

P1 M2 Script

IAT 313

Redemption

Written by

Group 20

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**1 EXT. DESOLATE CITY - DAY****1**

Once a bustling metropolis, now destroyed. Half-collapsed skyscrapers line the horizon. Except for the occasional flickering movement in the shadows, the streets were eerily empty.

OLIVER(30s, hardened, cold) moves swiftly between ruined cars, his expression is unreadable.

OLIVER  
(muttering to himself)  
Focus Oliver, focus.

He grips his gun tighter, scanning his surroundings.

CUT TO:

**2 EXT. DESOLATE CITYSCAPE - DAY****2**

Oliver searching the abandoned streets for as many available resources as he can. That's when his radio suddenly beeped.

OLIVER  
(muttering to himself)  
Damn it.

Oliver immediately got on the radio, and a heavy voice came from there.

RADIO VOICE  
(heavy voices)  
Oliver, you need to come back right away. There's a new deal here. Address is in the south. Fucking Raiders are frequenting the area. I need you to guard the supplies.

OLIVER  
(impatient)  
Again. I just did it last week.

RADIO VOICE  
(heavy voices)  
Come on, you're the best of us. You can get double the reward.

OLIVER  
(impatient)  
Fine, as long as the pay is fair.

RADIO VOICE  
 (heavy voices)  
 Good boy, now come back. They are  
 leaving soon.

CUT TO:

**3 INT. BELLA'S SHELTER - DAY**

**3**

A small, fortified shelter. The sounds of survivors can be heard inside. BELLA (late 20s, compassionate, but tired) stands near the entrance, waiting for OLIVER. She watches as he approaches, guarded but hopeful.

BELLA  
 You are late.

OLIVER  
 You still have supplies?

They exchange goods—food, water, ammunition—when suddenly, there's a deafening CRASH.

CUT TO:

**4 EXT. BELLA'S REFUGE - DAY**

**4**

The heavily armed, ruthless assailant, driving a rusting truck, is rushing to the refuge. Chaos erupts as they open fire.

OLIVER instinctively dives for cover, pulling Bella down with him.

OLIVER  
 Get down!

BELLA  
 (panicked)  
 We can't stay here!

OLIVER scans the surroundings. He pulls out a map.

OLIVER  
 We should move. Now!

CUT TO:

**5 EXT. BELLA'S REFUGE - DAY**

**5**

The raiders are charging into the bunker, shooting at random. The survivors scattered for cover. Oliver pulled Bella toward a nearby building, and the two moved quickly and silently.

BELLA  
(breathing heavily)  
What about others?

OLIVER  
(coldly)  
They're not my problem.

They hide in a corner and watch as the raiders take over the area. A RAIDER approaches, but OLIVER reacts quickly, grabs a piece of debris and throw it in the opposite direction. The noise distracts the RAIDER.

BELLA  
(whisper)  
We can't just leave them.

OLIVER  
(flat)  
We can. And we will.

BELLA looks at OLIVER, stunned. His indifference is disquieting.

BELLA  
(frustrated)  
You can't just keep running away.

OLIVER doesn't respond. His face is emotionless.

OLIVER  
Stay low.

OLIVER and BELLA move quickly through the ruins, weaving in the and out of abandoned buildings.

CUT TO:

**6 EXT. ALLEYWAY- LATER**

**6**

OLIVER and BELLA stop to catch their breath. The sound of gunfire echos faintly in the distance. BELLA looks back at the refuge, which is clearly destroyed.

BELLA  
(sighs)  
I can't just leave them to die.

OLIVER  
(gruff)  
You don't have a choice.

BELLA stares at OLIVER. OLIVER looks at his watch and counts the time before night falls.

OLIVER  
We have to move before dark. The infected will be out soon.

BELLA  
(resolute)  
I'm going back.

OLIVER  
(angry)  
You're not going anywhere. You will not make it ten steps before they tear you apart.

BELLA  
(sharply)  
I'll take my chances. You can keep running, but I will not giving up on them.

OLIVER clenches his jaw. For a moment, something flashes in his eyes, but it's gone as quickly as it came.

OLIVER  
(low sound)  
Do whatever you want. I'm done.

BELLA stares at him without saying any words, turns and walks to the shelter. OLIVER watches her go, a hard, conflicted expression on his face.

OLIVER  
(mutter to himself)  
Stupid.

He turns and starts to walk away, but something stops him. A memory flashes -- his father's face, the same grim expression.

OLIVER  
(gritting his teeth)  
Dammit.

He starts running after Bella, picking up the pace.

CUT TO:

## 7 EXT. BELLA'S REFUGE - DAY

7

The RAIDERS are still inside searching for debris. Bella slips inside and tries to find survivors. She see a small crowd of frightened people huddle together.

BELLA  
(whispering)  
Stay quiet. We will get out of  
here.

Suddenly, one of the RAIDERS grabs her from behind, dragging her into the open.

RAIDER  
(sneering)  
Thought you could escape, huh?

BELLA struggles, but the RAIDER is too strong. Just as she's about to scream—

OLIVER  
(calm)  
Let her go. Or...

The RAIDER turns to see OLIVER standing in the doorway, gun raised.

RAIDER  
(laughs)  
Or what?

OLIVER  
Or you are dead.

Before the RAIDER can react, OLIVER fires a single, precise shot. The RAIDER drops instantly. BELLA gasps, catching her breath as OLIVER steps over the body.

OLIVER  
(wryly)  
You are welcome.

BELLA  
(still shaking)  
I didn't ask for your help.

OLIVER  
(smirk)  
You didn't have to.

BELLA looks at OLIVER with a mixture of gratitude and frustration. She gathers the remaining survivors as OLIVER looks on.

BELLA

We need to get out of here. Now!

OLIVER nods, and they lead the survivors away from the ruined shelter, moving through the shattered city quickly.

CUT TO:

**8 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT**

**8**

They found temporary shelter in a crumbling building. Bella tends to the survivors, while Oliver stands at the window, watching for any sign of fear.

BELLA

(quietly)

Why did you come back?

OLIVER doesn't answer right away, his eyes fix on the horizon.

OLIVER

(gruff)

Don't read too much into it. Just did what needed to be done. After tomorrow, we will go our separate ways.

BELLA

(softly)

I didn't mean anything by it. I just want to say thank you. Maybe you are not as indifference as you think.

OLIVER laughed, but there was something in his eyes. He turned away, clearly uncomfortable with the conversation.

OLIVER

(muttering)

Get some rest. We set out at first light.

Bella watches OLIVER for a moment, then goes back to the survivors. Oliver stands alone, his face unreadable, and the distant voices of the infected begins to echo through the night.

CUT TO:

**9 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAWN**

**9**

The first rays of sunlight break through the broken windows. BELLA is sitting against the wall, exhausted but alert. OLIVER stands at the doorway, scanning the empty streets. The faint groans of the infected can be heard in the distance.

OLIVER  
(low)  
Time to move.

BELLA nods and quietly wakes the survivors up. They gather their few supplies and prepare to leave. OLIVER steps out into the street first, his gun at the ready.

CUT TO:

**10 EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING**

**10**

The group moves through the empty streets. Ruined and tall buildings like tombs above their heads. Every sound seems amplified in the quiet of the early morning. BELLA walks beside OLIVER, casting a glance his way.

BELLA  
(whispers)  
Do you have a plan?

OLIVER  
(without looking at her)  
Stay alive. That's the plan.

BELLA  
(sarcastic)  
Brilliant. Very original.

OLIVER  
(sharply)  
You got something better?

Bella looks away and bites her lip. Oliver's attention has been focused ahead, but his eyes glances at her for a moment, sensing her frustration.

Suddenly, a loud CRASH echoes down the street. Everyone freezes. The infected are close. Too close.

SURVIVOR  
(panicked)  
What was that?

OLIVER  
(hisses)  
Quiet.

They huddle behind a pile of rubble. OLIVER motions for BELLA to keep the survivors down. He crouches low, moving quietly toward the noise.

CUT TO:

**11 EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

**11**

Oliver pokes his head out of the corner. His eyes narrows when he sees an infected person stick between two crashed cars. Its body is strange, bones sticking out of it, and its eyes are hollow.

OLIVER  
(murmurs)  
Just one.

He raises his machete, ready to result in it silently, when the infected twisted its head in his direction suddenly. It opens its mouth and let out a scream, and within seconds, more infected begin to pour out of the shadows.

OLIVER  
(under his breath)  
Shit.

OLIVER rushes towards the crowd.

OLIVER  
(yelling)  
Run!

CUT TO:

**12 EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

**12**

As the infected pours into the streets, the survivors run after Oliver and Bella. Their roar fills the air. The group run through the rubble, follows by the infected.

SURVIVOR  
(screaming)  
They are right behind us!

BELLA  
(shouts)  
Keep moving! Don't stop!

CUT TO:

**13 EXT. UNDERPASS - MOMENTS LATER**

**13**

They hide in an old underground passageway with graffiti all over the walls. Oliver motions for them to keep quiet. The infected gathers outside, their growls echoing off the concrete walls.

BELLA  
(breathing hard)  
What about now?

OLIVER  
(calculative)  
We wait. They will lose interest.

They crouch in the shadows, listening as the infected wander nearby. BELLA looks at OLIVER, her voice is very low.

BELLA  
(softly)  
This is not sustainable. We can't  
keep running like this forever.

OLIVER doesn't answer. He stares out at the street, but BELLA can see the tension in his jaw.

OLIVER  
(grimly)  
We don't have a choice.

BELLA shakes her head.

BELLA  
(firm)  
There's always a choice.

Oliver's eyes darts to her, and something in her words striking a nerve. Because that's exactly what his missing brother used to say when Oliver was afraid to face or run away, but before he could react, the infected begin to disperse, their groans fading into the distance.

OLIVER  
(quietly)  
Let's move.

CUT TO:

They emerge from the underpass cautiously, scanning the area. The streets are quiet again, but the tension remains. OLIVER leads the way, his expression hard. He has been hesitant to help Bella's group, as too many people will inevitably attract more monsters, but BELLA's words keep recurring in his mind.

BELLA  
(whispers)  
Where are we going?

OLIVER  
(without hesitation)  
North side. There's another  
shelter. It's risky, but it's our  
best shot.

BELLA  
(whisper)  
Are you not leaving?

OLIVER doesn't say a word, but keeps a wary eye on the surroundings. BELLA looks him up and down, sensing the importance of his decision. Although hesitant, she realizes that Oliver may be the only person she can rely on at the moment. She nods and motions for everyone to follow.

Among the survivors, there is one who lingers in the background - Clay (in his 30s, charming and calculating). His eyes flits between Bella and Oliver, his expression is unreadable.

CLAY  
(quietly)  
We should not trust him so easily.  
He's still an outsider.

BELLA glances at him, her voice firm but low.

BELLA  
(resolute)  
We don't have a choice right now,  
Clay.

CLAY falls silent, his eyes narrowing slightly as he watches OLIVER move ahead. He adjusts the pack on his shoulder, lagging just a step behind the group.

CUT TO:

The factory looms in the distance, a crumbling structure of rusted metal and broken windows. The team slows as they approach, there is tension in the air. OLIVER signals for them to stop, scanning the area.

OLIVER  
(low)  
Stay here. I'll check inside.

CLAY  
(stepping forward)  
You sure it's a good idea to go in alone? We should send someone with you.

OLIVER's eyes flick to CLAY, assessing him.

OLIVER  
(unconcerned)  
I'll deal with it.

BELLA steps between them, sensing the unease.

BELLA  
(calmly)  
Just be careful, Oliver.

Oliver nods and disappears into the shadows of the factory, leaving the group behind. The survivors huddle together, their eyes scan the silent factory nervously.

CLAY stands slightly apart, his gaze lingering on BELLA as she watches OLIVER's figure fade into the darkness.

CLAY  
(quietly)  
We shouldn't be putting all our faith in him, Bella. For all we know, he could be leading us straight into a trap.

BELLA frowns, but she keeps her voice steady.

BELLA  
(firm)  
He has been helping us so far. This is not possible for most people.

CLAY  
(draw close)  
And what if he's just waiting for the right moment to hurt us? You have to think bigger picture, the safety of our whole group.

BELLA hesitates for a moment, the seeds of doubt planted, but before she can respond, OLIVER emerges from the factory, his expression is serious.

OLIVER  
(worriedly)  
There's something wrong in here,  
seems like someone was here early,  
maybe the Raiders. We need to find  
another way.

The group tenses. CLAY steps closer to BELLA, lowering his voice.

CLAY  
(urgently)  
See? He's hiding something. He must  
have leaked our location. How could  
he be so calm about the Raiders?  
That's impossible.

BELLA  
(sharply)  
That's enough, Clay!

BELLA pulls away from CLAY, her eyes fix on OLIVER.

BELLA  
(announce to the team)  
We need to decide as soon as  
possible. Do we risk it, or do we  
double back and go the other way?

The survivors whisper to each other, fear creeping into their voices. CLAY walks to the center of the team, his authoritative tone taking over.

CLAY  
(commanding)  
I say we stay where we are. Going  
in would be suicide. We'll wait and  
see if the Raiders move on. It's  
safer.

OLIVER narrows his eyes and looks at CLAY carefully, but he says nothing. BELLA turns to OLIVER, torn between this two men.

BELLA  
(hesitant)  
Oliver?

OLIVER  
(after a beat)

We don't have time to wait. If the  
raiders don't move, night will  
fall, and then we are stuck here  
with infected and fear.

The team falls silent, weighing the options. CLAY watches BELLA closely, his lips press into a thin line.

CLAY  
(furious)  
If we die in there, it's on you.

BELLA meets his gaze, feeling the pressure mounting. She takes a deep breath.

BELLA  
(decisively)  
We move through.

CLAY's jaw tightens, but he steps back, letting BELLA take the lead. OLIVER gives her a small nod of approval, his respect for her growing.

OLIVER  
(quietly)  
I'll lead. Stay close.

Tensions flares as the team heads for the factory. As they approach, BELLA glances at CLAY, sensing some unease in his posture. His behavior makes it seem... It dropped.

CUT TO:

**16 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS**

**16**

The interior of the factory is dark and littered with the rusty remains of old machinery. Distant sounds echoes through the hall, but the Raiders can't see them yet.

OLIVER moves ahead, his steps silent and deliberate. The team follows closely behind, keeping to the shadows.

BELLA  
(whisper)  
How far do we have to go?

OLIVER  
(low)  
There's a back exit. We just have  
to go through the main building.

Suddenly, the sound of clattering metal echoes through the factory. Everyone freezes. OLIVER gestures for silence, but it's too late. The raiders have heard.

VOICE  
(shouting)  
Over here! They are in the factory!

There is chaos when raiders rush in. OLIVER pulls BELLA behind a rusty pillar, his eyes scanning the escape route.

OLIVER  
(urgently)  
We need to split up. It's the only way.

BELLA  
(wide-eyed)  
Split up? we'll never—

Before BELLA can finish talking, CLAY steps forward.

CLAY  
(firm)  
He's right. We'll cover more ground that way.

BELLA hesitates, but made her decision. The group splits up, each trying to find a way out of the factory. BELLA and OLIVER stand close together, moving quickly through the shadows.

CUT TO:

**17 EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - BACK EXIT - MOMENTS LATER**

**17**

BELLA and OLIVER run breathlessly to the back exit. The factory is full of Raiders, but somehow, they made it.

BELLA  
(panting)  
We...we need to find the others.

OLIVER shakes his head, looking around.

OLIVER  
(grim)  
They should be here by now.

As they wait, a figure steps out of the shadows. It's CLAY, but something in his behavior has changed. He's too calm.

OLIVER

(suspicious)  
Where are the others?

CLAY shrugs, his expression is unreadable.

CLAY  
(calmly)  
They didn't make it through.

BELLA's eyes widen in shock, but OLIVER's gaze hardens. He takes a step forward, his hand reaches toward his gun.

OLIVER  
(coldly)  
What did you do?

Clay smirks, and when the truth begins to emerge, the tension between them finally breaks.

CLAY  
(darkly)  
What. had to be done.

CUT TO:

**18 EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - BACK EXIT - CONTINUOUS**

**18**

Oliver can't take his eyes off Clay, who stands there, so calm and collected. The tension between them is palpable, and Bella can sense that something is very wrong.

BELLA  
(shocked)  
What do you mean they didn't make it?

CLAY  
(casually)  
Let's just say... they served their purpose.

CLAY's smirk deepens, and his eyes glow with cruelty.

BELLA holds her breath. She suddenly understands. Her eyes wanders between CLAY and OLIVER, and in fear again.

BELLA  
(whispering)  
You...betrayed us?

CLAY doesn't deny it. Instead, he steps closer, his eyes never leaving OLIVER'S.

CLAY  
 (mocking)  
 You really think we'd all make it out of this alive? Survival's not about loyalty, Bella. It's about picking the winning side. And right now, the raiders—well, they're the ones offering something I couldn't refuse.

BELLA lunges forward, fury in her eyes, but OLIVER holds her back, his grip tight.

OLIVER  
 (quietly)  
 It's too late, Bella.

Before BELLA can respond, the sound of boots thundering against the concrete floor echoes through the factory. RAIDERS appear from every corner, surrounding them. CLAY steps back, a satisfied look on his face as the RAIDERS close in.

CLAY  
 (smirking)  
 Told you, smart choice, wasn't it?

BELLA struggles in OLIVER's grasp, but there's nowhere to go. The RAIDERS move quickly, seizing her. One of them shoves OLIVER to the ground, but not before he locks eyes with BELLA—there's a brief moment of understanding between them, silent but powerful.

BELLA  
 (pleading)  
 Oliver, don't let them—

Her words are cut off as the RAIDERS drag her away, their harsh laughter echoing in the halls. OLIVER tries to move, but a sharp blow to the back of his head sends him to the ground. His vision blurs as the RAIDERS disappear into the darkness, taking BELLA with them.

CLAY  
 (sneering)  
 You should've known better, people like Bella... you're just not built for this world.

The RAIDERS are gone. CLAY lingers for a moment, watching OLIVER struggle on the ground, then disappears into the shadows.

CLAY (O.S.)

(mockingly)  
Good luck out there.

CUT TO:

19 EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - NIGHT

19

OLIVER is alone. The factory is silent now. He pushes himself up, staggering slightly, blood dripping from his forehead. His mind is racing, and he feels guilty. He let her get taken. And it's all too familiar—he's lost someone again.

OLIVER  
(muttering)  
Not again...

He stumbles out of the factory, collapsing near the entrance. The cold night air hits him, but he barely feels it. He remembers the last time he failed to protect someone—the moment his brother was taken all those years ago.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(haunted)  
You said you'd keep him safe.

Images of his brother flash in his mind: the last time he saw him, struggling as raiders dragged him away. Oliver had promised to protect him after their father died. They had no one but each other, but when it mattered most, Oliver couldn't stop them from taking his brother.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(guilty)  
You failed to him, just like you failed to Bella.

His breath comes in shallow gasps. He closes his eyes, gripping the soil beneath his hands as memories flood back—his father's death, the desperation in his brother's eyes.

OLIVER  
(softly)  
I swear I'd find you.

He had joined Bella's team, hoping to track his brother down. He didn't care about saving anyone else—only about righting the wrong of his past. But now, with Bella captured and his failure staring him in the face, he's unsure if he's capable of saving anyone, let alone his brother.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(bitter)

You failed again, Oliver? You  
couldn't save her.

He squeezes his eyes shut, trying to push the memories away, but they keep coming. The weight of his failure, the realization that once again, he had run instead of fighting, crushes him.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(angry)  
You keep running, and people keep  
dying.

He stumbles to his feet, furious. But anger quickly turns to fear. Fear of the people he cares about dying one by one.

OLIVER  
(whispering)  
Not this time.

OLIVER's eyes flick to the horizon, where the raiders have taken BELLA. His pulse quickens as the weight of his decisions closes in. If he walks away now, he loses everything—Bella, his brother, everyone.

His hand clutches the knife in his pants, and images of his brother and Bella flash through his mind. He had always run away from his emotions, from the pain of his loss, but now... Something is different. He can't run. Not this time.

OLIVER  
(resolute)  
I'm coming for you, Bella. And I  
will find you, brother.

He stands taller now, steadying himself. His mind is made up—he's going after her. And once he rescues Bella, he'll finish what he started. He'll find his brother, no matter what it takes.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ABANDONED STREETS - NIGHT

20

OLIVER moves quickly, darting through the darkened streets. The night is full of danger—the FEAR prowl the ruins, their bizarre forms slipping in and out of shadow. Their bones protrude like jagged weapons, their movements silent.

He follows the raiders' trail here, tracking the scuffs in the soil, the broken debris they left behind. He crouches low, eyes scanning ahead.

OLIVER  
 (calmly)  
 Found them.

Following the trail to an abandoned building, he sneaks in and sees the faint fire through a crack in the door.

OLIVER  
 (calculating)  
 Too many to fight.

He turns his head slightly, catching sight of some FEAR stalking the nearby alley. Its jagged bones scrape against the concrete as it moves, its glowing eyes scanning the darkness for prey. OLIVER watches, assessing. The raiders don't know they've set up camp in the path of these monsters.

He slips closer to FEAR and grabs a small rock. He aims and throws the stone at Fear. The monster's head turns in the direction of the sound. Slowly, it roars and runs after Oliver.

OLIVER  
 (panting)  
 That's it. Come to the party.

Oliver leads FEAR toward Raider's camp. Its skeletal form blending into the night. The raiders are still unaware, laughing and talking around their fires.

RAIDER  
 (suddenly alarmed)  
 What the hell is that?

FEAR sprints to the firelight, and the camp is in chaos. Raiders scramble, grabbing their guns, but the creature moves too fast.

RAIDER  
 (screaming)  
 FEARRRRRRRRR, shoot it! Shoot it!

FEAR tears them apart, its bony spurs slicing through the Raiders' bodies as easily as a sharp knife. Panic spreads, gunfire erupts. But it is too late. The monster is unstoppable.

CUT TO:

Amidst the chaos, OLIVER moves like a shadow, his knife ready. He slips past the FEAR, heading straight for BELLA, who is tied to a post. The raiders are too busy trying to survive to notice him.

BELLA  
(relieve, whispering)  
Oliver...

Oliver cuts her rope without a word, and his eyes scan the camp.

OLIVER  
(gruff)  
Stay close. We're getting out of here.

BELLA nods, rubbing her wrists as she looks around. The FEAR is tearing through the remaining raiders, but she spots her teammates—The remaining members of Bella's team and some strangers are locked in a cage by Raider.

BELLA  
(urgently)  
We have to get them out too.

Oliver stares at the men, jaw clenches, and thinks for a moment. He never argues. He walks up to them and opens the cage.

OLIVER  
(rapid)  
Go go go! Move fast!

CUT TO:

**22 EXT. RAIDER'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS**

**22**

On the other side of the factory. As OLIVER guides the survivors through the chaos, dodging the FEAR, OLIVER spots CLAY slipping through the debris, trying to escape. But it's not just Clay—the glowing eyes of a FEAR are right behind him, he is running towards Oliver in a panic, trying to get their help.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(coldly)  
Clay.

BELLA notices that too, her face hardening. But before she can react, OLIVER grabs her arm, pulling her back as the FEAR gets closer.

OLIVER

(firm)

We don't have time for this. Take the others and leave here.

BELLA

(frustrated)

What? No! We can't just leave you to fight that thing alone!

The FEAR lets out a growl, tearing through raiders as it charges toward them. CLAY is sprinting, fear is on his face as the monster gains on him.

OLIVER

(urgently)

Bella, I've got this. You need to get the survivors to safety. That thing you won't stop until we're all dead if we don't act now.

BELLA

(angry)

I'm not leaving you to die, Oliver!

OLIVER turns to her, his expression is calm but firm.

OLIVER

(steady)

You know I can handle it. Do you trust me?

BELLA hesitates whether staying or following his orders. The survivors huddle behind her, eyes-wided in horror, waiting for her decision. The FEAR's growls grow louder, and CLAY is almost upon them, gasping for breath, he stumbles toward them with terror in his eyes.

OLIVER

(commanding)

Take care of them, Bella. I'll deal with the Fear. Just go!

BELLA stares at him for a moment, her mind racing. She wants to argue, but she knows he's right. They can't fight the FEAR—not with the weapons they have.

BELLA

(gritting teeth)

Fine, but you better come back.

She turns to the survivors, her voice is steady despite the chaos.

BELLA  
(firmly)  
Let's move. Now!

The survivors follow her as she leads them away from the camp, moving through the wreckage. CLAY, panting and frantic, reaches them just as they're leaving, his eyes wild with panic. He stumbles toward them, desperate.

CLAY  
(gasping)  
Don't leave me here! I'm coming  
with you!

BELLA glances at him, but she doesn't stop. She knows there's no time for arguments. CLAY falls in line behind the group, constantly looking over his shoulder at the FEAR.

CUT TO:

**23 EXT. RAIDER'S CAMP - CONTINUOUS**

**23**

As BELLA and the others escape, OLIVER stands his ground, watching the FEAR charge toward him. Its glowing eyes lock onto him, its jagged bones as it moves with unnatural speed. OLIVER tightens his grip on the knife, his mind focuses.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(calmly)  
You've got this. One shot, make it  
count.

The FEAR lunges, its jagged arm swinging toward him. OLIVER dodges, slashing at its side, but the monster barely flinches. It spins, its bones slicing through the air and continues to attack.

OLIVER moves fast, keeping his distance. But the FEAR is relentless, It lunges again, and this time, it's too close. Its jagged bone spurs sliced open Oliver's thigh, tearing muscle and flesh.

OLIVER  
(gritting teeth)  
Ah— damn it!

He stumbles back, pain shooting up his leg. Blood pours from the wound, staining the ground beneath him. The FEAR growls, sensing blood and weakness, and moves in for the kill.

For a moment, OLIVER's vision blurs. His leg burns with pain, and the world around him seems to spin. The FEAR looms above him, Its jagged bones glisten from the fire, as if ready to strike again.

But then, a memory flashes through his mind—OLIVER's father. The last time he saw him, strong and unyielding, telling OLIVER and his brother to take care of each other.

OLIVER'S FATHER (V.O.)  
(echoing)  
Protect your brother. You've got to  
be strong, Oliver.

OLIVER clenches his lip, fighting through the pain. Another memory—his brother being taken, helpless as raiders dragged him away. The promise OLIVER made to find him, to never give up.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(determined)  
I'm not failing again. Not this  
time.

His grip on the knife tightens as he forces himself to stand, blood pouring from his leg.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(determined, calmly)  
Stay focused. You can do this. Stay  
focused. You can do this!

The FEAR lunges again, but OLIVER is ready this time. Because he found that when the monster attacked, the bones in the back of his neck would spread out, and then there would be something like a fish's gills, which keep vibrating. He dodges to the side, gritting his teeth against the pain, and drives his knife into the monster's exposed side.

OLIVER  
(growling)  
Not today.

The FEAR screeches, but OLIVER doesn't stop. With all his strength, he keeps pushing the knife into its weak spot and twisting it even deeper, fighting the pain in his leg. The monster keeps struggling, but Oliver holds on. He has only one thing in mind -- to survive! Live to fulfill an unfinished promise.

OLIVER  
(shout)  
Ah ah ah ahhhhhhhhhh!

The "FEAR" let out one last guttural scream as Oliver draws his knife and slices the back of the FEAR's neck. The monster collapses, it's bones clattering to the ground, leaving only a human body to fall to the ground. All Oliver can feel now is the sound of his ragged breathing.

He stands over the dead FEAR, his leg trembling but his spirit unbroken. He wipes the blood off his knife and glances at his wound, the pain still sharp but manageable.

OLIVER  
(determined)  
I'm not done yet.

CUT TO:

**24 EXT/INT. RAIDER'S CAMP - SUBURB - DAY**

**24**

Dawn is approaching, BELLA leads the survivors away from the camp, casting frequent glances behind her, searching for any sign of OLIVER. Her heart skips when she finally sees him emerge from the shadows, limping but alive.

Without hesitation, she rushes toward him, wrapping her arms around him in a tight embrace, relief flooding her. OLIVER tenses for a moment, caught off guard, but slowly relaxes, letting her hold him.

BELLA  
(worried)  
Oliver, I can't believe you did it!

OLIVER  
(gruff)  
Takes more than that to stop me.

BELLA pulls back, concerns crossing her face as she glances at the bloodied wound in his leg.

BELLA  
(frowning)  
You're hurt.

OLIVER  
(shrugging)  
It's nothing. I've had worse.

BELLA's eyes flicker with concern, but her attention shifts toward CLAY, who lingers nervously with the other survivors. Her expression hardens, the weight of what's coming settling on her.

BELLA

(serious)  
Clay. He should face you, after  
everything.

OLIVER follows her gaze, his eyes narrowing as they lock onto CLAY. For a moment, his jaw tightens, the betrayal still lingering, but instead of stepping forward, OLIVER looks back at BELLA.

OLIVER  
(firmly)  
No. This is yours to deal with.

BELLA blinks, surprised.

BELLA  
(confused)  
What? After all he's done, you want  
me to handle it?

OLIVER  
(nodding)  
Yeah. This is about you. You need  
to make this call, not me.

BELLA stares at him, uncertainty flickering in her eyes. She's never been the one to make the hard choice—not like this. Her hands tremble slightly as she turns her gaze to CLAY.

BELLA  
(quietly)  
I don't know if I can. He was... he  
was part of us once.

OLIVER steps closer, his voice steady and calm.

OLIVER  
(gently)

You're stronger than you think. You know what needs to be done. And when you say there's always a choice... I believe that now.

BELLA looks at him, the words hitting her harder than she expected.

BELLA  
(whispering)  
What do you mean?

OLIVER hesitates, glancing down for a moment. His mind drifts back to the moment he decided to come back, to the reason he chose not to leave her and the survivors behind.

OLIVER

(gruff)

When you said it, it reminded me of him. Made me think that maybe, just maybe, he's still out there. Maybe he made a choice, too, a choice that could keep him alive.

Bella looks at him and begin to understand why Oliver is so distant at first, and why suddenly he seems driven by something beyond survival.

BELLA

(softly)

You think he's still alive.

OLIVER

(quietly)

I have to believe he is.  
Otherwise... What's the point?

There's a moment of silence between them, mutual understanding in their eyes. BELLA realizes that OLIVER's fight isn't just about surviving the moment—it's about something bigger, something personal. She takes a deep breath, the weight of her own decision settling on her shoulders.

BELLA

(firmly)

You are right. There's always a choice. And I'm making mine.

CUT TO:

**25 EXT. RAIDER'S CAMP - SUBURB - CONTINUOUS**

**25**

BELLA turns toward CLAY, who stands a few feet away, trembling with panic. His eyes widen as she approaches, realizing what's about to happen.

CLAY

(pleading)

Bella, wait—please. I didn't want this! I was just trying to survive!

Bella stops in front of him with her hand on the gun and an incomprehensible expression on her face.

BELLA

(unconcerned)

So were we. And you almost got us killed.

CLAY  
 (desperately)  
 I didn't have a choice! The raiders  
 —they would've killed me if I  
 didn't help them!

Bella stares at him, her expression hardening as the truth emerged.

BELLA  
 (quietly)  
 There's always a choice, Clay. You  
 just made yours.

CLAY shakes his head frantically, but it's too late. BELLA raises her gun, her hand steady. A single shot echoes through the outskirt, and Clay falls lifeless to the ground.

BELLA stands over him for a long time, her heart is heavy but her mind is clear. She's different now—she knows it, but she also knows she made the right choice.

OLIVER steps beside her, his expression is soft but firm.

OLIVER  
 (calmly)  
 You did what you had to do.

BELLA doesn't respond right away. She puts her gun away, her hands are steady.

BELLA  
 (softly)  
 Let's move. We've got a long way to  
 go.

CUT TO:

**26 EXT. ABANDONED STREETS - DAY**

**26**

The group moves through the streets, leaving the camp and its horrors is behind. BELLA walks beside OLIVER, her face sets with resolve but softened by the bond they've built through their shared struggles.

BELLA  
 (thoughtfully)  
 So, what about now? We head north?

OLIVER  
 (gruff)

Yeah. There's shelter up there.  
It's the safest bet for the  
survivors.

BELLA looks at him and knows that he still has a lot left to say.

BELLA  
(curiously)  
And after that?

OLIVER glances at her, then back at the road ahead. His jaw tightens.

OLIVER  
(quietly)  
After that... I keep looking for  
him, my brother. I'm not gonna stop  
him until I find him.

BELLA nods slowly, her respect for him is getting deeper.

BELLA  
(gently)  
You'll find him, Oliver. I know you  
will.

OLIVER  
(nodding)  
I hope so.

For a moment they walk in silence, dawn unfolding before them, the shelter of the north is their next destination. The survivors follow closely behind, the journey ahead uncertain, but they are stronger for having survived together.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
(determined)  
I'm coming for you, brother. I'm  
not giving up.

The group disappears into the dawn, leaving the past behind and stepping into an uncertain but hopeful future.