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World of the Dead: The Zombie Diaries

By Unknown

- Happy birthday.
- Happy birthday, darling!
Whoo-hoo!
- Look at that.
- Happy birthday.
Wow. Wait, wait, wait.
Don't blow them out just yet.
Hon, give me the camera,
and I'll, um, get a shot
- of you and Caitlyn blowing them out.
- OK.
And...
- Oh, my God.
- Good girl.
- Well done.
- Happy birthday.
- All in one go.
- Come on, give it back.
- Don't forget to make your wish.
- I wish for...
You're not supposed
to tell us your wishes.
I wish the lights would come back on.
They will, my darling,
don't worry about that.
I need to go toilet.
OK. Well, quickly then.
You gotta cut this cake.
Hurry up.
Don't go near that front door,
though, OK?
Stay away from that front door.
- I will.
- Good girl.
Look, we can't keep this up,
Tom. She knows something's wrong.
Why don't we take the Land Rover
to the village?
No. Look, they told us to stay here.
Whatever it is out there,
it's contagious.
I'm sure they'll send someone
when it's all sorted.
And we've got enough stuff here

to be getting on with anyway.
It'll be fine, honestly.
I'm not... I'm not sure.
I don't know.
We'll be fine.
Oh, my God. What was that?
I don't know. Let me have a look.
Can you see anything?
It's so dark out there,
I can't see a thing.
Bring that camera with you
so I've got a bit more light.
OK, but be careful.
I think there's something in the river.
What's that?
Caitlyn, just get back in the house,
please, darling? Go on.
Everything's OK.
I'm gonna take a look.
Tom, just get back
inside the house.
It's fine. It's fine.
I'll just take a quick look.
Careful.
- Did you hear that?
- What was it?
I'm not sure.
Tom.
Hold on.
You see anything?
Tom?
Great.
Where is she?
Caitlyn?
Caitie?
Oh no, God, please.
Caitlyn?
Baby, where are you?
Caitlyn?
Oh, God, there...
Thank God, there you are.
Are you all right, darling?
Let me see. Let me see. Are you OK?
- It's OK, sweetheart.

- Mommy...
Just be quiet, OK?
Hug Bunny, hug Bunny close.
Just be quiet.
Oh, God. Shh. Shh.
Everything's gonna be OK.
Just be quiet. Please.
Oh, my God.
Shh, shh...
I'm here, I'm here.
Shh, shh!
- Mom?
- Baby, you have to be so quiet.
Be quiet. Shh, shh.
It's gonna be OK. Shh...
I know, I know. Shh, shh.
My name's Nick Jones.
I'm an army photographer
with the Platoon of the East Anglia
and Fourth Battalion.
Our current location
is a military outpost
in Hertfordshire, United Kingdom.
The tape you just saw was something
we picked up a few weeks ago
whilst we were out on the road.
We've seen some pretty bad stuff
in the past few months,
just like what you saw
with that family.
So it's been about...
...four months since the outbreak,
and we're still alive.
And, uh... that's exactly
what I'm trying to document.
So I'll show you around the place,
introduce you to some of the guys.
We're all TA in the platoon,
so we're all reservists.
To give you an idea, though...
Maddy over there is a truck driver.
Johno is a bloody financial advisor.
At the end of the day,
we're just normal people.

We were on exercise
when this thing took hold.
So we were drafted in by the army
to secure certain areas, which we did.
So, we've seen a lot
of horrible stuff, though.
Really horrible.
And your training, I presume,
must've helped you
and the platoon survive?
Absolutely. But nothing really prepares
you for when it really happens.
You can't plan for this sort of stuff.
So we're just living
day by day at the moment,
trying to help each other out.
Everyone's lost pretty much everyone,
so it's just us.
Are you scared?
We're all afraid.
Anyone who says they're not afraid
is either lying or needs
their fucking head examined.
Sorry.
Lieutenant Andrews, you're in
command of this platoon and the outpost.
Can you tell us
a bit about where we are?
Well, the entire country's
in utter chaos.
There's no law.
There's just bands of survivors like us.
As you can see,
we've got perimeter fencing,
not fool-proof, though, but stops
those things from getting in.
There's a water supply nearby
and there's limited power
from the generators.
I think you found that useful
for your camera.
- What happened, Corporal?
- We had contact, sir.
One casualty, Private O'Hara.

- Wounded?

- Dead, sir.

It was Hatchworth.

The place is crawling with those things.

Take O'Hara's body to sickbay.

We need to bag him up properly.

Sir.

- Do you mind, Nick?

- He's a bit shaken up, man.

Fuckin' sick of this shit.

It was meant

to be a simple raid.

Into the town,

straight in, straight out, job done.

Now I've got another man dead.

Second in a week.

Sir, I'll be honest with you.

These raids are getting too dangerous.

There were far more

than we've encountered before. O'Hara...

O'Hara fucked up and got himself killed.

- He was just a kid.

- I don't want to hear it, Maddox.

The boys get one chance out here.

Now it's the same for everyone.

You take your eye off the ball,

this is what happens.

It's only a few clicks from here, sir.

Look, I'd like your input this evening.

Sir.

This is where they brought

the civilians in.

Fucking hell.

Jesus Christ.

Doc.

Damn it. Nurse.

If you want to be useful, Jones,

get the nurse for me.

That all, sir?

Do me a favor and get out of here

with that thing.

- Yeah.

- Yeah. See you out there.

Hey, guys.

What happened at Hatchworth?
It was all fucked up, mate.
We were loading
our food and supplies from a store
when several of those things came at us.
O'Hara was outside on his own.
Didn't see 'em coming.
No good after you're bitten.
Shot himself before he turned.
- You sure that's what it says?
- Mm-hm.
This part of the message
stays between us.
- I don't want to cause alarm.
- Good.
Jonesy.
- I'm sorry about earlier, Jonesy.
- That's OK.
It's just that... that while in there,
she's not going to last much longer.
Same for most of them.
Had to lock O'Hara's body
in a storeroom till morning.
What a bloody mess.
What about her?
I've had to keep her sedated
and locked up.
Been prone to violent attacks.
Yeah, I can see that.
It looks like you came off worse.
Yeah.
I'll be honest with you.
If she were an animal,
I'd put her down.
There's no specialists left
to give her what she needs.
Just heard word from Corporal Nicholson.
We got contact at the perimeter.
Why are these fucking gates open?!
Nicholson, are you seeing this?
Sir, I don't know how,
but they breached the compound.
Shit. No choice.
We have to engage.

Sir. Engage! Engage!
God damn you, fire!
Help me!
No! Fuck no!
Help me!
No!
- Fall back!
- Outflank 'em!
Someone! Help me!
Fall back! Fall back!
Fall back!
Jonesy!
Help. Help.
Turner! Turner!
Jesus. God.
Jones, you all right?
Yeah. Sickbay's fucked,
everyone's dead.
- We're getting out of here.
- How?
We're taking one of the trucks.
This whole place is compromised now.
We'll get as much weapon
and ammunition as we can.
- You got a sidearm?
- No.
You know how to use it.
- We need find Carter!
- I haven't seen him.
See if you can grab anyone
from the other side of the barracks.
If Carter's there, get him.
We're leaving.
OK. OK.
Maddox!
Maddox!
Quick. Give me a hand.
- We can't leave her.
- We can't. She's a liability.
What, you want to be
a murderer? Just... Just help her!
All right, stand back.
Listen to me!
We are getting out of this place.

I need you to do as I say.
You understand?
Understand?!
OK. Let's go.
Maddox!
Where's Andrews?
We're taking the truck!
Last time I saw him,
he was on the other side.
And the main gate's been breached.
We need to bug out.
We're not leaving
without Carter!
I can't see shit out here, Kayne!
There he is! Carter!
Stop!
Andrews!
Oh, fuck, they're everywhere.
Nicholson, what the fuck are you doing?!
I'm gonna draw them away
so you can get the truck out.
You're fucking mad.
All of you, back to the truck, now!
Stay behind us!
Jonesy, move it! Move it!
Jones, come on, come on, come on.
We need to wait for Nicholson.
We gotta go.
We gotta go now.
Nicholson! Nicholson!
Nicholson!
We're just leaving the base.
We left Nicholson behind.
Fuck... Oh, God, Nicholson.
He's left behind.
Um... Someone left the gate open.
I don't know who the fuck did that,
but the gate is left open.
Are you OK?
We shouldn't be taking her.
She wouldn't have
made it otherwise.
That ain't my problem.
The girl was locked up.

She's crazy.
- She'll slow us down.
- Knock it off.
She's with us now, so get used to it.
You sure you're OK?
I'm Corporal Maddox, by the way.
What's your name?
Leeann.
Here. Put this on.
You were quite
handy back there.
You almost took my head off.
You've met Jonesy already?
This is Kayne.
She's a good soldier,
same goes for Carter up front.
They'll protect you.
We're gonna try and find
somewhere safe, OK?
This place should be all right. It's in
our recon area, if the others make it.
Too dangerous to drive
with those things around, Corporal.
Yeah, I agree. They must be
all over the place by now.
The truck's out of sight.
Gone down quiet, though.
Yeah, too quiet.
And the weather's closing in.
We need to gain entry.
Don't worry. I've got a key.
Go. Go.
Kayne... check the place out.
We need to secure the location,
make it as hard as possible
for those things to get in.
Area clear.
Pretty hairy back there, eh?
- Seen worse.
- Mm.
She does speak.
So, Jonesy tells me
you're some kind of reporter.
That's right.

Where from?

London.

So how did you end up out here?

Leave her out, Carter.

Her friends were attacked.

My friends were murdered.

No one here is gonna hurt you. OK?

Yeah. Whatever.

Hm... It's beautiful.

What is?

Snow.

I've never seen it before.

Oh, wow. I didn't realize.

Uh, Maddox needs you inside.

Let's go.

I want you to see this.

You, too, Leeann.

This involves all of us.

I managed to take this from the base before it was overrun.

Now, I'm sure you all heard about the messages we'd been receiving.

Well, Andrews worked out it was coming from Hope's Point on the east coast.

- Survivors?

- Yeah.

- There's no one there.

- That's what we thought, but there are.

- And there's a lot more in Holland.

- Holland?

There's a large community over there who have got a plan

to sit this thing out over winter.

Now, ten clicks from our position is Hinxston Forest.

It's the best way to avoid the towns.

If we take the road through the forest and stick to the country route

to the coast, then regroup

with the survivors at Hope,

then we get over to Rotterdam

and hold out till spring.

This is Andrews's last orders.

Andrews is gone, Maddox.

We should be heading north,
not to the coast.
You need to forget about Manchester.
- We've all lost people, Carter.
- Hope Point is crazy.
There's nothing left for us here.
And look at what you're wearing.
We're more hated than those creatures.
After what happened in the beginning...
We had orders. So did you.
- I didn't wanna do it.
- Yeah, I know, none of us did.
But people blame the likes of us
after what happened.
We run into a group of survivors
who have all lost loved ones,
they'll most likely lynch you.
We're a symbol of that old authority.
Whether you like it or not,
we are better off moving now.
- You're wrong.
- This whole country is fucked.
What are you gonna do?
You gonna throw down your rifle
and pretend you're a civvie
like everyone else?
Use your head, man.
Rotterdam? Uh...
Fuck.
Carter.
Keep it down, mate.
They're outside.
Shit.
Started coming by about an hour ago,
just hanging around.
They better not try and get in.
They don't know we're here.
What was that?
Stay on me.
It's coming from down there.
I hear it, mate.
Keep it down.
Be careful, Carter.
There's a door.

On three.
One... two... and three.
Slowly. OK. OK.
I'm not sure about this.
Shh.
It's not good.
Leave it.
OK. OK.
Jonesy, what's that sound?
Carter, shit!
- Fuck.
- Behind me, out.
Go, go, go, go, go!
Behind me.
Jesus.
We need to get out of here.
- It's a fucking death trap.
- I know. They're everywhere outside.
- They'll get in.
- OK, we've got no choice.
We're bugging out.
Head around to the truck.
- Don't engage with weapons.
- Got it.
Jonesy, get in the back.
Look out!
- Fuck.
- What's happening?
- The ride is over.
- All right, everyone out.
- Truck's totaled.
- Fuck it.
- Oh, Jesus.
- All right, on me. Let's move.
Kayne, watch from the tree line.
I don't think they're
gonna come this far.
Christ.
What now, man?
- Are you OK?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
Fuck.
Hold the perimeter.
There's a shallow river up ahead,

and make sure everyone gets
their canteens filled.

- Jonesy, use the purifying tablets.

- Yep.

- How's everyone down at the camp?

- Yeah, not bad.

You get any sleep?

A little bit.

Damn weather though.

Yeah, it's fucking cold.

This is no good.

We stand out like sore fucking thumbs.

So you really want

to leave the country?

Don't get me wrong, mate.

I understand people wanna find out
how their loved ones are, but...

We have to assume they're dead.

I want to show you something.

It's just down there.

Jesus.

We are not alone out here.

Somebody didn't just kill this creature.

They enjoyed it.

OK. Let's head back to the camp.

Jones, keep this between ourselves,
yeah?

Where'd you get that thing?

My grandfather was a collector.

Been in the family for years.

All right, so what have we got?

Got the two SA80s with four mags,
one pistol, one clip, one shotgun,
several shells,

my rifle, my Mauser.

No grenades, though.

Not much, is it?

Best way to deal with these creatures
is to avoid them.

That should be enough

to get us to Hope's Point.

Then what?

We'll be OK.

- I can shoot.

- You?
Used to go shooting with my dad.
Made the county finals a few years back.
Now I've heard it all.
Leeann, you're under
our protection for now.
Guys, look at this!
It must have been there for weeks.
Fucking hell, it's everywhere.
You forgetting something?
We all fucking drank
from here last night.
- Oh, God.
- Everyone, calm down.
It's OK.
Our boot marks, upstream.
It's all right.
- That's lucky.
- Too fucking lucky.
No point in polluting the rest
of this fucking area.
So, what are we doing
about transport?
Well, we can forget about the truck.
Getting a new vehicle means
heading into a town or village,
and I don't wanna risk that.
We proceed on foot.
Come on, man.
Private, I want all the kits
squared and ready to go.
We head to Hinxston Forest as planned.
We need to get some distance
between this place and us.
Carter!
Trip wire. Careful.
Kayne, check it out.
It's a crossbow. Bandits.
I'll disarm it.
Whoa! Fuck! Shit!
Carter, come back very slowly.
We need to keep off the main paths.
Do you fucking see this?
Bandits.

OK, on me, move.
Put your back into it, come on.
Whoo!
Fucking hell, Weasel.
Have I got to show you where to put it?
Come on.
Are you a fucking virgin? Come on!
I hope you're
using fucking protection.
Dirty bastard. Whoo!
There we go.
OK. Now, Goke...
- Jesus Christ, live a little.
- Problem?
I thought we were gonna fucking
save her for Billy.
Shut up.
Jesus, Manny. Dirty fuck.
Let's go, come on.
- It's no good.
- I can take them from here.
Leeann, you all right?
OK, let's move. Kayne, take point.
What do you think?
We take the most direct route,
straight through the forest.
I don't know, Maddox.
We're not moving across open ground
with bandits around.
We need to move fast.
Time is not on our side.
Yeah, I realize that.
No, you don't.
Look, there's something
you all need to understand.
We've not got much time left.
What do you mean?
There are boats leaving for Rotterdam
from Hope's Point.
They leave in two days,
and they won't wait.
Two days, that's all we've got.
What?
There's something else.

I haven't said anything 'cause
I don't know if it's true yet, but...
If we don't make it there in time,
the chances of our survival
in this country are gonna be zero.
Kayne, you can't say this to Carter.
Why not? He's one of us.
If what we heard happens,
I know he will try and find his family,
and he will die trying.
I'm sorry,
but you've gotta trust me on this.
It's not right.
Kayne, we need him.
- SITREP.
- Not good.
The forest is fucking
full of those things.
Can we make it through?
All right, let's move.
Come on, let's go.
Leeann, I need your help.
Take these.
Kayne, Carter, right flank.
Jones, Leeann, with me.
- Prepare to move.
- Ready.
Ready.
- Ready.
- Move!
- Covering fire!
- Go!
Go!
Cover!
Covering fire!
On me!
Follow me!
Let's get the fuck out of here.
No sign.
We're clear for now.
They'll be following.
These fuckers are slow,
but they don't give up.
Leeann, you did good.

- Maddox, I'm freezing.

- I know.

Don't worry, we'll start a fire.

This is a good place to rest.

We can see anything coming.

We're close, maybe one or two clicks
till we're through the forest.

We'll come across a couple of villages.

Good. Maybe we can find a set of wheels.

Doubtful, but we do need food and water.

This is pretty much the last of it.

We'll have a look at daybreak,
but I'm not taking any chances.

I don't like it out here.

It feels too open.

Be glad when we get to the coast.

The people at Hope's Point
know what they're doing.

Yeah.

I just wanna leave places
like London behind now.

Have you got any family there?

Yeah.

It scares me,
the thought of ever going back.

- Married?

- No.

Just Mom and Dad.

I wanted a career back then.

All seems so pointless now.

I had a wife and a daughter.

Up in Manchester.

Wish I knew where they are.

Just need to find out what happened,
you know?

Jonesy.

Here, give me that.

- So, what about you?

- What do you mean?

It's about time you tell us
a bit about yourself?

Yeah, mate, you've been
asking us a lot of questions.

OK.

My wife left me three years ago.
Uh, I suppose it was
my own fault, really.
I was always away on work.
Looks like you still are.
Yeah.
I suppose it's all I got left now.
But it's important, isn't it?
To document all this.
Any other family?
Just my dad.
He went to America
a few years ago, and, uh...
...I haven't heard
from him since Christmas.
It was just a card.
And no kids, actually.
It's a pretty good job, considering,
isn't it? All this, what's happened.
- Don't go asking Corp.
- Why? What's the big secret?
It's no secret.
Well?
- You really wanna know?
- Yeah, I really wanna know.
I was a schoolteacher.
A teacher? Are you serious?
Yeah.
Taught geography
to secondary school kids.
Just a regular job like everyone else.
But I'll say this. Um...
I'm sorry, Jonesy, but you're wrong.
Kids are our only hope now.
That's why it's so important
we find other survivors.
If not, our generation's
gonna be the last,
and things will never get back
to the way they were.
What about you, Kayne?
I look after him.
Ha-ha.
You fucks.

Here.
I'm gonna go pee.
Stay close.
Leeann, you all right?
Leeann?
Leeann!
If any of those things eat her...
Fall back behind those trees.
- The cunts were just here.
- Keep your fucking noise down.
They're still around.
I'll let you go,
though quickly this time, now.
That's it. You struggle.
I like it rough!
Fucking cunt.
Up we go then.
- They can't get far.
- Traps will stop them.
Ain't that right, Billy?
You're a tough girl
to get hold of, Leeann.
Be still. Your friends at the base
got a nice surprise last night, eh?
Fucking animals!
What are we gonna do with her?
What do you think, Manny?
I'm gonna fucking ruin her.
You already been there, mate.
No, we got something
special in mind for you.
Haven't we, Billy?
That wasn't nice.
Hold her down.
No. No.
- No!
- This cunt's gonna get it.
Stop. Please.
- No!
- What are you wearing under there?
Get 'em!
Keep your heads down!
Run point!
- Fucking run, Billy!

- Run, I'll hold them!
Keep them pinned down
until we get clear,
then you follow, that's an order.
Carter,
keep a watch on your right flank.
Got it! Go, go!
All round defense!
Leeann.
I was listening to those wankers.
They're the ones, aren't they?
Who did that to your friends?
- Yeah.
- Fuckers.
We better across these fields
and away from here now.
No. We gotta wait for Carter.
Look, Carter knows what he's doing.
We've gotta go.
There he is! I can see him.
No!
- Kayne, leave him!
- Carter!
Kayne... do me!
Do it! Fucking do it!
Kayne. You all right?
Look, I'm sorry about Carter.
He didn't wanna come
on this fucking mission.
We'll get through this.
- We will get to safety.
- It's fucked up.
I know it is. But right now,
I need you on your feet.
They'll be on us.
Bring it on.
That's Carter's rifle.
Fuckers.
They'll have their hands full
for a while.
They won't find us in the dark
if we keep moving. Come on.
There's a village up ahead.
OK. We're gonna try and find

a vehicle.

But the first sign of trouble,
and we're out of there.

There could be hostiles around
so keep your eyes peeled.

Leeann, Jonesy,
do not engage unless I say.

OK. Stay sharp.

It's too fucking quiet.

What do you see?

Nothing.

All right, let's head through.

No sound.

It's no good! Go, go, go!

What now?

- Fuck.

- Go!

There's a vehicle up ahead.

Better be quick.

They'll be more of these.

Kayne, keep us covered.

- Come on.

- Come on, Maddox.

- Come on, come on, come on. Come on!

- Come on!

- Fuck!

- Shit!

Fuck. Fuckin'...

Maddox!

Leeann, try the Jeep again.

We need to get out

of this fucking village, now!

Kayne, come on, let's move! Kayne!

Kayne, what's up?

Something doesn't feel right.

Scarecrows? What the fuck?

You're right.

Something doesn't feel right.

Let's move.

On me.

- Do you think it's them?

- It's them.

I don't know. We're not

waiting around to find out.

Jones, Leeann, I want you two to head
across to those trees on the other side.
We'll cover you. When you get there,
you give covering fire to Kayne and I.
- Understood? Leeann?
- OK. Yeah.
Keep low, move fast. Go, go.
Too fucking close.
- You OK?
- Yeah.
Go!
- Go!
- Go!
Fuck! Kayne!
We'll get you out of this, now.
Come on.
Come on.
Gonna get you out of this.
Oh, fuck!
Tell me, how bad is it?
- Kayne, put pressure on it.
- Oh!
You're gonna be all right.
- It's gonna be all right.
- Maddox, they're coming.
Leave me here. Leave me here.
Not fucking happening.
Come on.
Jonesy, keep the cover.
Clear.
I need one of you on lookout
while I patch Kayne up.
- I'll go.
- Be careful.
Fucking stings like hell.
Man, never thought I'd get shot.
Fuck it.
The sooner we get off this
fucking island, the better.
We just gotta get to the coast.
We're so close.
We ain't gonna make it, Maddox.
Carter was right.
I don't wanna hear that.

We're gonna get out of this.
Jonesy, get Leeann. We're moving.
Leeann.
Leeann, come on. We're leaving.
Curtis.
Don't fucking move.
All right, treacle.
Well, this is all very cozy.
Not so fucking clever now,
are they?
Reminds me of that night
with your friends, Leeann.
What was her name again?
Oh, yeah. Vanessa.
She was a right little whore.
I put a bullet in that guy, though.
He was a cunt.
Party's getting started.
What the fuck are you doing to her?
You fucks.
You talk again,
and I'll blow your fucking head off.
Calm down, soldier boy.
If he wants to fuck her, he will.
Billy! Get in here!
Come here.
Go now. Go on.
Now, you see, Billy here
likes to build scarecrows.
Ain't that right?
The kid's a real talent.
Do you remember
what we talked about last night?
Last night, yeah.
Yeah, last night, that's right.
Go on. Tell me.
We're...
We're gonna fuck them up.
Good boy.
Now, why don't you show me
on this cunt here.
You see him?
You see that filthy uniform?
- Goke, don't!

- Shut the fuck up.
Go on, Billy.
You want to be part of the group,
you gotta pass the test.
Then go fuck him up.
Do it!
Do it, Billy! Have him!
Good boy, you're doing well.
Good boy.
Curtis, keep an eye on them.
Any of them moves,
shoot them in the face.
Come on, Billy. Give me that.
Look who's here.
Stay there, bitch.
Billy's here to learn about life.
Sure is.
With the big boys now. Huh?
Look at him. Look at him.
What's the matter, Billy?
Don't you like her?
Go on, mate. You like her?
- I do...
- Told ya.
You so much as move,
I'll cut your throat out.
You got me?
Billy, hold that.
Now...
I spy with my little eye
something beginning with "T."
What is it, Billy?
Billy!
That'll be titties, Billy.
Titties.
Come on. This is for you.
This is all for you.
Can't.
Can't! I can't!
How about we leave you
on your own?
We're the ones that found you.
Remember when we found you?
Don't wanna be on my own!

Yeah, Billy, you won't survive
without us.

You'll be all on your own.

Now do it.

Time to be a man.

- No.

- Get 'em off.

- No! No!

- Come on!

- Come on.

- No!

What the fuck?

You can do it, right?

Get that thing in there.

Fucking be a man!

Fuck him.

I'll show you, bitch.

Humiliate my friend like that?

Billy.

You can't let her do that to you.

Use that knife... and cut her.

Cut her here.

No. No.

Cut her!

Deeper! Deeper! Cut her!

Fucking cut her!

Fucking hell.

You're sick, Billy.

You're fucking sick.

Fuck me, our boy did it.

You're part

of the club now, Billy.

Your turn now, mate.

All right.

Curtis.

Bring that soldier boy in here.

What the fuck's going on back there?

Fuck. Fuck's going on?

Guys! Fuck, Goke,

there's another one of them.

Nicholson,

they got Kayne in the other room.

Do it now!

Drop the fucking knife!

Nicholson, lower your weapon.
Drop that fucking knife!
Get back, get back, get back.
Pussy!
Fuck.
Come on.
Jesus fucking Christ.
How did you find us, Nicholson?
I've been tracking you for days.
Got fucking lucky finding you.
They would have killed us
for sure. They got Carter too.
They've been after us
for some time.
Fucking scum.
Oh, fuck's sake.
He's just a kid, he didn't know
what he was doing.
Yeah.
You didn't need to shoot him.
We need to bury her.
Remember what you did to me?
Hi, Leeann.
That's a big gun.
What's the matter?
You look angry.
Anyone wanna say anything?
Leeann, take this.
At least your burden's gone, Kayne.
Maddox.
I think you gotta tell us
everything you know.
I heard you by the comms room
with Andrews.
- The other night. What was it?
- Maddox?
Well, what is it we weren't
supposed to tell Carter?
We heard a message on the radio
about an operation
to eradicate the threat, entirely.
It seems the UK has been the hardest hit
by this thing.
And once those boats leave tomorrow...

...that's it.
They're calling it Operation Inferno.
Pretty soon, this entire country
is gonna be one big fucking graveyard.
They can't do that!
They can, and they will.
It's already started.
We'll be at Hope's Point by nightfall.
Come on, let's move.
Give me that.
Fifth Battalion.
Jesus Christ.
All of them.
They must have swarmed in.
Overrun before they knew it.
What...
What about the broadcast?
We need to go inside
and check the radio bunker.
There might still be survivors inside.
Keep your eyes peeled,
there may be hostiles around.
It's not over yet.
OK, Nicholson. You wait for us here,
keep a lookout.
You see anything at all,
you let us know.
Copy that.
Oh, my God.
Last stand.
This leads down to the comms room.
Stay sharp.
What the fuck's that?
Must lead further down
into the complex.
OK.
Oh, my God.
What the fuck is going on?
Jesus Christ.
We are the last, aren't we?
What do we do now, Maddox?
We can get to the boats.
We can still get out of this.
Come on, move it.

They're all gone,
no one's left.
We can still get out of this.
Jones, you and I will head down
the beach. We'll check on the boats,
- and we'll move at first light.
- Maddox! There's no one left.
We need to hold this bunker.
I'm still following orders!
This island is dead!
Jones, I need your help.
Corporal Nicholson.
Jez, Jez, I need you to stay
with Leeann until we return.
I don't get it. There's
signal fires, but where are they?
Where the fuck are the boats?
They've gone without us, Maddox!
No. They were waiting for them.
- What do you mean?
- I was wrong.
They were waiting to be rescued,
but the boats must have taken too long.
Then we need
to get out of here.
No. The message we intercepted
said they leave in two days.
That's tomorrow morning.
They're still coming, Jonesy.
We can't rely on that message.
It's our last fucking chance of hope.
Help me stoke the fires.
They need to be able
to see the shoreline.
Come on!
Help me.
We've gotta
get back to the base.
Stop fucking filming and help me!
They could be out there now
looking for our signal.
We've gotta get back
to the bunker, Maddox.
And then what?!

This is our last chance
at survival, Jones.
Come with me.
It's safer underground.
I'm staying, Jonesy.
These boats are coming, believe me.
Fuck's sake, Maddox!
You said it's safe
if we stick together.
- Maddox, listen to me!
- Just go then!
Go!
I have to wait here.
Please.
Hello!
You shouldn't have fucking left him!
I had no choice, Leeann.
He wouldn't come back.
Here.
- Which way to the tunnels?
- That way.
Follow me.
Fall back! Fall back!
Fall back! Fall back!
It's fucking blocked!
We can't get through!
What we gonna do?
What we gonna do?!
We fight!
Nicholson!
Leeann! Just come on, get back.
Fuck!
Oh no! Leeann!
Jonesy!
This is Nick Jones.
I don't know
if anyone's gonna see this...
It's over. For me, it's over.
Leave it, Jonesy.
I don't understand you.
We're in England now,
you need speak English.
I'm sorry. She's scared.
We both are.

It's taken us a long time to get here.
We came from Holland. Rotterdam.
It's gone.
The whole city's on fire.
It seems like all of Europe is.
They said to come here... the UK.
It's an island... so it's safe. Right?
They said survivors
are gathering here.
Is it true?
Can you help us?