

I AM LEGEND

by

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What's so surprising that I crawl.
I descended from the worm just like you.
What's so surprising that I eat glass
and dance on fire.

--Felix Morisseau-Leroy

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DESERT - DAY

Rainfall. Violent and unrelenting.

The rain pounds a fearsome rhythm on the windows of a motel room.

ROBERT NEVILLE is on the phone, pacing, waiting. Tense.

Neville is a fit, handsome and methodical man. He is also, as we shall see, a very resourceful man.

As he paces we see he is in a clean motel room, a breakfast tray is on a table. We see a briefcase open on the desk next to long plastic tubes for blueprints.

Finally:

NEVILLE

(on phone)

Yes, Dr. Madden this is Robert
Neville, I... I understand that...
my wife, Virginia Neville is...
yes...

(a flash of concern
crosses his face)

... I'll be there in the morning.

He hangs up.

He hesitates for a moment, unsure of exactly what to do next.

Then he grabs his briefcase and blueprint tubes and goes.

EXT. DESERT CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The almost blinding downpour allows us a strange view of a large industrial construction site in the desert. Huge earth-moving machines, cranes and bulldozers dot the sodden landscape.

TITLE: FALL 1998

We see day laborers and construction workers huddling under the gigantic machines as they try to stay out of the rain, packed together like tiny animals in the shadow of the dinosaurs.

But there is something immediately wrong about this scene.

There should be more workers on a project this big.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SHED - DAY

Neville is standing in the high-tech construction shed. He is the architect of this project.

Neville stands with a grave expression, his arms folded, watching TV.

His Chief Engineer, DOMINGO, sits nearby and eats a sandwich.

On the TV:

A LOCAL WASHINGTON REPORTER is standing in front of the White House, the flag at half mast:

LOCAL WASHINGTON REPORTER

The First Lady was buried in a brief ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery and then the President and the remaining members of the Cabinet met with the CDC Emergency Response Team to coordinate...

The CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN enters, shaking off rain, and goes to Domingo:

FOREMAN

Dom, I gotta know where to assign the men. We don't have enough to do both the water conduits and the --

DOMINGO

(to Neville)

Bob?

Neville doesn't turn from the TV.

DOMINGO

(to Foreman)

I'll be right out.

FOREMAN

We're never gonna meet the contract
deadline if we don't --

DOMINGO

Go on, I'll be right out.

The Foreman goes.

DOMINGO

Bob?

Neville turns off the TV. The only sound is the pounding of
the rain.

Neville's back is to Domingo.

A silent pause.

Then:

DOMINGO

(gently)

She's going to be fine, Bob.

Neville finally turns.

NEVILLE

I'm going home.

INT. NEVILLE'S JEEP - DESERT - NIGHT

Rain batters the windscreen.

Through the black tempest Neville can just make out the razor
of highway slicing through the desert.

The radio is on:

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

FEMA and the Red Cross have centered

their activities on centers of mass population. New York, Chicago, Atlanta and Los Angeles have already been declared federal disaster areas and the Centers for Disease Control is preparing quarantine protocols for --

Neville switches the radio off and presses the gas, speeding faster through the rain.

EXT. GAS STATION - DESERT - NIGHT

The downpour continues as Neville pulls into a small gas station by the highway.

Huge floodlights illuminate the station with an eerie blue/white, making it a lonely oasis in the pitch black.

Absolute emptiness in the black desert around the station.

Neville climbs from the jeep as an OLD MAN emerges from the station and goes to him.

 OLD MAN
Need some gas?

 NEVILLE
Please.

 OLD MAN
Only got one kind.

 NEVILLE
That's fine.

Neville stands by the jeep as the Old Man begins pumping the gas.

A beat.

NEVILLE

Hell of a night.

OLD MAN

(smiles vaguely)

You got that right.

There is something odd about this Old Man, an ephemeral something, something Neville can't quite put his finger on. Something strange. Perhaps something in the eyes.

The only immediately unusual thing about him is that he is very, very pale. His skin is white in the harsh floodlights.

OLD MAN

So, what do you do?

NEVILLE

I'm an architect. I'm working on a site back in --

OLD MAN

You built things.

NEVILLE

I guess you could say that.

The Old Man is watching him, rather intently, as he pumps the gas.

The Old Man's stare is making Neville just a tad uncomfortable.

NEVILLE

Bathroom?

OLD MAN

Round back.

Neville goes.

We linger on the Old Man for a moment.

A drop of rain water trickles down his forehead, over his eyebrow and straight down across his eye. He does not blink.

Perhaps it is only a glass eye.

Perhaps it is something infinitely more peculiar.

INT. BATHROOM - GAS STATION - NIGHT

Neville is washing his hands in the tiny gas station bathroom.

He hears a sound over the running tap water -- a strange sound, elliptical -- is it a coyote howling? Something mechanical?

He turns off the water. Listens. Nothing.

The lights suddenly snap off in the bathroom.

He steps from the bathroom...

EXT. GAS STATION - DESERT - NIGHT

Into darkness.

The overhead floodlight are off.

He jogs through the rain to the front of the station. The lights in the station are also out.

NEVILLE
(calling out over the
rain)

Hey!

No answer.

NEVILLE

(calling out)
Hello -- are you there?! Hello?!

Nothing. The station is deserted. The Old Man is nowhere to be seen.

Neville shakes his head and pulls a twenty from his wallet, leaves it on the front door of the station and then goes to the jeep.

He takes one last look around the empty station.

NEVILLE
(calling out)
Hello...?!

Nothing.

He climbs into the jeep. Disquieted.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Neville is moving through the lobby of a busy hospital. An unusual amount of activity. He goes to a RECEPTIONIST at the front desk.

NEVILLE
Virginia Neville.

The receptionist checks her computer:

RECEPTIONIST
Neville... Neville...
(she stops)
... oh -- um -- she's... she's up on
six --

NEVILLE
Thanks.

He turns and heads to the elevators.

RECEPTIONIST

But you can't -- you can't --

Too late, he is in the elevator.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - 6TH FLOOR - DAY

Neville emerges on the Sixth Floor. Even more unusual activity here. He can see orderlies pushing patients on gurneys and overworked doctors scurrying here and there.

He sees that one of the corridors has been sealed with a strip of yellow CDC quarantine tape.

He goes to the busy Nurses' Station.

NEVILLE

I'm here to see Virginia Neville.

A tired NURSE glances up.

NURSE

You're not supposed to be here.

Neville notices that a NATIONAL GUARDSMAN is sitting in a room behind the Nurses' Station, a machine gun rests at his side. He is staring at Neville.

NEVILLE

I need to see Dr. Madden.

NURSE

I'm sorry, you'll have to wait downstairs --

NEVILLE

I'm not going to wait downstairs. I want to see my wife.

The National Guardsman stands and begins walking to them,

sensing trouble.

NURSE

(to a passing doctor)

Dr. Madden, this man --

NEVILLE

(turning to Dr. Madden)

Dr. Madden, I'm Robert Neville, we
talked yesterday, my wife --

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

Is there a problem here?

DR. MADDEN

No, no problem.

The Guardsman returns to his post as DR. MADDEN walks away,
flipping through a stack of medical charts. Dr. Madden is in
his 60's, absolutely exhausted and preoccupied.

Neville follows him:

NEVILLE

Where's my wife?

DR. MADDEN

You have to go downstairs, I'll call
you when --

NEVILLE

Where is my wife?

Dr. Madden finally stops and turns to him:

DR. MADDEN

Look, I have two hundred patients in
this ward alone. I'll be getting to
your wife on my next rotation.
Until then --

NEVILLE
(firmly)
Is she all right?

A beat.

Dr. Madden does not look him in the eye.

DR. MADDEN
Please go downstairs to the lobby
and I'll call in about four hours.

He goes.

Neville stands for a moment.

He notes that the National Guardsman is busy on the phone and the Nurse is searching through a file cabinet.

He quickly goes to the corridor with the yellow CDC quarantine tape and slips under it...

INT. CORRIDOR - QUARANTINE WARDS - DAY

He moves down the corridor and glances through the windows into the quarantine wards.

He sees patients everywhere. They are haggard, pale and drained. Many on IVs. All the wards he passes are jammed with a chaos of gurneys and patients and overworked doctors. Everyone wears surgical gloves and masks.

A group of grim scientists troop past Neville in biological contagion suits.

He finally stops, looking in the windows to one ward. He enters...

INT. WARD - DAY

VIRGINIA is sitting on the edge of her bed.

She is normally a smart, pretty and sensible woman with a wry sense of humor. Currently, she is enervated.

She glances up and smiles.

NEVILLE

We're going home.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - 6TH FLOOR - DAY

Neville is leading Virginia toward the elevators.

They encounter overworked Dr. Madden heading the other direction.

DR. MADDEN

Hold on, please. Where are you going?

NEVILLE

I'm taking her home.

A long beat as Dr. Madden looks at them.

Then, quietly:

DR. MADDEN

That might be best.

EXT. THE NEVILLE HOME - DAY

The Neville's Palos Verdes home on the California coast is spacious and pleasant. A lovely view of the Pacific. Birds fly happily overhead.

It is an upscale suburban enclave much like any other. Normal.

Neville emerges from the house and goes to the mailbox at the end of the driveway.

Only then do we notice that the street appears absolutely deserted. A kid's bicycle lies abandoned on a neighbor's yard as if the kid has just gone inside for lunch. All the lawns are a bit overgrown, the gardens untended.

Neville reaches into the mailbox. Nothing.

He glances down the street. Utterly normal but for the overgrown yards and total lack of people.

INT. THE NEVILLE HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Virginia is sleeping. Her breathing is labored.

A dinner tray lies untouched on the bed.

On the night stand we note a hand-held tape recorder and a collection of cassette tapes.

Neville enters and watches Virginia sleep for a moment.

Then he picks up the dinner tray and goes.

INT. THE NEVILLE HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Neville is at the sink, washing the dishes from the tray.

A tapping sound -- close --

Neville jumps a bit, startled, and glances up --

A small starling is at the window over the sink. It is tapping on the glass relentlessly.

The bird stares in at him.

INT. THE NEVILLE HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Neville is asleep on the sofa in front of the TV.

On the TV a Discovery Channel wildlife show is on. We see a water buffalo being dragged down by a pack of jackals. The jackals circle and strike without mercy and ravage the buffalo. The buffalo roars in impotent torment --

The TV image suddenly snaps to a test pattern.

Then snaps to a PLEASE STAND BY message.

We push in and in and in on the TV screen until the message is nothing more than a grating, hissing field of pulsing white dots...

Then the dots are grains of sand...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

We are floating inches over a sea of sand, over an arid desert landscape...

CREDITS as we continue to slowly float over the sand -- we pass a side-winder rattlesnake undulating across the desert -- we pass cacti and desert shrubs blooming with flowers...

As the CREDITS continue and we continue to float slowly over the desert we become aware of a sound...

Distant, barely audible at first...

It sounds like bursts of radio static and something like words -- the rhythms and cadences of speech but strange and repetitive -- we cannot make out the speaker -- we cannot make out the words -- just the static and the steady, monotonous echo of something like language...

We finally stop floating and focus on a pair of scorpions locked in mortal combat, their claws are fastened together in the death struggle. When fighting, scorpions will often stay locked together like this, frozen, for hours.

End CREDITS.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

We are seeing the Los Angeles skyline from high in the Hollywood Hills.

We see the outlines and forms of recognizable buildings in the distance. Nothing immediately peculiar about any of this. Just quiet.

A beautiful sunny morning.

TITLE: WINTER 2002

A bird flutters close and lands on a wooden rail. We seem to be watching the bird through a window. We note some grill work and just a hint of razor wire on the rail.

Still, nothing too out of the ordinary.

The shrill bell of an old windup alarm clock suddenly shatters the pristine silence.

The bird takes off.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Through a long, dark corridor we see Neville sitting on the edge of a bed. He snaps the alarm clock off.

He rises and begins his day.

Neville moves from the bedroom and down some stairs to his living room. We see that his house is ultra-modern, huge and meticulously clean.

We see that it is not the Palos Verdes house he shared with Virginia.

The enormous picture windows in his living room boast a sweeping and dramatic view of the LA skyline. He does not

even look at it.

He passes an enormous wall of tech: a huge TV, VCR and hundreds of videos as well as a stereo unit with thousands of CDs. The tech unit takes up an entire wall of the living room.

He presses a button on the stereo as he passes.

"GIMME SHELTER" by the Rolling Stones explodes from his stereo as he goes about his morning...

- Neville stalks down a long hallway. The walls on both sides of the hallway are completely filled with bookcases. He has neatly stacked books on the floor as well.
- He walks outside to the spacious back courtyard. We can glimpse the slopping and modern angles and contours of the house behind him. Chickens roam the squawk around a large pen area. He reaches through the chickens and collects some eggs.
- We see him standing in his kitchen, drinking a cup of coffee. One entire wall of the kitchen is filled with a huge street map of Los Angeles. This is a collection of oversized pages from a plat book or ordinance survey that he has formed into a map. He has covered the map with a sheet of clear plastic. We see that he has written on the plastic with a grease pencil, dividing the city into eight sections. One section, marked "SECTOR A," the downtown area, has almost been completely and neatly blocked out with hundreds of tiny black X's. Little red, green and yellow marks denote various locations.
- He opens a smaller map and looks at it. This map shows the same downtown area, the same combination of X's.
- He dresses for the day. He pulls on a black Kevlar body suit that looks like a high-tech diving suit. He straps a diver's knife to one ankle. The suit is equipped with

a number of pockets and pouches with velcro flaps. He tucks the smaller map into one of the pouches.

- Then he is in his garage, climbing into an enormous Range Rover. In the garage we note a few gasoline and solar battery generators humming. We also see the vague outline of a few vehicles covered in tarps. Also his armory: a large, standing tool cabinet he has refitted. It contains a number of identical machine guns and a large stock of explosives.
- His Rover has been heavily modified to fit his needs. It resembles a jeep outfitted for safari. Jerry cans of gasoline are strapped to the top. Wire mesh and heavy iron bars have been added. Two spare tires. A high-powered hunting rifle is in place behind the driver's seat.
- He starts the engine and roars out of the garage. He speeds along his driveway to a towering, white wall with double doors of stern metal. He climbs out of the Rover and unlocks a number of locks and chains on the doors. He also pulls away a massive iron bolt like those on medieval castles. He swings the doors open and drives through.

As he pulls away down his driveway to the street we finally see the perspective and proportions of his chosen home.

The compound is high on a hill and white. An impenetrable concrete wall surrounds the entire estate. Neville has supplemented the wall with coils of razor-wire. Above the wall, we can see that the design of the house is modern and sleek.

But most striking are the solar collecting panels.

Almost the entire roof is taken up with slanting and shimmering photovoltaic panels that blaze in the sunlight. We also see a few three-blade wind power rotors spinning lazily.

"GIMME SHELTER" ends.

INT./ EXT. ROVER - HILLS - DAY

He pulls the Rover onto the street outside his compound and stops, the engine idling. He looks down a long, twisting road toward the city.

We note a picture of his wife, Virginia, fastened with a rubber band to the sun visor.

We also see a number of hatch marks drawn on the roof of the Rover above him. He has counted up to about forty of something.

He has a stopwatch dangling from the rearview mirror. He revs the powerful engine and then presses the start button on the stopwatch -- and he floors it --

The Rover explodes down the hill -- it is every driver's ultimate fantasy -- racing like crazy down a twisting, mountainous road at top speed -- no fear of opposing traffic -- Neville speeds from lane to lane, racing against the stopwatch, trying to beat his best time -- the Rover careens wildly around obstacles and hurtles through traffic lights and flies over hills -- Neville enjoys the wild adrenaline rush of pure speed -- he checks his time -- punches the gas -- faster --

An abandoned tank is ahead of him at the bottom of the hill.

In a final burst of speed he screeches past the tank -- he reaches up and stops the stopwatch -- he hollers and blows his horn in joy -- his best time yet.

In the tank, two nesting white cranes are disturbed by the horn -- they fly up from the tank's turret...

EXT. LOS ANGELES - AERIAL - DAY

We travel up with the cranes as they soar up from the turret, higher and higher...

Then we are sweeping with them above the city...

Neville's Rover disappears below and his horn echoes strangely in the silent city as we soar with the cranes...

This is our first shocking wide view of the empty city. It is a breathtaking vista of desolation and ruin.

Los Angeles is a necropolis.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Neville pulls to a stop in front of an office building and climbs out of the Rover.

At the top of the building a tall radio tower reaches up to the perfect blue sky.

When he leaves the Rover he always carries a machine gun with a high-powered flashlight clamped to the barrel. He also has a sidearm in a holster on his hip and the diver's knife strapped to his ankle.

He grabs a jerry can of gas from the Rover and goes into the office building...

INT. KTZY RADIO STATION - DAY

He emerges from the emergency stairway at the 46th floor. He has climbed all the way so he is sweating and panting a bit.

He goes down a dark corridor and enters the KTZY radio station.

A burst of sunlight. Many windows. The city outside.

Through the windows we can see that the station is at the top of the building. Neville has clearly been here before.

Boxes of electronic parts and technical manuals are piled everywhere around the room.

A large radio broadcasting panel is foremost. Neville has hooked this panel to five large gas generators. The generators are humming with life, lights on the panel are illuminated.

A reel-to-reel tape loop is running.

He switches on the speaker and his own voice fills the room:

NEVILLE (V.O.)
... tallest building downtown. You
can't miss it.

The loop repeats:

NEVILLE (V.O.)
This is Robert Neville. I am living
in Los Angeles. Rendezvous at the
plaza in front of the Branson
Building. I'll check every three
days at noon. If you can't wait
leave a sign. It's the tallest
building downtown. You can't miss
it.

The loop begins to repeat:

NEVILLE (V.O.)
This is Robert Neville. I am --

He switches the speaker off, satisfied, and then carefully begins filling the generators with gas.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Neville pulls to a stop by a gas station. He climbs out of the Rover.

He ignores the gas pumps themselves and finds the underground gas storage tank valve buried in the ground.

Neville unscrews the large valve and hauls it out. He picks up a pebble and tosses it into the underground gas tank. Down and down and down. He hears a metallic echo as it hits the bottom of the tank. Empty.

He removes the small map from the pouch on his suit and makes a mark at the location. Then he spray paints a large red fluorescent "X" on the gas pumps.

Across the street from the gas station is a bank. He walks toward it and enters...

INT. BANK - DAY

He glances around, dust and desolation. He passes the tellers' counters, desks and offices without a glance and immediately heads down an inactive escalator in the center of the bank.

As he descends he snaps on the flashlight affixed to his machine gun. The escalator leads down to the underground vault and hallways.

He steps from the escalator and is wading through debris, mostly paper, as he casts the beam from his machine gun light around him. He completely ignores the open vault and finds a door marked "MAINTENANCE." He opens the door and checks inside, smiles.

Inside is a shelf full of light bulbs. He takes an armful of light bulbs and wades out through the debris.

Only then do we realize that the paper he has been wading through is millions and millions of dollars -- a sea of cash.

EXT. BANK - STREET - DAY

He emerges from the bank, spray paints a large green

fluorescent "X" on the front of the building and then loads the light bulbs into the back of the Rover.

INT. ROVER - STREET - DAY

He drives for a bit, scanning left and right for anything promising.

Then he sees something. He suddenly jams on his brakes and the Rover screeches to a halt. He backs up quickly and grabs his machine gun. He stops the Rover and aims the gun out the window. We have no idea what he is aiming at.

He squeezes off a short burst from his machine gun -- a toy store window shatters -- he is blasting a huge stuffed, annoying, smiley Barney dinosaur to bits. He smiles and grabs a marker and draws another hatch mark above his head.

He continues on his way, whistling the mind-numbing Barney theme song.

EXT. STREET - DAY

He drives for a bit and then slows, peering forward.

The decaying hull of a huge Sikorsky helicopter is crashed on the street before him.

He hops out of the Rover and goes to the burnt out helicopter.

He peers inside. The charred, blackened remains of the two pilots are still strapped to their seats. He ignores the remains and roots around in the debris of the cabin. He finds an automatic pistol -- the plastic grip melted off. He checks the mechanism. It works. He takes it.

He is walking back to the Rover when he sees something.

He quickly runs to the Rover and reaches in, removes a pair of binoculars and peers through them:

About four blocks away, up a hill, he sees a herd of deer meandering through an intersection of a wide street.

INT./ EXT. ROVER - STREET - DAY

He is tearing through the streets -- spinning along at top speed, swerving around anything in his path -- he zooms around a corner to another street -- looking for a shortcut -- sees it --

A commercial plaza is ahead -- he shoots across the street -- bangs up over the curb and tears across the sidewalk -- sending the Rover flying down a bank of wide pedestrian steps -- he bounces and jolts down the stairs then spins across a courtyard --

Ahead of him is a large commercial building with huge plate glass windows -- he can see that the enormous lobby beyond the windows extends to the next street --

He speeds toward the plate glass windows -- closer, closer -- he yanks his machine gun up and reaches out the driver's window -- pointing it toward the glass --

At the last second before impact -- he FIRES -- a short burst that blasts the plate glass to dust -- he speeds through the shattered windows and into the lobby -- across the lobby, between banks of elevators -- he races toward the set of plate glass windows on the other side of the building -- blasts them and shoots through to the street --

He swerves up this street.

He slows as he nears the wide street the deer were on.

He unfastens the high-powered hunting rifle from behind him and holds it ready on his lap.

The Rover crawls the last few feet and finally creeps to the street...

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DOWNTOWN - DAY

And we see it all.

We see scorched palm trees and shattered buildings; a graveyard of cars and skeletons. We recognize the landmarks of the street and the deserted boulevard seems to stretch to infinity.

It is staggering.

Neville is at the intersection of Normandie and Wilshire, peering east. The moorish towers of the Wilshire Christian Church are directly to his left -- beyond that is the monolithic Equitable Building -- and then the Gaylord Building beyond that.

But Neville sees only the deer. They are congregating in front of the driveway leading to the old Ambassador Hotel and Coconut Grove Nightclub. They are lazily munching on the grass that has invaded the street from the sidewalk and broken through the asphalt.

The deer pay no mind to Neville, who is about two blocks away.

He cautiously opens his door, and very slowly, climbs out of the Rover.

Painted on an abandoned bus behind him is some graffiti from the apocalypse, huge red letters: HE IS COMING FOR YOU. DREAM FAST.

He raises the rifle and aims. Through his cross-hairs we can see the deer closely. He moves from deer to deer, finally centering on a 250 pound buck.

Above the deer there is a huge rotating billboard, build of triangular panels. The rotating billboard was constructed to turn to three different images. Currently it shows an image

of Michael Jordan running. It advertises a futuristic-looking athletic shoe: THE NIKE MILLENNIUM! COMING IN 2000!

But some of the decaying panels have rotated in the wind out of synch to the next image, so we see a strange mixture of Michael Jordan and the next image: a cheetah running.

Neville follows the buck in his cross-hairs. His finger tightens on the trigger --

Then, above the deer, one of the panels rotates in the breeze -- it clanks into a new position -- the buck immediately raises its head, alert -- Neville FIRES -- the sound of the shot echoes bizarrely in the dead city -- the buck lurches, only winged -- the rest of the herd scatters -- the wounded buck bolts --

The buck clatters down the driveway toward the Ambassador Hotel --

Neville leaps into the Rover and tears the two blocks -- spins right into the Ambassador driveway -- speeds down the driveway and screeches to a halt --

He jumps out and instantly raises his rifle following the buck, the consummate hunter --

The buck leaps in panic toward the entrance of the Ambassador --

Neville follows the buck -- he fires.

Neville lowers the rifle and approaches the buck cautiously. It is dead.

He hoists it up on his shoulders and carries it back to the Rover. He tosses it with a thud on the hood.

He quickly begins lashing it to the hood of the Rover with wire cable...

Later...

The deer carcass is now securely bound to the hood of the Rover. Neville leans against the Rover, gazing at the Ambassador.

He checks his watch, he checks the sun. Plenty of time. He decides to scavenge.

He grabs his machine gun and goes into the hotel...

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

He snaps on the flashlight affixed to his machine gun as he goes into the lobby. As he leaves the sunlight behind.

From the single light on Neville's gun this new world is eerie and immediately threatening. The rotting decor swallows him up and the serpentine swirls and alcoves of the lobby cast strange shadows as he proceeds.

He methodically swings his light back and forth as he makes his way through the hotel.

He doesn't pay much attention to anything here. He has a destination in mind...

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY

He goes through a service corridor and into the kitchen.

The kitchen is mayhem, as if a tornado has swept through the place. He searches under rubble, through food storage bins and pantries. Nothing he wants. Finally, he tosses aside some tables and finds --

A human skeleton. Stripped clean. He glances at it for a moment, then leans down. Beneath the skeleton he sees something. He pushes the skeleton aside and picks up something. It is a jar of honey. He smiles and puts the honey into a pouch on his body suit.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - COCOANUT GROVE - DAY

He enters the once grand Coconut Grove Nightclub.

He glances at the decaying movie star and celebrity portraits on the walls. He scavenges behind the bar. Nothing. He is about to step away from the bar when --

A sudden, inexplicable flash of green refracts off the machine gun light.

He crouches, reaches deeper behind the bar and pulls out... a single bottle of creme de menthe.

He looks at it. Creme de menthe?!

What the hell. He opens the bottle and takes swig. Grimaces.

He takes another brave swig of the noxious liqueur as he wanders around the Coconut Grove.

He stops before a portrait of John Wayne.

He toasts the Duke.

He carries the bottle of creme de menthe with him as he goes into...

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - BALLROOM - DAY

The cavernous ballroom is a startling testament to the decay of the world since the end.

Splendid wallpaper hangs in rotting shreds, heaps of trash pollute the corners, water trickles down from the disintegrating roof far above and splashes to the wooden dance floor.

Thick, tattered drapes keep out the sunlight.

He shines his machine gun light around quickly. Nothing useful here.

He is about to leave the ballroom when one of the heaps of garbage shifts --

He spins around -- dropping the bottle of creme de menthe -- every nerve instantly tensed -- his gun ready.

He steps cautiously toward the garbage.

It is not garbage at all.

It is two humanoid forms, huddled together, sleeping. From Neville's machine gun light we see that they are wrapped in rags and old clothing. Sheathed like Arab Bedouin tribesmen.

Neville steps back and raises his machine gun. Without a moment's hesitation he FIRES -- a terrific explosion of firepower -- deafening echoes cascade in the cavernous ballroom -- the flashes from the machine gun illuminate the things in a violent strobe as they writhe from the shots.

The devastating burst from his machine gun also illuminates Neville's face: stoic, business as usual.

The things are finally dead.

A sound behind Neville -- he spins -- A FRENZY OF VIOLENCE -- something is slashing -- at him -- toward him -- on him -- a flash of jagged claws, fingernails like talons -- primal snarl -- teeth like fangs --

Neville fires -- too late -- the thing smashes into him -- the gun goes flying -- Neville falls -- the thing is on him, impotently slashing at his Kevlar body suit -- Neville kicks the thing away -- it slams to a wall -- in the refracting light from the machine gun we sense that it is humanoid, very tall and impossibly fast -- Neville barely has time to pull his sidearm before the thing bounces up and is on him

again --

Neville strikes forward with his pistol and fires directly into the thing as it slashes at him -- the thing goes flying back -- Neville continues to fire -- panic --

Neville empties the pistol into the thing and keeps pulling the trigger -- click, click, click, click, click.

It is finally dead.

Neville immediately snatches up his machine gun and spins around -- he fires -- blasting the tattered curtains and windows to bits -- sunlight suddenly spills into the room.

He spins back and scans the ballroom in the sunlight. No more creatures. Thank God.

A tense beat.

Then he sits, sliding down a wall, his legs almost giving way under him.

He pants for air and wipes sweat from his face, unnerved by the unexpected encounter.

He reaches to one of the pouches of his body suit and tears open the velcro flap. He reaches into the pouch and withdraws a thin metal tube. His hands are shaking a bit. He unscrews the top of the metal tube and slides out... a cigar.

He lights the cigar with a Zippo.

He smokes the cigar, trying to calm himself as he gazes at the dead creatures.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Neville is making his way out of the hotel, pushing a fresh clip into his pistol.

He stops suddenly as soon as he can see through the front windows --

His Rover is overrun with dogs. They are large and feral and savage. A pack of about a dozen animals of differing breeds swarm over his Rover. They are tearing the deer carcass to pieces, ripping the flesh and meat away.

Neville is not unduly alarmed, he has been through this before...

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - DAY

He steps through the door and raises his pistol. He fires into the air.

The dogs turn.

He fires his pistol into the air again.

The dogs stop brutalizing the deer and just glare at him. They begin growling.

Neville quickly holsters his pistol and brings up his machine gun.

He cautiously steps toward the Rover. Now the beasts are growling, snarling and barking. Neville returns their fierce glare.

Neville prepares to fire the machine gun in the air when -- as if some secret signal were given -- they attack --

The largest dog leaps from the hood of the car toward Neville -- he FIRES -- the dog contorts in midair -- the others race at him -- Neville is forced to fire steadily -- bullets ricochet wildly off the asphalt and slam into some of the dogs -- one is almost on him, jaws wide -- Neville slams it to the side with his gun -- the others in the pack are pulling back -- but circling -- staying close --

Neville cautiously moves to the Rover -- spinning around to keep the dogs at bay -- they remain crouched, predatory --

He sees that one of the ricocheting shots from his gun has pierced the right front tire of the Rover. Damn. He checks the position of the sun. Damn. No time to change the tire. Not with the dogs.

The dogs are now beginning to creep closer, snarling.

Neville leaps into the Rover -- the dogs attack -- Neville just manages to slam the door -- a ferocious dog snarls and snaps at the window -- other dogs leap onto the hood -- Neville speeds off -- the dogs are tossed off the Rover -- they immediately race in pursuit --

INT./ EXT. ROVER - STREETS - DAY

He doesn't get far.

A pierced tire is quickly reduced to nothing as Neville tries to escape. He is driving on the rim -- sparks shoot up --

And the dogs remain close -- racing after the Rover and snarling -- blood drips from the savaged deer carcass on the hood -- the dogs follow the blood trail as Neville tears around corners --

A high-pitched electronic beeping inside the Rover -- Neville's wristwatch -- 4:30 -- the sun is going down!

The tire finally disintegrates and the Rover lurches forward -- the right front side slamming and scraping brutally along the street --

The Rover smashes to a halt. He has made it only about three blocks.

Neville immediately grabs his machine gun and the photo of Virginia from the visor and leaps out of the Rover.

Without a moment's hesitation he races away from the Rover on foot, sprinting like mad.

The dogs spin around a corner and swarm toward him --

But they go for the deer instead. They leap on the Rover and descend on the deer carcass like jackals on a dead gazelle.

EXT. STREET - SUNSET

Neville is running, flying through the empty streets.

But he runs smart: at an even cadence like a marathon runner, controlling his breathing.

But panic is a heartbeat away -- because the sun is truly sinking now. He checks the crimson glow of the sunset as he runs.

He stops for the briefest moment, panting -- he yanks his map out and quickly looks at it -- he scans his position, looks at the street signs around him trying to get his bearings --

He stuffs the map into a pouch again and takes off.

He is clearly heading somewhere.

We follow Neville's urgent journey as he pounds through the streets:

-- He swerves through alleys -- racing around garbage -- past abandoned cars -- casting his eyes around constantly, wary and alert, but not slowing down -- he takes any shortcut he can...

-- Every corner is threatening and each new street a potential nightmare, still he runs on relentlessly...

-- The streets he runs through are ominous; a perilous phantasmagoria of twisting debris that seems to reach for

him like skeletal fingers...

-- He tries to remain calm but panic is beginning to set in...

It is a race against time as the sun sinks, painting Neville's world red as blood.

His feet pound and echo in the dead city.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Strange animal sounds -- high-pitched barks punctuated with a low keening -- echo around the huge ballroom.

The ballroom is filled with figures. About fifty of them. In the refracting light of the moon through the windows we cannot see much of them, they are fully shrouded in Bedouin wrappings.

One of the figures quickly crouches on the floor of the ballroom.

The figure is strong, imperious. He is the leader of this band of creatures (who we will meet a bit later). We see practically nothing of them here, they are enigmatic shapes and forms.

The crouching figure tilts his head back and forth as he looks at the slaughtered remains of the three things Neville killed.

His talon-like fingernails are digging into the polished wood of the dance floor.

His nails rip long, jagged gashes in the wood --

SUDDENLY he raises his head and ROARS -- a terrifying primal screech -- and we see a FLASH of his eyes in the moonlight -- the eyes are almost feline -- the pupils are intense vertical slits, contracting and expanding strangely in the light --

The eyes are not human.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Neville runs around a corner to a street of apartment buildings. He is covered in sweat, panting.

He goes to a particular apartment building, goes to a side door, a service entrance.

Neville hauls some debris from around the door then quickly checks around the door frame. A thin layer of grease and dust has been applied, it has not been disturbed. He pulls a key from his body suit and unlocks the door. He goes inside and then, from the inside, pulls the debris against the door again and pulls it shut. He locks it from the inside now...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - BUILDING - NIGHT

At last Neville breathes a sigh of relief. Made it. Safe.

He rests for a moment, hands on his knees, catching his breath. Then he walks through the service corridor he is in and into the lobby.

It is quite impressive. This was clearly an old building that had been recently and lovingly renovated. A towering wrought-iron stairway climbs the levels around the central lobby area. Each floor of the building opens onto this central stairway and accompanying landings. An exposed iron elevator, now inactive leads all the way to the fifth floor.

Neville crosses the lobby with great caution, stepping over a few wires that cut across the lobby at calf level. He has clearly put these wires in place for some reason. Booby traps.

He climbs the grand staircase to about the third floor, then he jumps over a few steps on the way up. These have been booby trapped in some way as well.

Finally he reaches the fifth floor, the top. He goes to a particularly grand door. It is not locked. He enters...

INT. SAFE HOUSE - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Neville seems at home here. The antique and luxurious charms of the august penthouse still exist through the decay.

He lights a waiting candle inside the door and checks his domain. All the windows are tightly sealed with blackout drapes which are duct-taped to the walls. He goes to one window high in a corner and pulls aside a bit of drapery and opens the window. Fresh air.

He passes by a cache of weapons he has secreted here and goes into the kitchen. Canned and powdered food line the shelves along with much bottled water. A small camp stove sits on a counter.

He opens a door and looks into a vast wine cellar. He goes in and picks out a bottle of wine. He checks it, rotates it and returns it. He selects another. This will do.

He goes back into the living room, opening the bottle of wine and pouring a glass.

He sits at a desk and sips the wine. Some abandoned mail is on the desk before him. He aimlessly looks through the mail. Bills, mostly.

A series of framed photographs on the desk catch his eye. They show many generations of a single family; from formal, posed sepia pictures of European grandparents to modern snapshots of a rich family on a yacht. Father, mother, three kids. Happy.

Neville stares at the pictures.

EXT. ROVER - STREET - NIGHT

Meanwhile, the feral dogs are still tearing at the deer carcass on the disabled Rover. They snarl and fight for any remaining scraps.

Then they stop, suddenly alert, ears erect.

They glare into the darkness. Something is there, vague shapes, shifting and moving.

The dogs are nervous. They are crouching, tails down, heads swiveling, sniffing the air.

The predators are now the prey.

A huge alpha-male dog stands on the hood of the Rover and peers into the darkness. The forms around the dog are circling.

The forms stop circling. A tense beat...

Then the alpha-male slowly lowers his eyes, submissive behavior. He yelps, leaps off the Rover and races away into the night. All the other dogs follow, fleeing in panic.

One of the figures moves to the Rover. It is the leader of this band of creatures we saw in the Ambassador Hotel Ballroom.

He looks at the Rover and then raises his head, as if sniffing the air. His head tilting back and forth. He stops. Then he emits a high-pitched call and the creatures immediately take off --

They run in the direction Neville had escaped -- they run incredibly quickly -- long effortless strides -- the elegant grace of panthers --

The high-pitched call continues as they run and --

Suddenly, a large flock of starlings sweeps like a cloud above them and zooms into the night.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Neville is preparing. He smokes a cigar as he carries some of the cache of weapons from the penthouse to the roof. He leans three machine guns along the edge of the roof at various strategic points.

He pulls a tarp off some jerry cans of gasoline on the roof and sets these at various points along the edge as well. He loosens the caps on the jerry cans.

His own machine gun, as always is at his side.

As Neville prepares we note that an iron water tank on an old wooden frame looms over the roof.

Finally he is satisfied. Ready.

He stands in the darkness on the roof, smoking his cigar and gazing over the city.

In the full moon we can see the cityscape of Los Angeles everywhere around him. We see towering shapes and architectural silhouettes against the moon. The unique perverseness of this view is perhaps not apparent. And then we realize. There is not a single light on anywhere. The city is black.

Neville is taking in the desolation of the city when he sees something in the distance. Or thinks he does.

He immediately tosses down his cigar and grinds it under his boot. He peers into the night.

A strange, undulating shadow is sweeping through the night sky -- shifting and ebbing and flowing -- like a inky black cape cutting and billowing through the sky -- closer and closer to the building --

Neville raises a pair of night vision goggles and looks --

Suddenly he is surrounded by a huge flock of starlings -- the birds swirl around him -- they block out the full moon -- and then are gone, sweeping across the street -- they congregate on a building across from him.

Hundreds of them. Staring at him.

Neville watches them, disquieted. And then he hears it.

A chanting, a moaning, a whisper. Growing louder.

Neville cautiously moves to the edge of the roof and peers down the five stories.

The sound is louder now. A tribal chant, an otherworldly keening.

And then Neville sees them.

The Hemocytes.

This is our first extended look at them, and they are a striking sight. We see the band of about fifty, quickly moving down the street. Hunting. All wrapped in strange combinations of clothing -- bits and pieces of the past and the future collide. Some have totems or ornamentation supplementing their clothing. But all are swathed in a manner that somehow suggests again, a Bedouin tribe. Faces are covered in gauze or wrapped in strips of cloth and we cannot see much exposed skin anywhere.

And they are tall. Lean and muscular like Masai warriors.

None carries a weapon. They carry nothing.

And there is clearly a leader, a chieftain. The HEMOCYTE CACIQUE leads this tribe. He wears unique and grisly ornamentations of bone and skin. He is the imperious figure we saw before.

Neville immediately moves away from the edge of the roof so he cannot be seen.

He hears strange tribal chanting growing louder as they seem to pass his building. Then the chant recedes a bit and then stops abruptly.

Neville waits. No sound.

He carefully picks up the machine gun, goes to the edge of the roof and peeks down.

The Hemocytes have indeed passed his building by. But they are standing still, not moving. They seem to be awaiting instructions from the Cacique. All their backs are to Neville.

The Cacique's head is swaying back and forth in a peculiar way, as if he was trying to shake loose a particularly bad crick in his neck. This odd rhythmic motion is typical of all the Hemocytes, and particularly of the Cacique.

Neville watches as the Cacique raises his head, as if he is sniffing at the air.

What Neville does not realize is that his cigar is not quite out -- a thin stream of smoke floats up from a glowing ember --

Then -- too fast for any human being to move -- the Cacique swings his head around and he is staring straight at Neville -- sudden flash of the Cacique's eyes -- cat-like -- inhuman -- the pupils enormously large in the darkness --

Neville and the Cacique lock eyes.

Then, without a moment's hesitation, Neville raises the machine gun and opens fire -- a few Hemocytes are mowed down instantly -- they contort under the incredible firepower of Neville's gun -- slaughtered --

The Cacique jerks open his jaws and emits a high-pitched sound -- an inarticulate, animalistic screech -- ATTACK!

INT./ EXT. SAFE HOUSE - THE ASSAULT - NIGHT

Like a pack of feral creatures they face toward Neville's building and LEAP to the fire escapes on the front of the building -- they can leap well beyond anything human -- their talons grasp at the walls and masonry and fire escape, they scurry up the front of the building like insects -- amazingly fast --

Neville fires down on them with the machine gun --

Other Hemocytes fling themselves against the front of the building -- the front door is heavy wrought iron work -- they smash through the glass but cannot penetrate the iron -- their talons slash to get inside --

The Cacique remains standing on the street, observing his troops --

The Hemocytes climbing the fire escape suddenly discover they have nowhere to go -- Neville has cut off the fire escape two floors below his -- they roar and snarl in frustration and begin leaping up -- trying to find a hand hold anywhere --

On the roof above, Neville sprays bullets down and Hemocytes are slaughtered as they climb the front of the building -- they spin off the fire escape and fall to the street --

His machine gun is empty -- doesn't even think about reloading -- he grabs another machine gun from the edge of the roof and fires down --

Meanwhile, other Hemocytes are sniffing around the building, literally sniffing, following the scent of the prey -- they follow the scent to the side alley -- to Neville's secret entrance!

But the Hemocytes on the front of the building won't give up

-- Neville is amazed as they leap up from the truncated fire escape and begin climbing the walls -- grabbing onto window ledges and bits of molding -- tenacious --

He quickly opens one of the jerry cans of gasoline and pours it down -- igniting it with his Zippo -- the flaming gasoline thunders down on the Hemocytes, just like boiling oil from a medieval castle -- Hemocytes catch fire and fall in writhing, flaming heaps -- others continue to climb even as they are burning --

Neville takes down the last few climbing the front of the building -- then he sees the Hemocyte Cacique suddenly race from his position in the middle of the street to the side alley -- Neville quickly pursues him from around the edge of the roof and sees that they have discovered his secret entrance -- they are tearing at the wood of the door relentlessly with their talons and teeth --

Neville grabs a fresh machine gun and speeds down into the penthouse -- through the penthouse and to the landing -- he begins racing down the stairs --

Meanwhile, the Hemocytes tear through the door and pour into the building --

On the stairs:

Neville sees as they race into the lobby -- a TERRIFIC EXPLOSION as one of them hits Neville's trip-wire -- a Claymore mine sends hundred of ball-bearings blazing across the room -- cutting Hemocytes to pieces -- Neville slams to a halt on the stairs and opens fire -- his bullets smash down into Hemocytes and walls and furniture -- a chaos of fire power -- but still they come -- another Claymore explodes, more Hemocytes die -- they are now swarming up the stairs -- and leaping to the exposed elevator -- they climb the wrought iron of the elevator shaft like spiders, impossibly fast -- Neville fires at them but the bullets spark off the iron and ricochet wildly --

He spins around and fires down the stairway again -- trying to keep the Hemocytes back but it appears to be a losing battle --

A Hemocyte finally reaches Neville's booby trapped stair section -- the stairs collapse and the roaring Hemocyte falls to the lobby below -- the other Hemocytes simply leap over the missing stair section and continue up --

Neville retreats back up the stairway as he quickly rams a fresh clip into his machine gun --

Suddenly three Hemocytes are above and behind him -- they have scaled the elevator and are LEAPING DOWN ON HIM -- he slams one to the side with his gun, it flies over the staircase balcony and thuds to the lobby below -- he spins and fires at another -- it contorts and flies away -- the third is on him with flashing talons and compulsively snapping jaws -- he rams the machine gun into its jaws lengthwise and shoves it back, finally knocking it to the side -- it immediately bounces up as he spins the machine gun around and fires into it -- it explodes --

Other Hemocytes are racing up the stairs -- he spins back to them and fires as he retreats -- then the gun is EMPTY --

He instantly swings the machine gun around and uses it like a bat -- swinging it wide, like Davy Crockett at the Alamo -- he slams a Hemocyte off the stairs -- and another -- but the gun goes flying -- he snatches his pistol from its holster -- he fires as he turns and races up the stairs into the penthouse, absolute panic --

He bolts through the apartment, to the roof -- he has only a second -- the Hemocytes are racing through the apartment after him --

On the roof:

He grabs a jerry can of gas and tears off the top, and spins around -- spreading a line of gasoline in a full circle ten

feet around him -- the Hemocytes are now at the roof and racing toward him -- he snaps his Zippo open, and in one clean move, strikes it against his leg and tosses it on the gas --

An EXPLOSION OF FLAME AS THE GASOLINE IGNITES -- the Hemocytes recoil from the flames.

And Neville is trapped on the roof of the building inside a circle of flame.

Several of the Hemocytes try to leap through the flames -- they ignite immediately -- Neville shoots them with his pistol as the burning figures try to get to him.

Neville spins around, pistol ready. The Hemocytes circle the flames. Stand off.

A bizarre moment of calm within the frenzy.

Then Neville sees him, the Cacique.

In the roaring fire we can finally see a bit of a Hemocyte face through the clothing and Bedouin wrapping. We can see the Cacique's perverse cat's eyes and bit of skin. Except there is no skin. As if all the epidermal layers were removed -- we see the veins, tendons, viscera and muscles of the face. We don't see a lot. But what we do see is ghoulish.

Neville and the Hemocyte Cacique lock eyes through the flames. The Cacique's feline pupils expand and contract quickly in the flickering flame. Neville slowly raises his pistol, points it directly at the Cacique's face and pulls the trigger.

Click.

Out of bullets.

The Hemocyte Cacique slowly smiles, a gaping smile of

discolored teeth like fangs.

Neville instantly pops out the empty clip in his pistol and hurriedly hunts through a pouch in his body suit for another --

Meanwhile -- the Cacique suddenly snaps open his jaws and emits a high-pitched call --

Immediately the Hemocytes face away from Neville and leap headfirst over the edge of the roof and scale down the building like lightning, catching the fire escapes, ledges and windows as they go --

Neville finds a clip and shoves it into the pistol --

The Cacique gives Neville a final glare then leaps over the edge as well --

A beat.

They have given up the battle, retreated.

Neville is dumbfounded. Then he realizes.

Sunrise.

The first hints of dawn are just glowing over the rooftops.

Neville, however is still trapped in the ring of fire. And the whole roof is now beginning to blaze.

He quickly turns and aims up -- at the wooden frame of the water tank above the roof.

He squeezes off shot after shot at a wooden leg of the tank until, finally, the leg shatters and the tower collapses over --

A TORRENT OF WATER spills from the tank, it washes away everything in its path -- including Neville -- the deluge

ROARS him toward the edge of the roof -- he thrusts his hands out -- vainly trying to find a handhold -- no good. The water rushes him up and over the edge of the roof --

He falls in the deluge and CRASHES to the fire escape two stories below -- it collapses and falls to the fire escape below that -- and the fire escape is still burning -- Neville is burning as well --

With the last strength he has in him, he throws himself back off the fire escape -- through a window -- it shatters --

He lands in an abandoned apartment and rolls on the carpet -- putting out the flames that cling to him.

Finally he lies on his back, exhausted.

Robert Neville has survived another day.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOME - POOL - DAY

Trout are swimming peacefully.

Splash. Something dives past them, a swirl of bubbles.

It is Neville. The fish flit in eddies around him as he swims through them.

He surfaces.

He is in his swimming pool, which he has stocked with fish.

INT./ EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Now dressed in casual clothes, Neville attends to his needs.

He sweeps through the living room and presses a button on his stereo.

"LIFE DURING WARTIME" (LIVE, 1983 VERSION) by the Talking Heads plays as we see:

- Neville goes to his medical facility: a bedroom he has given over to any emergency medical needs he might have. Medical books line the shelves of the room. A refrigerator sits in a corner, attached to a humming gas generator and a solar power battery system. He plucks a bottle of iodine from a shelf and begins sterilizing some of his cuts and bruises.
- He checks his huge Los Angeles map in the kitchen and makes some marks on the plastic with a grease pencil. He has "SAFE HOUSE" written at the location of the downtown apartment building. He crosses the words out.
- He goes outside to the huge backyard of his estate and tosses down some feed for his chickens.
- He checks his vegetable garden. Nothing much growing now but he gently tests the soil for watering. Okay for now.
- He wanders through an orchard of fruit trees and checks the progress of his oranges and apples. He plucks off an apple and munches on it as he proceeds.

"LIFE DURING WARTIME" pauses for a moment as he goes into his garage...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

He stands before four large vehicles covered in tarps, munching the apple.

He pulls the tarp off the first vehicle. It is another Range Rover, identical to the other but not customized.

All the vehicles he looks at are up on blocks awaiting his ministrations.

He looks at the Rover. Nope.

He moves to the second vehicle. He pulls off the tarp. It

is a Toyota Land Cruiser.

Nope.

He moves to the third vehicle. He pulls off the tarp. It is a gorgeous, classic Bentley.

He shakes his head with a smile.

NEVILLE

Robert, what were you thinking...?

Nope.

He moves to the final vehicle and pulls off the tarp. It is a Hummer. Beautiful and black and invulnerable.

He looks at the Hummer and slowly smiles.

"LIFE DURING WARTIME" explodes again as he prepares the Hummer:

- He checks a fresh battery on a voltage meter and then installs it.
- He inserts new spark plugs.
- He fills the oil.
- He carefully checks and then puts on the tires.
- He checks all the gas and fluid lines and then fills the Hummer with gas and coolant. He has clearly become quite an expert on auto maintenance.
- Then the fun begins. He slides on a welding helmet and begins welding his "extras" to the Hummer: crash bars, metal grill work and a gun rack. As well as clamps to hold his extra jerry cans of gasoline and spare tires. He enjoys all of this very much.

-- He hooks on the jerry cans and spare tires. He fastens his hunting rifle inside.

Finally he lowers the Hummer and it waits. A moving fortress.

"LIFE DURING WARTIME" ends.

Neville gazes at the Hummer, delighted.

But he has forgotten one thing. The final and most important touch. He reaches into the Hummer and slides Virginia's picture onto the sun visor.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville is in his elaborate dining room, about to eat a dinner of trout. His place setting is surprisingly formal, he has fine linen, china and silver. A candelabra glows on the table.

It is an achingly lonely image.

A portable tape recorder is on the table near him. He presses "PLAY" and eats his dinner as:

FRENCH VOICE

(subtitled)

Good evening. Did you have a pleasant day today?

NEVILLE

(in quite good French/subtitled)

Busy. I went swimming and prepared a new vehicle. A big vehicle.

FRENCH VOICE

(subtitled)

That sounds charming. Did you meet any interesting people today?

NEVILLE

(in French/subtitled)

Yesterday. They're back. Haven't seen them for a few months. I have to be careful.

FRENCH VOICE

(subtitled)

Tell me about the interesting people you met, won't you?

NEVILLE

(in French/subtitled)

They are... sinister. They want to kill me.

FRENCH VOICE

(subtitled)

That sounds charming. What are you planning to do tomorrow?

NEVILLE

(in French/subtitled)

Stay alive.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville is standing at the picture windows of his living room holding a glass of cognac. He stares at the darkened skyline of Los Angeles in the distance.

And then, almost on impulse, he goes to the stereo unit and looks at a collection of about a dozen audio tapes. They are labeled: "VIRGINIA 1," "VIRGINIA 2," "VIRGINIA 3," etc.

Next to the cassette tapes is a framed picture of Virginia.

He selects "VIRGINIA 3" and puts it into the cassette deck.

An unsure beat.

Then he presses "PLAY."

His wife's voice fills the house:

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

-- suppose that's only natural. But I spend a lot of time looking back now. Probably way too sentimental, all this looking back --

(wryly)

-- but given the option...

Neville smiles.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

I remember the first time we met. Do you remember that?

NEVILLE

Yes.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

It was at Diane's party in Malibu and I had just broken up with Todd and I was loaded for bear, any man who had the nerve to come at me -- watch out. So you come sauntering in -- you know that saunter you do. That watch out, baby, here comes Mr. Smooth thing.

Neville smiles and moves to the window, taking a sip of cognac.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

And you're like this mountain cutting through the party and all the girls are whispering, "Ooo, who is that hunk o' man?"

(she laughs, as does

Neville)

So finally you work your way to me
and I'm all ice. So you turn on
the smooth thing and I finally say
"Look, Bob or Buck or whatever the
hell your name is, you're too
goddamn big and you scare me so
take that filthy cigar and go play
Bruce Willis somewhere else."

Neville laughs.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

And the look on your face! It was
like I kicked your puppy or
something! This wounded little boy
face on top of this glacier body...

A beat.

Neville's smile fades.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

I fell in love with you right then,
I think.

Virginia continues with some difficulty:

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

The funny thing is that I'm really
going to miss those damn cigars.
Sometimes when you're at work and I
-- now that I can't go out -- I
light one. One of your cigars. I
bet you don't know that...

Neville, moved, leans his forehead against the glass of the
window overlooking the silent city.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

And...I just let it burn down.

Because it makes me think of you.
And all I want to do is think of
you.

Neville is leaning against the window, utter despair.

NEVILLE

All I want to do is think of you.

Silence...

EXT. WIDE STREET - NIGHT

Silence...

The Cacique is poised on all fours, every muscle tensed.

A band of about twenty Hemocytes are with him. They are
stalking something.

The Cacique leads them as they move forward like a pack of
predatory lions, inch by inch, almost imperceptible movement,
their eyes burning toward the prey.

A band of wild horses is slowly meandering down the street.

IN A FLASH -- the Hemocytes attack -- the horses stampede in
panic -- exactly like a herd of gazelle being chased by a
pack of lions --

A terrifying flash of the Hemocytes' speed and agility as
they sprint alongside the horses at incredible speed --
occasionally striking at a slower or vulnerable horse.

An orgy of violence as the Hemocytes feast on the blood and
flesh of the horses -- some still alive --

The Cacique buries himself in the carcass of a horse in a
feeding frenzy --

Another Hemocyte crouches and watches him feed. Beneath its

Bedouin wrappings we note a antique silver locket hanging around its neck. This is not completely bizarre as many of the Hemocytes have odd personal tokens or ornamentations on them.

At last the Hemocyte with the locket slowly creeps forward on all fours -- wary -- and buries itself in the carcass alongside the Cacique --

The Cacique snarls and swats the Hemocyte away brutally -- it flies away and bounces up --

It squats for a moment, its head tilting back and forth, gazing at the kill.

Again it creeps forward -- only now with its head down, eyes averted, very submissive -- this time the Cacique shifts away slightly and allows it to feed next to him.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARDEN - MORNING

Neville is captured in the red glow of morning as he tends to his vegetable garden.

He is wearing only shorts and his perfect body glistens in sweat as he hoes the garden.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - TERRACE - DAY

Unusually threatening black storm clouds are gathering over the city.

Neville, now dressed in one of the black body suits, is on the terrace outside his living room.

On the terrace he has a series of military telescopes of various dimensions. He is peering through the largest.

We see the view through the telescope as he focuses, digital range-finding numbers snap along the edge of his view.

He scans the city. Finally settling on the tallest building downtown, the (fictional) Branson Building.

EXT. BRANSON BUILDING PLAZA - DAY

It is raining. Driving, violent rain.

Neville is in the Hummer, nearing the Branson Building, but he is wary.

He slowly cruises down the street, keeping an eye out for the Hemocytes. For anything.

As he patrols the area we hear one of Virginia's tapes:

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

No one really knows. That's why we're all so scared. We're lost, you see? This thing is killing everyone and we have no idea where to go or what to do. We've just been... abandoned... haven't we?

He slowly passes by the plaza in front of the Branson Building. He checks it out as he cruises past. Through the steady rain we see a large forecourt and some overgrown lawns and a child's playground.

Neville doesn't see anything alarming but is always careful.

He continues around a corner, past a store directly across from the plaza.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

But at least I'm going as I am, or as I was. Those others, the mutations, the suffering they must be going through, God, that must be awful. Like their blood is betraying them.

EXT. STORE - ALLEY - DAY

He pulls the Hummer into the alley behind the store and stops. He grabs his machine gun and leaves the Hummer.

He goes into the back entrance of the store...

INT. STORE - DAY

It is his usual procedure as he makes his way through the store and up some stairs.

At last he is on the second floor of the building. Tendrils or wire, insulation and electrical cable hang down. It is a jungle of debris.

The rain pours in from the collapsing and decaying ceiling.

Neville moves to a window directly across from the Branson Building plaza. It is an ideal vantage point to view the whole plaza.

He carefully studies the plaza through binoculars. Rain water trickles over him from the rotting roof above.

But he takes his time. He is smart.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

I wonder if we should leave town.
Seems like everyone else is going.
We could stay with my sister in the
mountains, I guess.

Then he stops scanning with the binoculars -- sees something --

A single black starling is sitting on the jungle gym of the playground.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

But what good would that do?

Nowhere's safe anymore. We can't...
escape.

The starling takes off.

Neville continues to carefully scan the plaza.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

Maybe you're right. Let's just...
stay here. It's our home. And I
want to die in my own home.

Finally, Neville is satisfied.

He turns to head downstairs --

CRASH -- the sodden floor completely collapses beneath him --
he falls headfirst toward the first floor below -- but he is
brutally jerked to a halt -- he swings forward and smashes
through the plate glass window of the first floor -- he is
hanging upside down -- dangling from one leg -- one foot is
trapped in cables and debris above --

He is unconscious, hanging in the store window like a side of
beef on display.

Quick snap to black.

Then we hear a steady, insistent buzzing...

We fade up to...

EXT. BRANSON BUILDING PLAZA - NIGHT

The rain has stopped.

Two Hemocytes are drinking from a tiny pool of fetid rain
water on the plaza.

They crouch on all fours and lap at the water like cats.

Then they become aware of the strange, electronic buzzing.

They go to investigate...

INT. STORE - NIGHT

Blood.

We see a pool of blood forming on the floor... we travel up... we see Neville's dangling hand, dripping blood... his watch, the alarm buzzer sounding.

Neville jerks awake --

It is night!

He twists in panic, still hanging down from one leg, the cable and debris are cutting into his ankle and blood is streaming along his leg.

He slaps the alarm buzzer off and jerks back and forth --

And then he sees them --

Through the shattered shop window he sees the two Hemocytes moving across the plaza toward him --

In blind panic, Neville tries to pull himself up -- tries to get free from the debris that imprisons his leg -- can't -- he keeps checking back at the approaching Hemocytes --

Neville gives up on getting free -- no time -- and pulls out his pistol -- but his hand is wet with blood -- the pistol slips from his grasp -- in panic he snatches at it -- it is just beyond his fingers -- can't reach it --

The Hemocytes are nearing --

At last Neville hunches up and grabs the diver's knife strapped to his ankle -- he turns the blade in toward his wrist, hiding it -- and lets himself dangle.

He is playing dead.

The Hemocytes slowly approach, tilting their heads, curious.

Neville does not move.

They finally see him from across the street and stop. Then they move toward him, their jaws compulsively opening and closing wide in silent communication.

Neville does not move.

At last they are almost right upon him.

Neville does not move.

They stop before him. They slowly lean toward him -- inches away -- their terrible jaws opening and closing --

Neville does not move.

One reaches out and touches him --

An EXPLOSION of action -- Neville brutally slashes the knife up -- disemboweling one of the Hemocytes with a single stroke --

But the knife goes flying --

The other Hemocyte ROARS and SLASHES at him -- Neville defends himself as best he can from his upside down position -- he strikes out and flails with his arms and one free leg -- he spins around in the assault -- views of the feral attack when he is facing the Hemocyte --

Finally, with one strategic kick he sends the Hemocyte flying back -- it SLAMS against a wall and slumps for a moment -- dazed --

Neville immediately hunches up and with one incredible burst

of strength TEARS his ankle from the debris -- he falls
hard --

He quickly spins to the Hemocyte -- the Hemocyte is almost
up, almost ready to attack again --

Neville snatches up his pistol and FIRES --

The Hemocyte is dead.

Neville shoves the pistol into the holster and quickly rises
-- gasps -- almost collapses again -- his ankle is in
torment --

He limps rapidly through the darkened store, lurches out the
back door --

EXT. STORE - ALLEY - NIGHT

Right into another Hemocyte --

It is at the Hummer, peering in --

It spins and FLIES across the alley at him -- so amazingly
fast -- no time to draw his pistol --

Instinctively -- Neville punches forward -- AN ENORMOUS PUNCH
-- the Hemocyte collides right into his fist -- it's own
momentum defeating it.

And it is down and out.

He quickly pulls his pistol and aims it at the creature.

He stops. He doesn't shoot.

A beat.

He can see something on the Hemocyte. He leans down.
Through the rags and wrapping he sees an antique silver
locket glinting.

He looks at it for an unsure second and then leans down and yanks the locket away. He opens it and looks inside.

We do not see what is inside the locket, but Neville's usually stoic face betrays a quick flash of emotion.

INT./ EXT. HUMMER - STREETS - NIGHT

Neville races for home.

Even with his headlights the absolute darkness makes driving extremely treacherous. He takes familiar routes but the black city is dangerous. He slams off of cars and uses his Hummer like a battering ram as he jams his foot down on the gas pedal. Blood is beginning to pool on the floorboards from his ankle wound.

His headlights briefly illuminate the eyes of another pack of feral dogs as he zooms past.

Behind him, in the cargo area, is the unconscious Hemocyte. Neville has bound it tightly with wire cable.

He spins around a corner and slams on the brakes. The Hummer slides to an abrupt stop.

Hemocytes are everywhere on this street. As one they turn and stare at the Hummer -- the headlights are strong on the vehicle so they shield their eyes -- we see wildly dilating and expanding pupils -- the barbarous keening begins --

Neville shoves the Hummer into reverse and races back wildly -- too fast -- he slams into some wreckage -- the Hemocytes are swarming toward him -- Neville jams the Hummer into gear again and quickly swerves forward into a tight alley -- too tight --

The Hummer slams into the alley walls -- slashing off the side mirrors and sending sparks flying --

Hemocytes are now speeding around the corner of the alley after him -- and the end of the alley is blocked! An abandoned garbage truck is wedged in the end of the alley -- totally blocking the way out -- he is trapped.

Neville slams the Hummer to a stop -- there is a sudden frenzy of movement from right behind him in the Hummer -- the captured Hemocyte is awake.

It writhes against the wire restraints and its jaw snaps compulsively -- like a Mako shark trapped in an elevator, it wriggles and snaps -- now on its knees -- trying to get to him with horrific strength and violence --

Neville slams the Hummer into reverse and FLOORS IT -- straight back at the pursuing Hemocytes -- the Hemocyte in the cargo area catapults forward -- into the front passenger area -- snapping at Neville's head -- he punches at it blindly with one arm as he roars backwards down the alley -- now truly smashing off walls in his desperate backwards race --

He slams into dozens of Hemocytes -- sending them flying or grinding them under the Hummer -- others are faster and leap out of the way, strange superhuman leaps --

He spins the Hummer out of the alley and floors it down the street --

The snarling thing beside him in the Hummer is in a frenzy -- jaws flashing -- he punches at it -- it sinks its teeth into the forearm of his body suit --

But the Kevlar armor protects him -- he doesn't feel the teeth but the power of the jaws is incredible --

Hemocytes on the outside are now leaping for the Hummer as it barrels through them -- three manage to cling onto the vehicle -- two are on the hood, scratching and pounding at the front windshield, blocking Neville's view -- the other clings to the driver's door and slams at the window --

Neville yanks his arm free from the Hemocyte beside him and quickly pulls his pistol -- he swings it brutally knocking the Hemocyte out --

Meanwhile, he is still flooring it, racing ahead blind -- can't see past the Hemocytes on the hood -- the Hummer slams into and over some cars -- the Hemocyte on the driver's door is violently torn off as the Hummer sweeps past a building --

Neville manages to get the Hummer back to the street -- slamming aside cars, phone booths, parking meters and Hemocytes as he goes -- the two Hemocytes on the hood are still pounding, scratching and biting at the glass --

Neville jams the pistol to the glass and fires twice -- deafening echoes -- blood splatters and the Hemocytes fly off the hood -- two clean holes in the window.

Ahead, Neville sees the Cacique standing in the middle of the road, glaring at him --

Neville floors the Hummer -- right at the Cacique -- relentless -- they lock eyes as the Hummer bears down on the Cacique -- at the last second, the Cacique VAULTS forward -- over the Hummer -- the vehicle flies past beneath him -- the Cacique lands gracefully and spins around.

Neville races away, leaving the Cacique behind.

The Cacique stands in the carnage. His head tilts this way and that, watching the Hummer escape. Watching it head up to the hills.

Then he turns to his followers. Many have been killed. He sees other Hemocytes leaping on them and devouring the corpses.

He turns back to watch Neville's retreating Hummer then throws his head back in a ferocious bellow of primal anger.

INT./ EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Neville pulls the Hummer in and leaps out.

He yanks out the still unconscious Hemocyte and drags it quickly into the house...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - NIGHT

He drags the Hemocyte in and dumps it.

The racquet ball court in the house is large. The wall with the entrance door is entirely plexiglass. Above that wall is an upper observation area for spectators to watch the game. The upper area has plexiglass windows that can be opened to allow direct access to the court below.

Moonlight streams in from a huge skylight above.

He immediately leaves the court and slams the door in the plexiglass wall shut.

A quick sequence -- we see him rooting around a work bench in the garage for a tool box and some hardware -- we see him welding locks and bolts into place on the racquet ball court door -- the work makes him sweat, he strips off the top of his body suit -- always keeping an eye on the inert Hemocyte -- at last he is satisfied.

It is locked in. Secure.

He looks in at the Hemocyte, still unconscious.

The wire he used to bind the creature is cutting into it, blood trickles from the wounds where the wire has cut through the clothing and into the Hemocyte's "skin."

He takes a pair of wire clippers from his tool box, steps into the court and goes to the unconscious Hemocyte. He snips the wire -- FULL ATTACK! -- the Hemocyte spins in an instant and slashes at him -- a deep cut along one of

Neville's forearms -- blood sprays along one wall of the court -- he races out of the court -- the Hemocyte bounds after him -- almost on him --

But it goes for the blood instead --

Neville slams the door shut and locks it as the Hemocyte attacks the wall -- it laps and sucks at the blood -- devouring every trace of Neville's blood --

He watches, stunned.

Then the Hemocyte suddenly turns and flings itself toward the plexiglass wall -- it slams into the wall -- the face wrappings tear off a bit -- the gruesome visage is pressed to the glass, the shifting feline eyes blazing -- it gnaws and scratches -- trying to get to him.

The plexiglass recoils and quavers from the impacts but it holds.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

The refrigerator in the medical room is open.

This is Neville's only refrigeration and precious. Inside is a collection of drugs and a dozen pouches of blood. His blood, in case of emergency. Each pouch contains about a pint.

He has also stored a collection of different batteries in the fridge. And a few bottles of expensive vodka.

He removes an ampule from the fridge and fills a syringe. He injects himself, a tetanus shot.

He returns the ampule and takes out a bottle of vodka. He kicks the fridge shut and takes a slug of vodka.

He is going to need it.

He carefully sanitizes the wound on his forearm with some antiseptic and then, after another swig of vodka, begins putting in stitches.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - NIGHT

The Hemocyte is wild. As if going through some terrible drug withdrawal. It prowls the racquet ball court and quivers and shakes.

Neville, his forearm now bandaged in gauze, watches from the observation area above as it stalks the court. He occasionally takes a sip from the vodka bottle.

It finally senses him and spins into a FEROCIOUS LEAP to get at him -- its talons reach up and it batters itself in the attempts -- it can jump an unnaturally long way, but not far enough -- it growls and howls in frustration.

Neville watches as the Hemocyte stalks the court.

He takes a swig of vodka and leaves.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Neville is preparing his dinner, cutting up a roast chicken.

A radio on the counter plays:

NEVILLE (V.O.)
-- living in Los Angeles.
Rendezvous at the plaza in front of
the Branson Building. I'll check
every three days at noon...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - NIGHT

Neville is munching on a bit of chicken, watching the creature.

It crouches in a corner, still shivering and quaking a bit,

glaring up at him.

He tosses a bit of chicken down to the court.

The Hemocyte instantly sweeps across the court and sniffs at the chicken.

It turns and moves back to the corner, rejecting the food.

Neville looks down, thinking...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL ROOM - NIGHT

Neville retrieves one of his blood pouches from the fridge...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - NIGHT

Neville tosses the blood pouch into the court.

The Hemocyte leaps on it and races to a corner. It tears open the blood pouch with its teeth and feeds.

Neville watches as the blood calms the creature.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Neville is in the study in his house, a room we have not seen. Stacks and stacks of old newspapers and magazines fill every corner of the room.

Neville is hunting through a mountain of old magazines. He flips through them, looking for something.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville is reading an old NEWSWEEK magazine. The date is January 13, 1999. The decaying cover shows a picture of an early Hemocyte mutation -- not horrific yet, but not entirely human either -- with the headline: AB BLOOD. OUR ONLY HOPE AGAINST THE VIRUS?

He is reading a long article. We see flashes of the text, references to: "... blood mutation..." and "... immunity to the virus..." and "... extreme sensitivity to UV light..." and "... epidermal layers shedding..." and "... brain functions affected..."

We also see bits of NEWSWEEK graphics showing the circulatory system and skin layers as well as blood group charts (AB blood is only 5 percent of the world population.)

He closes the magazine, it is late and time for bed.

He decides to check on the Hemocyte one last time. He descends a stairway and disappears down some corridors...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - NIGHT

He creeps to the upper observation level and peeks down, not wanting the creature to see him.

What he sees is amazing. And then astounding.

The Hemocyte is crouched in the corner, facing the wall.

It has pulled off a good deal of its clothing and Bedouin wrappings. We see more of the eerie flesh-less body, the veins, arteries and muscles. We even see some skeletal structure through the viscous outer layers.

From behind it is incredibly lean and muscular. We literally see the muscles working on the arms and back as it pulls at its face coverings.

But there is something else about the figure.

The Hemocyte slowly turns its head to Neville.

Although the skeleton frame is almost sexless there is something about the contours of the "face" -- the high cheekbones and large eyes. There is a certain graceful, even elegant quality to it.

It is a woman.

NEVILLE

(quietly)

My God...

She stares up at him. Not threatening. Not feral. If anything, quietly defiant.

NEVILLE

Can you understand me?

The Hemocyte Woman tilts her head back and forth, her jaws working slowly but compulsively.

NEVILLE

What is your name?

The Hemocyte Woman suddenly stands -- faster than any human could move -- but she does not attack. She is very tall.

Then she quickly turns back to her corner and covers her head in her hands, her talons rapping insistently on her clean, hairless skull.

It has been a long day, Neville is weary. He turns out the court lights and leaves.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Neville is shocked from sleep by fearful howling --

He leaps up and races to --

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - MORNING

The Hemocyte Woman is cowering in a corner of the court, snarling and letting out excruciating cries. She covers her eyes.

A bright slash of morning sunlight is cutting across the court from the skylight.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - ROOF - DAY

Neville is on the roof, nailing a thick tarp in place over the skylight.

Below, the Hemocyte Woman watches from a dark corner as Neville blocks out the painful sunlight.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - DAY

Neville, now dressed in one of his body suits, stands on the upper observation area.

The Hemocyte Woman, now comfortably in the darkened court, is sitting in the corner.

She is looking up at him. Always wary. But something else as well. Appreciative. Curious.

A breakthrough.

She is beginning to trust him, although the edge of quiet defiance and resentment continues.

Meanwhile, Neville has filled a small plastic container with some blood.

He carefully lowers the plastic container of blood down to the court on a string.

She looks at it -- she does not attack -- she looks back at him.

NEVILLE
(gently)
Go ahead...

She looks back to the container and then slowly creeps

forward, on all fours like a spider. She is unused to having her food in such an odd form.

She sniffs at the container -- darts her tongue in -- and then quickly turns away from him and drains the blood -- licking out every drop.

Neville pulls the container up again.

She looks up at him.

NEVILLE
What is your name?

She does not respond.

He switches out the light and leaves his pet to the comforting darkness.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Neville is hunting for books in a cavernous, echoing library.

We see that he has totally rearmed: a fresh machine gun, pistol and diver's knife.

He is scanning the spines of books on biology and medicine with his machine gun light. He is particularly interested in books on blood, transfusions and immunology.

He selects a few books.

He hears a scuttling sound -- and quickly spins the machine gun light around -- a rat is scampering along the checkout counter.

A sign on the counter: QUIET PLEASE. NO TALKING.

He smiles ruefully.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Neville emerges from the library with a collection of books and jumps into the Hummer. Speeds off...

INT. HIGH BUILDING - DAY

But Neville is being observed.

High in a nearby building, the Cacique is watching him intently from the shadows.

He watches as Neville roars away up a long street leading to the hills.

Then the Cacique steps into the sunlight so he can watch Neville's route -- his movement disturbs a roost of nesting starlings who flutter about -- the sunlight is painful -- the Cacique's "skin" immediately begins to discolor -- no vampire-like burning and scorching but the pigmentation begins mutating horribly -- the Cacique quivers and then shakes -- he follows the Hummer with his eyes as far as he can -- bearing the pain as long as he can --

Finally, he steps back into the shadows, panting.

The birds are still fluttering around him. A beat as he watches them.

Then he holds out his arms.

The birds swirl and land on his arms. He brings one arm close. He looks at the birds closely. We fully expect him to devour a particularly unlucky starling.

Instead he keens to them lightly.

And they suddenly soar away in a great mass into the sky.

Following Neville.

Then we hear a strange, tormented howling. It carries

into...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - ABOVE - DAY

It is as if the Hemocyte Woman were burning alive from the inside. She writhes and twists around the court in some sort of violent seizure. She slams into walls and into the plexiglass door in a grotesque and unnatural way, her whole body vibrating.

She has seemingly no control over the fire burning inside her body.

It is agonizing to witness.

Neville watches from above with concern.

The Hemocyte Woman is letting out a frightful sound -- an inarticulate moan punctuated by savage howls -- a jumble of sounds -- almost like words -- she snaps her jaw as if fighting with them -- her throat muscles work crazily.

And there is something different about her.

Her movements are somehow less Hemocyte -- less feline or insect-like -- they are somehow more human. The rhythmic head tilting and unnatural gaping jaw movement are almost gone.

And her "skin" is glistening as if a patina of sweat or translucent material was covering her.

Neville runs to his medical room and grabs a pouch of blood from the fridge. He races back to the observation deck and tosses the blood down into the court.

The Hemocyte Woman leaps on it and tears it open -- she turns her back and begins drinking the blood eagerly -- but then she suddenly flings it away from her and retreats to a corner of the court -- the moaning and strange transmutation continuing.

The blood pouch remains, unfinished.

Neville stares at the blood pouch. His blood is doing this. It is hurting her. It is changing her.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - NIGHT

Neville sits right outside the court at the plexiglass wall, watching the Hemocyte.

He has dimmed the lights for her comfort.

The Hemocyte Woman is crouched in a darkened far corner, watching him. She is quiet. The terrible fits are over for a moment.

Across the court the blood pouch is now empty, by now she has drained it.

He watches with fascination as she stands and slowly moves toward him, her eyes averted. Very cautious.

Then she swiftly crouches right against the glass, her back to him, but near. A demonstration of trust?

On an impulse he reaches into a pocket and removes his Zippo.

He lights it. She turns. Face to face. Inches away, only separated by the plexiglass.

A stunning moment of realization.

Her eyes are now much closer to human than traditional Hemocyte feline.

He carefully eases up the dimmer on the court lights.

She does not seem unduly uncomfortable in the light.

He stares at her in amazement.

The translucent patina covering her veins, arteries and muscles is congealing a bit. It is forming into some sort of skin, a pigmentation making her easier to look at, less monstrous.

His blood is triggering some chemical/biological mutation. She is becoming something more human.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - NIGHT

Neville is now sitting on a chair inside the court.

He wears one of his body suits and his pistol rests on his knee. Not taking any chances.

A bottle of wine and a wine glass are at his side.

As importantly, the court itself looks different.

Neville has filled the court with things from around the house. A few chairs, books, knickknacks, towels, plastic utensils, clothes.

He is trying to stir her memories.

She stands against a wall, ignoring everything, looking at him. Her animal ferociousness is almost gone.

By now the skin-like patina is covering the Hemocyte Woman completely. It glistens in wet transparency and we can barely see the bones and viscera beneath.

Her "skin" is forming into a chalky, albino-like hue.

Silence.

NEVILLE
(very gently)
What is your name?

She peers at him.

NEVILLE

What is your name?

She tries to speak -- it is difficult -- disjointed syllables are all she can manage. The rudiments of language, garbled and hard. Or it could be that language is impossible for her and she is just echoing sounds.

NEVILLE

What is your name?

She tries -- it is as if language is just beyond her reach -- as if she can't quite remember -- her mouth works back and forth trying to form something.

Nothing but eerie sounds emerge.

She slowly steps toward him. He is wary. His hand tightens on the pistol, but otherwise he remains absolutely still.

She stands over him for a moment.

Then she quickly snatches up the wine bottle. She holds it to her breast -- possessive -- and retreats into a corner.

Neville rises and steps toward her.

He holds out his hand.

NEVILLE

(gently)

Mine... Mine.

She clutches the bottle closer.

He instinctively understands the complex roles of dominance and submission of the animal world. He drops his eyes and backs away.

He stands across the court, eyes down.

A beat as she gazes at him.

Then she slowly steps forward and sets the wine bottle before him.

She backs away.

He picks up the wine bottle.

NEVILLE

Thank you.

He takes the bottle and wine glass and leaves the court. He carefully locks the door. He glances back to her. Her expression is one of cold resentment as he dims the lights.

He goes.

She stands for a moment and then kneels -- not crouches -- by the clothes.

She touches the clothes. It is as if she is trying to remember some long lost dream. She picks up a bathrobe and very gently feels along the contours of the piece. Tactile memories stirring.

And she begins making a sound. A soft, repetitive sing-song sound. Just the barest hints of structure -- of musical tones.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Neville is in his kitchen, cutting up some vegetables for dinner.

He stops cutting and just stands. He has not been this lonely for years. Having the Hemocyte Woman so close and yet so far is terrible.

Then he hears a strange whispering sound. Ghostly.

He quickly goes into the living room and dims the lights. He steps to the windows and stares into the darkness --

He leaps back in shock --

The picture windows are covered with thousands upon thousands of the starlings fluttering against the glass.

He can barely see anything through the fluttering mass of birds. A shifting cloak of frenzied black feathers.

The starlings are not attacking the house exactly. It is more as if they are scouting, looking, trying to find a way in. Reconnaissance.

And then -- as if some silent signal were given -- the starlings are suddenly gone, sweeping away in a great, black cloud.

Neville stands for a moment... stunned.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - DAY

Neville hands the plastic container of blood to her.

She is now dressed, somewhat haphazardly, in the bathrobe. She takes the blood very calmly. There is almost a trace of sadness, or shame in her eyes as she turns away and drinks.

She always turns away from him to feed.

The mutation is almost complete. She is as human looking as she will ever be: no hair, unusual albino-like skin. We can still see the hints and shadows of blue veins around the corners of her face. In a way, she is beautiful. Sleek, tall and limber.

She hands the container back to him.

He is about to leave when she makes a sharp sound. He stops.

She very slowly moves to him. He is cautious but stands without moving a muscle.

She slowly reaches toward him -- he does not move. She gently feels along the contours of his face with her talon-like nails.

His demonstration of trust is extraordinary as her nails trace along his skin.

Her expression is absolutely neutral.

INT. SOUND STAGE - NIGHT

The Cacique, amazingly, seems to be crouching in a Victorian parlor.

He is shifting back and forth on his haunches and twisting his head back and forth, faster and faster -- very strange -- a low rumble is building within him -- his intense energy mounting --

We pull back and realize that the Cacique is not in a Victorian parlor at all, he is on a movie set.

We keep pulling back and see the Victorian parlor set is in the midst of a vast and decaying sound stage. Scaffolding climb the walls and cables hang down everywhere.

Decimated animal carcasses, some hanging from the scaffolding pollute the place. It is a enormous, echoing charnel house.

About fifty Hemocyte are gathered, watching the Cacique eagerly, rabidly.

They are the HEMOCYTE WARRIORS -- the tallest, strongest and most fervent of the tribe. They wear unique and grisly ornamentations of bone and skin.

The Cacique's low rumble is building -- building -- his head snapping back and forth faster and faster --

The Hemocyte Warriors share his growing passion -- they shift back and forth -- they rend at their own flesh and beat at their heads -- they slam their hands on the floor in a building, percussive frenzy -- they leap around the scaffolding with increasingly hysterical physicality --

The building animal energy is mounting to an explosion --

Finally the Cacique vaults to his feet -- ROARS -- the Warriors respond -- a ferocious, violent cacophony thunders around the cavernous sound stage --

It is a terrifying, feral burst of absolutely maniacal zealotry.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - MEDICAL ROOM - DAY

Neville is carefully pouring some blood from one of his pouches into the plastic container. Although he has tried to replenish his blood stock, he is down to three pint pouches.

He tries not to think about that as he closes the refrigerator and goes...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - DAY

The Hemocyte Woman is standing in a corner, waiting for him.

He unlocks the door and enters.

HEMOCYTE WOMAN

My -- name --

Neville freezes, stunned.

She struggles for more words.

HEMOCYTE WOMAN

Is -- Emma.

The words came out oddly and strained, but intelligible. She braces herself and tries again.

EMMA

My name -- is -- Emma.

A pause.

NEVILLE

My name is Robert.

A beat.

Then he slowly and carefully extends a hand, offering a handshake, offering contact.

NEVILLE

Robert.

She does not take his hand.

A beat. He withdraws his hand.

She looks down at the container of blood. He hands it to her.

She takes the container from him and turns her back, quickly draining the blood.

Her back remains turned to him as:

EMMA

You -- think I am -- I'm --
(she shakes her head
violently)
-- an animal.

NEVILLE

No.

She turns to him, defiant.

EMMA

You lie -- like a human.

Appropriate music over a quick sequence as we see Emma practicing speaking with Neville:

- They never leave the court. She stalks around like a caged tigress.
- She now interacts with the things he has put in the court as they talk. Speech is coming back to her in a great wave.
- Then Neville paces as she sits, he is excited to be speaking again after so long.
- They converse continually. Her speech rapidly improving.
- Day passes to night. The glow of the sun on the tarp-covered skylight disappears. Night passes to day. The sun glows on the tarp above again.
- Although we do not hear a word we sense it is not a particularly pacific conversation. She is continually defiant and occasionally angry.
- Tension is the clear undertone and tenor of their conversations.

The sequence ends as we burst into mid-scene:

Emma's speech is almost human, though she still has to fight for occasional words or thoughts. Her speech patterns and cadences are still somewhat strained and unusual.

She paces back and forth:

EMMA

I can't live like you do -- all your machines and -- cold metal and sharp corners --

NEVILLE

You lived like this once.

EMMA

(angrily)

That is not now, human!

NEVILLE

My name is Robert.

She physically brushes aside the name as she stalks past.

NEVILLE

(grumbles)

Great, I finally find someone to talk to and all you want to do it argue.

The concept of humor is totally alien to her.

EMMA

It is not arguing to speak the truth.

NEVILLE

Listen to me, my blood somehow... helped you. It could help all of you. We could find some way to --

She stops. Looks at him.

EMMA

To become human? Is that what you think we want?

A beat.

EMMA

Look how you live. You -- fight --
for warmth and meat and light. You
fight through every day in this
place that has moved past you. It
is a place for us now.

A tense beat.

A stand off.

Then:

NEVILLE

Would you like to see the sunlight?

She looks at him.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Neville enters the living room. Emma follows.

The blinds are open on the enormous picture windows
overlooking the city and the sun streams in.

We see what she does -- blinding light -- overexposed, almost
painfully shining hues.

She shields her eyes from the light.

NEVILLE

Are you all right?

EMMA

Yes.

NEVILLE

Do you want to go on?

She ignores him and walks across the room toward the window.
A shaft of sunlight burns across the room.

She stops before the shaft of sunlight. She looks at it through half-closed eyes -- we see burning light and heat.

Then she slowly reaches out...

Her hand touches the sunbeam. The flesh on her hand begins to go through a metamorphoses. The pigmentation begins to discolor, but not as quickly or as violently as it did with the Cacique earlier.

She holds her hand in the light for a moment. A flood of unexpected memories wash over her, kinesthetic responses to the sun. We see strange, disjointed flashes of picnics and the beach and happy people playing in the sun --

She pulls her hand away from the sun.

A pause. She does not look at him. For the first time, we see a tiny flash of vulnerability.

EMMA

(quietly)

It's so... warm. I forgot that.

He closes the blinds as:

NEVILLE

How much do you remember?

EMMA

(looking around the room)

It comes back. Flashes. My name.

She wanders around the darkened living room, looking closely at all the artifacts from the old world. They are at once mysterious and familiar.

She continues around the room, fascinated by what she sees. Not paying much attention to him:

NEVILLE

Do you remember where you lived?

EMMA

It was warm. I was outside. The ocean?

NEVILLE

What about... now?

EMMA

With them?

NEVILLE

Yes.

EMMA

We move. Place to place.

She picks up a CD case, turns it in her hand, sets it down and continues to explore.

NEVILLE

When you're here, in the city, where do you live?

EMMA

Dark and large. With vines -- no, not vines. Not alive.

She stops before the framed picture of Virginia.

EMMA

Who is this?

NEVILLE

My wife.

Emma looks at the picture closely.

EMMA

Was this -- "beautiful?" Before?

NEVILLE

Yes.

She nods tersely and continues to walk around the room, looking at things.

NEVILLE

Do you remember where it is?

EMMA

What?

NEVILLE

Where you lived with them.

She stops, turns to him.

EMMA

Why?

He does not respond.

EMMA

You want to find them.

NEVILLE

Yes.

EMMA

You want to kill them.

He does not respond.

EMMA

Why don't you start with me?

NEVILLE

You're not them.

A beat. She stares at him, defiant.

EMMA

Open a vein and let me feed -- then
tell me what I am.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

After dinner. The remains of a meal are before Neville.
There are no plates or food before Emma.

The house is dark except for a candelabra glowing on the
table. The windows show dramatic vistas of the dead city.

Immediate confrontation:

NEVILLE

What choice did I have -- ?!

EMMA

You hunt us like animals -- do you
know how many you have slaughtered?!

NEVILLE

I only protect myself -- !

EMMA

(insistently)
You are The Human. The Hunter. The
thing that comes in the day and
kills --

NEVILLE

(angrily)
If I'm a hunter it's because you
taught me to be!

She stands very quickly and stalks around the room
relentlessly, still the caged tigress.

Neville watches her prowl. Under the table, he rests his

hand on the butt of his pistol.

She stops and looks at the black city in the distance as if it were calling to her.

A long beat. She has her back to him.

EMMA

What do you want?

NEVILLE

What do you mean?

EMMA

You know what I mean.

She turns to him:

EMMA

Are you going to keep me caged up forever?

He does not respond.

EMMA

Will you keep feeding me? How long can you live like that? Until it kills you? Until I kill you? Without your blood I'll go back.

NEVILLE

We don't know that --

EMMA

I know it. What do you want, Robert?

A difficult moment.

NEVILLE

(simply)

I wanted to hear someone say my name.

A beat.

EMMA

Then know I am what I am. I could be across this room and on your throat before you had time to scream.

A beat.

He fishes in his pocket and holds up the antique silver locket he took from her when he captured her.

NEVILLE

Do you recognize this?

She instinctively reaches for her neck, where the locket used to hang:

EMMA

Mine.

NEVILLE

Have you always had it?

EMMA

I don't know.

NEVILLE

Have you looked inside?

EMMA

Yes.

NEVILLE

What's inside?

EMMA

Humans.

NEVILLE

Who?

EMMA

I don't know.

A beat.

He rises and hands the locket to her.

NEVILLE

Look inside now.

She opens the locket.

Inside, she sees a picture of herself with her husband and young daughter. Happy. A family.

Her eyes almost immediately fill with tears.

NEVILLE

That's who you are too, Emma.

EMMA

(quietly)

Before... when I was one of them.
I would look at this and it was just
strangers. Now I... remember.

She gently shuts the locket.

She finally looks up at him.

EMMA

I don't want to remember.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Cacique is crouched, poised, alert.

Not a muscle moves. He is just watching.

He is watching Neville's house. He is a few blocks away. He can see Neville and Emma through a window.

He has found them.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - NIGHT

Emma enters the court. She is now wearing the locket.

Neville closes the door after her and locks her in. She is safely in her cage.

She turns to him.

Through the plexiglass:

EMMA
I'm not an animal.

He looks at her and dims the lights to black.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Neville can't sleep. He lies on his bed, deep in thought.

We float away from him and through the darkened house...

We half expect the Cacique to be around every corner as we float through the twists and turns of the house...

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We float to the living room...

Through the picture windows we can see something in the city far below. Something completely unexpected.

The tiny flickering light. A flame.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Neville is just awake, he is going through the living room when he stops. He looks through the windows.

Several thin streams of jet black smoke are drifting up from downtown. Neville quickly goes to an outdoor terrace...

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - TERRACE - MORNING

He peers through one of his military telescopes.

He finally locates the smoke. He follows the smoke trails down. They seem to be drifting up from near one of the skyscrapers downtown. The Branson Building. Other buildings block the exact source of the smoke.

And the telescope provides an even more bizarre sight.

Vultures, circling. A lot of vultures.

Neville raises his head from the telescope. Is this the sign he has waited for, for so long? But why the vultures? He races into the house.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - RACQUET BALL COURT - DAY

Neville, now dressed in one of his body suits, appears at the court. He carries a container of blood. He unlocks the door and enters.

NEVILLE

I have to go into the city.

A beat.

NEVILLE

I won't lock you in. You can go if you want to. Or wait until tonight. I won't keep you prisoner.

A beat.

EMMA

You want me to stay?

NEVILLE

Yes.

She takes the container of blood. For the first time she does not turn away to feed, she looks right in his eyes as she drains it.

Then:

EMMA

Do you still want me to stay?

NEVILLE

Yes.

A beat.

EMMA

I'll be here.

She touches the locket.

EMMA

I want to remember my daughter.

INT. HUMMER - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Neville is cruising toward downtown.

In the sky above him Neville notices strange daytime lightning crackling through the sky. The meteorological convulsions of the apocalypse go on.

Neville is heading toward the thin line of smoke and the vultures, which are still swirling over the towering

buildings downtown.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma stands in the shadows of the living room, gazing at the picture of Virginia.

She goes to the cassette deck of the stereo unit. She sees an empty cassette box marked "VIRGINIA 10."

She sees a tape in the machine. She presses PLAY.

Emma gasps as Virginia's voice fills the house:

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

I remember laughing at all those cranks talking about the millennium and the end of the world, telling us how nature was going to strike back in revenge for the rain forests and the ozone and pollution...

EXT. NEAR BRANSON PLAZA - DAY

Neville stops the Hummer a block away from the plaza. Smart, cautious. He can see the smoke trails and the vultures circling and congregating. Still can't see the source of the smoke.

Neville takes his machine gun and climbs from the Hummer.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

Or even the fire-and-brimstone crowd talking about God's vengeance and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. I don't remember who the Horsemen were. War was one, I think.

He carefully approaches, gun ready. The mangy flock of vultures is close now.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

And Pestilence. I'm sure Pestilence
was one. I guess he won the race.
But just by a nose.

He rounds a corner and can almost see into the plaza -- can
almost see the source of the smoke -- he hears a strange,
repetitive metallic grating sound --

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma listens, surprisingly moved by what she is hearing:

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

If I believed in God this would be
easier maybe. Some Supreme Wisdom
making this all happen. Some
purpose. But I don't believe in
God. Do you believe in God? I
can't... remember. There's so much
I can't remember now. I have to
ask you when I see you.

EXT. BRANSON BUILDING PLAZA - DAY

The vultures keep a wary eye on Neville as he approaches,
they shuffle this way and that and flare their wings wide in
warning, bobbing their heads up and down.

He stops dead -- his face betraying absolute horror --

Human remains are smoldering before him.

The charred and blackened skeletons and torsos of about six
humans are grotesquely displayed around the playground of the
plaza.

Some are dangling, suspended on wire from a swing set.
Embers of smoldering fires are beneath each one. Oily, acrid
smoke trails up. The figures are contorted and mutilated and
burnt, but clearly human.

And the glowing embers and still-rising smoke suggests this was done very recently.

Others are lashed to various pieces of playground equipment. One is tied to a small carousel which rotates lazily in the breeze -- the source of the strange, repetitive metallic sound.

Elsewhere on the plaza Neville sees the signs of this small band of humans. Two Air Force jeeps that have been slashed to pieces as well as guns, clothing and water.

The vultures are plucking at the bodies.

Neville stares in stunned outrage. Then he raises his machine gun and fires a short burst. The vultures scatter.

He stands without moving a muscle, looking around. He alone with the first "humans" he has seen in over two years.

Then he becomes aware of a sound -- faint -- from one of the jeeps -- he goes to it.

He glances into the jeep. The radio is on.

He hears, very faintly, his own voice:

NEVILLE (V.O.)
... the tallest building downtown.
You can't miss it... This is Robert
Neville --

He switches the radio off.

The full enormity is sinking in: they were ambushed trying to find him.

He leans against the jeep, defeated.

His eye is drawn to a splash of red -- a bloody trail

streaking across the plaza -- as if someone had crawled away from the carnage.

He follows the bloody trail and discovers --

A body. Not burnt. Slashed to death.

He kneels down and gently touches the body.

He cradles the body, swaying back and forth.

Unspeakable torment.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

There's one thing we never talk about... you know we don't. Why aren't you sick? Everyone else... is dying. Or dead. Are you the only one who's going to survive? How can you live like that? So alone. God, I hope there are others.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Emma is sitting in a corner of the living room, listening. She is clutching her locket and swaying back and forth, crying gently.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

Now, at the end, because it's really the end now, I think about you all the time. My biggest fear since I'm forgetting everything now -- is that I'll forget you.

EXT. BRANSON BUILDING PLAZA - ALMOST SUNSET

In the red glow of dusk we see Neville burying the bodies in the overgrown lawns of the plaza.

He has buried almost all of them.

He works carefully and with solemn care.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

Maybe it's all evolution. Maybe nature or God or both decided this page had to turn. So our time is now over. Leave the planet to the insects. Had to happen sooner or later. Nothing's immortal.

His wristwatch alarm starts beeping. He ignores it. Keeps digging.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma is listening, standing at the windows overlooking the dead city. Night has fallen.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

Except you. Maybe you're immortal. Or maybe it's something in your blood, something scientific, something complicated and medical. But I don't believe that. Not anymore. I think it's more simple than all of that I think you were chosen.

She turns -- gasps --

The Cacique is standing before her.

A stunned moment as she stares at him.

INT./ EXT. HUMMER - HILLS - NIGHT

Neville is in a panic, racing up the hills toward his house. He see something ahead that terrifies him.

In the black night ahead his worst fears are realized: HIS HOUSE IS IN FLAMES -- a raging inferno.

He screeches the Hummer to a halt and races into the house --

INT./ EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - THE FIRE - NIGHT

It is a world of flame.

He barrels through the burning house --

NEVILLE

EMMA!

He quickly checks the racquet ball court -- the kitchen -- the dining room -- leaping through flame and around twisting pillars of fire that rage and explode everywhere --

NEVILLE

EMMA!

She is nowhere to be found.

He is grabbing anything he can as he runs -- trying to salvage useless bits and pieces of his life in a panic as he sprints through the blazing house --

He hears a voice -- strange, slow, distorted --

He tears into the living room -- slams to a halt -- what he sees is almost too painful to comprehend -- the stereo unit is burning --

Virginia's tapes are a bubbling, melting chaos of plastic behind a solid wall of flame -- so too her picture.

His memories are burning.

And one of Virginia's tapes is still playing in the stereo -- her voice distorting painfully --

He instantly drops everything he is carrying and tries to get to the tapes -- can't -- the flames shoot at him -- the roof is beginning to collapse -- he must escape the inferno -- Virginia's voice finally melts to a cruel stop -- he runs toward the terrace --

But that entire side of the house SUDDENLY COLLAPSES in on itself in a seismic spasm of flame --

He spins around and speeds through the house -- the photovoltaic panels begin falling and shuddering down into the house -- slicing across his path --

With no other option he DIVES through a window --

He rolls when he hits the backyard and immediately rises and makes a leaping dive into his pool --

Meanwhile, we see the picture of Virginia finally contort and char in flame.

She is gone.

INT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The flames are roaring over his cars and toward the armory -- toward the explosives --

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT

Neville swims to the bottom of the pool just as --

THE HOUSE EXPLODES!

The pool rocks -- Neville is battered under the water -- a huge wall of flame roars over the water, casting Neville's writhing form in fiery red and yellow -- debris instantly begins knifing through the water everywhere around him -- slicing through a few of the trout --

An enormous, flaming section of the house COLLAPSES OVER THE

POOL --

He is trapped -- running out of air --

Neville braces himself on the bottom and pushes himself up with every ounce of strength he has left -- flying like a human torpedo toward the wreckage --

He SMASHES through the flaming, hissing wreckage and pulls himself from the pool -- gasping air.

EXT. NEVILLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neville, covered in soot and water, sweating and exhausted, stands by the Hummer on the street outside his house.

He watches his sanctuary burn. The flames shoot high into the black night.

He hears a noise, spins around.

It is Emma.

She has been lashed with barber wire to a telephone pole across from his house.

She is bleeding, battered, dying.

He races to her and uses his diver's knife to cut her free.

He catches her as she collapses forward.

In the raging glow from the fire, he holds her as she die:

NEVILLE

Emma...

EMMA

He wanted me to see -- he thinks I was -- infected by you.

NEVILLE

Shhh... don't talk.

EMMA

I want to talk. I just learned
again.

Neville cannot speak.

EMMA

You have to go. He'll never stop.
Leave this place. Find another.

NEVILLE

I'll go. We'll both go. Far away.

She looks at him, and smiles gently. The first smile we have
seen from her.

EMMA

You lie like a human.

A beat.

She gently touches her locket.

EMMA

Thank you for letting me remember.
It was... warm.

She dies.

He hunches over her body, shattered, head down.

A long moment as we watch them.

As we hear:

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

I think you were chosen. I think
you were chosen to survive. To

bear witness to the eclipse of this
life. Of our species. So I don't
want you to mourn for me. I don't
want you to mourn for us.

He looks up, the roaring flames are reflected in his
tormented eyes.

VIRGINIA (V.O.)

You have a purpose, Robert. We are
all myth now. And you are legend.

INT./ EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Neville is driving. His eyes are haunted as he zooms away
from Los Angeles forever...

The city disappears behind him as he heads into the
mountains...

And toward the black, empty landscape of the desert...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

A sound, distant, nearing...

The steady drumbeat of pounding feet...

The Cacique and about thirty of his Warriors sweep past in a
frenzied black mess...

They are running.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Blackness.

The only light is from Neville's headlights.

He has stopped on a lonely stretch of highway. He is
standing by the Hummer, pouring a jerry can of gas into the

tank.

He sees something move quickly past his headlights.

He continues to pour the gas. Normally he would be reaching for a gun. Now he doesn't give a shit.

Movement again in the headlights.

A single coyote stands in the headlights gazing at Neville, it's eyes reflecting a garish yellow in the beams.

Neville stares at the coyote, grim.

NEVILLE

Fuck off.

The coyote lopes away.

Neville finishes filling the gas and tosses the jerry can away.

He climbs back into the Hummer and roars off.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAWN

The Cacique and his thirty Warriors are loping as well. Tenacious. Relentless.

They pass the jerry can Neville discarded. The Cacique notes it, but doesn't stop.

And the sun is rising crimson over the flat desert horizon.

Some of the Warriors are already suffering from the sun -- they are weakened -- falling behind --

At last the Cacique snarls out a command and the Hemocytes instantly dive off the highway and bury themselves in the sand.

They burrow into the sand like scorpions.

Waiting for night.

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

Neville drives the Hummer through the small main street of an abandoned town.

It is much like the ghost towns of old Western movies -- except it is modern. It has an asphalt main street rather than a dirt road, a corner bar rather than a saloon, parking meters rather than hitching posts. Neville sees a small market and a bowling alley and a pharmacy and a movie theater. A few abandoned cars lie about.

The town is totally devoid of life but for lizards, insects and birds.

But even this isolated spot wasn't totally immune from the panic at the end. Neville notices some graffiti sprayed on the side of a building: I'LL PRAY FOR YOU. WILL YOU PRAY FOR ME?

He pulls the Hummer to a stop outside the small market. He climbs out wearily and goes into the market...

INT. MARKET - DAY

The large windows at the front of the store provide an abundance of light as Neville moves into the market.

Unlike most of Los Angeles, this store has not been totally ransacked. It is a small rural market. A Mom-and-Pop operation with tin siding for walls.

Still, it provides him with what he needs.

He first goes to the rack of beverages and snatches up a bottle of water. He gulps it as he wanders:

- All the fresh vegetables are shrunken, blackened goo.
- All the freezer cases are off, melted ice cream spills out to an aisle.
- All the meat is rotting and covered with maggots.
- But there is plenty of bottled water and canned food.

As he nears the back of the long, thin store it grows darker, away from the front windows. The darkness makes him nervous. He moves again to the front of the store.

He finishes the bottle of water and gets another.

He sits on the floor of the aisle and drinks.

Then he lies down, fetal position, cradling the bottle of water, and falls immediately into an exhausted sleep.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A Hemocyte Warrior is on all fours -- urgently sniffing the asphalt.

The Cacique and his followers crouch, waiting impatiently. They are at a crossroads in the highway. Which way to go?

The Cacique barks out some severe, impatient commands.

The Hemocyte Warrior rises and jerks his head in one direction.

They take off.

As they run we hear, inexplicably, the roar of the ocean...

INT. THE NEVILLE HOME - NIGHT

The Pacific Ocean rolls gently in the distance.

We are at the Neville's lovely home in Palos Verdes, before the virus. Before anything.

Neville and Virginia are having dinner. Quiet normality only made poignant by our awareness of what is to come.

NEVILLE

(smiling)

You and that damned garden.

VIRGINIA

Yeah, but when your mother came what's the first thing you showed her?

NEVILLE

I surrender --

VIRGINIA

Besides, if we get a lot of work done this summer it'll be done.

NEVILLE

It's never gonna be done. You love puttering out there too much.

VIRGINIA

Well, it's not supposed to be done anyway.

He laughs.

NEVILLE

That's the whole point -- it keeps on going -- it's a process. We keep on planting and it keeps on growing. Forever.

Neville smiles and takes a sip of wine. Then he notices something.

A single ant is crawling across Virginia's face.

VIRGINIA

The more we plant, the more that'll
grow, and the happier --

NEVILLE

Virginia...?

VIRGINIA

What?

Now her face is covered in ants -- he lurches up --

NEVILLE

VIRGINIA!

INT. MARKET - DAWN

Neville lurches awake --

He is covered with ants -- he stands with a cry and brushes
them off frantically -- gets control of himself -- just a
nightmare -- okay.

He shakes his head and squints in the bright sunlight that
streams in from the windows.

He leaves the store...

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAWN

And wanders to the middle of the main street.

He just stands there.

We pull back and back, higher and higher.

The rising sun sends Neville's long shadow slashing down the
deserted street. It is Gary Cooper in HIGH NOON.

Finally we move over the roofs of some of the buildings on the street and we see them --

Starlings, hundreds of them. Massing. Out of sight.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

The Cacique and his Warriors are running -- and dying --

The morning sun is streaming over them --

The Cacique snarls commands brutally to his tribe as they race over the desert landscape --

The ghost town is just before them --

His followers are dropping like flies -- writhing in torment in the relentless sun --

But he will not stop -- his eyes burn like zealous fire -- he can smell the prey now --

He cruelly snatches up some coverings from the a dying Warrior and wraps them around himself -- shrouding himself completely -- some of his most rabid followers do the same --

They leave the weaker Warriors behind -- twisting and disfiguring and dying in the sun --

The Cacique and his fifteen surviving Warriors are totally wrapped -- their pigmentation mutating violently even under the shrouds --

But they will not stop.

They will finish this war once and for all.

They speed toward the town...

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

Neville is unloading supplies from the Hummer, taking stock.

He has his machine gun and one extra clip of ammo, a jerry can of gas, a tool box from the Hummer and a few highway flares.

He takes a swig from a bottle of water and mops his brow. The desert heat is already cruel.

He begins to unzip the top of his body suit, preparing to strip it off --

But then he sees something.

A single starling is resting on the main street, watching him.

Neville stares at the starling.

He doesn't want to believe.

It's just a bird. It can't be...

He slowly turns...

Thousands of starlings now perch everywhere around the tops of the buildings, up and down the street.

Neville instantly zips up his body suit again and grabs for his machine gun --

Too late.

BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS as a pack of about ten Hemocyte Warriors attack from nowhere --

They speed from around corners and shop doors -- racing toward him --

And they come with a ferocious advance guard -- THE STARLINGS -- they attack -- passive observers no more -- they swirl

around Neville -- a tornado of frenzied black feathers --
blacking out the sun in fitful bursts -- ATTACKING HIS
EYES --

He bats at them and leaps toward his machine gun --

Grabs it up -- just as the first Hemocytes reach him --

He FIRES -- not even aiming -- he can't -- his eyes are
CLENCHED SHUT against the relentless starlings -- HE SPINS
BLINDLY AROUND IN A CIRCLE -- FIRING NON-STOP -- he sprays
bullets everywhere -- they slam into the Hummer and destroy
windows around the street -- starlings explode in feathered
bursts -- he continues to fire -- spinning around -- eyes
clenched -- panic --

The approaching Warriors are cut to pieces -- he doesn't stop
firing -- sheer, horrible fire power slams through them --
abandoned cars are devastated --

The starlings finally sweep away -- Neville snaps open his
eyes and continues firing non-stop -- the rabid Hemocyte
Warriors race toward him even as the bullets slam into them
-- Neville continues to fire -- aiming now -- taking down the
last few.

Finally the clip is empty -- a stunning moment of absolute
silence --

Neville grabs another clip -- his last -- and shoves it in
the machine gun -- looking around anxiously -- the ten
Warriors lie dead on the street -- their bodies disfiguring
in the sun --

He waits -- every muscle tensed -- ready.

Silence.

He sees that he has decimated his Hummer -- bullets have
pierced the engine and a tire and gas drips from the tank --
he has no escape.

All right. It will be war to the end.

He spins around -- scanning every corner of the street as he hurriedly grabs a few flares and stuffs them into a pouch on his body suit -- slaps the velcro pouch closed -- he roots through the tool box -- still scanning the street -- still awaiting the next assault -- finds nothing in the tool box --

He hears a sharp bark -- he spins -- sees nothing -- he hears another cry -- an animal screech -- he spins around again -- sees nothing.

They are planning their attack.

Neville is smart. He will wait in the sun.

And the sun saves him.

The briefest flash of a shadow on the street -- he spins and looks up -- three Warriors are flying DOWN ON HIM FROM THE ROOF ABOVE -- they dive headfirst -- talons outstretched -- snarling jaws --

He FIRES -- one is killed -- it contorts in midair grotesquely -- the other two SLAM into him --

They all tumble to the street -- Neville's machine gun goes clattering across the pavement -- he jumps up and reaches for his pistol but has no time --

The two Warriors ROAR at him --

They slam into him and all three CRASH through the plate glass of the market window --

INT. MARKET - DAY

Neville jumps up and DIVES through a display -- trying to get some distance -- the Warriors leap up and pursue --

Neville rolls up and yanks out his pistol -- firing blindly
-- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM -- destroying the wares -- he keeps on
firing -- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM -- shattering bottles and piercing
cans -- backing away quickly --

He slips -- falls -- the melted ice cream --

He keeps on firing -- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM --

The Warriors spin away -- disappearing.

A tense beat -- Neville slowly stands in an aisle -- awaiting
the attack -- he hears the shifting of the two Hemocytes --
seemingly everywhere --

And then he hears absolutely nothing.

He knows what this means.

They are stalking him.

He slowly moves back in the store -- responding to any sounds
he hears -- or thinks he hears -- he keeps the pistol ready,
constantly scanning around him -- how many bullets left?! --
he moves deeper into the cluttered store -- further from the
windows -- into the darkness at the rear of the store --

At last he has his back pressed against the tin siding that
forms the back wall of the store --

Nowhere else to go. He can retreat no further.

He can see only down the aisle directly in front of him -- in
that aisle, nothing -- but the others? -- from which
direction will they come?

He remains pressed against the back wall of the store, pistol
constantly scanning back and forth. The back door is next to
him -- keeping the pistol constantly ready he slowly reaches
one hand back and feels for the door --

He finds the doorknob -- turns it --

It is locked.

He presses back at the door -- it gives slightly in the tin-siding wall -- but is secured, locked, bolted.

He hears something shift -- closer -- which aisle?! Where?!

How many bullets left?! Does he dare check?!

He is beginning to panic -- then he stops -- he thinks.

A beat.

Then... incredibly... he puts the pistol back in his holster.

His face is resolute. One chance. An incredible gamble.

He LAUNCHES himself forward at top speed and runs halfway down the aisle ahead of him -- a flurry of movement from other aisles -- and then he slams to a halt and REVERSES DIRECTION --

He is racing toward the back wall of the store -- TOP SPEED -- as fast as he can go -- his legs and feet pounding -- every bit of his massive strength behind every step --

He is FLYING toward the back wall -- no way he can stop now -- he lowers his head and lets out a fierce bellow as he DIVES STRAIGHT AT THE BACK WALL --

DEVASTATING IMPACT AND THE TIN SIDING COLLAPSES --

The ENTIRE WALL falls --

BLINDING SUNLIGHT EXPLODES INTO THE STORE --

Neville rolls off the tin siding and spins around --

The two Warriors are shielding their eyes from the sudden and

unexpected burst of sunlight as they rage toward him --

Neville quickly draws the pistol and fires --

BLAM -- one Warrior dead, a clean head shot -- BLAM -- the other Warrior shudders but continues -- BLAM -- another head shot, the Warrior still rages at him -- CLICK --

Out of bullets.

The Warrior falls at his feet. Dead.

Neville immediately races through the market again --

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

He lurches out of the market and snatches up the machine gun.

He spins around, ready.

Silence.

He slowly moves to the middle of the street.

Silence.

It is not finished. He knows it.

Silence.

Then:

NEVILLE
(a ferocious roar)
WHERE ARE YOU?!

His voice echoes around the dead town.

NEVILLE
LET'S FINISH IT! NOW!!

SUDDENLY -- a manhole cover right at his feet flies up -- in a FRENZY OF MOVEMENT the screaming Cacique pops up from the manhole and grabs Neville -- pulling him down into the manhole --

Into the darkness --

Neville's machine gun lies on the street.

INT. SEWERS - DAY

They cascade down the tunnel ladder -- spinning and writhing together --

They slam to the floor of the sewer --

Neville kicks brutally at the Cacique -- smashing his face --

The Cacique swats Neville's foot away with a snarl -- and dives for him -- his nails scratch uselessly along Neville's Kevlar body armor as Neville rolls to his feet and runs --

The Cacique bounces up and crouches for a moment -- his bizarre feline eyes focusing on Neville's retreating form.

Then he smiles.

He raises his head and lets out a terrifying, triumphant screech.

He leaps up and races after Neville.

The hunt is on.

The hunter has become the hunted.

INT. OTHER SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

Neville is splashing through some standing water in the sewers when he hears the Cacique's footsteps echoing behind him, closer and closer.

And he hears a series of animal growls and snarls, maniacal, closer and closer.

Neville stops -- thinks -- can't panic -- he looks around -- he sees something in a side sewer tunnel -- he splashes into the side tunnel.

Then:

We see the Cacique racing through the first sewer tunnel, he is sniffing at the air as he runs.

He reaches the place where Neville diverted to the other tunnel. He splashes to a halt.

He tilts his head crazily back and forth, sniffing the air.

He smiles and speeds into the side tunnel...

INT. SIDE SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

This tunnel is much wetter. Water streams continuously along the walls and splashes in small waterfalls from broken mains above.

The Cacique wades into the water. It reaches up to his thighs.

He stops, sniffing and twisting his head. Confused. Where is the prey?

Beneath the water, Neville is holding tight to the bottom of the tunnel. He is submerged, holding his breath.

Inches away through the filthy water are the Cacique's gnarled feet. Neville watches them. The feet slowly move away down the tunnel.

Above, the Cacique slogs through the water, peering ahead and trying to hear the sound of the prey over the steadily

running water.

Behind him -- Neville slowly rises from the water -- silent -- the Cacique does not sense him -- Neville reaches to a pouch on his body suit -- he stops -- the pouch has a velcro flap -- the sound will surely alert the Cacique --

What the hell.

In one quick motion Neville tears the velcro open and reaches into the pouch -- the Cacique immediately turns, crouching -- Neville yanks out a phosphorescent flare --

The Cacique springs forward -- Neville slams the top of the flare across a wall of the tunnel -- BLINDING WHITE LIGHT --

The Cacique's feline pupils slash to almost invisible vertical slits -- he is blind --

Neville slams forward with the flare -- smashing it across the Cacique's face -- the Cacique recoils from the blow -- he flails blindly with his talons --

Neville launches a terrific kick and slams the Cacique through the water and into a wall -- the Cacique instantly bounces back and strikes at Neville with wildly slashing arms --

The flare goes flying into the water -- it continues to burn as it sinks -- casting a strange flickering liquid shadows around the sewer tunnel --

Neville takes instant advantage of the Cacique's momentary confusion to dive for a ladder leading up --

He quickly scales the ladder to a manhole cover --

The Cacique is already following --

Neville shoves aside the manhole cover and pulls himself up to the street.

He wants to fight on his turf.

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

Neville emerges in front of the decaying bowling alley -- he glances around quickly, and seeing no other option, he races into the bowling alley.

The Cacique vaults from the manhole in a single leap.

He crouches and spins around -- his eyes still burning from the flare -- and now the sun --

But he makes out Neville's wet footprints leading across the pavement and into the bowling alley.

He follows...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

The Cacique runs into the bowling alley and jerks to a stop -- alert -- cautious.

He peers around the unusual setting -- he sees the long wooden lanes leading to empty holes in the wall, the pin-setting mechanisms -- he sees a dark jukebox and arcade and bar -- the racks of dusty bowling balls and shoes.

He has no idea what any of this is.

Light filters in from many skylights above, but not enough to cause the Cacique much discomfort. Shafts of light slash through the place and particles of dust glimmer. It is very dusty.

The Cacique tries to smell the prey but the dust makes it difficult.

He begins to prowl -- hunched -- feline -- predatory.

He is careful to avoid the direct shafts of light from the skylights above. He moves slowly around a ball return machine and scoring table -- he stops -- he sees something --

From just around the edge of one of the holes where the pins used to stand -- in the guts of the pin-setting mechanism -- he sees an inch of Neville's body suit.

Unfortunately it is still wet from the sewer and it glistens very slightly in the refracting light.

That glisten is all the Cacique needs.

He slowly moves down the lane -- shoulders hunched, claws tensed -- tasting the kill -- closer and closer.

At last he reaches the end of the lane --

Stops --

It is not Neville -- it is only one piece of his leg armor wrapped around the pin-setting mechanism --

A rumbling sound -- the Cacique spins --

Too late.

A bowling ball SLAMS into him -- shattering his ankle -- knocking him from his feet --

Neville is standing at the end of the lane -- he grabs another bowling ball and races toward the Cacique --

The Cacique springs to his feet -- almost falls -- howls in pain at the shattered ankle but forces himself up --

Neville races to him and swings the bowling ball -- SMASHES it into the Cacique's face -- the bowling ball flies away --

The Cacique recoils under the terrible assault but still springs forward --

Neville attacks -- brute strength against brute strength --
they collide and twist in mortal combat -- it is the ultimate
war of attrition -- savage, unrelenting, all sanity gone --

They are locked together in final battle -- Neville is
twisting his arms around -- maneuvering for something -- what
is he trying to do?

He finally forces his forearm forward into the Cacique's face
-- the Cacique clamps his jaw on Neville's forearm --

Bingo.

The Kevlar armor protects Neville's arm -- the Cacique's eyes
grow wide -- Neville grabs the wrist of the forearm and SLAMS
forward with every bit of strength he has --

He SLAMS the Cacique backward into a wall -- crashing his
head against the wall brutally -- the Cacique is dazed --
can't get his bleeding jaw off the armored forearm --

Neville slams the Cacique's head again and again against the
wall mercilessly --

The Cacique swings his talons up toward Neville's head --
Neville ducks and rolls backwards, kicking up -- sending the
Cacique flying over him --

The Cacique's jaw finally release from Neville's forearm --

The Cacique goes sailing over Neville and slams to the
floor --

Neville spins around and grabs the only weapon he has left --
the diver's knife strapped to his ankle --

He leaps on the Cacique -- thrusting the knife brutally into
his stomach -- the Cacique ROARS up at him -- his jaws
snapping lethal inches from Neville's face -- Neville throws
his head back but keeps thrusting the knife in again and

again --

The Cacique SLAMS Neville's face with his talons -- his nails dig savagely into Neville's flesh -- blood pours -- Neville thrusts with all his strength one last time and buries the knife in the Cacique's stomach --

They remain locked like this -- Neville pressing the knife into the Cacique -- the Cacique digging his talons into Neville's face.

They lock eyes.

Neither gives an inch.

They will stay locked like this for all eternity if need be. Until one of them is dead. The sheer will to live will decide the outcome.

It does.

With a final growl the Cacique's talons finally release Neville's face and flop to the floor.

He is dead.

Neville collapses off the Cacique, panting for air, exhausted.

A long pause as he just looks at the Cacique.

Then he notices something.

In the battle some of Cacique's bedouin shrouds have been torn away. Neville sees a patch of leather protruding from some wrapping.

He reaches forward and tugs at it.

It is a wallet.

Neville slowly opens it.

Inside is a California driver's license: "Terry McCabe."

Also credit cards and bits of paper.

And a picture.

The picture shows the Cacique as he was. He stands with his wife and two children. Happy. A family.

Neville stares at the picture.

He lets the wallet fall from his hands and just looks at the dead creature before him.

He slowly drops his head.

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DAY

Neville is emerging from a pharmacy.

He has bandaged and sterilized his horrible face wounds, but he still looks pretty awful.

He has stripped off his body suit and now just wears shorts and a T-shirt. It is practically the first time we have seen him without his suit of armor.

He walks to the Hummer and looks at it. Totally disabled. He reaches in and pulls out the picture of Virginia.

He leans against the Hummer and stares at her for a long moment.

Then:

NEVILLE
Where do I go now?

Then, the hint of a blazing white light flashes across his

eyes.

He glances up. Squints.

From his position leaning against the Hummer he can see into the market...

Through the shattered front glass...

Through the darkened store...

Through a gaping hole where the back wall used to be...

Something is glinting in the sun.

If he has been standing in any other spot but exactly this -- leaning against the Hummer, looking at Virginia's picture -- he never would have seen it.

He tucks the picture of Virginia into a pocket and goes through the store and out the back hole, following the glinting...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

The Cacique lies dead.

But we hear a sound...

A low rumble, a building growl...

The remaining Hemocyte Warrior is standing over the Cacique's body.

He suddenly flings back his head and ROARS -- a ferocious, maniacal keen of outrage and wrath. The roar echoes around the deserted bowling alley.

This battle goes on.

EXT. DESERT - AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

The glinting is closer now.

Neville is walking slowly through an abandoned Air Force base.

He doesn't even glance around as he walks past housing units and military barracks, past silent vehicles.

He just follows the glint of light, as if it were the Holy Grail.

He finally stops.

The Space Shuttle Endeavor is before him.

Breathtaking.

He is at Edwards Air Force base.

The massive Shuttle is on a runway, the sun refracting off a cockpit window.

But it is not quite the Space Shuttle we know for every inch of the white hull has been covered with graffiti. The graffiti is a complex web: part petroglyphic cave painting, part Buddhist sand swirl, part modern urban tagging.

Neville slowly walks around the magnificent machine.

He passes under one wing.

We see what he does not:

A boy, about ten is sitting on the wing looking down at him.

BOY

Hey.

Neville spins.

He stares at the boy in utter amazement.

The boy stands and looks down at him.

BOY

What happened to you?

Neville tries to speak. He can't.

BOY

What's your name?

Neville can't speak.

BOY

What's your name?

Neville finally forces out the words, deep in emotion.

Salvation.

NEVILLE

My name is Robert Neville.

CUT TO BLACK.