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by  
(Name of First Writer)

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Revisions by  
(Names of Subsequent Writers,  
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by  
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Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

Look Who's Walking  
Third Draft  
March 16th, 2012  
Written by Ryan Plegge

FADE IN:

EXT. - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The picture fades in on a dark, almost pitch black alleyway. The picture is a little grainy looking.

TOM: (V.O.)  
It started slowly... Every week you'd hear about some hiker or a family on a camping trip that disappeared in the woods.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A flash of another scene. A family is sitting in the living room. In the background a news story about missing hikers is being shown. A news report of a reporter asking a park ranger some questions with a search crew in the background.

EXT. - DARK ALLEY

It starts to rain. The camera slowly pans down to show a dark alley, between two buildings in a city where all the power has seem to gone out.

TOM: (V.O.)  
They searched for weeks. Each investigation would only turn up some stray piece of evidence, but in nearly all the cases.. Only a few of the bodies were ever found.

EXT. - FOREST - DAY

In the background, the reporter from the previous shot is seen talking to the park ranger. While in the foreground, another park ranger with a glove on, picks up a bloody boot.

EXT. - DARK ALLEY

The camera still slowly moving down the alleyway.

TOM: (V.O.)

And when they did happen to find somebody or what remained of them... (Pauses) They wish they hadn't.

EXT. - FOREST

A few coroners are carrying a large black body bag towards their van. And then behind them, more cops carrying smaller black bags filled with body parts.

EXT. - DARK ALLEY

Camera still moving slowly down the alley.

TOM: (V.O.)

The police refused to release the autopsy reports. They told the public they were nothing but wild animal attacks. This still didn't explain all the missing bodies.

EXT. - WOODS/CAMP - NIGHT

A handful of joyful campers are sitting around a campfire. Some are making smores, others are making out and a fat guy is playing his guitar.

The sound of a twig snapping is heard and scares some of the campers.

One of them stands up and looks out into the dark forest. The camera pans around the campers as they look in the direction of the sound.

CAMPER:

Probably just a deer.

As he sits back down, the camera pans back around and there are at least seven dark figures standing behind the campers.

There are a few quick flashes, distorted, extreme camera angles of several people attacking the campers as they sat around the fire.

A shot of a woman in her tent, wrapped in her sleeping bag, eyes wide open and staring into the camera, shivering in fear, as the campfire cast a shadow on her tent. The shadow of her friend being eaten alive.

The sound of something coming inside the tent is heard and she starts to cry. She looks up and all she sees are nasty, rotting teeth coming toward her.

EXT. - DARK ALLEY

That scene cuts back to the alley. There are a few trash cans along the wall. It is too dark to see the end of the alley right now.

However, the camera continues to slowly move forward. Allowing the moonlight to light up the dark areas as it moves along.

TOM: (V.O.)

The Government tried to hide it from the people but as the attacks became more frequent. When they moved out of the forests and into small towns on the outskirts of the cities. As the sounds of ambulances and police sirens were heard more and more everyday. When the attacks spread into our neighborhoods. It became too big to cover up. And so the story unraveled itself and the truth was revealed. And as strange as it is, as unbelievable as it may sound... The attacks were not committed by animals but by humans. Only, they weren't exactly human anymore.

(Pauses)

They were dead. Dead people who got up and began to attack the living.

EXT. - FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

There are a few quick flashes, distorted, extreme camera angles of several zombies walking towards a farm house, the windows are boarded up, other zombies are up on the porch banging their hands against the doors and windows.

TOM: (V.O.)

It was thought to have been a virus. A disease. Something nobody has ever heard of before.

EXT. - STREET

A person is attacked by a zombie, he is bitten but manages to get up and run away.

A time lapse of him running, slowly getting weaker and weaker before he finally falls down, bleeding out.

The camera stays on his face as he slowly stops breathing. A short time-lapse and that person gets up, now a member of the undead and begins to walk off.

TOM: (V.O.)

We fought back as much as we could.  
But it was too late. It seemed we  
had already lost.

EXT. - FARM HOUSE

Back at the farm, a shot of a barricaded door being knocked down and a few zombies storming into the house.

The farmer gets a few shots off with his shotgun, taking a chunk of a shoulder off one of the zombies with one blast, the zombie reels with the shot and slowly turns back ground, no expression changes as he lunges towards the farmer, all the rest of them joining as they eat him.

The zombies cover his body, but his arms are sticking up into the air flailing around as he screams in pain as he is eaten alive.

EXT. - DARK ALLEY

Back in the dark alley, the camera continues its slow movement forward. But now a figure is then seen in the darkness, leaning against a chain-link fence. One arm outstretched, his hand holding the fence. No details of his face can be seen. But he isn't moving.

It's no longer a voice over by Tom, the voice is coming from the back of the alley. But now his voice seems raspy.

TOM:

The War didn't last long. The days after it ended became all about survival, but in a world as dangerous as this. One has to learn to adapt, to take advantage of the situation. Our enemies still walk among us, seeking to kill us at first sight.

The camera begins to shake a little. A person walks in front of the camera now, slowly towards the figure against the fence.

The figure against the fence is still covered in the darkness, however if he moved a foot forward he would be seen in the moonlight. The person walking keeps walking slowly towards the figure against the fence.

TOM:

Early on in the conflict. We had discovered their weakness, one that we quickly exploited and used to our advantage.

The person walking stops and slowly holds his hand out, looking like he is reaching out to poke the figure that is sitting, leaning against the fence.

TOM:

Apparently, they don't like when we eat them.

The man steps forward. He is a human. And behind him there are two others. Another guy and a woman.

MAN 1:

Are you alright?

WOMAN:

This is stupid. He's dead, let's go.

MAN 1:

I heard him talking. If he's alive we can't just leave him here.

MAN 2:

Yeah, we can. Let's go. If he ain't dead, he's dying.

There is a crash off-screen. Man 2 and the Woman turn to shine their lights down the road. A dog runs out of a house and down the street.

WOMAN:

Alright, something is going to hear that dog and then they're all going to come after us.

Man 1 sighs and pokes the figure against the fence. Nothing. He pulls at the figure's foot and the body moves, but it just falls limp to its side and into the light. Clearly it is a dead body.

The woman screams at the sight of him.

MAN 2:  
Alright, it's dead. Actually,  
dead. Let's go.

MAN 1:  
I could have sworn I heard him  
talking.

MAN 2:  
They don't talk. They just do that  
moaning, groaning thing. Like this  
poor bastard.

Man 2 points off to the side another zombie walks out from behind a house, at this point, only his outline can be seen. That zombie begins to moan and groan.

MAN 2:  
See.

Man 2 unslings a rifle from his shoulder and is about to take aim at the walking zombie when the woman screams again.

Man 1 and 2 turn around to see the zombie on the ground is gone. Man 1 jumps up, pulling out his pistol and aiming it around in the darkness, he clumsily takes out his flashlight as well and is having trouble turning it on.

MAN 1:  
God damnit, where'd he go?!

The camera spins around to show the first zombie standing behind the Woman and Man 2. It is or was a zombie, this is **Tom**. His skin has a blueish tint to it. As he died of drowning.

Tom then suddenly lunges forward to bite at Man 2's arm, forcing him to drop the rifle. When the rifle hits the street, it goes off and fires a shot. Into the second zombie.

A scream of pain from the second zombie. Yelling as the bullet hits him in the shoulder. This is **Ryan**. His skin has a grayish tint to it. As he died of blood loss.

At this point, Tom trying to bite at Man 2 when Man 1 steps forward and fires a few shots into Tom's back, one of them missing and hitting Man 2 in the arm. The Woman begins to freak out and takes a few steps back, going into a panic attack. Man 1 rushes forward to pull Tom off his friend and throws him into the wall, only to bounce off of it and fall behind some trash cans.

MAN 1:  
God damnit! I'm sorry.

As Man 1 is apologizing, Ryan is walking up behind the two of them. Man 2, bleeding and holding his arm, raises his hand to try and point to Ryan. Trying to warn his friend to turn around, but he's in pain.

A few shots ring out. One bullet hits a car behind Ryan, two others hit him in the chest. Knocking him over.

The camera pans around to show the Woman, nervously holding the rifle. The zombie doesn't appear to be moving.

MAN 2:  
That was close. And that's why we don't help people who already look like they're dead.

MAN 1:  
I'm sorry. It won't happen again.  
Let's go clean this up.

Man 1 helps the other guy up.

WOMAN:  
Wait, let's just finish these two off so they can't hurt anyone else.

Man 1 nods and takes out his pistol once more. Man 2 drops to a knee and holds the bullet wound on his arm. The Woman stands behind him with a rifle. Man 1 walks back towards where he threw Tom and shines his flashlight around.

He slowly approaches the trash cans that he threw the zombie into and looks around.

MAN 1:  
Come out, come out, wherever you are.

He looks around and can't find the zombie.

MAN 1:  
Not this again.

Man 1 drops down to look under the dumpster. It's too dark so he shines the flashlight underneath it and still, nothing is there.

As his stands up, the camera moves with him and you expect to see Tom standing there behind the man, but nobody is there.

The man stands there for a minute and it becomes very quiet.

MAN 1:  
Where the hell did you go?

Just then a few gunshots are heard off screen and they echo through the alleyway. The man runs out of the alley and looks from left to right, when he looks right, his face goes white and a look of horror comes over him.

All we see from this angle, is the outlines of bodies and limbs, clawing and swiping at something.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET

Man 1 raises his gun and starts shooting. The camera pans around to show a horde of at least 12 zombies eating his friends alive. They're kicking and shooting and punching at the zombies, but it is no use at this point.

Man 1 starts crying as he's shooting the zombies, killing none of them as he can't get a head shot when he's panicking like he is.

When his gun runs out of ammo he runs forward to grab the Woman and pull her from the horde, he grabs her arm and can't get a grip as it's covered in blood.

He manages to take the rifle from her. As he does, a zombie grabs his leg and trips him, throwing the rifle behind him.

Man 1 starts crawling for the rifle and a zombie steps on it. Man 1 looks up to see a very scary and threatening zombie, this is **Dustin**. He is taller than every other zombie by at least a few inches. And he has at least five knives stuck in his back.

Dustin growls and then lunges towards the Man and the camera POV.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ALLEYWAY

Against the wall of the alley, we see the shadows of zombies eating the man, his arms flailing around wildly.

A few seconds pass and a figure walks into the alley, you can't see who or what it is. But he's walking slowly, with a limp.

Something moves in the half open dumpster, the figure stops and looks in that direction. He then slowly walks over reaches his hand out to open the dumpster the rest of the way.

TOM:  
Surprise bitch!

Tom lunges out and bites the hand of the figure, who turns out to be the other zombie, Ryan.

Ryan acts without thinking and takes a swing at Tom's jaw. Tom falls back into the dumpster and takes one of Ryan's fingers with him between his teeth.

TOM:  
Son of a!

The zombies are talking... What humans see as moaning, is actually these zombies talking to each other, quite normally. While they are speaking to one another like any human would. However, the logic center of their brains isn't working at 100%... or even 10%.

Tom can be heard crying in pain from inside the dumpster. Ryan is holding his hand and dancing around, also in pain.

RYAN:  
Why'd you bite me?

TOM: (O.S.)  
Sorry, I thought you were one of them.

RYAN:  
God damnit, Tom. I only have like nine of these things left now. I'm gonna run out of them at this rate.

Tom begins to crawl out of the dumpster and just falls on the ground.

TOM:  
I said "I'm sorry". What do you want me to do?

RYAN:  
You could start by giving me my finger back.

Tom looks confused and then opens his mouth and feels around.

TOM:  
That could be a problem.

RYAN:  
God damnit.

TOM:  
I'm sorry. I was waiting in there  
for that guy to open it. And then  
I was gonna bite him.

RYAN:  
Do you always yell, "Surprise",  
before you kill someone?

TOM:  
Not all the time, no.

RYAN:  
But your first instinct is to lunge  
forward and bite down? If it was a  
gun pointed at your head, you'd  
only succeed in helping them blow  
your face off.

TOM:  
Well.. The next time you come to  
find me, don't put anything near my  
mouth. Lesson learned.

RYAN:  
Next time? There won't be a "next  
time". If I ever have to come  
looking for you again, expect to  
have shit thrown at you from a  
distance.

When he says "next time", he brings his hands up to the quote  
fingers but he's missing his middle finger. Ryan looks  
confused as he can't really do the quotes with a missing  
finger.

RYAN:  
Damn.

TOM:  
Yeah, that only works when you have  
all your fingers.

RYAN:  
Can I get my finger back?

TOM:  
If it ever comes out the other end,  
sure.

Ryan glares at Tom and holds a balled fist up. Giving Tom the finger, without having a middle finger.

RYAN:

Hey, guess what I'm doing now.

Tom just stands there looking at Ryan for a long moment.

TOM:

Grow up. Come on, let's go find the others.

The two of them begin to walk out of the alley. As he does, Dustin and a bunch of other zombies are standing there, looking at the two of them with a weird look on his face.

DUSTIN:

You guys are quite amazing.

RYAN:

Thanks, you're pretty cool too.

TOM:

He's insulting us Ryan.

RYAN:

That's not cool?

DUSTIN:

You two had the chance to kill all three of these humans, and you failed horribly.

TOM:

Yeah.. We weren't really trying. We're not very hungry today.

DUSTIN:

Really? I doubt that. Seeing as you've started to eat one another.

Dustin looks over at Ryan trying put a twig where his finger use to be.

TOM:

Did you want something? Or do you plan on continuing to follow us around and steal our food?

DUSTIN:

I'm just leading my horde around. Not my fault we keep running into one another.

TOM:

You're following us. You're vultures. We go through the trouble of finding the humans and setting up traps and then you and your horde sneak in to make the kill.

DUSTIN:

Speaking of hordes. I don't see the rest of your gang anywhere.

TOM:

We had a falling out. I left them alone to sort some things out.

DUSTIN:

Did ya, now? You know, if things don't work out with them. You could always join us. We could use a hunter with your kind of skills.

DUSTIN:

I guess you can bring him too.

RYAN:

Hey, I have skills.

One of Dustin's henchmen speak up.

DUSTIN'S HENCHMAN:

I hope it wasn't doing shadow puppets. Your rabbits will have to be re-cast as unicorns.

Ryan looks down at his hands.

RYAN:

(Mumbles)

It was a unicorn to begin with.

Dustin looks around and then back to Tom and Ryan.

DUSTIN:

I guess we'll be off now. I hope to see you two again very soon.

Dustin and his horde begin to walk off down the street.

RYAN:

Oh, you will.

DUSTIN:

Really?

RYAN:  
What? No, I mean that in a  
maniacal, 'you better watch your  
back' kind of way.

Dustin raises a brow and then just walks away while Tom and Ryan stand there.

TOM:  
I hate that guy.

DUSTIN: (O.S.)  
I can still hear you.

They wait a few seconds. Until the shuffling of Dustin's crew can't be heard anymore as they walk away.

TOM:  
I really hate that guy.

RYAN:  
Yeah.. But he has a sweet coat.

Tom shakes his head and starts to walk off. Ryan stands there for another minute.

RYAN:  
Before this war is over. That coat  
will be mine.

Ryan turns to follow Tom.

The camera pans out of the alley and shows an empty and dark street. There are scattered cars, trash and a few bodies laying in the road.

The camera cuts again and shows a distant shot of the city's skyline. A few buildings are burning.

The opening credits roll.. Preferably, to Gorillaz' 'M1A1'. There are just a large collection of random shots of zombies walking around doing things. But everything is in reverse. Starting from the worst part of the zombie outbreak, back to where it all started, over the span of 7 days.

So there are shots of zombies eating people in reverse. So it looks like they're spitting their flesh back onto their arm.

Zombies climbing out of windows and the windows repairing themselves.

And a flipped, wrecked car with dead bodies around it being eaten by zombies.

The bodies slide back into the car and the car unflips itself and starts driving in reverse until we see a zombie's feet. The car swerved away from the zombie and ended up crashing.

It is meant to show the effects of the infection, from when it's at its worst and everyone is dead, back to where it started.

It eventually ends on a quiet street.

CUT TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Words appear '1 week earlier...'

The picture looks a lot more clear. As all the zombie scenes are grainy looking and when they're humans it's normal.

A person is laying on a couch with his back turned to the camera and the television. The news is playing and it is talking about random attacks happening everywhere in the city and the national guard being called in.

A cellphone's text alert goes off. A half asleep and groggy Tom waves his hand at the sound coming from the cell laying on the ground next to him. He is obviously not awake and just mumbles some nonsense words.

The phone keeps making a text notice sound and a shot of the phone shows it has 20 new texts.

Tom eventually rolls over and looks at the TV, but he doesn't really notice the chaos happening on the screen. The news is talking about putting the city under quarantine and how infected people are attacking anyone they come across.

Tom just hits the menu button and starts going through things he has recorded and stops on a cartoon, watches it for a moment, laughs at a joke and then starts to fall asleep again.

Outside a car is heard pulling up into the driveway. Two doors open and voices are heard through the window.

RYAN: (O.S.)

I swear to god if he's one of them.  
You're going to have to kill him.  
I don't think I'll be able to kill  
my best friend.

DREW: (O.S.)  
Calm down, he's probably just  
sleeping. Nobody is going to kill  
anyone.

(Pauses)  
Wait, why is Tom your best friend?

RYAN: (O.S.)  
That's not important right now.  
Let's just do this.

Drew sounds a little annoyed.

DREW: (O.S.)  
I'm gonna ring the doorbell now.  
So just calm down and get ready to  
bash his face in until he's dead.

RYAN: (O.S.)  
If he is one of them.

Silence.

DREW: (O.S.)  
If he's one of them.

The doorbell rings. Tom stirs.

EXT. - PORCH

Drew is standing outside the front door and Ryan is standing  
off to the side holding a baseball bat in the air, ready to  
bash Tom's face in.

RYAN:  
I hear something moving.

DREW:  
Shut up, I can't hear anything.

Ryan is getting antsy, thinking he is about to kill his  
friend.

RYAN:  
I don't think I can do this, Drew.  
This is gonna suck.

The door shakes as is messing with the doorknob on the other  
side.

DREW:  
Too late.

Drew opens the door and a zombie looking Tom is standing there. He looks tired, the expression on his face looks distant and like he's been crying.

DREW:  
Do it Ryan!

Ryan makes a squeamish noise and prepares to hit Tom as he steps out into the porch light.

TOM:  
What are you guys doing?

Both Ryan and Drew freak out and then Drew calmly goes back to normal.

DREW:  
Oh, alright. False alarm.

Drew pats Tom on the shoulder and walks into the house.

DREW:  
Glad to see you're okay.

Tom then looks over to the right, at Ryan, who is still holding the bat in the air.

RYAN:  
Hey...

Tom turns around and walks back inside. Ryan stands there for a moment and looks around the neighborhood for a few seconds before he backs in through the door and shuts it behind him.

INT. - LIVING ROOM

Drew is walking around the house checking windows and doors, making sure they're shut and locked. Talking to Tom who doesn't seem aware that anything weird is going on.

TOM:  
Was it you guys that kept calling me? I figured you'd be over, so I put a pizza in the oven. You two can have it all. I don't think I can eat anything right now.

DREW: (O.S.)  
Yeah, it was us calling you. Why the hell weren't you answering our texts?

TOM:  
I just.. Didn't want to talk to  
anyone right now. I've had a  
pretty rough day. I feel terrible  
and I just want to kill something.

Both Ryan and Drew stop what they're doing and look at Tom.

RYAN:  
How are you feeling?

Tom looks confused.

TOM:  
Umm.. Not well.. I'm sick. Too  
tired to do anything. I'm hungry,  
but I don't think I can eat  
anything. I just.. I don't feel  
like the same person.

Drew is in the kitchen. He looks at the steak knife holder  
and eyeballs one of the larger knives.

Behind Tom, Ryan is getting a tight grip on the baseball bat.

RYAN:  
Drew.. What were the symptoms  
again?

DREW: (O.S.)  
First they get sick. Too sick to  
help themselves. Then they get  
hungry, but nothing seems to  
satisfy their hunger. Then they  
turn into a different person.  
That's what the guy on the TV said.

TOM:  
What are you guys talking about?

RYAN:  
What do we do?

Drew appears in the archway to the kitchen holding a large  
knife.

DREW:  
There's only one thing to do.

Tom looks confused as he looks at Drew with the knife.

TOM:  
Is the pizza done? You can't cut  
pizza with a knife silly.

RYAN:  
You're going to have to do it. I  
don't think I can kill him.

Tom suddenly realizes something is wrong.

TOM:  
What!?! What the hell is going on?!

DREW:  
You're one of them. The infected  
people. They get sick and they  
suddenly turn mad and start  
attacking and eating anyone they  
come across.

TOM:  
Ryan, what the hell is he talking  
about?

RYAN:  
What have you been doing? Have you  
not looked outside or watched the  
news?

TOM:  
No.. I haven't gotten off that  
couch since Amy broke up with me  
last night.

Both Ryan and Drew look at one another. Drew, then realize something and then laughs a little.

DREW:  
Thank God.. He's not sick.

RYAN:  
He's not?

TOM:  
I'm not?

DREW:  
No.. He's just being a pussy.

Drew calmly walks back into the kitchen and puts the knife away. Ryan is still standing there holding the bat.

TOM:  
What are you guys talking about?

Ryan walks over to the couch and picks up the remote and turns it to the news. Both Ryan and Tom sit down and watch the television.

A news broadcaster is reporting live from somewhere and talking about the bodies of the dead returning to life and attacking the living.

TOM:

What the hell? Is this some kind of joke? This has to be a joke. This can't be real.

RYAN:

Oh, it's real. I killed about four people on the way over here.

Ryan points to a blood stain on his bat.

DREW:

They're already dead Ryan. You didn't kill them.

RYAN:

I don't care if they were already dead. I still beat in the faces of four people that were alive just a few hours before.

TOM:

Zombies? This is insane.

Tom is listening to this and watching the news and can't believe what is going on.

DREW:

Tom.. There are like four dead people laying in your front yard. You really didn't notice any of this was happening?

TOM:

No, I.. Wait..

CUT TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM - EARLIER

Tom is still sleeping on the couch.

Suddenly, a man runs past the front window. He is bleeding from his arm, he sees Tom laying on the couch and turns around, he bangs on the window.

FRED:

Tom! Tom wake up, they're coming!  
Tom it's Fred from high school.

(MORE)

FRED: (cont'd)  
 You have to let me in they're  
 coming. Tom! We had History  
 together! Toooooooooooooom!

Suddenly three zombies tackle Fred and begin to eat and kill him. He is screaming and yelling bloody murder as he is torn to pieces just off-screen.

Tom just reaches over his shoulder, holding a remote and turns the TV up.

INT. - LIVING ROOM - NOW

Tom sits up and looks out onto the lawn and looks like he's about to be sick.

TOM:  
 Oh..

RYAN:  
 Yeah.. "Oh.."

TOM:  
 When did this start?

DREW: (O.S.)  
 Sometime last night. Ryan and I  
 have been running from these things  
 since midnight.

RYAN:  
 We were down at the college when it  
 started.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OUTSIDE MEDICAL BUILDING

Drew and Ryan are walking up the steps of a college medical building.

RYAN:  
 So, explain this to me again.  
 Professor Green said all we had to  
 do was take part in this study and  
 he would raise our next test one  
 letter grade?

DREW:  
 Yeah, so in your case. Your next D  
 would instantly become a D.

RYAN:  
Funny.. Is this even legal? This  
just doesn't seem fair.

DREW:  
Fair? I promise it's more fair than  
the girls that blow him to get an A  
in his class.

RYAN:  
That's true. Guys will pretty much  
do anything if getting some head is  
the reward.

DREW:  
The Professor needed test subjects  
for a study. And since he won't  
accept head from either of us.  
This is what we have to do. This  
is the male equivalent of giving  
head, it's not fair, but if it  
helps me pass his class.

RYAN:  
So.. You would have blown him if  
he was into that?

Drew raises a brow.

DREW:  
What?

RYAN:  
Well.. You said he wouldn't accept  
head from either of us. Does that  
mean you offered?

Drew looks at Ryan and then continues walking.

CUT TO:

INT. - TEST ROOM

Drew and Ryan are sitting in a room on what look like dentist  
chairs. There are people standing around in HazMat suits.

RYAN:  
I don't know about this.

DREW:  
You'll be fine.

RYAN:

This just seems strange. It's like the end of E.T., when all the military people are about to perform tests on them.

DREW:

We'll be out of here in a few hours.

RYAN:

And that guy has been staring at us for like an hour.

Ryan motions to a guy standing on the other side of a window, holding a clipboard. He has no emotion on his face as he watches the two of them.

Suddenly, another guy in a HazMat suit walks into the room through a door and is holding a vial.

RYAN:

What are we testing anyway?

DREW:

I think he said it was some kind of shampoo.

The guy carrying the vial trips and throws the vial. The vial spills and splashes another guy in the face. The sound of flesh burning can be heard and smoke comes from the guy's face as if it is melting.

Drew and Ryan just sit there for a moment and do nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. - LOBBY

Drew and Ryan are being led out of the building by a guy in a lab coat.

SCIENTIST:

Again, I'm sorry about all this. I'll of course contact Mr. Green, so you'll still receive your credit.

RYAN:

(Sarcastic)

Well that's good.

(MORE)

RYAN: (cont'd)  
I mean you did almost let them pour  
acid on our heads. The least you  
can do is make sure we get our  
extra credit.

The Scientist just looks at Ryan, not quite getting the  
sarcasm.

SCIENTIST:  
Right, I will.

RYAN:  
Fantastic.. Because we don't care  
at all about almost being murdered.

The two of them just look at each other for a few seconds.

SCIENTIST:  
Right. Well, let me just get your  
names then..

The Scientist takes out a clipboard and is about to write  
down their names.

Suddenly, alarms start to go off. The three of them look  
around confused.

ANNOUNCER: (V.O.)  
Attention.. This facility is now  
in lock-down. Please refrain from  
leaving the building. HazMat teams  
and local authorities are on their  
way to lock down the facility.  
Again, please refrain from leaving  
the building.

The Scientist looks a little freaked out. He turns to Ryan  
and Drew, who still just look bored.

Another Scientist comes running in from another room and  
looks at the one escorting Ryan and Drew.

SCIENTIST #2:  
You! Follow me now!

Scientist #1 looks at Ryan and Drew.

SCIENTIST #1:  
You two.. Please stand here and  
make sure nobody leaves.

Drew nods.

DREW:  
Of course.

SCIENTIST #1:  
It's really important that nobody  
leaves this building.

Ryan gives a thumbs up.

SCIENTIST #1:  
It is extremely important.

RYAN:  
Oh, we understand.

The Scientist then runs off. Leaving Drew and Ryan standing  
there by an exit door.

A few moments pass.

ANNOUNCER: (V.O.)  
Attention.. This facility is now  
in lock-down. Please refrain from  
leaving the building. HazMat teams  
and local authorities are on their  
way to lock down the facility.

Ryan looks at the door and takes in a deep breath.

RYAN:  
Bail?

Drew nods.

DREW:  
Yep.

ANNOUNCER: (V.O.)  
Please refrain from leaving the  
building.

Ryan walks backwards into the door and kicks it open. Both  
of them slip out.

CUT TO:

INT. - LIVING ROOM

Tom is sitting there listening to this and he just shakes his  
head and turns his attention back to the TV.

TOM:

They're telling people to go to the nearest rescue stations. Shouldn't we be doing that also?

RYAN:

We were on our way to one. There was a bus that was rounding people up, but we couldn't get a hold of our families, so we came back to get them.

TOM:

So where is everyone?

RYAN:

They left us notes. Saying they got on the buses that came around their neighborhood. So since we were here. We figured we'd come back for you.

This whole time. Drew has been staring out the back window into the backyard.

Tom just kind of sits there for a moment and thinks things over.

TOM:

Wait.. Have you guys seen my parents?

Tom gets up and starts looking around nervously. He picks up his cell phone and calls a number, at the same time walking towards the steps and calling out.

TOM:

Mom!? Dad!? Is anyone here?

RYAN:

Dude! Keep your voice down! There could be some of them nearby.

TOM:

I have to find my parents Ryan.

RYAN:

I know. Maybe they got on a bus already.

TOM:

And just left me sleeping on the couch?

RYAN:

Maybe they were out and got picked up by a bus that was evacuating people.

TOM:

They didn't call. And my phone isn't working now.

RYAN:

No calls have been going through. Only texts seem to go through. Do you parents even know how to text?

Tom looks a little relieved.

TOM:

No.. I'm sure you're right.

(Pauses)

So should we join them and go to one of these stations?

Tom points to the TV and a list of rescue stations, but as he does the power goes out.

RYAN:

Great.

TOM:

Shit.. Did you see where any of the stations were?

Silence.

RYAN:

14.2 Dow Jones... Street

TOM:

That was the stock market. You didn't see any of them? You've been staring at the TV since we got here.

RYAN:

Well damnit. There's like four different news feed tickers and that damn twitter scroll on the damn channel. Hashtag, I didn't see shit.

TOM:

Well what do we do? Should we just sit here and wait for help?

RYAN:

No.. They said do not try to stay  
in your home and we should try to  
get to a station.

TOM:

Sounds good? Drew?

Tom looks back at Drew, who is still looking out the patio  
door into the back yard.

TOM:

Drew?

DREW:

What? Yeah.. We should leave.

TOM:

What are you looking at?

DREW:

Nothing. We should go. Do you  
have any kind of a weapon or  
anything? A gun would be awesome.

Tom looks through a kitchen drawer and finds a flashlight.

TOM:

Nope, but I have this.

Tom throws Drew a flashlight.

TOM:

I don't know anyone who owns a gun.

DREW:

This is America. How do we not  
know anyone with a gun?

TOM:

I think I might have another  
baseball bat in the closet.

Tom starts to walk towards a closet. As Tom walks away.  
Drew shines the light into the backyard.. And we see Tom's  
dead mother, eating Tom's dead father.

Ryan notices the zombie parents also and then looks at Tom,  
hoping he doesn't.

TOM:

Actually it might be in the garage.

Tom walks back into frame and turns to walk towards the garage. As he walks through the kitchen, Drew stops shining the light on his parents. And when he leaves, Drew shines the light again. Now Tom's Mom's back is turned towards Drew and walking towards him. And then Tom walks back into frame and Drew shuts the light off.

TOM:

Actually.. It might be in the basement.

Tom walks off-screen and Drew shines the light again. Now both parents are up and walking towards Drew.

Ryan makes a kind of 'oh, this isn't gonna be good' face.

Tom walks back into frame and Drew shuts it off again.

TOM:

Actually.. I never played baseball. So not sure why I would have a bat.

Tom turns around and looks at Drew again.

TOM:

You're acting weird. Why do you keep looking outside? What's out there?

DREW:

Nothing.

The sound of a patio grill being knocked over is heard.

Tom's face drops as he realizes what might be outside.

TOM:

It's my parents isn't it?

DREW:

No.. Why would you think that?

As he finishes speaking. Tom's parents walk into the glass, trying to bite and grab at Drew.

TOM:

God damnit.

Drew steps back.

DREW:

I'm sorry man. I was hoping you wouldn't see them.

Tom looks like he is about to cry, but he holds himself together.

TOM:

What.. What do we do with them?

Ryan steps forward.

RYAN:

What do you mean? We don't have to do anything. There's a chance this can be cured. Maybe.

DREW:

We can just leave them in the backyard and hope for the best. Like Ryan said. It could be cured or reversed.

Tom nods and steps forward. Drew looks at Ryan and shakes his head and mouths "there's no way".

Tom puts his hand to the glass. His parents try to bite and grab at it.

TOM:

Bye Mom. Bye Dad. I love you.

A very touching moment with some nice music begins to play. In the reflection of light on the glass, we see several flashback, homemovie-ish memories playing. Tom as a baby walking towards his parents for the first time. Tom in a swing. Tom playing tennis with his mother. Tom getting caught masturbating by his mother. Tom stealing money from his dad's wallet. Tom and his parents taking a christmas photo.

TOM:

I'm sorry I wasn't a better son and I..

Suddenly, Tom's dad grabs a brick and breaks through the glass.

TOM:

Ahh!! Kill it! Kill it!

Tom grabs the bat from Ryan and is about to bash his father's head in as it crawls through the patio door when Drew and Ryan grab him and stop him.

DREW:

No, Tom!

TOM:  
It has to die!

DREW:  
Nope, we're leaving.

Drew begins pulling them both towards the front door. He lets go and opens the door, only to turn around and go the other way.

RYAN:  
Nope, let's use the garage.

Drew looks confused and then looks outside the front window. We don't see what he sees, but we hear a lot of moaning coming from outside.

DREW:  
Wow..  
(Pauses)  
Hey, is that Fred? Hey Fred! Oh,  
he's one of them.

Drew grabs Tom and pulls him after Ryan, passing by the kitchen as Tom's parents reach out to grab them. They only manage to grab the bat from Tom's hands.

INT. - GARAGE

Drew and Tom enter the garage and we hear Tom's parents beating against the door on the other side.

RYAN:  
We're gonna have to make a run for  
your truck.

Drew is looking around the garage for something, throwing boxes and stuff, making a mess. Tom just kind of stands there listening to his parents attack the other side of the door.

DREW:  
There's gotta be something in here  
that we can use to defend  
ourselves.

TOM:  
This is the worst day of my life.  
First, Amy breaks up with me.

Tom points to the door.

TOM:  
And then this.

DREW:  
If it makes you feel any better...  
Amy is probably also dead.

TOM:  
It doesn't.

Drew shrugs and goes back to looking around.

RYAN:  
What happened to my bat?

Tom points to the door.

TOM:  
My zombie father took it.

RYAN:  
Son of a bitch.

DREW: (O.S.)  
Ah, Ha!

Drew picks up an axe and a shovel. He tosses the shovel to Tom and holds the axe.

DREW:  
This is what I'm talking about.

Ryan looks around, kind of upset.

RYAN:  
Great. And what do I get?

DREW:  
I don't know. Find something.

RYAN:  
I want my bat back. You sure you  
don't have another baseball bat in  
here?

TOM:  
No.. Apparently, I was into tennis  
as a kid.

RYAN:  
That explains a lot.

DREW:

You really to open that door to get a bat? We'd have to kill Tom's parents to get it.

RYAN:

Do what ya gotta do.

TOM:

We're not killing my parents to get your baseball bat back.

RYAN:

That was my baseball bat. I won the little league championship with that bat.

DREW:

You also murdered four people with it this morning.

TOM:

That was an adult size bat. How fat were you as a kid?

RYAN:

About the same I am now.

Drew reaches into a box and picks up a frying pan and hands it to Ryan.

DREW:

That'll work for now.

Ryan looks pissed as he holds his frying pan.

RYAN:

I hate you guys.

Drew walks towards the garage door.

DREW:

Alright, get ready. Open the garage door and head straight for my truck. Don't stop to help anyone.

RYAN:

Unless it's a really hot chick.

DREW:

Unless it's a really hot chick.

Drew looks back at Ryan and Tom. Tom reaches over and prepares to hit the garage door opener.

DREW:  
You two ready?

Both of them nod.

DREW:  
Alright, let's do this.

Tom presses the button and the three stand there waiting for the garage door to open. Slowly.

The door opens and nothing is out there.

Drew and Ryan walk out slowly, looking around.

DREW:  
Hmm..

RYAN:  
This is upsetting.

DREW:  
Yeah, I was playing 'The Final Countdown' in my head, waiting to kick some ass.

RYAN:  
No shit? Me too man. Song gets me pumped.

EXT. - DRIVEWAY

Drew turns around to look at Tom still in the garage.

DREW:  
What are you doing?

Tom presses the garage door button.

TOM:  
Shutting the garage door. So people don't steal my shit.

RYAN:  
Or find and kill your parents.

TOM:  
And that.

Drew shakes his head and watches as Tom ducks under the garage door. But he hits the sensor and the garage door starts to open back up.

TOM:  
Damnit! I hit the sensor. Hold  
up. One second.

Tom runs back and hits the button and tries to duck under the garage door and step over the sensor. Ryan and Drew are watching him the whole time. But Tom hits the sensor again.

TOM:  
Damnit!

RYAN:  
Didn't we play this game when we  
were kids?

DREW:  
Yeah.. The one who hits the sensor  
loses and we got to punch him.

RYAN:  
Wow, we were dumb.

Tom tries again.. And fails.

DREW:  
Yeah.. I think we only stopped  
doing it because the one time the  
garage door broke and fell on you.

RYAN:  
Oh yeah.. I forgot about that.  
(Pauses)  
And then you guys left me there  
when you heard the ice cream man.

DREW:  
We tried to lift it. And we  
figured some ice cream would cheer  
you up until we got help.

A beat.

RYAN:  
And then what happened?

Drew looks sheepish.

DREW:  
We forgot about you and left you  
there.

A beat.

DREW:

And your parents were out of town.  
You were staying with Tom. So you  
just kind of were there until  
morning when everyone wondered  
where you were.

Ryan nods.

TOM:

And you had pissed yourself.

RYAN:

Hmm.. Not sure how I forgot all  
that.

Drew nods.

Tom finally gets out and the garage door shuts. He turns to  
join the other two and suddenly a person is standing right  
there.

TOM:

Hah! I am the ma-holy shit a  
zombie!

A figure suddenly steps into frame and looks like it's  
reaching out for Ryan when Tom raises his shovel and beats  
the figure's face in.

Tom continues to hit the person a few times until it stops  
moving.

The three of them stand there and look at the corpse.

TOM;

Is it dead?

DREW:

Oh, he's dead alright. I'm just not  
sure that he was a zombie.

TOM:

What are you talking about?

RYAN:

I think it was just a guy.

TOM:

This isn't funny. He was so a  
zombie.

DREW:  
If he wasn't, he's about to be.

RYAN:  
I think that's Pastor Collins.  
Kind of hard to tell with his face  
bashed in.

TOM:  
I killed a preacher?

Tom looks freaked out and nervous. The three of them stand up straight and look around, to see if anyone is watching.

DREW:  
I can't tell if he's dead or not.  
Better just finish the job to be  
safe.

Drew raises his axe into the air is about to smash Pastor Collins' skull in.

TOM:  
Woah! Woah! What the hell are you  
doing?

DREW:  
Killing him.. Again.

TOM:  
What do you mean again? He was a  
zombie and I already killed him.

DREW:  
Yeah, but if he wasn't a zombie,  
he'll come back as one.

Tom stands there almost in shock.

TOM:  
Did I really just murder someone?

DREW:  
Seems to be.

In the background, the zombies are still walking closer.

TOM:  
He looked like he was going to  
attack Ryan!

RYAN:  
I didn't get that at all.

DREW:

Me either. It looked like he was reaching out for help. And instead got a shovel to the face.

TOM:

Oh, my god. I'm freaking out guys.

RYAN:

Relax dude. We'll say it was self defense.

Ryan looks around and spots a dead zombie laying on the sidewalk, the zombie has a knife in its back. It takes him a minute but he manages to take the knife out. He stops and looks at the body for a second.

RYAN:

I watch a lot of crime shows. I'll take care of this.

Ryan digs the knife out and walks over to Pastor Collins and puts the knife in his hand.

RYAN:

There. Problem solved. He killed that guy over there on the sidewalk, knifed that zombie and then came after us, but Tom saved us.

Ryan mock cheers.

TOM:

It doesn't matter if it was self-defense. You can't just go around killing people because they're already dead.

DREW:

Killing the undead is one thing. It's probably not even illegal and the law will take favor with our killing them. But this...

Drew points down to Pastor Collins.

DREW:

When this is over. Someone might notice that this guy wasn't a zombie when Tom murdered him.

TOM:

God damnit dude.

DREW:  
I'm just saying. We need a cover  
story just incase.

RYAN:  
He's right.

Tom looks pissed. Just standing there listening to this.  
Drew snaps his fingers.

DREW:  
The three of us were on the way to  
a safe place and to provide help to  
anyone who needs it along the way.  
Suddenly, this guy comes up and he  
looks at Ryan and is like "Oh my  
God, the dead are returning to  
life. There is no God! I'm going  
to do what I want. I'm going to  
rape this young man!" Tom comes to  
the rescue as Ryan is about to be  
raped and whack! One rapist down.  
One young man's virgin butthole is  
saved.

RYAN:  
Yeah.. Virgin asshole.

Tom shakes his head and starts to walk off.

DREW:  
The jury usually sides with the  
rape victim. You might have to go  
on the stand and answer questions  
though Ryan.

RYAN:  
Hey, I got it covered.

Ryan looks away, pretends to cry and looks back.

RYAN:  
The look in Pastor Collins' eyes  
scared me. I remember a few years  
ago, he would buy all the  
neighborhood kids ice cream. Just  
the boys though. It was always the  
boys. He was always nice to me. I  
just never saw that look on his  
face before. Never.

Drew nods.

DREW:  
Good. A little too good.  
(Pauses)  
Is there something you want to tell  
me Ryan?

RYAN:  
Shut up. Oh hey look it's Fred  
from high school. Oh, he's dead  
also.

Then Ryan throws his frying pan at Fred off-screen. A loud  
metallic thud is heard.

The three stand around for a few seconds.

DREW:  
Bail?

RYAN:  
Bail.

The other two nod and then they all run off.

The camera pans to show the body of Pastor Collins (not a  
zombie) that Tom just killed.

There is a passage. Zombies are shown walking around in fast  
forward. Eventually, Pastor Collins begins to move and  
breath.. He's not dead yet. And starts to crawl around  
looking for help. But zombies come along and start to eat  
him, he fights a few off, but they swarm and kill him.

Night turns into day and the Pastor slowly stands up and  
walks off. And then a cycle of 6 more days pass to show a  
week in the future. The street just becomes more and more  
dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

We're back to a week from then. When our heroes are no  
zombies again.

Tom and Ryan are walking along the side of a road.

Ryan looks down at something and picks up his finger.

RYAN:  
Hey! It fell out!

TOM:  
Good. It felt weird walking around  
with your finger inside me.

RYAN:  
Heeey-o! You must have a hole in  
you or something.

TOM:  
So why did you come back for me?  
You guys start to get hungry  
without me to find your food for  
you?

RYAN:  
We're all hungry, Tom. We're  
always hungry. You just gotta  
remember the rules. We're nothing  
without our rules. And you just  
violated rule number two.

TOM:  
The Sean Rule?

RYAN:  
Yes, The Sean Rule. We all know,  
NOW, that eating each other solves  
nothing. It's just a shame we had  
to lose one of our own to learn  
that sad fact.

TOM:  
I know that Ryan.. He was one of  
my best friends. I don't think  
I'll ever forget that rule. I  
don't think I'll ever forget that  
night. It's like I am forced to  
carry a piece of that night with  
me, for the rest of my life.

RYAN:  
Hey man.. We all carry a piece of  
that night with us.

Tom looks kind of sad as he nods in agreement.

TOM:  
Yeah..  
(Pauses)  
What piece did you eat?

Ryan motions around his chest.

RYAN:  
This whole region.

Tom nods, still with a sad look on his face.

TOM:  
I got some intestine.. and a leg.  
(Pauses)  
He just.. He wouldn't stop  
kicking.

Ryan pats Tom on the back.

RYAN:  
It'll be alright. We'll get some  
warm food in you and once this snow  
lets up, we'll get out of this  
town, all of us. To the place Drew  
was telling us about, across the  
river, where there are others like  
us. And others not like us that we  
can eat.

Tom shakes his head at the mention of Drew.

TOM:  
Drew? I don't know Ryan, Drew  
doesn't seem to be the leader he  
once was, or ever was. That's why  
I left in the first place. I don't  
think he has our best interests in  
mind anymore. That and he's  
probably lying about what's across  
the river.

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN:  
He does seem a bit off doesn't he?  
I do think the power has gone to  
his head a little bit more since  
you left.

TOM:  
What do you mean?

RYAN:  
Umm.. Well for one.. He doesn't  
answer to Drew anymore.

TOM:  
Really? Well what does he answer  
to?

RYAN:  
....Drew, Lord of the Undead.

Tom stops and looks at Ryan with a blank face.

RYAN:  
Or.. Lord of the Undead, Lord Drew,  
The Undead Lord.. Really.. Any  
combination of the words Lord, King  
and his name.

Ryan and Tom keep talking.. But as they are talking, their  
voices slowly become more moaning than actually talking.

RYAN:  
For a minute he changed it to  
'Ambassador of Death'. But then  
decided against it because he said  
we all sound stupid when we try to  
sound out big words.

TOM:  
Maybe we should raid a jewelry  
store and get him a crown and a  
scepter to go with his new ego.

RYAN:  
They still make scepters? And  
yeah.. Hey.. After that.. Could we  
go to Home Depot? So I can find  
some glue or something to put this  
finger back on?

TOM:  
Are you ever going to let that go?

RYAN:  
I might, in time. It is easier to  
let things go. When you're missing  
a finger.

TOM:  
Just put on a glove, nobody will  
even notice your finger is gone.

Ryan looks at his left hand, missing his ring finger and acts  
like he's talking to it.

RYAN:  
It's not the same. I know it's  
gone. I think my hands even know  
it's gone, like part of them is  
missing also. Like their friend  
died.

TOM:  
He's still in your pocket.

Ryan looks to go a bit mad and starts talking to his fingers.

RYAN:  
What's that Lefty? No, I don't  
think he meant to do it. What?  
Really? Well now that you mention  
it.. He's never been a fan of our  
shadow puppets shows.

Ryan slowly turns and gives Tom an evil glare. Tom just  
shakes his head.

RYAN:  
You didn't eat it on purpose did  
you, Tom?

Tom sighs.

TOM:  
Ok, enough. It was your ring  
finger. The most useless finger.  
Stop crying.

Ryan pauses and acts like his hand is talking to him again.

RYAN:  
Tom, Lefty says you're a dick.

TOM:  
Tell Lefty, Tom says his friend was  
delicious.

As they continue to talk, their voices turn more into moaning  
and the camera begins to pan out and lift up, zooming back  
and showing the city they're walking through. It's quiet and  
dead and a long time has passed, but they've only walked  
about a quarter of a mile

Suddenly, a few humans walk past the camera. One of them  
stops when he thinks he hears the zombies talking. But it is  
just now moaning.

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT/SNOWING

RYAN:  
And I was like, "Hey buddy, if you  
don't let me eat you. Then you're  
just going to have to shoot me."

TOM:

And then what did he do?

RYAN:

He shot me. He started yelling something in his demon speech and then fired off a round.

Ryan points to his shoulder and fingers a bullet wound.

RYAN:

He only had one bullet though.

TOM:

You'd think they'd just accept the fact that we've won and join us already. It gets kind of annoying, eating them while they're screaming and hitting us.

RYAN:

That would be more peaceful. However, if they all join us and there are no humans. What would we eat?

TOM:

That my friend, is the struggle of what we are. When they are all dead, will we turn on each other? Do we deny our hunger, the nature of who we are, too survive? We need to eat them, but as long as they're alive they'll only try to kill us. Quite the paradox, don't you agree my friend?

Ryan nods and gets a look of understanding and questioning on his face.

RYAN:

"Adapt or perish, now as ever, is nature's inexorable imperative."

Tom just nods and stays quite for a few seconds, then he looks confused.

TOM:

Exactly. Wait, what?

Ryan picks something out of his teeth.

RYAN:

That guy that shot me must have been Mexican. He tasted like salsa.

TOM:

That's kind of racist, Ryan.

RYAN:

It's not racist, trust me. Because I'm not a racist. I obey the law, Tom. And racism is a crime.

Tom nods.

RYAN:

And only black people commit crimes.

Tom looks up and there are two other zombies standing there. One of them is tall and skinny, this is **Drew** and his skin has a greenish color as he has just rotted. The other is short and just evil looking, with a sadistic grin on his face, this is **Kenny**. Them appearing out of nowhere startles Tom.

TOM:

Holy shit!

Drew looks bored. Kenny just looked pissed.

TOM:

Hey guys. Didn't see you there. Didn't even hear you coming.

DREW:

It's called stealth. You might want to practice it sometime. You two were so loud we could hear you from a three streets over.

TOM:

From which direction? Cause if it's downwind, I'm not impressed.

KENNY:

Where have you been, Tom?

TOM:

Umm.. Sleeping.

DREW:

We can sleep?

TOM:  
Where have you been, Kenny?

Kenny doesn't answer. Ryan then comes up behind Tom.

RYAN:  
Oh yeah. He changed his name also.  
He won't answer to Kenny anymore.

TOM:  
What did he change it to?

Ryan coughs.

RYAN:  
Major Murder.

TOM:  
Major Murder?

Ryan nods.

TOM:  
Sounds like a death metal band.

RYAN:  
That's what I said!

Both of them laugh and mock Kenny's new name, going on like Kenny isn't even there. Kenny just looks pissed, waiting for them to stop.

TOM:  
What was he thinking?

RYAN:  
Well we all came up with nicknames when you left. Mostly as a joke, but Kenny always tries to aim too high, but always falls "short". If you know what I mean.

TOM:  
I do know what you mean. Cause he's short.

RYAN:  
Yep.

TOM:  
He must have realized his name was dumb by now. Why hasn't he changed it?

RYAN:  
We all pretended to like it. Cause  
it'd be funnier that way. I  
imagine when he finds out we we're  
all laughing at him, he's going to  
be a little "short" tempered with  
all of us. Get it?

TOM:  
Cause he's short, right?

RYAN:  
Right.

Both of them look back down at Kenny.

TOM:  
(nearly laughs when he  
speaks)  
Hey, Major Murder.

RYAN:  
How can you do that with a straight  
face?

TOM:  
It's a gift. Speaking of  
nicknames. What is yours?

RYAN:  
It was Private Chubs.

TOM:  
It was? So what is it now?

KENNY:  
Captain Fat-ass.

TOM:  
So you promoted him?  
Congratulations, Captain Ryan.

RYAN:  
Why thank you.

KENNY:  
Still not higher rank than a Major.

RYAN:  
Well, ranks aside, everything is  
higher than you.

Suddenly, Drew, who has been standing in the background quiet  
for a long time steps forward.

DREW:

Enough! We'll have plenty of time to make fun of Kenny's height later. Right now, we have some dinner to catch. We're following some humans. We sent Ryan to find you.

RYAN:

Lord Drew said he also saw a convoy of trucks heading down the road towards the river. So there might be a bridge that we can cross over to get into the city.

KENNY:

But first we're going to get something to eat.

RYAN:

We almost caught some humans, but Dustin and his horde stole them.

TOM:

Alright, let's get going. Kenny, where are the rest of the guys?

Ryan looks away. Kenny shrugs. Drew stands there. Several seconds pass and clearly something is wrong.

KENNY:

This is all that's left.

Tom looks confused.

TOM:

What do you mean "all that's left"? Where is everyone else?

DREW:

This is all that's left.

Tom now looks shocked.

TOM:

What!? They're all dead?

KENNY:

Well.. Technically. We're already dead.

TOM:

Where is Matt?

KENNY:

He got his head blown off.

A photo of a zombie named Matt, looking aloof while he is eating somebody's arm. Unbeknownst to him, a shotgun is pointed right at his head by some human off-screen.

TOM:

Anthony?

DREW:

He got ran over.

A photo of a zombie named Anthony, standing in front of a car, arms outstretched as if he has the strength to stop the car.

TOM:

Jim?

RYAN:

Backed over.

A photo of a zombie named Jim, trying to run away from a car while a sadistic looking human who had just ran over Anthony, goes in reverse to run Jim over.

TOM:

Ron?

KENNY:

Crushed by a falling object.

A photo of a zombie named Ron, crushed into the pavement.

TOM:

Steve?

DREW:

Was the falling object.

A photo of a zombie named Steve, falling off a building.

TOM:

Peter?

RYAN:

He'll thaw out come springtime.

A photo of a zombie named Peter, walking across a frozen lake with a look of "this was a mistake" on his face. A crack in the ice is seen behind him.

TOM:  
Aaron?

RYAN:  
Died in a fire.

A photo of a zombie named Aaron, on fire.

TOM:  
Michael?

KENNY:  
Set Aaron on fire.

A photo of a zombie named Michael, holding a burning stick to Aaron's unsuspecting back.

TOM:  
Neal?

DREW:  
Started the fire.

A photo of a zombie named Neal, holding a burning match.

TOM:  
Andy?

RYAN:  
The fire was his idea.

A photo of a zombie named Andy, looking questioningly at a pack of matches and a bottle of lighter fluid.

TOM:  
Sean?

KENNY:  
We all ate Sean.

A photo of the zombie named Sean, as his friends hold him down and eat him. Sean just looks pissed that he is being eaten and his friends don't look too happy to be eating their friend either. A few of them, Ryan included are crying.

TOM:  
You're telling me everyone died?

RYAN:  
And you also named them in the exact, reverse order in which they died.

TOM:  
They're all dead?!

Ryan looks at Tom questioningly.

RYAN:  
You know who's next don't you?

TOM:  
Wait.. If Michael set Aaron on  
fire, Neal started the fire and  
Andy thought of starting the fire.  
How did Michael, Neal and Andy die?

Ryan continues his thoughts of who is going to die next,  
ignoring their conversation.

RYAN:  
I hope it's Kenny.

DREW:  
Well.. Once Aaron realized what  
happened. You know, the whole  
being set on fire thing. He took  
it a bit personal. And he started  
to give everyone hugs. Which would  
have been fine any other day.

RYAN:  
Aaron is a great hugger.

DREW:  
But this time he was on fire.

A photo of the zombie named Aaron, on fire, reaching out to  
hug his friends who are trying to run away.

RYAN:  
I don't blame him. If I was set on  
fire like that, by my own friends.  
Whom I trusted with my life. I  
would just run towards the nearest  
living thing and kill it.

TOM:  
So everybody is dead?!

KENNY:  
Define "everybody".

TOM:  
Everyone who is not currently  
standing here with us.

KENNY:  
Oh yeah, they're all dead.

DREW:  
Well.. We don't really know what  
Peter's status is.

RYAN:  
Let's just assume that he's dead.  
I'm also going to assume that  
nobody will care.

DREW:  
Those in favor of forgetting about  
Peter?

KENNY:  
Aye.

RYAN:  
Second.

DREW:  
Motion is passed.

Tom just starts to get even more angry.

TOM:  
You got our entire horde killed!?

KENNY:  
Shit happens.

TOM:  
It's been two hours!

DREW:  
War is Hell.

Tom looks like he is about to rip Drew's head off.

DREW:  
Let's just put that all behind us  
and move on.

TOM:  
How can we just put that behind us?  
You killed our entire horde.

DREW:  
What do you mean 'I killed them'?  
(Pauses)  
(MORE)

DREW: (cont'd)

I was just standing there watching them the whole time. They pretty much killed themselves.

TOM:

Didn't cross your mind to stop them?

DREW:

In retrospect I could have stopped them. But they looked like they were having fun. You know.. Until they died.

TOM:

This might not have happened if we had a competent leader!

KENNY:

Hey, you have no right to insult our leader!

DREW:

Kenny calm down. That wasn't an insult.

KENNY:

Yes, it was.

DREW:

No.. He said "This might not have happened if we had a competent leader."

KENNY:

Yeah, that's an insult.

DREW:

No, he said "Might not have happened" which means it might have happened regardless of if we had a competent leader or not.

RYAN:

I don't think that's how it works. He still called you incompetent.

DREW:

He said "if we had a competent leader."

RYAN:

Yeah, "'If' we had a competent leader."

KENNY:

It's that word "If". He's implying that you are not competent.

DREW:

So it's like. A back-handed compliment. Because he also implied that it might have happened, regardless of whether or not we had a competent leader.

KENNY:

If that's the way you want to hear it.

DREW:

Yeah. That's what I'm going to choose to hear. Because the truth makes me hurt inside.

Tom just stands there, amazed at the dumb conversation he just heard.

KENNY:

So Tom. We were just going to abandon you after the rest of the horde died. But we realized that nobody really died when you were around. We figured you're something of a good luck charm.

RYAN:

Or a Warlock.

TOM:

Actually, it's because I told the guys to do the opposite of whatever Drew told them to do.

KENNY:

Well.. What's done is done.

Tom sighs. His face shows a range of emotion. From anger at Drew, to understanding that fighting won't help anything and then he just shakes his head and looks at all that is left of his horde.

RYAN:

Are we going to get something to eat? Or are we just going to stand here all night?

TOM:

Ryan is right. Regardless of how terrible Drew is as a leader. We need to stick together.

The four stand around for a moment. On one side of them is a city and behind them is a forest.

DREW:

Alright, let's move out. I saw some humans head into a house not too far from here. Maybe they're still there.

TOM:

Was this before or after everyone died?

DREW:

After of course.. Silly.

All that is left of the horde then walks into the forest. Another time passage thing happens, this time going in reverse.

CUT TO:

INT. - TRUCK - NIGHT 'HUMAN SCENE'

Inside Drew's truck. The three of them are driving down the road. Drew is driving, Tom in passenger and Ryan in the backseat. They are looking at the chaos outside the windows and listening to the radio.

RADIO:

It has been established that persons who have recently died have been returning to life and committing acts of murder. A widespread investigation of funeral homes, morgues, and hospitals has concluded that the unburied dead have been returning to life and seeking human victims. It's hard for us here to be reporting this to you, but it does seem to be a fact.

RYAN:

...I need a new weapon.

Ryan eyeballs Tom's shovel.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Give me the shovel Tom..

TOM:  
Forget you.. You threw your  
weapon.

RYAN:  
To save your life! You don't even  
want to hurt anyone.. I want to  
bring pain on to anyone who tries  
to mess with me.

TOM:  
Save my life? That zombie was like  
twenty feet away.

RYAN:  
But he was running straight at you.

There is a pause as Drew starts to drive off down the street.  
Everyone looking at the chaos as they pass it. Ryan kind of  
looks around and then back up front.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
...Give me the shovel.

TOM:  
No.

RYAN:  
Give it to me.

TOM:  
Nope.

RYAN:  
Come on, big guy.

TOM:  
No.

RYAN:  
I want it.

DREW:  
Shut up you homos, I'm trying to  
listen to the radio.

Ryan sighs and goes back to looking out the window. A few  
moments pass and then digs something out of his pocket.

RYAN:  
I'll give you my new I-phone.

Ryan turns the phone on and waves it around next to Tom's face.

TOM:  
I have a phone.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Yeah, but this is an I-phone and it cost me like 400 bucks.

TOM:  
Mine was free.

RYAN:  
Yeah, it sucks. Check this out.

Ryan starts cycling through pages.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
I can play games on it.

TOM:  
I have a game boy.

RYAN:  
I can listen to music.

TOM:  
I have an I-pod.

RYAN:  
I can tell you what time it is in Dubai.

TOM:  
Why would - ?

RYAN:  
And I can turn it into a light saber.

TOM:  
...I need a light saber because?

Ryan starts waving the phone around, it making light saber noise. Tom just looks at it, mesmerized.

TOM:  
Ok, that is pretty cool. Can you call people with it?

RYAN:

Its possible.. I haven't gotten that far into the program manual yet. So what do you say? It'll be easier than carrying around your game boy, your phone and your i-pod all at once.

TOM:

But I never need them all at once. And if I lose my one expensive phone. I'm screwed. So I'm gonna have to pass. Use your light saber to fight the zombies.

Ryan sighs and sits back.. Tossing his phone next to him. The phone makes a light saber noise when it is thrown.

RYAN:

(Low and evil tone)  
...I'm taking it when you're not looking.

TOM:

I'd really like to see you try..

They all shut up and look to the right as they pass a burning car and then they all look forward once again. Drew turns the radio up.

NEWS BROADCASTER:

As strange as it may seem.. It is true. The bodies of the dead are returning to life and attacking the living. We received word from the government, to seek shelter in your homes or any safe place. The hospitals and shelters that were set up are now overran and are no longer operable. Board up any place that they can get in. The Army and the National Guard are being sent to the areas infected and are trying their best to deal with this new threat against our nation. If it is even a terrorist act, there are no reports as to why this is happening. Our best guess is some form of radiation that is effecting the nerves system of the deceased bodies. If you should encounter any of these things. As inhumane as it sounds.

(MORE)

NEWS BROADCASTER: (cont'd)

The Government is not holding anyone who kills these things responsible for their deaths and the only way we know to kill them now is to remove the head. Or cause trauma to the brain.

Drew flips the radio off and everyone looks out the window with a blank expression on their faces. All of them look lost as in what to do now.

RYAN: (cont'd)

So where are we going?

DREW:

I don't know.. Where the hell can we go?

TOM:

I think the further out of town the better. Let's just go until we see fewer dead bodies on the road.

RYAN:

And walking around.

TOM:

And walking around.

They are driving along a road, surrounded by trees and a house every now and then.

There are shots fro back in the woods, watching the car pass through the trees. Every now and then you'll see the silhouette of a dead person walking around.

The people on the radio continue to talk as Tom leans his head against the window, slowly falling asleep.

Everyone goes silent again and then Tom blinks and looks out of the window, then looking back as he spots something.

TOM:

Turn the car around!

DREW:

Are you nuts? Those things are everywhere..

TOM:

I saw her car.

DREW:

Who's car?

TOM:  
Amy's car! It was back at that  
restaurant.

DREW:  
You really want me to turn around?

Tom just looks at Drew.

DREW:  
Alright, we'll go save your  
girlfriend.

Drew does a U-turn and runs over a zombie.

Everyone in the car starts laughing.

RYAN:  
Man, that's never gonna get old.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

The truck turns around on the road, dodging another car that  
is heading the other way.

They pull up beside Amy's car and hop out. Tom and Drew  
holding their weapons up and Ryan gets out and looks in the  
back of the truck, coming out with a tire iron. Tom runs  
over to the car and looks inside.

RYAN:  
Hah. Screw your shovel.

DREW:  
Ok, she's not here. Let's go.

TOM:  
This is where she works, maybe  
she's inside.

DREW:  
Maybe she's inside. Maybe she went  
to the mall. Maybe she stopped for  
some bubble tea. We can't keep  
fucking stopping and looking inside  
every place your ex-girlfriend  
might be.

RYAN:  
Well if we're not gonna look  
inside, we should go.

Tom and Drew look at what Ryan is looking at. At least twenty zombies are walking towards them in all directions.

Ryan and Drew quickly dart over to the door and pull on it. It doesn't move.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
(calmly)  
It's locked. Now what?

Drew holds up his axe and starts walking backwards, away from the zombies. As he does someone reaches out and grabs him and pulls him off-screen.

Tom runs over to Ryan who is knocking on the door.

RYAN:  
This is dumb, we should just go.

TOM:  
Where'd Drew go?

Ryan and Tom run around the corner looking for Drew and they see the back door is open.

Tom walks forward slowly, holding the shovel and Ryan is holding the tire iron.

RYAN:  
If this is about to go the way I think it's going to go. You're going to have to kill Drew.

TOM:  
Why me?

RYAN:  
Because the taste of blood is still fresh in your veins.

TOM:  
God damn you.

They walk around the corner and go inside. Right through the doorway, they see Drew standing there in the dark. It looks like he is being eaten.

Tom freezes. Too afraid to kill his friend.

RYAN:  
Damn it. Fine, I'll kill him.

Ryan raises the tire iron in the air. Then a light gets turned on.

Drew is making out with a chick. Both Drew and the girl freak out when they see Ryan.

DREW:  
Holy shit! What are you doing?

RYAN:  
Oh, I thought she was eating you.

DREW:  
This is Jane, we use to date in high school.

**Jane** is around the same age as the rest of the group, a hot, but dumb looking and sounding chick.

JANE:  
Drew. I'm so glad you're alive. I never thought I'd see you again.

DREW:  
(Sarcastic)  
Yeah.. Me Either.

Tom sighs and shakes his head. Suddenly, another door from the front opens and two people are standing there. Two more humans, **Sean** and **Matt**.

MATT:  
What the hell is going on?

They look around.

MATT:  
Why is that back door open?

Everyone looks around, confused.

SEAN:  
Don't just stand there idiots!  
Shut the damn door!

Ryan jumps up.

RYAN:  
Wait! I forgot something!

Ryan bolts out of the door and runs outside.

TOM:  
Ryan, get back here!

DREW:  
Oh, that's not good.

Tom goes to stand by the door. All we hear is Ryan yelling and the zombies moaning.

TOM:  
What the hell is he doing?

Things go quiet.

MATT:  
Well, now he's dead. So now can we shut the door.

Sean walks over to shut the door by the shell shocked Tom, who can't believe his friend just killed himself.

Just as Sean is shutting the door. Ryan's arm shoots through.

RYAN:  
Wait, I'm back!

Sean opens the door and behind Ryan about twenty zombies are standing there. Sean opens the door again and shuts it quickly. Too quickly as it closes on Ryan's other arm.

RYAN:  
Ow, god damnit!

As Sean opens the door, a zombie reaches out and grabs Ryan's hand. And another zombie bites into his arm.

Ryan screams out in pain and falls to the ground as Sean shuts the door.

DREW:  
You idiot! What the hell were you doing?

Ryan starts to laugh as he sits up. Ignoring his bleeding arm.

RYAN:  
I'm assuming we're gonna be in here a while. And maybe Plants vs. Zombies can offer some insight into our current dilemma.

Ryan holds up his I-Phone.

TOM:  
You almost died. Trying to get your I-Phone?

Ryan looks at Tom like he's the idiot. Like he isn't sure Tom understands the power of an iPhone.

RYAN:  
This is an I-Phone 5.

CUT TO:

INT. - RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Matt and Sean lead everyone out to the dining room. Everyone looks sad and afraid. The heroes look around.

RYAN:  
Tom, your girlfriend isn't here.

Tom shakes his head.

DREW:  
So what do we do now?

TOM:  
It's better than being out there.  
But, I don't know.

Ryan steps forward holding his bleeding arm and his I-Phone.

RYAN:  
What do you mean? From here.. From this family owned and operated restaurant.. And there's enough women here. We can start over. Humanity can begin again.

People look confused at Ryan.

TOM:  
Ignore him... He's lost a lot of blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

The chaos on the street starts to speed up. The chaos amps up until it seems like it can't get any worse. And then it goes quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT. - APARTMENT'S PORCH - NIGHT/SNOWING (ZOMBIES AGAIN)

Tom and Ryan continue their long, (time not distance) march towards the apartment. The rock metal soundtrack that was playing in the background is gone. Now Ryan is just making guitar noises with his mouth as they walk. He is in the middle of a solo when Tom stops him.

TOM:  
Ok, enough!

Ryan shuts up, continues walking for a bit then suddenly stops and feels his pocket, then starts to panic and look around his other pockets, like something is missing.

RYAN:  
Son of a bitch..

Tom stops and looks at Ryan.

TOM:  
Ryan, what are you doing?

Ryan slowly looks over his shoulder, a long drawn out dramatic tension filled moment. As the camera follows Ryan's gaze and we see the finger about ten feet behind him.

RYAN:  
I dropped my finger..  
(pauses)  
Back there..

The camera begins to slowly zoom out to show the ten foot distance from Ryan to his finger, laying in the snow. A short distance to us.. is a long journey for the undead.

Ryan's voice echoes over the long distance.

RYAN:  
Back there.. Back there.. Back there.

But the camera comes back to Ryan and it was just him repeating 'back there' over and over again.

TOM:  
Shut up.

Ryan slowly begins to turn around to walk back for his finger.

TOM:  
Seriously Ryan, what are you doing?

RYAN:  
 (sarcastically)  
 It's Arbor Day, I'd thought I'd  
 plant a tree. What does it look  
 like I'm doing?

TOM:  
 We don't have time to play around.

RYAN:  
 Calm down, it's only like ten feet  
 away.

TOM:  
 No, it's like four minutes away.  
 We don't have time for you to  
 backtrack. We're standing in the  
 middle of a road and roads aren't  
 exactly our friends.

(Pauses)  
 Remember what happened to Eddie?

Ryan sighs and thinks back to that day.

CUT TO:

EXT. - FOREST ROAD - DAY

A group of six zombies, including Ryan and Tom are standing  
 on the side of a road.

TOM:  
 Alright, who wants to go first?

RYAN:  
 I say we take a page from our  
 feathered friends, the ducks.  
 Let's all go at the same time, one  
 after another, in a neat little  
 line.

TOM:  
 What?

RYAN:  
 Well, the last time we did the one  
 at the time thing. We lost four  
 people. And we only go when we  
 don't hear a car coming, but the  
 longer we take, the more cars might  
 come and run us over.

(MORE)

RYAN: (cont'd)

So wouldn't it be smart to just wait til we know it's safe, then all run across it as quick as possible?

EDDIE:

I like the way this guy thinks. Why isn't he in charge?

RYAN:

Drew said it's because the zombie that infected me when I was human was a retard and that his mental disease spread to me when he bit me. And then when I told him that being mentally handicapped isn't contagious and is caused by genetic defects that originate at birth. He said, "That's the retard talking."

TOM:

Right. So regardless, Ryan has a good point. And if a car does come, spread out so it can't hit more than one of us.

RYAN:

Hopefully it'll just hit one of the new guys.

Two of the other three zombies look hurt.

In the next shot, the group of six zombies, including Tom, Ryan and Eddie are walking single file across the street. Eddie bringing up the rear.

They walk ever so slowly.

TOM:

So far so good.

RYAN:

Remember that truck that hit Chris?

TOM:

Yeah.. I've never seen so much blood.

RYAN:

I've never seen a guy that manly, scream like a little girl.

TOM:

Well.. It did drag him half a mile down the road before he got caught under the tire and it popped his head.

RYAN:

If only Stephen were that lucky, eh? First he gets hit by the semi, goes flying like a rag-doll for twenty feet and then the damn thing runs him over.

TOM:

18 wheels.. And not one of them kills the poor guy.

RYAN:

What a slow crippling painful way to die.

Ryan looks behind at one of the new zombies.

NAMELESS ZOMBIE:

Can we go back? I mean, there has to be a pedestrian bridge or something down the road we can cross. Something safer.

TOM:

We don't have time. We need to hurry to meet up with the rest of the horde before they think we're dead and wander off.

RYAN:

Poor guy couldn't move so we left him there. Two more cars hit him, but still didn't kill him. He's probably still there just getting ran over and ran over and ran over.

The new zombies look really scared now.

EDDIE:

Shit!

Tom turns his head around but doesn't stop walking forward.

TOM:

What is it?

EDDIE:

I dropped my jacket.

TOM:  
Where?

EDDIE:  
Right by the side of the road. I'm  
gonna go back for it.

TOM:  
It's just a jacket.

EDDIE:  
No, it's my lucky jacket.

TOM:  
It's your funeral, Eddie. We're  
not stopping.

Tom shrugs and continues forward while Eddie breaks out of formation and walks back to the other side of the road.

The other five zombies reach the other side of the road when Eddie gets back and picks up his jacket and goes back to walking across the street.

TOM:  
Guys, keep a lookout for  
approaching cars.

Tom looks off to the right. As do the other four zombies.

RYAN:  
Gotcha.

TOM:  
Eddie, if a car comes. Just play  
dead.

Eddie looks confused. But he makes it back, picks up his coat and starts to walk back.

EDDIE:  
Play dead?

TOM:  
Yeah, just drop down on the road  
and don't move.

EDDIE:  
You want me to just lay down and  
let them run me over?

TOM:  
They might not run over you if they  
think you're already dead.

RYAN:

I would totally run over you if you were just laying there.

EDDIE:

Yeah, laying down only makes it easier for them to hit me.

TOM:

How do you figure?

EDDIE:

Well.. Laying down gives them a wider target. Standing up I'm--

Eddie is suddenly cast in a glow of headlights and then the sound of a horn blaring is heard.

A shot of the five zombies looking toward where Eddie is standing.

Eddie screams like a little girl.

Suddenly the sound of a sick sounding impact and a flood of blood, guts and body parts fly into the zombies that are left.

RYAN:

Unless he lays down diagonally. Diagona-lly, diagon-ally, diagonal-ly. Is the second 'a' silent? Am I saying that right? Saying it one way there's like eight syllables and another way there's only three. It's one of those words you rarely ever use and it just sounds weird when you say it out loud a few times.

TOM:

What the Hell?!?!?

They stand silent for a few seconds. Then Tom sighs.

TOM:

You were all looking for cars coming the same way I was looking, weren't you?

NAMELESS ZOMBIE:

It would seem so.

(Pauses)

You should have been a little more clear with your instructions.

TOM:  
Well, let's look different  
directions next time, alright?

NAMELESS ZOMBIE:  
Yeah.. Now we know.

RYAN:  
And knowing is half the battle.

Ryan waits for someone to take the bait. Silence for a few seconds and then.

NAMELESS ZOMBIE:  
G.I. Jooooooooooooe..

Ryan laughs and points at the nameless zombie.

RYAN:  
Hah! I like you. You're cool..  
It sucks you're probably going to  
die next.

NAMELESS ZOMBIE:  
You don't know that.

RYAN:  
I know that I'm not even going to  
bother to learn your name. So go  
ahead and take that however you  
want.

Ryan bends down and picks up Eddie's bloody jacket, takes his arm out of it and puts it on himself.

RYAN:  
You think Eddie would mind if I--?

Ryan motions to the jacket. Tom just looks at Ryan like he's an insensitive dick.

RYAN:  
Yeah, you're right. It would be  
rude of me to wear it.  
(Pauses)  
At least not without breaking it in  
first.

Ryan starts to do the running man dance. Not moving as a zombie, but as a human would. The other zombies just stand and watch as he goes through the whole routine.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STREET

Tom just looks at Ryan like he's an idiot. Ryan is still wearing Eddie's jacket.

TOM:

I remember the part where Eddie got ran over. Not so much of the part where you start dancing.

RYAN:

You remember what you choose to remember.

TOM:

But the moral of the story is still there. Things don't end well when we hang out in the road for too long. And where are we now?

Ryan looks around and has to think about the answer for a moment.

RYAN:

In the middle of a road.

TOM:

Right, so let's get moving.

RYAN:

But.. It's not a jacket that I'm going back for, Tom. It's my finger.

TOM:

You don't need it.

RYAN:

I know I don't "need" it. But I still want it. It's like a blu-ray player. You buy it and spend ten more bucks per movie and you tell your friends the picture looks way better, but deep down you can't really tell the difference.

TOM:

It's just a finger. You have nine others.

RYAN:

Now I do. But who knows how many more you'll bite off by the end of the night.

TOM:

You'll lose them all if you don't start walking. It's just going to be rotting away in your pocket anyway.

RYAN:

We're rotting away regardless.

TOM:

You know what I mean. It's not going to stay fresh.

RYAN:

So, I'll keep it on ice.

TOM:

You're not going to be able to re-attach it. If that's what you're thinking?

RYAN:

(sarcastic again)

That was what I was thinking. How did you know? Are you psychic? What are you doing? No, stop!

Ryan grabs his head and groans and acts like Tom is attacking his mind.

RYAN:

Geeeeeeeeet out of my  
heeeeeeeeeead!

Tom just stands there as Ryan writhes around in mock pain.

TOM:

Seriously. You can't put it back on. So what's the point?

RYAN:

Are you a doctor? Were you secretly attending medical school when we lived together? No, we were playing Call of Duty. So I'll wait until we find someone with just one more medical degree than you have and ask them.

TOM:

Ryan, I said forget about it. We don't have time for this.

RYAN:  
But I can see it..

TOM:  
We have to get to that house now  
before our dinner runs away.

RYAN:  
Yeah, you go on ahead, secure the  
perimeter. I'll be there in a  
minute.

TOM:  
You won't be there in a minute.  
You'll be picked off by a sniper.

Ryan turns and begins to yell like he's running and yelling  
over a long distance as he slowly starts to walk back to his  
finger.

RYAN:  
Go on without meeeeeee!

TOM:  
No.. Come on! Do you want to eat  
or not?

Ryan stops.

RYAN:  
I kind of want my finger. Seeing  
as eating never stops us from being  
hungry. It is a never ending void  
of consumption that soothes  
nothing.. Not even our souls.

TOM:  
Cute, now come on. We have to go.  
We've already wasted enough time.

RYAN:  
All we do is eat. Walk and eat.  
What kind of a life is that?  
There's got to be more to life than  
that. Is it what we do, is it what  
we eat that makes us who we are?  
Or is it what we have in our lives  
that defines us? What I have is a  
finger missing. That means any  
other person who isn't missing an  
appendage is more whole than I am.  
Without my finger, I am not  
complete. Without my finger, I am  
not whole.

TOM:  
That was beautiful. Now lets go.  
You can get it afterwards.

RYAN:  
But it's snowing.. If I don't get  
it now, I won't find it until the  
snow melts.

Tom lowers his voice, talking in a calming tone to Ryan as he gets upset, looking at his finger.

TOM:  
Ryan..

Then Ryan turns around and looks at Tom.

TOM:  
Let it go..

RYAN:  
But what if I?

Tom cuts Ryan off.

TOM:  
You can't.

RYAN:  
Can I just?

Tom cuts Ryan off again.

TOM:  
No.

RYAN:  
But it's..

TOM:  
Ryan.

Ryan sighs and looks back at his finger.

TOM:  
We need to go.  
(Pauses)  
Let it go, Ryan...

A slow melody begins to play as Ryan turns back around and begins to slowly walk towards the apartment, ever so slowly looking back at his finger as the snow begins to fall on it, slowly covering it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SIDEWALK

Tom and Ryan get across the street and approach a street lamp, under which, Drew and Kenny are waiting.

DREW:

We need to get this done and hurry after that convoy. Murder Machine and I will go around back. You two do that dumb thing you do that never works and only makes the both of you look even more dumb than you already are.

RYAN:

You mean, moan loudly and bang our fists against doors and windows until something breaks?

DREW:

Yeah. Go do that.

Ryan stretches and cracks his knuckles.

RYAN:

(arrogant)

This is going to be easy, but I guess it's only because I'm just awesome at this part.

DREW:

A monkey can do your job, Ryan.

RYAN:

Consider it done.

DREW:

All you do is just hit the door to distract them while the rest of us use our brains to find a way inside.

RYAN:

This is going to be a piece of cake.

DREW:

It should be. It's not like what you do requires any thought or effort.

RYAN:

That door isn't going to know what hit it.

TOM:

It won't know, it's an inanimate object.

RYAN:

I'd like to see him try.

TOM:

What?

RYAN:

It's going to think that after I get through with it.

Tom looks around.

TOM:

Who are you talking to?

DREW:

Riiiiight, so Murder Machine will go around back, like I said. Tom, Captain Fat-ass, do what you do best.

In the background, a recliner falls out of the air and lands behind Kenny and Tom. Nobody notices.

TOM:

Didn't you guys think of a nickname for me? I do feel kind of left out, so much happened in the thirty minutes I was gone.

(Pauses)

You know, with the exchanging of nicknames and then everyone dying.

RYAN:

The exchanging of nicknames part was fun. Lord Drew thought it would be a good team building exercise after you abandoned us. You know, to get us working together again.

(Pauses)

(MORE)

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Kind of took a hard left turn after  
Andy found those matches.

A clump of snow falls on Ryan's shoulder. Which makes him look around confused and then up, an expression of confusion comes to his face while the others continue talking.

TOM:  
So what was my nickname?

KENNY:  
General Mistrust. I came up with  
it.

RYAN:  
Sounds like an awesome 70's punk  
rock band, doesn't it?

TOM:  
And I'm a General.

Kenny rolls his eyes.

DREW:  
Alright minions. Let's get going.

RYAN:  
(calmly)  
He's right. We really don't want  
to be standing here in the next two  
seconds.

KENNY:  
And why is that?

CRASH!

Something falls into the picture between Tom, Ryan and Drew. Right where Kenny was standing, a large piece of furniture sits.

Ryan's delayed reaction time takes a second to catch up with the falling piece of furniture.

At their feet. The remains of Kenny begin to ooze out from beneath the piece of furniture.

RYAN:  
He should have asked that a few  
seconds sooner.

TOM:  
Oh, my God..

DREW:  
What just happened?

RYAN:  
It appears our friend's life was  
cut.. Short.

Ryan starts to snicker.

RYAN:  
Get it?

TOM:  
Yeah, we got it.

Tom looks up to see where the piece of furniture fell from.  
The camera follows his gaze and he sees a dresser being  
pushed out of a second story window.

DREW:  
That's terrible. Poor Kenny.

RYAN:  
I know.  
(Pauses)  
And what an unoriginal way to go.

Drew laughs.

DREW:  
I know, right? That must suck.

RYAN:  
I mean. It'd be unfair to Ron, if  
we start telling people that Kenny  
was also crushed by a falling  
object. He wouldn't like Kenny  
stealing his thunder.

DREW:  
Should we lie? Say Kenny swallowed  
a grenade or something cool like  
that?

RYAN:  
How about, he was crushed, but the  
hutch was on fire when it crushed  
him? He survived the impact, but  
it was the fire that burned him to  
death?

DREW:  
What's a hutch?

Ryan kicks the broken piece of furniture that crushed their friend.

RYAN:  
This is a hutch.

DREW:  
What makes that a hutch?

RYAN:  
It's like.. Two different pieces of furniture put together. Like a cabinet and shelves, or a desk and shelves.. Etc.. Etc..

DREW:  
Hmm.. I did not know that.

RYAN:  
Well now you know.  
(Pauses and whispers)  
And knowing is half the battle.

DREW:  
I'm just surprised you would know something like that.

RYAN:  
I watch a lot of Antiques Road Show.

DREW:  
I bet you do.

RYAN:  
For example. The ornate carvings on the side of this piece tell me it is probably a turn of the century piece. And if you can see the leg down there next to what looks like Kenny's intestines, this piece is probably European in origin. That ups the value considerably.

TOM:  
Guys.. We need to move.

DREW:  
Hold on. We rarely get bits of a wisdom from Ryan.  
(Pauses)  
What other useless pieces of information do you have?

RYAN:

While it's commonly associated with New York City. The Statue of Liberty is actually located within New Jersey State lines.

DREW:

Really?

RYAN:

Really.

Tom stops looking up and looks at the two of them.

TOM:

Look out!

Tom pushes Ryan out of the way just as a dresser falls right where he was standing. While it doesn't kill him, it does land on his leg.

Ryan yells in pain.

RYAN:

Ahhh! It went through my tibialis anterior!

TOM:

Ryan, are you alright?

Ryan pulls his leg out from under the dresser. He looks at his leg and sighs.

RYAN:

Yeah.. I just got a splinter.

The camera pans down to show a huge piece of broken wood stuck through Ryan's lower leg.

Ryan starts yelling in pain and Tom starts yelling in fear.

RYAN:

Go get some tweezers!

TOM:

Get up! The humans are throwing their furniture out the window.

DREW:

Hmm.. My Mom has that same vanity. Isn't it weird that like, nobody has the same piece of furniture?

(MORE)

DREW: (cont'd)

Like you never see the same couch  
or anything at your friend's  
houses.

Tom looks up to see them pushing a vanity out of the window.

TOM:

Go! Go! Go!

The three of them then quickly, well, still slowly, but they start to move out of the way as random objects start to rain down on them. End tables, chairs, mirrors.

The entire scene goes slow motion. Like a battle scene from a war movie. Books are thrown, dishes and random things from around the house.

The three zombies are trying to make it under the balcony that hangs over the front door. Which was only about five feet away, but is quite a distance for them.

The moment before they make it under, Ryan's outstretched arm gets clipped by an end table.

RYAN:

Ahh! Shit! Man down!

Tom and Drew make it under, but Ryan is now laying injured, still in firing range.

RYAN:

Go on without me..

DREW:

Ok.

Tom sighs and grabs the piece of wood through Ryan's leg and pulls him under the balcony. Ryan cries like a girl as he is dragged by the wood sticking out of his leg. But as he is pulled. A toilet lands right were Ryan use to be.

RYAN:

Wwwwwwwwwwhy?!?!

TOM:

Get in here you idiot.

Ryan sits up and moves to stand up, but his arm falls out of his sleeve and onto the ground.

RYAN:

That can't be good.

CUT TO:

EXT. - FRONT PORCH

The three zombies are standing on the front porch now.

TOM:

So what now?

Ryan is behind the two of them, trying to get his arm, which was knocked off at the elbow back into place.

DREW:

The plan remains the same as always. You fools stay up front and will unsuccessfully beat on the door like the idiots that you are while I go find another way in.

(Pauses

Got it?

TOM:

Let me write this down.

DREW:

Listen, I'm know I'm not your most favorite person right now.

TOM:

Hah!

DREW:

But I am your leader. And we need to get something to eat if we're going to continue.

TOM:

You calling yourself our leader didn't really bother me before. Because you hadn't killed all of our friends before. But what exactly made you our leader in the first place? I don't remember voting for you.

DREW:

I was the first to be infected. It's like a sign from the Gods that I was destined to lead us.

TOM:

Technically. Ryan was the first one infected. You were just the first to die from it.

DREW:

You would rather follow that?

Drew looks back at Ryan who is still trying to get his arm to stick in place, failing.

RYAN:

Is it.. It's this end up right? Or can I make the hand grab my shoulder blade? Someone show me your arm. Tom show me how your arm works.

Ryan holds out his arm toward Tom and Drew and ponders if he's sticking his arm in the right way. The two of them just ignore Ryan.

TOM:

I'd rather not follow anyone, really.

DREW:

We only have strength in numbers, Tom.

TOM:

We've killed more of our own horde than the humans have.

DREW:

Listen, I was the first of us to become one of the undead. Which makes me the oldest and wisest of our horde.

TOM:

Oldest and wisest? We're not Vampires. There's no royal bloodline here. You being older just means more of you has rotted away than the rest of us.

Ryan's head perks up.

RYAN:

Aww man, why couldn't we have become vampires? That would be way cooler than being zombies.

Drew shakes his head and sighs.

DREW:

Alright, let's just do this, get something to eat. And we'll discuss what we're going to do next after that. Ok?

RYAN:

I wouldn't be rotting and have pieces falling off.

TOM:

How about we just leave before they kill another one of us?

RYAN:

It'd also be cool to fly. Vampires can fly right?

DREW:

You want to leave?

RYAN:

And the only way to kill them is to stab them in the heart.

TOM:

Yeah. I kind of do. This just seems dumb with the three of us.

RYAN:

All you have to do to kill us is shoot us in the head. Or beat the shit out of us.

DREW:

I'm still not getting what you're saying.

RYAN:

We should be wearing helmets.

TOM:

Let's just leave.

RYAN:

Of course that would make us look a little less scary.

DREW:

But if we leave. How will we eat them?

RYAN:  
Bunch of slow moving, drooling  
idiots wearing helmets.

TOM:  
We don't. We just go away and  
forget about them.

RYAN:  
Looking like we just got off the  
short bus.

Drew just looks confused.

DREW:  
So what you're saying is. You want  
to go away and not eat these  
humans?

RYAN:  
Still, we should get some helmets.

TOM:  
That's what I'm saying. We leave.  
We go find a quiet place to live.  
And we do that. We just live.

Drew looks at Ryan, still confused. Ryan just shrugs.

RYAN:  
I'll do whatever. I don't really  
care at this point. I just want a  
helmet or something to protect this  
thing.

Ryan motions to his head region.

DREW:  
Can we do that? Just walk away  
from food.

TOM:  
I think we can.

DREW:  
Are we allowed to do that?

TOM:  
Who's going to stop us?

DREW:  
What will the other zombies think  
if they saw us doing that?

Tom looks around.

TOM:  
Do we care?

RYAN:  
Are there any other zombies? I'd think we've either killed them all or they're avoiding us.

DREW:  
But we're hungry, we need food.

TOM:  
We're always hungry Drew. No matter how much we eat, or who we eat.

Drew sighs.

DREW:  
You're still upset about Sean aren't you?

TOM:  
Yeah. I just hope he can forgive us for what we did. Wherever he is.

A new voice from Drew's stomach suddenly appears. But it sounds a bit muffled.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
I'll never forgive you bastards.

Tom blinks.

TOM:  
What was that? Was that Sean!? Did you eat Sean's head!?

Drew shakes his head and laughs and pats his belly.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Quit it you dick.

DREW:  
Eat his head? Don't be silly. I couldn't open my mouth wide enough to do that.

TOM:  
So how did Sean's heat get inside your stomach?

DREW:

Well I didn't want to just leave him there. So, I ripped out my guts and stuffed him in there for safe keeping.

TOM:

You have the head of our friend, who's body we ate, in your stomach. Don't you think that's a little weird?

DREW:

Not really. A "little weird" would be what I plan on doing with his head, as soon as I get some free time.

TOM:

You can't grow a new Sean by planting him, ya know? You tried that with Geoffrey.

DREW:

Yeah, I know that, now. But what I'm planning to do with Sean will be way cooler than that.

TOM:

And that would be?

DREW:

I am going to make it so his head is sticking out of my stomach and have him speak prophecies and riddles like Kuato from Total Recall. You know, that little mutant that stuck in that guy's chest?

TOM:

Yeah, I remember. I take that back. It's not a little weird. You're just insane.

DREW:

You think that now. But watch this.

Drew turns around for a moment, starts doing something we can't see. Then turns back around, he holds up his shirt pulls out Sean's head, holding it in front of his stomach.

DREW:  
Say it.

SEAN:  
I'm not going to say it.

DREW:  
Say it or I'll throw you to the  
next dog I see.

Sean sighs and looks up at Tom with an evil face.

SEAN:  
Open your mind.. To meeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Tom raises a brow, sighs and nods.

TOM:  
I apologize. That would be  
awesome.

DREW:  
I know right.

Ryan leans over and looks at Sean's head.

RYAN:  
Hey! Sean's not dead. There's  
four of us now. We're a horde  
again.

DREW:  
What the hell do you think Sean  
will be able to do without a body?

RYAN:  
We can throw him like a grenade. A  
grenade that eats stuff.

SEAN:  
I hate you all. Would someone  
please just kill me already?

DREW:  
Shut up. And don't try to eat your  
way free again.

SEAN:  
I wasn't trying to eat my way free.  
I was clearing out some space for a  
bookshelf.

Drew shakes his head and speaks like a parent disapproving of something his child has done.

DREW:

I care enough to bring him with us.  
And what does he try to do? He  
eats his way down to my kidney and  
tries to make a break for it.

TOM:

Where's he going to go?

DREW:

Exactly.

SEAN: (O.S.)

I am going to eat the shit out of  
your spinal cord next. We'll see  
how far you get when you're a  
paraplegic.

DREW:

I'm dead. What good will chewing  
on my spine do?

SEAN: (O.S.)

The nerves are still working. It's  
the only way we'd be able to move.  
They're just not working the way  
they should be because we're slowly  
rotting away. Which explains why  
we're so slow.

DREW:

That and the whole, being dead  
thing.

(Pauses)

So when did you become such an  
expert on our anatomy?

SEAN: (O.S.)

I've spent the last three days in  
your stomach. It's not like I have  
anything else to do but look around  
and wonder what does what now. For  
example, everything you've eaten in  
the last two days, falls out of  
this hole here..

TOM:

That'd be the throat.

SEAN: (O.S.)

And I ate your stomach on the first  
day. So all the stuff you eat just  
slides out through this gunshot  
wound in your back here..

(MORE)

SEAN: (O.S.) (cont'd)  
So whatever we do eat, doesn't help us. So I'm going to guess it's just a mental thing and we don't really need to eat anything. There's just a part of our brain that is telling us we need to keep eating.

RYAN:  
I had the same problem when I was human.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
But I figure if I tear your insides up enough, eventually you won't have the support to stand up straight.

DREW:  
Alright House. You do what you gotta do.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
I will.. Num num num.

Drew makes a face as Sean begins to eat him from the inside.

DREW:  
Alright.. This is the way I see it. Regardless of whether or not we eat them. We need some new recruits. So if either of you manage to get a hold of one of them, only eat a little. That way when they turn into one of us, they won't be as pissed off about us eating them.

RYAN:  
Like Sean?

DREW:  
Like Sean.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Fuck you guys.

TOM:  
That's actually a good idea.

DREW:

It's been known to happen. And also, Ryan, let Tom take the first bite so it's his blood that infects them and not yours.

RYAN:

Why does that matter?

DREW:

Because your stupidity is probably contagious.

RYAN:

I'm pretty sure Stephen Hawking bit me.

Drew makes a face and punches his stomach.

DREW:

Damnit Sean stop it! That tickles. So anyway, you two stay here, do your thing. I am going to go around back and find another way in.

Drew begins to walk away while Ryan walks up to stand next to Tom, by the door.

RYAN:

So if eating the flesh of humans doesn't help us, why are we still doing this? Having a bigger horde only causes more problems. It hurts watching your brothers die around you.

TOM:

I'm more concerned with where everything I've eaten is going. I don't have any other holes that it could fall out of. And I haven't taken a dump in a week.

RYAN:

That's going to be an epic terd when it does decide to cross that dimensional rift and enter our realm.

TOM:

I'm guessing it'll be about eight or nine Kurics.

Ryan snickers.

CUT TO:

EXT. - ALLEYWAY

Drew is walking between the two buildings. He looks conflicted.

DREW:  
Who do they think they are?  
Telling me what we should do? I am  
in charge here, not them.

Drew continues to walk down the alley. He kicks a bucket in anger and leans against a dumpster, stopping to think.

DREW:  
Tom is the real problem. Even if I  
do manage to rebuild my horde,  
he'll still be there to circumvent  
all my decisions.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Circumvent, that's quite a big word  
for you.

Drew blinks and looks around, confused. He seems to have already forgotten about Sean being in his stomach.

DREW:  
Who was that? Who's there?

Silence.

DREW:  
Is that you God?

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Umm.. Sure?

Sean begins to speak with a different voice, more God-like now.

DREW:  
Prove it.. Tell me something only  
I would know.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Umm.. At some point this last  
week, you ate a pinecone. And when  
you are alone you sing songs from  
that musical 'Wicked'.

DREW:  
Oh my God..

SEAN: (O.S.)  
You rang? Ha ha.. Just a God joke.  
Because I'm God.

DREW:  
Yeah, funny. So why are you  
talking to me?

SEAN: (O.S.)  
I've been watching you Drew.

Drew corrects Sean/God.

DREW:  
Lord Drew..

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

DREW:  
Nothing, forget it. You said  
you've been watching me. Why?

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Because Drew..  
(Pauses)  
I am your father.

DREW:  
No, I'm calling bull-shit on that  
one. That doesn't make sense. I  
have a Father.. His name is Frank.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Frank isn't your real father.

DREW:  
He has to be.. He had a liver  
disease and I gave him a part of my  
liver. The doctors did a blood  
test to see if I was a match. And  
guess what?

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Well, uh.. What I mean is. I  
possessed your father the night he  
and your mother conceived you.

DREW:  
Gross. But that would make a  
little more sense.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
 Now listen, son. I need you to  
 help me with something.

DREW:  
 Why would I help you? You raped my  
 mom.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
 (Flustered)  
 I didn't rape.. Listen. Something  
 bad is going to happen and I'm  
 trying to help you.

Drew sighs.

DREW:  
 I'm listening.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
 Alright.. Here's what you gotta  
 do.

Sean speaks in a whisper for a few moments as he tells Drew  
 his plan.

DREW:  
 In no way does that make sense.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
 It doesn't have to make sense.

DREW:  
 You're an idiot.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
 Are you going to do it or not?

DREW:  
 What will happen if I don't?

SEAN: (O.S.)  
 Do you really want to know?

Drew thinks it over.

DREW:  
 I want to say 'yes', but if you  
 tell me that I'm going to die then  
 I'll just be looking over my  
 shoulder the entire time.

(Pauses)  
 So no.

SEAN: (O.S.)  
Good choice. Now go forth my child  
and fulfill your destiny.

Drew starts to snicker evilly as he continues to walk down the alleyway.

After a few more steps he stops and turns to look at his right, towards the house the humans are in. They left the back door open.

DREW:  
They left the back door open?  
(Pauses)  
Are they not even trying?  
We got some winners here.

CUT TO:

EXT. - FRONT PORCH

Tom and Ryan are standing on the front porch.

TOM:  
Alright. Let's get this over with.

RYAN:  
Wait.. Let's make sure he's really gone. I don't want him to see any of my moves. There's an extensive and complex process that I have to go through to get-

TOM:  
(cutting Ryan off)  
He's gone.

Ryan instantly begins to hit and pound on the door, moaning like an idiot the whole time. While Tom just lazily beats on the door with one hand, looking over his shoulder.

TOM:  
(Sarcastically)  
Way to go Ryan. Keep up the good work.

Ryan repeats the same three moves over and over again. Two punches and then a kick. Tom just watches him like he's an idiot.

TOM:  
Is there a name for what you're doing?

RYAN:

It's the easiest combo to do in Street Fighter. It works really well on that car they make you destroy in the bonus stage. So I figure it would work on a door.

(Pauses)

It's science.

TOM:

Right.

Ryan then starts to go nuts on the door, mimicking other Street Fighter moves.

RYAN:

Leg sweep, leg sweep, Hadouken!  
Tiger uppercut!

Tom pushes Ryan's shoulder, causing him to lose his balance and fall to the side, off-camera.

TOM:

C-c-c-c-combo-breaker!

Silence as Tom stands there alone.

RYAN: (O.S.)

Nice.

CUT TO:

INT. - HALLWAY

A few humans. Dustin, Ben and Nathan walk down the steps and head to the kitchen. After a few seconds, Drew walks into the picture and looks around, thinking of whether to go after the three guys or.. He tilts his head and hears some creaking coming from the floor above him.

DREW:

(Sarcastic)  
Uh uh..

INT. - BEDROOM

Amy is in the bedroom still, looking through clothes in the dresser that is sticking partly out of the window. She pulls out a shirt and sniffs it, shrugs and sets it on the bed. She then begins to take her shirt off.

As she does, the door slowly opens and a shadowy figure is standing there.

With her back turned and the shirt over her head, Amy thinks it is one of the guys.

AMY:

What the hell pervs? I'm changing!  
Get Out!

Silence.

Amy pulls the shirt down and stays still, waiting for a response. She gets a whiff of something that smells terrible and realizes it's not one of the guys.

Amy looks down to see a baseball that one of the guys left upstairs. The camera then pans across Amy as she reaches for the bat. For a moment the figure disappears behind Amy and when it comes back around, the figure is gone.

Amy quickly spins around to her right, expecting to see what she thinks is a zombie standing there. She blinks confused and lowers her guard, letting the bat down at her side.

The camera rotates around again and Drew's head is right over Amy's shoulder. He moves closer to almost whisper in her ear, his rotting green teeth are shown and saliva drips down on her shirt. Like a scene from Aliens.

DREW:

(whispers in creepy voice)  
Shadow-step... 41 talent points.

Amy lets out a scream, which sounds more like a battle-cry and swings the bat around in time to hit Drew in the head before he takes a bite out of her shoulder.

INT. - KITCHEN

There are three humans. Jarrod, Ben and Nathan are digging through the cabinets. Nathan is in the middle of opening a can of beans with a can-opener when they react to the sound of Amy screaming.

All of them have a look of 'who could have snuck past our defenses?'. As all three of them bolt out of the kitchen, Dustin glances back and sees the back door swinging open in the window. He quickly turns to slam it shut and then follows the other two upstairs.

INT. - BEDROOM

Drew lunges at Amy, who beats him over the head and into the ground with another swing the bat. After a few seconds he gets back up and continues towards her, backing her into a corner.

AMY:

God damnit just die already!

She yells as she beats him in the face again, sending him backwards tripping over a chair.

INT. - STAIRS

The three guys running up the steps.

INT. - BEDROOM

The three guys can be heard yelling from outside the room.

BEN: (O.S.)

Amy! We're coming!

They are loud enough that when Drew stands up, his attention turns to the door.

When he turns around, the three guys burst into the room and Drew, outnumbered and looking kind of scared, looks for an exit.

JARROD:

How did that thing get in here?

NATHAN:

Who cares? Just kill it!

EXT. - FRONT PORCH

Tom and Ryan are still standing there. Tom is just tiredly kicking the wall. While Ryan is using his broken arm to scratch various parts of his body.

RYAN:

This could be useful. I think we should all do this. I mean we have such a limited reach and range of motion. This just makes sense.

Ryan scratches his legs with the broken off hand.

RYAN:

No more having to ask another zombie to scratch that part on your back you can't reach because of the rigor mortis.

TOM:

Ryan, I'm not ripping off my arm just to use it as a back scratcher.

Ryan looks upset.

RYAN:

I guess we can all share this one. Just you know.. Don't do anything weird with it.

As the two of them are talking. Another zombie randomly walks into the shot and up the porch steps and stands there.

TOM:

What's this guy doing?

The zombie looks as if there is zero thought going through his head. His head is cocked to the side and he just doesn't seem to know what he is doing.

DUMB ZOMBIE:

Moooooooooan.

RYAN:

Did he just say "moan"?

The Dumb Zombie stands still for a few seconds then walks into the door. Steps back and does it again. Before turning around.

RYAN:

Nobody's home. Do we look this dumb?

TOM:

Oh, he's mobile now.

RYAN:

Where is he going?

The Dumb zombie manages to make it down the steps without falling and Tom and Ryan just watch him walk away.

There is a far away shot of the entire house. Tom and Ryan are seen on the porch. The Dumb Zombie shuffles away. And in the window above. Drew can be seeing getting his ass kicked.

TOM:  
(Sarcastic)  
No wait.. Come baaaaaaack.

RYAN:  
I'm sure he had some great  
stories..

Tom nods in agreement and they both seem to start to have serious conversation.

TOM:  
You know. Every time we find some humans to hunt. Drew just goes off and does his own thing. While we are stuck doing all the work.

RYAN:  
Yeah.. Work.

Ryan says as he just randomly and lazily punches the wall.

TOM:  
After this I say we have a meeting and discuss the future of our horde. We need to promote some more to. Get some new members.

RYAN:  
You know what Tom.. I think you're right. What about that guy?

Ryan motions to the Dumb Zombie.. Who is now starting at a fire hydrant.

TOM:  
Starting.. Now.

Off-screen we hear Amy scream, some thuds, glass shattering, people yelling, Zombie Drew moaning loudly, more yelling, more bashing, more glass breaking, one more yell, followed by two shot gun blasts, a window breaking and drew yelling.

DREW:  
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

We see Ryan and Tom's faces as they continue to beat the door. In the background we see Drew fall into the street with a sickening thud noise.

Ryan and Tom look around as if they heard something and then both of them continue to beat on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. - BEDROOM - NOW MOONLIT BEDROOM  
HUMAN'S POV

Jarrood is holding a smoking shotgun, looking out a broken window. He breaths for a few seconds before he starts to reload his shot gun as he talks.

JARROD:

Ben and I decided we should stay in the basement of this place. There is enough food and supplies down there to last us a week or so. At least until this snow melts.

AMY:

What if help comes and we aren't on the roofs to see them?

BEN:

I don't think any help is coming.

Jarrood shrugs as he turns on his flashlight and they all start to head out to the hallway. They all slowly start to go down the steps. Jarrood looks confused as the banging stops.

AMY:

Are they still out there?

Jarrood shrugs as he slowly creeps over towards the door and peeks through the peek hole thing, seeing only Drew laying on the sidewalk.

Jarrood raises an eyebrow as he walks over to the small windows on the side of the door and pulls back the curtain. Ryan's face smashes against the glass and he moans as he sees Dustin. Dustin jumps back.

DUSTIN:

Yeah.. Lets get to the basement and board it up.

Dustin walks off screen. Ryan's face still pressed against the glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STOOP OUTSIDE - NIGHT - SNOWING  
ZOMBIE'S POV

Ryan's face is against the glass and he is looking through the window at the humans.

RYAN:  
Iiiii seeeeee yooou..

Ryan watches as the humans move away and he watches them walk away and start to go downstairs.

RYAN:  
Uh oh.. They're going in the cellar.

TOM:  
Aww man.. They must know we suck at getting into cellars. What are we going to do now?

Ryan growls as he moves away from the door and starts to walk down the steps, slipping on a patch of ice and falling down them, landing on Drew a bit. Drew then rises up like Frankenstein.

DREW:  
Wha? Huh? I wasn't sleeping.

RYAN:  
Drew! We have to hurry! They're heading into the cellar. And this freaking door won't budge! I've tried every possible fighting combo.

Drew shakes his head and tries to collect himself, he has bullet wounds in his chest but none in his head.

DREW:  
I saw another way in, on the other side of the house. Follow me..

EXT. - STREET - NIGHT

The camera is on our 3 remaining heroes. And behind Drew, the snow stops falling and starts going back up towards the sky. The snow starts to fade as the scene goes in reverse. Once again, how this street ended up the way it did plays out in reverse.

CUT TO:

INT. - RESTAURANT

Once again, our heroes are human.

The picture shows everyone sitting around doing nothing. The lights flicker on and everyone makes a happy kind of noise. And then it flickers out and they all sigh or aww in an unhappy way.

In the background we can hear the moaning of the zombies, them pounding against the doors and windows, the window's shades are drawn but we can see the outlines of a few of them as they walk around.

Nobody is visible. We can see outlines of figures sitting around.

RYAN:

New game.

(Pause) )

I spy soooooomething, black.

ALMOST EVERYONE:

Shuuuuut up.. Jeez. Enough already..

Some shalt shakers are thrown at Ryan and he yells as each one hits him.

RYAN:

Not salt! Ahh I have an open wound!

The power comes back on and we see Drew holding up a chair about ready to throw it at Ryan, but stops as the power comes back on. Everyone looks around as if they're waiting for it to go out again.

Ryan has a towel wrapped around the wound on his wrist, but the towel is now soaked red and there is a big pool of blood underneath his arm.

RYAN: (cont'd)

Hmm... That can't be good.

ANDY:

Yeah.. We need to get that fixed. Or you're going to lose it.

DREW:

All the hospitals are overran with those things.

Ryan takes the towel away and a splatter of blood shoots out.

TOM:

Huh.. You would think that would have clotted and stopped bleeding by now.

RYAN:

It did about a half hour ago. But I got bored and I started picking at it.

DREW:

Yeah.. Well we need to close the wound. There has to be a first-aid kit somewhere in here.

Drew starts to look around.

Anthony is a big guy.. In his early 30's. Is a chef at the Stake and Shake.

Steve is in his late 20's. Tall, dark hair.

ANTHONY:

Should be one under the counter.

Drew walks over and hops over the counter, looking around and after a moment of looking he picks up a first-aid kit and opens it. We only see Drew opening the box and can't see what's inside it.

Drew looks at Ryan's wound, then what's in the box.. Then back at the wound.

DREW:

Uuh. How many band-aids do you think it will take to close that wound?

TOM:

(Dumbfounded)

That's all that's in there? Band-aids?

DREW:

Yep..

ANTHONY:

We have a lot of accidents here.

RYAN:

What kind of band-aids?

DREW:

Powerpuff Girls and Transformers..

RYAN:  
Auto-Bots? Or Decepticons?

TOM:  
What? No.. You can't seal that up  
with band-aids.

Ryan looks at Tom for a few seconds then over at Drew.

RYAN:  
Roll Out.

Drew tosses him the packet of transformers band-aids but Tom catches it.

TOM:  
Seriously. You can't do that.

RYAN:  
Watch me..

As the three of them argue. The camera pans over to the rest of the group. The Future Horde. And they all look irritated. One of them, a shaggy haired guy speaks.

ANDY:  
Does anyone else feel like these  
three are going to get us all  
killed?

The camera is fixed on Tom as we hear Ryan and Drew messing around with his wound and the band-aids off screen. Making painful noises and grunts. About 15 seconds later we hear the band-aids drop.

RYAN:  
Just get me another towel. The  
towel thing was working.

Tom shakes his head and looks around.

TOM:  
Someone get me some alcohol, a  
needle, and some thread.

Some shots of people emptying their pockets onto a table. A paper clip, some string from a shirt and a bottle of booze.

TOM:  
That'll do.

RYAN:  
Wooooooah.. Slow down MacGuyver.  
What are you doing?

TOM:

If we don't close the wound.  
You're going to die.

RYAN:

Alright, I didn't know you went to  
medical school. Just show me your  
Ph.D., and we'll.. What's that?..  
You're not a Doctor? Well then I'm  
afraid you're not going to be  
sticking any needles in my arm.

DREW:

Ryan.. You're losing too much  
blood, we need to seal that wound  
up.

RYAN:

Iiiiiit's fiiiiine man. Just get me  
another towel cause this one is all  
used up.

Ryan tosses the towel over a chair and it makes a sloshing  
noise, it is just soaked with blood. It lands next to  
another guy named Steve.

Steve shakes his head.

STEVE:

That won't work anyway.

Steve starts to look around.

STEVE:

Well we need to do...

Steve's POV - He is looking over at the flat stoves in the  
kitchen.

STEVE: (cont'd)

(Pause)

...Something.. Hmm..

Steve looks back over at Ryan. Ryan looks at Steve, to where  
Steve was looking at the stoves. And then back to Steve.

RYAN:

What? You hungry? Want me to cook  
something for ya?

CUT TO:

INT. - KITCHEN AREA - DIMLY LIT

Anthony, Steve, Drew and Tom are forcing Ryan over towards the stove area. Ryan is fighting and kicking to get away. Knocking over racks and such as Drew turns on the stove, Anthony and Tom still holding Ryan as Steve walks off-screen.

ANTHONY:

Come on.. This is going to hurt you more than it hurts us.

Anthony looks around and then restates what he said.

ANTHONY: (cont'd)

Err.. No. I mean, this going to hurt us more than it hurts you.

RYAN:

My ass it will.

SEAN:

Will you keep quiet? You're going to attract more attention.

Ryan is still fighting as Steve walks back in and knocks Ryan in the head with a fire extinguisher. Ryan stops fighting and looks at Steve.

RYAN: (cont'd)

Ahh.. Jeez. What was that for?

SEAN:

Oops... Was supposed to knock you out.

RYAN:

Didn't work did it?

Ryan sighs.. He stops fighting and looks at the stove as it starts to sizzle.. He then looks between the four other guys there.

RYAN: (cont'd)

...You guys are going to do this whether I want you to or not right?

TOM:

Yeah. It's for your own good though.

Ryan sighs.

RYAN:

Can I get drunk first?

TOM:

No.. Alcohol thins your blood.  
You'll only bleed faster.

RYAN:

You and your science.

Ryan looks like he is about to cry. Makes a few feeble attempts to break free. And then just accepts what is about to happen to him.

Then Ryan looks over at Steve with a look of 'meh' and brings his hand up, motioning for Steve to hit him in the head with the extinguisher again.

Steve nods slowly, and then hits Ryan in the head with it again.

CUT TO BLACK:

We hear some noises.. And soon the sound of Ryan's arm hitting the grill and sizzling. A few seconds into it we hear Ryan start yelling in pain as he wakes up. A few seconds after that we hear a 'thunk' as Steve hits Ryan in the head again.

White text appears on the black screen.

'An Hour Later...'

CUT TO:

INT. - EATING AREA - DIMLY LIT

Anthony is messing with a radio. Trying to find some broadcast.

ANTHONY:

This is like some old cheesy horror movie. People can't return back to life and start walking around. It's like they're..

SEAN:

Woah.. Don't say what you're about to say.. Cause that's impossible..

TOM:

Well whatever they are.. They're not leaving us alone.

DREW:

Cause they know we're still in here.

Anthony adds a 'Dawn of the Dead' reference.

ANTHONY:

They aren't after us.. They're after the place.. They're dead.. But they still have some memory.. This was an important place in their lives.

DREW:

I imagine when all the old people start to die that this place is going to be surrounded. This place had an early bird special and hosted bingo games.

Ryan starts to wake up. He has a huge bandage around his arm, held together by some Transformer band-aids.

TOM:

We need to get out of here. More of those things will come. They will eventually get in. We have cars. We can get out.

ANTHONY:

And go where?

TOM:

Somewhere safer than this place.

RYAN:

We can go to the mall, maybe?

Everyone looks at Ryan like he's insane.

RYAN: (cont'd)

No?. Ok.. Just saying.. Cause its close. And theres a Walgreens in it. Where I can get some Tylenol. And some burn ointment..

Ryan is heard in the background bitching about the burn on his arm as everyone else is talking. Below is what he is saying in the background of everyone else's convo.

RYAN: (BACKGROUND) (cont'd)

Only throwing that out there cause.. Well.. You guys did put my arm down on a grill..

(MORE)

RYAN: (BACKGROUND) (cont'd)  
Does it hurt? Uuh.. Only when I  
think about it.. Which is every  
second.. ..And the mall would seem  
pretty safe.. With the big doors  
and stuff. I think there's a gun  
store in there as well. Cabelas..  
Or Bass Pro.

DREW:  
What we need to do is get some  
weapons to protect ourselves?

ANDY:  
I don't know any gun stores around  
here.

TOM:  
There's a department store down the  
road that sells guns.

RYAN: (BACKGROUND)  
Nobody listening to me?  
Nobody is listening to me..  
Alright.

BRANDON:  
And then what?

TOM:  
We'll decide what to do next from  
there.. I'd rather wait around in a  
place with guns and stuff we can  
protect ourselves with.. Than a  
place with forks.

Brandon sighs and then nods.

STEVE:  
Ok.. So how do we get out of here?

The camera goes around the 10 or so people in there. It then  
lands on Tom.

TOM:  
I've got an idea..

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INT. - CELLAR - DARK - CANDLE LIT  
HUMAN'S POV

Jarrood lights a candle and sets it on the ground. They are all now sitting around a few candles, covered in blankets and eating canned food.

Dustin is messing with a radio, tuning through stations, all static.

AMY:  
How long do you think until that storm passes?

JARROD:  
It will all be clear for sure in a few days.

Ben is fiddling with the radio still. Then he blinks and drops it as if something just came into his mind. Everyone looks over at Jarrood with confused looks.

JESSE:  
What?

JARROD:  
There was a garage door up stairs. We didn't check to see if it was closed.

AMY:  
So what? The inside door is still closed.

JARROD:  
We need to shut it. That door leading inside is one of those crappy hollow ones. The power is out. We can't shut the garage door.. So we'll have to try and barricade the inside one.

Jarrood and Ben then stand up and look around the place. Jarrood heads towards the stairs, but stops as Amy starts to talk.

AMY:  
This is like a old folk's nursing home, right?

JARROD:  
Yeah, so?

AMY:

Wouldn't they have a generator or something? In case the power goes out.

Jarrold and Ben look at each other and shrug.

JARROD:

We'll look in the garage. If we do find one. And it still works. We can't keep it on.

AMY:

We'd only need it to shut the garage door.

BEN:

Let's go then.

CUT TO:

INT. - GARAGE - NIGHT

Jarrold then runs towards the stairs and heads up them. Shotgun in hand as he runs through the kitchen and stops at the door leading to the garage. Slowly he opens it and looks out the opened garage door, seeing nothing at first. Behind him we can see Ben and Jesse looking around for stuff to push in front of and barricade the door with.

Jarrold walks out into the garage and starts looking around. He sees a giant metal box near a corner and walks over towards it.

JARROD:

I think I found it.

JESSE: (O.S.)

Well hurry up and turn it on. We have a bunch of stuff to barricade the doors.

Jarrold grabs the cord and gives it a few tugs. But nothing happens. It starts for a second and then shuts off. Each time he turns it on, the lights flicker on and off.

The camera angle changes and now. When he pulls the cord and the generator turns the lights on for a second. The Zombies: Ryan Tom and Drew are walking towards the garage.

With each sputter of the generator and flicker of light, they walk closer and closer. It eventually stops altogether. That is when Ben walks out.

JARROD:  
I can't get it to start.

BEN:  
There's a choke button there.  
Press that a few times. Get gas  
flowing inside it.

Jarrold does that and starts to pull the cord again. It turns on for good now.

He then flicks on the lights and sees two of the zombies, Ryan and Tom walking towards the opened garage door, moaning loudly.

Jarrold hits the switch and the garage door starts to shut. Inch by inch it goes down and Zombie Ryan drops to the ground and starts to crawl under it.

Drew appears out of nowhere. Already having made it in the garage and goes to bite Jesse.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT - SNOWING  
ZOMBIE'S POV

The three hero zombies making their way though the alleyway beside house.

They walk through the pitch black alley, until they come across what appears to be an opened garage door.

DREW:  
Ok, you two go check that door out.  
And be stealthy.

RYAN:  
Stealthy how?

DREW:  
Go slowly and quietly..

RYAN:  
We do that anyway.

DREW:  
Shut up and go.

They both just stand still for a moment. Then Drew sighs.

DREW: (cont'd)  
Please?

Ryan and Tom both snicker in a dumb way as they slowly make their way towards the garage door.

RYAN:  
We're all he has left. He has to  
be polite.

As Jarrod opens the wooden door leading to the garage door, a small light from the kitchen makes it clear he is there. But he doesn't seem to see Ryan and Tom. Ryan and Tom freeze in spot and mumble out of the side of their mouths.

RYAN:  
You think he sees us?

TOM:  
No, it's too dark. Just stay quiet  
and go slowly.

Jarrod pulls the cord and the lights come on.

TOM:  
Freeze!

Ryan and Tom stop moving instantly.

The lights go off again.

TOM:  
Advance!

Ryan and Tom slowly start walking forward again. Until Jarrod pulls on the cord and the lights flicker again.

TOM:  
Halt!

Ryan and Tom freeze. Wait for the light to go off. And then continue forward.

TOM:  
Forward!

Again, the zombies walk forward. Until, Jarrod once again pulls on the cord. The lights come on. The zombies stop.

RYAN:  
This is getting dumb.

TOM:  
I'm running out of ways to say  
"stop" and "go".

RYAN:  
How about, 'stop' and 'go'?

The lights go off again. And Ryan and Tom start going forward.

TOM:  
Full Steam Ahead!

Both of them start to make their slow walk towards the garage door. Now is when Jesse comes out to help Jarrod. And they are able to make more ground on their targets.

Ryan makes a somewhat menacing laugh as he does. Both of them growling and snarling as they do.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Ahaha.. We're gonna get him. There is no escape!

The lights suddenly turn on and the humans see the zombies coming towards them. That is when Drew, who had found another way in attacks Jesse. And the two of them start to fight.

Jarrod grabs Drew off of Jesse and throws him to the ground before he reaches over and hits the button on the garage door.

TOM:  
Cover is blown! Continue forward!

The garage door starts to shut.

RYAN:  
Ahh crap. I'm going prone!

Ryan drops down to the ground and starts to army crawl as the garage door continues to go down. Ryan hits the sensor and it stops the door from going down.

But Jarrod hits the button again and it stops altogether. Making that clicking noise.

The garage door is at a level where Tom can't quite get down to go under. His stiff corpse won't allow him to bend enough to get down. He looks like a the worst limbo player.

TOM:  
I don't know what muscle to flex to bend that way.

Inside the garage. Drew gets back up and goes for Jesse again.

JARROD:

We need help over here!

Ben, who was pushing furniture around stops and starts to walk towards the garage when something stops him. He sees movement on the porch and looks outside.

That dumb zombie from before is out there. Leaning his dumb looking face against the glass. He looks and points right at Ben.

DUMB ZOMBIE:

Hey, can I come in? It's cold out here and you - ..wait, you're a human! Food! I found food!

Ben looks up and another zombie appears out of nowhere. A large, towering zombie. Dustin. He punches through the glass and grabs at Ben, who manages to get away.

Ben runs through the house out into the garage. The camera following him as he runs through the doorway and basically drop kicks Drew off of Jesse.

Drew goes flying into the garage door. Knocking it off its hinges and it falls down on Ryan.

The sensor and the door start to work against each other. As it starts to open and close at random.

Ryan starts to scream, only his back legs are seen. Kicking and flailing around each time the door shuts on him and he doesn't have the speed to get out from under it. Each time he tries to get up the door comes back down as Jarrod presses it. Opening again each time the safety thing is activated after it hits him.

Outside, Tom is just standing there watching Ryan get crushed.

RYAN: (cont'd)

Aaaaahh!! Shit come on!.. What is this!? I'm free! Nope! Ahh! And release me! Shit balls!

He just does that for a while as the door keeps opening and closing on him.

Finally it breaks and collapses on Ryan. And he seemingly dies.

At that moment. Amy comes up from upstairs. And as the dust settles.

Amy, the human is looking out into the street and sees her ex-boyfriend Tom.. the zombie. She recognizes him, but he doesn't quite remember everything.

They share a moment. A series of flashes of their times together. Going on a date, their first kiss, holding hands while walking, generally being happy.

TOM:  
What is this?

AMY:  
Oh my God.. Tom.

Amy starts to get teary eyed.

AMY:  
No..

Tom just looks confused.

TOM:  
She knows my name. How does she know my name?

Drew stands back up and looks between Amy and Tom.

DREW:  
What does it matter? Let's kill them!

Amy starts to walk out towards Tom.

BEN:  
What are you doing?! There are more of them coming. Let's get downstairs.

Amy starts to cry.

AMY:  
Tom, this is all my fault.

Tom blinks and is about to walk forward to attack. And then Amy says something. And it stops Tom dead in his tracks.

AMY:  
I still love you.

There are a series of flashbacks now. Amy and Tom out on a picnic and she leans over and whispers in Tom's ear.

AMY:  
I love you.

They are having sex and Amy puts her hands on Tom's face and pulls it to hers to kiss him before saying it again.

AMY:  
I love you Tom.

Back to the garage and street. Tom is very confused.

TOM:  
I know her. I think.. I think she was my girlfriend.

DREW:  
A human? Gross.

TOM:  
No, I mean when we were human.

DREW:  
So, why isn't she dead like us.

TOM:  
She wasn't with us when we died.  
She..

Drew smiles. Cause he now remembers what happened.

DREW:  
Yes? Say it Tom. Say it and your training will be complete.

TOM:  
She broke up with me..

Jarrold starts pushing people back inside.

JARROD:  
Let's go guys.

Jarrold then grabs Amy's arm and starts to pull her.

TOM:  
She left me.

Drew nods.

DREW:  
She broke your heart. Now let's rip hers out.

Tom and Drew appear to go feral as they snarl and growl and chase after the humans. Now going faster than usual.

They make it to the door. Just as the humans close it. The punch through the hollow door a few times. And then the humans push furniture to block it.

INT. - HOUSE

The zombies are pounding on the door still. Jarrod looks over at Amy, who appears to be in shock.

JARROD:  
Are you alright?

AMY:  
It's my fault.

JARROD:  
What do you mean?

AMY:  
If I hadn't broke up with him. We would have been together. We would have kept each other safe.

BEN:  
Or you'd both be dead.

AMY:  
No, he would have done anything for me.

She realizes she made a mistake breaking up with him and starts to get sad again.

JESSE:  
You can cry about it downstairs!  
Let's go!

INT. - GARAGE

The zombies stop beating on the door.

Drew and Tom look at each other and then look at Ryan's lower body sticking out from under the garage door.

TOM:  
Are you ok, Ryan?

RYAN:  
Never better.

TOM:

Well.. We're gonna try and find a way to get you out of - Oh hey look, a window.

Tom and Drew walk off screen. Leaving Ryan stuck under the garage door.

Everything is silent for a few seconds as they leave and Ryan is stuck there.

He starts to hum a song as the picture cuts away.

CUT TO:

INT. - BASEMENT - NIGHT - NOW NORMALLY LIT  
HUMAN'S POV

We see Jesse and Amy sitting around the candle. Each covered in a blanket and both of them look towards the stairs as Sean and Dustin come down the steps..

SEAN:

Come on. Help me barricade up this door.

They both start to push a dresser in front of the door, putting it in a way that the dresser is up against the door and a wall, making it near impossible to get in, they also put boxes on the dresser as well, doing all that as they talk.

SEAN: (cont'd)

Did it shut?

DUSTIN:

Uhh.. More or less. It broke and fell onto one of them.

Both of them look at the barricade they made. Glass is heard shattering upstairs and both of them look up at the ceiling above them as more glass is heard shattering.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OUTSIDE GARAGE - NIGHT - SNOWING  
ZOMBIE'S POV

We see Ryan laying still in the snow, the upper half of his body stuck under the garage door. Slowly his voice is heard as he starts to make noises and sing. He sings that 80's song 'Died in your arms tonight' by Cutting Crew.

RYAN:  
Badadadadadadadadadadada..  
Whoooooah I.. I just died in your  
arms tonight. Must have been  
something she said.. I should have  
walked away.. I should have  
waaaaaalked away.

He stops as he hears glass shattering and then Tom screaming  
in pain like a little girl.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Guys?

Everything is quiet as Ryan lowly starts to sing again.

Tom and Drew walk back into the picture. Tom having a large  
chunk of glass in his chest.

TOM:  
Well that seemed like a good idea  
at the time.

RYAN:  
Hey guys. Come on. Help me get  
out.

DREW:  
Sure why not..

Tom and Drew head over towards the garage door and start  
beating on it as hard as they can. It slowly starts to  
rattle, dust is falling from the sides.

RYAN:  
Yeeeeeah.. Alright. It's breaking  
guys! Keep it up!

It starts to shake more violently now.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Yeah! I owe you guys for this. I  
would have stuck here forever, I  
mean you two..

His voice is cut off as the garage door falls off it's hinges  
and collapses onto Ryan's back. Causing his internal organs  
to spew out his mouth.

Both Drew and Tom look at each other. The camera pans down a  
bit to see Ryan tapping his fingers on the ground.

He sighs and starts to chew up a bit of intestine that is  
connecting his rotting organs to him and then spits them out.

Staying silent for a moment as he looks at his organs laying in front of him and then he speaks in a very sarcastic tone.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Yeah.. This is great. Just wonderful. Hey, while you guys are helping me. See if you can pull that car in front around and run me over a few times.

DREW:  
You want us to pull you out?

Ryan looks extremely upset as he shakes his head.

RYAN:  
No.. I want you to leave me alone.

TOM:  
I'm sure we cou..

Drew gets cut off by Ryan.

RYAN:  
Just go.. Please.. Just go.

Drew and Tom look a bit guilty as they walk over the garage door that lays on Ryan to get inside the garage. Ryan grunts each time they step on him.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
No, don't bother to walk around or anything. Please crush what remains of my rib cage.

We now see Tom and Drew walking towards the garage door (the wooden one). In the background we can hear Ryan continually complain as Drew and Tom start to bang on the wooden door.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Remember that feeling of someone grinding their finger nails against the chalk board? You don't? Why do I bring it up you ask? Well see, a garage door fell on my back the other day and it appears one of my ribs came through my chest and was scratching up against the cement here. That must hurt you ask? No, what hurts is a shard of metal that appeared to have punctured my right kneecap.

Drew and Tom break through the door, having to crawl over the table that blocks their path. Knocking pots and pans on the ground.

Cut to:

INT. - BASEMENT - NIGHT - NORMALLY LIT  
HUMAN'S POV

They all look up as the sound of pots and pans hit the ground.

JESSE:  
They're in the house.

Amy looks a little scared as she looks over to Dustin.

AMY:  
I know they can't get in down here.  
But what if they attract more?

DUSTIN:  
Just give it a minute. I'm sure  
they'll go away.

The camera follows the creaking and dust falling as the floorboards above creak as the zombie's walk across them. Muffled moaning is heard through them as well. Then there is silence for a while.

White text appears at the bottom of the screen. "A Couple Minutes Later"

JESSE:  
Are they gone?

Just then something is heard crashing down the steps, and hitting the door with a sickening thud, and then some moaning. Everyone looks at each other for a bit. A few seconds later, something else comes crashing down the steps and smashes into the door, making it shake very violently for a second as if something big hit it.

Everyone stays silent as they watch the door. Then Sean speaks up.

SEAN:  
What the hell was that?

CUT TO:

INT. - KITCHEN - DIMLY LIT  
ZOMBIE'S POV

We see Drew and Tom walking through the kitchen.

DREW:  
I don't see any stairs. Where did  
you see them go?

TOM:  
Me? I didn't see anything. Ryan  
is the one that said he saw them.

DREW:  
Ryan? Are you kidding? He's too  
dumb to know what is going on.

Just then Ryan steps into the picture and looks at them.  
Ryan is covered in oil.

DREW: (cont'd)  
How did you get out?

RYAN:  
Well obviously I'm not as dumb as  
you think I am.

(Below is a flashback, narrated by Ryan, although Ryan lies  
about what happens, and we see what actually does.)

RYAN: (cont'd)  
After you left. I examined my  
surroundings thoroughly.

Ryan is seen thunking his head against the cement.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
Realizing, the only way I could get  
out is if I calmed down and used my  
mind to think of an escape.

Ryan whimpers and is about to cry. He starts rocking around.  
Moving the garage door on him, side to side.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
So I carefully tried to rock the  
garage door on me towards the  
shelf. Making a mathematical  
calculation in my mind about what  
angle, what degree and which how  
much force I would have to use to  
knock a can of oil on the shelf off  
it and towards me.

Ryan continues to shake around under the garage door. Eventually knocking a shelf nearby, that was damaged by the garage door falling. Making the shelf fall completely over and a can of oil lands near Ryan, spilling open as oil spreads around him.

We then see all three of them standing there again.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
And slowly I wiggled my way to freedom. Any more questions?

Drew and Tom shrug and look around.

DREW:  
Well done.. So where are the stairs?

RYAN:  
Right there.

DREW:  
Right where?

Ryan motions with his one arm. One of his ribs are now exposed, and he has a chunk of metal stuck in his knee.

RYAN:  
Right there.

DREW:  
Right there behind that large dresser?

RYAN:  
Uhh.. Yeah.

Drew looks over to see another large dresser blocking the door leading to the basement. They all go over and make half assed attempts to move it, but Drew climbs on top of it and starts beating at the top half of the door. It easily falls apart and he climbs through.

His leg gets caught and he falls through the other side of the door, taking the door down with him. Grabbing hold of part of the dresser and tugging it a bit as he starts yelling as he tumbles down the stairs.

DREW:  
Shiiiiiiit!!

Everything is silent for a moment before Drew speaks. The dresser is now hanging almost half way over the steps as Drew had pulled it with him a little.

DREW: (cont'd)  
Help me guys.. I'm stuck.

Tom and Ryan climb up on the top of the dresser. Trying to get over it and to the steps.

Just as Tom gets to the end. He sees Drew at the bottom, laying in a very awkward position.

Ryan gets on it, slips and falls on top of it due to the oil. The legs underneath it snap as he falls on it, and Tom's weight help send it forward and down the steps.

We now see the POV of the front of the dresser as it slides down the steps. Tom and Ryan are yelling as they go for the ride. We see Drew make a pouty face as the dresser smashes into him.

CUT TO:

INT. - BASEMENT  
HUMAN'S POV

Dustin and Sean are standing up near their barricade door.

DUSTIN:  
We need to kill those things before  
they make more  
noise and bring more of those  
things here.

AMY:  
I don't think this place is that  
safe anymore.

SEAN:  
She' right.

DUSTIN:  
Yeah, I thinking the same thing.

Dustin looks over at Amy.

DUSTIN: (cont'd)  
You and Jesse start packing up the  
food and other supplies.  
We're going to have to find a new  
place to hide out.  
Sean, lets deal with these ones and  
then get going.

Dustin and Sean start to take away the barricade they made at the bottom of the steps.

The second they do, the door swings open and the dresser slides into the basement, one side smeared with Drew. Zombie Tom and Ryan laying on top of it.

Moaning they reach out and try to grab them. Sean and Dustin take out their metal bats and just start beating the crap out of the zombies. This goes on for a while. As the zombies keep reaching out to grab them, moaning loudly the entire time.

Dustin then motions for Amy and Jesse to come. They all run up the stairs, carrying backpacks of food and what not.

Both zombies appear to be dead now as they lay still. Dustin and Sean start to walk up the stairs.

We see Dustin's back as he starts to go up. A hand suddenly reaches out and grabs hold of his shirt. Dustin turns around with his shotgun and fires a round point blank into Ryan, missing his head, but striking the oil all over Ryan and setting him on fire. Dustin and Sean then run up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. - BASEMENT DOOR  
ZOMBIE'S POV

Tom and Ryan are groaning and hardly moving. As they are laying on top of the dresser at the bottom of the stairs, all tangled up and laying in awkward positions.

TOM:

Dude.. I think you just killed our leader..

RYAN:

What are you talking about?

TOM:

Our leader.. You just smashed Drew

Ryan is in denial.

RYAN:

What? Seriously?

Ryan lifts up an arm and tries to look down to where Drew was.

TOM:

You knocked the dresser down onto him.

RYAN:  
No, I didn't.

TOM:  
Yeah you did!

RYAN:  
Noooooo, I didn't.

TOM:  
Yeeeeees you did.

RYAN:  
Ok.. Lets say I "did" kill our  
leader. Wha

In the background we can hear boxes being moved as Tom cuts Ryan off.

TOM:  
There's no.. 'lets say i did'. You  
did. You climbed on the dresser.  
Fell onto it and sent it sliding  
down the steps to crush him.

RYAN:  
You don't know what you're talking  
about.

TOM:  
How can you be denying this?

RYAN:  
Hmm.. I seem to remember you  
climbing on first.

Well Drew told us to, so I blame him.

Tom is about to talk again then stops and thinks before he speaks.

TOM:  
You're right. Which means we need  
a new leader. A more experienced  
leader.

RYAN:  
I agree. We should vote.

TOM:  
All in favor of Tom being the new  
leader raise your right.

Tom raises his hand.

TOM: (cont'd)  
Those in favor of Ryan?

Ryan tries to raise his right arm, realizing its gone he just raises his nub.

RYAN:  
What the?

TOM:  
Votes over. Tom wins.

Ryan glares at Tom.

RYAN:  
You're a sick and twisted son of a bitch.

TOM:  
I don't write the laws son.. I just enforce em.

RYAN:  
Yeah whatever.. Lets just get back upstairs. This place sucks.

Just as Tom finishes talking. The door opens and they fall out into the basement, still on top of the dresser. As Dustin and Sean start swinging their bats and smashing Ryan and Tom with them. The whole time Ryan and Tom are yelling for mercy and what not.

TOM AND RYAN YELLING IN PAIN:  
Awww come on! Stop! You bastards!  
My leg my leeeeeeg! Ahhhh! Stop!,  
You broke my only arm! Why are you doing this?! The pain the pain!

Dustin and them turn to leave as Ryan falls off the table. Tom groans a bit as he watches Dustin walk off and yells in a very hurt and questioning voice.

TOM:  
You're leaving? Come finish the job!

Get back here ya pussies.

Tom looks to the side as he sees Ryan stand up and walk towards Dustin. He sees Ryan reach out for Dustin and speaks.

RYAN:  
You cannot defeat me!

Dustin then turns around and shoots him. Due to all that oil on Ryan, he bursts into flames and kind of runs off screen yelling at Dustin and then at Tom.

RYAN: (cont'd)  
 How can you miss my head from a  
 foot away with a shotgun?!?!?  
 (Ryan is shot)  
 Ahhhh!!! Avenge me Tom!  
 Aveeeeeeeeeeeenge me!

Tom groans a bit as very motivational music is heard. He struggles to get to his feet. Slowly he makes his way towards the steps.

TOM:  
 I will.. Avenge you all!

Tom then starts to make his way up the stairs.

TOM: (cont'd)  
 Funny.. I don't remember a fridge  
 being there.

It slowly starts to tilt towards him.

TOM: (cont'd)  
 Uuuuuh.. Not good.

Tom slowly starts to turn around and try and make his way down the steps. We see the fridge tumbling down the steps towards Tom and right before it hits him the picture cuts away. The tumbling is still heard as it will collide with Tom halfway down the steps and then drag him to the bottom with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BASEMENT - PITCH BLACK  
 ZOMBIE'S POV

There is silence for little while in the darkness. The sound of Tom grunting and moaning is heard and then he speaks.

TOM:  
 Ugh.. Ahh.. Drew?.. ?.. Ryan?..  
 The fridge has pinned me down. Any  
 kind of help would be nice.

There is silence for a few more seconds.

TOM: (cont'd)  
Weeeeell this is fan freaking  
tastic..

More silence.. For longer now..

Lowly we hear Tom.'s voice.

TOM: (cont'd)  
Badadadadadadadadadda..  
Wooooooah.. I.. I just died in  
your arms tonight..

CUT TO: