THE CAMP

by

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10/15/09
EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT.

A HOWLING RAIN STORM muddies a narrow, pitted road that carves through the center of the island.

HEADLIGHTS from a GERMAN BLITZ TRUCK pierce the darkness. The truck has a large, open bed with high wooden rails to stack cargo; but tonight the only cargo is up front.

INT. BLITZ TRUCK - NIGHT.

RAIN PELTS the windshield. A GERMAN S.S. SOLDIER drives. He glances out the window, spooked, as if something beastly lies in wait. The SOLDIER in the passenger seat looks equally rattled.

Pinched between them is DR. GOHLER, (62). A runty, nervous man with a sunken face. He wears a black suit with a Nazi arm band and clings to a small, luggage bag.

BEACH - NIGHT.

The Blitz Truck tears across the sand near the water’s edge.

UP AHEAD

Is a small dirt hill bristling with high grass.

The truck accelerates up the hill and comes to an abrupt stop on top as the tires sink into the mud.

The men crawl out of the jeep and run through the high grass. Gohler struggles to keep up. He trips, picks up his bag and keeps running.

The soldiers locate a canvas tarp concealed by dirt, brush and grass. They strip away the tarp revealing a seven foot long DINGHY.

WATER’S EDGE - NIGHT.

The soldiers wade into the water with the dinghy --

Gohler follows --

The soldiers are waist deep now, the lead soldier glances back at Gohler, YELLS for him to hurry. He turns around and --
A SNARLING, S.S. SOLDIER WITH A HORRIBLY MAULED FACE AND BLOOD-STAINED MOUTH RISES FROM WATER --

The Zombie strikes with rabid ferocity and bites off a meaty serving from the soldier’s face --

Gohler and the rear soldier run out of the water --

The rear soldier flees into an area of tall grass. Suddenly, he’s yanked into the grass with tremendous force --

Gohler runs the opposite way down the beach --

A horde of ZOMBIES IN PRISONER ATTIRE emerge from the trees and go after Gohler --

He sloshes into the water and falls. The horde swoops in like a pack of rabid dogs and devours him in the shallow water --

His BONE-CHILLING SCREAM is eventually overcome by the HEAVY DRONE of massive radial engines --

EXT. STORMY SKY - DAY.

A C-47 TRANSPORT PLANE ROARS out of the thunderclouds. Sixty-seven feet in length - the workhorse of the allied forces.

SUPER: "GERMANY, 1944."

INT. C-47 COCKPIT - DAY.

A pair of BRITISH PILOTS navigate the C-47 through the high winds and billowing clouds. It’s a loud, bumpy ride.

C-47 CABIN SECTION - DAY.

FIFTEEN BRITISH PARATROOPERS, each loaded with seventy pounds of survival gear hunker down in the cabin awaiting a drop.

They’re jostled by turbulence but no one seems to mind – just business as usual for these guys. Some try to sleep.

CORPORAL EWING, (20), sits off by himself. He squints through his tiny glasses while reading a bible.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS, (35), a well-built soldier with a stoic, commanding face, plucks a tattered PHOTO and a folded LETTER from his pocket.
He stares at the photo. A lithe, fresh-faced woman dressed in a dressage outfit stares back at him. She’s perched atop a splendid chestnut-colored gelding.

Rennocks opens the letter, eyes the page with a hint of sorrow.

PRIVATE TIPTON, (19), sits beside Rennocks. He’s scrawny, timid, trying hard not to show how scared he is.

Across from Rennocks is SERGEANT AINSWORTH, (23), a tank of a man with a cheery disposition.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
From the look on your face when you read that, sir, you’d think her father said no.

Rennocks smiles but it seems forced.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
That’s why I keep reading it. Can hardly believe it myself.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
How come you won’t let us have a look at her, Lieutenant?

Next to Ainsworth is SERGEANT BURCHILL, (25), handsome, cynical.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
He thinks it’s bad luck.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
That true, Lieutenant Rennocks?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You’re still alive, aren’t you?

Rennocks tucks the photo and letter back into his pocket.

The plane takes a JOLT, throwing the men off balance. Tipton shuts his eyes. He’s trembling, trying not to hyperventilate.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
You alright there, Tip?

PRIVATE TIPTON
A bit nervous, sir.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Just focus on the mission. It’s recon.
PRIVATE TIPTON
Recon, right, sir.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Lay it out.

Tipton concentrates, wants to get it right for his lieutenant.

PRIVATE TIPTON
We drop, coordinate, separate, characterize the region around Goosebeek, map the designated locations, link back up and...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Get the hell out of there.

PRIVATE TIPTON
Right.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You’ll do fine, Tip. The information we gather today goes straight to Montgomery.

COCKPIT - SAME.

PILOT 1 pours a cup of coffee from a thermos and offers it up to PILOT 2.

PILOT 2
Thanks.

Pilot 1 then pours another cup for himself. He’s about to take a sip when...

A GERMAN, MESSERSCHMITT FIGHTER PLANE WITH MACHINE GUNS BLASTING APPEARS OUT OF THE CLOUDS --

BULLETS PIERCE THE GLASS, PEPPERING THE PILOTS FROM HEAD TO TOE --

CABIN - SAME.

The plane takes a hard dive, spilling the men over each other. A BELL RINGS as the bail out light turns green.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Everybody hook in!

The men struggle to stand and latch into the drop line.
Machine gun fire RIPS through the side of the plane hitting some of the men. Rennocks scrambles toward the cabin, crawls into the cockpit.

Pilot 1 is dead on the floor. Pilot 2 is bleeding, badly wounded, still trying to fly the plane.

PILOT 2
Bail out.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You’re coming with us.

PILOT 2
I can land her.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
There’s no where to -

A round of bullets TEAR through the cockpit as the fighter plane SCREAMS by. Rennocks hits the floor. Pilot 2 slumps over dead onto the control panel. The plane slowly begins nose-dive.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (O.S.)
Lieutenant! We’ve got to bail out!

Rennocks crawls toward the cabin. The slanted angle of the plane makes it difficult. Tipton and Ainsworth grab his arms.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Pull!

JUMP DOOR

Burchill clings to the side of the door. A LINE OF PARATROOPERS form behind him.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (O.S.)
Get to it!

Burchill disappears out the door. Ewing follows - just makes it out as the plane HITS an air pocket.

Rennocks, Tipton, and Ainsworth are tossed to the front, the rest of the men are thrown to the back.

The men in the back clamor to right themselves. A PARATROOPER makes it to the door, steadies to jump when...

KABOOM! THE GERMAN FIGHTER PLANE CRASHES THROUGH THE SIDE -- SHEARING THE PLANE IN HALF, OBLITERATING EVERYONE IN BACK --
The front part of the plane begins to spin out of control. Rennocks, Tipton and Ainsworth are bounced around violently -- Then one after another they’re sucked out the gaping hole in the back...

**EXT. SKY – DAY.**

Rennocks, Tipton and Ainsworth deploy their chutes, safe for the time being.

Below them, the burning plane spirals toward the ground, eventually disappearing into the clouds.

**EXT. ABANDONED FARM – DAY.**

In the sky, TWO PARATROOPERS are descending. One glides over a neglected field behind a farm house. The other drifts toward a LARGE TREE and gets caught up in the branches.

The paratrooper in the field lands safely – it’s Ewing. He hastily gathers his chute, HEARS a CRASHING sound...

**LARGE TREE – SAME.**

Burchill SMASHES through the branches.

**IN THE DISTANCE**

Rennocks, Tipton and Ainsworth slowly drop from the sky over a densely wooded area.

**IN THE TREE**

Burchill dangles upside down from a thick branch. He gets a hold of a KNIFE sheathed to his belt, starts to cut away the chute.

**BASE OF THE TREE**

Ewing stares up the tree.

   CORPORAL EWING
   You alright up there, Sergeant?

   SERGEANT BURCHILL

   Ewing?
CORPORAL EWING
Yes sir.

IN THE TREE
Burchill cuts himself free and swings up onto a branch.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Hang on. I’m coming down.

Burchill inches across the branch when... CRACK! He freezes.

Another crack and the branch SNAPS! Burchill falls, snapping branches as he goes. Ewing steps out of the way just as Burchill lands with a thud!

EXT. WOODS - DAY.

Rennocks slices himself free from his chute, drops about five feet to the ground, scans his surroundings, makes sure it’s safe.

PRIVATE TIPTON (O.S.)
Help me...

Rennocks dashes toward the voice. Finds Tipton hanging about fifteen feet off the ground, his chute tangled on a thick branch.

Tipton thrashes about, only aggravating the situation.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Tip, relax. You’ll only make it worse.

A BIG HAND
lands on Rennocks’ shoulder startling him. He turns, relieved to see that it’s just Ainsworth.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You’re OK?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Might have shit me pants a bit, reckon I’m OK otherwise.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Gun?
SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Pistol. Lost my Thompson in the blast.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Me too.

Tipton continues to thrash about in the tree.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Stop squirming and cut yourself loose.

Rennocks’ walkie-talkie starts to CRACKLE. He pulls the large radio off his hip.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Rennocks, come in. Burch, you out there, over...?

Nothing... just CRACKLING STATIC.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Must be out of range.

There’s a commotion above them. Ainsworth looks up to see Tipton yelling, arms flailing, coming right at him. Tipton lands on top of Ainsworth smashing him to the ground.

Ainsworth pushes Tipton aside and struggles to sit up.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (cont’d)
Christ, Tip, a little warning next time.

PRIVATE TIPTON
Sorry, sir.

Rennocks’ radio CRACKLES again...

ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, PORCH – DAY.

Burchill sits on the porch steps examining a nasty bruise on his side.

Ewing tinkers with a walkie-talkie. The face is open exposing a mess of wires and parts. Ewing attaches a pair of wires. The radio crackles... A VOICE comes through the static.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
(over radio)
Come in... anybody out there, over?
Burchill limps over, kneels down near the radio. Ewing holds the wires together.

CORPORAL EWING
I got the wires. Just hit the transmit.

Burchill presses the button on the side.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Burchill here, with Corporal Ewing. We copy, over.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (V.O.)
You boys, OK?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Good, sir. We’re at a farmhouse, appears to be abandoned.

WOODS – DAY.

Rennocks, Ainsworth and Tipton stand around the radio.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I spotted a house as we were coming in. A mile or so to the south, I reckon.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (into radio)
Stay put. We’re coming to you. Copy?

SERGEANT BURCHILL (V.O.)
Yes sir.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE – DAY.

Burchill and Ewing look around, diffident, pistols drawn.

The house is dark, unsettling. A dusty mess of broken furniture, shattered cookware, toppled bookshelves.

Used candles near discolored mattresses give the impression that someone might have slept here recently.

Ewing spots a broken serving dish on the floor. It has a neatly painted proverb across the surface. He picks up a piece in each hand, brings the dish together and reads the proverb...
CORPORAL EWING
‘Altes Brot ist nicht hart, kein Brot, das ist hart.’

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What?

CORPORAL EWING
‘Old bread isn’t hard, no bread, that is hard.’

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Ain’t that the truth.
(realizing)
Since when do you speak, kraut?

CORPORAL EWING
I don’t. I know a little. A couple courses in school.

Burchill notices a couple of cigarette butts on the floor near a mattress.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Someone’s been here recently.

Burchill spots something odd on the wood floor – a piece of wood that doesn’t quite fit.

He lifts the piece of wood exposing a small hole in the floor. He reaches inside, pulls out a faded cigar box. He opens the box and reels back in horror...

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
Shit!

A half dozen FINGERS lay amongst an assortment of coins, rings and trinkets.

Burchill digs something shiny out of the box – a CLASS RING from Cambridge University.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
Guess we’re not the first Brits to stumble on this place.

CORPORAL EWING
I don’t like this.

A BLAST OF THUNDER rocks the house frightening the men. Burchill crosses to a window, sees a STORM approaching.
SERGEANT BURCHILL
Like it or not. I think it’s home for tonight.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT.

Ewing stands on the porch with a lantern. It’s raining hard. He sees some movement in the yard. Dark shapes obscured by the rain. He draws his pistol.

CORPORAL EWING
Hello? That you, lieutenant?

The shapes get closer, become more visible.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Ewing?

CORPORAL EWING
It’s me, sir. You’ve made it.

Burchill steps outside. Rennocks, Ainsworth and Tipton step onto the porch dripping with rain. They shake hands, share a few hugs.

CORPORAL EWING (cont’d)
Am I glad to see you guys.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Seen anyone?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Not a soul. Looks like some squatters might use this from time to time. Should be safe for the night.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Alright then, let’s settle in.

INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT.

Ewing sets a lantern on a table. Rennocks lays out a map of the area.

KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Tipton and Ainsworth rifle through the doors and cabinets. Ainsworth spots a thin, shiny box on a shelf, grabs it.
The words are in German, but the pictures on the box are of chocolates. He shakes the box – definitely something inside. He opens the box and his face crumbles. It’s filled with bullets and shell casings.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Bollocks.

He puts the top back on. Tipton appears at his side. He holds a bag up in front of Ainsworth.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (cont’d)
What is it?

Tipton takes a bite off a piece of red licorice.

PRIVATE TIPTON
Licorice. What’s in yours?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Oh this? Not much. Just a box of mouth watering chocolates.

He shakes the box.

PRIVATE TIPTON
I like chocolates.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I like licorice.

PRIVATE TIPTON
A trade then. Mine for yours.

Ainsworth thinks about it.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Alright.

They trade. Tipton smiles, certain he got the better end of the deal.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (cont’d)
Don’t chip a tooth.

PRIVATE TIPTON
I won’t.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I’ll just go eat these in the other room.
Tipton waits until he’s alone. He stares at the box, grinning like a kid at Christmas. He slowly takes the top off. His grin melts away as he see what’s inside.

PRIVATE TIPTON
Oh, bloody hell!

Tipton chucks the box aside.

ABANDONED HOUSE, MAIN ROOM – NIGHT.

Ainsworth chuckles as he walks up to the table where rennocks has the map set out.

Rennocks gestures toward the kitchen.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What’s wrong with him?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Got the ass end of a trade. I got the tits.

Ainsworth opens the bag.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (cont’d)
Licorice?

Rennocks takes a stick of licorice. Tipton enters from the kitchen, glares at Ainsworth.

Burchill enters through a side door carrying a box. He sets it on a table and pulls out a bottle of brandy.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Cocktails anyone? Found it in the cellar.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Anything edible down there?

Burchill pulls out a jar of pickles.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Pickles. Look a bit rank to me, but what do I know.

He then pulls out a large round tin and pops the top off. It’s filled with cookies.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
Knock yourselves out.
Ainsworth, Ewing and Tipton go for the cookies. Burchill pours a round of drinks. Rennocks remains preoccupied with the map.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS

Here!

They all gather round the map. Rennocks opens a drawing compass. Marks a spot on the map.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)

That’s our drop. And this...

Rennocks draws his finger across the map. Stops. Plants the compass.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)

Bearing 019: Goosebeek Ridge.

He then spins the compass in the opposite direction.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)

But because of our detour, we are now... here. Eighteen, maybe twenty kilometers off. We set out tomorrow at first light, barring any more obstacles we ought to be there by nightfall.

EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE, PORCH - NIGHT.

Ainsworth sits in a chair on the porch with a blanket over his knees. He’s out cold. The lantern sits on an apple cart at his side. Near his feet is the now empty tin of cookies.

The floor CREAKS as someone approaches. A SHADOW climbs the wall. The FIGURE looms over Ainsworth - just watches him.

Ainsworth’s eyes slowly open. The figure hovers above him, silhouetted by the moon - it’s an eerie sight. Ainsworth lunges for the figure, slams him against the rail.

CORPORAL EWING

Sergeant, it’s me, stop. I’m here to relieve you.

The moon casts a bit of light on Ewing’s face.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH

Ewing?
SEQUEL AINSWORTH (cont’d)
What the hell are you doing
creeping up on me like that?

CORPORAL EWING
Sir, you weren’t suppose to be asleep.

SEQUEL AINSWORTH
I wasn’t. Just being quiet’s all.

CORPORAL EWING
Alright. Seen anything?

SEQUEL AINSWORTH
No.

CORPORAL EWING
Good.

PORCH – NIGHT.
The rain continues. Ewing shivers from the cold as he reads his bible. His eyes are getting heavy - slowly closing.

A NOISE, like someone stepping on a branch, startles him awake. Ewing grabs the lantern, pulls out his pistol.

CORPORAL EWING
Hello? Someone out there?

He walks beside the rail holding out the lantern. It’s just too dark, too wet, to see much of anything. He HEARS another noise - CRUNCHING under foot.

CORPORAL EWING (cont’d)
If someone’s out there I suggest you show yourself. I have a gun.

He continues along the rail to the end of the porch. He stares out into the rain. Nothing visible.

There’s a slight CREAK behind him. Ewing turns, holds up the lantern. Sees nothing except the black of night. He breathes a sigh of relief when --

A FIGURE STEPS INTO THE LIGHT, A FEW FEET FROM HIS FACE --

This is VOLKER. A squat, bald man in his forties with rotting teeth and a face horribly disfigured by fire.

Before Ewing can even scream a WIRE NOOSE is placed around his neck by another MAN standing behind him in the yard.
Ewing is YANKED over the rail --

**YARD - CONTINUOUS.**

Ewing is dragged, kicking and gurgling across the dirt into the dark cover of the woods.

**INT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - NIGHT.**

Tipton sleeps on a couch.

A SCARRED HAND with mutilated stumpy fingers covers Tipton’s mouth with a CHLOROFORM SOAKED RAG. Tipton struggles for a moment, then succumbs to the toxins.

The same method is used on Ainsworth as he sleeps on a mattress. This one goes without incident as well.

Volker creeps over to Burchill who sleeps on a busted couch, one side propped up with old books. Volker reaches...

ever so slowly when...

BURCHILL’S EYES shoot open. He grabs Volker’s wrist just before he’s smothered with the rag. It’s a struggle of strength and Volker has the advantage. He’s unusually strong.

**SERGEANT BURCHILL**

HELP! HELP ME!

Volker strikes Burchill with a powerful elbow to chin. He then holds the rag over Burchill’s mouth until he’s incapacitated.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS**

Do not move.

Volker freezes as Rennocks places a KNIFE to his throat.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)**

Get up, nice and slow.

Volker makes an animal-like gurgling sound as he breathes. Spit bubbles on his lips.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)**

I said get up!

Rennocks jerks him to his feet.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)**

Are you alone?
Volker just GRUNTS.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
I said are you –

CRACK! Rennocks gets his answer by way of a rifle butt to the head. He topples and hits the floor... out cold.

A tall man, FALCO, stands above Rennocks. He’s in his fifties, scruffy, dressed like a farmer.

Volker kneels down beside Rennocks, examines his fingers. On Rennocks’ right ring finger is a MILITARY ACADEMY RING.

Volker tugs on the ring. It won’t budge. He takes a pair of rusty TIN SNIPS from his pocket. He’s about to cut Rennocks’ finger off when...

FALCO
(in German)
Go get the cuffs.

Volker hesitates.

FALCO (cont’d)
(German)
Now, you idiot.

Volker gets up, scrambles out of the room. Falco lights up a cigarette, grins, pleased with his capture.

EXT. WOODS – DAY.

A PAIR OF HORSES pull a WAGON through a narrow trail. Falco’s at the reins. Volker sits beside him, rifle in hand.

BACK OF THE WAGON

All five men lay on a thin bed of wilted straw. They’ve been stripped of everything but their undershirts and pants.

Their hands are cuffed behind their backs, their legs chained.

Sitting atop the rails are Falco’s wife, INGE, (50’s) and Daughter, RIA, (20’s). Inge is a cruel, hardened woman with a quick temper. A pitchfork rests on her lap.

Ria has a shaved head, a lean, muscular body. Hidden beneath the grime and perpetual scowl there’s a pretty face.
She wears a machine gun over her shoulder and is staring at a tattered photo. She turns the photo so Rennocks can see it. It’s his girl from back home.

    RIA
    (German)
    Pretty.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    That’s my photo!

Rennocks tries to sit up. Inge pushes him down hard with her foot.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
    Where are you taking us?

    INGE
    (German)
    You stay quiet.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    English? Sprechen Sie Englisch?

    INGE
    (German)
    No.

    SERGEANT BURCHILL
    Ewing, try to communicate with them.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    You speak German, Ewing?

    CORPORAL EWING
    A tiny bit.

    INGE
    (German)
    Shut up!

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    Ask them where they’re taking us.

    CORPORAL EWING
    (German)
    Where are we going?

    RIA
    (German)
    You don’t want to know.

Ria grins. Volker chuckles deviously.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What did she say?

CORPORAL EWING
You don’t want to know.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Fuck that! I want to know.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
So do I.

CORPORAL EWING
I’m telling you what she said. She said, ‘we don’t want to know.’

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Tell her she’s a whore.

Ria leaps up. She grabs the pitchfork from her mother and stabs it into the wood about a half-inch away from Burchill’s face.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
OH SHIT!

Volker finds this hilarious. Falco slaps him across the head, turns to the back...

FALCO
Enough!

Ria yanks the pitchfork out of the wood.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Guess she knows a word or two.

Ria kneels down near Burchill’s face.

RIA
Next time I ruin your face.

She takes a seat back on the rail.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What did she say?

CORPORAL EWING
She said to be more polite next time.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
No problem.
EXT. WOODS - NIGHT.

The wagon journey continues. Inge, Ria and Volker sit against the back. They appear to be sleeping.

Rennocks stares up at the sky as the moon appears then vanishes behind the clouds. He shuts his eyes and tries to get some sleep.

EXT. STEEP HILLSIDE/LAKE FRONT - DAY.

The wagon stops on a hill above an inlet that opens up into a MASSIVE LAKE. The prisoners sit upright, sore from a constrained night’s sleep.

In the middle of the lake, barely visible, is a small island.

Below the hill, docked at the inlet is a run-down, diesel-driven FISHING BOAT, roughly forty feet long.

    FALCO
    (to Volker)
    Get the engines started.
    (to Ria and Inge)
    Get them out of the wagon.

    RIA
    Get up! Move!

    PRIVATE TIPTON
    What are they doing?

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    I don’t know.

    PRIVATE TIPTON
    They’re going to drown us.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    Quiet, Tipton. Just do as they say.

WATER’S EDGE - DAY.

Volker wades into the water and wiggles on board.

IN THE BOAT - DAY.

Stripped of its fishing gear, the boat now serves as a prisoner ferry. RUSTY CHAINS are attached to the floor. Up front there’s a covered CONTROL STATION.
Volker enters the control station, starts the RUMBLING ENGINES...

**INLET - DAY.**

The prisoners wade into the water and are helped aboard the boat by Ria, Inge and Volker. Falco mans the control station.

The boat slowly begins to move.

**STEEP HILLSIDE/LAKEFRONT - DAY.**

A JEEP comes to a grinding stop at the edge of the hillside. A German SS Officer, MAJOR KEPPLElr steps out of the Jeep. He has a face as cold and unforgiving as a winter’s field.

He’s followed by three soldiers, S.S. SERGEANT STADLER, and S.S. PRIVATE’S BOCK and MULLER.

    MAJOR KEPPLER
    (in German)  
    Stop them.

The soldiers proceed down the hill with their machine guns.

    SS SERGEANT STADLER
    (in German)  
    Stop the boat!

**IN THE BOAT - DAY.**

Falco looks back, curses. He puts the boat in neutral. The prisoners are seated on the floor.

The German soldiers wade into the water, guns trained. Inge screams at the soldiers.

    FALCO’S WIFE
    We’ve done nothing wrong.

    S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
    Shut up!

Falco moves to the back.

    FALCO
    Please, my name is Falco Metzger. This is my family. We have an arrangement with Doctor Gohler...
    (points to the island)
    The research camp.
Major Keppler stands on shore.

MAJOR KEPPLER
We’ve come to see Doctor Gohler as well. We’ve been very worried. When did you see him last?

FALCO
Maybe a month.

MAJOR KEPPLER
We’ve had no contact with the camp in over two weeks. We fear his experiments, if you will, may have got out of hand.

FALCO
I wouldn’t know of such experiments?

FALCO (cont’d)
What do you think the good doctor pays you for? Not your typical, run-of-the-mill, lab rats are they, Mr. Metzger?

Keppler laughs at this. He wades into the water.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Ewing, what are they saying?

CORPORAL EWING
Something about a camp, experiments, a doctor pays them...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
For what?

CORPORAL EWING
People, I think.

The prisoners trade fearful glances. The German soldiers climb aboard the boat.

FALCO
We’re just farmers, sir, but our pigs have died and we must eat. These are difficult times.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Of course. Tell me, what does the good doctor pay you for your capture?
FALCO
One hundred dollars per man.

MAJOR KEPPLER
One hundred dollars? Good money. How much do you get for the girl?

Falco shakes his head, confused.

FALCO
No, sir. Ria is my daughter.

MAJOR KEPPLER
You trade in human flesh. She is human is she not?

RIA
I’m German, you pig, just like you. I’m not for sale.

CORPORAL EWING
They want her for sex, I think.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
(in English)
Is that what you think?

The prisoners are surprised, “he speaks English.”

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
And who are you?

CORPORAL EWING
My name’s Ewing, Oliver Ewing.

Keppler moves to the edge of the boat.

MAJOR KEPPLER (in English)
Would you like to have sex with her, Herr Ewing?

CORPORAL EWING
No thank you.

Keppler climbs aboard.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Nein, danke.

CORPORAL EWING
Nein, sir.
MAJOR KEPLER
(back to German)
Is she not clean enough for you?

Ewing doesn’t respond. Keppler grins, looks to Ria.

MAJOR KEPLER (cont’d)
A dirty little, farm-girl, but I
suspect she cleans up nice.

Ria spits into Keppler’s face.

MAJOR KEPLER (cont’d)
Hold her.

Private Bock and Private Muller each grab an arm. Keppler
gets close to her face, sniffs at her neck. He then tears
away her dress exposing one of her breasts. Falco takes a
hesitant step toward Keppler.

FALCO
Please. We don’t want trouble.
She’s a good girl.

Rennocks watches as Inge quietly opens a compartment, takes
out a knife.

Keppler places his finger on Ria’s lip...

MAJOR KEPLER
Is that true, are you a good girl?

He then slowly draws his finger down, over her chin, her
neck, her breast...

Ria tries to break away. Inge takes advantage of the moment.
She charges at Keppler. He can see her approaching out of the
corner of his eye.

He instinctively grabs his Luger, and without even looking
shoots her through the forehead. Inge’s head lands in
Tipton’s lap soaking his pants with blood.

PRIVATE TIPTON
Oh God!

Ria SCREAMS obscenities at the German soldiers. Volker falls
to his knees and sobs.

Falco runs to his wife, wails as he cradles her lifeless body
in his arms. Keppler points the Luger at Ria.

MAJOR KEPLER
Shut up or you die next.
MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
(to Falco)
Get up!

Falco doesn’t move. Keppler kicks him in the leg.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
I said get up.

Falco slowly does as he’s told.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Drive the boat.

FALCO
Where?

MAJOR KEPPLER
The island.

Falco moves to the control station, puts the boat in gear. Keppler points to Volker.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
You. Toss her over.

Volker shakes his head, horrified by the order. Keppler places the gun against Ria’s forehead.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Do it or I shoot your sister.

Volker walks over to his mother. He lifts her, sobbing hysterically and carries her to the side of the boat.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Do it!

Volker drops his mother into the water. He lets out an anguished SCREAM that echoes across the lake.

EXT. BOAT – LATER.

The boat makes its way across the lake. The German soldiers keep a close eye on the prisoners which now includes Volker and Ria.

Keppler sits on a crate smoking a cigarette. He stares at Rennocks.

MAJOR KEPPLER
(in English)
You are in charge of these men?
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I am. Lieutenant, Calvin Rennocks, 1st airborne division.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Tell me, Lieutenant, how do strong, able, British soldiers become captured by a family of pig farmers?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
They surprised us in our sleep.

MAJOR KEPPLER
I see. You must have been very tired. In the German army we are instructed to sleep with one eye open. Maybe you should try this next time.

Burchill glares at Keppler. He’s about to say something when Rennocks gives him a look, “save it.”

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
May I ask where are you taking us?

MAJOR KEPPLER
We are en-route to Stryker Island, a former, Gefangenenlager.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What is that?

CORPORAL EWING
A prison camp.

MAJOR KEPPLER
But don’t worry, lieutenant, I assure you it’s not used for such barbaric means any longer. It is now simply a research facility.

EXT. WATER - DAY.
In the distance their final destination comes into view, a densely wooded island.

EXT. ISLAND - DAY.
The prisoners unload into knee deep water and tread ashore.
Muller nudges Sergeant Stadler, points down the beach where a German BLITZ TRUCK sits atop a small hill.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Go.

Private Muller trots off in the direction of the truck.

SHORE - MINUTES LATER

The prisoners are moving towards the woods. Muller catches up with the group.

S.S. PRIVATE MULLER
No one.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Keys?

S.S. PRIVATE MULLER
No sir.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Forget it. Let’s move.

EXT. PATH THROUGH THE WOODS - DAY.

Falco leads the way, followed by Keppler, then the prisoners. The German soldiers bring up the rear. They walk through the dense shrubbery and towering trees.

Apart from the clink of chains and occasional bird caw it’s silent, eerily so.

WOODS - CONTINUOUS.

Something in the bushes catches Keppler’s eye. He stops the march and walks about five feet off the path.

On the ground is the head of a dead ROTTWEILER.

Next to the dog is a black leather COLLAR. He kneels down and picks it up. Fashioned to the collar is brass Parteiadler (A German eagle atop a swastika) identical in fact to one on his uniform.

Keppler drops the collar and walks back toward the group.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Just a dead dog.
CLOSE ON -
The dog’s eyeball as it BLINKS several times...

EXT. PRISON CAMP – DAY.
The march ends at the entrance to the camp.

Huge brick walls strung with razor-wire surround the camp. A Nazi flag floats in the sky above the wall.

A giant Parteiaedler statue sits above an enormous wrought-iron gate. Keppler walks to the entrance, peers through the bars into the yard.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Hello?

INT. CAMP YARD – DAY.
Keppler continues to yell behind the gate, his voice echoing throughout the empty yard.

The camp was built to hold hundreds of prisoners, yet it’s barely two acres in size. A desolate place, reminiscent of a ghost town.

WATCH TOWERS
are positioned in every corner of the camp.

DOZENS OF ARMY STYLE BARRACKS
are spaced throughout the camp. Although these barracks serve different purposes they all look the same.

IN THE CENTER
there’s an open dirt square, roughly the size of a small soccer field.

Through out the camp, small fire pits have been dug and left behind are the crude pots and utensils once used for cooking.
HORSE PEN

It could hold several horses but only one remains. A SPIRITED, DARK-BAY THOROUDBRED. She could use a bath but otherwise looks strong and healthy.

INT. BARRACKS/GENEVIEVE’S ROOM — SAME.

The cramped room is outfitted with a bed and a mirror-topped bureau. In the corner is a desk with a lamp and a vase of aging Lilacs.

Keppler’s voice drifts through the tiny window and awakens GENEVIEVE, (30), a French woman with shoulder length hair and a toned body. She’s a survivor, as fierce as she is beautiful.

She sleeps atop the sheets, fully dressed and armed with an assault rifle.

NICOLAS, Genevieve’s ten-year-old-son stirs awake. He’s small and feeble looking.

NICOLAS
What is it, mamma?

GENEVIEVE
Stay down, Nicolas.

NICOLAS
They get in?

GENEVIEVE
Shhhhh.

Genevieve stares out the window, scans the grounds.

EXT. WOODS — DAY.

Private Bock sneaks into the trees and unzips his pants. He’s just begun to relieve himself when he hears a RUSTLING NOISE in the woods.

He glances around but sees nothing.

S.S. PRIVATE BOCK
Hello?
EXT. CAMP - DAY.

Keppler is still at the gate. He bends over and lights a cigarette. He raises his head and a scream catches in his throat.

Genevieve stands on the other side of the gate. Her machine gun pointed squarely at Keppler. The German soldiers draw their guns, aim them at Genevieve.

    GENEVIEVE
    Tell them to lower their guns. You have three seconds before you die.
    One, two...

Keppler shouts at his men in German to back off.

    GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
    Who are you?

Keppler takes a long drag off his cigarette, exhales...

    GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
    I said -

    MAJOR KEPPLER
    I heard what you said. I suggest you put the gun down.

Genevieve lowers the rifle.

    MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
    I am with the S.S.

    GENEVIEVE
    I know what you are. I asked who.

    MAJOR KEPPLER
    You are French?

    GENEVIEVE
    Answer me? How did you get in?

    MAJOR KEPPLER
    By boat, then foot. We are here to see Dr. Gohler.

    GENEVIEVE
    Gohler’s dead. The guards and the prisoners too. I’m all that’s left, me and my son, Nicolas.

    MAJOR KEPPLER
    Dead?
GENEVIEVE
There’s no time to explain. I’m going to unlock this gate. I suggest you hurry inside. They are close by.

MAJOR KEPPLER
What is close by?

GENEVIEVE
Something you have to see with your own eyes to believe.

Genevieve unlocks the gate then steps back with her rifle trained on Keppler.

MAJOR KEPPLER
You can lower the gun. I assure you no harm will come.

GENEVIEVE
It’s not you I’m worried about. Just get them inside and take those shackles off.

MAJOR KEPPLER
These men are prisoners of the German army. Dangerous men, I can not just unshackle them.

GENEVIEVE
They’re the least of your worries.

WOODS – DAY.

Sergeant Bock walks back through the woods. Up ahead he can see the camp. He continues on, almost there when...

SOMETHING FLIES OUT OF THE BUSHES AND ATTACKS HIM...

IT HAPPENS FAST - A BLUR OF GRAY FLESH, BLOODY TEETH, A HIDEOUS SNARL...

INT. CAMP YARD – DAY.

The prisoners are ushered into the yard by Private Muller and Sergeant Stadler.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER

Sit!

He motions for them to hit the ground.
SERGEANT AINSWORTH
You heard the woman, there’s something out there.

S.S. PRIVATE MULLER
(in German)
Shut up.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Ewing, fucking reason with the man.

CORPORAL EWING
(in German)
Please, sir, we can’t defend ourselves in these -

Private Muller drives the butt of his gun into Ewing’s thigh. Ewing screams out in pain.

Keppler steps up beside Sergeant Stadler.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Where is Bock?

Sergeant Stadler looks to Private Muller.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Bock?

Private Muller shrugs, “I don’t know.”

MAJOR KEPPLER
Damnit! Go find him. Take your gun.

Sergeant Stadler motions to Muller, “go.”

MAIN GATE

Private Muller gets to the gate, yanks on the door. It’s locked.

GENEVIEVE (O.S.)
Get away.

Private Muller turns around. Genevieve raises her rifle and points it at him. Keppler rushes over.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
The gate stays locked.

MAJOR KEPPLER
I gave him an order.
GENEVIEVE

So did I.

MAJOR KEPPLER

One of my men is out there.

GENEVIEVE

Then he’s good as dead.

MAJOR KEPPLER

Give me the key.

GENEVIEVE

No.

MAJOR KEPPLER

I order you...

Keppler walks briskly toward Genevieve. She shoots into the dirt by his feet. He stops cold.

GENEVIEVE

Next one does not miss.

MAJOR KEPPLER

You will regret this.

GENEVIEVE

If you mean saving your life, I already do.

On the other side of the gate, something catches Private Muller’s eye.

It’s hard to tell from this distance, but there appears to be a MAN standing at the edge of the woods with his back turned.

Rennocks sees the man too. He motions in that direction.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS

See that?

The others take notice.

SERGEANT BURCHILL

Someone’s out there.

PRIVATE MULLER

(to Keppler)

Bock.

Keppler and Genevieve see him at the same time. Nicolas appears at his mother’s side.
MAJOR KEPPLER
You see, very much alive.

GENEVIEVE
Don’t count on it.

Keppler walks toward the gate.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Stop!

She takes a few steps forward. Private Muller, sensing an opportunity, quickly grabs Nicolas...

NICOLAS
Mamma!

Muller places a Luger to Nicolas’ forehead. Genevieve spins around, points her gun at Stadler.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
The key.

MAJOR KEPPLER
He will shoot the boy. All I have to do is give the order.

Genevieve hesitates, knows she’s lost the upper hand.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
The gun and the key. Three seconds.
One... two...

She tosses the gun. Keppler catches it, empties the cartridge, chucks the gun aside. She then tosses the key near his feet. Keppler picks up the key.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Bring him in.

He tosses the key to Sergeant Stadler. Stadler hesitates, unsure if he wants to go outside.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
NOW!

MAIN GATE – MOMENTS LATER.

Stadler unlocks the gate, takes a few steps outside.

Private Bock just stands there, maybe twenty feet away, still with his back turned.
Stadler shouts at him in German, but it does no good, Private Bock just stands there. Stadler walks through the gate, incensed by his soldier’s disobedience.

He gets halfway when...

PRIVATE BOCK TURNS. HE LOOKS RABID. HIS EYES ARE RED AND INHUMAN. HIS FACE IS DRAINED OF ANY NATURAL COLOR.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
What happened to you?

No answer. Private Bock makes a WET, GUTTURAL SOUND, takes a step forward.

Stadler takes out his Luger, starts to backpedal toward the gate. Private Bock takes a few more steps.

Stadler shoots! The bullet rips through Private Bock’s shoulder. He drops to his knees briefly then gets back up and continues walking.

Stadler scurries back toward the camp. He trips, drops the KEY, sees where it lands, but has no time to retrieve it.

He gets up quick, runs inside, but fails to shut the gate.

Private Bock follows him inside. He’s surprisingly fast and agile. He disappears behind a barrack.

Private Muller releases Nicolas. He walks toward the barrack, gun drawn.

Genevieve rushes to her son, cradles his face.

GENEVIEVE
Nicolas, shovel, quickly!

Nicolas sprints off. Private Muller continues toward the barrack. Suddenly Private Bock steps out into plain view. Muller stops, stares at Private Bock with disbelief.

The others watch with the same stunned fascination, like seeing a wild animal up close for the first time.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Shoot him.

Muller just stands there, too shocked to respond. Nicolas runs over with a shovel and tosses it to Genevieve.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
SHOOT HIM!
Private Bock again lets out his low, GUTTORAL SNARL.

The prisoners are suddenly horrified, SCREAMING to be unlocked from their chains.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Kill him goddamnit!

Stadler steps beside Muller and FIRES!

Private Bock vanishes behind the barrack. It’s unclear if he was hit or not.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Go!

Muller moves toward the barrack, peers around the corner, but no one’s there. He hurries down to the opposite corner.

GENEVIEVE -
notices the gate is wide open.

GENEVIEVE
Where is the key?

Genevieve and Keppler look to Sergeant Stadler.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
I dropped it. Outside.

Genevieve looks to the gate.

GENEVIEVE
I have to get it.

Genevieve makes a dash toward the gate, shovel in hand...

BARRACK ROOFTOP - DAY.

Private Bock scrambles up over the ledge, sprints across the roof, his sights set on Genevieve.

MAJOR KEPPLER
The roof!

ON THE GROUND

Stadler and Muller open FIRE, blasting the rooftop...
**ROOFTOP**

Private Bock LUNGES off the roof, descends on Genevieve...

**ON THE GROUND**

Muller and Stadler SPRAY Bock with bullets in mid-air, spinning him around until he lands with a thud in the dirt.

Muller fires carelessly at the body several more times. Volker SINGS out in pain as a few stray rounds go into his leg.

Ria scoots over to her brother, examines the wound.

    RIA
    It’s OK. Just a flesh wound.
    Pappa...?

She looks over at her father. His head hangs limply on his chest. Blood trickles from a hole in his temple where he’s been shot. She knows immediately that he’s dead.

**OUTSIDE THE CAMP – DAY.**

Genevieve runs through the gate, spots the key. Just as she grabs it...

ANOTHER BEAST DROPS FROM A TREE A FEW FEET AWAY --

He squats in front of her, has a ghastly face, a blood-stained mouth. He wears an S.S. uniform.

Genevieve snatches up the key, jabs at the beast with the shovel. She then bolts for the gate. The beast gives chase. He’s equally as fast as Bock.

Genevieve slides through the gate. She slams the door, but not before the beast gets an ARM through. She SCREAMS for help.

Keppler and Stadler charge into the gate. Genevieve falls away with the shovel.

    GENEVIEVE
    Hold him.

She stands, grips the shovel then drives the blade into the beast’s arm. Another thrust and the arm severs. The gate finally shuts. Genevieve quickly locks it.

She takes a seat, catches her breath.
PRIVATE MULLER

stands over Private Bock’s lifeless body. Muller jabs the body a few times with his gun. Bock appears to be dead.

Muller turns and walks away. He gets about five feet when...

BOCK RISES UP BEHIND HIM --

Bock runs, lunges for Muller, but he’s SWATTED DOWN in mid-air with a shovel.

Genevieve, wasting no time, brings the shovel blade down with a sickening CRUNCH! Bock’s head rolls away.

The body convulses, rolls over, and scrambles around like a headless crab. Blood squirts from Bock’s neck onto the prisoner’s faces. After a moment the body slows, then expires.

Genevieve jams the shovel into the ground. No one can believe what just happened.

GENEVIEVE

(to Keppler)
Next time you will listen when I say not to open the gate.

Keppler just nods.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Now if you would please unshackle them.

MAJOR KEPPLE Unshackle them.

Private Muller hesitates.

MAJOR KEPPLE (cont’d)
Now!

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT.

A cold, windowless concrete room. A few naked bulbs dangle from the ceiling.

Rennocks and his men wash up at the communal sinks which are really just extra large porcelain bowls with a spigot rising out of the middle.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What happened out there?
PRIVATE TIPTON
He was inhuman.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Gotta be some sort of rational explanation. Rabid, maybe, bit by an animal.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What the fuck kind of animal could do that?

TIGHT ON:

DR. GOHLER’S, gaunt, cheerless face.

MAJOR KEPPLER (O.C.)
Hello, Doctor Gohler.

Then wider to reveal the entire portrait...

DR. GOHLER’S QUARTERS – SAME.

Of Dr. Gohler and his WIFE posing dourly in a den-like setting. His Nazi ARM BAND proudly displayed.

MAJOR KEPPLER
You have a lovely... widow.

Keppler places the photo on a desk, looks around at the small, but sufficient room. There’s a bookcase, a clothing cabinet, even a separate bathroom.

Keppler sits on the bed, tests its sturdiness. He then opens up the cabinet, pleased to find a full bottle of cognac. He unscrews the lid and takes a deep, satisfying swallow.

INT. TRIAGE ROOM – NIGHT.

There’s a table here and an assortment of medical instruments. A cabinet near the wall holds medicine and bandages.

Nicolas helps Genevieve as she tends to Volker’s leg. Genevieve gives Volker some water and a few pills to ease his pain. Ria stand next to her brother.

Major Keppler enters the room with the bottle of cognac and a few glasses. He looks like he’s had a few drinks already. Genevieve gives him a cold stare.
MAJOR KEPPLER
I thought we could all share a
drink, no? It’s been a rather
strenuous day.

GENEVIEVE
This is a triage, not a barroom.

Keppler steps up beside Ria.

MAJOR KEPPLER
(holds up the bottle)
How about you?

Ria grabs the bottle, glares at Keppler, then takes a
intensely long pull straight from the bottle.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
There is a woman who knows how to
drink.

She hands the bottle back to Keppler, who takes a pull
himself.

GENEVIEVE
I said this isn’t a barroom.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Very well, maybe we just talk then.

Genevieve finishes bandaging Volker’s leg.

GENEVIEVE
Nicolas, help him to a bed. He
needs rest.

Nicolas and Ria help Volker out of the room.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Strange, isn’t it, a French nurse
in a German research facility?

GENEVIEVE
Are you wounded, Major?

MAJOR KEPPLER
Not wounded, just curious.

GENEVIEVE
I’ve no time for curious. Excuse
me.

Genevieve tries to walk around him. He grabs her arm.
MAJOR KEPPLER
Your boy is sick, no?

GENEVIEVE
He’s not infected! He’s diabetic. We’ve run out of insulin.

MAJOR KEPPLER
A young mother and a sick boy, how is it only you two survived?

GENEVIEVE
Lucky I guess.

CORRIDOR — NIGHT.
Nicholas and Ria help Volker down the hallway. Rennocks turns a corner and meets up with them.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Where can I find your mother?

Nicolas points down the hall.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Thanks.

As he steps around them, Ria stops him and presses the tattered photo and letter into his hand.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Thank you.

She nods and continues down the hall.

INT. TRIAGE ROOM — NIGHT.
Genevieve continues to clean up. Keppler watches, bemused by any glimpse of her skin he can steal.

GENEVIEVE
Gohler failed.

MAJOR KEPPLER
But those things...

GENEVIEVE
Are dead.

MAJOR KEPPLER
So maybe in fact, Gohler succeeded?
GENEVIEVE
Only a Nazi would view such a horror as success.

Keppler lights a cigarette, grins.

MAJOR KEPPLER
You give me too much credit. I only knew that Gohler was engaged in a highly classified experiment. One of Hitler’s pet projects. He’s quite superstitious you know. To him this is not esoteric folly. It is a divine mission, a new world order. You’ve undoubtedly heard of the spear of destiny.

GENEVIEVE
The sword that pierced the side of Jesus Christ while on the cross, of course.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Then you know that the leader who obtains the sword holds the destiny of the world in his hands. Do you know who possesses the sword at this moment?

GENEVIEVE
I know that no such sword will do you any good in here.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Then what will?

GENEVIEVE
Prayer.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Did you pray to be rescued?

GENEVIEVE
Yes.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Maybe there is a God, after all.

GENEVIEVE
If there is, I highly doubt He would have sent you.

Rennocks appears in the doorway. Neither Genevieve or Keppler sees him yet.
MAJOR KEPPLER
Nevertheless, Hitler will expect answers, and so will I.

GENEVIEVE
Your answers died with Gohler.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Surely there is something left? Research, documentation?

GENEVIEVE
Search all you like. There’s nothing else to do here anyway.

Rennocks steps inside. Genevieve smiles warmly at him.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Hello, lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
If I’m interrupting I can -

MAJOR KEPPLER
Of course not, lieutenant, have a drink.

Keppler pours Rennocks a drink.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
We were just discussing science and religion. Dichotomies are they not? Yet in some cultures they so effortly co-exist.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Well in some cultures, so do people.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Sounds like a wonderful place to visit.

GENEVIEVE
Or in your case a wonderful place to bomb.

MAJOR KEPPLER
You see lieutenant, why we are so fond of French women - they are as loose with their mouths as they are with their bodies.
GENEVIEVE
I guess that’s why men like you are so easily seduced. You actually believe what we are telling you.

Keppler chuckles, raises his drink.

MAJOR KEPPLER
To Gohler, for having the conviction to believe.

Genevieve glares at Keppler until he slowly lowers his drink.

GENEVIEVE
I am sorry, have your men suffered injuries, lieutenant...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Rennocks. And we’re alright, maybe some boots if there are any, some food.

GENEVIEVE
Boots we can find. Food we have very little, but I will see that your men get something to eat.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What are they, those things?

MAJOR KEPPLER
The perfect soldier. Reusable, fearless...

GENEVIEVE
Highly infectious. With a wanton desire to kill.

MAJOR KEPPLER
So you see, the experiment was not a complete failure.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Experiment? Those men, they were purposely infected?

GENEVIEVE
Not purposely, not all of them. Gohler’s experiment was a Pandora’s Box. Once opened there was no closing it again. Some turn quickly, others go slower. I don’t know why.
I just know that once they’ve bitten you, once the virus sinks in, you become one of them.

MAJOR KEPLER
That is your clinical opinion?

GENEVIEVE
Personal opinion. I’m neither a scientist, or a doctor.

MAJOR KEPLER
Or even really a nurse, are you? So what is it exactly that you did here? Did you provide comfort for the sick and dying, or for... somebody else?

The implication stings, but as much as she’d like to slap him she holds back, takes a deep breath...

GENEVIEVE
If you will excuse me, I’m going to go find the lieutenant some boots.

GENEVIEVE’S ROOM – DAY.

Nicolas gently places a blanket over him and pours him a small cup of water.

NICOLAS
Slow.

Nicolas reaches into his pocket, digs out a couple pieces of HARD CANDY and hands them to Ria.

NICOLAS (cont’d)
For him.

Ria smiles for the first time.

RIA
Where is your papa?

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
Tortured and murdered by the Gestapo, two years ago.
GUARD’S DORMITORY – NIGHT.

Genevieve goes through one of the LOCKER CABINETS looking for boots and other useful items. She tosses the items into a crate.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I’m sorry.

Rennocks sits on one of the many bunks pulling on a pair of jack boots. The bunks have mattresses, clean blankets, and gun racks built onto the end.

Sparse as it is, the living conditions here are high-class compared to the squalor of the prisoner’s quarters.

GENEVIEVE
He was a brave man, gave them nothing usable.

She finds an almost full bottle of wine in one of the cabinets. She examines the label, seems pleased.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
He was part of the resistance?

She places the wine on a nearby table.

GENEVIEVE
A member of Défense de la France, as was I.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
How did you end up here?

GENEVIEVE
I came with Gohler... It’s a long story.

And a painful one from the look on her face. Rennocks doesn’t press it.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Those things... out there, how many?

GENEVIEVE
I don’t know for sure. A month ago, before the infection took there were twenty-five on staff, and nearly a hundred prisoners...
EXT. SHORELINE/FIVE WEEKS AGO – DAY.

A ROTTWEILER lies dead on the sand, tongue dangling inert from its mouth, flies buzzing around it’s lifeless eyeballs.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
But it all started with a dog...

A BLITZ TRUCK pulls up beside the dog. Two S.S. SOLDIERS toss the dog into the back of the jeep.

INT. CAMP MORGUE/FIVE WEEKS AGO – DAY.

Dr. Gohler, dressed in lab coat opens one of the freezer doors and rolls out the metal gurney which the dog lays upon.

A NURSE pokes a syringe into a vial filled with an amber liquid. She drains the vial of the liquid and hands the syringe to Dr. Gohler.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
Gohler had made a discovery that he said would change the face of the war...

Gohler pokes the syringe into the roof of the dog’s mouth.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (cont’d)
... and make him the most famous scientist, not only in Germany, but the entire world.

Gohler slams the freezer door shut, locks it.

INT. CAMP MORGUE/FIVE WEEKS AGO – NIGHT.

Gohler sleeps in a cot with a FLASHLIGHT cradled in his arms. He awakes to a SCRATCHING noise and faint WHINING.

He sits up on the cot, points the flashlight at the FREEZER DOOR. More SCRATCHING, more WHINING... Gohler walks toward the door. His excitement tempered by his apprehension. He gets right up to the door when...

THUD... The dog slams into the door causing the metal to dent outward.

INT. CELLBLOCK HALLWAY/FIVE WEEKS AGO – DAY.

It’s dark, wet, dungeon-like.
TWO S.S. GUARDS, dressed in riot gear, are here with the now viciously rabid dog.

They keep the dog at bay by holding two long poles (one on either side) that are connected to a huge metal collar around its neck.

It’s a struggle, but they slowly maneuver the dog toward a metal door at the end of the hall.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
But before he could share his discovery with his commanders he had to make certain of one thing.

A GUARD opens the metal door. A sickly looking PRISONER stands against the far wall. He SCREAMS in terror when he sees the dog.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (cont’d)
Would it work on a human.

The guards shove the dog inside and release the poles from the collar. The door is quickly shut. The SCREAMS inside the cell are horrifying.

INT. CELLBLOCK - HOURS LATER.

Two S.S. GUARDS in riot gear stand halfway down the hall with machine guns. A THIRD GUARD stands at the door. He slowly unlocks it and backs away.

It’s pitch black inside. No movement, just a LOW WET GROWL...

One of the guards SHINES a FLASHLIGHT inside the cell, cautiously moves in when...

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
Tragically it did...

A HORRIBLY MAULED, GRAY FACE APPEARS IN THE LIGHT --

The guard drops the flashlight.

The DOG charges out ready to shred anything its way. Next comes the mauled prisoner with the same ferocious intent.

The guards open fire and drop the man without much trouble, but the dog keeps coming. It leaps, knocks one of the men to the ground.

The guard protects himself from the gnashing bloody teeth with a thick plastic shield.
As the guard squirms under the shield his ELBOW pokes out just enough for the dog to get one good bite before he kicks it away.

The other guards move in and quickly mow the dog down with machine gun fire.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (cont’d)
But Gohler was not pleased with the outcome.

CELLBLOCK - LATER.

Gohler stands over gory carnage of which he created. He looks appalled. He rushes over to the corner and vomits.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Genevieve lights a candle on a small table where Rennocks now sits.

GENEVIEVE
In fact he was horrified by what he’d done.

She places the wine bottle on the table and rummages through a box where she finds two tin cups. She sits down opposite Rennocks.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
He was like a man who sold his soul to the devil, and thought if he destroyed the deed he could somehow get it back.

EXT. WOODS/FOUR WEEKS AGO - DAY.

Through the trees a Blitz Truck can be seen whizzing by. Someone hurls something out of the jeep. It lands in the woods a good distance away.

It’s the severed head of the Rottweiler that Keppler found on their journey in. The COLLAR lands nearby.

INT. GUARD’S DORMITORY BATHROOM/FOUR WEEKS AGO - DAY.

The guard that was bit stands at a sink with his sleeve rolled up. He washes the blood from the wound on his elbow revealing four, small puncture wounds.
GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
Gohler halted the experiment. No one was to speak of it, and no one else was ever to be infected.

The door to the bathroom opens and another guard walks in. The guard with the bite hastily rolls down his sleeve to cover the wound.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (cont’d)
But somehow, the disease still managed to escape.

The men exchange pleasantries as they wash their hands.

EXT. PRISON YARD/FOUR WEEKS AGO - DAY.

Gaunt, malnourished PRISONERS with shaved heads and striped outfits huddle in groups around the barren yard.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
...and like a cancer, word of its effects began to spread.

News orbits through the yard via whispers and muted conversations...

IN THE WASHROOM

The news is met with tears and shock...

IN THE PRISONER BARRACKS

It’s turned to anger and outrage.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
And that was the catalyst...

CLOSE ON

A young WOMAN PRISONER, maybe seventeen, eyes shimmering with hate. She’s suffered long enough - it’s time for someone to pay.

INT. GUARD’S DORMITORY/THREE WEEKS AGO - DAY.

On a lower bunk, A GUARD WITH AN EYE-PATCH has his way with the GIRL with the shimmering eyes.
GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
The moment hell was unleashed...

She’s prostrate beneath him, face void of expression.

He thrusts harder as he nears climax, too preoccupied to notice her hand as it moves to the floor and unlatches a set of KEYS from his pants.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.) (cont’d)
...And the dead were re-born.

INT. AMMUNITION STORAGE/THREE WEEKS AGO - NIGHT.

The girl with shimmering eyes glances about furtively then unlocks the door and steps inside. She pulls a chain and the light comes on.

There are a variety of WEAPONS and AMMUNITION here. She goes from shelf to shelf looking for something in particular.

She drags out a metal box, opens it, and there they are: HAND GRENADES.

INT. PRISON KITCHEN/THREE WEEKS AGO - DAY.

Several PRISONERS are here preparing food.

The girl with the shimmering eyes stands over a plump, freshly cooked TURKEY. She reaches up under her armpit and produces a hand grenade which she promptly shoves inside the turkey’s ass.

She takes a second hand grenade from her other arm pit and shoves it in as well.

GUARD’S MESS HALL/THREE WEEKS AGO - DAY.

The girl with the shimmering eyes wheels out a SQUEAKY cart with an assortment of food. The turkey sits in a metal tray, sealed by a round, metal dome.

The girl with the shimmering eyes places salt and pepper shakers and a butter tray on a table occupied by FIFTEEN S.S. GUARDS.

The guards talk and laugh as the girl lays out potatoes and carrots. The guard who was bitten is here. He looks sick, sweaty. He scratches at the wound on his arm.
The guard with the eye-patch is here. He rides his hand up the back of the girl’s thigh, winks at her as she serves the table.

She smiles back then turns away from the table and takes the dome off the turkey.

She reaches up the turkey’s ass and pulls both pins. She hurriedly replaces the dome and sets the tray on the table.

She nods to eye-patch, “go ahead. He lifts the dome, barely has time to inhale the scent before the GRENADES EXPLODE and mutilate everyone at the table.

EXT. PRISON YARD/THREE WEEKS AGO – DAY.

The mangled bodies of the guards are laid out on a white sheet.

Eye-patch is missing an arm and has sharp, twisted pieces of METAL from the explosion rooted in his forehead and through his hand.

The girl with the shimmering eyes is here also, covered with a sheet, only her face is exposed.

The dead men are picked up and thrown in the back of a truck bed by S.S. GUARDS.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Genevieve and Rennocks sit at the table drinking the wine she found. She refills his glass.

    GENEVIEVE
    The guards were taken to a mass grave on the east end of the island, the same grave used for the prisoners.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    And the girl?

    GENEVIEVE
    Shot to death.

EXT. MASS GRAVE SITE/THREE WEEKS AGO – DAY.

The same guards that loaded the truck pull the dead men’s bodies out of it and toss them into a HUGE HOLE filled with bones, lye and decomposing corpses.
A living guard grabs a dead guard by the ankles (the same guard who was attacked by the dog) and drags him to the edge of the truck bed.

The live guard grabs the dead guard by his shirt, when...

THE DEAD GUARD RISES UP AND BITES A CHUNK OF FLESH FROM THE LIVING GUARD’S FACE --

They both fall into the hole.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
The soldiers who disposed of the bodies never returned. But something else did.

EXT. GUARD TOWER/THREE WEEKS AGO – DAY.

An S.S. GUARD scans the yard with a pair of FIELD GLASSES. Nothing seems out of the ordinary, just scattered groups of prisoners huddled together watched over by guards positioned around the perimeter.

He then pans slowly across the HIGH TREES that surround the camp.

A BLURRY FIGURE flashes in and out of the glasses’ sights. The tower guard searches around frantically, “where did it go?”

Another BLUR WHIZZES by shaking the leaves on a tree. He continues to search. He stops suddenly, GASPS as the glasses pick out a ZOMBIE’S blood-smeared face. Then in a flash it’s gone.

The tower guard grabs his rifle, moves outside onto the small balcony that surrounds the tower and searches the tree-line.

The ZOMBIE appears, crouched down, animal-like on a tree branch.

The tower guard shoots, misses. The zombie scurries along the branch more like a monkey than a man. The zombie leaps from the branch, over the high wall and lands in the yard.

The tower guard shoots again, this time blowing half of the zombie’s head off. The beast hits the ground, face first, like a fallen timber.
YARD - CONTINUOUS.
A group of stunned prisoners cautiously approach the zombie. A prisoner SCREAMS out as the zombie’s arm moves.

The zombie looks up, snarls, crawls to its feet. A GUARD rushes over, tries to fire his rifle, but it locks up.

The zombie leaps at the guard, knocks him to the ground and bites a piece of his cheek off. The zombie then tears into the guard’s neck.

A SECOND GUARD moves in and skewers the zombie through the neck with his bayonet. He then plugs the zombie full of bullets until it no longer moves.

The wounded guard GURGLES blood as he clasps his mauled neck.

EXT. TREES SURROUNDING THE CAMP/TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY.
S.S. GUARDS cut BRANCHES away that extend to close to the prison.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
Gohler had the tree limbs cut...

A huge branch falls to the ground with a thud.

INT. BOWELS OF THE PRISON/TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY.
Gohler feeds documents into a FIERY FURNACE. His skeletal face is illuminated with firelight and he looks every bit the mad-scientist.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
And he began to destroy any shred of evidence that could link him to the experiment.

A VOICE CRACKLES over a short-wave radio, repeating the same message.

VOICE (V.O.)
(in German)
Schutzstaffel Sector BV733 to Stryker Island research camp, come in, do you copy...?

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
But it’s what he did next that would seal our fate.
INT. RADIO ROOM/TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY.

The room is small and cramped, stacked with SHORT WAVE RADIO RECEIVERS, TRANSMITTERS and AMPLIFIERS.

Gohler stares at the radio. He casually picks up an AXE from a table and begins to violently smash the radio into pieces.

    GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
    He destroyed our link to the outside...
    (pause)
    And then he made the most catastrophic decision of all.

EXT. PRISON YARD/TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY.

The MAIN GATE opens. Prisoners are quickly herded out by the guards, many of them with only the clothes on their backs.

    GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
    He released the prisoners. Whether they wanted to be or not.

Some of the prisoners (fearing the unknown more than the known) resist and are forced out at gunpoint. The rest move apprehensively toward the trees.

BACK TO PRESENT.

The bottle of wine is nearly gone. Genevieve pours the remainder between the two cups.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    But why? He knew what would happen to them out there.

    GENEVIEVE
    Yes, he knew, but you’d have to have known Gohler, in his reality, this was being merciful.

    LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
    You knew him well.

    GENEVIEVE
    Far better than I would like to have.

Genevieve takes a sip of wine, she gazes down uncomfortably. Rennocks changes the subject.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What about the guards?

GENEVIEVE
By now there were only four guards left.

INT. GUARD BATHROOMS/TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY.

A TREMBLING GUARD sits on a toilet.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
One took his own life.

He shuts his eyes, puts his Luger in his mouth and pulls the trigger.

EXT. GUARD TOWER/TWO WEEKS AGO - DAY.

A DRUNKEN GUARD stands on the ledge of the tower peering through his field glasses and taking sips off a BOTTLE.

His glasses focuses in on a ZOMBIE PRISONER, crouched in the trees eating a severed human arm. The guard grabs his rifle and moves to the edge of a METAL STAIRWAY.

He finds the feasting zombie in his sights and FIRES! The zombie’s head evaporates in a cloud of red. The drunken guard laughs.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)
Another one drank too much.

He lights a cigarette and staggers forward just enough for his foot to slip over the first step.

He tumbles head over feet down the metal stairs.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Rennocks finishes his last sip of wine.

GENEVIEVE
Gohler and the last two guards left a week ago in a truck. I’ve no idea how far they made it.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
To the beach at least. We saw the truck on our way in.
GENEVIEVE
The last working vehicle.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Surely Gohler would have taken you and your son with him. Why did you stay?

A beat.

GENEVIEVE
I wasn’t willing to follow him again. And when it came down to it, I figured I’d rather starve to death than be eaten alive.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I see what you mean.

They’re quiet for a moment.

GENEVIEVE
You have a girl back home, lieutenant, someone waiting for you?

Rennocks reaches into his pocket, pulls out the photo of his girl and hands it to Genevieve.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Sarah.

GENEVIEVE
She is beautiful. She is your wife?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
No. But I’ve just received permission to propose from her father.

GENEVIEVE
That is wonderful.

Rennocks smiles but it seems artificial, as if a painful memory lurks beneath it. Genevieve gently touches his hand.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
You have the face of a good man. You will make a good husband.

Her hand remains atop his for a moment, then she pulls it away as if embarrassed by how long she let it linger.
INT. SLEEPING BARRACKS – NIGHT.

Sergeant Stadler and Private Muller sit on a make-shift bunk drinking from tin cups. Partially hidden behind the bunk is a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH.

Ainsworth, Burchill, Tipton and Ewing enter the room.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Lookie here, fellas, a couple of Germany’s finest. What’s the S.S. Stand for anyway?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I think it stands for shit shovelers.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Is that right? That what you chaps did before the war? Suppose you’re never hard up for work then are ya?

The Germans just stare at Burchill, faces void of expression. Stadler uses his foot to push the bottle further out of sight.

Burchill walks over to the Germans, looks in their cups.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
What do you know, liquor.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
How’s about sharing a bit of that?

The Germans remain silent.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Ewing, let him know we’re thirsty too, we’d like to have a nip.

CORPORAL EWING
(in German)
We would like a drink, please.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Nein.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Did he say no?

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Find your own.
CORPORAL EWING
He said find your own.

Burchill makes a move toward the bottle. Stadler pulls his Luger, points it at Burchill...

Ainsworth rushes in and tackles Stadler. Stadler fires a wild shot that ricochets around the room but hits no one.

Ainsworth and Stadler wrestle around on the floor. Burchill grabs the bottle. Muller whips out his Luger, trains it on Burchill.

S.S. PRIVATE MULLER
Put it down!

SERGEANT BURCHILL
It’s not his.

Ainsworth pins Stadler, screams obscenities as he hammers away at his face.

S.S. PRIVATE MULLER
Down, now!
(re: Ainsworth)
And make him stop.

Ainsworth eases up.

CORPORAL EWING
It’s just a bottle of scotch, sir...

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Which ain’t his.

Tipton stares at the gun in Stadler’s hand. There’s a look on his face, “can I take this guy”?

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
Tell him to lower the gun and I’ll put down the bottle.

CORPORAL EWING
(in German)
Please. Put down the gun.

S.S. PRIVATE MULLER
Nein.

Tipton’s eyes veer from the gun to the bottle, back to the gun. He swallows his fear and lunges at Muller.
They struggle for the gun. Tipton, in a rage now, pins Muller up against the wall. The fight for the gun continues, twisting, wrenching, yelling...

Tipton’s almost managed to pry the gun loose from Muller when... BOOM! The bullet tears through Tipton’s gut, out his back and SHATTERS the bottle in Burchill’s hands.

Burchill stands there shocked, but unscathed. Tipton stares at Muller, his face slowly expressing the excruciating pain he’s in.

His knees buckle and he hits the floor. No one says a word. After a moment, Ewing goes to Tipton. Muller, jumpy and scared, aims the Luger at him, but Ewing is oblivious to it.

Ewing cradles Tipton’s head in his lap. Ainsworth gets to his feet. Muller swings the gun around and points it at Ainsworth.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Easy. We’re just concerned about our friend.

MAJOR KEPPLER (O.S.)
(in German)
Put the gun away.

All eyes go to Keppler, who stands in the doorway quite drunk. Müller slowly lowers the gun.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
These men are no longer prisoners of war.

Muller and Stadler both protest.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
No. They are free. They may leave, although I would not suggest it.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What’s he saying, Ewing?

But Ewing doesn’t respond. He’s watching as the last few moments of life slip away from Tipton.

MAJOR KEPPLER
(in English)
I said, you are free. You are no longer prisoners. You may leave, but our best chance to get out alive may be to work together.
Keppler places the half-filled bottle of alcohol on a window sill and exits the room.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
There is enough liquor.
Unfortunately, there’s only one boat.

INT. GUARD’S DORMITORY – LATE NIGHT.

Burchill lays in a top bunk, Ainsworth in the lower. Rennocks and Ewing, who appear to be asleep, occupy the next bunk over.

An animal HOWLS in the distance causing Burchill to shudder.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
I’m going to take care of that bloody kraut myself.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
To what good?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
He killed, Tipton. You were there.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
So you kill him, they kill one more of us, and back and forth we go until no one’s left.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Well that’s war for ya. It’s about getting them before they get you.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Go to sleep, Burch.

Burchill leans his head under the bed.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Just a reminder, fore you nod off into dream land – you’re sleeping in a kraut bed.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
(half asleep)
Better than a kraut grave.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
I’m not so sure about that.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You’d rather dead, Sergeant Burchill?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Sir, I didn’t realize...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
How could anybody sleep with your constant bellyaching?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Sorry, sir.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You really want to die, you’re free to leave, no one’s stopping you. But if you make it past those things out there, you will be swimming, ‘cause you touch that boat I’ll hunt you down and drown you myself.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Yes sir.

Ainsworth chuckles. Burchill punches at the mattress above him.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
It ain’t funny.

This makes Ainsworth laugh even harder and soon even Rennocks and Ewing are laughing.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
Right. Have a laugh at my expense, see if I bloody care.

Burchill rolls over in a huff.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CAMP YARD – DAWN.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS fly through the trees shattering the quiet morning.

INT. GUARD’S DORMITORY – DAY.

Rennocks awakes to ARGUING VOICES somewhere beyond he room.
MAJOR KEPLER (O.S.)
How could you see nothing?

GENEVIEVE (O.S.)
Because it was night. And I wasn’t responsible for keeping an eye on them.

EXT. CAMP YARD – DAY.

Rennocks makes his way toward the porch of a barrack where Genevieve and Major Keppler continue to argue. Muller and Stadler stand close by.

MAJOR KEPLER
What if they take the boat? What then?

GENEVIEVE
Well, I guess it was their boat in the first place, wasn’t it?

Burchill, Ainsworth and Ewing join the group.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What happened?

MAJOR KEPLER
They’ve gone. The girl and the half-wit. And she...
   (points to Genevieve)
   ...has the only key.

GENEVIEVE
The key never leaves me. I guard it with my life.

Genevieve pulls a CHAIN out of the neck of her dress with TWO KEYS dangling from it.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
One for the gate and one for the truck.
   (an afterthought)
Which is pretty much useless since Gohler left with it.

CORPORAL EWING
Maybe they’ve climbed over.
GENEVIEVE
No. The walls are too high and he was wounded. They had to have walked out.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
If they didn’t just walk out. What other possible explanation is there?

The group’s hushed for a moment as no one has a suitable answer. The SCREAM from a child splinters the silence.

NICOLAS (O.S.)
MOMMA! HELP!

EXT. CAMP YARD, CHICKEN COOP – SAME.

The coop, which is filled with heavy rocks, had been covering a large hole in the ground before it was moved.

Nicolas’ arm is plunged deep in the hole. He SCREAMS and pulls with all his strength. Everybody races for the coop.

GENEVIEVE
God. They found the hole.

Rennocks grabs Nicolas by the legs, pulls... A BLOODY HAND clings to his wrist, then a face emerges...

RIA
Help me...

NICOLAS
Momma!

Ria is badly injured. Nicolas breaks free and runs into his mother’s arms.

RIA
Please help.

Rennocks grabs her hand and begins to pull her up. She’s halfway out when something with great force yanks her back into the hole.

The soldier’s stare at the empty hole, not sure what to do.

GENEVIEVE
We must cover it.

They all take sides on the coop and lift.
MAJOR KEPLER
How did they know?

GENEVIEVE
I don’t know. Maybe the rocks I put in gave them reason to think there was something beneath it.

MAJOR KEPLER
You thought some rocks would keep them out?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Ease up, alright. She’s doing the best she can.

It’s heavy with all the rocks inside. They carry it to the hole, almost there when...

TWO ZOMBIES SCURRY OUT --

One is the girl with shimmering (now fiendish) eyes. The other is Eye-patch, who still has the jagged pieces of metal in his forehead and through his hand.

Startled, the others drop the chicken coop.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Keep moving it!

They lift again, desperately trying to get to the coop to the hole. Another PRISONER ZOMBIE scrambles up the hole. They drop the coop just before he’s out and pin him under it.

The Prisoner Zombie’s arms and head are all that is exposed.

GENEVIEVE
Look out!

Muller turns as Fiendish-Eyes leaps at him and bites a chunk from his neck. Nicolas grabs a shovel, swings, and knocks her off Muller’s back.

Muller falls to his knees, WAILING in pain, trying to plug the blood gushing out of his neck.

Fiendish-Eyes scrambles up.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Nicolas!

He tosses Genevieve the shovel. She charges at Fiendish-Eyes, rams the shovel through her neck, drives her backwards, pins her against the gate.
Genevieve gives the shovel a final THRUST, decapitates Fiendish-Eyes. Her head rolls away in the dirt.

Eye-patch goes into attack mode, sizes up his victims. He swipes at the air with his RAZOR SHARP HAND.

Rennocks spots an AXE buried in a chunk of wood. He grabs the axe, pulls... it's stuck.

**SERGEANT AINSWORTH**

He's coming!

Eye-patch charges. Rennocks frees the axe just in time.

He falls back, uses the HANDLE to fend off a blow from Eye-patch's metal hand, the razor sharp edge stopping an inch from his face.

Rennocks forces Eye-patch off, tries to stand. Eye-patch comes again, swiping at Rennocks' face. He raises a hand in defense and Eye-patch inflicts a DEEP SLASH across his palm.

Muller climbs to his feet, stares at the blood on his hands that has oozed from his neck. He's suddenly enraged, grabs a rifle with a bayonet, charges insanely at Eye-patch.

He buries the bayonet in Eye-patch's chest. For a moment, Muller and Eye-patch are face to face.

Eye-patch head-butts Muller burying the hatchet-like piece of metal into his head. He pushes Muller aside and makes a run for Ewing, who is now frozen with shock.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS**

Ewing, move!

**TIME SLOWS TO A CRAWL AS --**

Eye-patch bounds onto the chicken coop, leaps through the air, swipes his killing hand with deadly accuracy and slices Ewing's neck wide open.

Eye-patch rolls across the ground as the soldiers open fire. They fill him with so much lead he can't possibly do anymore harm.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont'd)**

Stop shooting.

Rennocks moves in with the axe and severs Eye-patch's head for good measure.
MAJOR KEPLER
Puts his hands on his knees, wipes his mouth. He’s exhausted and unaware how close he is to the chicken coop.

The Prisoner Zombie pinned beneath the cage reaches out and grabs his foot.

MAJOR KEPLER
Help!

The zombie twists Keppler’s ankle hard and forces him to the ground. Keppler’s hand lands on a NAIL sticking up through a board. He SCREAMS out in agony.

Rennocks grabs the axe, runs toward the coop.

The Prisoner Zombie pins Keppler by the neck and bites into his shoulder. He pulls away before it does too much damage.

Rennocks kicks the Prisoner Zombie in the side. The zombie releases Keppler. He crawls away coughing and collapses in the dirt.

Rennocks brings the axe overhead and swings it down with a...

EXT. CAMP YARD, FAR WALL - DUSK.

CRUNCH! Ainsworth stabs a SHOVEL BLADE into the hard earth. Burchill plants one as well. They’ve just begun to dig a grave.

Rennocks rolls up with a wheel barrel. He has a bloody rag tied around the slice in his hand. A sheet covers the lumpy body parts contained in the wheel barrel.

A few FINGERS can be seen projecting out from the side. Burchill stares despondently at the bodies beneath the sheet.

Rennocks grabs a shovel and joins the dig.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
They’re going to get in, it’s just a matter of time.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
They can’t think. Those things aren’t smart enough to get in unless we let them.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
How would you know?
SERGEANT BURCHILL
They’re animals. You’ve seen ‘em.
No smarter than a dog. They’ve one
mission – to eat. And we’re on the
fucking menu.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I’m not turning into one of those
things. I’ll lop me own head off
before that happens.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
I turn, I’ll be expecting you to
put me out right quick. I’ll do the
same for you. Deal?

Ainsworth nods. They shake hands.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Deal.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
No one’s going to turn because
we’re going to find a way out.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Sir, they’ll tear us to shreds once
we step outside.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Yeah, and we’re not exactly going
to drive out of here, or fly, or
hop a friggin’ train that matter.

With each shovel thrust Burchill takes out more frustration.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
Guess that leaves us only one
option: we’ll have to fuckin’
tunnel our way out...

Rennocks stops digging as if suddenly struck by a thought.

SERGEANT BURCHILL (cont’d)
... may only take forty or fifty
years, but hell, by that time the
war will be over anyway

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Maybe we can.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What, tunnel our way out? All due
respect, that was a joke, sir.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Not tunnel - drive. That truck we saw coming in.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Truck is at the beach, a good two miles away.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
You’ll never make it on foot, unless you have a better idea.

A beat.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Guess I’ll just have to come up with one then.

He grins as if he’s already started formulating

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Carry on now. Let’s get this over with.

Sergeant Stadler walks up beside the men. He grabs a shovel. They all stare at him.

After a moment he begins to dig. One by one the others join in until all four are digging together.

INT. TRIAGE ROOM – DAY.

Genevieve holds Keppler’s hand as she pours an anti-bacterial liquid over the wound. He groans in pain as the liquid sizzles into a foam around the hole.

GENEVIEVE
Don’t want it to get infected, do you? You’ve seen what happens.

He numbs the pain with a gulp of liquor from a bottle.

MAJOR KEPPLER
That happens you have my permission to kill me.

GENEVIEVE
Don’t tempt me. Were you hurt anywhere else?

MAJOR KEPPLER
No.
GENEVIEVE
What about your shoulder?

MAJOR KEPPLER
There’s nothing wrong with my shoulder.

GENEVIEVE
I should have a look at it anyway.

MAJOR KEPPLER
(forceful)
I said there is nothing wrong with my shoulder.

She stares at him suspiciously but lets it go. She grabs a roll of Gauze and begins to wrap it around his wound.

She reaches behind him to grab a roll of tape. Major Keppler stares intently at the outline of her breast beneath her dress.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
You are... extraordinarily beautiful.

GENEVIEVE
And you are drunk.

She crosses the room to get a pair of scissors. Keppler eyes her backside the whole way. She returns and cuts the tape with the scissors. Her hair dangles across Keppler’s face.

MAJOR KEPPLER
I can see why he picked you. What did you receive in return?

GENEVIEVE
I suggest you go get some rest.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Was it... eternal life?

Bold with liquor he reaches down beneath her dress exposing a portion of her leg. Caresses her thigh, grins at her.

In a flash she has the scissors poked up against his neck.

GENEVIEVE
No one lives forever.

MAJOR KEPPLER
No?
GENEVIEVE
Touch me again and I will prove it to you.

The grin fades from his face.

EXT. BARRACKS PORCH - NIGHT.

Rennocks, Burchill, Ainsworth and Stadler stretch out around the porch.

They’re grimy with dirt, sweat, thoroughly spent from fighting and digging.

Genevieve walks out with a tray full of glasses and a large, pitcher of lemonade. Thin slices of lemon float along the top.

Nicolas follows behind with a canteen strapped over one shoulder, a haversack over the other.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Is that what I think it is?

GENEVIEVE
The last of the fruit.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
What the hell good are lemons anyway, I mean, other than for lemonade?

GENEVIEVE
It’s not cold, but we are at war and must make sacrifices. In case any of you’d forgotten.

The men laugh at this. Genevieve fills the glasses. She hands one to Rennocks.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Thank you, ma’am.

She then fills for the rest of the men. Nicolas yanks on her dress.

NICOLAS
May I?

GENEVIEVE
You may go. Palms flat out, remember?
She holds her own palm out flat to demonstrate.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
I don’t need you losing a finger.

He nods and runs off into the yard.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
You come right back.

He waves to her as he runs.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Speaking of palms, lieutenant, I’d like to see yours.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
The lady cooks, cleans, she’s deadly with a shovel and now she’s a palm reader too. I think I’m in love.

GENEVIEVE
Sorry to disappoint. I don’t read palms, only minds.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I’d stay out of Burchill’s then, you’ll likely need a bath when your done.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Likely. And I’d be happy to draw it for you too.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
That’s the lemonade talking.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
He’s right. Brings out the sweet in me.

GENEVIEVE
If that’s the case I think I’d better cut you off.

The men chuckle at this.

EXT. HORSE STALLS – NIGHT.

Nicolas opens a haversack. Inside he’s stashed a bunch of bruised apples and rubbery carrots.
He gives the horse a treat (palms flat as his mother had ordered)

Keppler, smoking a cigarette, steps up behind Nicolas and startles him.

MAJOR KEPPLER
What’s in the sack?

NICOLAS
Nothing.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Nothing?

Keppler tears the sack from Nicolas’s hand and looks inside.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
You steal these?

Nicolas hesitates. The horse becomes agitated, stomping her hooves.

NICOLAS
No, sir. But they’ve gone bad.

Keppler bites into one of the apples and chews.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Does not taste bad to me.

NICOLAS
But the horse -

MAJOR KEPPLER
Is done eating.

NICOLAS
But -

Keppler puts his finger to his lips, shhh. He then kneels down. Smoke from the cigarette wrinkles Nicolas’ nose.

Keppler moves inclose to the Nicolas’ neck, opens his mouth slightly as if to bite, but instead INHALES deeply. Nicolas stands there trembling.

MAJOR KEPPLER
Do you know that fear has a scent?

NICOLAS
No.
MAJOR KEPPLER
Many emotions do.
Keppler leans his head into the stall and sniffs. The horse REARS UP nervously, showing an obvious dislike for Keppler

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
The animal world is quite aware of this. Even this horse. Do you know what she smells like to me?

Keppler walks to the door, turns around with a malevolent grin.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Dinner.

INT. TRIAGE – NIGHT.
Genevieve runs stitches through Rennocks hand.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Can you really read minds?

GENEVIEVE
No. Can you?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Just faces.
She ties off a knot. He stares at her face.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
And yours seems worried.

GENEVIEVE
Nicolas will die without insulin. We have to leave soon, before...

Rennocks waits for her to continue.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
I’m concerned about Keppler. I think we need to keep an eye on him.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You think he’ll try to leave without us?
GENEVIEVE
I think he may have been infected during the attack this afternoon.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
His hand?

GENEVIEVE
No. I think he may have been bit somewhere else, but he wouldn’t allow me to look. I could be wrong.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
But if you’re not.

GENEVIEVE
Then we’ll know soon enough.

INT. OFFICER’S QUARTERS, BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Keppler examines his wounded shoulder. It’s not terrible, just the faintest impression of a bite mark.

INT. GUARD LOUNGE - NIGHT.

There are couches, pictures, bookcases, a fireplace and even a dart board.

The group sits at an old wood table devouring watery soup, mopping up the broth with hard bread. They’re in good spirits, joking, drinking wine.

Keppler lights a cigarette, pours himself another drink. He looks excessively pale, clammy. He rises, drink in hand, obviously intoxicated.

MAJOR KEPPLER
A toast. To Stryker Island.

No one else makes a move.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Out there the war rages on, but in here we’re all one big happy family. Up, don’t be shy.

Everyone rises slowly. Keppler sways as he talks.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)
Come now! To us!
ALL

To us.

MAJOR KEPPLER

And to Gohler.

Genevieve sits. She had enough of the Major’s drunken ramblings.

MAJOR KEPPLER (cont’d)

For leaving us in the capable hands of his delightful... paramour.

Genevieve shoots Keppler a glare so icy it has a chilling effect on the entire table. After a moment Burchill leans into Ainsworth, whispers.

SERGEANT BURCHILL

What’s a paramour?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH

Nothing good, I reckon.

Keppler tries to abate the tension.

MAJOR KEPPLER

It seems that my choice of words are unfitting. Maybe an Englishman’s toast would be more appropriate.

Nobody volunteers and this creates even more awkwardness. Ainsworth looks to Burchill.

SERGEANT BURCHILL

Sorry, mate. Fresh out.

They all look to Ainsworth. He rises slowly.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH

Um, well, let’s see...

(clears his throat)

Here’s to the breezes that blow through the trees,
That blow the skirts off of young girls' knees,
Which lead to the sights that sometimes pleases,
But more often leads to social diseases.

He sits back down, sheepish.
SERGEANT BURCHILL
Well that was appropriate.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Sorry, it’s the only one I know by heart.

Rennocks tries not to laugh, which makes Genevieve giggle, and before long the whole table is laughing.

GUARD LOUNGE - LATER.

Ainsworth, Burchill and Stadler are throwing darts. Nicolas tugs on Ainsworth’s pant leg.

NICOLAS
May I play?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
You bet.

Ainsworth hands, Nicolas a dart, picks him up. Nicolas tosses the dart, comes surprisingly close to a bullseye. The men cheer.

INT. OFFICER’S QUARTERS, BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Keppler peels off his undershirt and again examines the bite marks. No longer a faint impression, the marks are now inflamed and swollen. Keppler takes a swig from a bottle.

He stares into the mirror, flush with fear and rage. He slams his palm against the mirror shattering it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Rennocks helps Genevieve bring the last of the dinner dishes into the kitchen. Genevieve places a pile of dishes near the sink.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I need to talk to you about something.

She stares at him as if she knew this was coming.

GENEVIEVE
I know.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You know?
GENEVIEVE
It does not take a mind-reader to know what Keppler was inferring.

He shakes his head, confused.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
By calling you..?

GENEVIEVE
A paramour. An illicit lover.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
That’s not -

But she continues faster than he can correct her.

GENEVIEVE
No. You should know the truth.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
The truth?

She sighs, resignedly, then continues.

GENEVIEVE
After my husband was killed, I escaped with Nicolas to Lyon. I had friends there in the resistance that would help me, give me work. I took a job in the Hotel Terminus, the Gestapo’s headquarters in France. My cover was as a cigarette girl, but my real mission was to gain information useful to the resistance. I was to flirt and cozy up to specific targets, which was not hard. They were usually quite drunk, and not only with liquor, but power as well. They made a sport of one-upping each other, dropping names, locations, plans for the future. It was here I met Gohler. And he would brag about his experiments. How soon, Germany would dominate the world, and how his experiments would change it. He was not a formidable man, not like most of Barbie’s henchman, in fact he seemed quite harmless.

Genevieve pauses, takes a deep breath.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You don’t have to...

GENEVIEVE
It’s OK. One night, another man, Hermann Becker, very respected, powerful, one of Barbie’s top officers, began to flirt very openly with me. He was touching, making a scene, and when Gohler asked him to stop he humiliated him in front of the entire table. Gohler was furious but Becker was not a man to trifle with, especially when drunk. So when he asked me to his room for a nightcap I didn’t argue. After all, this was my job.

Genevieve crosses to the sink.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
I knew the risk, but I hoped he’d just pass out... He didn’t. And when I refused to undress for him he went mad.

She fills a cup with water and takes a sip.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
I’ll spare you the details, but by the time he was done... I too had gone mad. It was as if I became someone else. I grabbed a steak knife from his dinner tray and stabbed him to death where he lay in the bathtub.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
My God.

GENEVIEVE
I knew it was over for me and Nicolas, unless... unless I could somehow cover it up. I went to Gohler. I begged. And said I would do or be whatever he wanted if he could only...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Make it go away.

Genevieve nods, “yes.”
GENEVIEVE
So, Becker became a missing person’s case and I became a murderer, posing as a mistress, posing as a nurse.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Complicated job.

GENEVIEVE
I’m not proud of what I’ve done, but I was able to do some good here, ease some suffering. And I have Nicolas, and he had medicine. And for that I would do it again. Now you know the truth.

Rennocks stares at her, considering something of significance. Finally he pulls the letter from his pocket and hands it Genevieve.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
What is this?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS

Genevieve opens the letter, scans the pertinent words:

Dear John... I’ve received your letter... with a heavy heart that I inform you... a terrible accident... thrown from her horse... Died of a brain injury...

Genevieve looks up, shocked.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
I’d asked for her father’s approval and got something else entirely.

GENEVIEVE
I am so sorry.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
She’d wanted a place out in the country. We were to raise horses. That’s how we met. I was a stable hand, and she was a champion rider. Taught me a thing or two about horses and I thought I knew it all.

She takes his hand. A tear rolls down her cheek. She then pulls him close and hugs him hard. They both need this.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Now, for what I’d really wanted to talk to you about?

She waits for him to continue.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
My plan.

GENEVIEVE
Plan?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
To get the truck, bring it back here and get us all safe to the boat.

GENEVIEVE
The truck’s at the beach. How are you going to get there?

INT. HORSE STALL - DAY.

Rennocks enters the stall with a bridle. The horse WHINNIES as it rears up on its hind legs.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Easy there, little lady, I’m not going to hurt you. Just want to get a look at you, that’s all.

He approaches slowly with a carrot.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Easy, I’ll be gentle. There you go...

He feeds her the carrot, pets her neck. She nibbles the carrot as he buckles her head into the bridle.

EXT. CAMP YARD - DAY.

Rennocks steps into the saddle, strapped and loaded with pistols, a machine gun, grenades...

The horse dances in a circle, unsure what to make of the one man arsenal atop her back.

Ainsworth, Nicolas and Genevieve are here. Genevieve hands the spare set of TRUCK KEYS to Rennocks. She squeezes his hand affectionately.
GENEVIEVE
Good luck.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Thank you.

Nicolas steps up to the horse and pets her. He puts on a brave face but knows this is the last time he’ll see this horse.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
What do you call her?

NICOLAS
Athena.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
The goddess of war.

GENEVIEVE
And wisdom.

Rennocks pats Athena’s neck.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
A wise warrior, let’s hope so.

GENEVIEVE
We’ll be watching and ready with the gate.

Rennocks looks up at the guard tower.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Burchill!

Burchill peeks over the side with a pair of field glasses.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Don’t fall asleep up there.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Not a chance.

Burchill reaches up and RINGS A BELL that dangles above him.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Good luck, sir, and remember, don’t stop for hitchers.

Stadler joins the group looking concerned, slightly out of breath.
S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
(in German)
Keppler is missing. I’ve searched everywhere.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What’s happened with Keppler?

GENEVIEVE
He’s gone missing.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
We’ll find him, sir, don’t worry about us.

EXT. CAMP - DAY.
The gate slowly opens...

SUDDENLY ATHENA GALLOPS OUT AT FULL SPEED. RENNOCKS STEERS HER ADROITLY ONTO THE TRAIL AND THROUGH THE TREES --

GUARD TOWER - SAME.
Burchill picks up Rennocks and Athena with the field glasses. He stays with them until they recede into the dense landscape.

INT. DARK STAIRWELL - DAY.
Stadler creeps down the stairs with a flashlight into the bowels of the prison, calling out to Keppler. He hears something, freezes on the stairs.

S.S. SERGEANT STADLER
Keppler?

Stadler shines the light down the stairs, crouches down to get a better view.

ANGLE ON STADLER
Crouching, drawing the light across the floor, into the corners. Behind him there’s a slight CREAKING sound. Stadler slowly turns, aims the beam up the stairs and highlights Keppler’s cadaver-grey face and vermillion tinted eyes.

Keppler leaps, attacking so quickly, so savagely, Stadler barely has time to scream.
EXT. TRAIL THROUGH WOODS - DAY.

Rennocks keeps Athena at a steady gallop.

Vague FORMS begin to appear on either side of the trail. Corpse-like faces blur by... Grunting figures dash between the trees, snapping branches as they go...

Before long there’s a small army of savages racing through the woods. Rennocks takes the machine gun off his shoulder.

A PRISONER ZOMBIE streaks across the trail in front of Athena. Rennocks fires, misses. The zombie vanishes into the trees.

A SOLDIER ZOMBIE runs across from the other direction. Rennocks fires, this time mowing the zombie down in its tracks.

He pushes Athena harder, faster. Rennocks looks up at a...

TREE LIMB

where a SOLDIER ZOMBIE crouches in wait. Rennocks grabs a GRENADE, bites off the pin, and tosses it up to the zombie who catches it instinctively.

RENNOCKS TURNS

just in time to see the zombie on the limb obliterated. Before he can even twist his head around another ZOMBIE DROPS from a branch overhead and lands on Athena’s back.

The beast lunges for Rennocks' neck. He counters with a sharp elbow to its head. The beast falls. Still clinging to Rennocks, tipping him sideways.

The beast loses its grip, falls away, leaving Rennocks hanging precariously from the side of the horse. He struggles up, grasping for purchase... finally rights himself.

Up ahead he can see where the dense forest gives way to a clearing...

INT. GUARD LOUNGE - DAY.

Genevieve stands near the window with a gun. Through the glass she can Burchill posted in the tower.

There’s a CRASHING NOISE behind her. She spins around.
GENEVIEVE
Oh my God!

She rushes over to Nicolas who is on the ground convulsing with an epileptic seizure. Pieces of a BOARD GAME he’d been carrying are scattered around him.

Genevieve shoves a piece of candy in his mouth. Ainsworth, hearing the commotion runs into the room.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
What is it?

GENEVIEVE
A seizure.

He kneels down beside Nicolas. Behind them --

THE BLUR OF A FIGURE MOVES BY OUTSIDE --

Genevieve holds Nicolas tight. The fit begins to lessen.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
What can I do?

GENEVIEVE
Help me get him to the couch.

Ainsworth carries Nicolas to the couch, lays him down gently.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Will he be OK?

GENEVIEVE
I think so. Keppler?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Not yet. Would you like me to stay here?

GENEVIEVE
No. We’ll be fine. You can keep searching.

EXT. ROAD TO BEACH – DAY.

The road cuts wide a swath through a long forgotten CORNFIELD.

Athena barrels out of the woods, turns onto the road with dust billowing up from her hooves.
Rennocks can see the water in the distance, maybe a half mile away.

**OUT OF THE CORN**

Comes a ZOMBIE SOLDIER in a French uniform carrying a long metal POLE. He swings, catches Rennocks off guard, knocks him off the horse.

Athena rears up, hooves striking at the air. Rennocks rolls into a ditch. The zombie leaps through the air with the pole determined to drive it like a stake through Rennocks heart.

Rennocks shoots, blows the zombie’s arm off. The pole and the arm land in the grass. Rennocks gets to his feet, plugs the zombie with lead before it can attack again.

**BEHIND HIM**

More ZOMBIES spill out of the high grass onto the road.

Rennocks runs to Athena, swings up into the saddle. He pats at his coat pocket - just in case - for the truck keys. THEIR GONE.

He looks down the road, spots the SHINY KEYS in the ditch where he landed. ZOMBIES are closing in. Rennocks jumps off the horse, runs for the keys.

He slides into the ditch, snatches up the keys, and sprints back to the horse with a zombie on his heels. Rennocks leaps into the saddle, spins Athena around...

The zombie grabs his boot, hangs on with a death-grip. Rennocks kicks Athena into gear with his other heel.

The zombie won’t let go even though it’s being dragged now. The boot starts to slip off exposing the flesh above Rennock’s ankle.

The zombie goes to bury its teeth in Rennocks' leg when the boot slides off. The beast rolls away with it into the ditch.

**EXT. CAMP YARD - DAY.**

Stadler stumbles across the yard, his neck torn apart, oozing gore.
GUARD TOWER - DAY.

Burchill spots Stadler. He puts the field glasses to his eyes, focuses in on Stadler’s gaping neck wound.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Son of a bitch.

EXT. BEACH HEAD - DAY.

Rennocks rides Athena up the small hill and dismounts near the truck. He approaches the truck cautiously, guns ready.

He slides into the driver’s side, jams the keys into the ignition. The truck starts up right away.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
God bless you!
(turns to Athena)
And you.

He jumps out of the truck and plants a kiss on Athena’s nose.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
You watch your back out there.

He swats Athena on the butt.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Get!

Athena gallops off into the high grass. Rennocks hops back in the truck, yanks it into reverse and stomps on the gas.

The WHEELS SPIN, stuck in the mud...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Shit!

He shifts the truck into neutral.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - DAY.

Burchill aims his rifle, gets Stadler within his scope.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Sorry old, pal. I was just getting to like ya.

He FIRES! Stadler’s head explodes like a pumpkin.
INT. GUARD’S LOUNGE – DAY.

Genevieve hears the shot, rushes to the window. Sees Stadler’s body lying in the middle of the yard. Nicolas sits up on the couch.

       NICOLAS

       Momma.

       GENEVIEVE

       It’s OK, baby.

EXT. BEACH HEAD HILL – DAY.

Rennocks stands in front of the truck desperately trying to push it free. His exposed foot slips in the mud. He shoves with every ounce of strength...

       LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS

       Mooooove!

The WHEELS find purchase. Rennocks slips onto his stomach. The truck begins to move, but he can’t get out of the mud quick enough.

The truck rolls backwards over the small hill just as a ZOMBIE begins to climb it. The zombie slips, tries to scramble away, but gets SQUASHED beneath the tires.

Rennocks gets to his feet, chases the truck down the hill. The truck slows at the bottom and he’s able to get inside.

He throws it in gear and accelerates as a SWARM of zombies emerge from the grass. There’s no time to swerve.

He barrels over several of the beasts with a loud THUMP!

INT. GUARD LOUNGE – DAY.

Genevieve watches through the window as Ainsworth approaches Stadler with an axe. He stares at the body for a moment then raises the axe overhead.

Genevieve turns her back, has no desire to see the decapitation. She takes a deep breath, waits for it to be over when...

       KEPPLER LUNGES THROUGH THE WINDOW SHATTERING GLASS --

He lands on a chair, splintering it into pieces.
Nicolas dives off the couch, scurries under a table. Genevieve grabs a jagged CHAIR LEG just as Keppler lunges...

She runs the chair leg through his gut and ends up pinned between him and the wall - his face only an inch from hers.

The KEYS to the gate fall to the floor near Nicolas.

Genevieve is frozen in place, trembling, hoping there’s no life left in Keppler.

No such luck, a sick grin widens on his face. He then licks her lips with his ghastly tongue. She shudders, fights back the hysteria...

He bares his teeth, goes in for kill when --

AINSWORTH BURES THE AXE IN KEPLER’S BACK --

Genevieve shoves Keppler backwards and he falls into the fireplace.

Keppler’s arm catches fire.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - DAY.

Through the field glasses Burchill sees Rennocks coming with the truck. He reaches up and RINGS the bell.

EXT. GUARD LOUNGE - DAY.

The bell RINGS as Keppler flails around room, the fire engulfing more of his body.

GENEVIEVE

Rennocks! He’s coming.

Keppler’s blocking the doorway. There’s no easy way out. He thrashes around knocking over furniture.

Nicolas grabs the keys and bolts out through the broken window.

EXT. MAIN GATE - DAY.

Nicolas unlocks the gate. He can see the truck approaching, HORN BLARING! Nicolas pulls with all he has to get it open wide enough...

The TRUCK barrels through smashing the gate. Nicolas dives out of the way as the gate comes crashing back around.
EXT. GUARD LOUNGE – DAY.

Keppler runs out of the lounge engulfed in flames.

IN THE TRUCK

Rennocks sees the flaming man spinning violently, coming straight across the yard. He slams on the brakes, skids and runs over Keppler.

AT THE GATE

Two ZOMBIE’S race in just before Nicolas gets the gate shut.

GUARD TOWER

Burchill fires off two perfect head shots dropping both zombies in the dirt.

IN THE YARD

Rennocks backs the truck off of Keppler’s smoldering body. He gets out of the truck.

Genevieve and Ainsworth step out onto the porch of the guard’s lounge. Nicolas appears at her side. She pulls him close.

Rennocks stares at the group on the porch, then up at Burchill.

SERGEANT BURCHILL

What the hell took you so long?

In short order they all begin to laugh – even Rennocks.

EXT. YARD – DUSK.

The sun wanes on the skyline. In the distance an animal ushers in the night with an ominous HOWL...

Genevieve yells out as she walks briskly across the yard.

GENEVIEVE

Nicolas?
INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT.

The BLITZ TRUCK is parked here.

IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

Rennocks, Ainsworth, and Burchill work to reinforce the truck with whatever materials are available.

IN THE CAB

Nicolas roots around in the glove box. He finds a KNIFE in a black sheathe. There’s a swastika on the handle. He pulls the knife from the sheathe, admiring the shiny blade.

Genevieve enters the shed with a worried look.

GENEVIEVE
Have you seen Nicolas?

IN THE CAB

Nicolas hides the knife in his pocket, hops out of the truck.

GENEVIEVE
There you are, I was worried sick. Come now. You must eat then sleep.

NICOLAS
But I feel OK.

GENEVIEVE
You are not OK.

He stares up at her with sad eyes.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
We’ll keep an eye on him. Sides, we could use some help reinforcing our get-away-truck.

Genevieve considers this.

GENEVIEVE
One hour.

She tucks some candy into Rennocks' hand.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Just in case.
SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Reckon we better get to work.

QUICK SHOTS AS:
They string BARBED WIRE around the wood rails --
Tighten bolts and patch rotting wood --
Secure a metal box to the floor for weapons, ammo storage --
Fasten a swiveling machine gun TURRET to the back of the truck bed --
Clean the windows --
Top the tanks with gasoline --

AN HOUR LATER
The men stand back and admire their work: a slightly crude, yet formidable looking war machine.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Well, will she make it?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
She either will or she won’t.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Not the greatest betting odds.

Rennocks ruffles Nicolas’ hair. Nicolas looks up at him, smiles.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Then I reckon it’s a good thing we’re all broke.

EXT. BARRACKS PORCH – NIGHT.
Rennocks stands on the porch staring up at the clouds as they drift in front of a FULL MOON. Genevieve quietly walks up beside him.

GENEVIEVE
Is that a good omen, or bad?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
The moon?
GENEVIEVE
Do you believe in such things?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Quite frankly I don’t know what I believe anymore. I’ve always fancied myself a pragmatist, not one to dwell on the unexplained mysteries of the earth and the heavens... I tend to pray most fervently when I’m in trouble. By then it’s usually too late.

GENEVIEVE
A foxhole prayer.

He nods, “yes.”

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
You’ve made it this far. Someone must be watching out for you.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
And you? What’s your take?

GENEVIEVE
I believe life is fleeting, and not a moment of it should be wasted.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
And death?

GENEVIEVE
Is where you no longer have to worry about life. But we are not dead yet, are we?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
No.

GENEVIEVE
(grins flirtatiously)
Then we must still contend with the ordinary concerns of the living.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Ordinary concerns?

A beat.

GENEVIEVE
Like, will he ever... kiss me.

She shuts her eyes, waits, and he does... sweet and tenderly.
INT. GUARD LOUNGE – NIGHT.

Ainsworth and Burchill watch through the window as rennocks continues to kiss Genevieve.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Son-of-a-bitch. He’s engaged.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Not yet he’s not. ‘Sides, a man’s gotta live like there’s no tomorrow.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Since when?

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I dunno, since we might not live through tomorrow.

Ainsworth playfully slaps Burchill on the back.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (cont’d)
Sweet dreams, huh? I’m going to get some sleep.

Ainsworth walks away.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Thanks for that. I feel a whole lot better.

EXT. CAMP YARD – DAY.

Genevieve and Nicolas are inside the truck. Rennocks opens the driver’s side and climbs in.

IN THE BACK

Ainsworth pries open a small crate. Safely packed inside are a DOZEN HAND GRENADES. He stashes one in his pocket.

Rennocks BANGS on the glass.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Ready?

Ainsworth gives a thumbs up.
IN THE TRUCK

Rennocks looks over at Nicolas who looks a bit pale.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
You alright.

NICOLAS
A little queasy.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Me too.

GENEVIEVE
That makes three of us.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I’ll try and make this as comfortable as possible.

Rennocks CRANKS up the engines.

GENEVIEVE
Wait. Join hands. We’re going to need all the help we can get.

They join hands.

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Heavenly Father...

ALL
Heavenly Father...

GENEVIEVE
If there’s ever been a time to deliver us from evil that time is now. Grant us a clear road, a clear mind and most of all a clear shot to the head.

Rennocks is slightly taken aback but goes with it

GENEVIEVE (cont’d)
Amen.

ALL
Amen!

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Let’s do it.
MINUTES LATER.

Burchill stands near the gate. He peers out, looks clear as far as he can see. He unlocks the gate and pulls it open.

Burchill climbs on the truck as it rolls out of the camp. It’s oddly quiet, like the calm before the storm.

ROAD THROUGH THE WOODS - DAY.

The truck moves along, maybe twenty miles an hour.

IN THE CAB

No one speaks but the tension is palpable.

IN THE BACK

Ainsworth and Burchill peer out anxiously between the wood slats. Rennocks BANGS on the glass startling both of them.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
(pointing up)
Keep an eye on the trees.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
The what?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
(louder)
Trees! Watch the --

GENEVIEVE
LOOK OUT!

Rennocks whips his head around, slams on the brakes. There’s a HUGE DOWNED TREE blocking the road.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
That wasn’t there yesterday.

GENEVIEVE
But how?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I don’t know. Could be they’re smarter than we think. It’s a big log. It will take all three of us.

He looks to Genevieve. She already knows what he’s thinking.
GENEVIEVE
Go. I’ll get in the back and cover. Nicolas, you stay in the cab, doors locked. Do not get out.

Nicolas nods.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Alright, let’s move it.

All three men hop out and try to move the log. It hardly budges, even with all three of them.

SERGEANT BURCHILL
It’s too big.

They try again, slipping, grunting, cursing...

Genevieve stands in the back. She holds a rifle with a bayonet. Something lands on her arm.

She looks down – it’s a TINY DROPLET OF BLOOD.

Another drop lands further up her arm.

She looks up into the trees and sees nothing but leaves, snarled branches. Another drop lands on the side of her nose.

The men continue, making some progress, but not enough to get around.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
It’s no use.

Genevieve continues to search the trees above her. Rennocks walks back to the truck.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
We can’t move it.

GENEVIEVE
We’ve another problem.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
What?

A ZOMBIE DROPS OUT OF THE TREES AND LANDS BEHIND GENEVIEVE --

The zombie knocks her to the floor of the truck. She rolls over fast as the zombie leaps on her.

She braces the rifle in her arms and the bayonet slides up through the zombie’s chin and out through the top of its head.
A HALF DOZEN MORE ZOMBIES appear from the woods...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Someone drive.

Nicolas unlocks the driver’s door as Burchill slides in. Rennocks and Ainsworth scurry over the hood, the cab, and jump into the back.

Two zombies follow them onto the hood.

INTERCUT – CAB OF TRUCK/BACK OF TRUCK

Burchill puts the truck in reverse, speeds backwards down the road. One zombie slides off the hood. The other clings to a WIPER BLADE...

Rennocks and Genevieve OPEN FIRE into the trees. Ainsworth mans the TURRET. Gore splatters. Zombies take bullets in the face, the head, the chest.

The zombie on the hood scrambles up the windshield and over the cab. Jumps on Ainsworth’s back.

Burchill slams on the brakes abruptly. Everybody in the back TUMBLERS. He GRINDS the gears trying to find first. The truck pitches forward. He steers the truck OFF THE ROAD into the trees.

Ainsworth wrestles with the zombie. The truck bounces violently through the dense brush. Rennocks bashes the zombie with the butt of his gun.

Branches slap at the windshield as Burchill steers through the trees, around rocks, over logs...

NICOLAS
There!

SEVERAL MORE ZOMBIES spring from the trees. Genevieve SPRAYS them with machine gun fire.

Rennocks grabs the coat of the zombie attacking Ainsworth.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Back to hell!

He lifts the zombie up and over the rail. The zombie gets snared on the BARBED WIRE. It hangs there, flailing, snarling...

The truck swipes a tree KNOCKING the zombie off of the barbed wire.
Burchill makes another hard turn, heads back toward the road.

**ROAD THROUGH WOODS – CONTINUOUS.**

The truck bounces back onto the road, eventually straightens out. The driver’s side WINDOW is completely blown out.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Everyone, OK?

GENEVIEVE
I’m OK.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Me too.

Genevieve and Ainsworth slowly climb to their feet.

GENEVIEVE
Nicolas?

Rennocks taps on the glass.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Alright up there?

Burchill and Nicolas both nod, “yes.”

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Good. Don’t stop. The clearing’s about another mile.

Burchill shifts into a higher gear, gives it a bit more gas.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
The tree? How?

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I don’t know.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I thought they couldn’t think.

GENEVIEVE
That’s why it was doomed from the start.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
What was?
GENEVIEVE
If they couldn’t think, how could they possibly obey. And if they could...

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Why would they.

Rennocks takes a moment to wrap his head around this conundrum.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS (cont’d)
Whatever happens, this infection can never leave the island. We are the last line of defense. Agreed?

GENEVIEVE SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Agreed. Agreed.

ROAD TO BEACH – DAY.
The truck emerges from the woods, turns slowly onto the road.

IN THE CAB
Nicolas points to the water - a half mile in the distance.

NICOLAS
You see?

SERGEANT BURCHILL
Almost there, mate.

Burchill grinds the truck into a lower gear, builds up some speed, shifts to a higher gear.

THE SPEEDOMETER
Goes from 10 to 15 to 20...

OUT OF THE CORN
A ZOMBIE appears brandishing a ROCK. He hurls the rock into the windshield, SHATTERS IT!

A SECOND ZOMBIE gets within a couple feet of the truck and unloads a rock with deadly accuracy into Burchill’s forehead.

The blood comes instantly oozing down his dirt smeared face. Burchill sways drunkenly over onto Nicolas’ lap.
The truck drifts sideways toppling everyone in the back. Nicolas reaches for the wheel, yanks on it just before the truck careens into the corn.

Nicolas struggles to steer and slide under Burchill at the same time.

**BEHIND THE TRUCK**

MORE ZOMBIES spill out of the corn. Ainsworth grabs a grenade from the box, pulls the pin and hurls the grenade. It lands a good ten feet in front of the advancing pack.

**SERGEANT BURCHILL**
That’s right, a little further.

Burchill eggs them on until... KABOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The zombie’s are reduced to pieces.

**IN THE CAB**

Nicolas works his way into the driver’s seat, reaches with his leg for the brake. He slides down to the point where he can’t even see over the wheel and stomps his foot on the brake.

The truck SKIDS to a halt.

**IN THE BACK**

Genevieve, Ainsworth and Rennocks pull themselves up off the floor.

**GENEVIEVE**
Nicolas! Are you OK!?

Nicolas pops up in the seat, scared, but unhurt.

**NICOLAS**
I’m OK, but he is hurt bad.

Rennocks jumps from the truck, runs to the passenger side when VOLKER comes snarling out of the corn.

**LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS**
Shoot him!

Rennocks turns and runs to the opposite side of the truck.
Volker smashes the passenger’s side window peppering Nicolas with glass. Genevieve Screams! Ainsworth leans over the side and pops Volker twice in the leg with his pistol.

Rennocks jumps in the driver’s side as Volker tries to climb in through the passenger window. Rennocks grabs Nicolas, pulls him to his side. Nicolas kicks at Volker.

NICOLAS
GET OUT! GET OUT!

Rennocks shoves the truck in gear and slams on the gas. Volker dangles precariously through the broken window as the door swings back and forth. He grabs onto Burchill who is slumped over on the floor of the driver’s side.

Nicolas grabs a piece of Burchill’s shirt, determined to keep him in the truck.

NICOLAS (cont’d)
NO! LET GO!

Volker clings to Burchill, pulls him away from Nicolas and out the moving vehicle. Volker struggles to crawl inside. Nicolas SCREAMS out in rage and kicks Volker squarely in the face with his heel.

Volker falls out the window, dangles by one arm. His legs drag across the dirt road.

Nicolas gives a final hard kick! Volker falls away and gets sucked under the back tires with a CRUNCH!

Rennocks reaches across the seat and slams the door shut.

A BIRD’S EYE VIEW – DAY.

The view from here reveals a sleepily pastoral setting. But it reveals something else as well...

HORDES OF ZOMBIES SWARMING THROUGH THE CROPS, ALL HEADED FOR THE TRUCK IN THE MIDDLE...

IN THE CAB – DAY.

Rennocks drives the best he can staring through the CRACKED windshield. Nicolas lays curled up in the seat sobbing. Rennocks gently rubs his arm.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
It’s OK, Nicolas. We’re going to make it.
Genevieve pounds on the glass.

GENEVIEVE
Nicolas!

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
He’s OK. Just scared. He’s OK. I promise.

IN THE BACK
Genevieve sits and begins to cry. Ainsworth puts an arm around her shoulder.

IN THE CAB
Rennocks turns off the road, down a small grassy hill and onto the beach. In the distance they can see the boat. Rennocks guns the engine, spraying sand from beneath the tires.

Nicolas stares out at the woods that flank the beach. No movement at first, then... several dozen zombies spew from the trees like cockroaches.

GENEVIEVE
Rennocks!

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
I see them. Get on the turret!

The zombies race in a pack toward the truck, several fall in behind the truck and continue chasing. Ainsworth jumps on to the machine gun turret and mows them down in the sand.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Come on you, maggots, get a mouthful...

Genevieve tosses grenades over the side, launching zombie’s and parts through the air.

Rennocks looks to the boat. They’re getting closer. He looks in his side mirror. The zombies are falling away, unable to keep up with the truck.

He allows himself a very thin smile when...

NICOLAS
Athena!

Rennocks snaps his head around as...
ATHENA CHARGES ACROSS THE BEACH, DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE TRUCK --

Rennocks swerves to miss the horse...

The truck tips, pitching Genevieve into the sand. It lands upside down. Rennocks and Nicolas are tossed around the cab.

Ainsworth is pinned beneath the truck.

Genevieve lifts herself up, spits dirt from her mouth. She runs to the passenger side. Yanks open the door. Pulls Nicolas from the wrecked cab.

He’s disoriented, cut up but not severely hurt.

    GENEVIEVE
    Oh God, are you OK?

Rennocks crawls out of the wreck, bloodied, but seemingly unhurt as well. He turns and sees --

A ZOMBIE CHARGING HIS WAY --

He dives for a pistol, rolls over on the sand and shoots the zombie square in the face.

The zombie drops, but plenty more are bringing up the rear.

    LIEUTENANT RENNocks
    Is he OK?

    GENEVIEVE
    I think so.

    LIEUTENANT RENNocks
    Ainsworth?

No answer.

He goes around back where Ainsworth is pinned at the waist beneath the truck.

    LIEUTENANT RENNocks (cont’d)
    Oh God. Help me lift.

Genevieve hurries around back and grabs a side.

    LIEUTENANT RENNocks (cont’d)
    Come on, lift!

But it won’t move. It would take ten men to lift it off of him. Ainsworth reaches out, grabs Rennocks' arm, smiles up at him through crimson colored teeth.
SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Go.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
No.

Rennocks strains even harder. The zombies are nearing.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
I’m already dead.

Genevieve fights the tears, but they roll out anyway.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH (cont’d)
Go on.

GENEVIEVE
I’m so sorry.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
You take care of my lieutenant, alright.

GENEVIEVE
I will. I promise.

SERGEANT AINSWORTH
Go.

Ainsworth watches for a moment as Rennocks, Genevieve and Nicolas flee toward the boat.

He looks the other way to see the ZOMBIE HORDE no more than twenty feet away. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out the grenade he stashed there earlier and pulls the pin...

The horde descends upon him. He shuts his eyes...

DOWN THE BEACH – SAME.

Genevieve, Nicolas and Rennocks run toward the boat, but even this far away the BLAST is deafening.

They turn around and glimpse the carnage behind them.

THE BOAT – DAY.

Its front half is pulled on shore and anchored with a rope attached to a heavy wooden stake. Genevieve and Nicolas wade into the water.
Rennocks cuts the rope with a knife. ZOMBIES continue to spill out of the trees.

LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS
Get in, quick.

Genevieve and Nicolas jump in the boat. Rennocks pushes the boat into the water. He’s waist-deep as the first zombie’s appear.

Lieutenant Rennocks (cont’d)
Start the engines.

Genevieve runs to the control station, starts the engines.

Rennocks gives a final hard push then struggles to climb into the boat. Behind him, two zombies plunge into the water.

NICOLAS
Faster.

CONTROL STATION
Genevieve guns the THROTTLE, but the boat is just too slow.

IN THE WATER
One of the zombies thrashes wildly. It’s drowning. The other has disappeared.

NICOLAS
It can’t swim.

BACK OF THE BOAT
Nicolas wraps his arms around Rennocks and pulls. Rennocks' legs dangle in the water. He’s almost in when...

A ZOMBIE EXPLODES FROM THE SURF AND GRABS HIS LEGS...

Nicolas falls back. Rennocks clings to the side of the boat.

NICOLAS
Momma.

Genevieve bursts out from the control station. She grabs hold of Rennocks arms. Nicolas just sits there, stunned... Then he remembers...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the knife he found in the glove box of the truck.
LIEUTENANT RENNOCKS

Pull!

GENEVIEVE

I’m trying!

The zombie goes to sink its teeth into Rennocks’ leg when...

NICOLAS RAMS THE KNIFE INTO THE ZOMBIE’S EAR --

The zombie’s grip loosens. Rennocks watches the zombie slowly sink into the lake.

Genevieve pulls Rennocks into the boat. They just lay there for a moment breathing deeply. Eventually both her and Nicolas crawl into Rennocks’ arms, thoroughly exhausted, finally safe.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND – DAY.

SOMEONE watches through the trees as the boat drifts away on the horizon.

UNKNOWN PERSON’S P.O.V.

Stumbling across the sand toward the shoreline. Up ahead, a ROUNDED PIECE OF WOOD pokes out of the sand at an angle.

The unknown person reaches down with a MANGLED HAND and pulls the WOODEN OAR from the sand.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Dr. Gohler, hideously infected. An oar in one hand and his black bag in the other. He glances sidelong down the beach.

IN THE DISTANCE

A BEACHED DINGHY can be seen lying upside down near the water’s edge. Tiny waves lap at its paint-faded hull.

Gohler stares vacantly at the dinghy. But if you look really hard you can see a hint of realization cross his lips in the tiniest of smiles.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END