

The Navada Gang -
FREE tasty script sample!

Written by

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A sci-fi horror comedy about the worse mercenaries in the
universe fighting projectile vomiting zombies. And polka music.

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What's "The Navada Gang" all about?

Like zombies? Even puking ones? How about sci-fi stuff like laser gun fights, spaceships, and space bats?

Okay then, how about a bunch of lovable twats shooting laser guns at projectile vomiting zombies, while escaping a prison spaceship and bitching at each other about who flushed their pet space bat down the toilet?

Not too complicated for you?

Well if you answered "yes" to one or more of these questions (especially that last one), then "The Navada Gang" is just for YOU!

The lovable twats/protagonists are "The Navada Gang" themselves; Palmo, Guthrie, Brenda and Dave. A mercenary group so rubbish at their job, their highest customer rating on Rent-A-Merc is a single three star review from some bloke they accidentally castrated while rescuing.

Now the baddies/antagonists of "The Navada Gang" on the other hand aren't twats but right bastards. There's Vertex, Warden of the prison spaceship The Pahpshmir, and lover of polka music (so unsurprisingly is a sadomasochist). His sycophant number two in command, and unrequited love interest, Barry. And then there's Jimmy Squiggly; a giggling hard as nails gangster, with a canister of bioengineered nanobot zombie virus shoved up his bottom.

And lets not forget The Pahpshmir's crew and prisoners; who all get turned into zombies struggling to retain fragments of their lost humanity, while throwing up everywhere.

So strap in, strap-on, and pop in a suppository, because "The Navada Gang" is one wild sci-fi horror comedy!

What about filming it?

There are two main filming locations - the smallish space frigate The Navada Spirit and prison spaceship The Pahpshmir. The script is written so the same sets can be re-dressed for different scenes in these locations.

There are also a handful of exterior scenes of the two ships.

The bulk of the special effects will need to go on the zombie and blob scenes, including a vomiting zombie head on a stick, the blob's ass cheeks made up of two talking sentient zombie heads, and lashings of thick projectile yellow zombie vomit.

So what's tasty today?

In this script sample (taken from the complete screenplay by Mike Lomax) learn how Jimmy Squiggly turned the entire crew and prisoners of The Pahpshmir into zombies, using a zombie head on a stick and a traumatised Barry.

CAST - SAMPLE ONLYThe Navada GangPALMO

Leader of The Navada Gang. Fifty. Wears a permed wig. Twat.

GUTHRIE

Non-binary tank. Combat Specialist. Wants to save space bats.

BRENDA

Pilot and Martial Arts expert. Loves her mum.

DAVE

Ship Engineer and Technician. Cheap. Gullible.

The PahpshmirVERTEX

Ship's Warden. Nasty. Likes polka music.

JIMMY

Gangster. Never stops giggling. Privately educated.

BARRY

Vertex's dedicated Number Two. Ship's punchbag. Tragic.

RON & TERRY

Ship's radar operators and best tea drinking mates.

THE CLERK

Hates his job, Vertex, the universe. Vulgar Poet.

DOCTOR MAILER

Ends up as zombie head on a stick infecting The Pahpshmir.

ZOMBIES

Colourful types that puke a nanobot virus to infect people.

PAHPSHMIR - Other

Prison ship employees, guards, prisoners (zombie fodder).

Cut to Zombification Montage.

INT. PAHPSHMIR CORRIDOR - DAY

Panic. Alarms going off. Ship crew and prisoners fighting zombies vomiting yellow gunk.

Rushing down the corridor is Barry holding Zombie Mailer On A Stick in front of him.

Barry is using the Mailer Zombie On A Stick like a upheld broom infecting, covering people with Mailer's spewing vomit.

Barry is guided by a masked Jimmy who has a pistol pressed to his neck behind him.

INT. PAHPSHMIR BREAK AREA - DAY

Two ship admin workers stand round the coffee machine nattering. They are drinking mugs of coffee oblivious to the alarms.

A zombified admin worker, Bob, shambles up between them and moans. The workers are non-plussed.

ADMIN WORKER
(to Zombie Admin) Bloody fire
drills eh Bob?

The admin workers natter more ignoring Bob.

Bob moans again.

ADMIN WORKER (CONT'D)
Yeah Bob! End of month accounts
tell me about it!

The admin workers natter more. Pause.

Bob lets out a little whimper like a puppy dog wanting attention.

INT. PAHPSHMIR COMMUNAL SHOWER ROOM - DAY

A portly ship worker with a towel round his waist steps into the shower. No alarms blaring here yet.

He takes his towel off and puts it on a nearby rail.

He turns on the shower and tilts his head upwards, closing his eyes ready for refreshing jets of hot water.

Nothing happens. Pause.

Alarms go off. The worker opens his eyes and screams as he sees Zombie Mailer On A Stick spew yellow zombie vomit over him from above.

INT. PAHPSHMIR RADAR ROOM - DAY

Terry and Ron are sat down watching camera feeds of the emerging chaos. Terry looks deflated.

RON
Cheer up Terry.

TERRY
Aw why is it always on my bloomin' shift!

RON
I feel you Tez I feel you. Hey look! (points at screen, smiles)
That's Gary from Supplies vomiting on Colin from Facilities!

Terry perks up.

TERRY
You know he's a right tight ass that Gary! Wouldn't even lend me five pee for the pie machine.

RON
Well he ain't a tight ass anymore, poor git.

TERRY
Yeah, well for starters (points at screen) his ass has been ripped off and thrown on top of the pie machine.

RON
Karma Tez, karma.

Terry nods.

INT. PAHPSHMIR CORRIDOR - DAY

In slow motion a panicked group of prisoners, guards, ship workers run down the corridor all with their mouths open.

In front of them emerges a PTSD afflicted Barry with his Zombie Mailer On A Stick and a masked Jimmy with a pistol pressed to his neck.

With a push from Jimmy's pistol on Barry's neck Zombie Mailer fires projectile yellow vomit into each mouth of the running group. One by one the group drop to the floor infected.

After the last one drops Barry screams. Jimmy giggles.

INT. PAHPSHMIR BREAK AREA - DAY

Puppy Zombie Bob's dead eyes doggedly follow the admin worker's coffee mug he's holding as he natters to his co-worker.

Like earlier, the admin workers are still ignoring Bob.

Bob tries to vomit into the moving coffee mug and misses it. Bob whimpers again and is ignored.

INT. PAHPSHMIR PRISON WING CORRIDOR - DAY

A rather pompous admin type is walking down the corridor checking the cells. There are no alarms in this section of the ship (yet).

He looks very neat and tidy with his official ship clipboard, and lovely shiny shoes he polishes himself every day.

The admin type treads on something yellow and turd like on the floor.

The admin type tuts and hops to see what's he stepped in.

He takes the offending shoe off and smells the yellow (zombie vomit) gunk on its sole.

ADMIN TYPE

Aw!

The admin type recalls from the smelly shoe accidentally putting his shoeless foot in the same gunk.

ADMIN TYPE (CONT'D)

Aw god!

INT. WARDEN'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - DAY

Vertex is shitting on the toilet. Opposite a music stand with "My First Polka" magazine open on it. The accordion is around his neck. Alarms are faintly heard in the background from other parts of the ship.

He is playing badly a song from the magazine on his accordion - a Polka version of the same track being used for the Zombification Montage.

Vertex is ignoring his ship communicator that's going apeshit.

VERTEX
(to himself) Not on me time
parasites!

INT. PAHPSHMIR BREAK AREA - DAY

Puppy Zombie Bob's dead eyes are STILL doggedly following the admin worker's coffee mug he's holding as he natters to his co worker.

And Bob is still failing to vomit into it successfully.

Bob lets out an even more tragic whimper (and is ignored).

INT. PAHPSHMIR RADAR ROOM - DAY

Terry and Ron are really into watching camera feeds of the emerging chaos- it's like watching the footie! Both are drinking mugs of tea.

RON
Hmm looks like the fish was most
popular canteen dish today.

TERRY
Aw and look their covering Chef in
it!

INT. PAHPSHMIR PRISON WING CORRIDOR - DAY

The pompous admin type has one of his lovely shoes on each hand. He is desperately trying to run away from the vomiting zombies shambling towards him from behind. Alarms are now blaring.

He also holds his clipboard under his arm.

But he seems to be stuck on the spot, his feet caught in some sticky yellow turdy zombie vomit - he kinda looks like a petrified Charlie Chaplin doing the running man dance in slow motion. With menacing vomiting zombies approaching in the background.

INT. PAHPSHMIR BREAK AREA - DAY

After a couple more attempts Zombie Bob manages to land some vomit in the admin worker's coffee mug. And he drinks it.

Bob let's out a cute zombie cheer (and is ignored).

INT. PAHPSHMIR RADAR ROOM - DAY

Ron and Terry are watching the feeds and finishing their tea.

A zombie bangs on the Radar Room door. Ron and Terry keep watching the feeds.

TERRY
Did you lock the door Ron?

RON
No Terry I didn't sadly. Did you lock it?

TERRY
Nope.

Pause. The banging gets more aggressive.

RON
Well that's that then. At least we had a nice cuppa tea first!

TERRY
Yeah. It was very refreshing.

The door smashes open - zombies started bursting into the room.

TERRY (CONT'D)
But I'll say it'll once, I'll say it twice, I'll say it three times till I'm blue in the face -

Zombies swarm Ron and Terry and drag them to the ground.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(being dragged to floor) Aw why is it also on my bloody shift!

RON
(being dragged to floor) Karma Tez, karma!

Multiple zombies start vomiting on Ron and Terry and they scream.

Pause.

The zombies continue to violently puke on Ron and Terry.

Pause.

TERRY (O.C.)
Ron? You there?

RON (O.C.)
Yeah.

TERRY (O.C.)
 It's been bugging me for a while
 but I don't think you really
 understand the meaning of the word
 karma.

RON (O.C.)
 I know, it was something I read on
 a cereal box and thought it sounded
 cool. Sorry Tez.

TERRY (O.C.)
 That's quite alright Ron mate.

RON (O.C.)
 Cheers mate!

More zombie vomiting with death screams from Ron and Terry
 off camera.

INT. WARDEN'S PRIVATE BATHROOM - DAY

Vertex stands up from the toilet having finished his me
 time. Trousers and pants still round his ankles. Accordion
 still round his neck.

His communicator is still going apeshit. He ignores the
 chaos and instead activates the communicator for an
 outgoing call.

VERTEX
 (to communicator) Lieutenant
 Smithick to the Warden's Ready
 Room!

Communicator plays back a screaming Barry.

VERTEX (CONT'D)
 (to communicator) Barry I need
 you to wipe my backside.

More intense screams from Barry from the communicator.

VERTEX (CONT'D)
 (to communicator) Barry clean my
 cheeks!

INT. PAHPSHMIR WORK CANTEEN - DAY

In the centre of the messed up canteen stands Barry with
 his Zombie Mailer On A Stick and Jimmy behind him pressing
 a pistol to his neck.

Jimmy is forcing Barry to spin round on the spot with Mailer spewing vomit everywhere - kinda like a garden sprinkler of sick or a carousel of vomit, majestically spraying, converting the busy lunchtime crowd into zombies.

Barry is crying, Jimmy is giggling.

INT. PAHPSHMIR PRISON WING CORRIDOR - DAY

The pompous admin type is still stuck doing the scared running man while zombies get closer behind him. And he's still holding his shoes. And his clipboard under his arm.

Just as they are about to get him, he reluctantly drop his prized shoes and the weight loss suddenly enables him to unstick his feet front the floor sick and run off.

The admin type dives round a corner and leans against a jail cell door that has bars.

He catches his breath and gives his beloved clipboard a reassuring hug.

From inside the cell a zombie stands up and shambles towards the admin type silently.

The zombie grabs the admin type's hair and pulls him against the bars. The zombie then pinches his nose forcing him to open his mouth.

The zombie then vomits into his mouth - eugh!

CLERK (O.S.)
How bloody original!

End Zombification Montage.

INT. PAHPSHMIR HOLDING AREA - DAY

The Navada Gang, The Clerk, guards are huddled round a video screen watching different camera feeds showing the unfolding zombification chaos.

The Clerk turns the feed off. Silence.

Palmo vomits a little bit on Dave. A little bit splashes on Guthrie too (who doesn't notice).

PALMO
Don't panic it's not yellow
vomit! More see through.

To find out what happens next please contact Mike Lomax for the complete screenplay of The Navada Gang!
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