Journey - Chapter Three

by

R.E. Freak

'All journeys must come to an end.'

© 2005 - R.E. Freak

All characters/stories/locations/events are entirely my own creation, and as such I retain all rights to them. Any infringement on this WILL result in legal action being pursued.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

OPEN in a busy street in a big city. It's rush hour, the cars lined up as far as we can see. People are shouting, honking, cursing, muttering under their breath.

INT. CAR - DAY

DRIVER sits in his car with the windows rolled up, the radio on an oldies station playing full volume to block out the noise. The AC is on, but from the looks of it it's not doing anything.

He wipes his forehead, looking at the traffic around him.

DRIVER God damn it.

He looks at his watch. He doesn't like what he sees.

DRIVER (cont'd)

Shit!

He hits the horn.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A block down there is a large collision, at least four cars twisted and broken in the middle of the street. The usual compliment of emergency vehicles are scattered around the crash, onlookers gathered on the sidewalks. From the looks of it there are casualties.

Am ambulance pulls out, passing by, siren blaring.

INT. DRIVING AMBULANCE - DAY

A wounded man lies on the stretcher, bleeding bad from a throat wound.

PARAMEDIC #1 Get on with the hospital, tell them we've got a critical!

The man coughs, blood splattering the paramedic's shirt.

ANGLE ON DRIVER-

As he grabs the radio.

DRIVER This is 12-26 on our way with one critical. We need you to prep emergency surgery.

DISPATCHER (over radio) What's his condition?

RICK Critical. Severe throat lacerations.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Back to the crash, DOLLY towards another ambulance parked off to the side.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

There's a person inside, beneath a stark white sheet. We can tell just by looking at him that he's dead. Crimson stains dot the sheet.

A slight movement, sort of a twitch. The sheet moves just enough we notice it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A pair of FIRE FIGHTERS are working on a crumpled wreck of a car with the jaws, trying to cut through to a body within.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The body twitches again, an arm toppling free of its bonds. It flops lifelessly to its side, dangling, slowly swinging back and forth.

The fingers clench, and the wrist flexes.

The arm lifts up, twitching maybe, but then the hand clenches in a tight fist, raising up, tugging at the restraints.

The wounded man lets out his last breath, heart rate monitor flat-lining.

PARAMEDIC #1

Shit.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The arm flops down again.

A paramedic turns and sees it, running over.

He grabs the arm and shoves it back into the straps, turning to someone outside.

PARAMEDIC We should get this one out of here.

The arm comes to life again, jumping an inch. PARAMEDIC turns, staring at it.

PARAMEDIC (cont'd) What the hell...?

The fingers flex.

PARAMEDIC (cont'd) Jesus Christ! Mick, he's not dead!

PARAMEDIC #2 (0.S.)

What?!

PARAMEDIC He's not dead! Get over he-!

The arm snaps to life, grabbing the paramedic's arm. The fingers tear through the sleeve of his shirt, fingernails digging into his arm.

Blood flows.

He screams, trying to pull away. The straps holding the body down release, corpse beneath bolting upright. Its other arm grabs the paramedic's hair, pulling him in.

Several others run over to help, for the most part confused as to what's happening.

The hands release, body falling off the stretcher. It hits the floor of the ambulance hard, sheet flying off to reveal its mangled form.

EXT. CRASH - DAY

The fire fighters working on the car look over at the ambulance, exchanging confused looks.

Off to the side a paramedic kneeling over a body looks up.

The body snaps to life, lunging forward. In one move it tears the paramedic's throat out, blood gushing as the undead begins feeding on the still-breathing man.

The fire fighters spin at the sound of wheezing.

The body inside the car has reanimated, broken arms hanging uselessly in the air as its pinned form reaches for them. Its chest has been crushed, the only sound coming from it a dry wheezing sound as it exhales.

The screams start.

INT. DRIVING AMBULANCE - DAY

PARAMEDIC #1's back is turned to the body.

It's eyes open. It sits up, snarling.

The paramedic turns.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The ambulance swerves, sideswiping a car. We can see the driver's arms flailing in the front.

It spins out, rising into two wheels, flipping onto its side.

It slides into an intersection, immediately hit from both sides by cars passing through. Glass shatters, doors fly off, metal grinds on asphalt.

A loud horn honking off camera.

WHAM!

A bus slams into the ambulance, coming to rest against a row of parked cars.

INT. CAR - DAY

DRIVER is still in his own world, the music blaring.

Someone runs past in the background, he doesn't notice.

DRIVER (sighs) Come on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

People gather around the ambulance, trying to see in. In the background people are climbing out of the bus.

A man clumbs up onto the side, looking down through the open door.

MAN You all right?

A hand reaches up, grabbing his leg. Before he can scream he's pulled in.

INT. CAR - DAY

WHAM!

Someone stumbles, falling onto the hood of his car. They stand and continue running.

DRIVER What the hell was that about!

He unbuckles, opening the door.

It's slammed shut as someone hits it from the other side. DRIVER jumps back.

DRIVER (cont'd) Jesus Christ!

He's not a human, blood dripping down his chin, eyes hollow and rolled up in his head. Flesh rotting. It presses up against the windshield, bangs it, leaves red streaks.

DRIVER (cont'd) What the fuck is this!

He reaches behind himself for the other door handle.

SMASH!

The window shatters as an unlucky woman flies through head first. They don't move, blood gushing from the numerous gashes on her face.

DRIVER opens the door, her body falling free.

DRIVER (cont'd) (under breath) Oh God oh God oh God.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

He emerges from his car, jaw dropping, eyes opening wide.

Undead are attacking people everywhere, humans scattering like ants. Bodies litter the ground, broken glass and damaged vehicles are everywhere.

Snarling, behind him.

DRIVER spins to find the woman reaching for him, bloody saliva dripping from her chin.

He turns to run, the first undead lunging at him. They fall from the frame, we listen to his screams mixed with the snarls of the undead, mixed with the sounds of his flesh being torn.

A bloody hand reaches up into the frame, then quickly falls back down.

We're hit with quick images, blurry images and quick cuts. A man tackled by three undead, consumed before our very eyes. A pair of desperate police officers opening fire on people running to them for help. A news helicopter flying low over the streets, suddenly loosing control.

People running, falling, fighting and dying all before our eyes. We watch as chaos takes over and the city falls.

We watch humanity fall and dead rise.

FADE OUT.

TITLE APPEARS:

Journey - Chapter Three

Credits roll to The Tea Party's WALKING WOUNDED.

We get a number of newspaper headlines. A vision of the apocalypse in words.

With each new credit comes a new headline. 'MASS TRIBE MIGRATIONS PUZZLE ANTHROPOLOGISTS;' 'WORLD WATCHES AS PLAGUE RAVAGES SOUTH AFRICA;' 'MILLIONS DEAD'

CUT TO:

The image becomes that of a TV screen, a news anchor talking as scenes of the mass migrations play. Hundreds, maybe thousands of people moving through a huge open field. The reporter is from the BBC, he speaks with a heavy accent.

REPORTER

(on TV) You can see the totally unprecedented numbers of tribes people, thousands of them at least, moving through the valley behind me.

They turn and point at something, the camera TILTS UP. A trio of military huey's fly overhead, gunners visible on both side of each.

REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) And as you can see, the military is taking this very seriously. They-

The camera PANS LEFT, the rest of the crew slowly entering the frame. The sound man, boom mike and all, turns to the camera and mouths the words 'Jesus Christ.'

REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) If you look now, you can see three military helicopters overhead. They seem to be circling-

CUT TO:

More headlines as the credits continue. 'VIRUS SPREADS TO EASTERN EUROPE;' 'INFECTED REFUGEES CONTAINED AT US/MEXICO BORDER.'

Images of a truckload of immigrants, surrounded by police and military. One of the people jump out, running towards the camera. Several soldiers turn and fire, mowing him down.

There are screams, people start jumping from the truck. It explodes, a hidden bomb going off. Flames engulf everyone. The soldiers open fire, gunning down everyone.

CUT TO:

The television screen again, the helicopters hovering over the massive crowd.

> REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) They've stopped now, and are currently hovering over the valley. We don't know what they intend to do. At this point all we can-

We hear screams, down in the crowd. The reporter turns around.

REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) Something seems to be happening down in the crowd. People are screaming, they seem to be running from something, we can't see from up here but-

The helicopter gunners open fire, raining rounds down into the crowd below. The camera starts to shake, the reporter instinctively ducking down.

> REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) The helicopters have opened fire on the crowd! They are--they're killing dozens of people! Good Lord, they're firing on the crowd.

SOUND GUY (O.S.) (on TV) Down! Down!

Another yell off camera, the ground behind the reporter explodes in a dozen places.

REPORTER

(on TV) Jesus Christ! They're firing on us! The helicopters have begun firing-

His chest explodes, blood splattering the camera. We can hear him screaming below the frame as the camera watches the helicopter flying towards us.

Muzzle flashes from the left side gunner.

The camera shakes violently, falling to the ground. The cameraman falls into the frame, crawling along, blood gushing from several wounds on his chest. He curls up into the fetal position, dying live on the air, right in front of us. As his last breath escapes him-

-the image CUTS to that of the anchor, staring at a screen off camera, looking utterly shocked at what he just saw.

ANCHOR (on TV) ...uh...we've lost picture now.

He takes a deep breath, shaking his head slightly.

ANCHOR (cont'd) (on TV) Please...please stay with us as this... (shakes head) As this continues.

DISSOLVE TO:

A high rise, people running from the access door. Others follow, tackling one of them. We can hear him, all we can see is the swarm surrounding him.

The others begin jumping from the roof.

DISSOLVE TO:

We see three final headlines: 'PRESIDENT DECLARES MARTIAL LAW ON EAST COAST;' 'NUCLEAR WAR DECIMATES MIDDLE EAST.'

An image of a massive trio of nuclear mushroom clouds, rising from within and next to a major city. They expand and meld, becoming one.

DISSOLVE TO:

On the last headline, 'THREE BILLION DEAD,' we slowly begin to;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM - TIMELESS

OPEN in a dark room. We can't see anything, but we can hear someone breathing in the background. Someone moves, the sound of bedsprings creaking.

We hear something unlocking.

Quiet muttering and whispering.

A door opens, light filtering in. It lights up the frame, revealing that we are in a CLOSE-UP of a closed human eye.

It doesn't respond as the light hits it.

MALE VOICE (0.S.) Everybody up, now. (chuckles) It's play time.

The eye slowly opens, it's bloodshot. Everything is blurry, fuzzy. The dialogue is slightly warped, we seem to be missing chunks of the conversation. All we hear is the one male voice.

> MALE VOICE (0.S.) (cont'd) I hope you've got a lot of energy today. We've got a lot of things planned for you. (laughs) Those rotting buggers are gonna' have a fun time with you.

The source of the voice laughs again.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd) Get him, bring him out.

We hear several people walking by in the background, hear the sounds of a struggle. There's a dull thud, the sounds stop.

The door slowly closes, the light fading away. We can still see just enough to pick out the eye.

It slowly closes.

JACK (V.O.) Six months since the dead first began to rise. (beat) No one knew what caused it, or why it happened when it did. No one could figure out why the bodies of the dead were returning to kill and feed on the living. Every man, woman, and child faced the same two options: fight or die. It didn't matter what your background was, who you were or where you lived. Wealth and status meant nothing anymore. Every choice in life suddenly related to survival, and those two most basis drives. Fight or flight. (beat) Most chose to die, not willing to kill people they once knew, the ever-present underlying humanity winning out over common sense. Try as they might, they couldn't beat themselves. Governments fell, their leaders not willing to commit to the mass slaughter of millions of their citizens. In time, death became a welcome option. For many, death became a way out.

(beat) Death became a way of life.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

OPEN deep in the mountains, trees surrounding us on all sides. Where every time before it has been snowing, it is now silent and still.

The clouds are starting to clear up, the sun just barely shining through. The rays are cutting through the clouds.

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE OUT.

A couple of refugees lean against the railing, killing time while on duty. They've got a look to them that suggests that they've been at this a while, that the undead aren't really bothering them anymore.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

There are dozens of people scattered around. Some are playing cards, others reading, others chatting. Some are just sitting, trying to relax for a while.

The lives of refugees in an undead world.

A couple of refugees sit off to one side, taking apart a pair of pistols. We watch as they disassemble them piece by piece, setting the pieces out on the floor.

Another group plays a game of poker. They're using bullets for chips, a small stack forming in the center of them all.

One of them throws down a card, picking another one up.

REFUGEE

Fold.

He folds his cards into a stack and tosses them onto the discarded pile. He stands.

He turns and walks away.

DOLLY BEHIND HIM in one continuous shot as he walks through the cabin, letting us get a good look at it all.

He turns a corner, walks through a door, into...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

He walks over to the fridge, opening it, pulling out a beer. He walks away, the shot ends.

Four people are in here, busy at work. There are dishes everywhere, clean or otherwise.

PAN RIGHT to another as he enters the frame, tossing something into the microwave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Back to the poker game. Everyone tosses in a .45 round and picks up their cards. A few unhappy faces, a few good poker faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

One of the guards reaches up and takes his hat off, scratching his head.

He sighs, putting it back on.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

CLOSE-UP on a hand, hanging limply over the side of a cot.

Slowly begin to PAN RIGHT and TILT UP. Eventually we reach a face.

CLOSE-UP on the face. We recognize him as FRANK. He lies there unconscious, bandages wrapped around the top of his head. There's a cloth resting on his forehead, a few drops of water running down the side of his face.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Everything is blurry, moving fast. Someone runs through the frame, we hear a warped yell. A gunshot, another yell. A moan.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

ANGLE ON FRANK-

Just lying there.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

FRANK runs through the frame, blood gushing from a wound on his forehead.

Someone screams off camera.

FRANK continues running.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

We hear a door open off camera. A moment passes, a hand reaches into the frame and picks up the cloth, taking it out of the frame.

PAN RIGHT and TILT UP as the hand dips the cloth into a bowl of water, holding it there for a moment.

TILT UP to reveal KELLY, not looking like she's doing too good. She stares at the cloth, watching it soak up water.

She takes it out, squeezing some of the water out before placing it on FRANK's forehead again.

Several moments pass, KELLY simply watching FRANK.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin, several days earlier. It's much darker, the sky cloudy, snowing lightly. The wind is blowing. It's the same as we've seen it every time before. Dark and dreary, yet somehow pristine and serene at the same time.

INT. CABIN - DAY

KELLY steps into frame, carrying some medical supplies. She works her way through the mass of people, we get a good look at it.

Everyone has sort of found their place, everyone looking comfortable where they are despite the close quarters and large numbers.

KELLY

Excuse me.

A couple of refugees step aside as KELLY walks past, into the medical room.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A couple of guys stand out on the porch, on guard duty.

Slowly PAN LEFT to the tree line as a couple of figures emerge, shuffling, moving slowly. One of them stumbles, nearly loosing it.

One of the guards pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. There's one cigarette left, he takes it out and looks at it.

GUARD

You know what? Fuck it.

He turns and flicks it away. It lands in the snow.

GUARD spots the two figures walking towards the cabin. He pauses, looking at them for a moment.

GUARD (cont'd) What the hell?

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

KELLY is putting the supplies away, slowly sorting them all. She moves slowly, trying to fill time. She has nothing else to do.

We hear shouting coming from outside. KELLY looks up, turning to the door.

GUARD (O.S.) (barely audible) David! It's David!

She just barely hears it, recognizing it immediately. She stands, running to the door.

INT. CABIN - DAY

KELLY opens the door, looking out.

A bunch of people are running for the door, all of them carrying their rifles.

KELLY What's going on?

No one answers, they just run past.

KELLY reaches out and grabs a man's arm as he runs past, stopping him.

KELLY (cont'd) What's going on?

REFUGEE David's made it!

KELLY (disbelief) What?

REFUGEE David made it. He's outside, he's torn up pretty bad.

KELLY lets go, REFUGEE runs for the door.

KELLY just stands there for a moment, not sure about what to do.

She runs for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

KELLY steps out onto the porch as others run past in both directions.

REFUGEE (running past) Get a bed ready for him! Get a bed ready!

KELLY heads down the stairs, stepping out onto the snow. She's just wearing normal shoes, she quickly sinks. She doesn't care.

PAN LEFT as several hikers run past, carrying a man with them.

POV: KELLY

We get a brief look at the man's face. It's FRANK, blood covering much of his head.

They run past, not slowing down.

REFUGEE (O.S.) (cont'd) Make us a hole! Get out of the God damn way!

Everyone clears a path for them, they run into the cabin.

POV: KELLY

We see a body lying face down on the ground twenty meters or so away, not quite at the tree line. There's a large crimson stain in the snow beneath him.

He's not moving.

KELLY slowly starts to walk towards it, her feet sinking into the snow with each step.

Someone runs past, towards the body, carrying a first-aid kit.

CLOSE-UP on KELLY as she starts to cry. She obviously already knows.

The man rolls DAVID over. It's clear that DAVID is dead, his eyes staring up at the sky.

KELLY drops to her knees next to him as the guy sets the useless first-aid kit down on the snow. He shakes his head and sighs.

The man stands.

MAN I need some help over here! (beat) I need some help over here, for Christ sake! KELLY remains where she is as we hear several others run over. They slow as they approach, when they see that it's DAVID. When they see that he's dead.

> REFUGEE #1 Oh Jesus. REFUGEE #2 Is he. . ? MAN Yeah. (beat) Yeah, he's dead.

They stand there for a moment, in silence. The wind blows silently.

REFUGEE #1 He made it all this way. (beat) Drops thirty feet from the door.

A moment.

MAN Help me get him inside.

They bend down and lift DAVID up. His arms and legs dangle, blood drips from numerous wounds, staining the snow.

They wait as KELLY slowly stands.

They start walking, KELLY following alongside.

ANGLE ON THE SNOW-

As the blood leaves behind a trail of drops.

CLOSE-UP on DAVID, on his open eyes.

A hand reaches into the frame and closes them.

TILT UP to MAN, looking down at the body.

MAN (cont'd) You almost made it, man. (sighs) You almost God damn made it.

They walk past, carrying DAVID's body up the steps, onto the porch.

ANGLE ON THE BLOOD-

On the crimson stain left behind where DAVID fell. We can just make out his imprint, pressed in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

Back to KELLY, sitting in the medical room, still crying. She reaches up and rubs her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Several guards stand on the porch, on duty as always.

The front door opens, the guards turn.

They step aside as several people enter the frame, carrying a mass wrapped in a blanket. It's DAVID's body.

INT. CABIN - DAY

A small room in the cabin. KELLY sits off to the side, crying.

The man from before enters the frame, the one who turned over DAVID's body.

MAN They're taking him out now. (beat) You're sure you don't want to go with them?

KELLY I've said my good-byes. I haven't got anything else to say. (sighs) And there's nothing I can do to help him now.

MAN There's always something more you can say. KELLY I know. (beat, shakes head) I'll stay here. MAN

(nods) Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

They walk down the steps, carrying the body. They move out into the small clearing.

Several others follow a short distance behind, all armed with rifles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

One of the refugees stabs a wooden cross into the ground, DAVID scrawled on it with a knife. The refugee pulls out his pistol and starts hammering it in with the butt.

He steps back, holstering his pistol.

REFUGEE You took us in, you didn't turn us away when you could've easily done so. (beat) The only reason any of us are still alive today is because of you. You were willing to go out there and give your life to find out what we needed to find out. To make sure we would be able to keep fighting. (beat) You can't even begin to imagine how thankful we are for that. Good luck, man. Wherever you're going, it's better than here.

A few moments pass. They turn and walk away, leaving the grave behind.

Slowly CRANE UP to reveal a couple dozen other crosses, scattered around the clearing. There are a few other fresh graves, most are covered in snow. Fairly old.

On that shot;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

Back to the present, KELLY off in her own little world, staring into space.

ANGLE ON FRANK-

Who lies there, finally awake, eyes open. He stares up at KELLY.

FRANK (quiet) He didn't make it?

KELLY snaps back to reality, looking at FRANK. It takes her a moment before she replies.

KELLY What? What?

FRANK

David. (beat) He didn't make it?

KELLY pauses for a moment, looking away.

KELLY

(nods) I know.

FRANK sighs.

FRANK (shakes head) I wasn't telling you. I was asking you. But I guess that answers my question. (beat) I can't remember a thing. How far'd he make it? 21.

KELLY He almost made it to the front door. FRANK (nods) Yeah, that's what would've happened. KELLY He fell out front. Just out of the trees. FRANK tries to sit up, the pain hits him. KELLY reaches out to push him back down but the pain does it for him. He collapses, falling back. FRANK (pained) Jesus Christ. KELLY Don't sit up, you're hurt. FRANK God damn! (beat) Yeah, I guess so. Jesus. KELLY You were shot in the stomach, and your head. I. (beat) We managed to patch you up. FRANK My head? KELLY Yes. FRANK How the hell'd that happen? KELLY I don't. . . I think the bullet. (beat) I think it bounced off your head. FRANK Bounced?

KELLY

Yeah.

FRANK Huh. I guess it was finally time for me to have some good luck. I wish I'd never broken that mirror. They both force a laugh. A long moment passes in silence. FRANK (cont'd) How long has it been? KELLY A long time. FRANK How long? KELLY (beat) Three weeks. FRANK sits up fast. FRANK Three weeks?! The pain hits him, he falls back again. FRANK (cont'd) (muttering) Oh God damn it all. KELLY You have to stay lying down, you're too weak. FRANK Yeah, thanks for telling me. A moment passes. FRANK (cont') (cont'd) Three weeks. (beat) You're serious? KELLY nods.

FRANK (cont'd)

Jesus.

KELLY We thought, for a while, you might not wake up. You were barely breathing when they brought you in. You didn't say anything, you just. (shrugs) Didn't wake up.

FRANK reaches for a glass of water on the headstand. It's just out of reach.

KELLY (cont'd)

Don't.

She picks it up and hands it to him.

KELLY (cont'd) You have to rest.

FRANK (out of breath) Yeah, yeah no kidding.

KELLY takes the cloth and drapes it across FRANK's forehead. He hands her the glass, now empty.

> FRANK (cont'd) So. What's happened since I've been out?

KELLY

Lots.

FRANK Yeah, I figured as much. (beat) What about those things?

KELLY

(shakes head) No, we haven't seen or heard anything from those things since you got back.

FRANK Not a sign?

KELLY

No.

FRANK In three weeks?

KELLY No, Frank. We haven't found any trace of them.

FRANK takes a deep breath.

FRANK They're still out there, you realize. (beat) They're still out there, and they're just waiting for their chance.

KELLY

But how could they still be out there? We haven't seen them for weeks.

FRANK Just because you can't see those things doesn't mean they're not there. (nods) They're out there somewhere.

A knock at the door.

KELLY

Come in.

The door opens, CARLOS enters.

CARLOS

Frank.

FRANK stares at him for a moment.

FRANK

Who's this?

CARLOS What, you don't remember me?

FRANK shakes his head.

FRANK Don't remember much. KELLY You've been asleep for weeks now, there's a lot you may not remember. He's the one who found you in the forest.

CARLOS

Hell, I slung you over my shoulders and dragged you out of that damn forest.

FRANK Then thanks for that.

CARLOS

(shrugs) De nada.

FRANK Maybe you can answer some of my questions.

CARLOS

Shoot.

FRANK What the hell happened out there?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin, the sun fully set.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone's getting ready for the night. Most people look like they've already gone to sleep, a few remain where they are. Others are packing it up.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

It's being used not only for storage but as a bunk as well. A dozen people are already scattered around in whatever free space they can find. More are climbing up the stairs, finding a spot.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

KELLY enters, turning to face the door as she shuts it.

KELLY

I brought some more ...

She turns, looking at something off camera.

PAN LEFT to reveal an empty bed.

KELLY (cont'd) Frank. Carlos!

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR-

As KELLY steps out. She doesn't look surprised, she just gives an understanding half-nod.

KELLY You shouldn't be out here.

FRANK (O.S.) I don't really care at this point.

KELLY You're not fully healed. You still need time to rest.

FRANK stands on the porch, fully dressed. He has a rifle leaning against the railing, backpack hanging off. He's drinking a beer.

KELLY (cont'd) And you definitely shouldn't be drinking. FRANK looks at the bottle, then nods.

FRANK

Fair enough.

He hurls it, it flies and lands in the snow.

KELLY

Come on, you should get back inside. Get some more rest.

FRANK

Look, I can walk and I can shoot. Right now I'm as healed as I need to be, and I'm as healed as I'm going to get. As far as I've seen, you don't have to be able to much more than walk straight and shoot straight these days.

KELLY

What do you hope to accomplish by doing this?

FRANK

What do I hope to accomplish? What don't you understand about this, Kelly? David was killed out there, by those things. (beat) You think they just decided to leave us alone?

KELLY Yes. You know what? Yes, I do. You know why?

FRANK

Enlighten me.

KELLY

Because it lets me sleep at night. It gives me a reason to go to sleep, so that I have something to look forward to waking up to in the morning. Otherwise, I haven't got anything. Not anymore.

FRANK You're lying to yourself. KELLY So? Is that such a bad thing anymore?

FRANK considers it for a moment.

FRANK I guess not. (sighs) But it's not good enough for me. I have to know that when I go to sleep, I'm going to wake up in the morning.

KELLY So you're going to go wandering out into the forest and die?

FRANK

If that's what happens, then so be
it. What I'm sure as hell not going
to do is sit around here, hoping
that everything works out.
 (shakes head)
Nothing ever works out, you should
know that by now.

KELLY

If you're going to go, at least take someone with you.

FRANK No, I'm going this one along.

KELLY But you're wounded, you can't possible handle something like this yourself.

FRANK

Kelly, this is something I need to do. And I need to do it by myself.

KELLY

But-

FRANK Kelly, this is my time, all right? This is my walk. (shrugs) That's all this is. I'm just going for a walk, that's all. (MORE)

FRANK (cont'd) And whenever I go for a walk, I like to go it alone.

A long moment passes, the two standing in silence. CARLOS stands just inside, looking through the open door.

FRANK (cont'd) Just give me one more walk, it's all I'm asking.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - LATER

FRANK walks away from the cabin, rifle slung over his shoulder. He walks past, TILT UP to KELLY, standing on the porch, watching as FRANK departs.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

KELLY stands on the porch, watching FRANK.

POV: KELLY

FRANK enters the forest, slowly disappearing from view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

KELLY, standing on the porch, FRANK long gone.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Gone?

KELLY (nods) Gone.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the military compound, constructed on and around a stretch of highway. Guards are everywhere, walking along the main wall.

(CONTINUED)

DOLLY through the compound, passing various soldiers as they go about their tasks.

A couple of soldiers walk into the frame, we follow them. One of them checks his rifle, slinging it over his shoulder.

> SOLDIER #1 How many does he want?

> > SOLDIER #2

Just one.

SOLDIER #1 Which one?

SOLDIER #2 (shrugs) How the fuck should I know? One that'll die good.

SOLDIER #1 No problem.

SOLDIER #2 (chuckles) Not a chance in hell that'd be a problem.

They turn a corner, around a large, parked transport truck. We continue to DOLLY behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL - DAY

A soldier walks past on the wall, rifle over his shoulder.

PAN RIGHT to another, looking through a pair of binoculars.

POV: SOLDIER THROUGH BINOCS

We don't see anything, just an empty stretch of highway and a field devoid of anything but space.

He lowers the binoculars, spitting over the side of the wall.

CUT TO:

A WIDE SHOT of a trio of trailers, parked so they form a loose 'U' shape. There are gunners up top on two of them. The center is the command trailer, the other two bunks, serving as makeshift barracks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

Everyone is here, scattered around. FREIDRICH and PORTER are off to one side, FREIDRICH sitting on a bunk, PORTER leaning against a wall.

FILLA is over at a window, trying to look through the metal slats covering it. The slats are preventing any light from getting in, it's nearly pitch black.

JESSIE is sitting next to JACK, still lying unconscious on the bunk, right where we left him.

We hear the door unlocking, PAN RIGHT as it opens, light entering the trailer.

LYNCH, steps up into the trailer.

LYNCH Everybody up, now. (chuckles) It's play time.

FREIDRICH Go to hell.

LYNCH Oh come on, why don't you want to play?

FILLA turns from the window, facing them. PORTER steps away from the wall.

LYNCH (cont'd) (mock) Oh, Jesus, don't gang up on me! No way I can defend myself against you!

He holds his hands up and starts laughing. We hear a couple of soldiers outside join in.

LYNCH (cont'd) Pathetic. FREIDRICH What do you want? LYNCH I want you, one of you. He nods towards PORTER. LYNCH (cont'd) You, you're who Winters wants. PORTER Yeah? LYNCH Yeah. FREIDRICH Why him? LYNCH Boss man says, we do. Doesn't pay to question him. (smiles) I hope you've got a lot of energy today. We've got a lot of things planned for you. (laughs) Those rotting buggers are gonna' have a hell of a fun time with you. PORTER Yeah? Well, I like it just fine in here. He sits on the bunk nearest to him. PORTER (cont'd) And I don't think I'll be leaving anytime soon. LYNCH steps aside, the soldiers stepping up into the trailer. LYNCH makes a slight hand gesture, motioning them to stay where they are. They stop, but keep their rifles ready.

PORTER (cont'd) You got a problem with that? LYNCH Yeah, actually. We can do this one of two ways. One of them involves you leaving under your own strength. The other involves these guys standing next to me. (shakes head) Either way, you're getting out of this trailer.

No one moves.

LYNCH (cont'd) Don't make this harder than it has to be.

PORTER What, not up for a challenge?

LYNCH (to soldiers) Get him, bring him out.

The soldier step towards PORTER.

FILLA runs forward, tackling the soldier on the left, slamming him against the wall. FREIDRICH moves a split second later.

The second soldier brings his rifle around, slamming FILLA on the back of the head. He swings it around and aims at FREIDRICH, stopping him in his tracks.

> LYNCH (cont'd) (to PORTER) Unless you want them to die, you get your fucking ass off that bunk and get it outside. (beat) Now!

PORTER slowly stands, the two soldiers keeping their rifles trained on the others.

LYNCH (cont'd) Smart move.

FREIDRICH

Porter.

PORTER I can handle this.

FREIDRICH

Sit down.

LYNCH (to PORTER) It'd be smart to ignore him. He's gonna' get himself and everyone else killed. (smiles) Except you, of course. You'd get to live with it. 'Cause that's just the kind of people we are.

The soldiers grab PORTER and practically throw him out the door, another pair catching him outside. They carry him away, he doesn't struggle.

LYNCH (cont'd) Don't worry, we'll bring him back in. (beat, shrugs) I don't know, at most five or six pieces. We'll duct tape him back together for you.

FREIDRICH So, you're Winter's right hand now? That how it works?

LYNCH Kind of, yeah.

He turns and takes a step down, then stops. He turns back to FREIDRICH.

LYNCH (cont'd) See you later.

He turns and leaves, the soldiers shut the door and lock it.

The trailer is once again plunged into darkness.

FREIDRICH God damn it!

FILLA

Calm down.

FREIDRICH Calm down? FILLA Yeah. You can't do anything in here, don't bother. Save it for them.

FREIDRICH pauses for a moment, calming down.

JESSIE (O.S.) Why are they doing this?

FILLA

Why?

He walks over and sits on the bunk across from JESSIE and JACK.

FILLA (cont'd) 'Cause they're a bunch of sick bastards, that's why.

FREIDRICH walks over to another bunk and sits, leaning back against the wall.

FILLA (cont'd) They've decided that they're going to play Apocalypse, and we're lucky enough to be their toys.

He looks at JACK.

FILLA (cont'd)
How's he doing?

JESSIE (shakes head) I don't know. He hasn't woken up since. (beat) He hasn't done anything, he just lies there. He barely even breathes.

Slowly PUSH IN to a CLOSE-UP of JACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

PORTER is led through the compound by the soldiers, LYNCH just off to the side.

LYNCH Get him to Winters, I have shit to take care of.

The soldiers nod, LYNCH breaks away and heads off on his own.

PORTER Can I ask you a question?

SOLDIER #1

Depends.

PORTER

On what?

SOLDIER #1 If we like what the question is.

PORTER Then can I tell you what the question is?

SOLDIER #1

No.

They keep walking, several moments pass.

PORTER You do everything Winters tells you?

SOLDIER #1

Yeah.

SOLDIER #2 Why wouldn't we? He's the ranking officer around here.

PORTER So you follow his orders, even if it involves killing innocent people?

SOLDIER #2 Hell yes.

4

PORTER Hell yes?

SOLDIER #2 (nods) Hell yes. It's that simple. PORTER How can you say it's that simple?

SOLDIER #1 It just is. Simple as that.

PORTER Everything's so simple with you, isn't it.

SOLDIER #1 turns to PORTER, not slowing down.

SOLDIER #1 Yeah, actually, it is. You, uh, maybe have a problem with that? (shrugs) I mean, I could always let Winters know. We could volunteer you for a few of the more. (beat) Interesting jobs.

SOLDIER #2 Look, Winters is the only reason we're still alive. He kept us together, he made us keep going as long as we could. Without him, none of us would have made it this far.

PORTER And now he's gone insane.

SOLDIER #1 To you maybe. To us he's the only fucking sanity left.

The soldiers stop, SOLDIER #1 points his rifle in PORTER's general direction.

SOLDIER #1 (cont'd)

Hold it.

WINTERS (O.S.) Ah, you've finally arrived. Good.

TILT UP to reveal General WINTERS, leader of this particular military outpost, standing on top of a Hummer. He stands with his hands clasped behind his back. There's an almost Bond villain-esque quality to him. By the way he moves, we can tell it's not accidental. WINTERS (cont'd) Oh, good, they picked the right one.

PORTER You wanted me?

WINTERS Yes, actually.

He starts pacing back and forth on top of the Hummer.

PORTER

Why?

WINTERS

Well, you see, you seem to be the odd man out in the little group you've formed. I would expect that your suffering would least affect the others.

PORTER

Your point being?

WINTERS

My point being, it will give the others time to form stronger bonds. (smiles) All the more for me to tear apart when the time comes. Why bother building an entirely new foundation when you can simple strengthen the current structure? (beat) Simple really. It allows you to spend much less time building something much stronger, that will be all the more entertaining and

enjoyable to tear apart when the time comes.

PORTER Jesus Christ, you're completely fucking insane.

He stops pacing and looks at PORTER.

WINTERS

That's what everyone tells me, yet I'm the only who truly understands what is going on, and what must be done to stop it.

He shakes his head and starts pacing again.

WINTERS (cont'd) Do you know why you're here?

PORTER To entertain you and your men?

WINTERS

(nods)
Well, actually, in essence you are
correct. From our little tests
comes a great deal of enjoyment,
watching the undead square off
against a more than worthy human
adversary.

(beat)

You see, we strive to find a solution to this outbreak. We don't bother with the cause, why would you want to know the cause? The cause of something that has not only begun, but has reached it's crescendo?

(shakes head) No, no that is utterly pointless. The definition of such. No, instead we strive to find a cure for the cancer, rather than the cause of its spread.

He stops pacing for a moment, then continues.

WINTERS (cont'd) We seek a way to curb the pandemic before it can wipe out the last pockets of humanity. And to do this, we must experiment.

A few of the soldiers laugh in the background.

WINTERS (cont'd) Yes, see? The men seem to enjoy it, and why not? (MORE) WINTERS (cont'd)

For example, today you will give us some insight into their tactics in the field. How they react to a lone target.

PORTER And the truck?

WINTERS

The undead proved to be adept with knives. Consider that. They are capable of using firearms, as I'm sure you're more than aware of. In that case, it was proven that they can use melee weapons as well. Despite their decaying state, both physically and mentally, and are more than capable of bringing down a healthy human.

PORTER

You think you can save mankind by killing off the few survivors left alive? Uninfected?

WINTERS

You know, your friends said almost the exact same thing before they were killed. Or wounded, as the case may be. (beat) That one is resilient. What's his name? Jack, did you say?

PORTER

Jack, yes.

WINTERS Yes, he took an M-16 round to the stomach and survived.

He jumps down off of the Hummer and nods his head slightly.

WINTERS (cont'd) It's a shame he's going to be dead by the time we've no use for him anymore. He would have been a welcome addition to my unit.

He motions to the soldiers.

WINTERS (cont'd) Bring him.

SOLDIER #1

Sir.

SOLDIER #1 motions for PORTER to move.

SOLDIER #1 (cont'd)

Move it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

FILLA is at the window again, looking out. The light filtering through the slats creates a dozen lines running across his face.

FILLA So now we wait.

FREIDRICH (O.S.)

Again.

FILLA Yeah, again. (beat) We're not doing good. (shakes head) We're hurting bad, and we're running low on time.

FILLA looks out the window for a moment, then turns to FREIDRICH.

FILLA (cont'd) You know, you never did tell us about how you got here.

FREIDRICH

What?

FILLA How you got into this whole thing. You never told us. I remember DeVone telling us, you and the others didn't really give us anything.

FREIDRICH No, I guess we never did. I didn't even think about that until now. (MORE) CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH (cont'd) (beat) The others won't get a chance, now.

FILLA walks over and sits on a bunk.

FILLA How did you end up with those guys? I never could figure it out.

FREIDRICH It's a hell of a long story.

FILLA (chuckles) Yeah, we're going somewhere sometime soon.

FREIDRICH nods and chuckles too, then leans back.

FREIDRICH You sure you want to know?

FILLA (shrugs) What else have we got to do in here?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The open field surrounding the compound. There's nothing. No people, no undead, no equipment. The wind isn't blowing.

It's completely still, completely and utterly silent.

PORTER stumbles into frame, his hands handcuffed behind his back. He looses his balance, falling forward.

Slowly PAN RIGHT to reveal several undead shuffling after him. They're old, clothes in tatters, blood long dried. Their eyes are all but gone, sunken completely into their skulls.

One of them opens its mouth to snarl, producing nothing more than a quiet wheeze.

PORTER (muttering) Son of a bitch.

He struggles to regain his footing, rolling onto his back. He stands, taking off running again.

POV: SOLDIER THROUGH BINOCS

PORTER runs through the field. The camera TILTS DOWN to the undead shuffling after him.

SOLDIER (O.S.) Four undead, sir, right behind him.

CUT TO:

WINTERS stands on the wall, along with several spotters watching through binoculars.

PAN RIGHT to a sniper, watching it through his scope.

POV: SNIPER THROUGH SCOPE

The crosshairs are centered on PORTER's head.

WINTERS

(nods)

Good.

He takes a few steps.

WINTERS (cont'd) They've acquired their target.

SOLDIER (O.S.) He shouldn't last long, sir.

WINTERS Well, it doesn't matter how long he lasts. What matters is how long it takes them to catch him.

SOLDIER Isn't that the same thing?

WINTERS Details, soldier. (sinister smile) Details.

POV: SOLDIER THROUGH BINOCS

PORTER stumbles.

WINTERS (cont'd) Besides, just because they catch him doesn't mean he's done for.

He smiles again.

WINTERS (cont'd) He may bleed for a while.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Yes sir.

WINTERS reaches up and scratches his chin.

WINTERS (quiet) You will bleed, won't you.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

PORTER hits the ground, hard enough to throw up dust. He coughs, the wind knocked out of him.

TILT UP to the undead, closing fast.

PORTER manages to climb to his feet, breaking into a run, breathing heavily.

PORTER (quiet) Come on! (louder) Come on! (louder) COME ON!

EXT. WALL - DAY

PORTER (O.S.) (dull) Come on!

WINTERS watches intently as the figure that is PORTER runs through the field.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

PORTER

Come on!

CONTINUED:

KABOOM!

His left knee explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL - DAY

WINTERS What the hell was that? Who fired?

```
SNIPER (O.S.)
There's a sniper in the field, sir.
```

EXT. FIELD - DAY

PORTER's leg twists at an angle not intended by nature, blood flowing freely.

He goes down.

EXT. WALL - DAY

WINTERS

Find it!

SNIPER (O.S.) Trying, sir!

WINTERS (angry) God damn undead.

He starts to smile, chuckles slightly.

WINTERS (cont'd) (amused) God damn undead.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

PORTER crawls along the best he can with his bound hands.

PORTER Jesus Christ!

He turns and looks back at the undead, closing fast.

EXT. WALL - DAY

WINTERS steps forward, reaching for a pair of binoculars.

WINTERS

Binoculars.

SOLDIER hands them to WINTERS, stepping aside.

POV: WINTERS THROUGH BINOCS

PORTER crawls along, undead almost on top of him.

WINTERS (cont'd) God damn sniper. Completely buggered this round. (beat) Call it for the day. Go pick him up.

SOLDIER (O.S.) Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

ANGLE ON PORTER-

As he crawls along, trailing blood.

PAN RIGHT to the undead as they shuffle towards him, stumbling within five feet of him.

One of the undead drops to its knees, rubbing its hand along a bloody patch. It brings its hand up to look at it.

It snarls, standing and continuing after PORTER.

A sudden flurry of gunfire, ripping the undead to shreds.

CUT TO:

A jeep speeds through the field, gunner firing the mounted .50 Cal.

CUT TO:

The undead hit the ground as the jeep pulls up, two soldiers climbing out. They walk towards PORTER.

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER #1

Get up.

PORTER (laughs) And how the hell am I supposed to do that?

SOLDIER #1 reaches down and lifts PORTER up using the handcuffs. The cuffs dig in, drawing blood.

The soldiers drag him back to the jeep, throwing him in.

A round tears through his shoulder, spinning him around.

SOLDIER #1

Fuck!

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

Shredded by the .50 cal, but not dead. It pulls itself the last few inches towards the wounded soldier, grabbing his leg.

SOLDIER #1 (cont'd) Ah, shit! Get it off!

The undead bites hard, breaking through fabric, through flesh, blood flowing. The soldier screams, kicking frantically.

The second soldier steps forward, taking aim.

The undead reaches up and grabs the barrel of the rifle, pointing it at the wounded soldier's chest.

BOOM!

The soldier's eyes open wide, he falls backwards.

SOLDIER #2 kicks the undead and fires, a single round through its skull.

SOLDIER #1 lies on the ground, bleeding from his wounds.

SOLDIER #2 Hold on, mate, help's coming.

SOLDIER #1 (weak) I don't... I don't want to... (MORE) CONTINUED:

SOLDIER #1 (cont'd) (beat) I'm bit... I don't want to be...

SOLDIER #2 nods, taking aim. SOLDIER #1 doesn't say another word. He closes his eyes and lays back.

A single gunshot.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A small clearing in the forest, the snow packed down.

FRANK steps into the frame, using a stick as a cane of sorts.

SLOWLY PAN LEFT as he walks, with a slight limp in his left leg.

CUT TO:

FRANK drops onto the ground, resting his legs out in front of him. He sits his walking stick on the ground a few inches away, next to his rifle.

He rests his head back, letting out a long breath that freezes in the cold.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

The door unlocks, everyone tenses up.

The door opens, PORTER stumbling through. It locks behind him immediately, no words, no sight of the people who put him in here.

FREIDRICH Jesus Christ, Porter!

PORTER

It's fine.

He stumbles over to a bunk, dropping onto it.

PORTER (cont'd) It looks a lot worse than it feels.

FILLA Doesn't look like that's saying much. PORTER (shakes head) Not even close. He lifts his leg up onto the bunk, lying down. PORTER (cont'd) (sighs) Jesus Christ. FREIDRICH What happened? PORTER Let's see. They handcuff me, drop me in a field with a bunch of undead, and tell me to run. FREIDRICH What? PORTER Oh yeah. FILLA (O.S.) Sound's like they're learning a hell of a lot about those things. PORTER Yeah, I don't really see what they could learn by setting me loose in a field. JESSIE It's their entertainment. PORTER Yeah, exactly. FILLA Wonderful. Psychotic army guys who torture people for fun. PORTER That's about it, yeah.

FREIDRICH And they shot you?

PORTER No, no a sniper did this. FREIDRICH Sniper. (beat) Dead sniper? PORTER I quess, I don't know. FILLA How the hell'd you survive? PORTER They sent a fucking jeep and brought me back in. (chuckles) I guess they still need me in semiworking condition for playtime with the rotting buggers. (shakes head) It gets better every God damn minute.

A moment passes.

PORTER (cont'd) So, have fun while I was gone?

FREIDRICH Yeah, barrel of fucking monkeys.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND - DAY

WINTERS and a number of soldiers are gathered ten or fifteen meters from the bone pile, a body lying on the ground between them, wrapped in a tarp. Presumably that of the soldier.

WINTERS is wearing a dress uniform, a perfectly maintained service revolver in his hip.

WINTERS Many have died since the onset of this new order of things. Today, another has joined them. In death, his body holds no meaning. It holds no value. (MORE) WINTERS (cont'd) It is no different from one of those things wandering aimlessly around the wastelands of our old society. (beat) But he was one of us. One of the chosen few who took upon himself the task of rebuilding the shattered human race. He fell for this cause, fell fighting for our future. He performed the highest sacrifice one can give. (beat) For this, his name will not be forgotten when the time comes.

He draws the service revolver, firing a round into the air.

"Amazing Grace" begins playing over the loudspeakers.

WINTERS stands at attention and salutes, the others following suite.

Several soldiers pick up the wrapped body, carrying it towards the pile.

WINTERS (cont'd) His body joins the others who have fallen for the cause.

The soldiers reach the edge of the pit, turning parellel to it.

WINTERS (cont'd) Lieutenant Davel Michaels, we salute you.

They toss the body into the pit, adding theirs to the number of salutes.

EXT. WALL - DAY

A trio of soldiers on the wall open fire, five rounds each into the air.

ANGLE ON SNIPER-

On the wall.

POV: SNIPER THROUGH SCOPE

We spot a group of undead heading for the pit.

SNIPER Undead inbound.

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND - DAY

SOLDIER (0.S.) (over loudspeakers) Undead. Undead.

WINTERS (sighs) Back to the compound.

The soldiers pack it up, starting back towards the perimeter.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A SMALL FIRE-

As it burns, lighting up the clearing.

FRANK steps into frame, dropping a small pile of branches and sticks onto the ground next to it.

He sits, throwing a few sticks on the fire.

POV: FIGURE

FRANK sits at the fire, his back to us. He opens his backpack, pulling out a Powerbar. He rips the wrapper off and throws it into the fire, taking a bite.

A twig snaps off camera.

FRANK drops the bar and reaches for his rifle, bringing it around.

FRANK

Who's there?

POV: FRANK

PAN around the clearing, seeing nothing.

FRANK picks up his walking stick, using it to stand. He takes a step away from the fire, towards the trees.

FRANK (cont'd) Whoever's there, I'm armed.

A moment passes, the only sound the crackling fire.

MALE VOICE (0.S.) It would do you good to lower your rifle, hiker. I mean no harm to you, though I will not hesitate to cause you harm should you give me a reason to.

FRANK pauses for a moment.

He lowers his rifle.

MALE VOICE (0.S.) (cont'd) Wise choice.

ANGLE ON THE TREES-

There is nothing, just trees and shadows.

A figure slowly emerges from the trees. We can see that he's armed, holding a fancy looking rifle (metal, night vision scope, folded legs, laser sight, top of the line all the way). He's wearing a black balaclava, ski-goggles covering his eyes.

He steps into the light of the fire, revealing his other weapons. He has two pistols, one on either hip. On his right hip is a Katana.

He is MCBRIDE. He speaks with a thick Irish accent.

MCBRIDE

Hello.

FRANK just stands there staring.

FRANK Who the hell are you?

MCBRIDE takes a few steps forward.

FRANK (cont'd)

No.

MCBRIDE freezes.

FRANK (cont'd) Just. . . Just stay there.

MCBRIDE Of course. FRANK Now. Who are you? MCBRIDE My name is McBride. FRANK McBride? MCBRIDE (nods) McBride. FRANK That's it? Just McBride? No first name, no nothing? Just McBride? MCBRIDE Just McBride. FRANK And what the hell are you doing out here? MCBRIDE The same as you, I expect. FRANK Yeah? MCBRIDE Indeed. FRANK You on a journey of inward self discovery like some shitty after school special? MCBRIDE (nods) Touche.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

POV: FIGURE

We see the cabin through the trees, two guards standing on the porch.

A figure rises into the frame.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

GUARD #1 walks over to the railing, leaning on it.

A whizzing sound, then a dull thud.

GUARD #1 stumbles back, an arrow embedded in his chest.

GUARD #1

Jesus!

He falls forward, flipping over the railing.

GUARD #2 runs forward, trying to catch him but missing by a few inches.

GUARD #2 Jesus Christ!

He turns to the door.

GUARD #2 (cont'd) In the trees! They're in the damn tree-!

A dull thud.

He stumbles forward, spinning to reveal the arrow in his back.

He hits the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The figure stands, running through the trees.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The place is emptying out, everyone grabbing their weapons on their way to the door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

GUARD #2 crawls along the porch, rolling to the side as the door opens.

HIKER Jesus Christ!

cebub chiribe.

He kneels next to GUARD #2 as the others run past.

GUARD #2 In the trees. Just in the trees.

HIKER In the trees! They're in the trees!

CLOSE-UP on GUARD #2 as he lets out his final breath, going limp.

HIKER (cont'd)

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Shit!

KELLY runs past, heading for the door.

KELLY What's going on?!

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

A dozen armed refugees run down the stairs, moving towards the trees.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Several figures have joined the first, moving away from the cabin.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Gunshots in the trees. A refugee goes down, blood spraying from an impact wound on his left shoulder.

PAN RIGHT as another refugee brings his rifle up, firing into the trees. The others quickly join, two dozen rifles sending rounds into the dark.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

We hear a figure cry out as he topples, hitting the ground.

PAN RIGHT as several refugees enter the trees, coming towards us.

SHOOTER (points) There! Over there!

They run towards us, rifles up.

SHOOTER (cont'd) Don't move! Don't you fucking move!

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

A pair of refugees carry GUARD #2's body into the cabin, PAN LEFT as another pair walk up the steps carrying GUARD #1.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

KELLY steps aside as they carry the bodies in. She reaches to check GUARD #2's pulse.

REFUGEE #1 Save it, they're both dead.

They walk past, KELLY watches.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Three refugees surround the figure lying on the ground, barely visible.

SHOOTER Don't fucking move. Who are you? (beat) Who the fuck are you?!

The figure doesn't say anything.

SHOOTER (cont'd) Get this son of a bitch up.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on a man, blood splattered on his right cheek. He's clearly human, alive and well.

PAN RIGHT as the others gather inside, watching as the man is escorted in. KELLY and CARLOS are among them.

REFUGEE What the hell is this? Who's he?

The man spits at SHOOTER, who blocks it with the back of his hand, no problem.

SHOOTER (nods) Okay.

WHAM!

He hits the man's left cheek. Blood flows, he spits out a tooth.

CLOSE-UP as SHOOTER picks up the tooth, holding it up for the man to see.

SHOOTER (cont'd) Do it again, I'll fucking take the rest.

MAN It doesn't matter. The others will come for you. KELLY (O.S.) What's he talking about?

SHOOTER What others? There are others out there?

MAN (scoffs) There are countless others. They know you're here, they will come for you now that I am held here.

SHOOTER

Yeah?

MAN

Of course.

SHOOTER hits MAN's cheek again, knocking out another tooth.

He nods.

SHOOTER Told you I'd fucking take the rest.

KELLY steps forward.

KELLY Stop it. You can't beat him to death on his feet.

SHOOTER Yeah? Why not? Fucker killed three.

MAN I killed two.

SHOOTER hits him in the gut.

KELLY

Stop! Now!

CARLOS She's right, man. He's no good dead.

He steps forward.

SHOOTER (shrugs) I'm not gonna' kill him, just rough him up a bit.

He looks at the others in the room.

SHOOTER (cont'd) It's not like taking a few hits is gonna' kill the fucker.

REFUGEE (O.S.)

Yeah!

KELLY This is ridiculous!

SHOOTER He killed three!

MAN I killed two!

SHOOTER swings, striking the side of MAN's head.

KELLY Stop it! Now!

SHOOTER

Or?

A few of KELLY's supporters step forward, rifles in hand. No one backs SHOOTER.

> SHOOTER (cont'd) (nods) All right. (to MAN) You're lucky. You live, for now.

He leans in close.

SHOOTER (cont'd) Just remember, you so much as look in my direction, you die. That simple, understand?

MAN Only God has the power to take my life. SHOOTER Yeah? And what do I qualify as in your books?

MAN (laughs) A mother fucker.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin, refugees spreading out in the clearing out front, moving into the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

MCBRIDE and FRANK sit opposite one another at the fire, weapons nearby. MCBRIDE's removed his mask. He has the start of a beard, a small scar running along his right cheek. His hair's black, a bit spiked from the cold. He is chewing on a pen.

FRANK A question?

MCBRIDE

An answer.

He tosses a small twig into the fire.

FRANK

The pen?

MCBRIDE It steady's the nerves.

FRANK

Nerves?

MCBRIDE For those of us who don't have nerves of bloody steel.

FRANK Not saying I do.

MCBRIDE Nor I. (beat) My turn? FRANK Of course. MCBRIDE You came from a cabin, yes? FRANK I did. MCBRIDE Why, then, did you leave? FRANK The cabin? MCBRIDE Yes. FRANK (shrugs) I had to think about a few things. MCBRIDE And have you thought about them yet? FRANK (nods) Most of them. MCBRIDE Can I offer a piece of advice?

FRANK nods.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) Forget about the rest. They'll drive you insane.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep, scattered around the trailer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

POV: FIGURE

We can see the camp fire in the clearing, about twenty meters away. MCBRIDE and FRANK are asleep, just within the light from the fire.

PAN RIGHT to reveal three or four other figures, crouched down in the darkness.

One of them whispers something we don't hear.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The MAN (who's actually called TELLIS) from earlier, part of the attack on the cabin, sits, arms tied to the chair he sits in. Half a dozen others, all armed, are scattered around the room. CARLOS is sitting across from him.

> CARLOS Look, one way or another you <u>are</u> going to tell us what we want to know.

TELLIS You think so?

CARLOS

I know so.

TELLIS And how will you do this? Get them to shoot me? To torture me? It doesn't matter what you do to me, I will never tell you.

CARLOS You think so?

TELLIS I just asked you that.

CARLOS I guess you did.

TELLIS

Why do you guess when you know I did?

CARLOS You're a smart ass, you realize that?

TELLIS I expect that if I didn't you would make a point of convincing me.

CARLOS

Look, just make this easier on all of us. All you have to do is tell me one thing, and one thing only: what is going on in the forest?

TELLIS

It doesn't matter how many times you ask me, I'll refuse every time.

CARLOS We can hold out a lot longer than you.

TELLIS

Indeed?

CARLOS We can rotate, switch off. We can eat, we can sleep. You? You're at our mercy.

TELLIS You will deprive me of these things? CARLOS Just because I stopped them from beating you to a bloody pulp doesn't mean I care what happens to you.

TELLIS If you kill me, you will never learn what you want.

CARLOS But you seem to want us to think that that's the only way. (beat) Is it?

TELLIS

It would seem.

CARLOS

Why? What loyalty do you have to them? Whoever they are? What are they? That's all we want to know. What is out there?

TELLIS That is all you seek?

CARLOS Pretty much, yeah.

TELLIS Not our intentions? Not our plans?

CARLOS

Well, if we've got to starve you to death to even get close, it seems pointless. But you seem a lot more willing to tell us who you are.

TELLIS And you know this how?

CARLOS

The way you just spoke. You sounded like you were ready to say it.

TELLIS

I was.

CARLOS

You were?

CONTINUED:

TELLIS Still am, I suppose.

CARLOS So you're going to tell me, then?

TELLIS On one condition.

CARLOS

What?

TELLIS I tell you, and you alone.

CARLOS pauses for a moment, then turns to the others in the room.

CARLOS Give us a minute.

A few move for a door, for the most part they don't seem willing to leave.

CARLOS (cont'd) Just... It'll be fine, just give me a minute.

They file out, shutting the door, leaving CARLOS and TELLIS alone.

CARLOS (cont'd) Okay then, they're gone, we're along.

He leans forward.

CARLOS (cont'd) Now what?

TELLIS You want to know?

CARLOS I want to know.

TELLIS You lost a number of yours, in the forests, did you not?

CARLOS Yeah, quite a few. That you? TELLIS Not me, directly, though it was my people.

CARLOS

Your people?

TELLIS Let me just say this: not everyone in those trees is dead.

CARLOS How do you mean?

TELLIS I mean, the dead are beneath the living.

CARLOS holds up his hand to stop him.

CARLOS Okay, can we start talking in English? What do you mean?

TELLIS There is a group of us, living in the forest. The undead did not attack us.

CARLOS

What?

TELLIS For some reason, they did not attack.

CARLOS

Why?

TELLIS

We do not know why. One night they arrived, we prepared to fight. But rather than attack us, they simply stood at the outskirt of our camp. We waited for them to attack, but no such attack came. They simply stood there, watching us as we watched them.

CARLOS What happened? TELLIS After several days, one of them entered the camp. (beat) It spoke to us.

CARLOS

Spoke?

TELLIS

Yes. Maybe it learned from listening to us, perhaps it knew all along. Regardless of how, it spoke to us.

CARLOS That's one I've never heard.

TELLIS

After several days, several weeks perhaps, an alliance was formed between us. The living and the dead.

(beat) We trained them, taught they to obey simple commands.

CARLOS

Like attack.

TELLIS Precisely. We did just this, conditioning them to the tasks which we see fit.

CARLOS Why, then, did you attack us?

TELLIS

Because, they kill you and you kill
them. Why? Because you do not seek
to create an understanding between
the two parties. They kill you
because they have no oath to you,
and see no reason to strive to
create one. Should they attempt,
they are shot on sight.
 (beat)
We, on the other hand, have bonded
with them. We do not harm them, nor
do they harm us. We have grown to
understand them, as they have us.

CARLOS So you're saying we should listen to them? TELLIS

No, I'm afraid it is too late for that. Hope for you is too far-gone. Which is why we seek to destroy you, all of you. You threaten any hope there may be of forming a peace between us.

CARLOS Us? Us and those walking corpses?

TELLIS That is precisely why you must be destroyed.

CARLOS And you're going to be attacking again?

TELLIS That is not something I will tell you.

CARLOS Of course it's not. Why would it be.

TELLIS I can tell you one thing, though, about the coming storm.

CARLOS Storm? That bad, huh?

TELLIS

Very much so. So much so, that none of you will survive unless you throw down your weapons and submit to us.

CARLOS And what happens when we do that?

TELLIS Those who submit will be taken to our village and converted.

CARLOS Converted to?

converted to:

TELLIS To the ranks of the dead which serve us.

CARLOS

What?

TELLIS

You heard me clearly enough. Alive you are unpredictable, violent, and a threat to what we have sacrificed much to create.

CARLOS

And dead?

TELLIS Dead you can serve us and our cause. As our ranks grow, so do our chances for attaining a peace.

CARLOS There can be no peace.

> TELLIS ce can always be peac

There can always be peace. It is the terms that people do not accept.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

MCBRIDE and FRANK, asleep near the fire.

CLOSE-UP on MCBRIDE. There's a crunching sound off camera, feet in snow. MCBRIDE's eyes open.

ANGLE ON HIS HAND-

As it moves down towards one of his pistols.

POV: MCBRIDE

We watch the trees, waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

CARLOS So we surrender, and you kill us?

TELLIS

We do not kill you, we give you a choice. You will be bitten. Whether you join our ranks is up to you.

CARLOS

Maybe you haven't noticed, it doesn't matter what you decide, once you're bitten you're done for.

TELLIS And why is this?

CARLOS (shrugs) It just is.

TELLIS

Is it?

CARLOS

I've seen dozens of people bitten by those things. Some have their throats ripped out, others were nothing more than a scratch. Either way, at one point or another they turned into one of those things.

TELLIS

And why do you think that is?

CARLOS

Something in the blood, the saliva. I don't know.

TELLIS

You're wrong.

CARLOS I'm wrong, am I?

TELLIS

Yes.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

MCBRIDE tightens his grip on his pistol.

POV: MCBRIDE

We see something moving in the trees, a quick glimpse of a shadow.

CLOSE-UP as MCBRIDE smiles.

MCBRIDE (whispers) Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

CARLOS

Why?

TELLIS Because, sometimes the answer isn't the most obvious one.

CARLOS So what do you think the reason is?

TELLIS just looks at CARLOS.

CARLOS (cont'd) You going to answer me?

TELLIS You already know the answer.

CARLOS

Do I?

TELLIS It depends.

CARLOS

On what?

TELLIS Are you a religious person? CARLOS (laughs) Don't tell me God did this.

TELLIS (shrugs) I'm not telling you anything. I'm simply saying what we believe to be true.

A moment passes, the two staring at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

POV: MCBRIDE

A figure emerges from the trees, slinking towards us. Two more begin to appear behind him, moving slowly.

MCBRIDE (loud) Well, good evening buggers.

The figures freeze.

FRANK opens his eyes, lifting his head.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) (nods) Let's go.

He jumps up, drawing both pistols instantly. He opens fire, taking down all three in a split second.

FRANK

Jesus!

He stands, stumbling a bit. He grabs his rifle, quickly checking it before flipping the safety off.

They stand back to back, weapons up.

MCBRIDE Hold, they're not attacking.

FRANK Where are they? MCBRIDE (cont'd) They're all around us, except at three o'clock.

FRANK

Wait, there?

He nods in the direction.

MCBRIDE Yeah. What's that way?

FRANK Take a guess.

MCBRIDE

The cabin?

FRANK

You got it.

Another figure emerges from the trees. MCBRIDE aims and fires a single round. We can tell it's a head shot, the figure practically does a back flip.

> MCBRIDE There's too many of them out there, they've got us out-numbered. We should make for the cabin.

FRANK Really? You seem like the kind of person who'd love an unfair fight.

MCBRIDE On any other day. You okay to run with your leg?

FRANK If I'm not it doesn't matter.

MCBRIDE Grab your pack, I'll cover.

FRANK grabs his backpack, slinging it over his shoulders.

FRANK You've got everything?

MCBRIDE fires a round into the trees at something moving.

CONTINUED:

MCBRIDE Everything I need, yeah.

FRANK You lead I follow?

MCBRIDE (shakes head) You know the way, I cover the rear.

FRANK

Got it.

They start off into the trees, MCBRIDE firing several more rounds into the trees.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

BAM!

WEST stumbles, lowering his rifle.

He looks down at his chest, small rivulets of blood stains his shirt.

WEST (weak) Jesus.

JACK stands at the door, waving him on.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILERS - NIGHT

ANGLE ON JACK-

Lying unconcious on the bunk. He twitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

BAM!

CONTINUED:

WEST's chest explodes, blood spraying. He twitches and shakes, dropping his rifle.

He throws the two Desert Eagles to JACK.

He slowly goes limp, the last life leaving him.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

ANGLE ON JACK-

His eyes shut, not moving.

They open.

POV: JACK

We look around the trailer fast. We spot PORTER, FREIDRICH, FILLA, and JESSIE.

He starts to sit, swinging his legs over the side.

He reaches up and rubs his eyes, looking around the trailer. He looks over at JESSIE, asleep on the next bunk over.

> FILLA (O.S.) (quiet) Jack!

FILLA stands, walking over.

JACK Keep it down.

FILLA What? They'll want to know.

JACK Yeah, I know. Don't wake them up.

FILLA

Why not?

JACK Just, let them sleep for now.

FILLA

You sure?

JACK Yeah, yeah I'm sure.

FILLA Jesus Christ man, we thought that was the end for you.

JACK It almost was. I can't even remember how I ended up there.

FILLA Don't bother trying to remember.

JACK Things that bad?

FILLA

Worse. We took a big hit the last day you were awake. Everyone else is gone.

JACK looks at PORTER's bandaged knee.

JACK What happened to Porter?

FILLA Shot, took out his knee completely.

JACK

He all right?

FILLA Yeah, he's doing fine. We were more worried about you.

JACK

(lighthearted) You know me. It'll take more than a point blank rifle round to the chest to stop me.

FILLA

Yeah. (beat) Look, we should probably get some sleep. God knows what's going to happen tomorrow.

JACK Yeah, yeah you get some sleep. FILLA You not going to bed?

JACK I'm gonna' stay up a while. I've slept more than my fair share for a while.

FILLA

(nods) Gotcha.

He turns and starts walking back to his bunk.

FILLA (cont'd) Good having you back, Jack.

JACK Good to be back.

DISSOLVE TO:

JACK stands at the window, looking through the armored slats.

ANGLE ON JESSIE-

Her eyes are open, watching JACK. She smiles, her eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound the next morning.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

Everyone is awake, including JACK. From the way they move, we can assume they've done the 'good to have you back' routine. FREIDRICH stands at the window, the others scattered. JESSIE is practically attached to JACK, and he shows no sign of changing the situation.

FREIDRICH Today's the usual day. They'll probably come around in a couple hours to get one of us. JACK

Then what?

FREIDRICH They you hope whoever they pick comes back alive.

JACK Sounds like I've missed some fun times.

PORTER Trust me, getting shot in the knee by one of those things isn't as fun as it sounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Two guards stand on the porch, as usual.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hey!

They turn and look towards the trees.

FRANK emerges from the trees, waving to them.

GUARD #1 Holy shit, man! Frank's back! He made it!

GUARD #2 opens the door, leaning in.

GUARD #2 Frank's back!

MCBRIDE runs out of the trees after him, rifle slung over his shoulder, pistols in hand.

GUARD #1 Who the fuck is this now?

FRANK stumbles up the stairs, the guards help him up.

GUARD #1 (cont'd) Frank, who's this?

FRANK McBride, he's fine. He helped me get back.

MCBRIDE steps up onto the porch, sliding the pistols into his belt.

MCBRIDE

Oye.

GUARD #1 (noticing weapons) Jesus Christ.

He walks around MCBRIDE, looking at the various weaponry.

GUARD #1 (cont'd) Christ, you're a one man army.

MCBRIDE It pays to be well armed these days.

GUARD #1 Shit, I'll say.

KELLY emerges from the cabin.

KELLY

Frank!

FRANK

Kelly.

KELLY What are you doing back?

FRANK We've got some major problems.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

FRANK sits on the couch, eating some soup. Everything's the same it was when he first arrived, only this time there's a crowd.

MCBRIDE stands off to the side, drinking from a flask he had hidden in one of his pockets.

FRANK They attacked us in the middle of the night. If McBride hadn't been there I probably wouldn't have made it back here.

KELLY But you're all right?

FRANK Yeah, yeah I'm fine. They didn't touch either of us.

MCBRIDE (O.S.) You realize...

He walks over to the couch, sitting on the arm.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) That they didn't want to kill us?

FRANK How do you mean?

MCBRIDE

Think about it, it's pretty obvious. They left us an opening that led right to the cabin.

KELLY

They chased you here?

MCBRIDE

No, they just wanted us to get here. We were their messengers. Now that we're here, we all know.

REFUGEE Why would they want us to know?

MCBRIDE

(shrugs) How should I know? Maybe they want a challenge.

He finishes the flask, tipping it upside down.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) Shit. (to KELLY) You don't happen to have-KET'L'A What was it? MCBRIDE Whiskey? KELLY In the attic, ask one of the guys up there. MCBRIDE A million thanks. He walks away. REFUGEE So what are we going to do about this? CARLOS walks over. CARLOS I could ask the one we caught if he knows anything. FRANK Wait, you caught one? CARLOS Yeah, a couple of days after you left. FRANK And he's alive? CARLOS Assuming that's what it means when you're breathing and talking, yeah. He sits. CARLOS (cont'd) Though it's getting harder to tell these days.

> FRANK And he's talking to you?

CARLOS In a way. We've been going in circles a lot, he never really gives me much to work with.

FRANK You think he'd give you anything on this?

In the background, KELLY wanders off.

CARLOS Maybe, I don't know. I could give it a shot.

FRANK Might do something.

CARLOS Give me a couple of minutes.

He walks off.

FRANK

No rush.

MCBRIDE appears, taking a drink from his flask before putting it back in a pocket.

MCBRIDE You guys have one hell of a stash up there. If I'd known that I would have come sooner.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

CARLOS sits across from TELLIS.

CARLOS They let them go, so they could come back here. Why?

TELLIS

Why indeed.

CARLOS leans back.

CARLOS You're starting to annoy me with that. TELLIS It's not my intention. CARLOS I'm starting to think it is. TELLIS You want to know why they let them go? CARLOS That's what I just bloody asked, isn't it? TELLIS How would I know? I've been locked in this room for days now. CARLOS They're your people, you should know. TELLIS Do you know what the others here are thinking right now? CARLOS What, in the cabin? TELLIS Yes. CARLOS No. Why would I? TELLIS Precisely. CARLOS It's not the same. TELLIS Why isn't it? CARLOS Because, we're not planning an attack on your people.

(MORE)

CARLOS (cont'd) We're not using the undead as our servants. We aren't fucking insane.

TELLIS

As rhetorical as this may sound, who here is more insane?

CARLOS

I swear to God, you're trying to sound like a bad fucking fortune cookie now.

TELLIS

If ever there was something I am serious about, it is this. Which of us do you think is more insane?

CARLOS I'd have to say you.

TELLIS

And why? We have formed a bond with the undead. We live with them, around them, we do not harm them and they do not harm us. You live to kill. (beat)

To answer your question, yes, they will be attacking soon. In no more than three days, I would expect.

CARLOS leans in.

CARLOS

Good, this is good. Why the sudden change of heart?

TELLIS It will do nothing to help you. At this point, your fate is what it is. Nothing can change that.

The door opens, MCBRIDE entering.

TELLIS (cont'd) Well, hello.

MCBRIDE So, this is him?

CARLOS

Yeah.

MCBRIDE stands off to the side, behind CARLOS. CARLOS (cont'd) He says three days. MCBRIDE Does he then? TELLIS Give or take. CARLOS You wouldn't believe some of the shit this guy spews. MCBRIDE Yeah? CARLOS Yeah. Shit about having an alliance with the dead, a camp where they all live together or something like that. MCBRIDE A camp? CARLOS Yeah. MCBRIDE pauses for a moment, then looks at CARLOS. MCBRIDE Leave. CARLOS What? MCBRIDE Leave. CARLOS Why-MCBRIDE Just leave. He looks back at TELLIS. MCBRIDE (cont'd) Just go.

CARLOS pauses for a moment, then stands, heading for the door.

CARLOS If he does anything-

MCBRIDE He won't. (to TELLIS) Will you.

TELLIS' face remains blank.

The door opens and closes off camera. MCBRIDE sits.

MCBRIDE (cont'd)

Now...camp?

TELLIS

Yes.

MCBRIDE

Where.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

CARLOS, MCBRIDE, FRANK, and KELLY stand off to the side.

FRANK You're sure?

CARLOS Three days at most is what he said.

MCBRIDE

If the number I took down is any indication, there are going to be a lot of those wankers running around when things get going.

KELLY

We've got more than enough ammunition, and weapons. That's not a problem.

MCBRIDE So what are you standing here talking for? We have to get everyone ready. FRANK You really think they'll attack when he said?

MCBRIDE

Sooner rather than later, at least. They may not wait three days, or they may wait thirty. Either way, we need to be ready as soon as possible.

CARLOS

I'll get some guys together, we can have guards posted twenty four seven out in the trees.

MCBRIDE Good. I'm going out for a while.

He starts towards the door, picking up his backpack and weapons along the way.

FRANK

Wait, what?

MCBRIDE A few things I need to check.

CARLOS So you're just going to leave?

FRANK

No, trust him on this one. He's kind of weird but he knows what he's doing.

MCBRIDE Damn straight. I'll be back before night. I'll need to refill on a few things.

FRANK

Whiskey?

MCBRIDE (O.S.) Absolutely.

The sound of the door opening and closing.

CARLOS I'll get some guys together, cover that. FRANK I'll handle ammo and weapons. Kelly?

KELLY doesn't reply. She's zoned out again.

FRANK (cont'd)

Kelly?

KELLY

What?

FRANK Where'll you be?

KELLY I... I'll make sure we have medical supplies.

CARLOS If I find anyone with more than basic first aid knowledge I'll send 'em your way.

FRANK

Okay. (beat, nods) Let's get going.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

MCBRIDE slings his rifle over his shoulder, heading into the trees.

MCBRIDE Here I come you sons of bitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

LYNCH and two soldiers walk through the compound. One of the soldiers checks his rifle. Picture it all in SLO-MO.

CONTINUED:

DOLLY behind them as they walk towards the bunk trailer. LYNCH makes a slight hand gesture, one of the soldiers nods.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

FREIDRICH stands at the window, watching out.

He spots the trio, turning to the others.

He nods.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

LYNCH pauses, one of the soldiers stepping forward to open the door.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

LYNCH steps up into the trailer.

LYNCH

It's time.

He spots JACK.

LYNCH (cont'd) So, you're finally awake. Good. It's not your turn though.

JACK And who's turn is it?

LYNCH Freidrich and Porter.

FREIDRICH takes a step towards them.

FREIDRICH

Yeah?

LYNCH Yeah. I wouldn't mind if you decided to just cooperate today. It's going to be a long one.

FREIDRICH Longer than usual? LYNCH Let's just say it involves a drive.

FILLA What are you talking about?

LYNCH Something involving a drive. Listen to what I tell you for once.

PORTER Christ, why do you guys keep doing this? What point does it serve?

LYNCH Absolutely none, if you think about it. But we don't think about it. (smiles) Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An empty stretch of highway.

A hummer speeds through the frame.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

FREIDRICH and PORTER sit in the back, an armed soldier on either side. LYNCH is up front, next to the driver. There's a gunner up top.

> FREIDRICH Where are we going?

LYNCH For a drive.

FREIDRICH Yeah, we figured that much. But to where?

LYNCH Well, we're going to try something a little different today.

FREIDRICH Different how?

CONTINUED:

LYNCH You'll see.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

MCBRIDE moves through the trees, not making a sound.

He stops, dropping to a crouch.

POV: MCBRIDE

We scan the trees, not seeing anything.

But MCBRIDE sees something, we can tell by the look on his face.

He slings his rifle over his shoulder, resting his hand on the hilt of his sword.

He keeps moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The hummer speeds past.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

The trio just sit passing time.

JACK Where do you think they're going?

FILLA Wherever they're going, they may not be coming back.

JESSIE Then we'll be all that's left.

FILLA Knowing these people, we probably won't last that long once they're done with Freidrich and Porter.

JACK (shakes head) They'll only kill one. FILLA How do you figure? JACK It's what they always do. They take two, kill one, and make the other watch. FILLA So which one do you think? JACK Could be either one at this point. FILLA Grim game. Let's play 'guess who's next to die.' JACK Unless they do something we'd never expect. FILLA What, kill them both? JACK No, leave them both alive. FILLA

You think there's a chance?

JACK Not a chance in hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

MCBRIDE steps into frame, stepping out onto a ridge overlooking a river.

MCBRIDE

Oh hell.

Dozens of people, some alive, some dead, are moving around in a camp near the riverbank.

CONTINUED:

He pulls a pair of binoculars off his belt, looking down at the camp.

POV: MCBRIDE THROUGH BINOCS-

Undead and living intermingle freely. The view moves through the camp, stopping on a few things. A burning fire, unedentifies meat roasting over it. A group of workers making arrows and stringing bows.

A pair of bodies strung up, chunks of them missing from bites. One of them appears to be breathing.

He lowers the binocs.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) Jesus Christ.

He brings the binoculars up again.

POV: MCBRIDE THROUGH BINOCS-

We move through the camp again, the view stopping on a man armed with a crude axe, standing off to the side.

MCBRIDE (cont'd)

Sentry?

The sentry seems to sense him, turning to look directly at us.

MCBRIDE drops flat, pressing himself against the rock.

Several moments pass. He rises, looking through the binoculars.

POV: MCBRIDE THROUGH BINOCS-

The sentry is gone.

He lowers the binoculars.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) Oh hell, where'd you go?

Fast footsteps behind him.

He spins just as the sentry charges forward, axe held high.

MCBRIDE draws a pistol, taking aim. The sentry swings, knocking the pistol away.

CONTINUED:

He swings again, MCBRIDE rolling away just in time.

He spins around, kicking the sentry's legs out from beneath him, the axe flying from his hands. He uses the time to draw his pistol.

The sentry jumps to his feet, dodging the shot. He grabs MCBRIDE, trying to bring him down.

MCBRIDE headbuts the sentry, knocking his hands off. He brings the pistol around and fires.

BOOM!

Ther sentry stumbles back, tumbling off the rock, screaming as he falls into the river below.

We don't need binoculars to see the activity down in the camp.

MCBRIDE (cont'd)

Oh Jesus.

He holsters his pistol and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The hummer rolls to a stop in the middle of a field.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

LYNCH Everyone out.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The soldiers step out, guiding FREIDRICH and PORTER. The gunner remains up top, looking through a set of binoculars.

LYNCH (to SOLDIER) Get him ready.

A soldier grabs PORTER's arm, pulling him aside.

FREIDRICH What are you doing?

PORTER tries to throw the soldier off.

PORTER

Bugger off!

SOLDIER aims his rifle at PORTER.

SOLDIER You want to try?

Another soldier walks up, kneeling. He wraps a set of chains around PORTER's ankles, making sure they're tight.

FREIDRICH What are you doing?

LYNCH

Quiet.

FREIDRICH What are you doing!

LYNCH Shut the hell up! God damn it.

The soldier tugs the chains, giving LYNCH the thumbs up.

GUNNER (O.S.) Sir, enemies approaching our position from the West. About half a dozen.

LYNCH (to soldiers) Finish it quick. Time for us to leave.

ANGLE ON THE HUMMER-

As SOLDIER hooks the chains on a mount on the rear.

PORTER turns and sees this.

PORTER Woah, what the hell are you-?

Another soldier starts wrapping PORTER's hands in front of his stomach.

CONTINUED:

LYNCH Everyone in the truck now.

FREIDRICH doesn't move.

FREIDRICH What's going on?

LYNCH You're getting in the truck, he's staying outside.

He climbs in, a soldier motioning for FREIDRICH to do the same.

PORTER just stands there, hands and legs bound.

PORTER What the hell are you doing?!

They all climb into the hummer, shutting the doors.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

GUNNER (O.S.) Enemies have spotted us for sure, sir. They're heading towards us fast.

FREIDRICH Sons of bitches.

LYNCH Yeah, tough. (to DRIVER) Keep it slow at first, let them get the scent.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The hummer starts forward, the chain loosing its slack.

PORTER

Wait! WAIT!

The chains pull PORTER's feet out from beneath him, he hits the ground hard.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

A few of the soldiers laugh, watching out the windows as PORTER is dragged along behind the hummer.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The hummer picks up speed, rocks and dirt kicked up by the tires, pelting PORTER. He tries to reach his legs, but each time falls backwards.

The hummer turns, revealing the group of unarmed undead running towards it.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

LYNCH We're lucky today. These ones are fresh, maybe a couple of hours. (to DRIVER) Kick it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The hummer picks up speed, several of the undead leaping at PORTER. They miss, hitting the dirt.

One manages to grab his head, immediately snapped around, slamming PORTER's head against the ground.

PORTER struggles, trying to knock it off.

CLOSE-UP as it tries to bite, teeth just missing his throat.

PORTER

God damn it!

He snaps his head back, slamming it into the undead's forehead. It doesn't let go.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

The soldiers are laughing like crazy, they're having the time of their lives.

FREIDRICH just sits and watches.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The undead finally manages a bite, tearing a chunk out of PORTER's throat. He screams.

The hummer hits a bump, PORTER and the undead are launched into the air. The undead looses its grip, hitting the ground face first, neck snapping.

PORTER comes down hard, head snapping back. Blood flows from a large gash on the back of his head.

The hummer turns, driving up onto the highway. PORTER twists and bounces, coming down hard once again.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

GUNNER (O.S.) Yeah, yeah he's done.

LYNCH Take us back.

FREIDRICH What about me?

LYNCH Oh, you were just here to watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The hummer drives towards us, PORTER still being dragged behind.

EXT. HUMMER - DAY

GUNNER fires a few rounds from his M-16, bullets punching through PORTER's corpse as it's dragged along behind the hummer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

The hummer drives through the makeshift gates. We finally get a good look at PORTER. Blood is everywhere, he's a complete mess.

He's also reverted, becoming one of them. He snaps and snarls, reaching out with his bound hands.

The hummer stops, everyone climbing out.

LYNCH You know the drill.

Two soldiers step forward and untie PORTER's legs, lifting him up. They hold him at arms length, careful of his bites.

WINTERS (O.S.) I see it was a success.

PAN LEFT as WINTERS walks towards the hummer.

WINTERS (cont'd) Good. I was hoping it would be.

LYNCH Went off without a hitch.

WINTERS You know what to do know.

LYNCH

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

JACK and FILLA stand and face the door as it opens.

FREIDRICH steps up, walking away from the door.

FILLA Where's Porter?

LYNCH (O.S.) Right here.

They step up into the trailer, holding PORTER.

LYNCH draws a pistol, one by one ejecting all but a single bullet.

He holds out the gun.

LYNCH (cont'd) I just gave you a choice. One bullet, one shot. You kill him, you all live. You don't, you all get bitten. At that point, you get to decide which one of you gets to use the bullet.

FREIDRICH takes it.

LYNCH (cont'd)

Have fun.

He backs out, the soldiers release PORTER.

One of them takes aim and fires, blowing apart the chains binding his hands.

They run out, shutting the door behind them.

PORTER stands there, staring at the three, almost looking like he recognizes them.

FREIDRICH

Porter.

PORTER takes a step forward, drooling blood.

JACK

Shoot him.

PORTER takes another step.

FILLA Shoot him, Freidrich. There's nowhere for us to go in here.

FREIDRICH slowly brings the pistol up, taking aim. His hand shakes slightly, he struggles to make himself pull the trigger.

FREIDRICH

Sorry, man.

PORTER Freeeeid....rich... FREIDRICH pauses, waiting.

PORTER snarls, charging forward.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

The single gunshot echoes through the compound.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

There are people everywhere, all armed. At first it looks chaotic, but a closer look reveals it to be very calculated. Everyone is in a position to cover someone else and be covered in turn.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A brief flash of something moving through the trees fast.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

FRANK and CARLOS move through the cabin.

CARLOS I think we've got things the best we can have them, I don't see what else we can do.

FRANK There's always something more that can be done, we just need to figure it out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Another brief flash of movement. We hear heavy breathing, a grunt.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A guard wanders along the treeline, rifle over his shoulder.

He hears something, looking into the trees.

GUARD What the hell?

He takes a step. His eyes open wide as he spots something he doesn't like.

GUARD (cont'd)

Jesus!

KELLY and FRANK run out onto the deck, stopping short.

MCBRIDE runs from the trees, bleeding from a large wound on his stomach. His rifle is gone, a pistol clenched in his right hand. He stumbles, nearly falling.

FRANK and KELLY run up to him, helping to steady him as the others call for help inside.

FRANK Jesus Christ, McBride! What the hell happened?!

MCBRIDE They're on their way.

FRANK

What?

MCBRIDE They're on their way. Lots of them.

KELLY What, those things? Or people?

MCBRIDE (shakes head) Both.

CARLOS runs over. CARLOS Jesus Christ. MCBRIDE You were right. CARLOS What? MCBRIDE They're using the God damn things. There's a bloody camp, they're training those things. (beat) They're bloody training those things. They're bloody well living together. CARLOS Christ. MCBRIDE Oh, it gets better. FRANK Yeah? MCBRIDE takes a moment, breathing heavily. MCBRIDE They're coming. CARLOS Jesus. MCBRIDE Told you it got better. He turns and starts shouting to the others, who begin moving into position. FRANK How far?

MCBRIDE begins to loose it, drifting away for a moment.

FRANK (cont'd) McBride! Stick with it.

MCBRIDE Yeah, yeah. FRANK How far? MCBRIDE I don't... Maybe half a mile, maybe less. FRANK Jesus Christ. KELLY I'll make sure everything's ready inside. She runs off. FRANK Come on, we have you get you inside. MCBRIDE shakes him off. MCBRIDE (shakes head) I'm not going inside. FRANK For Christ sake, you're hurt bad. You need to get this cleaned up, at least. MCBRIDE Can I ask you a question? FRANK Shoot. MCBRIDE When you were hurt, what did you do? A moment passes. FRANK

Went wandering around in the damn forest.

He lets MCBRIDE go.

MCBRIDE Can I ask one favor?

FRANK

Anything.

MCBRIDE pulls out his flask, shaking it to reveal it to be empty.

FRANK (cont'd) I'll have someone bring out a refill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The sun has set, plunging the cabin and clearing into darkness. The light from the cabin illuminates the refugees as they hold their positions.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The mood is a somber one. Some look nervous, others look ready for anything, others still show no emotion whatsoever.

Off to the side a small group pray one last time. Some are simply bowing their heads, others are on their knees. No two are the same, everyone's approaching it their own way.

CARLOS moves through the clusters of people.

CARLOS Everyone in this room waits where they are. When those doors open, those nearest to the door go out. The wounded are brought in, the dead are left outside.

He stops for a moment, almost looking disgusted with himself for what he just said.

CARLOS (cont'd) We haven't got room in here for everyone.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TELLIS sits strapped to the chair, eyes shut.

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

KELLY is finishing setting out medical supplies. Several others are with her, unarmed and here to help for the duration.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

MCBRIDE stands on the porch, hand on the hilt of his sword. FRANK is off to the side.

Off to the side, a refugee is handing out cigarettes. MCBRIDE leans over.

MCBRIDE Can I...?

REFUGEE The last pack.

MCBRIDE

Yours?

REFUGEE (shakes head) Last pack we have here.

MCBRIDE takes a cigarette.

MCBRIDE This is important, then.

REFUGEE

Yeah.

He holds the cigarette up, then lets someone else light it.

REFUGEE (cont'd) Hell, this'll probably be the last pack any of us see.

MCBRIDE inhales long and deep, exhaling.

MCBRIDE (chuckles) Here's to beating cancer, AIDS, HIV, SARS, and every other God damn thing on the planet. We hear shouting off camera. Everyone tenses up, turning to the trees.

Gunfire.

Undead snarls, people shouting.

MCBRIDE drops the cigarette, running out of the frame. The camera TILTS DOWN to focus on the butt as it burns, the sounds of the battle picking up around us.

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

KELLY walks towards the window as we hear the sounds outside.

KELLY It's started.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A number of refugees sit and listen to the fighting, waiting for their turn to head outside.

CARLOS As soon as that door opens, the next group goes out! Wounded are taken into medical if their wounds are bad, everyone else is fixed up out here.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rounds tear through living and dead alike as they emerge from the trees. Those unlucky enough to be at the tree line are swarmed, lost already beneath the horde.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

CARLOS If you can still hold a gun, you can still fight! If you can still fight, you go to the back of the line and wait for your next round outside! EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

FRANK steps down from the porch, opening fire.

POV: FRANK

Chaos all around us, the sheer numbers overwhelming them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The front door opens, half a dozen people rushing in, all of them wounded.

CARLOS Next group! Next group! Outside now!

A dozen people stand, running through the door.

It shuts behind them.

CARLOS looks down at his rifle, flicking the safety on and off.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

MCBRIDE's pistol runs dry. He tosses it aside, drawing his sword.

An undead lurches forward. MCBRIDE swings, cutting through its stomach. It stumbles, insides spilling out onto the snow.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The door opens again, even more people entering, even more exiting.

Wounded stumble in under their own power, other more seriously hurt carried by others.

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

It's packed, the floor covered in blood. KELLY and her volunteers are trying to keep up.

More people enter.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

An undead grabs MCBRIDE's leg, pulling. He topples, hitting the ground hard on his wounded side. He grimaces, trying to regain himself as the undead pulls towards him.

He brings the sword up, stabbing it into the rotting skull.

He stands, stumbling from the pain.

He stands fast, swinging, decapitating a man in one move. Alive or dead, we don't know.

He swings again, just missing an undead as it leaps out of the way. He swings again, catching its midsection, bisecting it.

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

As it emerges from the trees holding a rifle. It fires.

ANGLE ON MCBRIDE-

As his chest spouts red from the exiting. He stumbles.

No one notices, too busy fighting their own battles.

He spins around, swinging the sword weakly, knocking someone to the side without drawing blood.

ANGLE ON THE UNDEAD-

As it fires again.

ANGLE ON MCBRIDE-

CONTINUED:

As the round blows out his left shoulder, rendering his arm useless, leaving it hanging at his side.

He charges forward, using the last of his strength. He lifts the sword up above his head.

The undead fires a third time.

MCBRIDE's stomach spouts red, but he keeps going.

He swings, decapitating the undead in one swing.

He stumbles, the body of the dead hitting the ground.

MCBRIDE (weak) Never fuck with the Irish.

He drops to a knee, sword sticking in the frozen ground. His hand slips from the hilt.

POV: MCBRIDE

Everything tilts, the ground rushing up to meet us.

He sprawls out, rolling onto his back.

POV: MCBRIDE

Undead and human alike run past, and over, us as they battle. An undead's head explodes. A refugee takes a round to the back and falls through the frame.

A figure, we can't tell whether it's alive or not, stands over us.

They bring a pistol up, taking aim.

A bright flash.

The figure topples over, blood gushing from the side of its head.

MCBRIDE's head rolls to the side, his breathing becomes shallow. He looks back up at the sky.

MCBRIDE (cont'd) (breathing heavily) I know I'm not on your good side, so I'll make this quick. I've done my part, now you do yours. CLOSE-UP on his face as the life leaves his eyes.

His chest falls a final time.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cabin is empty of armed, filled instead with the bleeding wounded and dying.

CARLOS moves among them, looking for anyone left capable of fighting.

CARLOS God damn it.

He turns and runs for the door, a few people following, bloody but still battle ready.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

FRANK's rifle runs dry. He ejects the clip, reaching for another.

BOOM!

His rifle is shot from his hand, taking several of his fingers with it. He stumbles, holding his hand.

FRANK God damn it!

CARLOS (O.S.)

Frank!

FRANK looks over at CARLOS, emerging from the cabin.

CARLOS (cont'd) Get inside!

FRANK I'm fine out here! CARLOS We don't need you out here, get inside now!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A REFUGEE-

Lying on the ground amidsts it all. Be's bleeding bad from a massive gash on his throat, caused by a bite. He's struggling to breath, one hand clawing at the air as the other tries to stop the bleeding.

His breathing becomes shallow, his eyes slowly closing.

He goes limp.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

CARLOS steps down from the porch, grabbing FRANK as he runs towards him. He practically throws him up the stairs.

CARLOS We need more people out here! Everyone's fucking hurt!

FRANK I'll see what I can do.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

FRANK stumbles in, clutching his hand.

ANGLE ON THE REFUGEE-

With the throat wound.

FRANK (O.S.)

Kelly!

The refugee's body twitches.

FRANK (O.S.) (cont'd)

Kelly!

KELLY emerges from the infirmary.

KELLY Jesus, what happened to your hand!

FRANK It's nothing. We need help out there.

KELLY There's no one left, everyone is hurt!

FRANK If they're not holding themselves together they can hold a gun! Send out whoever you can!

The refugee's eyes open.

FRANK and KELLY turn to the sound of a scream.

The refugee tears out another's throat. If they weren't both covered in blood we may have seen the hemorrhaging.

FRANK (cont'd) Jesus Christ!

He reaches for a gun, fumbling with his crippled hand.

FRANK (cont'd)

Shit!

A gunshot, the refugee goes down.

It's too late. Another newly risen undead stands, tackling the nearest human.

A third launches itself at an unsuspecting man holding his wounded stomach, plunging its hand deep into the man's gut.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

CARLOS ejects a spent clip, loading another. He hears the shouting, the gunfire.

He turns, opening the door.

CARLOS

Jesus.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A refugee stumbles, undead latched onto his back, towards the fire. He trips, kicking a box of ammunition.

Right into the fire. FRANK is the first to spot it.

FRANK Get it out of the fire! Get it--

He grabs KELLY and pulls her to the floor.

The box explodes.

Rounds tear through the cabin, hitting everything in their path. Human and undead alike are ripped to shreds.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Rounds punch through the walls, catching the last remaining survivors off guard as they find themselves under fire from all directions.

CARLOS spins, no idea what to do.

A bullet obliterates a post next to him, splinters spraying his face. He drops his rifle, reaching up at his eyes.

He stumbles back, bumping into the railing.

A pair of undead hands reach up and grab his arm, yanking him off. The camera remains fixed as we hear the undead begin to feed.

CARLOS (O.S.) Come on you sons of bitches! Come on!

His words become screams, then silence.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The flames have spread fast, thick black smoke filling the cabin. We can barely see, but we can hear. The moans of the wounded, the screams of people being burned alive. The shouts as people try to find their way out.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TELLIS sits in his chair, eyes closed, as black smoke begins to pour into the room.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The few survivors outside are waging their final fight, holding back what they can. The snow is stained a solid shade of red on the killing field, bodies of the dead and dying, human and undead intermingled.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Undead swarm, killing everyone in their path.

Pieces of wood fall as the cabin burns, cross beams crumpling anyone unlucky enough to be beneath them.

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The room is almost completely black, TELLIS' form obscured.

A cracking sound, followed by a loud crash. Wood and stored supplies from the attic crash down, crushing him, filling the room.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A section of the wall collapses, flames billowing out, lighting the night sky. For a moment we can truly see the field, see the snow stained red.

Their position crumbles. A swarm of undead surge forward onto the porch, bringing them all down in one fell swoop.

As black smoke pours from the cabin they move in. We hear some gunshots, some screams.

After a moment everything is replaced by silence, broken only by the quiet crackling of the fire.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

A group emerges from the trees. There are human and undead among them, standing shoulder to shoulder.

One of the humans makes a hand gesture, several others breaking off.

The man walks through the field, surveying the bodies scattered about.

He comes across MCBRIDE's body, kneeling next to it, looking at his face.

He reaches over, closing MCBRIDE's eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound, the sun fully set.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

WINTERS is sitting behind his desk, in the near dark. There is a small desk lamp providing a small amount of light, casting shadows on the wall. He wears glasses, the first time we see this.

On the wall opposite him is a small television, playing what appears to be old news footage. We're watching through the point of view of an embedded reporter, in what used to be the downtown of a big city. REPORTER

(on TV) We're moving through the streets now, we're moving slowly in case we encounter any of the infected.

Shouting, off camera.

REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) Something is happening at the front of the squadron now. I can't see it, I don't know if you can see this, but something is definitely happening.

Gunfire.

REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) Gunfire! They're shooting at the front now! We're definitely encountering resistance from the infected!

A soldier runs past.

SOLDIER (on TV)

Grenade!

There's an explosion, the camera shakes violently, aiming at the ground.

When it rises the reporter is gone, the soldiers scattering. The camera moves all over the place, catching flashes of the fighting.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

A soldier walks along the wall, not really paying attention to anything, rifle slung over his shoulder.

POV: SOLDIER

We can't see anything beyond the outer edge of the row of spotlights lining the barricade.

CONTINUED:

He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a pack of cigarettes. He pulls out a lighter.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

POV: UNDEAD SNIPER

The lighter glows bright red in the scope.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JESSIE stirs, trying to get comfortable. JACK reaches over and strokes her head.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

SOLDIER pockets the lighter.

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

WINTERS watches the movie intently.

SOLDIER (on TV) On the left! Left!

ANGLE ON THE TV-

As a familiar face enters the frame. WINTERS, face dirty and bloody, giving orders.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

There are only three people in the trailer, monitoring all the equipment. They look tired, bored. We can tell simply by looking at them that nothing is happening, and they don't think anything is about to happen.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

SOLDIER stands there, in utter silence, several moments passing.

Hey!

SOLDIER looks over the edge, to a soldier standing on the ground.

SOLDIER #2 holds his hands up.

SOLDIER #2 (cont'd) Got enough to spare one?

SOLDIER pulls the pack out of his pocket again, pulling one out.

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

WINTERS picks up a remote, pressing the fast forward button. The images become a blur, racing forward.

He lets go of the button.

REPORTER (on TV) -forces are still reeling after the loss of an entire military Special Forces unit. Under the command of General Winters-

He presses another button.

REPORTER (cont'd) (on TV) -reeling after the loss of an entire military Special Forces unit. Under the command of General Winters after-

WINTERS turns the TV off, cutting the reporter off in mid sentence.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

SOLDIER lights the cigarette, dropping it over the side to SOLDIER #2.

The side of his head explodes, the force launching him off the barricade.

Everything happens in SLO-MO, SOLDIER #2 not even reacting at first.

The cigarette drops right into SOLDIER #2's hands.

SOLDIER hits the ground.

CLOSE-UP as his cigarette hits a second later, burning out on impact.

SOLDIER #2 (shocked) Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Everyone is still asleep, no one heard a thing.

There's a flurry of gunfire, quick and short. Some shouting, people yelling orders.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

SOLDIER #2 is still standing there, staring at the body.

SOLDIER #2 They shot him... they shot him...

A soldier runs past, hitting him on the soldier.

SOLDIER (O.S.) Get on the fucking wall, man! On the fucking wall!

SOLDIER #2 just stands there.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

More gunfire.

FILLA slowly opens his eyes, reaching up to rub them. He swings his legs out over the side of the bunk and stands, taking a moment to stretch.

The gunfire continues, muffled outside.

He walks over to the window, peering through the armored slits.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Soldiers are climbing up, those up top already returning scattered fire. Most of them are holding.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

FILLA Hey, wake up.

He turns.

FILLA (cont'd) Guys, wake up. Something's happening.

FREIDRICH stands slowly, JACK a moment behind, trying not to wake JESSIE.

FREIDRICH What's going on?

FILLA
 (shrugs)
I don't know. There's shooting, up
at the front.

JACK walks up to the window.

POV: JACK

Several soldiers run past, carrying rather elaborate sniper rifles.

JACK They're moving to the wall.

JESSIE (O.S.) What's going on?

JESSIE sits on the edge of the bed.

FREIDRICH

Something.

FILLA Something big.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS is sitting in silence, staring at the darkened television screen. We can't hear anything outside.

Knocking at the door.

WINTERS (calm)

Enter.

The door opens, SOLDIER entering hastily, quickly regaining his composure.

SOLDIER

Sir!

WINTERS removes his glasses slowly and calmly, putting them into a case.

SOLDIER (cont'd)

Sir!

WINTERS holds up a hand, SOLDIER stands at attention. WINTERS puts the case in a desk drawer.

WINTERS What's going on, soldier?

SOLDIER Sir, we've taken several casualties on the wall, sir.

WINTERS

What?

SOLDIER Snipers, sir. Five at least.

WINTERS What? Undead?

SOLDIER

Yes sir.

WINTERS (sighs) Move some sharpshooters to the wall.

SOLDIER It's already been done, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

A sharpshooter leans on the railing, slowly panning his rifle.

POV: SNIPER

Through the night vision scope we spot one of the undead snipers.

SNIPER Contact left, three point five miles out.

He pulls the trigger.

POV: SNIPER

The undead sniper simply rolls onto its side.

SNIPER (cont'd) Good hit.

SNIPER continues sweeping the field.

POV: SNIPER

We spot another undead, kneeling down

SNIPER (cont'd) Another contact, left, two miles out.

POV: SNIPER

There's a flash, the undead flies backwards and lands in a crumpled heap.

SNIPER (cont'd) (muttering) What the fuck was that?

POV: SNIPER

There's a small object speeding right towards us, trailing grey smoke.

SNIPER lowers his rifle, all color drains from his face.

SNIPER (cont'd)

Oh God.

The RPG hits, explosion expanding out, flames engulfing half the upper level of the barricade.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH and JACK run for the window as the trailer shakes.

JACK What the hell was that?!

FREIDRICH looks through the slats.

FREIDRICH

Fires.

FILLA

What?

FREIDRICH There's fires, up on the wall. The wall's burning.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Flaming bits of debris are scattered on the ground near the barricade, a few bodies amongst them.

Soldiers are moving to the front, medics checking the fallen, reenforcements climbing up top. Some have fire extinguishers, trying their best to put out the fires that are burning out of control up top.

The calm before the storm.

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

WINTERS heard that one, he's on his feet when we hear a knock at the door.

WINTERS

In! Now!

The same soldier enters.

leaves.

WINTERS (cont'd) What the hell was that? SOLDIER RPG sir! WINTERS ...RPG? SOLDIER RPG, yes sir. It hit the barricade. WINTERS An actual RPG? SOLDIER (nods) Sir. WINTERS Jesus Christ. (beat) Damage? What's the damage to the barricade? SOLDIER A dozen casualties, some minor damage to the structure. We've got men up top trying to put out the fires. WINTERS (quietly) Fires... RPG... (to SOLDIER) Move everyone up to the front, have them reenforce the lost posts. SOLDIER (nods) Yes sir. WINTERS I'll be in the command trailer, relay anything, anything, to me there, understand? SOLDIER salutes, WINTERS returning it. SOLDIER turns and

WINTERS remains for a moment, looking around his quarters.

He walks over to his desk, picking up the remote. He turns the TV on.

REPORTER (on TV) -lives of a total of twenty four Special Forces were lost in one of the worst U.S. military failures since the onset of this outbreak-

WINTERS Don't worry, boys. It's not going to happen again.

He walks for the door, leaving the TV on.

PUSH IN on it as the tape reaches its end, showing the date it was aired: June 14th.

The tape becomes static, then black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK steps away from the window, turning to the others.

JACK What do you think? Explosion?

FILLA Must've been.

FREIDRICH One hell of an explosion to cause that much damage.

JESSIE (O.S.) It's happening.

They turn to JESSIE, sitting off to the side on a bunk.

JESSIE (cont'd) The undead are attacking them. All their planning, their experiments. Them thinking they know so much about these things, and the undead are attacking them.

FREIDRICH She's right.

FILLA Of course she's right.

JESSIE They didn't think walking bodies would be a threat to them.

What looks like a smirk, a very small, almost entirely undetectable one, creeps onto her face. Something we've never seen from her before.

> JESSIE (cont'd) They were wrong. They were all wrong. Now they pay.

> > DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The rear of the compound, the wall nothing more than a row of trucks parked up against a barbed wire fence. The front is much more reenforced than the rear.

Another RPG blasts through the frame, hitting one of the trucks. In a split second it is gone, flipped onto its side, nothing more than a pile of burning debris. By some miracle the fence stays standing.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Soldiers up top turn to the rear, watching the truck burn-

-as another RPG hits, blowing half a dozen clear off the wall, while others nearer to the impact simply cease to exist, flames engulfing them.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS stands in the command trailer, looking none to pleased.

The door opens, a wounded soldier entering. There's a long gash down the left side of his face, blood soaking the front of his uniform.

WINTERS Good Lord, soldier. SOLDIER It's not that bad, sir.

WINTERS What the hell is going on out there?

To punctuate him another RPG hits, the trailer shaking.

SOLDIER They're hitting us from all sides, RPGs. (shakes head) We can't figure out their position.

WINTERS God damn it!

SOLDIER Sir, we're suffering severe casualties. For Christ fucking sake, I'm one of them.

He pauses for a moment, nearly loosing his balance. Blood loss.

LYNCH Are you all right?

SOLDIER Sharpshooters have eliminated the snipers. The rest of the men are holding fire for your order, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

There are soldiers everywhere. Some on the barricade, others on the ground behind waiting to reenforce and replace casualties, others waiting far behind with the task of providing ammo for the gunners and supplies for the medics.

They all stand steady, waiting for the order to fire. Their fingers tighten around the triggers. Bullets fly past, others ricochet off the barricade.

A soldier takes a round to the chest, falling backwards.

Some react, but no one takes any action against the undead.

At first it is empty, the compound visible half a mile away.

Undead begin to enter the frame, some running, others shuffling, others yet stumbling, all heading towards the wall.

It's a complete mix of stages of undead. Some are speedy, fresh kills. Others are days, maybe weeks old, barely managing to stay upright.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

A soldier lowers his rifle, watching the undead.

SOLDIER

Oh Jesus.

POV: SOLDIER

At least a hundred undead, maybe more, are heading towards the wall. We can barely see, but some are armed.

SOLDIER (cont'd) Jesus Christ.

SNIPER (0.S.) Contacts on... Christ, contacts on every fucking side!

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK, FILLA, and FREIDRICH are standing at the window, trying to see.

JESSIE is sitting on a bunk, she doesn't want to know what's happening outside.

JESSIE They're going to lose. (beat) Everything they have they're going to lose.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS stands frozen, not saying anything, not making a single move.

SOLDIER

Sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Soldiers move to the back, lining up, forming a new perimeter a few meters from the burning truck remains. They all stand and wait.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JESSIE Their fort.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER

Sir!

WINTERS Have them hold.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

The soldiers hold fire.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The undead close the gap between them and the compound.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JESSIE Their weapons. A similar mass of undead is moving towards the rear of the compound, towards the hole created by the RPG.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The soldiers at the rear wait, rifles held ready.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER

Sir!

SOLDIER (O.S.) (cont'd) Enemies are within firing range, sir!

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Rounds begin flying past, some ricochetting off the barricade.

A soldier takes a hit, slumping forward, leaning against the railing.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JESSIE Their lives.

The others exchange glances.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER Jesus Christ, sir! We're suffering casualties!

WINTERS (nods) Fire at will.

SOLDIER nods, a 'finally' sort of nod.

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

SOLDIER (over loudspeakers) Fire at will! Fire at will!

The soldiers open up.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The undead at the front of the group start to twitch and jerk around as the rounds blow through them. Those that go down are trampled, the others ignoring them completely.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

We hear endless gunfire. No one can do anything but wait and listen.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON AN M60 GUNNER-

As he fires a continuous stream, gun hurling smoking shell casings away.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON SEVERAL UNDEAD-

As the heavy duty rounds tear through them, blowing them apart, chunks of flesh and limbs flying everywhere in a shower of blood.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A SNIPER-

As he fires a round, chambers another round, fires again.

POV: SNIPER

PAN LEFT, searching for a good target. We spot a small group of undead standing in a field about a quarter of a mile away. Something explodes, a small object flying towards us.

SNIPER RPG, ten o'clock!

The RPG streaks towards the barricade, flying a mere few feet overhead. Everyone instinctively ducks.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS looks at the floor, listening to the battle outside.

LORDAN (O.S.) Jesus Christ.

WINTERS looks up.

WINTERS

What?

Sir.

At that moment LYNCH enters.

LYNCH (nods)

WINTERS

(nods) Lynch.

LORDAN Sir, you'd better listen.

He flips a switch, the radio feed played over the speakers.

We hear the same grunts and moans as before.

WINTERS What? We've been hearing this for weeks now. It's the bloody walking corpses that are attacking my God damn compound!

LORDAN No, sir! Listen!

They listen for a moment.

UNDEAD (V.O.) (filtered over radio) Shoooot... front line...

Another burst of static, more incomprehensible moaning and groaning.

UNDEAD #2 (V.O.) (filtered over radio) Mooove up on... three...

WINTERS stares at the radio, absolutely dumbfounded as the sounds continue.

WINTERS Are they...?

LYNCH (O.S.) They're talking, sir.

WINTERS Jesus Christ.

LORDAN You wanted me to find a pattern, even if it was some fucked up alphabet.

He turns to WINTERS.

LORDAN (cont'd) (chuckles) I think this is just a little bit simpler than that. Try fucking Engrish.

The trailer shakes from another RPG hit.

LYNCH steps forward.

LYNCH

Sir.

WINTERS doesn't respond.

LYNCH (cont'd)

Sir!

WINTERS

What?

LYNCH Sir, they're coordinating their attack.

WINTERS

And we can defend against it. Whatever they can do, we can do a million times better. They're corpses, plain and simple.

LYNCH

They're attacking from all sides, sir! And they've got heavy weaponry for Christ sake!

WINTERS And you can explain this how?

LYNCH pauses before replying.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Lynch?

LYNCH As hard to believe as this may sound... I think they're being led by soldiers, sir.

WINTERS

What?

LYNCH They're soldiers, sir. Were... soldiers. Some of the snipers recognized the undead, they look like they're from another barricade.

WINTERS (shakes head) They can't be.

LYNCH They are, sir. And it makes perfect sense.

WINTERS How could you possibly think that?

LYNCH They remember their training, and they remember their tactics. (MORE) CONTINUED:

LYNCH (cont'd) We thought they were learning, but we were wrong, sir. (smiles) They were teaching.

WINTERS looks at him. LYNCH looks almost proud of the undead.

LYNCH (cont'd) The soldiers are training the others, sir. (laughs) They built an army.

WINTERS looks ready to explode. He continues listening to the undead communication on the radio.

LYNCH (cont'd) We were wrong this whole time. We thought they were learning by watching us, but they weren't. They were teaching each other, teaching each other what they remember from their lives. (beat) They've formed an army, sir. Some are leaders, others are followers. (chuckles) Just like us.

Another RPG hits somewhere outside, shaking the trailer.

LYNCH And now? Now they're attacking us first, just as we would have attacked them first. But we didn't think they were a threat, so we let them build their army. Let them train each other. Let them gather weapons. <u>Our</u> weapons, to use against us. (beat) Sir?

WINTERS

What?

LYNCH Sir, I think we should collect the wounded, load up what we can manage, and abandon this outpost. (beat) Sir.

WINTERS Abandon? You actually want me to give the order to abandon what is ours? Ours. LYNCH Sir, we're completely outnumbered. We've maybe sixty men who are capable enough to fight at this point, the rest are lying on the ground bleeding to death, pulling together what's left of their limbs. (beat) We're against an enemy that is obviously well coordinated and well armed, and that doesn't feel pain, sir. For every one of them we kill, there are ten more. They have a practically infinite number, sir. They're armed with heavy weaponry, and are obviously capable of using it. (beat) Sir. He takes a step towards WINTERS. LYNCH (cont'd) It is the perfect army, sir. WINTERS doesn't respond. LYNCH (cont'd) I don't like the idea any more than you, sir, but I don't think we can hold this position against them. WINTERS We have held this position against them since this thing began, Lynch. (shakes head) I won't let us lose it now. Not after what we've had to fight to keep it.

The trailer shakes again.

WINTERS doesn't move.

EXT. REAR OF COMPOUND - NIGHT

We witness the aftermath of an RPG hit, a flaming truck collapsing in on itself, undead swarming the fence.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER (0.S.) Sir, forces at the rear are reporting large numbers, sir. They don't think the fences will hold.

LYNCH Sir, we are loosing this fight! We weren't prepared for this kind of display of intelligence, and we're paying the price.

WINTERS just keeps staring at the floor, shaking his head slightly. He's starting to loose it.

LYNCH (cont'd) Sir, we have to pull back while there are still enough of us <u>to</u> pull back.

WINTERS Lynch, take everyone to the front and hold this position.

LYNCH

Sir?

WINTERS You heard me!

LYNCH Sir, that will leave the rear completely undefended. (beat) Sir, the undead are massing an attack at the rear!

WINTERS You heard me Lynch! That's a direct order! LYNCH Sir, I don't think that you understand. We <u>cannot</u> win this fight.

WINTERS

It doesn't matter whether we win or loose, we do not back down from those rotting corpses!

LYNCH

And you hope to achieve this by letting them in the back door?

WINTERS You don't understand Lynch, don't try to.

LYNCH I don't understand?

WINTERS You don't understand!

LYNCH How do I not understand!

The others in the trailer are standing back, nervously watching the fight building.

WINTERS

You're not a commanding officer. You never have been, and you never will be. You don't know how one must think to be a commander.

LYNCH How one must think?

WINTERS They have to be willing to make sacrifices.

LYNCH

This isn't a sacrifice, this is a suicidal crusade against those things!

WINTERS looks over at him.

WINTERS Do you even know why you're here, Lynch?

LYNCH

We were ordered to maintain this compound and hold the highway. Our secondary objective was to carry out various tests in an attempt to reveal details about the infected.

WINTERS There were no orders.

A few soldiers look over. LYNCH looks surprised.

LYNCH

What?

WINTERS There were no orders, Lynch. We are rogue.

LYNCH Rogue? What do you mean, sir?

WINTERS I mean that we established ourselves independently of the military. (beat) At the beginning of this outbreak, during the first month, the military launched a cleaning sweep operation in several major cities. I commanded a sweeper team in Washington. (beat) During our operation, my entire squad was wiped out by the undead. The entire thing was captured and broadcast live via a reporter following us. When I returned to the CQ, I was removed from my command.

The trailer shakes.

WINTERS (cont'd) That was when the chain of command began to break. (MORE) WINTERS (cont'd) The upper command was moved to Cheyenne, while the military forces in the field began to splinter. (shakes head) The loss of my rank hadn't reached the field yet, I was still able to move around as normal. I began assembling a new squad, soldiers who were the soul survivors, or who had been court-martialed. Those who were left with nothing, I gave them something.

LYNCH just shakes his head.

WINTERS (cont'd)

I became determined to find a way to stop those things. To make sure the deaths of my men and everyone else who died wouldn't be for nothing. (beat) There were no orders. There never

were, and there never will be.

LYNCH

That explains everything and nothing.

WINTERS

What more do you want explained? I gave everyone here a second chance. If I hadn't what would they have done? Scattered to the wind, lost in the sea of death that has become the world.

LYNCH You tortured people. You killed people.

WINTERS

For the cause.

LYNCH You cost the lives of dozens of American soldiers!

WINTERS And it has purpose! All of us will die, I let them die for a reason that would help the world. LYNCH Sir, you have completely lost your grip on reality.

WINTERS 'Sir' has no meaning any longer, Lynch. (beat) Sir, as of immediately I am relieving you of your command of this compound, and assuming your duties as highest ranking officer.

The room is silent, everyone waiting to see what happens. The battle continues outside.

WINTERS (cont'd) What did you just say?

LYNCH

You're no longer fit to command here. You're going to kill us all, you can't be allowed to order those men to their deaths. You have no right commanding this compound or those within its perimeter.

He motions to the others.

LYNCH (cont'd) Restrain him, take him to the bunk trailer with the others.

WINTERS Not one of you takes a single step! Not one!

No one moves an inch. The tension's so thick you wouldn't even be able to cut it with a knife.

LYNCH

That's an order! All of you! I have assumed command here, you will do as I instruct!

WINTERS That's yet another thing you don't understand about command, Lynch.

Another RPG hits.

WINTERS (cont'd) Loyalty is a key to your successful command.

LYNCH To hell with loyalty. Your method of earning loyalty is by sending your men to their deaths.

Everyone jumps at the sound of the sudden gunshot, extremely loud in the confined space.

LYNCH drops to his knees, blood gushing from a wound in his chest.

He looks up at WINTERS.

WINTERS Treason. A capital offense. Punishable by death.

LYNCH falls forward, hitting the floor.

WINTERS looks at everyone else in the trailer.

WINTERS (cont'd) We will hold this position. To the end. Do you understand me?

A round of 'sir' from everyone in the room.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Now. (beat) Everyone outside. Move all forces from the rear to the front barricade. I need a dozen volunteers.

Everyone grabs their weapon, sitting wherever it may be, and head out the door. Some have that look like they're with WINTERS to the end, you can see it on their face. Others look like they would have followed LYNCH. Split right down the middle.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Not you.

He stops LORDAN on his way to the door.

WINTERS (cont'd) Stay here and monitor the radio.

LORDAN

Yes sir.

He sits, WINTERS leaving.

Blood begins to pool beneath LYNCH, sprawled out on the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An undead kneels, lifting a launcher onto it's shoulder. Another steps forward, loading a rocket.

It fires, the force of the blast launching the undead backwards. It lands in a heap.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

The rocket hits a truck, tearing through it. The whole thing explodes, bits of it flying in every direction as it flips onto its side.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Stray rounds hit the trailer, making it through the wall.

JACK jumps back as the round bounces off the wall, narrowly missing.

FREIDRICH This is big.

FILLA

Yeah, you know pretty soon one of those rockets is going to hit us instead of them. Then we're going to be screwed.

FREIDRICH Personally I don't want to be around for that.

JACK turns away, walking towards the door.

JACK Help me get this thing open.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Another RPG hits, a truck flipping onto its side.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK and FREIDRICH try to pull the door open, clearly having no luck.

FILLA (O.S.)

Here.

FILLA tosses JACK a steel bar.

FILLA (cont'd) Pried it off one of the beds.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

LORDAN listens in to the undead radio chatter.

LYNCH (O.S.) (weak) Lordan.

LORDAN doesn't hear it.

LYNCH (O.S.) (cont'd) (louder) Lordan!

LORDAN turns, finding LYNCH trying to stand.

LORDAN

Jesus!

He stands, helping LYNCH to his feet.

LORDAN (cont'd) For Christ sake, Lynch, what the hell were you thinking back there?

LYNCH I have to go. LORDAN What? You're fucking dying, you can't go out there!

LYNCH I have to let them out.

LORDAN

Who?

LYNCH I was wrong. We were wrong. (shakes head) I have to let the go before Winters kills them too.

LORDAN You're hurt bad, you're not thinking straight.

LYNCH

I'm thinking straight enough. I'm done, Lordan. We're all done here. But it's not too late for them. You know that.

LORDAN pauses for a moment.

LORDAN What do you want me to do?

LYNCH Take me to them.

LORDAN nods, helping LYNCH towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WINTERS is followed by twelve soldiers. All around them others are moving to the barricade, others are simply lying dead on the ground. The medics have given up.

WINTERS stops, stretching his arms out.

WINTERS Right here. I want a new rear perimeter established here. (MORE) CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd) Move up whatever trucks you can, I don't care, I just want it here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the bunk trailer.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK and FREIDRICH aren't having any luck with the door.

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

LORDAN emegres, helping LYNCH walk. They step down from the trailer, trying to remain hidden.

ANGLE ON A SOLDIER-

Hiding behind the remains of a jeep as he takes aim, about to fire.

BOOM!

He spins and drops to the ground, taking cover as the round bounces off the jeep.

POV: SOLDIER

He spots LORDAN and LYNCH.

SOLDIER

Sir!

ANGLE ON WINTERS-

As he turns.

POV: WINTERS

The two stumble through the debris.

WINTERS' look could kill them.

WINTERS Kill them both!

SOLDIER (O.S.) Yes sir!

CONTINUED:

The nearest soldier nods and runs after them.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

They continue struggling with the door.

A cracking sound.

FREIDRICH It's giving!

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

LYNCH stumbles, LORDAN quickly regaining his balance.

SOLDIER steps into frame.

SOLDIER

Don't move!

LORDAN stops, turning himself and LYNCH to face the soldier.

LYNCH Just let us go.

SOLDIER Can't do that.

LYNCH We were wrong, we have to let them go.

SOLDIER I have orders.

LORDAN They're wrong.

SOLDIER fires, a round blowing through LORDAN's stomach. He lets go of LYNCH, who dives for cover as best he can.

SOLDIER fires again, hitting LORDAN in the chest.

He topples forward, sprawling out.

ANGLE ON LYNCH-

As he watches LORDAN die, twitching and convulsing as he coughs blood.

LYNCH crawls away, standing and running once he gains enough speed.

SOLDIER starts after him.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

The door frame is beginning to give. JACK and FREIDRICH continue to put everything they have into it.

There's a clicking sound from the other side. JACK and FREIDRICH step back, watching the door.

It swings open, LYNCH holding onto the door frame.

FREIDRICH

You.

LYNCH (weak) Get the hell out of here.

JACK

You're hurt.

LYNCH nearly looses his grip, JACK and FREIDRICH reach out to steady him.

FREIDRICH What the hell's going on?

LYNCH (shakes head) It's all going to hell. This compound is falling.

He starts to loosen his grip, sliding down the door frame a bit. They help him up.

LYNCH (cont'd) (weak) Winter's is going to hold this position even if it means killing everyone, including himself.

FREIDRICH And we should trust you?

LYNCH It's that or stick around and find out for yourselves. He coughs, blood splattering the front of his shirt.

LYNCH (cont'd) (weak) Shit. Son of a bitch really got me this time.

JACK Here, get inside.

LYNCH (shakes head) No, I'll be fine. Just, get the hell out of here.

FREIDRICH We can't just leave you.

LYNCH (weak laugh) There's nothing you can do for me, trust me.

FREIDRICH

Why?

LYNCH (weak) Why? Think of it as my balancing out the universe. I've got this thing about fire and pokings.

An explosion rocks the trailer.

LYNCH (cont'd) Winters lied. About everything. Everything we've been doing here was because of him. (shakes head) I'm done with it. Maybe this way I can at least go out on a positive note.

His chest suddenly explodes, blood spraying JACK and FREIDRICH as three rounds hit him.

LYNCH's jaw drops.

Blood gushes from the new bullet holes in his chest. The others just stare.

LYNCH (cont'd) (weak, chuckles) So... That's what it feels like. (quiet) Oh...

He falls backwards, JACK and FREIDRICH reaching to catch him. He hits the ground, already dead.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER continues firing, rounds punching into the armored side of the trailer.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH and JACK flank the door.

JACK We need his gun!

The gunfire ceases as SOLDIER reloads.

FREIDRICH

Got it!

He spins, jumping from the trailer. He quickly flips LYNCH's body over, pulling his pistol from its holster.

SOLDIER finishing reloading.

BOOM!

He hits the ground dead. The pistol clicks empty, FREIDRICH tosses it aside.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

The gunners on top are firing at random now, not bothering to pick their targets.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK jumps down from the trailer, running over to SOLDIER's body, grabbing his rifle.

JACK

Come on!

JESSIE and FILLA emerge, they all start running.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WINTERS stands watching as a trio of trucks roll into place, the drivers climbing out, running back to get more without pausing for a second.

WINTERS (nods) Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The group move through the battle, bodies scattered on the ground around them.

FREIDRICH grabs a rifle, pulling it out of the hands of a dead soldier.

FREIDRICH We need to get the hell out of here now!

JACK I'm working on it!

POV: JACK

A soldier sits inside a Hummer, trying to get it started.

The windshield explodes, rounds hitting the driver in the chest.

JACK (cont'd) There's our ride.

FREIDRICH leads, the others following close behind.

FILLA Who's driving?

JACK

I'll drive.

JACK runs around to the other side, pulling the dead driver out. He climbs in and starts it, slamming the door.

The others climb in, FREIDRICH resting the barrel of the rifle on the window frame.

JACK (cont'd)

Hold on!

He floors it.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Another truck rolls into place.

An RPG comes out of nowhere, hitting the rear. The truck lifts up, soldiers diving out as it comes back down.

WINTERS Undead sons of bitches.

SOLDIER (0.S.)

Look out!

WINTERS spins, jumping out of the way of a hummer.

POV: WINTERS

We get a good look at JACK and FREIDRICH.

WINTERS God damn it!

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

JESSIE That was him!

JACK

I know!

JESSIE It was Winters!

JACK Yeah, I know! FILLA What's the plan? JACK How the hell should I know? POV: JACK The place is war zone, debris and bodies everywhere. EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT WINTERS spins in place, looking for anyone nearby. WINTERS (points) All of you, get after them now! SOLDIER Sir? WINTERS Get in a God damn truck and get after them! I want them all dead! None of them survive! Understand me! Now go! EXT. REAR OF COMPOUND - NIGHT ANGLE ON THE REMAINS OF A TRUCK-As they explode, the hummer crashing through. A few stray undead unlucky enough to be in its path are obliterated, crushed and hurled to the side. INT. HUMMER - NIGHT JACK struggles to maintain control.

> FILLA (0.S.) Jesus Christ!

JACK <u>That</u> was the plan. WINTERS steps aside as a hummer drives past. He reaches out and hits the side.

WINTERS None of them survive!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Another RPG undead steps into place.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

SOLDIER (O.S.)

RPG!

WINTERS turns to face the wall.

POV: WINTERS

We hear the sound of the RPG being launched, hear the sound of it approaching. For maybe five seconds we're simply standing, listening to the sound.

The RPG hits dead center, exploding on impact. A section of the wall center explodes out, pieces of debris flying.

The wall shudders, shakes. It begins to break apart, collapsing completely. A cloud of dust rises around it, blocking our view, but we can still hear the cries of the wounded.

Several moments pass, WINTERS standing there staring, completely in shock.

Wounded on and around the wall begin to regroup, countless others trapped in the heap. Some are dead, others are pinned, reaching out and calling for help.

They receive none, those still capable of moving running as the undead swarm through the barricade, attacking anyone they can reach. Those trapped in the debris are sitting ducks, ripped apart in seconds.

> WINTERS (quiet) Fall... fall back...

The soldiers move back, emptying clip after clip into the undead swarming over the crumbled wall. It's no good, they keep coming.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Fall back.

The first soldiers go down, falling beneath the undead.

A soldier runs up to WINTERS.

SOLDIER Sir, they're killing us out here! They're fucking killing us!

WINTERS

Fall back.

SOLDIER

Sir?

WINTERS I said fall back! Everyone, fall back!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The military hummer speeds down the highway.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

Everyone with a weapon is loading it, checking it, getting ready for a fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

There are maybe a dozen soldiers left, WINTERS among them, literally backed into a corner. The undead are swarming towards them, mowed down in a constant stream.

WINTERS' gun runs dry. He ejects a clip, loading in another one.

A soldier's gun runs dry just as a pair of undead lunge for him. He barely has a chance to scream before they tackle him, dragging him away into the mass of undead.

An RPG flies overhead, leaving a trail of grey smoke.

SOLDIER (O.S.) Get back! Everybody get back!

WINTERS Hold your positions!

SOLDIER #2 (O.S.) Get the hell back!

WINTERS Hold your positions, God damn it! Fall back and cover! Hold this position!

Another soldier goes down, undead tearing him to pieces.

SOLDIER (O.S.) Come on! Get inside!

WINTERS turns to see several soldiers climbing into the command trailer, motioning for the others to follow. The gunners up top continue firing.

WINTERS What the hell do you think you're doing! Get back out here!

He's jerked off his feet suddenly, rifle sliding away.

He looks down to see an undead holding onto his leg, jerking on his foot.

WINTERS (cont'd) Get the hell off me!

CLOSE-UP as the undead bites in, teeth making it through the fabric, sinking into his leg.

WINTERS screams, reaching for his rifle, just out of reach.

The undead takes another bite, blood flowing freely.

WINTERS finally grabs his rifle, bringing it around.

The undead grabs the barrel of the rifle, holding it to the side.

It stares right at WINTERS.

CLOSE-UP as WINTERS pulls a knife from a hidden sheath on his ankle.

UNDEAD

Stupid human...

WINTERS' jaw drops, he just stares at the thing.

It jerks hard, easily yanking the rifle out of WINTERS' grip. It tosses it to the side.

UNDEAD (cont'd) Our time now...

WINTERS (terrified) Jesus Christ...

It lunges forward, biting for his throat.

He stabs the knife into the undead's temple, killing it instantly.

He fights to his feet, stumbling.

He looks down at his leg, blood staining his green military fatigues.

He laughs, removing something from his belt.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Come on.

The undead swarm, grabbing his arms and legs, pulling him to the ground.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Come on!

CLOSE-UP on his hand, clutching something.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Come on!

The undead claw and bite, drawing blood, tearing off chunks of flesh from his limbs.

WINTERS (cont'd) Come on you undead sons of bitches! COME ON! CLOSE-UP as he opens his fist, the grenade falling free.

```
WINTERS (cont'd)
CHOKE ON 'EM!
```

WINTERS lets out a war cry as the grenade explodes, flames engulfing him and the attacking undead. They're packed in so tight it practically rains rotting limbs.

TILT UP to the trailer, the last soldiers backing up, undead reaching for them.

An RPG hits on the other side of the trailer, they let their guard down for a split second.

The undead surge forward, taking down the two soldiers outside, moving inside. Those inside open up, undead flying back from the door, quickly forming a heap.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

We can't tell the difference between human and undead, the trailer is packed. Blood is everywhere, bodies hitting the floor as fast as empty shell casings.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An undead kneels, firing an RPG.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Just as a soldier looses his throat, blood spraying.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

One of the gunners shouts, pointing off camera.

They both stand and dive over the side, hitting the ground hard.

The RPG hits the rear, exploding inward. Undead are blown out the main door, flames following right behind them.

The gunners are swarmed, disappearing beneath the sea of undead.

CONTINUED:

After several moments we hear gunfire, no more than two or three rifles.

Snarls, then screams.

Slowly the gunfire subsides, until it fall silent completely.

All we hear after that is the sound of the undead.

There isn't a living thing left alive in the compound. The undead continue to stumble their way in.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer, speeding down the highway.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Everyone is starting to relax, thinking they're out of it.

FREIDRICH flicks the rifle's safety on, sitting it on the dashboard.

FILLA is digging around in the back.

FREIDRICH Find anything?

FILLA (O.S.) Some rifles and ammo.

FREIDRICH We need to find what road we're on, then I can figure out where we want to be.

FILLA laughs.

FILLA (O.S.) Son of a bitch.

JACK

What?

FILLA leans into the front, holding something.

It's one of WEST's Desert Eagles, in perfect condition.

JACK (cont'd) Where the hell did you find that?

FILLA

In the back.

FREIDRICH takes it, looking at it.

FREIDRICH

Nice.

He hands it to JACK, who sticks it in his belt.

JACK Belonged to a friend of ours.

There's a dull ping, a slight flash.

JACK (cont'd) What the hell was that?

Bullets ricochet off, it sounds like it's starting to rain.

JACK (cont'd)

Where?!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The second hummer has caught up to them, gunner standing, M-16 unloading at them.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

JACK Son of a bitch.

FILLA (0.S.)
Freidrich, rifle!

FREIDRICH grabs his rifle and hands it back to FILLA.

FILLA (cont'd) I'll keep 'em off you.

JACK (to FREIDRICH) How much further? FREIDRICH I don't know, I still don't have a fucking clue where we are.

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FILLA opens the hatch, standing up.

He ducks down, rounds bouncing off.

FILLA (standing) Son of a bitch.

He opens up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The two hummers engage in a duel, FILLA and the soldier sending twin streams of rounds at each other, shots glowing orange in the dark.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

JACK jerks the wheel hard to the left, nearly leaving the road.

FILLA (O.S.) Jesus Christ, don't do that again!

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

The gunner nearly looses his footing, stumbling a bit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

FILLA ducks down as the gunner opens up, JACK swerves to the right.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

DRIVER doesn't take his eyes off the hummer, staying in as tight as he can.

GUNNER (O.S.) Move up closer, Christ! SOLDIER Get up closer.

DRIVER I'm as close as I want to get.

SOLDIER Just get in closer!

DRIVER floors it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer speeds up, closing the gap between them and the lead.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH leans out the window, quickly ducking back in.

FREIDRICH Shit, they're getting closer.

JACK God damn it.

He puts his foot to the floor.

JACK (cont'd) Jessie, get Freidrich a gun!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lone undead, in an extremely advanced stage of decay, stumbles on the highway, most of its face rotten away completely.

WHAM!

The lead hummer hits it, it explodes before our eyes.

Half a second passes before the second hummer speeds past.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH slaps a clip into his rifle.

FREIDRICH Hold it steady.

JACK We're going ninety God damn miles, you want me to hold it steady?

FREIDRICH leans out the window.

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

A round hits FILLA's upper arm. He nearly drops the rifle, catching it at the last second.

FREIDRICH continues firing.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

Two rounds bounce off the hood.

The right section of the windshield takes the next hit, bullet passing clean through. The soldier doesn't have a chance to react before the round punches through his chest, killing him instantly.

The driver's side window takes a hit, nearly shattering.

EXT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

The hummer swerves, GUNNER trying to hold on. He misfires, several rounds going wide.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH jerks back into the hummer, letting go of his rifle in the process.

EXT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

POV: GUNNER

Something flies towards us.

GUNNER's scream is cut off as the rifle hits his forehead, snapping his head back.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

GUNNER's fist clenches, finger tightening on the trigger. Rounds rip through the hummer, hitting everything in sight.

DRIVER's chest explodes, rounds blowing through the back of his seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer swerves, starting to leave the road.

Its tires catch and dip down, it flips. It rolls, chunks breaking off, glass shattering.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

SOLDIER flies forward, head smashing against the already weakened windshield. He makes it part way through.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer rolls again, ripping SOLDIER in half at the waist.

It comes to rest in a crumpled heap at the side of the road, we can hear the ticking of overheated metal.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH Well, that didn't go like I had hoped.

ANGLE ON FREIDRICH-

Holding a wound on his chest, blood seeping through his fingers.

JACK

Oh shit.

He starts to slow down.

FREIDRICH (shakes head) Don't slow down. FILLA ducks down, dropping back into his seat.

JACK

What?

FREIDRICH Just keep going.

FILLA We need to stop, check your wound.

FREIDRICH You think I'm going to survive this? (chuckles) Not a chance in hell.

FILLA We can help, we can fix you up. You'll be fine.

FREIDRICH Jack, no. Simple, no. I'm done.

He coughs, blood dribbling down his chin.

FREIDRICH (cont'd) Everyone else is dead anyway. (shakes head) I might as well join them.

The others simply look at him.

FREIDRICH (cont'd) I'll be fine, really. I'll just get some rest, finally.

He leans back, against the door.

FREIDRICH (cont'd) I just realized, Jack never heard my story.

JACK What story?

FREIDRICH Where I'm from.

JACK I don't need to. You need to save your strength.

FREIDRICH Jack, I'm done. No point saving my strength when it's not going to matter in another couple of minutes anyway. (beat) I was an investment banker. At a major bank. JACK What? FREIDRICH Where I'm from. I was a banker. (weak chuckle) I sat in a cubicle all day, entering numbers into a computer. Same thing every day, I'd go to work at nine, sit at my desk in my tiny cubicle, and type at that computer until five o'clock. (coughs) I always kind of hoped something exciting would happen in my life. I didn't care what, I just wanted something, anything to happen.

He looks at the wound on his chest, then back out the window.

FREIDRICH (cont'd) I guess something exciting did happen. Didn't end the way I thought it would, though. I was thinking a vacation. Always wanted to see China. (beat) Then they got nuked and I got shot.

I guess that's not going to happen now.

JACK No, it will. We can get you to the cabin, we'll get you patched up, then when everything is back to normal you'll get there.

FREIDRICH Jack, cut the false bull shit. I'm dying, I realize that. And I accept it. I got some excitement, I got what I wanted. (chuckles) (MORE) FREIDRICH (cont'd) And I'll never have to enter any more numbers into that God damn computer.

(beat)

You know what I was doing when everything fell? I was on the bus heading to work. We heard this crash, I look up and there's an ambulance in the middle of the intersection, on its side, getting hit from both sides by cars. People were screaming, running for their lives right there and then. The driver tells us to hold on, slams on the brakes.

(shakes head)
No chance. We slamed into that
thing so hard the guy next to me
died when his head hit the seat in
front of him.
 (nods)
That's when this started for me.
And this is where it ends for me.

He zones out for a moment, snapping back to reality.

FREIDRICH (cont'd) You three, you make sure you get to that cabin. (nods) You make... you make sure. Then it was all worth it.

He narrows his eyes slightly, looking at the road ahead.

POV: FREIDRICH

The sun is beginning to rise.

FREIDRICH (cont'd) (chuckles) Look. We started a new day.

The emotion begins to leave his face, his hands falling away from his chest.

He goes limp.

The three remain silent.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The hummer speeds past.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A field, the highway nowhere to be seen. About half a mile to the west is the tree line, the forest heading off into the mountains several miles beyond.

The hummer sits off to the side, doors open.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

FREIDRICH's body is still in the back, covered by the blanket.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

JACK, FILLA, and JESSIE stand nearby, staring at the hummer. All three hold rifles. FILLA has a .45 in his belt, JACK the Eagle. They're all wearing backpacks that look full.

> JESSIE Who's going to do it?

> > FILLA

I will.

JACK

You sure?

FILLA

Yeah.

He slings the rifle over his shoulder, drawing the .45. He takes aim at the hummer.

JACK Watch it, could be big.

FILLA fires, the round hitting a gas can inside the hummer. It bursts into flames. INT. HUMMER - DAY

Flames begin to make their way into the hummer, reaching FREIDRICH's body. The blanket catches, burning and melting as the plastic fibers are exposed to the heat.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The three watch as it burns.

FILLA One more for the fires.

JACK

One more.

JESSIE Let it be the last one.

FILLA (shakes head) It won't be.

As one they turn, not looking back once as they start to walk away, towards the trees.

ANGLE ON THE HUMMER-

As it burns.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the remains of the compound, what fires there were have been extinguished.

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

The remains of the wall are piled in a heap, undead climbing over them, digging through the rubble.

A pair of undead lift up a piece of twisted steel, revealing a soldier's body beneath, a bite on its throat from the previous night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's eyes open, glazed over. With the help of the others it pulls itself out of the mound, then starts digging.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

A pair of undead gunners stand atop the remains of the command trailer, one of them manning the M60.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The compound, half a mile away.

A row of undead enter the frame, followed by another, then another. It ends, then another three, ten undead wide. Squads of them, walking in formation, towards the compound.

The last image we see of the undead, of the new world order that has been formed. On that shot;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The forest is alive. Birds, bugs, everything. The snow is beginning to melt, grass showing through in places. It you didn't no better you wouldn't think anything was going on in the world.

FILLA enters the frame, moving slow, rifle up. He moves cautiously but not overly so.

JACK and JESSIE follow, rifles held likewise.

JESSIE How much further?

FILLA Not much, we're almost there. Another mile, maybe a mile and a half, not much more.

JACK (smiles) Until we're there it's doesn't matter how close we are, it's not close enough.

FILLA It's just across the river. JESSIE River? FILLA Don't worry about it, it'll still be frozen enough. JACK I don't care what's in the way, I'm getting there. FILLA (smiles) Amen. JESSIE What will you tell them? FILLA What? Tell who? JESSIE David and Kelly. What will you tell them about West? FILLA It's terrible, I've practically forgotten about him now. Forgotten about a lot of people, actually. (beat) I guess I'll just tell them that he didn't make it. Not really much to tell them, is there? (beat) Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if they can't remember who West is, it's been so long. We watch the ground, patches of green poking up through the

JACK notices something in the snow.

POV: JACK

POV: JACK

snow.

Something shiny pokes up through the melting snow.

JACK (motioning to object) What's that? FILLA What? JACK walks over to it, kneeling. He brushes some of the snow away, revealing it to be a pistol. The owner's frozen hand still grips it. None of them even react. JACK (sighs) Hell. FILLA Body? JACK (nods) Body. FILLA I thought we were past all this. JESSIE Why's it out here? JACK The cold, maybe. Starved. There's a million things. JESSIE Those things, maybe? JACK looks up, they all exchange glances, no one wanting to say it. DISSOLVE TO: EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river has begun melting. It flows freely, visible through thawed holes in the ice.

FILLA steps onto the ice, checking it. He motions for the others to follow.

JACK stops for a moment, kneeling down. He reaches through a hole in the ice and splashes some water on his face, shaking it off.

He stands and starts up again, rejoining the others.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They move through the trees.

FILLA It's not far, just up ahead. Hang back, I'll check it out.

JACK Yeah, okay.

He runs ahead, JACK and JESSIE keeping their previous pace.

JESSIE

So.

JACK

So.

JESSIE We made it.

JACK (smiles) We made it.

JESSIE And all the others...

JACK (sighs) Yeah, all the others.

JESSIE What abut them?

JACK Well, I guess they're in a much better place now. They earned it. All of them.

JESSIE I'll never forget any of them. JACK

Yeah.

JESSIE So what'll happen now?

JACK

Now?

(shrugs) Hopefully this'll be the end of it all. We can stay here, finally relax for a while. Forget about everything that's going on out there.

JESSIE I wonder if it'll ever end.

JACK

It has to. I mean, those things out there, they're rotting away even now. Eventually... (beat) Eventually, I guess they'll just rot away and collapse. Once that happens, I guess that's the end of it.

JESSIE

It was weird, though. They almost seemed to be evolving, becoming more like us.

JACK

Everything has to evolve, I suppose. Doesn't matter what it is, it'll change and adapt to the situation and the environment. They just didn't evolve the right way.

JESSIE

And what about us?

JACK

I doubt there's many of us left, after this. (beat) I guess all we can do is try and rebuild what we can. There's a lot to do. CONTINUED:

He pulls his backpack off, unzipping it. He pulls out a foil wrapped MRE, closing the pack and putting it back over his shoulder. He tears the foil and starts eating the processed food.

JACK (cont'd) I'll never get used to this stuff.

JESSIE You won't have to, we'll be eating real food soon.

FILLA (0.S.) Jesus Christ... Jack! Jessie!

They look off in the direction FILLA ran.

JESSIE

Filla?

JACK What's wrong?

FILLA (0.S.) Just get the hell up here!

They start running.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

FILLA stands just out of the trees, staring at something off camera. He looks broken, just staring, shaking his head slightly. He's barely managing to hold onto his rifle.

JACK and JESSIE emerge from the trees, stopping in their tracks.

JESSIE Oh my God...

JACK Jesus Christ.

Bodies are scattered on the ground. They've been there for a long time, beginning to rot. Guns, bullets, they're all spread out.

The cabin has burned down, leaving nothing but a pile of blackened debris in its place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It looks like it's snowed since it burned down, small patches of white visible in the shadows, hidden from the heat. It's been a while.

JESSIE

No...

FILLA runs for the cabin, JACK a split second behind.

JACK What the hell happened here?

FILLA steps up onto the remains of the porch, bending down to pick something up. A baseball cap, almost in perfect condition.

FILLA (shakes head) They're gone.

JACK

What?

FILLA They're gone, Jack. They're all gone.

He turns to JACK.

FILLA (cont'd) We were too late.

JACK reaches up and rubs his forehead, looking at the debris. He just sighs and nods.

FILLA tosses the hat into the pile of debris.

JACK lifts a piece of wood, kicking a charred rifle lying beneath.

JACK There are way too many bodies here.

FILLA They weren't alone.

JACK

Huh?

FILLA David and Kelly. There must have been others with them. JACK (nods) Must've been. No way they could've killed all those ones out there alone.

FILLA (chuckles) People who didn't even know about this place beat us to it.

They turn, walking off the remains of the porch.

POV: JACK

We follow the ground, bodies, human or otherwise, passing through the frame.

FILLA (cont'd)

Jesus.

FILLA spots something off camera.

JACK What the hell is that?

POV: JACK AND FILLA

We move towards the sword, sticking out of the ground where it fell. What snow remains around it is stained red, as is the grass beneath.

JACK (cont'd) Is that...?

FILLA

Yeah.

JACK And it's here why?

POV: FILLA

He looks at the crimson stains.

FILLA Whoever it belonged to, I'd say they went down fighting.

ANGLE ON THE BLADE-

Crusted with dried blood.

JACK

Jesus.

JESSIE (O.S.) Over here!

They spin, instinctively bringing their rifles up.

JESSIE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Over here!

CUT TO:

JESSIE stands near the tree line. JACK and FILLA run over.

FILLA What's that?

ANGLE ON A TREE-

A small satchel is tied to a tree, a piece of bright red fabric dangling off.

FILLA steps forward and pulls the satchel off, opening it up. He pulls out a small piece of paper, unfolding it.

He reads it and laughs.

JACK What? What is it?

FILLA hands the paper to JACK and wanders off.

JACK (cont'd) (reading) 'Dalavin Island. See you there.'

He hands the paper to JESSIE.

JESSIE Is that where they went?

FILLA (O.S.) Here's another one.

FILLA stands in the trees, next to one with a piece of red fabric tied around the stump.

JACK That the same stuff?

FILLA They left us a trail. He walks back to them. FILLA (cont'd) Whoever's left, they're on that island. JACK So... the coast. FILLA It's a long way. JACK Couple of days, at least. JESSIE There's nothing left for us here. JACK cracks his neck, stretching. JACK Well? FILLA Well? JACK It'll be dark soon. We'd better get going. FILLA smiles and nods. FILLA Check around, find whatever ammo and supplies you can. JESSIE The bodies? FILLA (shrugs) Leave them. There's not much left of any of them anyway. JACK

I'll head back to the river, get some water.

FILLA Get back here as soon as you're done.

JACK Yeah, I won't be long.

JACK heads off into the trees, FILLA and JESSIE start checking the bodies spread out in the clearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

JACK dunks a canteen into the river, holding it there for a few moments. He pulls it out, screwing the lid on.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

FILLA rolls a body over, revealing its face to be long rotten. He quickly checks the pockets before rolling it back over.

TILT UP to JESSIE, digging through some of the debris scattered around the cabin. She finds a full clip, putting it into her pack.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

JACK stands, twisting the lid onto the last canteen.

He stops, pulling his backpack off. He opens it up, pulling something out.

It's the Desert Eagle WEST threw to him. He looks at it, turning it around in his hands.

He drops it through the hole, watching it sink.

ANGLE ON THE DESERT EAGLE-

As it hits the river bed, falling on its side. It shimmers in the light.

He pauses for a moment, then turns and heads towards the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY JACK emerges from the trees. He pulls a canteen off his belt, tossing it to FILLA. JACK Find anything? FILLA Some clips, a couple of dry guns, that's about it. JACK walks over, handing JESSIE her canteen. JACK So I guess that's it then. FILLA Yeah. Except... JACK Except? FILLA The sword. JACK looks over at the sword. JACK Leave it. FILLA Leave it? JACK (nods) Leave it. FILLA nods, adjusting his backpack. They look over at the remains of the cabin one last time. JESSIE We tried so hard to get here, and after everything we went through to finally make it, we leave as soon as we arrive. JACK

(sighs) Seems how it always is with us. FILLA I guess we'd better get going. (beat) Knowing them, they'll be waiting for us.

JACK We sure we've got everything?

JESSIE Everything we could find.

FILLA There's nothing left for us here. No reason for us to stick around any longer than we have to.

JACK (beat) Okay. (nods) The coast.

JESSIE

The coast.

JACK leans over and kisses JESSIE on the forehead, FILLA gives them a 'for crying out loud' look.

They start walking into the trees, the camera begins to PULL BACK into a wide CRANE SHOT.

It continues to rise as the three disappear completely, rising up to a panoramic shot of the forest, the mountains, stretched out before us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river is fast moving, sand almost completely covering the Desert Eagle, only a small portion of the barrel still visible.

JACK (V.O.) Death became a way of life.

CONTINUED:

The current's speed increases for a moment, just enough to stir up the sand. It settles over the pistol, burying it completely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin, a burned down pile of debris,

JACK (V.O.) Those who chose to fight ignored that drive, that drive to maintain what made them human. To help their fellow man rather than put a bullet in his skull. They killed, and they lived.

ANGLE ON THE SWORD-

Sticking out of the ground, blade stained red. It reflects the sun, shining in the light.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd) Using the most primal instincts they lived, and continued to live. They became what may well have been the only hope for the survival of the fading human race.

DISSOLVE TO:

The panoramic shot of the forest, of the mountains, of it all laid out in front of us, the trio long lost within.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd) We chose to fight.

On that shot, slowly;

FADE OUT.

Two words slowly fade up on the black screen:

THE END

FADE TO BLACK.

Journey - Chapter Three

Credits roll.

CONTINUED:

© 2005 - R.E. Freak