

The Walking Dead:
"Hunted"

by

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Based on:
The Walking Dead
created by
Robert Kirkman

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TEASER

IN BLACK:

Sound of HEAVY GUNFIRE, followed by chaotic SHOUTING and CURSES. We have no idea what's going on.

Then--

FADE IN:

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY

A BULLET

Is revealed, loaded into a gun and immediately FIRED.

FLYING with that bullet, WHIPPING through trees and foliage, until it finally SLAMS through the shoulder of--

MICHONNE

And THROWS her backward; she HITS the ground, hard and bloody, LOSES her trusty Katana.

This is a forest somewhere, in the midst of a GUN BATTLE between unseen ASSAILANTS and--

RICK

Michonne!

He DUCKS for cover as he rushes to Michonne's aid, followed closely behind by--

DARYL

They're closing in on us!

Now using a machine gun, his trusty crossbow strapped to his back.

And a young man; 20's, kind eyes, a very gory and visible BITE WOUND on his face, this is--

DONOVAN

She took one right to the shoulder!

RICK

CRAWLS swiftly towards

MICHONNE

(CONTINUED)

She lays near a tree; blood coming out of her shoulder,
MOANING, maybe dying...

FADE TO:

TITLE:

"THE WALKING DEAD"

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY (EARLIER)

DARYL DIXON

Is in a crouch, investigating the ground; the others
surround him--RICK, TYREESE, CARL and MICHONNE.

DARYL

They came this way. Not too long
ago.

He rises and follows the trail.

DEEPER IN THE WOODS

Our group comes through the brush; Daryl, in the lead, calls
a halt and points to something a few yards away.

Everyone gathers around to see, in the distance--

TWO WILD BOARS

SNIFFING around trees, unaware they are being hunted.

DARYL

Lifts his crossbow, takes aim and is about to fire when--

THREE WALKERS

Come out of nowhere and SCARE OFF the boars.

DARYL

Damn geeks!

Daryl takes aim at the walkers, wanting to kill something.
Then Rick touches his shoulder, stopping him.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
Hold it. Walkers aren't after the
boars...take a look.

The walkers are gathered under a huge tree, gazing up at something.

Rick and the others all look up to where the walkers are staring and see--

TWO PEOPLE TRAPPED IN A GIANT NET

A MAN and a WOMAN; moving around way up there, scared to death.

TYREESE
You got to be shitting me.

CARL
Are we going to save 'em, dad?

Rick looks at Michonne.

MICHONNE
Wouldn't be right leaving them up there.

Rick turns to the others...

RICK
(to the group)
Any other thoughts?

DARYL
We're running out of meat at the prison, that's why we're hunting. This ain't a rescue mission.

RICK
Duly noted.

Rick looks at Tyreese and Carl:

RICK
Looks like it's up to you two. What do you think?

EXT. WOODS - DAY (LATER)

The three walkers CLAW at the base of the tree, SNARLING up at the people in the net, until--

AN ARROW

PIERCES the eye of one walker.

TYREEESE

Comes from nowhere and HAMMERS another allowing--

RICK

To SHOOT the last.

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY (LATER)

Daryl and Michonne, each approach the trees and begin to CLIMB.

LATER...

HIGHER UP IN THE TREES

Daryl EDGES carefully out onto a flimsy branch; buck-knife between his teeth, slowly moving towards--

THE ROPE-NET

Strung up between two trees; the couple inside look terrified, hopeful and desperate.

IN THE OTHER TREE

Michonne does the same; inching carefully towards the rope-net, knife between her teeth.

80 FEET BELOW

The others watch, nervously.

TYREEESE

(to Rick)

Do you think this was a bad idea?

RICK

If they fall...it was a bad idea.

IN THE TREES

Daryl reaches a spot where the rope has been tied and knotted. The poor couple panics...

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Please, mister, help us!

MAN

Yeah...please!

DARYL

Ignores their pleas; he has to concentrate. He starts CUTTING away at the knot.

Meanwhile--

MICHONNE

Edges forward, knife in hand, meaning to cut into her own knot when--BOOM--

A FLOCK OF CROWS

Nestled below EXPLODE all around her, disturbed by her presence.

Michonne PANICS and SLIPS...the world goes TOPSY-TURVY as she--

FALLS FROM HER PERCH

At the last second she GRABS HOLD of another branch; pulls herself up to safety--exhausted, shaken, a close call.

Daryl and the others watch her in helpless terror.

DARYL

(to Michonne)

You okay?

All she can manage is a weary thumbs-up.

Daryl goes back to cutting the knot; beneath his weight, the branch begins to CRACK and bend a little.

He feels it, hesitates, goes back to CUTTING...moving with purpose now.

MICHONNE

Is busy CUTTING AWAY at the rope-net also.

MICHONNE

(to the couple)

You'll need to hold on tight when this thing comes loose.

WOMAN

We will...

Daryl and Michonne nod to one another and finish cutting.

Without warning--

THE ROPE-NET

Finally gives way and SNAPS loose; the couple DROPS free, they both clutch at the knotted rope for dear life.

At the same time--

THE BRANCH

Beneath Daryl CRACKS and almost throws him off.

MICHONNE

Has to LUNGE forward and grab the woman before she falls and pull her safely into the tree.

THE MAN

Can't hold on and LOSES HIS GRIP, he nearly drops before--

THE WOMAN'S HAND

Grabs him around the wrist at the last second, but the man is too heavy for the woman...

WOMAN

I can't hold you!

Michonne quickly THROWS the rope across to Daryl, just as the--

BRANCH

Underneath him SNAPS, he SWINGS out into nothingness.

Meanwhile...

THE MAN

SLIPS out of the woman's grip, DROPS a few feet before grabbing at the dangling rope and saving himself.

ON THE DANGLING ROPE

Daryl SHOUTS down to the man:

(CONTINUED)

DARYL
Hey! Climb down!

ON THE GROUND

Tyreese steps forward, visibly bracing himself.

TYREESE
I think I can catch him.

ON THE DANGLING ROPE

The man is frozen in terror and clings desperately to the rope, the wound on his face reveals him to be--DONOVAN, from the teaser.

DARYL
Climb down!

DONOVAN
I can't...the rope only goes down about fifty feet, it's still too far to drop.

Donovan's eyes meet Daryl's--

DONOVAN
I'm afraid of heights!

IN THE OTHER TREE

Michonne and the woman have climbed down a ways.

Michonne leans close to the woman...

MICHONNE
You need to talk to him.

The woman looks gaunt, hollow-eyed, chronically exhausted.

WOMAN
I don't know what to say.

MICHONNE
Try to imagine him splattered on the ground down there. Now, talk to him.

ON THE DANGLING ROPE

Donovan just hangs there, teary-eyed.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (O.S.)
Don? Don, look at me!

When he does...

WOMAN
You can do this...you *will* do this!

Her words, her face; it works, Donovan gives her a determined look--

DONOVAN
...Okay...

EXT. GROUND, GEORGIA WOODS - DAY (LATER)

DONOVAN AND THE WOMAN

Both hit the ground, hard; landing on top of each other, both in their 20's.

The three dead walkers lie next to them; they stare at the corpses, fearful.

Michonne and Daryl CLIMB DOWN from the trees.

MICHONNE
Thought we lost you up there, white boy.

DARYL
Nah... 'sides, you still owe me fifty bucks from last night's Poker game. I ain't leaving this world without collecting.

They smile; soft moment, Daryl hugs her.

DARYL
You gave me a shit-scare up there too, lady.

Ricks steps to both of them, small smile.

RICK
Well, you both nearly gave us all heart attacks.

Daryl pulls Rick to the side, shows him the net, they talk low.

DARYL
This wasn't an ordinary net.

RICK
Hunter's net?

DARYL
Yup.

RICK
Catch walkers, maybe...?

Daryl says nothing; but the look on his face says, "Not a chance".

Rick approaches the couple on the ground.

RICK
What are your names?

DONOVAN
Donovan.

WOMAN
Faith. Thank you for saving us.
We--

Rick removes his gun, not threatening, just showing it. He indicates Donovan's wound.

RICK
What happened?

DONOVAN
Wasn't a lurker if that's what
you're thinking.

Everyone trades a look. Rick kneels and leans close to Donovan.

RICK
Wasn't a *lurker* that bit you, then
what did?

Silence from Donovan. He and Faith obviously plead the fifth.

Rick rises, steps back and gives Carl a nod; Carl FIRES a warning shot at the ground between the couple, they both SCREAM.

RICK

Next one won't miss. You both better start talking.

The couple, now terrified, start BABBLING at once.

RICK

One at a time.

DONOVAN

A *human* did this to me. They're a group, some kind of hunters, I guess.

FAITH

But they hunt people. The leader, the one who bit Donovan, is this asshole who calls himself *Silas*!

DONOVAN

Listen, me and Faith, we're not dangerous, mister. We--

RICK

I want to hear more about this *Silas*...

As Faith and Donovan talk--

TYREEESE

Steps back from the group, eyes SCANNING the surrounding woods.

HIS BOOTS

Take careful steps back...back...back, until--SNAP! A noise deeper in the woods, something CRACKS like a bullwhip--

TYREEESE

Is YANKED off his feet by a GROUND SNARE and DRAGGED away by his ankle, SHOUTING.

THE OTHERS

All look around. Before anyone can react, Tyreese is gone.

The group goes into action; Rick nods to Carl and Michonne--they take off after Tyreese, Daryl and Rick stay with the new arrivals.

Daryl JERKS Donovan to his feet, SLAMS him against a tree. Rick sticks a gun in Faith's face.

(CONTINUED)

RICK
(to both)
TELL ME ABOUT THESE HUNTERS!

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - SAME

TYREESE

Is YANKED up into the trees at the same time--

WALKERS

DROP to the ground; suspended by pulley ropes, this was a very elaborate trap.

MICHONNE AND CARL

Arrive just as the dozen or so walkers rise up from the ground and come at them, SNARLING and hungry.

Michonne's gaze drifts--

HIGHER UP

to see; DOZENS MORE OF THE DEAD strung up in the trees; those who weren't released start CLAWING for Tyreese up there, SWINGING and reaching for him.

Tyreese is helpless to do anything but keep SWINGING to avoid them.

ON THE GROUND

Michonne and Carl BATTLE the advancing walkers.

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - SAME

Rick and Daryl MANHANDLE the new comers, for information about the hunters. Daryl POUNDS Donovan.

DARYL
You better start talking, boy!

Daryl cocks back, about to punch Donovan some more when--

WALKERS

Come out of nowhere, RILED UP and on the hunt.

Rick and Daryl are momentarily distracted.

TAKING ADVANTAGE, Donovan SHOVES Daryl and FLEES.

RICK

(CONTINUED)

Is busy SHOOTING approaching walkers when--

FAITH

Takes off in another direction.

After trading a quick look; Rick goes after Faith, while Daryl chases--

DONOVAN

Who is HAULING ASS, WHIPPING through the brush; he looks back and sees--

DARYL

Right behind him; LEAPING and DUCKING through branches and bushes. Daryl looks ahead of Donovan (who's not paying attention) and spots a--

CAMOUFLAGED PIT

Covered by branches, Donovan doesn't see it. Daryl TOSSES his crossbow to the ground, speeds up and--

TACKLES DONOVAN

Sending them both FLYING over the hidden pit; they SMASH to the ground on the other side, but not yet out of danger as--

DONOVAN

Goes SLIPPING down into the fifteen foot drop below, he breaks through the branches and nearly falls before--

DARYL'S HAND

Grabs his collar and PULLS him up to safety.

They look down into the--

HIDDEN PIT

And see that the floor has been LAID WITH WOODEN SPIKES...nasty.

Donovan looks at Daryl, relieved.

DONOVAN

Thanks.

DARYL

Shut up!

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - SAME

Michonne and Carl are busy WASTING walkers left and right, but the dead keep DROPPING from above.

UP IN THE TREES

Tyreese SWINGS his hammer at the dangling walkers; then spots, a few yards out--

A RIVER

Calm, still water, not too far. If he could just...

Tyreese starts to SWING himself; using the tree, THROWING himself further and further out towards that river.

As he SWINGS:

TYREEESE

CARL! MICHONNE!

ON THE GROUND

Carl and Michonne glance up and see what Tyreese is up to.

Seeing that river in the distance, they immediately understand the plan.

Michonne touches Carl's shoulder, he reads the question in her face and nods, "yes".

CARL

I'll need to focus and aim. Can you keep 'em off me?

Michonne smiles.

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - SAME

RICK

Nearly catches up to Faith; gaining on her quickly, until she goes SMASHING, face-first, into a criss-crossed web of--

RAZOR-THIN WIRES

Strung between trees. The wires SLICE Faith into bloody chunks, snaring her body like a fly in a web.

(CONTINUED)

Rick SLIDES to a stop, barely avoiding his own death; he has to look away, not wanting to stare hopelessly at the gory mess.

Faith DIES slowly and horribly, ENTANGLED in the wires, blood everywhere.

EXT. WOODS - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Daryl and Donovan join Rick.

Donovan sees whats left of Faith...he looks away, sick.

RICK
I'm sorry...I didn't mean for
this--

Donovan PUKES on Rick's boot.

Rick looks at Daryl...daring him to laugh.

After he wipes his mouth clean--

DONOVAN
Sorry about the boots, mister.

RICK
Don't mention it.

Donovan looks at Faith's remains, then looks away again.

DONOVAN
Poor Faith. Christ.

Donovan wanders off; silent, mourning. Rick comes up behind him.

RICK
What were you two doing out here in
the woods anyway?

DONOVAN
I'll show you...

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - DAY

TYREESE

Is now SWINGING out pretty far; beyond the tree-line, right out over that--

RIVER

His body SOARING out over the water.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE GROUND

Carl takes aim at the rope suspending Tyreese, gun pointed up, one eye closed, focusing hard.

MICHONNE

Meanwhile, CUTS DOWN walkers, protecting Carl, keeping them away from the kid.

HIGHER UP IN THE TREES

As he continues to SWING back and forth; Tyreese sees Carl, it's the moment of truth--

TYREEESE

NOW!

Carl FIRES and...MISSES.

SHIT!

TYREEESE

Comes FLYING back at the tree, too hard, too fast--BAM! His heavy body SMASHES into it, RATTLING the tree.

ON THE GROUND

Carl is pissed...

CARL

Goddammit!

MICHONNE (O.S.)

Carl...*language!* Just try again, only this time don't miss!

UP IN THE TREES

Tyreese is disoriented and injured, but alive.

He musters up his strength and SHOVES himself from the tree; back and forth, picking up the MOMENTUM once again.

ON THE GROUND

Carl gets down on one knee, aims again, focusing hard.

UP ABOVE

Tyreese SWINGS out farther and farther.

(CONTINUED)

TYREESE

Come on, kid! You can do it! I know
you--

POW! With no warning, Carl FIRES at the rope and...SUCCESS!

The bullet SNAPS the rope around Tyreese's leg, sending
him--

CRASHING DOWN INTO THE RIVER

After a few moments...

TYREESE

Breaks through the surface; with a WALKER ON HIS BACK, they
FIGHT, eventually Tyreese takes the walker beneath the
water.

EXT. RIVER, NEARBY SHORE - DAY

TWO ALLIGATORS

Disturbed by the commotion; go SLIDING into the--

WATER

And MOVE quietly towards the place where Tyreese and the
walker struggle.

MICHONNE AND CARL

Appear on the shoreline; searching frantically.

CARL

Where is he?

MICHONNE

Look...!

Michonne points at the gators in the water.

Carl takes aim, Michonne stops him.

MICHONNE

No. Too risky while he's under
there.

CARL

So what do we do...?

Silence from Michonne.

They can only wait, nervous as hell.

(CONTINUED)

Finally...

TYREESE

Comes up from the water; exhausted, hammer in hand, alive.
As he drags himself to the shore--

ANOTHER WALKER

POPS UP out of the water behind him, CLAWING and SNARLING.

ON THE SHORE

Carl points his gun at the walker, squeezes the trigger
and...CLICK! Empty.

OUT ON THE WATER

Tyreese is too exhausted to fight, he tries to swim away,
but the walker is relentless; it closes in on Tyreese, it
looks like he's a goner until--

THE TWO GATORS

Come up out of the water and RIP THE WALKER APART, giving
Tyreese a chance to get to the--

SHORE

Where Carl and Michonne help him.

INT. BACK OF AN AMBULANCE - DAY

A MEDIC WALKER takes a siesta on the gurney, until--

THE REAR DOOR

Is pulled open from the outside, DAYLIGHT peeks in; the
medic walker rises to investigate.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE AMBULANCE - DAY

The front of it has smashed through the guardrail of a--

BRIDGE

And now HANGS over a hundred foot drop to a rock quarry
below.

THE MEDIC WALKER

Comes through the back door, only to be STABBED in the head
by--

(CONTINUED)

DARYL

Who JERKS the corpse out, throws it to the ground; he looks around and nods to the others, Rick and Donovan come running up.

DONOVAN

(off medic walker)

That was Faith's brother, Erick. He got bit yesterday, me and Faith were in the woods, looking for fresh water when we got caught by those hunters, we managed to get away, but then that net got us and--we never made it back to help him.

DARYL

Wouldn't have made a difference, man.

RICK

But we could use an ambulance.

Daryl looks at the ambulance, at it's condition and how it's hanging off the side.

DARYL

Going to be a bitch trying to get her off this ledge.

DONOVAN

Wish there was a tow truck around here somewhere.

Daryl nods in agreement.

RICK

Daryl, you still got that net?

Daryl shows it to him.

RICK

Good, we're going to need it. Lets get this done and find the others

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY (LATER)

RICK

Is behind the wheel; he tries the ignition...nothing. He leans out the window, looking back at--

EXT. BRIDGE - SAME

(CONTINUED)

DARYL

Who is now behind the wheel of a rusty pick-up truck.

MOVING BACK to reveal that they have tied that rope-net from the pick-ups undercarriage to the ambulance's, tug-of-war fashion.

Rick shakes his head at Daryl; "Engine's dead".

A nod from Daryl as he CRANKS the old pick-up and MASHES the accelerator.

OUTSIDE

The pick-up JERKS forward; it PULLS the ambulance a few inches from the edge before the rope SNAPS--

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Rick watches helplessly as the front of the ambulance TIPS over the edge.

OUTSIDE

Donovan moves to help. Then hears a noise behind him-- MOANING! He looks around and spots--

WALKERS

A small group of about six or seven; SHAMBLING across the bridge, through the wrecked cars, closing in on their food.

Donovan PANICS...

DONOVAN

Oh, shit...**lurkers!**

DARYL

HOPS from the pick-up; FIRES an arrow at a walker, then sees--

THE AMBULANCE

As it TEETER-TOTTERS on the edge of falling over. No time, Daryl drops his crossbow and RACES to the back of the--

AMBULANCE

He swiftly HOPS up onto the bumper, using his weight to keep it from going over the edge. He looks around, trapped and helpless as the walkers close in.

(CONTINUED)

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Rick sits STOCK-STILL; too terrified to move, HIS HAND reaches carefully for the door handle, the slight movement ROCKS the ambulances, Rick FREEZES--

RICK

Shit...

OUTSIDE

Donovan stands nearby, holding Daryl's crossbow.

The walkers are nearly on top of them--

DONOVAN

What do we do, man?

DARYL

It's only a few of them! Take 'em out with the crossbow, dumbass!

Donovan counts Daryl's arrows.

DONOVAN

You don't have enough arrows!

DARYL

You're going to need a gun. Get mine, I left it in that pick-up!

They both look up and see; a few yards away, FOUR MORE WALKERS stumbling around the pick-up...no good.

DONOVAN

Please tell me you got another gun!

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Rick tries for the door handle once again. Then--

DONOVAN

Appears outside the driver's side window, STARTLING Rick, Daryl's crossbow strapped to his back.

DONOVAN

I need your gun.

INT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY (SAME)

Tyreese sits against a tree, WINCING at his injuries; dead walkers lie everywhere, Carl and Michonne are nearby, they both are exhausted and dripping in walker gore.

(CONTINUED)

Michonne CLEANS OFF her Katana blade and looks out at the empty woods, concerned.

MICHONNE
Where are they?

Carl taps her. They both look around at

TYREESE

A TREMBLING, sweaty, broken mess.

They go to him.

MICHONNE
We'll try to get you out of here as soon as we can.

TYREESE
I'm good. It's nothing.

Michonne and Carl trade a look...*"bullshit"*.

ON THE BRIDGE

Walkers converge on the ambulance...

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Rick is still frozen as

DONOVAN'S HAND

Carefully pulls Rick's gun from it's holster.

The ambulance TEETER-TOTTERS with every movement.

RICK
Careful.

A walker comes out of nowhere; it GRABS Donovan from behind, YANKS him from the ambulance--

EXT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Donovan SPINS around, holding Rick's gun, he BLOWS the walker's head off, but--

THE LIFELESS CORPSE

SLAMS into the ambulance hard; ROCKING it forward...over the edge--

INSIDE

(CONTINUED)

Rick GASPS, this could be the end--

END OF ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. AMBULANCE, BRIDGE - DAY

Daryl is LIFTED up, his weight unable to hold it down, it's about to go over when--

DONOVAN

Appears and DROPS his own weight on the bumper with Daryl's, it works...the ambulance LOWERS back to earth.

Then--

A WALKER

Comes at them, teeth GNASHING.

DARYL

WHIPS OUT his buck-knife, and stiffens as the walker STUMBLES at him, before it falls on Daryl--

POW! Donovan SHOOTs it in the head.

Daryl looks around at him, impressed, but that doesn't last...

DARYL
BEHIND YOU!

Donovan WHIPS around, he rises from the bumper, drops to one knee and FIRES; SPLATTERING a FEMALE WALKER'S head...he's getting the hang of being a badass.

MORE WALKERS

Come SWARMING from all over. Donovan shrugs off the crossbow and takes aim at them...a confident smile.

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - DAY (SAME)

Michonne touches Tyreese's side, he CRIES OUT in agony.

MICHONNE
Your ribs are busted.

(CONTINUED)

TYREESE
Were you a doctor...?

MICHONNE
No.

CARL
A *ninja*?

MICHONNE
No. I was a lawyer.

TYREESE
Aw hell, we're all doomed now.

A beat...they LAUGH; even though it pains Tyreese, he can't help but LAUGH at himself.

A NOISE! In the distance, twigs SNAPPING, something approaching.

Carl and Michonne rise up, weapons out, Tyreese lifts his hammer...they all wait until--

RICK, DARYL, AND DONOVAN

Appear out of the brush. Everyone relaxes.

DARYL
We found an ambulance.

Michonne looks at Tyreese.

MICHONNE
Good. We're going to need one.

MOVING. Through the woods, leaving Rick's group behind...stopping--

A FEW YARDS AWAY

To reveal; THE HUNTERS standing around, observing Rick's group from a distance. They all smile.

MOVING IN ON one man in particular--

SILAS, 30's

As he loads a bullet into his gun, same as in the teaser, he takes aim and FIRES.

FLYING with that bullet again; WHIPPING through trees and foliage, until it finally SLAMS through the shoulder of--

(CONTINUED)

MICHONNE

And THROWS her backward; she hits the ground, hard and bloody, loses the Katana.

Here is where the GUN BATTLE begins...

RICK
Michonne!

He DUCKS for cover as he rushes to Michonne's aid, followed closely behind by...

DARYL
They're closing in on us!

Gripping that machine gun, trusty crossbow strapped to his back.

Next to him--

DONOVAN
She took one right to the shoulder!

RICK

Hits the ground and CRAWLS towards--

MICHONNE

She LAYS near a tree; blood coming out of her shoulder, helpless, MOANING, maybe dying...

Donovan FIRES back, covering Rick and Michonne. Rick checks her wound...not too bad.

RICK
You'll live!

MICHONNE
Gee, thanks...

They get to their feet. Rick FIRES back.

MICHONNE'S VISION

Becomes distorted, blurry, confused. She is on the verge of collapsing.

The GUNFIRE continues until...

RICK IS SHOT IN THE HAND; he falls back into

DONOVAN

(CONTINUED)

Who catches him in one arm and returns FIRE.

RICK
Daryl, we got to get out of here!

DARYL
(to Rick)
You thinking what I'm thinking,
man?

Rick reads Daryl's look...a knowing smile.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS - SAME

THE HUNTERS

Continue FIRING; five heavily armed INDIVIDUALS, three MEN and two WOMEN, all in their 20's and 30's.

Then...from nowhere--

FLASH-BANG GRENADES

Go off, THROWN by Rick and Daryl. They cause bright FLASHES and thick smoke.

One of the hunters, a twenty-year-old ASIAN FEMALE--KAI-- with her own Katana sword, STAGGERS near a tree, COUGHING, blinded by choking smoke. She takes a beat to catch her breath.

Just as a--

WALKER

Comes out of nowhere; it grabs Kai, goes in for a bite when--SLAM! She SHISHKABOB'S it's head with the Katana, no problem until--

MORE WALKERS

Come SWARMING out of nowhere; SNARLING and going after both groups.

Two STRAYS break away from the pack and go after Michonne, only to be SHOT in the head by--

CARL

Who steps over the walker corpses; behind him--

TYREESE

(CONTINUED)

Appears out of the smoke, LIMPING, but fighting through the pain, he HAMMERS a walker and SHOOTs another.

Carl BLOWS AWAY a couple more walkers.

CARL
Where the *hell* did they come from?

RICK (O.S.)
Carl...*language!*

CARL
Sorry!

As he gathers up Michonne:

TYREESE
Rick, I think now would be a good time to get out of here, man!

Our group FLEES into the smokey woods, gone.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS - SAME

THE HUNTERS

Emerge from the smoke moments later; they MOW down the remaining walkers.

Silas finds--

MICHONNE'S KATANA SWORD

Lying on the ground. he picks it up, there is fresh blood on the blade--Michonne's blood perhaps--the other hunters gather around him...

Silas SNIFFS the blood.

SILAS
This is human blood.

KAI
What's the plan, Silas?

SILAS
Our dinner is running away, Kai.
Find them.

The Hunters RUSH OFF after Rick and the others.

Silas lingers behind, alone.

A beat...he grins at his reflection in Michonne's blade, then LICKS off the blood.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY (LATER)

Quiet, empty, desolate.

A WALKER

STUMBLES out into the middle of the road; SNARLING, starved. Behind it, the sound of the speeding--

AMBULANCE

As it comes BEARING DOWN on the walker and BOOM--CRUSHES THE WALKER beneath it's wheels and keeps going.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Chaos and confusion. Daryl is behind the wheel driving like a bat out of hell, Carl is in the passenger seat, they both look frantic.

IN THE BACK

Tyreese, Rick and Donovan have Michonne on a gurney; Rick has just finished wrapping his wounded hand, Donovan has a patch on his face.

Now they all desperately try to stop Michonne from bleeding to death...and they are all failing at it.

TYREESE

Okay, the bullet went in and out clean. So we just have to stop the bleeding!

RICK

Yeah...

Rick sees Tyreese WINCE at his busted ribs.

RICK

We'll take care of Michonne. But how are you holding up?

TYREESE

Some bumps and bruises. I had worse on the football field. Lets just get her straight, Rick.

A nod from Rick. They surround Michonne.

DONOVAN

I don't think it hit an artery. She should be in the clear.

TYREESE

(to Donovan)

God help us if she needs a blood transfusion.

Michonne sits upright, grabs Rick and JERKS him close enough to kiss.

MICHONNE

Burn it closed!

She DROPS back, weak and sweaty and fading fast.

Rick and Tyreese trade nervous looks.

Then...from the front seat:

CARL

There's a place over there!

EXT. WILTSHIRE ESTATES - SAME

The ambulance pulls up to a wrought iron gate; the words "Wiltshire Estates" is written in the metal. The place is enclosed by an eight foot high brick wall.

BEYOND THE WALL

Lies a sweeping, gorgeous neighborhood with not a soul in sight.

EXT. BRICK WALL, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - LATE DAY

TYREESE, CARL AND RICK

Drop down on the other side of the wall; guns out, ready for anything...all appears quiet.

INT. AMBULANCE - SAME

Michonne has become FEVERISH, delirious; Donovan does what little he can to comfort her.

MICHONNE

They'll find us. They're hunters.
It's what they do.

(CONTINUED)

DONOVAN

Yeah, I know. If you guys hadn't
come along when you did they would
have killed and eaten me and Faith.

ON THE AMBULANCE'S ROOF

Daryl keeps lookout with a pair of binoculars.

INT. FRONT FOYER, HOUSE (WILTSHIRE ESTATES) - LATER

Rick and the others come through the front door; they spread
apart, each going to investigate...

DIFFERENT AREAS OF THE HOUSE:

IN THE LIVING ROOM--

Tyreese finds a walker; HAMMERS it in the head, then has to
sit down from the pain in his broken body.

UPSTAIRS

Rick nearly shoots a DRESS MANNEQUIN, he LAUGHS at himself.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Carl carefully approaches a--

CLOSED DOOR

His gun out, nerves tense; he YANKS open the door and
finds...nothing.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE (WILTSHIRE ESTATES) - EARLY EVENING

They hide the ambulance here; Rick and Donovan camouflage
the ambulance beneath piles of bushes.

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Tyreese and Daryl assist Michonne; she is still very much
delirious, and becoming more and more paranoid. As they
unload her from the back of the ambulance...

MICHONNE

They'll find us, you know. We're
prey...they got our scent.

EXT. HUNTER'S CAMP, CEMETERY - EVENING

A small CAMPFIRE among the surrounding grave markers; a few
of the hunters sit around the flame, getting warm, eating
meat that looks nothing like animal meat...

(CONTINUED)

SILAS

Is nearby, he sits on the steps of a mausoleum, smoking and talking to the closed mausoleum door. We have no idea who he is talking to.

SILAS

...You taught me everything I know.
But you got sloppy in your old age,
Joe. That cost you big time.

Silas gets to his feet. He steps to a--

BARRED WINDOW

Built into the metal door; a WALKER smashes into the bars, trying to get to Silas, teeth GNASHING...this was JOE.

Silas rises, BREAKS THE LOCK on the mausoleum door and walks a few feet away...

AT THE CAMPFIRE

The others get to their feet, weapons coming out.

THE MAUSOLEUM DOOR

smashes open; Joe comes BURSTING out, snarling, ravenous, it spots

SILAS

Standing a few feet away, back to Joe, tears on his face...waiting.

SILAS

Come on, Joe. Come and get a taste,
old friend. You deserve a hunter's
death.

JOE THE WALKER

Shambles forward, anxious to tear into Silas.

The other hunters simply watch.

Silas raises Michonne's katana and sees--

REFLECTED IN THE BLADE

Joe coming down on him fast.

(CONTINUED)

Silas WHIPS around at the very last second, there is a deadly FLASH OF SILVER and...Joe is CUT IN HALF; blood and guts SPRAYING.

ON THE GROUND

Joe continues reaching for Silas, his intestines and organs SPILLING OUT.

Silas stands over him and finally...WHACK! He SEVERs Joe's head, blood SPATTERS Silas's face, he STAGGERS back.

SILAS

Rest well, big brother.

INT. HOUSE, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - NIGHT (LATER)

Carl is exploring the kitchen; looking through cabinets, he opens the--

REFRIDGERATOR

Only to find shelves of rotted food, SWARMING with flies and maggots.

Carl nearly pukes, he SLAMS the 'fridge door shut and STUMBLES back into the--

PANTRY DOOR

Just as it BURSTS open, revealing a WALKER; before Carl can react the walker BUMRUSHES him, knocking him through the--

BASEMENT DOOR

And down...down...down the stairs Carl and the walker TUMBLE; both disappearing in that waiting darkness below.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. HOUSE, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - NIGHT

IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM--

Daryl comes through the door; carrying a bag of prescription meds...

DARYL

Okay, Michonne, we got--

He stops, sees...the bed is empty.

(CONTINUED)

Daryl SEARCHES the room, frantic, no sign of Michonne...*shit!*

DARYL
Michonne...?

Without warning--

MICHONNE

Balanced overhead, DROPS DOWN from the ceiling, right on top of Daryl.

They CRASH to the floor; Michonne, in her feverish, crazed state is strong and puts Daryl in a choke-hold.

MICHONNE
Think you can kill me, white boy!

Daryl is in the fight of his life.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE - SAME

Rick and Tyreese are removing supplies from the ambulance.

RICK
We'll stay here for a night and make our way back to the prison in the morning.

He WINCES at the pain in his wounded hand. Tyreese checks it for him.

TYREESE
It's looking pretty bad, Rick.

RICK
Yeah, nothing that can be done about it now. I'll have Hershel look at it tomorrow. After he takes a good look at those busted ribs of yours.

Donovan comes running up, panicked.

DONOVAN
We got a problem, guys...

They follow Donovan to the--

FRONT OF THE AMBULANCE

And immediately see the problem...a flat tire.

(CONTINUED)

TYREESE

Shit!

DONOVAN

I looked for a spare...nothing.
What are we going to do if we have
to make a quick getaway?

Rick takes a minute to think.

RICK

We'll have to search the rest of
the neighborhood in the morning.
There's got to be some other
vehicles around here.

INT. HOUSE, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - SAME

IN THE BASEMENT --

Carl comes to; slightly disoriented, a little banged and
bruised, but otherwise he's okay.

He removes his flashlight and SHINES the beam into the face
of--

TWO WALKERS

Standing right there beside him, one of them is the walker
from upstairs; startled, Carl DROPS the light--

THE BEAM

Rolls around on the floor as we hear Carl STRUGGLING with
the walkers...revealing nothing but a dirty basement floor
and SHUFFLING feet.

Finally --

PFFT-PFFT; the sound of MUFFLED SHOTS is heard.

A beat; Carl picks up the flashlight, SHINES THE BEAM on
the--

DEAD WALKERS

Both with fresh bullet holes in their foreheads.

Exhausted, Carl makes his way back up the basement stairs...

IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

(CONTINUED)

Daryl is losing his battle with Michonne; she has bloodied him up pretty good, he is visibly holding back, not wanting to hurt her.

They CIRCLE each other in the middle of the room.

Michonne takes a weak SWING at him; she is losing strength...and blood.

Finally...

DARYL
I'm sorry about this...

POW! He CLOCKS her one across the face.

Michonne goes down, out cold.

Daryl scoops her up, lays her on the bed and kisses her forehead.

DOWNSTAIRS

The others come through the front door; Carl is leaning on the stairs, Rick sees that Carl has visibly been in a fight and goes to his son.

RICK
What happened...?

CARL
Nothing I couldn't handle.

DARYL

Comes down the stairs, face bruised.

Tyreese and Donovan trade confused looks...

TYREESE
What the hell did we miss?

EXT. HOUSE, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - NEXT DAY

Bright day, sun shining over this serene neighborhood.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

Our group is downstairs, PACKING it up to leave.

Michonne sits on the staircase, she looks stronger this morning.

Daryl approaches her, he looks weary.

(CONTINUED)

DARYL
Feeling better?

She pulls down her shirt, revealing the burned scar where her opened wound used to be, smiles at Daryl...

MICHONNE
Your work?

DARYL
Yeah and we had a bitch of a time trying to keep you still while we did it, too.

Tyreese walks by, gives Michonne a frown, keeps walking.

MICHONNE
(to Daryl)
What's that about?

DARYL
Well, while he was struggling to hold you down last night you grabbed his balls.

A beat...they both SNICKER.

EXT. FRONT STOOP, HOUSE - SAME

The front door opens; Tyreese and Donovan step out and--
POW! A single loud GUNSHOT is fired; SHATTERING a window.

Not wasting a second:

TYREESE

TACKLES Donovan back through the--

FRONT DOOR

And quickly KICKS it shut. But Tyreese's busted ribs makes him regret this action.

More LOUD GUNFIRE ERUPTS, bullets RIP through the house, everyone SCATTERS for cover.

OUTSIDE

The entire neighborhood comes alive with SNARLS and GROANS, the gunfire has attracted--

WALKERS

(CONTINUED)

As they come SWARMING from everywhere; filling the sidewalks and street and driveways--a massive HERD of the dead.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE - SAME

The one right across the street from our groups house.

Outside; the hunters are crouched low; hidden and FIRING SHOTS.

Silas sticks his head up, sees the approaching herd.

SILAS

Move in!

THE HUNTERS

Swiftly RACE across the street; all FIRING at the approaching--

WALKER HERD

Their bullets SHRED the dead; heads EXPLODE, limbs RIPPED off...still, they keep coming.

EXT. REAR OF HOUSE - SAME

Rick and Tyreese RACE quickly around to the ambulance; and find--

TWO HUNTERS

Waiting on them.

A beat...everyone UNLOADS at each other and DUCK for cover.

Rick removes a flash-grenade, TOSSES it under the ambulance just as--

TYREEESE

Takes careful aim with his gun; breathing, concentrating, he FIRES and--

BOOM! THE AMBULANCE EXPLODES; killing the two hunters.

RICK

Nice!

TYREEESE

We're not out of the clear yet!

The fire from the ambulance reaches the--

(CONTINUED)

HOUSE

And it immediately ERUPTS into flame.

Both men react.

RICK

Carl!

They move to go back into the burning house, only to find their way blocked by--

MOBS OF THE DEAD

Coming from all directions; STUMBLING through the fire, an unstoppable army of living corpses.

TYREESE

Rick, we can't get through that! We need to find another way, man!

Rick FIRES at a few walkers. Tyreese has spotted something.

RICK

We need wheels!

TYREESE

Yo, check it out!

RICK

You got to be kidding me.

They both see something we don't.

Tyreese TAKES OFF; Rick looks at the burning house, thinking of Carl...then reluctantly, he follows after Tyreese.

EXT. BACK PORCH, HOUSE - SAME

Smoke fills the air as the house goes up in flames.

THE BACK DOOR

Is PUSHED OPEN and Michonne comes STAGGERING out, COUGHING.

She stops, sees; standing a few feet away--

KAI

She TOSSES Michonne her katana; Michonne UNSHEATHS the blade, the warrior women circle one another as--

WALKERS

(CONTINUED)

MOVE IN ON them; both women SLICE and DICE walkers to bloody chunks, until--CLANG, their BLADES clash together.

INT. BURNING HOUSE - SAME

THE DEAD

Come POURING through the front door and CHASE--

DARYL AND CARL

Up the staircase; they both FIRE back at the relentless walkers, as all around them the house is BURNING DOWN.

INT. BEDROOM, BURNING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Daryl and Carl BURST in; Daryl holds the door closed, Carl rushes to the--

WINDOW

Opens it and looks out... it's their only chance.

CARL
Come on, Daryl! Lets go!

DARYL
Go on! I'm right behind you! Hurry!

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM WINDOW

Carl steps carefully out onto the ledge, trying not to look--

DOWN

At the dozens of walkers SNARLING up at him.

DARYL

Appears and climbs out onto the ledge, they look at each other.

DARYL
This was a great idea!

CARL
What do you want from me?

EXT. STREET, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - SAME

SILAS AND ANOTHER HUNTER

are busy UNLOADING on the surrounding herd; SPLATTERING walker heads left and right.

They back away as the dead close in on them.

Then...

THE ROAR of an engine; both hunters look around as a--

TRUCK

BARRELS through the herd, not stopping until it SLAMS into Silas and RUNS OVER the other hunter's legs.

BEHIND THE WHEEL

Donovan drives like a madman, smiling.

SILAS

Is smashed against the windshield; he claws out another firearm and SHOOTS through the windshield, bullets SHRED through Donovan's body.

OUTSIDE

The truck MOWS down walkers, out of control, until it finally STRIKES--

A LIGHT POLE

The impact THROWS Silas and LAUNCHES Donovan through the windshield; both men SLAM into the concrete with bloody, bone-breaking force.

WALKERS

Advance on the injured men. Silas DRAGS himself over to--

DONOVAN

Who now lies in a pool of his own blood; dying, broken.

Silas grabs him and starts POUNDING him with fists.

SILAS

It could have been so simple, you stupid asshole! We need to eat to survive, same as the *roamers*...!

A MOAN! Silas looks up, sees a walker coming at him, he pulls his gun and FIRES, BLOWING the walkers face apart.

(CONTINUED)

Distracted; Donovan takes advantage, uses the last of his strength, he quickly grabs Silas and YANKS him close, HEADBUTTS him.

Then...BITES SILAS'S NOSE OFF...

Silas SHRIEKS, bloody GUSHES in a stream from his face.

Donovan SPITS out the bloody gristle, smiles.

DONOVAN

How do you like it, asshole?

Meanwhile...

EXT. STREET, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - SAME

NEARBY

The other hunter DRAGS himself along the ground, SCREAMING, until he is SWARMED by hungry walkers; they fall on him and TEAR his body apart...

DONOVAN

Spots a gun on the ground, he CRAWLS to it, rolls over onto his back, puts the gun to his head and--CLICK! Empty.

He LAUGHS as the walkers fall on him and RIP HIM APART.

SILAS

is busy STUMBLING around, his vision BLURRED, he can't focus, he SWINGS his hunting knife blindly as the--

WALKERS

Close in on him. He manages to STAB a walker through the neck, before they SWARM on him and DRAG him SCREAMING to the ground.

SILAS

You want it, you sons of bitches?
Then take it...!

EXT. REAR OF THE BURNING HOUSE - SAME

MICHONNE AND KAI

Continue to take out walkers and BATTLE one another.

They are both skilled and deadly. Until--

MICHONNE

(CONTINUED)

Does a LOW-SPIN maneuver and HACKS OFF Kai's leg.

Kai SHRIEKS and STUMBLES back on one leg, blood GUSHING.

Michonne moves in and SWISH--the blade SLICES OFF Kai's sword arm, Michonne does a SPINNING BACK-KICK to the woman's chest, knocking her into a--

HORDE OF WALKERS

Kai SCREAMS as they DEVOUR her alive.

MICHONNE

Stands, exhausted, victorious...she FLICKS the blood from her Katana and FLEES.

EXT. LEDGE, BURNING HOUSE - SAME

DARYL AND CARL

Appear to be goners.

They STRUGGLE to maintain their balance on this thin ledge.

IN THE BEDROOM

The door SMASHES open; FIRE and BURNING WALKERS come flooding in, spreading around the room mindlessly, setting the bed and furniture ABLAZE, a few flaming dead STUMBLE over to the--

WINDOW

And spot Carl and Daryl; they start CLAWING for their meals with FIERY hands.

DARYL'S BOOTS inch towards a--

LEAKING DRAINAGE PIPE

And a PUDDLE that has formed on the ledge; his HEEL comes down on the slick puddle, a bad SLIP sends Daryl off the ledge...FALLING.

Carl CRIES OUT...

At the same time below--

AN RV

Similar to Dale's, MOWS through the horde of dead, just as--

DARYL

(CONTINUED)

Comes SMASHING down safely on the RV's roof, perfect timing.

INSIDE THE RV

Rick is behind the wheel, Tyreese in the passenger's seat, still hurting.

OUTSIDE THE RV

Walkers claw and ROCK the RV, desperate to get in.

ON THE LEDGE

Carl prepares to jump down to the RV's roof; he inches out, takes a deep breath and LEAPS, just as a--

WALKER'S FIERY HAND

Reaches from the window and grabs him by the hair.

CARL

DANGLES in mid-air, held by the flaming walker, scalp burning, SCREAMING as he BEATS at the walkers searing grip...

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. RV ROOF - SAME

Daryl sees Carl's trouble and whips off his crossbow, he takes aim, waits a beat and FIRES AN ARROW--

It SMASHES the burning walker through the eye; Carl DROPS down into--

DARLY'S ARMS

They crash to the roof...safe. Carl's hair is SMOKING, Daryl SCRAMBLES to quickly SMOTHER the kid's hair, then BANGS a fist against the RV roof.

DARYL

We're good! Lets go!

The RV takes off, SMASHING over walkers.

EXT. STREET, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - LATER

MICHONNE

(CONTINUED)

Is surrounded by walkers, she is too EXHAUSTED to run or even fight.

They close in on her when POW! The walkers are GUNNED down by--

RICK AND TYREESE; inside the Rv and--

DARYL AND CARL; on the roof of the RV.

They BLOW AWAY the walkers, clearing a path for Michonne to flee; she BOLTS to the--

RV

Where Tyreese now stands in the doorway, GUNNING down walkers.

TYREESE
Michonne, run!

She reaches the RV; Tyreese grabs her up and SLAMS the door.

The RV ROARS backward, into an--

EXT. DRIVEWAY, HOUSE - SAME

A beat...it WHIPS forward, then...suddenly BRAKES!

INSIDE THE RV

They all stare through the--

WINDSHIELD

At the wrought-iron gate dead ahead, and a mob of walkers between them; it is closed and looks pretty solid.

TYREESE
You don't think it'll make it,
Rick?

RICK
Don't know...

He looks at Tyreese and Michonne.

RICK
Better strap in.
(to the roof)
DARYL...?

DARYL (O.S.)

Yo!

RICK

You see what's ahead?

DARYL (O.S.)

Got it!

RICK

(to the roof)

Keep him safe for me, Daryl!

Rick FLOORS IT.

OUTSIDE

The RV SPEEDS ahead, RAMMING through walkers.

ON THE RV'S ROOF

Daryl and Carl hold on for dear life.

The RV SMASHES INTO THE WROUGHT-IRON GATE; but the impact only knocks the gate loose.

ON THE ROOF

Daryl and Carl are nearly thrown off--

INSIDE THE RV

Rick throws the RV in reverse; Michonne and Tyreese are TOSSED around helplessly.

OUTSIDE

The RV BOWLS over walkers; it BRAKES, then ROARS forward once again, it's grill smashed to hell, SPEEDING at the gate until--

EXT. MAIN STREET, OUTSIDE WILTSHIRE ESTATES - SAME

BOOM!

The RV comes SMASHING through the wrought-iron gate and out into the street.

A success...until--

DARYL

(CONTINUED)

Slips away and FLIES off the roof; he hits the ground hard, his head COLLIDES with the asphalt and KNOCKS him unconscious.

WALKERS

Come filing out through the broken remains of the iron gate.

THE RV

BRAKES a few feet away, REVERSES and comes hauling ass back towards Daryl.

Carl RELOADS his gun and FIRES at the walkers closing in on Daryl from the roof.

THE RV'S CAMPER DOOR

Is kicked open, revealing

MICHONNE

Now armed with a gun, she FIRES at the walkers as well.

The RV stops, inches from Daryl.

Carl climbs down quickly from the roof, he SLIPS on the ladder rungs and accidentally DROPS his gun in the process, right when a

WALKER

Comes out of nowhere and GRABS him.

Then...POW! Rick appears, SHOOTS the walker and saves Carl.

Tyreese and Michonne grab up Daryl.

They all hop back inside the RV and HAUL ASS out of there, just as the--

HERD OF DEAD

Is POURING through the gate.

Behind them; Wiltshire Estates BURNS OUT OF CONTROL...

EXT. ENTRANCE, WILTSHIRE ESTATES - SAME

A GUST of wind BLOWS a bush to the side, revealing a sign that reads; **"ALL DEAD. DO NOT ENTER"**

EXT. MAIN HIGHWAY - DAY (LATER)

(CONTINUED)

The RV pulls over to the side of the road; it's grill smashed and steam POURING from the vent...it's finished.

INSIDE

Rick sits behind the wheel; he can only shake his head, thinking of Dale, grinning.

The others look at him, curiously.

DARYL

Anybody see what happened to Donovan?

TYREESE

He died trying to kill one of those hunters. Got swarmed.

Silence...mourning Donovan's loss.

EXT. RV - SAME

They all exit and walk a few yards from the camper.

-Daryl's head aches.

-Tyreese caresses his throbbing ribs.

-Michonne MASSAGES her shoulder.

-Rick checks his wounded hand.

-Carl carefully slips the sheriff's hat over his singed scalp.

These people have been through hell.

TYREESE

What do you think, Rick?

RICK

I think we're about ten miles out from the prison.

MICHONNE

We could walk it. Might make it there by dark.

DARYL

We'll be taking a hell of a chance.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Yeah, I know. But it's an even bigger chance staying here all night. Can't risk a--

CARL (O.S.)

HERD!

Everyone reacts; they look around to see, rising up over an embankment--

A MASSIVE WALKER HERD

dozens and dozens CLIMBING UP from the slope.

The group is surrounded...this looks bad.

They all weapon up; katana, hammer, guns and crossbow.

RICK

Stay tight, we'll try to make it back to the--

Rick looks around at the--

CAMPER

Now overrun with walkers, it's lost.

As the horde of dead advances on them; a giant GATLING GUN RATTLES out of nowhere.

Everyone covers their ears as the gun SHREDS and CUTS down the horde of walkers in seconds...

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

After the rattling has stopped; the group looks up and sees

A WALKER MASSACRE

Bloody chunks and gory pieces of MOVING WALKER PARTS lie everywhere.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Sons of bitches are like roaches!

Rick looks around and sees, behind them--

A LARGE TRUCK

The truck has been retro-fitted with homemade ARMOR-PLATING and SPINNING BLADES on the rims.

(CONTINUED)

A BIG MAN

Stands behind the SMOKING, SPINNING barrel of a Gatling gun; he smiles at Rick and the others--40's, a kind face, handlebar mustache...

Next to the big man; sits ANOTHER MAN, 50's, nondescript, bespectacled.

BIG MAN
You folks okay?

RICK
Yeah...and thank you.

Tyreese steps forward, suspicious.

TYREESE
Who are you?

BIG MAN
Well, let me introduce you to my friend *Eugene* here, first. 'Gene say hello to the nice folks.

EUGENE
Hi. I'm Eugene.

The big man LAUGHS as he lights a stogie.

BIG MAN
As for me...? You can call me *Abraham*. I'm looking for a cute little Spanish girl, have you seen her...?

BLACK.

END OF SHOW