

"DEAD EYE"

A short screenplay

by

Steven JC Johnson

SECOND DRAFT  
23<sup>rd</sup> JANUARY, 2011

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FLASH.

INT. LONDON HOSPITAL - A&E - EVENING

SUPER: TWO DAYS AGO

A police constable is screaming, strapped on to a gurney, as he is being hurried down a corridor and into a vacant space in a busy Accident and Emergency Unit. Paramedics are holding bloody bandages on his neck as he struggles.

A DOCTOR rushes up and begins inspecting the policeman.

DOCTOR

What happened?

PARAMEDIC #1

He was attacked during a call-out. Some maniac bit him.

The policeman begins writhing more violently and the medics struggle to keep him on the gurney. His screams echo all around. A nurse pulls the blinds around the cubicle, as though the thin fabric will somehow dampen the sound.

DOCTOR

I'll have to sedate him.

He nods to the nurse and she turns to a trolley, rummages about out of sight and then turns back and hands him a syringe.

The doctor jabs the needle into the policeman's neck and depresses the plunger. The constable stops wriggling and a rattling sigh escapes from his throat. His eyes close.

DOCTOR

Shit!

He feels for a pulse and sighs visibly. He pulls open the policeman's right eye and steps back with shock. In CLOSE-UP, the iris is brilliant, fiery yellow-orange and the white is streaked with engorged blood vessels.

PARAMEDIC #1

Christ! What's going on?

The doctor shakes his head and returns to the policeman. He feels again for a pulse and nods, internally confirming his diagnosis.

DOCTOR

Well, he's dead. I'd say shock and  
blood loss.

He reaches across the body and begins pulling the blanket  
over the constable's face.

Suddenly the policeman screeches and sinks his teeth into  
the doctor's arm. The doctor cries out and instinctively  
pulls away, chunks of flesh ripping from his arm as the  
bobby's teeth remain clamped.

PARAMEDIC #1

Fuck me!

He watches with horror as the policeman easily breaks the  
straps on the gurney and sits up, his mouth dripping with  
blood and flesh. He glares at the paramedic and then dives  
at the shocked man.

They fall backwards, through the curtain and out into the  
main A&E area, the constable screeching, the paramedic  
yelling for help.

PARAMEDIC #1

Help! For fuck's sake, HELP!

The nurse sees the empty syringe lying on the trolley and  
scoops it up. She steps over the doctor, who has slumped to  
the floor, nursing his injured arm.

Standing over the wrestling men, she plunges the needle  
into the back of the policeman's neck, just below his  
cranium and pumps air into his veins.

The constable begins jerking violently, cacophonous wailing  
issuing from his gory mouth. His body spasms for several  
seconds and then flops to the tiled floor, twitching for a  
moment, then lying still.

The paramedic struggles out from beneath the policeman and  
scrambles to his knees, wheezing and coughing.

PARAMEDIC #1

What the fuck's going on? The doctor  
said he was dead.

The nurse says nothing and tends to the injured doctor in  
the cubicle. The paramedic gets to his feet, wobbling on  
delicate legs. His partner rushes to his aid.

PARAMEDIC #2

You okay, Jim?

JIM

No, I'm not okay! Where the fuck were you?

PARAMEDIC #2

It all happened so fast, Jim! I...

A commotion from the entrance interrupts him and they turn to see a blood-soaked man staggering into the hospital. Several waiting patients cry out in horror and orderlies rush to his assistance.

Flashing blue lights appear outside and more paramedics and several police officers rush into the emergency department, wheeling gurneys and carrying people. All of them covered with blood.

PARAMEDIC #2

What's happening, Jim?

JIM

God knows.

He glances down at the motionless form of the policeman.

JIM (CONT'D)

Let's get this thing out of the way and get out of here.

They grab the body of the constable and throw it onto the gurney in the cubicle. The nurse is helping the doctor onto a chair. He is very pale and obviously suffering from shock.

JIM

Are you going to be okay?

DOCTOR

I... I think so. I feel bloody awful, though. Hot, but shivering, like I've suddenly come down with flu or something.

He coughs and flecks of blood appear on his white sleeve. The paramedics look to one another.

JIM

Well, we'd better be off. Looks like it's going to be a busy night for all of us.

They exit the cubicle and walk towards the entrance, passing other paramedics and policemen struggling to subdue writhing, blood-soaked people - men, women and one child.

EXT. LONDON HOSPITAL - A&E - EVENING

The two paramedics exit the A&E department and begin walking back to their ambulance, a short distance away and now surrounded by other ambulances and police cars.

JIM

Oh, for God's sake. We'll never get out of all this lot!

A MAN rushes up to them. He is holding a digital voice recorder. He thrusts it under Jim's chin, causing him to flinch.

JIM

What the...?

MAN

Press. What's going on here? Has there been a big accident?

JIM

Er... I'm not sure. Who are you?

MAN

Alan Greene. London Evening Dispatch. I've seen dozens of people being taken in, all covered in blood. I just want to know what's happened.

JIM

Yeah, well, so do I. Look, mate, we've got a job to do. Why don't you go inside and talk to the receptionist?

GREENE

Can't you tell me anything?

JIM

One of the doctors said it might be flu or something.

GREENE

Flu? Are you taking the piss?

JIM

That's what he said. I don't know, do I? Maybe it's fuckin' mad cow disease!

He shoves the reporter aside and the two paramedics head towards their ambulance. Before they can climb inside, GUNFIRE can be heard in the distance.

JIM

Was that what I thought it was?

PARAMEDIC #2

Sounded like bloody machine guns to me.

A helicopter CLATTERS overhead and they watch as it swoops down low over some nearby houses. The GUNFIRE continues and strobe-like flashes can be seen illuminating the buildings several streets away.

They whirl around as screaming and yelling is heard from the A&E building. As they watch, four, blood-drenched people come lurching out of the entrance, their eyes wild and yellow.

Three of them stagger away into the night. One of them, the doctor who had been bitten on the arm earlier, looks straight at Jim and his partner. He screeches and begins running towards them.

JIM

Fuck me! Get in. Get in!

Jim pulls open the rear door of the ambulance and dives inside. His partner follows. He cries out and Jim looks back to see the doctor biting down on his partner's leg. His head jerks back and a long slice of flesh comes away.

PARAMEDIC #2

Jeeeeeeeeesus! Jiiiiim!

Jim grabs an oxygen tank and scrambles over to his friend. The infected man screeches and stares at Jim, his yellow eyes blazing in CLOSE-UP.

Jim swings the oxygen cylinder and it strikes the doctor on the side of the head. He falls to the side, but immediately gets back up. Jim pulls his partner inside the ambulance.

JIM

You okay?

His partner only moans by way of reply. Jim reaches out to close the door, but the infected man lunges forward, wailing. Jim recoils and falls backwards, onto his friend, who cries out in pain.

The infected man scrambles into the ambulance and glowers at the two paramedics, his teeth bared, pieces of flesh hanging from his mouth. Jim throws the cylinder and it strikes the man in the chest, forcing him back out of the ambulance.

Jim quickly pulls the door closed and slumps down. Outside, we can hear the infected doctor throwing himself at the ambulance, screeching and growling.

JIM

Fuckin' hell!

The RUMBLING of truck engines can be heard and the CLOMPING of heavy boots. Suddenly, the hammering stops and an eerie quiet falls.

PARAMEDIC #2

Has... has it gone, Jim?

Jim gets up and peers out of the window. A loud CRACK and brilliant flash of light sends him reeling backwards. Blood and tissue sprays onto the window.

JIM

It's the fuckin' army, mate.

He gets back up and looks outside again. A line of soldiers has formed a cordon outside the hospital. A pair of squaddies heads towards the ambulance when they see Jim looking out. The door flies open.

SOLDIER #1

You two, out now!

The soldier sees Jim's partner lying on the floor of the ambulance, his leg torn to shreds. He looks at Jim.

SOLDIER #1

Are you bit?

JIM

What?

A pair of assault rifles is suddenly aimed at his head.

SOLDIER #1  
Are you fuckin' bit?

JIM  
No. NO! I haven't been bitten!

SOLDIER #2  
What about him?

They all look at Paramedic #2, who, by now, has a fearful look on his face.

JIM  
Er... well... this lunatic bit him on the leg. But I..

A CRACK peals out and the head of Jim's partner EXPLODES in a fountain of tissue and bone.

JIM  
NOOO!

The soldiers grab Jim and drag him away from the ambulance and towards one of the many army trucks that have arrived.

INT. ARMY TRUCK - NIGHT

They bundle him inside and he finds himself sitting with a dozen or so others, all dishevelled and shivering.

JIM  
What's going on?

The reporter appears, pushing to the back of the truck from the front.

GREENE  
Fucking martial law, mate, that's what. The government's saying it's a mutated form of influenza.

JIM  
What?

GREENE  
Yeah, I know. They must think we're friggin' dummies. I saw a man get cut in half by machine gun fire, right over there, and his top half kept going.

JIM

Jesus.

GREENE

Yeah. Only a bullet in the head put him down.

Another MAN leans forward.

MAN #2

Fuckin' zombies, mate.

JIM

You what?

MAN #2

Like in those films. 'Airy-arsed zombies. That's what we're dealin' wiv 'ere.

JIM

Yeah right.

The man smiles grimly.

MAN #2

You watch an' see. Before long, the 'ole city'll be overrun. Fuckin' Judgement Day, mate. Mark my words.

The truck RUMBLES into life and Jim watches as they pull away from the hospital. An army helicopter ROARS overhead, followed by several more. GUNFIRE can be seen and heard as they drive through dark, chaotic streets.

Troops and armed police are seen everywhere, often firing indiscriminately into crowds of people.

An explosion rips through a large building close to the truck and we CLOSE-UP on Jim's eyes, the fire reflecting in them.

JIM

(quietly)

Judgement Day.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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