

How to Survive a Zombie Attack

by

Curt Sell

Story by

Curt Sell, Oliver DeFilippo,
& Dave Osteberg

Curt Sell
3932 Barbury Palms Way
Perris, CA 92571
(951) 990-5716
CurtSell@gmail.com

EXT. DESERT RACE TRACK - DAY

A beat up 80's Caprice races around a track slaloming between orange cones.

BRAD SPICKLE, a 20 something wearing black rimmed glasses and a blue jump suit steers coolly at the wheel. A mousy INSTRUCTOR grips a clipboard next to him.

BRAD

The wall again?

INSTUCTOR

Until you get it right, or kill us.

BRAD

Break, turn. How hard is that?

INSTUCTOR

It'd help if you did break first. You turn, and worse you stare at the wall.

BRAD

I do?

INSTUCTOR

Whatever direction your eyes go, that's where the car's gonna go.

BRAD

How about the assault driving?

INSTUCTOR

This is a basic defensive driving course Spickle. I don't even know what you're talking about.

BRAD

I'm talking about using the car as a battering ram.

INSTUCTOR

Why would you do that?

Brad tosses him a worn copy of *How to Survive a Zombie Attack*.

BRAD

Chapter thirty two, *Vehicles: Offensive and Defensive Driving*.

The instructor thumbs through the book.

INSTRUCTOR
This is just some kind of comic book.

BRAD
It's a how to guide.

INSTRUCTOR
We're not doing this.

Brad veers sharply, plowing into cones.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Stop the car, lesson's over!

Pedal to the metal, the car rams the cones at full speed.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Stop the car!

BRAD
Relax, I've done this a hundred times.

Brad locks on the wall ahead.

INSTRUCTOR
Eyes on the road! Eyes on the road!

BRAD
Turn, break.

INSTRUCTOR
Break, turn!

The car SLAMS sideways into the wall.

INT. PALM SPRINGS -- TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

NICK MCGREGOR (20's), a Rock-a-Billy tattoo artist, draws a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle on transparent paper. Sneaking a snort of liquor from a cupboard he nearly drops the bottle when Brad storms in.

BRAD
Son of bitch stole my money!

NICK
Who stole your money?

BRAD
Damn defensive driving instructor.

NICK
You're still doing that?

BRAD
Not anymore, wrecked my car. And the guy
said he'd sue me if I came back.

NICK
Still gonna have to dock your pay for
being late.

BRAD
I'm fine thanks, only the car was
damaged.

Brad puts on plastic gloves and empties the trash.

NICK
You don't have to wear a uniform. You
know?

BRAD
This is perfect, doubles as a uniform and
a...

NICK
Don't say it.

Brad roundhouse kicks the air.

BRAD
See the mobility? And...

He zips a couple of pockets until Nick frisks him.

NICK
That book better not be here, don't wanna
have to do a cavity search.

BRAD
You told me not to bring it, so I left it
at home.

NICK
Keep scaring the customers with all that
zombie crap.

BRAD
What customers?

NICK
Guess who's on bathroom duty?

As Brad disappears into the back room a young blonde,
JULIE, in Daisy Duke cutoffs, saunters in.

JULIE
Hiii, is it ready?

NICK
Check it out.

Holds up the sketch.

JULIE
That's rad.

NICK
Ready?

JULIE
Let's do it.

Brad pats a hydraulic chair.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Should I take these off?

He nods, she makes a show of peeling off her shorts. On the chair he pulls her panties back a bit.

NICK
Hold this.

She holds her panties as he lays the temporary image on her bikini line. ZZZZ the needle pricks her skin.

NICK (CONT'D)
Alright?

JULIE
Hurts.

Brad wanders in sweeping, occasionally jabbing at imaginary foes with the broomstick.

NICK
Bikini line's a sensitive spot. You're doing great.
(to Brad)
I thought it was jab, jab, stick.

BRAD
This is Tai Kwon Do.

Demonstrates a move.

JULIE
That's cool. What're you training for?

Nick rolls his eyes.

NICK
Don't get him started.

BRAD
Martial arts, stunt driving,
sharpshooting, first aid. I'm training
for the eminent zombie attack that...

NICK
I told you I don't want to hear you
talking about that.

JULIE
What're you into, Nick?

NICK
You remembered my name.

JULIE
I like it.

NICK
Tattooing, I guess.

She pulls her panties back further.

JULIE
Do you like my piece?

NICK
I dig it.
(to Brad)
Read this amazing graphic novel last
night.

BRAD
Which?

NICK
Superman, Red Son.

Nick focuses on the tattoo. Julie winces.

BRAD
That where he fights Batman?

NICK
No.

Brad sneaks a peak at Julie.

NICK (CONT'D)
He lands in communist Russia instead of
Smallville. It's crazy.

BRAD
A commi-Superman, sounds lame sucka.

A violent earthquake ROCKS the parlor sending pictures and
equipment crashing.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Gonna need to put in a little overtime on
this one.

NICK
Hold on.

JULIE
Oh my God.

Nick puts a calming hand on Julie's stomach.

NICK
Everything's cool. It happens. Brad?

BRAD
On it.

Brad organizes the equipment Nick's using.

NICK
Ready?

JULIE
I guess so.

Nick smiles, ZZZZZ, wipes the blood and ink away.

NICK
Batman actually does fight Superman in
Red Son too.

BRAD
It's a recurring theme. Why don't they
make that movie?

NICK
I'd watch it.

JULIE
How's it look?

NICK
Amazing. You're really gonna to like it.

JULIE

Julie. So you're really into like movies and comics?

NICK

Kinda'.

JULIE

Right on.

NICK

I'm into this tattoo.

JULIE

I know right?

NICK

I dig this spot you chose.

He playfully pulls her panties up and down.

NICK (CONT'D)

You can play peek-a-boo.

JULIE

I hardly ever wear these kind.

NICK

What do you usually wear?

JULIE

Thongs. Purple thongs.

BRAD

So does Nick.

NICK

I'm a huge Prince fan.

Julie furrows her brow.

JULIE

Purple's my favorite color.

EXPLOSIONS and SIRENS erupt outside.

BRAD

Damn that must have been some quake.
Nothing on the radio.

NICK

That's my music man.

Brad looks out a window.

BRAD
Holy crap! There's a huge car accident
up the road, half the street's on fire.

NICK
Almost done Julie.

BRAD
Is he serious?

NICK
No.

BRAD
Yes.

NICK
You're distracting me man, I'm almost
done.

BRAD
What the f... They're turning on each
other.

NICK
Shut up.

Brad runs or cover behind the counter.

BRAD
See for yourself.

Nick holds a mirror over the fresh tattoo.

JULIE
I love it.

Nick applies cream.

NICK
Let me bandage it up. I'll give you a
care card. My number's on it in case you
have any questions.

JULIE
Anytime?

NICK
Of course.

Pulling out a shotgun stashed behind the counter Brad
locks and loads taking position at the window.

BRAD
This is it.

Nick leaps up.

NICK
Not cool Brad.

Brad points at the window. Nick takes a few steps when
zombies POUND the glass.

CUT TO BLACK.

BLAM, PUMP, BLAM, PUMP, BLAM...

MAIN TITLES

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

The window is blown out. Nearby zombies drag toward the
ruckus. An old lady zombie shuffles behind faster,
younger zombies.

BRAD
The old ones move slower. Just like the
book said.

NICK
We need to get out of here.

BRAD
We need your car.

NICK
You think?
(to Julie)
You're coming with us.

BRAD
Alright people, you heard him. Code Red.
Repeat: We are at Code Red!
Escape plan Charlie. Execute!
Let's move, move, move!!

Brad grabs a portable first aid kit.

JULIE
What?

NICK
Ignore him.

Brad tosses Nick the kit.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

The back door creaks open. Brad ventures out making sure the coast is clear. He motions for the others to follow him to Nick's top down '61 Thunderbird.

BRAD

Keys.

NICK

Forget it.

BRAD

Dude, you've been drinking, I'm trained.

NICK

It's my...

BRAD

I got a stockpile of weapons, the book, we can hide all night till we figure out a plan. I rigged the stairs.

Nick tosses him the keys.

NICK

Fine.

They jump in. Brad tears off, wheels smoking.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS -- STREETS - DAY

They blaze down the street dodging abandoned cars and roaming zombie packs. The city's in peril with most streets blocked by car accidents and fire.

BRAD

I don't see any survivors.

NICK

Forget your apartment, let's go San Bernadino.

BRAD

We need the book.

NICK

We need the National Guard!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The giant tail of a passenger plane's tail sticks out of a three story apartment building engulfed in flames.

BRAD

Are you freaking kidding me?

NICK

Thought the rest of the city looked bad.

BRAD

Ironically, my apartment seems to have gotten the worst of it. Now we're up shit creek.

Nick checks the radio for info, just static.

NICK

I got a full tank, let's go straight to San Bernadino.

BRAD

Why?

NICK

It's the nearest big city. Authorities will be organizing, maybe this is isolated.

BRAD

Radio's down, this is huge. You know the range on that thing?

NICK

We need a plan, we don't know what's out there.

BRAD

That is a plan.

JULIE

Nick?

BRAD

We need supplies and a replacement manual.

JULIE

Nick!

NICK

What?

JULIE
My sister, I want to make sure she's
alive.

NICK
What makes you think she's alive?

JULIE
She's my twin, I'd know if something
happened.

BRAD
Supplies, manual, and a new vehicle.

NICK
The girl just wants to find her twin
sister.

Julie SCREAMS.

JULIE
(pointing)
More of them!

Zombies close in on the idling car.

BRAD
Rule number one: Don't yell. They can't
hear.

NICK
How do you know they can't hear? Get in
the back.

Nick shoves Brad into the back seat.

BRAD
Hey man.

NICK
This is my ride, get in the back. Get up
here Julie. Where is she?

JULIE
Turn left here.

He speeds off.

EXT. UPSCALE STREET - DAY

Nick turns onto a street lined with quaint shops.

JULIE
It's just up the...

A mob of grabby-hands corpses swarm a VW bug with a flailing hot chick on top. HOLLY swats at them with her purse barely balancing on the roof.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Oh my God, that's Holly!

NICK
Hold on.

Nick floors it.

Meanwhile, one gets hold of Holly's shoe, yanking it off.

HOLLY
Get off me you freak!

Nick clips a few zombies with the bumper. A surprisingly accurate shot, Brad blasts a couple of the most aggressive including the shoe thief.

	JULIE		HOLLY
Holly!		Julie!	

NICK
Hold it Brad, gonna side swipe her.

The T-Bird scrapes the side of the VW.

BRAD
Jump.

Leaping for it she lands sloppily on top of Brad, then strains to get off him while Nick burns rubber.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I'm down to one bullet.

Julie and Holly hug.

JULIE
I'm so glad you made it.

HOLLY
I knew you were alive.

A woman stumbles out of a building.

WOMAN
Stop, please!

Nick slams the breaks. Several zombies chase her.

NICK
I'm turning around.

BRAD
Nick, I only have one bullet. She's done for.

NICK
We can't leave her, she's the only other person we've seen.

BRAD
What happens to everyone who's ever been bitten by a zombie in any movie you've ever seen?

Zombies devour the woman alive.

WOMAN
Oh GOD no!

HOLLY
He has a point.

JULIE
They're coming this way.

Nick drives on.

NICK
Stop pretending you know what's happening Brad.

BRAD
I'd rather play it safe. We need supplies.

JULIE
There's a Wal-Mart near here.

NICK
I know it.

BRAD
No way.

NICK
Why not? It'll have all kinds of shit.

BRAD
Wal-Marts are always packed.

NICK

So?

BRAD

If they're packed with living people
they'll be packed with the undead.

JULIE

What about the mall?

BRAD

What? Did you hear what I just said?

HOLLY

The mall sounds good.

NICK

How about a liquor store?

BRAD

We need like a sporting goods store.

EXT. BIG 5 - DAY

In the parking lot littered with abandoned cars and
scattered shopping carts a window washer zombie
approaches the T-Bird pointing at his Windex bottle.
Nick just runs him down POPPING his head like a zit.

NICK

Should I leave a tip?

BRAD

Normally I'd be against it.

The girls exchange confused glances.

NICK

Good enough?

BRAD

Perfect getaway spot.

NICK

Know what you want?

BRAD

I got an idea.

Brad readies the shotgun.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I got one shot then I'll start swinging.
Get the door.

Nick takes the door handle.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Once we get inside, grab anything that
can work as a bludgeon.

NICK
I see a Louisville Slugger with my name
on it.

BRAD
Go!

Nick pulls the door and Brad BLASTS an employee zombie.

Nick grabs the baseball bat and SLAMS it into another
zombie employee's face.

NICK
That's a three run homer.

Brad flips his shotgun around.

BRAD
You've gotta take his head apart.

The zombie stirs a bit until Nick beats its head in.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Good. I got two more, ten and two.

NICK
What?

BRAD
I got ten o'clock.

NICK
What?

BRAD
Get the one on the right.

They brutalize the zombies with vicious blows.

NICK
That military jibba-jabba isn't useful
when I can't understand you fool.

BRAD
Fine, take this.

Brad pushes a shopping cart at Nick. The girls wander into the apparel section.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Girls be careful, they could be on the ground or wherever.

They ignore him trying on jogging suits.

In the hunting section Brad smashes the display glass to retrieve a hunting knife. Nick reaches for an even larger survival knife.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Forget it, those edges might get lodged in a skull or something. Just grab a cleaning knife.

He takes two.

NICK
What else?

Brad hands him the shotgun.

BRAD
Load it up and grab as many shells as you can. I'm going for a couple of .22 Hunting rifles.

NICK
That's weak sauce.

BRAD
It's in the book, .22's are the best.

He selects two bolt action .22 rifles.

NICK
Why?

BRAD
It's like the most popular ammo in the US, so when we have to reload it won't be as hard to find, and it's light weight.

NICK
No stopping power.

BRAD
That's what the shotgun's for.

Nick loads the shotgun.

NICK
.22's are for kids.

BRAD
The only way to kill a zombie is a head shot, and a .22 will do that just as well as a .45.

NICK
Does this place have handguns?

BRAD
Those are just bee-bee guns, forget it. Might as well piss on them.

Brad tosses a couple of rifle scopes into the cart and all the ammo on the rack.

NICK
I'll load those too.

BRAD
Thanks.

NICK
I don't believe in anarchy, takes all the fun out of breaking the law.

Brad grabs some ear plugs, hunting vests, and sunglasses.

The girls try on tennis shoes.

BRAD
What the hell are they doing?

NICK
Coordinating. Hey, I'm going to get those energy bars and trail mix.

BRAD
Good idea. You might want to grab some boots.

NICK
Why? I'm wearing my Doc's.

BRAD
Those durable?

NICK
They can kick some shit.

Brad lifts his boot.

BRAD
Military issued. You'd be surprised how comfortable they are. Once you break them in.

NICK
I'm gonna check on the car.

BRAD
Damn it what else am I forgetting?

NICK
I see a few coming this way. We got about five minutes.

BRAD
OK, OK, we need, we need flashlights! And, and socks, and...

He swipes a pair of binoculars on display.

BRAD (CONT'D)
These.

NICK
Girls grab a bunch of socks and get over here.

They do. Brad finds a crossbow.

BRAD
This might be good.

NICK
Know how to use it?

BRAD
How hard could it be? Anyway it'll be silent.

NICK
Girls help Brad out, I'm going to pull the car up.

BRAD
Take a .22.

NICK
I don't know how to use that.

BRAD
It's simple you just...

Nick grabs the shotgun.

NICK
I can't aim anyway. I'll be right back.

He pumps it.

EXT. BIG 5 - DAY

With the car running just outside the entrance Nick pops the trunk.

NICK
Hey they're pretty close, just load up the car.

BRAD
You're not gonna help?

NICK
There's a liquor store next door.

BRAD
Come on Nick.

NICK
It's the end of the world as we know it.
I'm going out with a bang.

He takes off. Brad and the girls load the trunk.

Shotgun blasts echo from the liquor store. The zombies infiltrating the parking lot pick up their pace. Brad picks off a couple with the .22 rifle.

Nick runs out with an armful alcohol and cigarettes.

BRAD
It's clear in there?

NICK
Yeah.

BRAD
Girls will you go in there and grab as much food and water as you can carry?

They look pissed.

BRAD (CONT'D)
We'll cover you.

JULIE
Fine, come on Holly.

Brad picks off two more zombies.

NICK
You're a good shot man.

BRAD
Just practice.

Brad hands him the rifle.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Get that one.

Nick aims, shoots, and misses. While aiming a second time a horde of zombies suddenly flood out of a nearby building.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Let me have that.

The girls return with bags full of junk food and soda.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS -- STREETS - DAY

The roads are even more deserted and with only a few visible zombies searching for prey.

BRAD
We need a new ride.

JULIE
How about that Range Rover?

HOLLY
Yeah it's hot.

They park along side the Range Rover. Brad opens the door and everyone gasps. Two zombies, a mother and child, claw at the survivors but remain trapped by their seat belt. He slams the door.

NICK
Forget it man, that one's door is open.

INT. SUV - DAY

Brad drives, everyone's a lot more comfortable.

HOLLY

We should've jacked their Rover.

BRAD

I didn't want to scrub brain. Reload
that rifle man we're almost there.

NICK

This isn't my street.

BRAD

We're going to the comic book shop.

NICK

What for?

BRAD

That's where I bought the book.

NICK

No.

BRAD

We need it. It's like three hundred
pages of survival tip gold.

NICK

All the times you read it you don't have
it memorized?

BRAD

Parts, I guess, but you know.

NICK

You're gonna blame that again?

BRAD

Dyslexia's a curse bro.

Nick pounds rum as Brad weaves through wreckage.

NICK

It's finally happened. The wackos doomed
us all with their experiments on people
to find cures for lab rats.

BRAD

We don't know that.

Downs a big swig.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hey be cool with that. I need a partner.
You never go into a building solo during
an outbreak.

Nick looks at him sideways.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I'm paraphrasing, I'm not making this
shit up.

Nick turns back to the girls.

NICK
Which one of you knows how to shoot?

The girls look lost.

EXT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - DAY

The guys leave the girls in the SUV. Brad takes the
keys.

JULIE
Shouldn't you lock the doors?

BRAD
Their primal brains won't allow them to
work the handles. Honk if there's a
problem.

NICK
Yeah, and stay...
(burp)

BRAD
Just honk.

Brad pulls Nick into the store.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Look sharp.

NICK
I got your back.

Inside the SUV, the girls try to get reception on their
cell phones.

BRAD
Don't shoot me, you're drunk.

NICK
Getting there. I'm trying to avoid a
breakdown through self-medication.

BRAD
You're gonna get us killed. I need you
bro, those two are useless.

Nick hesitates at the door.

NICK
Why don't we call the cops?

BRAD
You see any cops around?

Nick opens the door for Brad to swing in. He BLASTS a
teenage zombie in the face.

NICK
Missed one.

A crazy haired zombie runs into a back room.

BRAD
Zombies don't run.

NICK
That one just took off, and I bet it went
to the bathroom, where I need to go.

Brad scours the comics on the shelf.

BRAD
You're not going to help me find the
book?

Nick goes to the back.

NICK
I gotta take a piss.

BRAD
You can't be getting drunk man.
Seriously.

NICK
It's the end of the world, and you're
having a blast.
(waving his hands)
You were right, we were wrong.

BRAD
So pee anywhere asshole.

He keeps searching the shelves.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Maybe I would be having a great time, but not without the book. I never told you this, but I was held back in Kindergarten.

NICK

Kindergarten?

BRAD

They didn't know I had Dyslexia until third grade.

Nick tries the door, locked.

A comic fan zombie springs to action chomping at Brad. Nick fires, and misses. Brad throws comics at it back pedaling.

Frustrated, Nick pumps excessive shells into the former fanboy, evaporating his head and neck with buckshot.

BRAD (CONT'D)

We don't have much time.

Nick's about to bash in the door, when he hears whimpering. He knocks instead.

NICK

Hello?

GOTH GIRL (O.C.)

What's happening?!

NICK

I need to, to use the rest room. Let me in and I'll tell you all about it.

The guys exchange looks of consternation. Brad returns to hunting the shelves. CLICK, the door unlocks.

INT. COMIC SHOP -- BATHROOM - DAY

GOTH GIRL, a young employee in raggedy clothes and dark make-up, huddles in a corner while Nick calmly takes a massive leak in front of her.

NICK

Oh thank you.

GOTH GIRL
Are they zombies?

NICK
Yeah.

GOTH GIRL
They didn't find me behind the counter.

Nick washes his hands.

INT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - DAY

Turned over shelves splattered with zombie parts, and blood hamper Brad's search.

BRAD
(reading)
How to, How to, Hulk, Incredible...
Damn.

His dyslexia forces him to start over in the alphabet when he gets confused.

EXT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - DAY

Swarms of zombies surround helpless Julie and Holly.

JULIE
Honk the horn Holly!

Holly crawls over the seat and pounds the horn, HONK, HONK.

Brad looks out the window, and gets made by the zombies.

INT. COMIC BOOK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

BRAD
Oh shit. Nick!

Some zombies split off to attack the shop. Brad picks off a few of them.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Gimme a hand man!

NICK
I'm not going out there.

The twins SCREAM frantically when zombies rock the SUV threatening to overturn it.

BRAD
Who's she?

NICK
I call her Goth girl.

GOTH GIRL
Thanks.

Brad pulls some shelves over the door.

NICK
That's not going to hold for long.

BRAD
Is there a back door?

GOTH GIRL
There's a fire escape on the roof.

BRAD
How do we get up there?

EXT. COMIC BOOK SHOP -- ROOF - DAY

The roof provides temporary cover for the three, but the SUV teeters on the verge of being tipped.

NICK
Should we try to pick 'em off?

BRAD
Not enough ammo. I'm thinking we jump.
The SUV's close enough.

Nick looks over the side.

NICK
Through the sunroof?

BRAD
Yup.

NICK
I'm not exactly a hundred percent.

BRAD
I'm going for it.

NICK

Fine.

GOTH GIRL

Wait, I can't run in these.

She wears ridiculously high heeled boots.

BRAD

Take them off.

GOTH GIRL

I'm not a hippie.

Brad backs up.

BRAD

Have it your way.

Sprinting a short stretch he takes a flying leap nearly sliding off SUV's roof.

NICK

Holy shit, he did it.

Brad bashes in the sun roof with his rifle butt and squeezes in.

NICK (CONT'D)

You going?

GOTH GIRL

Go ahead.

CRASH, Nick dents the roof on his landing then waves the girl on. Brad starts the engine. The Goth girl jumps but comes up short ending up zombie food.

BRAD

Get in here.

Pulling Nick in Brad tears off part of his shirt. Snatching Nick's rum he makes a Molotov cocktail.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Take the wheel.

Popping out of the sunroof Brad hurls the fiery cocktail it at the zombies clearing a path for escape.

Nick 4bys over slippery zombie corpses while Brad uses the sun roof as a shotgun turret.

EXT. FREEWAY - EVENING

On the barren highway Nick hauls ass out of town.

BRAD
There's nothing out here pull over.

NICK
No.

BRAD
This is stupid, we don't know where we're going.

NICK
San Bernadino.

BRAD
Never go into an infested urban area.
How many people live their? How much
ammo do we have? You do the math.

Nick pulls over, and the four get out to stretch their legs and snack on the ransacked food.

NICK
So what's your plan?

BRAD
I'm still putting one together.

HOLLY
You guys can stay at our house.

JULIE
Yeah, we got a pool.

BRAD
That sounds cool ladies, but we need a
fortress type place, or a roof with
latter access.

Nick lights a cigarette.

NICK
I don't wanna go back to Palm Springs.

BRAD
I know a place, it's perfect.

NICK
Yeah, where?

EXT. PALM SPRINGS -- LIBRARY - EVENING

Nick pulls up to the entrance.

NICK
The library?

BRAD
I'm serious man, think about it. Look,
it's got concrete walls and no windows.
It's Sunday, so it'll be empty.

JULIE
The library?

The girls look incredulous.

BRAD
Plus, they've got to have a copy of the
book, since I personally requested
several copies for this branch.

NICK
I remember that. What'd that old lady
call you?

Brad makes a face at him and exits the vehicle.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The place is in fact a massive concrete structure with
few windows. The doors are fortified with book cases and
tables. Brad sits at a computer.

BRAD
Author's last name is Pert. Is that p-u-
r-t or...

NICK
Shampoo's p-e-r-t.

BRAD
That sounds familiar. Wait, they got it.

NICK
No way.

BRAD
Look, and it's in stock.

Brad jots down the book's call number on two slips.

BRAD (CONT'D)
I'll start over there.

NICK
I'm actually gonna chill with the girls.
You'll find it.

BRAD
Don't pass out bro. I might need you.

NICK
How are they gonna get in?

BRAD
Be alert.

Brad searches on the other side of the library. Nick and the girls take swigs from another bottle of booze.

HOLLY
I wish I grabbed more soda.

JULIE
I know, this is gross.

NICK
You're behind Julie. Holly and I already did two.

JULIE
Give me that.

HOLLY
Do you guys think we're the last people on the planet? No one answered my text messages.

NICK
Could be.

JULIE
This sucks you guys.

Julie's pocket vibrates.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Oh my God!

HOLLY
Who is it?

JULIE
It's a text from you.

HOLLY
That took forever. My service sucks.

NICK
What would make you two feel better?

JULIE
Truth or Dare?

HOLLY
Are we twelve?

NICK
I got a game. I'll say something and you
two repeat it.

HOLLY
Sounds hard.

NICK
We can just drink.

JULIE
No I want to play.

Brad stomps up to the group.

BRAD
Must be out of place.

JULIE
Play with us.

BRAD
No thanks.

NICK
It's probably checked out.

BRAD
Computer said it was in stock.

NICK
Maybe it got jacked. You'll find it if
it's here, we're going to play.

BRAD
What am I supposed to do?

NICK
Start on one end.

Brad leaves in a huff.

JULIE
What's his problem?

NICK
Forget it. Ready?

They nod.

NICK (CONT'D)
A big fat hen.

JULIE
A big fat hen.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Bare breasted Julie helps Holly remove her shirt.

NICK
Dare.

JULIE
I dare you to show it.

Standing he boldly sheds his pants.

HOLLY
I've got a dare.

She takes his hand and pulls him down.

Peeping behind a bookshelf Brad watches the wild three-way for a moment then runs over to the computer. Comparing the call number he wrote down to the one on the screen reveals several noticeable discrepancies.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Julie and Holly sleep in the nude. Nick smokes a cigarette.

BRAD
Let me have that.

Nick passes the bottle.

NICK
Tired huh?

BRAD
I got a plan.

NICK
Good.

BRAD
Miami.

NICK
Miami's the plan? That's like four thousand miles away. And what happened to avoiding urban areas?

BRAD
There's a radio in the office, nothing. No one's online either. That means LA's screwed too. This isn't just an outbreak Nick...

NICK
Please don't say it.

BRAD
(enthusiastically)
It's a full blast zombie apocalypse! That's why we need to get to Miami, where Max Pert lives.

NICK
You know that book like the back of your hand.

BRAD
No man, I don't.

Brad takes a big swallow.

BRAD (CONT'D)
That's why I carried it around, all those damn rules and lists. I carried it around so I wouldn't have to memorize it.

NICK
It's a fiction book anyway, a satire.

BRAD
Bullshit. Is that a satire out there?

NICK
You think he'll know what to do?

BRAD
There were chapters about living in a zombie infested world and how to survive just about any environment. I'm telling you, this guy will know what to do.

NICK
I'm not sure.

BRAD
We'll find the same carnage everywhere.
At least this gives us a purpose, a
mission. Do you wanna die in Palm
Springs?

He walks away.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

CRUNCH, Nick awakens to the horrific sight of a Holly's
head being eaten by a couple zombies.

NICK
AHHH! Julie!

He grabs her and pulls her back. The zombies continue
their meal on her twin.

NICK (CONT'D)
Brad! Brad!

Julie SCREAMS wildly.

INT. LIBRARY -- CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Brad sits at a table writing in a journal. GUNSHOTS
rattle the windows.

Nick blasts the feasting zombies but others are coming.
Julie hides in a corner.

NICK
Brad!

Nick shoots the legs out from under a zombie, it's torso
crawls toward him. Brad uses his .22 hunting rifle, but
head shots are difficult in the dark.

NICK (CONT'D)
Where the hell are they coming from?

The numbers entering the library increase.

BRAD
We need to vacate.

Nick shoots, CLICK, CLICK.

NICK

I'm out.

Nick shoulders the shot gun, grabs a fire axe, and hacks off random zombie limbs. Brad provides cover fire with the .22.

BRAD

I'm running low.

NICK

They're blocking the fire exists.

Nick gets surrounded. Zombies grab Julie kicking and screaming, leaving Nick alone for a moment.

Brad races to Nick's side.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm wiped out man.

BRAD

Out the front.

They dig out the barricade and flee out the front door.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS -- STREETS - NIGHT

Brad drives while Nick smokes.

NICK

You can't go any faster?

BRAD

I can, but what's the point? We need to be safe, make it through the night. I know you're upset about the girls.

NICK

Just keep driving then. I'm about to pass out, tired, hung over...

BRAD

We need to be a hundred percent if we're gonna make it. A couple hours of sleep would be awesome.

NICK

I got a storage shed. We can lock ourselves in, or grab my camping gear and...

BRAD
Climb the roof. Perfect.

NICK
(points)
Turn here.

EXT. PUBLIC STORAGE - DAY

Brad hops down from the roof to the SUV, then down to the ground.

BRAD
Alright.

Nick tosses down sleeping bags. Then comes down himself. He rolls the garage door up.

NICK
I'm taking the dirt bike.

Nick puts on a leather jacket and helmet.

BRAD
It's a good idea.

NICK
That's about it. Most of it is tattoo and art supply junk.

Brad uncovers a large painting of himself battling zombies with a chainsaw.

BRAD
Wow.

NICK
That was your Christmas present.

BRAD
Prophetic.

NICK
Ironic.

BRAD
I love it bro.

Nick pats his back.

NICK
Merry Christmas. I'll paint you another one if we make it to Miami.

BRAD

Very cool. Phase one, we got a pick up.

Brad drives away, Nick follows on his dirt bike.

EXT. RV DEALERSHIP - DAY

The guys trade their SUV for a spacious RV and attach the dirt bike. They check the RV for outfitting.

BRAD

Gonna need to cover those windows.

NICK

Hardware store.

BRAD

That's our next stop, but it's gonna have to be a mom and pop place, no big mega store.

Sitting at the table Brad pulls out a copy of the *Boy Scout Manual* and out a checklist in his journal.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I started this yesterday.

NICK

Let me see that.

Brad tosses him a pen.

BRAD

Cross out RV. I know I'm forgetting a bunch of stuff but it's a good start.

NICK

We'll grab shit in the hardware store that looks important.

BRAD

This *Boy Scout Manual* should help. I flipped through it last night. Sorry about the girls. I thought they were the ones, until you boned both of them.

NICK

The ones? They weren't even really my type. Died horribly though.

BRAD
By the ones, I don't mean like our
perfect romantic matches. I mean chicks
that we can repopulate humanity with.

Nick picks up a rifle.

NICK
You're gonna have to teach me how to use
this.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE

First stop, they fuel up and get some maps. Second stop,
they hit a grocery store. Finally, it's a looting frenzy
in a small hardware store. They board up the RV's
windows and secure the doors. All while dispatching the
occasional zombie.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The road ahead is barren.

BRAD
We're stocked. All we need is the
occasional gas stop and that's it.

Nick pulls out his cell phone and dials his contacts.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Who are you calling?

NICK
Everyone. Anyone.

BRAD
Can I see that when you're done?

Nick hands him the phone.

NICK
Nothing. Not even Lynn in Chicago.

Brad dials.

BRAD
Mom? Oh thank God.

Beaming, he looks at Nick.

BRAD (CONT'D)

How'd you survive? How are you surviving?

(pause)

She did? Alright.

(pause)

No we're on our way, me and Nick.

NICK

What?

BRAD

That should be plenty, just don't leave the trailer. Love you too.

He hands Nick the phone.

NICK

What the fuck man?

BRAD

My mom's alive! My sister used the book I sent her. She's been stocking the trailer.

NICK

We're not going to Idaho.

BRAD

Idaho? You-da-ho, my family lives in South Dakota.

NICK

That's no where near Florida.

BRAD

If your kin was alive I'd go on a rescue mission with you.

NICK

So it's Miami via South Dakota?

BRAD

It's a a straight shot, and the states are scarcely populated that way.

Nick lights a cigarette.

NICK

Fine. You better teach me to shoot.

BRAD

Stick to the back routes.

Brad pulls out a map of US interstates.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

Brad drives. Nick flips through Brad's journal. It's an illegible mess.

NICK

The only thing that makes sense are the pictures.

BRAD

I got an unsatisfactory for penmanship in grammar school.

NICK

Looks like Nostrodamus's lost diary.

BRAD

I was just writing down everything I could think of, stream of consciousness.

NICK

You're not conscious of periods?

BRAD

I get it.

NICK

Good, cause I don't.

The illustrations are surprisingly good.

NICK (CONT'D)

I didn't know you could draw.

BRAD

A little.

NICK

What's this bicycle?

BRAD

Doesn't need gas, practically silent. It's the perfect vehicle. So keep your eyes peeled for some.

Nick looks at him in doubt.

EXT. NEVADA -- GAS STATION - DAY

Our heroes refuel in the desert, no visible civilization other than the gas station. Brad practices his machete technique on a couple of zombies.

NICK

Careful.

BRAD

I know what I'm doing.

Brad hacks off an arm. Nick shoots another zombie farther away in the shoulder.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Head shots.

Nick takes aim.

NICK

That was a head shot. Damn thing won't stand still.

BRAD

Best kind of practice, moving target.

Nick shoots DRILLING the zombie in the forehead.

NICK

I got it.

BRAD

Great, don't get cocky kid.

NICK

Kid?

BRAD

Help me get these ghouls' wallets.

NICK

Why?

BRAD

Most gas stations are automated these days and they'll take credit cards and cash. We need both.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

The guys enter like a SWAT team.

BRAD
Corpse.

NICK
Roger.

They find half a eaten gas attendant with a note, "Beware of zombie turtle."

BRAD
It's spread to animals.

NICK
Great. Maybe just reptiles.

A desert tortoise, blood dripping from its beak, creeps out slowly from behind a display rack.

BRAD
Holy shit, look at that!

Nick takes aim.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Back in the RV, the guys see a billboard for a fancy brothel.

NICK
We should check that out.

BRAD
I wonder if zombies are impervious to venereal disease.

NICK
That would be a plus.

They soon near the large brothel building.

NICK (CONT'D)
There it is.

BRAD
Yeah.

Eyes on the road Brad doesn't pay attention.

NICK
Dude did you see that?

BRAD

No.

NICK

I saw something. Like a flag.

Nick rummages through the supplies in the back.

BRAD

Probably nothing.

CUT TO:

BINOCULAR VIEW

Nick spots a feminine African American arm waving a pair of pink panties.

NICK

Stop, stop, stop!

BRAD

We're making great time.

NICK

There's a chick over there, someone waving pink panties.

BRAD

That place is probably crawling with the undead.

NICK

We should help her.

BRAD

It's a huge risk.

NICK

How many other people have you seen since this madness started?

Brad slows the RV.

NICK (CONT'D)

She could be the one.

BRAD

Probably a ploy.

NICK

They're brainless, come on.

BRAD
Could be other survivors trying to jack
our shit.

NICK
Every zombie movie ends with a dude and a
chick.

BRAD
Which one of us is gonna die then?

NICK
That's not what I mean.

EXT. WHORE HOUSE - DAY

The RV rolls up to a gaudy building with a sizable
contingency of zombie whores and johns MOANING toward
them. Nick jumps out shotgun BLASTING.

BRAD
Head shots damn it!

NICK
Alright.

Brad snipes a few from an open window.

NICK (CONT'D)
I got it.

BRAD
Goin' in.

Brad exits the vehicle dispatching zombies with military
efficiency.

NICK
Maybe I should follow you.

BRAD
This is your show compadre.

Brad swaps rifle for the shotgun.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Lesson two, aim for the head.

NICK
Remarkably like lesson one.

BRAD
I'm on point. Cover me, go!

He kicks in the door.

INT. WHORE HOUSE -- RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Brad empties the shotgun on several zombies in the lounge.

BRAD
Twelve o'clock!

He's reloading when a couple of more zombies run at them. Nick aims but their heads explode from behind.

NICK
Was that you?

BRAD
No.

Brad pumps the shotgun. A gorgeous leather clad African American prostitute, LATANYA approaches with a .357 Magnum trained at Brad.

LATANYA
You saw the panties?

NICK
I saw them.

LATANYA
LaQweesha.

LAQWEESHA
I got him.

Armed with her own .357, LaTanya's identical twin comes down stairs.

LAQWEESHA (CONT'D)
It's about God damn time.

BRAD
Why didn't you two just take this place yourselves?

LATANYA
We got two revolvers, and eight bullets left. We deal with them one at a time.

NICK
Smart.

LAQWEESHA

We heard the engine.

LATANYA

First thing in a day we heard over the damn moaning.

LAQWEESHA

It's was driving us crazy. We were about to off ourselves. Ahhhhh, all the time.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV sits pulled off the road.

INT. RV - DAY

The foursome sit huddled around the fold-out table drinking rum. Nick/LaTanya and Brad/LaQweesha make two pairs. The only one not smoking is Brad.

NICK

No, no, the worst black joke I ever heard was from my Dad. I'm sitting in the living room, just a little kid. I'm watching a John Wayne flick with him...

LATANYA

You were watching a John Wayne movie when he dropped a racist joke?

NICK

Wait, wait, hear this... So, I pretend to not listen, like I'm all into the movie. He asks me a question... Do I know what a Polack is?

BRAD

Was it a Western?

NICK

Oh... "Kill the Japs... I Hate Indians... Nazis are Bad..." Whatever. Old school bullshit. John Wayne wins.

BRAD

What was the joke?

NICK

A Polack comes to America and has no friends, and the friends he makes are with the blacks at his work.

LAQWEEESHA

Hilarious.

NICK

Wait, wait. So one night his black buddies take him out. They're having a good time bowling when this group of white thugs comes in and starts beating their asses.

LATANYA

Pssh, white guys beating up brothers?

LAQWEEESHA

I doubt it.

NICK

The Polack doesn't know what to do. He decides to jump ship and throw in with the white guys. He starts hitting and kicking the bowling balls.

LAQWEEESHA

The bowling balls?

NICK

Kicking the shit out of them.

LATANYA

Okay.

NICK

Both the blacks and whites take notice, stop cold.

LATANYA

And?

NICK

They're like... What the hell are you doing? And the Polack says... You're beating up the black guys, so I'm beating up their eggs.

All crack up.

LATANYA

Your dad was a racist motherfucker.

NICK
I know. I miss him.

LAQWEESHA
Was funny though.

BRAD
Their eggs.

LATANYA
What an asshole.

The ladies settle into the arms of their men. There's a lot of body language and pheromones, not a lot of words.

NICK
How rude of me. I haven't given you the tour.

Nick leads LaTanya into the sleeping compartment in the rear. Brad and LaQweesha, in all her made-up glory, look into each others eyes.

INT. RV -- SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - DAY

Survival gear tumbles off the bed. Clothes peel off. He Nick stops abruptly.

NICK
Let me just check on my boy.

LATANYA
Don't worry. He's in good hands.

Nick peers out and it looks like they're necking. He hops back in bed, satisfied.

LATANYA (CONT'D)
(coyly)
What a good friend. I can use a friend like you.

They kiss.

INT. RV -- TABLE - CONTINUOUS

What seemed like necking is actually Brad and LaQweesha huddled tight having an intimate conversation.

LAQWEESHA
(reassuring)
I'm sure she'll call.
(MORE)

LAQWEESHA (CONT'D)

Six hours is a long time. You don't just break off communication after six years.

BRAD

I know, but she did. She's holed up with my sister now...

LAQWEESHA

You're scared? You poor thing. You'll get there in time.

BRAD

You think so?

LAQWEESHA

You guys got your shit together, and now you got us to protect you.

BRAD

Can I check my messages?

LAQWEESHA

Sure, I guess. I don't know where your phone is.

BRAD

It's actually Nick's.

Brad gets up and goes to the back. LaQweesha looks disappointed.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sorry it's just that...

LAQWEESHA

I understand.

Brad lightly knocks on the RV wall.

BRAD

Nick...

(knock, knock)

Nick?

A leather bra flies at Brad.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sorry, man, I need...

Nick pokes a CONDOM at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

No, man. I need to use your phone.

NICK
What?

BRAD
I gotta use your phone.

NICK
Brad, you'll check on them later.

BRAD
Please, Nick. I have to use the phone.
Sorry bro.

NICK
Hold on.

Brad steps back.

BRAD
(to LaQweesha)
I hope I'm not interrupting anything.
They weren't in there that long.

LaQweesha reassuringly shakes her head.

LaTanya walks out wearing only Nick's dirt bike jacket as a robe.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(apologizing to LaTanya)
I'm just gonna check the voice-mail,
it'll only take a minute.

Nick follows with a sheet wrapped around his waist. Nick glares at Brad as they pass. Daggers.

SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brad dials.

TABLE

Half naked Nick and LaTanya sit with fully clothed LaQweesha.

LATANYA
(to LaQweesha)
The poor thing. Six hours?

LAQWEESHA
And it's just her and his sister.

LATANYA

The poor thing. I wonder if they have any coffee.

Nick is not happy.

SLEEPING COMPARTMENT

Brad is on the phone.

SYNTHESIZED VOICE

You have no messages.

He furrows his brow.

TABLE

The girls tidy up the bottles and ashtrays. Nick's chin is in his hand.

LATANYA

He's so sweet. He really said that?

LAQWEEESHA

I believe it too. He just really wants her to be safe.

LATANYA

He is so sweet.

Brad enters. The girls look at him in anticipation. Brad shakes his head. The girls embrace him in consolation.

BOTH GIRLS

Awww.

Nick just shakes his head. He'll have no part of any of this.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The RV speeds along.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - EVENING

They pull up slowly to a large truck stop. Brad leans out a window with a rifle.

HONK, HONK. He SNIPES two truck stop attendant zombies lumbering out of the building, one knocks over a parked bicycle. Brad exits.

BRAD
Exterior clear. We need to do a
perimeter search.

Nick jumps out with the shotgun.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Up for it?

NICK
I'll be right back.

Both girls step out with handguns ready.

BRAD
Let's start pumping, then we'll go
inside.

LATANYA
Fine by me.

Brad swipes a credit card then pumps the gas. Nick runs from around the corner. The girls almost shoot.

NICK
Whoa, whoa, just me.

BRAD
Clear?

NICK
There's a road running back there and
some cars. Probably belonged to these
two.

LAQWEESSHA
Who's semis are those then?

Nick shirks.

BRAD
This is gonna take a while. You guys
want to search inside?

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

They cautiously search the aisles.

BRAD
So far so good.

LATANYA
Not much business out here.

BRAD
Shhh.

He checks the knob on the office door, unlocked.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Nick, get this door for me on three.

NICK
Just open it.

Brad steps back and takes aim.

BRAD
They can't turn knobs, too complex.

Nick grabs the knob.

NICK
One, two, three.

He swings the door open and jumps back. Nothing, the room is empty.

NICK (CONT'D)
Place is clean.

Nick peels a candy bar and grubs down. The girls follow his lead.

LATANYA
We should stay here tonight.

NICK
I'll be right back.

Nick enters the rest room.

BRAD
That's a not good idea.

LAQWEESSHA
Why not? No one here, plenty of food and stuff.

BRAD
Look at this place, it's huge. No truck
stop this size is going to be out in the
middle of nowhere. Nick said there was a
road back there. You know what that
means?

They shake their heads.

INT. TRUCK STOP -- REST ROOM - DAY

Nick urinates with his eyes closed. He steps back to zip
up his pants, AHHH! A zombie child, about 12, clings
onto him. They wrestle on the floor.

NICK
Get off me!

Brad runs in.

BRAD
Where did he come from?

NICK
Shoot him.

BRAD
No shot.

NICK
Get him off of me.

Nick flips the zombie off him. Brad gets a clean head
shot and puts him down.

BRAD
You alright?

NICK
No.

The girls come in, and help Nick up.

BRAD
Did it bite you?

NICK
No.

BRAD
You didn't check the stalls?

NICK

I had to go.

BRAD

That's it, everybody, no more drinking.
Impairs the brain too much.

LATANYA

Shit.

INT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Nick sits on the counter and lights a cigarette.

NICK

Why do people love zombie movies?

BRAD

Because it's killing people all these
people without feeling guilty about it.

NICK

But they're still people.

BRAD

Not anymore. I actually thought I'd feel
rotten about killing a person, but I
don't.

NICK

You mean a zombie.

BRAD

Right. It actually feels pretty good.

Nick looks at him sideways.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Let's grab what we can and roll. RV's
gotta be full by now.

LaTanya takes Nick's cigarette and has a drag.

LATANYA

Your friend...

BRAD

Brad.

LATANYA

Brad, wants to leave.

LAQWEEESHA

We want to stay.

NICK

He's the expert.

BRAD

There's gotta be a town near hear. If this place was empty...

NICK

Nearly empty.

BRAD

It was only because they were searching for prey. They'll be back.

LATANYA

We were hiding in the attic of whore house all night. Now you want us to drive all night?

LAQWEEESHA

We just want to stretch our legs, get some sleep.

NICK

Yeah, and we've been driving all day.

BRAD

We got a long way to go.

NICK

Those are the only windows.

BRAD

They're huge.

NICK

Then we'll see them coming.

INT. TRUCK STOP -- OFFICE - NIGHT

Brad and LaQweesha get comfortable in the office.

LAQWEEESHA

What about speed, like super fast running.

BRAD

Just video game hype. They're the undead version of the person they were in life.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

So if they were a little kid then they'd just have little kid strength. If they were old then...

LAQWEEESHA

They'd be all slow.

BRAD

Exactly.

LAQWEEESHA

Huh.

INT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

With a huge grin Nick looks down. Latanya comes up from his lap.

LATANYA

I thought you were supposed to be on watch?

NICK

I am watching.

She laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)

This is the best damn blow job I've ever gotten in my life.

LATANYA

Be quiet honey, lay back.

She works her magic.

INT. TRUCK STOP -- OFFICE - NIGHT

LaQweesha sits up. Brad's eyes are closed and he's laying down, ready for sleep.

BRAD

I don't know. Some kind of virus probably.

LAQWEEESHA

And it spreads through bites.

BRAD

(yawns)
Through blood contact. Mixing.

INT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Nick's jaw drops. He pushes LaTanya away; she looks pissed.

LATANYA

Hey motherfucker that's rude.

A bunch of zombies claw at the windows.

LATANYA (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Nick scrambles for the shotgun, LaTanya runs for the office.

OFFICE

LaTanya SLAMS open the door, LaQweesha jumps to her feet.

LATANYA

They're here.

BLAM, BLAM, glass shatters outside the room.

BRAD

Watch out.

LATANYA

We don't know what's out there!

Brad opens the door.

BRAD

I'll tell you what's... AAAAHHH!

Zombies clamor over each other to get inside. Nick does his best with the shotgun, then hides behind Brad when he sees him.

NICK

They're gonna eat us, Brad! Do something! Quick!

BRAD

I told you this was a bad idea.

The girls burst out of the office with their guns blazing.

LATANYA

Back!

LAQWEESHA
Back you devils! Back!

NICK
Damn.

Zombies pour in, the girls dispatch them as fast as they enter. Brad picks off a few.

LAQWEESHA
Dinner's canceled!

The girls go hand to hand when their ammo runs out.

BRAD
Bash their heads in.

LaQweesha, crazy with pent up rage, beats a fat woman zombie down when a slim male zombie sinks his teeth into her leg ripping off a chunk of flesh.

LATANYA
Qweesha, No!!

LaTanya and Nick save her with a flurry of shotgun rage, but she's bleeding profusely.

Brad grabs a fire extinguisher.

BRAD
Shield your eyes.

Brad sprays the zombies with foam.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hurry.

Nick and LaTanya drag the wounded twin.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The foursome escapes to the RV. Brad throws the keys to Nick.

BRAD
Start it up.

Brad provides cover fire with his .22 rifle, picking off the most aggressive zombies.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Go, go, go!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Nick drives off into the night. Zombies give chase until they are out of sight in the darkness behind them.

INT. RV - NIGHT

LaQweesha gushes blood from her wound.

LATANYA

Oh my God! No, Qweesha. What were you thinking?

Using a belt as a tourniquet around the leg Brad treats LaQweesha the best he can.

BRAD

(to LaTanya)

Calm down, you're not helping.

LATANYA

I'm sorry, hold on girl.

BRAD

(to LaQweesha)

This is going to be tight. I need to cut off the bleeding.

He tightens the belt another notch. He wipes the blood away with a towel.

BRAD (CONT'D)

There, I'll check my supplies and see if I can clean it up a little better.

LAQWEESHA

Thank you.

As LaTanya comforts her sister, Brad whispers to Nick up front.

BRAD

We'll have to get rid of her.

NICK

What? No way.

BRAD

She's been bit bad, she's going to turn.

NICK

You don't know that.

BRAD
Every book, every movie agrees, this is
not a point of contention.

NICK
How long?

BRAD
I can't remember exactly what the book
said. It was ten something.

NICK
We should get rid of her in ten
something? Listen to yourself.

BRAD
Ten hours, or ten days, one of those two.

NICK
Not ten minutes?

BRAD
It's already been ten minutes.

LaTanya overhears the argument. She pulls the shotgun on
the guys.

NICK
Hey, no need for that.

LATANYA
This motherfucker's talking about offing
my sister.

BRAD
She's been bit. She could be infected.

NICK
(to Brad)
Shut up, just shut up.

Brad puts his hands up as LaTanya aims for his face.

NICK (CONT'D)
Look LaTanya, no one's gonna hurt your
sister. I promise you.

LATANYA
Uh uh, this my sister, my blood. I can't
take that risk. Plus I don't trust this
fool.

BRAD
I patched her up.

LATANYA
Shut the fuck up.

NICK
LaTanya...

LATANYA
No, no, I'm sorry Nick. I really am, but
you're gonna have to pull over.

NICK
Please don't.

LATANYA
Right now.

She pumps the gage.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

LaTanya steals the RV leaving them with two machetes and
a flashlight.

NICK
We're screwed you Dyslexic moron.

BRAD
She got bit man, you know what that
means.

NICK
No I don't know what that means, this
kind of shit never happened before.

BRAD
Actually according to the book there have
been numerous breakouts for thousands of
years.

NICK
The book, the book, listen to me. Fuck
the book. Now let's go back to that gas
station and get one of those cars.

BRAD
Bad idea.

NICK
We'll raid the truck stop for new
supplies.

BRAD
No, it's not safe.

NICK

When the sun goes up we'll be in the middle of the freaking desert.

BRAD

Think about it for a minute. That place was overrun when we took off, and now all we have are these machetes.

Brad sits down and takes out a cigarette.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Don't light that.

NICK

Come on.

BRAD

We're fairly safe as long as we don't make any noise or light a fire or something. We're far enough away, they won't find us.

NICK

If they do?

BRAD

Chop their fucking heads off.

NICK

Easier said than done.

BRAD

We can out run them if we have to.

NICK

You got the first watch.

Nick lays down on the desert floor.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The morning sun bakes them despite the early hour. The trek back to the gas station is grueling. Nick takes a big drink from his water bottle.

BRAD

Slow down, that's got to last. Just sips.

NICK
Whatever. When I'm done with this one
I'm taking yours.

Brad takes a nervous sip from his bottle.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

Only a few zombies roam about and the guys make quick
work of them with their machetes.

BRAD
(points)
Those are the two I shot yesterday. You
said there were a couple of cars out
back, bet they belong to them.

NICK
Great. You're fishing the keys out.

EXT. ROAD TO TOWN - DAY

The guys drive into the nearby town sulking inside the
car. Behind the wheel Brad looks over at Nick.

BRAD
XYZ-PDQ.

NICK
Huh?

BRAD
My mom taught me that. Zip your zipper
pretty darn quick.

Nick checks his open fly and complies.

NICK
Are those peanuts salty?

Laughter.

BRAD
Want ketchup on that hot dog?

NICK
Bomb bay doors are open...

BRAD
Prepare missile for launch.

EXT. HICK TOWN - DAY

Ten cracker jack houses, a post office, and a police station occupy the small town. The guys run over a wandering zombie on the way in.

BRAD

Ready?

NICK

Does it matter?

They jump out of the car.

The sheriff zombie and a few of his cronies battle with speed and strength. The guys deliver plenty of hacks. Most are useless to stop the onslaught.

BRAD

Don't get your machete stuck in the skull, neck, or legs...

The sheriff nearly overpowers Nick.

NICK

I'm concentrating!

Nick ducks spinning around the sheriff and grabs his six shooter, then BLOWS his hat off with a point blank head shot.

He takes out the zombie on Brad's back.

BRAD

Thanks.

NICK

I got four left.

(shows gun)

There's about a dozen coming at us.

BRAD

Forget the slow ones. Let's load up inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Brad locks the door.

BRAD

We'll go out the back and give them the slip.

Nick finds keys in a desk drawer.

NICK
How do you know there's a back door?

BRAD
There's always a back door.

Nick opens a locker, finding a cache of weapons and gear.

NICK
Bradley?

BRAD
Yes Nicholas? Whoa...

Brad grabs a fully loaded police belt and puts it on.
Zombies POUND at the door and windows.

BRAD (CONT'D)
We'll handle them later.

Nick puts on a bullet proof vest.

BRAD (CONT'D)
You won't need all that, won't stop their teeth.

NICK
Fine.

He trades the vest for a police belt and sheriff's jacket.

NICK (CONT'D)
.45's, why'd the sheriff want a six shooter?

Brad's arms are full with weapons, ammo, and gear.

BRAD
Old school cowboy. Check out that cop truck.

Nick pumps a shotgun.

NICK
On three...

He grabs the door handle.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY

They fuel up the sheriff's SUV and load everything they can from the convenience store.

BRAD

This isn't the way I wanted it to be.
I'm sorry about the girls, and the RV.

NICK

It was a cool RV.

BRAD

I know.

NICK

You may have been right about keeping
that chick alive, but if this is all
that's left of humanity everyone counts.

BRAD

I know.

NICK

Especially if they're hot.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Brad drives. Nick tries the radio, but the only thing they pick up is static. He picks up the police radio.

NICK

Know how to use this?

BRAD

Can't be hard. Push the button.

NICK

(into CB)
Hello? Is there anyone out there?

BRAD

Over.

NICK

Hello, hello, hello, this is Batman and
Robin... over.

Static. He hangs it up.

BRAD

Try again later.

NICK

So you're not against finding other survivors?

BRAD

We have a plan. The best thing to do is stick to it. My mom's, then Miami.

NICK

And if we do run into people?

Brad shirks.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'd like to find some people. You know?

BRAD

I agree, but the book said avoid large groups.

NICK

What, why?

BRAD

Imagine being on the run with a bunch of little kids, or a baby, or something.

NICK

I get it.

BRAD

It's not cruel.

NICK

Survival of the fittest,

BRAD

That's it.

NICK

We can't be the last people left.

BRAD

I doubt it. But we've got to be careful. A rescue attempt could put us at risk from either zombies or humans.

NICK

She was just defending her sister man.

BRAD

I'm not talking about LaTanya, but her too.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

If there are others out there we have to consider some of them may be bad people, marauders.

NICK

I think it's worth the risk.

Smoke rises from the scene of a huge car crash.

BRAD

Got some action ahead.

Nick rams a clip into his .45.

Piles of burned wreckage block the highway.

BRAD (CONT'D)

We're going around it.

NICK

Hold on. Is that...

Their old RV is turned over in the dirt near the other wrecks.

BRAD

Echo 2.

NICK

You named the RV Echo 2?

A few zombies mill about around it.

BRAD

Looks like LaTanya swerved to avoid the crash scene and flipped the RV.

NICK

Or her sister got her.

They look at each other.

EXT. HIGHWAY WRECKAGE - DAY

The guys step out in full riot gear. Brad twirls a baton.

BRAD

Echo 1 was the Ghostbusters' car.

They dispatch the day walkers with furious baton blows.

NICK
(beating down)
You like that? You like that?

They release their pent up aggression.

BRAD
Swing away batter.

Nick uses the riot shield to toy with a zombie.

NICK
McGregor's defence is impenetrable.

He CRACKS the zombie over the skull. It goes down to it's knees. Brad joins the beat down.

BRAD
Officer Spickle responding, officer needs assistance.

NICK
(between blows)
Why can't we just get along?

Brad buckles the thing's knee, Nick bashes it's spine.

BRAD
Fuck this.

Brad shoots it in the head.

INT. RV - DAY

Zombies gnaw on the twins. LaTanya twitches, barely living. Nick puts her out her misery with his cop .45. Brad pats him on the back.

BRAD
Let's grab what we can and get out of here.

Brad looks back at LaTanya.

EXT. UTAH -- HIGHWAY - DAY

The police SUV proves far more maneuverable than the RV. Brad tests it off road.

EXT. UTAH -- GAS STATION - DAY

While refueling the guys are dumbfounded when an old pickup truck pulls up to the pumps.

BRAD
Get behind the truck.

NICK
Is that a midget driving?

The driver turns out to be an 11 year-old girl, JENNIFER, and riding shotgun is a 9 year-old BOB holding an assault rifle.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hi... kids.

BOTH KIDS
Hello.

NICK
Where'd you come from?

The kids look at each other.

JENNIFER
We live about ten miles away.

BRAD
Are you alone?

BOB
It's our Papa's ranch. He's real important.

BRAD
I'm sure he is. I'm Brad, and this is my friend Nick.

Nick waves.

JENNIFER
My name's Jennifer...

BOB
And I'm Bob.

BRAD
You kids cleaned out that gas station?

JENNIFER
Yes sir.

BRAD

Brad, please.

BOB

Everyone's holding out at the compound.
We got food, water, guns, and a...

JENNIFER

Shhh.

BOB

Radio.

NICK

We got a radio.

JENNIFER

It's a short wave.

NICK

Have you reached others?

JENNIFER

There's people all over.

BOB

Mostly other states. Lots of folks in
Texas with radios.

BRAD

Ah Texas, makes sense.

JENNIFER

You men Christians?

The guys look at each other and shirk.

NICK

Sure.

JENNIFER

Want to follow us back, get some dinner?

BOB

I'll show you my horse.

NICK

I'd love a hot dinner.

BRAD

Uh, Nick we gotta...

NICK

Their whole family made it man we...

BOB
Not the whole family.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The guys follow the kids. Nick drives.

BRAD
Because it could be a trap.

NICK
They're kids.

BRAD
They invited us. We have to prepare for anything.

NICK
Fine, but let's be cool. Let's just assume that maybe, maybe these are semi-normal people that mean us no harm.

BRAD
I'll follow you then.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

The fortified compound is just a large farmhouse and trailers surrounded by an 8 foot fence. Scattered inside the fence are military grade vehicles and farm animals.

Nick and Brad step out of the SUV greeted by some teenagers wearing green fatigues and pointing machine guns at them.

BRAD
(out of the side of his mouth)
Great idea Nick.

NICK
Hello... everyone.

COLONEL BELAFONTE, late 60's, wearing an army-type uniform with all the trimmings marches up to the boys.

COL. BELAFONTE
Good, good, good. I hear you two young men are fine upstanding Christians.

NICK
Uh, yes Sir.

COL. BELAFONTE
Must be why you survived the apocalypse.
You fellas like steak?

BRAD
Yes Sir.

COL. BELAFONTE
It's what's for dinner.
(to the teens)
At ease.

The teenagers go about their business. Col. Belafonte
shakes hands.

COL. BELAFONTE (CONT'D)
Welcome, we're not the last outpost, but
we're certainly the blessed. I'm Colonel
Emmanuel Danforth Belafonte III.

BRAD
Brad.

NICK
Nick.

He walks toward the farmhouse with the guys in tow.
Generators rumble outside the house.

COL. BELAFONTE
Brief and to the point, I like that.
Suppose surnames don't much matter now,
shame.

BRAD
You're an Army colonel, Sir?

COL. BELAFONTE
State militia. My children are the
militia now.

NICK
Jennifer and Bob?

COL. BELAFONTE
Everyone. Just about, Clarice and Rhonda
are the only two wives that we didn't
have to put down.

The guys exchange surprised glances.

BRAD
We heard there was a radio.

COL. BELAFONTE
That's right. You two want to use it?

NICK
I lost my cell phone.

BRAD
We won't be staying long Sir. We're on a mission.

COL. BELAFONTE
Oh?

He stops to face them.

COL. BELAFONTE (CONT'D)
Don't we all have a mission? I like how you put that Brad. What's your mission?

BRAD
My mom and sister are holed up South Dakota.

COL. BELAFONTE
Family's the most important thing son.

BRAD
Thank you Sir.

NICK
We sure appreciate your hospitality.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- LIVINGROOM - DAY

The guys sit on a couch nursing lemonades across from Col. Belafonte, CLARICE (30's), and RHONDA (50's).

CLARICE
And they came to America.

BRAD
The lost tribe?

COL. BELAFONTE
Leave the men alone Clarice. They'll have plenty of time to get used to the good book.

NICK
I've read the Bible.

Brad looks shocked. Col. Belafonte puts down his lemonade and stands.

COL. BELAFONTE

I meant the Book of Mormon. Now if you all will excuse me, I need to check the night provisions.

RHONDA

I don't want Ezekiel on guard duty all night again. He's got school tomorrow.

COL. BELAFONTE

Yes Ma'am.

RHONDA

More lemonade Brad?

Out the window, the guys can see kids firing on a shooting range. Others build a secondary wall around the farmhouse and fortify defenses.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- BASEMENT - DAY

Bob mans the radio set, expertly turning the dials to tune in. Jennifer joins them.

JENNIFER

Dinner's almost ready.

NICK

Awesome. Any luck Bob?

BOB

It takes a while sometimes.

He turns a dial.

BOB (CONT'D)

Let me try the Paxton compound. They're just out of Salt Lake.

(into microphone)

Calling Paxton compound on your frequency.

Static.

BOB (CONT'D)

Calling Paxton compound.

RADIO VOICE (O.S.)

Who is this?!

BOB

Robert Jerome Belafonte, at the Belafonte Ranch. That you Tom?

TOM (O.S.)
We're being overrun. Can we fall back to
your location?

BOB
Uh, let me check.

Jennifer runs out.

NICK
Sounds bad.

TOM (O.S.)
They broke through our lines.

Gunfire crackles over the radio, then static.

BOB
Hello? Tom, Hello?

Jennifer returns out of breathe.

JENNIFER
Papa said yes.

BOB
Paxton, you are clear to fall back to...

He looks at a map.

BOB (CONT'D)
Ninety-four degrees west, by seventy-six
degrees north.

Static.

BOB (CONT'D)
(to Jennifer)
Better tell Papa.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Nick and Brad hurry to the police SUV, Col. Belafonte
chasing after them.

COL. BELAFONTE
Maybe I rushed the offer. Don't worry
about conversion, but at least stay the
night. You ate our food.

NICK
You know we'd love to stay, but...

COL. BELAFONTE

You know we're good people. And I believe you two were guided here for a reason. Now you heard about Paxton. That skirts your route. You'll be safer here for the night.

NICK

I just want a good night sleep.

Brad bites his lip.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nick undresses. Brad's already in bed.

BRAD

Leave them on.

NICK

I sleep in my boxers.

BRAD

Something goes wrong and you'll be running for your life in your boxers.

Nick puts his shirt back on.

NICK

You're not wearing the police belt are you?

BRAD

That's why I'm on my back.

Pissed, Nick straps his belt back on.

NICK

You're just mad he didn't offer you a daughter.

BRAD

Like I want to repopulate in your new father-in-law's religious wonderland.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- BEDROOM - LATER

Machine gun fire THUNDERS outside. The guys leap out of bed. Spotlights shine outside.

NICK

Oh shhhiit.

EXT. COMPOUND -- 1ST FENCE POSTION - NIGHT

The first undead wave hits the compound. Many of them clad in Mormon missionary attire, collared white shirts, helmets, and backpacks.

BRAD

Let's get the hell outta here.

NICK

We should help. Stick around until the compound's secure.

BRAD

We don't know how many are out there.

NICK

They're professionals. They can hold them off.

BRAD

They're kids.

Col. Belafonte commands the kids like real soldiers. However, their front line is only a tattered wall of scrap materials the kids had built just hours before.

COL. BELAFONTE

What are you two waiting for?

BRAD

Where do you need us?

COL. BELAFONTE

Back up Jennifer and Bob.

NICK

How's it going?

COL. BELAFONTE

Well. They're about a hundred yards out. None getting closer. And they're only coming from one side.

BRAD

Convenient.

Floodlights make the zombies easy targets for the sharp shooting kids, but undead reinforcements keep coming.

COL. BELAFONTE

Head shots, head shots only!

BRAD

Ammo's running low. We gotta go Nick.
We take as many with us as we can, but we
can't hold out much longer.

NICK

They keep coming.

BRAD

It's Salt Lake, these are the fucking
city dwellers.

Jennifer stops firing, shocked at Brad's mouth.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sorry.

(to Nick)

That's why we avoid cities.

NICK

OK, let's do it. Let's go.

The guys abandon their post and run to the colonel.

COL. BELAFONTE

Why aren't you men at your posts?

NICK

It's hopeless Colonel.

BRAD

There're too many of them.

COL. BELAFONTE

Oh ye of little faith. The Lord has
anointed me prophet of the new world, and
these soulless devils shall fall before
my flaming sword!

BRAD

Great, but you're almost out of ammo.

COL. BELAFONTE

The second line has it's own supplies,
now get back there and cover Bob and
Jennifer.

NICK

Look out there. It's wave after wave.

COL. BELAFONTE

Dark's playing tricks with your mind.
We're winning.

NICK
Is there a third line?

BRAD
Listen Colonel, we'll take as many as we
can in the SUV, you guys have enough
vehicles to evacuate.

COL. BELAFONTE
Evacuate? In our moment of triumph? I
think you over estimate their chances.

BRAD
(to Nick)
That's our cue.

NICK
Yeah.

The guys retreat to their SUV.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Brad sits behind the wheel.

BRAD
Maybe you should drive, I'll cover fire.
They switch seats. The zombies breach the wall.

COL. BELAFONTE
Fall back troops!
The kids run to the second smaller wall and open fire.

NICK
He's going down with the ship.

BRAD
And taking them with him.

Nick runs as many zombies over as possible. They litter
the yard. Brad pumps the shotgun as fast as he can.
BLAM, BLAM.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

As our heroes drive off they're dismayed to see tens of
thousands of zombies coming. Brad grabs the CB.

BRAD
Colonel, Bob, Jennifer? Can you read me?

Static.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Belafonte ranch, come in, come in.

Static.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The guys are solemn on the road, pondering life in the ugly new world.

NICK
Not quite what you expected.

BRAD
Did you ever see *Red Dawn*?

NICK
Patrick Swayze?

BRAD
And Charlie Sheen, yeah.

NICK
No.

BRAD
They were so cool. Hunting down the Commies, hiding in the wilderness. They were serious too. It wasn't like, ah hah-hah-hah I got a gun blam-blam-blam.

NICK
Right.

BRAD
Lots a stars out here.

NICK
Never been to Utah before.

BRAD
Kind of looks like Arizona.

NICK
We're not gonna make it alone.

BRAD
Large groups are a burden.

NICK
So's being alone.

BRAD

I know.

NICK

See that?

Nick points to a music store billboard.

NICK (CONT'D)

Next stop.

BRAD

Tired of...

Brad picks up one of the sheriff's CD's.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Billy Ray Cyrus?

EXT. WYOMING -- HIGHWAY - DAY

All smiles as Tina Turner blasts on the stereo.

BOTH NICK & BRAD

(singing)

We don't need another hero! We don't
want to know the way home. All want is
fight beyond... the Thunder Dome. Do-do-
do-do-do-do-do-do...

Brad turns down the volume.

BRAD

Where are we?

Nick checks the map.

NICK

Still Wyoming, I'd say about two hours
till south Dakota.

BRAD

Look at that!

On the roadside three zombies feast on a horse carcass.

NICK

Must have run out of people.

BRAD

Not many in this state.

NICK
So they eat animals?

BRAD
Fish will be the last thing to go.

NICK
What about rot?

BRAD
Weeks, months, years, depending on the environment.

NICK
Shit.

BRAD
We're on the ropes now, but we know there are survivors. They'll come a time.

Nick nods, then slips a CD into the player. *Me, Myself, and I*, by De La Soul plays at full volume.

NICK
(rapping along)
Mirror, mirror on the wall. Tell me,
mirror, what is wrong? Can it be my De
La clothes, or is it just my De La song?

BRAD
(rapping)
What I do ain't make believe. People say
I sit and try, but when it comes to being
De La. It's just me myself and I.

BOTH NICK & BRAD
It's just me myself and I.
It's just me myself and I.
It's just me myself and I.

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA -- SPICKLE FARM - EVENING

The SUV drives onto a dirt road running through a large tract of woodland ground. The only structures are a double wide trailer and a large shed. They drive passed a few zombie corpses.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

Brad knocks on a reinforced door.

BRAD
Door's locked. That's a good sign.

NICK
Thought you said they can't turn door
knobs.

BRAD
It's a precaution.

Brad knocks again, this time to the tune of *Shave and a
Hair Cut, Two bits*.

A hatch opens from the top of the trailer. It's Brad's
twin sister, ANGELINA, with a rifle pointed at them.

ANGELINA
Figured it was you Bradley.

BRAD
Open the door Angelina.

Lowers her rifle.

ANGELINA
Who's your friend?

BRAD
Open the door!

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Brad's mom GERTRUDE (50's), heavy-set wearing thick
glasses wearing, prepares dinner.

BRAD
Who you trying to impress with that camel
toe?

GERTRUDE
That's what I asked her.

ANGELINA
We get it Mom.

GERTRUDE
Honestly, how do you breathe in those
shorts sweetheart?

ANGELINA
According to the book they're supposed to
be tight.

Brad flips through the book.

GERTRUDE

Thank you so much Brad. That book saved our lives.

BRAD

Read it Mom?

GERTRUDE

No, but Angie knows it by heart.

ANGELINA

I'm not Dyslexic retard.

NICK

You and your sister are close. Touching.

ANGELINA

I thought it was a joke at first, but Bradley cried about it so much I finally read it.

GERTRUDE

Almost ready kids.

ANGELINA

Made a lot of sense.

BRAD

The place looks good. Supplies?

ANGELINA

Couple more days of food. Water and electricity are still on.

BRAD

Zombies?

ANGELINA

Probably be a few tonight. Only small packs or singles. We keep quiet.

GERTRUDE

I use ear plugs, that awful moan makes me want to puke.

NICK

I know the feeling.

GERTRUDE

Brad why don't you set the table. I need a smoke.

NICK

Can I bum one of those Gertrude?

She's already lighting one.

GERTRUDE

Sure honey, here you go.

Gertrude sets an ashtray on the table and sits with Nick.

NICK

Thanks.

Angelina joins them. Brad sets the table.

ANGELINA

So you're a tattoo artist?

NICK

Yup.

ANGELINA

I always wanted a tattoo.

NICK

Know what you want?

ANGELINA

Not really, like some Chinese writing or flowers or something.

NICK

I'll do it when you're ready.

ANGELINA

No way.

NICK

Happy to, but you gotta know what you want.

ANGELINA

(pointing to his forearms)

You wanted all those?

NICK

See that one? That's a cover-up. And that's the last time I put someone else's name on me.

ANGELINA

You get any Brad?

BRAD

Nope.

ANGELINA

Still afraid of needles.

Brad serves the food at the table.

GERTRUDE

Thank you sweetheart. He's always so helpful. Oh look at the food you boys brought. This is just like Thanksgiving. Shall I say a prayer?

She clasps her hands.

ANGELINA

Let's not Mom.

GERTRUDE

OK.

BRAD

Eat up, cause we're on the road tomorrow.

GERTRUDE

Where to?

Brad joins them.

BRAD

Miami.

He holds up the book.

INT. TRAILER -- LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

All four watch the scene in *Happy Gilmore* when Adam Sandler fights Bob Barker on an old TV.

GERTRUDE

Satellite's out so we just watch these.

ANGELINA

Only a matter of time before we lose electricity. Right Brad?

BRAD

We heard there are survivor camps.

ANGELINA

Where?

BRAD

Scattered, but once we hook up with Max
Pert, he'll know where to go.

GERTRUDE

How do you know he's still in Miami?

ANGELINA

Or alive?

BRAD

I don't for sure, but I saw a thing in
Long Beach a while back.

NICK

The Zombie Tour?

BRAD

Right there by the Queen Mary they had a
huge convention in the old Spruce Goose
dome.

NICK

Pert wasn't there, but they had this
display of some of his stuff.

BRAD

All kinds of survival stuff, and weapons,
and...

NICK

The placard said they were stored in
Miami where Pert lives.

ANGELINA

Do you even have an address?

Brad pulls out a letter.

BRAD

This is the last letter he wrote me.

He taps on the return address.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Nick and Brad are clean shaven and smart looking, finally
having a chance to shower and groom. All four cram into
the packed SUV, now filled with Gertrude and Angelina's
things.

They're sailing down the highway when they are blocked by a military checkpoint, and a bunch of overturned and abandoned military vehicles. Brad slows it.

BRAD

Not good.

The wreckage sprawls all the way across to woods on either side. There's no way to drive around it.

NICK

Back it up.

ANGELINA

I know another way.

Brad puts the SUV in reverse, then suddenly they are overrun by dozens of soldier zombies.

BRAD

Shit! There's too many to plow through them.

ANGELINA

I'll drive, you shoot.

Nick BLASTS shotgun scatter at the soldiers zombies on his side while Brad and Angelina swap seats. The military zombies wear helmets and flack jackets that absorb most of the bullets.

NICK

We got a problem.

Angelina takes the wheel and the guys unleash their fire power. Gertrude plugs her ears and shuts her eyes.

Angelina peels out making a wide turn. She plows into the zombies unwittingly creating a heap of corpses that gets them stuck on a corpse pile.

BRAD

Reverse!

She throws it into reverse. No good, there's wreckage behind them and zombies closing fast.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Everybody out.

Nick gives great cover fire with the shotgun. Brad gets the ladies out and throws a machete to Nick, who tucks it in his police belt.

Making matters much worse, dozens of soldier zombies pour out of the woods from all directions blocking any escape. Angelina SCREAMS.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Got that out of your system?

ANGELINA
I think so.

He hands her a rifle.

GERTRUDE
What do we do Bradley?

BRAD
I'm thinking.

NICK
Bullets are just bouncing off their gear.

BRAD
Grab those.

Brad and Nick grab automatic weapons off corpses.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Shoot for their knees.

NICK
Try to blow their legs out, cool.

ANGELINA
Run!

It's a cat and mouse chase through the wrecked convoy. Brad's mom is slow and struggles to keep up. She drops her glasses.

BRAD
Mom!

Gertrude is easily caught trying to recover her glasses.

Angelina runs over to her mom's aid but she's too late. Soldier zombies nab Angelina and drag her screaming into the woods in the blink of an eye, shots ring out from the woods. Nick grabs Brad's arm.

NICK
We're too late.

Brad breaks the grip, and Nick bear hugs him.

NICK (CONT'D)

Let her go.

(slaps Brad)

Let her go, or we're dead too!

A zombie grabs Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off me!

They flee the awful scene collecting a ton of ammo and exotic weapons. Nick grabs his bleeding arm.

Brad tosses the occasional grenade into the zombie crowd to break up the attack.

NICK (CONT'D)

In there.

Nick points to a small tourist center at the base of Mt. Rushmore.

INT. MT. RUSHMORE -- TOURIST CENTER - DAY

They drop the heavy weapons. Brad unloads emptying clip after clip of machine gun fire at the hordes.

BRAD

(crying)

You motherfuckers!

NICK

Get your head together man. How does this thing work?

Nick hands him a rocket launcher.

BRAD

How the hell should I know?

NICK

Figure it out. You're wasting all the ammo, and we're gonna make it.

BRAD

What's that?

Nick shows him the wound.

NICK

A bite, OK? And here's what's about to happen.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna give those zombies assholes where their faces used to be, and you're gonna figure out how that damn thing works. That cool with you?

BRAD

Yeah.

Nick takes over aiming at the heads of helmetless zombie soldiers, and the knees of others. Crippled zombie torsos crawl toward them too.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Alright, I think I got it. Back up.

Brad fires the rocket launcher, but the first rocket RIPS through the back wall, exploding in the distance. He turns it around on his shoulder.

NICK

I didn't say anything.

FIRE, The second rocket SPLATTERS many, but barely makes a dent on the overall horde.

BRAD

That's it. Just take out the legs till they get too close.

They keep cutting the zombies off at the knees, a reliable tactic.

NICK

We've only got about six clips. Any more rockets?

BRAD

Yeah, but you saw what... hold on.

NICK

What?

BRAD

I got a crazy ass idea.

NICK

Do it!

BRAD

You don't want to know what it is?

NICK

Fucking do something if you're gonna do it.

Brad grabs the rocket launcher and points it at Mt. Rushmore.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

BRAD

I know. Which one?

NICK

Jefferson.

BRAD

Washington's is a better target. Sorry George.

NICK

You can't blow off Washington's head!

BRAD

We need an avalanche.

FIRE, the rocket dislodges the enormous bust sending it tumbling down the mountain creating a huge avalanche over the zombies.

NICK

Bikes!

Brad hops on a mountain bike, strapping the machine gun to his back.

BRAD

Ranger bikes.

EXT. MT. RUSHMORE - DAY

The guys take off on the mountain bikes dodging falling rocks and pursuing zombies.

BRAD

Think that has keys in it?

NICK

Let's check.

They get to a military Hummer and tear off back to the highway.

BRAD

Bastards!

Brad is vicious needlessly driving off the road to mow down as many stray zombies as possible.

NICK

Careful.

BRAD

They fucking ate my mom!

NICK

You're right, fuck 'em.

SPLAT!

EXT. ALABAMA -- HIGHWAY - DAY

Patched up Nick drives, Brad checks the actual book versus his journal.

BRAD

See I got a lot of this stuff wrong.

NICK

Shocker.

BRAD

I reversed things.

(thumbs through the book)

Like, like here. That girl would have turned in ten hours not ten days. That what I said?

NICK

Something like that. So I should be turned by now?

BRAD

I guess. Maybe it's not contagious.

NICK

This thing sucks gas like a motherfucker.

BRAD

No way we can get around Miami with this beast.

EXT. ALABAMA -- BIKER BAR - DAY

Nick sits on a Harley, the first in a row of motorcycles. Brad exits the bar.

BRAD

Try these.

Brad tosses him keys. They work. Brad tests keys on a couple of others until one works.

NICK

Let's roll.

Nick revs the engine to a roar. Out of the nearby woods run Civil War reenactment zombies chasing them.

EXT. MIAMI -- FREEWAY - DAY

The guys slalom through the litter of stalled traffic and abandoned vehicles like champs, ignoring a few stray zombies.

EXT. GATED CONDOMINIUM - EVENING

The guys pull up to a walled condominium with locked gate. Mounds of charred corpses and ash are piled up outside.

BRAD

We need a rope.

Nick parks close to the wall. He stands on the seat and jumps. Clinging to the wall by his fingertips he manages to pull himself up.

NICK

It's easier than it looks.

Nick waves Brad over.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'll pull you up.

BRAD

Guess you're not worried about booby traps.

Brad gives Nick his hand.

NICK

Booby traps gonna keep zombies out?

BRAD

People.

EXT. PERT'S CONDO BUILDING - EVENING

Brad raps the door.

NICK
He's not answering.

BRAD
Doesn't mean he's not here.

NICK
Did I say that? Relax.

BRAD
Sorry, I'm nervous. I feel like a
Beatles fan about to meet Paul McCartney.

NICK
There're all locked.

BRAD
Yeah.

NICK
How about a...

The windows are boarded on the inside and barred on the
out.

BRAD
They're all bordered up on the inside,
good sign he's here.

NICK
Second story windows aren't covered.

BRAD
How do we get up there?

Nick climbs Brad's back and stands on his shoulders.

NICK
Stand still.

Nick breaks the window with a handgun and pulls himself
up.

Brad shuffles around the front. Nick opens the door.

BRAD
Right on.

INT. PERT'S CONDO -- HALLWAY - SUNSET

Nick points his gun out like a cop.

BRAD
No booby traps?

NICK
Not that I could see. There's no stairs.

BRAD
Makes sense. Zombies won't be able to
get passed that.

NICK
Wish we had a rope.

INT. PERT'S CONDO -- 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

They stop at a door. Brad knocks. Nothing.

NICK
Locked?

Brad checks the handle.

BRAD
No.

NICK
Go.

INT. PERT'S CONDO -- LIVINGROOM - DAY

Brad turns the light on. The condo is tidy but empty.

NICK
Shit.

Brad picks up a note on the coffee table.

BRAD
(reading)
Dear guest. If you're reading this
you're still human, literate, and an
English speaker, all commendable
qualities. As I cannot know whether
you're friend or foe it's hard to do
this. However, since I've always
believed in the inherent goodness of
humanity I'll tell you. I'm in the
penthouse. Yours truly, Max Pert.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Unbelievably, he answers their knock. MAX PERT the author is actually Bruce Campbell.

MAX

You got my note.

BRAD

Mr. Pert, we've come along way to see you.

MAX

Brought your guns I see. Can't say I blame you. Tell you the truth I kinda want a hug, so long since I've seen a living person.

BRAD

I'm Brad, and this is...

NICK

Nick.

BRAD

Come in, please.

INT. PENTHOUSE -- LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Max serves them drinks. The guys lounge on a big couch.

MAX

The Internet.

NICK

You're kidding?

MAX

No, see for yourself.

NICK

How many?

MAX

Couple thousand, maybe more, less. I don't know for sure.

BRAD

When are you going?

MAX

I'm not.

NICK

So what do we do now?

MAX

I don't know about you guys, but I'm good right here.

BRAD

But for how long? You're probably the only living person left in Miami.

MAX

I'm waiting till they decompose before I do any traveling. Playing it safe.

BRAD

But you said keep moving.

MAX

Psssh, the book?

BRAD

Yeah.

Brad pulls it out.

MAX

That's fiction.

BRAD

I know that but...

MAX

It's not real kid. I wrote it on a lark.

BRAD

But its our survival guide.

MAX

(snaps)

It's all bullshit. Got it?

NICK

Look Max, Brad knows that book, your book, like the back of his hand. We used it to stay alive.

Max downs his drink and pours another.

MAX

I could use a joint. Either of you holding?

BRAD
Why'd you write it?

MAX
I never liked that stupid movie I made,
but fans loved it. Anywhere I went
people were always asking me zombie
questions.

NICK
I liked those movies.

MAX
Great. Anyway, I started writing them
down. Same questions everywhere so I
just answered them. I told my agent
about it, her husband was a publisher
wham-bam thank you ma'am bestseller.

BRAD
None of it's true?

MAX
Most of it comes out of old nuclear
holocaust survival guides.

BRAD
What about all the stuff from the tour?

MAX
I got it.

BRAD
Here?

MAX
In the garage downstairs. Listen I'm
sorry to burst your bubble. I feel like
the damn Wizard of Oz or something. Some
of that crap actually works though.
Obviously I'm still alive.

NICK
You're just gonna wait it out here?

MAX
Some of them are already falling apart.

BRAD
It could be years.

MAX

See, you're quoting the book. These are essentially dead bodies, they're decomposing fast. Under two weeks easy.

NICK

And everything works?

MAX

Pretty much, water, electricity, gas.

BRAD

Why us?

MAX

You're left-handed.

NICK

What?

MAX

All the survivors are left-handed.

BRAD

You're kidding?

Max shows them a web page on a laptop.

MAX

Survivors gathering in Texas, where people were of course already heavily armed before the attack.

BRAD

Does it say anything about bites?

MAX

Got bit?

Brad shakes his head.

NICK

I did.

MAX

Doesn't matter, just make sure it doesn't get infected. You can't turn.

NICK

How do you know?

MAX

Check the sight. Survivors carry the left-hand gene.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

(reading)

LRRTM1 is the first gene linked to increased odds of being left-handed or a twin. Researchers also claim that possessing this gene slightly raises the risk of psychotic mental illnesses such as schizophrenia.

NICK

I'll be damned.

BRAD

Explains a lot.

MAX

I chat with these guys all day.

BRAD

Why don't you come to Texas with us?

EXT. PERT'S CONDO -- GARAGE - DAY

Pert opens the garage to reveal a veritable arsenal of zombie fighting equipment, including a strange vehicle that looks like a sports car combined with a tank.

BRAD

Holy shit, here it is.

Brad unsheathes a Katana sword.

MAX

It's all yours boys.

BRAD

No way.

NICK

Wow.

MAX

Consider it a consolation prize. I know you were expecting some Obi Wan Kenobi, I just turned out to be some sell out actor. If you're going Texas you can ride in style.

BRAD

The war machine, you're giving us the war machine?!

MAX

I won't need it here.

NICK
Come with us man.

MAX
I'm not as brave as I look.

BRAD
Can you turn it on?

EXT. MIAMI -- STREET - DAY

The war machine rumbles through the city mowing down
stray zombies with Brad on top manning a turret.

BRAD
This thing's awesome!

NICK
Hold on.

Nick plows through a couple of cars blocking the road.

NICK (CONT'D)
Yeah!

BRAD
Throw on some jams. Wait, what the...

Above them floats a strange looking mid-size blimp.

MAX (O.S.)
(through a CB radio)
Nick?

NICK
Max? Is that you in that thing?

MAX (O.S.)
That's right.

NICK
You're coming with us?

MAX (O.S.)
Better to make the trip with friends,
right?

BRAD
That's awesome.

NICK
Should we pull over?

MAX (O.S.)
Hell no. I'll be the spotter. Besides
it's safer up here.

Huey Lewis music blares from the blimp.

NICK
That's cool man.

MAX (O.S.)
Got the idea from *Apocalypse Now*. Want
to hear something else? I got...

A LASER beam slices Max's blimp in two, exploding it.

NICK
What the hell?

BRAD
It was a laser!

Another laser hits the war machine. It careens out of
control.

The guys vacate quick. They roll out like hardened
commandos and take cover in a corner storefront.

INT. STOREFRONT - DAY

The weapons come out instinctively. Heavy smoke limits
visibility. Boom... Boom... BOOM.

BRAD
I don't believe it.

NICK
Don't say it.

BRAD
It's a full-blown robot Armageddon!

The smoke begins to clear, shadows. A gigantic metal
foot steps out of a gray cloud. ROBOTS!

NICK
Got it?

Brad digs out, *How to Survive a Robot Attack*, from his
backpack. The giant robots hone in on them.

Nick and Brad dash out guns blazing *Butch Cassidy and the
Sundance Kid* style.