

U.S. vs. Them

Written by

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EXT. OFFSHORE OIL RIG - DAY

JACOB WILLARD (44), oil rig operations manager, muscular with short salt-and-pepper hair and steely blue eyes, closely inspects valves and dials. He inputs his findings into a tablet. Jacob waves a worker over.

JACOB

Monitor the pressure of valve 4, if
it goes over 250 psi reduce valve 3
to 125 psi.

WORKER

Yes sir.

FOLLOW Jacob, he slowly approaches a few guys at work, he places his tablet down and helps the guys turn an oversized wrench. Jacob gives a friendly slap on the back to one of the guys who smiles back and nods his thanks. Jacob picks up his tablet and proceeds.

FOLLOW Jacob into an office. BEN WILLIAMS (45), and ROGER CLARKE (55), stand at a worktable looking over diagrams. A TV in the background plays the news.

MOVE IN ON TV:

TV ANNOUNCER

The Russian leader has not
responded to the outreach from the
international community to resolve
energy tensions that have touched
all nations including right here in
the United States.

INSERT ON TV Russian President MIKHAIL SMIRNOFF (60s) English subtitles accompany his speech.

PRESIDENT SMIRNOFF

The west continues to sanction our
energy sector, and for what?
Friendly competition that they
refuse to lose? Your sanctions do
not weaken Russia, let me be clear,
they only strengthen us. If you
hinder our energy sector, we will
hinder yours.

TV ANNOUNCER

And with that, The Russian Federation issued sanctions on all European energy pipelines that emanate in Russia, an almost unprecedented move, the continued sanctions by both sides seems only to continue the divide...

Jacob takes off his hard hat and flops down in a chair, clearly exhausted.

JACOB

Being out here for 3 months at a time, you forget the rest of the world has problems. (points to the TV) What do you guys make of this mess?

BEN

We've always been at some kind of war with Russia. Spy shit, cloak and dagger. CIA vs. KGB.

ROGER

Rocky vs. Dragov.

JACOB

That was the best Rocky by far, the training montage. Shit, I still listen to it at the gym. (Singing voice) Rising up, back on my feet.

BEN

Please stop, but I do agree, the final fight was a cinematic masterpiece.

Ben shadow boxes Roger. Jacob and Roger laugh lightly.

JACOB

So, what are you guys doing when we get back on land?

BEN

One week of good sleep in my bed, then taking the wife to Vegas for a vacation. A few shows, gambling, golf, hell, day drink if I feel like it.

ROGER

My kids will be home from college for break. Me, my family and my grill, that's all I need. How about you Jacob?

JACOB

My boy is playing freshman baseball this year, I want to catch a few games before the season ends... and enjoy my wife's cooking. The shit we eat out here is awful.

They all laugh lightly in agreement.

INSERT ON TV Scenes of the U.S PRESIDENT at news conference. On the scroll at the bottom "Tensions between the West and Russia reach Cold War levels"

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD - WILLARD HOUSE (MARSEILLE, ILLINOIS) - DAY

MAX WILLARD (15), Jacob's son, plays catch with a FRIEND in the yard of an upper middle class house. They laugh as they toss grounders and pop flys to each other.

LILLY WILLARD (17), Jacob's daughter, sits on the front porch chatting with a FRIEND over FaceTime.

A NEIGHBOR LADY (50s), walks her DOG in the street, she waves to Max, he waves back.

KEN HAYES (50s), a country boy auto mechanic with a husky build, former Marine, and a family friend to the Willard's goes about yard work next door to the Willard's house.

LINDA HAYES (50s), Ken's wife, a country girl with a smile always on her face, brings Ken a glass of water.

Max waves to Ken and Linda, they wave back.

INT. KITCHEN - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JULIA WILLARD (42), Jacob's wife, is hard at work preparing a lavish meal. She looks out the window and sees Max playing with his friend, she smiles. Julia opens the fridge, then shuts the door. She proceeds to the front porch.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JULIA
Lilly... Lilly?

Lilly doesn't hear her mother and continues her conversation.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(loudly)
Lilly!

Lilly reluctantly puts her phone down.

LILLY
What mom?

JULIA
I need you to go the store and grab
eggs. I need them for a cake I'm
baking for your dad.

Lilly rolls her eyes.

LILLY
It's not his birthday mom.

JULIA
I want to bake him his favorite
cake for his return home. Just go
do it, thank you.

With a typical teenager attitude she waves her willingness to do as she's asked.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I'll leave the money on the kitchen
table, and hurry up please.

LILLY
(on phone)
I'll have to call you later, the
gestapo need me to run a stupid
errand... bye.

Lilly gets up and enters the house.

INT. KITCHEN - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC plays on a small radio in the kitchen, it starts to FADE in and out, lights in the house also begin to FLICKER.

LILLY
(sarcastically)
Forget to pay the electrical bill?

JULIA
That's odd.

The music's interrupted by a broadcast.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
Attention, this is an emergency
broadcast. We are currently
experiencing disruptions to
communications and electrical grids
in and around Marseille. At this
time, we urge everyone to conserve
power and limit non-essential
electrical usage. If you have
access to a battery-powered radio,
keep it on and tuned to this
station for updates. Emergency
services are aware of the situation
and are working to restore service
as quickly as possible.

LILLY
Well this is inconvenient, how am I
going to-

Julia shushes her.

ANCHOR (O.S.)
We will provide further updates as
they become available.

The announcement continues, interrupted.

Outside, we see Max and his friend stop playing as they
notice low flying MILITARY HELICOPTERS overhead. Julia and
Lilly notice the helicopters as well.

LILLY
Mom, what's going on?

JULIA
It will be fine honey, go grab your
brother and get inside.

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lilly races outside. Max's friend heads off towards his house
across the street.

EXT. HAYES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ken stops his yard work and stares at the helicopters overhead.

LINDA

Honey? What's going on?

KEN

I don't know, Linda. Let's just get inside.

He ushers Linda inside their house.

INT. KITCHEN - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Max, Lilly and Julia gather in the living room.

MAX

Did you see that helicopter? It was so cool!

Julia again reaches for her phone, still no service. She looks out the window down the empty driveway and sighs.

JULIA

Both of you stay here.

Julia rushes downstairs into the basement, she proceeds to a corner cluttered with boxes. She moves a few boxes revealing an electric keypad panel. She enters a code, a door that is blended into the wall opens. Julia enters.

In the heart of the Willard's home lies a secret room. The walls are lined with sturdy shelves reaching from floor to ceiling, neatly stacked with an array of supplies. Rows of canned goods, jars of preserves, and sauces line the shelves.

Nearby, a small arsenal of guns and equipment rests against the wall. Flashlights, batteries, matches, and lighters, complemented by a selection of tools. Gas masks neatly and ready for immediate use fit neatly by the door.

Julia grabs 3 pre-prepared backpacks, next she turns a dial on a FARADAY SAFE, once opened she removes a cell phone. She powers it up, shuts the safe and hastily exits the room, securing the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - LONG TERM PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Jacob strides toward a large, black truck parked under the late afternoon sun. As he gets close, he pulls a key fob from his pocket and presses the button. The truck's lights flash, and the familiar click of the automatic doors unlocking. Jacob swings his suitcase into the bed of the truck. He then opens the driver's door, climbs into the cab, and settles into the seat, his hands gripping the familiar steering wheel. He smiles.

INT. JACOB'S CAR - OPEN HIGHWAY (LATER) - DAY

Seated comfortably in the driver's seat of his spacious truck.

INSERT ROAD SIGN "Marseille 220 miles"

Jacob adjusts his position slightly. The late afternoon sunlight filters through the windshield, casting a warm glow on the dashboard. With a clear and commanding tone, he says:

JACOB

Call Julia.

The voice-activated screen lights up in response. The screen transitions to a calling interface, the familiar ringing tone fills the cabin.

JULIA (V.O.)

Hey, this is Julia, I can't get to my phone but leave a message and I'll get back to you.

JACOB

Hey babe, I landed safely and I'm driving home, should be there in a few hours barring any traffic issues... can't wait to see you and the kids, love you.

He turns on the CD player. AC/DC's "Back in Black" begins. He smiles and turns up the volume.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLARD HOME - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Julia, Max and Lilly gather in the living room.

JULIA

Here, take these.

Julia hands them each a backpack.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Now listen, your dad trained us for this. We stay put for now, but we must be ready to leave, just in case.

Julia checks the clip of a handgun, she inserts the clip into the gun with precision.

LILLY

Mom, what are you doing?

JULIA

I need both of you to stay focused.

Lilly puts her arm around Max who is visibly nervous.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN OPEN FIELD - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Dozens of military paratroopers fall in an open field.

A CRATE that has landed with the soldiers is quickly descended on, they open it revealing guns and other equipment, they quickly arm themselves.

INSERT ROAD SIGN "LaSalle County Generating System" with an arrow pointed north.

Below reads Marseille 1 mile with an arrow pointed towards the east.

A soldier gives hand gestures.

The troops break off into two units, one heads toward the LaSalle Energy Plant, the other towards Marseille.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS CAR/OPEN HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

SLOWLY PULL BACK as Jacob's truck proceeds down the highway.

INSERT ROAD SIGN "Marseilles 50 miles"

He tries Julia again, still no answer.

EXT. ROAD TO WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The soldiers storm into the unsuspecting town with an air of authority.

Pedestrians stroll about on sidewalks glancing at their phones.

Suddenly, several electrical devices stop working. Traffic lights go dark, causing immediate gridlock at an intersection. A few cars stall in the middle of the road, their engines silent and their dashboards dead.

A few Teslas, not as badly affected due to their EMP shielding, continue to drive but are slowed.

Bus drivers and passengers are bewildered as their vehicle rolls to a halt.

The SOLDIERS move methodically, rounding up the overwhelmed civilians, their presence sending a wave of fear through the once peaceful streets. The commanding shouts of the soldiers echo as they bark orders.

Inside a small cafe, a man defiantly stands his ground, refusing to comply; a soldier steps forward and strikes him with the butt of his rifle.

Nearby, in the shadow of a storefront, a civilian's hand trembles as it reaches into his waistband. His fingers grip the handle of a concealed gun, and in a desperate, swift motion, he draws it. The soldiers react instantly, gunfire erupts, and the man's body jolts as bullets pierce through him. He crumples to the ground.

Fear ripples through the citizens who quickly fall in line.

Julia hears the commotion, Max rushes outside to see what is happening.

JULIA

Max! Get back in here.

Max, now outside, sees his friend and their family being rounded. Max rushes towards them.

Julia has no choice, she takes off after Max. Lilly follows.

Max approaches his friend, the soldiers notice Max rushing towards them.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 1

Halt, or you will be shot.

Max stops, he makes eye contact with his friend, both of the boys are visibly scared. Julia rushes up to the scene, Lilly trailing behind her.

The soldier ushers Julia, Max, Lilly and his friend towards the rest of the civilians.

CUT TO:

INT. HAYES HOME - CONTINUOUS

Aware of the commotion outside, Ken pulls back the living room curtains and sees the soldiers outside, he notices Julia and the kids.

LINDA

Shit, they got the Willards.

Ken grabs a handgun and cocks it. Linda grabs Ken's arm.

KEN

I can't just sit here, they are our friends Linda.

LINDA

Let's just think for a second.

KEN

(hesitant tone)

You're right, grab some food and water and head to the attic, we'll stay up there... for now.

CUT TO:

INT. JACOBS CAR/OPEN HIGHWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Jacob continues driving down the highway. The dashboard screen FLICKERS, the radio suddenly turns OFF. Jacob tries to turn it back on but no luck. Jacob proceeds to what appears to be a checkpoint, U.S. MILITARY VEHICLES are seen. Waved over by MILITARY PERSONNEL, Jacob stops and slowly rolls down the window.

CHECK POINT SOLDIER

No one is allowed beyond this point, please turn around sir.

JACOB

I live just down the road, I'm almost home.

CHECK POINT SOLDIER
Sorry sir, please turn around.

JACOB
What is the issue soldier?

CHECK POINT SOLDIER
The following area is being
evacuated due to a report of enemy
activity.

JACOB
(upset)
What enemy? What about my family?
Where have they been taken?

CHECK POINT SOLDIER
Calm down sir, all residents have
been evacuated to a local school.
I'm sure they are safe.

A message comes across the soldiers radio - gun fire is heard.

RADIO SOLDIER (O.S.)
We need backup now!

The soldiers spring into action. Jacob seizes the opportunity to drive past the check point. The soldiers ignore Jacob as he speeds down the road.

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

We see a long driveway that leads to the Willard home. Jacob pulls up quickly, he hurries out of the truck and rushes inside. FOLLOW Jacob as he frantically searches the house. He notices 3 bug out bags in the living room. His panic grows.

JACOB (LOUDLY)
Julia, Max, Lilly! Hello!

INT. BASEMENT - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob proceeds downstairs and enters the code to the secret room, he grabs a rifle a handgun guns and additional ammo.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob rushes upstairs, he looks out a window. He hears GUNFIRE. He lifts his rifle up.

P.O.V FROM THE SCOPE - Jacob peers out the back window of his house, his eyes widening as he sees soldiers exchanging gunfire in the open field.

Suddenly, a LOW-FLYING WARPLANE roars into view, its American insignia unmistakable. Jacob's tracks the plane as it descends rapidly. The plane releases incendiary munitions, and the ensuing BLAST is deafening. The shockwave knocks Jacob off his feet, the force of it cracking a few windows in his house. Disoriented, he struggles to his knees, rubbing his aching head.

Through the smoke and chaos, he sees American soldiers retreating, their figures moving quickly away from the destruction. Jacob's eyes scan the battlefield, now a hellish landscape of fire and debris.

CUT TO:

INT. WILLARD HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Jacob slowly awakens, still a little groggy, he looks out the bedroom window. SMOKE can be seen billowing in the backyard of his house. We now see there are several open acres behind the house. A few houses can be seen in the far distance.

FOLLOW Jacob as he fills a generator with gas. He connects a few cables and turns it on. Inside the house we see lights turn on. Satisfied, Jacob grabs his gun and proceeds towards the backyard.

FOLLOW Jacob as he cautiously approaches the scattered dead bodies. The fallen soldiers lie lifeless in the open field, their uniforms void of any defining insignias.

With slow, deliberate movements, Jacob begins to sift through their gear. He gathers what guns, ammo, knives, and medical supplies he can.

Satisfied, Jacob begins the grim task of piling the bodies in a burn pit. The somber silence is broken only by the shuffling of his feet and the rustling of gear. The last body is placed on the pile, and Jacob stands back, a profound sadness fills his heart.

INT. KITCHEN - WILLARD HOUSE - EVENING

Jacob sits at the kitchen table, the flickering light from a single overhead bulb casting shadows over his weary face.

Maps of the surrounding area are strewn across the table. Ammo, guns, knives, and various pieces of survival gear are laid out in meticulous order. Jacob writes down his inventory, the scratching of the pen on paper the only sound in the stillness.

Literature on EMP's are seen, sticky notes throughout. His eyes dart to the maps every so often, particularly to the red circles he has drawn around all the local schools.

The kitchen, once a place of warmth and family gatherings, now feels like a war room. He turns on the TV, clicking, he eventually finds a FUZZY news channel. A NEWS ANCHOR speaks hastily.

NEWS ANCHOR

Reports are flooding in from across the country confirming the presence of a temporary outage of some electronics, such as communication devices, automobiles and vital infrastructure to both civilian and government facilities. This was quickly followed by invading soldiers on American soil. Each update paints a grim picture: armed forces systematically advancing, their objective chillingly clear. Intelligence suggests that these invaders are targeting nuclear power plants, their aim to seize control of our country's most critical and dangerous infrastructure. In every corner of the nation, from small towns to bustling cities, the response is swift and urgent.

Jacob's attention is squarely focused on the grim message.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Military units have mobilized, and emergency protocols enacted across all 50 states.

INSERT ON TV images from local newscasts of UNIDENTIFIED SOLDIERS corralling NUCLEAR PLANT EMPLOYEES at gunpoint.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Some areas maintain sporadic power. In others, badly damaged nuclear plants have released highly toxic chemicals into the air.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Residents in the following areas
need to take immediate caution.

INSERT ON TV A map appears on the screen with red dots across the United States. Jacob notices Marseille, he recognizes the La Salle County Plant with a red dot by it. He sighs.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

People in these areas are advised
to seek underground shelters if
possible. Seal up windows, chimneys
and vents. Avoid going outside. We
must warn you, these next clips
contain violent imagery.

INSERT ON TV Images of PARATROOPERS landing in American neighborhoods. Images of CITIZENS filming the SOLDIERS - they're immediately shot and killed by the SOLDIERS.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

And, lastly, we have obtained this
video of the President recorded
earlier today. We go to that now.

INSERT ON TV Image of the United States President, MARK VALENTINO (60's).

PRESIDENT VALENTINO

My fellow citizens, we are under
attack from the People's Russian
Federation after failed
negotiations for a peaceful energy
resolution. We are assessing enemy
locations and capabilities.
Listen to local authorities,
evacuation routes and secure
locations have been established in
some areas, while citizens in rural
areas need to hunker down, conserve
supplies, and await further
updates. Martial law is now in
effect. We will provide more
information as it becomes
available. Stay safe, and may God
bless the United States.

NEWS ANCHOR

We will continue to bring you
further updates for as long as we
possibly can. Until then, good
night and stay safe.

The TV goes to colored bars and says "Emergency Broadcasts Only."

Jacob turns off the TV. Jacob looks over his maps, he notices a picture of his family on the wall - he removes it and slowly kisses it.

JACOB
(whispers to himself)
I'll find you, I promise.

The lights in the house FLICKER ominously.

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - SAME DAY

Jacob proceeds outside to the generator and fills it up with more gas. He leans a ladder on the house and climbs to the roof. He cleans and adjusts a small array of solar panels. Satisfied, he climbs back down.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSEILLE STREET - DAY

Jacob rides a bike down the silent and lonely street. He stops, gets off the bike and cautiously moves towards a house, he looks inside, no signs of anyone. He slowly enters.

FOLLOW Jacob as he grabs food and supplies from the kitchen. He tosses everything he can into a bag and quickly leaves.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jacob returns to his house. The silence on his street is deafening - devoid of all life.

Suddenly, a sharp CRACKLING sound breaks the silence, snapping him to attention. In an instant, his reflexes take over, and he swiftly draws a pistol from its holster, aiming it towards the source of the noise. As he steadies his aim, his gaze lifts, and relief washes over him.

There, emerging from the shadows, is his neighbor Ken. The tension in his shoulders eases slightly.

KEN
Whoa, whoa, Jacob, buddy it's Ken.
(Beat)
Man, am I glad to see you. I saw someone ride up on a bike and I came over to check it out.

Jacob lowers his gun.

JACOB
Have you seen my family?

KEN
I have, but let's get inside, it
ain't safe out here.

JACOB
My place.

They both rush into Jacob's house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ken's eyes widen in awe as he takes in the array of meticulously organized gear and ammunition. Stepping closer, Ken runs a hand over the cool metal of a rifle.

JACOB
(frantic)
Ok, what do you know about my
family?

KEN
I'm sorry buddy, they took them.

JACOB
The soldiers?

KEN
Yup, Linda and I saw them take
quite a few folks, your family
included.

Jacob sits down, again he notices the 3 bug out bags, he is visibly upset.

KEN (CONT'D)
Man, I'm sorry.

JACOB
I have to find them, Ken.

KEN
Well, it looks like you got a
pretty good stock of weapons to do
so my friend.

JACOB
Among other things.
(Beat)
How are you and Linda doing?

KEN
We got enough food and water for a few more weeks.

JACOB
Why don't you and Linda stay here? My place has food, enough for 4 people for 6 months. Plus, I'll be sealing up windows later, sure could use the help.

KEN
That is mighty kind of you Jacob, I'll go get Linda and what we can and be right back.

Ken turns to leave, then stops abruptly and turns back to Jacob.

KEN (CONT'D)
I really appreciate it Jacob, strength in numbers.

Jacob nods to Ken.

JACOB
Hold on.

Jacob reaches in one of the bug-out bags, he grabs a WALKIE-TALKIE and puts on the table in front of Ken.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Take this. Channel 4 to reach me.

Ken grabs the walkie talkie, nods and rushes out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Jacob tries the home phone landline - dead. He checks his cell phone, only 1 bar for power. He plugs it in to a portable multi charger.

FOLLOW Jacob as he climbs to the roof, Ken holds the ladder stable. Jacob begins to install an old school antenna. Linda is seen carrying a box from her house to the Willard's house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob tunes a shortwave radio - he hears only STATIC.

JACOB
Hello, hello. Can anyone hear me?
Over.

With no response, frustrated he turns the radio off and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Jacob scans the area, no sign of civilians or military. He and Ken proceed slowly towards the school.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jacob cautiously peers into the darkened rooms, his senses on high alert. Inside, there's no sign of life, just empty, silent spaces. With a nod to Ken, they proceed down the hallway, footsteps echoing softly against the tiled floor.

They reach the cafeteria. Tables lie overturned, remnants of a hurried evacuation or a brief skirmish. Ken moves quickly, scavenging a few cans of food from a nearby pantry, the clinking sound echoing in the stillness.

Continuing their search, Jacob discovers the gymnasium. The vast room bears signs of recent habitation, cots arranged haphazardly, tables cluttered with toys, clothes, and other supplies strewn about.

As they move deeper into the gym, Jacob notices BULLET SHELLS scattered on the floor. He bends down, picking up a spent casing, examining it closely. Ken's eyes narrow as he notices it too.

KEN
AK-47, Russians.

JACOB
If people were evacuated during the initial attack and came here, the Russians may have found them and moved them somewhere else.

KEN

They're hostages now, I'm betting wherever these people are, so is your family.

JACOB

Why take ordinary people Ken?

KEN

My best guess would be bargaining chips, trade them for something. Second would be to just kill them, so no one to fight back.

Ken realizes how harsh his words were.

KEN (CONT'D)

They definitely wanna trade them for whatever it is they want. I don't see any blood anywhere. They're all alive, somewhere.

JACOB

Marseille has approximately 5,000 people. Even if they have half, were do you keep 2,500 people?

KEN

Football field, factory, the concert arena. No other schools big enough, we checked all the middle and high schools.

JACOB

It's getting dark, let's head home and regroup, figure out where we go tomorrow.

KEN

I'm sorry buddy, we won't quit until we find em.

Jacob nods his head in agreement, they hop back in the truck and drive away.

INT. WILLARD HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The truck pulls up, Jacob and Ken get out and proceed inside.

KEN

Honey, we're back.

There is no response. Ken's pace quickens, searching every room and hallway, heart pounding with worry. A cracked open door catches his eye. Stepping cautiously through, he finds himself outside.

There, bathed in the soft glow of twilight, stands Linda. She stands motionless, her gaze fixed upwards. Ken approaches quietly, not wanting to startle her.

KEN (CONT'D)

Honey, you okay?

She turns slowly, meeting his eyes with a mixture of relief and lingering worry.

LINDA

I heard an explosion a few moments ago, now look.

Ken follows her gaze to the sky, we see an orangish haze start to take over the sky. Jacob comes outside to join them.

KEN

What do you think that is, Jacob?

Jacob notices the cloud and stares intently.

JACOB

...get in the house, close up all the windows. Now!

All three rush inside, Jacob closes windows, Linda and Ken do the same.

KEN

What do you think man?

JACOB

I'm betting that is the LaSalle Nuclear Power Plant. The news said that energy sources were their targets in other cities. Explains why they are in Marseille.

LINDA

To blow up our power source?

JACOB

I don't know what they're intentions are. All I know is that if we come into contact with 400 roentgens of radiation, it won't end well.

KEN

We are approximately 15 miles away from that plant, so how long until it reaches us?

JACOB

30 minutes max, depending on the wind's direction. Keep closing the windows, I'll be right back.

Jacob rushes downstairs to his supply room. He grabs 3 gas masks, a Geiger counter, and rolls of black masking tape, he rushes back upstairs. He gives Ken and Linda a gas mask.

Linda looks nervous as she takes the mask from Jacob.

KEN

Don't worry darling, I'll show you what to do.

The three quickly begin to tape up the edges of the windows.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Abandoned cars fill the lot, a few STRAY DOGS are seen scavenging for food. Jacob and Ken, now wearing gas masks proceed with caution, Jacob pulls out a Geiger counter. It beeps lightly.

JACOB

Small amount of radiation detected, keep your mask on.

Ken nods in agreement. Jacob pulls out a pair of binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: scanning the area, no signs of life. END POV

Satisfied, Jacob puts the binoculars in his bag.

Jacob scavenges cars, he grabs various supplies and tosses them in his bag.

Ken notices a hardware store across the street.

KEN

Hey buddy, we need to check that place out.

Ken points to the hardware store.

JACOB

Ok, after we check out the school.

They start to cross towards the school, when suddenly - they hear a few VEHICLES approach, they rush into the hardware to hide.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS

They hide behind shelves, still with a clear view of the parking lot.

CARS pull in and stop. THREE ARMED MEN are seen among others who hold baseball bats. They too begin to scavenge cars. A few enter the hardware store. Jacob waves for Ken to back up out of view of the armed men, who are now inside the store.

FOLLOW Jacob and Ken as they slowly make their way out the back door and rush into the bushes for cover.

They watch as the group continues to loot cars. Suddenly - a CRAZED MAN in a lab coat sprints from out of the woods, he charges towards the group.

MAN IN GROUP

Halt, or I'll shoot.

The crazed man continues to charge, we see up close he's bloody and gnashing his teeth. The crazed man grabs someone in the group and starts biting his face, flesh is torn.

A man in group shoots the crazed man in the head. He's dead. The bitten man is bleeding, the group try to console and apply medical assistance.

The bitten man begins to CONVULSE, he spits up blood. Suddenly the bitten man gets up and begins to charge at the group. He bites another man in the neck then is shot and killed immediately.

A few more ZOMBIES appear and smother another man. Flesh rips from his body. DARIO BARBETTI (40's) shoots the zombies in the head, their lifeless bodies hit the ground violently.

Dario's two teenage sons SAL BARBETTI (15), and MYLES BARBETTI (17), stand armed with bats around their father.

More zombies slowly make their way towards them.

Dario, his sons along with TYLER BURGESS (20's), and his sister SHARON NOLAN (40's), run into the woods for safety from the incoming rush of slow moving zombies.

Jacob watches as the 5 people hide behind a few trees. They try to keep quiet as the zombies slowly make their way towards them.

Jacob and Ken quietly approach the unsuspecting group, startling them.

JACOB (LOW TONE)
Hey, follow me. It's safe over here.

They all reluctantly follow Jacob and Ken.

FOLLOW as Jacob leads them over a small hill behind some large rocks. We see the zombies, some with LaSalle Power Plant insignias slowly meander in the parking lot, no longer interested in the group.

DARIO
Thanks mister, those damn monsters we're about to get us.

TYLER
What the hell were those things?

SHARON
Did you see? They killed Terry and Roy... (beat) Thanks again Mr-

JACOB
My name is Jacob. This here is Ken.

DARIO
Well Jacob, much obliged for the help. Guess we should see who's left of our group and let you on your way.

MYLES
Dad, they're all dead!

SAL
He's right dad, if they aren't dead, they turned into those things.

JACOB
Not that it's any of my business, but I suggest you go back and get your vehicles. You all are welcome to com to my place, it's just a few miles away, we got food, some supplies.

DARIO
(apprehensive)
I don't know about that mister.

JACOB
Listen, I understand... Dario.
Things have gotten real ugly out
here, but I promise you all will be
safe.

SHARON
My brother Tyler and I will go with
you, thanks Jacob. Dario, we need
to get off the streets, at least
for a bit.

Sal and Myles look at their dad and nod to him they should go
with Jacob.

DARIO
Fine, my boys and I will go, but no
funny business, I know how to use
this.

Dario holds up the pistol.

JACOB
I saw that. Okay, let's get going
before nightfall. Guess we'll check
the school first thing tomorrow.

KEN
Agreed, I don't like leaving Linda
alone any longer than need be with
those things out and about.

A few slow-moving zombies are seen, they do not pose a
threat.

JACOB
Follow me, let's go.

Jacob and the others jump into their respective vehicles and
drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jacob and Ken fill the generator with gas. Dario carefully
observes the layout of yard.

DARIO

Real crazy times huh?

JACOB

A week ago I was out on an oil rig just doing my job. We knew shit was getting tense politically but didn't give it much thought, guess I should have. Now my family is missing and there's a pile of dead bodies in my backyard.

DARIO

Holy shit Jacob, sorry about your family. (Beat) My boys and I were out at dinner. Soldiers stormed in and ordered everyone into the street. We quietly headed out through the kitchen, made our way back home, I heard shots as we were high tailing it out of there.

Dario kneels down and takes a handful of dirt, he analyzes and slowly lets it fall from his hands.

DARIO (CONT'D)

We gathered what we could at our house and planned to head upstate to a little secluded cabin I own, my fishing retreat if you will. People were running around all crazy, looting everything they could. We ran into some of our friends during the chaos and decided to just stay together until... well, you saw. We met Tyler and Sharon running from some soldiers and just teamed up out of necessity a few days ago. They seem like good people.

JACOB

You think that cabin is safe still?

DARIO

Nope, when all the shit hit the fan a friend who lives close to the cabin called to warn us the soldiers were already in the area rounding people up, so we scrapped that idea.

(MORE)

DARIO (CONT'D)

We've been on the run, staying away from the soldiers, and now these damn flesh eating monsters? What the hell is going on?

JACOB

Beats me. I just want to find my wife and kids.

They finish up with the generator and begin to head inside. Jacob hears a mysterious sound. The three men turn and notice a FEMALE ZOMBIE slowly approach the property. Ken pulls out his knife.

KEN

I got this one.

Jacob recognizes the zombie, he places a hand on Ken's arm to stop him. It is the neighbor lady from earlier.

JACOB

It Ms. Turner.

KEN

Bygolly, I think you're right Jacob. Well, aint that a shame.

DARIO

Did you know her well?

Been by herself for over 10 years. Real nice. What a shame... I should do it.

KEN

You sure man?

They approach Ms. Turner. Jacob pulls out his knife and reluctantly drives it into her skull. She falls to the ground dead.

KEN (CONT'D)

Sorry buddy.

JACOB

Let's go inside, I need a drink.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ken sits on the couch, he calmly shaves sticks into spikes.

TYLER

Need some help with that?

KEN

Sure, there's an extra knife on the table.

Tyler grabs the knife and starts to make spikes with Ken.

Myles and Sal notice a map on the wall of the area with red "x's" in certain neighborhoods.

MYLES

What is this Jacob?

JACOB

Houses I've checked for supplies.

SAL

We'd be glad to help with this?

JACOB

If it's ok with your dad, I sure would appreciate the help. Many folks left quickly or were rounded up, so plenty of canned goods and essential supplies still to be had.

MYLES

(confidently)

We got you Jacob.

Jacob sits down and begins to shave spikes with Ken and Tyler.

JACOB

So Dario, you handled yourself pretty good back there when those things attacked your group.

DARIO

I was a cop for 12 years, but I was always more of a guy who liked to building things, so I got out of law enforcement, went back to school, then started my own engineering firm.

Jacob notices Dario's sons on the couch who now help shave spikes with Tyler.

JACOB

What about their mother?

DARIO

Passed away a few years back, cancer.

JACOB

I'm sorry to hear that.

DARIO

Yea, well. At least she doesn't have to see what the world has become, it was hard on the boys after she died, but we got through it together. They are tough kids.

KEN

Lil ones weren't in the cards for us. So Linda threw herself into her business, but I know she wishes she could have been a mom.

We see Linda showing Myles and Sal how to put seeds in a small planter, she smiles while educating them.

Dario points to a picture of Jacob's family..

DARIO

Those your kids?

JACOB

Yep, Max is 15, my girl Lilly is 17. They both have the best parts of their mom thankfully. Trust me, teenage girls... it's tough. (beat) My boy Max is like me when I was his age, sports, figuring out how to talk to girls, hanging with his friends. He makes good grades so I have a long leash with him.

DARIO

I'm sure we'll find them soon.

JACOB

I hope you're right. I miss them terribly, but thinking about what they could be going through is the worst of it. I pray they're safe wherever they are.

Ken nods at Jacob and resumes carving spikes. Sharon notices the radio, a YAESU ET-818ND. She inquisitively approaches and picks it up. Tyler joins her, they huddle to discuss the radio. Jacob notices.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Hey, what do you think of that?

SHARON

I use the FTM-500DR at work, this model was a precursor to that.

TYLER

(sarcastic)

It belongs in a museum.

JACOB

Well, it can run on solar, has all bands, does VHF, UHF and HF.

Also on the table is a small morse code device.

TYLER

I mean sure, but its only 6 watts. You need a FT-710. Its a sweet ass HF/50MHz band 100W Compact SDR Transceiver. Dude, it has Band-Pass-Filters dedicated for amateur bands to eliminate out-of-band unwanted signals. Plus, it covers way more distance.

Jacob is impressed with Tyler.

TYLER (CONT'D)

This however (points to the morse code device) is truly a relic.

JACOB

(light hearted)

You know morse code, kid?

TYLER

Man, I learned morse code before my multiplication tables, and I did that in second grade.

JACOB

(beat) You want to be in charge of comms?

TYLER

I guess, but first you need a signal booster dude.

JACOB

How do you know that?

SHARON

Because I taught him. I'm a field technician supervisor for a telecommunications company.

TYLER

(confidently)

And all I did was graduate from MIT with a degree in electrical engineering. I was hoping to work at the CIA or just contribute to Anonymous someday. Whatever.

Tyler resumes tinkering with the radio. Jacob gets up and heads to the kitchen.

JACOB

Fine Tyler, the job is yours, now who wants a PBJ sandwich?

TYLER

Oh my God that sounds delicious, count me in.

LINDA

Sure thing Jacob, thanks.

Ken nods in agreement. Sharon throws up her hand up. Myles and Sal give a thumbs up.

JACOB

Ok, PBJs. Feel like I'm making lunch for my kids when they were in elementary school.

Jacob sighs, lost in thought. Ken notices.

KEN

We're gonna find them man, and I'm gonna help you.

JACOB

Thanks Ken, hope you all like grape jelly.

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - MORNING

Jacob and Ken diligently dig holes around the perimeter of the property at regular intervals. Following closely behind, Myles and Sal place WOODEN SPIKES into each hole.

Once the spikes are securely positioned, they carefully cover them with branches and leaves to camouflage their presence.

Tyler and Sharon are atop the roof, focused on adjusting and securing the ANTENNA.

JACOB

Primitive, but should get the job done if those things come around here.

KEN

Ain't no zombie living if they fall in this hole.

Ken slams a few wooden spikes in the ground.

JACOB

Ok, that should do it, now let's head to that school, see what we can find.

Ken nods in agreement. Jacob gets Sharon's attention.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Hey, we're taking off to the school, be back as quick as possible.

Sharon waves from the roof then resumes her work. Linda comes over and hugs Ken.

LINDA

Don't do nothing foolish and try to be a hero out there. I know how you get Ken Hayes.

KEN

(laughing)

As long as I'm your hero baby, that's all I care about... I'll be fine, don't worry. You keep yourself busy in that garden and I'll be back before supper. You got your boyfriend with you?

Linda lifts up her shirt, revealing a PISTOL. Ken nods.

KEN (CONT'D)

He's the only one you can cheat on me with.

The both laugh lightly. Ken gives her a kiss on the forehead. Jacob and Ken hop in a truck and drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - DAY

Myles and Sal, slowly on bikes, approach what appears to be an ABANDONED HOUSE, the garage door still open. Boards, haphazardly nailed over some of the windows, overgrown weeds have taken root in the yard.

The boys park their bikes, and cautiously approach the house. The only sound is the howling wind, whispering through the broken windows and creaking rafters.

Myles and Sal, wearing GAS MASKS, slowly proceed towards the house. Myles takes out a Geiger counter, no sign of toxic radiation. He nods to Sal, they both remove their masks.

MYLES

Ok, according to Jacob's map, this whole block has not been explored. Let's start here and make our way down the street.

Armed with handguns, the two teen boys cautiously and quietly enter the house, their movements deliberate and tense. We follow them as they search through drawers and cabinets. They gather any canned goods and supplies they find, quickly stuffing them into their bags.

Suddenly a LOUD RUMBLING noise is heard, they both duck for cover, but still with a view outside.

THE RAIDERS, a roving gang of opportunists, pull up and park their motorcycles and vehicles across the street with practiced ease. The sound of their engines draws the attention of a few nearby zombies, but the thugs are prepared. With swift, brutal efficiency, they dispatch the approaching undead.

MYLES (CONT'D)

Don't move, don't make a sound, hopefully they go away.

Sal, visibly nervous, does as his older brother tells him. The Raiders enter a house, they pull out a MAN and WOMAN at gun point. The gang mock and kick the man, the leader approaches the man, he pulls out a gun and shoots him in the head, the gang laughs. The panicked woman is forcefully grabbed and tossed into a van. The gang, enters their house and are seen leaving with a few supplies.

SAL

We should try to help her.

MYLES

And do what? They will kill us too!

The Raiders get back on their bikes and into their vehicles and drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - EVENING

Linda, Tyler and Dario sit at the kitchen table. Tyler reads a book, Linda plants seeds in small pots. Myles and Sal enter with two LARGE DUFFEL BAGS of supplies. They toss their bags on the floor, Myles goes over to the map and puts an "x" over an area.

SAL
(visibly shaken)
We saw them.

DARIO
Who? Russians?

MYLES
No, some gang of assholes, they shot a guy in cold blood and took a lady.

SAL
There was nothing we could do, it was awful.

LINDA
Listen boys, you don't worry yourself about it, the important thing is you're back safe. (Beat) I hope that poor woman meets a quick death.

DARIO
From now on you boys only go out scavenging with Ken, or Jacob. Got it?

The boys shake their heads in agreement.

MYLES
It's so sad seeing all the spoiled meat in refrigerators. Steaks, chops, it kills me.

LINDA
You did good boys. Wash up then come over, I'll teach you how to properly prepare seeds to grow effectively.

MYLES

Put it in dirt, water it and give it some sun. Done.

LINDA

In its simplest form, yes. But what about depth of the seed to properly grow strong roots. What about using the right soil? Boy, go get cleaned up then get your butts over here.

Myles sheepishly nods his head.

SAL

Yes mam, be right back.

Jacob and Ken enter. Jacob tosses his backpack on the floor and heads to the kitchen. He pours a shot.

LINDA

How did it go fellas?

Ken looks at her and nods no. Linda's crestfallen.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Sorry Jacob.

KEN

Tomorrow we try something new buddy, don't loose hope. We'll find them.

Jacob does his shot, he notices the picture of his family.

JACOB

I'm tired, heading to bed. Ok?

KEN

No worries, I'll take first watch.

TYLER

I'll stay up with you Ken, I'm kind of a night owl.

Jacob solemnly and slowly proceeds upstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - DAYS LATER

Jacob sits at the radio, he tries to get a signal.

JACOB

Hello, can anyone hear me? Over.

Only STATIC, he adjusts the dials. Suddenly - what sounds like a FEMALE VOICE is heard.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 (excited)
 Hello, I can hear you. Over.

The voice crackles through the static, FUZZY and UNINTELLIGIBLE. Jacob leans closer to the radio, straining to decipher the words, but nothing more comes through.

Jacob jots down the channel he heard the voice on.

In a spontaneous celebration, Jacob reaches for a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY. He pours himself and Ken a generous glass. Tyler, catching Jacob's eye, grins with excitement. Jacob, understanding the unspoken request, pours Tyler a small shot as well. Tyler accepts it with a smile, lifting the glass in a silent toast.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 (CONT'D)
 To signs of life.

All three raise their glasses in unison, cheering loudly before slamming back their shots. Tyler instantly recoils in disgust, his face contorting as he coughs and grimaces at the strong taste. Ken bursts into laughter.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jacob surveys the area with a careful eye. Ken and Sharon quickly spot THREE ZOMBIES blocking the entrance. The group moves closer, their movements quiet and precise.

Ken, armed with a bat, steps forward and smashes a zombie's head, which explodes with a sickening ease. Jacob picks up a cinder block and hurls it at another zombie, creating a gaping hole in its chest. Still, it continues its slow, relentless approach. Ken laughs at the sight, but Jacob, undeterred, swiftly draws a machete from his backpack and decapitates the zombie in one clean strike. Blood splatters onto Ken, abruptly silencing his laughter.

KEN
 Aw man, this is my favorite shirt.

Sharon stabs the third zombie in the head with a large knife, its lifeless body falls to the ground.

JACOB
Alright, let's get what we came
for.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob, Ken and Sharon enter the store. Inside, they proceed to the electronics aisle. Sharon quickly scans the equipment.

SHARON
I can't believe this is still here.
This will do.

Sharon quickly puts a DEVICE it in her backpack. She notices a user manual and grabs that. They proceed down another aisle with various tools. Ken grabs a few tools for Linda's garden. They quickly exit.

FOLLOW Jacob, Ken and Sharon as they put their new supplies in the back of a truck.

Suddenly, they notice a CONVOY OF PICKUP TRUCKS approaching. They quickly hide but keep a visual as the trucks go by, they realize its RUSSIAN SOLDIERS by the freshly painted red hammer and sickle on the side of the recently commandeered vehicles.

JACOB
Russians.

KEN
Let's follow them, see where
they're holed up.

JACOB
I couldn't agree more, they might
lead us to my family. Let's go.

SHARON
(reluctant)
Okay, but we can't let them see us.

KEN
Oh they won't. I'm driving.

Jacob, Ken and Sharon get back in the truck and follow the Russian convoy from a safe distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Russian trucks pull into a parking lot. Ken slowly pulls off the road and parks behind some trees. MILITARY ACTIVITY is seen. Jacob, Ken and Sharon get out of the truck. Jacob pulls out binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV: We see CIVILIANS in a yard, some eat, some chat, others cry. Jacob scans the faces - no sign of his family. END POV

JACOB

My family could be in there, I have to check it out.

KEN

Hold your britches buddy, there are dozens of them and only three of us, let's make a plan and we'll come back when the time is right.

JACOB

(sighs)

Fine.

Ken makes a quick sketch of the warehouse and jots down other vital information. They slowly and cautiously get in the truck and drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - WILLARD HOUSE - EVENING

Tyler attaches the booster device to the antenna. Firmly secured, he climbs down the ladder.

SHARON

Got it?

TYLER

(cocky confidence)

No problem, all good sis.

They proceed inside.

Jacob and Ken hunch over the sketch of the warehouse, their faces intent and serious. Jacob carefully makes notes, marking the locations of the doors.

He then outlines a path from the woods to the entrance, ensuring it avoids the main points of surveillance.

Ken watches closely, nodding in agreement as he follows Jacob's planning. The two share a silent understanding, their combined focus reflecting the gravity of the task ahead.

Sharon and Tyler enter.

SHARON
Ok, let's see if that works.

JACOB
Try frequency 102.

Tyler adjusts the dials.

TYLER
Hello, can anyone hear me? Over.

A few seconds go by, then a FEMALE VOICE.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(Southern country accent)
Copy, I can hear you. What is your name? Over.

Jacob grabs the headset from Tyler.

JACOB
I'd rather not say, for now.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(concerned tone)
This is a different voice than the first one, what is going on here?

JACOB
I'm just a guy who needs to find his family. Over.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Or, maybe you're with the Russians or the Raiders, trying to smoke us out.

JACOB
Raiders? Who are they?

FEMALE VOICE
You'll know when you encounter them - scavengers, killers, rapists, true scum.

JACOB

I understand your concern. And some in our group have already encountered these Raiders... Perhaps we can build some trust. My name is Jacob, I live in Marseilles. What is yours?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ok, Jacob... who is the mayor of Marseilles?

JACOB

Peter McFarland, he's in his second term. My wife volunteered for his campaign. His wife Roberta is a real nice lady, from what I hear.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

...Hmmm, you might not be Russian after all, don't mean you're a good American. (beat) Just call me Wildcat for now, Jacob. What happened to your family?

JACOB

I came home after being away and was told they were taken by soldiers, along with several other people from my neighborhood.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

Well that is just awful Mister. Listen, I'm going to go ahead and trust you... for now. Our latest intel shows Russians have been holed up at a furniture store off route 6 in Seneca.

Jacob grabs a map.

JACOB

I know that road well.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

Also, there's a small unit at a middle school in Ottawa.

Jacob circles Ottawa on his map. He scribbles "middle school."

WILDCAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lastly, we have heard there are some at the auto parts factory in Dayton. Can't confirm that one, its just a rumor.

JACOB

Well, I'll go ahead and confirm that for you. My friends and I saw a military unit there today.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

You sure they were foreign soldiers?

JACOB

Yes, definitely not American. We also saw civilians being held hostage.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

We got plenty of folks here missing loved ones. We will check that out, if it turns out you are telling the truth, then maybe we can develop a friendship.

JACOB

Glad to help. I think we're off to a good start, Wildcat.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

If, and it's still an If, I call you, it will be on this channel, got it Jacob?

JACOB

Will do, Wildcat. Over and Out.

Jacob looks at Tyler.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Let's conserve battery.

Tyler nods in agreement and turns the radio off. Jacob, now filled with confidence resumes looking over the map.

KEN

My nephew goes to Ottawa Middle, I pick him up once in a while when my sister is at work. I know it well.

JACOB

Good, let's hit that one first.

Ken nods in agreement.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I'm going to get some shut eye, we
leave after breakfast. Kid, you
good first watch?

Tyler gives a thumbs up.

TYLER

Plenty of spikes to shave Jacob,
I'm good.

JACOB

Appreciate it Ty.

CUT TO:

EXT. OTTAWA MIDDLE SCHOOL - NEXT MORNING

BINOCULAR POV: Jacob scans the area around the school, no
sign of any humans or zombies. END POV.

He and Ken slowly proceed to the school. Behind the school by
a loading dock we see 10 RUSSIAN SOLDIERS unloading
equipment. Finished unloading, a few soldiers stay while the
rest get back in a truck and drive away.

The Russian soldiers left to guard the equipment relax, they
begin to play cards and smoke cigarettes. Jacob looks through
his sniper lens.

SNIPER POV: we see three Russian soldiers. One of the
soldiers strolls into the woods away from the other two. He
unzips his pants and starts peeing. Jacob seizes the moment
and snipes the lone soldier. His lifeless body falls to the
ground. The two other Russian soldiers are unaware their
comrade is dead. END POV

Jacob and Ken move in closer. Ken takes out a knife. He waits
for his moment - he tosses the knife at a soldier hitting him
in the chest. Jacob quickly shoots the other in the head.
Jacob approaches the Russian soldiers with the knife in his
chest, he's still alive. Jacob picks him up.

JACOB

(screaming)

Where are you holding the people
from this town?

The Russian soldier grimaces in pain. Jacob shakes him.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
No English, asshole.

Jacob becomes frustrated. The Russian soldier tries to grab a PISTOL strapped to his ankle. Ken sees it in time and shoots the soldier, killing him instantly. Jacob gives Ken a nod of thanks.

Jacob rummages through the Russian equipment, his hands swiftly but methodically inspecting each item for anything useful.

Nearby, Ken sifts through a pile of papers, maps, and logs, his eyes scanning for any valuable information. With their backpacks now filled, they exchange a quick nod and begin to leave.

Ken sees a BOTTLE OF VODKA while exiting - he stops and goes back to grab the bottle. He lifts it up, Jacob nods his approval. They head back into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO OTTAWA MIDDLE SCHOOL - MORNING - NEXT DAY

We see the dead Russian soldiers, still where Jacob and Ken left them. The quiet scene is quickly interrupted by loud motorcycles.

THE RAIDERS pull up to the school, 10-15 ruffians dressed like they are straight out of Mad Max get off their bikes and start to examine the scene.

The RAIDER'S LEADER, a big, rough looking character spits out some dip and waves to a few of his HENCHMEN to go inside the school.

FOLLOW them into the school as they notice the dead Russian soldiers. The leader approaches and looks over the bodies. He notices a clean headshot.

LEADER
This looks professional.

The Leader looks to his group.

LEADER (CONT'D)
I want a few of you to go look for whoever did this, they still might be here. The rest of you, go look for food. NOW GO!

The group heads off to their assigned missions, the Leader looks at his NUMBER TWO, another brutish fellow.

LEADER (CONT'D)

If there are survivors around here,
I want them found. Free pussy to
whoever brings them to me.

Number Two nods and smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - EVENING

Ken pours himself and Jacob vodka shots, they cheers. Jacob grimaces in disgust. Ken slams his drink and laughs at Jacob.

JACOB

Disgusting, give me an American Rye
whiskey over this any day.

KEN

Ah, it ain't so bad after a few.

LINDA

Hey Mister, take it easy on that.

KEN

Of course my love, at least we know
who would win a drinking match
between me and Jacob.

JACOB

(snickering)

The title is all yours.

Jacob lays out the recently gathered intel, it's in Russian.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)

Anyone know Russian?

KEN

Looks to me like this is the
factory our new friend mentioned.

JACOB

I see the word zazolhnik quite a
bit. Maybe Wildcat can help us.
(beat) Hey Tyler, try to get
Wildcat on the radio.

Tyler excitedly rushes over to the radio, he turns it on and begins to speak.

TYLER

Wildcat this is T-BONE 1 do you copy?

KEN

T-BONE 1? What the hell are you talking about kid?

TYLER

I've been thinking of a cool radio call sign for myself, you like it?

Wildcat is heard from the radio.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

This is Wildcat, who am I speaking to? Jacob, is that you?

TYLER

My name is Tyler, I live with Jacob. I'm his radio man T-BONE 1.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

(laughing)

Boy you don't sound older than a baby pup.

TYLER

(slightly embarrassed)

Uhm, Wildcat, we need your help with something.

Jacob takes the microphone.

JACOB

Hey Wildcat, it's Jacob, please forgive Tyler, he's excited clearly. Anyway, we got some intel off some Russians and a crude map of a factory. The word "zazolhnik" appears several times. Any idea what it means?

WILDCAT (O.S.)

Hold on Jacob.

LINDA

I think T-Bone 1 is a cool name.

Tyler, Myles, and Sal, who are hard at work drawing up defensive plans with their dad, look up and laugh at Tyler.

TYLER

Thank you Linda.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

According to a Russian travel guide we procured, it means hostage.

JACOB

I bet that is where our people are. We are going to investigate and will let you know what we find. Thanks for the help Wildcat. Over and Out.

WILDCAT (O.S.)

Glad to be of assistance. Keep me posted. Over and Out.

JACOB

(to Ken)

We got work to do.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY - NEXT DAY

From his vantage point on the hill, Jacob surveys the area below, which is teeming with RUSSIAN MILITARY activity. Soldiers move purposefully, their commands sharp and unyielding. Among them, CIVILIANS are being forced to carry heavy equipment, their faces strained with exhaustion and fear.

A truck pulls up, catching Jacob's attention. He adjusts his binoculars for a clearer view.

BINOCULAR POV: Russian soldiers lead civilians off a truck, women, children, elderly. A soldier looks over a civilian woman seductively. END POV

Jacob and Ken check their guns with practiced precision. Ken methodically removes a set of KNIVES from his backpack, tucking them into his waistband for easy access. Jacob nods, signaling their readiness, they begin their slow, cautious approach toward the factory.

They observe civilians unloading a truck, guarded by a few Russian soldiers. Jacob, moving with quiet efficiency, sets up his sniper rifle. With two swift silent shots, he takes down the Russian soldiers. The civilians, initially stunned by the sudden deaths of their captors, quickly seize the opportunity to arm themselves with the fallen soldiers' weapons.

Maintaining their stealth, Jacob and Ken approach the now-armed group.

JACOB
Hey, over here.
(waves a hand)

The civilians approach Jacob and Ken.

CIVILIAN 1
Thanks mister.

JACOB
My name is Jacob, this is Ken. We live a few towns over. I have reason to believe my wife and kids are possibly located here.

CIVILIAN 1
What are their names Jacob?

JACOB
Julia's my wife, Max is my son and Lilly's my daughter.

CIVILIAN 1
Yup, they're here. I was a grammar school teacher and taught your daughter mister. They're safe, for now.

Jacob looks at her intently, trying to recall her.

JACOB
(excited)
Kristin Davis?

KRISTIN
Indeed Mr. Jacobs. You family is fine.

JACOB
I have to get them out of here, now.

MALE CIVILIAN 1
Count us in, how can we help?

Jacob hands a few of the civilians HANDGUNS from his backpack. Jacob unfolds a map, they all gather around.

JACOB

Get those uniforms off the soldiers. Ken and I will be your new guards. Now, show me where they.

A few civilians get to work removing the dead Russian's uniforms.

KRISTIN

They took us down a flight of stairs here.

She points to the map.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Those of us that could work were separated while most of the women, children and elderly stayed behind. Pretty sure they must still be there.

Jacob looks over the map in thought.

JACOB

OK Ken, you and these three head around this way and wait for my signal. Rest of you come with me, we will approach the stairwell from the east. Once we're inside I'll radio you, Ken. Try to keep a low profile.

Jacob and Ken, now in the Russian uniforms, prepare themselves.

KEN

Got it... Stay close to me folks, you're my prisoners remember.

The civilians nod in agreement. Ken and his civilians head off.

JACOB

Everyone locked and loaded?

The civilians nod their readiness.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Everyone in front of me, let's go.

Jacob raises his gun like he's escorting prisoners. They all proceed to the factory.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE - FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob and his civilian hostages proceed to the stairs, they blend in easily with the busy Russian soldiers. They approach the an entrance door.

INT. HALLWAY - FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the factory is a scene of chaos and tension.

A RUSSIAN FLAG hangs on the wall.

Armed soldiers patrol the corridors, their expressions stern and watchful.

KRISTIN
(whispering to Jacob)
It's this way.

She points down a long hallway.

A few Russian soldiers pass by, casting a suspicious glance at Jacob and his group. Jacob acknowledges them with a nod. The soldiers, momentarily appeased, continue on their patrol, allowing the group to proceed without interference.

In the background, occasional SHOUTS punctuate the air as soldiers coordinate their movements or assert control over the hostages.

Jacob leads his group around a corner, moving swiftly to avoid the watchful eyes of other soldiers. Out of sight and earshot, they continue their careful advance.

JACOB
(into the walkie-talkie)
OK, we are at the entrance of the
basement. Over.

KEN (O.S.)
Copy. We are in place, waiting for
your go. Over.

JACOB
(into the walkie-talkie)
Stand by.

Jacob and his group approach a large set of double doors, they enter slowly.

INT. BASEMENT - FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

In the dimly lit room, American civilians are scattered around. Some clutch each other tightly, others sit in tense silence.

Women attend to their children. Elderly individuals lie on cots, their weariness evident as they rest.

The hostages are lightly guarded by a few Russian soldiers who appear relaxed as they engage in a game of cards and sharing occasional laughter. Jacob and the group approach the Russian soldiers casually.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 1
(in Russian, subtitled)
Are you our relief? Our shift
doesn't end for two more hours.

Jacob nods and smiles.

SOLDIER 2
(in Russian, subtitled)
What is your name comrade? You do
not look familiar.

Jacob's laughter fills the tense air, echoing unexpectedly through the room. The soldiers exchange confused glances but join in hesitantly, mirroring Jacob's hearty chuckles.

With a playful gesture, Jacob points towards a BOTTLE OF VODKA on the table, drawing the soldiers' attention. One of them complies, pouring shots and handing one to Jacob with a cautious smile.

As Jacob raises his glass in a mock toast, the other two soldiers follow suit.

In a swift, chilling turn, Jacob's demeanor shifts. With lightning speed, he draws a HANDGUN fitted with a silencer, executing precise shots that eliminate the soldiers before they can react.

The hostages, recoil in fear. The room fills with an eerie silence, broken only by the thud of bodies hitting the floor and the panicked whispers of the captives.

JACOB
(loudly)
Julia? Max? Lilly?

A FEMALE VOICE is heard from the back.

LILLY

Dad?

Lilly runs to embrace her father. Her face is pale with fear, tears flowing freely as she clings to Jacob. Jacob holds her close, his own eyes moist with tears.

JACOB

Thank God you're alive. Where's your mom and brother?

LILLY

They were taken somewhere else. I'm not sure where.

Jacob sighs, but hugs Lilly again.

JACOB

Don't worry, let's just focus on getting you out of here.

Lilly nods. Jacob wipes her tears.

JACOB (CONT'D)

(into radio) I found my daughter, we're on our way out. Meet us at the north stairwell exit, we need to get out of here ASAP! Over.

Jacob leads Lilly and the rest of the hostages to the stairwell. Jacob points to a few of the younger male hostages.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Grab those guns.

The men do as they are told and secure the handguns from the dead soldiers.

FOLLOW the group as Jacob leads them to the exit.

EXT. FACTORY DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob swiftly opens the exit door, his eyes widening at the sight of Ken and the others engaged in a FIERCE GUNFIGHT with Russian soldiers. Without hesitation, Jacob and his crew join the fray, bullets whizzing through the air as everyone scrambles for cover. Tragically, a civilian caught in the crossfire falls lifeless.

Amidst the gunfire, the sound attracts nearby ZOMBIES, who emerge from the shadows. One Russian soldier is overwhelmed and taken down by a ravenous zombie. As the chaos escalates, several fallen soldiers and civilians transform into zombies, their groans mingling with the gunfire and shouts of the living.

Jacob senses the urgency of the moment and waves for everyone to follow him, their path fraught with danger as they continue to be targeted by the relentless soldiers. Amidst the turmoil, he reaches out and firmly grasps Lilly's hand.

JACOB

We have to get out of here. Now!

KEN

Come on everyone, follow me.

Jacob and Ken lead everyone into the woods, away from the chaotic scene. The zombies and soldiers continue to engage each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - EVENING

The former hostages, gather in a corner of the yard. Some express their gratitude with tears of joy, while others share comforting words and gestures of support.

Linda, moves among the group, distributing bottles of water and fruit.

Meanwhile, Lilly assists the older individuals with first aid.

JACOB

Listen up everyone, we've got food, water, and some supplies, but if you stay, you have to contribute to the community, farming, scavenging, chopping fire wood, building shelters, whatever you can.

We see some nod their head in agreement.

DONNA BELCHER (40s) a worn but determined look on her face approaches.

DONNA

I'm a trained nurse mister, my son Willie and I will stay with you.

She places a hand on her son WILLIE (14).

JACOB

Great, we could use someone with medical experience. (Beat) You're all welcome to stay.

CIVILIAN 3

We appreciate that Jacob, but my wife and I have to get going. My mother in-law is still home alone, we believe, and need to get to her as soon as possible.

JACOB

Fine, take some water, food, and this.

Jacob hands the man a HANDGUN. The man takes the gun and nods his thanks. Sal approaches Willie.

SAL

Hey, nice to meet you. Is it just you and your mom?

WILLIE

Yes, we got rounded up and brought to that factory the day of the invasion.

SAL

Where is your dad?

WILLIE

Uhm, my dad... he died a few years ago. Car accident.

SAL

My friend was killed by the Russians in front of us.

WILLIE

Sorry to hear that.

MAX

Sorry about your dad.

Willie smiles and nods, they walk off together.

Linda and Lilly continue helping others.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEDICAL CLINIC - DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

Jacob and the others make their way to the entrance. They kill a few zombies with skill and ease. They slowly enter the clinic.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Proceeding with caution, Jacob, Ken and a small group move methodically through the rooms, checking drawers and cabinets for anything of value or importance.

Suddenly, a NOISE from a back room shatters the silence. Jacob swiftly signals to two men, communicating silently with hand gestures. Together, they cautiously advance towards the source of the noise, stopping in front of a closed door.

With a nod from Jacob, one of the men slowly turns the door handle. Before they can react, a PANICKED MAN bursts out, knocking over a member of the group in his desperate attempt to flee.

Reacting swiftly, Ken swings the butt of his gun with precision, striking the man on the head. The force of the blow knocks him down.

JACOB

Freeze or I'll shoot.

IVAN RAGORAVICH (50's), a Russian commander, disheveled, his leg wrapped in bandages and now with a bloody nose, slowly tries to get up. Jacob pushes him back to the ground.

CIVILIAN 1

Hey, I recognize this guy. He was one of the head honchos back at the factory. A real piece of shit.

Ken approaches Ivan and raises the butt of his gun. Ivan recoils. Jacob stops Ken.

JACOB

Hang on Ken, let's see what he knows first.

Ken lowers his gun but keeps it pointed at Ivan.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What's your name?

IVAN

Colonel Ivan Ragoravich, second battalion Russian armed forces.

JACOB
Well Colonel, why you are here?

IVAN
Just wanted to take in the sights.

Ken hits Ivan with the but of his gun, blood splatters.

JACOB
Don't be funny asshole. Tell us why
you're here or I'll let him hit you
all day. Why are you here, where
are the civilians you shitheads
took?

Ken raises the gun to hit Ivan again, Ivan recoils.

IVAN
I was in charge of setting up an
outpost by the power plant, but
when you people attacked us we
became overrun by... my men they
turn into these hideous monsters. I
barely escaped and have been here
since.

JACOB
You and your military made those
monsters?

IVAN
We had orders to control the
nuclear plants, starve you of
energy. We had no idea this would
happen. I was just following
orders. You must believe me.

KEN
Fuck this guy Jacob, let's waste
him.

IVAN
No, no please... I can help you.

JACOB
(reluctantly)
How?

IVAN
I can show you where we were
storing equipment, plenty of
weapons and supplies. You need
supplies, huh? I tell truth.

KEN
Sounds like a trap.

Jacob stares at Ivan.

JACOB
He could know where Julia and Max
are being held. Tie him up. He
comes with us. If he tries to run,
shoot him.

Ken takes out zip ties and secures Ivan, Ken aggressively
leads Ivan out.

JACOB (CONT'D)
The rest of you, finish gathering
what you can and let's get the hell
out of here, it will be dark soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Ivan sits at a picnic table, being closely guarded by two
armed men.

Ken, ever resourceful, keeps busy constructing arrows. His
hands move deftly, a mix of muscle memory and sheer necessity
driving his actions.

IVAN
You know, if you put some cross
feathers on those they will travel
farther.

KEN
I've been making arrows with my dad
in these hills for years thank you
very much. Russian a-hole.

IVAN
Okay, fine. Do it your way. You
know I too learned things from my
dad. Mostly hunting and fishing.

KEN
Good for you pal... why don't you
just shut up and mind your own
business.

Ivan leans back, indifferent to Ken's comment. Jacob and a
few others approach.

JACOB

Ok Ivan, where on this map are my family?

Jacob shoves a map in front of Ivan. Ivan slowly looks the map over.

IVAN

We have a lot of hostages. I don't know where your family is mister. I was only in charge of the factory.

Jacob seethes with frustration. Ken puts his hand on his shoulder in reassurance.

KEN

What about those weapons?

Ivan points to a road on the map.

IVAN

It's at the end of this dirt road, (points on the map) An old abandoned farm.

KEN

I know that area. They use to have baseball fields back there when I was a kid.

JACOB

Okay... Ken, get a crew together. We leave at first light, and Ivan... you'll lead the way.

Jacob walks away. Ken turns to a few community members.

KEN

Take this shit bag to the tool shed, he sleeps there. Don't take your eyes off him all night.

Two community members grab Ivan by the arms and lead him away.

KEN (CONT'D)

Sleep tight you commie shit head.

Ivan looks back at a smiling Ken.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - MORNING

Ken and Ivan sit in the back seat of a rugged, dust-covered truck. A fellow community member grips the wheel, eyes scanning the road with vigilance. Beside him, in the shotgun seat, Jacob stays alert, a rifle resting across his lap.

Trailing closely behind, another car filled with community members follows. The convoy moves through the desolate landscape. Slow moving zombies meander in the open fields, long ABANDONED CARS line the road and ditches.

JACOB

You better not be messing with us
Ivan. If you lead us into a trap
you'll be the first one with a
bullet in his head.

Ken smiles and stares intently at Ivan who looks slightly intimidated.

IVAN

I understand my situation Jacob.
Take the next right.

They proceed down a dirt road, we approach a few old barns, we see the old baseball fields that have been overrun by nature.

IVAN (CONT'D)

It's the last farmhouse down this
road.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The convoy pulls up in front of an old, abandoned farmhouse barn, badly worn and barely standing.

Windows are shattered, and the roof sags precariously. Ken and Ivan step out of the back seat, their eyes scanning the dilapidated building. The community members in the other car also disembark, weapons at the ready, as they approach the fragile structure.

Jacob shoves Ivan to lead.

FOLLOW the group as they enter the barn. As their eyes adjust to the dim light, the group spots movement in the shadows. Emerging from the darkness, a few ZOMBIES, shamble slowly towards them.

Without hesitation, the group springs into action. Ken and a few others move swiftly, their blades flashing in the dim light. Ivan stares on, while the others efficiently dispatch the remaining zombies.

JACOB

All I see are a few zombies and
Some old farm equipment, Ivan.

IVAN

Look under that hay.

He points to a corner.

KEN

I got this.

JACOB

(concerned)
Careful Ken.

Ken proceeds to the hay pile. He grabs a pitch fork from the ground and starts to remove the hay. Soon a crate is visible, then another, then another.

KEN

We got something here, Jacob.

JACOB

Ivan, go open the boxes.

IVAN

Why me?

JACOB

In case it's booby trapped, just do
as you're told.

Ivan slowly makes his way to the crates. The heavy silence of the barn amplifies each creak of the floorboards beneath his feet. Reaching the nearest crate, he takes a deep breath, then carefully pries it open.

As the lid lifts, a glint of metal catches Ken's eye. Inside, neatly stacked and surprisingly well-preserved, are guns and ammo. RIFLES, PISTOLS, and boxes of AMMUNITION fill the crate.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Back up shithead.

Jacob shoves Ivan out of the way, Jacob's eyes widen with pleasure.

JACOB (CONT'D)
OK, let's load these up.

The group begin to load up, Jacob gives Ivan a look of content. Ivan smiles back, like a beaten dog looking for a treat. Jacob slowly walks away. Ken shoves Ivan back towards the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MORNING - DAYS LATER

Jacob, Ken and Dario drive down a road, their truck filled with LUMBER and other supplies. Another truck follows with community members also stacked with supplies.

MOVE IN

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

DARIO
Good haul, that will get us started
on a more secure perimeter.

KEN
Yup, time to upgrade from spikes in
the ground and cans tied to trees.

They all laugh.

JACOB
When I told Julia last year I
wanted to upgrade our yard this
certainly wasn't what we had in
mind. I was thinking bushes, a
little garden, maybe a bird bath.

KEN
Simpler times my friend. Last year
we were thinking about opening
another flower shop. Boy wedding
season sure is profitable. Now all
I can think about is acquiring
weapons and food.

DARIO
I was looking into early
retirement. Maybe buy a boat so the
kids could be out in nature and get
off their damn phones.

KEN

Got that right, my dad taught me to hunt, fish and camp when I was a teenager. Loved every minute of it.

JACOB

That can't compete with Fortnite and Instagram, Ken.

They all laugh.

DARIO

Kids, I just don't understand today's generation.

Jacob slows down as he notices SOMETHING up ahead. Ken notices as well.

DARIO (CONT'D)

Looks like a group of survivors up ahead.

KEN

Be careful, could be a trap, the Raiders.

Jacob brings the truck to a halt, their eyes fixed on the sight ahead. There, in the middle of the road, a BEWILDERED GROUP of people moves slowly forward. Their expressions are a mix of confusion and exhaustion.

DARIO

What should we do?

JACOB

Let's see where they are going.

Jacob pulls out a gun from the glove box and puts it in his waist band.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Stay sharp boys.

Everyone gets out and approaches the group which consists of WOMEN, CHILDREN and a few MEN. Some of the men have bats, hammers and other primitive weapons. The group are prepared to fight, the women and kids are clearly scared.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Where are you coming from?

WOMEN 1

Next town over, we had to leave with what we had quickly. Russians are taking people hostage.

MAN 1

Plus the infected are everywhere. When we left there were twice as many of us.

MAN 2

Any chance you got water? We got some thirsty kids here, mister.

Jacob nods to Ken who goes back to the truck and gets a GALLON OF WATER. Ken puts it on the ground in front of the group and steps back cautiously.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

Much obliged.

MAN 2 takes the water and passes it around to the Kids who quickly consume what they can.

JACOB

It's not safe out here, where are you headed?

MAN 1

We were thinking about heading up in the hills, away from the Russians.

KEN

Bad idea, lots of zombies up there. You won't make it.

A WOMAN starts to cry as she hugs her KID.

JACOB

Listen, we got a little community a few miles away. You can come with us.

Jacob looks at Ken who nods in agreement.

MAN 2

That would be great mister. We ain't got much to offer.

JACOB

If you can swing a hammer and scavenge a store, you can offer something.

WOMAN 2
My kid, he's sick.

JACOB
We got a top notch nurse.

MICHAEL ADAMS (mid 50s), his overgrown beard and matted hair blend perfectly with his dirty clothes, approaches Jacob.

MICHAEL
Some of the kids need antibiotics,
they are getting sicker by the day.
We were exposed to small amounts of
radiation when the LaSalle Power
Plant started leaking.

Sounds of kids coughing are heard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Doctor Michael Adams, glad to make
your acquaintance.

Michael and Ken shake hands.

KEN
Hot diggity, a doctor. Hear that
Jacob?

JACOB
Well, you are all welcome to come
with us, we got fresh water, food
and a safe place.

MICHAEL
Thanks, we will gladly join you.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - DAYS LATER - DAY

The yard, now fortified with wooden walls, serves as a hub of activity and renewal. Under Linda's leadership, a small group tends to a burgeoning VEGETABLE CROP.

Nearby, Dr. Adams, now neatly shaven and Donna have meticulously set up a makeshift MEDICAL TENT within a sterile environment, complete with three beds.

Over by the clothesline, a few women work together, hanging freshly laundered clothes.

Meanwhile, Kristin leads a MAKESHIFT SCHOOL for the children.

Myles and Lilly share playful glances and flirtations, their connection budding.

Nearby, Willie and Sal bond over a shared book, their growing friendship evident in their easy exchanges.

KRISTIN

Today, I want to discuss The American Revolution.

MYLES

Kind of ironic Ms. Davis that we fought the British all those years back, now the Russians. Why can't we all just be friends?

Light laugh from some, Lilly laughs unnecessarily loud.

SAL

Like the original American Revolution, it was citizens who joined together to kick out the British, seems like we have to do it again Ms. Davis.

KRISTIN

Good point Sal, it just goes to show that human behavior has always looked to conquer other empires, whether for resources, or out of fear of ideological differences.

WILLIE

I ain't scared of no Russian, the zombies freak me out because they don't care about dying.

SAL

In combat training Mr. Hayes said head shots are the only sure way to know they are dead. It's hard to imagine anything so determined to kill you.

LILLY

We have to look out for each other, as a group now.

KRISTIN

Very wise Ms. Jacobs. What we remember as normal is gone.

(MORE)

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Did you ever think part of your studies would be in hand to hand combat? Or how to grow your own food, how to store it, how to prepare it? Things are different, what once was important doesn't seem so important anymore.

(beat)

Likes on social media?

(beat)

Not important when a zombie is chasing you.

Shots of the kids in various levels of acknowledgement.

LILLY

To be honest Ms. Davis, I kind of like it without social media. I mean, I totally freaked out when electricity was scarce, I relied on my phone for everything.

KRISTIN

I see you helping out the older folks with their chores Lilly. You've become a leader, like your father. There is a much different kind of reward for helping out others.

KRISTIN (CONT'D)

Look, I was reliant on technology as well, but how would we all know how bad Myles is at Cornhole if we were glued to our phones?

The group laughs, Myles looks slightly embarrassed but plays along. Lilly playfully slaps his arm.

WILLIE

Dude, you have no finesse in your toss.

Myles playfully flexes.

MYLES

Too much power here baby.

Light laughter amongst the children.

DIP TO BLACK

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - MORNING

Dario, directs a small group of men as they meticulously place boards to reinforce the perimeter of their grounds. Jacob approaches, he nods in acknowledgment.

Meanwhile, Ken, leads a group of new members through combat training exercises. His authoritative voice instructs them on tactical maneuvers and defensive strategies. Jacob approaches the training session, observing with a keen eye.

JACOB
How is it going?

KEN
We're going to need better weapons.
Sticks and stones are only going to
do so much.

Willie and Sal are amongst those training in formations. Some are seen training in archery.

JACOB
I guess it's a good problem. Okay,
I've got a plan, but it's risky.

KEN
What ain't risky anymore Jacob?
Hell, it's the end of the world.

Ken laughs a hearty laugh.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL DIVE BAR - DAY

Jacob, Ken, and a few other men cautiously observe a small group of drunken Russian soldiers. The soldiers, inebriated and rowdy, carelessly vandalize a local bar as they guzzle alcohol.

Taking advantage of the situation, Jacob disguises himself as a DISHEVELED HOMELESS MAN, approaching the Russians under the pretense of seeking a drink. The soldiers mock and taunt him, their disdain palpable.

Seizing the moment, Jacob grabs a BOTTLE OF WHISKEY and dashes away, the soldiers in pursuit.

Jacob leads them into the nearby woods, where Ken and the waiting team members swiftly and silently neutralize the drunk Russians with head shots, their lifeless bodies fall to the ground.

KEN

Well shit that was easy, they didn't even put up a fight. I expected more.

JACOB

They're piss drunk. Grab everything from them (points to the dead soldiers)

A few in the group take the soldier's guns, ammo, etc.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - DAY

Ken tinkers with the new AK-47's and pistols. A few others look on, taking in the instruction.

Sharon approaches Jacob who diligently packs a backpack with supplies.

SHARON

Where you boys off to now? You just got back.

We see Myles and Lilly working in the garden together, they flirt and laugh playfully.

JACOB

Going to explore the emergency clinic. Dr. Adams and Donna need supplies for the medical tent. (Looks at Lilly) What is up with them?

SHARON

I think your daughter has a crush or some kind of flirty apocalypse last boy on earth thing with Myles.

JACOB

I've seen a change in her, she's been more helpful to the group than I expected, a pleasant surprise. I'll be watching her and Myles more closely, but I trust my daughter's judgement.

SHARON

Well anyway, I'm glad for her. Finding a good man is hard.

JACOB

Where you ever married?

SHARON

Currently going through a divorce, my husband moved out a few months before the invasion. No idea what has happened to him.

JACOB

Do you care?

SHARON

All I care about is my brother, our parents split up when he was 8, then our mom passed away when he was 15, I've been his only real family.

JACOB

Family. I get it.

Jacob notices Lilly as she and Myles continue laughing while working in the garden.

Linda joins them, carrying bags of soil. She overhears the conversation.

LINDA

Max has a new friend too, Willie. The nurse's son. Willie is a smart kid, a good influence.

JACOB

Ken gives Willie good marks in his combat training.

LINDA

Good, this group's safety... I mean... I feel we are responsible for all of them now.

JACOB

We are. Didn't ask for it but I realize we are stronger with them. We didn't ask for Russians and zombies either, nor did they (points to the group).

LINDA

Right, but you had enough for 4 people, 6 months supply, now we are 42, limited resources, Jacob.

JACOB

After Lilly was born, we were broke. All Julia and I could afford was a studio apartment in Chicago with a newborn baby. We made it then, we can do it again.

Sharon, Linda, and Jacob share a smile.

SHARON

It's about them too.

Points to Sal helping out with farming, Willie and Sal look over some plants and talk amongst each other.

JACOB

Julia would be glad with what we are doing for other people.

LINDA

Chin up Jacob, I know Ken, and he won't rest until we find Julia and Max.

Jacob nods his thanks and continues on with his rounds.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob and a few others gather in the living room. The flickering light from a few lanterns casts long shadows across the room. Community members are seen reading, sewing and resting.

Others huddle around a small table, sharing a modest meal, their conversations hushed but tinged with a rare note of camaraderie.

Jacob is restless as he scans a map of the area.

Dario, Dr. Adams and Sharon play cards and laugh amongst themselves.

Ken, keeps a watchful eye over Ivan, who sits quietly off to the side. Ivan's face is a mask of deep thought.

Sharon operates the radio in the corner.

SHARON

Anyone out there? Over. Wildcat, Wildcat are you out there? A female voice is heard over the radio.

WILDCAT (O.S.)
I hear you Sharon, over.

SHARON
Wildcat, we want to inform you that we have come into some additional weapons, assault rifles, hand guns, ammo and some Kevlar. Jacob wants to know if you are interested in making a trade?

Jacob listens in on the call while inspecting rifle.

WILDCAT (O.S.)
We could sure use some more weapons. What do you want for em?

Sharon grabs a hastily scribbled on note and starts reading.

SHARON
Ok, Seeds for our garden, preferably carrots, broccoli and peas. Petrol, diesel and regular, antibiotics, pain killers, first aid supplies any kind of batteries, from AAA to D, oh and some board games, a few decks of cards wouldn't be bad either.

WILDCAT (O.S.)
Let me see what I can do. I'll call you tomorrow. Tell Jacob I said hi.

Jacob waves a hand at Sharon.

SHARON
Will do Wildcat, good night. Over.

Sharon turns off the radio.

IVAN
Sounds like you have some friends.

KEN
(harshly)
Unlike you, comrade.

Ivan ignores Ken's insult.

JACOB
Ken, let's figure out what we can spare for Wildcat. Let someone else watch him.

Jacob points to Ivan.

KEN

But I do so enjoy our time
together, don't you Ivan?

Ken waves to another male community member who takes post to watch Ivan.

KEN (CONT'D)

See you real soon comrade.

Ken and Jacob exit the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - DAYS LATER (MORNING)

Jacob and a few others work diligently load the Russian guns into the back of a truck.. Beside him, another member hoists a crate of ammunition, straining slightly under its weight before setting it down with a thud.

As the last of the weapons are secured, Ken steps back, wiping a bead of sweat from his brow. Linda approaches.

LINDA

You got the directions to the
meeting location?

Ken pulls out a small map and waves it.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Good, I'll expect you for dinner.
Be quick about it.

KEN

Yes ma'am I will. I need you to
keep an eye on Ivan. I definitely
don't trust him and he makes the
others uneasy.

LINDA

I got him doing yard work, planting
and weeding for next seasons
peppers and peas. Plenty of eyes on
him... I'm just glad we are getting
more seeds. We keep getting more
mouths to feed around here.

KEN

Well, these people need us and we
need them.

He kisses Linda on the forehead.

KEN (CONT'D)

... Remember, shot to kill if he
tries anything.

LINDA

Don't worry, go, be safe.

Jacob, Ken, and a few others climb into the truck. The vehicle lurches forward, tires kicking up dust and gravel as it rolls away from the compound.

Ivan, engaged in yard work near the edge of the compound, pauses and looks up as the truck rumbles by. His eyes follow its path until it disappears from sight. Turning back, he catches Linda's gaze. Her eyes fixed intently on him. With a nod, Ivan acknowledges her presence before resuming his duties.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob and his crew navigate the truck down a winding back road, the once well-maintained asphalt now cracked and overrun with encroaching vegetation.

As they round a bend, an old gas station comes into view, its weathered sign barely legible beneath the layers of grime and creeping vines. The station, long since looted, with broken windows and doors that hang askew.

A few zombies mill around the gas station, their tattered clothes and decaying bodies blending with the dilapidated surroundings. The undead figures, drawn by the sound of the approaching truck, turn and begin to shuffle towards it.

KEN

(to the driver)

Ok, park by the side of the store,
point the truck towards the road in
case we need to make a quick exit.

The driver does as he is told. Ken checks his pistol. Jacob does the same. They park. Slowly everyone exits the truck.

JACOB

Ok, stay sharp.

The group scan the area, no signs of anyone.

From around the side of the overrun gas station, JACK WILLIAMS (40's) emerges. He is rugged and well-built, he moves with a purposeful stride, his eyes scanning the surroundings. His assault rifle held firmly in his hands.

Slowly, VERONICA ROGERS (40's) follows behind Jack. Like Jack, she carries an assault rifle, her grip on it confident and practiced. A few more figures begin to reveal themselves from behind the gas station's decrepit structure. They step cautiously into view.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I assume you're Wildcat?

VERONICA

You can call me Veronica from now on. And you must be Jacob Willard, I recognize the voice.

JACOB

Your intel was good on the Russian's location, thanks for that.

Veronica motions for her crew to lower their guns. Jacob does the same. Everyone slowly begins to lower their weapons as a sense of trust is established.

VERONICA

I hope you find your wife and son soon. So, let's talk business. You got some guns to trade?

JACOB

Yes, and you got the supplies we requested?

VERONICA

Everything but the carrot seeds. But I'm sure we can get them eventually. Hope you like Monopoly, I think the hat is missing though. This here is Jack, if he likes what you brought, you have yourself a deal.

JACOB

I was always the car anyway.

Jacob nods to Ken who removes a blanket revealing 2 LARGE CRATES, he pops them open revealing the AK-47s. Jack approaches the crates and begins to inspect the guns, he picks them up, cocks it and looks down the sight. He nods back to Veronica.

Veronica takes off a BACKPACK and tosses it to Jacob. He opens it up and sees seed packets, and the other requested supplies.

One of Veronica's people bring over 2 LARGE GAS CANS and lay them close to Jacob.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Those should help with the infected.

VERONICA

Infected huh?

JACK

We've been calling them Zeds. A combination of zombie and dead.

KEN

Clever.

VERONICA

Hell, we can kill them with bats and knives, they ain't the smartest things, these are for the Raiders.

KEN

Some in our group have encountered them. Who are they?

VERONICA

Shit bag criminals who are taking advantage of the current lawless situation we find ourselves in. They are holding some of our people, and we tend to get them back.

JACOB

Well, good luck with that.

A few SLOW MOVING ZOMBIES get close. Ken and someone from Veronica's group immediately and quickly dispatch the zombies with skilled knife work. Jacob nods to Veronica.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Let's go. We've attracted too many... Zeds.

Veronica laughs lightly. Jacob's people pile into the truck with their supplies and drive off. We see Veronica and her crew load up the guns in their vehicle and drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - DAY

The compound has transformed into a bustling community hub. The land surrounding the compound has been repurposed into a larger farm area, dotted with patches of crops and pens housing chickens and other livestock.

Ivan can be seen assisting with a furniture construction project.

Nearby, Dr. Adams and Sharon attend to a few injured individuals in the medical tent, their expressions focused yet compassionate as they provide care and comfort in equal measure.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In a recently constructed modest room attached to the side of the house, the walls made from salvaged materials, a small, sturdy table positioned in the center. On the table rests a collection of radio equipment, wires neatly coiled and gadgets spread out in an organized chaos.

In this workshop-like setting, Sharon and Tyler are deeply engrossed in their work. Sharon, her expression focused and hands deftly maneuvering wires, she monitors the radio equipment. Tyler tinkers with gadgets, adjusting frequencies and testing connections.

SHARON

Did you check frequencies yet?

TYLER

Yes, nothing but the usual. Mr. Walters reading the Bible, Romans I believe. That music station, still no identity who operates it. Some smooth jazz so that was nice. Oh, Veronica and her group found a potential fresh water source, they are investigating and will keep us posted. She also mentioned the Raiders were seen on I-23 just south of Dayton.

SHARON

No planned runs on I-23, but I'll pass it on to Jacob... Just once I would like to get some legit news. What is going on? Who is in charge?

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)

Will we ever be free of these ass
hole Russians and these fucking
zombies.

TYLER

Nope, you'll have to settle for a
daily dose of the good book and
some tunes.

Ivan walks in. Tyler and Sharon turn their attention to him.

SHARON

Hello Ivan, can we help you?

IVAN

Just wanted to stop by and say that
the bunk beds frame for you and Mr.
Tyler here should be done in a few
days. Maybe ask Linda for mattress
for new frame.

SHARON

Thanks Ivan. We've been in sleeping
bags on the ground since we got
here. I almost forgot what it was
like to sleep in a bed.

TYLER

Cool, my back can't take much more
of sleeping on the floor. Thanks
Ivan.

Ivan scans the room with intent. He notices the radio and
other equipment.

IVAN

That's an interesting radio.

Points to the YAESU ET-818ND which now has a few extra
features attached to it.

TYLER

(with youthful pride)
It's a Tyler Special. I made some
modifications.

SHARON

We call it the franken radio.

Ivan seems confused.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Like as in Frankenstein, lots from
different source material.

Ivan laughs and pretends to understand.

IVAN

So, you can pick up UHF with this?

TYLER

Well definitely UHF, and thanks to my upgrades it can...

Sharon interrupts Tyler.

SHARON (SERIOUS)

Why the interest Ivan? Got a girlfriend you need to talk to out there?

Ivan awkwardly laughs.

IVAN

No, no girlfriend. Divorced. I was a sort of radioman when I first start in Russian military.

SHARON

Thanks again for the bunk bed frame. You have a nice day Ivan.

Ivan senses Sharon's desire for him to leave.

IVAN

Yes of course, good day.

Ivan slowly exits the radio room.

SHARON

I don't trust that Ruskie as far as I can throw him.

TYLER

I don't know, seems ok.

SHARON

Sometimes it's weird when someone is too nice you know?

TYLER

(confused)

Don't you want to be around nice people sis? Better than assholes and bullies. He built us a better place to sleep, that was kind of him.

SHARON

I just don't trust him, he's been trying to get to know more about our inner workings. Yesterday I saw him offer to repair the radio tower. Jacob told him to stick with his assigned chores, I could tell Ivan was pissed.

TYLER

Well, whatever. He seems like a harmless old man.

SHARON

Remember that harmless old man invaded your country.

Tyler nods in agreement and continues his tinkering.

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - NIGHT

People are settling in for the night, some live in campers on the grounds, others in tents.

Someone plays an acoustic guitar. Max, Lilly and the other kids play corn hole. People start to disperse, only a few remain.

Ivan says his good nights to a few people, then inconspicuously and slowly makes his way to the radio room.

FOLLOW Ivan as he notices a light on and Tyler inside reading a book. Ivan slowly approaches the door and walks in.

TYLER

(startled)
Oh, hey Ivan.

Ivan slowly reaches in his pocket. Tyler gets nervous but says nothing. Ivan slowly pulls out a BOTTLE. Tyler's relieved.

IVAN

You look like you could use a drink my friend?

Tyler puts down his book and hesitantly grabs two cups off the shelf. Ivan calmly pours two drinks.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Hope you like rye vodka.

TYLER

Anything is good at this point,
before everything went south my
favorite was craft beers, lagers
mostly.

IVAN

In Russia we drink vodka mainly,
but I did like your Budweiser. I've
been saving this for a special
occasion.

TYLER

What's so special about this?

IVAN

It is special Mr. Tyler because you
are my friend during these trying
times humanity finds itself in.

Tyler gets a confused look on his face.

TYLER

Uh, okay.

IVAN

To my friend.

They cheers and drink.

IVAN (CONT'D)

So, how does your little radio
work?

Tyler seems nervous to answer.

TYLER

You know, like normal.

Tyler turns knobs and shows him.

IVAN

Yes but in order to get private
wave frequency you need higher
bandwidth.

TYLER

I guess it could work, I never
bothered with higher gigahertz. Its
not relevant to our situation.

IVAN

And how would you do that, if you
wanted to of course?

TYLER

I guess you just lower the frequency to 1.800.

IVAN

(light laugh)

Yes, your logic makes sense, in principal, but in the field, who knows? Tyler, you are a very smart kid.

TYLER

I learned most of what I know from my sister.

Ivan stands up.

IVAN

Yes, she seems very smart too. Well, I will leave you to get back to your book, nice talking to you.

TYLER

Yeah, and thanks for the drink... it was... different.

IVAN

Yes, it takes some time to get use to... well, good night.

Tyler turns around and grabs his book. Ivan acts like he's about to leave then turns and quickly puts Tyler in a choke hold. Tyler's body goes limp and slides to the floor.

Ivan begins to adjust the knobs on the radio following Tyler's instructions to gain a different frequency bandwidth.

IVAN (CONT'D)

(in Russian, subtitled)

Mother Bear, mother bear, operator
213. I repeat mother bear, operator
213. Over.

He adjusts the knobs slightly then slowly begins to hear a Russian male voice.

VOICE ON RADIO (O.S.)

(in Russian, subtitled)

Operator 213, we hear you. What is your location?

IVAN
(in Russian, subtitled)
Not clear, a farm somewhere with
about 40 Americans. They have
welcomed me in.

VOICE ON RADIO (O.S.)
Come to latitude N41.35809,
longitude W88.64646. Do you copy
213?

Ivan grabs a pencil and paper and writes it down.

IVAN
Yes I understand, 213 out.

Ivan looks out the window, it's all clear. He grabs a bottled
water from the table and a screwdriver. He slowly exits the
radio room and slips off the property into the dark towards
the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - MORNING

Sharon opens the door and sees Tyler on the floor, she rushes
to his side.

SHARON
Ty! Are you awake?

She shakes his shoulder. Slowly Tyler awakens, he's groggy
and confused.

TYLER
What happened? Why am I on the
floor?

SHARON
I don't know, I just walked in.

TYLER
I was talking with Ivan. He was
about to leave. That was the last
thing I remember.

Sharon props him up and pours him a glass of water.

SHARON
Wait here, I'll be back. She rushes
out of the radio room.

INT. DINING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob, Dario and a few others are gathered around the common table going over maps and perimeter drawings. Sharon rushes in.

SHARON
(frantic)
Jacob, something happened to Tyler.

Jacob gives his undivided attention to Sharon.

JACOB
What is it?

SHARON
(gasping for breath)
I found him passed out in the radio room. He's awake now. He was talking to Ivan, that's the last thing he remembers.

JACOB
Go find Ivan and bring him here.

A minion rushes off.

JACOB (CONT'D)
To the radio room.

Sharon, Jacob and a few others exit the living room.

FOLLOW them as they enter the radio room. Tyler sits in a chair, rubbing his head and trying to drink water.

JACOB (CONT'D)
What happened Ty? Your sister says you were talking with Ivan then you passed out?

TYLER
That's right.

JACOB
(to a minion)
Go grab Doctor Adams.

The minion rushes out. Minion 1 returns.

MINION 1
No sign of Ivan, no one has seen his since last night.

JACOB
Get Ken immediately.

Minion 1 rushes out.

SHARON
Ivan certainly was interested in
how the radio works last night.

Ken rushes in.

JACOB
I believe Ivan left the grounds,
after he assaulted Tyler. Get some
guys together, we are going after
him.

Ken nods and exits.

Dr. Adams and Donna enter. Holding a MEDICAL BAG, Dr. Adams
approaches Tyler and begins his examination.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You'll be ok kid, doc will take
good care of you. Sharon, let me
know if you need anything.

FOLLOW Jacob as he approaches Ken and a few men. They load up
guns and throw supplies in the back of a truck.

JACOB (CONT'D)
We have to believe he has at least
8 hours head start, hopefully less.
He wouldn't have gone towards
Danway, too many Z's. He could have
gone east towards Seneca.

KEN
Lots of hills and no cover east. I
bet he headed into Stavanger, that
is where a Russian division was
holed up some time ago. Maybe they
left supplies he knows about?

JACOB
We also know about the Russians at
the Mitchell airport. He could have
headed that way.

KEN
No way he knows about the Russians
at the airport, that information
was known only between a few of us,
unless someone leaked it to him.

JACOB

Ok, let's head out, hopefully we can cut him off before he gets to wherever he is headed.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Ken hops in the drivers seat. Jacob rides shotgun and a few other men jump in the back of the truck.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME MORNING

Ivan sits by a small stream. He methodically washes a shirt and socks. Nearby, a small fire crackles, its flames dancing around a fish impaled on a stick, slowly cooking.

Suddenly, a few zombies, approach with a slow menacing shuffle. Ivan quickly pulls out the screwdriver, gripping it tightly.

With precise and desperate movements, Ivan manages to stab each zombie in the head, one by one. Their bodies collapse to the ground, lifeless once more. Breathing heavily, Ivan sits down, feeling the weight of exhaustion. Despite the danger having passed, he resumes cleaning his clothes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCHELL AIRPORT - LATER THAT DAY

Russian soldiers diligently stage military hardware. The scene is one of organized chaos with trucks, and crates of ammunition arranged in a strategic manner.

A MAKESHIFT FENCE, hastily erected, encircles the perimeter, serving as a barrier to keep out the relentless threat of zombies.

From the shadowy depths of the surrounding woods, Ivan slowly emerges. As he approaches the perimeter, a few soldiers on guard notice his presence. Their reactions are swift as they draw their weapons, eyes locked on Ivan.

Ivan immediately raises his hands in a gesture of surrender, the soldiers assess the situation, their weapons trained on Ivan.

IVAN
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 Comrades, it's me, Colonel
 Ragoravich.

The soldiers slowly lower their weapons.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 2
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 Colonel, we thought you were dead.

IVAN
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 I am very much alive corporal, now
 take me to the general immediately.

The soldiers help Ivan up and hand him a bottled water.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - MOMENTS LATER

Russian soldiers meander about. Some are busy with tasks, checking equipment, organizing supplies, and maintaining the makeshift defenses.

Ivan approaches the officers who are engrossed in discussion. When the officers notice Ivan, their demeanor changes instantly. They jump to attention, their posture straightening, eyes sharp and alert.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 3
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 Sir, glad to see you. We thought
 you were...

IVAN
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 No comrade, I'm not dead... We have
 a problem. There is a group of
 approximately 40 Americans living
 in a fortified community not far
 from here. They have weapons,
 ammunition, radios and the will to
 survive. We must get rid of them if
 we plan to secure the area around
 the nuclear plant.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 3
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 Yes sir, we will prepare the troops
 immediately. How do you suggest we
 proceed?

IVAN
 (in Russian, subtitled)
 First, get me a map of the area.

EXT. ROAD - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Jacob and his crew's vehicle rumbles slowly to a halt at an intersection where three roads converge. The vehicles stop on the side of the road, and the group disembarks. Jacob spreads out a map on the hood of the truck. Everyone gathers around.

JACOB
 We can take Route 6 back towards Grand Ridge, or keep heading east towards the airport.

KEN
 We have enough gas for one but not both.

JACOB
 Ok, let's head towards the...

A minion notices vehicles approaching.

MINION
 Vehicles incoming!

JACOB
 (notices the vehicles)
 Everyone, take cover.

Everyone takes cover behind trees and in the ravine.

KEN
 Raiders!

Slowly over the horizon we realize it is MILITARY HUMVEES and an M939 CARGO VEHICLE - American flags on the roof are seen.

KEN (CONT'D)
 They're ours Jacob.

JACOB
 Maybe not, could be a decoy.

KEN
 Well, We should wave them down, maybe they have information.

Jacob looks at Ken reluctantly, but nods in approval. Jacob gets up from the ravine and waves the convoy down, it slowly stops. SOLDIERS immediately fix their guns on Jacob and the group.

JACOB
 (loudly)
 We are Americans.
 (to his group)
 Everyone, put down your weapons.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS get out of the trucks. Capt. DAVID MADDIX (50's), a grizzled career military man approaches.

CAPT. MADDIX
 Who are you and why are you out here? It's not safe.

JACOB
 My name is Jacob Willard, we are currently in pursuit of a Russian Colonel that we captured. He assaulted one of my people, we want to get him before he finds his troops and tell them where our community is located.

CAPT. MADDIX
 What was this Russian's name Mr. Willard?

JACOB
 Ivan Ragorovich, at least that is what he told us.

Maddix nods to SGT. HARRY PHILLIPS (40's), a dedicated soldier with a formidable sneer. Phillips grabs a BINDER from the back of the Humvee, he opens it and shows it to Jacob. Inside are images and descriptions of known Russian operatives and commanders.

Jacob starts to flip through the pages, Ken notices Ragoravich's picture and points to the page.

JACOB (CONT'D)
 Yep, that's him.

SGT. PHILLIPS
 (reading the description)
 Apparently the good Colonel is a chemical scientist, responsible for killing numerous foreign operatives with various toxic cocktails. He's a Colonel in name only.

(MORE)

SGT. PHILLIPS (CONT'D)
He's more mad scientist sympathetic
to the Kremlin than an actual
military man.

KEN
(furious)
I should have killed that piece of
shit when I had the chance!

Jacob puts a hand on Ken's shoulder.

JACOB
If we get our chance again, he's
all yours.

Ken nods in agreement.

CAPT. MADDIX
Which way did he go?

JACOB
Unknown. We know he won't go south,
too many zombies. We figured he
might try staying off the main
roads along the Illinois River
towards Seneca, where we know his
Russians comrades were 2 months
ago, or maybe Mitchell airport.

Maddix looks confused.

CAPT. MADDIX
The airport? Still a high level of
radiation in that area, no one
except the Z's are there.

KEN
Not according to our intelligence,
provided by a friend... Uh sir.
(pause) Gunny Sargent Ken Hayes,
former Marine, 2nd infantry. Sir.

Ken salutes, Maddix salutes back.

CAPT. MADDIX
Once a Marine, always a Marine.
Well Sergeant, let's find out shall
we.

Maddix goes back to a truck and lifts open the gate.

CAPT. MADDIX (CONT'D)
I want Falcon 2 in the air, recon
the airport.

SGT THOMAS MICHAELS (40's) another imposing career military man, takes out a box and opens it, revealing a DRONE. A Soldier pops open a laptop and begins typing, the drone springs to life and lifts off.

SGT. MICHAELS
Ok, we have eyes sir.

AMERICAN SOLDIER 2
Coordinates inputted, eta 3
minutes.

The drone jettisons up and away.

DRONE POV: we see country roads with vehicles strewn about, zombies wander aimlessly, the drone proceeds to its destination. The airport slowly comes in view.

INTERCUT: DRONE and the GROUP. Maddix, Jacob and the rest watch the monitor as the drone gets closer to the airport.

JACOB
Captain, doesn't that fly by GPS
satellite coordinates? How is this
possible?

CAPT. MADDIX
Inside that truck is a portable GPS
navigation system that can run on
solar power. We can't use it all
day but 30 minute increments until
it gets recharged.

Ken watches the screen with the drone.

KEN
This is cool, wish we had one of
these when I served.

CAPT. MADDIX
Odds are we did, it was top secret
at the time but drones are
everywhere today. Not a military
and police force that doesn't use
them. Or I should say, did.

SGT. MICHAELS
Here we go, slow to half speed.

AMERICAN SOLDIER 1
Copy, reducing speed.

CAPT. MADDIX

I see some activity, engage heat sensors.

DRONE POV: a red outline appears around slow walking figures.

CAPT. MADDIX (CONT'D)

Zoom in corporal.

CORPORAL

Appears to be zombies sir.

CAPT. MADDIX

Make another pass, just to be sure.

DRONE POV: the drone circles the airport again. The heat sensors pick up something. It's RUSSIAN SOLDIERS in hazmat suits.

CAPT. MADDIX (CONT'D)

Looks like your intel was good Jacob. Let's see how many we got. Keep Falcon above 250 feet.

SOLDIER 1

Yes sir, increasing to 260 feet, doing another loop.

CAPT. MADDIX

I see a few infantry transport vehicles, approximately 30 soldiers and who knows what is in the hangars. Good enough. Bring Falcon home before they spot him.

SOLDIER 1

Yes sir.

JACOB

I bet that's where Ivan went.

KEN

I gotta agree.

CAPT. MADDIX

Don't go chasing after him. There are armed soldiers and still high radiation levels in the area.

JACOB

We know how to handle ourselves, Captain.

CAPT. MADDIX

I don't doubt that Jacob. Maybe we can help each other out. You know the area well.

JACOB

And you have the hardware to deal with the Russians. We have some small arms and several automatic machine guns, some grenades but thats it.

Ken whispers in Jacob's ear.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Agreed... Captain Maddix, would you and your men like to stay as our guests tonight? Have a home cooked meal, your men can rest... we can plan our next move.

Maddix thinks for a second. He turns to Sgt. Phillip, he and some of his men nod in agreement.

CAPT. MADDIX

Looks like you got 23 extra guests tonight Jacob.

Jacob and Maddix shake hands.

JACOB

Follow us Captain.

Jacob and his people hop in their truck. Maddix and his soldiers load into their vehicles. They all proceed down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - EVENING - SAME DAY

The soldiers mingle with Jacob's people. Linda, serves bowls of stew to the soldiers, who gratefully accept the hot meal.

At a nearby picnic table, Jacob, Ken, Captain Maddix, Sergeant Phillips, Sergeant Michaels, and a few other soldiers sit together, enjoying their meals. The table is covered with an array of food, and in the center, a detailed map of the area is spread out.

Linda approaches with a bowl of fresh fruit and places it in front of Maddix and his men.

CAPT. MADDIX
Thank you mam.

KEN
Sir, this is my wife Linda, she's
in charge of agriculture around
here.

Maddix and Phillips each take a bite of an apple. They revel
in delight.

SGT. PHILLIPS
Delicious mam, thank you.

LINDA
My pleasure gentleman. My Ken is
very proud of his service days.

KEN
I do miss the camaraderie, not the
bullets whipping by my head.

SGT. PHILLIPS
You saw action?

KEN
Afghanistan, two tours.

Phillips nods at Ken in a brotherly understanding way.

JACOB
Is that why you're out here, to
chase down Russians?

CAPT. MADDIX
Our platoon was away from base
tracking an enemy units position,
shortly after the initial invasion.
We received word our base was
overrun with those fucking zombies
after the LaSalle Plant was
damaged. We got called back to base
to assist, but it was too late, the
base had fallen. We gathered what
we could. Been on our own for over
eight months now.

KEN
What about top military brass?
Hell, the government for that
matter. We haven't heard anything
in almost a year.

JACOB

A few locals we stay in touch with all have theories about what happened, who's in charge, and what the future holds... but it's all wild speculations. As far as I can tell, the world is a shit storm and we have to survive without help from the government.

SGT. MICHAELS

A few top congressional members made it underground right after the initial invasion, including the President. The VP didn't make it, several members of Congress died as well.

CAPT. MADDIX

We were prepared to deal with the Russians and the Chinese... but the zombies? No one was ready for that.

KEN

Wait, what do you mean Chinese?

SGT. PHILLIPS

China launched a system wide temporary EMP to our radars, satellites, and other comms systems while the Russians dropped right in our backyard during the chaos, we believe they were waiting in Mexico and Cuba. With all the communications chaos, they got the jump on us.

JACOB

Damn, who else was involved?

CAPT. MADDIX

As far as we know only a fewer shit bag dictators assisted them. North Korea was tasked with distracting our intelligence services with rhetoric and missile tests prior to the invasion.

SGT. PHILLIPS

Syria, Libya, Chechnya all supplied troops. Probably hoping to cash in on our downfall. They'll be dealt with eventually.

KEN

What about our allies, Europe, Japan, Australia? What's going on there?

CAPT. MADDIX

Same situation as the United States. Our last reports were that the enemy destroyed several of their nuclear plants. Basically to deprive them of energy and make them reliant on Russian energy at a marked up rate. I can only assume they are dealing with the repercussions of damaged nuclear plants like we are. Seems, the Russians sent most of their fighting troops here to the states.

JACOB

And the zombies, what the hell is that about?

CAPT. MADDIX

A consequence of the Russians damaging the power plants and causing radiation leaks. If you don't get killed by respiratory failure, you get one of those living zombies. No neurological awareness, it's like the brain is dead but keeping the flesh alive.

SGT. PHILLIPS

We analyzed blood samples and it appears a mutation in human blood destabilizes the brain, sort of like when you get brain freeze from ice cream. Once inside the body, the radiation attacks the brain and central nervous system. Initial symptoms include fever, vomiting, coughing, psychotic behavior, and extreme violent aggression.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

CAPT. MADDIX

The incubation period can vary from a few minutes to several hours, depending on the strength of the host's immune system. Once the radiation virus sets in fully, it makes the victim catatonic and activates the tryptophan of the brain which increases our fight hormone

KEN

Hence, why they are trying to attack us.

CAPT. MADDIX

Exactly.

SGT. MICHAELS

The effects of the Chernobyl catastrophe in 1986 resulted in mutations in the local wildlife after the meltdown, similar to what we see in humans now. The wildlife in the surrounding areas after the meltdown exhibited unnatural behavior, rabid, bloodthirsty, no caution whatsoever, the Russians knew what a radiation leak was capable of doing to living organisms. While the true results on humans was never explored, they fully understood what was possible.

KEN

Shit, those Ruskies have found a way to weaponize our own people against us.

SGT. PHILLIPS

Not sure they fully intended that, but yes it does look that way.

JACOB

Who gives you your orders Captain?

CAPT. MADDIX

No one. We're just trying to survive each day like you people. Most of our comms equipment was destroyed in a fire fight with the Russians some time back.

SOLDIER 2

We managed to save our radios but our antenna links to satellites were damaged pretty bad.

SOLDIER 2 (CONT'D)

We've been trying to fix it but we just don't have the parts

JACOB

Maybe we can help you with that.

Jacob stands up from the table and waves to Linda. She approaches.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Hey, can you please send Sharon and Tyler over?

Linda nods and heads off.

JACOB (CONT'D)

We got a rudimentary system to stay in touch with some locals, it works pretty damn good. Hell, I installed the antenna over there.

He points to the top of the radio room.

SGT. PHILLIPS

I noticed that when we arrived, its a Yagi PE51011, am I right?

JACOB

Exactly, correct.

Tyler and Sharon approach.

JACOB (CONT'D)

How you feeling Ty?

TYLER

Ok, a few bumps, but doc says I'll be fine.

JACOB

Good, I want you to take our friends here to the radio room. See if we have anything that can help them with their comms.

CAPT. MADDIX

Appreciate that Jacob.

A few soldiers, Sharon and Tyler head off towards the radio room.

KEN

So, how do we get back to normal life... before Russians and zombies?

A silence among the table.

JACOB

We kill them all. The Russians and the zombies.

CAPT. MADDIX

Maybe we can clean out this area of both... if we work together.

JACOB

Maybe we can do just that Captain. We wouldn't stand a chance by ourselves, but with the extra firepower your boys bring, I believe we stand a hell of a good chance now.

CAPT. MADDIX

We can discuss this tomorrow, for now, I'm gonna turn in. It's been a long day.

JACOB

Good night Captain.

The soldiers proceed towards an area of the yard now set up a small staging area of military supplies and tents.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT HANGAR - NEXT DAY

The Russians prepare for combat with meticulous attention to detail.

Ivan and the Russian commanders huddle over a large, detailed map laid out on a makeshift table. They discuss strategy and logistics, pointing to various positions and making quick notations.

IVAN (IN RUSSIAN, SUBTITLED)

When will your men be ready to go?
You must get to the Americans
before they find us.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 3
(LAUGHING)

What are we worried about? A bunch of women and some farmers?

IVAN

No comrade, they have the fighting spirit and they have plenty of our weapons.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 4

No thanks to you Colonel, you led them to our weapons cache.

IVAN

In order to stay alive I had to give them something, do not question me. Now hurry up the troops and mind yourself when you speak to me.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 4

Yes sir, apologies.

Ivan looks over a map. He points to a spot on the map.

IVAN

Their location should be here. I suggest you take at least 40 men, heavily armed.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER 3

We are very short handed and can not spare that many, maybe 20 at the most.

IVAN

Then you better make them your best 20 men.

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sharon, Tyler, and a few soldiers are engaged in conversation. Sharon gestures animatedly, and Tyler nods in agreement while the soldiers listen and occasionally interject with their own comments. We do not hear them.

Suddenly, another soldier enters the room, drawing everyone's attention. He carries a SMALL CASE, its surface marred by several bullet holes. He place the device on a table.

The soldier opens the case and unfolds a satellite communications unit.

TYLER (EXCITED)
Hey, is that a VSAT satcom unit?

AMERICAN SOLDIER 1
Sure is, developed to link to over 150 different types of American and English satellites models. Thing is...

The soldier continues to set up the VSAT unit.

AMERICAN SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
I tried patching her up but I think we need to replace the solar power modifier to enable a powerful enough signal to sync to military satellites.

SHARON
Well we definitely don't have a replacement modifier, but we do have some solar panels we might be able to customize to provide power. It's a long shot.

TYLER
(confidently)
Piece of cake, give me a few hours.

SOLDIER 2
You really think you can do that?

SHARON
If anyone can its my brother.

Tyler gets busy with the task to repair the satellite link. A few inquisitive soldiers watch Tyler work.

CUT TO:

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - MORNING

Jacob and his people mingle with the soldiers, the two groups blending seamlessly in the shared space.

A few soldiers show their weapons to some of the curious civilians, explaining their functionality.

Amidst the activity, Tyler appears, his movements slow and tired. His eyes are heavy with fatigue. He carries the satellite link, the weight of both the device and his exhaustion evident in his demeanor.

JACOB

You look rough kid. How is it going?

TYLER

Took a little longer than I thought, there was a slight learning curve. I think we are ready for a test.

Maddix grabs the link and inspects it.

MADDIX

Well, let's see if it works.

A soldier takes the VSAT and walks it over to the convoy of military trucks, where a group of soldiers are casually hanging out.

As the soldier with the VSAT approaches, the mood shifts from casual to purposeful. The soldiers immediately spring into action. They open up the back of one of the trucks, revealing a small communications desk neatly set up inside.

One of the soldiers takes a seat at the desk and begins typing on a laptop. The VSAT lights up with activity.

The soldier continues to type, his focus intense. Suddenly, lights on the VSAT and diagrams on the laptop's screen spring to life. The monitor displays the message "Link in progress"

AMERICAN SOLDIER 1

That is a good sign.

A pop up appears "Link Established" Please confirm security clearance.

Maddix types on the keyboard, the link is now active. Maddix grabs the microphone.

MADDIX

This is 2173, can anyone hear me?
Over.

Light crackling noise and static is heard, suddenly a MALE VOICE is heard.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
2173, this is Red Rover, we hear
you. Over.

The group cheers in excitement.

MADDIX
Red Rover, it is good to hear your
voice.

RED ROVER (O.S.)
We thought your platoon was
compromised. What is your 20?

MADDIX
Marseilles Indiana. We lost 12 men,
but still have 23 personnel total.
Our HQ was overrun by zombies.
We've been traveling engaging with
Russian soldiers as we find them.
Just trying to stay alive.
We have intel on Russian troop
locations. Over.

RED ROVER (O.S.)
Great to hear that 2173, keep this
line open. We will be in touch
shortly. Over.

MADDIX
Copy that. 2173 Out.

A general cheers among the troops.

SGT Phillips and Ken fist bump. Jacob gives Tyler a friendly
slap on the back.

JACOB
Good job kid.

MADDIX
(to his troops)
Saddle up boys, get ready for a
fight... Jacob, I suggest you do
the same.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - NEXT DAY - MORNING

The soldiers are in battle readiness, they check walkie-
talkies, load ammo into their weapons and prepare gas masks.

MADDIX

Jacob, we have our orders. What is left of the U.S. Government is planning a counter attack to neutralize the enemy and secure our borders.

Maddix lays out a map on a picnic table.

MADDIX (CONT'D)

This will be a coordinated effort all across the country. We are tasked with confronting any and all enemy combatants from here to here.

He points on the map.

JACOB

That area contains at least three squadrons of Russian troops... that we know of.

MADDIX

Exactly, Sargent Michaels will lead Charlie team to the High School. I will lead Alpha team to the airport. Sargent Phillips will take Delta team along with you and your men here, to the grocery store.

Ken is pumped up and ready for battle. Suddenly several trucks with pull up. The soldiers quickly draw their weapons.

JACOB

It's alright Captain, they're with us.

The vehicles stop. We see Veronica, Jack and approximately 15-20 from her crew get out of their vehicles, they are heavily armed.

VERONICA

Heard there is a fight to be had.

Jacob and Veronica shake hands.

JACOB

Veronica this is Captain Maddix, Captain this Veronica. She's a friend.

MADDIX

Glad to meet you Veronica. We can use all the firepower we can get.

VERONICA

So what's the plan gentlemen?

MADDIX (TO JACOB)

Alright, Sargent Phillips will lead your team. This area has the smallest enemy troops but still be prepared to confront them. Orders are to kill every Russian you encounter.

JACOB

Got it.

MADDIX

Veronica, your group can come with me. We will rally back here in 48 hours. Red Rover will expect an update then. If all goes according to plan the government will initiate numerous tactical strikes on several key locations within Russia, but first, we need to clear out as many Russian troops as possible... A one, two, blow to the enemy. We depart in 2 hours, gear up everyone.

The soldiers and civilians continue to prepare their gear and weapons.

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - 2 HOURS LATER

Jacob and Lilly embrace. Other women are seen hugging their husbands as they prepare to depart. Dr. Adams and Donna are seen preparing the medical tent.

LILLY

I wish mom was here, and weirdly I miss Max too.

Jacob hugs his daughter tighter as a tear falls from her eye.

JACOB

I'll do everything in my power to bring them back honey.

LILLY

Worry about making it back yourself dad.

He sighs, knowing neither are certain. Jacob turns to speak to his group.

JACOB

I just want you all to know how proud I am of you. I know this has been tough but you are all vital to our community. Whatever happens, protect each other and listen to Linda.

MADDIX

Ok, everyone, let's roll out.

Ken gently kisses Linda, her eyes red-rimmed and filled with unshed tears. She clutches his hands tightly, as if trying to hold herself together.

KEN

Don't you worry your pretty lil head off. But I have to go. It's my duty, my responsibility. But more than that, it's so that you and everyone else can be safe.

LINDA

I understand, Ken. I always have. Just promise me you'll come back. Promise me you'll be careful.

KEN

Hey lil momma, I can promise you this... I love you with all my heart.

Ken reaches up and cups her face, his thumb brushing away a tear.

LINDA

I love you, come home safe you big lug.

KEN

I love you too, with all my big, dumb heart.

Ken picks up his pack and weapon and kisses Linda on the forehead. Everyone disperses into the back of the three military transport trucks. The trucks proceed down the driveway and off the property.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

A caravan of RUSSIAN VEHICLES loaded with troops is seen shortly after one of the American military vehicles goes by. The Russian convoy proceeds, we see a sign that says "Marseilles 15 miles."

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Charlie team pulls slowly up to a building adjacent to the high school. They come to a stop, engines cutting off. Across the way, Russian troops are gathered, their demeanor relaxed.

Sergeant Michaels and his team exit their vehicle, blending into the shadows as they make their way toward the school. Reaching a room where a group of Russian soldiers sit at a table, Michaels signals his team.

A soldier pulls a FLASH BANG GRENADE from his vest, with a nod from Michaels, he tosses it into the room. The grenade explodes in a blinding flash and deafening bang, throwing the room into chaos.

Charlie team storms in, weapons raised, and gains the upper hand over the unsuspecting Russians. A fierce gunfight erupts, the crack of gunfire filling the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Sergeant Phillips and Jacob crouch low as they survey the area. They begin to move.

Silently they sneak up on a small group of Russians holed up in the dilapidated grocery store.

Phillips signals to Jacob, and they split up, moving to flank the Russians. The first shots ring out. Bullets ricochet off metal shelves

The firefight is intense, the confined space amplifying every shot. Phillips and Jacob fight with relentless determination, their movements coordinated and precise.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

The noise of the battle attracts a new threat – zombies, who begin to swarm the area.

Despite the added chaos, Michaels and his men press on, it finally pays off as they gain full control over the Russians.

Breathing heavily, Michaels surveys the scene, his team battered but victorious.

SARGENT MICHAELS

On me everyone. Check for any survivors and eliminate them. You three come with me, we will secure the perimeter and clear out any zombies. Rally back in 20 minutes then we get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

A few men from Jacob's community lie still, their lives cut short in the brutal exchange. Amid the chaos, Ken circles around the store, flanking a group of Russians engaged in a fierce firefight with the rest of Delta group.

Ken fires two quick shots, taking down two Russians. This decisive action allows Jacob and the rest of the team to advance, pushing the remaining Russians back.

As Ken makes his way back to rejoin the group, a wounded Russian soldier shadow emerges from behind a wall, his shaky and bloody hand raises his rifle, aimed squarely at Ken. The shot rings out.

Ken feels a searing pain as the bullet strikes him. Instinctively, he returns fire, his aim true. The Russian soldier crumples to the ground, lifeless.

Ken staggers, he falls to the ground, his vision blurring. Blood pours from his wound. Jacob sees his friend fall and rushes to his side.

JACOB

Ken, where are you hit?

Jacob's voice is filled with desperation as he kneels beside his friend. Ken's breathing is labored.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Stay with me Ken. You're going to be okay. Just hold on.

Jacob applies pressure to the wound. Ken's eyes meet Jacob's, a faint smile playing on his lips despite the pain.

KEN

We did it, Jacob. We took the store. We accomplished the mission.

JACOB

Yes, we did, because of you. Don't speak, just breath for me.

The sounds of the firefight fade, replaced by the hurried footsteps of their comrades securing the area. Jacob's focus remains on Ken.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Hang on man, we are gonna patch you up.

KEN

Did I get the S.O.B Jacob?

JACOB

You did buddy, just relax, don't waste your energy. We're gonna get you out of here.

One of the American soldiers rushes over and tends to Ken's wounds.

KEN

Jacob?... Hey man, not sure I ever rightfully thanked you for taking Linda and I in. For that I will forever be grateful.

JACOB

Be quiet you big fool. You're going to be alright.

KEN

I'm sorry...we haven't found your family yet.

Ken coughs violently, a wet, GURGLING sound emanating from his throat as blood speckles his lips. His eyes, once filled with determination, begin to glaze over. His body starts to go limp, the strength draining from him rapidly.

SOLDIER 3

I need to do CPR.

He quickly lays Ken flat on the ground and begins CPR. Each compression sends another spray of blood from Ken's mouth, but the soldier doesn't stop. He alternates between compressions and breaths.

JACOB

Come on, Ken. Breathe! Stay with me!

Jacob's voice is raw, filled with desperation. The other soldiers look on, their faces somber. Despite the soldiers' best efforts, Ken's body remains unresponsive.

The soldier checks for a pulse one last time, but there's nothing. Ken is gone. Tears stream down Jacob's face as he cradles his friend's lifeless body. He wraps his arms around Ken, pulling him close in a final, heart-wrenching hug.

The soldiers give Jacob his space, their heads bowed in respect and sorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Alpha team is entrenched in a fierce gun battle with the Russians, the sharp cracks of rifles and the heavier booms of automatic weapons blend into a continuous sound of battle.

In the midst of this chaos, Maddix and Veronica's team are pinned down behind a crumbling wall, bullets ricochet off their cover, sending shards of concrete and dirt into the air.

Maddix's face is set in grim determination, his eyes scanning the battlefield for any sign of reprieve. Veronica is beside him, her own weapon firing in controlled bursts.

The Russians show no sign of letting up. Amidst the intense firefight, an American soldier ducks behind cover and grabs his radio, his voice strained but steady.

SOLDIER 4

This is Alpha team, requesting immediate backup! We're pinned down and running out of options, repeat, we need backup now!

The radio crackles with static, no immediate response. The soldier risks a glance over the edge of their cover, firing a few shots before ducking back down.

MADDIX
(shouting)
Hold the line! We just need to hold
out a little longer!

Veronica nods, her face streaked with sweat and grime. She reloads her weapon, her hands moving with practiced speed, and pops up to fire another volley at the advancing Russians.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

A soldier approaches Sergeant Phillips.

SOLDIER
Sir, alpha team is calling for
backup.

SGT. PHILLIPS (YELLING)
Let's go, Alpha team needs us, on
the double.

Jacob reluctantly leaves his dead friend. Delta team mounts up and leaves the area in a rush.

EXT. AIRPORT - MOMENTS LATER

An overwhelmed Alpha team is almost done.

The response finally comes through, a clear voice cutting through the static.

SGT. PHILLIPS (O.S.)
Alpha team, backup is en route.
Hold your position. Help is on the
way.

Maddix and Veronica's team brace themselves, knowing they must endure a little longer until reinforcements arrive. A few Soldiers are hit by bullets, they fall to the ground. A few in Veronica's team are also killed.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Delta team arrives in the nick of time, their vehicles skidding to a halt amid the chaos of the battlefield.

Delta team members leap out, weapons at the ready, and immediately join the fray.

Maddix, despite being hit, grits his teeth and continues to fight, blood seeping through his uniform. Beside him, Veronica fights with ferocity, her rifle spitting out rounds in rapid succession.

Some of the dead begin to stir, turning into ZOMBIES. Jacob, along with some of the soldiers, maneuver to flank the Russians.

Amidst the chaos, Jacob's eyes lock onto Ivan. He raises his weapon, taking aim, but the shot goes wide, missing its mark. Ivan's eyes meet Jacob's for a brief moment before he turns and retreats, disappearing into the depths of the building. Determined not to let him escape, Jacob follows Ivan.

FOLLOW Ivan as he weaves through the fighting, heading towards the basement in an attempt to hide. Jacob pursues him.

In the dimly lit basement, a tense game of cat and mouse ensues. Jacob moves cautiously, his weapon at the ready, scanning every shadow and corner. Ivan is equally cautious, using the darkness and the maze-like layout of the basement to his advantage.

A sound emanates from a corner, HUMAN VOICES. Jacob stops, listening intently. Jacob inches slowly towards the voices. He follows the sound through a long, drawn out hallway.

At the end of the hallway is a door with a lock.

FEMALE VOICE
(muffled)
Help!

Jacob shoots the lock open. Inside the room is a crowd of hostages. They are worn out, scared and confused as they adjust to the light. Jacob scans the faces frantically, he makes eye contact with a woman, both begin to tear up. A teenage boy next to the woman begins to smile.

JACOB
Julia! Max! Oh my god.

He runs to untie them, tears flowing down his face. They embrace tightly. They both look thin and weak.

JULIA
Oh my god, it's you.

She cups his face.

MAX

Dad, you came for us.

Footsteps are heard down the hall.

JACOB

(whispering)

Stay silent. Not a peep. I'll be back. Here take this.

Jacob hands Julia a PISTOL.

Jacob kisses them both then shuts the door behind him as he steps out of the room and proceeds down the hallway slowly, gun raised.

He makes his way down a longer passageway to a room. He catches glimpses of movement, but Ivan is elusive, staying just out of reach.

Suddenly, a noise to his left draws Jacob's attention. He spins, weapon raised, but finds nothing. Ivan, hidden in the shadows, watches Jacob's every move, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

IVAN

Jacob, you should not have come here. You are sure to die in this miserable place.

Jacob follows the sound of Ivan's voice, slowly proceeding while taking cover.

JACOB

We took you in and you betrayed us. Now Ken's dead because we had to chase you down.

Ivan begins to laugh.

IVAN

Good, that stupid Marine was a nuisance.

Jacob's face is a mask of pure rage. His grip tightens on his weapon, knuckles white with intensity. The dim light casts harsh shadows, making the space seem even more oppressive.

IVAN (CONT'D)

(arrogant tone)

You might find me, Jacob, but rest assured, the Russian military will soon be in control of this country, and you and your family will all bow to the foot of Mother Russia.

Jacob steps lightly, his ears straining to catch any hint of Ivan's location.

IVAN (CONT'D)

You're wasting your time, Jacob. This country is already lost. Your resistance is futile.

Jacob pauses, taking a deep breath to steady himself.

JACOB

(to himself)

You won't take this country, not while I'm still breathing.

He rounds a corner, his eyes scanning the dimly lit hallway. A flicker of movement catches his attention. Jacob raises his weapon, advancing cautiously.

Jacob's mind races, his thoughts filled with images of the people he's fighting for.

INSERT MONTAGE

EXT. YARD - WILLARD HOUSE - DAY

It's normal times, before the Russians.

Max and his friends play football on the grass.

Lilly is on her phone, talking loudly on FaceTime.

Julia brings them bowls of cut fruit, lecturing Lilly to get off of her phone.

END MONTAGE

Jacob blinks, trying to shake the memories of his family and focus on the task at hand.

Finally, he hears a faint sound. Jacob zeroes in on the source, his rage giving him a fierce clarity.

He approaches cautiously, every muscle tense, ready for the inevitable confrontation.

JACOB

You talk a lot for a man hiding in the dark, come out and face me, Ivan. Let's finish this.

Jacob notices Ivan's REFLECTION in a window.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Maybe you're right Ivan, maybe America will fall but you won't be around to see that, I plan on killing you today.

Ivan sees Jacob coming and takes a shot at Jacob. He misses and flees. Jacob gets up and pursues Ivan down halls and around corners all the while they take shots at each other.

Ivan looks behind while running and trips over some chairs. Jacob closes in. Ivan fires but is out of bullets. Jacob points his gun at Ivan. Ivan tosses his gun on the ground.

IVAN

Look I'm unarmed. I know you wouldn't shoot a helpless man Jacob. You are too good for that.

JACOB

Ken was too good to do that. And if it wasn't for you and your men he would still be alive today... SO, you're wrong Ivan, I am not too good.

Jacob pauses, his breath steadying as he narrows his focus. Time seems to slow as he pulls the trigger, the shot echoing sharply through the basement. The bullet strikes Ivan squarely in the head. There's a sickening sound as the impact shatters bone, and blood spurts out in a gruesome display.

Blood pools rapidly around his head, his lifeless form slumped against the cold, hard floor.

Jacob lowers his weapon, his eyes fixed on Ivan's motionless body.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILLARD HOUSE - LATER THAT EVENING

The compound is a flurry of activity as Jacob and the others have returned.

Dr. Adams and Donna tend to the injured in their makeshift triage.

Jacob's gaze drifts across the scene and lands on Linda. She stands near her crops, eyes darting around the returning community members. Catching sight of Jacob, Linda looks up.

Rising from the picnic table, Jacob walks over to her. His movements are slow and deliberate, Jacob reaches out and gently places a hand on her shoulder.

We see Jacob and Linda talk, but can not hear them.

Slowly Linda falls to the ground in tears and despair. Jacob tries his best to console Linda. Julia, wrapped in a blanket, sits down next to Maddix.

JULIA

Jacob told me how you and your men helped save us? I'm grateful to you Captain, I don't know how much longer we could have held on.

MADDIX

It's nice to serve mam. And your husband did a lot for me and my men as well. I'm sorry about your friend, I liked him very much.

Julia nods and gets up, she sees Linda crying as Jacob consoles her. Julia walks towards them. A soldier whispers in SGT. Phillips ear, he nods. Phillips turns to Maddix.

SGT. PHILLIPS

Sir, Red Rover is calling.

MADDIX

Well, let's give them an update.

Maddix and Phillips head off.

Jacob, Julia and Linda sit at a makeshift table.

LINDA (SOBBING)

What am I going to do without him?

JULIA

You have us sweetheart, we will always be here.

JACOB
 You are family Linda, you will stay
 with us.

Linda, still crying embraces them both.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE

Maddix is seen on the radio.

MADDIX
 Yes sir, I understand. Copy. Out.

INT. RADIO ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Tyler and Sharon stand amidst their equipment. Their radio
 begins to light up, crackling to life a MALE VOICE is heard.

MALE VOICE (O.S)
 Please be advised the President of
 the United States is going live,
 please stay tuned on all emergency
 broadcast channels.

Sharon turns on a small TELEVISION, its transmission is weak
 and barely visible

SHARON
 Whoa, first broadcast in a year.
 Turn it up.

Tyler turns up the volume. An image slowly appears. Tyler
 rushes out of the room.

TYLER (SCREAMING)
 Hey, there's a broadcast on the
 television. Its the President!

Jacob and several others hear Tyler.

JACOB
 In the living room, now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - WILLARD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob, Julia and several others rush inside the house. They
 turn on the television.

INSERT: Image of U.S. President Valentino

Everyone gathers and watches.

PRESIDENT VALENTINO (O.S.)

We have all endured much over the last several months, we have lost loved ones, our lives have been upended. Many of you have been forced to do things you normally would not have done. Let me assuredly say this... now is our time to strike back at those responsible.

INSERT: Image of satellites in space, they are in motion - they open up and missiles fly towards earth.

PRESIDENT VALENTINO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Today we took the first step in reclaiming what is ours. We will have much work ahead of us to rebuild our towns, cities and communities that mean so much to us.

INSERT: View of earth as we see small flashes in both Russia and China. Jacob hugs Julia as they watch the President.

PRESIDENT VALENTINO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

To all of my fellow citizens. Stay strong, we will get through this and prevail, because the American spirit may have bent, but it is not broken and as your President we will get through the next phase of our recovery together, a stronger and more United States.

Maddix approaches Jacob and shakes his hand, they share a smile and a head nod.

THE END