

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

Two cars pass each other in opposite directions.

ANGLE ON A DOG

The dog runs alongside the road. He barks at a passing car.

ANGLE ON A PLANE - DAY

The PLANE is high and distant. A flight of BIRDS is center-focused.

INT. BOILER ROOM - BENEATH THE BASEMENT - DAY

Jerry and Ford are alone and fighting. Ford throws a kick at Jerry. Jerry drops under it and leg sweeps him.

ANGLE ON THE BOXES

Ford flies into boxes, stacked ceiling-high. The BOXES are marked: KEE'S CANNED FOOD DRIVE FOR FLINT'S HOMELESS. Three boxes collapse and fall on his head. CANS spill out and roll into hundreds of five gallon WATER BOTTLES with orange-triangular-stickers marked: AIQ TEACHERS' LOUNGE.

WIDER ANGLE - DAY

Ford flails around, trying to stand. In the effort, he knocks a pair of BINOCULARS out of their case. Quickly, he grabs them, stuffs them inside, and sets them on the boxes.

He respectfully nods at Jerry. Jerry nods back. Then, as the class bell sounds, Ford dives on Jerry. The fight resumes.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A brilliant flash of white light momentarily blinds all.

ANGLE ON THE FLOCK OF BIRDS - DAY

The FLOCK catches fire and free-falls to the ground.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY

One of the CARS rolls into a ditch and stops.

ANGLE ON THE DOG

The dog bursts into flames and drops, dead.

ANGLE ON ONE OF THE CARS

The DRIVER'S head lolls against the wheel.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

PEOPLE catch fire and drop dead before they hit the ground.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The second car smashes against a tree.

INT. BOILER ROOM - BENEATH THE BASEMENT - DAY

Jerry and Ford are silent. The glowing patch on the water bottles marked "AIQ TEACHER'S LOUNGE" offers a little light.

They step toward the glow. We see their shadows. Then, the battle-royal continues: punches, kicks, and grunts.

ANGLE ON THE FREEWAY - DAY

Four CARS litter the median. One CAR is in the side ditch.

ANGLE ON A PLANE - DAY

The PLANE rapidly loses altitude in a horizontal glide.

WIDER ANGLE - DAY

The PLANE is headed straight at AIQ HIGH.

EXT. HOSPITAL SIDEWALK - DAY

Burning bodies litter the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON THE SKY - DAY

The plane finds AIQ. Next, a ferocious EXPLOSION; reds, oranges, waves of visible heat, then: black.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The EXPLOSION and the burning at the HIGH SCHOOL can be seen high above the hospital in the F.G.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

A BODY lies smoldering across the threshold, just inside the door. The CORPSE shakes from the plane's secondary explosion.

ANGLE ON THE AUTOMATIC DOOR - DAY

The sliding door is dead-stopped against the CORPSE.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A RED HAZE covers a full MOON. It drops like a curtain to the pavement. Silence is pervasive. In the shadows, CARS and DEAD BODIES. Nothing moves, save the meandering haze.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Burned CORPSES hang in and out of cars. The omnipresent HAZE is clearly absorbing the sunlight.

INT. GAMMA KNIFE SURGERY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The rolling CHAIRS are overturned. The supine SURGEON and NURSE stare sightlessly. They're supple and very dead. The computer SCREENS, just as dead.

INT. GAMMA KNIFE SURGERY ROOM - DAY

Kee's not conscious. But, his chest is still pulling in and expelling air. His head remains inside the cylinder.

EXT. FLINT GENERAL HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The RED HAZE takes on a phosphorescent, low-light quality from the absorbed sunlight. Silence remains.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The red haze has turned CYAN. The light-absorption continues.

ANGLE ON THE AUTOMATIC DOOR - DAY

The corpse's torso seems to be moving. In that moment, COCKROACHES scurry out from underneath.

INT. GAMMA KNIFE SURGERY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Time has passed; the SURGEON and NURSE'S abdomens are distended.

EXT. HORIZON - NIGHT

The HAZE, kicks out the absorbed sunlight. The waning moon also provides light and, from somewhere distant: a low-screeching.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAYBREAK

CARS litter the ditches.

THREE slow-moving humans struggle toward the hospital's freeway off-ramp. They wear backpacks.

ONE FEMALE has an M-16 shoulder-slung. She continually checks over her shoulder.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The TRIAD each drags one leg as they progress. Their faces are tight, bruised, and blistered. The male and females' bodies, minimally clothed, are strikingly attractive.

The triads FACES' are ethnically indistinguishable due to radiation burns. Their gray, red, and brown scabbed tissues occasionally crack and bleed. Their bodies, though not scabbed, are race indeterminate as well.

THEY walk up an exit ramp. It reads: FLINT GENERAL HOSPITAL. They get to the top, stop, and take a long drink from holstered bottles. Hydrated, they resume their trek.

Each person wears a lanyard and a badge.

The FEMALE with the M-16 adjusts the strap. She looks over her shoulder. Clearly, she spots something back there.

INT. GAMMA KNIFE SURGERY ROOM - NIGHT

Kee slides out, slowly. He still wears the cranial basket. He tries to remove it and BLOOD flows from the screws. He blacks out from the pain.

EXT. HORIZON - NIGHT

The TRIAD is getting close.

SOUNDS: Low-screeching, now resembling a barn-owl's call, plus one foot-dragging the pavement, in massive numbers.

The FEMALE carrying the M-16 glances backward.

The HAZE hangs on the sky, but has taken on a permanent semi-glow from the sun's absorption. This glow serves the night like a dim bulb in a tiny room.