Journey – Chapter Three

by

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'All journeys must come to an end.'

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

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

INT. CAR - DAY

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

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

       DRIVER
       God damn it.

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

       DRIVER (cont’d)
       Shit!

He hits the horn.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

An ambulance pulls out, passing by, siren blaring.

INT. DRIVING AMBULANCE - DAY

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

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

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

ANGLE ON DRIVER--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

As he grabs the radio.

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

**DISPATCHER**
(over radio)
What's his condition?

**RICK**
Critical. Severe throat lacerations.

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

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

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

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

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

**EXT. CITY STREET - DAY**

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

**INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

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

The fingers clench, and the wrist flexes.

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

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

PARAMEDIC #1
Shit.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The arm flops down again.

A paramedic turns and sees it, running over.

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

PARAMEDIC
We should get this one out of here.

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

PARAMEDIC (cont’d)
What the hell...?

The fingers flex.

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

PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)
What?!

PARAMEDIC
He’s not dead! Get over he–!

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

Blood flows.

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

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

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

EXT. CRASH – DAY

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

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

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

The fire fighters spin at the sound of wheezing.

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

The screams start.

INT. DRIVING AMBULANCE – DAY

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

It’s eyes open. It sits up, snarling.

The paramedic turns.

EXT. STREET – DAY

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

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

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

A loud horn honking off camera.

WHAM!

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

DRIVER is still in his own world, the music blaring.
Someone runs past in the background, he doesn’t notice.

    DRIVER
    (sighs)
    Come on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

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

    MAN
    You all right?
A hand reaches up, grabbing his leg. Before he can scream he’s pulled in.

INT. CAR - DAY

WHAM!

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

    DRIVER
    What the hell was that about!
He unbuckles, opening the door.

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

    DRIVER (cont’d)
    Jesus Christ!
He’s not a human, blood dripping down his chin, eyes hollow and rolled up in his head. Flesh rotting. It presses up against the windshield, bangs it, leaves red streaks.

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

(CONTINUED)
He reaches behind himself for the other door handle.

SMASH!

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

DRIVER opens the door, her body falling free.

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

EXT. CITY STREET – DAY

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

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

Snarling, behind him.

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

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

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

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

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

We watch humanity fall and dead rise.

    FADE OUT.

TITLE APPEARS:

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(CONTINUED)
Credits roll to The Tea Party’s WALKING WOUNDED.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
REPORTER  
(on TV)  
Jesus Christ! They’re firing on us!  
The helicopters have begun firing—

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

Muzzle flashes from the left side gunner.

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

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

ANCHOR  
(on TV)  
...uh...we’ve lost picture now.
He takes a deep breath, shaking his head slightly.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

The others begin jumping from the roof.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)
INT. DARK ROOM - TIMELESS

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

We hear something unlocking.

Quiet muttering and whispering.

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

It doesn’t respond as the light hits it.

    MALE VOICE (O.S.)
    Everybody up, now.
    (chuckles)
    It’s play time.

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

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

The source of the voice laughs again.

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
It slowly closes.

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

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

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

The lives of refugees in an undead world.

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

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

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

REFUGEE

Fold.

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

He turns and walks away.

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

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

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

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

Dissolve to:

INT. CABIN - DAY

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

Cut to:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

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

He sighs, putting it back on.

Dissolve to:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

Close-up on a hand, hanging limply over the side of a cot.

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

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

Flash cut to:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

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

Flash cut to:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

Angle on FRANK -

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

Just lying there.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
FRANK runs through the frame, blood gushing from a wound on his forehead.
Someone screams off camera.
FRANK continues running.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY
We hear a door open off camera. A moment passes, a hand reaches into the frame and picks up the cloth, taking it out of the frame.
PAN RIGHT and TILT UP as the hand dips the cloth into a bowl of water, holding it there for a moment.
TILT UP to reveal KELLY, not looking like she’s doing too good. She stares at the cloth, watching it soak up water.
She takes it out, squeezing some of the water out before placing it on FRANK’s forehead again.
Several moments pass, KELLY simply watching FRANK.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

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

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

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

    KELLY
    Excuse me.

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

EXT. PORCH - DAY

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

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

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

    GUARD
    You know what? Fuck it.

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

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

    GUARD (cont’d)
    What the hell?

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

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

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

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

She just barely hears it, recognizing it immediately. She stands, running to the door.
INT. CABIN - DAY

KELLY opens the door, looking out.

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

    KELLY
    What’s going on?

No one answers, they just run past.

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

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

    REFUGEE
    David’s made it!

    KELLY
    (disbelief)
    What?

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

KELLY lets go, REFUGEE runs for the door.

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

She runs for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

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

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

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

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

POV: KELLY

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

They run past, not slowing down.

REFUGEE (O.S.) (cont’d)

Make us a hole! Get out of the God damn way!

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

POV: KELLY

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

He’s not moving.

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

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

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

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

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

The man stands.

MAN
I need some help over here!
(beat)
I need some help over here, for Christ sake!

(CONTINUED)
KELLY remains where she is as we hear several others run over. They slow as they approach, when they see that it’s DAVID. When they see that he’s dead.

REFUGEE #1
Oh Jesus.

REFUGEE #2
Is he. . . ?

MAN
Yeah.
(beat)
Yeah, he’s dead.

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

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

A moment.

MAN
Help me get him inside.

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

They wait as KELLY slowly stands.

They start walking, KELLY following alongside.

ANGLE ON THE SNOW—
As the blood leaves behind a trail of drops.

CLOSE-UP on DAVID, on his open eyes.

A hand reaches into the frame and closes them.

TILT UP to MAN, looking down at the body.

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

They walk past, carrying DAVID’s body up the steps, onto the porch.
ANGLE ON THE BLOOD-

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - DAY

Several guards stand on the porch, on duty as always. The front door opens, the guards turn.

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

INT. CABIN - DAY

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

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

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

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

MAN
There’s always something more you can say.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KELLY
I know.
(beat, shakes head)
I’ll stay here.

MAN
(nods)
Okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

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

He steps back, holstering his pistol.

REFUGEE
You took us in, you didn’t turn us away when you could’ve easily done so.

(beat)
The only reason any of us are still alive today is because of you. You were willing to go out there and give your life to find out what we needed to find out. To make sure we would be able to keep fighting.

(beat)
You can’t even begin to imagine how thankful we are for that. Good luck, man. Wherever you’re going, it’s better than here.

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

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

On that shot;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. MEDICAL - DAY

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

ANGLE ON FRANK—

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

    FRANK
    (quiet)
    He didn’t make it?

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

    KELLY
    What? What?

    FRANK
    David.
    (beat)
    He didn’t make it?

KELLY pauses for a moment, looking away.

    KELLY
    (nods)
    I know.

FRANK sighs.

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

(CONTINUED)
KELLY
He almost made it to the front door.

FRANK
(nods)
Yeah, that’s what would’ve happened.

KELLY
He fell out front. Just out of the trees.

FRANK tries to sit up, the pain hits him. KELLY reaches out to push him back down but the pain does it for him. He collapses, falling back.

FRANK  
(pained)
Jesus Christ.

KELLY
Don’t sit up, you’re hurt.

FRANK
God damn!  
(beat)
Yeah, I guess so. Jesus.

KELLY
You were shot in the stomach, and your head. I.  
(beat)
We managed to patch you up.

FRANK
My head?

KELLY
Yes.

FRANK
How the hell’d that happen?

KELLY
I don’t... I think the bullet.  
(beat)
I think it bounced off your head.

FRANK
Bounced?

(CONTINUED)
Yeah.

Huh. I guess it was finally time for me to have some good luck. I wish I’d never broken that mirror.

They both force a laugh.

A long moment passes in silence.

How long has it been?

A long time.

How long?

(beat)

Three weeks.

FRANK sits up fast.

Three weeks?!

The pain hits him, he falls back again.

(muttering)

Oh God damn it all.

You have to stay lying down, you’re too weak.

Yeah, thanks for telling me.

A moment passes.

(beat)

You’re serious?

KELLY nods.
Jesus.

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

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

KELLY (cont’d)
Don’t.

She picks it up and hands it to him.

KELLY (cont’d)
You have to rest.

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

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

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

KELLY
Lots.

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

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

FRANK
Not a sign?

KELLY
No.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
In three weeks?

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

FRANK takes a deep breath.

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

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

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

A knock at the door.

KELLY
Come in.

The door opens, CARLOS enters.

CARLOS
Frank.

FRANK stares at him for a moment.

FRANK
Who’s this?

CARLOS
What, you don’t remember me?

FRANK shakes his head.

FRANK
Don’t remember much.

(CONTINUED)
KELLY
You’ve been asleep for weeks now, there’s a lot you may not remember. He’s the one who found you in the forest.

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

FRANK
Then thanks for that.

CARLOS
(shrugs)
De nada.

FRANK
Maybe you can answer some of my questions.

CARLOS
Shoot.

FRANK
What the hell happened out there?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
The cabin, the sun fully set.

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

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

    KELLY
    I brought some more...

She turns, looking at something off camera.

PAN LEFT to reveal an empty bed.

    KELLY (cont'd)
    Frank. Carlos!

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR—

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

    KELLY
    You shouldn’t be out here.

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

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

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

    KELLY (cont’d)
    And you definitely shouldn’t be drinking.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK looks at the bottle, then nods.

FRANK
Fair enough.

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

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

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

KELLY
What do you hope to accomplish by doing this?

FRANK
What do I hope to accomplish? What don’t you understand about this, Kelly? David was killed out there, by those things.

(beat)
You think they just decided to leave us alone?

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

FRANK
Enlighten me.

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

FRANK
You’re lying to yourself.

(CONTINUED)
So? Is that such a bad thing anymore?

FRANK considers it for a moment.

I guess not.

(sighs)

But it’s not good enough for me. I have to know that when I go to sleep, I’m going to wake up in the morning.

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

If that’s what happens, then so be it. What I’m sure as hell not going to do is sit around here, hoping that everything works out.

(shakes head)

Nothing ever works out, you should know that by now.

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

No, I’m going this one along.

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

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

But-

Kelly, this is my time, all right? This is my walk.

(shrugs)

That’s all this is. I’m just going for a walk, that’s all.

(CONTINUED)
And whenever I go for a walk, I like to go it alone.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - LATER

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

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

KELLY stands on the porch, watching FRANK.

POV: KELLY

FRANK enters the forest, slowly disappearing from view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

KELLY, standing on the porch, FRANK long gone.

CARLOS (O.S.)
Gone?

KELLY
(nods)
Gone.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

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

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

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

SOLDIER #1
How many does he want?

SOLDIER #2
Just one.

SOLDIER #1
Which one?

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

SOLDIER #1
No problem.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WALL - DAY

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

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

POV: SOLDIER THROUGH BINOCOS

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

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

CUT TO:
EXT. TRAILERS - DAY

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

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

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

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

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

LYNCH, steps up into the trailer.

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

FREIDRICH
Go to hell.

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH (cont’d)
Pathetic.

FREIDRICH
What do you want?

LYNCH
I want you, one of you.

He nods towards PORTER.

LYNCH (cont’d)
You, you’re who Winters wants.

PORTER
Yeah?

LYNCH
Yeah.

FREIDRICH
Why him?

LYNCH
Boss man says, we do. Doesn’t pay to question him.
(smiles)
I hope you’ve got a lot of energy today. We’ve got a lot of things planned for you.
(laughs)
Those rotting buggers are gonna’ have a hell of a fun time with you.

PORTER
Yeah? Well, I like it just fine in here.

He sits on the bunk nearest to him.

PORTER (cont’d)
And I don’t think I’ll be leaving anytime soon.

LYNCH steps aside, the soldiers stepping up into the trailer.

LYNCH makes a slight hand gesture, motioning them to stay where they are. They stop, but keep their rifles ready.

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

No one moves.

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

PORTER
What, not up for a challenge?

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

The soldier step towards PORTER.

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

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

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

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

LYNCH (cont’d)
Smart move.

FREIDRICH
Porter.

PORTER
I can handle this.

(CONTINUED)
FREIDRICH

Sit down.

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

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

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

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

LYNCH
Kind of, yeah.

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

LYNCH (cont’d)
See you later.

He turns and leaves, the soldiers shut the door and lock it. The trailer is once again plunged into darkness.

FREIDRICH
God damn it!

FILLA
Calm down.

FREIDRICH
Calm down?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FILLA
Yeah. You can’t do anything in here, don’t bother. Save it for them.

FREIDRICH pauses for a moment, calming down.

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

FILLA
Why?

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

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

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

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

He looks at JACK.

FILLA (cont’d)
How’s he doing?

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

Slowly PUSH IN to a CLOSE-UP of JACK.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

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

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

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

PORTER
Can I ask you a question?

SOLDIER #1
Depends.

PORTER
On what?

SOLDIER #1
If we like what the question is.

PORTER
Then can I tell you what the question is?

SOLDIER #1
No.

They keep walking, several moments pass.

PORTER
You do everything Winters tells you?

SOLDIER #1
Yeah.

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

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

SOLDIER #2
Hell yes.

PORTER
Hell yes?

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

SOLDIER #1
It just is. Simple as that.

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

SOLDIER #1 turns to PORTER, not slowing down.

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

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

PORTER
And now he’s gone insane.

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

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

SOLDIER #1 (cont’d)
Hold it.

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

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

PORTER
You wanted me?

WINTERS
Yes, actually.

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

PORTER
Why?

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

PORTER
Your point being?

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

PORTER
Jesus Christ, you’re completely fucking insane.

He stops pacing and looks at PORTER.
WINTERS
That’s what everyone tells me, yet I’m the only who truly understands what is going on, and what must be done to stop it.

He shakes his head and starts pacing again.

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

PORTER
To entertain you and your men?

WINTERS
(nods)
Well, actually, in essence you are correct. From our little tests comes a great deal of enjoyment, watching the undead square off against a more than worthy human adversary.
(beat)
You see, we strive to find a solution to this outbreak. We don’t bother with the cause, why would you want to know the cause? The cause of something that has not only begun, but has reached it’s crescendo?
(shakes head)
No, no that is utterly pointless. The definition of such. No, instead we strive to find a cure for the cancer, rather than the cause of its spread.

He stops pacing for a moment, then continues.

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

A few of the soldiers laugh in the background.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Yes, see? The men seem to enjoy it, and why not?
(MORE)
For example, today you will give us some insight into their tactics in the field. How they react to a lone target.

PORTER
And the truck?

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

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

WINTERS
You know, your friends said almost the exact same thing before they were killed. Or wounded, as the case may be.

(beat)
That one is resilient. What’s his name? Jack, did you say?

PORTER
Jack, yes.

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

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

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

He motions to the soldiers.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Bring him.
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER #1

Sir.

SOLDIER #1 motions for PORTER to move.

SOLDIER #1 (cont’d)

Move it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

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

FILLA

So now we wait.

FREIDRICH (O.S.)

Again.

FILLA

Yeah, again.

(beat)

We’re not doing good.

(shakes head)

We’re hurting bad, and we’re running low on time.

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

FILLA (cont’d)

You know, you never did tell us about how you got here.

FREIDRICH

What?

FILLA

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

FREIDRICH

No, I guess we never did. I didn’t even think about that until now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FILLA walks over and sits on a bunk.

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

FREIDRICH
It’s a hell of a long story.

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

FREIDRICH nods and chuckles too, then leans back.

FREIDRICH
You sure you want to know?

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

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

It’s completely still, completely and utterly silent.

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

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

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

PORTER
(muttering)
Son of a bitch.

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

POV: SOLDIER THROUGH BINOCS

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

POV: SNIPER THROUGH SCOPE

The crosshairs are centered on PORTER’s head.

WINTERS
(nods)
Good.

He takes a few steps.

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

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

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

SOLDIER
Isn’t that the same thing?

WINTERS
Details, soldier.
(sinister smile)
Details.

POV: SOLDIER THROUGH BINOCS

PORTER stumbles.

(CONTINUED)
Besides, just because they catch him doesn’t mean he’s done for.

He smiles again.

He may bleed for a while.

Yes sir.

WINTERS reaches up and scratches his chin.

You will bleed, won’t you.

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

TILT UP to the undead, closing fast.

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

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

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

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

PORTER
Come on!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KABOOM!
His left knee explodes.

EXT. WALL - DAY

WINTERS
What the hell was that? Who fired?

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

EXT. FIELD - DAY

PORTER’s leg twists at an angle not intended by nature, blood flowing freely.
He goes down.

EXT. WALL - DAY

WINTERS
Find it!

SNIPER (O.S.)
Trying, sir!

WINTERS
(angry)
God damn undead.

He starts to smile, chuckles slightly.

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

EXT. FIELD - DAY

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

PORTER
Jesus Christ!

He turns and looks back at the undead, closing fast.
EXT. WALL - DAY

WINTERS steps forward, reaching for a pair of binoculars.

    WINTERS
    Binoculars.

SOLDIER hands them to WINTERS, stepping aside.

POV: WINTERS THROUGH BINOCs

PORTER crawls along, undead almost on top of him.

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

    SOLDIER (O.S.)
    Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

ANGLE ON PORTER-

As he crawls along, trailing blood.

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

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

It snarls, standing and continuing after PORTER.

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

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER #1
Get up.

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

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

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

A round tears through his shoulder, spinning him around.

SOLDIER #1
Fuck!

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

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

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

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

The second soldier steps forward, taking aim.

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

BOOM!

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

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

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

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

SOLDIER #1
(weak)
I don’t... I don’t want to...

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER #1 (cont'd)

I’m bit... I don’t want to be...

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

A single gunshot.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

The door unlocks, everyone tenses up.

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

FREIDRICH

Jesus Christ, Porter!

PORTER

It’s fine.

He stumbles over to a bunk, dropping onto it.

PORTER (cont’d)

It looks a lot worse than it feels.

(CONTINUED)
FILLA
Doesn’t look like that’s saying much.

PORTER
(shakes head)
Not even close.

He lifts his leg up onto the bunk, lying down.

PORTER (cont’d)
(sighs)
Jesus Christ.

FREIDRICH
What happened?

PORTER
Let’s see. They handcuff me, drop me in a field with a bunch of undead, and tell me to run.

FREIDRICH
What?

PORTER
Oh yeah.

FILLA (O.S.)
Sound’s like they’re learning a hell of a lot about those things.

PORTER
Yeah, I don’t really see what they could learn by setting me loose in a field.

JESSIE
It’s their entertainment.

PORTER
Yeah, exactly.

FILLA
Wonderful. Psychotic army guys who torture people for fun.

PORTER
That’s about it, yeah.

FREIDRICH
And they shot you?

(CONTINUED)
PORTER
No, no a sniper did this.

FREIDRICH
Sniper.
   (beat)
Dead sniper?

PORTER
I guess, I don’t know.

FILLA
How the hell’d you survive?

PORTER
They sent a fucking jeep and 
brought me back in.
   (chuckles)
I guess they still need me in semi-
working condition for playtime with 
the rotting buggers.
   (shakes head)
It gets better every God damn 
minute.

A moment passes.

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

FREIDRICH
Yeah, barrel of fucking monkeys.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND - DAY

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

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

WINTERS
Many have died since the onset of 
this new order of things. Today, 
another has joined them. In death, 
his body holds no meaning. It holds 
no value.
   (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
It is no different from one of those things wandering aimlessly around the wastelands of our old society.
(beat)
But he was one of us. One of the chosen few who took upon himself the task of rebuilding the shattered human race. He fell for this cause, fell fighting for our future. He performed the highest sacrifice one can give.
(beat)
For this, his name will not be forgotten when the time comes.

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

“Amazing Grace” begins playing over the loudspeakers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. WALL - DAY

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

ANGLE ON SNIPER-

On the wall.

POV: SNIPER THROUGH SCOPE

We spot a group of undead heading for the pit.

(CONTINUED)
SNIPER
Undead inbound.

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE OF COMPOUND – DAY

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

WINTERS
(sighs)
Back to the compound.

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING – NIGHT

ANGLE ON A SMALL FIRE-

As it burns, lighting up the clearing.

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

He sits, throwing a few sticks on the fire.

POV: FIGURE

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

A twig snaps off camera.

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

FRANK
Who’s there?

POV: FRANK

PAN around the clearing, seeing nothing.

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

(CONTINUED)
A moment passes, the only sound the crackling fire.

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

FRANK pauses for a moment.
He lowers his rifle.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (cont’d)
Wise choice.

ANGLE ON THE TREES-
There is nothing, just trees and shadows.

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

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

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

MCBRIDE
Hello.

FRANK just stands there staring.

MCBRIDE takes a few steps forward.

FRANK (cont’d)
No.

MCBRIDE freezes.

FRANK (cont’d)
Just... Just stay there.
Of course.

Now. Who are you?

My name is McBride.

McBride?

(nods)

That’s it? Just McBride? No first name, no nothing? Just McBride?

Just McBride.

And what the hell are you doing out here?

The same as you, I expect.

Yeah?

Indeed.

You on a journey of inward self discovery like some shitty after school special?

(nods)

Touche.

Dissolve to:

Ext. Cabin - Night

Establishing shot of the cabin.
EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

POV: FIGURE

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

A figure rises into the frame.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

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

A whizzing sound, then a dull thud.

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

GUARD #1
Jesus!

He falls forward, flipping over the railing.

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

GUARD #2
Jesus Christ!

He turns to the door.

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

A dull thud.

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

He hits the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The figure stands, running through the trees.

CUT TO:
INT. CABIN - NIGHT
The place is emptying out, everyone grabbing their weapons on their way to the door.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT
GUARD #2 crawls along the porch, rolling to the side as the door opens.

    HIKER
    Jesus Christ!

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

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

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

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

    HIKER (cont’d)
    Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
KELLY runs past, heading for the door.

    KELLY
    What’s going on?!

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT
A dozen armed refugees run down the stairs, moving towards the trees.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
Several figures have joined the first, moving away from the cabin.
EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

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

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

SHOOTER
(points)
There! Over there!

They run towards us, rifles up.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

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

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

They walk past, KELLY watches.
EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

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

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

The figure doesn’t say anything.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

    SHOOTER
    (nods)
    Okay.

WHAM!

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

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

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

    MAN
    It doesn’t matter. The others will come for you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KELLY (O.S.)
What’s he talking about?

SHOOTER
What others? There are others out there?

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

SHOOTER
Yeah?

MAN
Of course.

SHOOTER hits MAN’s cheek again, knocking out another tooth. He nods.

SHOOTER
Told you I’d fucking take the rest.

KELLY steps forward.

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

SHOOTER
Yeah? Why not? Fucker killed three.

MAN
I killed two.

SHOOTER hits him in the gut.

KELLY
Stop! Now!

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

He steps forward.

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

He looks at the others in the room.

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

REFUGEE (O.S.)
Yeah!

KELLY
This is ridiculous!

SHOOTER
He killed three!

MAN
I killed two!

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

KELLY
Stop it! Now!

SHOOTER
Or?

A few of KELLY’s supporters step forward, rifles in hand.

No one backs SHOOTER.

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

He leans in close.

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

MAN
Only God has the power to take my life.

(CONTINUED)
SHOOTER
Yeah? And what do I qualify as in your books?

MAN
(laughs)
A mother fucker.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

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

FRANK
A question?

MCBRIDE
An answer.

He tosses a small twig into the fire.

FRANK
The pen?

MCBRIDE
It steady’s the nerves.

FRANK
Nerves?

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

FRANK
Not saying I do.

(CONTINUED)
MCBRIDE
Nor I.
   (beat)
My turn?

FRANK
Of course.

MCBRIDE
You came from a cabin, yes?

FRANK
I did.

MCBRIDE
Why, then, did you leave?

FRANK
The cabin?

MCBRIDE
Yes.

FRANK
   (shrugs)
I had to think about a few things.

MCBRIDE
And have you thought about them yet?

FRANK
   (nods)
Most of them.

MCBRIDE
Can I offer a piece of advice?

FRANK nods.

MCBRIDE (cont'd)
Forget about the rest. They'll drive you insane.
INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT
Everyone is asleep, scattered around the trailer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT
POV: FIGURE

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

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

One of them whispers something we don’t hear.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

TELLIS
You think so?

CARLOS
I know so.

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

CARLOS
You think so?

TELLIS
I just asked you that.

CARLOS
I guess you did.

TELLIS
Why do you guess when you know I did?

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

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

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

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

CARLOS
We can hold out a lot longer than you.

TELLIS
Indeed?

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

TELLIS
You will deprive me of these things?

(CONTINUED)
CARLOS
Just because I stopped them from
beating you to a bloody pulp
doesn’t mean I care what happens to
you.

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

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

TELLIS
It would seem.

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

TELLIS
That is all you seek?

CARLOS
Pretty much, yeah.

TELLIS
Not our intentions? Not our plans?

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

TELLIS
And you know this how?

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

TELLIS
I was.

CARLOS
You were?
TELLIS
Still am, I suppose.

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

TELLIS
On one condition.

What?

TELLIS
I tell you, and you alone.

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

CARLOS
Give us a minute.

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

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

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

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

He leans forward.

CARLOS (cont’d)
Now what?

TELLIS
You want to know?

CARLOS
I want to know.

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

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

CARLOS
Your people?

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

CARLOS
How do you mean?

TELLIS
I mean, the dead are beneath the living.

CARLOS holds up his hand to stop him.

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

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

CARLOS
What?

TELLIS
For some reason, they did not attack.

CARLOS
Why?

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

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

CARLOS
Spoke?

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

CARLOS
That’s one I’ve never heard.

TELLIS
After several days, several weeks perhaps, an alliance was formed between us. The living and the dead.
(beat)
We trained them, taught they to obey simple commands.

CARLOS
Like attack.

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

CARLOS
Why, then, did you attack us?

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

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

CARLOS
Us? Us and those walking corpses?

TELLIS
That is precisely why you must be destroyed.

CARLOS
And you’re going to be attacking again?

TELLIS
That is not something I will tell you.

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

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

CARLOS
Storm? That bad, huh?

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

CARLOS
And what happens when we do that?

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

CARLOS
Converted to?

TELLIS
To the ranks of the dead which serve us.

CARLOS
What?

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

CARLOS
And dead?

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

CARLOS
There can be no peace.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

MCBRIDE and FRANK, asleep near the fire.

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

ANGLE ON HIS HAND—
As it moves down towards one of his pistols.

POV: MCBRIDE
We watch the trees, waiting.

CUT TO:
INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

CARLOS
So we surrender, and you kill us?

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

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

TELLIS
And why is this?

CARLOS
(shrugs)
It just is.

TELLIS
Is it?

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

TELLIS
And why do you think that is?

CARLOS
Something in the blood, the saliva. I don’t know.

TELLIS
You’re wrong.

CARLOS
I’m wrong, am I?

TELLIS
Yes.

CUT TO:
EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

MCBRIDE tightens his grip on his pistol.

POV: MCBRIDE

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

CLOSE-UP as MCBRIDE smiles.

    MCBRIDE
    (whispers)
    Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

    CARLOS
    Why?

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

    CARLOS
    So what do you think the reason is?

TELLIS just looks at CARLOS.

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

    TELLIS
    You already know the answer.

    CARLOS
    Do I?

    TELLIS
    It depends.

    CARLOS
    On what?

    TELLIS
    Are you a religious person?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARLOS
(laughs)
Don’t tell me God did this.

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

A moment passes, the two staring at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

POV: MCBRIDE

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

MCBRIDE
(loud)
Well, good evening buggers.

The figures freeze.

FRANK opens his eyes, lifting his head.

MCBRIDE (cont’d)
(nods)
Let’s go.

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

FRANK
Jesus!

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

They stand back to back, weapons up.

MCBRIDE
Hold, they’re not attacking.

FRANK
Where are they?

(CONTINUED)
MCBRIDE (cont'd)
They’re all around us, except at
three o’clock.

FRANK
Wait, there?

He nods in the direction.

MCBRIDE
Yeah. What’s that way?

FRANK
Take a guess.

MCBRIDE
The cabin?

FRANK
You got it.

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

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

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

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

FRANK
If I’m not it doesn’t matter.

MCBRIDE
Grab your pack, I’ll cover.

FRANK grabs his backpack, slinging it over his shoulders.

FRANK
You’ve got everything?

MCBRIDE fires a round into the trees at something moving.
CONTINUED:

MCBRIDE
Everything I need, yeah.

FRANK
You lead I follow?

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

FRANK
Got it.

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

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

BAM!

WEST stumbles, lowering his rifle.

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

WEST
(weak)
Jesus.

JACK stands at the door, waving him on.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILERS - NIGHT

ANGLE ON JACK-

Lying unconscious on the bunk. He twitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

BAM!

(CONTINUED)
WEST's chest explodes, blood spraying. He twitches and shakes, dropping his rifle. He throws the two Desert Eagles to JACK. He slowly goes limp, the last life leaving him.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

ANGLE ON JACK-

His eyes shut, not moving. They open.

POV: JACK

We look around the trailer fast. We spot PORTER, FREIDRICH, FILLA, and JESSIE. He starts to sit, swinging his legs over the side. He reaches up and rubs his eyes, looking around the trailer. He looks over at JESSIE, asleep on the next bunk over.

FILLA (O.S.)

(quiet)

Jack!

FILLA stands, walking over.

JACK

Keep it down.

FILLA

What? They’ll want to know.

JACK

Yeah, I know. Don’t wake them up.

FILLA

Why not?

JACK

Just, let them sleep for now.

FILLA

You sure?

(CONTINUED)
Yeah, yeah I’m sure.

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

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

Don’t bother trying to remember.

Things that bad?

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

What happened to Porter?

Shot, took out his knee completely.

He all right?

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

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

Yeah.

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

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

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

FILLA
(nods)
Gotcha.

He turns and starts walking back to his bunk.

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

JACK
Good to be back.

DISOLVE TO:

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

ANGLE ON JESSIE–
Her eyes are open, watching JACK. She smiles, her eyes close.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND – DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound the next morning.

INT. BUNK TRAILER – DAY

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

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

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Then what?

FREIDRICH
They you hope whoever they pick comes back alive.

JACK
Sounds like I’ve missed some fun times.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY
ESTABLISHING SHOT of the cabin.

EXT. PORCH - DAY
Two guards stand on the porch, as usual.

FRANK (O.S.)
Hey!

They turn and look towards the trees.

FRANK emerges from the trees, waving to them.

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

GUARD #2 opens the door, leaning in.

GUARD #2
Frank’s back!

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

GUARD #1
Who the fuck is this now?

FRANK stumbles up the stairs, the guards help him up.
GUARD #1 (cont’d)
Frank, who’s this?

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

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

MCBRIDE
Oye.

GUARD #1 (noticing weapons)
Jesus Christ.

He walks around MCBRIDE, looking at the various weaponry.

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

MCBRIDE
It pays to be well armed these days.

GUARD #1
Shit, I’ll say.

KELLY emerges from the cabin.

KELLY
Frank!

FRANK
Kelly.

KELLY
What are you doing back?

FRANK
We’ve got some major problems.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

KELLY
But you’re all right?

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

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

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

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

FRANK
How do you mean?

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

KELLY
They chased you here?

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

REFUGEE
Why would they want us to know?

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

He finishes the flask, tipping it upside down.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MCBRIDE (cont’d)

Shit.

(to KELLY)
You don’t happen to have-

KELLY
What was it?

MCBRIDE
Whiskey?

KELLY
In the attic, ask one of the guys up there.

MCBRIDE
A million thanks.

He walks away.

REFUGEE
So what are we going to do about this?

CARLOS walks over.

CARLOS
I could ask the one we caught if he knows anything.

FRANK
Wait, you caught one?

CARLOS
Yeah, a couple of days after you left.

FRANK
And he’s alive?

CARLOS
Assuming that’s what it means when you’re breathing and talking, yeah.

He sits.

CARLOS (cont’d)
Though it’s getting harder to tell these days.

FRANK
And he’s talking to you?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

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

In the background, KELLY wanders off.

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

FRANK
Might do something.

CARLOS
Give me a couple of minutes.

He walks off.

FRANK
No rush.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - DAY

CARLOS sits across from TELLIS.

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

TELLIS
Why indeed.

CARLOS leans back.

(CONTINUED)
CARLOS
You’re starting to annoy me with that.

TELLIS
It’s not my intention.

CARLOS
I’m starting to think it is.

TELLIS
You want to know why they let them go?

CARLOS
That’s what I just bloody asked, isn’t it?

TELLIS
How would I know? I’ve been locked in this room for days now.

CARLOS
They’re your people, you should know.

TELLIS
Do you know what the others here are thinking right now?

CARLOS
What, in the cabin?

TELLIS
Yes.

CARLOS
No. Why would I?

TELLIS
Precisely.

CARLOS
It’s not the same.

TELLIS
Why isn’t it?

CARLOS
Because, we’re not planning an attack on your people.

(MORE)
We’re not using the undead as our servants. We aren’t fucking insane.

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

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

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

CARLOS
I’d have to say you.

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

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

CARLOS leans in.

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

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

The door opens, MCBRIDE entering.

TELLIS (cont’d)
Well, hello.

MCBRIDE
So, this is him?

CARLOS
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MCBRIDE stands off to the side, behind CARLOS.

    CARLOS (cont'd)
He says three days.

    MCBRIDE
Does he then?

    TELLIS
Give or take.

    CARLOS
You wouldn’t believe some of the shit this guy spews.

    MCBRIDE
Yeah?

    CARLOS
Yeah. Shit about having an alliance with the dead, a camp where they all live together or something like that.

    MCBRIDE
A camp?

    CARLOS
Yeah.

MCBRIDE pauses for a moment, then looks at CARLOS.

    MCBRIDE
Leave.

    CARLOS
What?

    MCBRIDE
Leave.

    CARLOS
Why-

    MCBRIDE
Just leave.

He looks back at TELLIS.

    MCBRIDE (cont'd)
Just go.

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

    CARLOS
    If he does anything-

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

TELLIS' face remains blank.

The door opens and closes off camera. MCBRIDE sits.

    MCBRIDE (cont'd)
    Now...camp?

    TELLIS
    Yes.

    MCBRIDE
    Where.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

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

    FRANK
    You’re sure?

    CARLOS
    Three days at most is what he said.

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

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

    MCBRIDE
    So what are you standing here talking for? We have to get everyone ready.

(CONTINUED)
FRANK
You really think they’ll attack when he said?

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

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

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

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

FRANK
Wait, what?

MCBRIDE
A few things I need to check.

CARLOS
So you’re just going to leave?

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

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

FRANK
Whiskey?

MCBRIDE (O.S.)
Absolutely.

The sound of the door opening and closing.

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

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

FRANK (cont’d)
Kelly?

KELLY
What?

FRANK
Where’ll you be?

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

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

FRANK
Okay.
(beat, nods)
Let’s get going.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

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

MCBRIDE
Here I come you sons of bitches.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY
FREIDRICH stands at the window, watching out.
He spots the trio, turning to the others.
He nods.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY
LYNCH pauses, one of the soldiers stepping forward to open the door.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY
LYNCH steps up into the trailer.

    LYNCH
    It’s time.

He spots JACK.

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

    JACK
    And who’s turn is it?

    LYNCH
    Freidrich and Porter.

FREIDRICH takes a step towards them.

    FREIDRICH
    Yeah?

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

    FREIDRICH
    Longer than usual?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LYNCH
Let’s just say it involves a drive.

FILLA
What are you talking about?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY – DAY
An empty stretch of highway.
A hummer speeds through the frame.

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

FREIDRICH
Where are we going?

LYNCH
For a drive.

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

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

FREIDRICH
Different how?

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH
You’ll see.

EXT. FOREST - DAY
MCBRIDE moves through the trees, not making a sound.
He stops, dropping to a crouch.

POV: MCBRIDE
We scan the trees, not seeing anything.
But MCBRIDE sees something, we can tell by the look on his face.
He slings his rifle over his shoulder, resting his hand on the hilt of his sword.
He keeps moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
The hummer speeds past.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY
The trio just sit passing time.

JACK
Where do you think they’re going?

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

JESSIE
Then we’ll be all that’s left.

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

(CONTINUED)
JACK
(shakes head)
They'll only kill one.

FILLA
How do you figure?

JACK
It’s what they always do. They take two, kill one, and make the other watch.

FILLA
So which one do you think?

JACK
Could be either one at this point.

FILLA
Grim game. Let’s play ‘guess who’s next to die.’

JACK
Unless they do something we’d never expect.

FILLA
What, kill them both?

JACK
No, leave them both alive.

FILLA
You think there’s a chance?

JACK
Not a chance in hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

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

MCBRIDE
Oh hell.

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

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

POV: MCBRIDE THROUGH BINOCS-

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

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

He lowers the binocs.

      MCBRIDE (cont'd)
      Jesus Christ.

He brings the binoculars up again.

POV: MCBRIDE THROUGH BINOCS-

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

      MCBRIDE (cont'd)
      Sentry?

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

MCBRIDE drops flat, pressing himself against the rock.

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

POV: MCBRIDE THROUGH BINOCS-

The sentry is gone.

He lowers the binoculars.

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

Fast footsteps behind him.

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

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

(CONTINUED)
He swings again, MCBRIDE rolling away just in time.

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

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

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

BOOM!

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

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

MCBRIDE (cont’d)
Oh Jesus.

He holsters his pistol and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

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

INT. HUMMER - DAY

LYNCH
Everyone out.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

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

LYNCH
(to SOLDIER)
Get him ready.

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
What are you doing?

PORTER tries to throw the soldier off.

PORTER
Bugger off!

SOLDIER aims his rifle at PORTER.

SOLDIER
You want to try?

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

FREIDRICH
What are you doing?

LYNCH
Quiet.

FREIDRICH
What are you doing!

LYNCH
Shut the hell up! God damn it.

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

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

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

ANGLE ON THE HUMMER-

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

PORTER turns and sees this.

PORTER
Woah, what the hell are you–?

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LYNCH
Everyone in the truck now.

FREIDRICH doesn’t move.

FREIDRICH
What’s going on?

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

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

PORTER just stands there, hands and legs bound.

PORTER
What the hell are you doing?!

They all climb into the hummer, shutting the doors.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

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

FREIDRICH
Sons of bitches.

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

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The hummer starts forward, the chain loosing its slack.

PORTER
Wait! WAIT!

The chains pull PORTER’s feet out from beneath him, he hits the ground hard.
A few of the soldiers laugh, watching out the windows as PORTER is dragged along behind the hummer.

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

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

LYNCH

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

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

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

PORTER struggles, trying to knock it off.

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

PORTER
God damn it!

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

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

FREIDRICH just sits and watches.
EXT. FIELD - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. HUMMER - DAY

GUNNER (O.S.)
Yeah, yeah he’s done.

LYNCH
Take us back.

FREIDRICH
What about me?

LYNCH
Oh, you were just here to watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

EXT. HUMMER - DAY

GUNNER fires a few rounds from his M-16, bullets punching through PORTER’s corpse as it’s dragged along behind the hummer.
The hummer drives through the makeshift gates. We finally get a good look at PORTER. Blood is everywhere, he’s a complete mess.

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

The hummer stops, everyone climbing out.

LYNCH
You know the drill.

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

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

PAN LEFT as WINTERS walks towards the hummer.

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

LYNCH
Went off without a hitch.

WINTERS
You know what to do know.

LYNCH
Yes, sir.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY

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

FREIDRICH steps up, walking away from the door.

FILLA
Where’s Porter?

LYNCH (O.S.)
Right here.

They step up into the trailer, holding PORTER.
LYNCH draws a pistol, one by one ejecting all but a single bullet.

He holds out the gun.

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

FREIDRICH takes it.

LYNCH (cont’d)
Have fun.

He backs out, the soldiers release PORTER.

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

They run out, shutting the door behind them.

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

FREIDRICH
Porter.

PORTER takes a step forward, drooling blood.

JACK
Shoot him.

PORTER takes another step.

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

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

FREIDRICH
Sorry, man.

PORTER
Freeeeid....rich...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH pauses, waiting.
PORTER snarls, charging forward.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - DAY
The single gunshot echoes through the compound.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

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

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY
A brief flash of something moving through the trees fast.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY
FRANK and CARLOS move through the cabin.

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

FRANK
There’s always something more that can be done, we just need to figure it out.
EXT. FOREST - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A guard wanders along the treeline, rifle over his shoulder. He hears something, looking into the trees.

GUARD
What the hell?

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

GUARD (cont’d)
Jesus!

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

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

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

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

MCBRIDE
They’re on their way.

FRANK
What?

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

KELLY
What, those things? Or people?

MCBRIDE
(shakes head)
Both.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARLOS runs over.

    CARLOS
    Jesus Christ.

    MCBRIDE
    You were right.

    CARLOS
    What?

    MCBRIDE
    They’re using the God damn things. There’s a bloody camp, they’re training those things.
    (beat)
    They’re bloody training those things. They’re bloody well living together.

    CARLOS
    Christ.

    MCBRIDE
    Oh, it gets better.

    FRANK
    Yeah?

MCBRIDE takes a moment, breathing heavily.

    MCBRIDE
    They’re coming.

    CARLOS
    Jesus.

    MCBRIDE
    Told you it got better.

He turns and starts shouting to the others, who begin moving into position.

    FRANK
    How far?

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

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

(Continued)
MCBRIDE
Yeah, yeah.

FRANK
How far?

MCBRIDE
I don’t... Maybe half a mile, maybe less.

FRANK
Jesus Christ.

KELLY
I’ll make sure everything’s ready inside.

She runs off.

FRANK
Come on, we have you get you inside.

MCBRIDE shakes him off.

MCBRIDE
(shakes head)
I’m not going inside.

FRANK
For Christ sake, you’re hurt bad. You need to get this cleaned up, at least.

MCBRIDE
Can I ask you a question?

FRANK
Shoot.

MCBRIDE
When you were hurt, what did you do?

A moment passes.

FRANK
Went wandering around in the damn forest.

He lets MCBRIDE go.

(CONTINUED)
MCBRIDE
Can I ask one favor?

FRANK
Anything.

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

CARLOS moves through the clusters of people.

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

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

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

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

TELLIS sits strapped to the chair, eyes shut.
INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

    MCBRIDE
    Can I...?

    REFUGEE
    The last pack.

    MCBRIDE
    Yours?

    REFUGEE
    (shakes head)
    Last pack we have here.

MCBRIDE takes a cigarette.

    MCBRIDE
    This is important, then.

    REFUGEE
    Yeah.

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

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

MCBRIDE inhales long and deep, exhaling.

    MCBRIDE
    (chuckles)
    Here’s to beating cancer, AIDS, HIV, SARS, and every other God damn thing on the planet.

(continues)
CONTINUED:

We hear shouting off camera. Everyone tenses up, turning to the trees.

Gunfire.

Undead snarls, people shouting.

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

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

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

    KELLY
    It’s started.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

FRANK steps down from the porch, opening fire.

POV: FRANK

Chaos all around us, the sheer numbers overwhelming them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

CARLOS

Next group! Next group! Outside now!

A dozen people stand, running through the door.

It shuts behind them.

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

INT. MEDICAL - NIGHT

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

More people enter.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

He stands, stumbling from the pain.

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

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

ANGLE ON AN UNDEAD-

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

ANGLE ON MCBRIDE-

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

No one notices, too busy fighting their own battles.

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

ANGLE ON THE UNDEAD-

As it fires again.

ANGLE ON MCBRIDE-

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

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

The undead fires a third time.

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

He swings, decapitating the undead in one swing.

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

MCBRIDE
(weak)
Never fuck with the Irish.

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

POV: MCBRIDE

Everything tilts, the ground rushing up to meet us.

He sprawls out, rolling onto his back.

POV: MCBRIDE

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

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

They bring a pistol up, taking aim.

A bright flash.

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

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

MCBRIDE (cont’d)
(breathing heavily)
I know I’m not on your good side, so I’ll make this quick. I’ve done my part, now you do yours.

(CONTINUED)
CLOSE-UP on his face as the life leaves his eyes.
His chest falls a final time.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT
The cabin is empty of armed, filled instead with the bleeding wounded and dying.
CARLOS moves among them, looking for anyone left capable of fighting.

CARLOS
God damn it.

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT
FRANK’s rifle runs dry. He ejects the clip, reaching for another.

BOOM!

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

FRANK
God damn it!

CARLOS (O.S.)
Frank!

FRANK looks over at CARLOS, emerging from the cabin.

CARLOS (cont’d)
Get inside!

FRANK
I’m fine out here!

(CONTINUED)
CARLOS
We don’t need you out here, get inside now!

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A REFUGEE-

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

His breathing becomes shallow, his eyes slowly closing.

He goes limp.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

FRANK
I’ll see what I can do.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

FRANK stumbles in, clutching his hand.

ANGLE ON THE REFUGEE-

With the throat wound.

FRANK (O.S.)
Kelly!

The refugee’s body twitches.

FRANK (O.S.) (cont’d)
Kelly!

KELLY emerges from the infirmary.

(CONTINUED)
KELLY
Jesus, what happened to your hand!

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

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

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

The refugee’s eyes open.

FRANK and KELLY turn to the sound of a scream.

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

FRANK (cont’d)
Jesus Christ!

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

FRANK (cont’d)
Shit!

A gunshot, the refugee goes down.

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

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

He turns, opening the door.

CARLOS
Jesus.
INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

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

He grabs KELLY and pulls her to the floor.

The box explodes.

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

CARLOS spins, no idea what to do.

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

He stumbles back, bumping into the railing.

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

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

His words become screams, then silence.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Undead swarm, killing everyone in their path.

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

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:
EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

He reaches over, closing MCBRIDE’s eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the compound, the sun fully set.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

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

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

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

Shouting, off camera.

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

Gunfire.

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

A soldier runs past.

SOLDIER
(on TV)
Grenade!

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

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

EXT. BARRICADE – NIGHT

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

POV: SOLDIER

We can’t see anything beyond the outer edge of the row of spotlights lining the barricade.
He reaches into his pocket, pulling out a pack of cigarettes. He pulls out a lighter.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT
POV: UNDEAD SNIPER
The lighter glows bright red in the scope.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT
JESSIE stirs, trying to get comfortable. JACK reaches over and strokes her head.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT
SOLDIER pockets the lighter.

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT
WINTERS watches the movie intently.

SOLDIER
(on TV)
On the left! Left!

ANGLE ON THE TV-
As a familiar face enters the frame. WINTERS, face dirty and bloody, giving orders.

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

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT
SOLDIER stands there, in utter silence, several moments passing.

(CONTINUED)
SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)

Hey!

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

SOLDIER #2 holds his hands up.

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

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

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS – NIGHT

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

He lets go of the button.

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

He presses another button.

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

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

EXT. BARRICADE – NIGHT

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)
The cigarette drops right into SOLDIER #2’s hands.
SOLDIER hits the ground.
CLOSE-UP as his cigarette hits a second later, burning out on impact.

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

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER – NIGHT
Everyone is still asleep, no one heard a thing.
There’s a flurry of gunfire, quick and short. Some shouting, people yelling orders.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND – NIGHT
SOLDIER #2 is still standing there, staring at the body.
SOLDIER #2
They shot him... they shot him...
A soldier runs past, hitting him on the soldier.
SOLDIER (O.S.)
Get on the fucking wall, man! On the fucking wall!
SOLDIER #2 just stands there.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER – NIGHT
More gunfire.
FILLA slowly opens his eyes, reaching up to rub them. He swings his legs out over the side of the bunk and stands, taking a moment to stretch.
The gunfire continues, muffled outside.  

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

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

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

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

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

FILLA
Hey, wake up.

He turns.

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

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

FREIDRICH
What’s going on?

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

JACK walks up to the window.

POV: JACK

Several soldiers run past, carrying rather elaborate sniper rifles.

JACK
They’re moving to the wall.

JESSIE (O.S.)
What’s going on?

JESSIE sits on the edge of the bed.

FREIDRICH
Something.

FILLA
Something big.
INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

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

Knocking at the door.

WINTERS
(calm)
Enter.

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

SOLDIER
Sir!

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

SOLDIER (cont’d)
Sir!

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

WINTERS
What’s going on, soldier?

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

WINTERS
What?

SOLDIER
Snipers, sir. Five at least.

WINTERS
What? Undead?

SOLDIER
Yes sir.

WINTERS
(sighs)
Move some sharpshooters to the wall.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
It’s already been done, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

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

POV: SNIPER

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

SNIPER
Contact left, three point five miles out.

He pulls the trigger.

POV: SNIPER

The undead sniper simply rolls onto its side.

SNIPER (cont’d)
Good hit.

SNIPER continues sweeping the field.

POV: SNIPER

We spot another undead, kneeling down

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

POV: SNIPER

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

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

POV: SNIPER

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

(CONTINUED)
SNIPER lowers his rifle, all color drains from his face.

SNIPER (cont'd)
Oh God.

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

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

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

JACK
What the hell was that?!

FREIDRICH looks through the slats.

FREIDRICH
Fires.

FILLA
What?

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

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

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

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

The calm before the storm.

INT. WINTERS PERSONAL QUARTERS - NIGHT

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

WINTERS
In! Now!

The same soldier enters.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)
What the hell was that?

SOLDIER
RPG sir!

WINTERS
...RPG?

SOLDIER
RPG, yes sir. It hit the barricade.

WINTERS
An actual RPG?

SOLDIER
(nods)
Sir.

WINTERS
Jesus Christ.
(beat)
Damage? What’s the damage to the barricade?

SOLDIER
A dozen casualties, some minor damage to the structure. We’ve got men up top trying to put out the fires.

WINTERS
(quietly)
Fires... RPG...
(to SOLDIER)
Move everyone up to the front, have them reenforce the lost posts.

SOLDIER
(nods)
Yes sir.

WINTERS
I’ll be in the command trailer, relay anything, anything, to me there, understand?

SOLDIER salutes, WINTERS returning it. SOLDIER turns and leaves.

WINTERS remains for a moment, looking around his quarters.
He walks over to his desk, picking up the remote. He turns the TV on.

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

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

He walks for the door, leaving the TV on.

PUSH IN on it as the tape reaches its end, showing the date it was aired: June 14th.

The tape becomes static, then black.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK steps away from the window, turning to the others.

JACK
What do you think? Explosion?

FILLA
Must’ve been.

FREIDRICH
One hell of an explosion to cause that much damage.

JESSIE (O.S.)
It’s happening.

They turn to JESSIE, sitting off to the side on a bunk.

JESSIE (cont’d)
The undead are attacking them. All their planning, their experiments. Them thinking they know so much about these things, and the undead are attacking them.

FREIDRICH
She’s right.
FILLA
Of course she’s right.

JESSIE
They didn’t think walking bodies would be a threat to them.

What looks like a smirk, a very small, almost entirely undetectable one, creeps onto her face. Something we’ve never seen from her before.

JESSIE (cont’d)
They were wrong. They were all wrong. Now they pay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The rear of the compound, the wall nothing more than a row of trucks parked up against a barbed wire fence. The front is much more reenforced than the rear.

Another RPG blasts through the frame, hitting one of the trucks. In a split second it is gone, flipped onto its side, nothing more than a pile of burning debris. By some miracle the fence stays standing.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Soldiers up top turn to the rear, watching the truck burn--as another RPG hits, blowing half a dozen clear off the wall, while others nearer to the impact simply cease to exist, flames engulfing them.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS stands in the command trailer, looking none to pleased.

The door opens, a wounded soldier entering. There’s a long gash down the left side of his face, blood soaking the front of his uniform.

WINTERS
Good Lord, soldier.
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
It’s not that bad, sir.

WINTERS
What the hell is going on out there?

To punctuate him another RPG hits, the trailer shaking.

SOLDIER
They’re hitting us from all sides, RPGs.
(shakes head)
We can’t figure out their position.

WINTERS
God damn it!

SOLDIER
Sir, we’re suffering severe casualties. For Christ fucking sake, I’m one of them.

He pauses for a moment, nearly loosing his balance. Blood loss.

LYNCH
Are you all right?

SOLDIER
Sharpshooters have eliminated the snipers. The rest of the men are holding fire for your order, sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

There are soldiers everywhere. Some on the barricade, others on the ground behind waiting to reenforce and replace casualties, others waiting far behind with the task of providing ammo for the gunners and supplies for the medics.

They all stand steady, waiting for the order to fire. Their fingers tighten around the triggers. Bullets fly past, others ricochet off the barricade.

A soldier takes a round to the chest, falling backwards.

Some react, but no one takes any action against the undead.
EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

At first it is empty, the compound visible half a mile away.

Undead begin to enter the frame, some running, others shuffling, others yet stumbling, all heading towards the wall.

It’s a complete mix of stages of undead. Some are speedy, fresh kills. Others are days, maybe weeks old, barely managing to stay upright.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

A soldier lowers his rifle, watching the undead.

SOLDIER
Oh Jesus.

POV: SOLDIER

At least a hundred undead, maybe more, are heading towards the wall. We can barely see, but some are armed.

SOLDIER (cont’d)
Jesus Christ.

SNIPER (O.S.)
Contacts on... Christ, contacts on every fucking side!

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK, FILLA, and FREIDRICH are standing at the window, trying to see.

JESSIE is sitting on a bunk, she doesn’t want to know what’s happening outside.

JESSIE
They’re going to lose.
(beat)
Everything they have they’re going to lose.

CUT TO:
INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS stands frozen, not saying anything, not making a single move.

    SOLDIER
    Sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Soldiers move to the back, lining up, forming a new perimeter a few meters from the burning truck remains. They all stand and wait.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

    JESSIE
    Their fort.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

    SOLDIER
    Sir!

    WINTERS
    Have them hold.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

The soldiers hold fire.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The undead close the gap between them and the compound.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

    JESSIE
    Their weapons.
EXT. REAR OF COMPOUND - NIGHT

A similar mass of undead is moving towards the rear of the compound, towards the hole created by the RPG.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The soldiers at the rear wait, rifles held ready.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER

Sir!

SOLDIER (O.S.) (cont’d)

Enemies are within firing range, sir!

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

Rounds begin flying past, some ricocheting off the barricade.

A soldier takes a hit, slumping forward, leaning against the railing.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JESSIE

Their lives.

The others exchange glances.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER

Jesus Christ, sir! We’re suffering casualties!

WINTERS

(nods)

Fire at will.

SOLDIER nods, a ‘finally’ sort of nod.
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER

Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

SOLDIER
(over loudspeakers)
Fire at will! Fire at will!

The soldiers open up.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The undead at the front of the group start to twitch and jerk around as the rounds blow through them. Those that go down are trampled, the others ignoring them completely.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

We hear endless gunfire. No one can do anything but wait and listen.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON AN M60 GUNNER-

As he fires a continuous stream, gun hurling smoking shell casings away.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON SEVERAL UNDEAD-

As the heavy duty rounds tear through them, blowing them apart, chunks of flesh and limbs flying everywhere in a shower of blood.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON A SNIPER-

As he fires a round, chambers another round, fires again.

POV: SNIPER

(CONTINUED)
PAN LEFT, searching for a good target. We spot a small group of undead standing in a field about a quarter of a mile away. Something explodes, a small object flying towards us.

SNIPER
RPG, ten o’clock!

The RPG streaks towards the barricade, flying a mere few feet overhead. Everyone instinctively ducks.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

WINTERS looks at the floor, listening to the battle outside.

LORDAN (O.S.)
Jesus Christ.

WINTERS looks up.

WINTERS
What?

At that moment LYNCH enters.

LYNCH
(nods)
Sir.

WINTERS
(nods)
Lynch.

LORDAN
Sir, you’d better listen.

He flips a switch, the radio feed played over the speakers. We hear the same grunts and moans as before.

WINTERS
What? We’ve been hearing this for weeks now. It’s the bloody walking corpses that are attacking my God damn compound!

LORDAN
No, sir! Listen!

They listen for a moment.

(CONTINUED)
Another burst of static, more incomprehensible moaning and groaning.

WINTERS stares at the radio, absolutely dumbfounded as the sounds continue.

WINTERS
Are they...?

LYNCH (O.S.)
They’re talking, sir.

WINTERS
Jesus Christ.

LORDAN
You wanted me to find a pattern, even if it was some fucked up alphabet.

He turns to WINTERS.

LORDAN (cont'd)
(chuckles)
I think this is just a little bit simpler than that. Try fucking Engrish.

The trailer shakes from another RPG hit.

LYNCH steps forward.

LYNCH
Sir.

WINTERS doesn’t respond.

LYNCH (cont'd)
Sir!

WINTERS
What?

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH
Sir, they’re coordinating their attack.

WINTERS
And we can defend against it. Whatever they can do, we can do a million times better. They’re corpses, plain and simple.

LYNCH
They’re attacking from all sides, sir! And they’ve got heavy weaponry for Christ sake!

WINTERS
And you can explain this how?

LYNCH pauses before replying.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Lynch?

LYNCH (cont’d)
As hard to believe as this may sound... I think they’re being led by soldiers, sir.

WINTERS
What?

LYNCH
They’re soldiers, sir. Were... soldiers. Some of the snipers recognized the undead, they look like they’re from another barricade.

WINTERS (shakes head)
They can’t be.

LYNCH
They are, sir. And it makes perfect sense.

WINTERS
How could you possibly think that?

LYNCH
They remember their training, and they remember their tactics.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LYNCH (cont'd)
We thought they were learning, but
we were wrong, sir.
(smiles)
They were teaching.

WINTERS looks at him. LYNCH looks almost proud of the undead.

LYNCH (cont'd)
The soldiers are training the
others, sir.
(laughs)
They built an army.

WINTERS looks ready to explode. He continues listening to the
undead communication on the radio.

LYNCH (cont'd)
We were wrong this whole time. We
thought they were learning by
watching us, but they weren’t. They
were teaching each other, teaching
each other what they remember from
their lives.
(beat)
They’ve formed an army, sir. Some
are leaders, others are followers.
(chuckles)
Just like us.

Another RPG hits somewhere outside, shaking the trailer.

LYNCH
And now? Now they’re attacking us
first, just as we would have
attacked them first. But we didn’t
think they were a threat, so we let
them build their army. Let them
train each other. Let them gather
weapons. Our weapons, to use
against us.
(beat)
Sir?

WINTERS
What?

LYNCH
Sir, I think we should collect the
wounded, load up what we can
manage, and abandon this outpost.
(beat)
Sir.

(CONTINUED)
Abandon? You actually want me to give the order to abandon what is ours? Ours.

Sir, we’re completely outnumbered. We’ve maybe sixty men who are capable enough to fight at this point, the rest are lying on the ground bleeding to death, pulling together what’s left of their limbs.

(beat)
We’re against an enemy that is obviously well coordinated and well armed, and that doesn’t feel pain, sir. For every one of them we kill, there are ten more. They have a practically infinite number, sir. They’re armed with heavy weaponry, and are obviously capable of using it.

(beat)
Sir.

He takes a step towards WINTERS.

It is the perfect army, sir.

WINTERS doesn’t respond.

I don’t like the idea any more than you, sir, but I don’t think we can hold this position against them.

We have held this position against them since this thing began, Lynch.

(I won’t let us lose it now. Not after what we’ve had to fight to keep it.

The trailer shakes again.

WINTERS doesn’t move.
EXT. REAR OF COMPOUND - NIGHT

We witness the aftermath of an RPG hit, a flaming truck collapsing in on itself, undead swarming the fence.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

SOLDIER (O.S.)
Sir, forces at the rear are reporting large numbers, sir. They don’t think the fences will hold.

LYNCH
Sir, we are loosing this fight! We weren’t prepared for this kind of display of intelligence, and we’re paying the price.

WINTERS just keeps staring at the floor, shaking his head slightly. He’s starting to loose it.

LYNCH (cont’d)
Sir, we have to pull back while there are still enough of us to pull back.

WINTERS
Lynch, take everyone to the front and hold this position.

LYNCH
Sir?

WINTERS
You heard me!

LYNCH
Sir, that will leave the rear completely undefended.

(beat)
Sir, the undead are massing an attack at the rear!

WINTERS
You heard me Lynch! That’s a direct order!

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH
Sir, I don’t think that you understand. We cannot win this fight.

WINTERS
It doesn’t matter whether we win or loose, we do not back down from those rotting corpses!

LYNCH
And you hope to achieve this by letting them in the back door?

WINTERS
You don’t understand Lynch, don’t try to.

LYNCH
I don’t understand?

WINTERS
You don’t understand!

LYNCH
How do I not understand!

The others in the trailer are standing back, nervously watching the fight building.

WINTERS
You’re not a commanding officer. You never have been, and you never will be. You don’t know how one must think to be a commander.

LYNCH
How one must think?

WINTERS
They have to be willing to make sacrifices.

LYNCH
This isn’t a sacrifice, this is a suicidal crusade against those things!

WINTERS looks over at him.
WINTERS
Do you even know why you’re here, Lynch?

LYNCH
We were ordered to maintain this compound and hold the highway. Our secondary objective was to carry out various tests in an attempt to reveal details about the infected.

WINTERS
There were no orders.

A few soldiers look over. LYNCH looks surprised.

LYNCH
What?

WINTERS
There were no orders, Lynch. We are rogue.

LYNCH
Rogue? What do you mean, sir?

WINTERS
I mean that we established ourselves independently of the military.

(beat)
At the beginning of this outbreak, during the first month, the military launched a cleaning sweep operation in several major cities. I commanded a sweeper team in Washington.

(beat)
During our operation, my entire squad was wiped out by the undead. The entire thing was captured and broadcast live via a reporter following us. When I returned to the CQ, I was removed from my command.

The trailer shakes.

WINTERS (cont’d)
That was when the chain of command began to break.

(MORE)
The upper command was moved to Cheyenne, while the military forces in the field began to splinter.

(shakes head)
The loss of my rank hadn’t reached the field yet, I was still able to move around as normal. I began assembling a new squad, soldiers who were the soul survivors, or who had been court-martialed. Those who were left with nothing, I gave them something.

LYNCH just shakes his head.

WINTERS (cont'd)
I became determined to find a way to stop those things. To make sure the deaths of my men and everyone else who died wouldn’t be for nothing.

(beat)
There were no orders. There never were, and there never will be.

LYNCH
That explains everything and nothing.

WINTERS
What more do you want explained? I gave everyone here a second chance. If I hadn’t what would they have done? Scattered to the wind, lost in the sea of death that has become the world.

LYNCH
You tortured people. You killed people.

WINTERS
For the cause.

LYNCH
You cost the lives of dozens of American soldiers!

WINTERS
And it has purpose! All of us will die, I let them die for a reason that would help the world.

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH
Sir, you have completely lost your grip on reality.

WINTERS
‘Sir’ has no meaning any longer, Lynch.
(beat)
Sir, as of immediately I am relieving you of your command of this compound, and assuming your duties as highest ranking officer.

The room is silent, everyone waiting to see what happens. The battle continues outside.

WINTERS (cont'd)
What did you just say?

LYNCH
You’re no longer fit to command here. You’re going to kill us all, you can’t be allowed to order those men to their deaths. You have no right commanding this compound or those within its perimeter.

He motions to the others.

LYNCH (cont’d)
Restrain him, take him to the bunk trailer with the others.

WINTERS
Not one of you takes a single step! Not one!

No one moves an inch. The tension’s so thick you wouldn’t even be able to cut it with a knife.

LYNCH
That’s an order! All of you! I have assumed command here, you will do as I instruct!

WINTERS
That’s yet another thing you don’t understand about command, Lynch.

Another RPG hits.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont’d)
Loyalty is a key to your successful command.

LYNCH
To hell with loyalty. Your method of earning loyalty is by sending your men to their deaths.

Everyone jumps at the sound of the sudden gunshot, extremely loud in the confined space.

LYNCH drops to his knees, blood gushing from a wound in his chest.

He looks up at WINTERS.

WINTERS
Treason. A capital offense. Punishable by death.

LYNCH falls forward, hitting the floor.

WINTERS looks at everyone else in the trailer.

WINTERS (cont’d)
We will hold this position. To the end. Do you understand me?

A round of ‘sir’ from everyone in the room.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Now.

(beat)
Everyone outside. Move all forces from the rear to the front barricade. I need a dozen volunteers.

Everyone grabs their weapon, sitting wherever it may be, and head out the door. Some have that look like they’re with WINTERS to the end, you can see it on their face. Others look like they would have followed LYNCH. Split right down the middle.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Not you.

He stops LORDAN on his way to the door.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Stay here and monitor the radio.

(CONTINUED)
LORDAN
Yes sir.

He sits, WINTERS leaving.

Blood begins to pool beneath LYNCH, sprawled out on the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An undead kneels, lifting a launcher onto it’s shoulder. Another steps forward, loading a rocket.

It fires, the force of the blast launching the undead backwards. It lands in a heap.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT

The rocket hits a truck, tearing through it. The whole thing explodes, bits of it flying in every direction as it flips onto its side.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

Stray rounds hit the trailer, making it through the wall.

JACK jumps back as the round bounces off the wall, narrowly missing.

FREIDRICH
This is big.

FILLA
Yeah, you know pretty soon one of those rockets is going to hit us instead of them. Then we’re going to be screwed.

FREIDRICH
Personally I don’t want to be around for that.

JACK turns away, walking towards the door.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Help me get this thing open.

EXT. BARRICADE - NIGHT
Another RPG hits, a truck flipping onto its side.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT
JACK and FREIDRICH try to pull the door open, clearly having no luck.

FILLA (O.S.)
Here.

FILLA tosses JACK a steel bar.

FILLA (cont'd)
Pried it off one of the beds.

INT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT
LORDAN listens in to the undead radio chatter.

LYNCH (O.S.)
(weak)
Lordan.

LORDAN doesn't hear it.

LYNCH (O.S.) (cont'd)
(louder)
Lordan!

LORDAN turns, finding LYNCH trying to stand.

LORDAN
Jesus!

He stands, helping LYNCH to his feet.

LORDAN (cont'd)
For Christ sake, Lynch, what the hell were you thinking back there?

LYNCH
I have to go.

(CONTINUED)
LORDAN
What? You’re fucking dying, you
can’t go out there!

LYNCH
I have to let them out.

LORDAN
Who?

LYNCH
I was wrong. We were wrong.
(shakes head)
I have to let the go before Winters
kills them too.

LORDAN
You’re hurt bad, you’re not
thinking straight.

LYNCH
I’m thinking straight enough. I’m
done, Lordan. We’re all done here.
But it’s not too late for them. You
know that.

LORDAN pauses for a moment.

LORDAN
What do you want me to do?

LYNCH
Take me to them.

LORDAN nods, helping LYNCH towards the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WINTERS is followed by twelve soldiers. All around them
others are moving to the barricade, others are simply lying
dead on the ground. The medics have given up.

WINTERS stops, stretching his arms out.

WINTERS
Right here. I want a new rear
perimeter established here.
(MORE)
CONTINUED:

WINTERS (cont'd)
Move up whatever trucks you can, I don't care, I just want it here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the bunk trailer.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

JACK and FREIDRICH aren’t having any luck with the door.

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER - NIGHT

LORDAN emerges, helping LYNCH walk. They step down from the trailer, trying to remain hidden.

ANGLE ON A SOLDIER-

Hiding behind the remains of a jeep as he takes aim, about to fire.

BOOM!

He spins and drops to the ground, taking cover as the round bounces off the jeep.

POV: SOLDIER

He spots LORDAN and LYNCH.

SOLDIER

Sir!

ANGLE ON WINTERS-

As he turns.

POV: WINTERS

The two stumble through the debris.

WINTERS’ look could kill them.

WINTERS

Kill them both!

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Yes sir!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The nearest soldier nods and runs after them.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

They continue struggling with the door.

A cracking sound.

FREIDRICH

It’s giving!

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

LYNCH stumbles, LORDAN quickly regaining his balance.

SOLDIER steps into frame.

SOLDIER

Don’t move!

LORDAN stops, turning himself and LYNCH to face the soldier.

LYNCH

Just let us go.

SOLDIER

Can’t do that.

LYNCH

We were wrong, we have to let them go.

SOLDIER

I have orders.

LORDAN

They’re wrong.

SOLDIER fires, a round blowing through LORDAN’s stomach. He lets go of LYNCH, who dives for cover as best he can.

SOLDIER fires again, hitting LORDAN in the chest.

He topples forward, sprawling out.

ANGLE ON LYNCH-

As he watches LORDAN die, twitching and convulsing as he coughs blood.

(CONTINUED)
LYNCH crawls away, standing and running once he gains enough speed.

SOLDIER starts after him.

INT. BUNK TRAILER - NIGHT

The door frame is beginning to give. JACK and FREIDRICH continue to put everything they have into it.

There’s a clicking sound from the other side. JACK and FREIDRICH step back, watching the door.

It swings open, LYNCH holding onto the door frame.

    FREIDRICH
    You.

    LYNCH
    (weak)
    Get the hell out of here.

    JACK
    You’re hurt.

LYNCH nearly looses his grip, JACK and FREIDRICH reach out to steady him.

    FREIDRICH
    What the hell’s going on?

    LYNCH
    (shakes head)
    It’s all going to hell. This compound is falling.

He starts to loosen his grip, sliding down the door frame a bit. They help him up.

    LYNCH (cont’d)
    (weak)
    Winter’s is going to hold this position even if it means killing everyone, including himself.

    FREIDRICH
    And we should trust you?

    LYNCH
    It’s that or stick around and find out for yourselves.
He coughs, blood splattering the front of his shirt.

LYNCH (cont'd)
(weak)
Shit. Son of a bitch really got me this time.

JACK
Here, get inside.

LYNCH
(shakes head)
No, I’ll be fine. Just, get the hell out of here.

FREIDRICH
We can’t just leave you.

LYNCH
(weak laugh)
There’s nothing you can do for me, trust me.

FREIDRICH
Why?

LYNCH
(weak)
Why? Think of it as my balancing out the universe. I’ve got this thing about fire and pokings.

An explosion rocks the trailer.

LYNCH (cont'd)
Winters lied. About everything. Everything we’ve been doing here was because of him.
(shakes head)
I’m done with it. Maybe this way I can at least go out on a positive note.

His chest suddenly explodes, blood spraying JACK and FREIDRICH as three rounds hit him.

LYNCH’s jaw drops.

Blood gushes from the new bullet holes in his chest. The others just stare.
LYNCH (cont’d)
(weak, chuckles)
So... That’s what it feels like.
(quiet)
Oh...

He falls backwards, JACK and FREIDRICH reaching to catch him. He hits the ground, already dead.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER – NIGHT

SOLDIER continues firing, rounds punching into the armored side of the trailer.

INT. BUNK TRAILER – NIGHT

FREIDRICH and JACK flank the door.

JACK
We need his gun!

The gunfire ceases as SOLDIER reloads.

FREIDRICH
Got it!

He spins, jumping from the trailer. He quickly flips LYNCH’s body over, pulling his pistol from its holster.

SOLDIER finishing reloading.

BOOM!

He hits the ground dead. The pistol clicks empty, FREIDRICH tosses it aside.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMAND TRAILER – NIGHT

The gunners on top are firing at random now, not bothering to pick their targets.

EXT. BUNK TRAILER – NIGHT

JACK jumps down from the trailer, running over to SOLDIER’s body, grabbing his rifle.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Come on!

JESSIE and FILLA emerge, they all start running.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WINTERS stands watching as a trio of trucks roll into place, the drivers climbing out, running back to get more without pausing for a second.

WINTERS
(nods)

Good.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

The group move through the battle, bodies scattered on the ground around them.

FREIDRICH grabs a rifle, pulling it out of the hands of a dead soldier.

FREIDRICH
We need to get the hell out of here now!

JACK
I’m working on it!

POV: JACK

A soldier sits inside a Hummer, trying to get it started.

The windshield explodes, rounds hitting the driver in the chest.

JACK (cont’d)

There’s our ride.

FREIDRICH leads, the others following close behind.

FILLA

Who’s driving?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
    I’ll drive.

JACK runs around to the other side, pulling the dead driver out. He climbs in and starts it, slamming the door.

The others climb in, FREIDRICH resting the barrel of the rifle on the window frame.

    JACK (cont'd)
    Hold on!

He floors it.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

Another truck rolls into place.

An RPG comes out of nowhere, hitting the rear. The truck lifts up, soldiers diving out as it comes back down.

    WINTERS
    Undead sons of bitches.

    SOLDIER (O.S.)
    Look out!

WINTERS spins, jumping out of the way of a hummer.

POV: WINTERS

We get a good look at JACK and FREIDRICH.

    WINTERS
    God damn it!

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

    JESSIE
    That was him!

    JACK
    I know!

    JESSIE
    It was Winters!

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

JACK
Yeah, I know!

FILLA
What’s the plan?

JACK
How the hell should I know?

POV: JACK
The place is war zone, debris and bodies everywhere.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT
WINTERS spins in place, looking for anyone nearby.

WINTERS
(points)
All of you, get after them now!

SOLDIER
Sir?

WINTERS
Get in a God damn truck and get after them! I want them all dead!
None of them survive! Understand me! Now go!

EXT. REAR OF COMPOUND - NIGHT
ANGLE ON THE REMAINS OF A TRUCK-

As they explode, the hummer crashing through. A few stray undead unlucky enough to be in its path are obliterated, crushed and hurled to the side.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT
JACK struggles to maintain control.

FILLA (O.S.)
Jesus Christ!

JACK
That was the plan.
EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

WINTERS steps aside as a hummer drives past. He reaches out and hits the side.

          WINTERS
          None of them survive!

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Another RPG undead steps into place.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

          SOLDIER (O.S.)
          RPG!

WINTERS turns to face the wall.

POV: WINTERS

We hear the sound of the RPG being launched, hear the sound of it approaching. For maybe five seconds we’re simply standing, listening to the sound.

The RPG hits dead center, exploding on impact. A section of the wall center explodes out, pieces of debris flying.

The wall shudders, shakes. It begins to break apart, collapsing completely. A cloud of dust rises around it, blocking our view, but we can still hear the cries of the wounded.

Several moments pass, WINTERS standing there staring, completely in shock.

Wounded on and around the wall begin to regroup, countless others trapped in the heap. Some are dead, others are pinned, reaching out and calling for help.

They receive none, those still capable of moving running as the undead swarm through the barricade, attacking anyone they can reach. Those trapped in the debris are sitting ducks, ripped apart in seconds.

          WINTERS
          (quiet)
          Fall... fall back...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The soldiers move back, emptying clip after clip into the undead swarming over the crumbled wall. It's no good, they keep coming.

    WINTERS (cont’d)
    Fall back.

The first soldiers go down, falling beneath the undead.

A soldier runs up to WINTERS.

    SOLDIER
    Sir, they’re killing us out here!
    They’re fucking killing us!

    WINTERS
    Fall back.

    SOLDIER
    Sir?

    WINTERS
    I said fall back! Everyone, fall back!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The military hummer speeds down the highway.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

Everyone with a weapon is loading it, checking it, getting ready for a fight.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

There are maybe a dozen soldiers left, WINTERS among them, literally backed into a corner. The undead are swarming towards them, mowed down in a constant stream.

WINTERS’ gun runs dry. He ejects a clip, loading in another one.

(CONTINUED)
A soldier’s gun runs dry just as a pair of undead lunge for him. He barely has a chance to scream before they tackle him, dragging him away into the mass of undead.

An RPG flies overhead, leaving a trail of grey smoke.

   SOLDIER (O.S.)
   Get back! Everybody get back!

   WINTERS
   Hold your positions!

   SOLDIER #2 (O.S.)
   Get the hell back!

   WINTERS
   Hold your positions, God damn it!
   Fall back and cover! Hold this position!

Another soldier goes down, undead tearing him to pieces.

   SOLDIER (O.S.)
   Come on! Get inside!

WINTERS turns to see several soldiers climbing into the command trailer, motioning for the others to follow. The gunners up top continue firing.

   WINTERS
   What the hell do you think you're doing! Get back out here!

He’s jerked off his feet suddenly, rifle sliding away.

He looks down to see an undead holding onto his leg, jerking on his foot.

   WINTERS (cont'd)
   Get the hell off me!

CLOSE-UP as the undead bites in, teeth making it through the fabric, sinking into his leg.

WINTERS screams, reaching for his rifle, just out of reach.

The undead takes another bite, blood flowing freely.

WINTERS finally grabs his rifle, bringing it around.

The undead grabs the barrel of the rifle, holding it to the side.
CONTINUED:

It stares right at WINTERS.

CLOSE-UP as WINTERS pulls a knife from a hidden sheath on his ankle.

UNDEAD
Stupid human...

WINTERS’ jaw drops, he just stares at the thing.

It jerks hard, easily yanking the rifle out of WINTERS’ grip. It tosses it to the side.

UNDEAD (cont’d)
Our time now...

WINTERS
(terrified)
Jesus Christ...

It lunges forward, biting for his throat.

He stabs the knife into the undead’s temple, killing it instantly.

He fights to his feet, stumbling.

He looks down at his leg, blood staining his green military fatigues.

He laughs, removing something from his belt.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Come on.

The undead swarm, grabbing his arms and legs, pulling him to the ground.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Come on!

CLOSE-UP on his hand, clutching something.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Come on!

The undead claw and bite, drawing blood, tearing off chunks of flesh from his limbs.

WINTERS (cont’d)
Come on you undead sons of bitches!
COME ON!
CLOSE-UP as he opens his fist, the grenade falling free.

WINTERS (cont'd)
CHOKE ON ‘EM!

WINTERS lets out a war cry as the grenade explodes, flames engulfing him and the attacking undead. They’re packed in so tight it practically rains rotting limbs.

TILT UP to the trailer, the last soldiers backing up, undead reaching for them.

An RPG hits on the other side of the trailer, they let their guard down for a split second.

The undead surge forward, taking down the two soldiers outside, moving inside. Those inside open up, undead flying back from the door, quickly forming a heap.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

We can’t tell the difference between human and undead, the trailer is packed. Blood is everywhere, bodies hitting the floor as fast as empty shell casings.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

An undead kneels, firing an RPG.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Just as a soldier looses his throat, blood spraying.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

One of the gunners shouts, pointing off camera.

They both stand and dive over the side, hitting the ground hard.

The RPG hits the rear, exploding inward. Undead are blown out the main door, flames following right behind them.

The gunners are swarmed, disappearing beneath the sea of undead.

(CONTINUED)
After several moments we hear gunfire, no more than two or three rifles.

Snarls, then screams.

Slowly the gunfire subsides, until it fall silent completely.

All we hear after that is the sound of the undead.

There isn’t a living thing left alive in the compound. The undead continue to stumble their way in.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer, speeding down the highway.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

Everyone is starting to relax, thinking they’re out of it.

FREIDRICH flicks the rifle’s safety on, sitting it on the dashboard.

FILLA is digging around in the back.

FREIDRICH
Find anything?

FILLA (O.S.)
Some rifles and ammo.

FREIDRICH
We need to find what road we’re on, then I can figure out where we want to be.

FILLA laughs.

FILLA (O.S.)
Son of a bitch.

JACK
What?

FILLA leans into the front, holding something.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

It’s one of WEST’s Desert Eagles, in perfect condition.

    JACK (cont’d)
    Where the hell did you find that?

    FILLA
    In the back.

FREIDRICH takes it, looking at it.

    FREIDRICH
    Nice.

He hands it to JACK, who sticks it in his belt.

    JACK
    Belonged to a friend of ours.

There’s a dull ping, a slight flash.

    JACK (cont’d)
    What the hell was that?

Bullets ricochet off, it sounds like it’s starting to rain.

    JACK (cont’d)
    Where?!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The second hummer has caught up to them, gunner standing, M-16 unloading at them.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

    JACK
    Son of a bitch.

    FILLA (O.S.)
    Freidrich, rifle!

FREIDRICH grabs his rifle and hands it back to FILLA.

    FILLA (cont’d)
    I’ll keep ‘em off you.

    JACK
    (to FREIDRICH)
    How much further?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
I don’t know, I still don’t have a fucking clue where we are.

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT
FILLA opens the hatch, standing up.
He ducks down, rounds bouncing off.

FILLA
(standing)
Son of a bitch.
He opens up.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT
The two hummers engage in a duel, FILLA and the soldier sending twin streams of rounds at each other, shots glowing orange in the dark.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT
JACK jerks the wheel hard to the left, nearly leaving the road.

FILLA (O.S.)
Jesus Christ, don’t do that again!

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT
The gunner nearly looses his footing, stumbling a bit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT
FILLA ducks down as the gunner opens up, JACK swerves to the right.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT
DRIVER doesn’t take his eyes off the hummer, staying in as tight as he can.

GUNNER (O.S.)
Move up closer, Christ!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SOLDIER
Get up closer.

DRIVER
I’m as close as I want to get.

SOLDIER
Just get in closer!

DRIVER floors it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer speeds up, closing the gap between them and the lead.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH leans out the window, quickly ducking back in.

FREIDRICH
Shit, they’re getting closer.

JACK
God damn it.

He puts his foot to the floor.

JACK (cont'd)
Jessie, get Freidrich a gun!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lone undead, in an extremely advanced stage of decay, stumbles on the highway, most of its face rotten away completely.

WHAM!

The lead hummer hits it, it explodes before our eyes.

Half a second passes before the second hummer speeds past.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH slaps a clip into his rifle.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH
Hold it steady.

JACK
We’re going ninety God damn miles, you want me to hold it steady?

FREIDRICH leans out the window.

EXT. HUMMER - NIGHT

A round hits FILLA’s upper arm. He nearly drops the rifle, catching it at the last second.

FREIDRICH continues firing.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

Two rounds bounce off the hood.

The right section of the windshield takes the next hit, bullet passing clean through. The soldier doesn’t have a chance to react before the round punches through his chest, killing him instantly.

The driver’s side window takes a hit, nearly shattering.

EXT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

The hummer swerves, GUNNER trying to hold on. He misfires, several rounds going wide.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH jerks back into the hummer, letting go of his rifle in the process.

EXT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

POV: GUNNER

Something flies towards us.

GUNNER’s scream is cut off as the rifle hits his forehead, snapping his head back.
INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

GUNNER’s fist clenches, finger tightening on the trigger. Rounds rip through the hummer, hitting everything in sight.

DRIVER’s chest explodes, rounds blowing through the back of his seat.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer swerves, starting to leave the road.

Its tires catch and dip down, it flips. It rolls, chunks breaking off, glass shattering.

INT. MILITARY HUMMER - NIGHT

SOLDIER flies forward, head smashing against the already weakened windshield. He makes it part way through.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The hummer rolls again, ripping SOLDIER in half at the waist.

It comes to rest in a crumpled heap at the side of the road, we can hear the ticking of overheated metal.

INT. HUMMER - NIGHT

FREIDRICH

Well, that didn’t go like I had hoped.

ANGLE ON FREIDRICH-

Holding a wound on his chest, blood seeping through his fingers.

JACK

Oh shit.

He starts to slow down.

FREIDRICH

(shakes head)

Don’t slow down.

(CONTINUED)
FILLA ducks down, dropping back into his seat.

JACK
What?

FREIDRICH
Just keep going.

FILLA
We need to stop, check your wound.

FREIDRICH
You think I’m going to survive this?
(chuckles)
Not a chance in hell.

FILLA
We can help, we can fix you up. You’ll be fine.

FREIDRICH
Jack, no. Simple, no. I’m done.

He coughs, blood dribbling down his chin.

FREIDRICH (cont’d)
Everyone else is dead anyway.
(shakes head)
I might as well join them.

The others simply look at him.

FREIDRICH (cont’d)
I’ll be fine, really. I’ll just get some rest, finally.

He leans back, against the door.

FREIDRICH (cont’d)
I just realized, Jack never heard my story.

JACK
What story?

FREIDRICH
Where I’m from.

JACK
I don’t need to. You need to save your strength.

(CONTINUED)
FREIDRICH
Jack, I’m done. No point saving my strength when it’s not going to matter in another couple of minutes anyway.

(beat)
I was an investment banker. At a major bank.

JACK
What?

FREIDRICH
Where I’m from. I was a banker.

(weak chuckle)
I sat in a cubicle all day, entering numbers into a computer. Same thing every day, I’d go to work at nine, sit at my desk in my tiny cubicle, and type at that computer until five o’clock.

(coughs)
I always kind of hoped something exciting would happen in my life. I didn’t care what, I just wanted something, anything to happen.

He looks at the wound on his chest, then back out the window.

FREIDRICH (cont’d)
I guess something exciting did happen. Didn’t end the way I thought it would, though. I was thinking a vacation. Always wanted to see China.

(beat)
Then they got nuked and I got shot. I guess that’s not going to happen now.

JACK
No, it will. We can get you to the cabin, we’ll get you patched up, then when everything is back to normal you’ll get there.

FREIDRICH
Jack, cut the false bull shit. I’m dying, I realize that. And I accept it. I got some excitement, I got what I wanted.

(chuckles)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FREIDRICH (cont'd)
And I’ll never have to enter any
more numbers into that God damn
computer.

(beat)
You know what I was doing when
everything fell? I was on the bus
heading to work. We heard this
crash, I look up and there’s an
ambulance in the middle of the
intersection, on its side, getting
hit from both sides by cars. People
were screaming, running for their
lives right there and then. The
driver tells us to hold on, slams
on the brakes.

(shakes head)
No chance. We slamed into that
thing so hard the guy next to me
died when his head hit the seat in
front of him.

(nods)
That’s when this started for me.
And this is where it ends for me.

He zones out for a moment, snapping back to reality.

FREIDRICH (cont’d)
You three, you make sure you get to
that cabin.

(nods)
You make... you make sure. Then it
was all worth it.

He narrows his eyes slightly, looking at the road ahead.

POV: FREIDRICH

The sun is beginning to rise.

FREIDRICH (cont’d)
(chuckles)
Look. We started a new day.

The emotion begins to leave his face, his hands falling away
from his chest.

He goes limp.

The three remain silent.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The hummer speeds past.

Dissolve To:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A field, the highway nowhere to be seen. About half a mile to the west is the tree line, the forest heading off into the mountains several miles beyond.

The hummer sits off to the side, doors open.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

FREIDRICH’s body is still in the back, covered by the blanket.

Dissolve To:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

JACK, FILLA, and JESSIE stand nearby, staring at the hummer. All three hold rifles. FILLA has a .45 in his belt, JACK the Eagle. They’re all wearing backpacks that look full.

JESSIE
Who’s going to do it?

FILLA
I will.

JACK
You sure?

FILLA
Yeah.

He slings the rifle over his shoulder, drawing the .45. He takes aim at the hummer.

JACK
Watch it, could be big.

FILLA fires, the round hitting a gas can inside the hummer. It bursts into flames.
INT. HUMMER - DAY

Flames begin to make their way into the hummer, reaching FREIDRICH’s body. The blanket catches, burning and melting as the plastic fibers are exposed to the heat.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The three watch as it burns.

    FILLA
    One more for the fires.

    JACK
    One more.

    JESSIE
    Let it be the last one.

    FILLA
    (shakes head)
    It won’t be.

As one they turn, not looking back once as they start to walk away, towards the trees.

ANGLE ON THE HUMMER -

As it burns.

    FADE OUT.

    FADE IN:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT of the remains of the compound, what fires there were have been extinguished.

EXT. BARRICADE - DAY

The remains of the wall are piled in a heap, undead climbing over them, digging through the rubble.

A pair of undead lift up a piece of twisted steel, revealing a soldier’s body beneath, a bite on its throat from the previous night.

(CONTINUED)
It’s eyes open, glazed over. With the help of the others it pulls itself out of the mound, then starts digging.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

A pair of undead gunners stand atop the remains of the command trailer, one of them manning the M60.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The compound, half a mile away.

A row of undead enter the frame, followed by another, then another. It ends, then another three, ten undead wide. Squads of them, walking in formation, towards the compound.

The last image we see of the undead, of the new world order that has been formed. On that shot;

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The forest is alive. Birds, bugs, everything. The snow is beginning to melt, grass showing through in places. It you didn’t no better you wouldn’t think anything was going on in the world.

FILLA enters the frame, moving slow, rifle up. He moves cautiously but not overly so.

JACK and JESSIE follow, rifles held likewise.

JESSIE
How much further?

FILLA
Not much, we’re almost there. Another mile, maybe a mile and a half, not much more.

JACK
(smiles)
Until we’re there it’s doesn’t matter how close we are, it’s not close enough.

(CONTINUED)
FILLA
It’s just across the river.

JESSIE
River?

FILLA
Don’t worry about it, it’ll still be frozen enough.

JACK
I don’t care what’s in the way, I’m getting there.

FILLA
(smiles)
Amen.

JESSIE
What will you tell them?

FILLA
What? Tell who?

JESSIE
David and Kelly. What will you tell them about West?

FILLA
It’s terrible, I’ve practically forgotten about him now. Forgotten about a lot of people, actually.
(beat)
I guess I’ll just tell them that he didn’t make it. Not really much to tell them, is there?
(beat)
Hell, I wouldn’t be surprised if they can’t remember who West is, it’s been so long.

POV: JACK

We watch the ground, patches of green poking up through the snow.

JACK notices something in the snow.

POV: JACK

Something shiny pokes up through the melting snow.
CONTINUED:

JACK
(motioning to object)
What’s that?

FILLA
What?

JACK walks over to it, kneeling. He brushes some of the snow away, revealing it to be a pistol.

The owner’s frozen hand still grips it.

None of them even react.

JACK
(sighs)
Hell.

FILLA
Body?

JACK
(nods)
Body.

FILLA
I thought we were past all this.

JESSIE
Why’s it out here?

JACK
The cold, maybe. Starved. There’s a million things.

JESSIE
Those things, maybe?

JACK looks up, they all exchange glances, no one wanting to say it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river has begun melting. It flows freely, visible through thawed holes in the ice.

FILLA steps onto the ice, checking it. He motions for the others to follow.

(CONTINUED)
JACK stops for a moment, kneeling down. He reaches through a hole in the ice and splashes some water on his face, shaking it off.

He stands and starts up again, rejoining the others.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

They move through the trees.

FILLA
It’s not far, just up ahead. Hang back, I’ll check it out.

JACK
Yeah, okay.

He runs ahead, JACK and JESSIE keeping their previous pace.

JESSIE
So.

JACK
So.

JESSIE
We made it.

JACK
(smiles)
We made it.

JESSIE
And all the others...

JACK
(sighs)
Yeah, all the others.

JESSIE
What about them?

JACK
Well, I guess they’re in a much better place now. They earned it. All of them.

JESSIE
I’ll never forget any of them.

(CONTINUED)
JACK
Yeah.

JESSIE
So what’ll happen now?

JACK
Now?
(shrugs)
Hopefully this’ll be the end of it all. We can stay here, finally relax for a while. Forget about everything that’s going on out there.

JESSIE
I wonder if it’ll ever end.

JACK
It has to. I mean, those things out there, they’re rotting away even now. Eventually...
(beat)
Eventually, I guess they’ll just rot away and collapse. Once that happens, I guess that’s the end of it.

JESSIE
It was weird, though. They almost seemed to be evolving, becoming more like us.

JACK
Everything has to evolve, I suppose. Doesn’t matter what it is, it’ll change and adapt to the situation and the environment. They just didn’t evolve the right way.

JESSIE
And what about us?

JACK
I doubt there’s many of us left, after this.
(beat)
I guess all we can do is try and rebuild what we can. There’s a lot to do.
He pulls his backpack off, unzipping it. He pulls out a foil wrapped MRE, closing the pack and putting it back over his shoulder. He tears the foil and starts eating the processed food.

JACK (cont’d)
I’ll never get used to this stuff.

JESSIE
You won’t have to, we’ll be eating real food soon.

FILLA (O.S.)
Jesus Christ... Jack! Jessie!

They look off in the direction FILLA ran.

JESSIE
Filla?

JACK
What’s wrong?

FILLA (O.S.)
Just get the hell up here!

They start running.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

FILLA stands just out of the trees, staring at something off camera. He looks broken, just staring, shaking his head slightly. He’s barely managing to hold onto his rifle.

JACK and JESSIE emerge from the trees, stopping in their tracks.

JESSIE
Oh my God...

JACK
Jesus Christ.

Bodies are scattered on the ground. They’ve been there for a long time, beginning to rot. Guns, bullets, they’re all spread out.

The cabin has burned down, leaving nothing but a pile of blackened debris in its place.

(CONTINUED)
It looks like it’s snowed since it burned down, small patches of white visible in the shadows, hidden from the heat. It’s been a while.

JESSIE

No...

FILLA runs for the cabin, JACK a split second behind.

JACK

What the hell happened here?

FILLA steps up onto the remains of the porch, bending down to pick something up. A baseball cap, almost in perfect condition.

FILLA

(shakes head)
They’re gone.

JACK

What?

FILLA

They’re gone, Jack. They’re all gone.

He turns to JACK.

FILLA (cont'd)

We were too late.

JACK reaches up and rubs his forehead, looking at the debris. He just sighs and nods.

FILLA tosses the hat into the pile of debris.

JACK lifts a piece of wood, kicking a charred rifle lying beneath.

JACK

There are way too many bodies here.

FILLA

They weren’t alone.

JACK

Huh?

FILLA

David and Kelly. There must have been others with them.
JACK
(nods)
Must’ve been. No way they could’ve killed all those ones out there alone.

FILLA
(chuckles)
People who didn’t even know about this place beat us to it.

They turn, walking off the remains of the porch.

POV: JACK

We follow the ground, bodies, human or otherwise, passing through the frame.

FILLA (cont’d)

Jesus.

FILLA spots something off camera.

JACK

What the hell is that?

POV: JACK AND FILLA

We move towards the sword, sticking out of the ground where it fell. What snow remains around it is stained red, as is the grass beneath.

JACK (cont’d)

Is that...?

FILLA

Yeah.

JACK

And it’s here why?

POV: FILLA

He looks at the crimson stains.

FILLA

Whoever it belonged to, I’d say they went down fighting.

ANGLE ON THE BLADE–

Crusted with dried blood.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
Jesus.

JESSIE (O.S.)
Over here!

They spin, instinctively bringing their rifles up.

JESSIE (O.S.) (cont’d)
Over here!

CUT TO:

JESSIE stands near the tree line. JACK and FILLA run over.

FILLA
What’s that?

ANGLE ON A TREE—

A small satchel is tied to a tree, a piece of bright red fabric dangling off.

FILLA steps forward and pulls the satchel off, opening it up. He pulls out a small piece of paper, unfolding it. He reads it and laughs.

JACK
What? What is it?

FILLA hands the paper to JACK and wanders off.

JACK (cont’d)
(reading)
‘Dalavin Island. See you there.’

He hands the paper to JESSIE.

JESSIE
Is that where they went?

FILLA (O.S.)
Here’s another one.

FILLA stands in the trees, next to one with a piece of red fabric tied around the stump.

JACK
That the same stuff?

(CONTINUED)
They left us a trail.

He walks back to them.

Whoever’s left, they’re on that island.

So... the coast.

It’s a long way.

Couple of days, at least.

There’s nothing left for us here.

JACK cracks his neck, stretching.

Well?

Well?

It’ll be dark soon. We’d better get going.

FILLA smiles and nods.

Check around, find whatever ammo and supplies you can.

The bodies?

(shrugs)
Leave them. There’s not much left of any of them anyway.

I’ll head back to the river, get some water.
CONTINUED:

FILLA
Get back here as soon as you’re done.

JACK
Yeah, I won’t be long.

JACK heads off into the trees, FILLA and JESSIE start checking the bodies spread out in the clearing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER – DAY
JACK dunka canteen into the river, holding it there for a few moments. He pulls it out, screwing the lid on.

EXT. CABIN – DAY
FILLA rolls a body over, revealing its face to be long rotten. He quickly checks the pockets before rolling it back over.

TILT UP to JESSIE, digging through some of the debris scattered around the cabin. She finds a full clip, putting it into her pack.

EXT. RIVER – DAY
JACK stands, twisting the lid onto the last canteen.
He stops, pulling his backpack off. He opens it up, pulling something out.

It’s the Desert Eagle WEST threw to him. He looks at it, turning it around in his hands.
He drops it through the hole, watching it sink.

ANGLE ON THE DESERT EAGLE–
As it hits the river bed, falling on its side. It shimmers in the light.

He pauses for a moment, then turns and heads towards the trees.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. CABIN - DAY

JACK emerges from the trees. He pulls a canteen off his belt, tossing it to FILLA.

    JACK
    Find anything?

    FILLA
    Some clips, a couple of dry guns, that’s about it.

JACK walks over, handing JESSIE her canteen.

    JACK
    So I guess that’s it then.

    FILLA
    Yeah. Except...

    JACK
    Except?

    FILLA
    The sword.

JACK looks over at the sword.

    JACK
    Leave it.

    FILLA
    Leave it?

    JACK
    (nods)
    Leave it.

FILLA nods, adjusting his backpack.

They look over at the remains of the cabin one last time.

    JESSIE
    We tried so hard to get here, and after everything we went through to finally make it, we leave as soon as we arrive.

    JACK
    (sighs)
    Seems how it always is with us.

(Continued)
I guess we’d better get going.
(beat)
Knowing them, they’ll be waiting for us.

JACK
We sure we’ve got everything?

JESSIE
Everything we could find.

FILLA
There’s nothing left for us here.
No reason for us to stick around any longer than we have to.

JACK
(beat)
Okay.
(nods)
The coast.

JESSIE
The coast.

JACK leans over and kisses JESSIE on the forehead, FILLA gives them a ‘for crying out loud’ look.

They start walking into the trees, the camera begins to PULL BACK into a wide CRANE SHOT.

It continues to rise as the three disappear completely, rising up to a panoramic shot of the forest, the mountains, stretched out before us.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The river is fast moving, sand almost completely covering the Desert Eagle, only a small portion of the barrel still visible.

JACK (V.O.)
Death became a way of life.
The current’s speed increases for a moment, just enough to stir up the sand. It settles over the pistol, burying it completely.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The cabin, a burned down pile of debris,

JACK (V.O.)
Those who chose to fight ignored that drive, that drive to maintain what made them human. To help their fellow man rather than put a bullet in his skull. They killed, and they lived.

ANGLE ON THE SWORD-

Sticking out of the ground, blade stained red. It reflects the sun, shining in the light.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Using the most primal instincts they lived, and continued to live. They became what may well have been the only hope for the survival of the fading human race.

DISSOLVE TO:

The panoramic shot of the forest, of the mountains, of it all laid out in front of us, the trio long lost within.

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
We chose to fight.

On that shot, slowly;

FADE OUT.

Two words slowly fade up on the black screen:

THE END

FADE TO BLACK.

Journey - Chapter Three

Credits roll.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

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