL

How'd you want to play this boss?

BRUCE

Nice and easy.

FLYNN

Would someone please tell me what the fuck is going on.

BRUCE

You're under arrest.

Lydia reaches around to her rear and she now pulls a gun. she doesn't waste time in raising it to the back of Paul's head and pulls the trigger.

As she does so Paul's gun also goes off and the shot hits Terry in the left shoulder, throwing him back where he slumps in a chair.

Paul slumps to the ground at Lydia's feet as Lydia turns her gun on Sue.

LYDIA

Drop it.

SUE

Bitch.

LYDIA

Cunt.

Lydia steps forward and smacks Sue around the face with the butt of the gun. Sue sags but remains standing. She lowers her gun and drops it to the floor.

Lydia looks over at Flynn.

FLYNN

You OK, baby?

LYDIA
Never better.

Flynn tears off his balaclava and grins at Bruce.

FLYNN
What you gonna do now, Bruce?

Bruce looks around the room and considers his options. He lowers his gun and holds it out to Flynn.

JOE (O.S)
Flynn, we gotta a fucking problem.

FLYNN
You don't say.

JOE (O.S)
You better see this.

Flynn takes the gun from Bruce and then uses it to smash Bruce across the bridge of the nose.

Bruce goes down to his knees and Flynn laughs at him.

FLYNN
Don't go anywhere.

Flynn grabs Carol and takes her through to the front of the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Colin kicks at the unit holding the screens.

COLIN
Fucking bastard.

Colin spins in his seat and slides open the door of the van and climbs out, having an almost temper tantrum.

COLIN
Fucking, twat, bollocks, bastard.

Ryan looks at him from the van door.

RYAN
What now, Guv?

(CONTINUED)

COLIN
Plan fucking B.

RYAN
Plan B? Whats that then?

COLIN
I haven't got a fucking clue.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - OUTER AREA - CONTINUOUS

Flynn is peering out the window with Joe at his side and Carol clutched to his front.

Outside we can see the police activity.

FLYNN
(shouts)
Nice work, Brucie. You really stitched me up.

Bruce is now stood in the doorway between the inner and outer areas of the bank.

BRUCE
Just doing my job.

Bruce spits blood.

FLYNN
And look where it got you.
(pauses)
We're both in the shit now.

BRUCE
It wasn't meant to be like this.

FLYNN
I bet it fucking wasn't. You thought I'd just hold out my arms with a smile and a thank you.

BRUCE
Something like that.

FLYNN
Can't say I'm sorry to disappoint.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - INNER - CONTINUOUS

Lydia is tywrapping Sue's arms behind her back.

We can hear Terry coughing, but he's out of sight.

As soon as Lydia is done she pushes Sue into a seat and then goes over to Terry.

Terry is laid awkwardly against the side of a desk. Blood from the bullet wound has spread over his shirt and more is trickling from his lips. He looks almost grey, his lips turning blue.

Lydia crouches next to Terry.

LYDIA
 (attempts to sound light
 hearted)
 Look at the fucking state of you?

Terry laughs weakly but it turns into another coughing fit. The coughing causes more blood to enter his mouth.

Lydia removes the uniform scarf from around her neck and uses it to dab at the blood on Terry's chin.

LYDIA (CONT...)
 Come on, let's get you cleaned up.
 Just like when you was little.

Terry pushes her hand away and looks at Lydia. There are tears in his eyes.

TERRY
 Don't tell mum. Don't let her know
 what I did.

LYDIA
 Don't be talking like that. That's
 not fighting talk.

TERRY
 I'm not up to fighting.

Terry reaches out and grabs Lydia's hand.

TERRY (CONT...)
 You promise me... You won't tell
 mum.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

She won't hear it from me, you
silly bastard. I'm supposed to be
keeping an eye on you.

Terry coughs again, the hacking reaches a peak as he
squeezes Lydia's hand and then he falls limp. Terry is dead.

Lydia stands up, gun in her free hand. She storms over to
Paul's dead body and kicks it.

LYDIA

You fucking bastard.

Lydia points the gun at Paul's corpse and pulls the trigger
three times.

Flynn pushes passed Bruce and steps over Nick's body.
Flynn's eyes are wide, his face angry.

FLYNN

What the fuck is going on?

LYDIA

It's Terry. He's dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

We move around the street and this time it is far busier
than before.

The road blocks have been moved closer to the site of the
bank and the crowd has built up around them. Morbid
curiosity has them watching.

Jase is still outside the bank. He is alive and in pain. He
has taken a handgun out but it sits on his lap as he shouts
at the police.

JASE

(pained yell)

Come on you bastards. Finish it
off. I dare you.

We move around, passing the front of an electrical store.
The window has, amongst other things, a few Televisions.
They are all showing the news.

We see the scrolling banner across the bottom announcing
"BREAKING NEWS: VIOLENT BEHAVIOUR SPREADING ACROSS THE CITY"

(CONTINUED)

The screens show footage taken from the air of what looks like people fighting. Some are defending themselves but failing, falling under the attackers and being savaged.

We continue to move around and approach the surveillance van. As we reach the rear of the van we...

FADE TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN -CONTINUOUS

Ryan is sat in the back of the van with the sliding door open.

On one the screens we can see Joe ushering the customers into a private, interview room.

On another we can see Bruce and Sue, they are sat in chairs and it now looks like Bruce has had his hands Tywrapped behind his back. Flynn is pacing in front of them.

Lydia can be seen on another screen. She is securing Carol's hands behind her back.

On other screens we can see the dead body of Paul, Nick and Terry.

Colin is pacing outside, passing the open door and then returning the other way. On the fifth pass he stops and leans into the van.

COLIN

What the fuck are they playing at?

RYAN

Looks like they're getting ready to sit us out.

COLIN

Bastards.

Colin pulls a mobile out of his pocket and starts dialing.

RYAN

You figured out Plan B yet, Guv?

Colin looks up from the keypad.

COLIN

(sarcastic tone)

Yeah, I'm gonna ring out for pizza.

(CONTINUED)

Colin presses the dial button, raises the phone to his ear and storms away.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Flynn is standing over Bruce, staring at him with a maddened expression.

FLYNN

I bet you think your really clever,
don't you.

BRUCE

At the moment, not really.

FLYNN

That'll teach you to fuck around
with me.

Flynn throws a punch into the side of Bruce's face.

FLYNN (CONT...)

That's for Terry.

Flynn throws a second punch.

Bruce spits blood.

BRUCE

Let me guess... that ones for Nick.

FLYNN

Fuck Nick, I never like him much.

Flynn pulls his arm back for another punch when the phone rings. Flynn lets his arm drop.

FLYNN

I wonder who that could be?

Flynn goes to the phone and picks it up, holding it to his ear.

FLYNN

Speak.

(pauses to listen)

Good morning DCI Farley, how's
things.

(pauses to listen)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN (cont'd)
Yeah, I know the feeling. Now what
can I do for you... or more to the
point what can you do for me.
(pauses to listen)
Do I look fucking stupid? No one
leaves here. Not until I've had
time to think.
(pauses to listen)
Fuck you.

Flynn slams the phone down and turns to Bruce.

FLYNN
It seems your Guvnor thinks he's in
control.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Colin is standing on the pavement looking out at the bank.

We see Martina Sheeves coming towards Colin. She is followed
by a cameraman.

MARTINA
DCI Farley. Any chance of a few
words.

Colin looks over, sees Martina and rolls his eyes.

COLIN
(to self)
Bollocks.
(to Martina)
Not now, Sheeves. I ain't got time.

Martina slows and smiles at Colin.

MARTINA
Come on, gimme a break. I've been
at it since five this morning. Two
minutes and I'm gone.

COLIN
Not interested.

FLYNN (O.S)
(shout)
Farley. You out there!

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Shit!

As Farley pushes Martina to one side we move around to see the front of the bank.

The door has opened and Joe walks out with Robert held tightly in front of him, one of the knives held to his throat.

COLIN

What's the game plan, Flynn? You ready to talk.

FLYNN (O.S)

I talk you listen.

(pause)

I'm sending your mate, Bruce, out to fetch Jase. Any fucking around and you'll find out how easily it is to fillet a fully grown man.

As if to prove the point Joe pushes the blade against Robert's throat.

COLIN

OK... no fucking around. But what do I get in return?

FLYNN (O.S)

Nothing but a clear conscious.

The front door opens wider and Bruce exits the building.

COLIN

You alright, Hoyle?

FLYNN (O.S)

Did I say you could ask fucking questions?

(quick pause)

No, so keep it shut.

Bruce nods at Colin as he bends to help Jase upright.

At this moment a new type of all hell breaks loose. We hear the loud sound of grinding metal and the squeal of brakes.

We pan around to look at the end of the street and see two Vehicles, both of them the armoured vehicles from the Domicile Research Building.

The first armoured vehicle leaves the road, mounts the kerb and collides with a lamp post.

(CONTINUED)

The second hurtles towards the road block.

Flynn pulls open the door to the bank, gun raised at Colin.

FLYNN
Farley, you cunt.

Bruce, who is now dragging Jase throws himself at Flynn, powering all three of them back into the bank.

Joe moves the knife quickly across Robert's throat, blood gushing from the wound.

Joe tosses the body to one side, pulls out the second knife and roars, ready to charge into the street.

From the rooftop Keene fires and the first shoot tears through Joe's shoulder. Joe flinches but stands his ground.

The crowd flees as the armoured vehicle hits the road block, goes through it and swerves towards the bank.

Three more shots tear into Joe as he turns to face the armoured vehicle.

The armoured vehicle hits Joe head on and drives him into the outer wall of the bank. The engine stalls and, apart from the yells and cries of a panicked crowd it is silent.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - OUTER AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn, Jase and Bruce are in a pile on the floor.

Bruce has pushed himself onto his knees. Flynn jumps up and kicks Bruce in the ribs.

FLYNN
What the fuck was that? You think
you can take me?

BRUCE
If you failed to notice I just
saved your fucking life.

Lydia runs in from the rear of the bank and throws her arms around Flynn.

Flynn kicks out once more at Bruce. Bruce blocks the kick with his forearms but makes no attempt to retaliate.

Lydia raises her gun at Bruce.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA
Just kill him and get it over with.

Flynn pushes her arm down.

FLYNN
Not yet, baby. I might have another
use for him.

Flynn turns his attention back to Bruce.

FLYNN (CONT...)
For starters he can carry Jase into
the back.

Flynn then turns to Jace.

FLYNN (CONT...)
You gonna be Ok, mate.

JASE
I ain't gonna be doing the marathon
this year.

Bruce helps Jase up and they head towards the rear of the
bank with Lydia watching them.

Flynn peers out the window at the havoc taking place. After
a couple of seconds he follows the others into the rear of
the bank.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A few things are happening on the street at the same time.

We can see that a several people have been injured and these
are being treated by members of the police as others try to
re-establish the road block.

Colin is stamping around and shouting at everyone.

COLIN
Clear this area asap... get the
road secured... call in hospital
assistance and someone please tell
me what the fuck just happened.

Martina and her camera man are setting up right next to the
crashed armoured vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

Martina is moving from left to right as per the camera man's instructions.

MARTINA
Just roll with it, with you.

The camera man raises the camera to his shoulder and gives Martina the thumbs up.

Martina puts on her best serious face.

MARTINA
Events here have taken a turn for the worse. What started out as an armed bank robbery has now become a massacre. Details are sketchy at this...

Martina jumps as the rear doors of the armoured vehicle are thrown open.

From inside there comes a moan and then a female figure clambers out unsteadily. It is Dr Francine Davies.

Martina makes no attempt to approach Francine, something isn't right.

MARTINA
(almost whisper)
Dr Davies?

Francine's head snaps around to look at Martina and we get a full look at her face, the grey skin, the blue lips, the milky eyes.

Francine groans and then lurches at Martina.

Martina stumbles backwards and collides with the camera man just as Francine grabs her and pulls her close.

Francine leans in and sinks her teeth into Martina's neck. The resulting spray of blood hits the camera man.

As this happens more figures, all in tattered, blood stained 'Hazmat suits' begin to climb out the van.

More screams come from further down the street and we see that more are climbing out of the other armoured vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - REAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Lydia is kneeling in front of Jase, doing her best to strap his knee up with her uniform blouse. She is now wearing a vest.

Jase is groaning as she does so.

Sue is still sat in a chair, her hands tied behind hier back.

Bruce is sat on a desk next to Sue.

Carol and Matt are standing at the very rear of the room.

Flynn walks behind Jase and slaps him around the back of the head.

FLYNN

Shut up you fucking ponce. I've had worse on my cock end.

JASE

That's because you sleep with dirty tarts.

LYDIA

Watch it...

Lydia pulls hard on the makeshift bandage and Jase yelps.

LYDIA (CONT...)

That's me you're talking about.

Behind Lydia we see Terry moving, pushing himself slowly into a standing position. He is clearly dead, blue veins standing out on his pale face and his eyes are milky white.

At the same time Bruce stands up and walks around towards Flynn.

JASE

Eh Terry, you look fucked, mate.

Lydia looks up at Jase, her expression hurt and angry.

LYDIA

That's not funny.

Lydia slaps Jase on the injured knee and he yelps again.

(CONTINUED)

JASE

Fucking hell, Lydia. I was only saying.

FLYNN

He's got a point love. I thought you said he was dead.

LYDIA

Don't you fucking start.

Terry moans deep in his throat, making his way towards Sue.

As everyone watches Terry they don't see Nick get up behind them and start making his way towards Flynn.

Lydia stands and turns at the same time, seeing Terry.

LYDIA

Terry?

Terry looks at Lydia and then turns back to Sue.

Sue starts struggling, kicking at the chair.

Terry falls upon Sue, knocking the chair over as his teeth sink into the side of her face. Sue screams.

Carol screams just as Nick throws his arms around Flynn and yanks him backwards.

FLYNN

What the fuck?

Flynn drops the shotgun as he is pulled backwards.

Jase and Lydia are both watching Terry in horror as he feeds off Sue.

Flynn is struggling against Nick, keeping his face away from Nick's gnashing teeth.

FLYNN

Get this cunt off me.

Bruce retrieves the shotgun and, holding it awkwardly thrusts it up under Nick's chin.

Flynn turns his head away as Bruce pulls the trigger, turning Nick's head into an explosion of red.

Nick immediately lets go off Flynn who darts away and turns on Bruce.

(CONTINUED)

He snatches the shotgun back.

FLYNN
You trying to deafen me?

BRUCE
That's twice.

FLYNN
What?

BRUCE
Next time I let you die.

FLYNN
Fuck you.

Flynn storms across the room and stands over Terry who has his face buried in Sue's stomach.

FLYNN
Terry!

Terry looks up, his face covered in wet innards. Terry growls at Flynn.

Flynn raises the shotgun to Terry's head.

LYDIA
No!

Flynn pulls the trigger and Terry's head disappears.

Lydia drops to her knees, crying.

Carol is still screaming.

Flynn cracks the barrel and ejects the two used shells. He walks over to Carol as he reloads, snaps the shotgun closed and points it at her

FLYNN
This day is quickly turning to
shit, don't make it any worse.

Carol stops screaming, pulling herself together quickly as Flynn looks around.

FLYNN
Where's your little friend gone?
(pauses)
Bastard!

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - STAFF ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door to the staff room bangs open and Matt enters, his breathing heavy and scared.

He slams the door shut and turns the thumb lock switch.

We can hear screaming, but its not coming from inside.

Matt goes over to the window and yanks the blinds to one side giving him a view of the street.

The undead are feeding as others run for safety.

Matt looks around and sees Keene on the opposite rooftop.

Matt opens the window and starts waving his arms.

MATT
(shouting)
Over here!

We see Keene swing the gun around in Matt's direction. We hear a single gun shot and Matt's left shoulder is hit, the bullet tearing clear through.

Matt is thrown backwards, lands on the floor, his breathing now shallow and fast.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

We are looking down at the street over Keene's shoulder.

Keene is doing his best, swinging from left to right and firing off shots into the crowd of undead people.

He has yet to figure out that the headshot is the killer.

One of the shots is a headshot. It takes out one of the undead who has manage to push open the door to the bank.

The dead body slides downwards, wedging the door open.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

We follow Colin through the street, gliding amongst the mayhem that is the feeding undead.

Colin dodges from left to right, clearly heading back towards the surveillance van.

One of the undead, a woman, jumps out in front of Colin and grabs him by the lapels of his jacket.

COLIN

Shit!

Colin punches the undead woman twice, but to no effect. She moans, opening her mouth to show blood-stained teeth.

Romano comes to Colin's rescue, swinging the camera against the woman's head. She staggers sideways and Romano hits her again. She goes down but is still reaching up for them.

ROMANO

Bitch!

Romano drops to his knees, the camera held in both hands and brings it down again and again.

Colin rests a hand on Romano's shoulder.

COLIN

That's enough.

Romano stands and drops the camera. He looks dazed.

Colin pulls him towards the surveillance van.

COLIN

Come on, this way!

The air is filled with the sound of rending metal. Both Colin and Romano stop, turning to see what it is.

Outside the bank the armoured vehicle is moving, pushed away from the wall. There is a roar like a moan and then Joe stumbles out from between the van and the wall.

Joe is as undead as they come, but more dangerous than ever.

Joe begins to tear into those around him, both alive and undead. He sinks his teeth into anyone, taking a bite and then tossing them aside.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Fuck me.

Colin and Romano run for the surveillance van.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - REAR AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn is pacing once again, tapping the shotgun against his thigh.

FLYNN

(thinking aloud)

This is fucked up... can't be happening... fucking dead people walking around... it doesn't fucking happen.

BRUCE

Take a look around Flynn. You can say it as many times as you want, but ity isn't gonna change anything.

Flynn turns on Bruce and points the shotgun at him.

FLYNN

Why don't you shut your fucking mouth before I shut it for you.

Carol steps inbetween them and faces Flynn. She is no longer crying but she sounds panicked.

CAROL

And how is that going to help us? Answer me that.

Flynn can't see that Carol has a pair of scissors in the waistband at the back of her skirt.

FLYNN

Little Miss scared's suddenly grown a pair.

Bruce cautiously takes the scissors and cuts the tywrap at his wrist.

LYDIA

Shoot 'em both and have done.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN
Maybe I will.

Flynn starts moving the barrel between Carol and Bruce when a scream comes from the front of the bank.

Flynn turns to face the noise and Bruce takes his chance.

Bruce throws himself at Flynn, knocking the shotgun to one side and bringing his head up under Flynn's chin.

They both stagger back into the counter.

Beyond them we can see the front of the bank filling up with the undead.

We can also see that the customers locked in the interview room are the cause of the screaming.

Lydia grabs Carol and pushes her gun into Carol's neck.

LYDIA
Stop it, now!

Bruce and Flynn stop struggling, but only because Bruce now has the shotgun and is pressing it against Flynn's ribs.

FLYNN
(snarls)
Go on, do it.

LYDIA
(shouts)
The door!

Bruce leaves Flynn and runs at the door. As he reaches it one of the undead are already there.

Bruce fires wildly, hitting the undead man in the chest.

Bruce slams the door and turns, only to find Flynn pointing a handgun at him.

BRUCE
I don't fucking believe this.

Bruce raises the shotgun at Flynn. They begin to circle each other.

FLYNN
What are we to do?

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE

As I see it we got two choices and
I don't like either of them.

LYDIA

I'm gonna shoot this bitch.

Carol spins around unexpectedly and throws her head into
Lydia's. At the same time she grabs Lydia's wrist and
relieves her of the gun.

FLYNN

Will you two calm the fucking cat
fight until later. I'm trying to
think.

(to Bruce)

Go on, I'm listening.

BRUCE

We can shoot each other right here,
die in this bank... Not something I
relish.

FLYNN

Or...

BRUCE

We try and get the fuck out of
here.

FLYNN

Why should I trust you? You're a
fucking pig.

BRUCE

Its not about you and me anymore.
Lokk out there... It's about us and
them.

(pauses)

We either die in here or out there.
Its just a case of when and how.

Lydia gets up, her nose bloody.

LYDIA

She broke my fucking nose.

FLYNN

(snaps)

Live with it. We got more important
things to worry about.

Flynn lowers the gun and holds out his hand. Bruce takes it
and they shake.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN
This don't make us lovers.

BRUCE
Not even friends.

Bruce heads back towards the door to the front.

FLYNN
You just gonna walk out there?

BRUCE
I ain't leaving your hostages to die.

FLYNN
You're a fucking nutter.

BRUCE
Maybe... You with me?

FLYNN
Course I am.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan is watching the screens. He has turned up the volume on the news.

We can see the front of the bank filling up with the undead on one screen.

On another we can see Flynn and Bruce getting ready to open the door.

On another we can see Matt, now undead, stumbling around the staff room.

At the same time we can hear the news reader.

NEWS READER (O.S)
Reports are coming in from all over the city. Rumours vary depending on the source, but they all have one thing in common. Those committing the acts of violence are no longer living.

There is a thumping on the outside of the van and Ryan jumps.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN (O.S)
Ryan, open the fucking door.

The thumping continues as Ryan goes to the door, unlocks it and slides it open.

Colin pushes Romano in first and is just climbing up when one of the undead grab at his sleeve.

We hear a gunshot and the undead's head snaps backward.

Colin climbs in and looks up as he slides the door shut.

Keene looks back with a grim expression on his face.

The door slams shut and we...

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce and Flynn are stood at the door.

Flynn is holding two handguns and has a third in his waistband.

Bruce is holding the uzi.

Bruce calls Carol over and she runs over.

BRUCE
I want you here. As soon as we come
back open the door.
(turns to Flynn)
Give her a gun.

FLYNN
Fuck off!

CAROL
I'd rather not.

BRUCE
I don't care, give her a gun.

Flynn pulls the spare from his waistband and hands it over to Carol.

FLYNN
Watch yourself, love. The safety's
off.

(CONTINUED)

Bruce turns to the door, but Carol stops him, a hand on his elbow.

CAROL
You'll need this.

Carol places the gun on a desk and retrieves a pen. She turns back to Bruce and takes his wrist, lifting his hand.

She writes six numbers on the back of his hand.

CAROL
Code for the interview room lock.
You put in the wrong code and a
dead lock operates.

BRUCE
Thanks.
(turns to Flynn)
You ready?

FLYNN
No, but what the fuck?

As Bruce pulls open the door we...

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Romano is sat on the floor, trying his best to wipe blood from his face.

Colin and Ryan are talking.

COLIN
Fuck off... Dead... That's fucking
ridiculous.

RYAN
I'm only telling you what I've
heard. It's happening all over the
city.

COLIN
Sorry Ryan, I'm not having it. It's
that...
(pauses)
What do you call it?
(pauses)
Mass hysteria. Gotta be... Fucking
dead people.

(CONTINUED)

Romano stops wiping his face.

ROMANO

What do you find so hard to believe? They were eating each other out there?

COLIN

You don't have to tell me. I was there. But dead people don't get back up. That's why they call it dead.

Ryan is looking at the screens.

RYAN

Guv, you better take a look at this.

COLIN

(snaps)
What?

RYAN

Looks like your man is up to something.

Colin looks at the screen just as Bruce opens the door and steps out into the front area of the bank.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - FRONT AREA - CONTINUOUS

Bruce and Flynn step out into the front area of the bank.

It is quickly filling up with the undead as they wonder in off the street.

The undead crowd is made up of a mixture of folk. There is some in tattered 'Hazmat' suits. There are several members of the Police and a selection from the population, including a mangled Martina Sheeves.

We can see Sharon, Kate and Carl stood in the interview room. Carl is banging on the glass and yelling for help. The undead push up against the other side, swearing blood over the glass.

Flynn and Bruce stand side by side and raise their weapons. They glance at each other and Flynn smiles.

Flynn and Bruce open fire.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of gun fire is deafening and the undead fall quickly, clearing a path to the front door of the bank.

The undead lose interest in the interview room and turn on Bruce and Flynn. Flynn takes them out with a series of headshots and then reloads.

Other undead try and gain entrance.

BRUCE
(shouts)
We gotta secure the entrance.

Flynn fires at a member of the undead coming in through the door and misses. The shot goes wide and shatters the door.

BRUCE
Fucking Marvelous. Cover me.

Flynn keeps his attention on the now wide open entrance, shooting anything that tries getting in.

Bruce steps over the dead covering the floor and taps in the code.

He pushes the door open and ushers everyone out.

As soon as they are behind him Bruce starts shooting at the build up of undead in the main doorway.

BRUCE
(shouts)
Carol, open the door.

The door to the rear of the bank opens and Carol lets Sharon, Carl and Kate in.

Carol is now holding the shotgun.

CAROL
Come on!

Bruce and Flynn let off a final folly of shots and then turn towards Carol.

Carol is aiming the shotgun at them.

CAROL
Duck!

Flynn and Bruce both drop a split second before Carol shoots with both barrels at the aged undead figure lumbering towards them.

Flynn and Bruce leap back up and run into the rear, Flynn closing the door behind them and leaning against it.

Flynn looks at Carol.

FLYNN

Fucking hell, you really do have balls, don't you?

CAROL

My dad always wanted a little boy.

Carol cracks the shotgun and ejects the two spent shells.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The havoc has slowed down now, the street filled with the undead.

Joe is still walking along. In his hands he holds a full torso, munching away as if its nothing more than a KFC.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - REAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Flynn is looking over the counter at the undead. A female is mashing her mouth against the partition glass.

FLYNN

Ugly bitch.

Carol is trying to settle down Sharon, Carl and Kate. Sharon is feeding the baby, one breast bare for the little one to suckle on.

Jase is pushing himself back and forth with his good leg.

Bruce is leaning against a desk.

Lydia joins Flynn.

LYDIA

Anything you want to tell me?

FLYNN

You what?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA
You and saggy tits over there. You
getting friendly?

FLYNN
Not the time for this kind of shit,
Lydia.

Bruce walks over to Flynn and Lydia.

BRUCE
I hate to break up the domestic,
but we can't stay down here. We
gotta find another way out.

Carol looks over at them.

CAROL
There's a staff room upstairs.

BRUCE
That'll have to do.

Bruce walks over to Jase, picks him up and throws him over
his shoulder.

Bruce then turns to Carol.

BRUCE
Lead the way.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Keene is lining Joe up in his sights.

Keene pulls the trigger twice and we see Joe stagger back.
Keene pulls the trigger a third time and the rifle clicks on
empty.

Keene drops down, his back against the rim of the roof.

KEENE
Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe lets out a deep moan, throwing the torso to one side and looking around blindly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Keene pulls out a radio, turns the knob and raises it to his mouth.

KEENE

Farley, Scott are you still with me? We got a fucking problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe is still looking around when we hear Keene's voice coming out from the Surveillance van.

KEENE (O.S)

Farley, come in you bastard.
Scott... anyone.

Joe's head snaps towards the surveillance van and he begins lumbering towards it.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carol leads the group along the hallway, coming to a stop at the door.

Carol tries the handle, but it won't open.

Bruce puts Jase down. Jase stands against the wall opposite the door, balancing on his good leg.

Carol bangs on the door.

CAROL

Come on Matt, let us in.

We hear a groan from the other side.

Carol pulls a bunch of keys from her pocket and flicks through them, finding the one she needs.

(CONTINUED)

Carol slides the key into the lock, turns it and opens the door.

As soon as the door opens we can hear gunshots from outside and the sound of the surveillance van being shook.

An undead Matt charges at them.

Bruce pulls Carol out of the way.

An undead Matt collides with Jase, tearing at his face and neck with his fingers and his teeth.

FLYNN
Fucking hell.

Flynn kicks the undead Matt to one side and Lydia steps forward, raises her gun and puts a bullet in Matt's head.

They turn to Jase as Carol and Bruce usher the others into the staff room.

Blood is pumping from a wound in Jase's neck.

JASE
Shit!

Blood spills over Jase's lips.

LYDIA
Fuck this... he's dead.

Lydia raises the gun and shoots Jase in the head.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Colin and Ryan are searching the van.

COLIN
Where's that fucking radio?

RYAN
It's hear somewhere.

KEENE (O.S)
Farley, Scott, talk to me.

Colin moves a pile of papers and finds the radio, picking it up.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Farley here. What's your status?

KEENE (O.S)

Pretty much fucked, but its good to hear your voice.

COLIN

What about the rest of your team?

KEENE (O.S)

No contact... can only assume they are down.

COLIN

Shit!

Before Colin can say anything else the van shakes like its been hit by an earthquake. From outside we can hear the moan of Joe.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Keene pushes himself up and peers over the top of the roof.

Below he can see Joe rocking the surveillance van. More of the undead are joining him.

Colin's panicked voice comes out over the radio.

COLIN (O.S)

Keene, we need support.

Keene pulls out a side arm from the holster at his waist and starts shooting at the undead around the van, but there is more of them than he has bullets.

COLIN (O.S)

Keene?

Keene keeps firing with one hand and raises the radio to his mouth with the other.

KEENE

Doing my best, here!

Keene throws the radio aside, pauses to reload and then starts firing again.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bruce is at the window of the staff room and watches as Joe and the other undead manage to flip the surveillance van onto its side.

As soon as they do Joe loses interest in it and turns on the undead female to his right, grabbing her arm and taking a bite out of it.

The other undead keep banging at it, trying to find a way in.

FLYNN

Dead or alive he's still a fucking animal.

Bruce pulls his jacket to one side and tears the lining open. From inside he takes a two radio.

FLYNN

You had that all along?

Bruce ignores the question and turns the radio on.

BRUCE

Keene, is that you?

We see Keene duck down and then reappear with his radio.

KEENE

(distorted by static)

Hoyle, you still alive, you old bastard?

BRUCE

You know me, tough as old boots and just as good looking.

(pauses)

Why the interest in the van?

KEENE

(distorted by static)

Farley and Scott are trapped inside.

The radio crackles and Colin's voice comes over the speaker.

COLIN

Hoyle, tell me you have a plan.

(CONTINUED)

BRUCE
Give me a few minutes... I'll get
back to you.

Bruce leans out the window and starts looking around.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVAILANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS

With the van now on its side Colin, Ryan and Romano are forced to sit on the wall of screens, paperwork has scattered around them and from outside we can hear the thumping of dead fists on metal.

COLIN
Make it quick. We're all running
low on time here.

On the screens we can see that the undead have beaten down the door in the bank and are now making their way into the back area.

Sue is amongst them.

BRUCE (O.S)
(distorted by static)
I'm thinking.

There is a pause, the van filled with white noise.

BRUCE (O.S)
Keene, I'm gonna need covering
fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

Keene lifts the radio and replies.

KEENE
You wish. I'm out of ammo. Best I
can do is throw roof tiles.

BRUCE (O.S)
(distorted by static)
Take a look over the edge and tell
me what you think.

(CONTINUED)

Keene peers over the edge and we can see, hanging from a window just below him a dead member of the Armed Response Team, an automatic rifle hanging from his hand.

KEENE

I think you're fucking crazy.

BRUCE (O.S)

(distorted by static)

I'll accept that but can you get to it?

KEENE

With my fucking eyes closed. I live for this shit.

BRUCE (O.S)

That makes us both crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. STAFF ROOM - CONTINUOUS