

ReEnactment

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FADE IN:

EXT. CIVIL WAR BATTLEFIELD - DAY (1864)

The sudden huge sonic boom of a cannon firing is followed by the sounds of men screaming and the popping of small arms fire. A field about two hundred yards long and a hundred yards wide is crowded with soldiers, the Yankees in blue at one end and the Confederates on the other end in gray. The blue clearly outnumbered the gray.

Blue smoke shrouds the battlefield as the Yankee soldiers fire volley after volley. The Rebel soldiers are much more careful with their fire.

A thin line of desperate Confederate soldiers clings to what little cover is available. A bullet catches one Rebel soldier in the cheek and takes a big chunk of his face. He falls to the ground writhing. A confederate soldier near him grabs the fallen man's rifle to return fire.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD watches from his position ten yards away where he is hunkered down behind a fallen tree. McLeod is in his early thirties but could pass for ten years older. On a good day, his many scars and piercing eyes make him difficult to gaze upon. Today is not a good day. He looks like hell. His left shoulder is bleeding profusely as if a gator took a big bite out of him. He is pale and drenched in sweat. He checks to see how many rounds remain in his pistol. The answer is clearly bad. He looks around him to see how his men are doing. Every last man seems to be wounded. They look sick, very sick. One of them vomits nearby and then another follows suit.

As he takes stock of the situation, McLeod notices a little slave girl, FATIMATA, watching the battle from the tree line fifty yards away. She cannot be more than eight or nine years old. She is tending a small fire, placing things in the flame that cause it to spark and smoke profusely. Their eyes meet and the little girl grins at him wolfishly. She, clearly, is enjoying his predicament. She stands mumbling and making hand motions like an exotic Asian dancer. The rest of her body begins to join the unheard music.

The crack of a rifle from across the field. A bullet strikes a few feet near Captain McLeod and rivets his attention. He looks across the field to see the Yankees preparing to charge.

McLeod looks back at the little slave girl. Her dancing has become more intense but her eyes never leave his. The smoke around her has become so dense that McLeod can almost make out eerie shapes and faces within it.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly there is quiet.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD

Get ready, boys! They're coming!

His men are grim, their faces as gray as their uniforms. They exchange tired glances, then pull themselves up to face the enemy. Those without firearms or edged weapons scrounge sticks and rocks.

The quiet ends as everything seems to explode at once. The Yankees begin their furious charge across the field. They leap across every barrier and flow like burning lava onto the southern soldiers.

The Confederates fire their remaining rounds then pull their sabers. Some have bayonets ready. The Rebels fight like demons but the Yankees cut them down one by one. The Yankee troops are cruel with their sabers and knives, cutting off pieces of the Rebels.

YANKEE SOLDIER

Remember Andersonville, boys. Dyin'
ain't gonna be easy for this trash.

Fatimata watches gleefully from the trees. She is doing a grizzly happy dance as her eyes meet Captain McLeod's again. Suddenly, McLeod falls flat on his back as a Yankee Soldier guts him like an animal. He tries to scream but chokes on his own blood.

Once the Yankees have sated their vengeance, they mount up and ride off. Fatimata steps out from the trees and skips toward the bloody field. There are body parts and unidentifiable hunks of flesh twitching all over the ground. Fatimata walks among the dead cursing them and spreading some dust from a pouch she carries. They begin to twitch and writhe horribly.

Fatimata laughs like a crazy woman.

INT. OFFICE - DAY (2012)

TITIA (pron. "Tisha") is interviewed by a businesswoman in a gray suit. Titia is a 25-year-old black woman. She is sleek and elegant but her strong posture and stern countenance suggest she is not someone to mess with.

BUSINESSWOMAN

It says on your resume that your
last job ended about six months
ago.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

Yes, I've been out of work since then.

BUSINESSWOMAN

But it doesn't mention what that job was.

TITIA

Yes.

The businesswoman looks at Titia for elaboration. Titia looks back waiting for the next question. The businesswoman looks confused briefly, then closes the folder on her desk and stands up to shake Titia's hand.

BUSINESSWOMAN

We'll be in touch, Titia.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Titia returns home from her interview. She lazily tosses her coat onto a chair and flops onto the couch, stressed out. She exhales deeply and moans, then searches for the TV remote. Her apartment is average-sized but nice and well-decorated. The couch sits across from a large, flat-screen TV.

Titia finds the remote and attempts to power on the TV but instead turns on the radio at full blast. She jumps up, startled, and searches for a button for awhile before finally turning off the radio.

TITIA

Stupid shit.

KITCHEN

Titia opens her refrigerator, sees it is empty, rolls her eyes, and closes it.

BEDROOM

In her bedroom, Titia lies down in bed. She sees her acoustic guitar beside her and picks it up to play. She strums a couple of notes, then hears a crack. She looks down and sees one of her fake fingernails has cracked off. She puts the guitar down and sighs.

EXT. KING STREET, CHARLESTON, SC - DAY

A red Lexus with Ohio license plates pulls out of its parking spot onto the busy street. Tires squeal and the Lexus is immediately struck by a white pickup truck with the words "Charleston County Mosquito Control" painted on the side. The occupants of the vehicles spill angrily out to confront each other. We see close-ups of their faces and their anger distorts their features to make them appear monstrous. The Lexus is owned by DR. OWENS and his wife, JUNE. Their nine year old son, REGGIE, stays in the back seat holding a futuristic looking action figure. Dr. and Mrs. Owens are middle aged and black. He is a little paunchy wearing khaki pants and a golf shirt.

The driver of the mosquito truck is LUTHER, a tall, thin white man in his mid-20s. With him is COOTER, similar in age and build but slightly shorter. They are dressed in white t-shirts under blue overalls and baseball caps, and speak with thick southern accents and dialect.

Luther sees the Ohio license plate and spits in disgust.

LUTHER

Fucking Yankees. I oughta stomp you into the mud here and now, but I don't wanna get Yankee ass all over my shoes.

DR. OWENS

You didn't signal your lane change. This is all your fault. No one in this damn state knows how to drive.

LUTHER

(even angrier)

Damn state? Oh, I can drive, asshole. I can drive your fat Yankee ass into the ground.

JUNE OWENS

Honey, get back in the car before that troglodyte loses what's left of his tiny mind.

LUTHER

Bitch, I was brought up to respect women, but I can make an exception for you.

Dr. Owens moves bravely between Luther and Mrs. Owens.

(CONTINUED)

DR. OWENS

Don't you talk to my wife that way.

A small crowd has gathered. Luther looks around and sees people pulling their cell phones out. Some are calling and some are taking video and photos.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

Titia, still dressed in her interview outfit, exits her building and locks the door behind her. She sees the crowd of people around the accident and walks over to check it out.

BACK TO SCENE

Cooter checks the truck for damage and walks up to Luther.

COOTER

Luther, let's get the hell outta here. I don't see no damage.

Reggie looks anxiously out the car window, when suddenly Luther shoves Dr. Owens with both hands. Falling backwards, Dr. Owens knocks his wife into the Lexus where she loses her footing and falls to the pavement. Dr. Owens, incensed, lunges forward with an overhand right hook but his balance is off and his blow strikes Luther harmlessly on his shoulder. Luther smiles wolfishly and slowly draws his fist back to strike Dr. Owens on his exposed temple. Before his fist can find its target, Luther feels frozen. He turns to see Titia holding his fist in her hand. Luther is dumbstruck. Their eyes meet.

TITIA

Chill, cracker.

Luther will not. He remembers some classes he had a few years ago and throws a left elbow strike at Titia's head. She laughs, easily blocking his blow while dropping him with a quick kick to the back of his leg. Luther groans as his knee strikes the pavement.

TITIA

I said chill, cracker.

Cooter is coming around behind her to help Luther but Titia gives him a hard look and he backs off. Titia looks through the car window and sees Reggie. She gives him a big smile. Reggie smiles back. Police sirens begin to fade up from the distance. She lets go of Luther and takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA
Are we good here?

Luther and Cooter nod, but their faces are red and their eyes angry. Luther stands gingerly.

LUTHER
(to Dr. Owens)
This ain't over, dickwad.

Luther turns and gives Mrs. Owens an evil leer and makes an obscene gesture as he and Cooter get back into the truck. He looks out the window and glares at Titia. They share an ugly stare for a moment until Luther burns out and speeds off down the street.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Titia is sitting alone at a table outside a coffee shop. She smokes a cigarette and watches people walk by on the street. Every minute or so she pulls out her iPhone to check for messages.

She looks down into her coffee and sees the confederate zombie faces. She knocks the coffee mug onto the patio. At that moment, her phone rings. The wizened face of MOTHER appears on the phone's screen.

MOTHER (V.O.)
I need you here right now.

Titia throws some money on the table, grabs her purse, and heads to the street.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Luther and Cooter stride purposefully across the battlefield from earlier. The field largely unchanged in the more than 150 years since the battle, aside from the trees being older and bigger, and uncut, weedy grass.

The men have pesticide tanks slung across their backs and gas masks on their faces. Their uniforms are marked CHARLESTON COUNTY MOSQUITO CONTROL across the back in black block letters. They carry their chemical sprayers like assault rifles. They reach the spot in the trees where Fatimata was dancing and let loose with torrents of bug spray. Dead bugs and spiders fall on them like hail stones. They both are laughing hysterically through their masks. They pull them off as the mist they've generated clears up.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Maybe we shoulda cut it some more.
It's not 'sposed to be that strong.

COOTER

Yeah, you're probably right.
Wouldn't it be great if we could
use this stuff on the two legged
vermin round here?

Cooter nudges Luther playfully, knocking him onto his ass
and spilling the contents of his bug spray tank on the
ground.

COOTER

Oh, shit! I'm sorry, Luther.

LUTHER

Damnit, I got that crap all over
me. Help me up. Damnit, it burns.
It really burns.

COOTER

I said I'm sorry. Let's get you
outta here.

Cooter helpd Luther up. Luther looks around.

LUTHER

What about the rest of this spray?

Cooter dumps his container of spray on the ground.

COOTER

What spray? Let's go.

They hustle across the field to where their Mosquito truck
is parked.

INT. MOSQUITO TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The interior of the truck is full
of smoke and ZZ Top at full volume.
Luther is driving and they each
have a beer and a cigarette.

COOTER

Love me some Friday.

Luther reaches down to dampen the volume to a low roar.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Yeah, but I've got a lot of work to do gettin' ready for the big battle tomorrow.

COOTER

So, she's gonna let you go?

LUTHER

Damnit, Coot. You know I don't need her permission to do shit.

COOTER

Since when?

LUTHER

I'm gonna pull this truck over and kick your ass if you don't shut up about Vanessa.

COOTER

You're fulla shit, Luther. I'd beat you like a red headed step child.

LUTHER

Bullshit, I've been punchin' yer lights out since we was four.

COOTER

It's on, then. Pull over, dickwad. It's on.

LUTHER

Alrighty then!.

Luther pulls the truck over to the side of the road. They both get out and walk over to a drainage ditch. As they are walking, Cooter hits Luther from behind. Luther stumbles. He turns slowly to face Cooter holding his ear where he was struck. Luther suddenly looks startled at something behind Cooter. Cooter notices, looks behind himself, and Luther sucker punches him back. They grab each other and fall into the mud wrestling. After a bit of tussling they hear a noise up the bank from them. They turn to see the SHERIFF, a bulky, middle-aged man, enjoying their show. They freeze and stare at him, intimidated.

SHERIFF

No, go on! Please don't let me interrupt. On second thought...would you two mind coming up here onto dry land for a sec? I might have some questions.

(CONTINUED)

COOTER AND LUTHER

Yessir.

SHERIFF

Lemme guess...you're doin' some kinda mosquito research...

COOTER AND LUTHER

No, sir.

SHERIFF

But you stink...not that 'stepped in shit' kinda stink but something more profound and pervasive.

COOTER

Yessir. You see...we got some of those chemicals...you know, the bug stuff on us. And it stings real bad...

SHERIFF

Wait...I know this one...so, you two decided to get down in the mud and scrub each other off...

LUTHER

Yessir.

SHERIFF

Well, you smell way too bad to sit in my squad car...so here's the deal. I don't want there to be a bunch of paperwork for this stupid shit. And you two assholes want to keep your jobs, right? And your driver's licenses? And the money you'd pay the lawyers and the court, right?

LUTHER

Yes, sir.

SHERIFF

So, strictly for my amusement, I want you to hit that other cretin over there. Hard. Upside the head.

LUTHER

And that's it?

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

Yeah, that's it. I want to get it on video for a little project I'm working on. And then, you two numb nuts can get back to whatever stupid shit you were up to.

The Sheriff pulls out his phone and turns on the video camera, pointed at Luther and Cooter.

LUTHER

Just hit him and that's it?

SHERIFF

(Angrily)

If I have to repeat myself one more time I am just gonna shoot you and be done with it.

Luther suddenly punches Cooter square in the mouth. Cooter falls and rolls back down in the ditch.

LUTHER

Sorry, buddy. I had to do it.

SHERIFF

Nice! I got what I need. Now go! Get the hell outta here and stop being so damn stupid.

LUTHER

Yessir.

BACK IN THE TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Luther and Cooter riding in the truck, drinking cans of beer.

LUTHER

What the hell was that?

COOTER

The cop?

LUTHER

Yeah, the cop. What else has been weird today?

COOTER

I don't know but my head still hurts from that sucker punch.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

I said I was sorry. Hey, whadda ya wanna do tonight?

COOTER

I wanna see that band over at The Windjammer.

LUTHER

What band?

COOTER

Uhhhh...

LUTHER

Let me guess...Harmony is gonna be there. Friend, let that one go...my advice...let that one go...

COOTER

Well, I'm goin'.

LUTHER

If you insist. I gotcher back, buddy.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Back at the field recently sprayed by Cooter and Luther, a storm is breaking. The wind picks up and rocks the trees. After a thunderclap that sounds just like the canon firing, the rain starts coming down in sheets. Rivulets of water begin exposing rotted wood coffins. Another thunder clap and the coffins seem to explode. Confederate Zombies pull themselves from the blood red mud. As they first rise from the ground, they are clearly in shock to be standing above ground again. They are shocked to see the night sky after a hundred and fifty years entombed.

Their limbs are clumsy and some fall like lambs. One zombie sobs. Two others look at each other in wonder. They are bonded survivors of a very bad, very long experience.

Finally, Zombie Captain McLeod stands and they one by one join the formation. There aren't many of them.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD

Kill...

His voice rises.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN MCLEOD
YANKEES!!!

Their countenance changes when they think of killing the Yankees and they straighten up and become much more vigorous. They march off into the night.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT

A group of Confederate Zombies are making their way up a country road in a parody of military precision. The leader sees a house ahead that is clearly not lowcountry architecture and it is flying an American flag. They snarl at it. They move to front of the house. Some circle around back. There is large video screen inside the house showing Barack Obama making a speech. The words "President of The United States" cross the screen.

The Zombies stare slack jawed for a moment then suddenly erupt in fury when they realize what they are really seeing, if not how they are seeing it. The Zombies roar in outrage.

A middle aged white couple appear in the window curious as to the source of the noise. They see the zombies and the zombies see them. The man of the house is wearing a New York Yankees t-shirt. The zombies roar again - louder this time - and rush to the house. They bang on the door while several break through the window.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

The owner of the house frantically runs to the closet near the door and pulls a shotgun out. But, as he turns, a zombie knocks the gun from his hands. It strikes the floor to fire with both barrels. They hit the owner's wife in the ankles. She falls screaming to the floor. She looks up in agony to witness her husband being ripped to pieces by the soldiers in grey.

Some Zombies fall on the two Yankees and rip them apart. One picks up the shotgun and gathers some shells that have spilled from the closet. Several of zombies pull the flat screen off the wall and smash it to pieces. There is a moment of calm and then McLeod grunts. He looks around and then exits through the front door.

BACK OUTSIDE

They continue down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see the Yankee's house from the driveway. There are half a dozen police cars flashing blue lights and two ambulances flashing red. The Sheriff's cruiser pulls up and double parks. The Sheriff exits the vehicle and surveys the scene. It is a bit of chaos. The Sheriff strides up the walkway past some cops exiting the building.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

He continues into the living room where two cops in blue uniform are bent down over the bodies. They stand up quickly when they notice the Sheriff. The Sheriff draws a deep breath as he takes in the gory, chewed up bodies.

SHERIFF

Jesus!

DEPUTY

Sheriff, the only thing I am certain of, is that Jesus had nothing to do with this.

SHERIFF

Nice. Very clever. So, what do you know?

DEPUTY

They were literally torn from limb two limb. The woman over there was hit in the legs with a shotgun blast. There are bloody footprints, finger prints, and hand prints everywhere. Forensics will be chewing on this for days.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

MOTHER, a wise, elderly black woman, lies in obvious discomfort on her couch. Titia is next to her in a chair. The house is old and dark, with antiques and faded paintings in the background.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

OK, What the hell is going on,
Mother?

MOTHER

Child, don't you talk to me that
way.

Mother makes herself comfortable on the couch. Titia brings her a blanket, smoothing it lovingly over her.

MOTHER

A hundred and fifty years ago we
were slaves to the white men.

TITIA

(Laughs)

Yes, Mother, I know. Go on...

MOTHER

Well, of course you know. You ain't stupid. Anyway, there was a little slave girl named Fatimata. She had the healing gift as did her mother and her mother's mother. She worked the plantation with her mother and father. Fatimata knew every healing herb found in the swamps and woods around the plantation. She knew every creature that crawled, swam, or flew through the lowcountry. Now, her father was a good man who loved little Fatimata and her mother more than life itself. It pained him awful to see his wife and daughter in chains. He resolved to go north to the free places so he could earn enough money to buy freedom for his family.

TITIA

What was his name, Mother?

MOTHER

Lordie, I don't recall. Let me finish the story before I get all sidetracked.

MONTAGE: FATIMATA'S STORY

Mother and Titia continue talking over shots of Fatimata's life.

--Swampland - Fatimata's father runs through the swamps, trying to escape.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Well, one night under a full moon he lit out for freedom. He ran through the swamps full of snakes and all manner of killing creatures. He swam across the rivers and lakes full of alligators. He ran for two solid days before he collapsed.

--Swampland - Fatimata's father is caught and chewed by the dogs.

MOTHER (V.O.)

The dogs caught up to him the third day. He was working so hard to stay ahead of the dogs that he didn't see the johnny rebs ahead. They were on their way south to Ft. Sumter in a big hurry. He ran right into them. They let the dogs chew him for a bit before they dragged him back to the plantation.

--Plantation - The Plantation owner beats Fatimata's father to death as she and her mother watch.

MOTHER (V.O.)

The plantation owner gave them a reward before he beat that poor man to death right in front of little Fatimata and her mother.

BACK TO SCENE

Titia watches Mother, listening intently.

TITIA

I wish I had been there...

MOTHER

No, you don't. Well, after the man beat Fatimata's father to death - I wish I could remember his name -

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (cont'd)

the master whipped Fatimata's mother nearly to death just to make a point. Little Fatimata never shed a single tear.

TITIA

What??

MOTHER

Her heart became a black stone. She turned and walked away and began to study the hurtful arts. And she was a quick study, girl. She went to all the elder women to ask them each to teach her their darkest secrets. And they did. They helped her to channel all of her hatred as well as the hatred they had all harbored for the white man. Then, as little Fatimata walked through the forest, the plants withered at her feet. Birds fell dead from the trees at her gaze.

MONTAGE CONTINUES

--Plantation - Fatimata walks up to the plantation owner, who shrivels to his death at the sight of her.

MOTHER (V.O.)

She walked straight up to the plantation owner as he stood on the steps of his big house. Not a word passed from her lips but, after a minute, he began to shake. At first it was a just tremors...kind of like palsy. But every minute the shaking would get a little worse. Soon, he couldn't stand. His wife helped him to bed and sent for the doctor. But by the time the doctor got there, the plantation owner had bit through his own tongue and died choking on his own blood.

--Dirt Road - Fatimata walks in search of the soldiers.

MOTHER (V.O.)

The next morning, little Fatimata went in search of the confederate soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

--Battlefield - Fatimata does her dance (from the first scene). The Yankees kill the Confederate soldiers.

MOTHER

It was the last few weeks of the war and Fatimata came up on the rebs as they were in a desperate battle with some Yankees near where Boone Hall is today. All she had to do was glare at them from the trees and the rebs began to cough up bloody chunks of their own lungs. Weakened as they were, the Yankees cut them down easily.

TITIA

She killed them!

BACK TO SCENE

Mother continues her story on her couch.

MOTHER

But, child, she wasn't done there. One of the elder women from West Africa had taught little Fatimata to become a Bokor.

TITIA

Bokor? You haven't taught me about that.

MOTHER

Well, you're gonna learn all about that now. Since they have no will of their own, Zombies remain under the control of the Bokor.

TITIA

Zombies? Really? That's what I saw in my coffee?

MOTHER

I don't know what else to call them in this tongue.

MONTAGE CONTINUES

--Battlefield - Fatimata performs sorcery and buries the rebel soldiers.

MOTHER (V.O.)

The Yankees didn't bury the confederate dead until the day after the battle. During the night, while the living soldiers slept, Fatimata crept into the camp and performed the sorcery and the spells to trap those rebel souls on this earth.

BACK TO SCENE. END MONTAGE.

Titia's eyes widen.

TITIA

So, let me get this straight. Fatimata turned those rebel soldiers into Zombies.

MOTHER

Yes, and I fear they walk among us right now.

TITIA

Oh, My God.

MOTHER

The last thing they'll remember is the battle. They died a horrible death there. Coughing up their own guts like that. It was like they were turning inside out.

TITIA

What are they going to do? What do they want? Brains? Is it like the movies?

MOTHER

These zombies are in very deep pain - psychically and physically. They will want vengeance, a great deal of vengeance on them they see as responsible for all they lost.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

Most likely, they didn't know about Fatimata so they'll be looking for...Yankees. Oh, shit.

Titia gets up and starts paing around the room. Mother sits up slowly on the couch.

MOTHER

Titia. I fear many bad things are about to happen. We need you to come back.

TITIA

(Angrily)

NO! I said I wanted out and I meant that!

MOTHER

But..

TITIA

No! I'm trying to make a normal life for myself, Mother.

MOTHER

Then leave my house. Let me be alone.

Titia heads toward the door. She stops as Mother speaks.

MOTHER

But you will soon regret your decisions, little girl.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A car with Ohio plates pulls up to a "No Parking" sign near the beach. Another even bigger sign says "No Dogs. No Swimming. No Surfing." Two young, attractive surfers, SHELLEY and BILLY, get out of the car and stretch.

SHELLEY

Can't we do this in the morning, Billy? We don't know this beach. It really could be dangerous. Let's just check into the hotel and have a few drinks. I'm tired.

BILLY 15

C'mon, Shell. We've been driving through pouring rain in that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BILLY 15 (cont'd)
fucking car all day. Look at that
surf the storm's kicked up. It
might be like glass by morning.
And, now, we have the beach all to
ourselves. No locals to fuck things
up.

She shrugs. They unload their boards and change into their swim suits. Billy leers at Shelley in her bikini. He makes a move but she pushes him away with a green.

SHELLEY
Not on the beach. Not tonight.

Billy laughs and heads to the surf with his board. Shelley starts to follow him but hears a noise in the dunes behind her. She stops and peers intently into the darkness. She shrugs to her herself and turns to join Billy in the surf. As Shelley paddles toward the breaking waves on her board a fin slices through the water nearby. She starts to falter.

SHELLEY
(more annoyed than anything)
Shark! Billy, there is a fucking
shark in the water. Perfect. Fuck
this. I'm heading back in. Billy,
lets go back.

BILLY
No fucking way, Shelley. We drove
for eight hours in a monsoon to get
here and I'm not letting one little
shark scare me away. You go back to
the beach and I'll be along in a
few minutes. I just want to catch
one wave.

SHELLEY
You are such an asshole. That shark
is longer than my board.

She turns her board around and paddles back to shore. As she pulls her board out of the shallow water, we see glimpses of a small group of gnarled confederate zombies walking among the dunes not far away. She doesn't see them. She goes between the cars for some privacy and begins to change out of her wet bathing suit. In the moonlight, we see glimpses of her sleek body. Suddenly, as she is toweling off her hair we see a gnarly zombie hand grab her arm.

(CONTINUED)

SHELLEY

(annoyed)

Stop playing, Billy I'm not nearly in the mood. And take a fucking shower. You smell like a sewer.

ZOMBIE

Yankee!!!

She drops her towel and turns toward the zombie. Finally, she realizes it is not Billy. She screams. She wrenches her arm violently to free herself and succeeds in ripping the zombie hand from its limb.

The hand however remains clamped to her upper arm. She screams again and turns to run but crashes into the remaining zombies. They all fall to the ground. She thrashes and cries out to Billy as their bony zombie hands and teeth rip at her flesh.

Billy hears her screams and paddles hurriedly toward the shore. As her scream intensify, Billy paddles harder. But, he is knocked from his board and we see the shark fin rushing toward him.

BILLY

Shelley!!!!!! Sh...

His scream is cut off as the shark pulls him under.

The camera cuts back and forth as both of them are ripped apart - Billy in the water and Shelley on the shore. The camera closes in on one rebel zombie ripping a piece of flesh from Shelley with his teeth.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Titia lies on the couch in her living room with the TV on quietly. A news anchor is on the screen, cut with images of hotels and beaches crowded with people.

TV ANCHOR

Area hotels are said to be reaching record capacity this week, with thousands of tourists in town for the tenth annual Charleston Civil War Reenactment. The event is expected to be the largest and most spectacular event of its kind.

Titia turns and glances at the screen but doesn't appear to be paying much attention. She starts to close her eyes but is quickly awakened by a loud knock on her door.

(CONTINUED)

She walks up to the door, opens it, and sees DAVID standing in the doorway. He is a handsome, mid-20s black man dressed in a United States Navy uniform. Titia embraces him and screams in obvious joy.

TITIA

What the hell are you doing here?

DAVID

I wanted to surprise my girl.

TITIA

How long do you have?

DAVID

Just a couple of days. C'mon, get dressed. I'd like to take you out to eat downtown.

EXT. KING STREET, CHARLESTON, SC - NIGHT

David drives a rental car with Titia riding shotgun. He is still in uniform. She has put on a black dress and fixed her hair. She looks very nice.

David parallel parks the car on the side of the road, not far from the earlier accident.

INT. DAVID'S CAR

David turns takes off his seatbelt.

DAVID

I'm just going to run into the drug store for a second and pick up some Tylenol. I think I coughed something on the plane. Wait her.

Titia nods as he gets out of the car.

INT. DRUG STORE - NIGHT

David is in the medicine aisle comparing packages. On the opposite end of the store, several Confederate zombies enter. The cashier gives them a dirty look, but the zombies seem to ignore it. They split up and walk around the store in search of Yankees.

One of the zombies sees David, who is too focused on reading the medicine labels to notice. The zombie walks up slowly to where is inches from David's face, breathing heavily.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Excuse me, can I help...

He turns and sees the zombie staring at him and drops the medicine. His eyes grow wide and he walks slowly backwards away from the zombie, but another zombie is standing behind David.

EXT. DRUG STORE - MOMENTS LATER

The group of zombies exit the drug store carrying David's body. He is still alive and in one piece, but not for long.

Titia, still waiting patiently in the rental car, hears screams from outside and looks up to see David being carried by the zombies.

The zombies drop David onto the sidewalk. Two of them pick him back up, one by the arms, and one by the legs. They pull away from each other. A ripping noise is heard. Titia, in the car still, screams and begins crying. She slides over to the driver's seat and starts the car.

David's body lies in two pieces on the sidewalk. The rest of the zombies begin chewing the pieces, ripping them into more sections.

Titia drives away, hysterical over what she just saw.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mother walks slowly into her kitchen. She is barely strong enough to do so on her own. She starts to pour herself a cup of tea. Titia bangs open the front door and runs into the house looking for Mother. They meet in the kitchen.

Titia is drenched in sweat and breathing uncontrollably.

MOTHER

You look like you just saw a zombie or something.

TITIA

It's David. They got David.

MOTHER

Your man friend? He's a long way from Afghanistan, now isn't he?

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

He was home for the weekend. Mother, the zombies killed David.

Mother sits down slowly on a chair at the kitchen table. The only light is a lamp in the adjacent bathroom, and the moonlight shining in through the windows.

MOTHER

I believe you owe me an apology.

TITIA

I want back in.

MOTHER

I asked for your return, and you scoffed at me, child. How do you expect the elders to approve your return on such terms? You left us. You betrayed us.

TITIA

I need their help.

Mother sips her tea. Her calmness is a stark contrast to Titia's hysteria.

MOTHER

There must be initiation. It is the only way.

TITIA

But...

MOTHER

No buts. Grab my coat and my cane. I will summon the others.

TITIA

Tonight?

MOTHER

There is no time to waste. I think our worst fears are being realized, child.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

At the battlefield, Mother and Titia are joined by a group of elderly black women, very much like Mother. They are in a circle around Mother and Titia.

A storm is brewing. Thunder is heard in the distance but it gradually grows louder. Lightning strikes.

Mother is weak. She relies heavily on her cane. Titia sits down in the grass, her legs crossed Indian-style. Mother speaks in her usual calm manner.

MOTHER

Sisters of the order, we gather here tonight to bring young Titia back from her exile. With her leadership and power we may have the ability to defend against the evil white men once again.

The other elders mumble a chant in an unfamiliar language. They hold hands and raise their fists into the sky.

Lightning strikes, louder and bigger than the last time. Mother falls, helplessly, to the ground. Titia turns to her and leans over her. Mother's eyes are closed and she is very still. She is dying. Titia holds Mother in her arms and listens to her final words.

MOTHER

Titia, it is your time now. I've never told you how proud I am of you. You are a credit to our people. I've tried to teach you most of the things I know but there never seemed to be enough time.

TITIA

No, Miss MOTHER, please! You're gonna be fine. We've got all of the medicines you need!

MOTHER

TITIA, you don't understand. All the hate I have been carrying like a treasure for all of these years broke open inside me and no medicine in the world is gonna heal me now. I've carried my hate like a precious black pearl. I polished it till it was too bright to look on. My hate could swallow the ocean and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER (cont'd)
the sky whole. And now it has eaten
me up inside.

Titia starts to sob.

MOTHER
Don't cry child. I don't know for
sure what comes next but I am glad
to leave this world behind. I just
need to promise me that you'll pass
our ways onto the next generation.
Don't let them forget about our
people that came before and what
they suffered. Don't let them
forget our magic and the power of
our healing. We are strong and
always have been. That's how we
survived all the hundreds of years.

TITIA
Miss Mother, there is so much I
don't know yet. I can't fill your
shoes.

MOTHER
I am too tired to go on, child.
I've lived two long lifetimes. My
hate has kept me alive and, in the
end, it has killed me. I got no
regrets. Well, maybe a few. Titia,
you are strong and smart. You can
carry our ways into the new times.
But I am going to sleep the long
sleep in the bosom of the earth.
Go, now. Do what must be done.

Mother closes her eyes. She is dead.

Another elder comes and takes Mother from Titia's arms.

ELDER
Go, child. Follow orders.

INT. WINDJAMMER - NIGHT

The inside of the Windjammer is packed with young people
drinking and dancing to the incredibly loud southern rock
that fills the air. It's a nice, popular bar on the beach.
There are confederate flags on every other t-shirt and ball
cap. A huge confederate flag hangs behind the band.

(CONTINUED)

Cooter and Luther are festooned with confederate insignia. They are some college kids in clusters trying to fit in and maybe meet some local girls and, of course, to drink as much beer as humanly possible. And there are some obvious tourists just taking in the scene.

COOTER

Do you see Harmony?

LUTHER

God, I hate that name. She might as well be called Stripper.

COOTER

Don't start that shit again, how 'bout it?

Cooter spots Harmony intently watching the band but occasionally glancing over at him flirtatiously. Cooter saunters over. We see confederate zombies coming in through the back door. They stare up at the flag and at the confederate symbols all through the room. A drunken redneck in a confederate battle flag T-short bumps against one of the zombies. They stare at each other intently for a moment.

DRUNK REDNECK

Dude, great costume but you smell like shit.

At first, no one notices anything strange about the newcomers. The confederate uniforms are not too extreme for these rabid southern rock fans.

The zombies seem stunned by the bright lights and very, very loud music. They work their way up to stage front. Suddenly, the lead singer of the band smells something truly foul and looks down to see the zombies. He stops singing in mid verse. The other band members look askance at him and then follow his gaze to the undead.

They stop playing - staring at the undead in shock. Sudden silence fills the room. The crowd sees the band stepping back away from the zombies. Then, the crowd surrounding the zombies starts to back away. One girl screams and then more. Quickly, panic ensues as everyone tries to flee the club.

The Zombies grab terrified Yankees and quickly the dance floor is drenched in blood. Cooter and Luther are amongst the last living in the large suddenly empty room. They look at each other then turn and flee. The zombies stare in amazement at the televisions, posters, and neon on the wall. It is all overwhelming for them.

On one large television a news anchor talks about the Civil War Reenactment the coming weekend. There is a poster for the reenactment with a map. The zombies become agitated and head off into the night.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We see the SHERIFF on the phone.

SHERIFF

Undead? Really?

(laughs)

Zombies in Confederate uniforms?

Jake have you been hitting your

Daddy's moonshine again? Anyone

hurt? OK, I'll be over in a bit. I

got some other things to deal with.

The SHERIFF hangs up the phone and

turns to his deputy.

SHERIFF

I think another big bale of weed

musta washed up on shore.

INT. GOOSE CREEK BAR - DAY

The bar is a classic American working man's bar - dimly lit, cheap furnishings, and a roguish clientele. A group of stereotypical good ole boys is drinking and telling stories by the pool table. Multiple TVs with the sound off flash images of nothing important.

REDNECK

I'm telling you I was there. I saw

those Confederate things shake

those people like rats. There were

pieces of Yankees all over the

place. Blood everywhere. I've seen

every damn Zombie movie ever made

and those were fer real Zombies.

COOTER

I believe that you saw something.

Of course, it's a hoax. It's a

government thing. You know.

(points to one of the TVs)

That's why we're not seeing

anything on the news about it.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Shit for brains. You don't know what you're talking about. My pappy always told me that the south was gonna rise again and here it is. We've gotta take this opportunity to succeed from the U.S.

COOTER

Dumbass. It's secede not succeed.

LUTHER

Whatever. I'm ready. I have four hundred pounds of deer meat in my refrigerator and enough ammo and beer to last till next Christmas.

COOTER

So what do we do?

LUTHER

Let's find those Johnnie Rebs and lend them a hand. They're kickin' Yankee ass and I want some.

COOTER

But they is zombies.

LUTHER

Who gives a fuck? Them zombies is heroes come back to show us the way. Next to the mayor they are the oldest of the good ole boys.

COOTER

I guess you do have a point there, Luther. But what are we gonna do?

LUTHER

We got guns.

(everyone laughs)

We got trucks. We aint' afraid to kick some ass and take some names. Let's clear them Yankees out of here and start something new. Let's make something out of this country our forefather's died to defend. I'm tired of all of the bullshit. All of the bullshit they teach us in their Yankee schools. Tired of their bullshit foreign wars. Tired of the bullshit Washington politics.

There is an excited chorus of "Hell, yeahs" and "damn straights" rising from the bar crowd.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

The morning after her initiation, Titia arrives at Mother's house to look for clues as to how to continue. She looks around the living room and kitchen but sees only memories of Mother and is saddened.

A knock at the door.

BETTY (V.O.)
Hello? Miss Sandy?

Titia walks to the door. Standing there is BETTY, a teenaged black girl, very young-looking and thin.

TITIA
She's not here. Who are you?

BETTY
Name's Betty. I live next door. I come to water the garden and I wanted to see if Miss Sandy needed anything else today?

TITIA
Well, I'm sorry, Betty. Mother passed away last night.

BETTY
Oh my God, I'm so sorry. She was your mother.

TITIA
Not exactly.

BETTY
But you were close?

TITIA
Very.

BETTY
Anything I can do to help you, uh...h...

TITIA
Titia. And no thank you. You best be getting along.

(CONTINUED)

Betty nods in agreement and turns away. Titia starts to close the door behind her but sees a crew of confederate zombies walking down the street in formation.

TITIA
(screaming)
Betty! Get inside! Quick!

Betty notices the zombies, finally, and runs into the house. Titia locks the door.

TITIA
Hide! Now!

BETTY
Yes, ma'am.

Betty and Titia run frantically trying to find a place to hide.

EXT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The zombies see an American flag flying in Mother's lawn. They walk up to the house, knock down the front door and enter the house. They search the house for Yankees but the house appears to be empty.

The zombies see some of Mother's old artifacts, including a uniform from a Union soldier, and begin destroying the house. They tear up her couch, throw her refrigerator out the back window and start burning artifacts in the fireplace. Some of them are eating food they find in the cupboards and others gnaw at pieces of furniture.

Zombie Captain McLeod is the last to enter. He walks up to a framed picture of young Fatimata and stares silently. The other zombies all pause and stare. McLeod motions for all of them to run away.

When the room is clear, Titia exits a small closet. She looks for Betty. Betty exits from a door in the back of the house leading to a dark room.

BETTY
Miss Titia...what was that?

TITIA
Zombies.

BETTY
Zombies? I didn't know they were real.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA
They're very real.

BETTY
Please explain.

TITIA
Well, I suppose you're safer here with me than out there. You said you wanted to help, now here's your chance. That room you were in, it's full of books and herbs. We need to study those books and try to find a way to destroy the zombies.

BETTY
We can't just kill them?

TITIA
These zombies are mean sons of bitches, Betty.

BETTY
Where'd they come from?

TITIA
Sit down.

Betty finds a lone chair that isn't destroyed. Titia starts to tell her about Fatimata.

TITIA
During the slave trade, the colonists sought to acquire slaves from certain parts of Africa that were good at growing certain cash crops, like rice, for example. The new American soil hadn't been fruitful for them. Well, these slaves were more than just labor. They knew a lot about how to use the Earth, you see.

Betty nods along.

TITIA
You're probably in high school, right?

BETTY
Yes, ma'am.

TITIA

So you're familiar with it to some degree. Well, while the man slaves worked the fields all day, the women were inside, cleaning and caring for the young. They had time to talk, unlike the men in the fields, and they were able to share their knowledge. Mother comes from a line of women who for centuries have been passing oral traditions and wisdom from generation to generation.

BETTY

What kind of wisdom?

TITIA

Come.

INT. MEDICINE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Titia lights a candle in a lamp in the dark room Betty hid inside. When it lights, we see tables stacked high with plants, bins of dried herbs and dirt, and books. Betty looks around in amazement.

TITIA

Mainly, the order's specialty was medicine and potions. Not witchcraft, exactly, but today people might call it magic. Well, they could use this "magic" to perform spells.

BETTY

Order?

TITIA

Yes, like I said, they've existed for centuries, and still do today. Strong, united African women.

BETTY

Like you?

TITIA

For now. You watch Oprah Winfrey?

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

Yes, I love her.

TITIA

Think about that for a second. How do you think she really got to be so powerful?

Betty's eyes widen.

TITIA

Anyway, those zombies were created from one of the spells gone wrong. Hatred ran rampant in this area near the end of the Civil War. Oral traditions say that one of the more powerful medicine women, Fatimata was her name, cast a spell on some Confederate soldiers who had killed her father. The spell was designed to keep them alive and suffering underground forever. Well, Fatimata must have somehow enhanced the spell she used to turn those soldiers into zombies. The process we use to animate things produces only temporary results. It works for a day or two at the most.

BETTY

But they're still here...

TITIA

In her hatred, she found a way to make the effect permanent. Fatimata meant for them to be imprisoned in their graves but still conscious enough to hate and to feel deathly pain. She found a way to trap them between life and death.

BETTY

But it was so powerful that they remained that way forever?

Titia nods.

BETTY

So they've risen. But why?

TITIA

The more important question is how do we kill them? That is what I need your help with.

INT. MOSQUITO TRUCK - NIGHT

Luther and Cooter drive down the highway. They are passing a mason jar of clear liquid back and forth.

LUTHER

Let me have a pull.
(takes a big pull from the jar)
Man, that's smooth.

COOTER

Yeah, man. My uncle makes that shit. You know, family recipe and all that. His daddy and his daddy's daddy. But don't drink to much of that stuff. It will make you blind.

LUTHER

Sure is dark out here.

COOTER

Where are we gonna find these zombie heroes?

LUTHER

We're on the hunt. If I was a zombie, where would I hide?

COOTER

Why would they hide? Who's gonna fuck with zombies?

LUTHER

The bigger question is why haven't we heard something? First they say its sharks. Then it's alligators. They don't know shit. These zombies, they're on the move.

COOTER

It's the government, man. They don't want us to know about the zombies. Maybe it's the zombies that are causing all this unemployment and shit.

LUTHER

What the fuck are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

COOTER

The zombies. Where did they come from? I think the government made them. You know, to work for free. Like slaves. Think of it, man. Huge factory farms and all the labor for free. That puts all those workers out on the street.

LUTHER

Fuck that. Hey, my old man used to take me deer hunting on this old county road by the Boone Hall Plantation. I always thought that place was spooky. Whadda ya think?

COOTER

Sometimes you are like a genius. Only stupider.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff and Deputy look on grimly as DR. REED, the Medical Examiner, works over the remains of the surfers. Opera rocks the examination room.

DOCTOR REED

Well, I'll be damned!

SHERIFF

What?

DOCTOR REED

First of all, these remains come from two bodies, although there's not much left of either of them.

SHERIFF

Two?

DOCTOR REED

Yeah, look at this bite mark here. These are clearly human bites. But look at this piece over here. That cut is typical of the bite of a large shark. Probably a Bull shark.

SHERIFF

Human bites? That doesn't make any sense, Doc.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR REED

Human bite wounds are notoriously deceptive and are perhaps the most potentially disastrous type of bite wound because of the abundant pathogenic oral flora found in humans.

SHERIFF

Patho what? Correct me if I am wrong, Doc, but human bites are rarely fatal.

DOCTOR REED

So are shark attacks. These bodies were ripped apart, Sheriff. I know this sounds gruesome, but it is possible that someone chewed the body AFTER it was ripped apart by the shark and washed ashore.

SHERIFF

Oh, my God. Can you keep this quiet just a little while?

DOCTOR

(laughs)

Keep what quiet?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Sheriff and his deputy are drinking large cups of coffee.

SHERIFF

What the hell is going on? I'm prepared for hurricanes, drunk drivers, breaking and entering, druggies, and just about anything involving stupid people. But what or who is killing these tourists?

DEPUTY

It's got to involve the water somehow. All of the victims have been in or near the water.

SHERIFF

I don't know. I feel like we're missing something...a big ass piece of this puzzle. And so many of the witnesses describe soldiers. Is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF (cont'd)

there a military connection I'm missing? Some sort of military experiment gone wrong? You know, like those submarine exercises that are killing all of those whales.

DEPUTY

Should we call the navy?

SHERIFF

It won't do any good. They'll just lie to us.

DEPUTY

Sheriff, this is America and we're the law.

SHERIFF

(laughs)

And you think that means something?

DEPUTY

You're damn straight I do.

SHERIFF

Don't get me started. What do we know? We have six victims found chewed up on our beach - all tourists. We have a dozen reliable local witnesses who claim that soldiers did it. We have a Medical Examiner who says we have shark AND human bites.

DEPUTY

I see what you're sayin', Sheriff. It has to be the Navy, don't it? They're the only ones who have sharks and sailors.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

The I'On swamp is seriously spooky during the day let alone at night. Cooter and Luther's pickup truck is parked by the dirt road with the headlights on. The two are armed with shotguns and they look tense. They are peering intently into the deep foliage.

(CONTINUED)

COOTER
You hear that?

LUTHER
Yeah, I sure do. What do you think
it is?

COOTER
I don't know for sure.

LUTHER
Sh...sh...should we turn that light
out? It's illegal to hunt at night
with lights.

COOTER
Well whoop dee fucking doo. We
ain't huntin'...least not things
the rangers know about.

LUTHER
I don't want to be out here in the
dark if those things are close.

COOTER
Holy shit! What the fuck is that?

There is obvious rustling in the brush a hundred yards in
front of them. The two lean forward squinting to see better.
A small family of deer explodes from the brush.

COOTER
(laughing a little crazily)
Jesus! Jesus. My heart stopped.

LUTHER
Did you see that buck? He was huge.
That was a lot of meat on the hoof.
I should have shot him.

We see a small knot of Confederate Zombies emerge from the
dark woods behind them. They walk between the pickup and the
rednecks. Our rednecks see strange shadows moving on the
trees in front of them. They turn around to see the
Confederate Zombies backlit by the headlights.

COOTER
When I count to three you run to
the right and I'll run to the left.

LUTHER
I'm not running. You do what you
will.

(CONTINUED)

The Confederate Zombies walk up to them slowly. At first the zombies are fierce but it is obvious that they are curious. In the headlights the Confederate Zombies are looking at the Confederate flags on the rednecks T-shirts and hats and the stickers on the truck.

Zombie Captain McLeod walks right up to Luther and put his gnarled hand out. Luther reaches his hand out and shakes Captain McLeod's hand and then salutes him. The Confederate Zombies continue on down the road. Cooter falls to the ground amazed that he is still in one piece.

LUTHER
(reverently)
Didja see that? Didja see that
shit?

COOTER
Did I see that shit? Man, I pissed
my pants. I mean really soaked
them. I was sure I was a dead man.

LUTHER
It's just like I said. Heroes. They
are heroes coming back to free the
south.

COOTER
Free us from what? What the hell
are you talking about, Luther?

LUTHER
Free us from the money-grubbing
Yankees and Washington. The south
is gonna rise again and they're
gonna lead us.

COOTER
Dead men are going to lead us?
We're gonna follow Zombies?

LUTHER
Hell, yeah. They're pure. Pure as
the driven snow. Their minds aren't
polluted with hormones in the beef
and milk, fluoride in the water,
TV, and the fucking internet.

COOTER
They smell real bad to be that
pure.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER

Sometimes the truth is unpleasant
and there it is.

COOTER

What are you going to do? LUTHER
I'm going with 'em.

COOTER

Where?

LUTHER

Wherever. To hell and back. I see
it all so clearly now. They need my
help. I can make a difference. Like
in the big picture. Finally,
something makes sense to me.
Finally, there is something I can
believe in.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor, BLUE WARNER, is obviously putting the old in
'Good ole boys'. He looks about 100 years old. He is riled
up. The Sheriff sits in a chair across a huge desk from the
Mayor.

MAYOR

Jesus, Sheriff. What the hell
happened?

SHERIFF

We're not sure just yet, Mayor.
It's gotta be some kinda prank or
publicity stunt gone wrong. The
gist of it is... the upcoming
reenactment...some of the
Confederate reenactors have been
taking things a little too
seriously and some folks got hurt.

MAYOR

Uh, huh.

SHERIFF

We've got eighteen dead men.
They're pretty ripped up.

MAYOR

Have you talked to the organizers
of the event?

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

Yes. They deny any involvement.
Mayor, this is a battle
"reenactment." There ain't s'posed
to be any dead.

MAYOR

OK. OK. So, what are you doing
about it?

SHERIFF

We've been searching the woods, but
there were hundreds of boys in
Confederate uniforms. We're
interviewing everyone but this is
going to take a while to sort out.

MAYOR

What about them shark attacks?

SHERIFF

We think that was just an
unfortunate coincidence.

The sheriff speaks quickly and quietly, as if hiding something.

A pretty woman in her early 50s knocks on the door but doesn't wait to open it.

SECRETARY

Mayor, the governor's on the phone
for you.

MAYOR

I've got to take this, son. Hang
on.

MAYOR

(on phone)

Yes, governor. Yes, sir. The
fishing has been real fine. We took
the boat out last weekend and
caught our limit and maybe a little
more. Governor, I'm glad you
called. I just want to say that I
am sorry about all of the problems
you've been having. It's the damn
press; they got no respect these
days. I want you to know that
you'll always have my vote. I voted
for your daddy and your daddy's
daddy. You're welcome. Oh, that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR (cont'd)

Yes, of course, we have the situation under control. I've got the Sheriff right here. There were eight dead Yankees but no losses on our side. Say hi to your wife for me..oh, I'm sorry, Governor. Hasta la vista.

The Mayor puts the phone down and cackles gleefully.

MAYOR

Sum'bitch got his dick in the wringer and I am happier than a two pecker puppy. Sheriff, we got a lot of tourists coming to town and I don't want any bad news...you know...shark attacks and such scaring them Yankees...I mean, visitors away. You handle this thing quietly. Its time to grab the bull by the tail and look it squarely in the eye. Ya, hear?

SHERIFF

Yes, sir.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The beach is crowded. It's a beautiful day. Two pretty, albeit slutty-looking BIKINI GIRLS lay in the sun.

BIKINI GIRL #1

Are you still going out with 'what's his name'?

BIKINI GIRL #2

Greg?

BIKINI GIRL #1

No, the other one.

BIKINI GIRL #2

Nah. He got all Jersey Shore on me. Did you hear about the Windjammer thing? The band dressed up like zombies and killed people. There was blood and intestines and stuff all over the dance floor.

(CONTINUED)

BIKINI GIRL #1

Cool. That's the place we tried to get in to last night? Are they playing anywhere else we can go see them?

BIKINI GIRL #2

Yeah, I wanna meet some of the local talent but there seems to be five girls to every guy here so all the locals boys think their shit don't stink. God, I hate leaving New York. Why can't our parents just rent a house in The Hamptons like normal people? Why do we have to schlep all the way down here to bumfuck every year?

A confederate zombie nearby overhears the conversation. Realizing they are northerners, the zombie motions for other to join him.

BIKINI GIRL #1

I don't know, something about spring break when they were in college in the 70s. Gross. Speaking of shit, what is that heinous smell? Bitch, did you fart?

Bikini Girl #2 screams as she sees the Confederate Zombies coming toward them from the dunes.

ZOMBIE

Yankees!!!

The girls try to run but they don't get far before the Confederate Zombies get them. The camera pulls away from the carnage to reveal chaos up and down the beach as the Confederate Zombies ravage the Yankee tourists.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Titia, in the medicine room, opens up a large, old, dusty book and flips through the pages. Tucked in the pages is a picture of Captain McLeod. She examines the picture.

TITIA

Betty!

Betty runs over.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

This man. I recognize him. He was with the zombies. He was the leader.

She hands the picture to Betty.

BETTY

There's a name on here. McLeod.

TITIA

I doubt that would do us any good.

She takes the picture back and puts it aside.

BETTY

What exactly are we looking for, Miss Titia?

TITIA

When Fatimata turned the soldiers into zombies, she used her powers to cast a spell on them. The spell used certain herbs to preserve the zombies' sensory organs...eyes, ears, tongue, skin, nose...and, of course...the mind. She wanted them awake and aware of their pain...and the stench of their own bodies rotting.

BETTY

So they won't die because the spell keeps them alive.

TITIA

It keeps their senses working. Based on what I know, the spell used a potion-like substance. It's in their bloodstream and because their heart is now working independent of the rest of the body, it will continue to preserve the spell by pumping the potion throughout the body.

BETTY

So if we can make a counter-potion and somehow get it into their bloodstream...

TITIA

We can reverse the effects of the spell and they'll die within seconds. At least I hope.

They continue looing for clues.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER - DAY

Cooter and Luther sit outside the Mount Pleasant Town Centre, an upscale shopping center. They are just feet from the entrance to Victoria's Secret, hiding behind a car.

LUTHER

You sure this plan will work, numbnuts?

COOTER

Trust me. These dumb bitches walk out of here everyday with their fancy sunglasses on and they're so excited about spending all their money on undies and shit that they don't even see nothin' else around 'em.

A woman struts out of Victoria's Secret carrying four large shopping bags. She walks straight to the parking lot, across the street, oblivious to oncoming traffic that halts for her to cross.

COOTER

You see what I mean?

LUTHER

I do. I just worry about how you spend your free time, Coot.

COOTER

It's foolproof.

LUTHER

But why are we attacking a Victoria's Secret?

COOTER

It's like you said. Liberal consumer...rebellion, Luther. It's all about the rebellion.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER
Whatever you say.

Luther motions: "come now!" Fifteen yards away, Zombie Captain McLeod and a small team of zombies hide in a garden. They walk out and start making their way toward the store. Luther and Cooter leave their post to meet them.

Suddenly, the zombies see a sign nearby for a different store, Yankee Candle. McLeod orders his troops to the candle shop.

Luther and Cooter are oblivious, staring at Victoria's Secret, presuming that the zombies are following them. They turn around when they hear screaming and see the confederate zombies jumping out of the windows of the Yankee Candle shop and tearing up patrons, eating candles and killing innocent bystanders.

Luther and Cooter run over and join in, lighting candles and throwing them back into the building. One of them catches the building on fire. The hillbillies and the zombies run away and leave the store to burn to the ground.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark inside the medicine room, as the sun has gone down. The only light is the lamp Titia has lit. Titia and Betty both go through books.

Titia turns to a page in the book she is reading. Her eyes widen.

TITIA
Yes!

BETTY
What?

TITIA
I found something. It looks like some kind of recipe. A lot of herbs and shit like that.

BETTY
We've seen a bunch of those, though.

TITIA
This one says it's a paralyzer. It has the ability to stop the heart. If we can stop the heart, we stop
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TITIA (cont'd)
the spread of the zombie
potion. They're no longer
immortal. Betty, this is the
key. I can feel it. Something
tells me this is what we need.

BETTY
That's awesome. I found something,
too that is interesting.

TITIA
What's that?

Titia walks over to where Betty is sitting and looks at the
book she has open.

BETTY
It's an entry in this
encyclopedia. Have you ever heard
of a bokor?

TITIA
Mother mentioned that. Right
before she died. She said Fatimata
had the power of a bokor.

BETTY
Do you know what it means?

TITIA
Not really.

BETTY
It says here that a bokor has the
power to create zombies and that
they obey her. Whoever the bokor
is controls the zombies since they
no longer think for themselves.

TITIA
These zombies think for themselves,
though. That much is
clear. Fatimata must've made them
so powerful and with so much hatred
she altered the spell so that she
lost control.

BETTY
Well, there's more.

She picks up a piece of paper.

BETTY

This was in the book, on this page. It's a spell, and what appear to be map coordinates.

TITIA

That's not far from here. Look up where exactly that is and let's go there.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Sheriff paces back and forth across the front of a room. At his attention are dozens of police officers and armed volunteers listening to his orders.

SHERIFF

Alright, men. You have been selected for your dedicated service to the great County of Charleston to help with a special...uh, "task force." There are a group of people roaming around town doing some bad things, and it's your job to stop them. Now, the mayor and the governor don't know what we're up to and it's best they don't ever find out.

He stops, puts his hands behind his back and speaks loud and clear to his "army."

SHERIFF

The men we're after dress as Confederate soldiers. We believe them to be some sort of zombies. Kill them at any cost. Destroy them, and clean up the evidence. Am I clear?

The men in the room yell in unison: "YES SIR!"

SHERIFF

Good. Now, the reenactment is Sunday morning meaning we have just over a day to clean up this town before all eyes are on Charleston. We need to be swift and aggressive. No GO!

The men grab their guns and head out of the room one by one. The Sheriff and his deputy leave out a back door.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

The Confederate zombie headquarters. Zombie Captain McLeod, Luther and Cooter sit at a table in an old shack.

LUTHER
Captain, what was that all about earlier?

COOTER
Yeah, you guys ruined my perfect plan?

LUTHER
Shut the fuck up Cooter.

Cooter rools his eyes.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD
We came to kill Yankees. Not innocent women.

LUTHER
Well, I'm all for that.

COOTER
Me too!

Luther shoots Cooter a glare.

LUTHER
I have an idea. We need to send a message. The South will rise again. I really believe that. And it's up to us to make that happen, because everybody else has been brainwashed by CNN and all that. This is not a united nation anymore. The socialists are taking over and everything our forefather's worked for is goin' down the pisser.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD
How do we send a message?

LUTHER
Sunday morning is a big Civil War reenactment. Thousands of people are going to be there and everyone is going to watch it. If we and your troops join the battle and really stick it to the union boys,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER (cont'd)
that tells 'em that we're here, and
we want a fight.

COOTER
Can I make a suggestion?

LUTHER
What is it Coot? What could you
possibly have to add?

COOTER
They're gonna have rifles and such
at that there reenactment
thing. Alls we got is zombies that
like eatin' folk. Shouldn't we be
armed too?

LUTHER
You know, Cooter. I think you're
on to somethin'. Maybe there's
hope for you, yet.

Cooter smiles.

LUTHER
Captain, there is a weapons
manufaturer based not far from
here. Since we have the truck,
we'll take a few of your men and
try to raid their supply for
weapons.

Captain McLeod nods. Luther and Cooter salute him and stand
up, then walk away.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

An old Civil War battlefield. It's empty and swampy, with
tall grasses and shrubs everywhere. Titia and Betty pull up
in Titia's car and walk out to the field.

TITIA
This is the spot. I don't know what
is so special about it though.

BETTY
Perhaps Mother was here before, and
performed the spell.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

Let me see it. I'll try the spell
here and see if anything happens.

Betty hands her the spell.

TITIA

I was re-initiated into the
society, and the elders told me
that I had the power to take care
of this. Here goes nothing...

She reads the spell, but it is in an ancient tongue. Betty
watches nearby. As she reads, Titia raises her hands up and
spreads her arms.

She finishes the spell, but nothing happens
immediately. Betty looks around but still nothing happens.

After a brief pause, the ground begins to shake and thunder
is heard. Dirt is thrown from the ground and the swamp
water splashes. Then, a black man rises from the
ground. He is a zombie, but dressed in a Union army outfit.

More and more SLAVE ZOMBIES rise from the ground, from all
over. As far as the eye can see, hundreds of them rise and
stretch their arms and legs.

BETTY

(whispers)
What are they?

TITIA

(whispers)
Slaves. Slave zombies. An army
that Fatimata must have
buried. Let me try something.

Titia raises her voice. She yells as loud as she can.

TITIA

My people! I am sorry to awaken
you from your rest. But we are in
a time of great need and face a
large danger.

She thinks for a moment of what else to say.

TITIA

Your enemies have risen, and I need
you to stop them. Fight the
fight! The white men have killed
our ancestors. They have taken our

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TITIA (cont'd)
loved ones. Use your hatred and
your thirst for vengeance. Destroy
the cracker zombies! My people, I
need your help!

The newly risen zombies join hands and look up into the sky. The clouds turn into a panorama of tortured faces and forms. The zombies twitch and moan in shared pain. Then, turn as one and look off into the distance.

A hundred or more black zombies walk through the marsh with determined looks on their faces. They are chanting "Crackers" in a weird Zombie voice.

EXT. WEAPONS FACTORY - NIGHT

Luther and Cooter pull the mosquito truck up to the weapon manufacturer. 6 Confederate zombies are in the bed of the pickup truck. Luther is the first out of the truck, followed by Cooter.

The zombies jump out of the truck bed and stand in formation behind Luther and Cooter.

LUTHER
Coot, you take three of these
zombies that way and try to find a
way in. Here, take this.

He hands Cooter a walkie-talkie.

LUTHER
The rest of us are goin' around
this way. Let me know if you find
something.

Luther and his three zombies head to the left, while Cooter and his team head in the opposite direction.

MOMENTS LATER

Luther and his three zombies crawl along the base of the wall of the factory. Luther stands up to look into a window.

SAME TIME

Cooter and his team approach a parking lot in the back of the building. There are army tanks lined up inside a gated-in lot. There is a large entrance to the building with two SECURITY GUARDS, one white and one black, standing with rifles guarding the entrance.

Cooter pulls out his walkie-talkie.

COOTER

Luther.

OTHER SIDE

Luther's walkie beeps. He responds. The scene cuts back and forth between the opposite ends of the factory as Cooter and Luther explain their situations.

LUTHER

Whaddya got Coot?

COOTER

Luther, there are tanks back here. And an entrance. But there are two guards.

LUTHER

Send the zombies after the guards. There are plenty more where they came from. I'll bring backup. We need to get in.

COOTER

Anything on your end?

LUTHER

Windows that are impossible to break. Take out the guards, Coot. I'll be there in a jiffy.

Cooter puts his walkie in his pocket.

COOTER

You heard him, men. Take out the guards.

One of the zombies motions for the other to follow him. He asks for Luther to give him a hand. He leaps onto Cooter's hands and grabs onto a bar on the side of the building. He makes his way to the roof. The two other zombies follow.

(CONTINUED)

The zombies walk on the roof over to where the guards are stationed as Cooter watches intently, nervously. Two zombies jump down and tackle the guards. One of the guards is able to fire a shot directly at the chest of a zombie but it does no damage. They start to destroy the guards. The third zombie jumps down and grabs a rifle, killing both guards dead. As the other two zombies rip the guards to pieces, the third one fires several shots at the door until finally the door is damaged enough for him to kick it down.

Cooter runs up to the scene. An alarm is triggered and a loud siren is heard as red lights flash all over the grounds.

COOTER

Hot damn!

INT. WEAPONS FACTORY - NIGHT

Cooter walks in behind the zombies and sees a security system interface. He presses several buttons with no result. One of the zombies comes up behind him and rips it off the wall, disabling the alarms.

OUTSIDE

Luther drives the three remaining zombies up to the entrance in the pickup truck, Southern Rock music blaring from the speakers.

LUTHER

(screams)

WOO-HOO!!! Atta boy Coot!

INSIDE

Cooter finds a switch to operate the large garage door and opens it. Luther drives the truck in and parks it in a warehouse-like room. He gets out.

LUTHER

Alright, now everyone split up and gather all the bombs and guns and shit you can find and store it in the truck. But HURRY!

They scatter off in search of weapons.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Sheriff smokes a cigarette at his desk. His deputy walks in, holding his hat.

DEPUTY
Sheriff?

SHERIFF
Why do I get the feeling you bring
me bad news.

DEPUTY
There was another reported zombie
killing, sir. Two dead.

SHERIFF
Where at, son?

DEPUTY
You're not gon' like this one.

SHERIFF
Just spit it out, boy!

DEPUTY
The weapons factory, sir. It
appears it was broken into. There
is a lot of damage. And a lot
missing.

SHERIFF
These fake soldiers have real
weapons now.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Driving back to the city, Luther sits alone in the pickup truck smoking a cigarette and blaring his southern rock. The camera pans out to reveal seven tanks driving behind him, six of them swerving almost out of control, obviously driven by the zombies who predate the automobile.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Titia and Betty push a shopping cart through the store. It's a nice, upscale store.

TITIA
Here, get everything on this
list. If we split up, it'll go
faster. Meet me at the checkout.

They split up.

GARDEN SECTION

In the garden section of the store, Titia walks around. She walks up to several plants, looks around to assure nobody is watching, and cuts large pieces of the plants and sticks them in her purse. As she inspects a plant, she is interrupted and startled by a store employee.

EMPLOYEE

Can I help you with anything today,
ma'am?

TITIA

No, no. Just looking around. I
love plants. An outdoorsy girl, ya
know what I'm saying.

She's nervous, clearly lying. But the employee apparently didn't notice her stealing.

EMPLOYEE

Well if y'all need somethin' just
let us know, you hear?

TITIA

Yes, thank you very much.

The employee walks away and Titia sighs relief.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Titia and Betty are making the potion.

TITIA

I just pray that this stuff works.

BETTY

Me too, obviously.

TITIA

Wait!

Titia sits down. She looks lost.

TITIA

How in the hell are we supposed to
get this in their bloodstream? Why
am I so fucking stupid?

Betty doesn't know waht to do.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

We can....I don't know!

TITIA

You can't just walk up to a zombie and stab him with a needle. They'll kill us too fast!

BETTY

I've got it!

TITIA

What?

BETTY

My dad paintballs a lot. I can go over and get his guns without him noticing. He's got a bunch of the balls too. We can empty them and fill 'em up with the stuff. No, that will only hit 'em. How do we get it in them.

TITIA

The slaves. They attack the confederates, beat 'em up, cut um up, etcetera. Wound them enough so the potion penetrates their skin. Just a little bit will do the trick. It's powerful stuff.

BETTY

I'll go get the guns!

EXT. WALMART - DAY

Luther and Cooter drive the pickup truck up to a Wal-Mart, followed by Captain McLeod and several zombie tanks.

LUTHER

Everything that is wrong with this Goddamn country in one place. No company is more notorious for taking away American jobs than this place. Now, we let it burn.

The tanks line up in a row, and one by one fire bombs at the Wal-Mart, which quickly engulfs in flames and burns slowly to the ground.

INT. MOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Titia and Betty grab a couple of paintball guns and hundreds of balls packed with the potion. Titia looks at there ammunition and shakes her head in disbelief.

TITIA

I suppose it's better than nothing. C'mon. Let's go to my apartment.

BETTY

Where do you live?

TITIA

Downtown. My building is much safer than it is out here in the country. We can try to figure out what they've been up to and plan out next move.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Titia and Betty enter and set the guns down on the couch.

TITIA

Make yourself at home. You drink coffee?

BETTY

No, thank you, ma'am.

TITIA

Turn on the TV. See if there's anything on the news.

Betty turns on the TV. The news is on and the Mayor is giving a speech surrounded by reporters.

TV SCREEN

The mayor speaks.

MAYOR

I assure you all, our officers and the fire department have been made aware of the reports and are on top of everything.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER #1

Mr. Mayor, do you think these are terrorist attacks?

MAYOR

No, no, no. Just a couple of isolated incidents where some bad people did some bad things.

REPORTER #2

What about the stolen weapons?

MAYOR

We are aware that last night some supplies were misplaced. Our men are under the understanding that this was a simple miscommunication between the Army and the supplier. It's an internal thing. Nothing was "stolen."

REPORTER #3

But what about the dead security guards?

MAYOR

Very unfortunate, indeed.

REPORTER #4

Mr. Mayor, the county coroner has gone on the record saying he believes the shark attacks from Thursday were actually homicides. Any comment?

MAYOR

We don't respond to heresay.

The Mayor's PRESS SECRETARY escorts to Mayor toward a car.

PRESS SECRETARY

No more questions, today. The Mayor hopes you all attend and enjoy tomorrow's reenactment celebration.

BACK TO SCENE - TITIA'S APARTMENT

Titia is staring at the TV in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

They have weapons. Betty, that reenactment is tomorrow. All the crackers celebrating the time they fought against our people. I bet you a million dollars the zombies are planning to attack then. We need to stop them before they get there.

BETTY

Look!

Betty points to the window. Titia runs over and looks out, and on King Street she sees dozens of confederate zombies marching and firing shots into the sky. People scream and hide in buildings.

TITIA

Shit.

Titia runs into her bedroom. She grabs a suitcase and opens it. Inside are a couple of David's uniforms and bulletproof vests. She runs back out to the living room holding a uniform, wearing one, and tosses one to Betty.

TITIA

Get dressed.

BETTY

What is this?

TITIA

They killed my fiance. He was in the Navy and home for the weekend. There's a bulletproof vest in there. Those zombies are armed. Stay here until I call for you. I'm going to summon our troops.

EXT. RAINBOW ROW - DAY

Rainbow row is a stretch of old, beautiful homes from the Civil War era still in place along the coast of the Charleston island, overlooking Charleston Harbor and the site of Ft. Sumter.

The "army" of police officers and volunteers assembled by the Sheriff build a human blockade in anticipation of the oncoming Confederate zombies. Titia runs up to one of the officers who appears to be directing the others.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

Officer you're putting your men in great danger.

OFFICER

Please, we know exactly what we're doing.

TITIA

I highly doubt that.

OFFICER

Ma'am, just who exactly do you think you are?

TITIA

Someone who knows a hell of a lot more than you do, cracker.

OFFICER

Alright, miss, that is quite enough. Please leave before I have to arrest you.

TITIA

With all due respect, officer, arrest me or don't arrest me. Your men are going to suffer a brutal death if you don't listen to me.

OFFICER

Well, that's a chance I'm willing to take.

Titia rolls her eyes and runs over to a park nearby and hides behind a tree. She pulls out her paintball gun and begins loading it with the potion balls.

Moments later, the Confederate zombies come around the corner. There is one tank and the largest collection of zombies we have seen yet, marching in formation toward the cops.

INT. TANK - SAME TIME

Inside the tank, Luther drives with Cooter and Captain McLeod riding beside him. Cooter gets up to operate the cannon.

LUTHER

Charleston's finest I see.

(CONTINUED)

COOTER

They won't know what hit 'em, will they Luther?

LUTHER

No they won't. Everybody wants to be a hero. There will be no heroes today.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD

Get ready for my order, Seargent Cooter.

COOTER

You hear that Luther? I'm a sergeant now! Mama always said she never thought I'd do nothin' good with my life.

BACK ON THE STREET

Titia dials her cell phone.

TITIA

Betty. They just turned the corner onto East Bay. Get up behind them on the battery and try to hit from behind.

She hangs up.

After a brief pause, the confederate zombies run at full sprint speed toward the cops. The head police officer sees the attack and orders the men to shoot.

OFFICER

Shoot to kill, men!

The officers begin firing round after round from their machine guns, but their shots only wound the zombies, who keep running. The cannon from the tank fires a bomb at the police officers, killing a handful who were nearby and bursting into flames.

This is the signal for the zombies to start shooting. They grab their automatic weapons and begin fatally shooting the police officers. As more and more officers die, and their attacks on the zombie prove fruitless, the head officer runs away to hide near where Titia was hiding out.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

What the hell is that?

TITIA

My weapon. It's the only thing that can kill these bastards.

OFFICER

They've killed almost all of my men.

TITIA

I warned you. Your men are ill-equipped for defending themselves against these monsters.

OFFICER

And you are?

TITIA

Nope. But they are.

Just then, the army of black zombies come marching down a side street. They turn onto the main street. The few remaining officers coil in fear and run to take cover behind the black zombies.

Titia runs up behind her zombies to issue orders.

TITIA

Use your knives! We can't kill them unless we destroy them first. Rip them, chew them, do whatever you can. Now!

The black zombies, all at once, attack the confederate zombies. Titia stays back. She hides behind a car parked on the street and begins firing her potion balls.

DOWN THE STREET

Down the street, Betty runs up behind the confederate zombies. She hides behind a building, her back to the action. Suddenly she turns and fires. She hits one of the confederate zombies, who is simulataneously attacked by a black zombie. The black zombie grabs the other's gun, beats him with it, and uses a knife in his belt to cut several wounds into the confederate zombie, who dies almost instantly.

Betty pumps her fist silently and hides again behind the building. She continues to turn and shoot, hitting and missing back and forth.

BACK TO SCENE

Titia, on the other end of the street, does the same, firing and mostly hitting confederate zombies.

The black zombies do their part, injuring many of the confederates. The black zombies outnumber the confederate zombies, but Titia and Betty, on opposite ends of the street, are only able to hit and kill so many of the wounded confederates. While they kill many of them, there are still many left.

Eventually the confederate zombies, apparently satisfied with the damage they've done, retreat. The black zombies chase after them. One of the confederate zombies shoots toward the black zombies but misses badly, hitting a parked car, which explodes. The flames and smoke are enough to distract the black zombies and allow them to get away.

Titia runs up to the black zombies.

TITIA

They are preparing for tomorrow. The show will be bigger. Run, my people, hide in the barracks near the battlefield and wait for me to arrive. Tomorrow will be a big day for us.

She pulls out her cell phone.

TITIA

Betty! You're okay?

BETTY (V.O.)

Yes, ma'am. I'm fine.

TITIA

Meet me at the apartment.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Titia and Betty lay exhausted in her living room.

TITIA

How much ammo did we lose?

BETTY

A lot. There's still enough left, though, to take care of all of them.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

What if there are more?

BETTY

More?

TITIA

Yeah. Every time I've seen those confederate zombies there have been a different amount. Whoever is in charge is smart. I think they're saving their full force for tomorrow at the reenactment.

BETTY

McLeod.

TITIA

What?

BETTY

The guy in the picture. He's the one in charge.

TITIA

Yeah, him.

BETTY

Do you have a computer?

TITIA

Yeah, in the bedroom. Why?

BETTY

I wanna check my Facebook.

TITIA

Yeah, go ahead. I guess.

Titia rolls her eyes and watches with a puzzled face as Betty heads toward the bedroom.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Mayor sits at his desk. The Sheriff and his Deputy sit across from him.

MAYOR

Can I offer you gentlemen a drink?

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

No thank you, sir.

MAYOR

What about you deputy?

DEPUTY

No sir. Thank you kindly though.

MAYOR

Well I need a drink.

The Mayor opens a drawer in his desk and pulls out a bottle of whiskey and a tall water glass. He pours the glass about half full of whiskey and slides the bottle back into the drawer.

MAYOR

Sheriff, I made a mistake, and I owe you an apology.

SHERIFF

I don't understand, sir.

MAYOR

That's my point. My mistake was putting someone in charge who just doesn't understand a single Goddamn thing.

The Sheriff drops his head in shame.

MAYOR

Dozens of uniformed personnel dead, several more just plain missing. You said these men were the best and brightest. Apparently they ain't nothin' but a load of pussy.

SHERIFF

I'm very sorry to let you down, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

Nope, I let myself down. It ain't your fault, Sheriff. We're obviously dealing with something much greater here. I don't know what the fuck these creatures are but it's obvious we don't have the slightest clue what the hell we are doing. Go get some sleep,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR (cont'd)
 boys. Tomorrow is gona be a big day. I got me a feeling they'll be at that reenactment. Round up every last officer in the county and have them at the battlefield tomorrow morning. I've called the governor. He's sending backup. The National Guard will be there, too. Hopefully we can just outnumber the sons of bitches and blow 'em away.

SHERIFF AND DEPUTY
 Yes, sir.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Titia watches TV in her living room. On the screen, the news anchor is talking with a caption underneath that reads "breaking news."

TV SCREEN

The news anchor at a desk.

TV ANCHOR
 Mayor Blue Warner has said there are no plans to cancel the annual Civil War Reeanctment and that the ceremonies will proceed as planned.

Cut to a shot of the Press Secretary inside City Hall.

PRESS SECRETARY
 The Mayor wants to assure all citizens of Charleston and the great state of South Carolina that every last meausre of security will be taken to assure a smooth and orderly event tomorrow morning. The latest attacks are a series of unrelated crimes and the Chearleston County Sheriff's Office has followed all necessary procedures and the situations are under control. We do not believe that anyone is in danger.

Back to the news desk.

(CONTINUED)

TV ANCHOR

The Office of Tourism and City Hall have both said they expect a small dropoff in attendance but that the crowd will still break the record for attendance in the history of the event. Stay tuned to Live 5 News for updates on the crime outbreak as they become available.

The TV shuts off.

BACK TO SCENE - TITIA'S APARTMENT

Betty walks into the room with Titia's laptop.

TITIA

I don't get it. Crackers and this Civil War reenactment stuff. It's like the Super Bowl down here. People take it so damn seriously.

BETTY

Why celebrate something so tragic.

TITIA

The thing is, what bothers me the most anyway, is that they cheer on the Confederate side. This town is so lost in its own history. They fly the Confederate flag like it's still 1865. There are monuments and celebrations. They cherish the Civil War and teach in the schools how the war was a loss even though the rest of the country disagrees.

BETTY

Well, here's a perfect example.

Betty sits down and shows Titia the laptop.

BETTY

I wasn't really checking my Facebook. Ok, I was, but not like that. I remembered that I went to school with a guy named McLeod. Used to anyway. He graduated and is now at the College of Charleston.

(CONTINUED)

TITIA

And?

BETTY

I did some research. He is a descendent of a Captain George McLeod who fought for the Confederate army in the Civil War.

TITIA

Is he the guy in the picture?

BETTY

I did some more research. The Civil War was the first major war where every soldier had their picture taken before they fought. I found the online database of all these pictures. The one for George McLeod, while different than the one in Mother's house, looks like it's probably the same guy.

TITIA

What ever hapened to him?

BETTY

That's the fascinating part. One squadrant was assumed to have lost a battle nearby and their bodies were never found. Among them was George McLeod.

TITIA

So those troops were the ones Fatimata made into zombies.

BETTY

Exactly.

TITIA

But why did Mother have his picture?

BETTY

Well, I asked the guy I used to know if he knew anything about McLeod's life. Very little, as it turns out, except that in addition to fighting in the army, the McLeod family was heavily involved in the slave trade. If I were to guess,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTY (cont'd)
I'd say he had something to do with
the death of Fatimata's parents.

TITIA
Her motive for making him
suffer. Why didn't I think of
that.

BETTY
How long did Fatimata live, Miss
Titia.

Titia sips a cup of tea and at first doesn't answer. A look
of anger unlike any she has shown thus far takes over her
countenance.

BETTY
Miss Titia?

TITIA
Sorry. I was distracted. What'd
you say?

BETTY
I was just curious. You said
Fatimata was very young when she
did this. How long did she live
after that?

TITIA
A very long time.

INT. CONFEDERATE HQ - NIGHT

Luther and Cooter sit smoking cigarettes and drinking beer
with Captain McLeod in a dark room. The confederate zombies
are asleep in an adjacent building.

COOTER
Luther, Captain. It's been a real
honor getting to save the world
with you guys.

LUTHER
Coot, we ain't savin' the world we
just savin' 'Murica.

COOTER
Yeah but it sure feels like we're
doing a lot more.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN MCLEOD

Boys, I think we better get some sleep.

LUTHER

Yer probably right there sir.

Luther stands up. He salutes Catain McLeod.

LUTHER

Good night, sir!

Cooter mimicks Luther.

COOTER

(trying to speak Spanish)

Bonus nachos!

Luther and Cooter disappear into the sleeping quarters where the zombies are at.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Titia's black zombies are in a series of tents and cabins. Some of them sit by an open fire. Some sleep.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Titia walks into her kitchen for a cup of tea. She sees Betty asleep on her couch. She walks over and puts a blanket on her and heads back to her room.

INT. TITIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Titia and Betty get dressed.

TITIA

So you know the game plan, right?

BETTY

You're going to lead the slave zombies in distracting the confederates while I attack from the sky. Well, the top of the hotel.

TITIA

Exactly.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor sits at his desk, adjusting his tie in a mirror.

The secretary walks in.

SECRETARY

Mr. Mayor, your ride is here. Are you ready?

MAYOR

Certainly.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Titia and Betty, carrying a paintball gun and a huge bag of potion balls, slowly and quietly sneak into the back entrance of the park where the battle reenactment will be held later that day.

They see the confederate zombies in the distance, preparing for battle.

TITIA

(whispering)

They're probably going to enter from the forest, so they won't be seen. If we can get you on top of the hotel over there, you'll have a good shot on them.

She points to a hotel in the distance.

INT. CONFEDERATE HQ - DAY

Luther points to three zombies.

LUTHER

You three. Go to the hotel next door and steal some food. I haven't eaten in two days.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

The hotel is small, only six stories high, but high enough. Titia gives Betty a hug.

TITIA

Thank you for everything. Good luck. Keep your phone on.

(CONTINUED)

BETTY

Got it.

Titia heads back toward the battlefield. Around the corner, a crew of Confederate zombies walk out of some bushes. They are the same three Luther sent for food.

ZOMBIE

She's armed.

The zombie points at Betty. Titia hears the voice and turns around. Betty is oblivious as she starts walking into the hotel.

TITIA

Betty! Run!

Betty sees the zombies and darts into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Betty runs into the hotel and up the staircase. Just behind her are the three zombies.

EXT. HOTEL - SAME TIME

Titia runs into the hotel after the zombies.

INSIDE THE HOTEL

Betty is still running up the stairs. She stops at a doorway and jumps inside. The door closes slowly behind her. The zombies pass the door and keep going up the stairs until they hear the door slam and head back. They open the door, see Betty running down a hallway and chase after her.

Titia gets to the spot in time to see the zombies running down the hallway after Betty. Titia runs down one flight of stairs and enters the hallway on the floor below. At the same time, Betty enters the hallway on the end opposite of Titia and runs towards her. The zombies are right behind her, and kill her quickly.

Titia is able to escape without being seen. She heads toward the door.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

In a patch of grass deep in the forest by the battlefield, Titia stops running and catches her breath. Exhausted and looking defeated, she falls to her knees and starts to cry.

ELDER (O.S.)
Tears will not cure anything,
child.

Titia looks up and sees one of the Elders of the society standing next to her and looking down on her. She looks around and sees the rest of the elders there, too.

TITIA
How did you know I was here.

ELDER
Titia, we know a lot of
things. It's who we are.

TITIA
They killed my friend.

ELDER
Death is inevitable in this
world. Nobody lives forever. Not
even the strongest of us could live
eternally.

TITIA
Fatimata died too soon.

ELDER
But she knew there would be others
to fill her shoes.

Titia is panting and sits on her butt now.

TITIA
They killed David. They killed
Betty. They're just going to keep
killing. When will it end?

ELDER
End is such an ambiguous
term. Does anything ever really
end?

TITIA
Is it a requirement of the order
that all of you people answer all
of my questions so mysteriously?

(CONTINUED)

ELDER

We just want you to be able to think for yourself. Use what you have learned and the answers will come to you in time.

TITIA

I just don't understand why we should keep fighting. We've been doing it for thousands of years and has it gotten us anywhere? What is the point if people we love are just going to continue to get hurt around us? Not to mention all the other innocent people who have been affected.

ELDER

How do you feel?

TITIA

Angry. Very angry.

ELDER

Use your anger, child. The order is about doing what is just. For the greater good of our people. You will lose some. But vengeance is the only answer now. It's not what we always wanted but what we need now. Fatimata knew that and she was who she was for it. Use your anger.

Titia sits and looks around. She slips into a daydream. She sees David the night he was killed, and being carried out of the store by zombies and brutally torn to pieces. She relives Betty's death. She sees Mother falling to the ground and closing her eyes for the last time.

Titia gets up and storms off toward the battlefield.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The battlefield is all set for the reenactment. The National Guard lines the perimeter of the field. The Mayor is seated near a podium on a stage in the center of the field.

Outside of the field, hundreds of tourists give their tickets and enter the facility.

(CONTINUED)

A speaker takes the podium.

SPEAKER

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the annual Charleston Civil War Reenactment. We are so happy you could attend this special occasion with us. We at the Charleston Preservation Society hope you have a wonderful afternoon and remind you to check out the souvenir shops and concession stands that are open all day long. Now, to officially kick off the day's festivities, I would like to welcome Mayor Blue Warner to say a few words.

The Mayor makes his way up to the podium.

MAYOR

Greetings everyone and good day to you all. To those of you who hail from these parts, I don't have to explain to you the pageantry of this event and why it is so important. To those of you visiting us from out of town, wherever you may be from, I welcome you to our city and wish you a happy stay. You see, more than 150 years ago our great city was involved in one of the bloodiest wars in American history, and a lot of good men died fighting for the South. We honor that war because those men were fighting for tradition and for history. We are proud of who we are and what we stand for, and today is meant to be a celebration of that history. I hope you all have a great experience. Let the fun begin!

A shot is fired into the sky to celebrate the beginning of the ceremony.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Inside the battlefield security office, the Sheriff and his deputy look at security cameras.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

So far, so good, I'd say.

DEPUTY

There doesn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary. Maybe the mayor was right.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD GROUNDS - DAY

Outside the entrance to the grounds, hundreds of police cars marked SOUTH CAROLINA STATE POLICE as well as National Guard vans line the perimeter.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Hundreds of men dressed in Confederate army uniforms line up on one end of the field. Men in Union uniforms line up on the other.

The reenactment battle begins. Soldiers spar with each other. Some of them fake injury or death.

A young couple and their infant son watch from the seats adjacent to the field.

WOMAN

Honey, can you get the baby some water. It's too hot out here for him.

MAN

Yeah, sure thing.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD SEATING - DAY

The mayor sits in his private seating area, several feet away from normal spectators. He is flanked on either side by security guards. A waitress brings him a tray with an alcoholic beverage on it.

MAYOR

Thank you, miss.

He takes the drink and begins drinking.

The Sheriff enters.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

Mayor, we have the grounds
surrounded and there are no signs
of the...creatures anywhere.

MAYOR

That's all fine and dandy sheriff
but you and I both know it ain't
over 'til it's over.

SHERIFF

Yes, sir.

The sheriff leaves.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The battle continues. Spectators clap and cheer and line up
for concessions.

From the forest adjacent to the field, Captain McLeod exits
onto the battlefield. Behind him are Cooter and Luther,
dressed in confederate uniforms.

Slowly, the confederate zombies begin to trickle onto the
field. They blend in to the crowd.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD SEATING - DAY

The young father returns with a bottle of water for his baby
son.

MAN

Look, junior! Reinforcements!

The man points to the now-growing Confederate army, but his
son is disinterested.

WOMAN

They really outnumber them Union
boys, now don't they?

MAN

Yes they sure do.

He looks out onto the field. There are now hundreds of the
Confederate zombies fighting the fake Union soldiers.

MAN

Honey, we better leave.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

Those ain't no pretend
soldiers. It's them terrorists
from the TV.

They pick up their son and their things and run away.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The huge army of zombies is fighting with the Confederate reenactors. The actors pretend to wound the unions troops, but the zombies take it a step further.

A zombie shoots and kills a union reenactor. Several more then attack across the battle line, biting and clawing away at the union "troops."

The epectators begin to slowly take notice and run and screams are heard throughout the grounds.

The Sheriff grabs his walkie talkie.

SHERIFF

Now! Move in! They're here.

The zombies continue to attack and kill fake Union soldiers. The real Confederate reenactors start to run away, realizing what they are a part of. The Union troops start to do the same.

Dozens of the reenactors stay behind to fight the zombies, but they are killed in the action.

The Sheriff enters, along with his deputy and an army of police officers. As they storm the battlefield, several officers are shot by zombies.

The zombies attack the officers and destroy any they can get their hands on.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD SEATING - DAY

The Mayor is escorted out by his security guards. A woman gets on the PA system.

PA ANNOUNCER

Everyone please leave the premises
as quickly and orderly as

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PA ANNOUNCER (cont'd)
possible. You are in grave danger
her. Run for your cars.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The zombies fight the reenactors and the cops. The confederate reenactors join forces with the union reenactors.

Cops are able to gun down some of the zombies, but the zombies remain alive. Several cops and reenactors are brutally killed. One is thrown into the trees by a zombie. One is torn into two pieces. One zombie shoots a cop, who is caught on his way to the ground by another zombie who eats his head off. Zombies blow holes into the ground with their weapons and bury soldiers, dead and alive.

Then, in one large burst, hundreds of black zombies emerge from the forest opposite where the confederate zombies entered. At the rear is Titia, yelling and screaming out directions.

TITIA
Go my people! Kill them! Surround
them and block any exits! No
confederate zombies get out of here
alive! WE MUST SUCCEED!

Titia storms out onto the battlefield behind the black zombies.

The black zombies start attacking the confederate zombies. Titia shoots her remaining paintballs at the confederate zombies, who die instantly when hit.

Cooter and Luther run over to to grab a dead zombie's bazooka. It takes both of them to lift it up. They fire it toward the black zombies but miss.

The Sheriff runs up to Titia, grabs her and hides behind a pile of dead reenactors.

SHERIFF
Who are you? Or better, what the
fuck are your friends?

TITIA
Zombies, sheriff. And I have no
time to explain. Your men have
fought valiantly.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

What do we do now?

TITIA

Run away. Let us handle this.

SHERIFF

Surely...

TITIA

No. Leave.

The sheriff pauses, then nods and scampers off. Titia turns out of the pile and shoots and kills more zombies.

Cooter and Luther try the bazooka again. This time it fires right at a group of black zombies and kills them.

The reenactors are mostly dead, but the few who remain finally give up and run toward safety. One of them hesitates and is shot dead by a confederate zombie.

It is just the zombies left, fighting each other.

Titia runs out of paintballs but still there are many zombies left to kill. She takes several deep breaths, then screams at the top of her lungs and charges toward the zombies. She grabs a gun and starts shooting.

SERIES OF SHOTS - UNION ZOMBIES ARE FUELED BY TITIA'S ANGER

-The black zombies grow angrier and more powerful. They attack and kill many confederate zombies.

-Titia is shot at but is able to dodge the bullets.

-Cooter and Luther escape the battle and head toward the river.

-Titia is a madwoman, shooting at everything in sight.

-Black zombies eat and rip apart the confederate zombies.

-Black zombies throw living confederate zombies into each other, then destroy them. They take the confederate weapons and shoot the dead zombies for good measure.

-Titia eyes Captain McLeod. She recognizes him from the picture earlier.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

All but a handful of confederate zombies remain, compared to dozens of remaining black zombies. The black zombies kill the remaining confederate zombies, except for McLeod.

Titia attacks Captain McLeod. She runs after him. She throws her gun down. He runs at her. He stabs her with his rifle. Titia goes down. She is bleeding and unconscious.

Captain McLeod walks up to Titia's body and spits on her. Just then, a bullet whizzes past his head, knocking off his hat. McLeod reaches down to pick up his hat, stands up, and is tackled to the ground by the sheriff.

The sheriff punches Captain McLeod and they roll a few feet before they both stand up. McLeod has lost his rifle. He attempts to pry the sheriff's gun from him but is only able to knock it down. The sheriff tries to save his gun but McLeod punches him in the face. The sheriff retaliates by kicking McLeod in the groin. The sheriff is bleeding. He falls to the ground.

McLeod is able to get up and run towards the river.

Titia is still lying on the ground, still and lifeless. The black zombies, who have been controlled by Titia and her emotions, crumble to dust in the battlefield.

The sheriff gets up and heads to where Titia is laying. He checks her pulse.

SHERIFF

Oh, God.

He begins to do mouth-to-mouth on her. It takes several attempts but she starts to breathe, but coughs up blood and rolls over in pain.

TITIA

(weakly)

I told you to leave.

SHERIFF

I couldn't. You're only one person.

TITIA

I'm barely that.

The sheriff speaks into his walkie talkie.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF

I need an ambulance out here. Hurry.

TITIA

Thank you sheriff.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Captain McLeod boards the boat saved for him by Cooter and Luther.

LUTHER

Captain I think we gave it our all out there.

Cooter starts to cry.

COOTER

We lost so many good men. So many good men.

The Captain looks defeated.

LUTHER

What do we do now?

CAPTAIN MCLEOD

Get away. Prepare for the next chapter.

LUTHER

Good, cuz Coot and I, we been thinking about some ideas.

EXT. RIVER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Cooter steers the small boat as they approach Charleston Harbor.

LUTHER

So, Captain, here's what we been thinkin. There's just three of us now. But we're three 'o the best ones there were.

COOTER

Yeah, Cap, we wanna fight with ya some more.

(CONTINUED)

LUTHER
Coot I ain't done expalaining.

COOTER
Oh, sorry.

CAPTAIN MCLEOD
Boys, I like your spirit.

LUTHER
Good. Cuz I says, even though we lost this one, we gotta keep the fight goin. You been gone a long time, sir. This country is just like it was during your time. People are ready for change. The South is ready. We need to start a new revolution. A new America. The way it shoulda been right from the start. I think we go after the government.

COOTER
Tons of folk out there will join the cause. Everybody is fed up. This country is goddamn joke if you ask me.

LUTHER
Great countries need great leaders, and we think you're the guy to get us out of this mess, Captain.

Captain McLeod looks around the bay. He sees Fort Sumter a few hundred yards away and all of a sudden fear and sadness fill his face.

Captain McLeod stands up in the boat. Luther and Cooter stand up. They all go to salute each other. McLeod salutes, then leans over and falls intentionally into the ocean.

Luther and Cooter jump in after him, but McLeod's body sinks toward the ocean floor. They panic and pant and tread water before they finally get back into the boat.

Cooter and Luther sit idly in the boat, unsure what to do next.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SUPER: THE NEXT DAY

Titia walks out of the hospital, her arm in a sling.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Titia walks up to a gravestone all alone in the corner of the cemetery. It is unmarked.

Titia kneels down, still sore from the battle. She is carrying flowers, and lays them beside the grave.

TITIA
Hello, Mother.

She starts to cry but stops herself.

TITIA
I wanted you with me through this mess. But, they are gone, at least for now. I hope they never return but somehow I am fearful that they will. I don't know what that makes me: a pessimist or someone in tune with the reality of the world around them.

She gets up slowly and blows a kiss to the grave.

TITIA
You are missed. But I am here to continue your legacy...
(beat)
Miss Fatimata.

Titia walks away.

EXT. FORT SUMTER - NIGHT

At the shore of the island, the water shakes and boils. It's the middle of the night and the only lights are from the city in the distance.

A hand rises from the water and grabs the shore. An arm and another hand follow.

Captain McLeod stands up and dries himself off.