

INT. CORPORATE BUILDING, MORNING

DANI looks at herself in the floor-to-ceiling mirror in the reception area, seeing a nervous twenty-something secretary hugging a stack of documents as if it were her child.

DANI

You can do this... You can do this...

STATIC

I know I can do this, babe. Can you?

DANI looks down, adjusting something in her ear.

DANI

(whispers) Are you sure this is the only way?

STATIC

It's Hail Mary time. Trust me, if there were any other way, I wouldn't be this trusting of Vera's mistress.

DANI looks over to the oil painting of her boss, the lovely VERA Nikolaev-Rothen. A Russian supermodel turned CEO.

DANI

That was-it only happened once...

STATIC

Relax. I'm not judging. She's hot. That's how she got my dad.

DANI

Wait, was your dad-

STATIC

Quiet! Keep your voice low. It's time. Start walking.

DANI takes one last deep breath before turning from her reflection, walking stiffly down a long, vacant hall. She passes a janitor with headphones.

STATIC

There's ol' Mitch, finishing his clean. Right on time. The hall's yours, babe.

DANI

How much time do I have?

STATIC

Not long. Maybe thirty, forty seconds.
I have a tracker on Vera's car, but-
Oh. Shit.

DANI

(stops walking, terrified) What?

STATIC

The senator. He's scheduled to be
there first thing. Knowing old Larry,
he'll probably be on the elevator now.

DANI

I can't go in there. I'll be trapped.

STATIC

You will go in there. Now. You've
already been paid, so get moving.

DANI

(panicking) Please...

STATIC

Do you understand the stakes here,
babe?

DANI

(whispering) stop calling me that...

STATIC

When you agreed to this, you gave me
every piece of personal information
that makes you you. Your social
security number. Your bank information
for the deposit. I will tear your life
apart brick-by-brick. And then I will
tear your family's life apart brick-
by-brick-

DANI

(crying) ...please...

STATIC

-unless you get your sweet little ass
in that office and plant those files.
Now!

DANI moves, her nervous walking quickly becomes a run. She gets to the giant doors that read VERA NIKOLAEV-ROTHEN and throws them open. Above a fireplace in the office is a

massive painting of VERA with an older, kind-eyed man and his 12-year old daughter. The painting's gold plate reads THE ROTHENS - VERA, BINFORD, and MERCY, 1989.

VERA

(Russian accent) Is there a problem?

Gasping, DANI turns to VERA who sits at her desk, looking over documents.

DANI

(horrified) ...you bitch...

VERA

Excuse me?

STATIC

Play it cool, babe. It had to go this way.

DANI

Sorry, Mrs. Nikolaev...not you-I-I...

VERA

(approaching, reaching for the files)
What is this?

STATIC

Tell her to lean close, like you're going to whisper in her ear.

VERA gives an icy stare as she cautiously leans in, but notices a blinking light in DANI's ear.

STATIC

Sorry, babe.

A small explosion sends a spray of blood across the painting above the fireplace, covering MERCY's face.

INT. DARK COMPUTER LAB

MERCY, now older, leans back in her chair and watches VERA in a monitor crawling away from the gore in her office, coughing violently and gathering the scattered documents.

MERCY

(STATIC's voice) Got ya, Mom.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MIDWEST TOWN, MIDNIGHT

From the top of a five-story building, four soldiers observe the streets below. A fiery wreck smokes in the distant woods—a downed helicopter. Below, shadowy zombies roam limply across the pools of street lights. The town is riddled with 1994 paraphernalia, not a mountain or hill in sight.

CALLOWAY

It's not like the movies.

CALLOWAY turns around to her squad. She's a mid-30's African-American woman with an arrogant smile wrapped around a cigarette. She shoulders a 12 gauge shotgun and is strapped with grenades and other explosives.

A clean-cut white man turns his wide eyes from the streets to CALLOWAY. Much more lightly equipped, he grips his MP-5 too tightly. A nametag on his vest reads BRACE.

BRACE

What's that mean?

CALLOWAY shakes her head and arms a grenade from her shoulder, tossing it into the street below. A short-haired Latino woman with an air of authority steps forward—

LYNDA

Calloway!

-too late. A blinding flash erupts from below followed by the distinctive echoing blast of a flashbang. The four armed mercenaries move to the ledge to see no response from the zombies below. LYNDA turns for an answer.

CALLOWAY

In the movies they follow sound.
Things they see. Like they're primal
hunters. These dopes don't even seem
to understand their basic senses.

LYNDA

They aren't the mission. Let Vera sort
out her quarantines. We're just here
to clean the paper trail. So focus.
Brace, report.

BRACE stares blankly at the scene below. LYNDA steps toward him, drawing him to her serious gaze. BRACE kneels down and pulls off his backpack, checking a laptop.