

DEAD WALKING

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

Secluded out in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by a fence ten feet tall. Sign on the fence reads "Harding Hills Power Plant."

A hefty WORKER dressed in coveralls, cigarette between his lips, loads a bulging garbage bag into the back of a pickup truck. He climbs in behind the wheel and passes through the open gate. It closes behind him.

The truck disappears down the dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - LATER

The worker parks his truck off the side and lugs the bag into the--

WOODS

Many yards in, the worker comes to a ravine and tosses the bag over the side.

RAVINE

The bag tumbles down the slope, poked and prodded by foliage it comes in contact with on its way to the bottom. Broken containers inside seep a bright green fluid that trickles out to the ground surrounding the bag.

LATER

A wild dog trots into the area, sniffing a trail up to the bag. It laps up the green liquid as if its dying of thirst.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

BOB and KARL, both around 40, dressed in hunting fatigues and carrying rifles, walk through as quietly as possible. They're on the watch for deer, ready to act on a moment's notice.

A stick CRACKS somewhere up ahead. Bob makes a hand gesture - he wants Karl to circle around while he heads straight toward the sound. Karl wanders off to the side.

Bob ventures straight ahead, lifting his rifle to his face so he can see through the scope. His attempts to walk quietly falter as leaves and sticks CRUNCH beneath his boots with each step.

He comes across what he was looking for--

A six point buck, grazing in a small clearing, oblivious to the hunter's presence.

Bob readies his rifle, takes his time for the perfect shot.

Just as he starts to squeeze the trigger--

The wild dog leaps out of nowhere and takes Bob to the ground. His gun FIRES at that instant, scaring off the deer.

SNARLING like a rabid animal, the wild dog attacks with a fury. Bob's shoulder takes the blunt of the attack. Fangs rip into it as Bob cries out in agony. He attempts to fight off the beast, but it's just too powerful. Blood sprays the dirt around them.

BOB

Help!

BANG. The wild dog takes a shot to its side and flies off of Bob. But it quickly recovers and moves in for another attack.

BANG, BANG, BANG. Three shots to the dog's head. It falls over, appears dead.

Karl stands off to the side, rifle raised to his eye.

Bob can barely move due to the pain, as well as the blood loss he has already endured.

Karl rushes to him and kneels, panicked over what to do.

KARL

Shit.

The wild dog suddenly jumps up, GROWLING as it makes a move on Karl.

He raises his rifle in a panic and FIRES point blank. The shot shatters the dog's skull. Its body drops on top of Bob's legs. The animal's head is mostly gone.

Disgusted by the sight, Karl uses his boot to shove the carcass off of Bob.

BOB
(agonized)
What the fuck happened?

KARL
Wild dog... must have rabies or
something. Come on. I'll get you
out of here.

He drapes the strap of his rifle over his shoulder and pulls Bob to his feet. Bob helps as much as he can but in his weakened condition, that isn't a whole lot. They slowly trek back in the direction they have come from.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Karl practically carries his friend's weight. The entire side of Bob's shirt is drenched in blood. He barely remains conscious.

KARL
Bob, do you remember where we left
the truck?

Bob can only groan in his weakened condition.

Unable to go any further under the duress, Karl collapses with Bob and struggles to catch his breath.

Bob's eyes close as he goes limp.

Karl leans over him.

KARL
Don't die on me, pal.

Karl removes his own hunting jacket and uses a pocketknife to cut it into strips. Then he wraps Bob's shoulder tightly in an attempt to stop the bleeding.

Karl sits back, looking up at the treetops. The sun is nowhere to be seen and darkness takes over the woods. It's all Karl can do to hold it together.

KARL
Please give me strength.

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

The remnants of a fire smolders. Bob lies nearby, still unconscious.

Karl stands over him, rifle strap on his shoulder.

KARL

I'll come back with help.

He strolls deeper into the woods.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob's eyes snap open.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

An SUV is parked off the side.

A RUSTLING comes closer. It's Karl, emerging from the woods. His pace increases when he sees his vehicle.

He stops by the driver's door and sets down his rifle against the SUV so he can search his pocket for keys. He unlocks the door and sits inside.

INT./EXT.SUV - CONTINUOUS

Karl removes a cell phone from the glove compartment, activates it and attempts to make a call. He looks at the screen. No signal. He beats the steering wheel with his hand out of frustration.

KARL

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

A loud CRACK from the woods causes Karl to whirl in a panic. His eyes scan the wilderness as he steps out of the truck to pick up his rifle.

A SCUFFLING comes from the rear.

Karl holds the rifle ready as he cautiously approaches the rear bumper. Nothing behind the SUV.

He relaxes a little, rifle lowered, and turns to go back.

Something unseen moves in swiftly on him from the front.

Karl illuminates in terror. He attempts to raise the rifle in time but his attacker takes him to the ground on his back before he can succeed.

O.S. Karl SCREAMS out, over and over. We hear the sound of teeth TEARING into flesh. Blood splatters the SUV.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A full-size passenger van loaded with luggage passes through a secluded section of mountains.

INT. VAN (MOVING) - SAME

Behind the wheel is CHAD MARTIN (20), a carefree fraternity type. Next to him sits STACEY HOWARD (19), a ditzy "pretty girl."

In the rear bench seat, JAKE REYNOLDS (20), strong appearance, sits between KARA LINTON (19) and JONI HARDING (18), both high maintenance in looks. Jake holds each close with an arm around them. The three have "immature" written all over.

Joni fusses with her make-up in a hand-held mirror.

In the middle seat, the most serious couple. TREY MADDON (19), a combination bad-boy/sweetheart look and MEGAN HARRIS (18), average looks with a souring nature about her. Their expressions convey boredom.

JAKE

Are we there yet, are we there yet,
are we there yet?

Kara and Joni laugh.

Megan rolls her eyes.

CHAD

Hey, retard. Don't disturb the
driver.

JAKE

That doesn't answer my question, ass
wipe.

CHAD

Look out the windows. Does it look
like we're fucking there yet?