

INT. LIBRARY, ARCHIVES - NIGHT

A sign on the door reads: "NO STUDENTS ALLOWED."

The door handle RATTLES. Nothing. Next, a BANG from the other side, causing the handle to fall off.

ROY lightly pushes the door open. He ENTERS with his hammer up, ready to go. HENRY, PUTTER and WEDGE cautiously follow him inside.

This smaller room actually has working electricity. The overheads remain off, but the room is filled with backlit display cases housing various campus artifacts.

The group slowly approach the back of the room. Along the way, they gaze at some of the artifacts. Some of them are ancient -- stones, fossils, etc. -- and others look slightly newer: parchment, old journals, etc.

Roy, Henry, Putter and Wedge finally arrive at the back of the room.

Inside the last display, behind glass, a SHABBY OLD BOOK sits on a crushed-velvet pedestal. The book's pages are frayed and yellow, and its crackled crimson cover has gathered a thin layer of dust. Clearly, it hasn't been touched since it was put there.

Roy and Putter marvel at the book's simple beauty.

PUTTER

That's it. That's the Compendium.

HENRY

How do we get it out?

PUTTER

Break the glass, obviously.

HENRY

You think that's a good idea? What if there's an alarm?

ROY

They wouldn't have an alarm for this, would they?

DRIVER

Why wouldn't they?

ROY

It's just a book.

DRIVER

Yeah, "just a book" we've spent the last hour trying to find. Didn't you say this was a university treasure or something?

ROY

Well, yeah, but --

PUTTER

I feel like an alarm for a book would cost too much money.

HENRY

Hey, you two are the ones who have a hard-on for this thing. You don't think the university values its archival material?

ROY

We got through the door fine.

HENRY

And what's with these lights? I thought the city was in a blackout.

Driver shrugs.

DRIVER

The campus has its own reserve power.

PUTTER

How do you know that?

DRIVER

(nonchalantly)
I read it once.

Putter isn't convinced.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I read things too!

PUTTER

Roy, just break the glass.

ROY

Alright.

Without a second thought, Roy PINGS the glass with his hammer. It shatters instantly.

HENRY

NO!

The group pauses, silent. A moment goes by. Putter gives Henry an "I told you so" look. Then...

THE ALARM SOUNDS!

HENRY (CONT'D)

(to Putter)

What did I say!?

PUTTER

Aw, shit.

HENRY

(to Roy)

WHAT DID I FUCKING SAY!?

ROY

Don't yell at me! I was just doing what she told me.

Driver shoves Henry and Roy.

DRIVER

Jesus, one of you grab the book!

INT. STUDY HALL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

SIMON and WEDGE remain seated by the elevator doors, waiting. Simon rifles through the popcorn tin he found. He tosses a kernel to SKITTLES, who laps it up instantly.

Simon then pulls out one of his joints -- a spare Katniss Evergreen -- and lights up.

WEDGE

Hey, can I get a hit of that?

Simon exhales and passes the joint to Wedge.

SIMON

Definitely.

WEDGE

I haven't smoked weed since sophomore year.

Wedge inhales deeply on the joint.

SIMON
That shit's potent. You like The
Hunger Games?

Just then, the faint sound of an ALARM ECHOES through the
hall.

Simon and Wedge immediately jump to their feet and look down
the dark hall.

SIMON (CONT'D)
That doesn't sound good.

Back behind them, down another dark cavern of bookshelves,
the distant noise of an INFECTED HORDE can be heard.

WEDGE
Oh, God...

Simon scoops up the whimpering Skittles and shoves him back
into his jacket -- but not before reequipping the popcorn
tin. He and Wedge hold up their weapons, ready to fight
again.

From the darkness, one at a time, dozens of yellow eyes
manifest in pairs. Simon remains calm.

SIMON
Bonus round, Wedge.

WEDGE
(terrified)
What?

The horde collectively MOANS again. The infected are getting
closer.

Simon continues to comfort Wedge. He smiles warmly.

SIMON
Bonus round, okay? Each one's worth
double the points. Have you been
keeping track?

WEDGE
Forty-seven.

SIMON
Jesus.

WEDGE
You?

SIMON
Twenty-three.

Wedge gives a nervous giggle.

WEDGE
Then what am I so afraid of? You're
the one who should be worried?

SIMON
Right?? Well, now they're worth
double. Keep count. We're going to
tally up the numbers afterward,
okay? You and me.

Wedge takes a deep breath. Her eyes get cold, determined.

WEDGE
Okay.

Simon gives Wedge a wink.

SIMON
Just so you know, I'm gonna kick
your ass.

WEDGE
(smirking)
You wish.

By this point, nearly a DOZEN INFECTED have surrounded Wedge and Simon. (It's kind of funny, though, because they're still dressed in silly rave outfits.)

Regardless, Simon grips his shovel, grimly.

SIMON
Let's do this.