

Haymaker

written by

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EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY - MILWAUKEE, WI - PRESENT

The unrisen corpse of Milwaukee.

Storefront windows are broken, the Best Buys looted. Unmoving cars fill the streets. The parks and churches and endless blocks are silent -- save one seething bastion of life:

EXT. HARRIS BRADLEY STADIUM - DAY

...where SANDBAGS, BARBED WIRE, and TANKS guard the entrance. An enormous convoy of PASSENGER BUSES is pulled up behind the stadium. The roof is dotted with **NATIONAL GUARDSMEN** posted as guards from an as-yet-unknown threat.

EXT. STADIUM ROOF - DAY

CU on a MACHINE GUN NEST where **PRIVATE GALE** and **PRIVATE WALLACE** are stationed. Gale is nodding off at his gun, blinking himself back into waking. A radio drones...

GRAINY RADIO

...seven bodies, four clicks  
south, headed west...  
...three bodies, three clicks  
south, headed west...

Gale fully closes his eyes and rests his chin on the gun.

GRAINY RADIO (CONT'D)

Irregular event...a scattered  
group...wide area, still waiting  
on a count... the top is 200  
meters south...headed west.

C.O. (RADIO)

Wallace, you catch that? Over.

WALLACE

Yes sir, over.

C.O. (RADIO)

Two hundred meters south, you have  
first sight. Over.

WALLACE

Copy.

GALE

(Trying to stay awake.)  
...they groan, huh?

WALLACE

Yeah. You won't hear it while they're passing by. More like a hum.

GALE

A hum?

WALLACE

Yeah, almost like a - a choir.

GALE

(Beat.)

Do you know how fucked up that is what you just said? A choir?

(Beat.)

I'm scraping bottom.

WALLACE

You're fine. The folks downstairs are scraping bottom.

INT. HARRIS BRADLEY STADIUM - NIGHT

WIDE. A mini-city of beaten souls fills every inch of the Harris Bradley stadium, from the stands to the STAGE. The jumbotron is off. Cots fill the floor, and National Guardsmen stand at the exits. A beehive of voices reaches to the high ceiling.

Down in a small alcove, men sit hunched like pill bugs against the wall. These are the ones who have it the worst: no families and nowhere to rest. One in particular is at the end of his rope. A **WIRY MAN** who hasn't shaved in a couple weeks, hungry and tired and paranoid. He's rambling...

WIRY

...I'm just saying, why are they locking us up in here? Is it for our good? Or is it to keep the enemy's numbers down...

Above them sits a FEMA POSTER, which reads (with graphics):

Is your LOVED ONE INFECTED?

**JUST REMEMBER: RUN**

**\*\*R\*\*** - Is there a red RING on the back of their head?

**\*\*U\*\*** - Are they UNABLE TO FEEL PAIN?

**\*\*N\*\*** - Do they make a NNNN sound instead of speaking?

If so, RUN, then contact local law enforcement.

WIRY (CONT'D)

Y'know what I heard?

(MORE)

WIRY (CONT'D)

Over in Cathedral Square there's like a tent village...people are just living out in the open - HAH! - waiting to get chewed up, ground beef...a commune, y'know! Hippies! Make great cows 'cause they only eat grass, y'know? Ha!

Across from him sits a bearded **GRUFF MAN**, 42.

GRUFF

(Sick of it.)

Hey man.

Wiry shuts up.

A few feet deeper into the alcove sits a **DARK FIGURE IN A HOODIE**. An emergency light shines over him. He wears a leather jacket and his hood is pulled tightly over his head. He looks up in the direction of the main floor, through a forest of people, where a **WOMAN NURSE**, 29, tired but keeping it together, visits a patient.

After a long beat:

WIRY

Z-words, guys... hard to believe - you believe it? I heard they form packs, attack in packs. Like wolves, ha ha! But they're basically you and me! Attack in packs...sounds like my sisters.

(Indicating Gruff.)

Guy right here even looks like a wolf, kind of! Say, what temperature does blood freeze at?

GRUFF

Hey man, would you just shut up?

BYSTANDER

You're doing it again.

BOOM! Suddenly the doors at the end of the alcove swing open and two **GUARDSMEN** come out. Through the doors we catch a glimpse of a hallway under the stadium. **GUARDSMAN #1** steps forward - he, too, is exhausted.

GUARDSMAN #1

Sorry fellas, you need to find somewhere else to be.