

The rest of the dreamers reach the glass also slamming into it. More Zombies rush at the glass. They lash out at the glass snarling and shouting.

A little crack forms where the first Dreamer hit the glass. The Dreamers begin slamming their fists and hands on the glass.

SMACK. SMACK.

Karel has now found his way to the front of the crowd and stares at the Zombies with a nervous curiosity.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

The crack has turned into a giant star on the glass.

Karel looks up at it in fear.

SMACK. SMACK. SMASH!

The glass breaks into tiny pieces.

DREAMERS come leaping through the hole. Tearing their limbs against the jagged glass.

KAREL is enveloped by the DREAMERS. He disappears as they bite into him.

KAREL screams.

Hard cut to black.

TITLE SEQUENCE

Red blood cells swirl around. Yellow cells are added to the mix. The sets of cells become violent until the yellow cells consume the red cells.

Title card:

SIX HOURS LATER

INT. AIRPORT BATHROOM CUBICLE - NIGHT

A florescent light flickers in the abandoned airport bathroom. The bathroom is shiny and clean.

The room is so quiet that the faint buzzing sound of the lights and the gentle dripping of a tap punctuate the air.

There are four toilet stalls.

All the doors, except the second stall from the end, are drawn shut and have the green VACANT signs on the locks

The red OCCUPIED sign makes the door stand out from the rest.

Behind this door HELENA and MIA are sitting back to back hunched on the toilet. Both have one foot on the toilet and one foot against the wall.

They look weary and tired. Their heads sag; hair slick with sweat.

MIA

(Whispering)

Ek kan nie meer hier sit nie.

(I cant sit here anymore.)

MIA contorts her body and switches her legs.

HELENA

Shhhh. Mia, nie nou nie...

(Shhh. Mia, not now...)

A squeak is heard from outside the bathroom. HELENA arches her neck and freezes.

A moment of silence goes by.

MIA rolls her eyes and sighs.

MIA

Ons sit al hier vir amper vyf ure.

(We've been here for almost five hours.)

HELENA

Asseblief moenie weer begin nie.

(Please dont start again.)

MIA

Maar ma, ons kan nie net hier sit en wag vir die dood nie!

(But mom, we cant just wait here to die!)

HELENA

Moenie praat oor die dood nie.

(Dont talk about dying.)

MIA

Wel ek gaan doodgaan van die hongerte as ons nie nou iets gaan kry nie.

(Well I'm going to starve to death if I dont find something to eat soon)

HELENA

Wag gou. Ek dink...

(Hang on. I think...)

She slings her handbag off her shoulder and ruffles through it.

HELENA (CONT'D)

...ek het dalk iets.
(I might just have something.)

She finds an ORANGE HALLS and hands it to MIA. MIA shakes her head and loudly unwraps the Halls.

MIA

Dis nie wat ek bedoel nie.
(That is not what I meant.)

HELENA

(Whisper)
Het jy heeltemal vergeet wat
daarbuite aangaan?
(Have you completely forgotten what
happened out there?)

MIA

(In a raised voice)
Ons weet nie wat daar buite aangaan
nie! Dis wat ek vir jou probeer sê!
(We dont know what happened out
there! That's what I'm getting at!)

At that moment the bathroom door swings open and a figure lurches through it.

MIA and HELENA are instantly silent.

HELENA and MIA can only hear the sound of feet dragging and very heavy, slow breathing through the cubicle door.

They tense up in fear. HELENA quietly puts her hand back into her bag and pulls out a can of pepper spray.

The figure moves slowly towards the washing basins, but stops in front of their cubicle.

HELENA and MIA see leather shoes with blood dripping onto them.

They hold their breath.

HELENA points her pepper spray at the cubicle door.

HELENA and MIA sit in dead silence, listening to the sounds coming from the sink. They cup their hands over their mouths to muffle their breathing.

The figure slowly moves again towards the bathroom exit.

The air-dryer comes to life.

HELENA and MIA gasp audibly.

Footsteps run up to their cubicle and kick the wooden door open.

HELENA and MIA stare wide eyed down the barrel of a 9mm BARETTA.

BRANDER the police officer with a moustache, towers over them. He looks like a bear has mauled him. His police uniform is tattered and torn and covered in blood.

HELENA

Don't shoot! Don't shoot. Please.

BRANDER gives them a quick up and down and then lowers his revolver.

BRANDER

(Slurring slightly)

No blood, no bite. You're fine.

HELENA and MIA stare wide-eyed at BRANDER without moving. He looks back at them confused.

BRANDER (CONT'D)

Wat?

HELENA

Wat het met jou gebeur?
(What happened to you?)

BRANDER

Met my?
(With me?)

He looks at his wounded arm and his torn and bloodied clothes.

BRANDER (CONT'D)

O, dit?
(Oh, that?)

He looks back at them in surprise and cocks his head slightly to the right.

BRANDER (CONT'D)

Hoe lank sit julle twee al hier?
(How long have the two of you been sitting here for?)

MIA breaks the pose first, jumps off the toilet and walks past BRANDER out of the cubicle.

MIA

Al meer as vyf ure!
(More than five hours!)

She walks directly to the sinks and shoves her head under one of the taps.

HELENA follows her out of the cubicle but doesn't go to the sink.

HELENA shakes BRANDER's hand.

HELENA

My naam is Helena en daai is Mia.
(My name is Helena and that's Mia.)

BRANDER

Mmm. Aangenaam. Ek is Brander. Soos in die see.
(Mmm. Nice to meet you. I'm Brander. As in the ocean.)

HELENA

Hallo Brander.

She stands next to BRANDER watching MIA drink.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Jammer. Ons sit al so lank in daai hok.
(Sorry. We've been in that cage a while now.)

BRANDER

Dis maar beter so. Dit gaan rof daarbuite.
(It's probably better. It's rough out there.)

He vaguely points at the door.

HELENA catches a glimpse of a bottle of premium Chivas Regal in BRANDER's non-gun-wielding hand.

HELENA

Ek sien so.
(I can see that.)

She steps closer to examine his wounds.

BRANDER looks down at the bottle and back at HELENA.

BRANDER

Duty free.

MIA comes up from under the tap and sucks in air loudly.

BRANDER sheepishly holds the bottle up at eye level.

There's only a quarter left.

HELENA takes him by the arm and leads him to the sink. She rolls up his sleeve and cups water in her hands that she drops over his wounds. She starts rubbing his arm.

She stops abruptly and looks him in the eye.

HELENA
Jy het nie VI...
(You dont have AI..)

She stops awkwardly. He looks at her.

BRANDER
Viiii...?
(Aiiii..?)

Awkward silence.

MIA
Vigs. Jy het nie VIGS nie, is wat sy bedoel.
(Aids. You dont have AIDS is what she means.)

BRANDER
(Incredulously)
VIGS! AIDS! Vroumens, het jy enige idee wat daar buite aangaan?!?
(Aids! Woman, have you got any idea what's going on out there!?)

He gestures to the door with his bottle of Chivas.

BRANDER (CONT'D)
Dis die einde. Ons is finish en klaar! Kapoet! Code red, alfa bravo finished!
(It's the end. We're done. Kaput. Code red, alfa bravo finished!)

INT. AIRPORT HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

The middle-aged and overweight POLICE WOMAN uses the nozzle of a revolver to look through the blinds of the security office window.

The corridor outside is empty.

She turns around, walks across the room and settles on a swivel chair against the opposite wall.

Directly in front of her, under the window, sits CASPER and AKAR. They look tired.