

Episode One: A New Beginning

Camera transitions to an aerial shot of a car moving along a road, then transitioning to inside it. Adam and his friend Mark are headed to college, and there seems to be a peculiar lack of traffic and overall activity.

Adam: **Bored tone** This car sucks, you know.

Mark: It's not mine. It's my girlfriend's.

Adam: You don't even have a license, so why are you driving?

Mark: Meeeh, I've fooled plenty of asshole cops.

Adam: Sure you have.

The two remain silent for a brief moment, but then quickly resume.

Adam: So, uh... You got a girlfriend?

Mark: Shut up.

Adam smirks somewhat, then dismissively shrugging his shoulders.

Adam: Just asking.

Mark: Yeah, well, don't. And by the way... At least I have a car.

Adam: Fine, point taken. You win, you win.

There's a fairly long period of silence now, Adam yawning quietly. Eventually Mark speaks once again.

Mark: Almost there now. You can stop hassling me.

Adam: Can you turn on the radio for me?

Mark: **stern** No.

Adam: Come on, don't be an asshole. Please?

Mark sighs, then reaching over to the radio and flicking it on, the channel set to the local news by default.

Radio: ... WBNS-10TV will have more information on these reports shortly. Police advise citizens to remain indoors while investigations are carried out.

Mark: Huh, that's fucking weird. You heard of the pla-

Adam: Sush! Listen!

Radio: ... Reports of violence in the Ohio area continue to escalate as citizens have begun to show cannibalistic tendencies, unfortunate bite victims being transferred to hospitals in the dozens.

Mark: Yep. Just as I thought. It's that disease people were going on about earlier. Definitely.

Adam: Sounds like you've been reading too many stupid internet articles.

Mark: Pfft, stupid? Did you not hear what they just said on the radio?

Adam: Doesn't mean the dead are rising from their graves. You're getting paranoid. Probably those cannibals in Ohio or some weird cult or something, I dunno.

Mark: No, man, we're talking regular citizens here... Good people who suddenly want to go and tear off a head or two.

Adam: You sound insane. Maybe we should stop by the mental asylum on the way to college?

Mark: Eurgh, shut up dude. I'm telling you, things are going to shit.

Adam: Next you'll be telling me 9/11 was an inside job or that cows can talk.

Mark sighs in a frustrated fashion, and the pair remain silent for a while., continuing to listen to the radio transmission.

Radio: Breaking news! The aforementioned bite victims have been confirmed to be highly contagious and it is imperative that bystanders keep a safe distance; What? *banging noises, loud groaning* W-We... We appear to be experiencing techn-
Interrupted by screaming, transmission ends.

Mark: Fuck, that escalated quickly.

Adam: What the hell happened?!

Mark: I fucking told you. Can you honestly now say a disease isn't behind this?

Adam: Alright! I get it. Doesn't matter now. I'm not going to college, that's for sure. Let's get back home. That's what they told us to do.

Mark: I dunno if that's the best idea.

Adam: You got a better one?

Mark: No, bu-

Adam: Just turn us around.

Mark begins to spin the driver's wheel to the left and quickly turn the car around, but is distracted by an unusual sight off to the side of the road, about fifty metres to their right.

Mark: You see that?

Adam: What?

Mark nods his head in the direction of a car that seems to have flipped over on its side, having driven a good distance off-road.

Adam: Man, that isn't good. We should probably go. Like, as soon as possible. I mean, like now.

Mark: No, we gotta check this out... Someone could be hurt.

Adam: Your funeral, I'm staying in the car.

Mark: Don't be like that, who knows who might be over there?

Adam: My point exactly! We don't know shit, if anyone is over there they might be infected. I say we go.

Mark ignores Adam, putting his foot down on the throttle and parking the car on the edge of the road, then pushing open the door. He steps out, putting a hand up to his head as to block the sunlight and get a better view.

Mark: You got my number, right?

Adam: Obviously.

Mark: If you wanna be a pussy and stay in the car you can, but you're gonna have to call me if shit goes down.

Adam: I'm not a pussy.

Mark: Prove it then.

Adam: *sigh* Fine.

Adam pushes open his passenger seat door, then stepping out onto the road and standing beside Mark.

Mark: I don't see anything moving... We should be okay.

Adam: Well, if you're confident... You can stay ahead of me. I'll stick by.

They both apprehensively walk towards the crashed vehicle, swivelling their heads from left to right in an alert fashion and checking their rear intermittently before they finally stop about three metres in front of the car, a low groaning quietly coming from the interior.

Mark: On second thoughts... I don't like this. Let's go.

Adam raises an eyebrow, shaking his head before shouting loudly.

Adam: Hello? You alright in there? You sound a little, uh... A little unwell!

The groaning amplifies into a mortifying growl, causing Mark to fearfully take a number of steps back.

Mark: They're infected. Let's, uh... Let's get the hell out now. You were right, I admit... Bad idea.

Adam: Hold on... You don't know that. And even if they are, we can't just leave them stranded in their car like that.

Mark: Fine, then! Go there and say "Hi, I'm Adam! Lets hug". Don't say I didn't warn you when your ass has been bitten off!

Adam wanders around the side of the car, allowing him to get a view of whatever's trapped inside. He staggers back somewhat upon seeing a bloodied, scarred middle-aged couple hissing over at him, bound to their car by their seatbelts. The male one's flesh has been brutally torn and scratched, and there are multiple bite marks dotting his neck, while the female appears to be in much better condition.

Adam grimaces, his joints freezing up on him as his hairs stand on end.

Adam: **extremely nervous tone** M-Mark... Mark... Get over here, w-would you?

Mark seems startled by Adam's terrified stature, speaking as he walks over to him.

Mark: Are they infected or wh- Holy shit...

Mark sees the bodies and puts his arms around his stomach in a way that he seems like he will throw up any time soon.

The two biters reach out towards Mark and Adam, growling even more now that Mark's come into view. Both Mark and Adam remain stiff for several moments, seemingly shocked by the sight before them.

Mark: We've gotta... We've gotta go, Adam. This is fucked up. F-fuck, man...I can't deal with this shit.

Adam: But... But we can't leave them. They're hurt...

Mark: I don't give a flying fuck now dude! We've gotta get back to your parents, they'll, they'll know what to do!

Adam: You've gotta put them out of their misery, man!

Mark: The fuck?! Why me?!

Adam: Because.. B-Because I'm not doing it! I don't have the balls to kill someone...

Mark: And you think I do?!

Adam: Well, no! Yeah! I mean... Fuck! Just do something!

Mark rapidly shakes his head, then immediately legging it back towards their car as fast as he can.

Adam: You fucking asshat! Come back!

Mark: Fuck that, I'll meet you back at the car when you're finished! Hurry your ass up or I'm going without you.

Adam breathes heavily, panicking as he's unsure of how to deal with the situation. He kneels down, getting himself an even better look at the couple that continues to incessantly moan and weep.

Adam: I... I'm sorry, I can't... I can't do it. You won't be here for long, I promise... We'll... We'll remember you. We'll bring you the cure. Y-You'll be fine!

Adam haphazardly jumps onto his feet upon finishing his sentence, then running after Mark at full sprinting pace. Within seconds he reaches the car, and clambers into the passenger seat as quickly as he can. Mark forces his foot down on the acceleration, the rustbucket jolting forward as the tires noisily spin. He does a complete U-turn, nearly blasting off-road in the process.

Adam: Jesus fucking Christ! Be careful, will you?!

Mark: I'm not exactly in the right mood for being fucking careful, Adam! Excuse me if my driving's a little rusty, for fuck's sake.

Adam reaches for his phone, dialing his parent's number. The phone rings but there's no answer.

Adam: Great... I can't call them.

Mark: Shit, shit, shit!

Adam: Do you wanna calm down for a fucking second? You're driving like a dumbass and we're gonna end up like that couple if we're not-

Mark: Just shut up! I'm... I'm doing my best here!

They travel a good distance before Mark presses down on the brakes, loud screaming clearly audible even over the car's engine.

Adam: What the Hell, man? Why did you stop?

Mark: Shut up, just shut up! Listen!

Adam stops talking but looks out the windshield. Yells and cries for help are audible over the idling engine

Mark: Those aren't undead.... Those are people! Oh my God, real people! *

Mark hastens to turn off the engine and open his door to get out, but Adam grabs him

Adam: Are you crazy, man? We have to keep moving!

Mark: For God's sakes, Adam, we have to help them! *

Mark tugs his arm free and climbs out of the car. Adam resigns and begrudgingly gets out of the car after him, but not before grabbing the keys to the car as he leaves, as Mark starts looking around for the source of the sound, a family in the near distance. Once he sees them he waves his arms around to get their attention

Mark: Hey! Hey! Over here!

Adam: I already have a bad feeling about this.

Mark: Just shut up and let me do the talking.

the family get closer, theres a child standing behind a man

Man: My God, thank you so much! *he approaches Mark and instantly wraps his arms around him gratefully, while Adam steps forward with hesitation*

Mark: It's fine. We're just grateful to see someone who isn't... you know, dead.

Man: I know. And... I'm really sorry. *doesn't let go of Mark*

Mark: *pulls back from him* Huh? What are you-- *the man headbutts him in the face and sends him sprawling back with a scream. He takes out a gun and points it at Adam while Mark writhes on the ground* Jesus fuck, my nose!

Adam: What the Hell are you doing?

Man: Look, I-I'm sorry! I got a family here. Get in the car, sweetie. *the little girl runs toward the car and gets in*

Man: Fucking... *he looks at Mark and points the gun at him* You were driving that thing. Where are the keys?

Mark: Jesus Christ, they're in the car, man! Don't point that fucking gun at me!

Man: *desperately* They're not in there! Tell me where they are or I'll let you know how good I am with my gun!

Adam: Stop! I have them! Right here! *holds the keys up. The man points his gun at Adam, who raises his hands quickly*

Man: Give me the keys, kid. Don't make this harder than it already is.

Mark: Just leave us alone! Y-You don't have to do this!

before the man can reply, Adam looks angered at him for a few seconds. Adam jumps up and grabs his gun arm. The man cries out and fires, and Adam goes down as the bullet hits his left abdomen. Adam screams and drops the keys.

Mark: Adam! *lets go of the man and rushes to Adam's side*

Man: Shit! *runs and grabs the keys from beside Adam and Mark and gets into the car with his wife, starting it up and starting to drive off*

Mark: Adam! *he watches the car drive away and stands up, grabbing a rock and throwing it at the car so it hits the back windshield and surprises the driver, though it doesn't stop them*

Mark: You bastard! You bastard! *he turns to Adam again and sits over him. The camera switches to Adam's eyesight, watching Mark blur as he blacks out*

(End of Adams perspective, swaps perspective to group 2)

no music at first, just the sound of a car engine going from the inside. Open-eye wipe showing the inside of a car. A pair of fuzzy dice hang from the mirror, showing Bentley in the driver seat, looking back at Aiden in said mirror as he sits up

Bentley: Finally awake, are you? I was this close to dumping you on the side of the road, you know.

Aiden: Huh? *rubs forehead* Wh-where am I?

Bentley: You're in the back seat. I'm in the driver's seat. That means no back-seat driving.

Aiden: What are you talking about?

Bentley: I hate backseat drivers. I just wanted to set the record straight before we go any further.

Aiden: I don't... Who the Hell are you?

Bentley: I'm Bentley, but you can call me your saviour. You're Aiden, right? Mark Summers' boy?

Aiden: Yeah... How'd you know?

Bentley throws Aiden's wallet over his shoulder and into his lap

Bentley: Your dad was an old poker buddy of mine back in the 90's. We used to play online after being social went out of style, too. Don't worry about your cards, kid. Money don't mean shit anymore, and I think you know why.

Aiden: How did I get here? Where are you taking me?

Bentley: I'm just driving forward, Aiden. I found you in pretty bad shape. You were dragging along the side of the road and collapsed as I was passing by. Looked like you could have been one of them things, the way you were hobbling. That was yesterday; you've been unconscious ever since. How did you get there, then? Don't keep me in suspense.

Aiden: ...I lost some dead weight.

Bentley: What'd you lose?

Aiden: *pause, looking into the window. The glassy reflection flashes as Brett's face looking back for a moment, then turning back* Nothing important.

Bentley: Sure thing. Guess you had your fair share of incidents the last few days, too.

Aiden: You could say that. *stretches out* So how long was I out?

Bentley: About... 18 hours. You were pretty damn exhausted. I had to stuff the last of my supplements down your throat to make sure you didn't go on me. You owe me for those, by the way.

Aiden: *laughs* I'll write you an IOU. *looks down at the gear shift, and notices a hunting knife in the compartment* That is a really big knife.

Bentley: My pride and joy. *picks it up while driving and turns it in his hand* Need a good weapon these days just to feel safe. They're even handier if you need to use them.

Aiden: I'll bet. You mind having both hands on the wheel while you drive? Knives won't mean a thing if you get a facefull of glass.

Bentley: I'll chalk that attitude up to being unconscious, kid. *Aiden looks around the car, spotting a duffel bag full of food, water and medicine* I managed to salvage a bunch of good supplies from some other cars when I siphoned a little fuel.

the car judders and comes to a stop, and Bentley swears

Aiden: What's the problem, Bentley?

Bentley: I didn't siphon that much fuel. *sighs and looks out the windshield, spotting a few other cars ahead of them* Hmm... One of those cars must have fuel. Maybe they have keys in 'em, too. Wanna get an upgrade now you're awake?

Aiden: *smiles* The Merc or the Jeep?

Bentley: Pfft. Jeep if we can. Just depends if we can find one with keys in it. *hums thoughtfully* Looks like the coast is clear. You grab the bag and I'll keep an eye open. You ain't got anything to defend yourself with, do you?

Aiden: *eyes Bentley's knife* No, sir.

Bentley: 'No, sir'. I like that. That's what I'm talking about: respect for your elders. I knew that you were just a little tired before. *Aiden smiles in the rear mirror* Alright. On three. One, two, three!

Aiden grabs the bag and jumps out of the car. Bentley steps out of the other side.

Bentley: Go, go, go! *he runs towards the Jeep while Aiden slows up, looking through the window and spotting keys* Jackpot! Get in, kid! *he starts to run around the edge, but is shocked to see a biter just ahead* OH, SHIT!

Aiden: *opens the driver side door and gets in through the use of the ladder, turning on the engine with a roar and quickly setting it in gear, running the biter down. A camera view shows him crushing its head, but more are in the distance*

Bentley: Fuck fuck fuck! *he opens the passenger door, but the ladder has been broken off. He throws his knife on the seat and jumps up to climb in* Aiden, pull me in, quick!

Aiden: *reaches for Bentley's wrist, but then grabs his knife and stabs him in the back of the hand. Bentley screams and falls out of the car.*

Bentley: You son of a bitch! *the biters get closer*

Aiden: *salutes him coyly through the open door using the bloody knife* Have fun with your new friends, Bentley! *he speeds ahead and nudges the door closed against the side of the Merc, speeding off along the road while Bentley yells after him, running away from the biters to an undetermined fate. Aiden continues driving, looking up at the rear view and spotting a hula girl ornament hanging from it* Tch. Should have grabbed the dice.

Upon transition, an aerial shot of a towering apartment complex is exposed, the entrance area fortified by rickety plywood and assorted wooden barricades of different sizes. Visible from above is a clean-shaven man hammering nails into a weaker section of plywood, attempting to secure it in place and patch up the numerous holes that are clearly in their defenses. Behind him is a tired looking woman who's sat restlessly on the small flight of stairs leading to the complex's main doors, her hands rested on her chin.

Sarah: How long is this gonna take, exactly?

James: *exhausted breath, frustrated tone* Just let me work, will 'ya? You've been houndin' me for hours.

Sarah: Probably because we don't have a lot of time to fuck about.

James: Why don't you get off your ass then? Do it yourse-

Sarah: Once again, you can spare me the bullshit. I'm the one who fucking hauled the wood over here.

James: *Continuing to work tirelessly, not looking to Sarah as he speaks* Yeah... And I helped.

Sarah: The fuck you did! You found the truck and had me deal with the geek because you're a fuckin' pussy.

James: You know how I feel about those.

Sarah: I ain't gonna babysit you all the time, James. Man up, they're dead people.

James: You even hearing yourself? *mocking imitation* 'Man up, they're dead people!' Exactly, they're fuckin' dead people! They're covered in scars and gashes and shit. Creepy as hell, I ain't dealing with that. Give me a gun and maybe I'll man up.

Sarah: *smirking, rolls her eyes* You can't aim for shit. And guns are fuckin' stupid... You know they're drawn to sound. Just use the goddamn shank I gave you, just gotta' stay outta their reac-

James: Pfffffft. Easy for you to say, rambo. They didn't teach me how to knife people during community service, believe it or not... It ain't easy for me. It's sad.

Sarah: You can shoplift without a fuckin' second thought but have moral issues with killin' biters? Really?

James: Yeah! What's wrong with that? They're people, s... I mean they might be man-eaters but they're still people, 'ya know?

Sarah: They killed da-

James: *Sudden change of tone, anger and upset evident, immediately turns to Sarah, a stern expression on his face* Can you not?

Sarah: *Light sigh* Point still stands.

James: *Remains silent for a few moments, then sighing and turning back to the barricade* It's a shit point.

Sarah: How?

James: They had lives like us once. They can't control themselves... We're killin' em when there might be a cure.

Sarah: There ain't.

James: You don't know shit.

Sarah: I know you're being an overly optimistic little shithead.

James: And you're being a bitch.

Sarah: Nice one. *Pause for a few moments* You know, James... You've gotta let him go. There's no cure. Stop hoping for one.

James: Shut. Up.

Sarah: That's the harsh truth. You're only gonna -

James: *Low, angry, grumble. Words elongated.* I said... Shut. Up.

Sarah: No. I'm not letting you make me feel bad this time. Dad's fucked, James. He's fucked. And I'm just as sad about it as you are, but...

James shakes his head rapidly before swivelling around and marching towards Sarah, who is still sitting down. He squares himself up, panting loudly.

James: *Broken, pained and raised tone* You don't... You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. You're full of shit! You don't even care, do you? Too busy being Captain America while I was looking after him and mum!

Sarah hauls herself onto her feet, stepping down the stairs and staring James in the face. Her fists are clearly clenched.

Sarah: Are you really going there, huh?! You want to fuckin' say that again?

James: *Pause for a few moments* Yeah. I ain't one of your grunts, Sarah. I ain't scared of you. You're an uncaring piece of shi -

Sarah grunts loudly and viciously rams her right hand into James' stomach, immediately causing him to keel over and splutter violently. He remains kneeled, desperately gasping for air.

Sarah: *Shouting loudly* At least I was fuckin' doing something with my life while you stole shit and ruined lives, you cunt!

James stays immobilized for a number of seconds, Sarah standing over him. After a while he's able to regain his bearings, before looking up at Sarah, tears running down his face.

James: T-Then... Why don't you just... Just go in there and do it, huh? If you're so... So f-fuckin' sure...

Sarah suddenly gasps softly as James finishes his sentence, her expression changing to one of sorrow and regret.

Sarah: I... I can't.

James: Exactly... You talk the talk... But you won't walk the walk... So... We have to hope... We... We have to.

Sarah kneels down besides James, gently pulling him back and sitting him down on the stairs. She smiles weakly, looking into his eyes.

Sarah: I'm sorry. You're right...

James: *Moans somewhat, then looking back at Sarah and smiling very slightly* I always am.

Sarah: *Chuckles briefly* You're an asshole, you know that?

James: You are too. Both born and raised assholes. Proud ones, though. They both gaze up into the setting sun for a while, remaining silent.

Sarah: Let's go inside. Patch job can wait... There's only one hole left.

James: Jesus fucking Christ, that's what she said. I ain't into incest.

Sarah raises an eyebrow, then playfully punching James in the shoulder.

Sarah: *Smiling* That barely even made sense... You sick fuck. Please don't make another joke.

James: Ha, you know well I ain't ever shuttin' my mouth.

Both of them pull themselves up, then entering the apartment complex. The camera returns to the initial aerial view and then fades out.

After some time the shot transitions to the apartment's interior, showing James and Sarah relaxing in opposite beds, using dim candlelight as to attract minimal attention. The room seems fairly small and cluttered with tin cans and water bottles, and the pair have closed the curtains of the window nearest to them so they can't be seen. There's a battered looking Glock sat on Sarah's bedside table, as well as a baseball bat.

Both Sarah and James remain silent, attempting to snatch some sleep before it gets light.

James: *Tired, yet high and almost childish tone* Uh... Sarah?

Sarah remains laid down, staring up at the ceiling as she speaks.

Sarah: Yeah?

James: You remember that stray that used to roam around the street?

Sarah: The Jack Russell or the Beagle?

James: What?

Sarah: *sigh* The breed, James. Which breed? There were two.

James: I don't fuckin' know. The black and white one, spotty 'lil fella.

Sarah: Jack Russell then. Yeah, I remember... Vaguely. Ain't that the one you used to play with all the time?

James: U-huh. Loved that little asshole. He'd nip my fingers a ton but it didn't matter 'cuz we were buds. Played catch 'till the sun went down.

Sarah smiles, nodding her head very slightly as she continues staring up.

Sarah: Yeah, he was cute... How old were we back then? I was eleven, right?

James: I was seven, I think. So you were eleven. You'd barely come out to play though, you big meanie. Always watching documentaries and shit like a weirdo. What kinda eleven year old does that, anyway?

Sarah: Haha, I never claimed to be a normal kid. I already had plans to be a soldier back then, so the history channel was bliss.

James: Still think you shoulda gone into business with me.

Sarah: Fuck no. I wasn't gonna delve into your 'business' again after the first time. Almost gave me an infraction. Goddamn pothead.

James: Meh... Could do with a bong right now.

Sarah: Well tough shit 'cuz I highly doubt you'll be able to relapse while the world's ending. All the other druggies probably beat you to it by now.

James: 'Gotta be hash somewhere.

Sarah: *stern tone* No. You're not. Stop talking.

James: Fiiiiiiine.

The two remain silent for about thirty seconds.

Sarah: Why'd you bring up the dog anyway? A little random.

James: Do you... Remember what happened to it?

Sarah: Yeah, I think... Got ill, didn't it? You cried your little eyes out. I felt terrible seeing you like that.

James: Yeah, you helped me out... I dunno why I remember that so vividly but damn, 'sis, you really made me feel better. Shoulda gone into therapy. Suicide hotline or some shit.

Sarah: Pfft, nah, I'm too much of a bitch for that line of work. I'd drive people to suicide rather than away.

James: Not true... Complete bullshit. You talk and look all tough but really you're a fuckin' softie. You're the one who put that dog down for me after all, just to ease its pain... But mine also. Not even dad could bring himself to do it...

Drawn out silence.

James: 'Sis?

Sarah: Yeah?

James: I really am sorry. For what I called you... I really, really am. I... *Voice starts to break, tear runs down right cheek* I'm a piece of shit. You're not uncaring... I am.

Sarah: Oh, you. Stop being sensitive. It's fine. You made some good points. I was in the wrong. I shouldn't have hit you, I'm the one who should be sorry.

James: I just can't believe I called you that... Wasn't like me, 'ya know? We're a team.

Sarah: Yeah. We are. Best team this apocalypse'll see. Ain't nothing stopping us. You should get some sleep... Stop fretting over everything, okay?

James: Okay, I'll try... Not as if I'll get much, but... I'll try at least. Good night, 'sis.

Sarah: Night. *Mumbled* Love 'ya.

James: What?

Sarah: Nothing. Sleep, 'kay?

The camera fades out above the two siblings, and then fades in in the same position, a few hours later, slightly more blue light glowing through the window's thin curtains. James is snoring profusely, though Sarah still appears to be wide awake, in the exact same position as before, staring up at the ceiling. She remains there for about thirty seconds, the camera focusing on the fairly distraught expression on her face. Eventually she very quietly hauls herself off of her bed and onto her feet, evidently doing her best not to stir James.

She gingerly reaches for the baseball bat laid on the table to her side, taking it into her right hand and then lightly stepping over to the room's exit. The door creaks loudly as

she slowly pushes it open, though James appears undisturbed. She looks back at him anxiously, obviously praying that he doesn't awaken. After coming to the conclusion that James won't wake anytime soon, she slips through the doorway and into the other room. The camera follows via her shoulder, suddenly revealing a horrific sight.

To the corner of this much larger, seemingly kitchen area is an elderly male biter chained to a brittle looking wooden chair. It seems oddly peaceful, its head drooping down as it makes low, quiet moans and whimpers. It's in strangely fine condition in comparison to most undeads, its face free of wounds and its peculiar formalwear unscathed and well tended to. It takes no notice of Sarah, who tightens her grip on the baseball bat as she gradually approaches it.

(End of Sarah's perspective, Episode ends)