

INT. BARN - DAY

FRANKLIN, early twenties, a little rugged looking, dirt covered clothes, sits with his back against a post, his eyes closed, in a meditative zen type relaxation.

His arms resting on his knees, we see that in his hand is a large machete, covered in a rust colored like dried blood.

We hear the sound of a footstep.

Franklin tilts his head, not opening his eyes, listening in the direction of the noise.

We hear it again.

He opens his eyes and looks towards the direction of the noise, as quietly as possible, standing up and walking heel to toe, to the side of the barn where he hears it.

The footsteps happen again, a little more this time, we can tell it sounds as if one foot is draggin.

Franklin positions himself to he can see any breaks in the sunlight coming in.

We see a figure pass by a crack in the wood.

Franklin steps back.

His face looks distressed, he looks around for other options besides the one he still holds in his hand.

There is a knock on the door of the barn on the opposite end of where the 'walker' is.

Franklin looks up quickly.

His face is making gestures towards the knocking, as if to say, "quiet!"

He runs over to that door.

FRANKLIN
(whispering)
STOP IT!

BECKY
(panic whisper)
Franklin! Franklin! Please come
on, open up.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKLIN
Have you been bit?

BECKY
No! Just open up!

FRANKLIN
How do I know?

BECKY
Just trust me! I'll show you when
I get inside! Just open up please!

FRANKLIN
(whispered dramatic pause)
How... how can I still trust you?

BECKY
(almost in tears)
Franklin.... PLEASE!

BECKY, is early twenties, her hair caked with bits of blood, her face has dirt, mixed with dry blood caked in any crevices. Her clothes just as casual, and just as filthy as Franklin's.

Franklin ducks as if the volume of words flew overhead.

He quickly turns looking at the opposite end of the barn where the walker was passing, he sees a shadow stop suddenly, and hears walking as more shadows approach.

FRANKLIN
(whispering)
Becky? Stay quiet...

BECKY
(whisper)
Just let me in...

FRANKLIN
One second.

Franklin walks quietly over to the other side of the barn, where at least three walkers now stand outside, in a triangle pattern, they are staring in the direction of the barn, but still move, swaying slightly, listening.

BECKY
(loud whisper)
FRANK!

Franklin who has reached a crack he can peer through, sees as the three zombies look up, having heard something.

(CONTINUED)

Franklin's face says, "shit!"

Franklin starts stepping back from there, and he hears other footsteps.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Outside the barn, we see the original three walkers, and we can see that Becky is on the other side of the barn from them.

We see the woods off to one side of the barn, where inside, leaves crunch, branches snap, and there is a distant moan.

Off to the other side of the barn is a small house, quiet, deserted, as if haunted.

Becky is crying almost, wanting to be let in.

She turns and wraps loudly on the door once.

BECKY

FRANK!

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Frank looks around.

FRANKLIN

Shit...

The shadows start dispersing to either side, it is hard to tell how many shadows there are at this point.

Franklin runs to the door where Becky stands.

FRANKLIN

(loud whisper)

I can't let you in! Get away from here! They heard you!

BECKY

I don't have any place to go! You let me in you son of a bitch!

FRANKLIN

(panic whisper)

Becky! Run and hide in the house, in the attic! Then come back down when they are gone!

(CONTINUED)

BECKY
I can't the attic...

FRANKLIN
(panic whisper)
The attic is safe, it'll be okay.

BECKY
The attic isn't safe anymore Frank.

Franklin looks sympathetic, knowing what this means.

BECKY
Eric's not...

Beat.

Franklin looks sad and puts his hand over his mouth, wiping away the perspiration; internally debating whether or not to let her in.

He is on a constant verge of spitting out the first syllable to let her in.

BECKY
Please Frank... It's all that...

Becky yells.

BECKY
Frank! Let me in! LET ME IN!

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Becky looks to her left where a walker has moved, coming closer to her, she gives up on Frank and turns around where two more walkers have approached.

There is the distant sound of moans getting louder from the woods.

Things move in the background near the house.

Becky turns as one walker grabs her arm, she pulls away.

BECKY
FUCK YOU FRANK! YOU DID THIS TO ME
YOU ASSHOLE!

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Frank hears the yelling, he can't speak, he can't give away his location.

We see shadows struggling, the sounds of pushing, and pulling, the sounds of grunting and of whimper, cries of strain, and pain.

The shadows push Becky against the exterior wall of the barn, a little divot under the door shows the shadows and soon the sound of shrieking and ripping, and the splatter of blood.

Franklin looks down, seeing the shadows, and now seeing the blood soak in under the door.

Becky is outside, crying from the pain.

BECKY
(weak)
Frank.... Frank...

Frank is taking calming breaths, his face full of sadness.

He bites his lip and steps a foot closer to the door.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Becky's face is pale, sweaty, weak, blood drained, as the walkers bite her, and rip at her.

She wants to still scream, but it comes out as weak breaths.

BECKY
(weak)
Frank... I jus-

We hear a loud and slightly wet THWACK.

Her eyes go wide.

We see her left eye twitching.

A tiny amount of blood starts pouring from her forehead, where we see the ever so slightly protrusion of a blade.

The walkers stop eating immediately and step back looking towards her, having heard the noise.

They look curiously at the door.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Franklin stands, holding the end of the machete in hand, having pushed it through the wood, killing Becky.

He is out of breath, and is on the verge of tears.

He yanks the machete back, we hear the THUD of Becky's body hitting the ground.

Franklin takes a step back, turning to walk back to his post in the middle of the barn, shaking his head at what he had done.

And then there is the slight noise of a rattle.

Franklin stops walking, tilting his head again, as before in the direction of said sound.

The rattle becomes louder, and he looks back at the door where Becky laid dead.

The rattle becomes louder, and banging, as the three walkers outside are now aware of a presence.

Franklin looks slightly worried.

He thinks he hears something, and his eyes follow his ears towards the walls of the barn, and the other door.

Where he sees constant moving shadows, wood scratching.

Walkers, many, banging on the walls, trying to rip at them.

The moaning getting louder and louder, the banging and clawing of the wood competing for decibel levels.

The moaning becoming so loud as the shadows begin blocking all light.

Franklin puts his hands over his ears, looking around him, in almost panic.

Franklin throws down his hands.

FRANKLIN

SHIT!

CUT TO BLACK.