

Journey - Chapter Two

by

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'Life can only end in death.'

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on a note pad, the page full of rough handwriting.

A hand enters the frame and starts writing.

JACK (V.O.)

Where did this begin. That's the question we all ask at one point or another.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on some of the words. 'Endless,' 'nightmare,' 'pain.' The words continue, each one darker than the last.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)

Really, there was no set date when it began. It never really began, so much as it formed.

(beat)

Formed through our shortsightedness.

(beat)

Formed through our lack of understanding of the problem we had created.

(beat)

In the end, the best you can do is pick a spot. A random spot, or maybe one with a certain personal significance. One that relates to you.

(beat)

In this case, this is mine. Well, not so much mine, as ours. Those of us who survived.

We see one final word: 'DEATH.'

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)

The few of us that made it to see the next day.

On that we slowly;

FADE OUT.

ON BLACK

CREDITS PLAY OVER FOLLOWING SEQUENCE.

Cold's END OF THE WORLD plays during the opening credit sequence.

JACK (V.O.)
It wasn't always like this.

FADE IN:

INT. CAR IN THE STREET - DAY

Start on an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of something, so big it fills the entire screen with black.

Slowly begin to PULL BACK, bit by bit revealing more of this thing, revealing more and more tiny details. Eventually we reach an edge, then more is revealed, something slightly off-white.

It takes several seconds, then we realize that we're looking at a human skull, flesh and muscle and eyes completely rotten away, leaving nothing but a dirty, off-white hunk of bone.

The jaw hangs down, several teeth missing. It sits against the headrest, some dried brown/red blood staining the seat cover.

JACK (V.O.)
Wasn't always this dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET IN A CITY - DAY

A street in a big city. The streets are empty, devoid of people. The wind blows, dust, small bits of debris, pieces of paper, all blowing down the street.

There are cars scattered around, just left sitting wherever the drivers abandoned them. Doors hang open, windows are shattered.

Blood is everywhere, dried up, nothing more than a brownish red stain, barely visible at this point. Whatever happened here happened a long time ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.)
Wasn't always this empty.

PAN RIGHT and TILT UP slowly to a four storey office building across the street. There's several broken windows, others just cracked.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

There's office stuff scattered around. Desks overturned, computer monitors lying broken on the floor. Files and folders are everywhere, left wherever someone dropped them, or threw them.

There's a computer monitor lying in the hall, the cords wrapped around it. Probably looters.

There are several bullet holes in a cubical wall, passing right through.

PAN RIGHT to the body of a security guard, rotten away, leaning against the opposite wall, a pistol lying a few inches away.

DOLLY towards one of the broken windows. We PUSH THROUGH, TILTING DOWN. There's the remains of a skeleton lying on the street far below.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the skeleton's skull. Slowly PULL BACK, bit by bit revealing more of it, stretched out on the asphalt.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

A large shopping center. The parking lot is packed, a dozen or so collisions and major fender benders blocked the traffic when it happened. Most of the cars didn't even make it out of their parking spaces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are bodies. Most of them have rotten away to nothing more than skeletons. Masses of scattered bones, nothing really identifiable.

JACK (V.O.)

It had not always been a common sight to see the bodies of the dead left out in the streets to rot.

(beat)

Left where they fell, left for the sun. The flesh, the muscle, the very soul slowly erased from gleaming white bone, in a kind of cruel irony.

As we move through the parking lot we begin to see things we recognize. A set of bones resting on the hood of a car, on top of a brownish red stain.

Looking in through the side window of a car, we can see a small skeleton strapped into a car seat.

PAN RIGHT to the front. One of the doors is open, two skeletons inside. Presumably the parents, there's blood everywhere. Something got in and killed them. The baby starved. Not a pretty picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOOK STORE - DAY

An establishing shot of a big book store. The entire front wall was once made up of a row of windows, split up by large two foot wide pillars.

Now the windows are all shattered, the ground covered in glass. There are huge chunks missing from the pillars, from what look like collisions. There's a car nearby, the entire hood crushed in.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

There's books everywhere, scattered around. We see more of the rotten skeletons, lying off to the sides. One of them lies on top of an overturned bookshelf.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.)

The very remnants of our so called
'advanced' societies were not
decomposing at a rate matched only
by the bodies in the streets.

(beat)

It was not always that our cities,
our metropolis', the very
centerpieces of our race, were
fading further into nonexistence
with each passing day.

As we move towards we slowly begin to DROP DOWN. Bit by bit
we see that there is another mass of bones beneath, crushed
by the shelf.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

A small sporting goods store. The windows are blocked by sets
of wrought iron bars. The glass has been broken, some of the
bars bent and scratched. People tried to break them, cut
through them.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

There are guns and bullets everywhere, scattered around.

JACK (V.O.)

We turned on ourself as a race, and
turned on each other as individual
human beings.

There's a large blood stain on the wall behind the counter.
PUSH IN and TILT DOWN just enough to reveal the clerk, lying
on the floor, a bullet in his head.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)

It was truly startling, how fast we
forgot our humanity, favoring
instead a chance to survive.

PANNING RIGHT reveals the source of the bullet: the clerk's
own pistol, still clutched in his dead hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

A fast food restaurant, along the lines of MacDonalds or Burger King, that sort of thing. Once again we see the windows shattered, loose objects scattered around.

The sign has been knocked over, hitting the roof, breaking through slightly. A car has hit the bottom, snapping the sign like a twig. In the process the driver went through the windshield and ended up wrapped around the pole, then on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

DOLLY from the front door through the restaurant. It's a mess, rotting hamburgers lying on the ground, spilt sodas dried up, leaving stains on the tile.

JACK (V.O.)

The lives of every person on Earth ended during those days.

(beat)

In a way, those people died. They were replaced by their counterparts, those lacking morals. Those willing to do anything to survive in the new world.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The same thing, more of a mess. Stuff is everywhere. The deep fryers are full of oil, long cold. There's a skull floating in one, badly burned. The rest of the body lies on the floor, broken up, bones scattered everywhere.

CLOSE-UP on the name tag, the name worn off, completely illegible.

Something moves off camera.

PAN RIGHT to the far counter. Something moves on the counter, knocking a cardboard hamburger container off. It hits the floor, bounces, comes to rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE-UP as a rat walks along the counter, sniffing at the air. It's nose twitches, whiskers twitching. It takes a few steps, arching up, standing on its hind legs.

A dull thud, somewhere off camera. The rat disappears, running off.

Something passes in front of the camera.

EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY

The front door slowly opens, a figure stepping out. All we can see is his lower torso. His jeans are worn and torn, dotted with faded blood stains.

As he stumbles forward, the camera TILTS UP for the reveal. His face is rotten away, lips gone completely, teeth frozen in a grim death smile.

BOOM!

His head explodes, coagulated blood splattering the closed door behind him. His headless corpse hits the floor.

ANGLE ON A HOLE IN THE WALL-

As the rat pokes its head through, sniffing the air.

It runs towards the corpse and starts eating what's left of the brain.

FADE OUT.

JACK (V.O.)

It wasn't always like this.

(beat)

It wasn't always this cold.

(beat)

It wasn't always this dead.

FADE IN ON TITLE CARD:

Journey

A MOMENT BEFORE:

Chapter Two

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

We're deep in the mountains, trees surrounding us on all sides. Snow falls, several inches already covering the ground. It's the sort of thing you'd see in a post card, but we know better.

DISSOLVE TO:

A cabin sits in a small clearing. It's nothing big or fancy, just a single story, about fifty feet wide and long. A small porch is on the front.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The porch, snow not reaching it beneath the roof. A damaged swinging bench lies on the ground, beneath where it once hung.

The front door opens slowly, PAN RIGHT to it.

A man steps out, he's in his twenties or so, average height and build. Black hair, brown eyes. He's DAVID.

He steps out, walking over to the rails. A girl steps out behind him, same age, a couple of inches shorter. Brown hair, green eyes. This is KELLY.

She walks over and stands next to DAVID, leaning on the railing.

DAVID takes a deep breath, exhaling slowly, breath forming mist.

DAVID
It's so quiet.
(beat)
So God damn quiet.

He starts to smile, then laughs. He shakes his head, looking out at the forest.

KELLY
What?

DAVID
You know.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (cont'd)
 If you didn't know better you'd
 almost be able to call this place
 peaceful.
 (beat)
 If you didn't know about all the
 shit that's happened in the rest of
 the world.
 (more serious)
 If you didn't know about all the
 shit that's still going on. Out
 there.

KELLY
 West and Filla.

DAVID
 (nods)
 West and Filla.
 (beat)
 I know there's almost no chance
 they made it this long. But.

KELLY
 But you know them better.

DAVID
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 There's no way either of them would
 go down without putting up one hell
 of a fight first.

He takes another breath, exhaling slowly.

DAVID (cont'd)
 Not just them, either. Everyone.
 (sighs)
 Everyone we used to know, everyone
 we saw on the streets, or in a
 mall, or getting a Coke at the gas
 station. They're probably all dead
 now.
 (shakes head)
 I don't know, I just.
 (beat)
 I'm just getting tired, you know?
 Not just tired of everything that's
 happened, everything that's
 happening. I'm just.
 (beat)
 I'm just tired of it all. Tired of
 waking up every morning to the same
 thing. We've got trees and snow.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (cont'd)
That's it. I can look out the window, I see trees and snow.

KELLY
You'd rather see what's going on out there?

DAVID
That's what I'm tired of. I don't know what's going on out there. I mean, since the radio stopped broadcasting we've been living in complete isolation.
(beat)
How do we know this thing is even still going? We're, what, five hours from the nearest town? No one comes out this far, how could we possibly know?

(beat)
Instead, all we get is trees and snow. It never changes, and it never lets us know what's going on out there.

KELLY
(nods)
I know what you mean.

DAVID
I know. And you're probably not the only one who knows what I mean.
(shakes head)
It's knowing that that makes it all worse.

A few moments pass, the two of them standing on the porch, silent but for the slight wind.

DAVID (cont'd)
This whole thing is nothing more than the world trying to mess with out minds.
(beat)
It makes us think, it makes us wonder.
(beat)
You can never stop thinking about it.

KELLY
You just have to shut yourself down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
That's the thing. If you shut
yourself down, that's when those
things'll take you down.
(shakes head)
You can't win.

A moment.

MAN (O.S.)
Hello!

DAVID hears it, but he's not sure. He tilts his head a bit,
standing straight up.

DAVID
(quiet, unsure)
What the hell?

KELLY
What? What's wrong?

DAVID
Did you hear that?

KELLY
Hear what?

DAVID
Sounded like. . .

A moment.

DAVID (cont'd)
(shakes head)
I don't know.
(beat)
It must not've been anything.

KELLY
The wind?

DAVID
Yeah.
(beat)
Yeah, I guess.

He turns, stepping away from the railing.

DAVID (cont'd)
Come on, it's getting cold out
here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY walks away from the railing, DAVID following a step behind.

He stops, turning around.

POV: DAVID

PAN RIGHT, looking out at the tree line.

DAVID stands there for a moment, wondering.

He turns and starts walking.

MAN (O.S.)
Hello!

DAVID spins, running over to the railing.

DAVID
Or maybe not.
(to KELLY)
Kelly!

PAN RIGHT as KELLY runs out.

KELLY
What's wrong?

DAVID
There's someone out there.

KELLY
Where?

DAVID
(shakes head)
I don't know, but they're out
there.

They look out into the valley, DAVID leaning over the railing to see better.

POV: DAVID

We see movement in the trees.

DAVID points.

DAVID (cont'd)
There.

POV: DAVID

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man emerges from the trees, walking towards the cabin. He's wearing heavy clothes, and he's armed.

MAN waves.

MAN

Hello!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

MAN drops his pack, removing his coat and shaking it off at the door, snow falling to the floor. He tosses it onto his pack.

MAN

You guys have no idea how glad I am that I managed to find you! I've been wandering out there for about five days now, give or take. Lost all of my supplies.

(somber)

And a couple of my friends in the process.

(beat)

If I'd been out there for another day or so I'd be joining them.

(shakes head)

Not something I'm eager to do, may they rest in peace.

DAVID

Here, come on, sit down.

MAN

Thanks. Again, I mean it, thanks.

DAVID

Hey, it's no problem.

KELLY

You must be hungry.

MAN

Oh yeah, you have no bloody idea.

KELLY

(nods, smiles)

I'll go get you something to eat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She leaves as MAN nods and sits on the couch, leaning back, letting out a long, deep sigh.

MAN

Thanks a million for letting me warm up.

DAVID

(shakes head)

Trust me, it's not going to be a problem. You can stay here as long as you please. We have more than enough supplies. Food, ammo, everything. Everything you could possibly need.

MAN holds up a hand, shaking his head.

MAN

Thanks for the offer. It's the best one I've gotten since this thing started.

(beat)

But, unfortunately, I'm just passing through.

DAVID

What do you mean?

MAN

Hey, it's a nice place you got here, don't get me wrong. I mean, if the conditions were different I'd absolutely stay here, without question.

(beat)

But as it is I've got some people I'm heading out to see.

(beat)

Assuming they're still there, of course.

(sighs)

That seems to be the million dollar question these days.

DAVID

Whereabouts?

MAN

Out on the coast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
On the coast?

MAN
Yeah.

DAVID
Christ, you've got one hell of a trip ahead of you.

MAN
(nods)
Oh yeah. Couple more days, at least. With this weather.

DAVID
Why not stay? I mean, why keep going if you aren't sure these people are going to be waiting for you?

MAN
Okay, let me turn that around at you if I may: why do you two stay here?

DAVID
Because it's safe.

MAN
Exactly. To you, it's safe.
(beat)
To me, nowhere is safe but with these people. The same way that you probably don't think that anywhere is safe except for this place. This is your little slice of heaven amidst all of this shit.

(shrugs)
The coast, with those people, be they there when I arrive or not, is mine. And until I get there my journey isn't going to come to an end.

DAVID
Yeah, okay. But still, why bother to keep going? When they could all be.

(beat)
Well, they could all be gone.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (cont'd)
There'd be nothing left for you to
go to. Except more of the same.

MAN
Emptiness and death.

DAVID
Exactly.

MAN
Yeah, yeah I know. In fact, I'm
actually pretty sure that they're
all dead.
(deep breath)
Or most of them anyway. If that's
the case, I wouldn't want to think
about the others.

DAVID
(confused)
Then why keep going?

MAN
(shrugs)
What can I say. It's as simple as
it gives me something to do with
what's left of my life. It all
comes down to that. Boredom,
really, if you stop to think about
it.
(beat)
I mean, what else is there to do in
this place anymore except fight
those things out there and die?
(shakes head)
I really don't like either, so I've
got this. It's such a simple idea,
it probably even seems more than a
little stupid to someone like you.
(shakes head)
But now, that simple, stupid idea
is the most important thing in my
life. It's my new driving force.
It's more important than anything
I've ever done, or anything I will
ever do.
(beat)
Getting to the coast, and getting
to those people on that coast, and
finding out if they're still alive
or if they're dead, is to me the
most important thing in the world
now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY enters, carrying a tray with a bowl of soup.

KELLY
Chicken noodle.

MAN takes the bowl, nodding.

MAN
Thanks.

DAVID
So, what's so important about these people? What made you decide to head out that way in the first place?

MAN
(smiles)
Boats.
(beat)
Lots and lots of boats.

DAVID
Boats?

MAN
Yeah, boats.

He takes a few spoonfuls of soup, holding the bowl to warm up his hands.

MAN (cont'd)
See, these friends of mine, the ones I'm heading out to join up with, they've got this fifty foot sail boat.

He takes another spoonful of soup.

MAN (cont'd)
There's no motor, so no need for gas or fuel or anything like that. Everything else, the stove, radio, everything is electric. We've got solar panels to cover that, more than enough.
(nods)
If they're still there, that boat could keep us going for as long as we wanted it to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Sounds nice.

MAN

Yeah, yeah it is. It's not where we're going to end up, though. Hopefully. We've got a little island a couple of days out, completely deserted except for us.

(beat)

We've got a . . . I don't know, a summer home I guess you'd call it. Sort of like this place, only bigger and on the water. I mean, right down on the water.

(laughs)

Prime real estate. Two stories, waterfront, boat dock. Before this thing it'd have cost us one hell of a lot of cash. Now.

(shrugs)

Anyone with a boat can just float right up and lay claim to it.

(nods)

That's where we're heading.

(beat)

Hopefully.

DAVID

(nods)

Sounds like a good plan.

MAN

Yeah.

(sighs)

I guess we all just need something to keep us going.

DAVID

So what happens if you get there and they aren't waiting for you? What then?

MAN

Well.

(beat)

I guess then I'll be wandering for a while longer.

DAVID

You won't go to the island?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

(shrugs)

Why? If they're dead, there's nothing there for me.

(beat)

If. . . If they're all dead, that's it. That's the whole reason I'm heading out there, is to try and survive with them. If they're dead, I've got no reason for staying around.

(smiles)

I've always wanted to hike across America.

(shrugs)

Maybe now's my chance. No more excuses, nothing to hold me back. Tie me down.

DAVID

It's funny that way.

MAN

Yeah, there's a lot more freedom, considering.

(beat)

Whether that's a good thing or a bad is what you've got to wonder about.

He takes another spoonful of soup.

MAN (cont'd)

So what about you? Why'd you pick this place? Over any of the other millions of places you could have picked?

DAVID

(shrugs)

I've owned this thing for about five years now.

(beat)

It seemed like a good place. We're isolated, forest on all sides. The nearest population center is about eight, maybe nine hours away, if you drive.

(beat)

God only knows how long at the speed those things shuffle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY walks over, handing the man a cup of something.

MAN

(nods)

Thanks much.

(beat)

You've been great, I never thought I'd make it to the other side of the pass before I just dropped dead somewhere.

DAVID

Hey, no problem. You're the only person who's come out this way so far, it's not like sparing some soup and coffee is going to kill us.

MAN

Yeah. I've gotta' warn you though, you might want to break out some more supplies.

DAVID

Why?

MAN

Trust me. Let's just say that I'm not the only one who thought the mountains or the coast would be a good place to go.

DAVID

What, there's more people coming?

MAN

Maybe.

DAVID

Maybe?

MAN

(shrugs)

I mean, yeah, probably. I haven't seen anyone, but it's the same with those things.

He sets the cup down on the table and leans back.

MAN (cont'd)

Just 'cause you can't see it doesn't mean it's not out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Did you see anyone though? Anyone,
at any point?

MAN

I guess.

(beat)

Yeah, I think a couple of days back
I saw about three people. They were
traveling down on a lower path than
me.

DAVID

Lower path? What, following the
river do you think?

MAN

Yeah, yeah exactly, they were
following the river. Whatever they
were doing, it looked like they
were in it for the long haul.

(sips coffee)

They made the amount of stuff I had
at the beginning look like I was
heading out for a picnic. I mean
these guys were serious. They were
probably carrying a couple of
hundred pounds of supplies and
equipment.

DAVID

Shit.

(to KELLY)

Kel?

KELLY (O.S.)

Yeah?

She walks into the room.

DAVID

Get in the back and open up a few
cases of coffee and soup.

(beat)

Just in case.

KELLY

(nods)

Okay.

She turns and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

The rate they were going, they're probably a day behind me.

(beat)

Traveling alone. . . It kind of speeds you up. Not having to worry about anyone else, not having to ration out the supplies. It's just you on a solo flight to your question mark destination.

DAVID

Everything's a question mark these days.

MAN

Yeah.

(nods)

Yeah, it seems like it, doesn't it?

(shakes head)

Can't ever seem to get a fucking break.

He catches himself.

MAN (cont'd)

Sorry.

DAVID

(shakes head)

Forget it. I doubt someone saying 'fuck' is really something to get offended over anymore.

MAN

(nods)

Now you're talking.

DAVID

It's one of those things you can't help but think about. Back before all this, we were so worried about simple things like that. If you said 'fuck' in a movie, boom, R rating. If you had violence, nothing.

(chuckles)

Yet in the real world, before this even, the world was self destructing faster than anyone could have possibly imagined. Wars, natural disasters.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (cont'd)
SARS and West Nile, AIDS.

(beat)

So many far more important things to worry about, things that affected and altered the course of the planet and the human race.

(shakes head)

And here we are, putting warnings on CDs. Rating movies just to keep young, 'impressionable' minds from being warped. Yet turn on the TV, flip to the news. You could see things a million times worse, for real, live in color.

MAN

We've never really gotten our priorities in the right order.

DAVID

Makes you wonder. If we survive this, if we rebuild what's left, will we change those? Change our priorities?

(beat)

Or will we just revert back to what we considered advanced society? Will we stop caring about the environment, about global warming, disease. Or will we maybe actually learn something from this.

(beat)

If any of us survive long enough.

Several moments pass, MAN finishing off his soup.

He finishes it, setting the empty bowl down on the table.

MAN

Look, it was great stopping, and I can't thank you guys enough.

(beat)

I'd love to stay, you guys seem like great people.

DAVID

(finishing him)

But it's time for you to go.

MAN

(nods)

Yeah. It's about time I got back on my trail.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (cont'd)

It'll be night in a couple of hours, I'd like to get out before then so I have a basic idea of where I'm headed.

DAVID

You're sure you can't stay?
Overnight even, get some sleep?
Just wait until sunrise?

MAN

It's tempting, Lord is it ever tempting to just stay in here and never face the God damn outside world again.

(beat)

But, like I say, I've got people waiting for me. Hopefully.

(beat)

And if they're still alive, they'll wait for me as long as they can.

(nods)

They know I'll do everything I can to get to them. That's why I can't stay. I can't stay knowing that if they die waiting for me, it was my fault.

(beat)

Loyalty can be one hell of a bitch, can't it.

DAVID

At least take some supplies. We've got more than enough to spare, you could easily take a full load and not put a dent in our stocks.

MAN

That'd be great.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(extremely faint)

Hello!

MAN and DAVID look at the exact same time.

DAVID

What the hell?

MAN

Would you look at that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
Is that what I think it is?

MAN
I think it is.

DAVID stands and runs for the door, MAN a couple of steps behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

DAVID stops, leaning against the rail, looking out at the trees in utter shock.

POV: DAVID

Dozens of people, all like MAN (heavy cold gear, backpacks, some with tents and/or sleeping bags, rifles and pistols, some with climbing equipment), all human, are walking towards the cabin.

MAN
(amazed)
This is without a doubt the most amazing thing I have ever seen.

DAVID
Yeah.
(beat)
Yeah.

KELLY (O.S.)
David?

DAVID
(in awe)
Outside, Kel.

KELLY (O.S.)
David? Dav-

KELLY walks through the door, out onto the porch. She slows, staring out at the trees.

KELLY (cont'd)
-id. . . Oh my God.

From somewhere in the trees a flare shoots up into the sky, glowing bright red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

Christ. It looks like you're right
in the middle of the God damn
exodus.

DAVID

(shocked)
Yeah, yeah.

They stand and watch as at least two dozen people emerge from
the trees, all spread out.

DAVID (cont'd)

(to KELLY)
You'd better go and get some stuff
ready.

KELLY just stands and watches.

DAVID (cont'd)

Kelly!

That snaps her back to reality.

KELLY

Yeah-yeah?

DAVID

Get inside quick, get some coffee
and soup.

KELLY

(nods)
Yeah, yeah, I've already got some
unpacked.

More and more people emerge from the trees.

DAVID

Get some more.

KELLY

(nods)
Yeah.

She turns and runs inside.

DAVID and MAN stand on the porch, watching it all.

MAN

You know what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 DAVID
Yeah?

 MAN
Maybe I will stay a little longer.

 DAVID
 (nods)
Thank you.

 MAN
Call me Frank.

 DAVID
I'm David. Inside's Kelly.

 FRANK
 (nods)
Nice to meet you David.

ANGLE ON THE TREES-

As more and more of these refugees emerge.

 FRANK (cont'd)
So.
 (beat)
You still think it's not going to
make a dent in your supplies?

 DAVID
 (shakes head)
No. Now I know it will.

 FRANK
Do you even care?

 DAVID
 (shakes head)
Nope.

 FRANK
 (nods)
Good.

Another flare spirals up into the sky, slowly burning out as
it falls back towards the trees.

The two just stand and watch.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

The place is packed, at least a couple of dozen people already inside, more coming in. DAVID and KELLY are running around, trying to get everything organized. Trying to keep some degree of organization.

A couple of hikers enter, looking extremely cold. They shiver, rubbing their hands together.

DAVID walks past, looking over his shoulder at them.

DAVID
Kelly! Kelly!

KELLY (O.S.)
Yeah?

DAVID
Can you get some coffee and bring it to the door!

KELLY (O.S.)
Yeah, I got it!

FRANK works his way through the crowd, moving over to where DAVID is standing.

FRANK
David.

DAVID
Yeah?

FRANK
What can I do to help?

DAVID
Uh.
(beat)
Shit, uh, if you go into the back room there's a set of stairs. Those go up into the attic. Can you bring down a couple of the boxes marked 'cans'?

FRANK
Yeah, no problem.

DAVID
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK walks away, weaving through the crowd.

DAVID reaches up and moves his fingers through his hair, sighing.

DAVID (cont'd)
Jesus Christ.

Screaming, outside.

DAVID (cont'd)
What the hell?

He pushes his way through the crowd, moving towards the door.

DAVID (cont'd)
What the hell is going on?

Several people step aside, letting the others in. Four hikers carry a wounded man between them. A leg and an arm are both broken, twisted at weird angles.

DAVID (cont'd)
What the hell happened to him?

HIKER #1
He slipped on the ice! Broke his leg, maybe his arm.

DAVID
Jesus.

He spins around, trying to think.

HIKER #1
He's hurting bad here, man!

DAVID
Yeah, I can see that!
(beat)
Uh.
(beat)
Come on, bring him in here.

DAVID leads them through the living room, towards a door on the far side. He opens it, they step through.

DAVID (cont'd)
Okay, uh.
(to everyone)
Everyone, everyone listen up! This room, this is the infirmary!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 DAVID (cont'd)
 If you're hurt, or you have someone
 who's hurt, this is where you go?
 All right?

He turns and walks into the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin as more people emerge from the forest.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING A SMALL TOWN - DAY

On a panoramic WIDE SHOT of a small town, sitting at the bottom of the hill.

We recognize it from before, from before.

We've come back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Dozens of corpses litter the ground in front of the school. Most have decomposed beyond flesh and muscle, leaving behind only sun-bleached skeletons. It's a complete mess, you can't tell where one skeleton ends and the next begins.

All the windows are blown out, glass scattered around. To the right of the main doors the brick has been burnt black, a gaping hole where the doors used to be. A car lies in the ditch a ways back, pushed by the force of the explosion.

There are all manner of balls around it all. Dodge balls, medicine balls, the whole nine yards. The sort of thing that you wouldn't understand if you haven't seen the first one.

JACK (V.O.)

What happened to us during those
 two long weeks would forever remain
 the most dominant memory of all of
 our lives.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Those of us who survived it,
anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK OF SCHOOL - DAY

ANGLE ON THE GROUND-

As we slowly TILT UP. A boot enters the frame, then the other. We continue to TILT UP slowly, inch by inch revealing a body, lying face down on the ground.

The music swells a bit as we reveal the corpse's back, its jacket punctured by several bullets, the holes fraying and wearing out. The fabric is stained red.

PAN RIGHT slightly, to the rifle lying on the ground nearby. Spent shell casings are scattered around.

CLOSE-UP on the face. It's completely rotten away, leaving a slick white skull, the jaw hanging open, several teeth missing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCHOOL ROOF - DAY

Dozens, maybe hundreds of spent shell casings litter the roof, spread out everywhere. Spent magazines are scattered amongst the shells.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A long stretch of highway.

TILT DOWN to show a set of long skid marks on the asphalt.

DISSOLVE TO:

A bit further along. Skeletons are lying in the ditches, in the middle of the street, everywhere.

ANGLE ON A SKELETON-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In particular. We might recognize it, a rifle is still clenched in its dead fingers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY

An empty field, stretching on forever in every direction. There are a few hills scattered around, but for the most part it's completely flat.

JACK (V.O.)

West. Fenton. Kevin. And all the others who didn't survive. They have all become names, names that have long since been lost, but not forgotten.

(beat)

They will forever remain those we cannot forget.

(beat)

If for no other reason than we simply cannot forgive ourselves for letting them die when we were spared.

A figure shuffles into frame, back towards us. He stumbles, PAN RIGHT as he rights himself, taking a few steps.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)

Though at times you can't help but feel that they, the ones who dies fast, are the truly fortunate ones.

(beat)

The ones who never had to stand and face the things that we have seen.

(beat)

Things that no one should ever have to see.

The figure turns towards us. His face is gray, blood dried around several wounds. His eyes are glazed over and sunken into their sockets, the pupils barely visible black dots.

It opens its mouth, revealing the rotting front teeth, several of them missing. It lets out a moan, raising a hand into the air. It clenches its fingers into a fist and drops it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN LEFT to reveal a dozen undead, all armed with various weapons, shuffling towards us. They're learning a lot faster than one could have imagined.

One of them stops, turning around. It half opens its mouth and lets out a weak snarl, sniffing at the air. It turns and starts walking after the others, ignoring whatever it may have smelled.

It groans. It almost sounds like a word, but you can't quite tell.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL - DAY

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)

So.

PAN LEFT to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP on a pair of binoculars, a set of eyes blinking at the other end. The source of MALE VOICE #1.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.) (cont'd)

What do you think?

PAN LEFT FURTHER to another set of binoculars, looking the same way. The source of MALE VOICE #2.

MALE VOICE #2 (O.S.)

I see thirteen of them in total.

(beat)

One up front, twelve spread evenly behind.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)

Thirteen.

The binoculars shake a bit as he shakes his head.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.) (cont'd)

Bad number.

MALE VOICE #2 (O.S.)

(laughs)

Yeah, no kiddin'.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)

They're all armed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE VOICE #2 (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah that I can see.

POV: MALE VOICE #2

We focus on one of the zombies, its Ak-47 automatic in particular.

MALE VOICE #2 (O.S.) (cont'd)
Pretty heavily.

FEMALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)
There's too many.
(beat)
We should just let them pass.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The scout undead is several meters ahead of the others, for the first time we see that it is unarmed.

There's a cracking sound off camera. The scout stops, looking around, listening as best it can with its rotting ears.

EXT. HILL - DAY

The source of MALE VOICE #1 holds a hand up.

MALE VOICE #1 (O.S.)
Woah, hold on.
(beat)
Something's caught its attention.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The scout spots something, snarling, raising a fist into the air.

The left eye explodes in the socket, brains and blood and bone exploding out the back of its skull. It's head snaps back, the thing spins on one foot, blood gushing.

It collapses, falling out the bottom of the frame.

EXT. HILL - DAY

The source of MALE VOICE #1 lowers the binoculars. It's JACK, one of the three survivors from before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks tired, dirty, his face covered in a thin layer of grime. Five o'clock shadow, a number of small cuts and scratches.

JACK

Woah! What the hell is this?

PAN LEFT to reveal the other two voices, FILLA and JESSIE. JESSIE's hair is pulled back in a pony tail, a few loose hairs floating around. There's a cut running down her right cheek.

FILLA's shoulder is bandaged where the bullet hit. From the looks of it he doesn't have full use of his arm. He holds it up against his chest, his hand curled in.

JACK (cont'd)

What the hell is going on with these?

FILLA

Humans?

JACK

(shrugs)

Looks like it, maybe.

(beat)

I don't know yet, I can't see them.

FILLA

(shakes head)

No way in hell it's undead doing this.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

At the same time six wooden hatches flip open, previously hidden under a layer of dirt and grass. Six armed humans rise from the hidden recesses inside, opening up on the undead patrol.

One of the undead goes down, three rounds tearing through its skull, blood and bone spraying everywhere. Its rifle goes off, rounds tearing into the next undead's back. It ignores them, returning fire on the humans.

Rounds tear into the ground, one of the humans ducking back into the pit for a second before standing again and returning fire.

EXT. HILL - DAY

JACK
Lots of guns. Jesus, lots of guns.

FILLA
Are they human?

JACK
Yeah, yeah they're humans all
right. Not undead, that's for sure.

FILLA (O.S.)
How many?

JACK
Uh.

He brings up his binoculars.

JACK (cont'd)
(beat)
Looks like six.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

An undead's leg explodes, blood spraying as four rounds trace up its stomach and chest, tearing through flesh and bone. Rounds tear apart the neck, a final round blowing the head clean off. It hits the ground, rolling along for a few feet before coming to rest, jaw opening and closing reflexively.

CUT TO:

INT. PIT - DAY

A fighter ducks down, pulling the lid with him. We're plunged into complete darkness as we hear the battle continuing above.

He reloads and stands, opening up.

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

A bullet tears through the undead's shoulder, spinning it around. It fires, stray rounds flying everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON A FIGHTER-

Several stray rounds hit, punching through his chest. He lets out a startled cry, collapsing into the pit, dead.

One of the fighters stands, holding something.

CLOSE-UP as he pulls the pin from the grenade.

He hurls it, PAN LEFT as it flies over towards the undead. It hits, bouncing along the ground.

It explodes, two undead incinerated instantly, others hurled through the air, landing in tangles, burning heaps.

The five fighters climb out of the pits, four of them walking towards the downed undead, rifles ready. The fifth walks over to the sixth's pit, reaching in to check.

EXT. PIT - DAY

LOW ANGLE of FIGHTER as he reaches in and checks the dead mans pulse.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

FIGHTER #3
(shakes head)
He's dead.

FIGHTER #1 (O.S.)
God damn it.

Another fighter walks over.

FIGHTER #3
Help me with this.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL - DAY

FILLA
Should we move in?

JESSIE
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
 Lets just wait and see what
 happens.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The fighters move through the undead, checking each one.

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

It's still snapping and snarling, even though its spine has
 been snapped in several places.

ANGLE ON A FIGHTER-

As he chambers a round, walking towards it.

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

FIGHTER kicks it, snapping the undead's head back. It spits
 blood, snarling at the fighter.

FIGHTER presses his rifle against the undead's skull.

FIGHTER
 Adios.

He fires a single round, blowing it through the back of the
 undead's skull.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL - DAY

Gunshots continue off camera as the three watch the
 slaughter.

JESSIE looks away, not wanting to watch as the fighters
 systematically put a bullet in the head of every undead down
 in the field.

FILLA
 Jesus Christ.

JACK
 They're methodical.
 (shakes head)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)
They're not letting anything get
by.

FILLA
Yeah, is that a good thing?

We hear one more gunshot, then silence.

JESSIE
Jesus.

FILLA
Yeah.

JACK
(nods)
So that's it then.
(beat)
What now?

FILLA
Do you think they'd shoot? Maybe,
if they think we're some of those
things?

JACK
(nods)
Probably.
(beat)
Should we risk it?

FILLA
It's hard to say. It could go
either way.

JACK
It's now or never. If we miss this
we could blow our only chance.

JESSIE
I think we should.

FILLA
If you're going to do this just be
ready to drop and hit the dirt if
things go bad.

JACK
Just hope that things don't go bad.
With you wounded we can't take many
risks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA
We shouldn't take any.

JACK
We haven't got a choice.
(beat)
It's now or never.

JACK pauses for a moment, thinking, not sure if he wants to risk the consequences just to get the attention of the fighters.

FILLA
We'll keep you covered, just in case.

JACK nods, starting to stand slowly. He stays tense, ready to drop down in a split second should the need arise.

JACK
(shouting)
Hey!

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

JACK (O.S.)
(shouting)
Hey!

The fighters look over at the hill.

POV: FIGHTER

FILLA stands on the hill, waving, JACK and JESSIE lying nearby.

FIGHTER #1
More scouts?

FIGHTER #2
(shakes head)
They're waving to us. The scouts haven't done this.

FIGHTER #1
Yeah, but it doesn't mean they aren't starting now. Fucking things don't stop learning new tricks.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIGHTER #1 (cont'd)
 (beat)
 It could be a decoy.

FIGHTER #3
 (shakes head)
 No, those look human. Or, the one
 does anyway. The one standing up.

FIGHTER #4
 He's right. The movements are way
 too smooth for one of the things.
 Look at him, he's tense in case we
 shoot.
 (shakes head)
 Those things don't care if you
 empty a mag into them, they'll keep
 standing and coming at you.

FIGHTER #1 steps forward and cups his hands around his mouth.

FIGHTER #1
 (shouting)
 You humans?

JACK (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 We're humans!

FIGHTER #1
 They're human.

FIGHTER #2
 So they're human.

FIGHTER #1
 So let's go get 'em.

FIGHTER #2 motions for FIGHTER #1 to go first.

FIGHTER #2
 After you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY - LATER

Two of the fighters, DEVONE and CASEY, are going through the
 undead, collecting weapons and ammo, looking for anything
 valuable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN RIGHT as two other fighters, HILLARD and PORTER, walk past carrying the body of their fallen comrade, blood flowing from the holes in his chest, arms hanging limp at his side.

The final fighter, their leader FREIDRICH, enters the frame, walking along with JACK and the others.

FREIDRICH

You and your party are lucky we found you. Without supplies you'd have made it about another day at most before you couldn't go any further.

(beat)

Nearest town is four days walk from here. And trust me when I say this is not the place you want to end up stuck, tired, and out of water and food.

JACK

Thanks for not shooting us, at least.

FREIDRICH

It was the least me and my men could do, considering.

(beat)

Which, unfortunately, is the truth. We've no supplies with us here, it's all back at the camp. When we return you're welcome to as much as you need, or as much as you can carry.

JACK

That's no problem. Even just knowing the stuff's waiting for us is enough to keep us going for a few more days.

DEVONE (O.S.)

Sir!

PAN RIGHT as DEVONE waves to us.

FREIDRICH

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE

Sir, we think there may be more scouts on the way. Possibly a larger party.

FREIDRICH

Collect what you can, be ready to move!

DEVONE

Sir!

FREIDRICH turns back to JACK.

FREIDRICH

We can't stay out here much longer, in a few minutes this place will be crawling with undead.

(beat)

Your friend is wounded. Is he able to walk?

JACK

Yeah, yeah he's fine. He just can't use rifles, that's about it.

FREIDRICH

Good.

He motions to the undead corpses scattered around.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)

This was just a scouting party, sent ahead by a larger force. We can't face their numbers as we are. We've neither the man power nor the munitions.

JACK pauses, looks at the corpses, looks back at FREIDRICH.

JACK

Wait.

(beat)

What do you mean a scout patrol?

FREIDRICH

I mean a scout.

JACK

Like a 'scout' scout?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
Unfortunately yes.

JACK
Jesus Christ.

FREIDRICH
I take it if you've never encountered
a scout before.

JACK
(shakes head)
No, nothing like that.

FREIDRICH
Are you new to this?

JACK
New to what?

FREIDRICH
I won't bother to explain it now,
we have no time.
(beat)
The scouts are exactly what they
sound like. The undead have been
using scouts around here for past
couple of weeks, we don't know
about anywhere else.

DEVONE(O.S.)
Sir, scout!

About half a mile out a single undead stands in the middle of
the field, unarmed, just staring at the humans.

FREIDRICH
Bugger. Take it out!

ANGLE ON DEVONE AND CASEY-

DEVON and CASEY bring their rifles up, taking aim.

ANGLE ON THE UNDEAD-

They fire, rounds tearing through the undead. It stumbles,
twisting and backing away as bullets hit it.

ANGLE ON DEVONE AND CASEY-

They continue firing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON THE UNDEAD-

A round punches through its forehead, dropping it.

DEVONE

It's down!

HILLARD (O.S.)

Whose kill?

FREIDRICH

It doesn't matter right now.

DEVONE

What do you mean it doesn't matter?
It was my kill.

CASEY

No it wasn't, it was my kill.

DEVONE

Bloody hell it was! It was mine!

FILLA walks past JACK.

FILLA

They're your kind of people.

JACK

What are you talking about?

FILLA

They're risking their lives arguing
about who killed one of the things.

JACK raises an eyebrow

JACK

They're not my kind of people.

FILLA

Yes they are. Give it time.

He walks away.

JESSIE

Is this what we're going to do all
day?

JACK

I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE

They're not your kind of people.

JACK

Thank you.

FREIDRICH (O.S.)

It's a split kill. DeVone and Casey both get a split.

DEVONE

Bugger it.

CASEY

Why do we-?

FREIDRICH

Would you shut up about the bloody kill? We haven't got time for this, we have to leave now!

(to JACK)

Our camp is a few miles out, we'll be there before nightfall. You look like you could use some sleep, you are of course more than welcome to come with us and stay as long as you wish.

JACK

(nods)

Sounds good.

FREIDRICH motions to the others to hurry up, their time growing short.

FREIDRICH

Lets just go. Leave the bodies.

DEVONE motions to the fallen fighter, blood continuing to gush from the bullet hits.

DEVONE

What about him?

FREIDRICH

(beat)

I'm not leaving him for one of those things to tear apart.

(beat)

Put him in one of the pits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE
 (beat)
 Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

DEVONE and CASEY lower the dead man into one of the pits,
 resting the hatch on top.

DEVONE motions for CASEY to step back.

DEVONE
 There's no way in hell I'm gonna'
 let those things find him.

CLOSE-UP as he pulls a grenade off his belt, pulling the pin.

He lifts the hatch and drops it in.

DEVONE (cont'd)
 Fire in the hole!

They run back as the grenade explodes, hatch flying into the
 air, dirt exploding from within.

FREIDRICH (O.S.)
 Lets go! We haven't got anymore
 time to waste!

DEVONE and CASEY run past, PAN LEFT as they join up with the
 others in their blind run across the field, leaving the
 killing field behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

They walk through the field as the sun begins to set in the
 background.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The sun is just beginning to set as the group arrive at the 'camp.' It's not much, a pair of Hummers parked side to side, each with a mounted M60 machine gun. Between the two are several tents, tied to the sides of the Hummers.

PAN LEFT as the group arrives, the fighters unloading their packs and weapons.

FREIDRICH

Welcome to our camp. It's not much, and it's only temporary, but it gets the job done.

(to CASEY)

Casey, food.

CASEY

You got it.

He turns and heads for one of the Hummers.

JACK

Where the hell did you find those?

FREIDRICH

What, the Hummers?

JACK

Yeah.

FREIDRICH

The military was kind enough to leave them for us.

(beat)

Sort of like a twisted, post-apocalyptic Santa Claus.

HILLARD lights a match and tosses it onto a pile of wood soaked in gasoline, igniting it instantly. Everyone sits around it, CASEY digging around inside one of the Hummers off camera.

FREIDRICH(CONT'D) (cont'd)

Or ex military, I guess I should say. As soon as this started the military moved in and started blockading the roads.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH(CONT'D) (cont'd)
 Most of them were wiped out, so
 there's a ton of military equipment
 just lying around. We grabbed a
 couple of Hummers, thought that
 would be enough to get around.

FILLA
 Why just two? Why not take more?

PORTER
 (lighthearted)
 Eh, we didn't really like the whole
 'Mad Max' thing.
 (shakes head)
 Just couldn't get a feel for it.

FREIDRICH
 (shrugs)
 When you look at them, having a lot
 of vehicles didn't help them at
 all.

JACK nods/shrugs in agreement.

DEVONE walks up behind FREIDRICH and hands him a bottle of
 beer.

DEVONE
 Sir.

FREIDRICH takes it, pops the cap off.

DEVONE (cont'd)
 (to others)
 Anyone want one?

JACK and FILLA both take one, as do DEVONE and HILLARD.

DEVONE (cont'd)
 Porter?

PORTER
 (shakes head)
 No.

DEVONE
 How come you never drink?

PORTER
 Look, you know I don't drink, why
 do you always offer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE

(shrugs)

Because the one time I don't ask is
the one time you'll want one.

JACK

(to PORTER)

Don't drink?

PORTER

No.

DEVONE

(sits)

He never has. It's a religious
thing or something.

HILLARD

Think of him as our spiritual
guidance.

PORTER

Is it my fault I'm the only one
here who has a little faith?

DEVONE

Look, we all got faith, okay? It's
just you've got faith in the powers
above, and I've got faith in my
guns.

(shrugs)

It's the same thing.

PORTER

You're comparing God to a hand gun?

DEVONE

To me it's the same thing.

PORTER

How can you say it's the same
thing?

DEVONE

Look, God is this almighty powerful
being. He can punish those who need
to be punished, he can strike them
down, all that religious stuff.
Right?

PORTER

Yeah, super simplified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE

And what's the difference between that and a gun? A gun is a powerful tool, in the right hands it can be deadly. It can punish those who need to be punished.

(shrugs)

I fail to see a difference.

PORTER

It's not the fact that they do the same thing. With that logic a gun is no different from a rock. They both do damage by hitting people.

DEVONE

Yeah, but a gun is a force. A rock is just something you pick up and throw. A gun is a force to be reckoned with. If you've got God and a rock, which will you face first? The rock. If you've got a gun and a rock, which'll you face first?

(beat)

The rock.

PORTER

That doesn't make any sense.

DEVONE

Sure it does, if you stop to think about it. A hand gun is a tool for turning ordinary men into Gods. For that split second where we pull the trigger, we're a God in our own right. We decide whether or not something, or someone, dies.

(beat)

It's in that way that a gun is like God.

PORTER

But it isn't like God, it's like the power of God.

DEVONE

Whatever, it's basically the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTER

No, actually it's very much different.

DEVONE

You know what I mean.

PORTER

Sometimes I have to wonder.

A moment.

FILLA

. . . Interesting.

FREIDRICH

Well, now that that's over and done with.

(to JACK)

What are you doing out in the middle of nowhere?

JACK

We're probably here for the same reason as you.

(beat)

None of us were together at the beginning of this thing, we didn't know each other.

(shrugs)

We just ended up this way.

FREIDRICH

Huh.

(beat)

So what's your story?

JACK

I was hiding in a basement, Filla came down from the hills one night, and Jessie came into town and got stranded when her car broke down.

FREIDRICH takes a sip before continuing.

FREIDRICH

Now, I know you weren't all traveling alone.

(beat)

But at this point I've learnt that it's pretty useless to ask that question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

(nods)
You get the same answer every time,
right?

FREIDRICH

(nods)
Every single God damn time.
(takes a sip)
It was the same with us. The way we
got here, I mean.
(beat)
None of us had even met before this
thing started, we just somehow
ended up together.
(beat)
What brought you guys out this far?

JACK

There were. . . how many of us?

FILLA

Seven, counting the others.

JACK

Seven of us.
(beat)
The three of us were the only ones
who made it out. We took a truck
and made it out as far as the field
back there, until a group of undead
attacked us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The truck from JTDC1 speeds through a large open field. FILLA is in the back, firing out. His rifle is resting on the roof, his right arm hanging limp at his side, blood gushing from a bullet wound in his shoulder.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

JACK keeps it floored, trying to keep control over the rough terrain. JESSIE sits next to him.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The truck speeds past.

PAN RIGHT to follow it, revealing three undead trying to climb in that we didn't spot before.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE UNDEAD-

As it snarls, trying to pull itself into the truck bed, swinging a hand at FILLA, just out of reach.

ANGLE ON FILLA-

As he fires a three round burst. The undead lets go, hitting the ground hard. It's pulled under the tires, bones crushed, blood spraying everywhere as the thing practically explodes.

The others snarl, climbing in. FILLA swings his rifle like a bat, hitting an undead chin. It falls back, flipping over the side, left behind as the truck speeds ahead.

FILLA ducks, the third undead grabbing for him. He jabs the butt of his rifle up, just below its ribs. It lifts up a few inches, falling backwards. It hits the side, flipping out, bouncing and rolling along the ground.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck hits a rut, bouncing hard.

JACK's grip slips, hands sliding on the steering wheel. The truck turns sharp.

JACK
Oh shit! Hold on!

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The truck hits a slight jump, FILLA rising several inches into the air, losing his grip.

FILLA
Shit!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

JACK loses control, the truck bouncing and speeding over the extremely rough terrain.

JACK

Hold on!

PAN RIGHT to a lone undead shuffling through the field towards the truck.

The truck slams into the undead. It explodes against the front, rotting flesh and bone obliterated on impact.

FILLA flies forward, flipping over the cab, slamming down on the hood, rolling on the ground. His rifle goes off, several rounds blowing through the engine.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Stay rounds hit the windshield, blowing through, narrowly missing JACK and JESSIE.

JACK

Christ!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

FILLA stands slowly, propping himself up with his rifle.

JACK climbs out and runs around to the front.

JACK

Filla? Jesus Christ, you all right?

FILLA

Yeah!

(beat)

Shit, I think I killed the truck.

JACK

It-

An undead grabs him, spinning him around. It turns, lunging for his throat.

JACK kicks, catching its nose. Bone is knocked back into brain and the thing topples over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

We have to leave, we have to leave
now! Before the things start to
gather.

JACK and JESSIE help FILLA steady himself, clearly shaken up
after the collision.

They struggle, FILLA stumbling.

JACK (cont'd)

Come on Filla man, you've gotta'
help us out a little here.

FILLA

(pained)

I'm trying Jack, I'm sure as hell
trying.

They quickly walk and hop away as we;

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Back to the camp, everyone sitting around the fire.

FREIDRICH nods, thinking about what he just heard.

FREIDRICH

Sounds like a million other stories
I've heard.

(beat)

Though I've never heard one that
everyone walks away from.

JACK

(nods)

Yeah, yeah we're the lucky ones.
Just a few bumps and bruises.

(nods towards FILLA)

Or a sprained knee, but nothing too
bad.

FREIDRICH

You walk away from something like
that and you guys just shrug it
off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

What else can we do? If we stay and complain about how much we hurt those things'll tear us apart before we can take a step.

FREIDRICH

(nods)

Good attitude. I can see why you've made it as far as you have.

CASEY (O.S.)

Food.

He climbs out of the Hummer carrying a bunch of foil wrapped packages.

FREIDRICH

We've got plenty, so if you want doubles just say so.

CASEY hands out the packs, handing one to JACK. He looks at his, flipping it around in his hands, trying to read the printing. It's too dark, he gives up on it.

JACK

What are these?

FREIDRICH

Some military quick meal thing. There was a truck full of food and ammo, where we found the two Hummers. That's where we got most, if not all of our supplies.

DEVONE

They're called MREs.

JACK

(to DEVONE)

You military?

DEVONE

(nods)

I was. Was military.

(beat)

I was part of one of the major highway blockades a couple of miles away.

(beat)

One day a raider pack attacked, humans.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE (cont'd)
Survivors of this thing that
decided that anarchy was a better
way to fly, rather than trying to
fight the things.
(beat)
I guess humans are easier to kill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Soldiers are running around, all of them armed.

DEVONE (V.O.)
Anyway, they killed everyone in my
unit in one night.

We hear the sounds of a battle winding up, gunfire and
explosions off camera.

A soldier screams off camera, falling into frame. He sprawls
out, blood gushing from a number of bullet wounds on his
back.

CRANE UP as we see dozens of raiders down on the ground,
running towards the barricade. Most are armed, others just
there for the numbers.

Soldiers on the wall open up, emptying rounds into the
charging mass.

A soldier's back explodes as the bullet exits, blowing him
back. He falls off the wall.

A soldier steps into frame, back to us.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
DeVone!

The soldier turns, it's DEVONE, fully suited up and armed.

DEVONE
Yeah!

PAN LEFT as SOLDIER waves to us, standing down on the ground.

SOLDIER
Fall back from the wall!

DEVONE
What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
Fall back now! We're pulling back!

DEVONE
Shit!

He turns to the others.

DEVONE (cont'd)
FALL BA-!

An RPG hits the wall, exploding at the top. Sound fades away, like we've gone deaf from the sound of the blast.

DEVONE is hurled into the air, several unlucky soldiers engulfed in flames, others thrown in all directions.

DEVONE lands hard, rolling along the ground.

ANGLE ON A SOLDIER-

As he stands, large gashes on his face from the explosion. He brings his rifle up and opens fire again.

ANGLE ON RAIDERS-

As five go down, rounds tearing through them.

PAN RIGHT FAST as a raider opens fire with a couple of hand guns.

ANGLE ON SOLDIER-

As the rounds punch through him, knocking him back. He falls, flipping off the wall.

DEVONE stands, stumbling towards the wall.

A soldier runs past, knocking him aside.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Move it! Off the wall! Everybody
off the wall!

PAN LEFT to a Hummer as it pulls up, soldiers climbing in. A man jumps onto the hood and runs over, dropping in, manning the gun.

GUNNER
Go! Go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN RIGHT as a soldier flips off the wall, hitting the ground hard.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

RPG!

The camera shakes, explosions ripping through the wall. Soldiers up top scream as they're blown off, others jump for cover.

A rocket emerges from the flames, making it through one of the breeches.

PAN LEFT FAST as it flies past. DEVONE is twisted around, the jet catching his chest, knocking him back.

It slams into the side of the Hummer, exploding, lifting up onto two wheels. The gunner is blown clean out, landing on the ground nearby.

TILT DOWN to DEVONE lying on the ground, unconscious, badly bruised and bloody.

DEVONE (V.O.)

It was brutal. Twenty-seven other soldiers were all killed, probably about forty of the raiders.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

DEVONE

(beat)

I was the only one who managed to escape. I swiped one of these-
(motions to Hummer)
-and barely made it out alive.

FREIDRICH

The other Hummer we found abandoned in a field not far from here, probably only a couple of days walk.

(beat)

The military guys were. . . they were everywhere.

DEVONE

Yeah. Not in the good sense, either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH

They were everywhere, what was left
of them.

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE SHOT of the small camp, about a mile off in the
distance, fire burning bright.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The next day. A highway, in the middle of nowhere, stretching
on for what seems like miles in both directions.

An undead shuffles into the frame, dripping blood from
several fresh wounds. It's no more than a few hours old, just
risen. Its right arm is twisted and held against its chest,
hand curled into a tight fist.

It turns to the left and starts walking, shuffling along as
fast as it can go.

There's a single gunshot, its right hand explodes apart
completely. The bullet rips through, exploding out the back
in a spray of blood and bone. The undead stumbles back,
nearly toppling over.

It lets out a dull moan, starting forward again.

Two rounds in rapid succession. The undead's knees explode,
bits of bone flying. It topples, legs beneath the knees
breaking off completely.

It tries to stop its fall with its remaining hand, but it's
no good. It does a face plant, several teeth knocked out on
impact. It groans, trying to get back on its feet, not
realizing its feet are gone.

A few seconds pass, the undead trying again to get to its
feet.

Another gunshot. The top of the undead's head explodes, a
clump of scalp and hair flying away as the inside spill out
onto the ground. It goes limp, sprawling out on the pavement.

Slowly PAN LEFT, for the big reveal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a huge steel wall crossing the road, burnt out cars and trucks parked up against it. Several armed soldiers walk back and forth on top, looking out at nothing in particular. One of them leans against the rails, watching to see if the undead gets back up.

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

Behind the wall is a collection of Hummers and trucks, soldiers walking around everywhere.

LOW ANGLE shot of the soldier up on the barricade. He turns to us and leans over the edge.

SOLDIER

One down! Half a mile!

PAN LEFT and TILT DOWN to reveal another soldier, GORDON, standing at the bottom of the barricade.

GORDON

Got it.

DOLLY along behind him as he walks through the make-shift field base, past countless vehicles of all sorts, other soldiers walking around trying to keep busy.

SOLDIER

(walking past)

Hey man, what was that?

GORDON

One down.

SOLDIER

Shit, another one? How close?

GORDON

Half a mile.

SOLDIER

Shit, Winter's isn't gonna' be happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILERS - DAY

Three trailers, parked so they form a U shape, sit a few blocks away from the wall, gunners up top with mounted M60 machine guns. Others patrol around on the ground.

GORDON walks towards them, waving to the gunners up top.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

It's high tech, all manner of equipment. Most of it has been shut off to conserve power, no need for a lot of it anymore. Maybe at the start of this, but not now. The only things still on is the various radio equipment. A couple of operators sit monitoring them, though it seems pretty pointless.

GORDON knocks on the door, another soldier walks over and opens it.

GORDON

A man on the wall took down another one, sir. This one was just half a mile out.

PAN LEFT to reveal WINTERS, the General of this operation, leaning over a table looking at some maps. He's only about forty but he looks way older. He's seen a lot of combat, none of it pretty.

WINTERS

There was only one?

GORDON

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

(sighs)

Then it was probably a scout.

GORDON

No, no sir. It didn't appear to be a scout, there was no primary attack party visible.

WINTERS stands to his full height of about six and a half feet. He walks over to GORDON

WHACK!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He backhands GORDON, knocking him backwards. The others in the room don't do anything, they just stand and watch.

WINTERS

That you can see! That you can see!

(beat)

That is the whole point of a scout!
You recon the enemy while keeping
the primary force hidden from the
enemy!

GORDON

(rubs chin)

Uh. . . yes. . . yes, sir.

WINTERS pauses, thinking about it, planning in his head.

WINTERS

Have Lynch get up on the wall. Have
him fire a round into both fields.

GORDON

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

High impact starburst. I want it to
spread.

GORDON

Of course, General.

WINTERS walks over to the maps as GORDON walks for the door.

WINTERS

And Gordon.

GORDON

Sir?

WINTERS

It's the little mistakes that get
us killed. Mistakes like thinking
an undead is just an undead, not
something bigger.

(beat)

You remember that.

GORDON

Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

You remember it, because one day it
will either save your life, or kill
you.

(beat)

Chances are it will be the latter.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

LYNCH stands on top of the barricade holding a grenade
launcher.

LYNCH

Are we clear?

SOLDIER (O.S.)

I don't know, are we clear?

LYNCH

You have to find out whether or not
I'm clear.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Yeah, guys, are we clear?

SOLDIER #1 (O.S.)

Yeah, we're clear.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Yeah, yeah we're clear.

LYNCH

Right.

He aims up, finding his trajectory.

LYNCH (cont'd)

Ready.

(beat)

Clear.

(beat)

Fire in the hole!

He fires, launcher bucking in his arms.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

TILT as the grenade streaks towards us, trailing light grey smoke, barely visible against the blue sky.

It hits, exploding on impact. A cloud of dirt and flame rises into the air, dissipating in a few seconds.

Ten undead stand, all wearing Gilly suits, all armed with various weapons. They open up, starting towards the barricade.

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

LYNCH

Ten, quarter mile!

PAN LEFT as the compound moves into action, people moving around everywhere.

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Move up and open fire!

LYNCH

Get snipers on the wall! I need
sniper back-up on the God damn
wall!

He reloads his launcher and aims up, firing.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The ten shuffle up onto the highway, continuing to fire.

PAN LEFT FAST as KABOOM!

The grenade hits the grass off to the side, missing the undead by at least twenty feet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

LYNCH

God damn it.

He adjusts the sights on his launcher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The soldiers duck as rounds fly past, a few hitting the steel.

They stand, returning fire.

More soldiers climb up onto the barricade, resting their rifles on the rails as they open fire.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

Muffled gun fire from outside. WINTERS and his command team look up.

WINTERS

It was a scout. God damn it!

He slams his fist down on a nearby console.

WINTERS (cont'd)

They're getting smarter. They're actually learning.

(beat)

They plan tactical moves and they execute them perfectly.

(shakes head)

They're actually learning military combat tactics.

OFFICER

Sir, I wonder if it is wise for us to remain here.

(beat)

What with their tactical advances in recent weeks.

WINTERS

I'll die before I let those dead bastards push me back.

OFFICER

Of course, sir.

WINTERS

Have the men move up and get on the wall.

(shakes head)

I don't want a single one of those things leaving when this is over and done with.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

One of the undead goes down, then another, bullets tearing through them.

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

LYNCH reloads his launcher again, aiming out across the highway.

LYNCH

Ready-!

Rounds hit the railing in front of him, ricocheting off. He ducks down, then stands again.

LYNCH (cont'd)

God damn it!

He aims.

LYNCH (cont'd)

(fast)

Ready! Clear! Fire in the hole!
Fuck you!

He fires.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The grenade hits, explosion ripping through the undead. Five of them are blown apart, pieces of them hurled in every direction.

An undead fires a three round burst.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

A soldier's shoulder explodes as all three rounds tear through it. He screams, stumbling backwards, falling over the edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hits the ground hard, we hear a crack. Several soldiers on the ground rush over to him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The last undead go down, rounds blowing through their skulls.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

A pair of medics kneel next to the soldier, one of them working on his shoulder, the other pulling out a blanket.

Blood gushes from the wounded man's shoulder, the bullets tore through an artery. The fall finished him off, his neck is broken.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - DAY

The door opens, a soldier stepping in.

SOLDIER

Sir.

WINTERS

What is your status, CO?

SOLDIER

The force has been completely eliminated, sir.

(beat)

But we've suffered a single casualty.

WINTERS

(sighs)

God damn it.

(beat)

How bad?

SOLDIER

(shakes head)

Very bad, sir. The medic's don't think he'll make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

(nods)

If he doesn't make it, you know the drill.

SOLDIER

(nods)

. . . yes, sir.

SOLDIER salutes, then turns and leaves.

WINTERS sighs, looking around.

WINTERS

Another soldier lost under my command, because of those God damn things.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

The medics stand, one of them shaking his head as the other pulls the blanket over the dead soldier's face.

SOLDIER steps forward, the others stepping back as he draws his pistol.

He aims, pausing for a few seconds.

He fires a single round into the dead mans skull.

The others watch on.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT - LATER

The next night, back at the camp. Everyone is sitting around the fire again, just finishing up with their food.

JESSIE moves over and sits next to JACK, leaning against him.

JACK

I mean, it doesn't really bother you until you think about it. You know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH

(nods)

I understand completely what you mean.

JACK

I mean, we've adapted to this pretty well.

(beat)

We've just accepted this as the new world. You know, as our new lives.

(beat)

But it's.

(beat)

It's just the little things, you know? It's the little things that pick at you at night when you're trying to get to sleep.

DEVONE

(nods)

Movies.

FREIDRICH

What?

DEVONE

Movies.

(beat)

Like, movies, in the theaters. Or even at home.

(shakes head)

I never really thought about it, but all the movies I was looking forward to I'll never see.

(laughs)

There was a kick-ass zombie flick coming out.

(shakes head)

A zombie flick, and I was actually looking forward to seeing it. I look back at that and I can't remember when I would have liked something like that.

(beat)

Not anymore.

CASEY

Books.

(beat)

There was a new one, a sci-fi I thought looked really cool.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY (cont'd)

(beat)

To make things worse it was the third part of a trilogy. It was eight months since the second book, it was only a week until the release of the third one.

(smiles)

I guess I'll never know how the story ends.

PORTER

Even music. I'll never be able to have all the CD's from my favorite groups.

(beat)

Kind of makes me wonder, are any of them even still alive?

(beat)

You know? All those people, would they have made it?

FILLA

You kind of have to wonder.

PORTER

I mean, the president's probably dead, and look at all the security and resources he had.

(beat)

You almost want to have nothing going into this thing, it seems those are the only people who manage to survive.

JACK

And it's not just the movies or the books or the music. It's everything.

(beat)

Everything's finished. I mean, absolutely everything.

(beat)

We've reached the end of it all.

(beat)

It's the last stage of the game and we're out of lives.

FILLA

And it'll never end.

FREIDRICH

And what's there left for us to do? To fill our days with?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTER

Not a hell of a lot.

FREIDRICH

We can travel around, trying to get to somewhere that isn't any better than what we've got here.

(sighs)

Or we can just stay right where we are.

(beat)

I mean, yeah, there's not much to look at, not really anything for us to do.

(beat)

But is it any better anywhere else?

(beat)

At least here we've got peace and quiet. That's one thing I never thought I'd really have. I've spent the last twenty years of my life in the city.

(shakes head)

I've never experienced life like this. So peaceful, so simple.

JACK

So you're just going to sit out here in the middle of nowhere for as long as you can?

FREIDRICH

Exactly. That's exactly what we're going to do.

(beat)

Where were you guys going?

FILLA

A cabin, up in the mountains.

FREIDRICH

A cabin? Sounds nice.

FILLA

Last time I checked it was.

(beat)

It's been over three months now since I saw it.

FREIDRICH

The mountains.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
Christ, those are how many miles
away?

JACK
(quiet laugh)
A lot.

FREIDRICH
So, do you have any idea whether or
not it's still there?

FILLA
(shakes head)
No.

FREIDRICH
So why do you keep going? Why not
just do like us?

FILLA
What do you mean?

FREIDRICH
You know. Find a good spot, some
place you can defend or be ready to
leave, and settle down.
(beat)
Somewhere that's permanent, but
temporary.

FILLA
Don't you hate the fact that these
things can get smarter? That they
actually use scouts and patrols to
try and find us?

FREIDRICH
(nods)
Yeah, it does get to you after a
while.
(shrugs)
But once you've been head to head
with it as long as we have, you
learn to live with it. You just
sort of tune it out.

JACK
Yeah but, I mean, it's not just
mindless killing. Those things
aren't just trying to kill us all
anymore.
(beat)
This is a hunt.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

This is what it has become.

(beat)

These things are hunting us to extinction, and they're learning it from what they've seen us do.

(leans forward)

They see us shoot a gun, then shoot guns. They see us driving a car and running over other undead, they use it as a fucking battering ram!

DEVONE

Never seen them do that before.

FILLA

Trust us, we have.

JACK

These things. . . These things are killing us because of what we do to survive.

(shakes head)

You can't win against them.

FREIDRICH

And what is there that we can do about that? About them learning like that?

FILLA

One thing.

FREIDRICH

And that is?

FILLA

We can keep living as long as we God damn can, then don't go out without a fight.

FREIDRICH

And what the hell do you think we're doing?

FILLA

What are you doing? Personally I think you're wasting what little time you have left.

FREIDRICH

One man's opinion. One who hasn't lived like us for anywhere near as long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Look, we won't tell you what to do, okay. You can do whatever the hell you want, and we won't try and stop you.

(beat)

But we're going to keep going. We're going to make it to the cabin, and we're going to at least be able to live with the knowledge that we were able to make it.

(beat)

That those things out there didn't beat us.

(shakes head)

Those things could have destroyed the cabin and killed the people there, but that doesn't matter. You know why?

FREIDRICH

Why?

JACK

Because now getting to that cabin is the only thing that keeps us going. It's the only reason we wake up in the morning.

(beat)

It's the only reason we don't say 'Fuck it' and put a bullet in our own God damn heads.

(beat)

Look, you can stay if you want, that's totally up to you. If we can't convince you, then we can't convince you, and we'll stop trying.

(beat)

We'll leave, knowing we may or may not ever make it to that cabin, but if we die at least we die knowing we tried.

FREIDRICH

Well, I've got to say, you present one hell of an argument.

JACK

I know you've got your reasons for staying, same as we have our reasons for not staying here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (cont'd)

(beat)

But, it would be a much easier trip
if you came with us.

FILLA

There's food, ammo, all the
supplies we could possibly need for
our numbers.

(beat)

I mean, we planned for more people
than we had, we can survive up
there for years. With the number of
us, probably five at least.

JACK

And there is no way in hell you can
tell me those things will still be
walking around in five years.

FILLA

They'll have rotten away to bones
by then.

PORTER

Even those'll be rotten in five
years.

JACK

Assuming nature doesn't throw us
anymore curve balls.

CASEY

Mother Nature can be one hell of a
bitch sometimes.

DEVONE

This cabin thing does sound good,
though.

(beat)

I mean. . . Well, I mean it sounds
good.

CASEY

Yeah. I mean, look, I'm all for
staying out here, all right? But
you've got to admit, what's there
left to do out here except wait to.

(beat)

Wait to die.

(beat)

I mean, be it from those things out
there, or otherwise, dying's all
we've got left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA

Sounds fun.

HILLARD

I've got to agree with them too. Even if we don't make it to this cabin, like they said, at least we died trying. Instead of just sitting out in the middle of a fiend, eating SPAM and MREs every God damn night.

(shakes head)

I fucking hate SPAM.

PORTER

Cold too.

HILLARD

Cold?

DEVONE

So it's cold and we hate SPAM.

HILLARD

Yeah.

JACK

All this talk about dying and you're talking about SPAM and how cold it is?

HILLARD

Yeah.

JACK

(nods)

Sure.

FREIDRICH

(nods)

Well, I guess it seems to be unanimous.

(beat)

But, look, it's late. And we could all definitely use some sleep after today.

(beat)

So, how about we sleep on it and put it to a vote in the morning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

What, you're going to come with us
to the cabin?

FREIDRICH

Maybe. But it's not up to me, it's
up to everyone.

(shrugs)

Like you say, at least we'll have
tried.

HILLARD and PORTER stand, walking away. CASEY follows a few
steps behind.

FILLA

Might as well get some sleep.

He stands, taking a few steps.

JACK

You coming?

JESSIE has fallen asleep leaning against JACK, pinning him.

JACK (cont'd)

Yeah. Yeah, in a while.

FILLA

(nods)

Okay.

He walks away. DEVONE stands and leaves, leaving JACK and
FREIDRICH (and sleeping JESSIE).

JACK

So.

FREIDRICH

Yeah.

JACK

I'm gonna stay up a while longer.
Just.

(beat)

Just watch the fire.

FREIDRICH

(nods)

No problem.

He stands and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK sits there for a while longer, JESSIE leaning against him, asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - LATER

CLOSE-UP on JACK's notepad as he opens it and starts writing.

ANGLE ON JACK-

As he stops writing and looks at the fire, starting to burn down.

JESSIE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

JACK
Hmm?

JESSIE is awake, just barely.

JESSIE
What are you doing?

JACK
Writing.

JESSIE
Writing what?

JACK
Some things.
(beat)
Some things that have happened to us. Did I wake you?

JESSIE moves a bit, getting comfortable.

JESSIE
(shakes head)
No.
(beat)
What sort of things are you writing about?

JACK
Like today. Back out in the field.
(beat)
The one that died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSIE
What's his name?

JACK
I don't know. They never said.
That's what I'm writing.

JESSIE
That he didn't have a name?

JACK
That the world has changed so much
names aren't important anymore.

JESSIE looks up at him, JACK leans over and kisses her on the forehead. He rests his head on hers.

The fire continues to burn.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

JACK, FILLA, KEVIN, and JESSIE run through the hall.

They reach the door, KEVIN opens it.

Undead pour in, swarming over him. We can see through the door, there are undead as far as we can see, covering every square inch of the ground, literally.

They scream as they're torn apart off camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

JACK sits up fast, looking around.

The fire is still burning, JESSIE is still leaning against his shoulder. He was only out for a few minutes.

JACK
Jesus.

HILLARD (O.S.)
I know that look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAN RIGHT to HILLARD, sitting across from JACK.

HILLARD (cont'd)
Bad dream?

JACK
Fucking nightmares. Haven't
stopped.

HILLARD
Yeah, they do that.
(beat)
Beer?

JACK shrugs.

JACK
Why the hell not.

He lifts JESSIE up, stands, and lies her down. He walks around the fire to where HILLARD is sitting, catching the beer as it's tossed to him.

He sits, opens it, and takes a drink.

HILLARD
You been having them long?

JACK
A few months. A while after this
thing started.

HILLARD
Same. Bet they're the same ones
too.

JACK
(nods)
Yeah.
(beat)
They've gotten worse since the
school.
(chuckles)
I had insomnia then, it's nothing
compared to what I've got now. I
don't sleep, when I do sleep I get
to live that last night over again.
(shakes head)
Not even the same way it happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HILLARD

Yeah, dreams have a funny way of doing that. When you start seeing movie stars and clowns, you know you've got problems.

JACK

Yeah, when Ricardo Montalban shows up I'll give my psychiatrist a call.

HILLARD

You and me both.

JACK takes a drink. He looks around the camp.

HILLARD (cont'd)

Well.

HILLARD stands, hurling the empty bottle out into the darkness.

HILLARD (cont'd)

I'd better try and get some sleep.

JACK

Yeah.

HILLARD

You going to stay out here a while longer?

JACK

Yeah, yeah.

HILLARD nods.

HILLARD

Right. See you in the morning.

JACK

Yeah.

HILLARD walks away.

JACK stands and walks around the fire to JESSIE. He sits and lifts her up, leaning her against his shoulder, right where they were before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He finishes off the beer, then spins the bottle around in his hand. He tosses it into the fire, it shatters.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep, the lights inside the tents turned off completely, the remains of the fire burning away in the pit, nothing but glowing embers.

Something shuffles into frame, moving with slow, lurching steps. It walks towards the fire pit, stopping a few feet away

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

DEVONE moves, lifting his head slightly.

DEVONE
(muttering)
Son of a bitch. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP as the figure slides a small cylindrical object into a gun.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

DEVONE rubs his eyes, sitting up.

POV: DEVONE

We see the figure standing outside, slowly raising its arm.

DEVONE
(whispering)
Freidrich? That you?

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The undead fires, a flare shooting up into the air, everything bathed in bright green light. It lets out a loud moan.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

DEVONE

Shit!

He climbs over the seat, standing in the back.

DEVONE (cont'd)

Fuck!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

DEVONE loads the gun, swinging it around to bear on the zombie. He opens up, high caliber rounds literally ripping the zombie to shreds. If the others weren't awake, they are now.

DEVONE

God damn it everyone wake up!
Everybody FUCKING WAKE UP NOW!
Undead!

FREIDRICH emerges from one of the tents, everyone else waking up in the background as well.

FREIDRICH

What the fucking hell is going on?!
DeVone?!

DEVONE

It's a scout, sir! He launched a flare!

FREIDRICH

Jesus Christ!
(to others)
Everybody, pack it up! Pack it all up! We're leaving now!

The others are all out and awake now, all armed as they quickly pack up everything they can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE stands in the Hummer, looking out across the field with a set of infrared goggles.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
Hurry it up!

DEVONE (O.S.)
(concerned)
Jesus Christ!
(to FREIDRICH)
Sir!

FREIDRICH
What?

DEVONE
Patrols, about half a mile out!
Looks like-
(beat)
-looks like four of them, sir!

FREIDRICH
Christ, that's at least forty.

DEVONE
(shakes head)
Way more than that, sir. Looks like
at least fifty.

FREIDRICH
Fifty? Jesus Christ, it's a fucking
army.

DEVONE
Whatever it is it's coming towards
us, sir! They've zeroed in on the
flare!

FREIDRICH
(to others)
Hurry it up God damn it! We have to
move now!

A round hits the Hummer a few inches away from DEVONE. He instinctively ducks down.

DEVONE
Holy shit! Sir, they've got long
range weapons, sir!
(beat)
Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
Somebody get that flare out for
Christ sake!

JACK (O.S.)
I've got it!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An undead shuffles into the frame, then another, then another. More keep coming, all heading towards the camp.

Another undead enters the frame holding a long range sniper rifle. It aims, letting out a snarl before firing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

PORTER drops an MRE box as the bullet hits, blowing through it.

PORTER
Jesus fucking Christ!

FREIDRICH (O.S.)
Porter, leave it, get the others!

PORTER
Yeah, yeah!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The zombie sniper lowers it's rifle and starts walking.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

CASEY climbs in and starts the Hummer up.

Another round hits the windshield, not making it through the bulletproof glass.

CASEY
Fuck!
(to DEVONE)
You set?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE (O.S.)
Yeah! Lets go!

CASEY
We're going!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

HILLARD tosses a box through the door, then climbs in and slams the door shut behind him.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

HILLARD
I'm in! I'm in!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

PORTER runs towards the second Hummer.

An undead scout emerges from behind the Hummer, reaching for him. He jumps, the undead just missing him as he leaps into the Hummer.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

PORTER slams the door shut. The undead slams against it, clawing at the glass.

The door starts to open.

PORTER
Holy shit!

He draws his pistol and kicks the door. The undead is knocked back, letting go of the door.

BOOM!

PORTER blows a round through it's head. He leans forward and grabs the door, slamming it shut.

PORTER (cont'd)
Go go go! Jesus Christ!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The Hummers pull away, tires kicking up dirt.

The undead open up, muzzles flashing in the darkness.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

A bullet hits the windshield, almost making it through.

CASEY

Shit!

DEVONE (O.S.)

Drive straight, for Christ sake!

CASEY

That one almost made it through!

DEVONE (O.S.)

Just drive in a straight line God damn it!

CASEY

Jesus Christ!

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

DEVONE keeps firing, machine gun coughing casings.

INT. HUMMER #1 - NIGHT

HILLARD tries to hold it steady as JACK fires up on the gun.

HILLARD

Jesus Christ!

FREIDRICH

Just get us out of here now!

HILLARD

Yeah, yeah, it's what I'm doing!

(beat)

Still, Jesus Christ.

PORTER

No arguments there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
(to JACK)
You doing all right up there Jack?

JACK (O.S.)
No problem!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The two Hummers vanish into the darkness as they speed away, leaving the undead patrols behind, wandering through the field.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILERS - NIGHT

A short shot of the command trailers. Everyone is asleep, a few gunners still on top with the M60s. The occasional guard walks around on the barricade, trying to keep busy.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

It's empty except for a single guy, sitting at the radio listening to the static turned down as far as it can go. He leans back in his chair, starting to fall asleep.

He sits forward, reaching up and adjusting his headphones.

CONTROLLER
What the hell is that?

His eyes go wide.

CONTROLLER (cont'd)
Oh Jesus.
(beat)
Get the General! Somebody get the
General now!

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

WINTERS is asleep in his trailer, a slightly more elaborate room than one would expect, though fairly small.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fast knocks, the door opens, a soldier steps in. WINTER wakes up and sits straight up in bed.

SOLDIER

Sir-I-!

WINTERS holds a hand up.

WINTERS

Calm down soldier. Slow down.

(beat)

Now, what is it?

SOLDIER

(calms down)

Sir, they need you in the communications trailer immediately, sir.

WINTERS

What's wrong?

SOLDIER

(shakes head)

It's urgent sir, there's no time for me to explain.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS and his command crew are here now, standing around the radio. The radio is nothing but grunts and moans, some easily heard, others not so clear.

CONTROLLER

I just started to pick it up sir, on most of the old military channels we've cut from use.

WINTERS

When did this start?

CONTROLLER

As far as I can tell it started about ten, maybe fifteen minutes ago. Probably no more than that, though.

WINTERS

Good lord.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONTROLLER

Some of the voices are different,
but it's the same stuff on all of
them. The same tones and lengths,
that sort of thing.

WINTERS listens for a moment, everyone else in the room
completely silent.

WINTERS

. . . They're coordinating.

SOLDIER

Sir?

WINTERS

The radio.

He laughs, shaking his head.

WINTERS (cont'd)

They're actually using the God damn
radio to coordinate.

CONTROLLER

I. . .

(beat)

No, it can't be, sir. There's no
pattern, no system behind it that I
can find. It just sounds like
random sounds.

WINTERS

To us, yes. All we hear are a bunch
of grunts and moans. The same as
how to them we probably sound like
random sounds.

(beat)

Why would there be so many
different voices, different tones,
on the radio if they weren't using
it?

(shakes head)

One I could see, maybe even two or
three. But this many?

(beat)

I've never seen anything like it.
Never even imagined something like
this was possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

I count-

(beat, listens)

-at least twelve difference tones,
sir.

(beat)

That means at least twelve
different voices.

WINTERS

(dry)

So.

(beat)

Twelve undead are using the radio
as we speak.

CONTROLLER

Yes, sir. It looks that way.

WINTERS

What other answer can there be,
besides that they're using it the
same way we do.

(beat)

Can you record this?

CONTROLLER

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

I want you to record every channel.
Keep them all open at all times,
don't cut any of them off.

CONTROLLER flips several switches.

CONTROLLER

Done, sir. All recording.

WINTERS

Where's Lordan?

LORDIN (O.S.)

Right here, sir.

LORDIN walks into frame, standing in front of WINTERS.

WINTERS

I want you to sit right here and
find a pattern. All right? I don't
care how, I don't care what it is,
just try and find a pattern.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LORDIN

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

If you find anything, even if it's as ridiculous as every second grunt is the next fifth letter in the alphabet minus fucking six, you tell me. You understand?

LORDAN

(nods)
Completely, sir.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The two Hummers drive along the highway, the sun just beginning to rise.

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

ANGLE ON RADIO-

As HILLARD (driving) presses the power button, turning the radio up.

JACK

Is that really necessary?

HILLARD

Hey, when you drive, you pick the music.

(beat)

It helps me drive.

JACK

Fair enough.

PORTER

It's the same with DeVone. He used to listen to heavy metal when he started shooting.

JACK

Used to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTER
Yeah, the uh.
(beat)
The batteries ran out in his
walkman.

JACK
(lighthearted)
Yeah, sucks when that happens.

FREIDRICH reaches up and rubs his slightly bloodshot eyes,
trying to stay awake. He has big bags beneath his eyes.

FREIDRICH
Where the hell are we?

PORTER
Uh, we're-

He looks at the map, folding and unfolding it.

PORTER (cont'd)
We're about half an hour from-
(looks at map)
-just a little no-name kind of
town, you know. Middle of nowhere.

JACK (O.S.)
Wait, what is it? Just a little no-
name town?

PORTER
Uh, yeah, yeah. It's nothing, a
couple hundred people, that's it.

JACK
What's it called?

PORTER
Uh. . . here.

PORTER turns and shows JACK the map, pointing to the town.

JACK
No way.

JACK leans back and laughs.

JACK (cont'd)
I can't fucking believe this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
What's so funny?

JACK
That town.
(beat)
That's the town me and Filla, and
Jessie, all met up in.
(beat)
We're half an hour away from where
we all were.
(laughs)
I never thought we'd come full
circle.

PORTER
The road goes right through.

FREIDRICH
Should we turn off at the next
road, go around?

PORTER
It's about half an hour longer if
we take that route.

JACK
(shakes head)
No, no. Don't waste the fuel.
(beat)
There's a few things I want to see,
if we're passing through.

FREIDRICH
(nods)
Okay then.

JACK pauses, realizing something.

JACK
The mountains are to the West,
right?

FREIDRICH
Yeah.

JACK
Then why are we going South East?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PORTER

We loop around. There was a major incident to the West, it'd be suicide to go right through it.

JACK

What's going on that way?

PORTER

Just trust us, you want to take the long way.

FREIDRICH

A nuclear facility overloaded, went thermal.

JACK

Jesus. How far did it spread?

FREIDRICH

Not far, actually. It was a small reactor, nothing big.

HILLARD

Big enough to wipe out the entire city, though.

JACK

Christ.

He leans back and rests his head against the window, looking out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The two Hummers speed along the highway, the music continuing to blare.

EXT. HUMMER #2 - DAY

DEVONE leans back, stretching.

His head jerks to the side. He reaches up and wipes off the bug splattered on his cheek, flicking away the bulk of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

DAVID steps into frame, rifle held high. He stops, holding up a clenched fist.

DAVID
(whispering)
Hold up.

PAN RIGHT to reveal the others, slowly moving through the trees. They stop, crouching down.

DAVID starts forward, keeping his rifle up.

POV: DAVID

We move around a tree, coming to a small clearing a couple of meters wide.

DAVID stops, lowering his rifle.

DAVID (cont'd)
Oh God.
(beat)
Move up! Quick!

He stares at something as the six run towards him, stopping at the edge of the small clearing.

HIKER #1 (O.S.)
Oh my God.

PAN LEFT. Two bodies lie in the clearing, the remains of a camp fire still smoldering. Both of them are dead, bullets through the skulls. They look self inflicted.

DAVID
We've got a problem.

DAVID starts walking through the clearing, looking at the ground.

DAVID (cont'd)
We have a serious problem.

POV: DAVID

A set of tracks lead off into the trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID(CONT'D) (cont'd)
He went the other way.
(beat)
There's someone else.

HIKER #3 walks over, kneeling next to a print.

HIKER #3
(shakes head)
No way these are human. They're
jagged, way too lurching.

HIKER #1
Undead.

HIKER #2(O.S.)
Got a quiver here.

DAVID
What?

HIKER #2 holds up an empty quiver.

HIKER #2
A quiver. So they had bows when
they were attacked?

DAVID
(shakes head)
If they did, where are they?
They're all missing.

HIKER #3
You think those things took 'em?

Everyone stops at the idea, never having thought about that
before.

HIKER #2
Jesus Christ. There's no way they
can do that.
(beat)
Right?

DAVID
(sighs)
God only knows.
(beat)
Get the bodies, we have to get back
to the cabin now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #1

What, bring them?

DAVID

If we leave them the scent may
attract any undead in the area.

HIKER #1

I don't think we have to worry
about that. I don't think those
things can smell stuff.

DAVID

I don't care what you think, bring
the bodies.

(long sigh)

Leaving these out could be a
fucking dinner bell.

(beat)

That's the last thing we need.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

The two Hummers slow down, stopping in the middle of the
highway.

PAN RIGHT SLOWLY to a the town, lying about a mile away. It
looks exactly like it did when we last left it.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK takes a deep breath, looking out at the town.

JACK

(sighs)

Home sweet home.

FREIDRICH

Bad memories?

JACK

Oh yeah.

(beat)

Tons.

FREIDRICH

We don't have to do this, you know.
We can take another route.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
(shakes head)
This way is the way to go.

He takes a deep breath.

JACK (cont'd)
Can I have the walkie?

PORTER (O.S.)
Sure.

PORTER hands JACK the walkie.

JACK
Filla?

CASEY
(filtered over radio)
One second.

A moment.

FILLA
(filtered over radio)
Yeah?

JACK
You up for this?

INT. HUMMER #2 - DAY

FILLA
(to JESSIE)
You sure you're okay to do this?

JESSIE
(unsure)
I guess.

FILLA
(nods)
Okay.
(to JACK)
Yeah, Jack, we're. . . We're fine
here Just try and keep the
sightseeing to a minimum and we
should be all right.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK
(nods)
Thanks.

He hands PORTER the radio.

JACK (cont'd)
We're good to go.

FREIDRICH
All right then.
(to HILLARD)
Lets go.

HILLARD
You got it.

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

The Hummers start up and head for the town.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK watches out the window as they drive, looking at everything as they go past.

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
Sir.

FREIDRICH picks up the walkie.

FREIDRICH
Yeah?

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
Sir, is it really a good idea to go
through a town?

FREIDRICH
No.

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
Then why are we doing it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
Because we've got no other options.

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
Yeah, but-

FREIDRICH
DeVone?

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
Yes, sir?

FREIDRICH
Just stay on your gun.

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
. . . Yes sir.

ANGLE ON JACK-

As he looks out at the school as they drive past.

PORTER (O.S.)
Some major fire damage. What
happened?

JACK
Gas line.

PORTER (O.S.)
Gas line?

JACK
(nods)
Yeah, gas line.
(beat)
It all happened in that one night.

He forces a laugh, kind of a nervous chuckle.

JACK (cont'd)
So much happened in that one night.

PORTER (O.S.)
Must have been one hell of a night.
Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
 (nods)
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 Yeah, you have no idea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Hummers stay slow as they move along the main road,
 DEVONE up top on the second truck, watching for undead.

POV: DEVONE

We see something shuffling out from behind a building.

DEVONE grabs his radio.

DEVONE
 Sir, I think we've got some undead,
 about ten o'clock.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

FREIDRICH grabs his radio.

FREIDRICH
 Say again, where?

DEVONE
 (filtered over radio)
 Ten o'clock, coming out from behind
 the beige two-storey.
 (beat)
 It's unarmed.

FREIDRICH
 Got it. Can you take it down?

DEVONE
 (filtered over radio)
 Uh. . .

We hear a flurry of high-caliber gunshots.

DEVONE (cont'd)
 (filtered over radio)
 Yeah, it's down, but, uh.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE (cont'd)
 (beat)
 Yeah, uh, there's more.

FREIDRICH
 How many is 'more?'

CUT TO:

EXT. HUMMER #2 - DAY

POV: DEVONE

At least a hundred undead have appeared. From where? God only knows. They're all moving towards the street, some shuffling slowly, others stumbling quicker.

DEVONE
 Uh. Lots?
 (beat)
 And I mean lots.

FREIDRICH
 (filtered over radio)
 Jesus Christ. Hillard, take us-

DEVONE
 Let go of the button.

The radio cuts out, a moment passes.

FREIDRICH
 (filtered over radio)
 Okay, DeVone, take down any that get too close. The rest, just leave them be. Got it?

DEVONE
 Yeah, I got-

A bullet ricochets off the roof.

DEVONE (cont'd)
 Shit! They've got guns!

FREIDRICH
 (filtered over radio)
 Fuck it, shoot anything and everything! Fire at will!

DEVONE pulls the hammer back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE
(smiles)
Now, if only I knew which one of
you bastards was Will.

He opens up.

CUT TO:

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

We can hear DEVONE yelling over the sound of the gunfire.

HILLARD
(dry)
Yeah, he's just the guy I want
manning a .50 caliber heavy machine
gun.

JACK
Unstable?

HILLARD
Oh yeah.

JACK
(dry)
Oh good.

FREIDRICH
How'd these ones get guns?

JACK
From us.

FREIDRICH
What?

JACK
It's a long story.

FREIDRICH points back to the gun.

FREIDRICH
Porter, get back on ours.

JACK moves first.

JACK
I got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH

You sure?

JACK

Yeah, yeah, I've got it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The two Hummers speed down the street, JACK and DEVONE emptying rounds into the undead appearing on both side.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

A bullet hits the driver's side window, blowing through. HILLARD leans forward at the right moment, the bullet blowing out the head rest.

HILLARD

Fuck!

FREIDRICH

Get us out of here!

HILLARD

I'm going as fast as I can!

JACK (O.S.)

Jesus Christ there's a shit load of them!

FREIDRICH

Keep firing!

EXT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK

How many bullets do I have?

DEVONE (O.S.)

(yelling)

It's a belt feed! You won't run dry any time soon!

JACK just nods and keeps firing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

PAN RIGHT as the Hummers speed past, JACK and DEVONE continuing to fire.

INT. HUMMER #2 - DAY

BOOM!

One of the windows explodes, glass shattering.

CASEY

Shit!

DEVONE (O.S.)

What the hell is going on down there?!

FILLA

Nothing we can't handle!

FILLA loads a mag into his rifle, chambering a round.

He aims out the shattered window and starts shooting, resting the rifle on the window frame.

EXT. HUMMER #2 - DAY

ANGLE ON FILLA-

Firing out the window, as we TILT UP to DEVONE with the .50 Cal.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

FREIDRICH

Are we almost out? Christ.

PORTER

Yeah, yeah, there's only another block or two then we're through.

JACK (O.S.)

Jesus Christ!

FREIDRICH

You all right up there Jack?

EXT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK ducks as another round ricochets off the roof.

JACK
Jesu-!

He jerks back, shoulder spouting crimson.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK stumbles.

PORTER
Shit, Jack's hit!

FREIDRICH
Get him down!

JACK (O.S.)
No, it's all right!

CUT TO:

EXT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

JACK holds his shoulder, there's very little blood.

JACK
It just grazed me. I'm fine!

CUT TO:

INT. HUMMER #2 - DAY

FILLA pulls his rifle in and reloads.

BAM!

A bullet hits the window frame, bouncing off. FILLA jumps back, round blowing out the rear window.

FILLA
Fuck!

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

HILLARD struggles to maintain control.

POV: HILLARD

A zombie shuffles out into the street.

HILLARD

Hold on!

WHAM!

The zombie practically explodes on impact, flipping away into the ditch.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The two Hummers speed away, JACK and DEVONE continuing to fire as we slowly begin to;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin in the mountains.

INT. CABIN - DAY

DAVID is finishing wrapping up a wounded mans leg, trace amounts of blood seeping through.

DAVID

Okay, that should do it. Just stay off your leg for a few hours, it should be fine to walk on by tomorrow.

WOUNDED MAN

It's that fucking ice, man. Stuff's everywhere.

DAVID

Yeah, about this time's when the temperature starts changing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 DAVID (cont'd)
 Melts during the day, freezes
 during the night.
 (shakes head)
 It's a frozen minefield out there.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Dozens of people, hikers mostly, all dressed similarly, are scattered about. The exodus is in full swing, people from all over gathering in this relatively safe haven.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A figure stumbles into frame, leaning against a tree. He gasps for breath, taking a step.

He stumbles, collapsing into the snow, landing face down. He lies there, coughing a few times, blowing the snow away from his face as he tries to roll over.

He coughs blood, wiping it away with the back of his hand.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A trio of hikers are standing outside, just catching their breath before they move on to their next destination.

PULL FOCUS to reveal the man stumbling towards us in the background.

One of the hikers notices, turning to look.

 HIKER #1
 What the hell is that?

They grab their rifles, wherever they may be sitting, and take aim.

 HIKER #1 (cont'd)
 (shouting)
 Hey!
 (beat)
 You human?

POV: HIKER #1

The man keep stumbling towards them, ignoring them completely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #2
Give him one.

HIKER #1 fires a single round into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

Everyone goes for their gun, several people knock over some boxes of supplies, not seeming to notice. They didn't get this far by ignoring gunshots.

DAVID runs into the room.

DAVID
What the hell was that?

Two hikers grab their rifles and start for the door. DAVID walks over to the couch and grabs his, following them.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

The figure keeps stumbling towards them.

DAVID emerges, chambering a round.

DAVID
What's going on?

HIKER #1
Him.

He motions to the guy wandering towards the cabin.

HIKER #1 (cont'd)
(shakes head)
He's not answering. Doesn't look human, but he doesn't look quite dead yet.

DAVID
Okay.
(beat)
Okay, uh, keep me covered.

The others take aim.

HIKER #1
You got it.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The figure keeps walking, stumbling several times.

PAN RIGHT as DAVID walks towards him, rifle held low.

DAVID

Hey.
 (beat)
 Are you human?

The guy just keeps walking. Blood drips from his mouth, a lot of it.

DAVID (cont'd)

Hey.
 (beat)
 Can you answer? Are you a human?

GUY

Huu. . .

DAVID raises his rifle, taking a few more steps towards the man.

DAVID

What? Say it again.

GUY

Huu. . .
 (beat)
 Human.

He collapses.

DAVID runs forward.

DAVID

He's alive! Help, he's alive!

He kneels next to the man, several of the hikers running towards him.

DAVID (cont'd)

He's human!

They turn him over, revealing a collection of nasty scratches on his face and neck.

HIKER #1

Jesus Christ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID
Help me get him back to the cabin.

HIKER #1
Is he bitten?

DAVID turns him over, checks his head and arms.

DAVID
No, no he looks good. We can check
him inside, just help me get him
in.

They bend down and start to lift him off the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

The door flies open, the group stepping through carrying the wounded man.

DAVID
Kelly! Kelly!
(frantic)
Where the hell's Kelly?

KELLY runs into the room, tossing a roll of gauze back through the door.

KELLY
Jesus Christ.

DAVID
We need your help with this!

KELLY
Get him into the other room! Come
on, get him to a bed!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

They lie the man down on a cot, several of the hikers stepping back, letting KELLY in.

KELLY
Help me! Help me get his jacket
off!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID steps forward and starts tearing at the man's jacket, ripping it off, revealing another large gash down his side, blood soaking his shirt.

HIKER (O.S.)
Jesus Christ.

KELLY
Get them out!

DAVID motions for the others to leave.

DAVID
Unless you've got medical training,
get out!

One of the hikers steps forward as the others go to leave.

HIKER
I've got some training, I can help.

DAVID
Good, get in here.

The others leave.

DAVID (cont'd)
Shut the door!

HIKER
What do you want me to do?

DAVID points to a stack of folded up gauze, pressed against the wound.

DAVID
Hold this here, press it.

HIKER does.

KELLY
He's lost a lot of blood.

DAVID
Can you do anything?

KELLY
(shakes head)
I need help with this! I can't do
this on my own!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER

We need more help in here!

DAVID turns and runs for the door.

INT. CABIN - DAY

DAVID opens the door, leaning out.

DAVID

Anyone with medical training,
anything better than simple first
aid, we need your help NOW!

PAN RIGHT as several hikers drop what they're doing and
stand, racing for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Snow continues to fall.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The man lies on a cot, bandages wrapped around his throat and
much of his head.

KELLY is checking over him. DAVID and one of the hikers we
saw help are standing off to the side talking.

DAVID

(shakes head)

I don't have a clue about how far
he made it, but with these wounds
it couldn't have been much.

HIKER #1

(unhappy)

I think I see where you're going
with this.

DAVID

With those wounds, he couldn't have
come from too far away.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID (cont'd)
I think there could be some of
those undead wandering around in
the forests. Close by.

HIKER #1
(unhappy chuckle)
Once again, I'm right when that's
the last thing I want to be.
Fucking hurray.

DAVID
(sighs)
If they attacked him, they may know
we're here.

HIKER #1
No way. There's been a lull lately,
no one new's arrived in a week. How
could they know?

DAVID
Trust me, they'll know. I can't
explain it, they just will.

HIKER #1
Is this one of those click things?

DAVID
Yeah, yeah it's a click thing.
(shakes head)
Don't ask, I sure as hell can't
tell.

HIKER #1
But you know.

DAVID
(nods)
But I know.

HIKER #1
Which is fucking terrific.

DAVID
Royally fucking terrific.

HIKER #1
Now you're talking.

KELLY finishes replacing some of the wounded man's bandages,
walking over to them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

What are we going to do? If those things know that we're here?

(beat)

Do they know we're here?

DAVID

There's no way to tell yet.

(beat)

But, right now, it's a good bet to think that they do.

HIKER #1

Yeah, it's fucking great.

DAVID

I don't like it anymore than you do. Hell, I hate it more. We spent weeks planning this, gathering supplies, finding the most isolated place possible.

(beat)

Then all of you people start arriving, and now you've probably led those things right to us!

KELLY tries to calm him down.

KELLY

David.

DAVID

Look, all I'm saying is we can't risk it. Not with all these people, with the hurt.

(beat)

I think I should head out and check it out.

(beat)

Just to be sure.

HIKER #1

It's suicide, man. No way you'll survive out in that forest.

DAVID

Then how did you make it here?

HIKER #1 doesn't have anything to say. He just sighs and nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

(shakes head)

You shouldn't go out there. If there are some of those things, they'll eventually come here and we can all face them. If you go out they'll pick you off.

DAVID

That's the problem, Kelly. If there are some of those things.

(beat)

Chances are there's more.

HIKER #1

More than enough to take us down if we try to stand here.

DAVID

Exactly.

KELLY

I just. . . I don't like it.

DAVID

(nods)

Yeah, I know. Trust me, I don't like the idea any more.

(beat)

Look, I'll get half a dozen guys and head out. We'll be back by tomorrow afternoon, hopefully empty handed.

KELLY

Why not wait? Why not wait until tomorrow?

DAVID

Because if they're close we may not have much time.

TILT DOWN to the wounded man, unconscious, twitching.

HIKER #1

Well, if you need it, I'm with you.

DAVID

(smiles)

One down, five to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

DAVID and HIKER #1 step out of the room, everyone turns to look at them.

DAVID
I need five volunteers.

PAN around the room. No one seems to eager to volunteer.

A hand goes up.

HIKER
I'm in.

Another hand, then another.

Two more hands go up, the last.

DAVID nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

DAVID and the six others walk away from the cabin, fully dressed, fully armed, backpacks full of supplies. Heading out for the night, ready for a much longer haul.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The wounded man twitches, rolling his head over on his pillow.

PAN RIGHT to KELLY, standing in the door, not paying attention.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin, a layer of fresh snow on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID walks into frame, fully suited for extreme cold weather and a long haul, a fully stocked backpack over his shoulders, armed with an M-16 rifle.

PAN RIGHT to reveal five others, all armed and dressed the same. They're heading out for a second scouting run.

DAVID

They were obviously attacked, so there may be things out there. If they are, they could reveal our position. You spot anything, you kill it.

They all turn and start into the forest. Fresh snow begins to fall.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The group rest in a small clearing, around a fire. It's completely silent, the only sound a slight blowing, snow continuing to fall.

DAVID

If we follow the river for another five miles or so, that'll bring us to the entrance to the pass. Once we reach that we'll turn around and head back.

We hear a sound, somewhere off camera. It's barely audible over the wind.

The two on watch grab their rifles, slowly standing, trying to remain as quiet as possible.

HIKER #1

(whispering)
Where?

HIKER #2

(whispering)
Sounded like it was-

Something hits him in the chest. There's no sound, just a split second thud when the arrow plunges into HIKER #2's chest. He stumbles back, blood dribbling from the corners of his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #2 (cont'd)

God-

He collapses, blood gushing from the wound.

HIKER #1

Holy shit! Wake up! Everybody awake
now!

DAVID opens his eyes, looking over at HIKER #1.

POV: DAVID

HIKER #1 (cont'd)

There's-

Another arrow flies out of the trees, ripping through the front of his throat. It continues through, tearing out a huge chunk of his neck. He collapses, trying to scream.

DAVID

Everyone up now!

Everyone stands, opening up in the direction the arrows came from. We can't see anything, just endless darkness.

Whizzing sounds, two more arrows fly from the darkness. They hit another man in the chest. He goes down.

DAVID (cont'd)

Run! Into the trees!

He fires a few more rounds before turning to run.

The other two turn and run, another arrow flying towards them. It hits one of them in the back, killing him instantly. He falls, sliding along the ground before ending up sprawled out next to a tree.

DAVID screams, an arrow ripping through his leg just below the knee. The other stops and turns, running back.

DAVID (cont'd)

Keep going! Just keep running!

The man hesitates.

Another arrow flies out of the darkness, impaling the man in the stomach. He kneels over, landing on his knees, blood gushing as he tries to clamp his hands down on the wound.

He falls over dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID tries to stand, almost stumbling. He starts running as fast as he can, slowly disappearing into the darkness.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The two Hummers are parked at the side of the road, everyone standing outside. DEVONE is up top on one, still manning the gun. Break time.

FREIDRICH

Everybody finish up, we need to get moving again.

JACK walks past, sliding his rifle off his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

Two soldiers stand on the barricade, one of them lighting a cigarette for the other.

One of them looks at the highway.

SOLDIER

What the hell?

POV: SOLDIER

The two Hummers speed towards us, barely visible black dots on the road a mile or two away.

SOLDIER #2

What are they?

SOLDIER

Whatever they are, they're moving towards us.

SOLDIER #2

Sniper. Call up a sniper.

SOLDIER walks over to the edge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
Sniper on the wall! Recon!

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - MOMENTS LATER

SNIPER walks over, holding his rifle.

SNIPER
What is it?

SOLDIER points to the Hummers.

SOLDIER
What the hell is that?

SNIPER rests his rifle on the rails, leaning forward.

POV: SNIPER

We clearly see both Hummers speeding towards us.

SNIPER
Shit, we've got Hummers inbound.

SOLDIER
How many?

SNIPER
Two of them.

SOLDIER
How long?

SNIPER
A minute thirty.
(beat)
Oh good.

SOLDIER
What?

SNIPER
They're both armed, gunners up top
with .50 Cals.

SOLDIER #2
Christ!
(to SOLDIER)
Get Winters! Now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SNIPER

(smiles)

What, what are we panicking for?
You think I can't handle them?

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Sir!

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - MORNING

WINTERS

Do you understand? I don't want
anything to-

Loud, fast knocking on the door. A soldier walks over and opens it, stepping aside as SOLDIER rushes in and gives a quick salute.

SOLDIER

Sir!

WINTERS

What the hell is wrong with you
soldier?

SOLDIER

Sir, there's a pair of military
vehicles inbound about a mile and a
half away.

WINTERS

What? Military?

SOLDIER

(nods)

Yes, sir. Two Hummers.

WINTERS

Armaments?

SOLDIER

Fifty caliber machine guns on both,
sir.

WINTERS

Jesus Christ.

He starts towards the door, SOLDIER falling into step
alongside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)
I want gunners on the wall now! I
want them ready!

SOLDIER
Yes, sir!

WINTERS
And get Lynch up there with his
launcher!

CUT TO:

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

ANGLE ON FREIDRICH-

As he lowers a set of binoculars.

FREIDRICH
What the hell is that?

PORTER
(shakes head)
It's not on the map, whatever it
is.

JACK
It looks military. Like a barricade
or something.

FREIDRICH
Yeah, that's exactly what it looks
like.
(to PORTER)
Get the radio.
(to everyone)
Which isn't a good thing if it is.

PORTER
Here.

PORTER hands FREIDRICH the walkie.

FREIDRICH
DeVone!

INT. HUMMER #2 - MORNING

FREIDRICH
(over radio)
DeVone!

HILLARD grabs the radio.

HILLARD
Yeah, hold on one second, he's in
the gun.

He reaches into the back, holding the radio out.

HILLARD (cont'd)
DeVone, Freidrich's on the radio!

CUT TO:

INT. MESS TENT - DAY

LYNCH sits at a table with several other soldiers, playing
Poker.

TILT UP as a soldier enters the tent.

SOLDIER
Lynch, there's things inbound, they
want you on the wall.

LYNCH
Fuck.

He throws down his cards.

LYNCH (cont'd)
I'll be back in a minute.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUMMER #2 - MORNING

The Hummer speeds along as DEVONE half crouches down, holding
the radio up.

DEVONE
Sir?

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

FREIDRICH
Up ahead, what's that?

DEVONE
(filtered over radio)
Uh.
(beat)
It looks like a wall or something
like that.

FREIDRICH
A wall? What's the hell is it doing
there?

EXT. HUMMER #2 - MORNING

DEVONE
Well, if I'm right, it looks
military.
(beat)
Standard military procedure in a
state of emergency. Block off the
main highways to quarantine.
(beat)
There's a good chance it's still
manned. If it is then it'll be
heavily defended. You might want to
stop soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

Four soldiers climb up onto the barricade. Two of them set up
M60's, the other two loading them.

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - MORNING

WINTERS walks out of the trailer.

SOLDIER
Guns are on the wall, sir.

WINTERS
Good. Go to high alert status.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

Yes sir.

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

FREIDRICH

Stay on the guns.

(to CASEY)

Get ready to get out of here in a hurry.

CASEY

You got it.

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

LYNCH snaps the grenade launcher shut, stepping aside, just waiting for the order.

SOLDIER

(over bullhorn)

Attention in the Humvees! Stop or we will open fire.

Two more soldiers climb up onto the wall, taking aim on the Hummers speeding towards them.

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

JACK

Jesus Christ, these guys mean business.

DEVONE

(filtered over radio)

Slow down sir!

CASEY

What should we do?

DEVONE

(filtered over radio)

Slow down or they will open fire! They don't care if we're alive or not, they'll blow us away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
 Slow down, slow us down.
 (to DEVONE)
 Stay on the gun.

DEVONE
 (filtered over radio)
 Yeah, I'm not moving.

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

SOLDIER (O.S.)
 (to WINTERS)
 They're slowing down, sir!

WINTERS
 Stay on them.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
 Yes, sir!

ANGLE ON SNIPER-

As he slowly tilts his rifle, following the Hummers.

POV: SNIPER

The cross hairs are centered on CASEY's forehead, not straying an inch as the Hummers start to slow.

SNIPER
 Target, sir.

WINTERS
 Hold fire unless I give you the order.

SNIPER
 Sir.

EXT. HUMMERS - MORNING

The two Hummers slow to a stop.

INT. HUMMER #1 - DAY

ANGLE ON CASEY'S FOREHEAD-

As the red laser sight wavers slightly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY
(nervous)
Sir?

FREIDRICH
Just slow us down, Case.

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

Everyone is tense.

LYNCH aims down at the lead Hummer.

CLOSE-UP as his finger tightens around the trigger.

EXT. HUMMERS - MORNING

The passenger side door opens, FREIDRICH steps out.

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Hold fire!

SOLDIER #2
Hands in the air! Hands above your
head!

EXT. HUMMERS - MORNING

FREIDRICH raises his hands.

FREIDRICH
I'm unarmed!

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

SNIPER looks through his rifle scope, counting the people in the Hummers.

SNIPER
I count.
(beat)
Eight in all, sir.
(beat)
They've got weapons. Small caliber
on hand, larger in the vehicles.

EXT. HUMMER - MORNING

FREIDRICH stands, waiting nervously.

POV: FREIDRICH

SNIPER watches us carefully.

EXT. BLOCKADE - MORNING

WINTERS

Well?

SNIPER

(shakes head)

Negative, sir. He's unarmed.

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

Everyone watches, waiting to see what will happen.

DEVONE (O.S.)

I don't like this.

EXT. BLOCKADE - MORNING

SOLDIER

(through bullhorn)

Do not move! To those in the vehicles, do not move for your weapons! To the man on the top gun, hold your arms out to the side or we will fire!

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

CASEY

What's going on?

DEVONE (O.S.)

I really don't like this.

EXT. BLOCKADE - MORNING

WINTERS climbs up onto the barricade, taking the bullhorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS
(over bullhorn)
To those in the Hummers, step out
now! Everyone in the Hummers, on
the asphalt now with your hands up!
Away from your weapons!

EXT. HUMMERS - MORNING

FREIDRICH turns to the Hummer and nods.

INT. HUMMER #1 - MORNING

DEVONE (O.S.)
Everyone got your sidearm?

CASEY grabs a pistol from the dashboard and slides it into
his belt, pulling his shirt over it.

CASEY
(nods)
Now I do.

EXT. BLOCKADE - MORNING

WINTERS
(to LYNCH)
Keep it on the rear Hummer. If they
move, fire.

LYNCH
Yes, sir.

EXT. HUMMERS - MORNING

Everyone climbs out of the Hummers, armed only with concealed
weapons.

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

SNIPER
(beat)
They're armed, sir. They're trying
to conceal their weapons, all small
arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS
 (through bullhorn)
 Everyone step forward.
 (to SOLDIER)
 Go down and meet them.

SOLDIER
 Yes, sir.

WINTERS
 You know the drill. If they do
 anything.
 (beat)
 Shoot them all.

SOLDIER
 (nods)
 Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUMMERS - MORNING

A long moment passes, everyone standing next to the Hummers.

JESSIE
 What's going on?

FREIDRICH
 Nothing good.

PAN LEFT as four soldiers walk up to FREIDRICH, all of them armed.

SOLDIER
 If you'll please come with us, sir.
 The General wishes to speak with
 you.

FREIDRICH steps forward.

FREIDRICH
 What about the others?

SOLDIER
 They'll be fine, they'll be taken
 care of sir.

FREIDRICH
 They won't be harmed in any way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

No sir.

FREIDRICH

I wasn't asking, I'm telling.

(louder)

They will not be harmed in any way.

SOLDIER

(nods)

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - MORNING

AERIAL SHOT of the barricade, several soldiers walking around on top, the Hummers sitting out front.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

FREIDRICH and the others are walking through the compound, being escorted by a number of tired yet angry looking armed soldiers.

DEVONE pauses for a moment, looking around.

One of the soldiers steps forward.

SOLDIER

Move.

They start walking again.

PAN LEFT as WINTERS approaches.

WINTERS

Welcome! Welcome to our humble compound.

(to FREIDRICH)

And who may I ask are you?

FREIDRICH

Freidrich.

WINTERS

Freidrich. . . ?

FREIDRICH

Freidrich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

(nods)

Very well. You're skeptical, and I can obviously understand that, considering the circumstances.

(beat)

I am General Winters, the ranking officer of this little group of soldiers.

FREIDRICH

(dead serious)

I was assured no one would be harmed.

WINTERS

Of course, of course. And I assure you, no one will be harmed.

(to everyone)

You all must be hungry.

He motions to a soldier standing off to the side.

WINTERS (cont'd)

(to SOLDIER)

Take everyone over to the Mess, get them something to eat.

SOLDIER

Yes sir.

WINTERS

He'll take you to get some food in you. Just follow him.

SOLDIER starts leading everyone away.

JACK leans in close to FREIDRICH.

JACK

(whispering)

You good on your own?

FREIDRICH

(whispering, nods)

Yeah, yeah I'll be fine.

JACK nods and turns, walking after the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS
(shouting after SOLDIER)
Make sure they get something good.
Not just MREs.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Yes sir.

WINTERS turns to FREIDRICH.

WINTERS
So.

FREIDRICH
So.

WINTERS
I take it you're the 'leader' of
this group?

FREIDRICH
Relatively speaking, yes. Of some
of them, at least. Three joined
with me, they're their own group.

WINTERS
Well, you are indeed the man I want
to talk to. If you follow me, I'll
take you to my trailer.

FREIDRICH
The others won't be harmed,
correct?

WINTERS
Yes, yes, correct. They won't be
harmed in any way.

They start walking.

WINTERS (cont'd)
You really should relax, you're
going to give yourself a heart
attack.

FREIDRICH
I have more important things to
worry about.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS TENT - MORNING

A huge tent, full of aluminum tables sitting side by side. There's about fifteen soldiers scattered around, eating while off duty.

SOLDIER leads everyone in.

SOLDIER

Get whatever you want. I'll tell them Winter's sent you.

JACK and DEVONE hang back as everyone else gets into a small line-up, three soldiers already waiting for food.

JACK

(quiet)
What do you think?

DEVONE

(quiet, shrugs)
No idea. I mean, they seem good enough. The sort of guys you'd expect.

JACK

(quiet)
At first, yeah.
(shakes head)
But what happens later.

DEVONE

(quiet)
Well, I doubt they'd do something like sneak into our tents while we slept to slit our throats.

JACK

(quiet)
Yeah, but how can we be sure? We don't know these guys.

DEVONE

(quiet)
. . . yeah.

JACK motions to JESSIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK
Jess, stay close.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILERS - MORNING

The gunners up top look board, none of them really paying attention to what they're doing.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - MORNING

FREIDRICH is alone with WINTERS in his personal trailer.

WINTERS

I really must commend you on making it this far, considering the odds that are stacked against you.

(beat)

We've suffered quite a few casualties ourselves over the course of this thing. I'm surprised there are any of you left.

FREIDRICH

It's not to say we haven't lost some of our own.

(beat)

There's just less of us, I suppose. Less people to face death everyday.

(sighs)

Less people to fold when they face it.

WINTERS

True enough. True enough.

(beat)

I'm not sure I really like, I suppose I've never really liked, the whole 'numbers advantage' adage. When you have twice as many soldiers on your side that just means that there are twice as many people who can die.

(beat)

Twice as many good men you loose under your command.

(beat)

You can never forget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
I can remember them all.

WINTERS
The ones that've died.

FREIDRICH
(nods)
All of them. Every detail about
their death, I can remember.

WINTERS
That never goes away.
(beat)
But.

WINTERS turns in his chair and lifts a bottle of Vodka off of a desk. He pulls two shot glasses out of a drawer and pours some for each of them.

WINTERS (cont'd)
I've got the next best thing.

FREIDRICH
What? If you can't forget the
memories, kill the brain cells that
hold them?

WINTERS
(nods)
Yeah, pretty much.

FREIDRICH
(beat, shrugs)
Good enough for me.

They each down their shot, FREIDRICH slams his glass down on the desk. He grimaces.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
Jesus Christ.

WINTERS laughs.

WINTERS
It's an acquired taste.

FREIDRICH
It must be, God damn.
(beat)
But, yeah.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
Those memories, I don't think even
this shit could erase them.

WINTERS
They're that bad? You're either an
incredible leader or an absolute
fool.
(beat)
Looking at you, I'd say the former.

FREIDRICH
I remember them all.
(beat)
But it's the first ones that I
remember the most, you know?
(shakes head)
I don't care about the last five as
much combined as any one of the
first five I lost.

WINTERS just listens and nods.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
The first.
(beat)
The first one was a friend of mine,
a great guy.
(beat)
I had to watch as those things tore
his face off.
(beat)
Literally, tore his face off.
(beat)
I don't know, they probably didn't
actually tear it clear off, but
that's all I remember. Flesh
pulling off of bone, muscle
tearing, blood spraying.

WINTERS
I remember mine, clear as day. It
was a week into this outbreak.
(smiles)
A good kid, nineteen. The life of
us all, he didn't take this thing
seriously, and I think that helped
us keep from going insane thinking
about it.
(beat)
One night.
(beat)
One night, he was on patrol on the
outer fences.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)

(beat)

One of those things managed to clear the fence. We don't know how, and when you look back at it you wonder why you'd even waste the time wondering.

(beat)

But anyway, it cleared that fence and it started tearing at him. Teeth and claws are more than a match for bare flesh.

(beat)

We heard his screams all through the compound. Everyone went racing out there as fast as they could.

(beat)

By the time they got there the kid was a pile and a puddle.

He chokes a bit, not liking what he's talking about.

WINTERS (cont'd)

The thing tore him apart, more than we ever could have imagined.

(beat)

After that it went downhill.

(beat)

But those screams. Those screams, echoing through the compound that night.

(beat)

I'll never forget them. For me, that's the moment this war really started.

FREIDRICH

I can't remember any sounds but the bullets. Be they firing or ripping into something that used to be a human being.

WINTERS is slowly drifting off, we can see it in his eyes. This is having a major effect on him, opening up some old wounds.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)

The bullets.

(beat)

The deafening bang is the only real sound I recognize now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

You never know what a sound is anymore.

FREIDRICH

Exactly. You always have to be on your toes. Something as simple as a quiet shuffling could be a wounded person, or an animal, or one of those things.

(beat)

And none of those you'd want to meet. The wounded person could accidentally shoot you, the animal could attack you, and the undead could kill you.

(beat)

Even speaking now. The one thing that used to be ours, and ours alone. Exclusive to the living. Now those things can coordinate, some of them can even speak.

(shakes head)

Even if you hear someone calling for help, most of the time you can't risk it.

(beat)

But then it eats at you, and you can't help but wonder 'Jesus, maybe that really was a person calling for help.' But every time you check, it'll be a zombie.

(beat)

But that one time you don't, that'll be the one that haunts you.

(long sigh)

With a bullet there is no explanation, no thoughts, no second guessing.

(beat)

When you hear a bullet, that's it. You know what it is, you know where it's coming from. That bang only has one meaning, and that meaning is death.

WINTERS

Even now you can't be sure.

FREIDRICH

(shakes head)

No. Not anymore.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
 Not since they started using guns.
 (beat)
 The one thing you could be sure
 about, that one thing, and it's not
 a sure thing anymore.
 (beat)
 Nothing is anymore.

WINTERS
 There's pretty much one thing you
 can do about that. A few of my boys
 took that route.

FREIDRICH
 What's that?

WINTERS
 That bang sound?

FREIDRICH
 Yeah?

WINTERS
 You turn it on yourself.

They sit in silence for a moment, fully contemplating what he
 just said.

WINTERS (cont'd)
 We don't even stop them now. We did
 at the beginning, tried to get them
 through it.
 (shakes head)
 But not anymore.
 (beat)
 Now, if they want out.
 (shrugs)
 Who the hell am I to stop them? I'm
 just one man. In the end it all
 comes down to God. It's his job to
 decide what's right and wrong, not
 mine.

FREIDRICH
 That made the most sense of
 anything I've heard since this
 thing started.

WINTERS
 Sometimes the most logical thing is
 something people don't want to
 accept.
 (beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)

Now that the world's gone to hell,
there's no one around to say that
something is bad, or taboo, or
whatever. Now there's just death
and the constant act of trying not
to have to face it. Not unarmed, at
least.

FREIDRICH

Yeah.

(beat)

So what are you doing way out here?
All the other military outposts
we've come across have been
abandoned, what made you guys stay?

WINTERS

Well, we figured, where else can we
go? What else can we do?

(beat)

We set up here at the beginning of
this thing, primarily as a
quarantine for the sector you came
from. We had about three times our
current numbers, more supplies than
we could possibly need. And we've
been here ever since.

(beat)

We've been sitting here, waiting
for orders that we've realized for
a long time won't be coming.

FREIDRICH

So you're just going to sit and
wait it out?

WINTERS

Well, waiting it out is a question
of what we're waiting out. If
you're talking about this thing,
then there's no way we will. We'll
all be dead long before this ends.

(beat)

We're just trying to live out the
rest of our lives, however
pointless they may be.

(beat)

Like I said, where else can we go?
We've got ourselves set up quite
nicely here. We've got enough
supplies to last for another six
months. We're got food, medical,
ammunition, everything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)

(beat)

But beyond that sixth month.

(beat)

We never think about it. I mean, we'll think about it when the time comes, but until then we'll just live things our way and wait to see.

FREIDRICH

Do you even think you'll make that sixth month?

WINTERS leans back.

WINTERS

Maybe, probably not. What's there to keep us alive until then? Just our wits and our bullets, and both of those are in short supply these days.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MESS TENT - MORNING

The others have all found seats at a table off in the corner, by itself. A few others soldiers are eating, looking over at them.

JACK

(dry)

Isn't this an exciting place.

DEVONE

Something's not right about it.

HILLARD

Wow, DeVone getting paranoid? There's something we didn't see coming.

DEVONE

I'm serious.

FILLA

How do you mean?

HILLARD

Just ignore him, he always goes off on these 'everyone's out to get me' benders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA

Still.

DEVONE

I don't know.

(beat)

It just. . .

(beat)

. . . it just doesn't feel right.

(beat)

The way they act is.

(beat)

Weird.

CASEY

You think we should split?

DEVONE

Maybe.

(beat)

It's too soon to tell. Just be sure
to keep your guard up.

PAN AROUND the group, all looking nervous, exchanging glances
as they eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

The barricade, the moon high above it.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER

Lights on in three.

(beat)

Two.

(beat)

One.

(beat)

Striking.

He flips the switch, the lights turn on.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

One by one huge floodlights turn on, lighting up the entire outpost. There isn't an inch of shadow anywhere. No place for something to hide.

ANGLE ON SOLDIER ON WALL-

As he shields his eyes, floodlights turning on, hitting him right dead on.

SOLDIER
Fucking lights.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER
Done, sir. All lights are powered up fully.
(beat)
Diagnostics are done. There's no shorts or glitches, everything is five by five.

WINTERS
Good.

He pulls his sleeve back and looks at his watch, then takes a long, deep breath. Several moments pass, WINTERS looking deep in thought.

WINTERS (cont'd)
(nods, quiet)
It's time.

SOLDIER
Sir?

WINTERS
It's time to do this.

SOLDIER
Are you sure we have to do this sir?
(beat)
I mean, do we really have to do this to them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Just follow your orders and everything will work out fine, soldier.

(beat)

Just trust me when I say that this has to be done. If we don't do this everything we've worked for, everything we will work for, is all for nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH and the others are asleep, trying to get some rest before they leave in the morning.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

The door opens, WINTERS stepping out. He pauses, holding up a hand, motioning for the others to follow. Half a dozen armed soldiers step out and flank him.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Everyone asleep.

DEVONE stirs, lifting his head off his pillow.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS stops at the trailer door, motioning for one of the soldiers to open it. He steps forward, the others taking up positions around it.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

DEVONE walks into frame, stepping towards the door.

The door opens, light flooding in. DEVONE stumbles back, momentarily blinded.

The soldiers move in, yelling and shouting as they start pulling everyone out of bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH rolls out and falls to the floor, a soldier grabbing his arm and roughly yanking him to his feet.

FREIDRICH
Winters?! What the hell is going on?!

WINTERS
Secure them.

SOLDIER
Yes sir.

FREIDRICH
Winters!

WINTERS turns to FREIDRICH.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
What the hell are you doing?

WINTERS
Remember what I said. Remember that I am just a man, no more and no less. Do you remember?

FREIDRICH
What?!

WINTERS
What's good and what's bad is up to Him, the almighty. It's not up to me.
(beat)
I just pray that he will grant us mercy for what we must do.

FREIDRICH
What the hell are you talking about?!

WINTERS
You're the first people we've had in far too long.
(beat)
I'm sorry.
(to soldiers)
Lock them down.

SOLDIER
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
Winters, you bastard!

SOLDIER hits the side of FREIDRICH's head with the butt of his rifle.

WINTERS
No! None of that.
(beat)
Not yet.

SOLDIER
Sorry, sir.

WINTERS
No, don't apologize. I can understand your enthusiasm.
(smiles)
I'm experiencing quite a bit myself.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

A small group are still awake, sitting around the fire. One of them is FRANK, the hiker from the very beginning.

He pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, pulls a single cigarette, and looks at it.

FRANK
(shakes head)
I always thought these would kill me.
(beat)
Fourteen years.
(beat, shakes head)
For fourteen years I smoked these things. Fourteen years, and they didn't beat me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He bends it between his index and forefinger, then flicks it into the fire.

FRANK (cont'd)
I don't know, I'd say I had a pretty good run.

HIKER #1 (O.S.)
Yeah, probably.

FRANK
I mean, look how far I made it, compared to a lot of other people out there.
(beat)
Right now I'm thinking that it's about time I did something to earn me that spot up in the clouds, yeah?

HIKER #1 (O.S.)
I don't think that really matters anymore.

FRANK
Yeah? Why not?

HIKER #1
We're pretty much going through hell on Earth right now.
(shrugs)
I don't see how anything could be much worse. I think we're guaranteed a spot in Heaven after this.

FRANK
True enough, true enough.
(beat)
So.
(beat)
Who's coming with me?

HIKER #1
What the hell are you talking about?

FRANK
They're alive. At least, David is. I don't know how I know, don't ask. I just know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #2

There's no way they are. Any of them.

HIKER #3

It's been four days now.

FRANK

Yeah? All right, so it's been four days. It doesn't look good, all hope is lost, and all that melodramatic shit.

(beat)

Just answer me this: why are you still here?

No one answers.

FRANK (cont'd)

Yeah, exactly. You're all here because he didn't kick you out. Here because he didn't shoot you the moment you got out of the trees.

(beat)

He helped us live this long, and we're just going to forget about him out there?

HIKER #1

Look, they've got a point. It's been four days and it hasn't stopped snowing. He could be anyway by now.

FRANK pulls out another cigarette, flicking it into the fire.

FRANK

Well, I don't really give a fuck what you all think, I'm going.

A few seconds pass, no one saying anything.

FRANK (cont'd)

I can do it on my own if I have to, but it'll be hard as hell.

A moment.

HIKER #1

(sighs)

What the hell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #1 (cont'd)
 (nods)
 I'm in.

HIKER #2
 I guess I owe it to him. I'll go.

FRANK
 (to HIKER #3)
 An even four would be a lot better.

HIKER #3
 You won't find him, you know. He's
 dead, they're all dead.
 (beat, sighs)
 But I might as well go.
 (beat)
 I mean, I've got nothing left to do
 but die, right?
 (shrugs)
 So I guess I might as well die
 doing something useful for a
 change.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

The next day. The four are just finishing loading up their
 packs.

FRANK
 Remember, pack only what you can
 carry comfortably. If we have to go
 out farther than what we've already
 got, we turn back.
 (shakes head)
 No questions, no second guessing.

He grabs a box of magazines and drops it into his pack,
 taking one out and loading it into his rifle.

FRANK (cont'd)
 And make sure you've got enough
 ammo.

HIKER #1 (O.S.)
 Food?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

(shakes head)

Not much, only two or three MRE's
each. If we're out beyond those, we
turn back.

He zips his backpack up.

FRANK (cont'd)

You all ready to go?

HIKER #1 (O.S.)

Yeah.

HIKER #2 (O.S.)

Yeah, all set.

FRANK

(to HIKER #3)

What about you?

HIKER #3

No.

(beat)

But I'm still going.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

WIDE SHOT of the cabin in the background, FRANK and the other
three in the foreground as they walk off towards the forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. VARIOUS - VARIOUS

MONTAGE done to music, WOS: the group, walking through the
forest, fresh snow falling; sitting around a camp fire,
trying to keep warm; continuing through the forest during the
night; looking at a map, trying to figure out where they are;
finding a spent rifle shell on the ground; once again camping
out; firing at something, we don't see what; continuing
through the forest; back at the cabin, KELLY standing out on
the porch; inside, a group sitting around the fire, looking
worried but like they know it's pointless; back in the
forest, the group continuing on; FRANK stumbling, dropping
his rifle, picking it up and continuing on;

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

coming across what looks like the remains of an old temporary camp, a few charred bits of wood almost completely covered in snow; continuing through the forest.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The four move through the trees slowly, ready for anything. FRANK slows, spotting something off camera.

FRANK
(whispering)
Hold it.

He steps forward, over a fallen log covered in snow, moving towards something off camera. Whatever it is it's upset him. He just stares, lowering his rifle.

He looks up at the sky, stretching his neck and praying at the same time.

FRANK (cont'd)
We found one.

PAN LEFT. Sticking out of the snow, frozen in place, is a hand, reaching up in a clenched fist. Blood has frozen into ice on it.

HIKER #1
How long?

FRANK kneels and crosses himself.

FRANK
I'd say a few days, at least.

He brushes away some of the snow covering the body.

FRANK (cont'd)
It's.
(shakes head)
No, it's not him.

HIKER #2
Yeah, great, it's not him. But it's still someone.

FRANK
I didn't say it wasn't.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (cont'd)

There's no way for us to tell who it is.

(beat)

I hate to do this, but we can't bring him. There's no way we can turn back and take him back to the cabin.

(beat)

Which means we have to leave him out here, God damn it.

He rubs his forehead.

FRANK (cont'd)

Did any of you pack a shovel?

HIKER #3

Yeah, I got one.

He slides his pack off his shoulder, unzipping it and pulling out a folding shovel. He tosses it to FRANK who quickly unfolds it. He starts digging snow, uncovering the man's rifle. He yanks, pulling it away from the frozen ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

The four, standing next to a packed down mound of snow. The rifle is jabbed into the snow at the head of the makeshift grave.

FRANK turns away first, the others following as he walks through the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The four, walking through the forest, snow just starting to fall.

There's a whizzing sound, something flies past. FRANK stops and ducks, the others following a split second later.

HIKER #3

(whispering)

What the hell was that!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #2
(whispering)
Bullet?

FRANK
(whispering)
Too quiet.

HIKER #2
(whispering)
Silenced, maybe?

FRANK
(whispering)
Still too quiet.

Another sound, something flies past overhead.

HIKER #1
(whispering)
What the hell is going on!?

The tree next to FRANK explodes, splinters and pieces of bark flying. He ducks away, swinging his rifle around.

POV: frank

An arrow is embedded in the tree.

Another whizzing sound. HIKER #3 screams, standing to reveal the arrow embedded in the small of his back.

FRANK
Shit! Run!

They start running through the trees, another arrow flying past. HIKER #3 stumbles after them.

Another arrow hits him, this time punching right through. His stomach sprays as he topples over, blood staining the snow red.

The others run, staying together.

Gunfire, off to the right. FRANK fires a few stray rounds in return, not hoping to hit anything.

A figure lurches out of the trees, holding an M-16. It fires a few rounds, hitting nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HIKER #1 screams, his right knee exploding as two rounds tear into it. He goes down, rounds hitting him in the back as he falls. He sprawls out and doesn't get up.

FRANK (cont'd)
Keep running!

HIKER #2
Christ, they're everywhere!

Figures are emerging from the trees in every direction, all armed, barely visible in the shadows, through the maze of trees. Some have rifles, a few bows, others with hunting knives.

HIKER #2 trips, hitting the ground hard and face first. He coughs, climbing to his hands and knees.

FRANK keeps running, not slowing down.

HIKER #2 stands and turns.

A figure slashes, knife cutting through his neck. He tries to cough, but nothing emerges. He stumbles back, holding his throat as blood gushes from the wound, through his fingers.

He topples over, hands falling away from his throat, all life fading from his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Possibly the next day. Everything seems normal, as normal as it can be. If we didn't know better, you could almost say it was peaceful.

A pair emerge from the trees, one of them wounded bad, blood gushing from a number of serious wounds.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A GUARD standing on the porch spots the wounded man immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
Out front, now! Wounded man!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Three guards set the man down on a mattress, on his side.
HIKER #3. Blood gushes from the entry and exit wounds, it's
amazing he's still alive.

KELLY walks in, stopping in her tracks.

KELLY
Oh my God.

Both arrows are still impaled through him. It's a miracle
he's survived this long.

KELLY (cont'd)
We have to get those out of him.

GUARD
No don't touch them! They're
through his organs, if we take them
out we could kill him.

The man who carried from the trees steps forward. He's named
CARLOS.

CARLOS
I found this guy about half a mile
out, nearly dead.

KELLY
Someone help me with this!

HIKER #3 lets out a groan.

HIKER #3
(weak)
Not all. . .

GUARD
What'd he say?

HIKER #3
(weak)
Not all. . . Not all. . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

What? What about the others?

HIKER #3

(weak)

Not. . . all. . . dead. . .

He coughs, relaxing, letting out his last breath. He goes limp.

GUARD

Not all dead?

CARLOS

There are others out there? He's the only one I found.

KELLY

David...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of the barricade, many days later.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Everyone but FREIDRICH is packed into one of the bunk trailers.

JACK is pacing back and forth, bouncing a rubber ball off the walls.

JACK

I can't take this much longer. How long are they gonna' keep us locked in here?

CASEY

DeVone, you're the military man. What do you think?

JACK continues to bounce the ball.

DEVONE

Hey, this is beyond me.
(to JACK)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVONE (cont'd)
Jack, honest to God, would you stop
bouncing that fucking thing? Jesus
Christ.

PORTER
Yeah, where the hell'd you find it
anyway?

JACK
Found it in here.

PORTER
Great.

DEVONE
Look, they're breaking just about
every part of the Geneva
Convention. The only thing they
haven't done yet is executed
someone.

FILLA
Yeah, that's something I wouldn't
put past them.

HILLARD
This isn't normal, is it?

DEVONE
No way.
(shakes head)
These guys have gone rogue.

JESSIE
Rogue?

DEVONE
Yeah, rogue. It's exactly how it
sounds. They've splintered off from
the military and've gone all 'Mad
Max' on us.
(beat)
Which, I gotta say, actually
happens a hell of a lot more often
than you'd think.

JACK
As long as there's no code name for
it.

DEVONE
Well, actually.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

You're kidding me.

(beat)

So we're dealing with insane Mad
Max wannabes with guns and no
morals, who have us locked in a
trailer and are the ones who will
decide whether or not we die very,
very soon?

DEVONE

Exactly.

JACK

. . . Well. . . Shit.

DEVONE

Yeah.

(nods)

Yeah, that's about the gist of
this.

CUT TO:

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

FREIDRICH sits across from WINTERS, no hand cuffs, no guards,
nothing. WINTERS trying to gain FREIDRICH's trust.

From the way FREIDRICH is sitting and looking you can tell
it's not working.

WINTERS

I am sorry that this had to happen.

But. . .

(beat)

But, well, this is simply how it
must be.

FREIDRICH

You've taken our weapons, all of
our supplies, both our vehicles.
You've got us locked up twenty-four
seven.

(beat)

What do you want?

WINTERS

Well, you see, my unit has
developed some interesting. . .
Interests.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)

(beat)

Since the beginning of this pandemic.

FREIDRICH

And how the hell do we fit into those?

WINTERS

Well, you see, those things are getting smarter, as you may have noticed.

(beat)

They're getting smarter faster, and they're proving to be quite the problem.

He leans forward, clasping his hands on his desk.

WINTERS (cont'd)

You see, we've been experimenting with them a bit. Seeing just how fast they learn, seeing what makes them tick.

(beat)

But to do this, we need.

(beat)

Well, I won't lie. What we need is bait.

FREIDRICH

Bait.

He stares at WINTERS, then he realizes what he means.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)

Us.

(beat)

So that's it? To you we're nothing more than bait for your experiments?

WINTERS

I can assure you, it's nothing personal. We use whoever happens to find us.

(shrugs)

It makes no difference what we may think of you, all that matters is that you were next in line.

(beat)

Unfortunately for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH

So what are you going to do? Parade us out into the field with steaks hanging around our necks?

WINTERS

Of course not. Those things don't respond to raw meat, or cooked meat. For that matter, they don't respond to anything but humans.

(beat)

Live humans.

FREIDRICH

You're a son of a bitch.

WINTERS

Yes, I know.

FREIDRICH

You'll burn for this. You'll God damn burn for this.

WINTERS

Will I? Just remember what I said earlier.

FREIDRICH

What was that?

WINTERS

It's up to God to decide what's good and what's bad. What's right and what's evil.

(beat)

You're going to die so that I can figure out how to destroy these things, so that I can save the human race.

(shrugs)

Is that good or bad? One must wonder. In the end, you have to question whether the ends justify the means. If they do, then I think I've earned my place in heaven. If not.

He pauses, thinking for a moment.

WINTERS (cont'd)

If not, then I will gladly accept my punishment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)

(beat)

Just think of yourself as a
sacrifice for the greater good of
mankind.

He leans back.

WINTERS (cont'd)

And my good, of course.

He stands, walking over to the door.

FREIDRICH

You're making a mistake.

WINTERS

Yes, I know.

He knocks on the door. It opens, two armed soldiers step in.

WINTERS (cont'd)

But in the end it's a small price
to pay for our goal.

(to soldiers)

We're done here.

One of the soldiers steps forward.

SOLDIER

(to FREIDRICH)

It's time to go.

FREIDRICH stands.

WINTERS

Get some rest.

(smiles)

We start in the morning.

FREIDRICH gives him one last look, then turns and leaves.

The door closes.

WINTERS walks over to his desk, sitting. He leans back,
taking a deep breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

One of the soldiers stops, pulling a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. He pulls one out and lights it, taking a deep breath.

SOLDIER

I hate this place. Same shit every single fucking day.

SNIPER (O.S.)

(laughs)

What are you complaining about? You can always go to the club, make some new friends.

SOLDIER

(laughs)

Maybe once we figure out to kill those God damn things.

SNIPER

It's easy: put a bullet through their brain.

To end his sentence his chest spouts red. We can hear the sound of the bullet hitting flesh, blowing apart his ribs. He stumbles, looking down at his chest.

SOLDIER

Holy shit!

SNIPER collapses, falling off the barricade.

SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)

I've got hostiles, one mile out and inbound!

SOLDIER

Shit! Get the General-

His neck explodes. He tries to scream but can't, nothing but a gurgle emerging.

He topples forward, sprawling out.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

We hear the sounds of gunfire picking up outside, starting with sparse shots, then growing to a full on battle.

WINTERS
 (to self, confused)
 What the hell is going on out there?

The door opens, a SOLDIER leaning in.

SOLDIER
 Sir, a small force of hostiles is approaching, about a mile out. We've suffered two casualties.

WINTERS
 Already?

SOLDIER
 They took us by surprise, sir.

WINTERS
 (sighs)
 Have all gunners report to the front. You know the drill.

SOLDIER
 Yes, sir.

He turns and leaves, shutting the door behind him.

WINTERS continues what he was doing (reading a book) as the sounds of the shoot-out begin to wind down.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound the next day.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

Everyone is asleep, more than enough bunks for them all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens, several armed soldiers stepping in. The group slowly begins to wake up.

LEAD SOLDIER

Winters wants you.

(smiles)

It's time to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

The guards escort HILLARD, DEVONE, and JACK through the compound, towards a large semi.

CRANE UP to reveal that the top has been cut out, a series of metal girders welded across it. A couple of guards stand on the girders, watching below. We can see several undead in the truck, moaning and groaning. They reach for the soldiers, these ones aren't smart.

WINTERS (O.S.)

Gentlemen!

PAN LEFT as WINTERS walks towards us, looking overly enthusiastic.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Welcome to the Play Pen.

DEVONE

What the fuck is wrong with you people?

WINTERS

What the fuck is wrong with us?

He steps forward and leans in close to DEVONE.

WINTERS (cont'd)

We don't want to see the human race obliterated.

(shrugs)

If there was ever an example of the ends justifying the means.

(nods)

This is it.

HILLARD

So you're going to kill us for the greater good?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

No, we're not going to kill you.

(beat)

They're going to kill you.

He motions to the truck.

WINTERS (cont'd)

And in doing so they are going to learn how to kill you using the tools we give them.

JACK

And then you watch and learn how they learn.

WINTERS

Exactly! This is an exercise in death.

(beat)

Unfortunately for you, you're the ones who must die.

A moment passes, no one says anything.

WINTERS (cont'd)

What? No comments? No 'you'll never get away with this' remarks?

(beat)

Where's the fun?

JACK

You're completely insane.

WINTERS

Now you're playing the game! Insult me! Call me a monger, what have you!

(smiles)

Enjoy your last minutes on Earth.

DEVONE

Trust me, the only way that would happen is if you gave us a gun and let us kill you right now.

WINTERS nods, mock thinking.

WINTERS

All right.

He motions to one of the soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)
Give him a gun.

The trio don't know how to react, they just exchange glances.

A soldier walks up and hands DEVONE a pistol.

DEVONE just stands there.

WINTERS (cont'd)
Well?
(beat)
What are you waiting for? You've
got your gun, now you just have to
shoot me.

A tense moment passes.

DEVONE raises the pistol and takes aim.

JACK
Don't.

DEVONE
We're dead anyway, this is my
chance.

JACK
Don't do it.

HILLARD
(shakes head)
Something's not right DeVone. You
know it.

DEVONE
(shakes head)
I don't care.

He steps forward, letting his anger take over. We can see it
in his eyes, see it on his face.

DEVONE (cont'd)
You're going to hell.

WINTERS
(smiles)
But of course I am.

DEVONE pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stares at the gun, JACK and HILLARD look around, extremely tense.

The soldiers laugh as WINTERS turns in place, holding his arms out.

WINTERS (cont'd)
 What did I tell you?
 (to trio)
 Those undead things are smarter
 than you.

A gunshot. Several moments pass, everyone standing perfectly still. We don't know what just happened.

DEVONE drops his gun. He starts swaying in place a bit, unsteady.

ANGLE ON SOLDIER-

As he lowers the gun, barrel still smoking, from the back of DEVONE's head.

DEVONE topples over, sprawling out on the asphalt. Blood spreads beneath him.

Several moments pass.

WINTERS (cont'd)
 You see, everything here is a test.
 Everything you do, we make you do,
 so that we know how those things
 will think.

JACK
 By executing someone you will
 figure out how those undead think?

WINTERS
 Yes, exactly.
 (beat)
 Now, you're probably wondering why
 I did what I just did.
 (matter of fact)
 If we only have a small number of
 test subjects, those being you, why
 did I just off handed order one of
 them to be executed?

He starts pacing in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)

Well, the answer, I assure you,
makes perfect sense.

He stops pacing and turns to them.

WINTERS (cont'd)

To prove a point.

(beat)

To prove to you that it is well
within my powers to do that. To
show you that despite my limited
resources, I'm not above
slaughtering each and every one of
you.

JACK

I thought we were here to help you
figure out those things.

WINTERS

And you are.

JACK

If you kill us all, you've got no
test subjects, seeing as how you
don't seem to want to use your men.

WINTERS

Well, now, that's where we come to
an interesting conundrum.

(beat)

You see, I could use my men for
subjects, but who would capture
those things to test? Who would
capture new test subjects?

(beat)

But at the same time, relying on
people to stumble upon us to become
test subjects in of themselves,
that can be quite bothersome.

(nods)

In the end, I suppose it all comes
down to numbers. Everything can be
simplified to numbers.

JACK

You think you can simplify
everything that's happened,
everything you're doing, to simple
numbers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Everything can be simplified to a basic numerically level.

(beat)

Consider live in general. Live is an equation, a string of numbers and variables. Facts, like your age, or the number of people you talk to, or the number of people you've killed, all remain as set values, until which time a variable is acted upon.

(beat)

These variables could be anything. A life, a death. They could be dates or times, or the number of days you spend with one person, or number of days you spend away from that one person.

(beat)

When one variable is acted upon, say the number of days this plague has been here, a set value, i.e. the number of survivors, changes in relation.

(beat)

So you see, you are just variables. Values within a much greater non-linear equation. And your equations are simply a part of an even bigger equation.

JACK

Then what does that make you?

WINTERS

What does it make me?

(smiles)

I am the mathematician. I control the values. I assign values to the variables.

(beat)

I control the future of your equation, and therefore your future, and the futures of all those around you.

(shakes head)

Your equation cannot be altered without altering that of those around you, everyone else who is a variable in your own equation.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)
You see, one thing cannot be
changed without setting off a chain-
reaction. The butterfly effect.

(beat)
As I said.
(beat)
Everything is numbers.

JACK
(shakes head)
You're completely insane, you know
that.

WINTERS
(shakes head)
No, not insane. Just misunderstood.
What you do not seem to understand
is that what I do, I do for the
human race.

JACK
What you do is murder innocent
people.

WINTERS
Innocent? There are no innocent any
more. We've all killed, we've all
broken laws and raided and stolen
and done every horrid act
imaginable. To survive.

(beat)
To survive.
(beat)
I am simply trying to find a way
for the race to survive, the human
race as a whole, not just
individuals. Do do this it means
that the acts others commit to
survive themselves, I must commit
on a much gander scale.

(beat)
You see? Once again, simple
numbers.

He motions for them to move.

WINTERS (cont'd)
Lets go. It's time for you to serve
humanity.

They start walking. DEVONE continues to bleed.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - MOMENTS LATER

JACK and HILLARD stand on one of the girders, an armed soldier on either side.

WINTERS

Here's how the game works, for you first-timers.

A few soldiers laugh.

WINTERS (cont'd)

You go in the Play pen with five zombies. You have to survive as long as possible, so that they learn as much.

(beat)

Understood?

JACK

What about weapons?

More laughs.

WINTERS

You expect us to give you weapons?

(sarcastic)

You think we're trusting, don't you.

(shakes head)

No, absolutely no weapons going in. We may drop weapons in for them to use, if we decide to. But if you go for them.

He motions to one of the soldiers.

BAM!

A bullet hits DEVONE's back, blood flowing.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Lets just say that weapons are out of bounds for the living.

JACK

And if you kill us? Or if those things kill us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

(smiles)

I like how you said us first.
That's more likely.

(beat)

But no, if we kill both of you,
well.

(beat)

We have, what, five more?

SOLDIER (O.S.)

And the girl.

WINTERS

Oh yes, can't forget about her.

(sinister smile)

Needless to say, we don't get many
women out this far.

JACK and HILLARD just stare, pure anger in their eyes.

A moment passes.

WINTERS (cont'd)

Well.

(beat)

Shall we?

The soldiers swing their rifles, hitting JACK and HILLARD on
the back of the head. They fall forward into the truck.

The soldiers start to cheer. Bets are placed.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

Everyone else is still here, all awake, trying to kill time,
waiting to see what's happened to the others.

JESSIE

Someone's dead.

FREIDRICH

Who though?

JESSIE

(shakes head)

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH

Why do you think someone's dead?

JESSIE

The gunshots.

PORTER

That could be anything. That could have been them shooting at those things.

JESSIE

No. It was someone.

(beat)

Someone's dead.

FILLA

I guess we just have to wait and see.

(beat)

God damn it.

JESSIE

(shakes head)

I don't like it.

CASEY

What's to like?

FILLA

I think we should watch her.

FREIDRICH

What?

PORTER

What're you talking about?

FILLA

Jessie.

(beat)

We shouldn't let her out of our sight.

CASEY

Why?

FILLA

I think you know why.

CUT TO:

INT. 'PLAY PEN' - DAY

JACK and HILLARD back into a corner as the five undead shuffle towards them.

HILLARD
What do we do?

JACK
Uh.
(beat)
Give me a boost!

HILLARD drops to a knee as JACK uses him to jump, grabbing onto one of the girders. He swings.

CLOSE-UP as a soldier slams JACK's fingers with the butt of his rifle.

JACK lets go, hitting the floor hard.

One of the things reaches for him.

HILLARD
Jack!

HILLARD charges forward, swinging hard. He knocks the thing aside, getting a good grip on its hair. He starts pounding its face against the side of the trailer, blood splattering, bits of flesh and bone sticking.

HILLARD lets go, the zombie hitting the floor.

BOOM!

HILLARD's left kneecap explodes, blood spraying.

HILLARD
Fucking hell!

JACK
It's fine! It's fine, just hang on!

JACK helps HILLARD back up as his knee continues to bleed.

One of the things lunges for them.

WHAM!

JACK swings hard, knocking the thing away.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

WINTERS turns to a soldier.

WINTERS
Give them something to play with.

SOLDIER
(nods)
Yes sir.

INT. 'PLAY PEN' - DAY

Another zombie lunges, JACK kicks it back.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Have fun!

The soldier drops a six inch knife into the truck. It lands a few inches away from one of the zombies.

It stops, looks down, picks the knife up.

JACK
Oh shit.

HILLARD
(sarcastic)
Oh, that's wonderful.

JACK
Oh yeah.

JACK runs forward, ducking as he sidesteps. The zombie swings, knife passing mere inches above JACK's head.

JACK (cont'd)
Jesus!

SOLDIER (O.S.)
They're learning faster!

JACK runs, head butting the zombie. He stands, lifting it off the ground.

WHAM!

He slams it against the wall. The knife falls from its hand.

CLOSE-UP as JACK dives and grabs it, bringing it around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM BOOM!

JACK spins and brings the undead around, blocking both shots with it.

He stabs, the knife cutting into its head.

A soldier up top empties his mag, round after round tearing into the undead shield.

SOLDIER (cont'd)

Fuck!

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

WINTERS looks annoyed and pleased at the same time, a smile/frown on his face.

SOLDIER

Sir?

WINTERS

What?

SOLDIER

He's got the knife, sir.

WINTERS

Your point?

SOLDIER

He's killing them, sir.

WINTERS

They're already dead, Corporal, it makes no difference.

SOLDIER

Yes, but-

WINTERS

This is an experiment, Corporal.

(beat)

Experiments are often not what was expected.

INT. 'PLAY PEN' - DAY

JACK hurls the knife, it flies past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It stabs into a zombie's neck, blood gushing.

PAN LEFT as HILLARD jumps with his good leg, catching the knife, yanking it out.

HILLARD

Here!

ANGLE ON SOLDIER-

As he brings his rifle around.

ANGLE ON HILLARD-

As he tosses the knife to JACK.

SOLDIER opens up, rounds tearing into HILLARD's back. He twists and shakes as the bullets blow through him, ricocheting around in the truck.

One of the undead takes a hit to the head and goes down.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

Everyone listens to the faint sounds of gunfire outside.

FILLA stands and kicks one of the bunks.

FILLA

I can't fucking stand this anymore!
We're sitting around in here,
they're out there! Probably fucking
dying!

FREIDRICH

Calm down.

FILLA

How the hell am I supposed to calm
down?

FREIDRICH

There's nothing you can do by
getting angry in here.

(beat)

Sit down, calm down, wait until you
can do something useful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FILLA

Yeah, I like to be angry, thank you.

FREIDRICH

Good. Save it, store it. Keep it for when we really need it.

CUT TO:

INT. 'PLAY PEN' - DAY

HILLARD falls forward, landing on his knees.

CLOSE-UP as he looks up at JACK, his eyes wide, pupils beginning to dilate.

He topples over, sprawling out dead.

JACK watches for a moment, then turns and faces the undead.

Two of them shuffle towards us, the others lying in bloody heaps on the ground.

JACK

All right. You want a show, I'll give you a show.

He runs forward, holding the knife out in front of him.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ANGLE ON WINTERS-

As he turns to a soldier off camera and nods.

INT. 'PLAY PEN' - DAY

A single gunshot. JACK stumbles, stopping. The knife falls from his hand.

Slowly TILT DOWN, revealing a bullet wound on his gut, blood flowing.

He looks up at the soldier, his rifle barrel still smoking. He looks at the undead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK stumbles back, holding his stomach, blood seeping between his fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

CLOSE-UP on WINTERS, not looking happy about what has happened.

WINTERS
Get him out of there.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Yes sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ANGLE ON WINTERS-

As he listens to the undead, moaning and groaning as we hear the sound of them feeding.

WINTERS
Lynch.

LYNCH (O.S.)
Yes sir?

WINTERS
When you return this one.
(beat)
Inform the others about the two of them.

LYNCH
Sir?

WINTERS
Let them know, Lynch. Do you understand?

LYNCH (O.S.)
Yes sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WINTERS

I doubt they'll take the news well.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

The door opens, everyone standing.

LYNCH steps in.

He steps aside, a couple of soldiers stepping in, carrying JACK. He's been bandaged up, good as new.

JESSIE (O.S.)

Jack!

LYNCH

He's fine, no organs were hit.

JESSIE runs forward, FILLA grabs her and holds her back.

FREIDRICH

Where are the others? Hillard and DeVone?

LYNCH

They're both dead.

No one says or does anything.

LYNCH (cont'd)

For what it's worth, you're not just fodder for those things.

(beat)

You're actually going to serve a purpose now, not like what you were doing before. Wasting time and space.

(shakes head)

No. Now you can do something to help us all.

CASEY

Fucking murderers!

CASEY runs forward, swinging. He hits LYNCH on the side of the head, knocking him back out of the trailer.

BOOM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His gut explodes, blowing him back. The two soldiers drop JACK, he sprawls out on the floor.

LYNCH
No! No shooting!

A tense moment passes, the soldiers keeping their guns aimed at the others.

LYNCH (O.S.) (cont'd)
You'll thank us when we're done
with this!

The door closes.

ANGLE ON CASEY-

Lying on the floor, blood gushing from the deep gut wound.

FREIDRICH
Find something to stop the
bleeding!

FILLA
Help me get him to a bed!

FILLA and PORTER pick up JACK and carry him over to a bunk, JESSIE following alongside close, holding JACK's hand.

They set him down.

FREIDRICH (O.S.)
I need help with him!

FILLA
Yeah, yeah! Get a blanket!

PORTER runs over to a bed and pulls a blanket off, wrapping it into a ball. He tosses it to FREIDRICH who presses it against CASEY's wound.

FREIDRICH
Hold on, Case.

CLOSE-UP on CASEY as his eyes start to lose their life. He starts twitching.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
No, no! Casey, Casey! Help me out
here Casey, hold on!

CLOSE-UP on CASEY's hand as FREIDRICH holds it tight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
 Hold on Case!
 (to others)
 Help! I need help!

The others gather around, trying their best to help.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on his eyes as they begin to close.

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
 No, no! Casey, Casey hold it!

CLOSE-UP on his hand as CASEY's goes limp, sliding free.

Everyone stands in silence as CASEY goes limp, his last breath escaping him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin, snow falling as it always does. The same peaceful, serene scene we've seen before.

DAVID stumbles into the frame, holding his side. Blood seeps from between his fingers, a large red patch frozen and stained into his shirt around it. It's black blood, his kidney has been punctured.

A few steps behind him is FRANK, looking far better in comparison, with just a few major flesh wounds. Nothing as deep or serious looking as DAVID.

FRANK stumbles, nearly collapsing. He coughs, blood dripping onto the snow.

INT. CABIN - DAY

CARLOS is talking with several other refugees.

CARLOS
 How many others?

REFUGEE
 Half a dozen, I think, I can't remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS
None of them came back?

REFUGEE
Unless you count the one you
dragged back here half dead, no.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

GUARD flicks a cigarette out onto the snow.
He spots the two walking towards the cabin.

GUARD
What the hell?

GUARD #2 walks over.

GUARD (cont'd)
Is that. . .

INT. CABIN - DAY

CARLOS
Have you gone looking for them?

REFUGEE
Why? He's dead, they're all
probably dead too. Lately, if you
go out into those trees and don't
come back, you're never coming
back.

GUARD #2 runs in, everyone looking up, instinctively reaching
for their guns.

GUARD #2
David! It's David!

People start running for the door.

CARLOS
David?

REFUGEE
(grabbing his gun)
He went with the group when they
left!

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

People run towards them as they stumble along, moving slowly towards the cabin.

DAVID

(weak)
We made it.

FRANK

(weak)
Yeah.
(beat)
Yeah, we made it.

DAVID

(weak)
But.
(beat)
I didn't.
(beat)
You make sure.
(beat)
You make sure that you tell them,
all right?

FRANK

(weak)
I will.

DAVID

(weak)
Good.
(beat, weak)
Don't. . . don't forget.
(beat)
Don't forget to tell them.

He stumbles, making it two more steps before he finally gives in. He collapses, hits the ground, snow puffing around him.

FRANK continues towards the cabin, nearly tripping. He rights himself, continuing on, walking past DAVID's body.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

A dozen people rush out, some armed, others carrying medical supplies.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

They reach them, two of them immediately grabbing FRANK, helping him remain on his feet.

Others gather around DAVID, flipping him over.

ANGLE ON DAVID-

He stares at the sky, eyes wide open. He's not breathing.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

They carry FRANK into the room, setting him down on one of the beds.

HIKER #1

Set him down! Carefully, set him down!

HIKER #2 runs over, looking at one of the wounds.

HIKER #2

Christ, it's deep.

HIKER #1

Will he make it?

HIKER #2

(shakes head)

I can't tell until I can get at this.

(to others)

I need supplies! I need some tools and supplies here now!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Snow continues to fall around the cabin, the peacefulness broken by the blood stained snow, by the armed men running around outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound, the sun beginning to set.

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - EVENING

WINTERS is writing on some papers.

A knock at the door.

WINTERS

Enter.

The door enters, LYNCH steps in.

LYNCH

Sir.

WINTERS

What is it?

LYNCH

Scouts have returned from their perimeter run, sir.

WINTERS

And?

LYNCH

Traces of flesh, some bullets.

WINTERS

Fired?

LYNCH

(shakes head)

No sir. Unused, discarded.

WINTERS

Where were these?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNCH

There are pockets all around the perimeter, sir.

WINTERS

So.

(nods)

They're finding the boundaries.

LYNCH

Sir?

WINTERS

They're scouting, Lynch. Finding exactly what they're looking for.

LYNCH

What's that, sir?

WINTERS

They're finding the front lines, Lynch.

(beat)

Something is going to happen, and it's going to happen very soon. Everything we've trained for, everything we've prepared for, it's all led up to what's coming.

(beat)

And if those things are getting ready, that means it's coming soon.

(beat)

Lynch?

LYNCH

Sir?

WINTERS

Get word to everyone, I want them to start fortifying our position. Fully.

LYNCH

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

I want men on patrol at all times, always in groups of three, no less.

(beat)

And full arms at all times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LYNCH

(nods)

Yes, sir. Is that all?

WINTERS

Yes.

LYNCH

Yes sir.

LYNCH turns and leaves, shutting the door behind him.

WINTERS sits for a moment, thinking.

He goes back to his papers.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - EVENING

Soldiers walk along the top of the barricade, all armed, all of them looking a bit tense.

JACK (V.O.)

When this thing started, I never thought it would go this far.

(beat)

I never even thought it could go this far.

(beat)

But it has.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - EVENING

CASEY lies on the floor, dead, his eyes shut. There's a huge pool of blood beneath him where he landed.

JACK lies on one of the nearby bunks, FILLA checking over his wound. JESSIE sits on the bunk next to his, holding his unconscious hand, a few tears in her eyes.

FREIDRICH and PORTER are just standing, no idea what to do, no idea what they can do.

JACK (V.O.)

And if you want to survive, you have to keep up with what's going on around you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
 You can never slow down or lose
 your balance, even for a second.
 Like so many of us did.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - EVENING

WINTERS continues writing.

JACK (V.O.)
 When you really think about it, all
 we did was live. We didn't try to
 live in this world, we just lived
 the way we had been living all
 along.

(beat)
 I guess that way of life is dead
 now. Replaced by guns and death.
 Bullets and blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - EVENING

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

Everyone is quiet.

JACK (V.O.)
 Though sometimes you have to wonder
 if that's really a bad thing. I
 mean, the law of nature is that the
 strong survive.

(beat)
 Well, if you are in any way weak
 then you won't survive this.

(beat)
 So, by that logic, if this thing
 does ever end the human race will
 benefit from it, more than it is
 crippled.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

A forest, trees packed in tight all around us, sealing us into a dark, green world.

JACK (V.O.)

If this thing ever ends, only the strong and smart will have survived. When it comes time to rebuild, only the strong and smart will breed. There will only be strong and smart offspring.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - EVENING

The empty field from before, the bodies of the undead scouts rotting away.

JACK (V.O.)

So, if you think about it that way.
(beat)
Maybe this was for the best.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND - EVENING

There is a pit, dug thirty or forty meters away from the edge of the compound. In it is a huge stack of bones, all of them human. Some skulls have bullet holes, others don't. Some are wrapped in tarps, holding special meaning.

JACK (V.O.)

But then, how could something so destructive be for the best? Even if it does give us strength, at what cost?

DOLLY towards the pit, slowly getting closer and closer.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)

In the end it all comes down to: why? And the answer is, as it always has been, and always will be, the same thing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We PUSH IN on one of the bodies. HILLARD, torn up, beaten and bloody. His face is still intact, enough for us to see his empty eyes staring up at us. DEVONE lies nearby, blood dried on the wounds on his head.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Because.

FADE TO BLACK.

Journey - Chapter Two

CREDITS ROLL

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