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Dead Meat

By Conor McMahon

Go on back to bed.
Go on.
And in further news...
we have evidence
linking a farmer...
who has admitted breaking
waste and feeding laws...
to the farm that started
the bovine epidemic.
Feeding dead animal remains
to cattle...
is a known source
of infection.
The Ministry of Agriculture
said today...
that tougher controls will be...
God, it's beautiful here.
Just think, if you'd actually
read the map correctly...
we'd never even ended up here.
Are we nearly there?
Yes, we're nearly there,
as I said.
It'll be half an hour,
we'll be at the hotel.
- You can get out
and stretch your legs.
- It's botched.
- What?
- It's botched.
- Shit.
Jeez, that brake.
That wasn't working very well.
God, this old car.
An old bang-ner.
How to say it?
Banger?
- Banger.
- Banger, yeah.
The new ones were contraband.
You mean, like my car.
Yes, actually,
that's exactly what I mean.
Bangers are lovely.

Got lots of character.
Like yours?
Exactly.
It's a sign of good taste.
Open the glove compartment.
What am I looking for?
A little blue box.
That's the one.
Is this for me?
It's for you.
Go on, open it.
Oh, my God.
Martin, this is beautiful.
Well, go on.
Put it on.
I'd say it was expensive.
Was it?
Yes, it was expensive.
Let's have a look.
I love it.
You look beautiful.
Ok, come here.
- Jesus Christ!
- Oh, my God!
Oh, gross.
Oh, god.
Oh, Martin.
Oh, God, Martin.
What do you do?
Christ.
Is he dead?
- Yes.
- Oh, God.
His pulse just stopped.
We'll have to
take him with us.
I'm gonna put
a blanket down first.
Martin.
- What?
- There is a cottage over there.
- What?
- Well, we can take him there.
Come on.

Jesus Christ.
- Oh, my God.
- Just shut up.
Now, 1, 2, 3.
Ok, slowly.
Shit.
Goddamn it, get off me!
Get in the car.
Oh, God, Martin,
that's disgusting.
Get in the car.
Jesus Christ!
Jesus Christ!
Martin, what are you doing?
I'm gonna fucking kill him
is what I'm gonna do.
Martin, what are you doing?
I'm getting out of here.
Come on.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
We need to get out of here.
- Come on, come on.
- Hold on.
Please look at this.
What? Is it bad?
No, it's just a scratch.
Just take this tissue.
Oh, good.
Oh, God.
Come on, Martin, come on.
- Let's go to the cottage.
- Hold on just for a sec.
Oh, my God.
Sorry.
Jesus, you're fucked.
Oh, my God.
Lena.
Oh, God.
Great.
Oh, God.
Listen, I can't move, ok?
Go up to the cottage,
get some help...

bring them down here...
preferably in a car...
and take me to a hospital, ok?
Please.
Oh, no, you can
go with me, Martin.
Come on, come on.
Helena, will you go
to the cottage...
and get some help?
Now.
Before we end up with
two dead bodies down here.
Please!
Helena.
What?
Just go on.
Hello?
Hello?
Martin?
Martin?
Thank God you're here.
Oh, my God, Martin,
what are you doing?
Here, I'll give you a hand.
What happened to you?
I was attacked.
Were you bitten?
- No.
- Good.
Which way is to
the nearest town?
I need to get to a telephone.
The nearest town's
not for miles.
Be nighttime
before you got there, anyway.
I wouldn't fancy
being out here at nighttime.
Not now.
I need to call for help.
You're wasting your time.
I mean, there's more to this
than just your problem.

From what I've seen
this morning...
half the countryside's
been attacked.
Those things are everywhere.
We could hide out
at my cottage...
until we can figure out
a way to raise some help.
Look, I'm not from around here.
Do you have any idea
what's going on?
That's a good question.
Well, there was reports
of an infection spreading...
around here.
I saw it on the TV,
there, a few days ago.
Apparently some farmer...
was feeding dead animal remains
to his cattle.
After a few days,
the tables turned...
and the herds started
attacking each other.
In some cases,
the farmers, as well.
Then the government came in
and wiped out all the herds.
That's why you won't see a cow
around here for miles.
That's probably got something
to do with it, I think.
Jesus.
We better make a move.
So, where is this cottage
of yours?
About 2 1/2 miles away.
Up the road, through a gate,
and straight on.
That's the quickest way.
Come on.
Are you coming?
Do you know how many

have been infected?
I'm not sure.
Must be spreading quickly,
though.
I came across about 4 or 5
of them before I ran into you.
I'm Desmond, by the way.
Helena.
I'm the local gravedigger.
Never leave the gate open.
We crashed into somebody
on the road.
And that person bite him.
And when I went
to get some help...
And the next thing is,
he was trying to kill me.
This is place is known as
The Valley of The Hanging Trees.
One farmer who was here
in the 17th century...
hanged 50 women and children.
I'd really... I mean...
I don't want to be bad with you
or anything like that.
But the countryside is just
not my thing, you know?
Oh, now, that's not fair.
Wait for me.
Run. Now.
What?
Helena!
Come here!
Helena!
This is Fenham Abbey.
Actually, Cromwell was...
Never mind.
Desmond, they're coming... quick!
Yeah, yeah, just a sec.
Come on!
Yeah, yeah.
Come on, quick!
Shit!
Open the door!

There's more of them coming.
Let's go.
That wasn't bad, huh?
Not bad.
But you lack finesse.
Here, take this. Quick.
Fucking dead fucks.
They cannot win.
Wait.
Hold on one sec.
Desmond!
Des! What the hell
are you doing?
Desmond! Are you crazy?
Come here! Des!
What?
What do you think you're doing?
They don't care.
I'm not going that way.
You must be crazy.
You're gonna have to...
because we've got to get
to my house now.
One mile that way. That's it.
What about if we go over
that hill there?
And walk through
a dark forest like that?
No way. One mile straight
on there to my house.
10 seconds to get by
these fuckers here. Grand.
Come on.
No place like home, huh?
No place like home.
So, this is your place?
Yeah.
Hold on there.
Die, bitch.
I'm not gonna hurt you!
Wait.
You're ok. Don't worry.
You're ok.
Oh, God.

I think we scared
the shite out of her.
Look at her.
What happened to you?
They hurt my dad real bad.
I think they killed him.
Oh, Jeez.
And...
Oh, you poor pet.
That's ok. Don't worry.
That's ok.
I didn't meant to.
I know that.
You're ok now. Come with us.
Desmond?
What?
Oh, there's a Jeep over there.
We can get a lift.
Hello?
Get back! Leave off!
Are you going to next town?
Fucking back!
What do you want?
- Desmond!
- What do you want?
Just a lift to the next town.
What are you doing?
Why should I give you a lift?
Well, because I want to
get out of here...
and you have a car and I don't.
And so I should just give you
a fucking lift, is that it?
We all have to fucking
get out of here.
Doesn't mean
I'm fucking taking you.
Well, you have to help us.
I don't have to do
anything of the sort.
Now, fuck off!
Hiya.
Hello.
How you doing?

I've been better,
to be honest now.
Seen better days.
Did you see her?
She's covered in fucking blood.
Well, of course,
because she's been fighting.
Because these things
are following us.
- Were you bitten?
- No, I wasn't.
- Were you bitten?
- No.
Where are you coming out of?
Over a field, 2 1/2 miles.
Going back to my house.
Listen, I know yourself.
I was thinking the same
this morning.
Trust no one.
You're gonna have to.
I don't know who's alive.
I don't know who's dead.
You're the first half-normal
person we've come across.
That's the Moriarty house...
and you're saying
it's your house?
Yeah.
Pat Moriarty's son?
That's right.
Yeah, I know you.
You're his son Desi.
Who are you?
I'm Cathal Cheunt.
You're the... you're the coach?
That's right.
You would've coached me
about 6 years ago.
Ah, yes, for about 2 weeks.
Yeah, you were shy.
That's right.
How are you doing? Are you well?
I'm hanging in there.

After the morning I've had,
I'm hanging in there.
And I know it. I know it. Huh?
Will you give us a lift now?
I'm having a little bit
of trouble with the van.
I've only got a kick-start.
Can give you a lift then.
Francie?
She's turned.
Quick! Desmond!
She's grand. Moriarty.
Do you remember Pat?
Pat Moriarty?
This is his son, Desi.
Bit of a fucking eejit
by the looks of it.
We'll give him a lift.
I'm very sorry, Francie.
- Desi.
- How are you?
What's your name?
Lisa.
How are you, Lisa?
And what's your name?
Helena.
Hello.
Sorry, Francie. Helena.
You getting in...
or you're gonna stand there
with your asses hanging out?
You can find your own way.
Be glad of it.
- Excuse me.
- Jesus Christ. Hello.
Can we get a move on here?
We have to wait
for the car to be fixed.
Oh, yeah. We have to
wait here, don't we?
Well, you can fuck off,
if you like.
You can fuck off yourself.
Jeez.

Are we ready to rock and roll?

Are you ok, Lisa?

- Yeah.

- Good.

She's going.

Grand. Now I'm fucking

lazy, huh?

Is there something wrong
with that one back there?

There's something
not fucking right about it.

There's something wrong
with that one.

We'll have to watch it.

How 'bout we take that chip
off your fucking shoulder?

You hear me?

Keep your eye out now, Francie.

We're on an open road.

It's the gorse bushes.

You want to watch

the gorse bushes.

Part of the gorse, yeah.

They'll be haven

from the gorse.

Safer on the road.

So, the plan with us is to get
to the next town over...

Kilfinnan.

We're after coming through now

2, maybe 3 parishes...

on the way over.

All you could see were
the ghouls.

Now, we'll have better luck
next town over.

Won't have happened there.

We're not too far now from
Mrs. Bonnie's homestead.

Do you remember

Mrs. Bonnie, Francie?

I remember Mrs. Bonnie.

Jesus Christ.

You'll know Mrs. Bonnie.

You'll be seeing
her around, I'm sure.
You'd smell her
if you didn't see her.
She'd be getting into the van.
She'd be telling you she's
only herself to look after...
and she was doing grand...
and you'd be there
with your nose closed...
for fear of the smell
of the piss off her.
Rat bastards. Ordinarily say
they're better off dead.
You wonder what be scraping
through their heads.
When did you see the first one?
First we saw, we were out
burning heather...
in the back field
on our own place.
- Nice.
- Looked up there yonder.
Francie saw Padre O'Brien
coming towards us.
We could not have known.
It has often happened.
A strange look off him, though.
Took the head off
and burnt the thing.
I've known him now 20 years.
Wasn't a way
to think to do either.
But never a situation or
epidemic quite as serious as...
as the one we witnessed today.
Dr. Hamitill there from
Oakel Agricultural Center.
Once again, our main story:
We are receiving current reports
of widespread mayhem...
believed to be connected
to a recent outbreak...
of a mutated strain

of mad cow disease.
The following towns
have been affected:
Keshcarrigan, Kilfinnan,
Carrick-on-Shannon...
Ballinamore,
and Leitrim Village.
These areas are
to be avoided at all costs.
However, any citizens
in need of assistance...
should make their way
to the Castle Fort...
located on the outskirts
of Lobinstown.
A rescue team
will be located there...
within the next 6 to 8 hours...
to lead any non-infected
people to...
Nothing. Just static.
Just... they're knocking down.
Try the number 3 there.
Nothing on 3, either.
Kilfinnan operator's normally
at that number.
Nothing there at all.
What's on the road?
Huh?
Jesus Christ.
It's one of the ghouls.
Go on, Francie. Go on.
We'll help her. Go on.
Hang on to the back there.
- Come on, you fucker!
- Go for him!
- Go on, Cathal.
- Speed up.
Go on now, go.
We have her.
Go on.
The sports of Ireland!
Did you fucking see that?
Good man.

If you knew her,
you wouldn't recognize her.
I took half the jaw off of her
there with the hurl.
I can't believe
they're off the radio.
I can't work it out.
Static is all we're getting.
Static on it.
Politicians.
How is it the politicians?
They've cut us off.
Why have they cut us off?
'Cause they don't want anyone
to know what's going on.
Going on? So they've given up
on the county of Leitrim?
Now, Francie,
you're dreaming that up.
Your head's up your hole.
The light's working.
Aye, it is.
Sorry.
It's ok. It's good to know
it works, though.
It's really dark outside.
When I was a young fella,
I used to hate it.
I was terrified of the dark.
Ah, she's so lucky, isn't she?
I wish I could sleep like that.
Are you all right?
Yeah. Just tired.
Yeah. I bet you didn't expect...
this shite
this morning, did you?
I know what it's like
to be scared, though.
You know, when you're
a child, and...
I used to be scared
of going to sleep.
I used to have those horrible
nightmares every night.

Right.
So I used to spend all my nights
just reading comics.
It works, though.
Don't go to sleep. Stay sharp.
You know, I was so lucky
I bumped into you today.
I bumped into you.
Oh, you did.
I left a bruise on your arse...
the size of
a fucking melon, I'd say.
There's nothing. It's just dead.
Helena!
Jesus Christ! Get her off!
Get her off, for fuck's sake!
The little devil's
about to bite me.
Get her off her!
Open the fucking door!
Get her off her!
Look at her!
Get her out!
Fuck! What's that
happening there?
The child had the ghoul
in her the whole time!
Fucking children!
Swerve it.
We're all right back there.
Swerve.
- We're stuck.
- Huh?
We're stuck.
Oh, bollocks.
Right. We'll have to
get out and push.
We're dead meat now.
Look, just get out
of the car and push.
- They're trying to kill us all.
- Trying to kill you?
What did you think it was...
a fucking summer camp

you were at?
We're stuck. You'll have to
get out and push.
Come on. Out! Come on.
Mr. Cheunt, I say
we keep going a wee bit.
All right. Come on.
Time. Time and fucking place.
Princess, come on.
On your count, Francie.
Go for it.
One, 2, 3.
Push.
It won't budge.
It's only gonna endanger us...
here with our asses fucking
swung out in the wind.
It's banjaxed.
What does that mean?
Fucked.
Moriarty, how far
are we to the fort?
Lobinstown is about
5 miles that way.
How long? 5 miles... on foot.
3 hours.
3 hours in the dark?
You're talking about 5,
at least.
I'm not walking
3 hours in the dark.
I don't think we have
a choice here now.
With all those ghouls around?
Are you crazy?
I know.
I'm not moving.
I'm afraid I'm not much
of a mechanic.
I think we'll have to walk it.
We have little choice.
Come on.
Don't give me that now.
'Cause we'll go down the side...

Where was it, Desmond?
Yes, well, I'm not walking.
We have to walk.
There's no choice.
It's a rock
and a hard fucking place.
I'm not walking anywhere.
Get your jacket on.
I'm not walking.
Come on.
Shh!
Quiet.
Oh, you folks,
we've got company.
- What?
- Oh, bollocks!
Right. We're back in the van.
Go! Get in.
Come on.
Quiet.
Get in. Come on.
Quick.
Close the door.
Lock it.
Fuck off, all of you. Fuck off!
Fuck off.
Fuck off!
They're gone.
What was that?
That was a cow.
It couldn't be.
Why not?
They're all dead.
All gone.
That's a cow.
Seems to be.
If there's cows around, it means
we're out of the county.
Which means we're away
from the mad cow disease.
We might be closer
to getting out the wee thing.
Who's gonna cart her to you?
No one's fucking

sensing nothing.
Just stand there, eat the grass,
and shit it out of you.
Mad cow's
a bit different, though.
Take the fucking throat off you.
- Is that true?
- No.
That's a lot closer.
Jesus!
Think it's gone?
Anything happening there? No.
Cathal, help!
Quick.
Go back.
What the fuck is he doing?
Get yourself fucking killed!
Come on!
The shovel.
Run!
They're not done.
More to do.
Christ!
Here, take this.
You must be freezing.
Be still.
Do you hear that?
What?
Shh.
Do you hear that?
Check it out.
I think they're sleeping.
It is only a scarecrow. Come on.
Stay where you are.
The fucking torch is fucked.
Oh, Christ.
No one's any batteries, no?
Oh... yeah.
Hold on a minute now...
and I'll fucking
fetch them for you.
Just stop your smart comments.
How far are we
from this fucking fort?

Not too far.
I say we stay put.
We build a fire.
A couple of hours downtime.
I've a grand bottle
of whiskey there.
A couple of drinks.
Soothe the fucking nerves.
Get up in a couple of hours,
get to that fort.
You have whiskey?
I have a drop of whiskey.
That sounds nice.
Right, so. That's it.
They say every time someone
dies, a new star appears.
There are lots of stars
in the sky tonight.
She wasn't religious, you know?
I wasn't, either.
Just didn't see it, you know?
She needed some consolation
toward the end.
You made a great couple.
I met her in Dublin.
I was playing on the minor team,
and we went up...
for the All-Ireland final.
I went and broke my leg.
I was stuck in a hospital
in Dublin.
Didn't know
if I'd ever play hurling again.
She says that
was the end of the world.
Was she a nurse?
She was.
Watch out!
Everyone loves a campfire, huh?
If there's one,
there'll be more to follow.
Come on.
Are you ok, Mr. Cheunt?
- Come on.

- I'm grand. Come on.
Go on. Go on.
I think we're being watched.
There's nobody here.
Here. Do you hear that?
There's fucking plenty here,
but not where I expect.
Run for the castle. Run!
Martin, get those gates closed!
Fucker.
It's stuck. Oh, bollocks.
Fuck.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God.
Run! Run!
Martin, wait!
All right.
Moriarty, take the door.
All right. Stay here. Stay back.
We'll wait them out.
Stay back, Helena. Stay back.
What's up?
Come on, you cunts, you!
Fucking come on.
Get in, you fucker.
I'll throw you.
Fuck! Get down!
Coming after me.
Back, you cunt.
Get fucking down.
Get fucking back.
Stand back!
I owe you.
Fucking hell. Down!
Come on down!
That's it.
Hell! No!
Fucker!
Are you OK?
Fucking infection.
You bastards.
That arm has to come off.
The light! The light!
I'm toast.

Oh, shit.
You take care of that.
Can I have the hurley, please?
Burn it! Burn it!
Des!
Des!
Help!
Stay right there.
We'll be up to get you.
Go, go.
I'm OK. I'm not infected.
Oh, my God.
I'm locked in!
Let us out of here!
Get them out of here.
Help me.
Help me, please. Please!
So you don't believe
in godless ghouls or ghosts
And you're scared of nothing
Least that's what
you always boast
Take a ride with me
Let me educate your mind
Yeah, walk with me,
and we'll see what we can find
Into the darkened forest
Where the mist is thick as blood
There lurks an evil I set free
And though it's way past supper
Well, you still smell good
And soon you're gonna be
Dead meat
You're dead meat
Dead meat
Kind of folks
you don't wanna meet
You're dead meat
And guess who's on the menu
Well, I hoped
you liked your life
'Cause now it's gone
The moon has just come up
Say good-bye

to your last thought
The hunger here
will never go away
'Cause the walking dead
have all come out to play
Soon you'll be dismembered
and shared around
And your brains will empty out
On the blood-soaked ground
Too late for doubt,
too late to even pray
You are what you eat
Or so they say
Into the darkened forest
Where the mist is thick as blood
There lurks an evil I set free
And though it's way past supper
Well, you still smell good
And soon you're gonna be
Dead meat
You're dead meat
Kind of folks
you don't wanna meet
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