

INT. GUN SHOP - DAY

The store is completely trashed. Guns, ammo, bows, and pistols litter the entire tile floor. The shattered windows allow the sunlight to pour in.

Two rednecks, NATE (30s) and "JAMMIN" (30s) rummage through the piles of guns and ammunition.

Nate is a skinny man with a full beard and pale complexion. He is dressed in a flannel shirt and long jeans that cover up his snake-hide boots. Nate speaks in a HEAVY SOUTHERN ACCENT.

"Jammin", short for Benjamin is your typical fat redneck with a beer gut. He wears denim shorts and a tight "Lynnyrd Skynard" t-shirt. He also speaks in a HEAVY SOUTHERN ACCENT.

Nate picks up two shotguns and examines each one in his hand.

NATE

Jammin.

Jammin turns around.

JAMMIN

What?

NATE

Did Bill say we needed the 10 or the 12 gauge?

JAMMIN

Hold on...

Jammin shuffles through his pants and takes out a wrinkled ball of paper.

He unwraps the ball and reads from it:

JAMMIN (CONT'D)

"12 gauge".

We see a list of different guns and ammo written on the piece of paper.

Nate stuffs the shotgun into a black duffel bag.

JAMMIN (CONT'D)

Oh, and see if you can find the (reading) "Winchester Model 70 bolt action rifle, with scope."

We see the words, "Winchester Model 70" underlined three times in a bold print.

Next to the words is a poorly drawn diagram of a rifle with a giant mounted scope and a huge bayonet attached to it.

JAMMIN (CONT'D)

Bill even drew a picture of what it looks like.

Nate starts to go through the pile.

NATE

Well, what does it look like?

Jammin examines the drawing.

JAMMIN

I don't know. Kind of like a 30 out 6, but with like a Special Forces inferred tactical scope and a 3 foot bayonet.

Nate CHUCKLES at Jammin's stupidity.

NATE

There's no such things as 3 foot bayonets. He just didn't draw it to scale.

The two go back to gathering. Jammin goes through the ammo pile, while Nate searches for the rifle.

Jammin picks up a handful of revolver bullets and stuff them into his pockets.

He takes out the wad of paper and reads the next thing on the list just below "Revolver Bullets"... it reads: "Revolver".

JAMMIN

Nate! Where do they keep the pistols again?

Nate is out of view, going through the gun racks near the back of the store.

NATE (O.S.)

Behind the counter.

Jammin gets up and walks toward the counter. He finds a DEAD CORPSE with a bullet hole under his chin, lying against the counter.

JAMMIN

Gross.

Jammin kicks the Corpse over and goes through tray full of revolvers.

NATE (O.S.)

You know, it's a good thing this small town has more guns than people or else we'd be zombie chow by now.

JAMMIN

Well, if we conserved more ammo, Bill wouldn't have to send us out on these raids.

Jammin finds the revolver, takes it out and stuffs it into his bag.

JAMMIN (CONT'D)

Alright. I got everything on the list, you find that rifle yet?

Nate comes out from behind a shelf, holding an exact replica of the rifle in the diagram. The gun is so big that the bayonet touches the roof.

NATE

Yup.

JAMMIN

Let's go.

Nate begins to disassemble the rifle, taking apart the bayonet and scope, so it can fit into his bag.

Suddenly, a ZOMBIE staggers his way up to the door, where it stands looking at Jammin and Nate.

Nate and Jammin instantly draw pistols from behind their back.

The Zombie hisses and moans, but shows no indication of aggressiveness.

NATE

(whispering)  
Why isn't attacking?

JAMMIN

(whispering)  
Maybe it's retarded.

NATE

(whispering)  
Should we shoot it?

JAMMIN  
 (whispering)  
 Naw. I think it's trying to say  
 something.

The Zombie tries to speak, but ends up making "gagging"  
 noises.

NATE  
 What?

JAMMIN  
 You trying to say something,  
 zombie?

The Zombie slowly mouths the words:

ZOMBIE  
 Hel --

BANG! Nate shoots the Zombie in the head, it falls backwards  
 in a mist of it's own blood.

Jammin and Nate start to LAUGH.

INT. CAR - DAY

Nate and Jammin maneuver through the roads of what looks like  
 a warzone. The streets are trashed with corpses, broken  
 glass, trees, signs, and abandoned cars.

NATE  
 Have you noticed how easier it's  
 gotten to killing zombies now?

JAMMIN  
 Hell, yeah. I remember the first  
 time I shot a zombie. Speedy  
 bastard almost got me, cause I was  
 too afraid to pull the trigger, but  
 I did... and he died. But ever  
 since then, I hunt zombies, like I  
 hunt squirrels.

NATE  
 Gets easier everytime you kill one.

JAMMIN  
 Mhm.

NATE  
 I shot my high school sweetheart  
 the other day.

JAMMIN

Really?

NATE

Yup, shot her in the face.

JAMMIN

Just like that?

NATE

Naw. I tried to reason with her. I was telling her about the good times we used to have, about the time she lost her virginity to me. I even told her that I loved her, cause back then I did.

JAMMIN

What she say?

NATE

Nothing. Just... GRRRRR.

JAMIN

GRRRR?

Nate starts to nod his head.

NATE

Yeah, GRRRR.

JAMMIN

Then what happened?

NATE

I shot her... In the face.

JAMMIN

Nice.

NATE

Yup, and ever since then, killing zombies hasn't bothered me more than mosquito bite.

A beat.

JAMMIN

You know who really isn't bothered by killing zombies?

Nate shakes his head, "no".

JAMMIN (CONT'D)  
Bill. That fucker thinks of it as  
entertainment.

NATE  
I bet he wasn't ever scared of  
killing zombies.

JAMMIN  
No sir.

The car comes to an abrupt stop.

NATE  
Man! Why'd you stop!?

Jammin points to something up the road.

JAMMIN  
There's something up there.

NATE  
Wut?

Nate peers his head out of the window to get a better view.  
We see ZOMBIES gathered around in a huge cluster, blocking  
the road.

NATE (CONT'D)  
How are we going to get out now?

JAMMIN  
Do me a favor and count how many of  
them mother fuckers are up there.

Nate starts to count each zombie with his finger.

Jammin goes through the duffel bags and pulls out an array of  
guns and begins to load them up with ammo.

Nate points to the last zombie and stops counting.

NATE  
About twenty two.

Jammin picks up a REVOLVER and hands it to Nate.

JAMMIN  
That has eight rounds.

Jammin picks up another REVOLVER and hands it to Nate.

JAMMIN (CONT'D)  
This has seven.

Jammin takes out a PUMP SHOTGUN and lays it in his lap, he begins to feed shells into the gun.

JAMMIN (CONT'D)

This has 5, but will kill more.  
Now, all you have to do is kill  
about 10 on your side, I'll kill 10  
on my side and we'll ram the other  
two.

NATE

How am I suppose to take down 10  
zombies with 15 bullets?

JAMMIN

You'll be at point blank. You have  
1 bullet for every zombie, plus an  
extra 5 just in case.

NATE

Fine.

JAMMIN

Alright. You ready?

Nate's face transitions into a look of thirst... for blood.

NATE

Oh, I'm ready.

A beat.

Nothing happens. The car doesn't move.

JAMMIN

You want a cigarette?

NATE

What!?

Nate's animalistic rage fades away.

Jammin waves a box of cigarettes in Nate's face.

JAMMIN

Look, if we're gonna do something  
reckless and dangerous then we have  
to do something to make us  
appear... that way. You can't walk  
the walk if you don't smoke the  
cigarette.

NATE

Just go.

JAMMIN

You've smoked a pack a day for the entire time I have known you and your quitting now?

NATE

Cause you keep giving them to me whenever we go out on these raids.

JAMMIN

Cmon, it's a zombie apocalypse, pretty much the end of the world.

NATE

Fine.

Nate reaches over and grabs a cigarette, places it into his mouth, takes out a lighter, and ignites the cigarette.

NATE (CONT'D)

Smoking these things are gonna make it harder for me to run away from zombies.

Jammin looks over at Nate and grows a Smile that makes Arnold Schwarzenegger look like a cabbage patch kid.

JAMMIN

Don't run.

The wheels begin to screech as the car takes off top speed down the road, swerving out of the way of debris and other cars.

The windows begins to row down, Nate brings the revolver to his ears, closes his eyes, and takes a huge drag from his cigarette.

Jammin aims his shotgun out the window with one hand and drives with the other.

The Zombies begin to notice the car coming at them, they all start to get in stance and prepare to attack.

The car comes crashing into a small group of zombies, who are either thrown behind the car or impaled against a side of the building that car collides with.

Zombies begin to storm the car. Jammin and Nate unload all their clips into the groups of zombies crowding around the car.

NATE

Ahhh! Die you motherfuckers!



JAMMIN  
Eat led, you zombies!

The smoke from the gunfire begins to clear, revealing dozens of Zombie corpses scattered around the car. The ones that are wounded and alive, moan with pain.

Nate kicks open his door and fires a shot at a Zombie crawling away from him.

Jammin opens the door and stomps on one of the Zombie corpses, he falls out of the car, his body covered with cuts and bruises.

Nate steps out of the car, still smoking his cigarette. He puts it out on the face of a Zombie corpse.

JAMMIN (CONT'D)  
Well, we've killed them... all.

Nate looks off to something in the distance. We see HORDES of Zombies, sprinting into their direction.

NATE  
Shit. They must of heard the  
gunshots.

Jammin takes off sprinting down the street.

NATE (CONT'D)  
Hey! You traitor!

Nate takes off running behind him.

The two take off down the road, Jammin constantly looks back at Nate to see where he is.

Miraculously, Nate starts to catch up till where he is only a few yards behind Jammin. Nate coughs and wheezes with each strut.

Jammin starts to get worried. Suddenly, he draws a revolver and aims it at Nate BANG! BANG! Jammin shoots two shots, one misses and the other clips Nate on the leg, causing him to fumble onto the ground.

Nate desperately tries to crawl the rest of the way.

Jammin doesn't even make a move to go back and help Nate.

The Zombies finally catch up to Nate and shred him into pieces, devouring every part of his body.

With food in front of them, the Zombies don't worry about Jammin who has managed to gain a good distance away from them.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jammin stops in front of an alley, shooting rounds at Zombies (O.S.)

Jammin backs up into an alley and keeps walking back until he reaches a dead end. He puts his back against the wall and puts another clip into his pistol.

We hear the Zombies growling with excitement as they approach the alley, where their prey is cornered.

FIVE ZOMBIES stop in front of the alley, they sniff and smell a stench that draws their attention.

The Zombies start to enter the alley and find Jammin pinned against at wall. They stop just a couple of yards away from Jammin.

Jammin begins to count the Zombies, pointing to each one individually.

JAMMIN

7 rounds, 5 zombies. 1 for each and  
2 to spare.

Jammin aims his revolver into the group and fires 7 rounds.

He lowers the gun and the smoke starts to clear. All Five Zombies are still standing.

Suddenly, one Zombie at the front of the line drops to the floor, with 7 bullet holes in him.

The rest charge.

FADE OUT.