

DAY OF THE DEAD

(The original script)
by George A. Romero

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THE EMPTY STREET OF A CITY - DAY

No people. A FEW CARS AND TRUCKS are parked at odd angles, abandoned. A TITLE FADES IN, one phrase at a time.

FIVE YEARS...
SINCE THE DEAD FIRST WALKED.

2 EXT. THE CITY - DAY

We hear THE SOUND OF A STRONG WIND. DEBRIS flutters through the streets. A LARGE ALLIGATOR slithers into frame, stops and looks around.

MONTAGE: as MORE GATORS explore the empty streets, knocking over GARBAGE CANS, upsetting the MANNEQUINS in A DEPARTMENT STORE WINDOW. A GATOR crawls out through the open doors of AN ABANDONED BANK. LOOSE BILLS are dragged along under the animal's tail. They flutter away on the WIND.

3 EXT. THE CITY - DAY

GATORS crawl over A '79 CADELLIC. A FEMALE SKELETON sits slumped over the steering wheel. In the back a BABY'S BONES are strapped into AN INFANT'S SAFETY SEAT. One of the gators THUMPS its tail maddeningly against the windshield. ANOTHER TITLE APPEAR:

FLORIDA - 1987

4 EXT. THE CITY - DAY

CLOSE ON A SECTION OF PAVEMENT as we hear THE SOUND OF SLUGGISH FOOTSTEPS approaching. A SHADOW appears at the bottom of the frame. It gets longer and takes on the shape of a man.

TIGHT ON THE AFTERNOON SUN, blinding us. Into the FOREGROUND lurches THE FIGURE which cast the shadow. Glare obscures all facial detail until the head jogs into position directly in front of the fiery ball in the sky. Then we see its hideous, dead eyes, its blue-grey colour, the blackened wound where a large portion of jaw has been ripped away. This is a ZOMBIE! A MUSIC CHORD SOUNDS and THE MAIN TITLE APPEARS:

DAY OF THE DEAD

5 EXT. THE CITY - DAY

HEAD CREDITS ROLL over A MONTAGE: the CITY STREETS are now populated by the WALKING DEAD. In every shape, size and colour they wander, without purpose, up and down the avenues, in and out of buildings. The city is theirs, they have inherited the place. Man, in his human form, seems to be gone.

As the CREDITS END, we CUT TO:

6 EXT. A MAIN STREET - DAY

We are looking down from a HIGH ANGLE. The corner of A TALL BUILDING is in the FOREGROUND. A CORPSE is dangling from A NOOSE. It's been dead for some time. It's mostly bone now, its blackened flesh picked clean by scavenger birds and harbour rats. A SIGN flaps against its chest cavity. Its hurriedly scrawled message reads: TAKE ME, LORD! I LOVE YOU!

THE ROPE BREAKS suddenly and THE CORPSE FALLS out of frame.

7 EXT. THE STREET - DAY

We're at GROUND LEVEL now...SMACK!!! THE CORPSE HITS THE PAVEMENT and SHATTERS as though made of potter's clay. BONES bounce over a wide area. THE SIGN is carried off by the WIND.

8 EXT. AN ABANDONED MARINA - DAY

THE SIGN gallops across the grass of A HARBOUR PARK towards the water where A FEW DERELICT BOATS sway in the WIND.

Slowly, THE SOUND OF A MOTOR FADES IN.

9 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSER ANGLE) - DAY

A FISHING BOATS, old and sea-worn, chugs into the harbour.

10 EXT. THE MARINA (CLOSE ON THE FISHING BOAT) - DAY

There are people on board, THREE MEN AND TWO WOMEN. They look like guerilleros from somewhere in Latin America. They're heavily armed, unshaven, covered with months worth of jungle crud. They are obviously exhausted. They gaze up to the city. Their deep-sunken eyes are too war-weary to show much emotion but we can read their despair.

TONY

Another dead place. I tol' you. Let's get out to the islands.

MIGUEL

The radio signals were coming from this area.

TONY

Not from the city. In every city it's the same. Dead. Let's get out to the barrier islands. If there are survivors sending those signals that's where we'll find them.

MIGUEL

Plenty of time for the islands. The rest of our...life...on the islands...I think.

Miguel is drifting. The sight of the dead city has pushed him a few inches closer to the brink of insanity. He catches himself and comes back toward reality.

MIGUEL

We gotta see if there are others here.
We came all this way. We're gonna check
it out.

11 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY

CLOSE ON THE OPEN GASOLINE RECEPTACLE in the hull of AN
ABANDONED BOAT. A WOMAN'S HANDS shove a LENGTH OF HOSE down
into the hole.

The woman, MARIA, puts the other end of the hose to her mouth
and sucks the air out.

At ANOTHER DERELICT BOAT, TONY sucks on ANOTHER HOSE.

TONY
Ptoooo! Nothing! Dry as a bone. No gas.
Let's get outa here.

MIGUEL
Check them all. And check the tanks
under the pumps.

MIGUEL and the other two guerilleros, SARAH AND CHICO, start to
walk up the dock towards the harbour park, toward the city.
MIGUEL has AN ELECTRONIC BULLHORN in one hand, his AUTOMATIC
RIFLE ready in the other.

12 EXT. THE HARBOUR PARK - DAY

THE TRIO of refugees move across the grass. The WIND blows
DEBRIS around them as they stare towards the downtown
buildings. MIGUEL lifts THE BULLHORN to his mouth.

MIGUEL
HELLO. IS THERE ANYONE THERE? HELLO.
HELLOOOOOOO....

13 EXT. THE CITY - DAY

MONTAGE: as THE WALKING DEAD hear that human VOICE. Throughout
the city they turned towards THE SOUND, at once confused and
excited.

MIGUEL (o.s.)
HELLOOOOOOOOOOO....

THE DEAD start to GROAN hungrily, almost pleadingly. All over
the city their VOICES RISE.

14 EXT. THE HARBOUR PARK - DAY

It comes to MIGUEL AND THE OTHERS as A MASSIVE WALL OF NOISE,
THE SOUND of hundreds-of-thousands of damned souls moaning on
one solid voice. The sound of hell on earth.

15 EXT. THE MARINA (AT THE DOCKS) - DAY

TONY AND MARIA hear it as well and feel the familiar grip of
cold fear. Maria makes the sign of the cross.

MARIA

Dios mia.

TONY

I tol' him. I tol' him this is a dead place. Like all the others.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. THE CITY (FROM THE WATER) - DAY

We see the place FROM A GREAT DISTANCE. In the FOREGROUND THE FISHING BOAT, with all five REFUGEES back on board, chugs into open waters.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. A SMALL PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

Away from the city, this dock is wooden, rickety. DERELICT BOATS rust at their moorings. THE FISHING BOAT is tied-on at one end of the pier and THE GUERRILLEROS are moving through the area, scavenging. This time CHICO helps MARIA with the SIPHON HOSES. TONY lingers sullenly near the fishing boat which has its motor still idling.

MARIA'S SIPHON HOSE is stuffed into the gas tank of A LARGE TRAWLER. She sucks on the hose and, unexpectedly, foul tasting liquid fills her mouth.

MARIA

AY! GASOLINA! GASOLINA!

Without warning, A FIGURE pops up from behind the side wall of the trawler. He reaches out and grabs the woman, pulling her against the boat, his arm around her neck, a pistol to her head.

TONY sees the action. He dives into the fishing boat, crawls over to his RIFLE and scrambles towards the pilot's controls.

With a lightning move, MARIA pulls A KNIFE from her belt. She wrenches around and PLUNGES THE BLADE INTO HER ATTACKER'S CHEST. The man staggers back, screaming. MARIA breaks away and runs across the dock. THE MAN FIRES HIS PISTOL wildly.

MARIA IS HIT IN THE ARM. She tumbles forwards onto the decking.

TONY reacts, OPENING FIRE WITH HIS AUTOMATIC.

BULLETS RIP INTO THE ATTACKERS CHEST: HE FALLS OUT OF THE TRAWLER onto the dock, but TWO MORE GUNMEN appear behind him, mean-looking desperadoes with RIFLE SPITTING LEAD.

TONY ducks as low as he can. He grabs the controls and pilots the fishing boat along the edge of the dock toward the downed woman.

18 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

MIGUEL, SARAH AND CHICO react to the gunfire. They draw their WEAPONS and look for cover.

They are at the far end of the dock, their backs to the sea. There is a WORK SHED nearby. BULLETS WHIZ past them as they charge towards the wooden structure. They make it there safely and they begin to RETURN FIRE. A gun battle ensues between the two groups.

19 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

MARIA, her ARM BLEEDING, rolls off the dock and into THE FISHING BOAT. TONY guns the engine and the boat pulls out into open water.

THE ATTACKERS try to FIRE AT THE ESCAPING BOAT but they are forced to duck BULLETS which RICOCHET OFF THE TRAWLER pinning them down.

20 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

MIGUEL'S RIFLE is in his right hand. His left hand clings to the frame of AN OPEN WINDOW on his side of the shed. There's a SUDDEN, STARTLING MUSIC STING and, with it, A ZOMBIE appears inside the open window. Grotesque and drooling dark SALIVA, its hungry mouth lunges at MIGUEL'S left arm. ITS TEETH TEAR A LARGE STRIP OF FLESH OUT OF THE ARM six inches above the wrist.

MIGUEL screams. He pulls away from the creature, his terrified eyes staring at the BLEEDING WOUND. A zombie bite means infection and almost certain death.

THE ZOMBIE leans out through the open window, its hands clawing the air trying to reach MIGUEL. SARAH pulls A GIANT .45 from her holster belt. BULLAMN! BULLAMN! BULLAMN! She FIRES three rapid shots.

THE SKULL OF THE ZOMBIE INDENTS IN FRONT like a hard-boiled egg shell that's been whacked with a spoon bowl. BLACKENED BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER FLIES OUT OF THE BACK where the bullets exit. The creature falls, destroyed.

21 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

SARAH acts quickly. She lunges towards CHICO and snatches A MACHETE out of his belt. CHICO shows concern but he's busy RETURNING FIRE at THE ATTACKERS on the trawler.

SARAH

I have to stop the infection...
Querrida...

MIGUEL looks into SARAH'S eyes. He has started to tremble. A cry of primal panic is gurgling up in his throat. With a sudden move, SARAH slams her RIFLE BUTT into the side of his head with all her might. He reels backwards and slams into the boathouse wall. His eyes roll but he stays on his feet, still conscious.

CHICO steps away from his post and stands squarely in front of MIGUEL. WHAP! He slugs him with a powerhouse right-cross. MIGUEL still stands. WHAP! He slugs him again. WHAP! Again. Finally, MIGUEL collapses into the man's arms and CHICO lays the limp body down on the deck.

BUDDABLAM! RATTATATTATATTATATT! THE ENEMY, sensing an upper hand, starts FIRING WITH MORE INTENSITY. CHICO steps away from MIGUEL and SENDS SOME LEAD BACK their way.

22 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

SARAH is crying. It's not weakness. She's crying for MIGUEL, crying for his pain. But she doesn't hesitate in what she has to do. She crouches over the BITTEN ARM and raises the MACHETE over her head.

THUCK! SHE CHOPS AT THE ELBOW JOINT with all her strength. THE BLADE BITES DEEP BUT DOESN'T CUT THROUGH. SHE LIFTS IT AND CHOPS AGAIN AND AGAIN....THUCK! THUCK! Then SHE DIGS AROUND, searching for the joint the way she might on a turkey drumstick. Finding the spot, SHE PUSHES DOWN WITH BOTH HANDS, leaning all her weight on the top edge of the blade. TEARS are running down her cheeks when THE BIG KNIFE FINALLY.... THUMMMPPP!....CUTS THROUGH TO THE DECKING.

Repulsed, angry, SARAH SWEEPS THE SEVERED FOREARM AWAY WITH THE BLADE the way a butcher might sweep away unwanted fat. BLOOD IS SPURTING OUT OF THE STUMP at an alarming rate. SARAH has to act quickly again.

While CHICO continues to RETURN FIRE at the enemy, SARAH swings herself up onto the sill of the open boathouse window and disappears inside the place.

23 INT. THE BOATHOUSE - DAY

The place is dark and cluttered (oars, bait buckets, fishing gear, life preservers, tools, paints, varnishes). SARAH snatches up AN AXE HANDLE.

THE ZOMBIE that bit Miguel lies nearby with its skull laid open. Its hand is jogged, startingly, when SARAH grabs A BOTTLE OF PAINT THINNER from the floor beside the corpse.

From out of the shadows...A HAND! It grabs SARAH'S ankle. She kicks violently and pulls away. ANOTHER ZOMBIE is crawling across the floor. ONE OF ITS LEGS IS MISSING AND THE OTHER IS BADLY DAMAGED.

SARAH draws her .45 and BULLAMM! BULLAMM! SHE PUMPS TWO ROUNDS INTO THE CREATURE'S BRAIN.

24 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

CHICO ducks the enemy's RICOCHETING BULLETS.

CHICO

HEY ! WHAT ARE WE DOIN' THIS FOR? WE
CAN STICK TOGETHER. WE CAN USE EACH
OTHER'S GUNS.

At THE TRAWLER, ONE OF THE ATTACKERS shouts a response.

ATTACKER #1

You could use our guns, maybe. We can't
use yours. Unless you can get yer boat
back here.

CHICO

You got a boat.

ATTACKER #1

Shit, man. We can drift this tub into
the bay...tow her around with a
dinghy...but she ain't gonna get us
nowhere. Ev'ry boat you see here is
long dead, soldier...else we'd be long
gone. Can you get your boat back here?

CHICO

I don't know where they went, man. I
don't know. I swear.

ATTACKER #1

Then, like I said...we can't use you.
We ain't got the food nor the patience
to put up with you.

The man FIRES A LONG BURST from his automatic.

CHICO

YOU....YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!

He reaches around the corner of the shed with his own rifle and
FIRES blind in return. SARAH clammers out through the shed
windows having wrapped A LARGE PIECE OF CLOTH around the end of
the AXE HANDLE.

She reaches into a shirt pocket and produces A WOODEN MATCH.
She strikes the match and touches the flame to the thinner-
soaked cloth. PHOOOOOMPH! The axe handle becomes an angrily
flaming torch.

25 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

As the gun battle continues, SARAH crouches over MIGUEL. BLOOD
IS STILL FOUNTAINING FROM THE STUMP OF HIS LEFT ARM. The woman
slaps THE FLAMING END OF HER TORCH ONTO THE STUMP. There's A
SIZZLING SOUND as the raw flesh there cooks.

The pain reaches MIGUEL even though his unconscious state. He
starts to breathe heavily. His head shakes from side to side
silently pleading "NO, NO, NO." The flames do their job. THE
FLESH CRUSTS OVER AND THE BLEEDING STOPS.

MIGUEL'S SHIRT CATCHES. Suddenly his eyes pop open and he
screams like the man on fire he is. He lurches away from the

flame, his body slamming against the shed wall. SARAH flings the torch into the water and dives on top of the man.

SARAH
MIGUELITO. MI VIDA. MIGUEL MIO.

MIGUEL, trying to scream but needing to vomit, is doing neither. His body is convulsing in the woman's arms. She rubs the sparks on his shirt until they disappear then she caresses him, holding his head against hers, rocking him back and forth.

26 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

CHICO is still busy RETURNING FIRE. BULLETS WHIZ through the air around his head. ONE KNICKS HIM ON THE SHOULDER, a superficial but painful wound.

CHICO
JESUS CHRIST! GET UP HERE, WOMAN! GET
THE HELL UP HERE!

SARAH has no choice but to help in the fight. She lays MIGUEL as gently as she can on his back. He's gone into deep shock, shivering violently. Rubbing tears away from her eyes, SARAH jumps to her feet, takes up a post and begins to FIRE AT THE ATTACKERS.

THE ATTACKERS are grinning like old-fashioned pirates as their GUNS CHEW UP THE DOCK. Suddenly, just behind THE TRAWLER, we see A FLASH OF COLOUR SPEEDING BY...

It's THE FISHING BOAT! The WOUNDED MARIA is steering. TONY is standing on the prow with his RIFLE FIRING...
RATTATATTATATTATATTATATT!!!!

ONE OF THE ATTACKERS IS HIT FROM BEHIND. HIS BACK TURNS SOLID RED and HE PITCHES FORWARDS, FALLING between the boat and the dock into the water below.

THE OTHER ATTACKER (#1) turns and FIRES IN RESPONSE. TONY IS HIT IN THE STOMACH. He falls to his knees and grabs the side of the boat but he KEEPS FIRING.

THE ATTACKER pivots against a mast. For a moment he doesn't realise that HIS NECK HAS BEEN RIPPED OPEN BY A LINE OF BULLETS. He tries to scream. Can't. A PLUME OF RED SHOOT OUT OF HIS MOUTH. Then he realises. He realises that he's a dead man. He falls.

MARIA
TONY....TONY....

TONY
PULL IN! GET THE OTHERS.

TONY is clutching at his BLEEDING BELLY as MARIA, in pain from her own wound, circles the boat towards the edge of the dock.

27 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - DAY

Behind the boathouse, SARAH slings her rifle onto her shoulder and she leans over MIGUEL who is now catatonic.

SARAH
Help me get him to the boat.

CHICO
Leave him.

SARAH calmly raises her .45 and aims it directly at CHICO's head.

SARAH
Help me or die.

Reluctantly the man moves towards MIGUEL and the two survivors drag his limp body over the decking.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 EXT. THE PRIVATE DOCK - SUNSET

The fishing boat is gone. Orange light from the western horizon paints the scene. FIGURES are moving about on the dock, slumped, lumbering figures....ZOMBIES.

They're clustering around THE TRAWLER, around THE CORPSES OF THE ATTACKERS.

THEY BEGIN PULLING THOSE CORPSES APART AND EATING THEM HUNGRILY.

ONE CREATURE has found MIGUEL'S SEVERED FOREARM. IT PULLS A BIG CHUNK OFF THE THING WITH ITS TEETH. It chews for a time, ITS DROOL TURNING RED. Then it spits out MIGUEL'S WRISTWATCH as though it was a bothersome bit of bone.

29 EXT. THE FISHING BOAT (IN DEEP WATER) - SUNSET

THE TWO WOMEN hover over their wounded, TONY AND MIGUEL. CHICO steers the boat. Suddenly, TONY arches his back and screams in pain.

TONY
Aaaaaaah...my God...my God...I am
heartily sorry...for having offended
Thee....offended Thee...

MARIA
Shhhhh....Tony. Rest, rest.

TONY
I detest all my sins...because...
because of Thy just punishment...
because of Thy...just...punish...

A coughing fit interrupts his Act of Contrition. From across the open cabin, from within SARAH'S arms, MIGUEL stares. His eyes have the glaze of a madman's eyes. Despite that, and

despite the physical trauma he has endured, he seems remarkably in command.

MIGUEL

He is dying. I will end his pain.

MIGUEL draws his PISTOL.

MARIA

NOOOOOOOOOO!

TONY

...but most of all because...they offend Thee, my God...Who art all good...and deserving...deserving of all my love...

MIGUEL

He is dying. He knows it.

MARIA

You are dying, too.

MIGUEL

No. The disease was cut away from me. I will live. I will live.

TONY

I firmly resolve...with the... with the help...the help of...of Thy grace...

TONY collapses. A long, gurgling breath of surrender spills out of him and BLOOD TRICKLES FROM HIS LIFELESS MOUTH.

MARIA

Tony...TONY!

The woman folds TONY'S corpse into her arms as though trying to give it life from her own wounded body. For a long moment there is only the CHUG-CHUG-CHUG of the tired engine. Then the woman, sensing something, turns back towards MIGUEL. His pistol is raised, aimed at TONY'S head.

MARIA

NO! YOU CAN'T!

SARAH

It must be done. You know this. It must be done to keep him from...

MARIA

It won't happen to him! It won't happen to him! You heard his prayer. His prayer will save him. He could never become one of...one of those... devils.

MIGUEL

Prayers have no power to save. The knife can save. It can cut the disease away. The bullet. It can shatter the

brain where the evil takes seed. These are saviours...our new saviours...our only saviours.

MARIA

We must wait. One day the curse will pass. One day a dead man will... will...

MIGUEL

One day a dead man will refuse to return, and that man will be a saint. The first saint of our century. That's a prayer, too. A catechism. Something the priests tell us to believe.

MARIA

You can believe this, Miguel. I'll kill you if you shoot. We must wait. I'll....I'll do it....I'll do it myself....when it needs to be done.

MIGUEL

No. You won't be able to do it. He will rise. He will rise and you... you will die.

That madman's glaze is wet in MIGUEL'S eyes again. A grin curls his mouth into an odd shape. He freezes, staring, waiting. SARAH shows concern.

30 EXT. DEEP WATER (WITH THE FISHING BOAT) - NIGHT

A CRESCENT MOON lies on its back. Below, on the pitch black water, its reflection, a vertical stripe, breaks open as THE BOAT passes through it...CHUG-CHUG-CHUG.

31 EXT. THE FISHING BOAT (IN DEEP WATER) - NIGHT

CHICO has fallen asleep at the tiller. SARAH is asleep as well, and so is MARIA.

A SILENT SHADOW moves over the side rail. HANDS reach out and grip MARIA'S shoulders, lifting her up, up from sleep. Her eyes flutter open.

TONY'S face is blue-grey in the moonlight. It takes the woman a second or two to recognise that HE IS ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD. His hungry mouth lunges towards her neck. His DROOLING TEETH SINK DEEP. The woman screams.

SARAH wakes with a start. MIGUEL is already awake. He's been watching all along. Now he watches still, his PISTOL idle in his one good hand, his mouth curled in that strange grin, as MARIA'S screams shatter the quiet night.

At the tiller, CHICO sees what's happening. He fumbles for the AUTOMATIC RIFLE that's strapped over his shoulder.

A PORK-CHOP-SIZE CHUNK COMES OUT OF MARIA'S NECK IN THE CLENCHED TEETH OF THE TONY-CREATURE. BLOOD SQUIRTS UPWARD IN A FIVE-FOOT ARC.

SARAH lifts her RIFLE from her lap. She is the first to FIRE. An instant later, CHICO FIRES as well.

THE HEAD ON THE TONY-CREATURE IS HIT BY RAPID-FIRE LOADS from each gun and IT COME APART ABOVE THE EYES. Its body staggers stiffly into MARIA. She tries to stand, tries to pull away, screams still bubbling in her torn throat. She topples backward over the side rail. The corpse, taller and heavier, flips rigidly over, its feet kicking skyward, and splashes in to the deep, black Gulf.

MARIA, the small of her back balanced precariously on the side rail, grabs at the air trying to swing her weight back on board. SARAH springs forward. She reaches the other woman a second too late. Their hands brush but don't catch. MARIA slips over the side. A LOUD SPLASH CUTS OFF HER SCREAMS.

CHICO brings the boat about in as tight a circle as possible. He and SARAH stare out over the water. The blackness out there is absolute. Visibility zero.

Silence....but for the CHUG-CHUG-CHUG of the boat's engine.

MIGUEL slowly raises his hand and aims his PISTOL at a LARGE, TURTLE-SHAPED SPLOTCH OF BLOOD on the hull across the cabin, the spot where TONY died. With that odd grin still on his lips, HE BEGINS TO FIRE one shot at a time in deliberate, slow rhythm.

THE BULLETS PUNCH HOLES through the wooden side-wall, most of them hitting squarely in the blood stain.

SARAH looks over toward CHICO who returns her look with frightened eyes.

32 EXT. GASPARILLA'S ISLAND (EST.) - DAY

It looks like a tropical paradise. Greatly separated from the other smaller islands on the horizon, its vegetation is dense and lush. There's no sign that civilisation ever invaded the place, no power lines, no buildings. What meets the eye is all natural and inviting.

THE FISHING BOAT chugs into a tidewater basin on the afternoon side of the island.

33 EXT. THE FISHING BOAT (IN THE BASIN) - DAY

CHICO

It looks uninhabited. What do you think?

MIGUEL

I think we should burn the church. Kill the priest and burn the church. It's the only way. The only way.

MIGUEL is sweating profusely yet shivering as though cold. FLIES ARE BUZZING in a cluster around his WRAPPED STUMP. He's over the edge now, insane. And worse than that, the infection from the original bite is spreading. The amputation was not done quickly enough to prevent the parasites from racing through his veins to the brain and elsewhere.

SARAH turns towards the madman once her lover. Her heart is too callused for emotion to reach it. She just stares, her eyes dead cold like the eyes of a shark.

CHICO
I'm pullin' in.

34 EXT. THE ISLAND (WITH THE FISHING BOAT) - DAY

THE BOAT noses into a swamp water backwash. Tall reeds and cypress moss camouflage it completely. It's at though the boat is sailing right onto dry land.

SHOCK CUT TO:

35 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE INLET - DAY

THWOCK! CLOSE ON A MACHETE. The blade chops into the top of a coconut.

CHICO drinks the milk. SARAH sits on a nearby rock, her RIFLE AND A BACK-PACK full of supplies strapped over her shoulders.

MIGUEL, his madman's eyes wide with excitement, is trotting urgently from spot to spot where a spectacular specie of sub-tropical plant grows. There are hundreds of them, six-feet tall and flowering. Their red-gold blossoms are shaped like trumpets hanging with their bells down.

MIGUEL
DATURA!!! DATURA!!! MIRA. DATURA!!!

CHICO
What's he saying?

SARAH shrugs, not knowing. CHICO looks down at her, empathising.

CHICO
His madness....could be from shock.

SARAH
No. I didn't stop the infection in time. I know.
(She speaks softly, matter-of-factly)
Don't worry. When he dies, I won't be like Maria. I'll shoot him.

MIGUEL
DATURA!!! DATURA!!! DATURA METEL!!!

36 EXT. THE INLAND JUNGLE - DAY

THE GUERILLEROS hack their way through thick undergrowth with MACHETES. MIGUEL is ineffectual. He lags behind the others who are doing trailblazing. THE SOUNDS OF WILDLIFE, excited by the intruders, fill the close, humid air, sometimes beautiful, sometimes grotesque, sometimes startling.

37 EXT. A SWAMPY AREA - DAY

ALLIGATORS lurk and SNAKES slither among the reeds. A FOURTEEN FOOT GATOR opens its jaws wide making a SOUND LIKE ESCAPING STEAM. CHICO draws his PISTOL but SARAH reaches out to grab his hand.

SARAH

No. No shooting. Not until we're sure
we're alone on this island.

MIGUEL

No. No, thank you. No ice. Straight up,
please. No ice. Thank you.

MIGUEL'S eyes roll up into his head. His knees buckle. SARAH grabs him under the arms barely keeping from falling face first into the muddy swamp water. CHICO comes to help.

38 EXT. THE SWAMP - DAY

THE TWO drag MIGUEL to the edge of dry land. They flop him onto his back and SARAH puts her canteen to his lips.

MIGUEL

NO ICE, I SAID!!! NOOOOO ICE!!!

He slams his good hand against the canteen, knocking it away. It plops into the marsh water, its contents lost.

MIGUEL

Burn the church. Kill the priest and
burn the church. Burn....

His mouth keeps on shaping words but no sound comes out. He squirms for a moment, then he seems to fall asleep.

CHICO looks down at him. Unable to help, he moves off towards solid ground and disappears in the thick brush. After a time, SARAH follows after him.

39 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

CHICO is at the edge of a clearing when SARAH reaches him. His eyes are wide, frightened by what they see.

In the ground before them there's AN ENORMOUS IRON PLATE, fifty feet by ten, all painted in brown and green camouflage patterns.

SARAH

What is it?

CHICO
I dunno. Landing pad for a helicopter?
I dunno.

Suddenly there's A GREAT RUMBLING, like the giant gears and pistons of a drawbridge being activated. The iron plate shudders and starts to move, downward, into the earth. SARAH AND CHICO duck into the nearby jungle.

40 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

They take cover in a thicket, both their GUNS up and ready. OTHER SOUNDS can be heard now, clunking sounds of metal on metal, and a few heavy thuds. There are also VOICES on the wind but their words are indistinguishable.

CHICO
It's some kind of....elevator. There must be something under the ground here....maybe....military.

SARAH
Look.

41 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY

SEVERAL FIGURES are rising up in to view, a dozen, maybe fifteen. Details are obscured by FOREGROUND FOLIAGE but we can read helmets, heavy armaments, packs, utility belts. The impression is of a ghostly cadre of soldiers rising from hell.

SARAH (o.s.)
Jesus Christ!

CHICO (o.s.)
It is military. I don't believe it.

42 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

CHICO
What do we do? Let'em know we're here....or what?

SARAH
Let's just....wait a minute. Get a better look.

She moves to another spot a few feet away. CHICO follows.

43 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE (THEIR P.O.V.) - DAY

THE PLATOON OF SOLDIERS, still obscured by foliage, moves off into the jungle carrying A COLLECTION OF PARAPHERNALIA.

There are THREE SOLDIERS who do not move off with the others. They are standing still with their shoulders slumped, their heads lolling listlessly from side to side. They have the body attributes of prisoners yet there's something menacing about them. We HEAR A SERIES OF ELECTRONIC BEEPS, something like computer beeps, and, as though in response to that signal, the

three slumped figures start to walk. They move slowly, stiffly, their feet shuffling, their arms dangling lifelessly at their sides.

SARAH (o.s.)
Oh....oh, my God.

44 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

SARAH'S eyes are wide in their sockets with disbelief, revulsion, horror. Beside her CHICO, also astonished, makes the sign of the cross.

SARAH
OH, MY GOD!!!

45 EXT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

As we CUT IN CLOSER we see that the three slumped figures are ZOMBIES. They are wearing khakis and they are armed with RIFLES AND PISTOL BELTS. Their HELMETS have been painted an identifying bright RED and they wear slipover vests dyed the same bright colour.

All the others in the platoon are humans. They, too, wear vests but theirs are not red but WHITE, WITH LARGE ORANGE CIRCLES emblazoned front and back. Two of the men wield LONG ELECTRIC CATTLE PRODS for use should the ZOMBIES misbehave, but the creatures, amazingly, are shambling along with the rest of the platoon voluntarily, co-operatively, even somewhat excitedly....the kind of excitement seen in a puppy that's just learned a new trick.

46 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

CHICO
It can't be. Are we truly in hell?

SARAH
Come on.

Stealthily the woman moves along the edge of the thicket, crouching all the while. CHICO hesitantly follows.

47 EXT. A CLEARING - DAY

The mysterious PLATOON begins "setting up" their equipment, which includes TRIPOD MACHINE GUNS. TWO MEN don BLACK RUBBER GLOVES AND LONG BLACK LABORATORY APRONS. They strap LARGE REFRIGERATED CARTONS around their necks and open the sealed lids. VAPOUR mushrooms out like dry-ice vapour out of Good Humour wagons on a hot day.

48 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

SARAH AND CHICO watch. Suddenly THE HUGE, FULL-THROATED SOUND OF A SIREN startles them. They look around, up into the trees. SARAH spots something and points.

CLOSE ON A SIREN HORN, high in the cypresses, its wires running down to the brush and disappearing under ground.

49 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

First ONE comes....then TWO MORE....THREE MORE. ZOMBIES are shuffling out of the jungle and converging on the platoon.

They seem to come from everywhere. Soon there are twenty or more. Most are tattered and ragged but others wear vests, the same type as worn by the platoon. These are solid colours, some white, some blue. None are red and none have orange circles.

As THE ZOMBIES push in closer they seem to get agitated. They start growling and reaching out. THE MEN WITH THE CATTLE PRODS poke at the more unruly creatures and ZAPPING SOUNDS can be heard.

The creatures form a kind of ragged queue, lining up in front of the "Good Humour" men. From inside their freezer cartons those men produce GREAT BLOODY CHUNKS OF RAW MEAT. THE ZOMBIES docilely take the hand-outs and go lurching out of the queue, some starting to eat immediately, others retreating into the cool of the jungle to enjoy a more private supper.

50 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

SARAH

What is that? Could that be....?

Behind her, CHICO gets the dry heaves. He slams his hand into his mouth to keep from making noise.

SARAH

No. They must have gotten them to accept....other things. They wouldn't be feeding them with....they wouldn't...

51 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

The man in command of the platoon is obvious, strutting around while others do the dirty work. This is CAPTAIN RHODES. He's conscienceless, the low of the low, and a weasely-looking guy, to boot. He watches the operation almost hoping for trouble. (He loves to torture disobedient zombies.)

Behind him, their AUTOMATICS ready, are SEVERAL TROOPERS especially assigned to protect the captain. One of these troopers is TOBY TYLER, a good guy. TOBY is revulsed by the scene in the clearing. He drops his head, almost gagging. RHODES notices.

RHODES

You'll get used to this, Tyler. It's the only way. They don't bite the hand that feeds.

TOBY looks up. He can't conceal his contempt for the captain. RHODES reads it in his eyes and is about to say something when a SOUND distracts him.

ONE OF THE RAG-TAG ZOMBIES is running amok. THE ZAPPERS poke at the creature but that just makes it angrier.

RHODES
GET THAT THING AWAY FROM THE OTHERS!
BRING IT HERE!

ONE TROOPER has A LONG POLE WITH A WIRE NOOSE ON THE END. He drops the noose over the wild zombie's head and the wire tightens, biting into the dead flesh on the thing's neck. The pole is long enough to control the creature while keeping it out of reach.

52 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

SARAH watches, repulsed but fascinated. CHICO is still fighting the heaves. Without warning, A ZOMBIE looms up directly behind CHICO. The man jumps forward, terrified. He crashes into SARAH who spins and sees the danger.

TWO MORE ZOMBIES appear. Then A THIRD. These have no vests. They're rag-tag, bad ass and hungry as hell. ONE OF THEM grabs SARAH. She manages to pull away but behind her CHICO panics. He raises his RIFLE and...RATTATATTATATT!

53 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

RHODES hears the GUNFIRE. He seems pleased. He grins.

RHODES
We have visitors. Let's go men.

He moves slowly towards the thicket followed by TOBY TYLER AND SEVERAL OTHER SOLDIERS. He reaches down to his belt and pushes one of THREE BUTTONS on A UNIT that resembles a pager. ELECTRONIC BEEPS, like the ones we heard earlier, come from the unit, this time in a different pattern.

THE RED COAT ZOMBIES respond quickly. They draw their PISTOLS and go marching off after their leader, grunting and snorting like bull apes. RHODES' grin breaks into a wide-open laugh.

RHODES
Hah! If only the rest of you ladies
would obey orders the way they do.

54 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

Their cover blown, SARAH now raises her RIFLE. BUDDABUDDA!!!

THE SECOND ZOMBIE'S HEAD TURNS TO RED PULP and the thing pitches forward, dead.

CHICO FIRES and THE THIRD ZOMBIE IS DESTROYED.

Suddenly there is DISTANT FIRE, from the clearing. BULLETS WHIZ through the brush. The guerilleros duck for cover.

55 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

THE RED COAT ZOMBIES, shuffling forward abreast in a line, have OPENED FIRE. It's a grisly parody of foot-soldiering. The creatures are unsteady on their feet, their hands shake when they squeeze the stiff Army-issue triggers. BULLETS FLY this way and that, most of them grossly off target.

RHODES
THAT'S IT, YOU WORM-EATEN SLIME ! YOU
FOUL-SMELLING, PUSS-FACED MAGGOTS! I
TOLD YOU I'D FIND YOU REAL ACTION,
DIDN'T I? YOU CORRUPTION! YOU FILTH!
YOU'RE LEARNING! YOU'RE GETTING
BETTER....GETTING BETTER...GETTING
BETTER, YOU SCUM!

The trooper beside TOBY is another young man whose nickname is TRICKS. He and TOBY exchange glances as they trudge along behind the captain and his zombie red coats. Their eyes tell us that they both think Rhodes to be insane, which of course he is.

56 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

SARAH moves to retreat but CHICO lifts his rifle and FIRES wildly into the clearing.

CHICO
NO! NOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

57 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

TWO OF THE RED COATS ARE HIT, but not in the head. Their brains keep functioning and they march on.

RHODES
SPREAD OUT, MEN! OPEN FIRE!

Whatever else he is, RHODES seems fearless. He stands in the open as his human soldiers fan out. He notices that the RED COATS are out of ammunition. He pushes another button on his belt unit and MORE BEEPS SOUND. THE RED COATS stop in their tracks. They dump the SPENT SHELLS from their weapons and reload using fresh rounds from their belts. Their fingers are stiff. Three bullets fall to the ground for every one that finds its way into a gun chamber.

The SOLDIERS HAVE OPENED FIRE NOW. They are closing in on the thicket.

58 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

CHICO IS HIT high on the right side of his chest. SARAH FIRES A QUICK BURST out into the clearing as she tries to pull the man deeper into the jungle.

Suddenly, from right behind SARAH's back, comes A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM. A DARK FIGURE LOOMS UP startling us all.

MIGUEL
BURN THE CHURCH! KILL THE PRIEST!

It's MIGUEL, sweating, his eyes sunken into deep black sockets. He is charging toward the clearing with his AUTOMATIC BLAZING in his one good hand. He thunders right past SARAH almost knocking her down.

59 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

MIGUEL breaks out of the thicket into clear view of the SOLDIERS. RHODES sees the one-armed wild man and his grin dissipated slightly. He draws his own PISTOL, an enormous Magnum, an elephant stopper.

SOLDIERS, taken by surprise, scatter, TOBY AND TRICKS among them. MIGUEL'S BULLETS DRAW A LINE ACROSS ONE SOLDIER'S CHEST. He dies instantly.

MIGUEL
KILL THE PRIEST! BURN THE CHURCH!
BURN! BURN! BURN! BURN! BURN!

NOW MIGUEL IS HIT but he keeps coming, his GUN SPITTING.

ANOTHER SOLDIER goes down, HIT IN THE MID SECTION.

THE PLATOON RETURNS FIRE.

MIGUEL IS HIT SQUARELY IN THE CHEST. He falls to his knees. His RIFLE FIRES A LINE OF BULLETS INTO THE EARTH and the kicking of the gun knocks him back on his ass. He sits there bewildered for a moment, then he looks up to find himself directly facing CAPTAIN RHODES.

RHODES lifts his MAGNUM but MIGUEL is faster with his RIFLE. In the next instant the muzzle is aiming straight for the captain's stomach. RHODES' smile disappears, re-placed by a sudden flush of fear. He freezes.

MIGUEL
Kill the priest.

MIGUEL squeezes the trigger and his weapon CLICKS sharply. It's empty.

The captain's smile slowly returns. He pushes the "Attack" button on his belt unit.

THE RED COATS advance, their PISTOLS reloaded. THEY FIRE, stiff-armed and fumble-fingered, at MIGUEL. He sees them moving towards him. Something in his mind clicks and he recognises the creatures for what they are...walking dead.

THE FIRST FEW BULLETS MISS. Then ONE HITS HIM IN HIS STUMP and reality gets even clearer. He starts to scream.

THE READ COATS walk closer, their dead eyes showing enjoyment of the sport. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

ANOTHER ROUND HITS MIGUEL IN THE STOMACH. ANOTHER CREASES HIS HEAD. He tries to stand up but he's too weak. A BULLET IN THE NECK stops his screaming. Then HE'S HIT IN THE HEART. A BALL OF BLOOD PROJECTS OUT OF HIS MOUTH and he plops onto his back, dead.

THE READ COATS KEEP FIRING until their guns are empty again. RHODES calmly pushes the "Reload" signal and the creatures obey.

MIGUEL'S CORPSE twitches for a short time, then goes rigid.

60 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

SARAH sinks against a cypress when she sees MIGUEL die.

CHICO, in a state of blind panic, takes off along the edge of the thicket, his WOUND BLEEDING PROFUSELY.

61 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

CHICO breaks through some brush to find himself face-to-face with TOBY TYLER'S GROUP OF SOLDIERS. He stops, reverses course, and ducks into a cluster of palms. ONE OF THE SOLDIERS FIRES. RATTATATTATATTATATT!!!

BULLETS RIP THE PALM FRONDS APART. There's a scream and CHICO somersaults out into view. NEW WOUNDS BLEEDING ACROSS THE CENTER OF HIS CHEST.

62 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

SARAH realises that this is her last chance to escape. She takes advantage of the confusion and the NOISE and bolts into the jungle at a full run.

63 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

CHICO is still alive. He fumbles for his HOLSTERED PISTOL but before he can draw it THREE TROOPERS are on top of him. TRICKS tromps a boot on his hand. TOBY TYLER aims his RIFLE squarely at his sweating brow.

CHICO

Yes...yes, do it...please...you can't
let me die this way...please. Destroy
me. A bullet...in the head...I don't
want to become...one of...one of them.

TOBY looks down at the man, at his TERRIBLE WOUNDS, clearly fatal ones. TOBY clicks a shell into the firing chamber of his RIFLE. His finger is just sliding under the trigger shield when CAPTAIN RHODES strides up behind him.

RHODES

Take his weapon, Tyler.

TOBY is startled by the voice at his back. He turns towards the captain, then he looks back down at the guerillero, hesitating..

RHODES

Take his gun, ass hole. He still has the strength to pull a trigger.

Reluctantly TOBY obeys, reaches down for CHICO'S PISTOL.

CHICO

Please...senor...destroy me...one bullet...please.

RHODES

Maybe. We'll have a little talk first. Then....maybe...I can help you out. String him up.

THE THIRD SOLDIER reaches down and grabs the wounded guerillero under the arms. TRICKS stoops to help. CHICO screams in agony when he is moved. TOBY lunges in to help the others, thinking to ease the man's pain.

RHODES

They can handle it, Tyler. You've been buckin' for a shit detail lately so here's one you're gonna love. We've got two dead. Cut the heads off and get the bodies underground to the refrigerators. Fast. It's a hot day.

TOBY grimaces but doesn't speak. He turns and moves briskly towards the clearing. RHODES watches him go.

64 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

TOBY nears the spot where MIGUEL lies sprawled in A POOL OF BLOOD. RHODES calls from the edge of the thicket.

RHODES

Tyler. Just our men. Not him.

TOBY looks down at the remains of the one-armed guerillero.

RHODES

His head stays where it is. He and I never really had the chance to get acquainted. When he comes back...I'll get another shot at it... Ha ha ha ha...

65 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

CLOSE ON CHICO. He's dangling from A ROPE which is tied over a tall tree, his feet ten feet off the ground.

ZOMBIES wander here and there. They've all received their rations. The picnic is breaking up now. Occasionally one of

them gets surly but it doesn't amount to anything. SOLDIERS stand ready with ELECTRIC PRODS, OTHERS with GUNS.

PARAPHERNALIA is being packed away. MEN CARRY EQUIPMENT in the direction of the elevator.

RHODES walks up beneath where CHICO is hanging. He's careful not to step in too close. He doesn't want to get any DRIPPING BLOOD on his uniform.

CHICO

Please....shoot me.

RHODES

And if I don't? If I don't you'll come back after your death. You'll come back and find yourself hanging there...wanting to eat...needing to eat human flesh. You hate that thought, don't you? That's the ultimate sin for most of you fools, isn't it?

CHICO is weeping now. With a found spurt of energy he struggles against the rope. No use. It only brings pain.

RHODES

After hanging up there a few days you will be mad for food...crazed! You will lust for it! YOU WILL BE WORSE THAN ANY OF THEM!

CHICO

NO...NOOOOOOOO...SHOOT ME! SHOOT ME!
SHOOOOOOOOOT MEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

RHODES

I'll bargain with you. How many of you are on the island?

CHICO

Two of us...only two of us...me...and him. (He nods towards MIGUEL'S CORPSE.)

RHODES

I don't believe you, rebel. Where are your headquarters? On the mainland?

CHICO

The mainland...is dead...a dead place...nobody there...

RHODES

Where are your headquarters, rebel? Tell me or I'll let you hang there forever...FOREVER!

CHICO

There are no...headquarters. There are no...rebels. Only the walking dead. Don't you see. They have won.

RHODES
Then why did you come here?

CHICO
To look...look for a place...a place to
live in...an empty place...a...
new...place...

RHODES
How did you know we were on this
island? Do others know? Will others
come?

CHICO
Nooooo. Believe me. There are no
others...no rebels...nobody...it's
over...it's ooooo....

The man collapses, unconscious.

66 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

CLOSE ON THE DISEMBODIED HEAD OF ONE OF THE DEAD SOLDIERS.
TRICKS is dropping the thing into A LARGE PLASTIC BAG which
obviously already contains THE SECOND HEAD. TOBY wraps the
mouth of the bag and begins to walk off. RHODES stops him.

RHODES
Where are you going, Tyler?

TOBY
My..."detail", sir. We're going to bury
the heads.

RHODES
No time for that. I'll take care of
them.

TOBY
Just....following procedure, sir.
They're entitled to burial.

RHODES
I said, I'll take care of them. Just
leave them there. Go help with the rest
of the gear.

RHODES has it in for TOBY (we'll find out why later), and of
course the feeling is mutual. TOBY sets the bag down on the
ground and, seething, he trots off towards the rest of the
platoon. TRICKS follows.

After a moment, RHODES motions with his head. THE SOLDIER WITH
THE LONG NOOSE POLE steps into view with the CAPTIVE ZOMBIE,
the one that ran amok earlier. The man follows RHODES towards
the jungle, dragging the gurgling creature along, the wire
noose digging into the thing's neck.

67 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

CLOSE: as RHODES' GLOVED HAND jams A HAND GRENADE into THE CAPTIVE ZOMBIE'S gaping mouth. THE SOLDIER WITH THE POLE releases the noose and the two men take off, running.

68 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

They run to the middle of the clearing where they turn around to watch. RHODES lifts A PAIR OF BINOCULARS that are strapped around his neck. He stares through the lenses, focusing, grinning.

69 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: We see THE ZOMBIE staggering in the bush, clawing desperately at the thing jammed in its mouth.

70 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

TOBY AND TRICKS are the only ones who seem to notice what RHODES has done. TOBY drops THE CRATE he was going to carry off. He stares in disbelief, hatred on his face.

71 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE CLEARING - DAY

WIDE SHOT as THE HEAD OF THE ZOMBIE DISINTEGRATES WHEN THE GRENADE EXPLODES.

72 EXT. THE CLEARING - DAY

RHODES grins as he watches the spectacle.

Suddenly, A LOUD GUNSHOT startles the captain. He drops the binoculars and spins around. He sees...

...CHICO'S BODY DANGLING ON THE ROPE. CHICO'S HEAD IS BLOODY. He's dead...and won't come back to life. He's been shot through the brain.

RHODES
WHO FIRED THAT SHOT? WHO FIRED THAT
SHOT?

SOLDIERS stand around dumbly. Those with RIFLES in their hands quickly sling them onto their shoulders. They're all afraid of the captain's wrath. RHODES walks towards the line of men with fury in his eyes.

RHODES
Goddammit, somebody's gonna tell me who
fired that shot or I'll have every last
one of you chopped up for feed!!!

His eyes spot TOBY, standing behind the crate he dropped earlier, his rifle slung.

RHODES
Step up here, Tyler.

TOBY

Sir!

TOBY shouts the word like a West Point cadet and he bravely steps forward. RHODES stares him down, his anger turning sinister.

RHODES
You fired that shot, didn't you?

TOBY
No, sir.

RHODES
Let me see your weapon.

TOBY hands over his rifle. RHODES feels the barrel, sniffs it.

RHODES
It's been fired.

TOBY
In the battle, sir.

RHODES is sure he's found the guilty man and he's glad it turned out to be his favourite whipping boy. His body relaxes visibly.

RHODES
It may be that none of these chicken-shits will talk while the whole troop is present...but I know some of these men well. I'm sure that a few private conversations will tell me what I already know. You may have earned yourself some time in the Stalag, Tyler.
(Rhodes glances over at CHICO'S body)
Cut him down. That's another head for you to chop off. Leave it with the others. Take the rest of his body down to the freezers. Move it, shit hill.

TOBY moves off. RHODES' grin returns.

CUT TO:

73 INT. THE CAVE ENTRANCE - EVENING

There's that GIANT SOUND again, the RUMBLE OF THE ELEVATOR. We're inside the place called THE CAVE, in a huge under-ground concrete bunker. TECHNICIANS AND ARMED GUARDS bustle around. Enormous hydraulic pistons are bringing the camouflaged iron plate down from the surface. Riding on board, RHODES AND HIS PLATOON prepare to unload their paraphernalia.

74 EXT. THE JUNGLE - EVENING

SARAH, sweating, exhausted, BLEEDING FROM CUTS made by jungle branches, wrings out a piece of cloth torn from her sleeve. She has dipped it into a jungle stream. Cautiously she tastes the

water, decides to chance it and squeezes the cloth into her mouth.

The NIGHT BIRDS suddenly stop their singing and the quiet makes SARAH look up. Standing across the stream, only ten feet away, is A PARTICULARLY GROTESQUE ZOMBIE. VULTURES stand on the marshy ground beside the creature's legs, THEIR SHARP BEAKS PICKING BLOODY HOLES IN ITS ANKLES AND FEET.

SARAH jumps to her feet, fighting back exhaustion one more time. She unslings her RIFLE, aims it, then thinks better of firing. Grabbing up her SUPPLY PACK she runs into the darkening jungle.

75 EXT. THE JUNGLE - EVENING

WHAM! TWO BIG HANDS GRAB SARAH by her shoulders. She starts to scream but one of those hands shoots up to cover her mouth.

JOHN
It's alright. It's alright. Don't be
afraid. We're friends.

SARAH looks into the strong, good face of JOHN, a tall muscular man, a Caribbean Islander with shiny black skin and enormous brown eyes that seem instantly trustworthy.

JOHN
There are soldiers near here. Guards.
I'll take my hand away if you won't
scream.

SARAH nods and JOHN lets her go. There are two other humans standing behind the big man. There's BILL McDERMOTT, wearing the grease-covered jump-suit of a mechanic and swilling generous shots of brandy from a hip flask, and there's a smallish woman with a sensitive face who, apparently out of character, is armed to the teeth. She's a deaf mute, nicknamed SPIDER, and she is urgently signing "Come on! Let's get outa here!" with her hands.

JOHN
Right. We better get away from that
Bee. He might have friends.

THE GROUP starts moving. SARAH follows voluntarily. We notice that all three strangers are wearing the same pullover vests that we saw on the foot soldiers, the ones with big orange circles.

76 EXT. THE JUNGLE - EVENING

THE GROUP trudges through thick brushland, occasionally needing to chop a path with their blades. JOHN speaks in low tones as they move.

JOHN
Bees. That's what we call the dead...
the walking dead...here on Gasparilla's
island.

SARAH

Gasparilla?

JOHN

He was a pirate who sailed these waters long ago. His name is bein' borrowed these days by the long lost Henry Dickerson.

SARAH

Governor Dickerson? Of Florida?

JOHN

That's the man. He's been holed up here ever since the shit hit the fan. Him and his family owned these islands 'round here. They was leasin' this one to the Fed. The whole underneath is dug out. There was missiles here and laboratories and bomb proof housing, nuclear power, all o' that. Now this is Dickerson's....Gasparilla's... private fortress. Him and a bunch o' his cronies from all the best golf courses in Tallahassee...and his private army, of course.

SARAH

We ran up against a platoon of soldiers. There were actually walking dead...in uniform...with guns.

JOHN

Captain Rhodes and his Red Coat Bees. They could sting, sister. We know you came up against 'em. We been watchin' you since you landed. Couldn't help. I'm sorry for that. We ain't supposed to be outside. If we was spotted it could....well, it could be the end of everything.

SPIDER is signing for everyone to be quiet. They all stop in their tracks. BILL McDERMOTT swigs some more brandy. With the stealth of a Mohican SPIDER pushes aside the branches of a giant oleander and peers through.

77 EXT. ENTRANCE TWO - EVENING

There's A HATCHWAY in sight built into A CONCRETE, BUNKER LIKE STRUCTURE. FOUR OR FIVE SOLDIERS are coming up out of the ground. They're armed with PRODS AND RIFLES.

Behind the men, lurching on unsteady feet, come A HALF-DOZEN OF THE LIVING DEAD, all wearing vests of white and blue.

Behind the lumbering creatures come A WOMAN AND A MAN both wearing white laboratory coats and carrying clipboards. The

woman is MARY HENRIED, one of the top behaviouralists in The Cave. (We'll learn a lot more about her later.)

THE ZOMBIES are pushing through the undergrowth right in the direction of SARAH and her friends. SARAH shows some alarm at this but JOHN calms her with a strong hand.

SPIDER has seen the approaching danger. She silently draws A FARMER'S SICKLE from her belt. (With her other hand she draws A PISTOL for good measure.) BILL McDERMOTT unarmed, nervously takes another swallow from his flask.

THE ZOMBIES are getting closer. Too close for comfort.

Finally, MARY HENRIED and THE OTHERS turn and disappear into the bunker. The last man down pulls the hatch shut.

The moment the coast is clear, SPIDER AND JOHN jump up from cover. THE OTHERS follow their lead. But it's too late. THE ZOMBIES have spotted them. The creatures begin to growl and make AGITATED, APE-LIKE SOUNDS. SPIDER brings her BLADE up chest-high, ready to repel an attack. SARAH lifts her own MACHETE but JOHN reaches over and takes it away from her.

JOHN

Give that to me. Get behind me. Stay behind me.

(SARAH resists, not understanding, somewhat insulted.)

You ain't wearin' a vest. They been taught not to touch the ones with the circles. There ain't no hundred percent, all-a-time rules with the Bees, but most-a-time they leave us alone. The colour on their vests tell ya how much schoolin' they got. It's the ones without colours you gotta watch out for.

SARAH gets behind JOHN, his orange circle acting as her shield. He reaches around with one strong arm and pulls her in tight against his back.

THE ZOMBIES, snarling and showing teeth, move through the thicket. ONE shuffles right past SPIDER AND McDERMOTT. It gets stuck in the bramble, changes course and moves on without attacking.

ANOTHER ZOMBIE, a "white", trudges within arm's reach of JOHN, growling all the while. Suddenly it reaches its arms out and takes two angry steps towards the humans who back away.

THE ZOMBIES charges. Things happen quickly. JOHN pushes SARAH away and swings the MACHETE. THE BLADE SINKS INTO THE CREATURES SKULL. BLACKENED BLOOD FLIES. An instant later SPIDER'S SICKLE PUNCHES IN BESIDE THE BIG KNIFE. THE ZOMBIE twitches for a moment, its eyes rolling, then it falls, lifeless, to the ground.

McDERMOTT trots up beside SARAH. He takes a huge swallow from his flask then offers some to her. She puts the flask to her lips but nothing comes. She holds it out, neck down, to show that it's empty.

McDERMOTT

Sorry. Guess I don't know my own strength.

JOHN wipes SARAH'S MACHETE on some thick leaves, cleaning off most of the gore, then he returns the weapon to the woman.

SARAH

Thanks. I can fight my own battles.

JOHN

I know you can. Like I said, we been watchin' you.

McDERMOTT

We better get as far away from here as we can. We can work the other side of the island tonight.

JOHN

(explaining) We found nine entrances to the Cave so far, and we ain't got the whole thing near charted yet. That's what we was doin' out here today. Huntin' for entrances.

McDERMOTT

Come on. They find a Bee done like this and they'll know somebody's been out walkin' where they shouldn't have been.

JOHN bows his head over the downed ZOMBIE. He mumbles softly. We can't hear the words but we can tell that he's praying, reciting the good words over the corpse of the "white-coat".

SARAH

The man I was with...until today... believed that praying was for blind men who couldn't see the truth.

JOHN

How we gonna break the curse without a prayer or two.

SARAH

Curse?

JOHN

What is it if it ain't a curse?

SARAH

It's a disease. It's a...a bug...a parasite that infects the brain.

JOHN

That sounds like a curse to me.

SARAH

We thought we were escaping here. We thought we'd found an uninhabited island. Christ! This place is a worse nightmare than anything I've seen yet!

JOHN

I'm sure that's true, miss. And that's why we're doin' what we're doin'. What's happenin' underground here is just what Lucifer planned for this sinful race o' man. But we're gonna beat Lucifer. We're gonna put an end to what's happenin' here.

SARAH

Oh, what did I run into? A bunch o' Jesus nuts? Religiosos? Prayer won't stop a bullet from one of those storm troopers and prayer won't keep one of those monsters from eatin' your liver for lunch.

JOHN

That's why we didn't use prayers on this here white coat 'til after he was destroyed. We ready to fight when we have to. And we gotta fight now.

SARAH

Look. I BEEN fightin', mister. I been fightin' for what feels like a hundred years and I'm finished. I don't need religion. I don't need prayers. I need a couple guns and a couple hands. We can sail on outa here. Find another island where there ain't so much....traffic.

JOHN

You think you can find your boat? There's a thousand little inlets and backwaters all through here. You remember all the ways you turned to get where you are now? You leave yourself a trail?

SARAH is stopped by this. She stares at the big man suspiciously, not sure whether to believe him.

JOHN

We didn't see the exact spot but we know about where you landed. But we ain't ready to take you there. Not yet. You see...we need guns, too.

SARAH looks around her at the unlikely band of guerillas. She thinks for a moment...not very long...then she turns and starts off into the jungle.

SARAH

I can find it myself. I didn't come that far.

JOHN

Farther than you think. You'll get lost. You will. And there's Bees all through the jungle. I ain't lyin' to ya. Religiosos don't lie.

SARAH

No. They just try to hold you for ransom. Fuck you, Moses! I'm outa here!

SARAH plunges into the brush and without so much as a look back over her shoulder she disappears.

McDERMOTT

We can't let her go, John.

JOHN

We don't need her guns that bad. Billy boy. (He's joking.)

McDERMOTT

The hell we don't! But that's not what I mean. She'll be dead in ten minutes out there alone. That or she'll be firin' off her automatics and wakin' up the troops.

JOHN

We'll split up. Billy, you go with Spider. Just an hour or two tonight, that's all. Rhodes might have extra guards on after all the commotion. We'll meet up at number six and go back home together.

McDERMOTT

God save us. And me with me flask dry. I'll never make it.

THE GROUP splits up, moving off in two different directions through the darkening underbrush.

78 EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

DARKNESS has fallen. The jungle is as black as the background on a velvet painting.

SARAH is moving cautiously. She bumps into something, jumps back, her MACHETE high, and freezes. Cautiously she moves ahead...one step...another...another...

SPLASH!!! She steps down off a hidden ledge into A KNEE-DEEP RIVER. She manages to keep her balance but her MACHETE falls into the water and drops to the bottom invisible in the dark silt. Slowly she bends down and reaches into the water. A SNAKE swims past just inches away. SARAH recoils. Before she can reach down again she hears A LOUD, ANIMAL SNORT followed by A GREAT SPLASHING SOUND. Then ANOTHER. She squints to see.

SHAPES approach on the black water. ALLIGATORS, big ones, just their very tops showing as they move on a straight course toward the woman.

She backs up feeling for the shore, for the ledge behind her. THE FIRST ZOMBIE GRABS HER SHOULDERS. She spins and sees the thing. It has one eye dangling out of its socket and there's a broken-off length of wooden pole stuck clean through its torso just under the left breast.

SARAH smashes her RIFLE BUTT INTO THE THING'S HEAD. AGAIN. AGAIN. It keeps coming. (So do the gators. They're getting to within a few yards.) SARAH swings a fourth time. THE ZOMBIE grabs her rifle. She pulls with all her might and the creature, hanging on to the gun, topples off the ledge and into the water.

When SARAH starts to climb up on the ledge, ANOTHER ZOMBIE lurches towards her from dry land. She spins around, looking for options. The gators are just about close enough to bite her ass and THE ZOMBIE that fell into the river is rising up again, covered with moss and slime and looking pissed.

SARAH faces THE ZOMBIE on the bank. She has no choice. She aims her AUTOMATIC. She's just about to fire when SOMETHING FLASHES out of the darkness. It's A MACHETE. IT CLEAVES OPEN THE ZOMBIE'S SKULL. From out of the night big JOHN appears. He struggles to free his blade from the dead creature's head.

SARAH scrambles up onto the muddy ledge. THE GATORS are still moving in and THE ZOMBIE, its moss-covered arms reaching out rigidly like the arms of Frankenstein's monster, is growling ferociously (almost swallowing its own dangling eyeball in the process).

SARAH

Are you gonna pause to say words over
the dead this time or can we be on our
way?

Without answering, JOHN steams off through the bush pulling SARAH along behind him, his big hand tight around her arm.

79 INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

CLOSE on: A TELEVISION SCREEN. First there is only VIDEO NOISE, then an image blinks onto the screen.

MONTAGE: OTHER VIDEO SCREENS on MONITORS in various places throughout the huge underground facility. ZOMBIES watch the screens gathered in groups of four, six and eight, like children in ranked classes.

The screens show scenes of ZOMBIES taking FOOD from humans in ORANGE CIRCLE VESTS. GUNS are pointed at ORANGE CIRCLES then lowered harmlessly. GUNS are pointed at HUMANS without orange circles and FIRED. The images repeat and repeat and repeat. THE ZOMBIES watch the scenes with dumb curiosity.

80 INT. COMMUNICATION CENTER IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

This is the central area for all varieties of communication. There are RADIO CONSOLES, both intercom and outgoing, there are VIDEO CONTROL PANELS and there are LARGE COMPUTER TERMINALS. Reflecting the panic to set up operations back when the disaster first struck, much of the equipment is placed haphazardly and not built in. WIRES run every which way, BARE ANTENNAS AND LOOSE CONNECTORS clutter the place. ENGINEERS scurry with TOOL BOXES constantly repairing, patching, trouble shooting.

Most of the personnel are TECHNICIANS but there is a group of SCIENTIFIC TYPES, obvious in their white lab coats. Among these is MARY HENRIED, who we caught a glimpse of outside Entrance Two.

At A SECURITY STATION, A GUARD notices something on one of his own VIDEO SCREENS which monitor key locations inside The Cave.

GUARD

There's activity in the dormitory!

MARY and one of her assistants, JULIE GRANT, a younger girl, move over to the video console. ONE SCREEN there shows what looks like a prison corridor. CELLS WITH HEAVILY BARRED DOORS run down both sides. We can see the distinct MOVEMENT OF SHADOWS in the corridor. MARY reacts instantly stepping over to AN INTERCOM and pressing A SEND-BUTTON.

VOICE (o.s. - filter)

Gate twenty-three.

MARY

This is Mary Henried. Did anyone enter the dormitory?

VOICE (o.s. - filter)

Yes, ma'm. Captain Rhodes.

MARY clicks off, infuriated. She hurries towards AN EXIT followed by JULIE GRANT.

81 INT. THE DORMITORY IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: THE MOUTH OF A LARGE PLASTIC BAG. A HAND wearing A BLACK LEATHER GLOVE pulls A HUMAN HEAD out of a bag by its hair. It's the head of one of the dead soldiers from Rhode's platoon. The hand belongs to RHODES himself.

In the darkness of A CELL, A RED COAT ZOMBIES takes a hesitant step forward. RHODES tries to shove THE HEAD through the bars

but IT STICKS. When RHODES lets go it stays there, wedged at shoulder height.

RHODES
Take it, friend. Take it. It's a present. From me to you.

THE RED COAT steps forward and lays its hand on THE HEAD.

RHODES
Just remember who gives you favours.

THE ZOMBIE pulls hard and THE HEAD pops through onto its side of the bars. The creature lurches off towards A COT in the shadows at the rear of the cell where it hunkers down and begins to RAVISH THE HEAD, TEARING FLESH OFF, EATING IT hungrily.

On the cell door we notice A PLAQUE with a number (5) and, written in marker, the Red Coat's nickname, "BLUTO".

RHODES moves past OTHER CELLS, each holding A NICKNAMED RED COAT. GRUMPY stands way back in the shadows. TONTO stands near the bars, growling. FATSO is swaying back and forth like a chubby five year old who needs to pee.

RHODES stops at A CELL marked "BUB!". Inside we see A SILHOUETTE, tall, erect, not moving a muscle. RHODES grins.

RHODES
Well, Bub. I've heard about you. Miss Henried's pride and joy.

RHODES steps closer and BUB snarls warningly.

RHODES
Surly sonofabitch. I want to make friends, Bub. Friends. I have one more goodie in my sack here.

A LOUD, CLANGING SOUND interrupts. RHODES turns to see.

82 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

MARY HENRIED AND JULIE GRANT have entered through A STEEL DOOR WITH ELECTRONIC LOCKS. THE ZOMBIES send up A CHORUS OF MOANS AND GROWLS. The women start down the corridor checking cells as they pass. Suddenly they stop in their tracks, their horrified eyes staring into A CELL marked "SAMSON!".

SAMSON is nibbling on ANOTHER HEAD. Much of the flesh is already gone, but we can still recognise...CHICO. The zombie turns the thing up-side-down, reaches way inside, through the neck, and pulls out grey matter.

JULIE backs away, fighting nausea. A spasm rises in MARY'S stomach as well and she reels away from the hideous sight.

RHODES

Come, come, Miss Science. You've seen worse.

MARY
God....damn you, Rhodes!

RHODES
God has damned us all. Are my atrocities worse than yours?

MARY
You have ruined weeks of work here!
We've been trying to wean these specimens onto alligator meat!

RHODES
No wonder they're so....hungry.

Suddenly JULIE SCREAMS, her hands flying to her mouth.

THE PLASTIC BAG is still dangling from RHODES' GLOVED HAND. Inside, pressed into the thin plastic, we can see the rough outline of THE FINAL HEAD. THE THING IS SQUIRMING causing the whole bag to wiggle.

RHODES drops the bag instantly to the floor. Taking care, he grabs the bottom by a loose corner and pulls up hard. THE HEAD ROLLS OUT AND SETTLES AGAINST A WALL. IT'S EYES ARE OPEN AND DARTING CRAZILY, ITS MOUTH IS CHEWING, GROTESQUELY, ON THE AIR.

MARY stares in shock. JULIE runs towards the exit, trying to scream but gagging on her own acids. She's hysterical.

RHODES calmly draws his PISTOL, cocks, and FIRES. THE SQUIRMING HEAD IS SHATTERED by the powerful bullet.

83 INT. MARY'S OFFICE IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

A 9 BY 12 CUBICLE with A SMALL COMPUTER TERMINAL, A DESK AND THREE CHAIRS. There's A LIGHTBOX on the wall displaying GROUPS OF CRANIAL X-RAYS.

MARY guides JULIE GRANT into a chair. RHODES stands cockily in the open doorway.

JULIE
I didn't realise! Those were de-caps! I didn't know that....de-caps... revived!

RHODES
Any dead whose brains are intact will revive.

JULIE
But...we bury the heads. Oh. God! It must be torture for them!

RHODES
They are brutes without feeling. Though I admit that I've requested cremation

for myself. Burial is an archaic tradition, even more ridiculous now than it ever was. To say nothing of the...spacing problem...on a small island like this.

JULIE

I thought the purpose of decapitation was to...to...

RHODES

The purpose of decapitation is to preserve as much...food...as possible. The purpose for feeding is to keep the beasts on our side. The fact that they can be taught to clean up our garbage or to fire a gun is a convenient side benefit, not the primary goal. The primary goal is to keep ourselves from becoming their supper. Keep them fed and they behave. Keep them hungry and they revert back to being the animals that they have always been. You saw them in there.

MARY

You gave them a fresh taste of blood!

RHODES

They will never be satisfied with anything else, Miss Henried. They want human flesh. I'm prepared to take whatever steps are necessary to see to it they don't get mine! Not while I'm still using it!

JULIE has calmed herself down. Now she feels angry, betrayed. She looks at MARY accusingly.

JULIE

Did you know? About the de-caps?

MARY

I'd never seen it before.

JULIE

But you knew.

MARY nods in the affirmative. Tears form in JULIE'S eyes.

JULIE

What else is there, doctor? What else do you people know that the rest of us don't?

They stare at one another. Whatever bond once existed between them has been severed forever.

There are CARDIOGRAPHS, E.E.G. MONITORS, AND ALL SORT OF PHYSICAL CONDITIONING DEVICES. On TABLES lie SYMBOLOGY CARDS AND COLOURED BLOCKS for dexterity testing. There are LARGE CUT-OUT SHAPES on the walls, TRIANGLES, SQUARES and familiar ORANGE CIRCLES.

MARY storms into the room flinging the door shut behind her. RHODES catches it with his BLACK LEATHER GESTAPO BOOT.

RHODES

You can't run away from the planet,
Miss Science. You can't even run away
from the island, heh heh.

MARY

Leave me alone, you...COCKSUCKER!!!

RHODES laughs loudly. MARY faces him, hatred boiling away her vocabulary. She can't think of word that are adequate.

MARY

You're....you're disgusting!
You're....FILTH!

RHODES

And you're the one who builds the bomb
and they says, 'I hope it'll never
actually be used'.

MARY is stopped...by her own guilt. She turns and busies herself gathering books and papers, then she CLICKS OFF A LIGHT and moves toward the doorway where RHODES stands.

MARY

(calmer, with method) Julie Grant is a
behaviouralist. She's not medical. She
hasn't been as...exposed to...to
things...as some of the rest of us.
She'll be alright. I'll talk to her.
She'll be alright.

RHODES

Oh, I have no doubt.

MARY

(recognising threat in his voice) If
you put her on the shit list because of
her reaction here tonight I'll go to
Dickerson.

RHODES

Ah, yes, our noble Gasparilla does seem
to favour you lately. I understand he
assigned you a roommate of your choice.
The rest of us have to pick names out
of a hat.

MARY

(reading his jealousy) Rhodes, you and
I had a roll in the hay together when I

first got here. It was a wholly unsatisfying experience which I do not want to, and which I never will repeat! So give up, mister! I'm going home...to that roommate you mentioned.

MARY pushes past RHODES into the hallway.

85 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE CONDITIONING ROOM - NIGHT

MARY starts down the hall but RHODES grabs her from behind. He leans in close, lusty, pressing his lips against the back of her neck.

MARY

Take your hands off me! Right now!

An evil grin returns to RHODES' flushed face. He stares at the woman for a long moment, then he lets go. MARY walks away, bristling. RHODES calls after her.

RHODES

Maybe you'll change your mind when it starts getting too lonely for you.

MARY stops dead. She turns back to see him gloating.

RHODES

I'm not entirely without influence myself, Miss Science. I had your roommate assigned...by Gasparilla... to my platoon. What's his name? Tyler? Yes. Toby Tyler.

A bubble of fear pushes up in MARY'S throat but she is only letting her anger show. Her stare is fierce, her eyes daggers.

RHODES

I had an unfortunate little run-in with him today. In fact...you might say that Mr. Tyler is in big trouble with the...authorities.

MARY

You better not mess with me, Rhodes. I'd love to serve your balls to those Red Coats for lunch! Think about it!

RHODES

No, Miss Science. You're the one who needs to do some thinking.

He turns and walks away. MARY stands still for a time, THE SOUND OF RHODES' CLICKING BOOTHEELS surrounding her, swallowing her. In the DEEP BACKGROUND we can HEAR THE MOANS OF THE CAGED DEAD.

86 INT. THE CENTRAL CHAMBERS OF THE CAVE - NIGHT

MONTAGE: as MARY walks through HUGE OPEN AREAS CARVED OUT OF NATURAL ROCK. We are stunned at the enormity of the place. JEEPS AND TRUCKS RUMBLE back and forth. Storage areas hold MOUNTAINS OF CRATES, CARTONS, WATER AND GAS CANISTERS. FORK LIFTS shift loads from here to there.

MARY comes to a place where the natural rock surrenders to man-made walls. She enters past TWO SECURITY GUARDS, showing her I.D.

87 INT. THE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

MARY moves down A CORRIDOR with NUMBERED DOORS on both sides. We HEAR THE SOUND OF LIFE, MUSIC BLASTING, VOICES LAUGHING, ARGUING, CRYING. PEOPLE move by. A MAN AND A WOMAN are fighting. She slaps him, he punches her, she kicks him in the balls. THREE HOOKERS pound on a door. The door is opened by A NAKED MAN WEARING A DILDO on his nose. OTHER MEN, behind him, laugh wildly as the hookers enter their smoke-filled room.

MARY stops in her tracks when she sees that outside A DOOR NUMBERED 83 (the door to her quarters) there are TWO OF RHODES' SOLDIERS with RIFLES in hand. The door itself is open and SHADOWS move inside.

MARY turns quickly, before she is spotted, and starts back through the hallway. As she turns a corner she is grabbed by TOBY TYLER.

MARY

Toby...thank God...wait here. I gotta find out what's goin' on.

TOBY

Hey. Slow down. What is it?

MARY

Some of Rhodes' men. At the door.

TOBY

That bastard. I didn't think he'd make his move so fast.

MARY

It's because of me.

TOBY

Oh, bullshit, Mary. It's because Rhodes is a prick.

MARY

I want you to leave. Then maybe...

TOBY

We're both gonna leave. Leave the island. I've been talkin' to Tricks. We think we can smuggle out one of those inflatable rafts. They're crated up real small. They've got air canisters.

There's food inside. Even a little motor.

MARY

I am not...a guerilla fighter, Toby. I'm not a pioneer. I'm not...I'm not strong that way. I need...

TOBY

Need what? Civilised order like we have down here? Christ!

MARY

I can work here. Maybe my work can help...help everyone. I can do more good with access to this equipment than I can off in some wasteland.

TOBY

For the good of mankind. That's what every monster-maker says.

MARY looks into TOBY'S eyes. She's hurt, yet angry. The kind of anger that comes involuntarily when somebody strikes an already sensitive guilt-nerve.

TOBY

We're gettin' out. Me and Tricks. I want you to come with us. I want that more than anything. I'll send word. I'll let you know a time and a place to meet. We probably won't be able to wait around so if you're not there on the dot...well...if you're not there, I'll know you're not comin'.

She grabs him, holding him tightly against her. They kiss, hard and long. TOBY pulls away, looks at her lovingly, then turns and starts toward the guarded apartment. MARY follows.

TOBY

(walking) I don't know what they're gonna do to me. I figure they'll just send me out to Stalag Seventeen but if...if it's worse than that...Tricks will know. Stay in touch with Tricks.

As they approach the door to number 83, THE SOLDIERS there raise their RIFLE to ready positions.

SOLDIER

You Tyler?

TOBY

Yes.

SOLDIER

You're under arrest. I'll take your weapon.

TOBY hands over his RIFLE and begins to unbuckle his PISTOL BELT. TWO MORE SOLDIERS appear from inside the open apartment.

MARY

What's he supposed to have done? What are the charges?

SOLDIER

Dunno, ma'm. We're on orders.

MARY

Look...I'm Mary Henried. I'm with the special conditioning center. I'm not without influence...

TOBY

(calmly) Mary.

MARY

I'll have somebody's ass for this. I'll have your ass, soldier. I'm not gonna stand here and...

TOBY

(more insistent) MARY!

She gives up. She looks into TOBY'S eyes.

TOBY

I'll be alright. Just remember the things I said. Take care of yourself.

THE SOLDIERS escort TOBY down the hall without force. MARY watches their backs for a time, then she flings her BOOKS AND PAPERS angrily into the open apartment. She begins to cry.

88 EXT. ENTRANCE NUMBER SIX - NIGHT

HATCHWAY NUMBER SIX is surrounded by PROTECTIVE FENCING and, from it, A FENCED ALLEYWAY runs off through the brush toward...we don't know what yet.

THE HATCH OPENS and TOBY, along with TWO OTHER PRISONERS, also disarmed troopers, is led down that alleyway by THREE GUARDS.

JOHN, SARAH AND BILL McDERMOTT peer out from nearby foliage. They watch the procession. John whispers.

JOHN

The fences make a safe pathway to Stalag Seventeen. That's where we live. That's where you gonna live, too. Hell's half acre. It's not a nice place. Them boys there is prisoners. What's their punishment? They sent out to the Stalag for a few weeks. That's punishment enough.

SPIDER seems to appear from nowhere. She motions and the others follow her through the thick jungle.

89 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT

THE RUNNING FENCE LEADS TO A GATE IN A BIGGER FENCE. This one is ELECTRIFIED. We know this because we see A COLLECTION OF ZOMBIES, mostly "civilians" with no vests, clambering there, HANDS AND FACES SPARKING WHEN THEY TOUCH THE CHAIN LINKS.

THE ZOMBIES send up wild MOANS AND GURGLES when TOBY AND THE OTHER PRISONERS are led through the gate.

Inside the compound is A SCATTERING OF OPEN-SIDED MILITARY TENT-BUILDINGS, resembling those on M*A*S*H. There's A DIN coming off the place, a mixture of MUSIC AND VOICES that forms a disturbed blanket of noise. The place seems to seethe like a hornets' nest.

THE SOLDIERS head back for The Cave as POSTED GUARDS shut the gate behind THE PRISONERS. TOBY and the other captives move toward the "village".

90 EXT. STALAG SEVENTEEN MAIN STREET - NIGHT

PEOPLE wallow in the mud. ONE MAN has just taken a shit and is wiping his ass. Nearby A DRUNK lies unconscious. SEVERAL MEN are fighting. It's a brutal fight with BOTTLES AND PIPES AND LENGTHS OF CHAIN. The men are really hurting each other. PEOPLE SMOKE AND SNORT AND SHOOT UP in wide open disarray.

A HUGE PREGNANT WOMAN plants herself right in TOBY'S path.

PREGNANT WOMAN

How 'bout it, baby. I'm big but I'm beautiful.

TOBY pushes past her and bumps into A SURLY DRUNK.

DRUNK

HEY, YOU FUCK! YOU FUCK!

He grabs TOBY and flings him violently against an upright on one of the long huts. THE OTHER TWO PRISONERS move on, abandoning TOBY, disappearing into the crowd. THE DRUNK pulls A RUSTED, HOME-MADE KNIFE.

DRUNK

I OUGHTA SLICE YOU UP, YOU FUCK! YOU CAN'T PUSH ME AROUND LIKE... PUSH ME AROUND...LIKE...

Suddenly VOMIT rises in the man's throat and he doubles over. TOBY is aware of SOUNDS behind him. At his back, in the hut, A HAIRY FAT MAN, still wearing his boxer shorts and his muddy boots, is wham-bam-bamming A WHORE, who is wearing everything but underwear and boots. There are needle tracks on the woman's arms and her face looks as though she's been beaten brutally. She purses her deep red, damaged lips and blows TOBY a kiss that's meant to be seductive.

TOBY moves on down the street. The place is a cesspool full of human dregs, stinking with refuse, filled with the fury and desperation of man in his last days.

91 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT

JOHN leads his followers to within sight of the Stalag gates. ZOMBIES still claw at the ELECTRIFIED FENCE. BLUE-WHITE SPARKS fill the air like flashbulbs.

JOHN

This is home, darlin'. Home for us that don't make the grade. Us that ain't...good enough to live inside The Cave. We grow a little food, do a little light manufacturin'...like these here vests, we make these for the massers. We live in our own filth, with bugs and snakes and disease and jungle fever...all the time waitin' to become breakfast for the Bees.

JOHN is doing a sales job on SARAH but everything he says is truth. She hears it all, softening to JOHN'S cause.

SPIDER has silently lifted A LARGE WOODEN ROUND out of the weeds. It's a camouflaged tunnel entrance.

JOHN

It's a tunnel. It's a couple hundred yards. Just keep goin' 'til you reach the end. I'll be right behind you.

SARAH starts down into the hole. JOHN and the others prepare to follow. JUNGLE SOUNDS cover the noises they make.

92 INT. THE HOSPITAL IN STALAG SEVENTEEN - NIGHT

We see ROWS OF HOME-MADE COTS, each with A BODY lying on top. What faces we see are gaunt, showing the boils and lesions of consumptive diseases and tropical fever. INSECTS BUZZ and there is THUNDER in the air.

An Oriental orderly, LUKEY, moves through the maze of bodies. He lifts the wrist of A WOMAN WHO LOOKS DEAD and he discovers that she is dead indeed. He hurries off.

93 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

This is a room with walls, an operating room with JURY-RIGGED APPOINTMENTS. On A TABLE, under A HALF-DOZEN LIGHT BULBS, lies A CORPSE. Another orderly, a Nordic type names DIESEL, an enormous man, assists while DOCTOR LOGAN methodically SAWS OFF THE CORPSE'S HEAD.

LUKEY rushes in out of breath.

LUKEY

Doc Logan! Doc Logan! Dere's a lady dead out dere! Gotta hurry! Gotta

hurry! Dunno how long she been dat way!
Maybe she gettin' ready to come back.

THE CORPSE'S HEAD ROLLS AWAY FROM ITS BODY. DOC LOGAN picks up AN ELECTRIC DRILL WITH A LONG BIT. WHZZZZZZZZZ! HE DRIVES THE SPINNING BIT INTO THE DISEMBODIED HEAD, DEEP INTO ITS BRAIN. When he pulls it out, MATTER FLIES as the motor winds down.

LOGAN is a middle aged man. He looks exhausted, demoralised, a bit mad. And he looks as ill as some of his patients. There are OPEN SORES on his face and he hasn't shaved for days. He's covered with two week worth of BLOOD STAINS. He starts around the table leaving DIESEL to dispose of the "DE-CAP".

LOGAN
Bury the head. Call the guard for the
rest. Get it off the table for now.
We'll bring this new one in.

DIESEL doesn't respond right away. He's heard something.

LOGAN
What is it?

DIESEL
The tunnel.

LOGAN hears it now, A SCRATCHING, SCUFFLING SOUND. He looks at his watch.

LOGAN
God. It's almost sun-up.

LOGAN AND LUKEY move to a spot at the back of the room. They remove SEVERAL OF THE PLANKS in the floor. SARAH'S head pops out, gasping for air. Logan recoils, his eyes wide and frightened.

LOGAN
Who are you? Who are you?

He stands up too quickly. Dizziness makes him reel. He smashes into AN INSTRUMENT CART, comes up with A LONG-BLADED SCALPEL and holds the thing threateningly aimed at the stranger.

JOHN
It's OK. It's OK, Doc. She's with us.

In the next moment, SARAH and the others climb out of the tunnel.

JOHN
This here's the hospital. That's Diesel
over there, the big guy. This here's
Lukey and that's Doc Logan who's about
to cut your tonsils out.

SPIDER, the last one to climb into the room, quickly begins collecting WEAPONS, what few the rebels have.

JOHN

This here's all the weapons we got.
That's why your fancy automatic looks
so good to us. We gotta stick it over
here with the others for now. They
catch us with any kind o' weapon and
its death without even askin' your
name.

SARAH lets SPIDER take her GUN. The deaf mute signs something
which SARAH can't decipher.

JOHN

Ammunition. You got ammunition in your
pack there? I hope you do or the gun
ain't worth much.

SARAH roots through her SUPPLY PACK and produces THREE LOADED
CLIPS AND SEVERAL BOXES OF LOOSE SHELLS. JOHN notices SOME TINS
OF FOOD, MEDICINES, A KNIFE, A COMPASS...

JOHN

We better just hide the whole pack,
darlin'. That stuff is just shoutin'
out that it come from the mainland. The
shit we get is all C.D. rations.
Aspirins and crackers from 1958.

SPIDER snatches THE PACK away rather roughly. SARAH is a little
disturbed by the action. THE MATERIAL is stashed under FLOOR
BOARDS beside the tunnel entrance.

JOHN

Let's go. You look like you could use
some shut eye. Me too. We can all get
acquainted tomorrow.

LUKEY escorts JOHN AND SARAH out of the operating room into the
main hospital area. BILL McDERMOTT pulls out his empty flask.

McDERMOTT

Doc, I need a fill up. I'll help m'self
if it's alright with you.

LOGAN nods distractedly and BILL moves to A SUPPLY CABINET
which contains, among other essentials, SEVERAL BOTTLES OF
BRANDY. He fills his flask eagerly.

LOGAN

How do we know she's alright? How do we
know?

McDERMOTT

She's alright. Christ, Rhodes and his
cossacks wiped out her whole party. Dan
near got her.

McDERMOTT pockets the refilled flask, takes a long slug from
the cabinet bottle before putting it back, and moves out of the
room. LOGAN is left alone with DIESEL AND SPIDER.

LOGAN

How do we know she's alright? How do we know?

LOGAN repeats his question, intoned identically as it was before. He's twitching slightly and sweat is pouring down his face. THE THUNDER suddenly seems LOUDER.

DIESEL

Are you alright, Doc? You look... you look real bad.

LOGAN

I have looked bad for four years. Everyone in the world has looked bad for four years. Thank God looks don't matter as much as they once did.

LOGAN, a wild gleam in his eye, moves out of the room, following where the others went, that LONG-BLADED SCALPEL still clutched in his hand. The others follow.

94 INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

JOHN, SARAH AND LUKEY are facing out across the compound. A TEEMING TROPICAL RAIN has started to fall.

JOHN

This just ain't your day, is it, darlin' Sarah.

SARAH can't help but snicker. Suddenly her head spins exhaustion is conquering her body as last. JOHN puts a big arm around her.

JOHN

Three more minutes. Then you can sleep. You gotta stay with it for three more minutes.

McDERMOTT joins them and the group moves out into the rain. LUKEY waddles back through the maze of cots.

LOGAN, SPIDER AND DIESEL have moved to about the center of the big room. The patients around them, their eyes bulging, look like lemurs.

LOGAN

How do we know she's alright? How do we know?

The same intonation again. This guy's wrapping is definitely coming loose.

THE ZOMBIE rises up behind LOGAN'S back. It's the woman whose wrist Lukey checked earlier. Its teeth are dripping with drool, its hands reaching out wantingly.

LOGAN turns around. Calmly, but with the swiftness of a rattlesnake, he shoots out the hand that's holding THE SCALPEL. THE BLADE SINKS DEEPLY INTO THE ZOMBIE'S FOREHEAD. LOGAN pulls it out and strikes again, and again, and again, like a swordsman thrusting, thrusting, thrusting. Finally the creature collapses. LOGAN wipes the scalpel on his already blood-covered apron. RAIN WATER drops onto him from holes in the roof above. He doesn't seem to notice.

95 EXT. STALAG SEVENTEEN MAIN STREET (RAIN) - NIGHT

THE STREET SCENE is toned down due to the late hour and the rain, but just as vile, just as vicious. JOHN AND McDERMOTT escort SARAH. JOHN speaks softly, and only when others on the street are far enough away.

JOHN

They supply us with disinfectant and dope. Sex, drugs and rock-and-roll. What more could anyone ask for? Most around here ain't interested in changin' their lives. The folks you met...me and them and a couple others is the whole rebel army. Nobody else gives a shit...and they're afraid o' Rhodes.

They pass A STRUCTURE WITH AN OVERHEAD SIGN that reads: JOE'S CORNER TAVERN. If there were walls they'd be pushed out by the MASS OF HUMANITY inside. MUSIC BLARES and VOICES form a wall of noise louder than the THUNDER. A FIGHT spills out onto the muddy street, PUSHERS selling all sort of delights accost JOHN and his group.

SARAH

They seem to be havin' a good time.
Some punishment.

JOHN

You disappear in here, darlin'. You get a knife in yer belly or too much shit in yer veins. You get lost out here and nobody's gonna notice. Rhodes, he counts on that. It all makes for food in the freezers.

They come to A LONG HUT WITH A SIGN that reads: THE RITZ.

JOHN

This is your hotel. I'm not gonna stay here with you but I'll always be close. You gonna hafta take care o' yourself like you said you was able to do.

SARAH nods. JOHN smiles at her. His warm, trustworthy eyes seem to glow in the dark.

JOHN

Some may notice that you're new. Just deny it. You'll get away with it.

Nobody really looks at each other
around here. Go on in. Get some sleep.

He squeezes her hand tightly, then he turns away and moves off
with McDERMOTT. SARAH moves into THE RITZ.

96 INT. THE RITZ (RAIN) - NIGHT

It resembles the hospital. There are ROWS AND ROWS OF COTS.
SOME PEOPLE SLEEP, alone and in pairs. OTHERS are awake,
drinking, screwing, shooting up. SARAH finds an empty cot and
flops down. Beyond the open walls she can see THE BLUE-WHITE
FLASHES coming from the electrified fence. RAIN LEAKS in on her
but it doesn't keep her from falling asleep.

97 INT. THE CONDITIONING ROOM IN THE CAVE - MORNING

TECHNICIANS are working with ZOMBIES while ARMED GUARDS stand
ready. We FOCUS ON A BLUE COAT. Under supervision, the thing is
fumbling to tie a shoelace. It's failing miserably but trying
hard. ANOTHER BLUE is busy placing LITTLE WOODEN SHAPES into
their proper HOLES IN A BOARD.

TWO RED COATS sit at a table attended by HUMAN TECHNICIANS.
We've seen these zombies before, in the dormitory. TONTO,
is...or was...a native American, probably Seminole. In front of
him is A PLATE containing SEVERAL BITS OF MEAT. He has A FORK
in his hand and he is idly stabbing at the meat.

The other RED COAT, BLUTO, looks just like Bluto from Popeye,
bulky with a thick, black beard. Tired of THE JIG SAW PUZZLE
he's working on, he snarls and suddenly lunges for the meat on
TONTO'S plate. He snatches a handful and stuffs it in his
mouth. As soon as he tastes it, however, he pulls it back out,
dribbling and spitting disgustedly.

FISHER (a technician)
They won't accept a substitute. They
want their Alpo.

TONTO has succeeded in forking a piece of meat. He moves it to
his mouth and pops it in.

FISHER
Alright! Way ta go, Kemosabe!

MARY HENRIED has entered the room. She pulls up and watches
TONTO with a kind of dubious interest. TONTO stops chewing. He
looks up with exaggerated sadness on his face. Slowly his mouth
opens and the chewed piece of meat slides out between his lips.
He throws his fork down angrily.

MARY
They won't learn to use forks if they
don't like the breakfast you're
serving, Ted.

FISHER

The fork is like a game to them. If
they get into the game maybe they'll
learn to like the food.

MARY

It won't work.

Suddenly BLUTO jumps up from the table. He flings his chair
aside and tromps right over to MARY. His arms are outstretched
and he is making a pleading, Karloff-like SOUND. GUARDS come
after him but MARY waves them off.

MARY

It's alright! Leave him alone!

MARY extends her right hand to meet BLUTO'S right and they
shake vigorously. Then the dumb creature drops his arms and
looks around. His brain sends no signal as to what he should do
next. THE GUARDS lead him away.

98 INT. THE FIRING RANGE IN THE CAVE - MORNING

BLAM!!! A RED COAT is FIRING A PISTOL right AT THE LENS.

CLOSE ON: A TARGET, a flat, cut out silhouette of a man, BLACK
TRIANGLES painted on the instant-kill-zones, brain, heart.
BULLETS STRIKE the neck, the torso, SOME RICOCHET off the
wall behind. None hit the kill-zones.

MARY HENRIED enters. The place resembles a Police Department
target range. RED COATS stand in stalls and FIRE down LONG
ALLEYS at TARGETS which pop up against the opposite wall. THE
NOISE is deafening. TWO TECHNICIANS are watching the shooters
and keeping score. MARY walks up to one of them.

MARY

Have you seen Julie Grant this morning?

TECHNICIAN

She should be in the behaviour rooms.

MARY

She's not. Hasn't shown up yet.

There's AN OFF-SCREEN GROAN, the sound of a zombie trying to
communicate. MARY turns and sees the tall RED COAT names BUB
standing in the closest stall trying to attract MARY'S
attention. (He was the one Rhodes referred to last night as
"Mary's pride and joy".) He is wearing WESTERN-STYLE GUN BELTS,
SIX-SHOOTER hang in HOLSTERS on both his hips. MARY faces BUB
full with her body and delivers a military salute.

MARY

Good morning, Bub.

BUB replies with one of those pathetic sounds that obviously
mean something to him. Then he, too, salutes. MARY pulls away,
heading for AN EXIT, but BUB calls after her. He makes
inarticulate sounds but we catch his drift.

TECHNICIAN

I think he wants you to watch.

MARY

OK, Bub. Do your stuff.

BUB turns towards the target wall looking like a gunfighter on a western street. There's A HUMMING MECHANICAL SOUND. KATCHUNG! A SILHOUETTE pops up. BUB slaps leather...fast... lighting fast. BOTH GUN come up. BLAM-KA-BLAM-KA-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!!!

HOLES APPEARS IN THE TARGET...WOP-WOPPETY-WHUMP!!! All in the kill-zones, or damn close.

BUB slaps ONE PISTOL back into its HOLSTER. He clicks open the shell-chamber on THE OTHER, dumps the SPENT CARTRIDGES and begins to reload from his belt.

MARY stares at the creature's back, mixed emotions showing on her face. BUB turns to face her. Dropping a bullet, he salutes again. MARY hesitates, then salutes back.

MARY

Very good, Bub. That's....very good.

99 INT. A LOCKER ROOM IN THE CAVE - MORNING

PEOPLE are changing clothes, going on and off duty. JULIE GRANT rushes in and moves to a locker where she pulls out her LAB COAT. MARY HENRIED enters the room, spots JULIE, and rushes towards her.

MARY

Where the hell have you been?

JULIE doesn't respond. She buttons her coat never looking up.

MARY

Julie. Are you alright?

(still no response)

You were missed this morning. I need you. I don't want you getting your ass in hot water. I won't be able to help you if...

JULIE

I don't need any help from you!

JULIE slams the locker door and storms away toward the exit.

MARY

Julie...JULIE!

But she's gone. The locker door has bounced open. MARY slams it and it bounces again. She pounds it with her fist. Suddenly, A LOUD BELL SOUNDS. MARY looks at her watch then exits.

There are TWO WOMEN cleaning the locker room with MOPS AND PAILS. One of them turns to watch MARY HENRIED exit. We recognise her. It's SPIDER.

This is a large Situations Room that is serving now as GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS. In A BIG, STUFFED OFFICE CHAIR behind A DESK FLANKED WITH FLAGS sits GOVERNOR HENRY DICKERSON (former of Florida, now of the world) A.K.A.... GASPARILLA.

At TABLES sit A DOZEN OR SO COUNCILMEN, Dickerson's cronies from the old Doral Country Club, close friends who were offered asylum in the private underground shelter. Now they sit in council, "yessing" everything the boss man says.

A STATE PROSECUTOR has a DESPERATE-LOOKING PRISONER on the floor, standing with his hands cuffed.

PROSECUTOR

He was found with a government-issue short-wave transmitter in his quarters. He's charged with the theft of that equipment from a government installation and with possession of an illegal radio.

GASPARILLA munches on SOME FRUIT. He's a fat man with a handlebar moustache that makes him look like Pancho Villa. As an indication of rank we wears a military jacket but underneath is a Hawaiian shirt with a bold flamingo and palm tree pattern. Around his neck, nestled in the rolls of fat there, is enough gold to stake a small business.

PROSECUTOR

I can only suggest that the court rule in favour of the ultimate penalty for this traitor.

GASPARILLA

You always recommend the ultimate penalty, Tommy Lee. You and Rhodes.

We now see that RHODES is present, looking on with a smile.

GASPARILLA

All those...AGAINST...the ultimate penalty raise yer hands.

None of THE COUNCILMEN move a muscle. GASPARILLA scans them slowly as he takes a big, wet bite out of a peach.

GASPARILLA

Ya mean ta say nobody's gonna object to the ultimate penalty in this here case? Well, what if I object? What if I object to the ultimate penalty.

THE COUNCILMEN look nervous, apprehensive. GASPARILLA'S flexing his power-muscles.

GASPARILLA

There's been a whole lotta swingin'
influence and swingin' weight
aroundyere lately. Does anybody at all
give two shits fer what I think any
more? Well, I'm a-gonna let this guy
off. How d'yall like that? And I want
the word ta git out I let 'im off. I
let 'im off. Not this council. Maybe I
can improve my image rountyere.

THE PRISONER looks up at GASPARILLA, hatred boiling inside him.
GASPARILLA meets his gaze with a power-mad sneer.

GASPARILLA
Yer sentenced ta hard labour. Stalag
Seventeen. A year.

PRISONER
WHY DON'T YOU KILL ME! I PREFER TO DIE!
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITH... WITH THIS
KIND OF...SIN!

GASPARILLA
WELL, PISS ON YOU, MISTER! I JUST SAVED
YOUR ASS! YOU DAMN WELL BETTER NOT GO
HOLLERIN' LIKE THAT IN HERE!

PRISONER
I SPIT ON YOU! THE ULTIMATE PENALTY FOR
YOU! BURN IN HELL...FOR THE ULTIMATE
SIN! PIG! ALL OF YOU! PIGS!

GUARDS drag the screaming PRISONER from the room. GASPARILLA
flops back in his chair, flustered but unscarred. His skin is
about a foot thick. He pitches the peach and grabs up a mango.
MARY HENRIED enters the chamber and rushes toward an empty
chair. GASPARILLA checks THE DOCKET on his desk, smiles, and
looks up at MARY.

GASPARILLA
Well, Miss Henried, what a coincidence.
You're just in time fer a case that
seems ta concern you. Guess you didn't
care about the other proceedin's we
been dealin' with here this mornin'.

MARY
I'm sorry. I was...busy. In the lab.

GASPARILLA
Well, you managed ta make it here jus'
in time fer this case, didn't ya?

RHODES replaces THE PROSECUTOR on the floor. He smiles at MARY
pointedly as he starts his speech.

RHODES
Sir. In the matter of the State versus
Private Tyler, I don't want to...

MARY

(standing) Sir, Tyler is innocent of any crime against the State. Captain Rhodes is...

GASPARILLA

(with a mouthful of mango) Miss Henried, I think you better...

MARY

...Captain Rhodes is trying to...

GASPARILLA

(spitting a wad of chewed pulp into his hand) MISS HENRIED, SHUT THE HELL UP!!!

MARY'S eyes indicate her frustration and anger but she does shut up. GASPARILLA plops the handful of fruit pulp onto the floor wiping his fingers on his military jacket.

RHODES

I don't want to take up a lot of time with this. Mr Tyler shot a prisoner against orders. There are eyewitnesses. I've reprimanded Tyler and I've had him sent outside. It's as simple as that.

GASPARILLA

Ya had 'im sent ta the Stalag? That's all ya did to 'im?

RHODES

The prisoner was dying, sir. Tyler acted out of a sense of mercy. I don't believe Tyler to be dangerous, General. He just needs...discipline. Two or three months outside will teach him...discipline.

MARY

Sir. It's quite clear that...

GASPARILLA

SHUT UP, MISS HENRIED! I TOL' YA B'FORE!

MARY

THIS IS A TRAVESTY! CAPTAIN RHODES IS...

GASPARILLA

SIDDOWN, YOUNG LADY! I DONE YUP A SHIT-LOAD O' FAVOURS AND I AIN'T NEVER YET ASKED FER NOTHIN' IN RETURN! NOW HOW'D YOU LIKE TA SPEND TWO WEEKS UP T'THE VEGETABLE FARM YERSELF? THAT'S WHAT IT'LL BE IF YA DON'T SIDDOWN AN' SHUT THE HELL UP!

MARY checks herself. There's a perverse air of danger fuming off the fat General. His attitude toward MARY has clearly changed. RHODES has been working on him. MARY seems to have lost this round. She can only hope that's all she's going to lose.

GASPARILLA

Now I think Captain's punishment is fair, considerin'. In fact I think you ain't got shit ta complain about.

MARY

(softly, carefully) I'm sorry, General, if I...spoke out of turn. It's just that...Mr Tyler is not here to defend himself. He has no representation. I don't believe due process is being served by...

GASPARILLA

Listen, Missy. I am the only due process that has ta be served aroun' tyere and one of the people doin' the servin' from now on is gonna be you. Now you been prancin' aroun' the Cave like yer ass was glass fer long enough! All that's

GASPARILLA

gonna change, young lady. Now if you still got a statement you'd like ta make, you can jus' hold onto it 'til tonight.

MARY

Tonight?

GASPARILLA

That's right. 'Bout eight, if that suits. We'll start out in my gymnasium an' progress on from there...to various other forms o' physical therapy.

MARY shoots a hate-filled eye full at RHODES. THE CAPTAIN responds with a phoney look of sympathy.

101 INT. GASPARILLA'S GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The place is full of EXERCISE EQUIPMENT, TREADMILLS, WEIGHTS, A NAUTILUS, ETC. There are other items which seem contradictory, PLUSH PILLOWS, A HUGE CIRCULAR BED SURROUNDED BY MIRRORS. Delicacies of FOOD AND DRINK lie about on LOW TABLES. The room is a cross between Elaine Powers and a harem chamber.

A HUGE COFFIN-SHAPED DEVICE opens and we see that the inside is lined with ULTRAVIOLET TUBES which are covered with plexiglass. GASPARILLA lounges inside the thing, sweating, having just taken a long dose of fake sunshine.

All around are THE COUNCILMEN, some with COUNTRY-CLUB TYPE WOMEN, conservatively dressed and wearing suitable jewellery (obviously wives left over from the good old days), and some with SCANTILY CLAD COURTESANS.

OTHER SCANTILY CLAD "BUNNY" TYPES are serving HORS-D'OEUVRES and pouring WINE, offering SMOKE AND SNORT.

MARY HENRIED is sitting on the floor, lost in fluffy pillows, her LAB COAT incongruous. RHODES watches her from nearby.

GASPARILLA
AWRITE. C'MON LADIES. OFF WITH IT...
AND ON WITH IT...HA HA HA...

MUSIC BLARES and SEVERAL OF THE COURTESANS spring up, stripping off what few clothes they are wearing. Some strip naked, others down to panties. They hop onto various exercise machines and begin to "workout", tits flopping, thighs pumping...GASPARILLA'S kind of entertainment.

GASPARILLA
Oh, Lordy, Lordy...I'm drunk as a skunk. Look at this...will ya jus' loooooook at these lovelies! Say, Henried, you ever try it with another woman?

MARY looks up at the General, not knowing whether or not she should answer, afraid of what he might try to make her do.

GASPARILLA
I've tried it with boys. Too strenuous.

FOUR MORE WOMEN have brought in SILVER PLATTERS full of NEW HORS-D'OEUVRES, prepared carefully and laid them out like sushi. They're distributed and people eat them

GASPARILLA
Folks...I just couldn't resist. How d'yall like those? How do those taste?

GUESTS look up, not knowing what to expect. MARY fears the worst. She looks around to see RHODES grinning. A knot comes up into her throat. She tries to swallow it down.

GASPARILLA
Fresh from the freezers, folks. It's what...THEY...EAT!

A FEW OF THE GUESTS are revulsed. ONE MAN starts to vomit and he runs from the room.

GASPARILLA
Just kiddin' folks. Just kiddin'. Would I do a thing like that? I ask ya now, would I? Hah ha ha ha ha...

Relief spreads and the bacchanalian atmosphere restores itself. GASPARILLA spills himself out of the tanning coffin and flops

down on some pillows near MARY. He grabs up a goblet and swills red wine which runs down his front.

GASPARILLA

The great state of Florida. People came here fer years ta die. Retire and expire. The rest o' the country used ta think we was nothin' but a bunch o' farts and fogies. Hah! Now this here's the new Capital o' the World! Hah! They came here...died...went to hell...and the Devil sent 'em back as an army. Hah! General Gasparilla's army...MY ARMY!

MARY

We think there are other cities surviving. We think maybe Detroit... there's some signalling out of Philly.

GASPARILLA

There's no place like this place. Warm climate. This facility. Christ, there ain't nothin' like this no-damn-where! Even the Feds knew that. That's why they stored so much o' their shit down here. It's all mine now. All mine. Just let 'em try ta come after us down here, which they will some day...take a likin' ta what all we got an' come after us. They'll hafta get past my army! An army that ain't afraid ta die...ha ha ha...'cause it's awreddy DAID! HA HA HA HA....

MARY

It's not a very big army. And small as it is you won't be able to continue feeding it for very long. We've got to find ways of getting them to respond without relying on...

GASPARILLA

You'll find the ways, Miss Mary. And when ya do...we'll sail on over to the mainland...or any other damn mainland fer that matter...and start us a recruitin' program. There's millions o' Bees out there jus' waitin' fer' a General ta lead 'em on ta vict'ry!

GASPARILLA swallows another huge quantity of wine.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The room is empty now. Remnants of food and drink clutter the place. THE FAT GENERAL is asleep, snoring loudly, one of his pudgy arms is draped across MARY HENRIED'S lap. She is trying

to move out from under without waking the man. She slides on the floor...a few inches...a few inches more. GASPARILLA snorts and rolls over. His eyes pop open, focus on MARY, and a smile pushes his fat cheeks back.

GASPARILLA
Well, hi there, y'all.

Mary looks down at the man, repulsed and afraid. Suddenly he grabs her LAB COAT. She pulls away and he crawls after her, his belly bouncing along the floor. BUTTONS POP and the coat falls open. He reaches for her blouse. It tears away and for a moment he gets a chubby handful of bare breast. He dives into her but he's unconscious before his face reaches her chest.

MARY pulls herself out from under his dead weight. Shivering, she clutches her blouse together and hurries out of the room.

103 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - DAWN

Light is just breaking through the trees when THE GATES ARE OPENED admitting FIVE UNIFORMED MEN into the compound. Outside the fence ZOMBIES clamber excitedly as always.

104 INT. THE RITZ - DAWN

SARAH jumps, awakened by A VOICE AND THE LOUD POUNDING OF RIFLES against the upright of the sleeping hut.

RHODES
REVEILLE! REVEILLE! RISE AND SHINE!

RHODES is standing near the entrance. FOUR SOLDIERS are doing the pounding. Stunned, disease-ridden faces look up as CITIZENS are awakened from sleep. Fear sweeps through the place like a tropical wind.

RHODES
We found two white Bees in the jungle with their heads chopped open. I want to know who's going outside the compound. I want to know how they're going out. I want to know why they're going out. Until I get these answers...each morning...some of you will die.

Without warning RHODES draws his MAGNUM and...BLAM! BLAM! He shoots TWO COT PEOPLE who happen to be at close range. They tumble to the dirt floor, dead before they hit.

RHODES scans the rest of the hut. He spots a familiar face, THE PRISONER from the Council Room, the one Gasparilla saved from a death sentence. The man makes the sign of the cross, knowing what's coming. BLAM! BLAM! RHODES FIRES TWO RAPID ROUNDS and THE PRISONER'S CHEST TURNS RED. He flies off his cot into one adjacent, landing on top of a SCREAMING WOMAN.

RHODES AND HIS MEN leave as abruptly as they entered. SARAH is stunned. As PEOPLE around her react with sobs and more screams, she locks her eyes on RHODES.

He is moving authoritatively down the street just outside the open-walled structure. He passes within inches of SARAH'S cot which is right against the outside rail. Her emotions well up inside her. She is about to jump out into the street when A BIG BLACK HAND grabs her arm. It's JOHN, who has pushed through the gathering crowd outside.

SARAH

Let me go! I'm the one he wants. This is all happening because of me. If I turn myself in...

JOHN

He's just finding another reason for bumpin' us off. Don't ya see. He needs us ta die. He needs our bodies.

Behind JOHN on the street TOBY TYLER is looking on. He has heard the conversation. JOHN turns and sees him. His eyes go dark with apprehension.

TOBY

It's alright. I'm a friend. I need help and so do you. What's a safe place to talk?

JOHN

Ain't no place safe.

TOBY

Look...I know you have no reason to trust me. I've got friends in the Cave. I got some stuff comin' out this mornin'. I'm gonna try to get off the island.

PEOPLE are pushing in closer attracted by the commotion inside the Ritz. TOBY has to make it fast. He whispers.

TOBY

I'm gonna have this stuff sent over to the hospital...

JOHN

The hospital? (surprised, worried)

TOBY

Yeah. My stuff's all marked with red crosses so nobody gets too nosey. Meet me at the hospital after the supplies come in. Maybe we can find a place there to talk.

JOHN

Maybe.

TOBY drifts off into the crowd. JOHN AND SARAH exchange glances.

105 EXT. ENTRANCE TO STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING

SUPPLIES are being brought in through THE MAIN GATES, CRATES, CARTONS, BAGS OF GRAIN, SEED, FERTILISER.

TRICKS is in charge of the patrol from the Cave. He's checking items as they're picked up by WORKERS from the compound. TOBY TYLER sidles up to his friend.

TOBY
Hey, Tricks. Some detail they got you on.

TRICKS
Not as bad as yours, pal.

TOBY
(whispering) What'dya get?

TRICKS
Rafts. Two 38s. A little ammo.

TOBY
We need fuel, and a couple automatics.

LUKEY, the orderly, picks up A DOLLY which is LOADED DOWN WITH CRATES MARKED WITH RED CROSSES.

TRICKS
Hey, you. Those two on the bottom. Don't open those yet. They might be from the wrong shipment. Just keep 'em around 'til I can check.

LUKEY
Yessir. I never open 'em. Nossir. I keep 'em innaback for you.

106 EXT. FRONT STREET OF STALAG SEVENTEEN - MORNING

Watching from the shadows of A BUILDING are JOHN, SARAH AND DIESEL.

DIESEL
He's a spy. A spy for Rhodes.

JOHN
Give him a chance.

They see TOBY pull away from TRICKS and start down the street following LUKEY. They move out and catch up with TOBY, flanking him.

JOHN
What'dya tell that soldier, soldier?
You tell him we was rebels?

TOBY
He's my contact for Chrissake! There's
two crates. Can you get me into the
hospital?

SHORT CUT TO:

107 INT. STORAGE BAY IN THE HOSPITAL - MORNING

CREAK! A CROWBAR pries open A CRATE. JOHN AND LUKEY guard the entrance while TOBY AND DIESEL work at opening the "Red Cross" boxes. SARAH stands nearby. THE LIDS LIFT and we see TWO ARMY-ISSUE LIFE RAFTS.

TOBY
There ya go. Complete with air
canisters...little motors.

JOHN
We got a boat.

TOBY
What?

JOHN
I say we got a boat. Can you get other
stuff?

TOBY
I got some fuel comin' out and, I hope,
some automatic rifles.

DIESEL
He's just tryin' to win us over. This
doesn't prove anything.

JOHN
I'm gonna trust him, Diesel. He already
knows who we are and we ain't got a
bunch o' time to mess around with
Rhodes shootin' up the joint every
mornin'.

TOBY, rooting through the open crates, finds THE PISTOLS TRICKS told him about and A FEW BOXES OF AMMO. He tosses one of the guns to JOHN. The big man walks over and puts the weapon back inside the crate.

JOHN
Can't walk around here with these.
Let's just leave 'em here 'til we ready
ta use 'em.

108 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: HANDS carefully...very carefully...pouring DROPS OF CLEAR LIQUID INTO A TEST TUBE. The liquid is sweating slowly out of A MILDEWED AND ROTTING STICK OF DYNAMITE which has been softened to near-melting by jungle heat.

A DOZEN TEST TUBES stand in a rack, already filled. SPIDER, another woman, SALLY, and a man, JACK, each have their own DYNAMITE STICK. Each is transferring LIQUID SWEAT...which is, of course, nitro glycerine...into A GLASS TUBE. They work in tense silence on the operating table.

DOC LOGAN works with them, doing the same delicate procedure. Suddenly his hands starts to tremble.

LOGAN

Take it away from me. Quickly. Take it!
Take it!

SPIDER reaches over and, as gently as possible, takes the VIAL and THE DYNAMITE out of the doctor's hands. She sets the tube in the rack and returns the dynamite to AN OPEN CRATE, years old and crusted with mildew and mud, still half-filled with sticks yet to be drained. The danger passed, they all breathe a sigh of relief. LOGAN wipes the river of sweat from his face. His hands are shaking quite violently now. He pops pills, dry, from his pocket.

LOGAN

Sorry. I'm sorry. I'll, er...I'll be alright...in a moment.

JOHN

You're sick, Doc. You been sick for a while now. Too sick to be workin' with us on this raid.

JOHN, SARAH AND DIESEL are standing in a corner of the room. TOBY TYLER is with them, sweating and obviously nervous.

JOHN

You've helped us enough, providin' cover, hidin' us out. Let the rest of us handle the physical stuff. It's too much for you.

LOGAN

It's my fight as much as yours. The things they made me do...the things they made...me...do. I want so see Rhodes destroyed. I want to see all of them, all of them destroyed. It's my duty...in the eyes of God. In the eyes of God.

LOGAN is really flipso now, over the edge into banana-land.

TOBY

It won't work. That's pure nitro you're dealin' with there. That stuff can blow if you look at is funny. What're you gonna do, walk into the Cave carryin' those tubes on feather pillows? You don't have a complete layout of the place. Even if you manage to avoid a fight you won't know where to go.

JOHN

We're hopin' you can show us where ta go, Toby.

TOBY

Oh, no. I'm tryin' to get off this island alive. I'll help you all I can but I'm not goin' in there on a suicide mission. What can you hope to accomplish? Some radios maybe? A supply room or two? You'll all be killed and in a few weeks they'll be back to business as usual. That place was built to withstand nuclear attack! What are you gonna do with a half-dozen guns and a few sticks of nitro?

JOHN

We're gonna blow up the powder magazine.

TOBY

What?

JOHN

We know what's down there. We did the loading' and unloadin' when the stuff came ashore in the early days. A direct hit oughta do more than a few weeks worth o' damage.

TOBY

A direct hit'll blow the top off this whole island! How're you gonna fuse the stuff? How're you gonna leave yourself time to get out?

LOGAN

If we don't get out it's a small price to pay.

TOBY

You're fuckin' out of your minds! There's two hundred people down there. You gonna murder two hundred people?

LOGAN

Sinners! Animals! Filth! Doing the work of the Devil!

TOBY

What about the people here in the camp? If they don't get blown to kingdom come their food'll be destroyed, their water, medical supplies. They won't have any more power. This island can't support them all, they'll be doomed. Count me out, friends. I'm gonna get my

ass outa here. Anybody wants to come
along is welcome.

Silence falls over the room. Finally JOHN moves towards the door. TOBY follows but before exiting he turns back to face the group once more.

TOBY
I wanna see Rhodes burn just as much as
you do...but all those people. We don't
have the right to be their judges...
just like they don't have the right to
be our judges.

JOHN opens the door and TOBY exits. SARAH follows. JOHN looks around at the faces in the group, then he leaves, shutting the door behind him. There's a long silence, then LOGAN speaks.

LOGAN
We know what we must do. It's written
for us in the Bible. "They shall be
driven from the land of the living down
to the world of the dead. That is the
fate of those who care nothing for
God."

109 INT. STORAGE BAY IN THE HOSPITAL - DAY

LUKEY stands guard. McDERMOTT has joined SARAH AND JOHN in a strategy huddle. TOBY stands nearby, feeling strangely guilty.

SARAH
Toby's right. They're not gonna sit
around with their fingers up their
asses while we bust up their toys.

JOHN
Datura.

SARAH
What?

JOHN
Datura Metel. The Devil's Trumpet.
Don't worry. I ain't goin' religioso
again. It's a flower that grows on
these islands. Where I come from the
voodoo priests used it whenever they
needed a Mickey Finn. It's toxic.
Ground up you can put it in a drink or
inject it...or...in a sealed area it
might be introduced through the
ventilation system.

SARAH
Datura! Miguel knew it! Datura, he was
shouting! Datura Metel!

JOHN

We always planned to use it. We got some ground up already...but we could never find enough.

SARAH

There's hundreds of 'em. Right where we landed our boat.

TOBY

This stuff really works? No shit?

JOHN

Quicker than gas. And it smells a lot prettier. It usually don't kill but it puts ya under fer a good night's sleep.

TOBY

If you could knock out the central communications room you could foul up their whole intercom system. Then, if you move fast enough, stay ahead of 'em...without bein' able to signal each other, they might have a hard time catchin' you.

JOHN

I say it's poetic. Pure calypso, brother. The Devil's Trumpet blowin' the notes o' doom for the Devil's troops. Ha ha ha ha ha...

110 EXT. THE BACKWATER - NIGHT

THE FISHING BOAT that bought SARAH and her friends to the island sits still in the channel. There are SOLDIERS ABOARD, two of Rhodes' men, pacing the deck, passing a bottle back and forth.

JOHN (o.s.)

Well, we found yer boat, lady, but so did they.

JOHN, SARAH AND TOBY are huddled behind green cover peering out at the boat.

SARAH

Looks like just two. We can take 'em when the time comes.

JOHN

We're only about a quarter-mile from Cave entrance number five.

TOBY

That entrance is closest to the labs and the Bee cages.

JOHN

Come on. Let's go.

They move off stealthily.

They enter the clearing with the spectacular PLANTS that Miguel discovered. Six feet tall, their red-gold blossoms like trumpets with their bells down, these are Daturas, nightshades indigenous to southern Florida and parts of the Caribbean.

SALLY AND JACK, who we saw working on the nitro sticks, are chopping off the eighteen-inch blossom and stuffing them into LARGE LEAF BAGS. They're wearing HOSPITAL MASKS over their mouth and noses. JOHN moves in to help. TOBY AND SARAH follow but JOHN stops them.

JOHN

Just stand guard for now. Spell us
after a while. Can't breathe this grass
too long or somebody hafta carry you
home.

Work goes on in silence.

111 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE RITZ - NIGHT

MUSIC ROCKS AND VOICES SHOUT. The street scene is as wild as ever. HOOKERS, PUSHERS AND DRUNKS pack the hot darkness.

112 INT. THE RITZ - NIGHT

At A COT near the open wall, in DIM LIGHT FROM AN OVERHEAD BULB OUTSIDE, SARAH, JOHN AND TOBY huddle. The DIN from the street makes it impossible for others to hear them. TOBY is drawing A MAP.

TOBY

Maintenance shafts run behind all the
main rooms. Nobody's in those at night.
You can use them to get around in. Hit
the power governors first. Kick a surge
into their computer network and you
erase everything stored in the memory.
Then...over in here...that's where the
cages are...

On the street outside, a puffing BILL McDERMOTT pushes through the unruly crowd, his face showing alarm.

McDERMOTT

The Doc's gone. Diesel and Jack and
Spider with him. They took the guns...
and the nitro.

CUT TO:

113 INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: LUKEY, beside himself, almost to the point of tears.

LUKEY

I coulden stop 'em, boss. No way I
coulda stop 'em, I sweah. They tie me
up and stick dis...
(He's waving a pillowcase in his hand,
the action accentuating his frenzied
state.)
...they stick dis in my mouf. You
b'lieve dis?

JOHN is in the room with SARAH, TOBY, SALLY AND BILL McDERMOTT.
This is now the entire rebel force. THE FLOORBOARDS TO THE
TUNNEL have been thrown aside. The weapons are gone.

McDERMOTT

I was in the Cave yesterday workin'
repairs. Spider was in on clean up. I
seen her talkin' ta some insiders...
well, she was scribblin', they was
talkin'...mighty palsy.

TOBY

Jesus! They're gonna try to do it!
They're goin' in! They got somebody to
help 'em from the inside!

LUKEY

They din' get da pistols. You know dem
pistols you buddy send in widda raffs.

TOBY

I gotta get Mary out. Tricks. We gotta
go now! Tonight! Right away!

McDERMOTT

Oh, Lord! (He polishes of what's left
in his flask and moves to refill it
from the bottles in Logan's cabinet.)

SALLY

We're not ready.

JOHN

Well...if ya think about it...we as
ready as we ever gonna be. How was they
carryin' the nitro, Lukey?

LUKEY

Oh, me. You ain't gonna b'lieve dis,
neider. You ain't, I sweah. They put it
inta Spidah's body.

TOBY

They what?

LUKEY

De Doc. He cut up Spidah here and here
and here...all ovah. He stick dem tubes
in dere, like undah da skin...an' den
he sews 'em all up. I sweah. I sweah,
sweah, sweah!

JACK AND DIESEL are chopping a path through the undergrowth with MACHETES. Behind them DOC LOGAN is walking slowly along with SPIDER, guiding her carefully around obstacles. SPIDER is in major pain. She's sweating rivers, her fists are clenched, she's biting her lover lip so that it bleeds.

LOGAN

I know it hurts. But it won't be long.
Then all the pain will be over. Oh, I
wish you could hear me. GOD, GIVE HER
THE EARS TO HEAR ME SO SHE KNOWS I
DON'T WANT HER TO HURT SO!

DIESEL

Quiet!

LOGAN

Oh, yes. Quiet. Yes. We must be quiet.

Suddenly, A ZOMBIE lunges from the underbrush, its FACE BADLY DETERIORATED and one of its hands; lost during its human life, replaced by A MECHANICAL HOOK. SPIDER stumbles. She holds her breath and stiffens all her muscles. Miraculously the nitro vials inside her do not explode. LOGAN throws himself quixotically in front of THE ZOMBIE.

LOGAN

FALLEN ANGEL! THIS IS THE JUDGEMENT DAY
WHEN YOU WILL BURN FOR YOUR SINS! THE
LORD WILL CAST YOU DOWN TO THE LOWER
REACHES AND YOU SHALL FOREVER KNOW....

THWOK!!! THE ZOMBIE'S STEEL HOOK SINKS DEEPLY INTO LOGAN'S UPPER CHEST. The man's eyes reflect no immediate sensation. His speech falters but only slightly.

LOGAN

...YOU SHALL FOREVER KNOW THE PAIN...
THE PAIN...

THE ZOMBIE pulls LOGAN towards its DROOLING, WIDE OPEN MOUTH. It's just about to bite when DIESEL CHOPS HIS MACHETE INTO THE CENTER OF THE CREATURE'S SKULL. The thing falls, pulling LOGAN, still hooked, to the ground with it.

LOGAN

YOU SHALL FOREVER KNOW THE PAIN OF
HELL... THE PAIN OF HELL.

DIESEL frees the doctor's shoulder from the hook. BLOOD FLOWS FREELY. DIESEL grabs a handful of DRESSINGS from LOGAN'S PACK and goes to work on the wound.

LOGAN

...the pain of Hell...the pain...the
pain...

115 EXT. THE JUNGLE NEAR THE VENTS - NIGHT

SARAH, SALLY, LUKEY AND McDERMOTT stand by while JOHN AND TOBY swing open THE RUSTED GRILLWORK OF AN AIR-VENT in the ground. TOBY is able to swing his upper torso completely down inside.

116 INT. THE VENT - NIGHT

TOBY hangs up-side-down in A RUSH OF AIR. He tightens A HOSPITAL MASK over his nose and mouth.

TOBY
Okay. Lemme have 'em.

A LEAF BAG is passed in from above. TOBY flags the bag open and BITS OF FLOWER AND POLLEN DUST FLY through the tight space, sucked off into the duct.

117 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A GRILL NEAR THE CEILING. BITS OF TOXIC POLLEN and AN OCCASIONAL PIECE OF FLOWER blow into the room.

There are SIX TECHNICIANS AND TWO SECURITY GUARDS posted at various stations. A RADIO MAN looks up.

RADIO MAN
What's that? Smell it?

TECHNICIAN
Dunno. Must be comin' from outside.
Kinda nice.

118 INT. ENTRANCE NUMBER SEVEN - NIGHT

There are only TWO GUARDS posted at the sealed entrance. One is eating from A CAN OF SPAM. The other is reading an old, dog-eared PLAYBOY. A RIFLE BARREL jabs suddenly into "Playboy's" back.

JULIE
Don't move!

It's JULIE GRANT, Mary's disgruntled assistant. A YOUNG MAN, another behaviouralist in a WHITE LAB COAT is with her. They both have RIFLES.

JULIE
Open the outer door. Move it!

"Playboy" slowly gets up and starts towards A CONTROL PANEL. At the last minute, he spins around, grabbing JULIE'S GUN BARREL and pushing it away. JULIE'S YOUNG ACCOMPLICE swings his RIFLE BUTT and knocks "Playboy" cold. Then he trains the weapon on "Spam man" again.

JULIE moves to the controls, examines them, trips A TOGGLE marked "LOCK" and pushes A LARGE GREEN BUTTON.

THE DOOR TO THE OUTSIDE SWINGS OPEN. Beyond is blackness with an occasional patch of MOONLIGHT ON JUNGLE GROWTH. JULIE walks slowly, carefully toward the opening. Just as she is about to cross the threshold into the night, A HUGE FIGURE leaps at her, grabbing her RIFLE and enclosing her in a strangle hold. It's DIESEL. Behind him, comes JACK, his RIFLE (Sarah's rifle) levelled off at JULIE'S YOUNG FRIEND.

"Spam man" makes a break for it down the hall. Reacting nervously, too quickly, JACK FIRES. "SPAM MAN" IS HIT SQUARELY IN THE BACK. He pitches forward, dead.

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST raises his gun.

YOUNG MAN
Hey! What the hell.....?

JACK FIRES ANOTHER BURST and the ORANGE CIRCLE ON THE YOUNG MAN'S CHEST SHOW A DOTTED LINE OF RED. He flies back, a surprised expression on his face, and he flops, dead, right on top of the "Playboy" guard who is lying near the control booth.

LOGAN
ENOUGH! ENOUGH! ENOUGH! ENOUGH!

THE DOC comes slowly out of the night guiding SPIDER over the threshold and into the hall. LOGAN reminds us of a crazy John Houston, floating on air in a madman's bubble.

JULIE
What...what is this? Who...?

LOGAN
It's alright, it's alright, my dear.
You've simply helped us do the Lord's
work.

LOGAN'S SHOULDER WOUND IS BLEEDING THROUGH ITS DRESSINGS but the doctor, on a holy mission, seems to feel no pain. He guides SPIDER into the light and opens her shirt. DIESEL shoves JULIE against a wall. JACK covers her with his AUTOMATIC.

LOGAN removes RED-SOAKED DRESSING from SPIDER'S skin. All over her bare chest and upper belly we see LONG, EIGHT-INCH SCARS, HASTILY STITCHED WITH SUTURE SHOWING. Beneath each is A CIGAR-SHAPED BULGE where a vial of nitro has been implanted. The woman stands on crumbling legs, her arms open outward, a grotesque lampoon of a stigmatic.

JULIE
What...what have you done to her?

LOGAN
God forgive us. Forgive us the pain we
inflict as surgeons. We'll be in
Heaven, child. Soon. We'll be with Him
in Heaven.

SPIDER
Na...na...ak...aaaaaaaaa...

SPIDER is trying to signal something. She has seen that "PLAYBOY" is crawling into the control booth. LOGAN follows her alarmed gaze.

LOGAN
NO YOU DON'T I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT! I
CAN'T!

LOGAN charges toward the booth. THE GUARD is half-in-half-out of the glass chamber, his hands reaching for the control panel inside. LOGAN starts to kick him, again and again.

JACK
Outa the way, Doc! Outa the way!

There's vengeance on LOGAN'S face. He's kicking THE GUARD brutally, but that doesn't stop the man from reaching the controls. He hits A RED ALARM BUTTON. THE PANEL BUZZES AND COLOURED LIGHTS BLINK. THE DOOR to the jungle starts to swing closed. DIESEL dives at it but can't stop the steel slab. It slams with A LOUD THUNNNNNG!

JACK swings into another position to get a clear shot and he FIRES A LONG BURST into the control booth. "PLAYBOY" IS STRUCK BY SEVERAL ROUNDS. He bounces around in the booth and collapses to the floor, dead.

LOGAN, his SHOULDER WOUND POURING BLOOD, aggravated by his physical exertion, falls to floor himself, in a faint.

JACK
Shit!

DIESEL
Keep the woman covered.

JACK levels off on JULIE again. DIESEL moves over to SPIDER. Pulling FRESH DRESSING from LOGAN'S BAG, the big man begins to pack them onto SPIDER'S BLEEDING CHEST.

119 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: A BLINKING RECTANGLE OF RED LIGHT. Written on its face is: ALARM - GATE 7. A BELL RINGS LOUDLY in the room. THE SHOT WIDENS and we see FIVE MEN, all slumped, unconscious, none able to react to the alarm.

ONE OF THE SECURITY GUARDS has made it to THE EXIT. He manages to push the door open, but then he falls in a heap.

A RADIO MAN staggers into A WEBBING OF WIRES, then he too falls.

THE OTHER SECURITY GUARD inches his hand towards A LEVER WITH A PROTECTIVE COVER. He flips the cover up, then collapses. The falling action causes his fingers to trip the lever. A HUGE KLAXON SOUNDS. A BLINKING RECTANGLE, huge over the doors, reads: GENERAL ALERT!

120 INT. GASPARILLA'S GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The usual scene here, GASPARILLA AND HIS COURTESANS entertaining THE COUNCILMEN AND THEIR LADIES. THE KLAXON SOUNDS over THE LOUD ROCK MUSIC. MARY HENRIED, a prisoner for the evening again, hears THE SOUND. Her eyes widen. She looks over at RHODES, who jumps to his feet. The party gradually goes silent.

RHODES

Don't be alarmed. We're impregnable.
Stay where you are. Nothing will happen
to any of you. You're safe here. Men.

This last word to A SMALL UNIT OF FOUR TROOPERS standing guard at THE EXIT. RHODES goes steaming through the doors. TWO OF THE TROOPERS FOLLOW, THE OTHER TWO unsling their RIFLES and take up posts just outside in the corridor. THE STEEL DOOR SLIDES SHUT locking GASPARILLA AND HIS COURT inside the gymnasium...MARY HENRIED with them.

GASPARILLA

Well, c'mon, ladies and gents. Who says
we gotta let our evenin' get spoiled?
Simon sez...GET DOWN!!!

MOST OF THE GUESTS are willing to let the party get back to full swing. GASPARILLA grabs A TOPLESS COURTESAN and rocks his fat belly around in an attempted dance. MARY seems to be the only one concerned about the alarm.

121 EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

Even outside THE KLAXON CAN BE HEARD. TOBY AND THE REBELS stop in their tracks.

TOBY

That's the general alarm. Jesus! They
musta got in!

JOHN

What you wanna do?

TOBY

Come on!

THE GROUP moves out urgently.

122 INT. ENTRANCE NUMBER TWO - NIGHT

A CIRCULAR LIGHT BLINKS GREEN with A BUZZING SOUND. THE TWO INSIDE GUARDS punch up A VIDEO MONITOR. The screen shows TOBY TYLER AND LUKEY holding PISTOLS on SALLY AND BILL McDERMOTT.

GUARD

(into intercom) What's goin' on?

TOBY (filter)

(on video) LET US IN. THERE'S BEEN A
REVOLT...AT STALAG SEVENTEEN...THERE'S
REBELS CRAWLIN' EVERYWHERE!

GUARD #2
I know him. That's Tyler.

TOBY (filter)
(on video) FER CHRISSAKE! LEMME IN,
DAMMIT! LEMME IN!

THE FIRST GUARD HITS A BUTTON AND THE BIG STEEL ENTRANCE DOOR
SWINGS OPEN. THE REBELS storm in like an ocean wave taking the
hapless GUARDS completely by surprise. They knock them
unconscious and take their WEAPONS. TOBY pushes A BUTTON which
causes the outer door to swing shut, then he leads the band
down the corridor.

They go through A DOOR about a hundred yards from the entrance.

123 INT. MAINTENANCE SHAFT - NIGHT

This is one of the WORK CORRIDORS that TOBY mentioned earlier.
THE REBELS run, single-file, deep into the Cave.

124 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

JULIE GRANT has been ROPE-TIED to an eyelet in the wall. DIESEL
sets down A PISTOL AND A BOX OF AMMO beside DOC LOGAN who is
sitting on the floor beside the control booth. He's having
trouble catching his breath. His WOUND has turned his ENTIRE
FRONT RED.

DIESEL
You'd hold us back. We have to go on.

LOGAN
Hnnnnnnnn? Oh, yes. Go on.

SPIDER, her shirt buttoned again over her new dressings, is
carefully signing something. DIESEL reads her fingers.

DIESEL
Maps. Yes. She was supposed to bring us
maps.

JACK steps over to JULIE. He frisks her pockets and finds TWO
HAND-DRAWN MAPS showing complete layouts of the Cave.

DIESEL
Alright. Let's go.

They move out, DIESEL supporting SPIDER, JACK with his RIFLE
ready.

125 INT. A SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT

TOBY breaks open A CARTON and pulls GAS MASKS out. He passes
them back to BILL McDERMOTT AND SARAH.

THE REBELS, all wearing GAS MASKS, burst into the room. TOBY moves right toward AN INTERCOM. He punches in a code and waits while the INTERCOM BUZZES.

TOBY

Come on, Mary. Answer. ANSWER!

Nothing. Toby punches up another code while the others drag THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD out of the doorway, letting the doors shut behind them. A VOICE comes over the speakers.

TRICKS (o.s. - filter)

Yeah.

TOBY

Tricks, it's Tyler. We're inside.

TRICKS (o.s. - filter)

What? Was that you that set off the alarms?

TOBY

No. There's some loonies from outside. They're gonna try to blow the powder magazine.

TRICKS (o.s. - filter)

Where are you? What's the plan?

TOBY

Find Mary. If you can get help do it. We're gonna hit the power station and haul-ass outa here. We'll be at exit five...that's exit five in exactly ten minutes.

TRICKS (o.s. - filter)

I think I can get a couple guys.

TOBY

And Mary! You gotta find Mary!

TRICKS (o.s. - filter)

I'll try, Tob. I'm gone.

TRICKS clicks off. TOBY levels his AUTOMATIC at the RADIO CONSOLE and FIRES. SPARKS FLY, CHUNKS OF WOOD AND METAL SHOOT OFF IN EVERY DIRECTION.

McDERMOTT

HOLD ON! HOLD ON! Yer wastin' yer ammunition. Hit 'er in here...then around back in the circuit boards.

TOBY levels off again, this time at the "kill-zones". BULLETS FLY. MORE SPARKS DANCE as THE UNIT BREAKS APART.

McDERMOTT

(shouting) AND OVER HERE. THE ALARM
SYSTEMS. THESE CENTRAL PANELS HERE.
THESE CIRCUITS.

SARAH AND SALLY step up and start BLASTING. A PROFUSION OF
SPARKS this time as THE ALARM SYSTEMS SEEM TO EXPLODE.

Suddenly A COLLECTION OF RED LIGHTS START BLINKING URGENTLY. A
BELL SOUNDS. THE LARGE RECTANGLE OVER THE EXIT IS FLASHING A
NEW WORD: EVACUATE! EVACUATE! EVACUATE!

McDERMOTT
Jesus, Mary and Joseph! (he slugs from
his flask) By blowin' the alarm
panels...we signalled an Evac!

127 INT. CORRIDORS IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

MONTAGE: A LOUD BUZZING IS HEARD as DOORS OPEN everywhere, some
sliding, some swinging back, some rolling into the walls.
TROOPERS caught trotting through halls are taken by surprise.
CITIZENS spill out of apartment doors that have opened
electronically.

128 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

THE DOOR TO THE JUNGLE SWING OPEN. JULIE GRANT looks over at
DOC LOGAN. The madman struggles to his feet. Supporting himself
against the wall of the control booth, he reaches inside and
starts pushing buttons.

JULIE
Those buttons won't work! The
evacuation command overrides them.

JULIE looks through the open entranceway. Barely visible in the
DIM BLUE MOONLIGHT are the hulking shapes of TWO...NO THREE
ZOMBIES, approaching the open hatch.

129 INT. THE COMMUNICATION ROOM - NIGHT

McDERMOTT is explaining to the others.

McDERMOTT
All the doors in the Cave have been
sprung open...all the ones that work on
electric. It's so nobody'll get trapped
anywhere.

130 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

LOGAN stares dumbly, without comprehending, at THE ZOMBIES
which are lurching forward out of the night.

JULIE
CUT ME LOOSE! PLEASE! CUT ME LOOSE!

131 INT. THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

THE LATCHES ON THE CELL DOOR CLICK. With BUZZING, MOTOR NOISES, THE DOORS OPEN OUTWARD. THE ARMY OF RED COATS marches out into the hall. We might recognise TONTO, BLUTO, SAMSON....we certainly recognise big Bub.

132 INT. A HOLDING PEN IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

We see A LARGE PEN, its GATE SWINGING OPEN. From inside, MOANING HUNGRILY, come FORTY OR FIFTY ZOMBIES, BLUE COATS AND WHITE.

GUARDS outside the pen start to panic. They OPEN FIRE. A FEW ZOMBIES ARE HIT but there are too many, way too many. THE GUARDS turn tail and retreat off into the Cave.

THE ZOMBIES are out! Free to find their own suppers!

133 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

THE DOORS have opened here, too. THE CROWD, having heard the EVACUATION SIGNAL, is panicking. MANY are running out past THE GUARDS and into the hallway. GASPARILLA is trying to reinstate calm.

GASPARILLA

STAY HERE! STAY PUT! WE'LL BE ALRIGHT!
WE'RE SAFE HERE! JUST AS SAFE AS
ANYWHERE 'TIL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S GOIN'
ON!

MARY HENRIED takes advantage of the confusion. She slips out behind TWO COUNCILMEN AND THEIR LADY-FRIENDS.

134 INT. NURSERY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE HALLWAY is in chaos. TROOPERS run by, CRAZED CITIZENS flee in both directions. MARY HENRIED is stopped by A NURSE standing in AN OPEN DOORWAY.

NURSE

What is it? What's happening?

MARY

It's an evacuation signal. The radios
are out. People are panicking.

NURSE

What should we do?

MARY looks past THE NURSE into A ROOM where A GROUP OF CHILDREN, a dozen or so, ranging from twelve-years-old down to infancy, are huddled. Some are crying.

MARY

God. I, er...I dunno what to say. It
could be a real evacuation or it could
just be a glitch in the system. Wait
here for now. I'll...I'll make sure you
get the word what to do, okay?

NURSE
Please...hurry...

MARY takes off down the hall.

135 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: JULIE GRANT'S FACE, screaming, in agony, on the brink of insanity. THE ZOMBIES have reached her. They're started to pull at her arms, her legs. ONE BITES HER HAND, ANOTHER HER ARM, ANOTHER HER CALF.

DOC LOGAN is watching from the control booth, all the while fiddling with BUTTONS, DIALS, LEVERS.

LOGAN
We'll be in Heaven soon. We'll all be
in Heaven soon.
(Julie's screams penetrate the fog in
his brain. He frowns.)
Pain. God forgive the pain inflicted by
surgeons. We must atone. We must atone
for our sins.

His eye is attracted to A LARGE LEVER seemingly separate from everything else. It's marked: SIREN. He pulls it.

LOGAN
We must...atone. We must.

136 EXT. THE SIREN HORN - NIGHT

Slowly, THE THROATY WAIL RISES and calls out over the jungle. It's the "Feeding Signal" we heard earlier.

137 EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

MONTAGE: as everywhere in the jungle ZOMBIES turn toward the call of THE SIREN. They start to walk...toward the SOUND, toward the place where there is food.

138 INT. ENTRANCE SEVEN - NIGHT

JULIE is still screaming wildly. THE ZOMBIES ARE TEARING HER APART, LITERALLY.

DOC LOGAN inadvertently kicks THE PISTOL left by DIESEL and is skitters across the floor. He flops down on his knees.

LOGAN
WE WILL ATONE. WE WILL BE THE
SACRIFICE...THE COMMUNION...WE OFFER
OURSELVES UP...OUR SOUL...AND OUR
BODIES...

JULIE GRANT finally loses consciousness. MANY MORE ZOMBIES are pressing in through the entrance now. They reach LOGAN and start to tear at him. Something clicks in his brain and he realises what's happening. He starts to scream. His hands find THE PISTOL on the floor.

ONE ZOMBIE TAKES A BITE OUT OF HIS LEFT ARM. He shrieks and brings up THE PISTOL, FIRING. THE FIRST SHOT RIPS OPEN THE CREATURE'S SKULL. The next FIVE SHOTS are wasted, FIRED WILDLY. The GUN CLICKS emptily as THE ZOMBIES engulf him, TEARING, BITING, EATING HIM ALIVE.

MORE ZOMBIES come out of the jungle...a lot more...called by the SIREN. In waves they enter the Cave looking for food.

139 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

TRICKS is running through the hall with TWO BUDDIES. MARY HENRIED jumps out of the crowd.

MARY
Tricks! What's going on?

TRICKS
Toby's in the Cave. We're gonna make our move. There's rebels out to blow the powder magazine. Come on. Come with us.

MARY
Where are you goin' out?

TRICKS
Exit five.

MARY
See ya there.

She turns away and starts back in the direction she came from. TRICKS calls after her.

TRICKS
SEVEN MINUTES, MARY. EXACTLY SEVEN MINUTES!

140 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER OF THE CAVE - NIGHT

RHODES AND EIGHT TROOPERS turn a corridor and there, before them, is a sight out of Dracula's tomb. Moving through the lava-stone arches, between the giant earthen pillars, is THE ARMY OF BLUE AND WHITE ZOMBIES. RHODES and his men can't possibly fight them, there are too many. RHODES spots A DOOR WITH A CAGED RED LIGHT OVERHEAD. They can get to it by slicing through only A FEW OF THE ADVANCING GHOULS.

RHODES
THIS WAY. OVER HERE! SHOOT! SHOOT THEM!
SHOOT TO KILL! IN THE HEAD!

Their RIFLES BLAZE as they drive through the edge of THE ZOMBIE HORDE. SEVERAL OF THE CREATURES GO DOWN, THEIR HEADS BLASTED OPEN BY RAPID-FIRE ROUNDS.

ONE grabs RHODES by the sleeve of his jacket. The captain turns on his heels and stares at the thing with outraged disbelief.

He raises his MAGNUM and pumps TWO QUICK SHELLS INTO THE CREATURE'S BRAIN.

THE PLATOON finally reaches the door. RHODES holds it open while his MEN run inside. He holsters his PISTOL and unslings his AUTOMATIC. THE ZOMBIES press towards him. He selects A FEW OF THE CLOSEST ONES, aims, and FIRES, with a look of enjoyment on his face. For a moment he resembles Doc Logan, madness bristling inside him.

THE ZOMBIES fall, THEIR HEADS SHATTERED, ONE OF RHODES' MEN calls from inside the doorway.

TROOPER
Captain...CAPTAIN!

RHODES FIRES ANOTHER QUICK BURST, then he turns and moves through the doorway.

141 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

SPIDER is walking along, careful to avoid jolts, support-under her arms by the giant DIESEL. JACK walks with them, his nervousness irritated by the need to move slowly. CITIZENS run past, none of them paying attention to the desperadoes.

Suddenly they encounter A TROOP OF SOLDIER who come trotting around a corner. Nervous JACK OPENS FIRE. TWO SOLDIER GO DOWN. A gunfight erupts as the rest of the TROOPS scatter in the hallway, CIVILIANS are caught in the crossfire. TWO ARE HIT.

DIESEL manages to steer SPIDER around a corner to safety. JACK keeps FIRING but he's trapped in A HAIL OF BULLETS. A RED LINE CUTS ACROSS HIS CHEST and he flies back, dead, his GUN STILL FIRING.

Out of the Troopers' sight, DIESEL checks his map and moves into A DOORWAY, one of several on the area, guiding SPIDER through beside him.

142 INT. ANOTHER MAINTENANCE SHAFT - NIGHT

They find themselves in one of those work corridors. The giant man shoulder his RIFLE and gently lifts SPIDER into his arms. He moves, as smoothly as he can, down the shaft and around a bend.

143 INT. A CORRIDOR IN THE CAVE - NIGHT

TOBY leads JOHN AND THE REBELS out into A HALLWAY. They break across to an opposite door. Before they can escape, A TROOP OF SOLDIERS appears. A GUNFIGHT ENSUES.

TWO SOLDIERS GO DOWN. JOHN IS WOUNDED IN THE SHOULDER but he stays on his feet. THE SOLDIERS have them divided in the two opposite doorways.

Suddenly, TRICKS AND HIS BUDDIES come charging around a corner. THEY OPEN FIRE. THE SOLDIERS RESPOND. TWO MORE SOLDIERS GO

DOWN. ONE OF TRICKS' MEN IS KILLED. TRICKS himself IS WOUNDED BADLY IN THE STOMACH.

Caught in a crossfire, THE LAST FOUR TROOPERS throw down their guns. They flee wildly down the corridor. THE REBELS pick up and file through one of the doors. TOBY rushes to aid his BADLY WOUNDED BUDDY.

TOBY
Tricks...Jesus...

TRICKS
I'm alright. Let's go.

They follow after the others.

144 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A SCREAM GOES UP! A WOMAN near the exit has spotted something terrifying in the hallway. THE GUARDS panic. ONE OF THEM OPENS FIRE.

145 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A MASS OF ZOMBIES COME SHUFFLING DOWN THE CORRIDOR. Their VOICES ECHO IN GROTESQUE HARMONY, the song of the living dead that we've heard before.

146 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

THE GUARDS are trying to close the entrance doors manually. The big slabs won't budge. Suddenly GASPARILLA appears. Drawing A PISTOL from A HOLSTER he wears, without warning he SHOOTS ONE OF THE GUARDS. THE OTHER GUARD flees.

GASPARILLA falls onto the dead man and rips off his ORANGE-CIRCLE VEST. THE ZOMBIES are pressing in now, into the gymnasium. GASPARILLA AND SEVERAL REMAINING PARTY-GOERS (none with vests) are trapped.

147 INT. A CORRIDOR NEAR THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

MARY is running along with THE NURSE AND THE CHILDREN. Suddenly, from out of a doorway, comes CAPTAIN RHODES WITH HIS STORM TROOPERS.

RHODES
HENRIED! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Without answering, MARY leads her band through A MANUAL DOOR that leads to the Dormitory.

RHODES
STOP THEM! SHOOT!

SOLDIER
The...the children, sir.

RHODES

After them then! I want them stopped!
That woman is dangerous!

148 INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

MARY AND HER REFUGEES are stopped in their tracks by BUB AND HIS CADRE OF RED COATS. THE NURSE screams and tries to back away. THE CHILDREN cling to her, petrified, shrieking, starting to cry.

BUB lumbers up to MARY and...salutes. MARY returns the formality.

MARY
It's alright. I don't think they'll
hurt us. Try to stay calm.

149 INT. THE OUTER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

THE MANUAL DOOR has been locked from inside.

RHODES
SHOOT IT OPEN!

THE SOLDIERS follow orders, TWO OF THEM FIRING AT THE LOCK.

150 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

MARY is at A CABINET pulling out PISTOLS AND RIFLES, passing the weapons around to TONTO, BLUTO, SAMSON. BUB is strapping on his TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET all by himself, fumbling a little, but succeeding.

151 INT. THE CORRIDOR WITH RHODES - NIGHT

RHODES' MEN kick open the door and charge into the Dormitory corridor.

152 INT. THE FIRING RANGE - NIGHT

THE NURSE slams ANOTHER MANUAL DOOR, locking and bolting it.

NURSE
They're coming! They're coming!

She hurries along the caged alley behind the firing stalls guiding THE CHILDREN to an opposite exit.

BLAM! BLAM! MARY IS FIRING at AN ORANGE CIRCLE VEST on one of the cut out target figures in the range. THE RED COATS are watching with curiosity, cocking their heads.

MARY moves to fire again but BLUTO grabs her hand.

MARY
NO...BLUTO...I'M TRYING TO...

The dumb creature keeps his grip. MARY has to appease to him. She grasps his hand and shakes vigorously. When he finally lets

go, she aims her PISTOL again and FIRES AT THE VEST SEVERAL MORE TIMES.

MARY

Look. It's good to shoot the circles.
Good. Good.

THE ZOMBIES are confused. Exasperated, MARY tears off her own vest and tosses it down the alley. THE RED COATS look befuddled, and a little angry. MARY FIRES at the vest she threw down. TWO BULLETS HIT IT before MARY'S PISTOL CLICKS...empty.

There's A POUNDING AT THE DOOR. It's RHODES AND HIS TROOP.

Suddenly BUB steps into position. WHAP! One of his famous quick draws! BLAM!!! HE FIRES. THE VEST ON THE FLOOR, MARY'S VEST, IS HIT. BUB FIRES AGAIN, the other gun this time. THE VEST ON THE TARGET IS HIT squarely in the center of its orange circle.

TONTO now turns. He lifts his PISTOL and FIRES. THE VEST ON THE TARGET IS HIT AGAIN, off center, but hit.

MARY

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

Suddenly THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE RANGE FLIES OPEN. THREE OF RHODES' MEN RUSH IN, wearing, of course, orange circles. THE RED COATS OPEN FIRE. THE TROOPERS ARE CUT TO RIBBONS. Others outside the door duck back behind the walls.

THE ZOMBIES lumber toward the open doorway, STILL FIRING AS THEY GO. MARY is backing away through the opposite exit. BUB sees her leaving. He calls to her with a deep, pleading moan. MARY stops and looks at him sadly. He shoots off a military salute. MARY salutes him back. There are tears in her eyes.

She turns and hurries off. BUB joins his fellows in pursuit of Rhodes' and his men.

153 INT. THE GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

A WOMAN'S FACE IS FULL SCREEN. She is screaming in agony as she is TORN APART BY ZOMBIES. The creatures have invaded the gymnasium. They're CLAWING AT THE FAT-CAT COUNCILLORS, MAULING THEIR WOMEN.

GASPARILLA AND TWO OTHER MEN are rolling around crazily, bumping into exercise machines, knocking over wine bottles and tables full of hors-d'oeuvres. The single vest they are fighting over rips apart into two pieces, its orange circle severed into two useless halves.

GASPARILLA backs across the floor, his blubber bouncing. He has a tattered piece of the vest clutched in his hands. He tries to spread it out on his chest but it's too late... and THE ZOMBIES are too hungry...much too hungry.

MONTAGE: as ALL OVER THE ROOM THEY STRIKE. This is it, gore fans. The gross finale. The intestine-tugger. THE ZOMBIES GET THEIR SUPPER. THEY FEAST AMONG THE PILLOWS, like Romans at an

orgy. MUSIC still plays over the gymnasium speakers, rock-a-billy in a gleeful tempo.

GASPARILLA has retreated into his tanning-coffin but a pudgy arm and a leg are dangling outside. ZOMBIES CHEW HUNGRILY on the juicy morsels. From inside the coffin, where ultraviolet glows brightly, come the piercing, agonised screams of the fat General.

154 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER OF THE CAVE - NIGHT

DIESEL guides SPIDER through the huge earthen archways. ZOMBIES here are scattered now, but they provide for delays. DIESEL FIRES and ZOMBIES ARE HIT but few are hit fatally. DIESEL'S free arm can't fire accurately while he's trying to support the walking bomb beside him.

DIESEL stops to check his map. A ZOMBIE looms up behind him and takes a HUGE BITE OUT OF HIS SHOULDER. DIESEL screams. He lets go of SPIDER who stumbles away from him, almost falling but saving herself. Her eyes are bugging with pain.

DIESEL FIRES POINT BLANK AT THE ZOMBIE, BLOWING ITS HEAD TO BITS. MORE CREATURES are pressing in close. DIESEL bats at one, kicks another, punches a third. Then he rushes to SPIDER'S side and scoops her into his arms again. Wincing in pain from THE BLEEDING WOUND IN HIS SHOULDER he manages to move out of immediate danger.

THE ZOMBIES lumber after the two, groaning in chorus as they walk.

155 INT. THE CORRIDOR AT EXIT FIVE - NIGHT

MARY, THE NURSE AND THE CHILDREN come charging down the hall. TOBY, SARAH, AND JOHN are waiting for them near the open door which leads out into the jungle. TOBY AND MARY rush into each other's arms and they flee, with the others, out into the night.

156 INT. A CORRIDOR NEAR THE DORMITORY - NIGHT

RHODES AND HIS MEN rush into another corridor where they are met by a crowd of DROOLING ZOMBIES. THE MEN OPEN FIRE but the ZOMBIES are too close in. They get the upper hand.

RHODES FIRES HIS MAGNUM, his eyes insane, his face boiling red with disbelief. After TWO SHOTS BLAST OPEN THE HEADS OF THE CLOSEST ZOMBIES, THE MAGNUM just CLICK-CLICK-CLICKS! RHODES is out of lead.

He's grabbed by ONE ZOMBIE, then ANOTHER. He fights to free himself but HE'S BITTEN ONCE...TWICE...

BLEEDING, he fights on. He struggles to a doorway and pushes through.

157 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

RHODES comes face-to-face with...you guessed it...big BUB. THE ZOMBIE faces off, ready to draw those SIX-GUNS that hang at his hips. RHODES turns and runs.

WHAP! BUB slaps leather. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! RHODES turns a corner but ONE BULLET BITES HIM ON THE BACK OF HIS SHOULDER. Terrified, fighting pain, he staggers on with the gun-totin' RED COAT following behind.

158 EXT. THE JUNGLE - NIGHT

THE REBELS lead MARY, THE NURSE AND THE CHILDREN through the underneath. TRICKS is bleeding badly. TOBY helps him along. Suddenly, as they break into a clearing, SARAH stops cold. There on the ground, lying where we last saw it, is THE CORPSE OF MIGUEL.

JOHN

What is it?

SARAH

It's...he was...one who came to the island with me.

TOBY

Come on. No time.

SARAH

He was killed...five days ago.

MARY

Maybe...maybe he wasn't dead. Are you sure he was dead when you left him?

SARAH

Look at him. A hundred bullets. You tell me. Was he dead?

There are tears in SARAH'S eyes.

SARAH

Five days...and he hasn't...risen. He hasn't risen.

TOBY

Come on. There's no time. There's no time to lose.

THE GROUP pushes ahead. SARAH kneels. She blesses herself and makes the sign of the cross over the corpse. Then she stands to see that JOHN is waiting for her. He holds out his hand, she takes it and follows the others.

159 EXT. THE BACKWATER - NIGHT

THE SOLDIERS aboard THE FISHING BOAT hear NOISES coming from the surrounding jungle.

SOLDIER

WHO IS IT? WHO'S OUT THERE?

JOHN (o.s.)
WE WANT THE BOAT! DROP YER GUNS OR
WE'LL BLAST YOU!

THE SOLDIERS hesitate, looking around at the dark jungle.

TOBY (o.s.)
WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!

A SUDDEN BURST OF AUTOMATIC FIRE LIGHTS UP THE BLACK FOLIAGE.
THE SOLDIERS react, flinging their WEAPONS over the side into
the water.

THE REFUGEES spill out of the undergrowth and scramble over to
the boat, lifting THE CHILDREN and THE WOUNDED TRICKS on board
carefully.

JOHN pauses to look back into the jungle.

JOHN
Damn you, island. Damn you ta Hell and
worse!

McDERMOTT
We ain't outa here yet. Get yer ass
movin' ya dumb bastard.

McDERMOTT tries to slug from his flask, finds it empty. With a
shrug he tosses the thing into the backwater. THE ENGINE STARTS
as JOHN climbs aboard, SARAH AND TOBY giving him their hands.

160 INT. THE MAIN CHAMBER WITH DIESEL AND SPIDER - NIGHT

161 INT. THE LABORATORY AREA WITH RHODES AND BUB - NIGHT

(These two sequences will be intercut for parallel action)

ZOMBIES are crawling all over DIESEL now. He fights them off
valiantly but his super strength is waning. HE IS BITTEN AGAIN
AND AGAIN but he tries to keep himself between THE CLUTCHING
CREATURES AND THE LITTLE DEAF MUTE who is stumbling along
ahead. She's getting very close to a huge SET OF CONCRETE
SLABS...THE DOORS TO THE POWDER MAGAZINE.

Meanwhile RHODES approaches another corner in the hallway near
the Conditioning Room. BUB follows, his boot heels CLICKING the
way RHODES' own heels once clicked.

RHODES dives for the corner. BUB slaps leather and FIRES OFF
ALL TWELVE. RHODES rolls on the ground crazily. HE'S HIT
SEVERAL TIMES...but he's still alive. He pulls himself, in
agony, out of range. Calmly, BUB dumps out his spent shells and
starts to reload.

IN THE MAIN CHAMBER, DIESEL IS OVERCOME, DRAGGED DOWN BY A MOB
OF ZOMBIES. THEY START TO TEAR HIM APART BIT BY BIT.

SPIDER walks on alone. She is just a few feet from the POWDER
MAGAZINE now. A ZOMBIE grabs her from behind but just gets a

164 EXT. THE FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

THE REFUGEES stare toward the island as A HUGE BOOOOOM FILLS THE NIGHT. Some of the YOUNGER CHILDREN start to cheer as though watching fireworks on the Fourth of July.

165 EXT. GASPARILLA'S ISLAND (THEIR P.O.V.) - NIGHT

THE TOP BLOWS OFF THE ISLAND, just as TOBY predicted it would. It's as though an enormous underground volcano is exploding. It's a frightening...yet beautiful sight.

166 EXT. THE FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

TOBY looks back over his shoulder. THE NURSE is kneeling beside the body of TRICKS. He's dead. The woman pulls a blanket up over his head. TOBY steps forward, his PISTOL drawn. He pulls the hammer back and aims at TRICKS' head.

SARAH

No. Don't. Wait. Wait to see if... wait until it's necessary.

TOBY turns and looks at MARY. She nods. He releases the PISTOL HAMMER without firing.

DISSOLVE TO:

167 EXT. ANOTHER ISLAND (WIDE EST.) - MORNING

Gorgeous, a paradise. BIRDSONG fills the air.

168 EXT. A RIVER ON THE ISLAND - MORNING

THE REFUGEES are all gathered. THE CHILDREN walk, one by one, through the shallows as JOHN baptises them. SARAH, MARY AND THE NURSE carry the infants. When the infant in SARAH'S arms has been touched by JOHN'S hand, SARAH doesn't move on. Instead, she looks up into the big man's warm eyes.

SARAH

Me too...please.

JOHN gently cups a handful of river water and pours it on the woman's forehead.

THE OTHER ADULTS, led by LUKEY, file into the river, all lining up before the baptist, waiting their turns to be blessed into this tiny new society.

169 EXT. A BEACH ON THE ISLAND - MORNING

TRICKS' BODY lies covered in the sand. THE REFUGEES are gathered again, heads bowed, while JOHN speaks.

JOHN

Satan ain't sent this man back. Not yet, anyway. So we all hopin' that maybe he's up there with you, Lord.

This might be the first decent soul we
been able ta offer ya in quite a few
years. That's a fact. We just gonna...
pray, Lord. We gonna pray that what
seems ta be happenin' here...is really
happenin'...and I'm gonna take the
chance and speak these words that I
ain't been able ta speak for so long...

May he rest in peace

THE OTHERS

Amen.

170 EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

THE CORPSE lies in the MOONLIGHT. NIGHT CRITTERS SCREECH AND
BURBLE in the jungle behind the sand. It's an eerie scene.

SARAH is sitting up, her RIFLE ready in her lap, watching the
body. JOHN steps in behind and she startles.

JOHN

Just me. I'll take the next shift.

He settles easily down beside the woman. The two stare together
at the shrouded corpse.

SARAH

How long do we have to watch him?

JOHN

Forever, darlin'. Forever. 'Til he
turns ta dust and blows away on the
wind.

THE BODY lies silent, rigid under the KHAKI ARMY BLANKET that
rises and falls, rises and falls with the Gulf breeze.

Suddenly...A LOUD MUSIC CHORD! A SUDDEN MOVEMENT!

It's the movement of RED LETTERS that spin up off the head of
the corpse and settle before our eyes.

The letters read: "THE END (I PROMISE)"

Stay Scared!
J. A. Romero