

# HUMAN TRACE

Marc L. Prey  
2-1-2013 Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Farm land and meadow spread out in all directions, like a cozy blanket covering the earth.

A dark thread -- or two-lane blacktop -- is stitched through the middle of the blanket.

It's a scene that would instill comfort and peace, but for the complete absence of life.

No people.

No animals.

Not even a bird.

Over this odd landscape, we hear the baritone voice of a radio newscaster:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...Day thirteen of the outbreak, and the government continues to impose an order of martial law. Meanwhile, scientists are working around the clock on a vaccine. However, yesterday's report of a breakthrough appears to have been premature.

Over the crest of a hill, an old

PICKUP TRUCK

suddenly appears, traveling along the road toward us.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

As has been the case since the first days of the outbreak, the government continues to warn against contact with the infected, or those suspected of being infected, regardless of one's relationship with them.

The pickup truck comes closer, and we go --

INT. PICKUP TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

-- and meet the driver, GEORGE DUNLOP (35). George is drenched in sweat, and his eyes are bloodshot.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

On that note, we wish you good health  
and good luck.

The Newscaster's voice comes from the pickup truck's radio,  
and his wish appears to be a bit too late for George.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Because you, dear listener, represent  
the future of the human race. So  
hang in there, keep up the good fight,  
and pray for better days.

George's breathing is labored.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Until then, we will continue to break  
in with updates as they become  
available.

He gulps for breath.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

But right now, we return to the sweet  
sounds of easy-listening one-oh-four.

He begins to fade in and out.

Meanwhile, Barry Manilow's "Looks Like We Made It" flows out  
of the speakers.

George stops breathing.

His eyes roll back in his head.

The pickup truck leaves the road.

Heads directly at a large tree.

FADE TO BLACK.

Followed immediately by the sickening sound of the pickup  
truck colliding with the tree.

Title on black screen:

HUMAN TRACE

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The pickup truck is crumpled against the tree. Smoke rises from the engine compartment.

CLOSE ON a sticker adhered to the rear window. It indicates the vehicle is owned by a "Proud Parent of a Centerville Middle School Honor Student."

MOVE TO the front of the pickup truck, where George's body is spread across the crumpled hood.

He's been ejected through the windshield, and he lays with his head turned away from us.

As we move in closer...

THE HEAD SNAPS TOWARD US!

Red eyes.

Grayish skin.

Green puss oozing from open wounds.

George climbs the rest of the way out of the cab, then crawls down from the hood and onto unsteady legs.

He begins zombie-walking along the side of the road in the direction the pickup was heading.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

George shuffles up to a group of three ZOMBIES feeding on something by the side of the road.

A ten-speed bicycle rests on its side nearby.

As we move in, the BICYCLIST's fleshy legs are visible on the ground.

The remainder of Bicyclist's body is obscured by the feasting Zombies.

One of the Zombies looks up at George. The Bicyclist's intestines hang from his mouth.

Then he returns to eating beside his Zombie mates.

George shuffles over to the body. He crouches down, lifts up a leg and

TAKES A BITE.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- AFTERNOON

George shuffles along the side of the road.

Up ahead in the distance, a vehicle moves toward us.

It's another pickup truck.

Two MEN in the cab, two MEN in the bed.

All but the driver hold rifles.

They are REDNECK ZOMBIE HUNTERS.

Based on their screams and shouts, it's obvious they've been drinking.

As the pickup truck approaches George, the two in back begin shooting at him.

Most of the shots miss.

One hits George in the shoulder, momentarily stunning him.

The pickup truck speeds by.

The shots continue to fire.

One hits George in the back of the leg, causing him to stumble.

Then the pickup truck disappears down the road.

George continues shuffling along.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE -- EVENING

A farm house, barn and additional outbuildings sit just off of the road.

George shuffles up the driveway in the direction of the main house.

As George approaches the house, two FIGURES run from the rear of the house to the barn.

They are children.

The boy is 12-year-old KYLE. The girl is 10-year-old EMMA.

INT. BARN -- EVENING

The children stop just inside the building. We see now that Kyle holds a handgun.

EMMA  
(frightened)  
We should have stayed in the house,  
Kyle.

KYLE  
Yeah, well, there's more weapons in  
here.

Kyle leads Emma to the small machine shop located off to one side of the barn.

KYLE  
Remember, you gotta destroy their  
brains to stop 'em.

He begins rifling through some of the drawers in the shop.

EMMA  
I'm scared.

KYLE  
Come on, Emma, it's just like playing  
a video game...Aha!

He grabs an ax, offers it to Emma.

KYLE  
Here.

Reluctantly, she takes it from him.

EMMA  
What do I do with this?

KYLE

You chop its head off.

He grins, then returns to rummaging in the drawers.

KYLE

Oh, man!

EMMA

What did you find?

He holds something up for her to see.

KYLE

Daddy's old grenade. From when he  
was in the Marines.

Suddenly, there's a bang on the barn door.

EMMA

(frightened)

Ahhh!

Kyle sets the grenade down on the work shop counter, takes a  
couple steps toward the door. Aims the handgun.

KYLE

Get behind me.

Another bang.

Emma hurries behind Kyle.

Another bang, and this time the door breaks open.

The children watch as

GEORGE

enters the barn.

He sees the children, begins shuffling toward them.

EMMA

Shoot it, Kyle!

Kyle is about to pull the trigger, but freezes.

George is now thirty feet away.

EMMA

Kyle???

KYLE

Emma, look at it. Look at its  
clothes.

Emma peaks from behind her brother. The ax falls from her  
hand.

EMMA

Oh my God. Is it...?

George is now twenty feet away.

KYLE

Daddy?

George seems to slow for a moment.

Then he resumes his shuffle toward the children.

Kyle and Emma back up.

George is now ten feet away.

Kyle pulls the gun down to his side.

KYLE

I, I can't do it.

George reaches the children and

MOVES PAST THEM

to the work shop counter.

He pauses for a moment.

Then he reaches out and somehow manages to pick up

THE GRENADE.

KYLE

(realizing)

Run!

He grabs Emma's arm and they run deeper into the barn.

George manages to pull the pin...

Kyle and Emma continue running...

George turns, looks at the children one last time...

AND IS BLOWN TO BITS!

The concussion causes Kyle and Emma to crash to the barn floor.

Pieces of George land all around the barn.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN -- MOMENTS LATER

From a distance, we watch Kyle and Emma exit the smoking barn. They appear stunned, but unharmed.

As they walk slowly to the main house, we hear the same music as before (Barry Manilow's "Looks Like We Made It").

FADE OUT.