

VIOL
Act One
First Strain

[Insert song "alice cooper; school is out"]

Columbia River high school
7:45 am

I walked quickly to class, knowing I was late, hoping I would make the bell. My stride blew into a full-on sprint, a practical flight to first period. The sound of a school bell was the only thing that would stop me. Almost there, a truancy serving as substitute for adrenaline, bursting through the door, I looked down and...

[Disc scratch noise,
Song stops suddenly]

Columbia River high school
7:50

...Stumbled on my shoelace.

"Wow, mister... Vial, you've managed to grace us with your presence *before nine-o'clock today*" said Mrs. Wells.

(Isn't she just a little charmer?)

"I don't suppose you've managed to bring in your homework either?" "No, I don't have it, Mrs. Wells." I said. Then I got up, and skulked my way back to my seat.

"*Where the hell were you!?*" Ikira whispered in my direction.

"Just woke up late."

"WiLl YoU GuYs JuSt shut up!?" the words fell out of mark erlumbusces's mouth. "I Am Trying to dO sOme Work here!" he was a real pain in the rear.

"Why do you expect us to care?" asked shota.

"Shut up, shorta!"

"MISTER VIAL! Is there a problem back there?"

"yeah, I ordered a large drink with my fries, and you gave me a medium."

"OFFICE! OFFICE NOW!"

"Ok, stupid idiot I'm going!" I started to storm out of the room.

"WHAT WAS THAT?!" she asked, clearly miffed.

"I said STUPID IDIOT!" I said stopping and giving her my best stink-eye

"Oooooooh!" the class chorused

"GO!!!!!!" she was MAD and I wasn't going to stay there with her.

I left, walking downstairs, but not to the office. I waited For Ikira and shota to get out of class. When suddenly a black van with dark windows pulled up at the turnaround. I thought nothing of it, just a parent picking up a kid, until a man wearing a thick vest and a black mask walked out and slid open the side door. Four more men, of slightly smaller stature, walked out. Each one was armed.

One of them shot open a school window, and started firing into the classroom. A strange red cloud of smoke started to billow out of the opening. He then put on a sort of weird gas mask, and jumped through his hole. The man who opened the van, obviously the leader, walked right over to the front door, drew a pistol, and shot out the camera. Everyone ran through the door, screaming and shooting, "silent night, bitch!" There were no sounds from the inside. None of the men saw me. I ran to the bushes and dove for cover. Not long later they left, carrying a bag with them.

I looked around, my view of the school previously hidden, and saw the red clouds were coming out of every door and window in the building. A gas mask was lying on the ground. I knew what to do.

First, I would need to find my friends, then, some weapons, finally, a safe place to stay. I put on the gas mask. I walked into the school.

There was chaos inside. Bodies strewn everywhere most of them were of people I knew. The air was red with the gas; the walls, with blood. Fires were starting in the science room. I went into the class I had just run towards that morning. Right now it was the last place I wanted to be.

There was no sign of anyone, anywhere except... "SHOTA!"

He was sitting in the corner, with a pistol in his hand. I picked the kid up, threw him over my shoulder, and started to stand upright when the door burst open, Ikira standing there, with a gas mask, and a nasty looking shotgun over her shoulder.

"He alive?" she asked.

"Yeah, for now." I answered.

We made our way outside, through the fires that were engulfing our school. The red gas made my eyes burn.

ACT TWO: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN, INTO THE FIRE

The town was a war zone, bodies, cops, soldiers, everywhere. A fire engine was tipped over; three police officers were using it for cover. The soldiers were shooting their pistols at the cops, trying to hit their cover's gas tank, they succeeded. The explosion made my ears ring, the cops had no chance.

We decided not to move until Shota came to, and when he did I decided to try to piece the story together. Apparently, the air turned red, and everyone just started coughing, a man came into the room, with a shot gun, Ikira kicked him, and took it. She shot him and looked around the room. Then she ran out of it, taking his gas mask. Shota moved slowly, crawling to the man taking his pistol, and holding it as tight as he could. He passed out and woke up here. Ok.

I looked outside and noticed that the terrorists were gone. 2 or 3 were left, dead. I ran over and took one of the cop's pistols, and the terrorist's Uzi. Also I grabbed the gas mask off of one, and put it on my face, the other was thrown to Shota. I grabbed another Uzi and some extra clips for it. Some of those vests, and I felt like we would be complete as a unit. We didn't take vests from the terrorists.

We got them from the cops. The cops were thicker, and had no symbol on the back. The symbol was bad. A sign of *them*. We walked down the street, a surreal and wicked twist on their hometown. Houses were burned down. Bodies strewn everywhere. My street. My town. I'm lost.

We found my house, burned to the ground, luckily no one was inside. The poison clouds were everywhere. The house, no more. The soldiers were an epidemic. A plague. We walked through the wreckage, until we found my basement, my bat-cave, my castle's keep. We found our new home.

"First," I said, "we need to gather all of the weapons, armor, gas masks, and good people we can. Don't attack anyone unless you ABSOLUTELY have to. Get civilians, cops won't join us; they might try to stop us, even. What we need is a weapon store. If you find an empty one, that is NOT ransacked, get all the supplies you can carry, and bring them back here. We will need a bunch of supplies."

"Should we get a car?" shota asked.

"No, that would draw attention to us"

"What if we're captured?"

"Fight."

I grabbed my Uzis and walked towards the door. "Shota, go uptown, Ikira will go with you, I will go for down by the library. If I still know this area; then the bomb shelter is just down the way. Now, let's move." I went down to the library, looking for any survivors. I walked quickly, and looked for the shelter. I found a beat up hatch back, the red clouds coming out of it's windshield, a scream, loud and muffled, rose out from it's confines. I ran to it, and opened the door, Uzi first. A man was inside, obviously dead, lying on the back seat. I was about to leave when it suddenly sat up, and looked at me, or, tried to, it's eyes were rolled back in it's head. It's skin was discolored and missing in places, the name was obvious. Zombie. It lunged for me, and I had to shoot It to get away. The car suddenly started to roll backwards, into an ever growing sink-hole. I ran and I ran until I had made my destination, And found it completely filled with teenage kids, rifles at the ready, pointing at me.

"Don't shoot!" I said

"Who are you?" the kids asked

"I am recruiting a resistance force, we're gonna fight these guys."

"Do you want us to come with you?"

"Yes."

"O-okay, we'll follow you." A tall, kid, apparently the leader said.

"Good, c'mon."

We made our way down back to my basement/headquarters

And found the place completely stocked with food, weapons, and ammunition. We were set. The leader, John, let out a gasp of appreciation.

“Where did you get all this stuff?”

Ikira walked by, checking supplies off on a clip-board.

“We got it all from a gun-shop over near the middle school.”

“Where’s shota at?”

“Backyard, moving crates.”

“Of what?”

“Food, Water.”

I walked back to go see him, straining with a box labeled Campbell’s Tomato soup. I helped him put the box over with the others. We got all of the various crates and barrels put away, and then I got acquainted with the kids that we had assembled.

There were twenty in all, ten had come with me, five were survivors from the school attack, and the others were all found at the gun shop. The troops were all carrying hand trucks full of weaponry.

Then a car drove by, and I knew what was up.

“Everyone without a mask get inside NOW!!” I shouted.

“Ikira, shota, masks on!”

We grabbed our weapons, me, a mean looking machine-gun, Ikira a shotgun and shota had a big revolver. We got ready to shoot anyone who got out of the vehicle. The door did not open; instead they heard a voice on some kind of loudspeaker:

“Attention, one warning; surrender your arms, or die!”

I suddenly remembered the fire truck, and took aim for the gas tank.

[BOOM!]

The car exploded in a fiery mess. Shrapnel everywhere, no survivors. We took the masks they had inside, we were lucky; they had a crate of them. The guns they had were basic rifles, no better than the ones the kids had in the bomb-shelter. However, one of them had a strange gun like the one he saw at the school. I took out the clip, and looked at the glass bullets that it had inside, each filled with red liquid.

The virus.

“Get the kids together!”

“But”

“NOW!”

Ikira walked off and came back later with all twenty of the kids.

“We need to find a better place to be.”

“We could go back to the bomb shelter?” a child asked tentatively.

“No, they've probably already cleaned that out.” Ikira said.

“We need to take a place that was made for this kind of thing” shota injected.

“City hall?” the oldest looking kid asked.

“Exactly, city hall, a police station, ANYWHERE fortified.”

“So, let's go!”

“We need masks.” The kid said to me

“Well, there are ten in this box, so ten can come with me, Ikira, and shota, and ten can stay here, and gather supplies to keep everyone alive. We can get more masks and come back for everyone here.”

“Masks won't stop a bullet.” The kid pointed to my vest. I took it off and handed it to him.

“You are the new leader of this outpost. Get guns and vests for everyone here, and a large vehicle, a jeep or a hummer or something.” Me and Ikira went, shota wanted to stay and help out with the defense.

ACT THREE:

CITY HALL

We walked towards the building, guns slung on our backs, picking up spare gas masks on Our Way, and finally reached the hall, everyone laughed triumphantly, staring at the vague outline of it, masked by a reddish fog...

Reddish fog

“DAMN!” I drew out my rifle and pointed it at the building.

“WHAT?” Ikira didn't notice the fog.

Walking closer, I noticed it bellowing thick out of every window, blood red and foreboding clouds of doom. A lone shadow appeared, moving slowly, limping. Ikira started to walk towards the man, waving her arms wildly at him.

“IKIRA! NO!” she gave me a look.

“What if he's a survivor?”

“and what if he's dead?”

With a quizzical look, she asked, “WHAT?” I had forgotten to tell them about the car, and the dead man.

“never mind that, just stay away from him-“no!” she said “we HAVE to help him!”

“ugh. Fine.”

She walked to the man, stopped dead five feet away from him, screamed and ran away.

“z-z-z-ZOMBIE!!” she yelled. “why didn’t you tell me!”

“we’re all gonna die!” one of the kids said.

“no!” I shouted “open fire!” the kids started shooting at the dead man; he twitched, and fell to the ground.

Just then, shota and the rest of the men were finishing loading up the Humvee. He took out a list, and started checking it. The list had names of everyone in his command, and looking down it he found john, still not done equipping the vehicle. “John!” he shouted, “How’s that gun coming along?” he popped up, screwing the heavy machine gun down on the gun port.

“It’s down!” he called.

“Okay” I said “now, everyone in, armed, and protected!” a cheer, we were going on a mission.

The zombie was not alone. Out of the red, masses of silhouetted zombies were walking, groans of pain bellowing out of the mob. I looked down the sight of my gun, its aperture moving slightly with my shaking hands. Once they got close, I fired, picking off three. But it wasn’t going to be enough to take them all; they were to close for us to take them all. A jeep swerved by, a gun on top, john inside. He fired into their ranks, loud blasts and hot shells. We fired too, the crowd getting smaller, the ground getting bloodier.

The driver-side door opened up, shota walked out. “Hey, guys.”

“Hey shota.”

“Hi.”

“Who are these guys?” he said.

“Lawyers, business men, congress officials.”

“No I mean the monsters!” he said.

“Oh! Zombies.”

“Well, get in.”

Ikira looked at me, “I call shotgun!”

“Drat!” I said. Shota shook his head in bewilderment.

We got in, and started to head for the police station. The zombies, as we called them, turned out to be people who had an allergic reaction to the poison, causing mutations, and apparently, post-mortem activity. While we talked, the jeep drove through wave after wave of them, killing the ones that got too close. "So, their as much the soldier's enemy as they are ours?" I asked.

"Wrong. They are actually MORE the enemy of the soldiers than of us." Shota said, "We are just a food source." What a comforting thought, I didn't care to add.

"Well, we still have the problem of dealing with them, and the terrorists, and, apparently, the lack of a good base we have. By the way, what did you do with the base back home?"

"We left five men there to take care of it, and we had everything cleaned up and built on, one of the reasons we came to get you guys was to tell you to call off the search." Ikira turned around in her seat to face us.

"THEN WHY THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO THE POLICE STATION!!?"

"Hell if I know." He looked at her. The jeep turned around at Ikira's demand, and we proceeded back to the base.

The place was amazing. All of the rubble had been cleaned up, and gun ports like the one on the jeep were erected everywhere, me watching them from the barrel of their SAWs. The heavy machinegun was just right to provide cover fire for them. A lone zombie walked down the street, moaning for brains. With two quick shots the kid in the tree fort killed the zombie. We went inside to find stolen computers set up in the living room, a little girl busily typing on a keyboard. "hello." She said, "I'm Jess."

"I'm Vial."

"Ikira." Apparently she had already met Shota, as she simply looked at him with vague interest, smiling to herself.

"So... what's all this?" I asked her. Looking like she had just suddenly woken up, she looked around and said

"Oh, this? Security. We have been receiving viral transmissions for quite a while. I am trying to locate the source."

"Okay, cool. What can you tell us about the terrorist guys?"

"Their not so much terrorists as deluded extremists, looters that someone has armed. The diseased little toys they play with are basic bullet vial guns; they shoot the glass virus, a poison which causes the target's blood to ooze out of their pores, their eye-sockets, nose, and mouth, and follicle pores, etcetera."

"ouch." Shota peeped. I remembered the zombies, blood escaping out of their eyes, a stream of red tears. We left and looked around the rest of the house, seeing that the third story had no ceiling; Ikira kept staring at the sky.

"Vial?" she asked.

"Yeah?"

"Where will we all sleep?" it was a problem I hadn't thought of yet, an obvious one at that.

"Well, I and a few others will camp out in the tree fort. My basement is still open, plenty of room down there. I guess we could figure it out." It turned out that we all still had lots of room, and the kids who had volunteered to go on watch with me all wanted to sleep inside that night, due to rain. So I was out there all alone, watching the road for intruders, constantly aware of the utter lack of zombies. *They must all be attacking the terrorists* I thought. The trapdoor opened, and before I could draw my sidearm, Ikira was poking her head up through the hole, looking at me.

"How's it going?" she asked.

"I'm good" I lied. "There haven't been any disturbances, not even a zombie."

"Does the big boy wanna shoot his gun?" she said, mockingly.

"No, but usually they would walk through every once in a while" she gave me an understanding look.

"Little kids snore." She said, "Bad. Could I sleep here? Maybe take a watch? I said okay and then we took turns looking over the side, making small talk, until she fell asleep, and then I decided to do the same- dropping off somewhere around midnight.

The next morning I woke up to find myself alone, she must have gone back inside. I walked into the house to find the kitchen full of kids waiting to be fed. Ikira and shota were making pancakes. Lots and lots of pancakes. Armies need to eat, I guess. I walked to the stove, giving shota a swift kick in the shin. "What the hell?" he said, screaming in pain.

"I don't know. You're just so funny when you are in pain." He gave me a glare while Ikira laughed, dropping the burning hot spatula on shota's foot. More laughing, more screaming. When we got done tormenting shota in random and probably uncalled-for ways, and he was bandaged and asleep, and all the troops were finally fed, we proceeded to go downstairs, and talk about plans for taking down the terrorists. "We need more vehicles." I said. "We have to be able to move everyone at once, and it is really effective in combat."

"Where did we get the first one?" Ikira asked.

"Stole it from *them*." Jess said.

"Okay, how do we get another?" I asked.

"We take the one that's on its way right now." She said calmly, looking out the window. We quickly grabbed all of our gear, warning everyone we met. It took three minutes to get them assembled, and when we finally did they all gave us a strange 'what-the-hell-are-we-gonna-do' look. "We can take them by surprise," I said, "all we have to do is hide the gun turrets, but they are probably already here, so we wouldn't have time... maybe we could drive our jeep right in front of theirs, and then fire on the driver, but that leaves the gun in the port on top, maybe if we get one of the m203 shooters out here, we can lob one in before they have the chance to return fire, but who is good enough to get one in? And how would we use it when it's been fried with a grenade?"

"Sir?" John looked at me. "We could use snipers, on what's left of the roof, and then when the driver is out we send a clean-up team to deal with the rest."

"Who goes on the team?"
"Leave it to me."

Journal entry 05/01/13

We've been living like this so long, I forgot. Today is my birth day. And we still only have 3 vehicles, the hummer-jeep things. We have stockpiled all of the guns we can get, and are working on getting to the bottom of the disease problem, the glass virus. Ikira has a system for tracking zombie people, and she says they are massing on the enemy, the terrorists. She is so helpful. We are all happy, it started to rain again, and it hasn't since the terrorists attacked first. That was a year ago, I think. And the properties of the virus that cause people to turn into *them* affect animals, too. A bear attacked camp the other day, zombified; they must have shot it when it attacked them. I wonder if zombification affects all animals, or just some of them, like people. When it attacked us it scratched me, and I really hope I am not turned like them, I would be a danger to everyone, and especially Ikira. I guess we're going to raid the terrorist camp over on the lower east side now. So I gotta go.

Act IV

Ikira

It makes me sad, the rain. Always did, but more so now than ever. We've fought and fought and fought for our city, and our lives, and yet have only been able to take some of the surrounding streets, no survivors have been found. Vial was scratched by an infected bear, and I think it is affecting him. Jess said it wouldn't, said he would be fine, but the tears in her eyes said what her mouth would not. He should be alright, he isn't allergic, to the virus, and he always had a strong heart, but just in case, I started sleeping in his room, off in the corner. He started to sleep late, into the afternoon, and has a bad cold. I tried to stop him from coming on the Upper East Side raid, but he would not be stopped. So he comes along in the jeep, and unlike the other raids and combats, where he was always hyperactive and scared like the rest of us, this time he was just like he used to be, before they came, like he was doing airsoft, or taking a math test. He just sat there, loading mags into his vest, sighting the scope on his weapon, and looking at the rest of his men. I looked at the nav system, the computer that told us where the zomb's would be. They were following us, but we were sure that they would not attack. They had been massing on this entrenchment, thronging in herds, spawning faster than they could cut them down. That's why we attacked then, to use them for cover, and cannon fodder. When we got there the forward posts were littered with bodies,

most of them animated. The corpses were being devoured by zombies, a gruesome sight. We got to the base itself, an office building, and were surprised to find only three guards, each went down quickly, one kept as a

Captive. They must not have seen the things at the outer posts, which were about a mile away. We prepared to initiate an attack we are not the brightest kids in the world, well, maybe Vial is, but he was currently thinking more about tactics, and less about repercussions. He pulled a pair of binoculars out of a pocket, calmly looking towards the buildings roof.

“Helicopter on the roof, probable escape plan for the co. gets a scope on that helicopter, no one gets on, and no one takes off. Shota, Ikira, load up and come with me, two men guard the sniper, rest clear the bottom floors, wait for us to get in the elevators before you breach. Everyone know their parts?”

The ensuing cries of “HOO-HAH!” told me all I needed to know. The three of us moved slowly, weapons concealed under long green coats, fear and excitement hidden under dark sunglasses, gas masks donned, hiding fearful expressions; they were ready for the worst, which is what we would get. The guards in the building were all lightly armed with pistols. But the doorman sitting at the desk carried a shotgun and had a small button by his chair, reading security. We walked into the room, and the man got out of his chair, (and thus away from the button) and pulled out a small metal detector, to check to see if we were armed. A steel-toe boot went straight into his crotch.

“Ouch.” whispered Shota, looking at the man slump into the ground. I drew a Glock out from beneath my coat and shot the button, destroying their only way to call for backup. Vial hefted up the body and sat it in the chair. When he regained consciousness, he would regret

meeting me. We continued to the elevator, waving to the guards as we got in. the doors shut, and I picked up the radio and called the team in. not long later, screaming and gunshots were heard. We pulled up at level two, guns out and pointed at the doors. *Ding!* The room was full of unarmed men, smoke, and pool tables. A rec room, a lounge. We walked through and grabbed a small man in a mask, no one saw, no one cared. As we moved upwards, the close doors button was pressed.

“Who runs this place?” I said, pistol-whipping the man.

“Ouch! Careful, woman. And what do you mean? Who runs this place! [Blows raspberry]” the man was high.

“Where is the boss?” I said, and then quickly looked at vial.

“Oh! Top floor, back office. Now can I get back to the cruise, misses elephant?” we dropped him off at the door to the fifth level, then got back into the elevator and headed to see the boss man. The floor was soft carpet, the chair was leather. An office built for a king. A small sticky note was placed on the desk reading:

Marry, under attack by Xombies. Meet me on roof,
Get in helicopter, I will be waiting there.

Vial was not looking good, he was sick, and a small dribble of blood ran down his cheek. He slumped down onto the ground, shards of glass sticking to the back of his coat.

“No! Vial!” a woman, wearing a red dress, put away the strange, fiendish gun, sneering at them. She opened her mouth and said something, something I did not hear. I drew from my coat the benelli 12-guage, and slew the beast. Vial, at my feet, grabbed onto my leg, tears of red streaming from hi eyes, a non-understanding look set on his face, mouthing words. All that came out was a low moan, weak, and dwindling. His face turned a strange, green tint. His eyes grew gull and lifeless. He rose undead, but his walk was still smooth. He still moved fluently, reaching out for me. My shotgun moved toward his

chest, backing onto the stairs to the roof. The helicopter was no more. Only it's wreckage remained. He followed me to the helipad, and approached me when I got to it's middle. Crying, I unloaded a round into his arm. He stumbled onto his knees, and stood back up. I fired a whole twelve shells into him, the gun was useless. I dropped it and drew an mp5 from my coat. He knocked it out of my hand, and stopped walking. His groans took shape.

“Ikira.” He said, his tears running from red to clear, wiping them from his face. His eyes regained focus and his skin returned to normal.

“Vial.”

Look for season two, pulp friction out soon!