

(COLD OPENING SEQUENCE - PRE-CREDITS)

INFECTION 22

PART I: NARROW MARGIN

In the end; what would you do for family?

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First Draft.

FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE: 2nd FLOOR WINDOW - DAY

Late afternoon. A view through grimy panes; wintery wooded countryside, a canal winding through the middle.

The LOW SPUTTERING sound of a narrow boat engine.

The boat appears around a bend in the canal, a mix-match of buckets, pots and pans covering its roof.

DANNY, 42, wrapped up warm, sat at the stern.

ZACK, 12, track-suit, hat, gloves and scarf. He's perched on the bow like a figurehead, pointing toward camera.

EXT. NARROWBOAT - SAME TIME

Zack pointing at the large three storey public house coming into view on the canal-side.

ZACK

(enthusiastic)

Another pub Dad.

DANNY

(underwhelmed)

Most likely another looted one.

Zack runs across the boat's roof, skipping in between the buckets, pots and pans, joining Danny at the stern.

ZACK

Only one way to find out.

Danny steers the boat in toward the towpath.

DANNY

Same as last time though.

Zack takes over at the tiller. Danny picks up a rucksack and his double barrelled shotgun.

DANNY (cont'd)

Let me get the rope secured, and you take her over to the far bank, and stay out of sight. *Clear?*

ZACK

Let *me* come this time Dad.

DANNY

No!

ZACK

Please?

DANNY

Same as last time...

(beat)

... No arguments.

Danny jumps onto the towpath whilst the boat's still a few feet away. Zack throws him a rope.

DANNY (cont'd)

(securing the rope)

You hear a shot...

(beat)

... You cut the rope and get the boat moving.

ZACK

(moodily)

Yeah, yeah. I know...

(beat)

... Same as last time.

Danny leaps over a boundary wall and disappears from sight.

EXT. PUB: BEER GARDEN - DAY

Picnic benches and a children's play area. Three mounds of earth on the far-side, marked with crude wooden crosses.

Rubbish strewn everywhere. BUZZING FLIES. The carcass of a dog in the grass, part of its mid-section eaten away.

DANNY

(poking carcass with shotgun)

Grosse.

Cautiously, Danny moves towards a gabled entrance door.

INT. PUBLIC HOUSE: ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

A small reception. Front: broad sweeping stairs up to the 1st floor. Right: an open archway through to a restaurant eating area. Left: saloon style swing-doors to a kitchen.

Danny pushes one of the swing-door open with his shotgun...

INT. PUB: SERVICE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Stainless steel clad. Danny searches numerous cupboards and storage units, finding nothing.

DANNY

And the cupboard was bare.

He exits through the opposite end of the kitchen, another set of saloon doors, into the restaurant.

INT. PUB: RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Traditional rustic style. Cluttered array of dining tables.

Danny enters. He covers his nose and mouth. BUZZING FLIES.

DANNY

(Disgusted)

Christ...

Two rotting corpses slumped opposite each other at a table. Putrefied remains of a meal still on the plates.

Danny give them a wide birth, moving on...

INT. PUB: ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Through the open archway, cautiously taking the stairs up to the 1st floor.

INT. PUB: 1st FLOOR BAR - CONTINUOUS

Traditional rustic style. A corner bar with narrow stairs behind it, up to the 2nd floor.

Ransacked and looted. Danny sifts through the mess.

DANNY

Feck all again.

Danny hears SCUFFLING coming from the floor above.

DANNY (cont'd)

(looking up at ceiling)

Please be rats!

INT. PUB: 2nd FLOOR LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A bedsit doubling as a storeroom. Cluttered with discarded packaging. Two doors opposite the kitchen area.

One door's open, clearly a bathroom. The other's closed and has a lock, with the key in it.

Danny enters. SCUFFLING sounds behind the closed door.

DANNY

(mocking)

What's behind door number two?!

Danny goes over to--

KITCHED AREA

SCUFFLING sound changes, becoming GUTTURAL & human-like.

DANNY

(panicked)

Shit!

Danny lunges at the closed door's handle, keeping it pulled shut while he fumbles with the key. *It's already locked!*

DANNY (cont'd)

(relieved)

Thank fuck!

Whatever's locked away becomes very aggressive and begins SMASHING itself against the flimsy door.

Danny quickly searches the cupboards. A meagre selection of pots & packets. He blindly shovels it all into the rucksack keeping his attention on the door. SPLINTERING WOOD!

EXT. NARROW BOAT: FAR BANK - SAME TIME

Dusk. Zack's huddled at the tiller. He becomes animated at the sound of FEINT SMASHING coming from the public house.

ZACK

Stay on the boat?!

(beat)

... Sod that!

He lifts the rope out of the water, pulls the boat toward the towpath, and takes off with his baseball bat.

INT. PUB: 2nd FLOOR LIVING AREA - SAME TIME

Top half of the locked door smashed open, the frenzied face of an INFECTED GIRL, 13, appears through it.

They makes eye contact. Infected Girl flailing her arms at Danny, legs SMASHING at the remaining half of the door.

DANNY

Whoa! Chill your beans my darling, I'm out of here...

Danny beats a retreat--

NARROW STAIRCASE

Background: Infected Girl smashes out of her room, tumbling onto the floor, bare footed, a long stained dress.

She scrambles to her feet and give chase...

INT. PUB: 1st FLOOR BAR - CONTINUOUS

Danny falls, rolling onto the floor of the main bar, the GUTTURAL sounds of Infected Girl close behind him...

DANNY

(under his breath)

I could really do without this!

Danny pulls bar furniture into his wake, hoping to obstruct his pursuer.

Danny reaches the top of the main stairs, at the same time as Infected Girl scrambles from behind the bar...

INT. PUB: 1st FLOOR: MAIN STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Danny rushes down them, as Zack rushes up... *COLLISION!*--

GROUND FLOOR ENTRANCE

Danny & Zack fall together like a sack full of arms & legs. CRASHING through the entrance doors...

EXT. PUB: BEER GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Danny & Zack come to a stop, in a heap on the floor.

Zack picks himself straight up, unhurt. Danny rolls around gripping his ankle in agony.

DANNY

(angrily)

I told *YOU* to stay on the fucking boat!

ZACK

(picking up his bat)

I thought *YOU* were in trouble!

Danny grabs his rucksack and shoves it at Zack, pushing him away, towards the towpath.

DANNY

Get back to the boat. *Now, Go...*

Infected Girl bursts through the entrance doors.

ZACK

What the...

Zack freezes in terror. Infected Girl knocks him backwards onto the ground, straddling him.

DANNY

(distraught)

ZACK!

Zack jabs his baseball bat into Infected Girl's throat, to repel her attempts at biting and clawing his face.

Danny's prone, but his shotgun's within arm's reach, broken open with a single cartridge on the ground next to it.

Danny grabs both. He hurriedly reloads, snaps the barrels shut, cocks and checks the safety...

DANNY

TURN AWAY, COVER YOUR FACE!

Zack begins to roll as Danny empties the shotgun, BOOM!

Infected Girl is hit square in the torso. The eviscerated corpse thrown back against the building.

Red mist fills the air, settling on everything, including Zack; who's curled up in a tight ball, hands over his face. He takes one hand away to peek...

ZACK

(shakily)

Is she dead?

DANNY

What's *left* is! Don't look at her son.

Just help me up. We need to get *gone*.

Zack helps Danny up onto his feet, and together, as quick as Danny can hobble, they head back to their boat.

EXT. NARROW BOAT: TOWPATH - MOMENTS LATER

Danny's at the tiller. Zack's releasing the mooring rope.

DANNY

You could have died back there...

(beat)

... Are YOU ok? It got pretty messy.

ZACK

I'll be fine.

DANNY

You need to get those blood stained clothes off. Throw them in the canal.

Zack does as he's told, while Danny re-starts the boat's engine. Engine SPUTTERING, they depart.

INT. PUB: 2nd FLOOR WINDOW - SAME TIME

A view through the same grimy panes, but looking out in the opposite direction; the narrow boat seen leaving below.

REVEAL - INSIDE OF THE ROOM:

Splintered remains of a door strewn over the floor.

A selection of tinned food and bottled water stacked up in the corner. A message is scrawled on the wall:

"We're sorry. We've had to go to the farm. We'll come back and check on you soon. We love you."

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. PUB: ABOVE THE ROOFTOPS - MOMENTS LATER

A view of the narrow boat further away in the distance.

FADE OUT:

OPENING CREDITS: