

Script: The Crazies ROLE: Billy Babcock, MALE, 18-20 years

EXT. SILO STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

A young private sits against the silo wall, welt on his forehead where Russell smacked him. Blue-collar kid from a blue-collar state. Well-mannered. He's scared. They are the enemy.

DAVID
What's your name?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
Billy Babcock...

DAVID
Why are they doing this?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
Orders, sir.

DAVID
From who?!

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
(Shrugs)
Whoever gives 'em, I dunno. (Beat)
Are you gonna shoot me?

DAVID
No.

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
Then can you stop pointing that
thing?

Russell's shotgun aimed at his head. David gives Russell a look and Russell lowers it.

DAVID
Billy, I want you to tell me what
exactly the hell is going on down
here.

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
I dunno. All they said was there'd
been some accident. My whole unit
got flown in. We didn't even know
what state we were in till we saw
the license plates.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

There wasn't anything on the news?
Before you left?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK

No, sir. From what I hear they're
doing one of those media blackouts.
Am I gonna die breathing without my
mask?

DAVID

Is that what they said?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK

They just said keep it on.

Judy tosses him his gasmask.

DAVID

Nobody's said anything about what
it was they spilled?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK

No, sir, but... I'm probably not
supposed to talk about this, but my
sergeant, he saw this computer
program they ran over at central,
some kinda 'casualty projection' I
think he called it, you know, to
see how things were gonna turn out
down here.

DAVID

How'd it go?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK

Nobody lived past the third day.

DAVID

Nobody?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK

Crazies killed most of 'em,
sickness got the rest. Today's the
second day, I'd get out of here
tonight if I were you.

DAVID

How? The truckstop?

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK

Dunno, sir. Perimeter's pretty
hardcore. Even for healthies,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK (cont'd)
they're giving 'em one warning shot
then it's a kill order. Look, um, I
know I don't deserve anys favors
from you people, but if you let me
go I swear to God I won't come
back, they can court martial me, I
don't care, I didn't sign up to
shoot unarmed civilians. I'll just
leave. Okay...?

DAVID
Okay.

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
(Referring to his guns)
I guess you're keeping that, huh?

DAVID
Yeah, we're gonna hold onto those,
Billy.

Billy nods okay. Steps to the hatch. Pauses there.

PVT. BILLY BABCOCK
Sorry 'bout your folks's town.