

PATIENT

Written by

Jerrold D. Brito

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Autumn leaves blow across a sidewalk, which leads from the parking lot to a new medical building. And then --

VOMIT.

An indistinguishable man wipes his lips with his sleeve and wanders deeper into the lot.

A CELLULAR PHONE RINGS.

DOGAN BROWN (19), a lanky stoner in an arm cast, skateboards from a side street, yanks his phone out of his baggy hoodie, and answers the incoming call.

DOGAN
(sigh)
S'up? ... yes, I'm almost there ...
I'm not gonna be late --

Dogan stops short of the vomit puddle and retches.

DOGAN
-- Ugh.

His eyes follow the trail to the man a few yards away.

DOGAN
(on the phone)
I know ... I know -- Mom, hold on!
(to the man)
Hey, man. You okay?

The man stops, his back to Dogan, and nearly doubles over. His hand shoots up to shoo Dogan away.

DOGAN
A'ight ... it's whatever, I guess.
(on the phone)
Nothing. Just some drunk ass dying.
... I'm not dramatic, stop saying --

Dogan steps around the mess and heads for the entrance.

DOGAN
(on the phone)
... No, I don't take the new pills
for another hour, but, I gotta go.

POLICE AND AMBULANCE SIRENS FADE UP IN THE DISTANCE.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

Dogan presses the elevator button.

DOGAN
(on the phone)
I will -- you're wasting my
minutes, Mom --

The elevator door opens; he boards.

INT. 3RD FLOOR ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY

Dogan exits the elevator.

DOGAN
(on the phone)
Fine. Then you're wasting your
minutes ... Yes, I know what
happens if I don't take my pill!
You know, stress is a big part of
all the shit that's wrong with me,
right?

INT. 3RD FLOOR CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Dogan heads through the clinic entrance, into the large waiting room, and toward the receptionist desk. A handful of patients occupy the room.

DOGAN
(on the phone)
Okay. Gotta go ... okay! Later.

Dogan hangs up, pockets the phone, and spots OLIVIA (20s), sitting at the receptionist desk. His expression softens. He pauses to take her in with all of his senses.

Dogan takes a deep breath, re-stuffs his mop of hair in his beanie and approaches Olivia's desk, where she is consumed by a word game app on her cell phone. She chews gum obnoxiously and blows a bubble, oblivious to Dogan.

Dogan clears his throat.

Olivia shuffles letters on her game.

DOGAN
Hey.

Olivia puts up a finger, plays a word, and awakens her idle computer.

OLIVIA
How can I help you?

DOGAN
(stuttering)
I have a five-thirty. Uh ... follow-
up appointment. With Doctor Glover.

Olivia scans her computer screen.

OLIVIA
First name?

DOGAN
Dogan.

OLIVIA
Alrighty. Change in insurance?

DOGAN
Insurance? What's that? I'm an Uber
Driver.

OLIVIA
So, what, you've been getting by
with your looks all this time?

Dogan's heart pounds in his chest. He blushes and sweats.

DOGAN
(stuttering)
Medicaid.

Dogan shrinks back, uncomfortably. Olivia's smirk fades. She hands him a clipboard full of paperwork and a pen.

OLIVIA
Right. So, just fill this out and
take a seat. Someone will call you
back shortly.

DOGAN
Awesome. Busy work.

OLIVIA
Just fill out the first page.
Nobody really looks at the rest.

Dogan points to the bottom of the page.

DOGAN
This?

OLIVIA
Yeah. Just circle all medical
conditions ... like it says.

DOGAN
(reading)
They're all medical conditions.

Olivia raises an unamused eyebrow toward Dogan.

DOGAN
... I'll get right on it.

Dogan finds his way to the middle of the room where he plops
down on a large couch. His foot nervously rocks his
skateboard back and forth as he examines his worksheets.

A COUGH echoes from across the room.

Dogan glances around to see a variety of people scattered
about. They all look sick and miserable, a few look nauseous.

Dogan whips out his phone -- the display shows only forty-
five percent battery remains. Dogan tries to pull up YouTube -
- no signal.

DOGAN
Oh, come on.

He grunts in frustration, pops in his earbuds, opens a music
app, and fills out his forms.

A LOUD PUNK SONG FILLS HIS EARS.

LOUISE, an unseen woman GROANS HAUNTINGLY from the elevator
lobby as she moves toward Dogan from behind.

LOUISE (O.S.)
No ... no ...

Unseen to Dogan (and us), LOUISE (40s) limps -- with
assistance from her companion, EUNICE (40s) -- into the
waiting room. Louise slumps down in the couch back-to-back
with Dogan's -- the IMPACT startles him.

Dogan yanks out his earbuds and perks his ears up. His eyes
dart from side to side, but he doesn't turn around to see it
for himself ...

LOUISE (O.S.)
I told you not to bring me here.

Louise's daughter, PENNY (5), wanders around the furniture and stops in front of Dogan. She stares at him blankly and picks her nose.

DOGAN
Can I help you?

Penny stares a moment longer, rolls her eyes, then explores the waiting room.

EUNICE (O.S.)
It's okay -- they'll help you. Just
keep breathing, deep breaths.

Dogan watches as Eunice hurries to the receptionist desk.

EUNICE
Hello? My friend needs medical
attention.

OLIVIA
(playing her word game)
Just a sec ...

EUNICE
It's an emergency!

Olivia sets her phone aside and gestures to Eunice that she has her undivided attention.

OLIVIA
Of course. What's going on?

EUNICE
I don't know -- she's just really
sick. She's in a lot of pain.
Please help her.

Olivia rises and glances past Eunice -- and Dogan -- to the groaning Louise. Olivia's jaw drops.

OLIVIA
Okay. I can get her in for sure,
but you might be better off just
taking her to the hospital.

EUNICE
I tried that! The roads were
blocked off. Please, just help her!

OLIVIA
I'll see what I can do ...

Penny heads to the children's area in front of Dogan. She selects a "Repeating Frog" toy, which records and distorts voices when programmed by its user. Penny puts the toy on via shoulder strap and grabs the dangling microphone.

PENNY
(recording)
Hi, Mister Frog.

FROG TOY
(distorted, creepy)
Hi, Mister Frog.

Penny giggles.

Louise GROANS louder, as her body writhes violently. Her scratched, dirty fingernails dig into the back of Dogan's couch.

A bead of sweat rolls down Dogan's brow.

Dogan sees the shocked and concerned faces of the patients sitting across from him as they watch from a safe distance.

DOGAN'S HEARTBEAT INTENSIFIES ...

Penny hides her eyes from the frog.

PENNY
Peek-a-boo. I see you.
(recording)
I see you.

FROG TOY
(distorted, creepy)
I see you.

Penny giggles.

Eunice returns to Louise with a paper cup of water.

EUNICE
Here, drink this.

LOUISE (O.S.)
No. Not yet.

EUNICE
Come on, sit up. Take a sip.

Behind Dogan, Eunice helps Louise sit up and unsuccessfully "force feeds" her the water.

EUNICE

Please. You need it. You're
dehydrated and there's nothing left
in your system. Now, go on, drink.

The phone RINGS at the receptionist desk.

OLIVIA

(answering phone)
River Ridge Clinic East.

The phone RINGS again.

OLIVIA

(on the phone)
He's with a patient at the --
ma'am, slow down, I can't -- hello?
... hello?

Olivia looks at the phone, confused.

OLIVIA

(to herself)
Rude.

Olivia answers the other line. The RINGING persists ...

OLIVIA

(on the phone)
River Ridge Clinic East, please
hold.

She answers the next line.

OLIVIA

(on the phone)
River Ridge Clinic East, please
hold.

Dogan hears a SLURPING noise behind him, followed by coughing
and a "SPITTING UP" sound. Then, a SPLASH.

Water drops land on the back of Dogan's neck; he shudders and
quickly wipes the droplets away.

FROG TOY (O.S.)

(distorted, creepy)
I see you.

Dogan picks up his cell phone and turns on the front facing
camera. He cautiously raises it, attempting to get a peek at
the scene behind him ... slowly ... *slowly* ...

MARIA (O.S.)

Dogan?

Dogan jumps, nearly drops his phone, and sends his clipboard flying. He glances up to see the nurse, MARIA (30s), standing at the secured Exam Room Lobby door with a laptop.

MARIA

Ready?

Dogan nods. He swallows, pops out of his seat, and passes Olivia on the way through the door.

OLIVIA

(on the phone)

Sir? Okay -- you're going to want to take him to the Emergency Room.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dogan follows Maria. He looks back to the Waiting Room, but Eunice blocks his view of Louise. He hears her VOMIT and sees chunks of food and bile blast across the floor.

MARIA

We're just gonna check your vitals real quick ...

DOGAN

Maybe you should, like ... do you think you should help *her* first?

MARIA

Someone will be with her shortly. Probably just caught that bug that's going around. T'is the season.

DOGAN

It's September.

She leads Dogan to a scale in the hallway. He hops aboard as Maria types notes into her laptop.

MARIA

Uh-oh.

DOGAN

Huh?

A nurse jogs out toward the waiting room.

MARIA

You're down a few pounds from last time. Are you eating enough?

DOGAN

Yeah, but that's not really the issue, all things considered, right?

MARIA

Let's check your vitals.

Maria leads Dogan toward an Exam Room as another nurse hurries toward the Waiting Room. Dogan glances back as they rush through the secured door -- several of the clinic's personnel surround an obstructed Louise with frantic faces.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Modern, but basic, windowless room. Bulletin board with cheesy motivational posters and medical pinups/info. Clock on the wall. Calendar. Dogan sits on the examination table.

Maria releases the pressure from the sphygmomanometer attached to the cuff wrapped around Dogan's arm.

MARIA

It's high. High-high.

DOGAN

Obviously. Some lady was just dying in the waiting room and nobody was doing anything about it. Anyone would have high blood pressure after that shit.

MARIA

I'll give you a minute and we'll try again. Have you changed your diet like we talked about?

DOGAN

Nope. Still running on coffee and pizza. But not vodka anymore, obviously ...

MARIA

You need to take better care of yourself.

DOGAN

Why bother.

MARIA

So you can take care of your mother
when she's old and gray.

DOGAN

That's what my sister's for.

A KNOCK at the door. Dogan jumps as Olivia immediately pops
in. Dogan can't take his eyes off of her.

OLIVIA

Hey, Maria. The waiting room is
packed. They're saying the
hospital's turning people away or
something.

MARIA

What? That can't be right.

OLIVIA

I wouldn't think so either, but
they're sure yelling at me like it
is. And it's getting old pretty
quick, so ...

MARIA

Okay. Just do your best, I'll be
there in a minute.

Olivia nods and closes the door behind her as she leaves.

Maria switches the blood pressure cuff to Dogan's other arm.

DOGAN

Why does everyone here do that? You
knock, but you don't wait for a
response before barging in. It's
like, why even knock in the first
place? What if I'm changing? Or
blasting out a stool sample?

MARIA

You wouldn't be doing that in here.

DOGAN

You don't know.

Maria releases the gauge and records the reading.

MARIA

One-fifty-one over one-oh-one.
What've you been doing, Dogan?

DOGAN

Nothing I'm willing to go on record about.

MARIA

I want you to talk to one of our health counselors before you leave today. Okay?

DOGAN

Look, I'm fine. I'm not an addict. I'm eating, I sleep at least once a week, I'm not suicidal ...

Maria raises an eyebrow -- her eyes drift to his cast.

DOGAN

... anymore.

Maria crosses her arms.

DOGAN

Oh, come on. Why would I be?

MARIA

You suffer from depression, you have anxiety-induced fainting spells and panic attacks, you suffer from Gastroesophageal Reflux Disease --

DOGAN

-- I can't grow facial hair, don't forget that one --

MARIA

-- you have two gall stones, high blood pressure, and, the last time we saw you, you said you were worried that it was all becoming too much for you to handle.

DOGAN

I was exaggerating.

MARIA

Dogan.

DOGAN

I was drunk?

MARIA

Are you taking your meds?

DOGAN

Yeah. New ones aren't as good as those pink ones.

MARIA

I know. But those ones can produce harmful long-term effects. These ones aren't bad. Just make sure you take them as prescribed. Set phone reminders if you have to.

Dogan yanks the pill bottle out of his pocket, shakes them.

DOGAN

After that trip to the emergency room that I'll never pay off? The whole reason I have to take these little bastards in the first place - - yeah, I don't think I'll ever forget.

MARIA

Are you still *self-medicating*?

DOGAN

Nah. My mom keeps trying to push those herbal supplements on me from that catalog, you know, her side hustle, but that shit's a fucking pyramid scheme.

He catches Maria's impatient glare.

DOGAN

Oh, what ... you mean weed? Pfft. Hell no. What do you take me for, Maria? A hooligan? Just because it's legal, you think -- come on.

MARIA

Talk to the counselor before you leave today. Please?

DOGAN

Anything for you, Maria.

Maria rolls her eyes and picks up her laptop.

MARIA

Doctor Glover will be in shortly.

DOGAN

Hey, who's that new girl?

MARIA

Stay out of trouble, Dogan.

Maria leaves.

Dogan takes a deep breath. His feet fidget at the end of the table. He spots a paper on the bulletin board that reads "TURN OFF PHONES," accompanied by an outdated 80s cell phone clip-art graphic.

Dogan snorts. He pulls out his cell phone and watches the signal bar fluctuate between one bar and none at all.

He hops up and heads to the bulletin board.

There's a poster of a cat hanging from a clothesline with a caption that reads, "DON'T GIVE UP!" Dogan sets his phone to record video of the poster and sneaks in to the frame.

DOGAN

("kitty" voice)

Don't give up, Dogan!

(his own voice)

Yeah? What would you do if you were me, Mister Cat?

("kitty" voice)

Hmmm. You're right, Dogan. Do it!

Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!

Dogan dives out of his frame. He smirks, cuts the video, and tries to post it to his social media -- the signal is too weak; the upload fails.

Dogan hops back onto the table. His legs fidget harder -- it evolves to a full-on pee-pee dance.

DOGAN

Fucking pills.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY - DAY

Dogan sneaks out of the Exam Room and heads down the hall to the Unisex Restroom. A few nurses chatter to each other with faces of astonishment.

MALE NURSE

-- said he's never seen anything like it -- he doesn't know what it is. Maybe bath salts, or, I dunno --

Dogan locks himself inside the restroom.

INT. UNISEX RESTROOM - DAY

Dogan sits on the toilet. His eyes dart from a cabinet full of urine sample cups, to a wall-mounted box of biohazardous materials. He snaps a phone pic of the biohazard symbol. He starts "filtering" the shot to make it grittier when --

The door handle wiggles.

The shadows of two little feet appear at the crack at the bottom of the door.

DOGAN
Be right out.

FROG TOY (O.S.)
(distorted, creepy)
I see you.

Dogan's eyes bulge fearfully. Then, a SPLASH in the bowl. The kid's shadow disappears from beneath the door.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY - DAY

Dogan steps out of the restroom.

FROG TOY (O.S.)
I see you.

Dogan glances across the hall; A nurse speaks to a crying Eunice in front of Louise's Exam Room. Movement is visible through the crack of the door. Penny peeks in.

Dogan takes a step toward them for a closer look when DR. GLOVER (50s), an older "McDreamy" type, intercepts him.

DR. GLOVER
Dogan. Just the man I wanted to see. Ready?

DOGAN
Yeah. Sure.

Glover makes an "after you" gesture; they proceed toward Dogan's Exam Room.

A GUTTURAL GROAN emits from Louise's Exam Room.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Glover listens to Dogan's chest through a stethoscope. Dogan winces and squirms away. Glover pays him a concerned glance.

DR. GLOVER
Is there pain?

DOGAN
A little ... biffed it on my board
yesterday.

DR. GLOVER
We can certainly take a look at it.
Lift up your shirt?

DOGAN
It's nothing. Just a scratch.

Dogan fidgets and clears his throat.

Dr. Glover squints, suspiciously.

DR. GLOVER
I'm concerned.

DOGAN
About what ... specifically?

Glover takes Dogan's pulse.

DR. GLOVER
All of this. I'm seeing many signs
of self-destructive behavior.

DOGAN
Nah, I'm good. Just a high anxiety
day, I guess.

DR. GLOVER
I see. And, what are you doing to
relieve stress?

DOGAN
I beat off. Like, a fuck ton.

Glover drops Dogan's wrist.

DOGAN
Er ... sorry. I mean, I *masturbate*.
A lot. And, I trade funny memes
with my friends, and make
hilariously bleak videos. But only
when I have signal.

(MORE)

DOGAN (CONT'D)

So, what's the deal with this place, anyway? I can't post on my phone -- you guys really need to do something about that.

DR. GLOVER

The signal? It's only strong by the receptionist's desk for some reason, unless you're connected to the WiFi.

DOGAN

Yeah? What might be the password for that?

Glover shines his penlight into Dogan's ears.

DR. GLOVER

Well, unfortunately, we have a *no cell phone* policy here. There are signs all over the place.

DOGAN

And you wonder why I'm anxious?

Glover sets his penlight and stethoscope on the table. He takes a deep breath.

DR. GLOVER

How's the arm?

Dogan flexes his fingers in his cast.

DOGAN

I dunno. It's all right, I guess. Could've been worse. Right?

DR. GLOVER

You're taking a lot of unnecessary risks on that skateboard despite your current state of health.

DOGAN

Well, you know. With all the shit that's wrong with me, sometimes I feel like it's better to be miserable on my own terms rather than have life fuck me against my will like usual.

DR. GLOVER

Dogan ...

DOGAN

Hey, what's up with that lady
across the hall?

DR. GLOVER

Under the doctor-patient
confidentiality agreement, I'm not
at liberty to say. But I can tell
you with confidence that you don't
have to worry about catching
whatever it is she's afflicted
with.

DOGAN

I wasn't worried.

DR. GLOVER

Well, young man, I think you'd have
even less to worry about if you
adopted a healthy diet and a
consistent exercise regiment.

DOGAN

I'll start tomorrow.

DR. GLOVER

All kidding aside.

DOGAN

Tonight, then.

Glover updates Dogan's file on his laptop.

DR. GLOVER

I'm going to switch out your blood
pressure prescription with
Atenolol, twenty-five milligrams,
once per day. How's the Effexor XR
working out?

DOGAN

For the ...

DR. GLOVER

Anxiety and depression.

Dogan struggles to find the correct words. He flashes two
thumbs up and a cheesy grin.

DR. GLOVER

Good. And the Ranitidine?

DOGAN

Is that the --

DR. GLOVER
For the heartburn. Is it helping?

DOGAN
I mean, it's not as good as the other one, but I guess it does the job.

DR. GLOVER
Remember to take it twice daily. Twelve hours apart, ideally, or else --

DOGAN
I know, I know. Trust me, I don't want to forget. I take them at six A.M. and six P.M. on the dot --

A CLICK comes from the intercom system, followed by --

INTERCOM (V.O.)
Attention all available personnel. We have a code blue in exam room six.

Glover becomes stoic. He picks up his laptop and stands.

DR. GLOVER
You'll have to excuse me.

Glover leaves.

Dogan sighs. He yanks out his phone and watches his signal bar fluctuate. Suddenly, five text messages and eight new voicemails appear on his display -- all from "MOM."

DOGAN
Ugh. You're so obsessed with me.

Dogan grimaces and tries to play a voicemail. He presses it to his ear.

MOM (V.O.)
(cutting out, on the phone)
Dogan -- need to -- ? Where -- --
to call -- -- soon -- it's -- -- --
as you --!

Dogan shrugs it off and scrolls through his new text messages from his mom. They read: "WHERE ARE YOU?" "CALL ME!" "ARE U OK? CALL ME NOW!" "DOGAN WHERE ARE YOU???"

DOGAN

No idea why I'm stressed all the time.

Dogan types "I'M AT THE CLINIC (LIKE I TOLD YOU), CALL YOU AFTER." He taps send, but the message fails to go through.

DOGAN

Shenanigans.

A SCREAM COMES FROM THE HALLWAY.

Dogan jumps. He gets up and slowly creeps to the door. He presses his ear against the wood and listens.

COMMOTION, CRASHING, AND AGITATED VOICES ARE HEARD.

Dogan takes a deep breath and opens the door a crack. People in scrubs and lab coats rush past the door in all directions.

Dogan steps into the --

EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY

Dogan dodges a paramedic and sees chaos in the cubicles between himself and Louise's room -- overturned furniture, scattered papers and frantic patients and clinic personnel.

Further Down the hallway, a few doctors and nurses -- including Glover and Maria -- tend to fallen colleagues on the bloody tile.

DOGAN

... Doctor Glover?

Glover turns around, white as a sheet, and waves Dogan back.

DR. GLOVER

Stay in the room, Dogan! Sit tight till I say it's okay.

Another horrific SCREAM in the distance.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dogan slams the door and barricades it with his body.

DOGAN

The fuck!

A THUMP comes from the other side of the door.

Dogan spots his skateboard across the room. He hurries to snatch it, returns to the door, and tries to wedge it in the door crack -- no dice.

His eyes dart to the base cabinet and sink. He races to grab it, but it won't budge -- it's heavy and he's weak.

Dogan spots a standing coat hanger in the opposite corner. He snatches it, lays it down, and wedges it between the door and the cabinet.

CHAOTIC THUMPS AND SCREAMS CONTINUE.

Dogan backs away from the door and hops onto the exam table.

His heart pounds: THUMP. THUMP. THUMP ...

Shaking, and on the verge of tears, Dogan lays back on the table, covers his ears, and clenches his eyes shut.

The THUMPS INTENSIFY ...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (NIGHTMARE)

Dogan lays on the exam table, bathed in white light. Several rubber-gloved hands tear his shirt open and affix wired sensors to his torso. His eyes flutter open.

DOGAN

Hey, what are you doing?

He tries to sit up, but the hands force him back down.

DOGAN

What is this? Get off me!

A BEEPING comes from an EKG meter beside him. He watches as his heart rate increases exponentially, and then FLATLINES into a constant HUM.

THE HUM BECOMES BEEPING.

Dogan exhales his final breath.

THE BEEPS BECOME PHONE CHIMES.

END OF NIGHTMARE.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan's eyes slowly flutter open. He pulls his phone out of his pocket and reads the display: *"PHOTOS UPLOADED SUCCESSFULLY."*

He sits up and anxiously scrolls through his alerts.

Dogan notices icons for three "NEW MESSAGES" on the display -- they are all from his mom. He checks the first one, which reads: *"DOGAN ANSWER ME!"* The second reads: *"COME HOME RIGHT NOW SOMETHINGS WRONG WITH SID!"*

DOGAN

Sid ...

He checks the third message, which reads: *"Gg I've uukl l"*

Dogan dials on his phone and listens. His phone CHIMES to signify no signal. He glances at the display and tries again. The call fails.

GENTLE SCRAPING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

DOGAN

Doctor Glover?

Dogan creeps to the door.

DOGAN

Hello?

A THUMP FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Dogan jumps back in surprise.

DOGAN

Hey ... what's going on out there?
... Is it safe to come out? I kinda
gotta piss again.

Silence.

DOGAN

Who's out there?

The doorknob wiggles violently. Dogan holds the door and coat rack in place with all his weight. The wiggling stops. And then ...

Silence.

Dogan presses his ear to the door.

FROG TOY (O.S.)
 (distorted, creepy)
I see you.

Dogan jumps.

DOGAN
 Little girl? Hey ... is anyone else
 out there with you? A doctor or a
 nurse? Somebody not sick or dying?

Silence.

Dogan gets on his hands and knees and peeks out through the bottom of the door. Lit only by a few fluorescent motion lights, dried blood and bile are caked to the floor tiles.

Penny walks past the door in the hallway, startling Dogan. The sound of the dangling microphone DRAGS and SKIPS on the floor in the distance.

DOGAN
 Shit!

FROG TOY (O.S.)
 (farther away, creepy)
I see you.
 (even farther, creepy)
I see you.

The motion lights in the lobby go out.

Shaking, Dogan hurries to the exam table, pulls out his phone and dials 9-1-1.

No signal. The service bars fluctuate between one and none.

Dogan scrolls through his apps and opens the NEWS 13 app.

DOGAN
 Come on, come on ...

The display reads "NO SIGNAL."

DOGAN
 Come on!

Dogan frantically scrambles about the room, phone in the air, trying to raise a signal. He stands on the exam table shaking it in every direction. No signal.

Dogan plops down with a sigh. He buries his head in his hands with a tense face of concentration. He opens his phone's video camera, frames himself in a shot, and hits record.

DOGAN

Hey. My name is Dogan Brown. It's September ninth, and I don't know what the fuck is going on in the world right now.

Dogan pans the phone around the clinic for his "audience."

DOGAN

I came to the clinic on East Pecos for a checkup a couple of hours ago, and some crazy shit went down in the lobby. This lady -- I think it was a lady -- she was all kinds of puking. She blasted that shit all over the fucking place, and she was crying, and yelling ...

Dogan hops up, takes the phone to record the carnage in the hall from the crack underneath the door.

DOGAN

At first I thought she was just coming down from drugs or something, but now, I dunno.

Back to the exam table.

DOGAN

Maybe it was Ebola, or SARS, or some new shit we haven't even heard of yet. Who the fuck knows. Sometimes I think the government contaminates our weed. That'd be so fucked up. Wouldn't surprise me, though.

He sighs.

DOGAN

So then a few messages hit my phone out of the blue, and I got one from my mom that said my little sister's sick. I don't know where they are, or if they're okay ...

A look of anxiety flashes across his face.

DOGAN

I'm gonna try to upload this video, but the signal's shit, so I dunno if it'll go through.

(MORE)

DOGAN (CONT'D)

I can't get the news, and I can't call anyone, so, if any of my friends see this, tell my family I'm okay! I'm still alive, and I'll come and find them soon.

Dogan's eyes drift to the door.

DOGAN

But, until then, we need help here, so send the Army, send the National Guard, send some Republican rednecks with guns -- I don't fucking care! Just send help. I'm on the third floor of the River Ridge Clinic East. Till then, I guess I'll just chill. See ya when you get here.

Dogan looks grimly into the camera and stops recording. He sets the video to upload. The battery is 10%, and a warning appears on the display to "CHARGE PHONE SOON." Dogan sets the phone on the table where his photos previously uploaded.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Dogan pulls a small pipe and bag of weed out of his hoodie.
- Dogan packs a bowl.
- Dogan blows smoke rings. He eyes the base cabinets.
- Dogan blows up a rubber glove like a balloon and volleys it to himself in the air.
- Dogan makes Glover's penlight's beam dance on the walls. He makes shadow puppets of a dog.
- Dogan makes a structure out of tongue blades, but it topples over like an unstable Jenga tower.
- Dogan stands on chairs and takes a leak in the sink.
- Dogan draws mustaches on bulletin board posters.
- Dogan packs cotton balls into his cheeks like a hamster.

END MONTAGE

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan wiggles his jaw, his cheeks puffed out.

DOGAN
 (as Marlon Brando)
 You never go against the family --

Dogan's hand shoots to his chest. His face contorts into a pained grimace as he quickly scoops cotton out of his mouth. He drops to his knees and grabs a small waste basket, which he violently vomits into.

DOGAN
 No ...

More vomit.

DOGAN
 (catching his breath)
 I have it --

He clutches his chest and vomits again. Dogan curls into the fetal position and groans.

DOGAN
 Fuck!

Dogan pulls himself along the exam table. His hand finds his phone, and he slumps back to the floor. He looks at the display: *"UPLOAD FAILED. TRY AGAIN LATER."*

Dogan records himself.

DOGAN
 I think I caught what that lady had. I just threw up, just like her. I have it, too --

He retches, but keeps it down ...

DOGAN
 I'm gonna die ... right? Ugh. Every time I'm here, I always think I'm gonna catch something from someone, and I legit freak out, and I did. I fuckin' knew it! I'm not just being dramatic!

He breaks down and sobs.

DOGAN
 I haven't been living my best life. I'm barely living at all. But I don't wanna die like this. Not like that lady out there probably did.

The phone display flashes *"8% BATTERY. CHARGE PHONE SOON."*

DOGAN

Mom, if you see this, I'm sorry
I've been such a tool. It's the
pain and depression ... it makes me
an ass hole. It's no excuse, but
... I'm sorry.

(deep breath)

If I make it through this, I
promise to take better care of
myself. I'll eat better. I'll stop
smoking. Not weed, but cigarettes
for sure. I just don't wanna go out
like that lady did. Please, someone
send help. It's still Monday --

Dogan's eyes drift to the wall clock.

DOGAN

-- at seven-fifty-two P.M. --

Dogan squints. His face contorts into one of epiphany.

DOGAN

-- seven-forty-two. It's seven-
forty-two! Seven-forty-two!

Dogan laughs hysterically, which causes him to vomit. He digs
into his pocket and pulls out his prescription bottle.

DOGAN

I didn't take my pill! This is what
happens when I don't take it! I
puke from the GERD! It's the GERD!

Dogan drags himself to the sink and props his phone up. He
pops his pill, sets the prescription bottle on the sink, and
scoops tap water into his mouth by hand.

DOGAN

Eat your vegetables, kids. Exercise
and drink lots of water. Or else
you gotta deal with all kinds of
shit like this.

Dogan drops to the ground and curls up.

The phone continues to record. The display reads "5% BATTERY.
CHARGE PHONE SOON."

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 9:09 P.M.

Dogan clutches his arms, shivering. He wakes up and reaches out for his phone -- it's not beside him. He sits up and spots it near the sink.

DOGAN

No ...

He pops up and retrieves his phone. He taps the dark screen -- it's dead.

DOGAN

No! Fucking shit!

Dogan punches the cabinet with his casted arm. He howls in pain and stumbles about the room.

DOGAN

So fucking stupid.

Dogan paces in a circle around the room, restlessly. His eyes drift to the "DON'T GIVE UP!" poster.

DOGAN

Fuck you! Stupid cat thinks he knows everything.

A SCRATCHING SOUND comes from the door.

Dogan hops up and sneaks closer to investigate.

DOGAN

Little girl? Is that you?

A GROAN comes from the other side.

DOGAN

Hang tight, kid. Just not in here.
But ... help is coming. Okay?

MARIA (O.S.)

(whispering)

Dogan.

Dogan's skin crawls.

DOGAN

Who's there?

Dogan snatches Dr. Glover's penlight, gets on the ground, and shines his beam under the door.

Maria, with a scratched and bloody face, stares at him through glassy, bloodshot eyes.

Dogan falls back in fear.

DOGAN
Shit!

MARIA
(whispering)
Help me ...

DOGAN
Maria? ... What happened out there?
Are you sick?

MARIA
(whispering)
Help me, please ...

Maria's bloody fingernails quiver toward Dogan.

DOGAN
Are you alone? What's out there?
Are you infected?

MARIA
(strained)
Dogan.

DOGAN
Damn it.

Dogan's hand flexes on the coat rack with uncertainty. He cautiously unblocks the door and opens it.

The hallway motion lights turn on nearby, revealing puddles of blood and overturned office equipment. A few bodies and body parts are scattered about.

Dogan grabs Maria's arms and struggles to drag her inside.

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN IN THE DISTANCE. Then, HEAVY, STAGGERED FOOTSTEPS.

Dogan quickens his pace.

He hears THE SOUND OF A BOX FALLING OVER in the distance.

HEAVY-SOUNDING STEPS GROW CLOSER NOW ...

One more heave and Dogan pulls Maria inside. He slams the door shut.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan secures the door as Maria slumps against the cabinets. Blood dries on her facial and arm gashes, and her scrubs are covered in blood and vomit.

A THUMP AT THE DOOR. Then ANOTHER THUMP. Then ... nothing.

DOGAN

What the fuck is going on out there?

MARIA

(shaking)

Water ...

Dogan empties a cup of tongue blades and fills it at the sink. He hands it to Maria. She drinks.

DOGAN

I tried to call for help, but I couldn't get a signal. Doctor Glover said you have to be by the desk. I was thinking, if I could get far enough --

MARIA

-- You can't go out there!

DOGAN

Then, what are we supposed to do? Nobody's come for us, my phone's dead -- wait -- do you have a cell phone?

MARIA

Everything just went crazy. The people -- we lost control. Couldn't keep up. That woman ... I was wrong. She was infected.

DOGAN

What did she have?

MARIA

I don't know. We didn't even get a chance to draw her blood. But, she wasn't the only one. More came in. Pretty soon, it was everywhere. I locked myself in the bathroom. Thought I'd be close enough to get WiFi. Wasn't close enough.

Maria winces and grabs her ribs.

DOGAN

You okay?

MARIA

What the hell do you think?

DOGAN

What should I do? Is Dr. Glover out there?

MARIA

I think he made it to the break room, but ... I don't know.

Maria winces -- her ribs again.

MARIA

I wish I'd been stranded with the Xanax.

DOGAN

You and me both. I checked this whole room twice and there isn't so much as a cough drop. And I didn't bring my anxiety meds, so it's shaping up to be a delightful fucking day!

MARIA

Sucks to be us.

Dogan sighs and plops down across from Maria. He pulls out his pipe and baggie.

DOGAN

Well ... I do have some of *this*.

Maria squints to see his baggie.

MARIA

You lied to me.

DOGAN

Yeah.

Maria rolls her eyes. She gestures for the pipe. He sparks it up for her. She coughs. She puts up a *hold on* finger.

MARIA

Excuse me.

Another cough, much harder. She grabs Dogan's vomit wastebasket and then -- VOMIT.

Dogan slides away.

DOGAN

You have it! You have that shit,
and I totally just let you in here
with me! Mother fucker!

Dogan races to the door and grabs the coat rack.

MARIA

No --

DOGAN

-- We're gonna die --

MARIA

-- Dogan -- listen --

DOGAN

-- I should've never opened the
door --

MARIA

-- Dogan -- I'm pregnant!

DOGAN

... pregnant? ... again?

MARIA

Yes, Dogan, again! Eleven weeks
now. I'm just ... just pregnant.

DOGAN

Oh. Well, then you probably
shouldn't smoke that shit.

MARIA

I need a doctor.

DOGAN

Have you seen any?

MARIA

No.

DOGAN

Is anybody coming for us?

MARIA

I don't know. We couldn't contain
it. I think it got out.

DOGAN

Then, we're gonna have to get you to the hospital. Which means we have to leave.

Maria coughs. She nods, reluctantly.

MARIA

Do you have a car?

DOGAN

Skateboard. You?

MARIA

My keys are in my purse. My locker, in the break room. End of the hall.

DOGAN

You got a phone charger?

MARIA

iPhone?

DOGAN

Android.

Dogan pulls at his hair as he thinks.

DOGAN

Do I need keys for the break room?

MARIA

No keys. But, listen -- the Medicine Room is right next to it. I need you to get me something, or I won't be able to move. I need some Ondansetron.

Dogan spots a notepad on the sink. Maria tosses him the pen from her breast pocket. Dogan jots letters.

DOGAN

Ondo--what now?

MARIA

Ondansetron. For my naus--

Maria coughs.

Dogan jots letters. He squints, as though they don't look right. He scribbles them out and tries again. He pockets the paper and heads to the door. Deep breath ...

DOGAN
Okay-okay-okay.

He lays a hand on the coatrack ...

FROG TOY (O.S.)
(distant, creepy)
-- *I see you.*

DOGAN
(to Maria)
It's that little girl. Should I --

MARIA
-- No! She's infected! Don't go
near her. Just wait ... just wait.

DOGAN
What about your meds?

Maria lays on her side and shuts her eyes.

MARIA
I need to rest. We'll figure it out
... just need to get ... someplace
... safe ...

DOGAN
... Maria?

Maria is out. Dogan sighs, plops down, and packs himself
another bowl.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan lays on the exam table with Dr. Glover's stethoscope.
He places its diaphragm to his forehead, listens, then moves
it to his chest, listens, then his stomach, listens, and,
after a glance to the sleeping Maria, he slides it deep into
his shorts.

Dogan emits a stoner's laugh, and then his forehead scrunches
up in seriousness -- an epiphany!

Dogan takes the stethoscope to the door and presses it
against various parts of its surface, and then the floor
tile. He peeks out through the bottom of the door. Nothing is
stirring, and all is dark. Dogan sighs and approaches Maria.

DOGAN

Hey, it's pretty quiet out there. I think now's a good time to try to get your meds and keys, but if I have a panic attack --

He stops beside the motionless nurse ...

DOGAN

... Maria?

Dogan puts his finger under Maria's nostril. She twitches in her sleep and lets out a soft snore. Dogan breathes a sigh of relief. Dogan presses the stethoscope's diaphragm to Maria's chest and listens. He frowns and takes off the instrument.

He heads to the door and removes the coat rack ...

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY - NIGHT

Dogan opens the door a crack. He pokes his head out. The security light blinks on. Dogan sees dead bodies in the distance, a nurse, a doctor, and a patient. At the end of the hall is a door with a sign that reads "STAFF ONLY."

Dogan takes another glance both ways, exits the Exam Room, closes the door gently behind him, and creeps down the hallway.

Dogan stops at the first dead body and struggles to hold his vomit down. This corpse, a male nurse, lies in a puddle of drying blood that seems to have exited from his head wound. Dogan diverts his eyes and slips past him.

Dogan avoids all other corpses and reaches the Medicine Room door. His fingers wrap around the knob and twist -- it doesn't budge; this door is locked.

DOGAN

No-no-no-no -- shit! She said --

Dogan spots the keycard sensor beside the door and slaps it.

A HUMAN-ESQUE GROWL can be heard in the distance.

There's RUSTLING FROM MANY DIRECTIONS. Motion lights turn on near cubicles and offices across the hall.

Dogan's eyes dart from threat to threat. He races back down the hallway and slips on the drying blood; he lands hard.

DOGAN

Piece of -- ass!

Dogan clutches his back and turns to see the male nurse's corpse beside him, staring at him through one dead eye. The other looks to have been clawed out.

Dogan screams and rolls away. He trudges to his feet and races to his exam room without a look back.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan slams the door shut and holds it as he secures the coatrack. Several THUDS come from the other side, but Dogan successfully braces the door.

The lobby goes silent.

Dogan catches his breath, then peeks out under the door. The motion lights turn off.

DOGAN

Maria, wake up. I need a card key
for the medicine room ...

Maria doesn't budge.

Dogan's eyes drift to the keys and keycards dangling from Maria's lanyard. He leans in to collect it --

Maria's eyes pop open. She lets out a blood-curdling croak and grabs his wrist. Dogan pulls himself free as Maria vomits on the floor beside him. Her eyes roll into the back of her head and she exhales. Maria is motionless.

DOGAN

Maria?

Dogan shivers away from the puke and quickly scans his clothes and person for contaminants. Finding none, he pokes at Maria with his foot. And again.

DOGAN

Maria!

No response.

DOGAN

Fuck!

Dogan's body seizes up. His HEART POUNDS as he grabs his head and backs into the cabinet.

Dogan slides to the floor and faints beside Maria's legs. There is a blood-soaked bandage around one of her calves ...

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY (NIGHTMARE)

White light overwhelms the unconscious Dogan on the exam table. He winces. Another wince. His eyes flutter open ...

Dogan's puffy eyes travel to his torso -- his body is mangled. There are several fresh gashes and lacerations. His arms break apart, and his chest tears open. His flesh dissolves, as though coated in an unseen acid.

Dogan's wails become a CELL PHONE'S PERSONALIZED RING TONE -- A POP SONG LIKE DESTINY'S CHILD'S "SURVIVOR."

END OF NIGHTMARE.

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan's eyes flutter open. He squints and sits up. He traces the sound back to Maria. His face scrunches at Maria's bloody leg wound, grimaces, and quickly snatches the ringing cell phone from her pocket. He answers.

DOGAN

Hello? Can you hear me? I'm at the clinic! Please, send help! I'm gonna lose signal --

Dogan moves to the door, occasionally lifting the phone higher, as though trying to literally "catch" WiFi signal.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

(on the phone, cutting out)

-- infected -- hospital -- the dog -
- shot her right in the fu--

DOGAN

Hello? You're cutting out. If I lose you, call back!

Maria, a yellowed and veiny mess, clumsily stands up behind Dogan and stumbles away.

The call drops.

DOGAN

Hello? Yo!

Dogan checks the phone -- no signal. He sighs.

Dogan's eyes drift to the "DON'T GIVE UP!" cat poster.

Dogan grunts, tears the poster off the wall, and rips it in half. He catches his breath.

DOGAN

I gotta go. Gotta go now.

Dogan turns and reaches down for Maria's card key, but Maria's not there. He spins to see her, gazing at him through crazed, bloodshot eyes. Maria attacks him. Dogan loses the phone in the chaos.

Maria pushes Dogan until he loses his balance and falls to the tile. Maria quickly mounts him and bites at his face.

Dogan screams and tries to push him off of her -- she's too heavy/he's too weak.

DOGAN

Get off me! What's wrong with you?
Maria!

Dogan pushes Maria's arms away, but she can get closer now. She chomps away, so close ...

Dogan finds the stethoscope in reach, snatches it, and wraps it around Maria's neck, but her wild maneuvers quickly free her from his grasp. It hits the cabinet and knocks Maria's pen to the floor.

Dogan shoves his casted arm into her line of fire. Maria's teeth get stuck in the cast.

DOGAN

I don't wanna get that shit --
stop! I don't wanna hurt you!

Maria yanks her head back and pulls her teeth free from the cast. She flexes her jaw and fixes her eyes on Dogan.

DOGAN

Maria don't -- !

Dogan's fingers find the wastebasket. He yanks it toward him and swings as Maria descends upon him. Maria's crusty vomit splatters on the two of them on impact. Dogan screams and wiggles free.

DOGAN

I didn't wanna do that! Just stay
down -- we can figure it out!

Maria shakes it off.

DOGAN

Hey! I have more weed. Just chill --

Maria launches herself at Dogan.

He instinctively snatches the pen beside him and swings at Maria's head -- it pierces her eye. Maria falls to her knees and jerks, seemingly disoriented.

Dogan hops up and grabs his skateboard.

DOGAN

Maria!

Maria extends her arms to grapple, but Dogan nails her with his deck before she makes contact.

The deck lodges the protruding pen deeper into Maria's skull, dropping her to the tile. Maria, busted and bloody, clumsily reaches for his ankle. Dogan yelps and gives her several more whacks with his board until Maria's head is mush and her body is motionless.

Dogan shivers at the sight of blood on his clothes and sheds his hoodie. He frantically checks his arms and exposed flesh for bites or scratches, but finds none.

Dogan races to the sanitizer dispenser, pumps globs of it into his palm, and scrubs it onto his exposed flesh.

Dogan breathes hard. He snatches his weed, paraphernalia, Maria's lanyard, and her cell phone. His heart POUNDS.

DOGAN

(to himself)

No-no-no, not now. Keep it together. Just go. Go.

He peeks under the door -- it's dark and calm.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY - NIGHT

Dogan opens the door and peeks into the hallway. The motion light flickers on.

With no one in sight, Dogan exits, sets his skateboard on the floor and quickly glides to the break room at the end of the hall. His tires leave bloody, gory tracks as he goes.

DOGAN'S HEARTBEAT INTENSIFIES.

Dogan weaves around the male nurse's corpse, as well as other human debris.

AT THE END OF THE HALL

Dogan isn't going to make it. He glides to the break room door, just a few feet shy of the Medication Room.

HIS HEART POUNDS.

SCREECHING FOOTSTEPS are heard behind Dogan; they pick up speed as they grow nearer.

Dogan turns the knob to the break room and barrels into it, but there's something (like a body) blocking it and causing resistance from the other side. Dogan rams into it again and again ...

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dogan bursts in with his skateboard and slams the door shut. Several THUDS hit the door -- as though there's more than one person pounding on it from the hallway.

Dogan's HEARTBEAT QUICKENS, until the pounding on the door stops. Dogan spins to see Olivia.

DOGAN

Oh, shit -- you're still --

OLIVIA

-- Stay the fuck away from me!

Olivia, shielding herself with a throw pillow, blasts Dogan in the face with consumer-grade pepper spray.

DOGAN

What the fuck? Oww! Seriously?

Olivia lowers her pillow for a better look.

OLIVIA

Darren?

DOGAN

(coughing)

Dogan -- that fucking burns ... got it in my mouth ...

OLIVIA

I thought you were one of *them* --

She puts a hand on Dogan's shoulder. He shrugs away.

DOGAN

Don't touch me!

OLIVIA
Okay. Well, maybe don't go barging
into other people's hiding spots
like you own the place in the
middle of a fucking crisis!

DOGAN'S HEART POUNDS EVEN MORE RAPIDLY.

DOGAN
I'm gonna pass out.

He slides down the door.

OLIVIA
Yay. My hero.

DOGAN
I have anxiety.

Dogan whimpers.

OLIVIA
(sigh)
You're okay. Sit back. Breathe
through your mouth. Like this.

DOGAN
(coughing)
... hurts ...

Olivia joins him on the floor and takes his hand.

OLIVIA
Try. Ready? Breathe in through your
nose. Now purse your lips and
breathe out.

Dogan tries to take a breath, coughs.

OLIVIA
One, two, three, four -- hold.

Dogan tries.

OLIVIA
Hard breath out. One, two, three,
four. Again.

Dogan drags his fingers across his teary, swollen eyes, but
he breathes in.

OLIVIA
Good. Two, three, four, hold.

Dogan complies.

OLIVIA

Out.

Dogan coughs his way through another round. His HEART RATE SLOWS AND GROWS QUIETER UNTIL IT'S INAUDIBLE.

OLIVIA

Good. You okay?

DOGAN

No!

OLIVIA

Fine! Just keep breathing.

Olivia heads to the refrigerator and finds a carton of milk.

DOGAN

Ow.

Olivia returns to Dogan and splashes the milk in his face.

DOGAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

OLIVIA

Rub it in your eyes.

DOGAN

Why?!

OLIVIA

It'll help.

DOGAN

Your help fucking sucks!

OLIVIA

Shush. Don't be a pussy.

Olivia examines Dogan's limbs.

OLIVIA

Were you bitten?

DOGAN

What?

OLIVIA

Those people out there -- did they bite you?

DOGAN

No ... Maria tried. Thought I was a snack or something. Fucked up my cast, though.

Olivia checks his cast -- it's intact.

OLIVIA

They got Maria?

DOGAN

Technically I did, but ... yeah.

Olivia plops down beside Dogan. She conceals her teary eyes.

DOGAN

Sorry.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

The couch sits pressed up against the door.

Nearby, Dogan, with swollen eyes, sits at a table across from Olivia. Stacks of Tupperware and other snack items clutter the space between them.

Dogan offers a container to Olivia. She glares at him.

OLIVIA

How are you even hungry?

DOGAN

I just got really fucking stoned.

Dogan pops the lid. Mexican. He pushes it aside.

OLIVIA

Too spicy for the white boy?

DOGAN

I have GERD. And about a million other things.

OLIVIA

Fair.

He pops another container. Leftover pizza.

DOGAN

I thought you people were supposed to be healthier.

OLIVIA
My *people*?

DOGAN
Medical people. Doctors, nurses ...

OLIVIA
Receptionists?

DOGAN
Whatever.

OLIVIA
So, I come off as a nurse, or what?

DOGAN
Well, you're still alive. And, you
knew to douse my face with milk ...
after you blinded me.

OLIVIA
Yeah. My brother told me it works.
He gets arrested a lot, so, gotta
trust those pro tips.

Dogan paws through containers and finds a sack lunch, which he opens to reveal a banana and a yogurt container.

Dogan peels the banana and takes a huge bite.

Olivia winces.

DOGAN
What?

OLIVIA
That was Maria's.

Dogan frowns, lets the banana roll out of his mouth, and puts the remainder aside. He sighs.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Dogan eats from a small bag of Funions on the couch, Olivia fidgets beside him.

OLIVIA
I'm not ready to die.

DOGAN
Yeah.

OLIVIA

There's a shit ton I want to do with my life. Finish school. Start my career. Binge *The Office* again.

DOGAN

Yeah.

OLIVIA

I was gonna be the first one in my family to actually finish college. I was going to be an International Interpreter. Travel the world. Have kids on purpose.

DOGAN

I don't have plans. I'm depressed. My body's falling apart. If I don't kill myself on my skateboard, or some other way, my body will do it for me. I'll probably be dead by thirty. I'm single, I work part time, I live in my mom's basement -- I lied just now, we don't have a basement -- I live in the room right next to her's.

Olivia conceals a smile.

DOGAN

Honestly, whatever's going on out there is probably my best option. Maybe it'll put me out of my misery.

OLIVIA

That's a fucked up thing to say.

DOGAN

It is what it is.

OLIVIA

You really mean that? You'd rather just die?

Dogan shrugs.

OLIVIA

I see sick, miserable people come in here every day --

DOGAN

-- except Sundays for some reason --

OLIVIA

-- and most of them would give just about anything to keep on living, even if it meant living with whatever's wrong with you. At least you have a choice in the matter.

DOGAN

I have a choice?

OLIVIA

Yeah! And, not everyone gets one! Maria didn't have a choice, and neither did her baby. She was pregnant. Did you know that? They didn't get a say in any of this, just like a lot of those people out there. So, maybe don't be so selfish and ungrateful about your life, no matter how trivial it is, because I'm sure they would have at least tried to find a way to live with whatever the hell is wrong with you.

DOGAN

Ha! They couldn't handle all this.
(gestures to himself)
It's a chore for anyone just to be around me. You know, I've never been on a second date? Nobody wants this shit. I try to be honest about what they're getting into, and that's where it all goes to hell.

Olivia softens, slightly ...

DOGAN

It's like, boom -- ghosted. So, what does it matter? I can die alone today, or I can die alone thirty years from now. Doesn't sound like much of a choice to me, but, oh, poor you for not being able to travel the world and have an accidental kid.

OLIVIA

I said kids *on purpose*.

DOGAN

For once, I just want to be able to wake up without nearly vomiting all over myself, or be able to go to the grocery store without having a panic attack when someone offers me a free sample. I'd like to be able to wake up and just feel like a normal human being for the whole fucking day!

OLIVIA

So dramatic.

DOGAN

I'm not -- ! ... I'm not *dramatic*.

OLIVIA

So, what, you think you're the only one who's fucked in the head? At least nobody's pressuring you to be perfect every moment of every day. Do you know what it's like to be so miserable that you have to keep yourself on the go, non-stop, just so you don't have to think about it? Yeah, didn't think so.

They sit intensely quiet for a moment.

OLIVIA

So, what would you do differently?

DOGAN

Huh?

OLIVIA

What would you do with your life if, you know, you didn't already condemn yourself to death?

DOGAN

Probably nothing.

OLIVIA

Well, there you go.

Dogan sees Olivia's grimace. He sighs.

DOGAN

I've always wanted to start a punk band.

Olivia snort-laughes.

OLIVIA
 (snort-laugh)
 Wait -- seriously? You know there's
 no money in that, right?

DOGAN
 Are you going to be a translator
 for the money?

Olivia shrugs.

OLIVIA
 So, you'd just be doing it for the
 drugs and sex then?

DOGAN
 Couldn't hurt. Shit, at this point,
 if I could just have sex that isn't
 disappointing to all parties
 involved -- even just once -- that
 would be enough for me to die
 happy, no matter how I go down.

Olivia retrieves her pepper spray.

DOGAN
 No -- I wasn't implying ...
 (sigh)
 Don't stress. My anxiety keeps the
 little bastard at half-mast anyway.

OLIVIA
 Oh. Awkward.

DOGAN
 You have no idea. As if I don't
 have enough problems, I can't even
 fuck like it's the end of the world
 -- and it probably is.

Olivia's fingers tense around the pepper spray.

DOGAN
 (noticing)
 I meant with anyone. Shit!

OLIVIA
 Well, anyway, I don't intend to die
 at work. I've been doing that
 slowly for the past two weeks, and
 I don't plan on doing it again
 tonight.

DOGAN

Okay, so go then. Maria's car keys
are in her locker. Feel free to die
in the parking lot instead.

Olivia pops up and heads to the wall of lockers.

DOGAN

(to himself)

I was kidding ...

(to Olivia)

Hey, maybe there's a weapon in
there. Like a knife, or a gun.

Olivia opens a locker and paws through a purse.

OLIVIA

I go through these lockers every
Friday. These people are boring as
fuck -- why does Maria have so much
gum? ... *had* so much gum ...

She pockets some of the gum and retrieves the keys.

OLIVIA

We should go.

DOGAN

To the parking lot?

OLIVIA

Sure. Wherever. Anywhere's better
than this.

DOGAN

Nah, I'm good on that. If I have
another panic attack, breathing's
only gonna get me so far. Shit. I'd
kill for a Xanax right now.

OLIVIA

You'd have to kill for some. Unless
you want to try and pick a keycard
off one of the doctors out there.
Or, what's left of them, anyway ...

Dogan shows her Maria's keycards.

DOGAN

Is it one of these?

Olivia snatches the cards.

OLIVIA

Huzzah! The Med Room locks, so --
(checking her watch)
-- hypothetically speaking, we
would be safe there till morning.

DOGAN

Free drugs till morning? Fuck yeah,
let's go right now.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dogan peeks out of the break room. The nearest security lights flicker on. Toting the keycards and a nylon lunch bag with a water bottle in its pouch, Dogan heads toward the Medication Room. Olivia follows, wielding his skateboard as a shield in one hand, her pepper spray in the other.

Olivia sees the carnage all over the floor. She spots the blood-splattered wall. A dragged bloody hand print extends from the stain all the way to the corner and turns.

Dogan reaches the door and tries the first of four key cards on the lanyard. The panel BEEPS, but the LED remains red.

Olivia's eyes dart around the shadowy void beyond the security light.

Dogan tries the second card. The panel BEEPS, but the LED remains red.

OLIVIA

(whispering)
What's the hold up?

DOGAN

(whispering)
She didn't tell me which one it
was, okay? I gotta try them all.

The sound of FEET TRIPPING OVER BOXES can be heard in the distance.

DOGAN

(whispering)
What was that?

OLIVIA

(whispering)
I don't know.

DOGAN
 (whispering)
 What do you see?

Dogan tries the third card. The panel BEEPS, but the LED remains red.

 OLIVIA
 (whispering)
 Nothing! Just hurry the fuck up!

 DOGAN
 (whispering)
 I'm trying!

Dogan tries the fourth card. The panel BEEPS, but the LED remains red. The hair stands up on the back of Dogan's neck.

DOGAN'S HEART POUNDS.

 OLIVIA
 (whispering)
 Dogan!

 DOGAN
 (whispering)
 They're not working.

 OLIVIA
 (whispering)
 Try the blue one!

 DOGAN
 I tried the blue one!

 OLIVIA
 Try it again!

A KICKED-OVER WASTEBASKET echoes in the distance.

 OLIVIA
 Do you want me to do it?!

 DOGAN
 No!

Dogan tries the blue card; the red LED on the card reader flashes green. A BEEP, and the door is unlocked. Dogan and Olivia enter and slam the door shut as their unseen adversaries close in.

INT. MEDICATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

POUNGING AND GROWLING can be heard through the door. After a moment, the hallway grows silent. Dogan and Olivia stare on.

DOGAN

Are they gone?

Olivia shrugs. They wait ... Silence persists.

Dogan and Olivia relax and catch their breath.

OLIVIA

I deserve an Oxy for this.

Olivia pops up and heads to the prescription drug cabinet -- it's locked. Frustration crosses her face, but Maria's lanyard catches her eye.

OLIVIA

Gimmee the keys.

Dogan tosses them to Olivia. She locates the key for the drugs and lets herself in. She paws through medications.

OLIVIA

Acetaminophen ... Penicillin ...
Seroprozix ...

Olivia frowns -- no dice. She peruses some medicine samples. She finds a small package, reads it, tosses it to Dogan.

DOGAN

Viagra? This won't do shit for
anxiety. This is for guys who --

Dogan's face fills with confusion. Their eyes lock.

DOGAN

Are you ... like ...

OLIVIA

Don't flatter yourself. That's for
when you get out of this alive, so
your *little bastard* can go *full
mast* when you meet a girl willing
to put up with your whiney ass.

DOGAN

I knew that, but ... my little
bastard says thanks.

OLIVIA

That's weird.

DOGAN

Well, don't come on to me then.

Dogan pockets the sample.

OLIVIA

I wasn't. Why? Are you in the mood,
or something?

DOGAN

Of course not. You?

OLIVIA

Of course not.

Dogan and Olivia stare at one another, tense.

DOGAN

All right, then. So, now what?

INT. MEDICATION ROOM - LATER

Dogan and Olivia sit on the floor and pass a pipe back and forth. Dogan wears a face of anxiety as they smoke.

DOGAN

What if this bullshit's nation-
wide? Think we'll have to start
over completely?

OLIVIA

Society? No. I'm sure everything
will be back to normal by the time
my shift starts.

Dogan laughs.

OLIVIA

So, how the hell are you an Uber
driver with your anxiety? All I
wanna do is kill people when I
drive.

DOGAN

I only do it overnight. People are
usually too drunk to be ass holes
by that point. The roads are clear,
it's quiet ... it's actually kind
of relaxing, until someone throws
up in my mom's car. She goes
fuckin' bat shit.

Olivia laughs.

DOGAN

I hope she's okay. I was kind of a dick to her earlier. And the past nineteen years.

OLIVIA

So, why are you a dick to her?

DOGAN

She's a basket case.

OLIVIA

I see the apple is still attached to the tree.

DOGAN

She smothers me. She treats me like I'm this fragile porcelain baby that could shatter at any second.

Olivia raises an eyebrow.

DOGAN

Shut up. Okay, yes, I have a lot of issues, but she's making it worse. She made me afraid of every little thing, and now I have all these trust issues. I constantly expect shit to go wrong all the time, and now I can't even handle it when things go right. I can't function!

OLIVIA

Well ... it sounds like she's trying. I mean, she could've left you at the fire station or something. She could've gone *Casey Anthony* on your ass ... or did she?

DOGAN

Word.

OLIVIA

My family's okay.

DOGAN

Even in this?

OLIVIA

Pshh. Yeah. My parents have been married for twenty-five years. They can handle anything. And my brothers would live for this shit.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

It's my boyfriend I'm worried about. Ugh. I wish I had my phone.

DOGAN

You have a boyfriend?

OLIVIA

Yeah. Why?

DOGAN

You were totally about to fuck me twenty minutes ago.

OLIVIA

No. I really wasn't.

DOGAN

Bullshit.

Olivia scoffs.

DOGAN

What if he's thinking the same thing?

OLIVIA

Meaning?

DOGAN

Like, what if he's out there, trapped at work --

OLIVIA

-- he's unemployed.

DOGAN

Winning. Okay, what if he's out there, trapped at Gamestop, or wherever the hell unemployed people hang out on weekdays, and he fucks some girl because he thinks it's the end of the world and he wants to go out with a bang?

OLIVIA

Nigel wouldn't do that.

DOGAN

His name is Nigel?

OLIVIA

Why?

Dogan shrugs. They exchange a few biting stares.

OLIVIA
Nigel isn't like other guys, for
your information. He'd never do
that ... again.

DOGAN
Okay.

Dogan takes a hit.

DOGAN
But, are you sure?

Olivia stares off into space, unresponsive.

DOGAN
(to himself)
I would.

Olivia furrows her eyebrows, retrieves the pipe, and takes a
hit. She exhales.

OLIVIA
So, we doing this or what?

DOGAN
What?

Dogan looks at her, perplexed.

Olivia returns a frustrated, impatient stare.

Dogan nods, pulls out the Viagra package, rips it open with
his teeth, downs the pills, and hurries across the room to
get the water bottle. Olivia follows him.

Olivia passionately kisses Dogan, who awkwardly reciprocates.

Olivia goes for Dogan's shirt -- he pulls back.

OLIVIA
What's your issue?

DOGAN
I just -- it should stay on.

OLIVIA
It's sex. We take off our clothes.

DOGAN
Yeah, well, some people don't. Like
on network TV.

OLIVIA
 So, you don't want me to see your
 unicorn tramp stamp, or ...

She reaches again.

DOGAN
 I'm serious. You'd be totally
 turned off.

Olivia studies him for a moment. She proceeds with caution,
 slowly raising Dogan's shirt. He doesn't resist, but looks
 away with shame.

Olivia reveals razor scars on Dogan's chest and ribs; some
 look fairly fresh.

OLIVIA
 Did you do these?

Dogan is silent.

OLIVIA
 On purpose?

DOGAN
 Some. The others are from skating.

OLIVIA
 Things are that bad?

DOGAN
 Sometimes.

OLIVIA
 Okay ... so, does the equipment
 still work, or ...

DOGAN
 What ...
 (nodding to his penis)
 ... *Little Pow-Pow?*

Olivia raises an eyebrow.

DOGAN
 I mean, I guess the pills are
 starting to kick in, or whatever,
 but -- wait -- you still wanna -- ?

Olivia unbuckles Dogan's belt.

DOGAN
 There's more on my thighs.

Olivia pulls him in for a kiss to shut him up. She strips him to his underwear, then starts on her own clothes. She stops and slaps Dogan's chest.

OLIVIA
 (pointing at scars)
 Don't do that shit anymore.
 Nothing's that bad. Okay?

Dogan nods with a disarmed, vulnerable frown.

DOGAN
 For sure.

Olivia undresses to her bra and panties and throws herself onto Dogan, wrapping her legs around him. He's too weak to hold her and falls back onto the floor behind some shelves.

They kiss and moan for a moment ...

DOGAN
 Wait -- wait --

OLIVIA
 -- Why's it -- wait, did you just --

DOGAN
 -- only a little, but I can --

OLIVIA
 -- weak sauce! You weren't even,
 like -- all the way --

DOGAN
 -- I don't get a lot of practice,
 okay? Don't judge. It's getting
 there. Look. He just needs a
 minute. Just gotta be nice to him.

Silence.

DOGAN
 See? Progress.

OLIVIA
 Whatever.

Silence.

DOGAN
 Okay. Game on.

OLIVIA
 It's cool. Maybe we shouldn't --

DOGAN
 -- we could die, like any minute --

 OLIVIA
 -- fine, fine, it's fine.

 DOGAN
 -- I'm just saying, complaining
 about it's not an aphrodisiac.

 OLIVIA
 I'm not complaining -- would you
 just hurry up and stick it -- oh.

Dogan clears his throat.

They kiss. They moan. They relax. It intensifies.

INT. MEDICATION ROOM - LATER

Olivia and Dogan, partially dressed and with "sex hair," sit
 against the door with apologetic faces.

 DOGAN
 So, was that disappointing for all
 parties involved then, or ... ?

 OLIVIA
 It was ... a'ight.

 DOGAN
 So much for fucking like it's the
 end of the world. *Here lies Dogan
 Brown. He died as he lived --
 miserable, disappointing, and in a
 puddle of his own jizz.*

 OLIVIA
 Well ... you know, maybe it's not
 the end, and you can try again
 sometime ... with someone else ...

 DOGAN
 No, it's definitely the end. This
 only confirmed it. And, I can't let
 anyone find out about this, so I'll
 probably have to kill you myself,
 just to make sure it doesn't leave
 this room.

She pushes him.

OLIVIA
Bishh. You'd cry and pass out
 before I even laid a finger on you,
 like earlier.

DOGAN
 (muttering, to himself)
 I didn't cry.

OLIVIA
 (sigh)
 I wish I knew what was going on out
 there.

DOGAN
 I tried looking up the news on my
 phone, but I couldn't get signal.

OLIVIA
 You have to be by my desk. Why do
 you think I'm not a nurse?

DOGAN
 A lot of reasons. I tried to send
 out S.O.S. videos earlier, but I
 was trapped in the -- wait.

Dogan pulls out Maria's cell phone.

OLIVIA
 What? You have signal?

DOGAN
 No. I had an idea, but ... phone's
 locked. I need Maria's passcode.

OLIVIA
 Easy. One-one-two-eight.

Olivia gestures to hurry it along. Dogan unlocks the phone.

DOGAN
 Not even gonna ask how you knew
 that.

OLIVIA
 Good. What's your idea?

He eyes his skateboard.

DOGAN
 Wanna make a video?

OLIVIA
No, sorry. I don't give second chances, and I think I've had my fill of disappointment for the day.

Dogan glares at Olivia, then turns on the phone's video camera and records himself.

DOGAN
Hey. If anyone can see this, we're still alive, and we're trapped.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Medicine Room door opens slowly. Dogan's erection -- a tent pitched in his shorts -- exits first, followed by the rest of him. Dogan scans the area. He sets Maria's phone on his skateboard and shoves it toward the receptionist desk.

The motion lights flicker on as the board passes them, one-by-one. The board reaches the desk with a gentle thud.

Dogan waits, watches. Olivia pokes her head out.

OLIVIA
What do you see?

DOGAN
Nothing ... yet.

The motion lights flicker out one-by-one.

OLIVIA
So, now what?

DOGAN
Wanna go another round?

OLIVIA
I'd rather take my chances out there.

DOGAN
Savage.

They re-enter and shut the door.

INT. MEDICATION ROOM - NIGHT

Dogan sits on the floor beside Olivia and digs through the lunch bag. He pulls out a can of Reddi-Whip, pops off the cap, moves it to his mouth and stops. He offers it to Olivia.

OLIVIA
So, what, you just wanna eat
whipped cream out of the can like
some sort of animal?

Dogan shakes his head.

DOGAN
Whip-its.

A FRANTIC KNOCK comes from the hallway. Dogan and Olivia hop to their feet and back against the wall, tense.

DOGAN
Who is it?

Olivia glares. Dogan shrugs.

Dogan proceeds with caution. Olivia breezes past him to the door, shoulder-checking him along the way. She listens ...

Olivia reaches for the door handle.

DOGAN
No, wait -- they could be infected.

OLIVIA
You'd rather just leave them out
there?

DOGAN
I let Maria in, and she was sick.
Just sayin'.

OLIVIA
I let you in, and you weren't. *Just
sayin'.*

DOGAN
Didn't exactly *let* me in.

OLIVIA
Be ready to help me close it ...

Olivia cracks the door open slowly. The hallways lights go out, starting with the nearest one.

Olivia drags the door open and glances both directions. Her eyes drift to the floor -- there's a walkie talkie with a note. She brings it in and shuts the door.

DOGAN
A radio?

Olivia reads the note.

OLIVIA
It just says to turn it on and wait
for further instructions.

Olivia turns it on. They glance from the radio to each other.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
Ahoy hoy. Can you hear me? Over.

OLIVIA
(on the walkie)
Doc?

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
Oh, thank goodness. Are you okay?
Were you bitten? Over.

OLIVIA
(on the walkie)
No bites. Over.

DOGAN
Got a few new scratches on my back
though ...

OLIVIA
(on the walkie)
Doc, where are you? Over.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Glover's eyes dart from monitor to monitor on the multi-display closed-circuit surveillance system. Various areas, inside and outside of the clinic, are shown. Twenty infected people wander through the Elevator Lobby and Waiting Room, others are trapped in various rooms about the clinic.

DR. GLOVER
(on the walkie)
I'm in the security office. Over.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE MEDICINE ROOM AND SECURITY OFFICE.

Olivia breathes a sigh of relief.

OLIVIA
(on the walkie)
What the fuck is going on out
there? Is it safe to go now? Over.

DR. GLOVER

(on the walkie)

Afraid not. But, I've been watching everything from the security office since -- well, since I got here, and I think I have a plan. Over.

Dogan snatches the walkie talkie.

DOGAN

(on the walkie)

You've been watching ... everything? Over.

DR. GLOVER

(on the walkie)

Everything I was able to see. There are a lot of blindspots, sadly.

Dogan's eyes drift to the security cameras above; they're angled specifically toward the medicine cabinets. Dogan breathes a sigh of relief.

DR. GLOVER

(on the walkie)

But, I was fairly certain I saw you enter unharmed ...

OLIVIA

(on the walkie)

Yeah, we're great. Listen, Doc, can you call for help in there? Over.

DR. GLOVER

(on the walkie)

Unfortunately not. Phones are down. Internet, too. We're on our own for now, but I think I have a way to get you here undetected. Over.

OLIVIA

(on the walkie)

To the security office?

DR. GLOVER

(on the walkie)

Affirmative. Your path is clear, for now, but make no mistake, we're not alone. We'll have to work quickly. Use the radio's earpiece, and when I give the okay, head in this direction. And, whatever you do, no matter what happens, remain absolutely silent. Over.

DOGAN
No. Nuh-uh. Abso-fucking-lutely
not. Too risky.

OLIVIA
(on the walkie, glaring)
On our way. Over.

Dogan sighs, defeated, and ingests a stream of Reddi-Whip.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Olivia secures the earpiece in her ear. Dogan follows her with his lunch bag and drugs. They move through the hallway.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
All clear. Keep moving forward.
Excellent. Just keep going to the
aisle and -- wait --

Olivia stops. Dogan jolts.

DOGAN
(whispering)
What?

Olivia puts up her hand.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
Detecting movement in the
Pediatrics hall.

Olivia's eyes dart across the hall. Motion lights turn on in the distance.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
Keep going.

One of Dogan's newly acquired pill bottles slips out of his hoodie, hits the tile, and rolls across the floor.

Dogan and Olivia jump.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
He heard it! Head for the cubicles
by the Xerox machine!

Olivia takes Dogan's hand and leads him to --

THE CUBICLES

Olivia and Dogan crouch near the Xerox machine.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
He's coming. Hide! Now!

Olivia's motions for Dogan to hide under a desk. They pull themselves in tight.

Lights above them turn on, starting from further away and getting closer by the second.

A figure in a lab coat, squeezing a scalpel in its hand, slowly trudges along the cubicles and weaves between them.

SNIFFING and GROWLING can be heard.

The figure stops near Dogan and Olivia, legs facing them.

Dogan holds his breath, shaking. Olivia tears up and leans closer to Dogan.

The figure turns and moves on through the cubicles.

Overhead lights go off, one by one, until Dogan and Olivia sit in near darkness.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
(on the walkie)
He won't be gone long! Go now!

Olivia and Dogan hop up and sneak quickly out of the cubes.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Glover swings the door open; Olivia and Dogan race in and slam the door behind them.

Olivia throws her arms around Glover with a sigh of relief.

Dogan raises a jealous, peacocky eyebrow.

Glover takes Olivia by the hands and checks her for apparent damage. He looks over Dogan from a distance. Olivia notices blood splatters on Glover's lab coat.

DR. GLOVER
I'm so grateful you're all right.

DOGAN

That's really dope and all, but you know you almost just got us killed a minute ago, right?

OLIVIA

Dogan!

DR. GLOVER

No, he's right, and I apologize. I locked him in one of the private restrooms, but it was only a matter of time before he figured a way out. Tell me, have you come in contact with anyone else?

DOGAN

Maria. She, uh ... she lost her shit. She attacked me, and she wouldn't stop. It was an accident, but I killed her. Possibly twice, but only once on purpose ...

DR. GLOVER

Maria was infected, yes. They got her when it started. I saw her heading to your exam room, but there was no way to warn you in time. I'm sorry that happened to you, Dogan. But, despite appearances, I assure you, she only died once.

OLIVIA

Died once -- what the hell is this shit, Doc?

DR. GLOVER

It appears to be a virus, a contagion to the likes of which I've never seen before. It starts by shutting down its host's bodily functions one-by-one, and then mutates the brain into a more primitive version of itself.

QUICK FLASH

Maria, when she appeared dead (the first time).

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
 Though, by all medical standards,
 Maria was technically deceased, and
 her vitals were not observable by
 the naked eye, her body was
 actually undergoing an intense
 gestation period.

Maria's eyes open -- they're bloodshot and glazed over.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)
 Her cells were evolving into
 something new, and when she re-
 emerged, though she looked the
 same, I suspect, Maria was
 reanimated as a completely
 different species entirely.

BACK TO SCENE

Olivia shakes her head in disbelief.

DOGAN
 Reanimated? Like, alive again, but
 different? Like in that movie?
Night of the --

DR. GLOVER
 -- Precisely, Dogan. Just like
Frankenstein.

OLIVIA
 This shit doesn't just happen. What
 started this?

DR. GLOVER
 I wish I knew. Then maybe we could
 find a way to attack it.

DOGAN
 So, how do we protect ourselves?

DR. GLOVER
 (sigh)
 I can only speculate at this point.
 The virus doesn't appear to be
 airborne. In fact it seems largely,
 if not entirely, transmitted by
 blood and other bodily fluids.

Dogan's eyes bulge from a sudden epiphany, as though remembering he just swapped fluids with Olivia. His eyes dart to her in horror.

DOGAN

Oh fuck!

DR. GLOVER

(oblivious)

Now, don't panic just yet. It's been several hours, and you don't seem to be displaying any of the symptoms I've witnessed thus far.

OLIVIA

Which are?

DR. GLOVER

Coughing, vomiting, fatigue --

DOGAN

-- Sounds like my daily routine.

DR. GLOVER

Organ failure. Yellowing of the skin. Bursting capillaries in the eyes, and ultimately, mutation.

Dogan and Olivia cast each other subtle glances to see if the other displays these symptoms.

DR. GLOVER

They come back displaying traits of a cornered, feral animal -- with fear-fueled rage, as I imagine primitive man must have been on their worst days. You don't seem to be displaying any of those, and since neither of your parents are anti-vaxxers, I wouldn't worry.

DOGAN

I'm so reassured now.

DR. GLOVER

Just be patient. When help arrives, there will be some sort of quarantine protocol, so be ready for that. They'll run some tests, and then ...

Dr. Glover shrugs, at a loss.

OLIVIA

So, that's it? On the off chance we survive those psychos out there, we're going to be *rescued*, only to be poked and prodded like lab rats somewhere?

DOGAN

Or worse, if it turns out we actually have that shit.

DR. GLOVER

In a word, yes. But you're probably in the clear for now. Infected subjects aren't the brightest specimen. Well ... most of them.

DOGAN

Ah, shit. Here we go.

Dr. Glover proceeds to the computer and cues up the feed from the Security Office. He rewinds the footage and plays it fullscreen on one of the monitors.

ON THE MONITOR

Dr. Glover and a fit younger-looking colleague, DR. TRAN (30S), examine two twenty-somethings who lay on plastic folding tables in the center of the room.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)

I was stranded in the security office with three others. A colleague, Doctor Tran, and two patients, kids about your age, who were infected. Tran and I treated them to the best of our ability, but we had no idea what we were dealing with. We couldn't stop the virus from completing its cycle.

Dr. Tran closes a motionless patient's eyes.

The video speeds further into the timecode and resumes playback. Tran and Glover try to restrain one reanimated patient while the other rises and attacks Tran from behind.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)

About a half-hour later, much to our surprise, they came up even more vigorously than they went down, and they attacked us.

The second patient bites a chunk out of Tran's neck. Tran performs Martial Arts maneuvers and breaks each infected patient's neck.

DR. GLOVER (V.O.)

Doctor Tran was able to dispatch them -- he's ex-military and does Muay Thai on the weekends, you know -- but not before one of them took a chunk out of his trapezius.

BACK TO SCENE

Olivia gasps at the monitor.

DOGAN

Oh, shit!

DR. GLOVER

He thought it would be best to excuse himself from the security office before his transformation was complete, as to not infect me, too. But what separates Dr. Tran from the others, I hypothesize, may purely be based on intellect.

Dr. Glover spots Dogan and Olivia's oblivious stares.

DR. GLOVER

In layman's terms, he's more dangerous than the others because he's smarter. I suspect that older, more developed brains endure the process to some extent. They hold a better focus, in addition to their killer instinct, whereas the younger ones seem to be uncoordinated and easily distracted.

DOGAN

My mom's always saying that shit. Fuckin' millennials.

OLIVIA

So, wait -- you're saying infected people will get bored with us, given enough time?

DR. GLOVER

To some degree. Post mortem, many of their brain functions are significantly reduced, leaving them with very short attention spans.

DOGAN

Out of sight, out of mind.

DR. GLOVER

Precisely. If you stay hidden long enough, they'll grow bored and wander elsewhere. But not someone like Doctor Tran. No, when he returned, hours later, he was relentless. He would never have let me out of here without direct physical confrontation. I was able to trick him into that restroom, but I knew it wouldn't last.

DOGAN

So, how'd you get past him without getting infected?

DR. GLOVER

I didn't.

Glover pulls up his sleeve to reveal a bloody bandage.

OLIVIA

Doc ...

Dogan and Olivia shrink back in fear.

DR. GLOVER

Don't panic! I won't infect you while I still have my wits about me. I'm still firing on all cylinders, and I think I can get you help. I merely wanted to get you here safely before I depart.

OLIVIA

You can't seriously be thinking about going back out there.

DR. GLOVER

I took an oath to help people. And, besides that, I don't want to spend the rest of my life cowering in a corner, wondering if *they* are going to break in and tear me limb-from-limb.

Dogan and Olivia stare at him grimly.

DR. GLOVER

Ignore that -- ignore what I just said. That's not at all what you're doing. Besides, I was able to lure most of them to the waiting room through the secured door. They can't get back in.

Glover heads to the door.

DR. GLOVER

So, if you lead me to the emergency stairs, the way I led you --
(nodding to the monitors)
-- I think I can go for help.

OLIVIA

You're sure about this?

Dr. Glover nods.

DR. GLOVER

Who knows? Maybe my cadaver will be instrumental in developing a cure.

Glover puts on his earpiece and heads to the door.

DR. GLOVER

Take care of each other.

DOGAN

We will.

Dogan puts his arm around Olivia. She bats it away.

OLIVIA

Be careful, Doc.

Glover nods and heads out; the door CLICKS shut behind him.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dogan and Olivia sit at the computer, eyes fixed on monitors.

OLIVIA

(on the walkie)
All clear, Doc.

ON THE MONITORS

Dr. Glover creeps to the cubicles.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Glover accidentally kicks Dogan's lost pill bottle.

DR. GLOVER
Mamma Mia.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia's eyes bulge.

OLIVIA
Did he just --

DOGAN
-- what just happened?

OLIVIA
(on the walkie)
He's coming. Doc, run!

ON THE MONITOR

Dr. Tran limp-runs toward Glover with his scalpel and catches him. There's a struggle. Glover hits the ground, losing his walkie and earpiece. Glover trips Dr. Tran, who falls hard.

Glover gets up and hurries out of the security camera's view.

Tran's fingers find the walkie talkie. He sniffs and stares at it with some recognition. His head slowly rolls back and forth as he scans the ceiling. His dead eyes fix on the camera. He drags himself to his feet, collects his scalpel, and stumbles out of the security camera's view after Glover.

BACK TO SCENE

Olivia's eyes dart from screen to screen. No sign of Glover.

Dogan shuts off the monitor. Olivia reaches out to turn it on, but stops herself. She gets up and walks away from the computer.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Dogan and Olivia lay on the floor and stare at the ceiling.

OLIVIA

So obvious. You never hooked up in a Warped Tour Porta Potty.

DOGAN

Are you sure?

OLIVIA

Yes! You have anxiety, dumb ass. You'd never go to a huge event like that in the first place -- you'd freak the fuck out. Plus, as already demonstrated, you have about as much game as Charlie Brown.

DOGAN

I'll have you know, I've been to the Warped Tour twice.

OLIVIA

Bullshit.

DOGAN

I did!

Olivia shakes her head and pays Dogan a disbelieving glance.

DOGAN

But, I only lasted about an hour because I freaked the fuck out.

OLIVIA

Uh-huh. And, did you hookup?

DOGAN

... No.

OLIVIA

Exactly.

Dogan laughs, then frowns.

DOGAN

(stuttering)

I didn't actually hook up until ... today.

Olivia's face softens. Dogan's eyes drift to her.

DOGAN

For what it's worth --

OLIVIA

-- Okay, I got one. I failed Spanish Class in high school. I once met Barack Obama. Or, I've had sex with another woman.

DOGAN

Oh. Tough one. Shit. Okay, I went to school with at least two people who met Obama, so that one's probably true. You're an interpreter, so you wouldn't have failed Spanish. But you, having sex *with another woman*? Actually, I could see that happening, too.

OLIVIA

So, what's your answer?

DOGAN

I'm gonna go with *scissor sex*.

Olivia laughs.

EUNICE (O.S.)

(from the hallway)

Penny? Oh dear God, is that you?

Dogan and Olivia's eyes go wide and dart to the door. Olivia hops up and nears the doorknob.

EUNICE (O.S.)

(from the hallway)

Penny! Come to auntie. Are you okay, precious?

Olivia's hand wraps around the doorknob --

FROG TOY (O.S.)

(creepy)

-- *I see you.*

DOGAN

Wait -- don't!

Dogan dives to the door and blocks Olivia from opening it.

Eunice SCREAMS in the hallway. There's a loud CRASH, followed by a STRUGGLE, a DOOR SLAM, and then ... SILENCE.

Dogan and Olivia return to their spots on the floor, sigh, and stare silently at the ceiling.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT (NIGHTMARE)

Olivia and Dogan sleep on the floor. Dogan rolls over and puts his arm around Olivia. She lobs it away.

Dogan's eyes flutter open. He smiles. Dogan's fingers gently trace Olivia's bare shoulder, down her arm. She turns to face him -- it's Maria, in the same horrific state she was in the last time he saw her.

Maria attacks, chomping away until Dogan is pinned and helpless. Dogan screams --

END OF NIGHTMARE.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Dogan wakes with a start. His eyes dart to the empty spot beside him, and then to the door, where Olivia peeks underneath into the hallway.

OLIVIA

You trying to wake the dead?

DOGAN

What do you see?

OLIVIA

Nothing. No motion lights, no anything. We should think about getting out of here.

DOGAN

We don't know what's out there.

OLIVIA

I can't take this anymore, and the only way we're ever gonna know what's out there is if we actually go, out there.

DOGAN

Listen, uh -- girl ...

OLIVIA

Girl? Wait -- you don't know my fucking name?

DOGAN

It must've slipped my ... you know,
you never actually ... what is it
... again?

OLIVIA

I had sex with you, you ass!

She punches Dogan's shoulder.

DOGAN

Oww! You never told me, okay? Look,
mean person, everyone out there is
presumably dead, or worse. Okay?
Frankensteins. We're better off
dying in here.

OLIVIA

Wow. Your mom really did a number
on you.

DOGAN

Clearly!

The room starts to rumble. A HELICOPTER can be heard above.
It passes the hospital, and then TRAILS OFF.

OLIVIA

He did it. Doctor Glover got out!
He got us help!

Olivia listens. She frowns.

DOGAN

What?

OLIVIA

Shh ...

They listen.

DOGAN

Are they gone?

Olivia creeps to the door.

OLIVIA

Let's go.

DOGAN

Hell no! Haven't you ever gotten
lost at the store? They say to stay
put so your parents can find you.
We need to stay put!

OLIVIA

Your whole psychology makes more and more sense to me every minute we're in here.

DOGAN

Regardless, we need to stay.

OLIVIA

We need to go! What if the whole city is abandoned and quarantined? You'll be stuck here, with them. Do you seriously want to just sit here until you inevitably become one of those freaks, too?

DOGAN

What, mindlessly walking through life with mush for brains? That's the only life I know!

Dogan pulls out a medicine bottle, shakes it.

DOGAN

It might be an improvement!

OLIVIA

You can't seriously mean that.

Dogan shrugs.

OLIVIA

Are you fucking kidding me? I'd rather die than become one of those soulless, subhuman assholes. It's over for them. But us? Right now? We still have a chance to live!

DOGAN

Live for what? So I can go back to my life of fear and rejection, and being a slave to all these pharmaceutical drugs that I can't even pronounce the names of? Dude, fuck that! Besides, it's just one more disease to add to the list.

OLIVIA

Your life is what you make of it.

DOGAN

(jacking off gesture)
Sure. So what are you going to make of yours?

(MORE)

DOGAN (CONT'D)

Gonna go back to supporting a deadbeat boyfriend who doesn't give a shit about you anyway? Putting on a mask so your family doesn't know how bad you're falling apart?

OLIVIA

Yes! Because it's better than ending up like them. Or you. You chose to give up.

DOGAN

Yeah? So, what do you care, anyway?

Olivia hardens, turns on the security monitors.

OLIVIA

I don't. Why should I? You don't even care, yourself.

Olivia glances over the monitors -- the halls appear empty.

OLIVIA

It's not too late. Come with me.

DOGAN

I'm staying right here. Nothing you say is gonna change my mind.

OLIVIA

Final answer?

DOGAN

Yes.

Olivia takes a deep breath.

OLIVIA

Okay. Good luck.

She opens the door and flings herself into the hallway.

DOGAN

What the fuck?!

Dogan slams the door and backs away.

DOGAN

Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck.

Dogan's heart POUNDS. He backs to the wall and slides down. He practices his breathing the way Olivia showed him. His HEARTBEAT slows to a normal pace.

DOGAN

Nah. Fuck that. I'm going out on my own terms.

MONTAGE - DOGAN CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE

- Dogan rummages through his newly acquired drugs.
- He reads overdose warnings on medicine labels.
- Dogan smashes pills into powder.

BACK TO SCENE

Dogan sits with his cup of powder and water bottle. He stares between the two with a look of grim determination.

DOGAN

She's probably dead by now, anyway,
and nobody's coming for me, so ...

Dogan takes a sip of water. He raises the cup to his mouth and frowns. This is it. This. Is. *It*.

DOGAN

Don't be a pussy.

Dogan's lips part. He closes his eyes, tilts the cup back, and then ...

THE ROOM STARTS TO RUMBLE.

A HELICOPTER can be heard in the distance. IT'S GETTING CLOSER.

Dogan's eyes open. His gaze shifts between the cup and the door, and then back.

THE HELICOPTER FADES OUT IN THE DISTANCE. THE RUMBLING STOPS.

Dogan's eyes dart to the security monitors.

ON THE MONITOR

One view shows a man in a lab coat pounding on one of the exam room doors -- he's trying to get in.

BACK TO SCENE

Dogan hops up, runs to the computer, and rewinds the footage to see a doctor chase Olivia into the Exam Room.

Dogan shakes his head, closes his eyes, and moves the cup to his lips ...

Dogan's eyes pop open.

DOGAN

Fuck it.

Dogan chucks the cup against the wall on his way to the exit.

DOGAN

I'm starting a punk band!

INT. HALLWAY - DAWN

Dogan jogs down the hallway. He abruptly stops when he hears the sound of BONES THUDDING AGAINST A DOOR a few feet ahead.

The reanimated, crazed form of Doctor Glover pounds his fists against an exam room doors. He pushes -- it almost gives way, but there's resistance on the other side.

DOGAN

Doctor Glover? Hey!

Glover's head slowly swivels in Dogan's direction. He hisses.

DOGAN

Dank.

Glover hobbles toward Dogan and picks up speed with every stride. Dogan spins to run, but trips over a severed arm and slams hard to the tile.

Glover pins Dogan to the floor and aggressively bites at him.

DOGAN

Doctor Glover! If you can hear me in there, don't do this! You help people, remember!

Dogan spots a metal wastebasket nearby. He holds Glover off with his cast and reaches for the makeshift weapon with his other arm, but it's just out of reach. He stretches his fingertips toward it ...

DOGAN

You're supposed to be smarter,
right? Then help me, help you ...
help me!

Fingertips away ...

Glover's flailing arms knock the wastebasket aside. Dogan's eyes dart around -- there's nothing within reach to help him.

DOGAN

Fuckin' hell!

Glover's eyes fix on his prey. Blood-tinted drool escapes Glover's jowls and land on Dogan's shirt. Dogan screams.

The exam room door swings open.

OLIVIA

Hey, Doc! Calm your tits!

Olivia darts out and tries to pull Glover off of Dogan. Glover slams back with rage. The momentum throws Olivia down.

Olivia pulls her pepper spray out of her pocket, moves in, and blasts Glover point blank in the face. Dogan grunts and turns to avoid the spray.

Glover howls in anger and claws at his burning eyes.

DOGAN

He's not stopping!

Olivia rushes to a room nearby and returns with a scalpel. She slices Glover's back, neck, and shoulder -- no effect. Glover swings out and knocks the blade out of her hand.

DOGAN

His eyes! Stab him in the eyes!

Olivia yanks Maria's keys out of her pocket and launches herself onto Glover. She stabs him in the eye socket. Glover exhales a final grunt, then falls onto Dogan with the keys still lodged snugly in his skull.

OLIVIA

Took you long enough!

DOGAN

Well, what are you still doing here? I thought you didn't give second chances.

OLIVIA

I don't. I made it as far as the elevator lobby. There were about fifteen of them, just stumbling around, like they couldn't figure out what to do next, so I came back to find a landline. Ran into Doc.

Olivia tries to pull Glover off of Dogan.

DOGAN

So, if Glover didn't get out --

Dogan's eyes dart to the skateboard at the end of the hall.

DOGAN

Did our S-O-S video go through?

Dogan pries himself free of Glover. He hops up.

OLIVIA

Possibly -- ugh.

Olivia and Dogan observe each other -- their faces and clothes are covered in bloody smears and green splatters.

OLIVIA

Did he bite you?

Dogan checks his arms, shakes his head.

DOGAN

You?

OLIVIA

No.

DOGAN

Okay, so now what?

OLIVIA

The emergency stairs -- come on!

Olivia grabs Dogan's casted hand and leads him down the hall orthogonal to the Break Room and Waiting Room. They stop a few feet shy of the Emergency Stairs door.

OLIVIA

The keys.

Olivia runs back to Glover's corpse. Dogan catches his breath and smiles -- he's exhilarated!

Dogan opens the stairwell door -- a hand grabs the door handle -- it's Eunice, nursing several bloody child-size bite marks on her forearms and calves.

EUNICE
Get away from me!

DOGAN
Chill! I'm not gonna hurt you.

Dogan looks her over and frowns at her wounds.

EUNICE
What?

AT GLOVER'S CORPSE

Olivia struggles to pull the key from Glover's eye socket.

OLIVIA
Come on, you little shit.

She pins Glover's skull to the tile with her foot, wraps her fingers around the keys, and grunts as she pulls with all of her might. She yanks the key free, sending blood splattering.

OLIVIA
Oww!

Olivia winces and checks her hand. She finds a small gash, caked with Glover's blood, on her thumb near the key. Color drains from Olivia's face.

AT THE EMERGENCY STAIRS DOOR

Eunice tries to close the door, but Dogan holds it open.

DOGAN
Lady, would you just calm the fuck down? Help is just outside! All we gotta do is get out there, and we'll probably live through this. Just let us through so we can get to the first floor.

EUNICE
No! We can't go down there. Those sicko-nasties are in the lobby, and they're all crazed, just like my niece!

DOGAN
Wait -- they're down there, too?
(sigh)
I picked the worst fucking time to
go clean!

Dogan pulls out the keycards and flips through them.

DOGAN
Okay, well, there's gotta be
someplace safe to wait this out.

WE HEAR A HELICOPTER APPROACH OUTSIDE; IT LANDS ON THE ROOF.

EUNICE
What is that? Is that the Army? We
have to get to the roof!

DOGAN
Dope. We'll take the stairs.

EUNICE
The door's stuck, I tried it
already.

DOGAN
Then, we wait. They'll come for us--

EUNICE
-- No! We have to go now!

Eunice's eyes drift to the Waiting Room Security Door.

EUNICE
We can take the elevator!

DOGAN
We'd never make it.

EUNICE
Suit yourself.

Eunice shoves Dogan out of her way and races to the Waiting Room door. Dogan chases her down the hallway toward Olivia.

DOGAN
No, wait, lady! You don't wanna go
out there!

Eunice rounds the corner, heads to the Waiting Room security door, and slaps the handicapped panel button. The door CREAKS open and Eunice is gone.

Dogan stops when he reaches Olivia.

DOGAN

That woman we heard was in the stairwell. She didn't want to wait and made a break for the elevator. I tried to stop her, but ...

OLIVIA

Bitches be crazy.

DOGAN

Maybe she made it ...

Eunice's horrific SCREAMS can be heard from the hallway.

DOGAN

(cringing)

But, let's not count on that.

Dogan spies Olivia, who trembles with a fearful expression.

DOGAN

Hey -- what's wrong?

Dogan spots Olivia's lacerated thumb.

DOGAN

No ...

OLIVIA

I have it.

DOGAN

We don't know that.

OLIVIA

Yes we do, Dogan, look! I fucking have it. I have it!

DOGAN

Even if you do, it just happened. They probably already have a cure worked out. We just have to get to it. They'll fix this, okay?

Olivia sobs.

OLIVIA

Just go.

DOGAN

No. We're gonna make it! I'm not giving up, and neither are you. That should mean a shit ton coming from me!

Olivia looks him in the eye, as though scanning for any kind of doubt or insincerity in what he's just told her. She nods.

THUD.

THUD-THUD.

Dogan's eyes dart to the Waiting Room door, which fails to close on the infected man who blocks it. Ten infected nurses and patients funnel in while the door is ajar. The infected spread out around them. There's almost nowhere to run, except for the lockless Exam Rooms nearby.

 DOGAN
We should go.

 OLIVIA
Stair well?

 DOGAN
Negative. Med room?

 OLIVIA
We'd be sitting ducks. Break room?

 DOGAN
It was cozy.

Dogan and Olivia turn toward the Break Room.

A snarling Dr. Tran turns the corner with his scalpel and blocks their path.

The early-morning sun streaks in through Waiting Room windows as the infected quicken their pace and move in from all directions.

Dogan and Olivia cling together for dear life. They squeeze their eyes shut. And then --

MACHINE GUN FIRE can be heard in the stairwell.

The infected stop and stare at the commotion. A few wander toward the source. And then --

A LARGE PAIN OF GLASS SHATTERS in the waiting room, followed by a STREAM OF MACHINE GUN FIRE.

A few infected people hobble and limp toward the source.

The secured Waiting Room door EXPLODES.

Six SOLDIERS in identical black tactical uniforms, helmets, and gas masks storm in, guns blazing.

Dogan drops to the floor and covers his head.

Olivia stops in her tracks to watch the soldiers' violent, but systematic entrance.

Through the door, Olivia sees Eunice, with more bite wounds, approaching the soldiers.

EUNICE

Hello! I'm alive! Please, help me --

A soldier guns her down.

OLIVIA

(to herself)

They're not here to help.

An INFECTED WOMAN, about Olivia's age, drops near her feet. The Infected Woman's furious expression is devoid of all humanity. Olivia's eyes drift from the Woman's scowl to her own wound. She frowns.

OLIVIA

(to Dogan)

Dogan, go!

DOGAN

What?

The LEAD SOLDIER signals the other soldiers into formation.

OLIVIA

Hey! Over here!

Olivia waves her arms to attract the soldier's attention.

LEAD SOLDIER

Got one.

The soldiers open fire. Olivia sinks to the floor in puddles of her own blood.

SOLDIER #2

Clear.

LEAD SOLDIER

Spread out.

The soldiers take down stragglers.

Dogan uncovers his head and sees Olivia beside him. His eyes flood with tears. He covers his mouth to prevent a scream.

A soldier happens upon Dogan and takes aim. Dogan turns to see him. The stoner looks vulnerable, but very human, and very scared.

Dogan raises his hands in surrender. And then ...

FROG TOY (O.S.)
(distorted, creepy)
I see you.

The soldier, and all others, turn to see Penny, still toting her frog toy, as she climbs onto the receptionist desk. Her clothing is caked in dried blood from many adult-sized bites. She dives onto one of the soldiers and attacks.

LEAD SOLDIER
Eyes on one.

The *attacked* soldier spins out of control -- he can't get himself free.

LEAD SOLDIER
Take it down.

The other soldiers open fire. The soldier toting Penny backpedals toward a window.

Dogan takes Olivia's hand. Olivia gurgles as her lungs fill with blood.

DOGAN
Don't die. Please, girl?

Olivia pulls her cardigan open to reveal her name tag, which reads "OLIVIA."

OLIVIA
(whisper)
... *Liv* ...

Dogan watches Olivia take her last breath. He breaks down.

The soldiers' gunfire blasts the glass -- and the Soldier with Penny -- out of the building.

The firing soldiers disperse and open various rooms in the hallway; they open fire on any infected people within.

Dogan frantically ducks and rolls to his exam room and slams the door.

SOLDIER #2
Hey!

INT. DOGAN'S EXAMINATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dogan's HEART POUNDS. He inhales for four seconds, pauses, and exhales a couple of times -- still frantic.

More GUNFIRE IS HEARD IN THE HALLWAY, followed by MUFFLED COMMANDS between soldiers.

Dogan nearly trips over Maria as he strips naked and races to the sink. He quickly washes the blood off of himself.

The soldiers burst into the exam room and take aim.

Dogan, naked and dripping wet, raises his arms in surrender.

DOGAN

Don't shoot! I'm alive! I'm not infected! See?

Dogan presents his arms and torso, then his neck.

DOGAN

See?

Dogan spins to show his back and every other possible angle -- there are no fresh gashes of any kind.

The soldiers' anonymously helmeted heads turn away slightly, as though avoiding a full view of Dogan's body due to embarrassment or disgust.

DOGAN

No bites! Look -- no bites! No blood! I'm okay!

The soldiers standby, awaiting orders from their Lead.

DOGAN

There's nothing wrong with me! I'm fine, and I want to live!

Dogan lowers his arms and sobs.

DOGAN

I just want to live.

Soldiers exchange glances with each other.

Dogan grimaces from pain and touches his upper chest. He groans, and his eyes go wide.

DOGAN

No ... no-no-no-no-no ...

His eyes dart to the clock -- it reads 7:18 A.M.
 A prescription bottle sits abandoned on the sink.
 Dogan doubles over.

DOGAN
 No, not now -- fuck!

He projectile vomits.

SOLDIER #2
 He's got it.

DOGAN
 No, I just need my meds!

LEAD SOLDIER
 Open fire.

RAPID GUN FIRE.

Dogan is unharmed. He glances up to see chunks of helmet missing from the Lead Soldier's head. A spray of gunfire pours in and hits the soldiers in the doorway.

The soldiers turn to return fire. They dive into the hallway and take cover.

Through the door, Dogan sees Dr. Tran mowing down soldiers with a machine gun.

Dogan runs to the sink and takes his medicine. He snatches his clothes and races into the hallway, avoiding crossfire.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM LOBBY - DAY

By the receptionist's desk, Dogan snatches his skateboard and heads through the door to --

INT. 3RD FLOOR ELEVATOR LOBBY - DAY

Dogan hops carefully over corpses, loses a sock, and presses the elevator button. The door opens -- empty. Dogan boards.

Louise, finally visible, rises from the pile of bullet-ridden corpses and spots Dogan. She takes off after him, followed by a few who emerge from the Exam Room Lobby.

Dogan pounds the "CLOSE DOOR" button as quickly as he can. It's not happening fast enough. Dogan drops his clothes and readies himself to swing his skateboard ...

The elevator doors close just before Louise can enter.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY

The elevator door opens. Dogan finishes tying his shoe and, fully dressed pops out. He ducks around the corner in time to see a handful of soldiers enter and head to the stairs. When the coast is clear, he heads to the Main Entrance.

EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Dozens of cars are sloppily parked -- and double parked.

Dogan hurries out of the building and runs right into the crosshairs of a PERIMETER SOLDIER. Dogan drops his board and throws his hands up.

DOGAN

Wait -- I know what you're thinking, and I'm getting so sick of explaining this shit, but I'm not infected. Okay?

PERIMETER SOLDIER

(on his radio)
Sergeant, come in. Over.

Dogan sighs in defeat.

PERIMETER SOLDIER

(on his radio)
... Sergeant?

A window shatters above -- a soldier falls dead near Dogan.

The Perimeter Soldier takes aim at Dogan and slides his finger onto the trigger.

An old, weathered work pickup truck speeds toward the clinic.

The Soldier spins around and opens fire on the truck, which takes damage and swerves, seemingly out of control.

Dogan snatches his board and nails the soldier in the back of the head -- the board breaks in half. The soldier elbow's Dogan in the jaw -- he falls. The soldier aims at Dogan.

Dogan winces, covers his head with his broken board.

The pickup rolls over the Perimeter Soldier and stops.

Dogan opens his eyes and sees RUBEN (20s), a large man in a construction hat and vest, pointing a shotgun at his face from the truck bed. MIGUEL (16) covers him from the tailgate, while POP (50s) glares from the driver's seat.

RUBEN
You attacked that soldier.

DOGAN
Yeah ... not as much as you did.

His eyes drift to the blood dripping down the truck's grill.

RUBEN
Why were they shooting?

DOGAN
(shrug)
They think we're all infected.

Ruben exchanges a glance with his companions.

MIGUEL
You were in the clinic?

Dogan nods.

MIGUEL
We're looking for Olivia. She in there?

DOGAN
Shit ... Nigel?

Ruben softens, then laughs. He nods to his companions.

RUBEN
White boy asked if I was Nigel!

Everyone laughs at Dogan.

RUBEN
Nobody seen that fool since he went to GameStop yesterday.

MIGUEL
Fuck Nigel! Nobody misses his ass.

RUBEN
She's our sister. You seen her?

Ruben shows his phone -- a pic of Olivia and Maria at work, smiling, posing like Charlie's Angels. Ruben points to her.

Dogan nods at the dead soldier.

DOGAN
Those soldiers came. They shot at
us. Olivia ... she ...

Dogan breaks down.

DOGAN
I was with her when she ... went.

Ruben and the familia exchange heartbroken glances. Tears
stream down Ruben's face. He punches the side of the truck.

RUBEN
I told you not to wait for sunrise!

Dogan gives them a moment to grieve.

DOGAN
I'm really sorry.

RUBEN
You couldn't help her?

DOGAN
I tried ... she saved my life.

Ruben stares intently at Dogan, unreadable.

GUNFIRE can be heard within the building.

DOGAN
We gotta get out of here.

Dogan picks up the other piece of his skateboard, frowns.

RUBEN
Where you headed?

DOGAN
I have to find my mom and sister.

RUBEN
They infected?

DOGAN
I don't know.

RUBEN
Are you?

DOGAN
For the thousandth time, no.

Ruben eyes Pop. They exchange a nod.

RUBEN

Hop in.

DOGAN

Yeah?

Miguel lowers the tailgate. Dogan wipes his tears and hops in. Pop puts the truck into gear and takes off.

DOGAN

So, like ... what the hell happened
out here?

The truck disappears over the horizon.

FADE TO BLACK.